ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1884.

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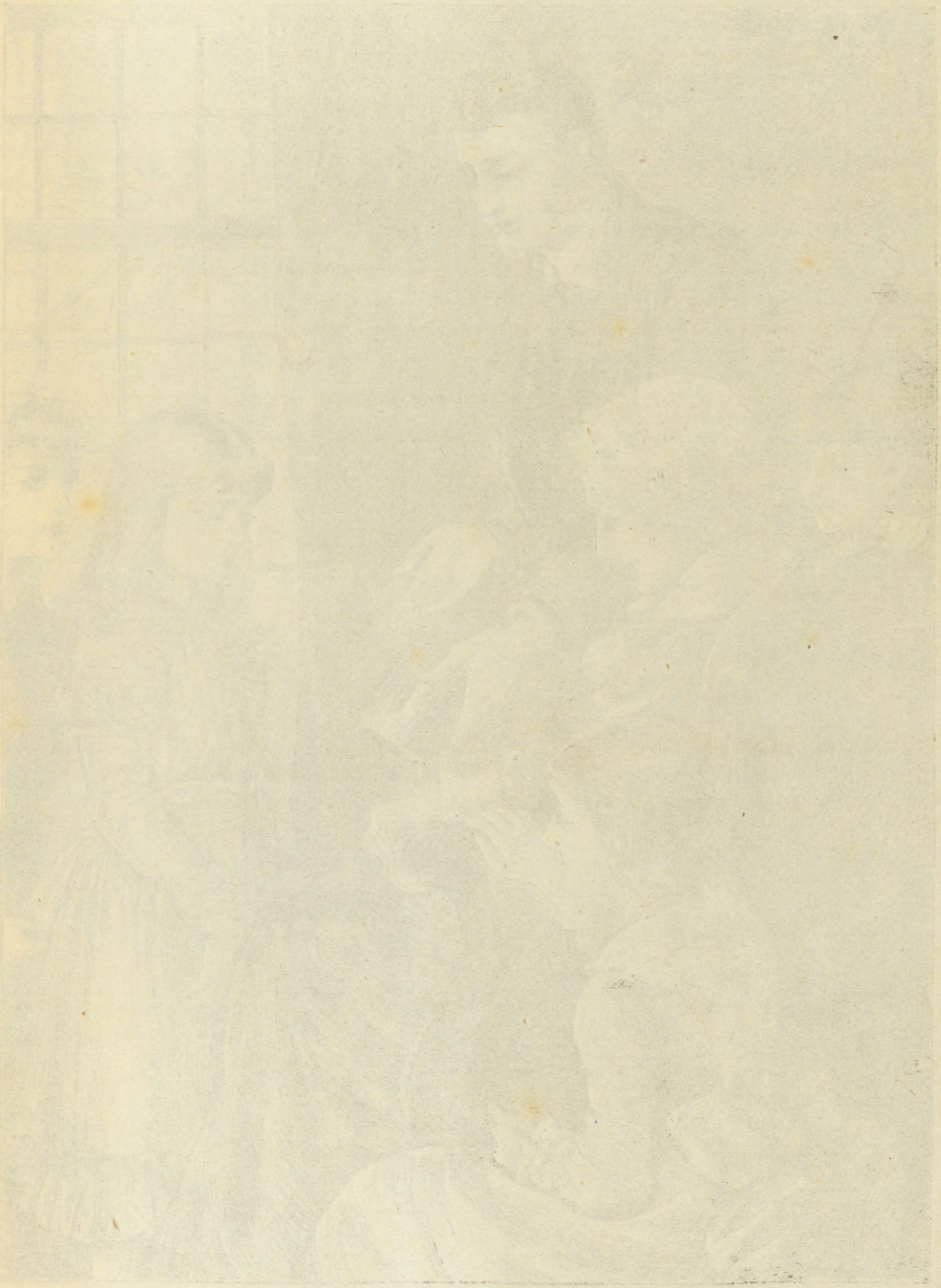
N.B. Mr. Moss, born at North Tawton, Devon, became one of the outstanding Temperance workers of the 19th—20th Centuries. On 1st September, 1888 he was appointed Missioner to Mrs. LEWIS, Blackburn (The Drunkards' Friend). More than 50 years' loyal service won universal esteem. Inspired by Joseph Livesey's 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.





"Grandmamma's Christmas Box."—p. 183.

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BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE,

AND

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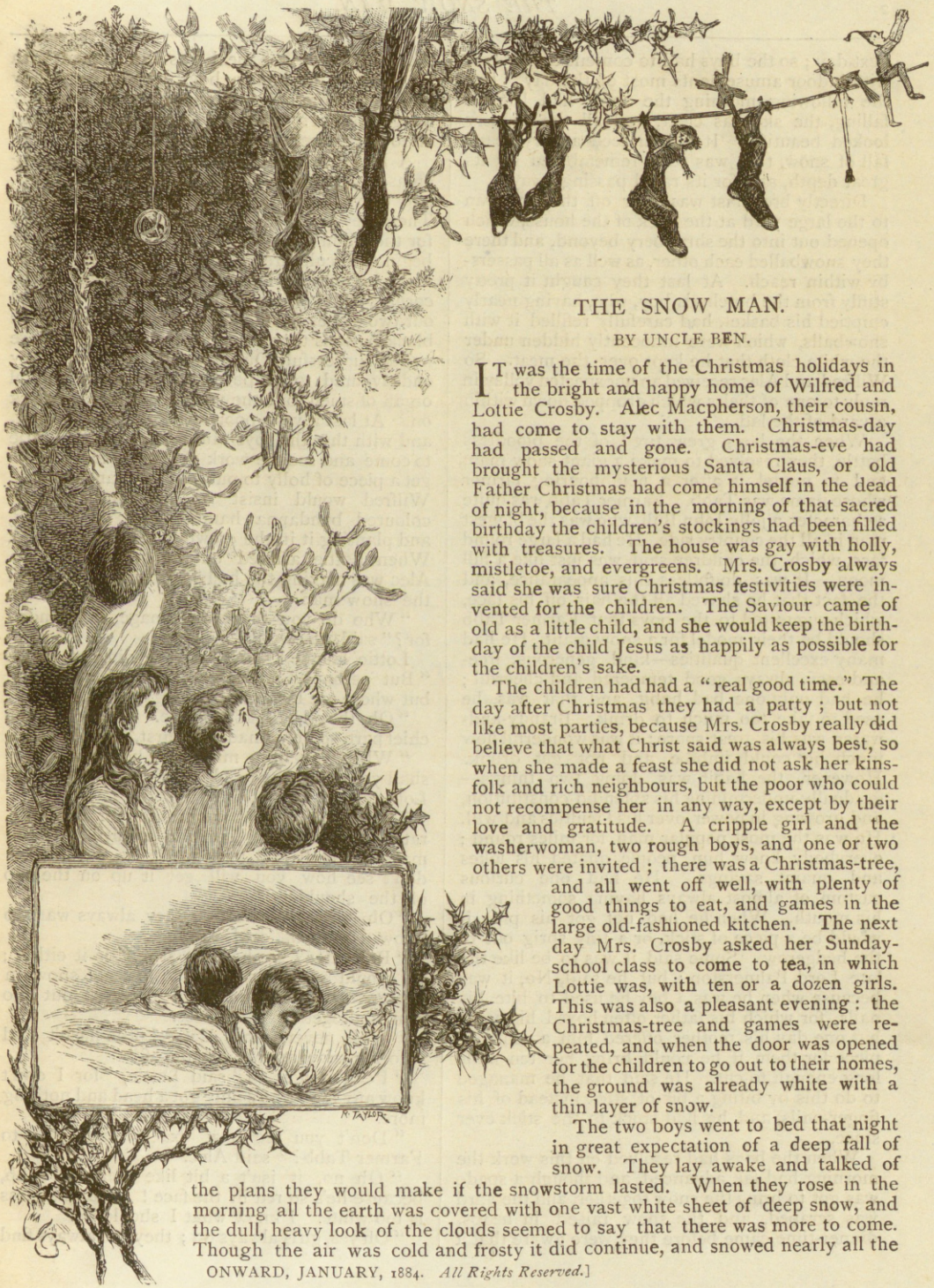

THE SNOW MAN.

BY UNCLE BEN.

IT was the time of the Christmas holidays in the bright and happy home of Wilfred and Lottie Crosby. Alec Macpherson, their cousin, had come to stay with them. Christmas-day had passed and gone. Christmas-eve had brought the mysterious Santa Claus, or old Father Christmas had come himself in the dead of night, because in the morning of that sacred birthday the children's stockings had been filled with treasures. The house was gay with holly, mistletoe, and evergreens. Mrs. Crosby always said she was sure Christmas festivities were invented for the children. The Saviour came of old as a little child, and she would keep the birthday of the child Jesus as happily as possible for the children's sake.

The children had had a "real good time." The day after Christmas they had a party ; but not like most parties, because Mrs. Crosby really did believe that what Christ said was always best, so when she made a feast she did not ask her kinsfolk and rich neighbours, but the poor who could not recompense her in any way, except by their love and gratitude. A cripple girl and the washerwoman, two rough boys, and one or two others were invited ; there was a Christmas-tree, and all went off well, with plenty of good things to eat, and games in the large old-fashioned kitchen. The next day Mrs. Crosby asked her Sunday-school class to come to tea, in which Lottie was, with ten or a dozen girls. This was also a pleasant evening : the Christmas-tree and games were repeated, and when the door was opened for the children to go out to their homes, the ground was already white with a thin layer of snow.

The two boys went to bed that night in great expectation of a deep fall of snow. They lay awake and talked of the plans they would make if the snowstorm lasted. When they rose in the morning all the earth was covered with one vast white sheet of deep snow, and the dull, heavy look of the clouds seemed to say that there was more to come. Though the air was cold and frosty it did continue, and snowed nearly all the

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next day ; so the boys had to content themselves with indoor amusements most of the day. But the following morning the snow had left off falling, the sky was clear, and all the country looked beautiful. It was indeed a very heavy fall of snow, that was long remembered for its great depth, and for its rapid passing away.

Directly breakfast was over off the boys ran to the large yard at the back of the house, which opened out into the shrubbery beyond, and there they snowballed each other, as well as all passers-by within reach. At last they caught it pretty stiffly from the butcher's boy, who, having nearly emptied his basket, had carefully refilled it with snowballs, which were innocently hidden under the white cloth that he kept over the meat. So Wilfred and Alec received an unexpected volley in reply to one of theirs which dropped down within a yard of the lad.

When the boys grew tired of the bloodless battle, they resolved to make a giant snow man, and to model it after a neighbouring farmer whose name was Tabb. Farmer Tabb was quite a character, a jolly John Bull, who was the biggest man in all the country side. He had a large round face, which, the children said, was just like a full moon. It was doubtless this appearance, and the fact that he shaved all the hair off his face, which suggested to the boys that Farmer Tabb should be their model for a snow giant. He had many excellent qualities—kind, generous, free-and-easy, always good tempered and cheerful ; he had only one bad habit, and that was, he used to take too much to drink. Brandy-and-water was his great snare ; it was wonderful how much he could imbibe and not get drunk. However, the habit was doing two things—gradually undermining his splendid constitution, and growing in power over his faculties and will. He was the most popular man for miles round ; everybody knew him, people quoted his jokes and quaint sayings. He had one curious custom of almost always having something in his mouth. When he had not got his pipe, it would be a piece of stick, or a tiny sprig out of the hedgerow. Some said it was to be like the late Lord Palmerston ; but he said, No, it was because when he was a boy he used to bite his nails, for which his father often boxed his ears ; but one day his mother offered him a penny a-piece for them if he could bring her ten nails long enough to cut. He said that he managed to do this by biting a bit of stick instead of his finger-nails, and he had stuck to the stick ever since.

When the boys had resolved on this work the morning had far advanced, and though a spade was got to bring the snow together, and the yard was scraped, and the snow raised in heaps, dinner-time came before they were aware that it was mid-day. The meal was despatched with all haste by the hungry boys, and directly they had done there came the appeal, "Oh, *now* may we go, please?" Permission given, they rushed off to re-commence their labours.

A large snowball was made ; this was increased with care until they could roll it about, and it came to be nearly a yard in diameter. Then they thought that would be large enough for the giant's head, and that they had better begin the sculpture part of the business. They carved a long slit for the mouth, turning up the corners of the lips to show a smile ; they scooped out two places for the eyes, and stuck two large black buttons therein ; with the nose they were not so successful. Out of a portion of snow they endeavoured to shape and re-shape a model organ of smell, but they could not make it stick on. At last a very poor specimen was formed, and with that the boys ran indoors to ask Lottie to come and see the work of their hands, and to get a piece of holly to put into the giant's mouth. Wilfred would insist on fastening a large coloured bandanna handkerchief on a stick, and planting it in the crown of the giant's head. When Lottie arrived on the scene of action Alec was making the holly go into the mouth of the snow man.

"Who do you think our image is intended for?" said Alec.

Lottie laughed, and said she did not know. "But perhaps," added she, "it is for Goliath ; but where are his arms, and legs, and body?"

"Oh, they'll be made in time. The head's the chief part, so we've made that first," said Wilfred.

"When you have made the body, how ever shall you stick the head on?" innocently asked Lottie.

The boys looked at each other for a minute, rather puzzled, and Lottie continued, "If you make the body and legs as big as the head, I don't see how you will get it up on the top of the shoulders."

"Oh, girls are so silly ; they always want to know too much," said Wilfred.

"But I don't see how we are to do it either ; we should have made a whole mass of snow in one great big heap, and then shaped it out into a man altogether," said Alec.

"Well, never mind, Alec ; Lottie hasn't said who the snow man is a statue of."

"I can't tell at all," said Lottie, "for I don't know any man who's only got a head and nothing more."

"Don't you see how exactly like it is to Farmer Tabb?" said Alec.

"Oh no, it isn't a bit like Farmer Tabb, because he's so red in the face ! Your likeness is too white. I know what I should do."

"Oh yes, girls always do ; they can always find

fault," said Wilfred, who was fairly taken aback now he saw the full difficulty of completing the giant.

"What would you do, Lottie?" said Alec, meekly, for he felt a giant that had no body was hardly the correct thing.

"If I were you I should have a lying-down giant, and not a standing-up one, then you can lay the head down and join a body, and put on his two legs."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" said the boys; "that is just what we will do." But before they had collected the snow it was growing dark, and then came tea, and they were obliged to leave it till to-morrow.

The weather, that had been growing milder, changed at sunset into a rapid thaw; it rained all night, and when the boys got up in the morning the earth was more to be seen than the snow. When they went out into the yard to see the snow man they found the yard was all flooded with water; the head of the giant lay split in two, and the flag lay between the two parts, one of which had fallen into lumps of snow now rapidly dissolving in the slush. Before the day was over the giant form had entirely disappeared.

All that wonderful covering of white that had wrapped the earth the morning before was just the congealing of vapour into snowflakes that came down one by one to earth, and the snow giant was only the snowflakes pressed together; and then that which slew the giant and made him vanish quite away was only the falling of warmer vapour in drops of rain.

Strange to say, a day or two after the thaw, a frost set in, and the roads became slippery as glass. Farmer Tabb had been out having a little drop with a friend, and coming home he had more than he could manage. The result was, being unsteady, his foot slipped on some ice; he fell heavily and hurt his head. The brain and system being saturated with alcohol were so much against him that it brought on inflammation of the brain, from which he never recovered, but died the first week in the new year.

The little drops, the doses of long habit, are like the continual dropping that wears the stone. They tell in time on health and character, and beneath their influence giants of strength dissolve away and become lost. And on the other hand, our best way to meet the evil of the strong Giant Alcohol, is to increase and multiply the total abstainers so that the monster vanishes away altogether, never to return any more to work ruin in our land.

THE tower of Babel is the first continued story on record.

DANIEL.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

GOOD Daniel of old, when tempted with wine,
For truth grew quite bold, and dared to decline;
Though others might eat he would not defile
His body with meat; nor let wine beguile
His heart into sin, lest he should offend
His conscience within and God his wise friend.
Devoutly he took God's law for his guide;
The truth ne'er forsook, whatever might slide;
He wavered at nought, learnt lessons each day;
Adversity taught that he should obey
The laws of his God—the people had erred;
And under the rod his spirit was stirred
To meekly obey, whatever the cost,
Not take his own way, like some, and be lost;
But followed the light God lovingly gave,
That, choosing the right, his soul he might save.
The king gave command the Hebrews should feed
On food from his hand; some weakly gave heed:
But Daniel, with those who like him did think,
Much simpler food chose and water to drink.
Permission they sought, their principles tried,
Proved clearly that nought like truth would abide:
For fairer and fatter their bodies were found
Than those in the matter by custom well bound.
From this let us learn how we should obey:
Who will may discern how wise Daniel's way.
His life's lesson grand on us be not lost,
Like him may we stand firm, true, at all cost.

FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

OLD YEAR, fare thee well, although brief be the sorrow
We feel, as thou passest away;
A sigh and a tear, then forget thee to morrow,
As children their griefs while at play.

The mercies unnumbered, our pathway attended,
Lamps full of pure blessings from Him,
Like heaven's clear lights by the Maker suspended,
Are fixed, and shall never grow dim.

Old Year, fare thee well, one more word ere we sever,
And with ages past pillow thy head;
May our guilt be consumed and forgotten for ever,
As leaves of the forest when dead.

J. J. LANE.

THE PREVALENCE OF DRUNKENNESS.

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR.

WHAT does the prevalence of drunkenness involve? It means that to thousands life becomes a long disease. Solomon told us that truth 3,000 years ago. "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." *Delerium tremens*—that inconceivably awful and agonising illness—is but one of God's executioners upon excess. The fact that a nation is addicted to drink and drunkenness means that the health of myriads will be ruined; it means that myriads of children, with diseased bodies, fatuous minds, and depraved impulses, will be, in the awful language of an old preacher, "not born into the world, but damned into the world," as idiots, or cripples, or predestined drunkards; a curse to nations, a curse to their neighbours and to themselves, a curse to the very ideal of humanity which they drag down and degrade, poisoning its very life-blood, and barring its progress to the goal of better days. O! Nations may enjoy their revelries; but the river of enjoyment flows into a sea of misery, and disease is only indulgence taken at a later stage.

Nor is it only the bodies of men that suffer, it is their souls. Powerless for his deliverance, the conscience of the drunkard is not powerless for his torture. Robert Burns, Charles Lamb, and Hartley Coleridge have uttered the cry of men who have thus been swept over the cataract. The Spartans, when they wished to turn their children from the shame of intemperance, showed them the physical degradation of drunken Helots; but the physical results are nothing to the moral devastation, the abject servitude, the spiritual catastrophe of the man who has given himself over to the bondage of drink. When he recovers from the degradation of the animal, it is to feel the anguish of a lost soul.

That is the reason why, year by year, drink not only crowds the workhouse with paupers, and the jail with felons, and the asylum with lunatics, and the hospitals with disease; but also swells more than any other cause—swells week by week, and year by year—the list of those who through the awful gate of suicide rush, with rude insult, into the presence of their God. "The measure of alcohol consumed in a district," said Baron Dowse, "is the measure of the degradation." Wherever the drink tide rises highest, there, too, is the high-water mark of suicide, mortality and crime. Wherewithal a man—or a nation—sinneth, by the same shall he be punished.

Nor is this all. The curse does not stay with him who caused it. It spreads its concentric circles of ruin. The drunkard almost invariably drags down his wife and family into the lurid whirlpool of his own retribution. Go to some public-house on Saturday night, between ten and twelve, when the miserable working-man is pouring into the till of the publican, and the purse of the gin-distiller, the money which should clothe and feed his wife and little ones; see when the gin-palaces in our most pauperised districts are cleared at night, a scene which, for vileness, cannot be paralleled in any region of the world. Then follow the drunken man or drunken woman into the lair which they call their home. Home? it is a Dantean hell of brutality and squalor, of which the very air reeks with abomination!

In former times the wife was usually the victim of her husband's brutishness; now she becomes in innumerable cases the partner in his sin. In either case, be she victim or associate, no creature on earth so demands our pity. While threats and blows resound in that curse-laden air, the children—the ragged, miserable, half-starved, degraded children—the children who will grow up hereafter to recruit the ranks of the felon and the harlot, huddle together in mute terror. They do not cry: such children seldom do shed tears. Nature could never furnish a foundation to meet such demands. Often they make their escape into cellar or chimney, or hide themselves under the rotting heap of rags or straw, and do not venture to creep out, half suffocated, till the drink-maddened fiend whom they call "father" is away, or till he has slept off for a time the vitriol madness. And in most of our large towns there are whole streets, and alleys, and districts of such drunkards' homes—infamous streets which hide hundreds of blighted families, the disgrace of our civilisation and the disgrace of our Christianity.

The only things which flourish there are the public-houses, which, confronting the minimum of virtue with the maximum of temptation, drain from the wretched neighbourhood its last life, and, like the fungus on the decaying tree, feed on the ruin which is their boon. We have heard much recently of "Horrible London," and of the bitter cry of its abject poor. What makes these slums so horrible? I answer, with the certainty and the confidence of one who knows, Drink. And what is the remedy? I tell you that every remedy you attempt will be a miserable failure; I tell the nation, with the conviction founded on experience, that there will be no remedy till you save these outcasts from the temptations of drink.



"A large snowball was made, nearly a yard in diameter."— p. 2.

A TALK WITH THE GIRLS.

BY E. C. A. ALLEN.

What shall I be?

MY dear young sisters,—You are now at the beginning of life's journey, all its rich promises and noble work before you. So much depends on the light in which you view these glorious possibilities, and the spirit in which you go forth to meet them, that I would fain do something towards leading you to see and act rightly at this most critical period of your lives. Did you ever, in your daily or nightly dreams, ask yourself this important question, "What shall I be?" Whether you have or not, let me suggest it to your thoughts for a few minutes. Look forward ten or twenty years. If spared you will fill some position in life. What shall it be? Whatever that position, whether in the home of wealth, the dwelling of competence, or the humbler abode of poverty amidst straitened circumstances; whether by the fireside, engaged in domestic occupations, or in the busy workshop, wherever your lot may be cast, your happiness and the happiness of those around you will be largely determined by your character; not so much by what your circumstances are, as by what you yourself are.

Don't be a Slattern.

I knew a mother, well educated, well circumstanced as regards worldly means, but her home was sadly mismanaged. Oftener than not, disorder and confusion held sway. When her husband and sons came in from business, the meals were badly cooked and the rooms untidy. What wonder that they should seek elsewhere the comfort denied them at home? Be determined to be methodical, orderly, regular. Commence now to leave behind you in all your duties and arrangements the traces of tidiness and neatness.

Never be a Tale-bearer.

I knew a wife—nay, I called her friend, for there were many things admirable and lovable about her, but as far as her influence extended, quarrels, heart-burnings, and estrangements abounded. She had a wonderful tact for finding out every one's business, and a wonderful faculty of spreading her discoveries. She it was who informed Mrs. Brown what Mrs. Jones had said about her, and carried back to Mrs. Brown Mrs. Jones's expressions of resentment. Often was the remark passed by those who knew her, "That woman's tongue is enough to set a town on fire." And yet I believe she never meant to do the mischief she did. She had given way to an inveterate passion for talking, till it led to positive slandering and backbiting. My dear young friend, never be a tale-bearer.

Don't be a Visionary Idler.

I knew a girl, graceful, attractive, accomplished, calculated by natural gifts and winning manners to shine in society, and to exercise a commanding influence over others. She imbibed a passion for novel reading. Every spare moment was devoted to this mental intoxication. At length moments were stolen from other occupations. Her energies became paralysed. She lived in a region of fiction. Duties became distasteful. The bright morning hours were wasted in slumber. She dragged on a somewhat lengthened life, inert, inactive, and comparatively useless, and then passed away, leaving the bright promises of her youth all unfulfilled. Don't be a visionary idler.

And now I will try to draw you two or three pictures from life. See that fair, young girl. Her complexion is faultless. Her round, rosy, dimpled face seems ever rippling over with mirth and fun. Saucy mischief glances from her blue eye and curves her coral lip. No wonder that she has costly gifts to show, for she is a general favourite. Surely hers must be a bright and happy future. Lovely and beloved; affluence surrounding her, and no fear of misfortune to cloud her spirit. We might well expect her in after years to be a fountain of cheerfulness, a well-spring of gladness to all around.

Pass on with me, please, to the next picture. Nay, start not! it is drawn from life. "Not fit for exhibition," do you say? Scarcely, and yet the pitying angels look down daily on unnumbered counterparts. Yes, that one tattered garment is all that conceals the emaciated body. That bloated, disfigured face on which vice has stamped its image is repulsive to look upon. Scarcely a trace of womanhood remains. From what miserable origin, from what low surroundings can this poor creature have sprung? Look again on the first picture. That was the original of this. That charming girl learned to love the wine cup, and, in later years, the gin draught and the brandy bottle, and their horrid power have transformed her into what you see here. Don't be even a moderate drinker of intoxicating drinks, and then I have no need to add, don't be a drunkard.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

A YOUNG lady wrote some verses to a paper about her birthday, and headed them "May 30th." It almost made her hair turn grey when it appeared in print "My 30th."

HINTS TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

BY MRS. MAUDE HAMIL.

IF all the children now enrolled as members of Bands of Hope remained true to their pledge, how comparatively few drunkards there would be twenty or thirty years hence. It is sad to think that the vast army of drunkards is recruited every year from the ranks of young men and young women, and still more painful to reflect that some of these may have been once Band of Hope members, fair and promising, but, yielding to temptation, have fallen away through the seductive influence of strong drink. Conductors should impress upon the children that signing the pledge is not a thing to be lightly esteemed, but a promise binding for life. How many young women, for instance, on marrying think nothing of breaking the pledge; and do not seem to realise that they are doing anything wrong, the usual answer being when remonstrated with, "I only signed when I was a girl; it was not meant to be kept when I was grown up, it was only for children." If this is true of many young women, it is quite as true of many young men; is it not, therefore, of the utmost importance that our boys and girls be constantly reminded of the seriousness of the vow they have taken, and earnestly impressed to stand true to the pledge for life?

Getting Married.

Try to win the confidence of young people; let it be seen that you notice when a young man and woman become attached to each other. Talk kindly to them about it; ask about their future prospects, and if you discover that one of them is a non-abstainer, use your influence to induce that young person to sign the pledge. If a man will not sign the pledge to prove his love for a woman, especially when that act is known to be for his ultimate good, he is not worthy of her, neither is she worthy of him if she will not do likewise. Put these considerations gently but firmly before them.

If we can get our young men and women to regard this question as of such vital importance that they could not think of marrying any one who was not a thorough abstainer, we should make a great conquest, and the temperance cause would be greatly strengthened.

What a much greater chance of future happiness there is when husband and wife begin life as total abstainers! Four of the brightest girls I had in my Sunday-school class married non-abstainers, and these girls, though only married about five years, are now looking haggard, care-worn, and sad; living in homes wretched and miserable. What is the cause? The husband and father is now a drunkard, and yet when these girls got married their husbands were called respectable; but they took the drink moderately, and there the evil began.

Influence of Example.

There should be a Band of Hope connected with every Sunday-school, and every teacher should be a total abstainer. Should not the example of professing Christians be a *safe* example for every one to follow? We must remember that what is moderation to one man is drunkenness to another. Suppose, for instance, you take two glasses of wine and seem none the worse for it; some one, knowing you to be a professing Christian, follows your example, confining himself strictly to two glasses; these prove too much for him, and he goes home with a flushed face and unsteady gait, and yet he only follows your example.

A devoted Sunday-school teacher has a class of bright, intelligent boys under his care; the teacher sees no harm in a glass of wine, and the boys know it, but he would be shocked if he knew how often his opinion and practice are quoted by the boys in favour of moderate drinking. Years afterwards, when that teacher is asked about some of the brightest lads in his class, a look of pain comes over his face as he answers, "Lost through drink, and I never warned them!" That teacher is a total abstainer now, but he would give some of the best years of his life if he could only recall the days when he was not, and when he failed to warn those who looked to him for guidance and support against this crying, terrible sin. Teachers! for the sake of the dear boys and girls let me urge you to realise your great responsibility in this matter; let your example be the *good* and *safe* one, that your work may be blessed, and your joy and crown of rejoicing will be great hereafter.

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year has gone;
Weeks, months, and days have fled:
The flowers have passed away;
The leaves are dry and dead.
The garden is a waste;
The brook a sheet of glass:
With still increasing haste
The coming years will pass.

Time, like a mighty scroll,
Unwinds from day to day;
The ages onward roll;
The moments speed away.
Oh, may we strive to do
Some deeds of lasting good,
That me may join the ranks
Of those whose names have stood
As beacons on life's stormy coast,
To guide the weak and tempest-tost.

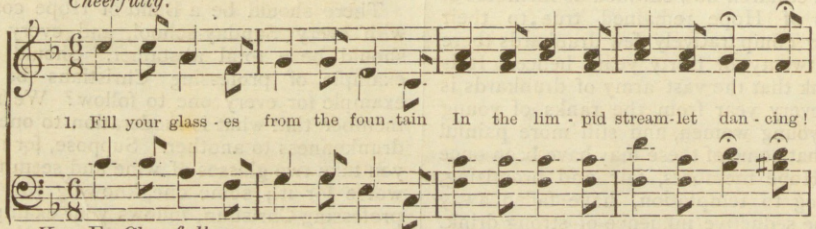
W. A. EATON.

FILL YOUR GLASSES FROM THE FOUNTAIN!

(Copyright.)

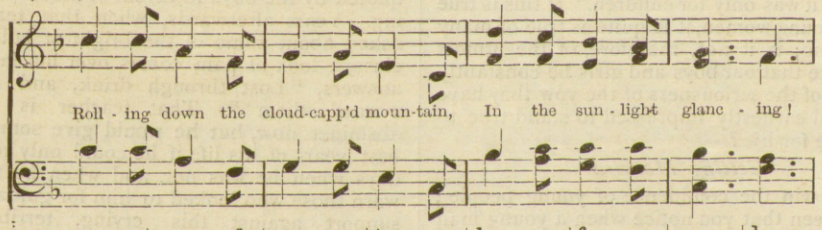
Words and Music by WILLIAM HOYLE.

Cheerfully.

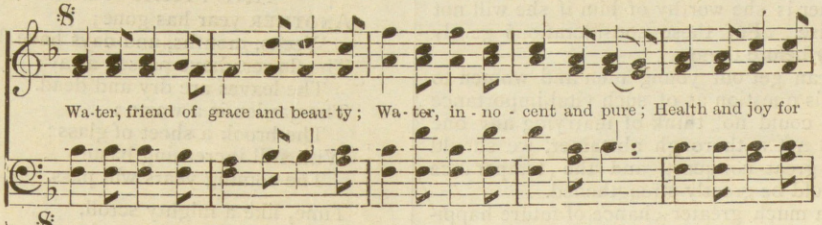


KEY F. *Cheerfully.*

s :- :s | m :- :d	r :- :r | t_1 :- :s_1	m :- :m | s :- :m	s :- :m | r :- :l				
2. Fill your glass - es	from the foun-tain!	Ro - sy youth in	life's fair morn - ing;				
s :- :s | m :- :d	r :- :r | t_1 :- :s_1	d :- :d | m :- :d	m :- :d | d :- :d				
s :- :s | m :- :d	r :- :r | t_1 :- :s_1	s :- :s | s :- :s	d^1 :- :s | l :- :l				
3. Fill your glass - es	from the foun-tain	Ev - 'ry joy - ous,	fes - tive sea - son!				
s :- :s | m :- :d	r :- :r | t_1 :- :s_1	d :- :d | d :- :d	d :- :d | f :- :fe				



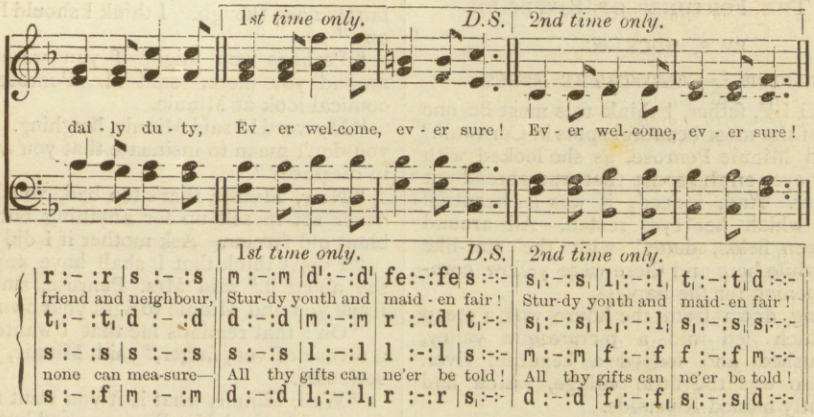
s :- :s | m :- :d	r :- :r | t_1 :- :s_1	l :- :s | f :- :m	r :-:-|d :-:-				
Length of days and	plea - sures count - ing,	Hoar - y age a -	dorn - ing!				
s :- :s | m :- :d	r :- :r | t_1 :- :s_1	d :- :d | t_1 :- :d	t_1 :-:-|d :-:-				
s :- :s | m :- :d	r :- :r | t_1 :- :s_1	f :- :s | s :- :s	f :-:-|m :-:-				
Old and young, o'er	vale and moun-tain,	Hold the right with	rea - son:				
s :- :s | m :- :d	r :- :r | t_1 :- :s_1	f :- :m | r :- :d	s_1 :-:-|d :-:-				



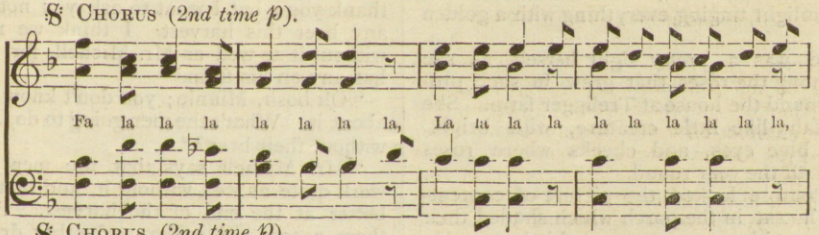
S.

m :- :m | m :- :r	d :-:l | l :- :s	d^1:-:s | d :-:s	s :-:m | m:-:r	m :-:m | s :-:s			
Wa - ter, bless - ing	hon - est la - bour;	Wa - ter, free as	mountain air—	Fill your glass - es,			
d :- :d | d :- :d	d :-:d | d :- :d	m :-:m | m :-:m	m :-:d | d:-:t_1	d :-:d | d :-:d			
s :- :s | s :- :f	m :-:f | f :- :s	s :-:d^1 | s :-:d^1	d^1:-:s | s:-:-	s :-:s | s :-:s			
Wa - ter, mine of	priceless treasure;	Wa - ter, rich - er	far than gold;	All thy blessings			
d :- :d | d :- :d	d :-:f | f :- :m	d :-:d | d :-:d	d :-:m | s:-:-	d :-:d | m :-:m			

FILL YOUR GLASSES FROM THE FOUNTAIN !—*continued.*



𝄋 CHORUS (*2nd time p*).



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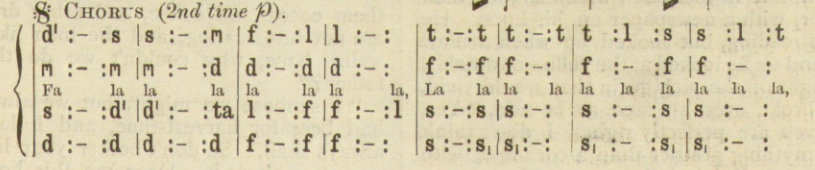
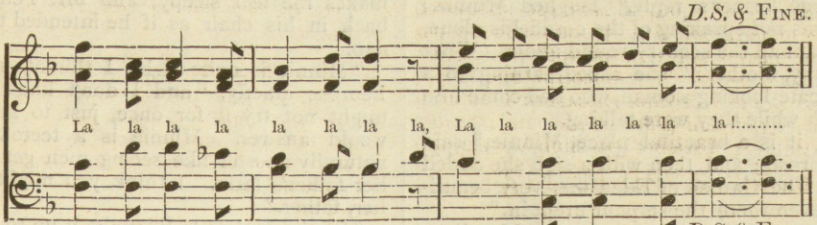


D.S. & FINE.



D.S. & FINE

WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY S. HOCKING.

CHAPTER I.—AMONG THE ROSES.

"REALLY, father, I think this must be one of the most beautiful spots in Cornwall." So said Minnie Penrose, as she looked with admiring eyes on the scene that was spread out before her. And, indeed, it was a beautiful sight on which her eyes rested. All around were green fields, dotted with the star-like daisies, while here and there were yellow cornfields, ripening for the harvest.

Winding down from the house was a steep path which led into a picturesque valley, where rushed and leaped a beautiful river. There also was the little village, which had been rightly named Riverside.

To the left, and at the back of Minnie's home, rose well-wooded hills; while on all fell the bright sunlight, tinging everything with a golden hue.

Minnie was a pretty sight herself, as she stood among the roses that grew in such profusion around the house at Treligger farm. She was a fairy-like little creature, with bright, dancing blue eyes, and cheeks where roses bloomed all the year round.

Mr. Penrose looked the picture of contentment as he sat in the porch which shaded their front door, with a newspaper on his knee. He had been reading, but looked up when Minnie spoke; and as he looked at the yellow cornfields, and thought of the rich grain they would yield, a smile broke over his face as he said, "Yes, Minnie, you are perfectly right. I don't think there is anything prettier than a cornfield, with the wind a-rustling in it."

"A true farmer's reply," laughed Minnie; "but I was not speaking of the cornfields alone, but I meant all the scenery round about. What do you say, mother?" she asked, turning to a fair, delicate-looking woman, who had come into the porch while they were talking.

"Yes, it is a beautiful place, Minnie," said Mrs. Penrose; and then with a sigh she added slowly, "The Garden of Eden was very beautiful, but even there the serpent crept in."

There was such a sad earnestness in Mrs. Penrose's voice that Minnie felt a chill creep over her, while Mr. Penrose looked uneasy, and said, rather crossly—

"Come, come, mother! for mercy's sake don't go preaching this hot weather. Minnie and I are not going to trouble ourselves about any serpents, are we, Minnie?"

And Minnie, shaking off the chill that had crept over her, answered brightly: "I think it is more likely that fairies would take up their residence here. We don't hear anything about fairies now, though. I think I should like to see one."

"Perhaps you might if you were to look around you more," said Mr. Penrose, with a comical look at Minnie.

"My word!" said Minnie, laughing. "I hope you don't mean to insinuate that you are a fairy in disguise?"

"Now, Minnie, that's too bad, you know. I never set myself up for anything but a plain, blunt old farmer. Ask mother if I did?"

"I don't think that I shall have anything to say about it," said Mrs. Penrose, smiling; "I leave you and Minnie to fight your own battles."

"Oh! that reminds me that I wanted to ask a favour of you, father," said Minnie, speaking seriously.

"Well, Minnie, what is it you want me to get for you?" asked Mr. Penrose good humouredly.

"I don't want you to get anything for me, thank you; but I want to ask you not to have any beer this harvest. I think we might do without it as well as Mr. Michell, for he never has any on his farm."

"Oh bosh, Minnie; you don't know anything about it. What's the men going to do, I wonder, without their beer?"

"Mr. Michell says that the men do their work quite as well without it, and that they are better at the end of the harvest. They give them cocoa and coffee, and other drinks that are not intoxicating, and the men like it very well. Now, why couldn't we do the same, father?"

"I suppose we might, but we always have had beer for harvest-time, and I daresay we always shall. So don't bother your little head any more about it. Dear me, this hot weather makes me feel sleepy," and Mr. Penrose lay back in his chair as if he intended to have a nap.

"Minnie is quite right, I think," said Mrs. Penrose quietly, "and I don't know why we might not try it for once, just to see how it would answer. Minnie is a teetotaler, and naturally doesn't like seeing men get tipsy on her father's farm. I think you might humour her, father."

"Oh, never mind; I'll make it up to her some way else. I can't break a good custom and displease the men just for a whim. But there's Jack coming. He wants me, I expect," and Mr. Penrose walked off, glad to get away.

Minnie felt rather put out that her father should so decidedly refuse her request. She was an only child, and had scarcely ever been refused anything. But she knew that when her father said "No" he meant it, and that it would be

useless to ask him again. And, smothering a sigh, she said : "It can't be helped, mother, we've done our best; but it does seem rather hard after we had set our minds on it."

"So it does, my dear; but we must expect disappointments in this world, and try to bear them with patience. But just now I think we had better see about getting the tea."

And Mrs. Penrose went into the house followed by Minnie.

Not many days after the above conversation took place, Mr. Penrose decided to go to a fair, which was being held at a place a few miles away. When he was leaving, as Minnie handed him his whip, he said : "You see that the men do their work properly while I'm gone, Minnie, and I'll bring you home some fairing."

"All right," answered Minnie, laughing ; "I'll order them round in style."

All through the day Minnie was as busy as a bee, flitting in and out, seeing that everything was attended to. And when evening settled in, she flattered herself with the belief that her father would find everything in order when he came home.

It was getting late, and Mr. Penrose had not come. Minnie was getting fidgety, and to her mother she said : "I do wish father would make haste and come home, for I want to see what he will bring me. I hope it will be a workbasket, for I want one badly ; he heard me speaking about it the other day, so I think he might. But there ! it's no use saying anything about it, for men scarcely ever buy the thing that is wanted."

"Anyone would think that you had had a large experience of the shortcomings of the men," said Mrs. Penrose, smiling.

Minnie did not answer, for just then her quick ear caught the sound of her father's voice. He had driven up to the back door while they were talking. Running to the door, she was just in time to hear her father speaking in angry tones to the servant-man. She heard him calling the man "A lazy fool," and much more of the same sort.

"Whatever can be the matter with father?" thought Minnie. "I never saw him so cross in my life."

And then hearing her father's voice rising higher, she ran out to him, and said : "Why, whatever is the matter, father? I don't think you ought to scold Jack like that, for he has been working like a slave all the day."

"I wonder what business it is of yours?" said Mr. Penrose, in angry tones, turning to Minnie with such a scowling face that she was frightened. "I suppose you don't know that I'm the master here and can do as I like?" he continued ; "but I tell you what 'tis, miss, you have had your way so long that now you think you can say what you like, but it shall not be so ; and for the future you had better mind your own business."

At first Minnie felt bewildered, and then hurt. It was the first time her father had ever spoken unkindly to her, and she felt that she could not bear it. Going into the house she ran up to her own room and shut the door. Bitter, angry thoughts were rising. She felt that her father had not only been unkind but unjust. And *that* after she had done everything to please him. *That* was the bitterest thought of all, and Minnie could not keep back the angry tears that would come.

After a while better thoughts stole into her mind, and as she remembered how kind and indulgent her father had always been, she felt that there must have been something that she knew nothing about to worry him ; perhaps he had not meant to hurt her feelings. And ere she fell asleep that night, she had quite forgiven her father for his unkind words.

By morning Minnie had almost forgotten the cause of her sorrow, and went about the house as cheerful as ever.

When Mr. Penrose came into his breakfast, he gave Minnie a parcel, which he said was the "fairing" he had promised her. When Minnie had cut the string, and unwrapped it, she found it to be a beautiful workbasket, filled up with packages of fruit and sweets.

"I do think that you are the best father in the world ; for this was the very thing I was wishing for. Thank you so many times, father," said Minnie, gratefully.

Mr. Penrose seemed pleased, and the cloud lifted from his face, as he said, "I was cross with you last night, little girl, but I want you to forget it, for I was not quite myself."

"Oh, never mind that," said Minnie, throwing her arms around her father's neck ; "if you scolded me oftener I might be a better girl."

"I don't think so," said Mr. Penrose, with a fond look at her bright face, "you are just as good as I want you to be now."

"I am afraid that you can't see quite clear," said Minnie, with a demure shake of the head, "or else you would be able to see some of my many faults. But here's mother, and the breakfast is quite ready."

All through breakfast time Minnie chatted and laughed in her wonted style ; and as she busied herself about the house through the day, she thought but a very little about her last night's grief.

In the beginning of August, Mr. Penrose commenced harvest. He had quite got over his strange outbreak, and had relapsed into his former state of kindness and good humour, which as Jack said was a "blessin'."



"I do think you are the best father in the world."—p. 11.

Before the harvesting was over, an old friend of Mr. Penrose's, who had been in America for several years, called to see them and to help them with the harvest. One evening, as they were all gathered in the porch, Mr. Penrose said—

"Well, Peter, what are you thinking to do? Are you going into business, or settling down as a gentleman?"

"Hardly that," answered the man. His name was Peter Dawlish. "It would take a good sample of gold to settle down to do nothing; and I hardly think its worth while to be always slaving. So I've thought of a plan that'll be neither one or t'other."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Penrose.

The other smoked in silence for a few minutes, and then removing his pipe, said—

"I've been looking around since I've been home, and asking questions, and all that sort of thing, and I'm a-thinking that it wouldn't be a bad speck of business if I set on a public-house down in the little village. There isn't one nearer than Belingey, and that's two miles off. So I think I shall have plenty of custom."

No one spoke for several minutes; and then, seeing that none of the others seemed inclined to speak, the man continued—

"I've taken the biggest house in Riverside, and I've ordered carpenters to have it fitted up

in the newest style. And I think it will be all ready before the winter sets in; and then through the long, cold evenings I expect the farmers will be glad to have a glass of something warm and read the latest news."

"Have you the license?" asked Mrs. Penrose, in a hard, sharp voice. She had not spoken before, but had listened to all that had been said.

"Yes, missus," answered Dawlish. "I hadn't much trouble, for the magistrate knew that there was a public-house there about ten years ago; and as my character was a good one, he granted it."

"And what do you think the people down yonder want of a public-house? They have done without it for ten years, and why can't they do without it now?" asked Mrs. Penrose, with flashing eyes and trembling lip.

"Well, we do without a lot of things we should be glad to have if we could," answered Dawlish, with a short laugh.

"But will the people be glad, think you, to have *that* set in their midst which can bring them nothing but misery? How many of those women down in the village will be glad to have it?"

"Oh," said Dawlish, with a sneer, "I shall not ask them; it's none of their business."

"None of their business!" said Mrs. Penrose, bitterly; "who is it that have got to bear the blows and kicks of the men when they have been made mad with drink? Who is it that have got to sit up half the night long working, that their children may have bread, while their husbands are at the public-house throwing away both time and money on that which makes them brutes? And yet you say that it's none of their business!"

"Well, well, missus," answered Dawlish, between puffs at his pipe, "nobody s'poses that it's going to be like you say. A good glass or two of something hot on a cold day will not do much harm any way."

"When we see a house on fire we know not where the fire will end, or how much water it will take to put it out. And so when you give men to drink that which will create a thirst and make them hot and dry, one, two, nor three glasses will not quench it. And then what follows? How many are there, in yonder churchyard only, who are lying in drunkards' graves? Think twice before you set up such a plague in our midst. And I warn you before it be too late, not to weigh your soul down with such a burden of guilt as——" But Mrs. Penrose could go no further, there was such a choking sensation in her throat; and, rising hastily, she went into the house.

There was silence for several minutes after Mrs. Penrose had left. Dawlish looked perplexed and angry, while on Mr. Penrose's face there was a look of surprise and worry. Minnie looked and felt rather frightened. She had never seen her gentle little mother so moved before, and a feeling, as of coming trouble, crept over her which she could not shake off, and rising with a sigh, she too went into the house.

Mr. Penrose and Dawlish smoked their pipes in silence for some time longer, and then Dawlish said—

"The missus got rather touchy just now. I didn't know that she was such a rigid teetotaler before. She ought to be a temperance lecturer. But it's all nonsense. A man can drink a glass of beer and smoke a pipe without being any the worse."

Mr. Penrose did not answer, and as he did not seem to be in a talkative mood, Dawlish said that he should be leaving, and wishing Mr. Penrose good night, he strode down the hill.

(*To be continued.*)

THE NEW YEAR.

HARK! the bells are sweetly ringing!
And the silvery strains we hear
Tell us of a New Year, bringing
Happy scenes and pleasures dear.
All our homes are filled with gladness,
Merrily the children play;
And our anxious thoughts of sadness
Find no place on New Year's day.

Yes! another year's passed o'er us,
And with buoyant hearts we stand
Dreaming of the joys before us,
With a happy future planned;
Why should we think of the sorrow
That will meet us by-and-bye?
Rather let us pleasure borrow
From the New-Year's store of joy.

We shall soon see beams of sunshine
Chase away old Winter's gloom,
And the bright and lovely Springtime
Once again with beauty bloom;
Soon shall Summer's fragrant flowerets
Make the earth a garden fair,
While blest Nature, clothed in splendour,
Spreads her treasures everywhere.

Then, sweet bells, ring out our sadness,
Fill the air with melody;
Bid us still pursue with gladness
Life's short journey cheerily;
Then, as scenes are left behind us,
And as seasons go and come,
May each welcome New Year find us
Nearer to our heavenly home.

T. J. GALLEY.

THORNS AND BRIERS.

BY REV. JOHN BAILEY, B.A.

"Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."—*Isaiah* lv. 13.

MY young friends must not think I am going to speak to them about "thorns and briers," because these are mentioned in the text, but rather about things which these in some respects are like. For if you look down the chapter carefully you will see the prophet writes about that which is far more important than anything which grows in wild, waste places, or even in pleasant shady woods. And he means, by the language of my text, to fix our attention upon things in our hearts and lives which in good people become like "firs and myrtles," and in bad people like "thorns and briers."

Isaiah was in fact looking on to the time when the Messiah should come to grant the blessings of God's great plan of salvation to all mankind. We read the chapter now as a prediction fulfilled in the work of Jesus Christ our Saviour, and in the preaching of His Gospel. My text refers more especially to the effects which always follow wherever that Gospel is accepted and obeyed.

I. I ask you to think of *the great change which is gradually brought about wherever Jesus is received as the Saviour.* Read the text with this thought, and you will understand the meaning of those words. The youngest child who has ever walked in the country, knows that "thorns and briers" are prickly, ugly, good-for-nothing, hurtful things; while "firs" are fine trees that grow stately and strong, supplying us with timber which is most useful and valuable; and myrtles are perhaps the most beautiful and fragrant among the shrubs. That opens to us the pith of my text. It means that where Christ reigns and His truth is obeyed, there such a change as this takes place. That which is ugly and hurtful, sharp and snappish in the disposition and life of men, women, and children, is gradually rooted out and destroyed; and instead there springs up that which is morally strong and beneficent, graceful and beautiful; that which wins the confidence and love of children, and does good to all who come near. And this gracious change in people's character, the prophet tells us, is the proof our Heavenly Father will give of His presence and working among men now-a-days —"it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

This was so, you remember, in the life of the Apostle Paul. He tells us himself, he "was before a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious;" but after his conversion he was changed into the most eloquent preacher of the truth, the chiefest among the apostles, doing more and suffering more for Christ, perhaps, than any of his fellow disciples.

And it will be so, my young friends, in your character if you love Christ, and try prayerfully to follow in His steps. You will grow more amiable and courteous, more kindly and attentive, more thoughtful and earnest, more loving and lovable; keeping down and conquering naughty tempers and hasty words, more helpful to those about you, and more desirous of doing good; more Christlike in everything. Not all at once: you must learn to be patient with yourself and with others who are really trying to become better. Not in your own strength, you must always ask God to help you. But if you will really love and serve Christ, you will find, and those who know you best will see, you will become altogether different in your disposition and conduct: instead of that which was as hurtful and worthless as "*thorns and briers*," there will be that which is as useful as the "*fir*," and as beautiful and helpful as the "*myrtle*."

II. But I want you to notice carefully how *this change is to be brought about.*

You will see the prophet looked for the change he promised to be brought about by what we call natural means. There is no word about a miracle. God never does root up thorns and briers, and plant in their places firs and myrtles, by miraculous power. But in this chapter we are told the people shall return from exile, take possession again of their homes and farms, till the fields which have been overgrown with weeds, and even plant such waste places as are sometimes left to thorns and briers with firs and myrtles. The change in the soil was to be brought about by the industry and forethought of the people to whom Jehovah had given the land.

And, I think, the prophet meant to teach us that the greater changes we desire to see in our own hearts and lives, are to be sought in the patient, consistent, reverent use of divinely appointed means.

God has told us, for instance, what an ugly, prickly, mischievous thing sin is, and how quickly it strikes root and spreads wherever it is allowed to grow; and if we would escape from sin, we must hate it, and fight it with all our might; we must pull up bad habits and throw them away, guard against going into temptation, watch and keep down wrong thoughts and unkind words. This is, you see, like rooting up "thorns and briers;" and this you must do for yourself by repenting and resisting evil, seeking always the help of our Lord.

But that is not enough; when the ground is cleared it must be occupied with better things. And therefore God sent His Son to be our Saviour, and to walk this earth as a man, that we

might follow in His footsteps; and, imitating His example, we become like Him. God revealed His truth that we might learn, love, and obey it; and as we receive and honour it thus, it enlightens our thoughts, sweetens our temper, ennobles our motives, and guides our conduct, like heavenly seeds sown in the heart, which strike root as we give them earnest attention, and gradually gather to themselves our energy and time to bring forth "fruits of righteousness" through all our life. But there is one bad habit more dangerous and mischievous perhaps than all the rest. It is so prickly and hurtful that it has pierced hundreds of thousands through and through with many sorrows. Be on your guard against that. Ask Jesus to help you to guard against that "thorn" ever taking root in your life. I mean the habit of using intoxicating drink. Never taste it; prayerfully resolve to keep yourself, and to do what you can to save others from its power; and you will find this one step towards bringing all the blessedness promised in my text, "*Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree.*"

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

OVER mystic regions where fancy's light
Gleams on the waves of thought's deep sea,
I am building an airy bridge to-night,
A bridge, oh friend, that shall reach to thee.

Its pillars are Love's own fabric, spanned
With arches which Hope lifts towards the sky;
And Memory's skilful and tender hand
Has carved them with records of days gone by.

Warm wishes for thy best welfare spring
From every niche in my shadow bridge;
Like the fairy mosses that often cling
To grey rocks, clothing some barren ridge.

Come forth on my bridge, oh friend, to-night!
Thy thought, like mine, can o'ermaster space;
Our faces are hid from each other's sight,
But our hearts can meet in close embrace.

GUARDIAN ANGEL.

I AM fading from you, but one draweth near,
Called the Angel-guardian of the coming year.
If my gifts and graces coldly you forget,
Let the New Year's Angel bless and crown them yet.
For we work together; he and I are one:
Let him end and perfect all I leave undone.
May you hold this Angel dearer than the last—
So I bless his future, while he crowns my past.

A. PROCTOR.

THE OUTLOOK.

NEVER has the prospect been so hopeful. The look back is one that causes thankfulness and courage, and the outlook for the future is one of promise and assurance.

Towards the close of last year, in the month of November, Exeter Hall witnessed the formation of a National Temperance Federation, a union which includes all temperance associations, and which may become the national expression of temperance opinion throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom. The special object of this new society is to gather up the united efforts of all organisations for the promotion of sobriety by moral suasion and legal enactment.

The basis of co-operation is, that all the federated societies should work together in view of legislative and other action on the points upon which they are agreed, and bring their influence to bear on Parliament and throughout the country as a united body.

The suggested lines of action are for Sunday closing, local option, and the suppression of grocers' and off-licences. We hail this organisation as the National Executive and Watch Committee, and feel sure great results will be accomplished.

The Sunday Closing Association is gathering its forces for what it hopes may be the final effort before victory. Through its instrumentality 6,767 petitions, signed by 1,808,773 persons, have been presented to Parliament. The return of one county, namely, Somerset, is indicative of the feeling everywhere on this question; the result of a household canvass in 114 parishes gives these figures — For, 18,896; against, 1,658; neutral, 2,149.

The progress of the Soldiers' Total Abstinence Association is a grand record of work accomplished. The British army in India and Egypt numbers 60,000 men; of these more than one-fifth, 13,493, are abstainers.

One instance of growth in the Band of Hope movement deserves special mention, and that is the record of the Temperance Committee of the Wesleyan Conference. 299 Bands of Hope, with a membership of 46,540, have been added to the roll this year, with an increase of 144 adult societies, and 17,502 new members.

In the course of last year the terrible revelation has been made public of the state of outcast London, a horrible condition of life which exists in a less degree in all our large cities. The picture drawn for us by Mr. George Sims, is one of the most appalling in modern history. He declares, from personal experience of the facts of the case, that "more than one-fourth of the daily earnings of the denizens of the

London slums goes over the bars of the public-houses and gin-palaces."

This one statement is enough to show us how much yet remains to be done, and the watch-word of our Bands of Hope for the coming year should be the old cry of the guards at Alma, "Carry high the colours!" that the soldiers far and near may rally round the standard of temperance, until it becomes the flag of victory, and therefore of peace.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

PATIENCE.—If patience be simply a slothful love of ease that can cause us to shun exertion, or an excessive restraint preventing rightful efforts at improvement, it is unworthy, and should be driven away; but if it be that tranquillity which is in harmony with Nature and all her plans—which can afford to wait the appointed time for all things and yet is never wearied in well-doing—which can endure with fortitude the inevitable and yet lose no opportunity for helping what can be helped and improving what can be improved—which speaks of power held in reserve, but waiting only the right moment to spring into action—then we may well hope that such a "patience may have her perfect work."

A WIDOW in the west, intending to succeed her husband in the management of an hotel, advertises that "the hotel will be kept by the widow of the former landlord, Mr. Brown, who died last summer on a new and improved plan."

"YES, judge," said the prisoner, "I admit that the part of my trousers were tangled in the dog's teeth, and that I dragged the animal away; but if you call that stealing a dog, no man on earth is safe from committing crime."

"MY brudders," said a waggish coloured man to a crowd, "in all infliction, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy." "Whar? whar?" shouted several. "In de dictionary!" he replied.

"JULIA, my little cherub, when does your sister Emma return?" Julia—"I don't know." "Didn't she say anything before she went away?" Julia—"She said, if you came to see her, she'd be gone till doomsday."

Notices of Books.

Gospel and Temperance Stories, by F. J. Maude Hamil, published by Tubbs and Brook, Manchester, and National Temperance Depôt, Strand, London; price one shilling.—The modesty and neatness of the little volume at once commend it, but when the seven stories have been read they will be their own commendation. All the stories are published separately, and can be had for separate circulation.

Short Anecdotes on Temperance, compiled by A. Arthur Reade, National Temperance Depôt, 337, Strand, W.C.—Here are 168 stories ready to hand for the platform speaker or Band of Hope worker. They are well selected and grouped under thirteen chapters. Short and pithy, grave and gay, they form a capital store of illustration for all aspects of the Temperance question.

Victor or Victim, by John Saunders, National Temperance Depôt (a tale of Derbyshire), is a powerful and well-written story of a superior kind. It strikingly delineates the hereditary and unconscious power of alcohol.

Pearls from the East, by Rev. Richard Newton, D.D., price one shilling, published by F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane, London.—The "Pearls" are incidents drawn from the Bible, freshly set forth with many lessons and suggestions, all of which have interest for the old, but are especially adapted for children.

From the same publisher we have quite the cheapest book of the season, admirably got up and well illustrated, entitled *Roses and Thorns: or, Stories from Everyday Life*. They are beautiful in spirit, and touchingly told. It will form one of the best gift-books for young men and maidens that can be had for two shillings.

The National Temperance Reader, second series, and the gaily-bound volume of *The Temperance Mirror* will provide a rich store for reading and recitation. With these books we have also had sent us, from the National Temperance Depôt, Strand, charming sets of Christmas and New Year's Cards in dozen-packets. The varied groups of flowers on each are beautifully executed. One packet gives us "Christmas Greetings," another the "Poets of Temperance," "Bible Texts of Temperance," and "Temperance Sentiments," which include words of wisdom from the wise.

The Doctor's Dream, by the author of "Our Ruthless Enemy."—The "Dream" runs on, without break or chapter, almost through the book. We are introduced to Doctor Gardner, who begins his dream of "the seven phials," and a thorough-going temperance dream it is. The seven phials are filled with vile concoctions—gin, rum, beer, brandy, whisky, port, and sherry.

Publications Received.

Tracts and Papers from the Anti-Narcotic League. "The Coming Order," a bright and clever paper, price threepence, an introduction to Social Reform. "His Life-work," a temperance Service of Song, by Mary Howard, price threepence, published by the Depôt, 337, Strand.—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—Hand and Heart—The Church of England Temperance Chronicle.

ALCOHOL—A VAGABOND.

BY J. JAMES RIDGE, M.D., B.S., B.A., B.SC. LOND.

YES, Alcohol is a Vagabond! For what is a "vagabond"? If you look in a dictionary you will find that a vagabond is a person who wanders about from place to place, having no business nor visible means of subsistence. The word comes, in fact, from a Latin word which means "to wander." Now, there is no harm in wandering, and when we go into the country for a holiday nothing is more delightful than to wander about where fancy takes us. But the words "vagabond" and "vagrant," which come from the same root, have acquired a bad meaning, simply because most people who wander about, having no settled home or work, are worthless fellows, and get up to mischief. They like other people to work for them, and policemen have to keep their eyes on them and tell them to "move on."

Alcohol is a "wanderer," and as worthless a one as you ever saw. Let us watch him. Here he is, in the shape of "half-a-pint o' beer," or "a glass of wine," or "half-a-quartern of whiskey," or "a go of gin," or "a tot of rum." In it goes, into the obedient mouth, down the gullet, into the patient and long-suffering stomach. Now it commences its wandering career. On every side of it are an infinite number of pipes in the walls or coats of the stomach, too small to be seen without a magnifying glass, finer than the finest hair, but called "capillaries" (from "capilla," Latin for a hair) because they are more like hairs than anything else. If these pipes or capillaries are small, of course their coat or wall is smaller and thinner still. So alcohol, the vagabond, having mingled with the contents of the stomach and done what harm he can there, soaks through these thin walls and mixes with the blood which is constantly passing through them.

These pipes turn and twist among all the tubes and substances which make up the thickness of the stomach's walls, and all these come in for a share of the wandering poison. If you break an egg and put the white of it into a glass and then pour some alcohol upon it, it turns white and curdles. If you poured some upon a jelly-fish, it would shrivel and harden in the same way. So the alcohol hardens and shrivels the parts which it touches, and more so the more there is of it. But it is not allowed to stay long doing all this mischief. "Move on" is the stern and useful command. And it moves on. The little particles which float in the blood shrink and shrivel as the vagabond gets close to them, and they hurry on together in the current of the blood, the little pipes joining to form larger ones, and these larger still, until they form one large tube. This takes all the blood, and the alcohol, to the liver. Then the big tube or blood-vessel divides again and again, like the branches of a tree, and takes the blood all over and through the liver. Alcohol wanders about among the little particles of the liver, irritating and annoying them, and if this goes on day after day for years, in course of time the vagabond makes the liver itself shrink and shrivel until it looks like a hob-nailed boot. But the liver tries to do all it can to prevent the alcohol from wandering on further in his mischief-making course. It lays hold of some of it, at all events, and so ties and binds it up, that its own mother wouldn't know it. It changes some of it into something else, whether by splitting it up or joining it in respectable marriage with some decent substances. Certain it is that some of the alcohol that goes into the body never comes out again, and it is probable we may thank the liver for converting some of him from his vagabond life.

Some, however, of the alcohol is too quick for the liver to deal with; he hurries on through the heart and into the lungs. There he finds an opportunity of escaping from the body, which is heartily glad if he will avail himself of it. He gets through the walls of the little pipes or blood-vessels in the lungs, mixes with the air, and comes away in the breath. Faugh! how it stinks! Who cannot tell the drinker of alcohol by his breath, which poisons the very air?

But while we have been talking the vagabond has gone farther on his travels. Back to the heart, and then, pumped out with every pulse, he wanders forth to create mischief in every part of the body.

The brain has to bear the brunt of his attack, for, in proportion to its size, more blood goes there than to almost any other part. On rushes alcohol and soaks again through the delicate blood-pipes into all the delicate tissues of the brain and nerves. Are they glad to see him? Do they act all the better for his presence? Let us see. Here is a set of little jelly-like particles joined together with little threads, like so many star-fishes, with two, three, or four long fingers, either touching each other, or stretched out into long strings, called nerves. These particular nerves we are thinking about lead, if you trace them down, to the walls of some blood-pipes, called arteries, along which the blood has to flow to reach all the parts of the body. These nerves are able to make the blood-vessels or arteries get smaller if too much blood is passing along them. But now the alcohol has reached the

ONWARD, FEBRUARY, 1884. *All Rights Reserved.*]

star-fish-like particles from which the power goes which makes the blood-vessels smaller. It makes them more sluggish or sleepy, as it were, and the grasp of the blood-vessels loosens or relaxes, just as baby lets his toy fall when he goes to sleep. More blood rushes along the vessel than went along before, and so the face, the hands, and other parts of the body get redder ; there is more blood in them, because the vagabond alcohol has relaxed the walls of the arteries.

But some of the alcohol goes to the skin, and soaks through it in the perspiration or sweat. Some of it goes to the kidneys, and these have a duty to do which they make every effort to perform. They try to get out of the blood everything which ought not to be there. They do not try to remove useful things : food passes through them in the blood and goes on to nourish the body. But what do they do to alcohol? If that is food they will let him pass. But no ! they know better than that. "Seize him ! the vagabond ! He's been creating disturbances wherever he goes, wandering about from place to place, to the injury of all peaceable and useful parts. Out with him ! as fast as we can." And so they do, and none of the vagabond that comes their way is allowed to pass if they can help it, and so the blood and the body, by the help of the liver, the lungs, the skin, and the kidneys, is gradually purified of the presence of this arch-vagabond, Alcohol.

SOLD A GIRL FOR WINE.

BY THE REV. W. J. WOODS.

"And sold a girl for wine that they might drink."
—Joel iii. 3.

JOEL, the earliest of the prophets of Judah, is describing the cruelty of the men of Tyre and Sidon. They have carried off so many little Jewish children into slavery that they are willing to sell them for next to nothing. A boy has been sold to buy a kiss from a wicked woman. A girl has been bartered for a glass of wine. The good prophet says that God will punish the men who do such things. God loves children and will not have them ill-treated.

Was it not cruel to take a dear little girl away from her home, from her dolls and flowers, from her pretty bedroom, from her brothers and sisters, and from all who loved her, and then sell her for a slave? Poor child ! There was no one now to kiss her, no one to tell her about the love of God, no one to pity her pale face when she was sick and tired. The men who sold a girl for wine would just as soon kill her if they got angry. Why did they do it? They were at war with the Jews and did it for spite.

Other men have acted in the same bad way through love of strong drink. It was only last year that a man named Wardle in one of our Lancashire villages sold his young wife Betsy for sixpence to buy a quart of ale. Next to a man's wife, his children are God's best gift to him. But men will even sell their children for drink. A little girl was once sold by her parents at the Salmon Inn in Chester-le-street for five shillings, and the money was spent in beer. Of course it is not lawful to do such things.

The love of drink is a dreadful feeling. It makes men waste their wages, beat their wives, starve their children, rob their masters, cheat their friends, and do all kinds of evil. Yet the drink does them no good. They live unhappy. They die without hope. How are we to avoid this great sin? Let us make up our minds not to touch the drink.

In Dauphiny in France there is a large cavern, and in the cavern a lake. A young king named Francis thought he would sail across it. Torches were lighted, and he entered with his gay friends into a grand barge. After the oarsmen had pulled some distance they noticed a low noise like far-away thunder. They rested on their oars, but the boat went forward all the same as if they had been still rowing. Why? A strong current was dragging it along. "Back oars !" was the cry. They were only just in time. Another minute and the current would have swept them over an awful cataract. They would all have been killed. When boys and girls take drink they are like King Francis on the lake. Before they think of danger, a liking for stimulants may draw them into its deadly current and whirl them over the horrible falls of drunkenness. Thousands are destroyed in that way every year. Be abstainers and you are safe.

Perhaps you say, "Oh ! but I like a glass of beer. Can't I have it if I like it?" If you mean to be happy you must not talk in that way. Those who are always wanting what they have not got are never happy. King Alexander the Great, after he had conquered the world, burst out crying one day because there was not another world to conquer. Was not that like a baby crying for the moon? About the same time a wise man named Diogenes went to a country fair. When he saw all kinds of gim-crack toys and cakes and sweets and other rubbish, he said to a friend, "How many things there are that Diogenes can do without!" Diogenes was a poor man, but he was happy, because he knew how to do without things. Was it not better to be poor Diogenes than rich Alexander? To be sure it was, and if you learn to do without strong drink you will be happier without than with it.

A TALK WITH THE GIRLS.

BY E. C. A. ALLEN.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT SHALL I BE?

WE have looked at the negative side of the subject from a few points of observation; and now let us again ask the question, "What shall I be?"

Be a Worker.

Imitate the bee. From every available source gather knowledge and useful information; gather it with an unselfish view, in order to make it available for the enlightenment and helping of others. Cultivate the talents God has given you; regard each of these as a sacred trust, to be improved and increased by faithful use. Life is all too short for the earnest, active, diligent worker. Let it be truthfully said of you when you lie down in your last sleep, "She rests from her labours, and her works do follow her."

Be Sunshine in your Home.

Try to feel as if the task of cheering and comforting and inspiriting every member of the family of which you form a part devolved on you. I once read a striking account of a young lady who thus lived. She was herself a sufferer from most distressing headaches, but even whilst thus suffering her bright smile greeted her father and brothers returning in the evening, and with throbbing brow she would be ready to play her brother's favourite pieces or sing her father's favourite songs. Years afterwards, when she had gone to her brighter home, loving testimony was borne to the blessed influence she had shed over that household, and the power for good she had brought to bear on the hearts of her brothers. It is a blessed self-discipline to strive in this way to minister to the happiness and welfare of others.

Be a Heroine.

You will never be called to be a second Boadicea, who, stung to desperation by the wrongs of her nation and her family, headed brave thousands against the merciless foe; nor is it likely that you will be a second Grace Darling, who risked her life in the frail boat tossed on the tempestuous wave to save precious lives; but the spirit that actuated them may inspire your breast. Your countrymen and countrywomen groan under a tyranny and oppression greater than ever Roman inflicted on Briton—the tyranny and oppression of the monster drink-evil. Wrecks of struggling humanity are all around us; gallant vessels that started life freighted with golden hopes and priceless wealth, but which have struck on the fatal rocks of intemperance, and are being rapidly engulphed beneath the waves of despair and ruin. It needs courage to stand forth as an abstainer, opposed to the customs and habits and prejudices of the multitude, perhaps to be made the butt of ridicule and sarcasm, perhaps even called to sacrifice friendships, but still to be brave to conviction of duty and to endeavour to influence and lead all whom you can to join in freeing our beloved country from the dread slavery of intemperance. It needs deep love for perishing souls to impel us to take the lifeboat of Total Abstinence, and strive mightily to rescue the perishing victims sinking beneath the wave of Ruin. Have this courage. Seek this love. Everywhere and always say "No," if tempted to taste the unholy drink; everywhere and always seek to save others from its power.

Not only with regard to the drink, but to all other evils, moral or physical; to all that your reason or conscience, illuminated by God's Word and Spirit, condemns. Be a true heroine. Seek truth and stand by it. Find the right, and contend for it. "Follow not the multitude to do evil.' "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Be a Conqueror.

Let every step of your life be a triumph over some temptation, over some leaning to evil, over some doubt of God's providence, over some natural failing, over some difficulty in the path of right doing, over some outward opposition to your best efforts. Be continually a conqueror. Never let your weapons grow rusty. From the armoury of truth be constantly refurnished and refitted. Lie not down idly whilst so much remains to be accomplished in order to make this bad world better, and hasten the "good time coming." You, my dear young sister, you yourself are needed—needed sorely and surely to carry on the good work. Be a conqueror over self, the world, and evil, in His strength and by His help whose hand shall one day crown you with glory, and whose voice shall one day say to you, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

"IN my now lengthened medical life, I have often seen the worst and most intractable forms of *indigestion*, and the most distressing and fatal cases of *stomach and liver diseases* traceable to snuff and tobacco."—*Dr. Conquest.*

"AMONG persons applying for life assurance I have not unfrequently met with such a state of *general depression of the system, feeble circulation and nervous irritability*, as rendered it necessary to reject or defer the proposals; and which I could only attribute to the habits of the parties in relation to tobacco.—*Dr. Thomas Hodgkin.*

TRUSTED.

BY UNCLE BEN.



IT was a severe winter; we had a month's continual frost. The sheep had to be brought down quite close to the farm, and housed and sheltered in the farm-yard and sheds. We did not keep so many sheep as Farmer Scott, but we were proud of our flock, and had taken one or two prizes at agricultural shows. Our farm was an old-fashioned place, and looked as nice and picturesque in winter as in summer, with its many gable ends and thatched roofs of out-houses and stables. It was our home, and, of course, as children, we thought it the most beautiful place in all the world.

But there was no one about the place we all thought so much of as Nat Briggs. His real name was Nathaniel, for, like almost every one in our village, he had a Bible name. In fact, we all had Scripture names; the fashion had grown to be almost a superstition. The worst boy in the village was called Samuel, and two of our carters, who often got too much to drink, were named after the two first high-priests of Israel. Our village was terribly given to drunkenness. We had two public-houses, "The Seven Stars," which Job Pritchard said was a good sign to have, because he believed "it was fust took from the last book in the Bible," and "The Pig and Whistle," kept by Bartholomew Pike, the origin of which name remained in obscurity, although I was told the other day that a little girl had said, "Dadda, I know why they call it 'The Pig and Whistle,' because when you go there mother and me has to stay at home and whistle for the bacon."

There was more drunkenness than ever in our village about Christmas-time and the New Year. The bell-ringers would get drunk, and even members of the church choir, who always went round to sing carols, would do so, and yet came to church on Sunday and said the Creed as if there was no text which said that "no drunkard should inherit the kingdom of heaven." But it was the way in our village; everybody went to church because it was respectable and other people liked to see them there, and they nearly all went to the public-house because they liked to go there themselves.

Nat Briggs didn't go to church, he went to the Primitives, commonly known as the Ranters, with his widowed mother. Father used to say it was the only thing he didn't like about the boy. But, in spite of this schismatic conduct, father and all of us thought a great deal of Nat. He was so good and truthful, so upright and faithful, so thoroughly trustworthy, and we all thought it was a wonder, seeing he didn't go to church even once a day.

Nat was shepherd-boy, and helped our shepherd, Nicodemus Wass, to mind the sheep. "Old Nic," as he was called, did well as a shepherd; no one understood the bringing up of Southdown mutton better than he when sober, but always about the New Year he would go off on the spree. This severe winter he had been off and on, drinking hard. All Christmas-day he was too drunk to feed them; when he got his money on Saturday, he was drinking again, and so on Sundays and week-days. Nat had to be incessantly on duty, or else the sheep would have suffered.

His mother said to him—"Nat, you do too much. I should let the master find out the real truth about 'Old Nic.'"

"Nay, mother, I'll look after them ship as best I can. It's a pity to bring 'Old Nic' into trouble; his wife and children will suffer bad enough as it is Don't you mind how last Sunday night the preacher had for his text, 'Feed my sheep'? and I have thought about that a deal since, and maybe if I tries and does by my ship as well as David did, I'll some day be able to feed t'other ship like preacher."

It wasn't very long after this that father found Nicodemus Wass, as he said, "drunk as a pig at mid-day," and Nat doing all the work, as he had for the last month.

So father gave "Old Nic" the sack there and then, and made up his mind that he and Nat would do the work between them, because, father said, "I can trust that lad of Widow Briggs'; they are a tidy lot, all born and bred teetotalers."

* * * * * * * *

Years flew by; Nat's good old mother had passed away. Nat had grown to be a man, as our chief shepherd, and had trained another boy to take his place. He had then left England and gone out to Australia sheep-farming, and no one heard anything about him except some of the teetotalers he had left behind him, who were carrying on the work of reform he had begun.

One day when we had grown up, we heard that Nat Briggs was coming back quite a rich man, and that he would preach at 'the Ranters'" next Sunday. Well, we all went just for once. The chapel was full, and we had never heard such a sermon; the text was, "Feed my sheep."



"Nat was shepherd-boy and helped to mind the sheep."—p. 20.

He told us all his wish, spoken to his mother when a shepherd-boy on our farm, and how he had a sheep-run abroad, which he looked after himself, and was missionary on Sundays to the scattered hamlets round, and they did not know any name or denomination away in the bush. He didn't forget a good teetotal bit at the end, before he told us all that one day there must be only one flock, as there is now but one Shepherd.

And, strange to say, though we went to the Ranters' twice that day, not a pig died nor a horse went lame; only one or two consciences were troubled, and many hearts were touched.

WINTER IS PASSING.

THE cold, dreary winter is passing away,
And Spring we have hoped for so long
Will shortly appear, and her treasures display,
To cheer us with beauty and song;
We rejoice in the Spring—as her pleasures unfold
They make us contented and gay;
But oh, there *is* pleasure in winter so cold,
And beauty, as well as decay.

There's joy in the home, for when winter is here
We gather around the bright fire;
There we can be happy, with friends kind and dear,
Though the storm rages higher and higher;
Our homes are made sweeter, and dearer, until
The best social joys we can prove,
And around our warm hearts we draw tighter still
The ties of true kinship and love.

'Tis beautiful, too, when the landscape we see
One carpet of snow pure and white;
When the icicles gleam on the hoar-covered tree,
And glisten like diamonds bright;
When like a tall giant the high mountain rears,
His white head o'erlooking the land;—
Oh, even in winter's dull scenes there appears
The work of a great Master-hand!

Hurrah for old Winter! he's passing away—
We'll bid him farewell with a cheer!
For oh, looking back, we with pleasure can say,
"E'en blessings in winter are near;"
Yes, blessings bestowed by a Father so kind,
And in His dear love we may rest;
For whether in summer or winter, we find
What He sends will be for the best.

T. J. GALLEY.

Nantwich.

"STAMP IT OUT."

BILL BRADDON was at one time the most inveterate drunkard in the parish of Purkass Point. There was not a man about who was half so often drunk as he was. And, as a consequence of this, there was not a family in all the place so wretched as his was. His wife and children, through hunger and exposure and his brutal treatment, were hardly ever well.

He had gone to such a length that his reformation was considered hopeless, even by those who had had the largest experience and were the most hopeful. They gave him up as lost.

And yet even he, despaired of by everybody, all at once gave up drinking, and became a pledged abstainer.

Braddon saw a man he knew to be a drunkard mercilessly beating his child, a little girl six or seven years old. He had done the same thing scores of times himself; but the sight so roused his anger, that he went up to the man, and quick as thought, struck him a blow which sent him staggering until he fell. The blow which the miserable father had received made such an impression, that he manifested no desire to try his hands upon the man who had come so opportunely to the little girl's rescue. He got up and walked quietly away, but in the opposite direction of his home. Braddon said to the child,—

"Is that brute of a man your father?"

"Yes, that is father; but he is mad with the drink," said the child.

The little girl's voice was broken with her sobs. And Braddon so pitied her in his heart that he could not refrain from weeping also. It set him thinking, and as he remembered the past, his own conduct to both his wife and children rose up before him, equal in baseness to that of the man he had so peremptorily rebuked. He felt himself to be a mean scoundrel; but then and there determined that he would alter his life, and never again lift his hand to abuse them. And this resolution so suddenly formed he kept, and was very soon so altered a man, that he was looked upon as a striking example of what may be done by temperance workers in the very worst of cases.

About three years after he became an abstainer, he and a shopmate of his were walking down the principal street in Rakewells, and they were attracted by a large bill in one of the shop windows, announcing a series of temperance meetings, that were to be held in the old school. His companion said to him,—

"Do you like all this fuss and stir that is being made by the temperance party just now? They carry things a little too far, I think."

"You never were a drunkard," said Braddon,

"and that makes all the difference in the world."

"No, I never was a drunkard; but what has that to do with it?"

"That," replied Braddon, "has really more to do with it than you seem to think. If you had ever known the sense of degradation which a drunkard feels sometimes when he is sober, and his disgust at himself and all his doings, you might be inclined to justify a good deal that you now condemn."

"Well, I have had the good fortune, so far, to keep clear of that experience, I am happy to say; and certainly our zealous friends do go into it with a will."

It is true he had kept clear of that experience, and just because he had, he was not able to understand the earnestness of his less fortunate acquaintances.

Braddon said to his companion as they stood,—

"I should think it next to impossible that you, and hundreds of abstainers like you, could ever quite enter into the feelings of a man like Walker, who, as you see, gives the best place in his window to that bill. Do you know anything of his history?"

"No, not anything."

"Let me tell you, then, as we walk along to Wilson's. He was at one time foreman for a Mr. Turner, in Deepford. Then he began business for himself, and did well for about five years. Then he got into company, and began to live fast. He had still a good business, but it was left principally to the care of others, and as a consequence, things began to go in the wrong direction. He lost money, and began to get out of temper with his shopmen. They resented this, and lost interest in the business. This he was not slow to observe, and made things still worse by flying to the drink in his vexation. The upshot of all this was, he soon drank himself into bankruptcy and delirium tremens.

"Then he signed the pledge, and, as might be expected, had a desperate fight to keep his feet. But he succeeded little by little in recovering the confidence of his neighbours. He struggled up by degrees, until he could begin business again on his own account. He settled here, and after a few years he built this property through the building society, and seems to be doing a business equal to any other man in the place. Now, he knows exactly what the drink can do for a man, and it is just because he has such an experience as he has, that he goes against the drink with all his might."

"Well," said Braddon's companion, "he might go against the drink, but in such a way as no one could object to. Men like Walker lay themselves open to persecution, and provoke, by their intemperate remarks, such criticism as it is never pleasant to hear."

"Very likely that is all true," said Braddon, "but the drink is such a curse, that I say as he does, 'Stamp it out;' and such men as Walker and I feel too deeply the wrongs we have suffered to keep cool when we speak about it, as you do."

And there are hundreds to-day, who, like Braddon and Walker, see and know, to their sorrow, what evil is being done by the drink traffic, and say, with the very best reason, "Stamp it out!" EDWARD HAYTON.

AS A CHILD.

I WANT to love Thee, Father, as a child,
And serve Thee ever as a faithful son; [wild,
Have patience with my restless wanderings
Forgive me all the ill that I have done.

I need to learn how little 'tis I know;
I need to feel how poor I am and weak,
That I more teachable may daily grow, [speak.
More reverent listen when I hear Thee

Help me to trust Thee, Father, as a child.
Alas! that ever, in my foolish pride,
I left Thee, spite of Thy monitions mild,
Forgetting I was safest at Thy side.

Ashamed I am that I have dared to be
Ungrateful for what Thou hast deigned to do;
And I am grieved that I have doubted Thee,
Who more than all the world beside art true.

I want to know more fully what Thou art,
And understand Thy boundless love to me;
But here I only see Thy ways in part,
And so I often misinterpret Thee.

But Thou wilt not misjudge me, for Thine eye
Canst see the hidden longings of my heart,
Which find no fitting language but a cry,
And only Thou an answer couldst impart.

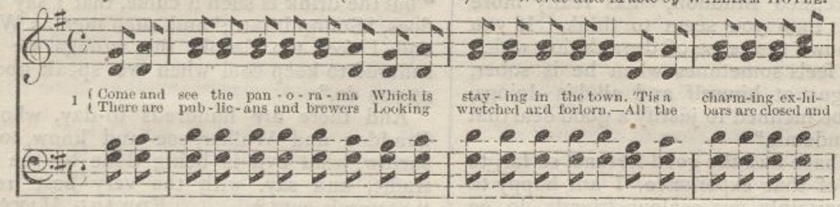
Oh, answer me in all Thy matchless power,
And bid my weary, restless yearnings cease;
Now in this silent, solemn evening hour
Fill Thou my spirit with Thy wondrous peace

Then I shall know the sweetness and the joy
Of home and rest, instead of wanderings wild;
And ever find it my most dear employ
To love and serve Thee, Father, as a child.

DAVID LAWTON.

COME AND SEE THE PANORAMA.

Not too fast. (COPYRIGHT.) *Words and Music by* WILLIAM HOYLE.



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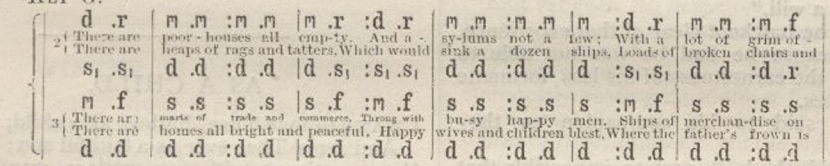

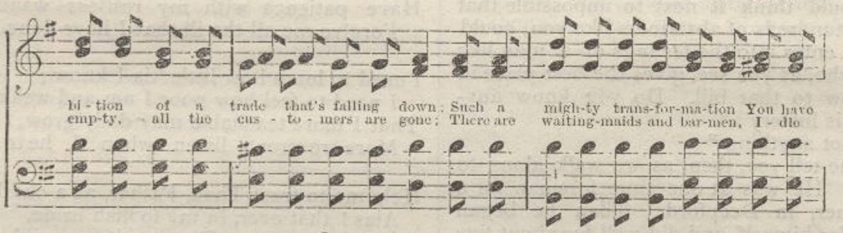

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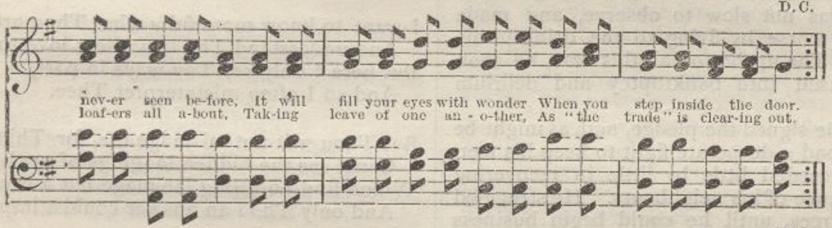

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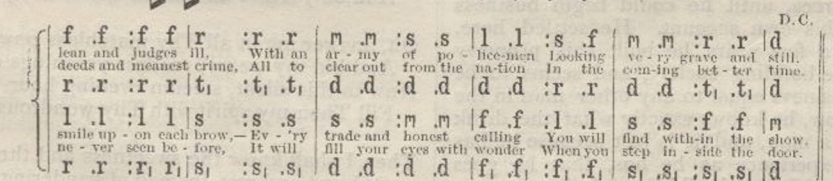

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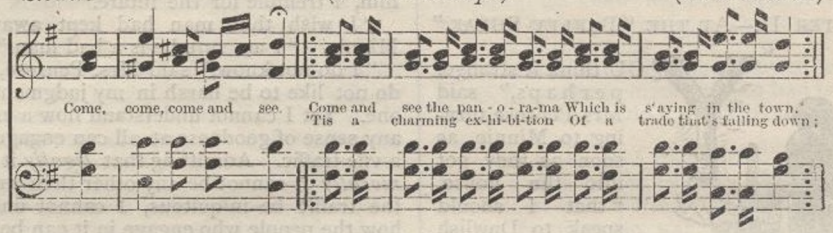

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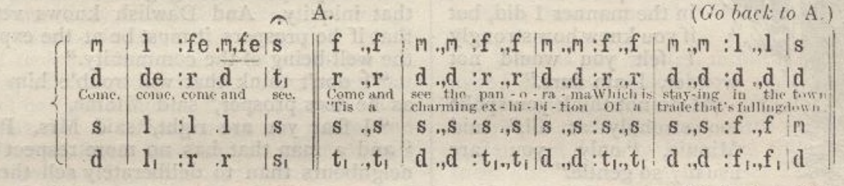

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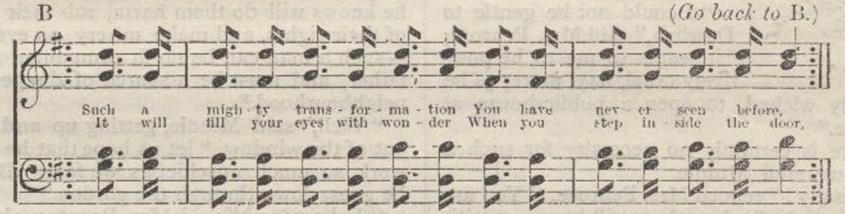

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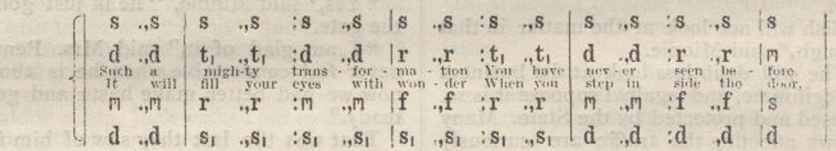

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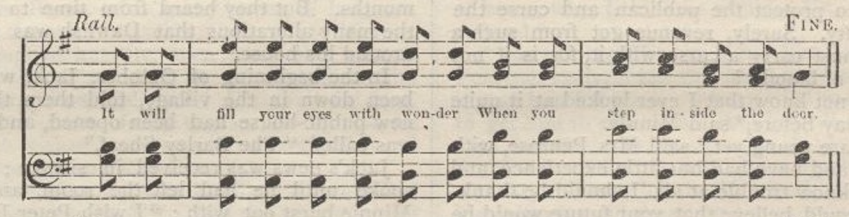

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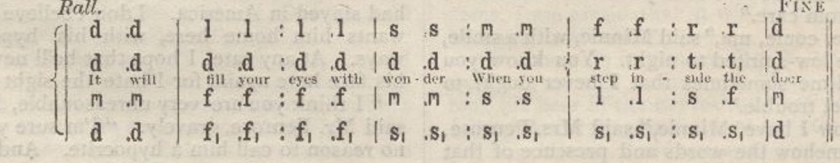


WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY S. HOCKING.

CHAPTER II.—AT THE "BARLEY SHEAF."



"YOU think it strange, perhaps," said Mrs. Penrose, turning to Minnie, as soon as they got into the house, "that I should speak to Dawlish in the manner I did, but if you knew how strongly I felt you would not wonder, I am sure."

"I do not think you spoke too strongly at all," said Minnie, "only you are usually so gentle."

"I could not be gentle to Dawlish," said Mrs. Penrose; "it seems to me to be positively cruel, nay, more, to be absolutely wicked, to open a public-house at Riverside."

"There is certainly no necessity for such a place," answered Minnie.

"Necessity!" echoed Mrs. Penrose. "You are right, Minnie. Such a place will be an unmitigated evil."

"Dawlish will not look at the matter in that light, though," said Minnie.

"No! he will doubtless look at the business as quite legitimate, and legally I suppose it is so. It is licensed and protected by the State. Many of the laws affecting the traffic are curiously framed to protect the publican and curse the community. Surely, revenue got from such a source must carry a curse with it, for is it not the price of blood?"

"I do not know that I ever looked at it quite in that way before," said Minnie.

"You are young yet," said Mrs. Penrose, with a sigh, "and have had but little experience, and scarcely know trouble at all. I should be thankful if I could believe that your future would be as free from care."

"Come, come, ma," said Minnie, with a smile, "you are low-spirited to-night. You know you have told me sometimes that I never ought to go to meet trouble."

"I know I have, Minnie," said Mrs. Penrose. "Yet somehow the words and presence of that man out there with your father, have brought back painful memories and reflections. I had another brother besides your Uncle John, Minnie—you do not remember him; drink had slain him before he was thirty, and when I think of your father's excitable temperament, and of the constant danger that public-house will be to him, I tremble for the future."

"I wish that man had kept away," said Minnie. "I am sure he is a bad man."

"I do not know," said Mrs. Penrose, "and I do not like to be harsh in my judgment of any one. Yet I cannot understand how a man with any sense of goodness at all can engage in such a vile traffic. Admitting that *legally* it is right, *morally* it cannot be any other than wrong. If the traffic be iniquitous, I cannot understand how the people who engage in it can be clear of that iniquity. And Dawlish knows very well that if he prospers it must be at the expense of the well-being of the community."

"I don't think that will trouble him so long as he does prosper," said Minnie.

"I fear you are right," said Mrs. Penrose; "and a man that has no more respect for his neighbours than to deliberately sell them what he knows will do them harm, rob their families of their rights, and make misery on every hand—such a man can be no fit companion for your father, and must be a source of danger to the neighbourhood."

"Well," said Minnie, getting up and looking out of the window, "let us hope that he may not work so much mischief as we fear. But there he goes, down through the garden."

"Is he gone?" said Mrs. Penrose, also rising.

"Yes," said Minnie, "he is just going out of the gate."

"I am glad of it," said Mrs. Penrose; "I never feel comfortable when he is about. But now we had better make haste and get supper ready."

That was the last they saw of him for many months. But they heard from time to time of the many alterations that Dawlish was making around his house.

In the beginning of October, Jack, who had been down in the village, told them that the new public-house had been opened, and that it was called "The Barley Sheaf."

Jack's news was received in silence; no one spoke until he had left the room, and then Minnie burst out with: "I wish Peter Dawlish had stayed in America. I don't believe any one wants him home here, with his hypocritical ways. At any rate, I hope that he'll never show his face here again, for I hate the sight of him."

"I think you are very unreasonable, Minnie," said Mr. Penrose, gravely. "I'm sure you have no reason to call him a hypocrite. And I think you forget that he's an old friend of mine, and if he comes here is to be treated as such."

"I think *you* are very much mistaken in the

character of Peter Dawlish," said Mrs. Penrose, gravely. "He strikes me as a man who will gain his own ends, no matter how much misery he brings on others. And I fancy that we shall find that Minnie is not far wrong when she calls him a hypocrite."

"You are both of you prejudiced against him, but until I find something wrong about him, he will still be my friend, and as such will be treated by me. And I would rather you would say no more against him," and Mr. Penrose looked at his wife and daughter as if he meant what he said.

Jack did not share Mr. Penrose's opinion of Dawlish, and to the servant-girl he said, "I tell ye what 'tis, Bessy, there'll be purty queer doings down in Riverside now Pitter Dawlish is in full swing, I reckon. Ned Smith was tellin' me the other day that he read on the newspaper that the devil had got a darter. Now, I doan't know 'bout that, but I b'leeve he've got a son, and that's the ould Pitter Dawlish. At any rate, he's mighty like what I shud jedge the ould Satan to be. So here's bad luck to the boath of them," and with a flourish Jack lifted his cup of tea to his mouth.

But, alas for Jack! Bessy had just poured him out a cup of smoking hot tea. He had not calculated on that in his enthusiasm, and so took a big draught. In a minute the cup was dropped, and Jack was standing up with his hands on his stomach and his mouth wide open. As soon as the burning had subsided a little, he said to Bessy—who had been looking at him and shaking with laughter—"I shud think the ould gent hisself had hid fire under that tay, for I never tasted anything so hot in my life. I'm nearly burned up."

And taking a cup, Jack walked out to the well to cool himself with cold water.

While Bessy, with many bursts of laughter, related the story of Jack's misfortune to Minnie, who laughed heartily, even while she sympathised with him. And as she looked at him she said, "Poor old Jack! I'm sorry for him. He's not far out of the way in his opinion of Dawlish either. Anyway, it was an ill wind that blew him back to Riverside."

All through the winter Mr. Penrose stayed at home, never going down into the village except on Sundays, or when he went on business, and then never calling on Peter Dawlish.

The latter was greatly vexed that his old friend never called to see him, and had been heard to mutter "that it was all Mrs. Penrose's fault, but that if he could once catch Mr. Penrose there he would make her smart for what she had said to him."

But Mrs. Penrose knew nothing of the dark threat that hung over her, and felt peaceful and content so long as her husband kept away from the "Barley Sheaf."

The reason why Mr. Penrose never called to see his old friend was that he was afraid to trust himself; he knew his own weakness, and so resolved to keep away from temptation.

Early in the spring Mr. Penrose sold four fat bullocks to a butcher, who promised to come as far as Riverside to meet him; he had business in the village and could not stay to come up to the farm.

It was a beautiful day, and Minnie had gone to pay a visit to her friends, Gerty and Annie Michell, at Oak Farm. When she came home in the evening she was surprised to see her mother, there was such a look of anguish on her white face.

"What is the matter, mother, are you ill?" asked Minnie, anxiously.

"Not ill, Minnie, but oh, so miserable," answered Mrs. Penrose, with a sob. "Your father went down to Riverside this afternoon to meet the butcher, and Peter Dawlish seeing them, insisted on their coming in and having a glass of something over their bargain. They went in, and your father is there still. Jack, who went with him, tried to get him to come home, but he would not. And Dawlish sent this message by Jack, 'Tell Mrs. Penrose that she must not expect her husband home very early to-night. It is the first time that he has paid me a visit, and we are going to drink good luck to the "Barley Sheaf," in a bottle of my best.' Oh, Minnie, I tremble when I think of the influence that bad man will exert over your father."

"But, mother," said Minnie, "can't we do something? It seems to me that if we were to tell father how much it grieved us to know that he was at a public-house, and beg him to stay at home, why, I think he would. He is always so kind."

"You can try, Minnie, if you like," said Mrs. Penrose, sadly, "but this habit has been growing on him for years. I have tried many times to get him to give it up; but he will not. He says that he is in no danger of becoming a drunkard. But now that there is a public-house so near, and kept by an old friend, as he calls himself, who will do all he can to induce him to come, I am afraid that it will be his ruin. For he loves it, Minnie."

"But how is it, mother, that I never heard anything of this before? I knew that father took his beer in the harvest and hay season, but I didn't know that he drank at any other time."

"No, Minnie, I did not want you to know it, but to-night I could not help it. Not that he has been in the habit of getting drunk, but when he goes to a fair or to market he always takes his

drink with the other farmers, and if he happens to take a glass too much, he is excited and angry; just like he was when he scolded you that time. Do you remember, Minnie?"

"Yes, yes," moaned Minnie, "I remember it now. And so it was the drink that made him unkind to me, for the first time in my life. Oh dear, I wish it was all gone!"

All the brightness had fled from Minnie's face, and there was a weight of sorrow on her heart such as she had never felt before; and rising up she went out into the garden. At any other time she would have enjoyed the calm beauty of the evening. How peaceful everything seemed! She could hear the gentle cooing of the doves in the distant woods, and the soft roar of the river as it rushed down the valley; and as she listened the sweet tones of the church bells were wafted to her ears on the gentle breeze. And above all, and lighting up everything with a wondrous beauty was the moon, which looks down calmly alike on happiness or misery.

It seemed to Minnie as if everything was in harmony with the evening but herself. And yet it was not an hour ago since she had walked home through the moonlight with Harry Michell by her side. She was light-hearted and happy then, but how quickly everything had changed.

"I know now what mother meant when she spoke about the serpent creeping into the Garden of Eden," thought Minnie; "and surely a serpent has been creeping into our home, for I feel the effects of its poison in my own heart."

And then, remembering that her mother was alone, she went into the house.

Hour after hour they waited and listened for Mr. Penrose's footsteps. But the clock had struck twelve ere they heard him staggering up to the door. He was quite drunk, and had not been in the house many minutes ere he was fast asleep on the sofa.

Mrs. Penrose tried to awake him and get him to go to bed; but he would only growl sleepily, "Leave me 'lone." And so they covered him with rugs and shawls and left him alone, as he wished.

As the months passed by Mrs. Penrose's fears were fully realised. Not that Mr. Penrose got drunk very often, but he seemed to like home less. There was more attraction for him at Peter Dawlish's house, and most of his evenings were spent there. Peter was always on the look-out for anything that would make his bar parlour more attractive. "It paid well," he said, with grim humour.

Minnie tried to persuade her father to stay at home, and for two evenings he stayed with them; but he seemed restless and ill at ease, and on the third evening he said he felt uneasy about one of the horses, and would go out and see if it was all right. They waited, expecting him in a few minutes, but the clock struck one ere they saw him again.

He made a discovery during those two evenings that he stayed at home. He learnt that the attractions lay not all in the company to be found at the "Barlow Sheaf," nor the amusements that Dawlish was so lavish in getting up, although all these had their influence. But he found that his inclinations ran strongly after the drink which he got there, and he felt that he could not do very well without it.

And when Mrs. Penrose remonstrated with him for spending so much time at the public-house, he answered testily, "Oh, bother, I'm all right. A glass of grog now and then doesn't do one any harm; nay, it does me good, and I can't do very well without it."

"Yes; but you are giving way to an evil habit that soon you will not be able to shake off," said Mrs. Penrose, earnestly.

"Oh, when I find that I'm going too far I'll give it up, but there's not much fear of that. So don't go preaching any more; you know I don't like it."

Mrs. Penrose saw that it was useless to argue with him, and so gave it up. But she saw with pain, as the time moved on, that Peter Dawlish was gaining a great influence over her husband. He consulted with Peter on almost every subject. She felt the slight keenly, for heretofore she had been his only adviser. It was useless, however, to struggle. She could only passively fold her hands, and wait for what the future would bring forth.

"Our days are covered o'er with grief,
And sorrows neither few nor brief
Veil all in gloom."

(*To be continued.*)

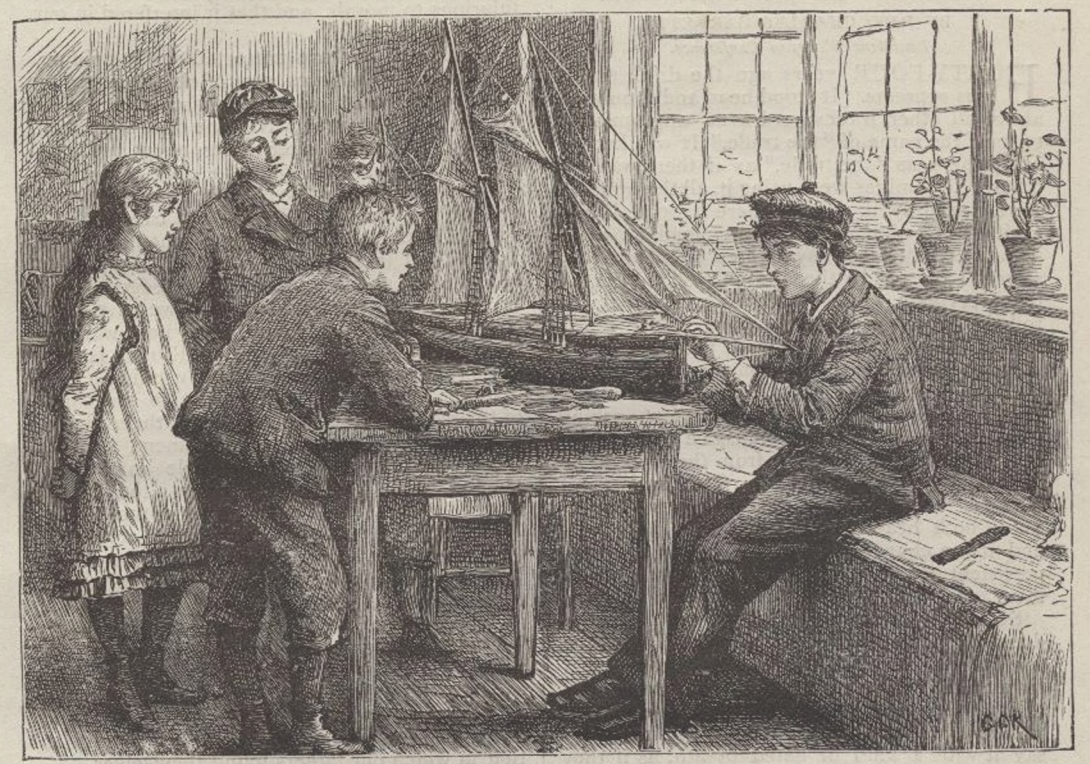
OUR BOYS.

BY W. A. EATON.

"WHAT shall we do with our boys?"
A question that puzzles us sore;
They are growing too big for their toys,
Their playing-time soon will be o'er.

"What shall we do with our boys?"
They are growing so fast into men;
When they weary of home and its joys,
Oh, what shall we do with them then?

"What shall we do with our boys?"
They are getting beyond our control;
Shall the world, with its worry and noise,
Drown the "still voice" in the soul?



"They are growing too big for their toys."—p. 28.

"What shall we do with our boys?"
We cannot endow them with wealth;
But wealth very often destroys
True peace of mind, comfort, and health.

What shall we do with them? say,
Shall we treat them as if they were toys,
To be petted, and then flung away,
When tired of their laughter and noise?

We would like, if we could, to secure
Their lives from sin's treacherous snares;
We are weak, but God's strength doth endure;
We will wrap them around with our prayers.

We will teach them to dare to do right,
To be men in the battle of life!
To stand in the thick of the fight,
And never shrink back from the strife!

We will teach them our banner to raise,
The pure, spotless banner we bear;
To march with an anthem of praise,
And fight with an echoing prayer.

We will teach them the tempter to shun,
Though the wine-cup gleam ruddy and bright;
We will tell of thousands undone,
And withered to death by its blight.

We will say that the pathway of sin
Oft blossoms with roses at first,
But when they get farther within
They will find it a desert accurst.

Oh, if they are honest and true,
Abstainers and Christians as well,
Brave, noble, real men, through and through,
Whate'er in the future may dwell,

We shall know that our boys will be right,
Well worthy our love and our care;
And that God in His infinite might
Has answered our hearts' yearning prayer.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

BY REV. CHARLES GARRETT,
President Wesleyan Conference.

FORTY-FOUR years ago the drink traffic was supreme. It stood head and shoulders above all other trades, and even appropriated to itself the name of "the trade." It was known everywhere as "the trade," as if there was no other. All families were using it, all the families were cursed by it, and yet there it stood, lifting up its head above all others; founded upon appetite; buttressed by interest; defended by science; blessed by the Church, and supported by everybody. Now, forty-four years have rolled away, and what a change! We see it to-day in an entirely altered position. Now science brands it as a monster, the Church declares it to be criminal, and the State is treating it like a ticket-of-leave man, asking whether it shall renew its licence for another year, or banish it entirely from the land as an incorrigible enemy to both God and man. This is a marvellous change, over which I think both heaven and earth should rejoice, and it is a change brought about by the steady, persistent generous work of many self-sacrificing men.

So much for the past. The drink traffic is doomed. Everybody knows that, and no one so well as those in the trade. It is not a respectable trade now. People used to be glad to say they were brewers and spirit merchants, as if it gave them some honour, but now they say it with a kind of bated breath, as if they wished they were out of it. There are thousands of them who do wish they were out of it. Look at the list of public-houses to let, and no goodwill asked for. Formerly, the sellers made it a point of demanding goodwill, but not so now.

Look at the position which we as temperance people occupy. See how we have gone about our work. We must all say it is clear the work has been a good one. We have, for instance, corrected public opinion on this matter. I look back to the time at which I signed the pledge, after a lecture by the late John Cassell—and I remember the warning I received at home as to the inevitable result that would follow. I was told that I was threatening my life, and was really about to commit suicide. When I went into the church, my class-leader took hold of me, and said, "You don't really mean to say you have joined the teetotalers." He said further, "This is a Chartist movement designed to upset the throne, and everything will be destroyed if it goes on." So my loyalty to the Queen, and my love to Christ, and my selfishness as to my health were appealed to. People thought that total abstinence was injurious to health, injurious to morals, and that it interfered in our loyalty to Christ.

Look how we have corrected public opinion. I have known in times past of objections being made to my being invited to a circuit, because I was a total abstainer. No one does that now. I have had letter after letter about arrangements for next year, and the special requirement was for an abstainer. The very publicans now when advertising, even for a barman, say, "total abstainer preferred." When, in the church, and in the world, and even in a public-house, total abstinence is acknowledged to be an advantage, we may fairly say we have done a great deal. If a young man now wants a situation, his wearing the Blue Ribbon is half the battle accomplished towards winning it. If manufacturers give their interest to the cause of temperance, and if people find them identified with the temperance movement, it gives them more credit; but if people met them coming out of the public-house, their faith would be decreased in the credit of those men. Public opinion in the matter has been corrected.

Then we have certainly educated science. There is no mistake about it. Science at one time was dead against us. Look at our position in this matter, led by such men as Dr. Richardson, and the foremost men in the scientific world declaring that the result of their experiments goes to show that the smallest drop of alcohol cannot be taken without injury to good health. This is a very altered position to that in which our fathers found themselves.

We have converted the Church, and that is something. At one time the Church was dead against us. I remember when it was denounced from the pulpit, denounced in the class-room, denounced in the magazine, denounced everywhere; and I have lived now to see it arrive at a stage when it is incorporated with church organisation, and when you could just as well eliminate the missionary movement as the band of hope or temperance movement. It is so in our own church. It is peculiarly so in my church because of the minuteness of our organisation, nothing being done without legislation. We have had legislation, and now in every district of our connexion, where there is a Sunday-school secretary, there is a temperance secretary appointed, and schedules sent out and returns of all the young people and adults sent in, and the whole work is carried out under the cognisance of the Conference and the direction of those at the head of our temperance affairs. Our three newspapers are all favourable to temperance, and temperance reports are inserted again and again. Influences of every kind have been en-

listed, and now we are anticipating a complete victory before many years have passed. The other churches are the same. There is in this matter a rivalry amongst us. When you find that temperance is coming to the very forefront of all the churches, I am warranted in saying we have converted the Church.

As to the future, the work is not finished yet. There is still room enough for people to win laurels, and let them come forward in the conflict. All the advice I would give is, take care to fight fairly. Never strike an unfair blow. We have the truth on our side. Master the truth, and having got it, declare it, but declare it in love.

THE OUTLOOK.

GOING AHEAD.

WALES is going ahead, encouraged by the success of Sunday Closing; a vigorous Local Option campaign is about to be set on foot in the Principality. Weston, like Wales, still keeps moving on, and his progress is quite suggestive of the advance of the whole of the great cold water army of which he is so active a member. But there are many other travellers who, unfortunately, are not so sound in the temperance faith as Weston, and for them we are pleased to see that there exists a "Travellers' National Total Abstinence Union," which looks after showmen and others who attend fairs. At York, some little time ago, two hundred of these perpetual tourists were entertained by a local branch of the Union.

Concerning travellers by sea, who are professionally so occupied, the Correspondent of the *Daily News* lately gave a glowing account of work done among the sailors at Naples. Last year that port was visited by over 10,400 British sailors; in three months 200 of them signed the pledge. In some cases whole crews had joined this new League, which now numbers more than 400 members, and the English ladies resident in Naples give a tea meeting there once a month to the British sailors coming to the port. This is very encouraging, for while in the Royal Navy there are over 12,000 abstainers, among the mercantile marines much yet remains to be done. It is hoped soon to have branches of this "Seamen's Temperance League" in every port at home and abroad, to form bonds of union wherever it is possible. It is intended to have a special yacht stationed in the Mediterranean for the purpose of visiting all the ports between Malta and Suez.

But of all the go-a-head movements, the most advanced is that of the West Lancashire Railway. The General Manager writes as follows:—"I have the pleasure to inform you that this Company has no refreshment-rooms at any of its stations where intoxicating liquors are sold. It may be also interesting to know that the whole of the Company's officials are total abstainers, and that no man receives an appointment under the Company unless he has been an abstainer of some standing." This teetotal Railway Company sets a splendid example to all great Companies in the kingdom.

Lest any should think the work is progressing so rapidly that the Bands of Hope will begin to sing, "We have no work to do," we give one statement that speaks for itself. In a paper lately published, called "Outcast London," the real state of the lowest class of that great city is depicted with graphic and terrible force.

Speaking of some of the most abandoned characters, the writer says, and says truly, that "the misery and sin caused by drink in these districts have often been told, but these horrors can never be set forth either by pen or artist's pencil. In the district of Euston Road there is one public-house to every 100 people, counting men, women, and children."

MORNING WORK.

LORD EGREMONT once invited Turner to stay a week at Petworth and paint two pictures for him of some favourite bits of scenery on the estate. On the first morning of his visit Lord Egremont asked Turner what he should like to do, and the great painter replied he would go fishing.

The next morning at breakfast Lord E. inquired again what it would please Mr. Turner to do; and he replied that, having enjoyed himself so much yesterday, he would go fishing again.

On the third morning Lord Egremont thought he would wait for Turner to announce his own plans, and was greatly amused when he quietly said he was again going fishing.

On the fourth morning Lord E., unable to conceal his anxiety said—

"Well, Mr. Turner, I am only too glad for you to enjoy yourself, but you are talking of going away to-morrow, and I feel anxious about the pictures."

"Come upstairs to my room," said Turner, "and set your mind at rest."

Nothing could exceed the surprise and delight of Lord Egremont when Turner introduced him to two exquisite pictures painted as he had desired. The great man had risen each morning with the sun, and before breakfast had, by a good day's work, earned his pleasure in fishing.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A THIEF entered a house, and while prowling about, fell over a chair and broke his leg, and had to rouse the family to call a doctor.

A CALIFORNIA paper, having obtained a new subscriber, records the startling fact in a half-column article, headed "Still Another! Our Course Endorsed by the People!"

A GENTLEMAN, giving a lecture to some boys, was explaining how no one could live without air. He then said, "You have all heard of a man drowning; how does it happen?" The ready answer was, "'Cause he can't swim."

AN auctioneer, by birth a native of the Green Isle, caused to be printed on his handbill at a recent sale, "Every article sold goes to the highest bidder, unless it so happens that some gentleman bids more."

LORD DERBY is not supposed to be given to joking, but he is credited with the following witty observation to a brother peer, who was complaining of the coldness of the House of Lords whenever he addressed it, "I am becoming accustomed to it; but at first I felt like speaking to gravestones in a cemetery."

A LITTLE girl in Sunday-school, who had been pulling her doll to pieces during the week, was asked by her teacher, "What was Adam made of?" "Dust," replied the little girl. "And what was Eve made of?" "Sawdust," was the answer.

A PRIEST asked a condemned criminal in a Paris jail, "What kind of conscience have you?" "It is as good as new," replied the prisoner, "for I have never used it."

"HUSBAND and wife," says some sage person, "should no more struggle to get the last word than they should struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb." They don't. The wife gets it without a struggle.

A LITTLE fellow on going for the first time to church, where the pews were very high, was asked, on coming out, what he did in church, when he replied, "I went into a cupboard and took a seat on the shelf."

ACCORDING to an American contemporary, the laziest man is on a Western paper. He spells photograph "4tograph." There have been only three worse than he. One lived out in Kansas and dated his letters "11worth," another spelled Tennessee "10ac," and the other wrote Wyandotte "Y&."

"YOU have no ruins, no natural curiosities in this country," said Mr. Oscar Wilde to Mrs. Senator Pendleton, at a reception last week. "No," replied the quick-witted lady, "but our ruins will come soon enough, and as to our curiosities, we import them."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Notice to Correspondents.

Received with thanks:—Rev. W. J. Woods, E. C. A. Allen, T. J. Galley, D. Lawton, W. A. Eaton, E. Hayton.

Notices of Books.

From F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane, *The Domestic History of the Plank Family*, by Miss M. A. Paull.—The Twelve "Planks" tell each their own story of the terrible effects of drink. The scaffold Plank says, "All that have hung above me have come there through drink." The idea is very cleverly worked out, and makes a most attractive volume.—Price two shillings.

Every-day Life, from the same firm, got up in the same admirable form, with seventeen illustrations. A bright, cheerful volume of timely talks on homely subjects by a variety of well-known temperance writers. The subjects are mostly dealt with in narrative form, and therefore the talks are interesting as well as useful.—Price two shillings.

Happy Childhood.—A similar book in form and general appearance, for children of younger years, in which several of the same illustrations re-appear with shorter stories to suit the more juvenile reader. The volume is cheap and well edited, price two shillings.

From the National Temperance Publication Depôt, Strand, we have received—*Evans' Temperance Annual* for 1884, with a fresh store of prose and verse, grave and gay, price sixpence. *The Harvest Home* and other stories, by Miss Fannie Surtees. The stories can be had separately, price twopence each. The authoress lays special stress on the evils of treating and giving beer in acknowledgment for service.

The Temperance Speaker's Companion, price ninepence and one shilling, published by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, 4, Ludgate Hill, E.C.—This book is a collection of fifty-two addresses for Band of Hope and Temperance meetings by popular writers, including twelve lessons on Physiology by Dr. Ridge, twelve on the Bible and Temperance by Rev. Dr. Dawson Burns, and two short series by John W. Kirton, LL.D. These may be recommended as a handbook of systematic instruction in our Band of Hope work, and ought to be widely and thoroughly studied.

Winning Words, with illustrations, price one shilling, gives short and pleasant talks with young folks by three or four well-known temperance writers.

Publications Received.

"Giants and how to Fight them," a service of song by Rev. R. Newton.—From Cadbury and Co. we have received tastefully got-up packets of their cocoa.—The Temperance Record.—The Social Reformer.—The Irish Temperance League Journal.—The British Temperance Advocate.—The Derby Mercury.—The Western Temperance Herald.—Church of England Temperance Chronicle.—Hand and Heart.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE BAND OF HOPE UNION.



THE present year marks the twenty-first anniversary of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. On the 13th of March Band of Hope workers and Temperance friends from all parts of the kingdom will be brought together in the Manchester Town Hall to celebrate the coming of age of this truly enterprising Union. The Mayor of Manchester will preside at a Conference in the Mayor's Parlour in the afternoon, and in the evening the meeting will be presided over by the Lord Bishop of Manchester.

Manchester, the centre of our cotton industries, the home of many philanthropic institutions, is also the birthplace of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. At the close of the year 1862, a few Band of Hope workers met at the residence of Mr. William Hoyle, 73, Garratt Street, Oldham Road (the present Hon. Sec. of the Union, and author of "Hymns and Songs"), to consider the position of the Band of Hope movement. A resolution was passed, setting forth the necessity for a Band of Hope Union. Acting upon this resolution, Mr. Hoyle convened a second meeting on February 6th, 1863, in the Union Chambers, Dickinson Street, Manchester, and at this meeting was formed what is now known as the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

Previous to this time, the few and scattered societies struggled on without any definite system or united action, and no effort was made to sustain or extend the movement. Starting with only twelve Bands of Hope, the new Union soon made its influence felt on all sides; its first public meeting in the Manchester Free Trade Hall was held October, 1864, when the Union embraced fifty societies, which were increased to seventy-three in the following year.

Mr. Charles Darrah, the first paid Secretary of the Union, was appointed November 2nd, 1866. From this time the Union moved on with rapid strides. In 1870 it comprised six Local or Town Unions and 260 Societies. On November 2nd of the same year the Committee held a bazaar in the Manchester Free Trade Hall, which realised the handsome sum of £943. Two efficient agents were engaged, dissolving view apparatus purchased, the ONWARD *Monthly Reciter* started, important conferences were held all over the two counties, the constitution of the Union was remodelled, Band of Hope workers were brought into closer fellowship, and fresh life and energy was imparted to the movement throughout Lancashire and Cheshire.

From the year 1870 the history of the Union exhibits a career of astonishing activity and usefulness, and to-day it is a grand federation for Band of Hope effort, embracing some forty Local Unions, 700 Societies, and upwards of 100,000 members.

When the Union started, twenty-one years ago, the Committee looked in vain to the ordinary channels of literature for assistance. A Publication Department was commenced, which, year by year, has steadily increased in extent and usefulness. One feature worthy of special notice is the publication of the ONWARD Magazine. In July, 1865, the first number was issued by this Department, under the editorial care of the late W. D. B. Antrobus, and for the past eighteen years ONWARD has been conducted and issued by the Union, in addition to the ONWARD *Monthly Reciter* and a host of miscellaneous Band of Hope requisites and publications.

Lancashire, which has long been the pioneer in many good efforts, need not be ashamed of the position she occupies in the Band of Hope movement, and the sister county of Cheshire is more hopeful every year, as the work of the Union advances. What the future of this enterprising Union will be we presume not to conjecture. For twenty-one years, however, a good cause has been successfully promulgated by a noble band of workers, and if only sufficient public support is accorded, the movement will extend, until every home in Lancashire and Cheshire is brought under Temperance influence. We should be unjust, however, to this noble institution, did we not state that its influence extends far beyond the limits of Lancashire and Cheshire. In every quarter of the globe its publications are sought for, and doubtless are helping to educate public opinion.

The recruiting ground for all leading Temperance organizations is found in the Band of Hope movement, and it would be a fatal mistake in a long campaign to ignore a vast army of youthful warriors, while the aged soldiers were falling on every side. Let the friends of Temperance therefore rally in honour of this celebration, and show their allegiance to the cause which has been so largely benefited by this enterprising Band of Hope Union.

ONWARD, MARCH, 1884. *All Rights Reserved.*]

ONWARD!

The following poem, written eighteen years ago for the first number of ONWARD magazine, by Mr. William Hoyle, will be read with peculiar interest in connection with the twenty-first anniversary referred to on preceding page.

ONWARD! Lord, we press,
Onward led by Thee;
Children of our land to bless—
Drunkards to set free.
Led by Thee, Almighty Lord,
Armed by Thy strong shield and sword,
Cheered by Thine eternal Word,
Victors we shall be.

Onward! truth to spread,
Onward! souls to gain;
Hope before and heaven o'erhead,
Why should we refrain?
Jesus stooped to shame and woe;
We the cross must bear below,
To the world His spirit show,
Ere with Him we reign.

Onward! tears to dry,
Onward! hearts to heal;
Every gracious plan to try
For our brother's weal.
Temperance, purity, and grace,
Heralds of a happier race,
Dawn upon the drunkard's place,
Brighter days reveal.

Onward! Lord, we go;
Onward, upward! still;
Teaching youth and age below
All Thy perfect will.
Scripture, science, history's page,
Aid us in the war we wage;
Men of every rank and age
Our brave army fill.

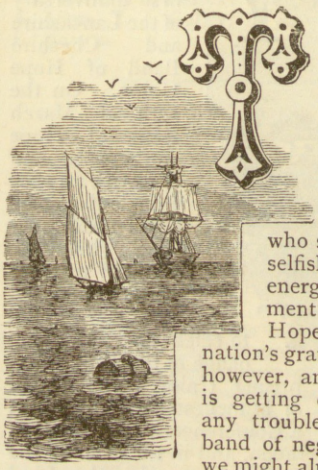
Onward! one and all;
Onward! all in one;
Friends of freedom hear the call!
Cast the strongholds down.
Sixty thousand yearly die;
In a drunkard's grave they lie;
Christian! list their ghostly cry!
Put thine armour on.

Onward! evermore;
Onward! to the end;
Lord, Thy blessing we implore—
Thou canst victory send.
Hear us from Thy throne above,
God of holiness and love;
Britain's shame and curse remove;
Thine own cause defend.

WILLIAM HOYLE.

FRIENDLESS GIRLS.

BY MRS. CHEETHAM.



THE Band of Hope movement is certainly one of the most encouraging signs of the present time, and those devoted workers who so nobly and unselfishly give time and energy in the management of Bands of Hope, are worthy of a nation's gratitude. There is, however, another Band that is getting enrolled without any trouble on our part, a band of neglected ones that we might almost call a Hopeless Band, certainly we should think of them as such, did we not know that Christ came to seek and save the lost, and sent us also into the world, even as the Father sent Him, that we may look for the wandering sheep that have fallen into the pit.

It is a terrible fact that in our crowded towns and cities vast numbers of young people are living under conditions the most vitiating and demoralizing; girls of tender years are found among those who haunt our streets for immoral purposes, and those engaged in rescue work tell us that this evil among the children is yearly increasing. The details thus brought to light are so appalling that many Christians turn aside and conclude that nothing can be done to save these poor outcasts; but surely, in very self-defence, we should try by every means to abate this evil. Is there not great danger to our Band of Hope members? The girls who this year are found in our meetings, who can say whether next year some of the fairest may not be tempted and drawn away by evil influences to swell the numbers of this outcast band of unfortunates?

We need not stay to enquire into the cause of this depravity; it is well known that drink is at the root of the evil. Children are denied the simple joys of home, they are driven to find what amusement they can on the streets, and in many instances, alas! sent there to pick up a living. Fathers and mothers care not for them, if only they can get them off their hands; the poor children are thus neglected and allowed to go their own road, and a weary one it is, leading down to shame and ruin.

What shall be done to save the poor outcasts who haunt our streets? Surely the followers of the Lord Jesus will lose no opportunity to rescue the perishing. The district-visitor, Sunday-school teacher, and others who visit from house to house, will doubtless meet with these sad cases—will these pass by on the other side as so many have done? Something must be done even for those poor lost ones; thank God, there are those who are trying to rescue even such; we are not to despise even the little ones. We must strive to get our laws so altered that it shall be more difficult for little girls to be entrapped into a life of sin before they know what they are about. We must try to awaken a deeper sympathy with their miserable condition by promoting some scheme of rescue, if we cannot personally work among them.

For our young people, the preventive and more hopeful work is most fitting. There are bands of young ladies who night after night meet young girls engaged in factory work, teaching them sewing and other things, amusing them, helping them to spend a pleasanter evening than they could otherwise obtain, and trying to get a friendly hold on them, which cannot fail to be beneficial to their character. Many more of these clubs might be formed if workers could be found, and surely it will amply repay any sacrifice of time and ease to bring a little brightness, of a wholesome and elevating character, into the lives of those who would otherwise have to seek pleasure in dangerous places, amidst temptations which assail their purity, until the brightness and innocence of youth are lost in sin, wretchedness, and ruin.

Another very important way of helping to keep the children from harm is to enlighten the parents: mothers' meetings are our great hope here. It is astonishing to see the indifference shown by some mothers in the moral welfare of their children. Many mothers fail to realize their responsibility, and it is known that some even force their children into sin. Those who conduct mothers' meetings should not shrink from speaking in the plainest manner of the evils that may arise through improper home arrangements. Bad homes make bad children; no home polluted by drunkenness can be a safe one; let mothers, therefore, be especially warned of this danger, and entreated, for the sake of their children, to keep on the safe side of total abstinence.

Thank God, the Church of Christ is now being roused to seek the lost in the Master's spirit. This was His work in the world; this duty He has handed down to His followers; we cannot be walking in His footsteps if we neglect it. His sheep are wandering, and we are to find them; He trusts us to carry out His loving plans. Shall we disappoint Him? Shall we not rather rejoice if in the humblest way He inspires us to save some lost ones, and to preserve others from going to destruction?

JENNIE CLAY.

BY UNCLE BEN.

JENNIE CLAY was a pretty girl, one of those happy, bright-eyed, merry girls that make other people glad in looking at them. She was a general favourite; everybody liked her, she was so kind and good-tempered. But life with Jennie was not all sunshine; the beer and skittles at the "George and Dragon" were the cause of much misery, and were the evils that had wrecked and blighted her once pleasant home. Her mother had died, leaving Jennie and a little boy two years old to the support and care of a drunken father.

Jennie was one of those girls who have a mother's heart from infancy. She used to nurse an old rag doll for hours with the greatest tenderness and devotion; sitting on a little wooden stool by the kitchen fire, she would talk to it, sing to it, and rock it into soundest slumber, then walk about quietly, and speak low, lest she should wake it. She always went to sleep with it in her arms, and in the morning it was her first thought. Dolly continued her chief companion and her best delight until a little baby sister came to the cottage home; then, in the interest and wonder of the new real live baby, the old rag doll was laid aside, and no other play was desired if the little sister could be placed in her small lap, or she were allowed to carry her about until her arms fairly ached. But times were hard; there was only money enough to keep the family going when there was no waste and extravagance, so if the week's money went to the "George and Dragon," mother and children were often left in want. During one severe winter, when little sister was beginning to toddle about and stagger from chair to table, without sitting down on the floor during the adventure, and could lisp a few words in a language which needed no translation to Jennie, while cutting her teeth, she began to sicken, rapidly became worse after a day or two's agonizing suspense, and passed away from the chilling frost and biting wind to the arms of the tender Shepherd Saviour.

It was a dark day for that home when, with the soft snow gently falling, the three came back from the churchyard. For a time the father was better; he went less to the public-house, but never gave up the evil thing—did not forsake temptation. Jennie once more took to her old

doll, but it was not the same, and never could be again. She went to school, and soon laughed and played with the merriest amongst the village children.

Time passed on ; Mrs. Clay grew weak with trouble and anxiety. Poverty crept on the home again, with sure and stealthy strides, as the husband gave way again to drink. It was the old hopeless struggle against the encroachment of an evil tide, that no prayers and trust, no words and efforts on her part could stem ; she became the victim. Slowly and gradually her health and strength succumbed before this unequal strife. Then there came another little stranger ; this time it was a boy. Mrs. Clay did not long survive the birth of this child, but during a few months sank from day to day, until she could drag herself about no longer; then waited in uncomplaining patience for the coming of the Reaper. Very quietly the end came, and after listening for the staggering step one wet and dreary night, she fell asleep, to wake no more on earth.

When Jennie came down early in the morning, she found her father waking from a drunken sleep on the old sofa in the kitchen, and going up to see how her mother was, she knew by the smile of untroubled peace that she was at rest for ever.

Jennie had been her mother's comfort and support, had nursed her kindly, and taken to the new baby with all her heart. Neighbours had been very good, and though all this time of sickness and want they had received next to nothing from the father, who often drank nearly all his wages, they had never come to destitution ; some kind friend had cared for them.

The death of Mrs. Clay did little to sober the husband; he became more sullen and selfish, more determined to drown all remorse in drink. Jennie saw that there was little or no hope of being able to get enough to keep her and the baby-brother, to whom she was most devotedly attached, from the father, who seemed to care less about the children now the mother was gone.

The father went more frequently to the public-house, and there made the acquaintance of some of the worst men of the neighbourhood, who entangled him more and more in evil and dishonest ways.

Jennie felt the little baby was more and more dependent on her care. Since the father neglected them, the two children were thrown on the care of friends who had been kind to Mrs. Clay. But Jennie quickly learnt to see that this would not always last. She was anxious to begin to earn some money for herself and little Freddy.

It was summer-time, and some of the friends took charge of Freddy while she went to school. She went and told all her trouble one day to the mistress of the school, and asked for half time to try and earn enough money to keep herself and her little brother. After some difficulty she obtained this permission from the school authorities if she could find some employment. Jennie was not long before she engaged herself to pick strawberries.

It was a beautiful day when she first started on this work ; the summer was warm and fine, and the strawberry, of which old Isaac Walton had said, "Doubtless God might have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did," had been most abundant ; and when she returned back home from the warm field, counting again and again the first money she had earned, with her basket on her head, to set her hands free to possess the money, she felt as proud as a millionaire, so glad and happy to think that she could do something for her own and Freddy's living.

When the strawberry season was over, the market gardener by whom she had been employed found for her other light work for half the day regularly.

At last one night Jennie waited and waited for the return of her drunken father ; through the long hours she listened in vain for his approach. In the morning she discovered that he had gone off with a low, gambling set to the races at the county town and cathedral city, and day after day she expected he would come, but nothing more was heard of him. The days lengthened into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the months passed on to years.

In the meantime Jennie always thought her father would come, and by great effort she managed to keep the rent paid, and the door on the latch so that he could come in night or day. She grew to lavish all the deep, true affection of her nature on little Freddy ; she was father, mother, brother, sister, all in one, as he grew from babyhood into boyhood. As the years passed on he went to school, and being full of mishief and play, one afternoon he came home to Jennie at tea-time, bringing in a bottle and pipe.

He, laughing, said he had stolen them from a man lying fast asleep in the shed by Holroyd s Farm ; he knew they would do him no good, and so he had brought them away. Jennie told him he must take them back to the man, but Freddy feared the wrath of the man if he should wake up. So Jennie said she would take them back, and when she arrived at the old outhouse which formed part of Farmer Holroyd's shed, she found a man lying down evidently fast asleep. She was about to put down the black bottle and pipe, when she noticed something



"Counting the first money she had earned."—p. 36.

about him that attracted her attention; on looking more closely at him she thought there seemed a strange likeness to her father. She bent down, felt sure it was; called to him, but no answer; touched him, but no response. He never woke again; he was dead, slain by the foe that had been his tempter from the path of sobriety, thus finding in very truth that the wages of sin is death.

THE DRUNKARD.

YOU look at the drunkard there in the street,
In his garments all tattered and torn,
As he stumbles along with purposeless feet,
Like a ship on the restless waves borne.
You list to his words as he stammers and stutters,
To his meaningless words as he mutters and splutters;
And 'tis nothing to you that he's tattered and torn,
And you laugh with derision and treat him with scorn.

Ah, once he was pure and gay-hearted as you,
The path of his life shone as bright;
About it the flowers of affection then grew,
And beside babbled brooks of delight.
But *now* all is changed, and the sweet flowers are dead,
And the path stretches onward forlorn;
Though a drunkard, degraded, oh, say is he not
More an object of pity than scorn?

Heed not the foul rags that flap in the wind—
Beneath beats the heart of a man,
Beats the heart of a man and a brother combined;
Help to raise him—oh help if you can.
Though fallen so low, to the higher heights win him;
Though brutish and vile, there's an angel within him;
He may burn with the seraphs all glorious and bright,
He may dwell with the Father in mansions of light.

Let his past be forgotten—his future, who knows,
If he let not life's chance by him slip!
Deride not nor scorn ye the poor drunkard's woes,
As he reels like a rudderless ship.
Remember there's One in the glory above
Who for him wore a circlet of thorn;
Would you follow the Saviour's compassion and love,
Oh, pity the drunkard forlorn!

J. G. ASHWORTH.

FATHER AND CHILD.



IT was in the month of December, and the ground was covered with snow. Farmer Cliff was waiting on horseback at the door of the saddler's shop. He had called to pay the saddler a bill; he rubbed his hands, for the air was frosty and cold. Saddler Stufton took the cash, then went to his desk and settled the bill, after which he handed it again to Mr. Cliff, saying, "You can do with a glass of whisky-and-water hot, I should think, this morning?"

"Well—yes, a glass of whisky-and-water hot, would be rather comforting on a day like this, I suppose. And it would hardly be lucky not to 'wet' the first bill in the new shop—would it?"

"Hardly," said the saddler, who went in to get his coat and hat.

Stufton's boy was standing, and his father said to him, "Come, Robbie, get ready and go."

Nothing loath, the boy ran into the house to get his cap.

As they went along the street, remarks were made about the weather, and about the crops, and about business, and about the markets and the price of pork — these things furnished material in abundance for a lively chat, until they passed over the bridge and got to the "Eagle."

There was no public-house in the village of Freckerton—the "Eagle" stood in Postwell, at the other side of the water. But even there, it was altogether too near for the peace and welfare of the Freckerton people.

In the east parlour of the "Eagle" a bright fire was burning as Farmer Cliff, Saddler Stufton, and his boy entered. Stufton said, "This looks cosy, at any rate."

"Ay, this'll do," said Cliff, in reply; "Clark knows how to make his customers comfortable. He's a deserving fellow."

With his hand on the bell, Stufton inquired, "Is it to be whisky?"

"Yes, I think so," answered Cliff.

The bell rang, and the waiter appeared, to whom Stufton said, "Two whiskies—hot, and sweet."

The farmer had sold a colt at an unusually high price to Squire Atherton—which was just now the great subject of talk in that part of the country—and as a matter of course this was referred to by Mr. Stufton. His remarks were appreciated by Farmer Cliff, and things were going on most agreeably. The whisky was excellent; and the old parlour fire hissed and crackled, and glowed with quite a sympathetic ardour.

The saddler's boy, Robbie, was not forgotten in the midst of their pleasure. He tasted first with his father, and then with the farmer; and again, and yet again, he was invited to sip the pleasant poison. Robbie liked the sugar, for the drink was sweet.

The two men drank their whisky-and-water, and chatted in the most genial manner, as men are wont to do at such times; and having at last emptied their glasses, they separated with mutual good wishes

The saddler and his boy went home, and as they went, the child inquired, "Father, what makes the houses go round and round?"

"Nonsense, boy," replied the father, "the houses are all right; what makes you think they go round?"

"Hold my hand, father—I am going to fall," said the boy in a fright.

Poor Robbie clung to his father, saying, "Lift me up, lift me up—I am going to fall."

The thoughtless father laughed at his child's alarm, and lifted him up to carry, saying as he did so, "Where are the houses now, Robbie—look, Robbie, where are the houses now?"

* * *

Ten years passed away, and the saddler's boy was approaching the years of manhood. He had little by little, sad to say, learned to like the drink, following the example of his father, and so now went to the "Eagle" on his own account. His companions were, like him, fond of the drink, though young, and of the low pleasures which the public-house affords.

* * *

Ten years more, and when he was still under thirty years of age, Robbie Stufton, mad with the drink, struck his wife, and so seriously injured her by the cowardly blow, that for days her life was despaired of.

This, however, was the turning-point in his career. The thought that *he might have killed her* so affected him, and filled him with horror, that he gave up the drink for ever and became a sober man.

His father was the first man to sneer at his "simplicity," as he called it. But this roused him more fully to think, and the more he thought the matter over, the more he saw the need of entire abstinence, and the more satisfied he was with the course he had taken. He knew it was at any rate a safe one.

EDWARD HAYTON.

WINES OF SYRIA.

BY REV. E. B. TROTTER, M.A.,

Vicar of Alnwick.

ON my return from the East one of the first questions I was asked was, "What did you drink during the journey?" To which I replied, "Water or tea." It was certainly hard work, being in the saddle so long, and with such rough riding, and then at night, often getting only a shakedown on the floor in an Arab house, with my friend the dragoman and the native family also sleeping on the floor, so that sleep at best was broken and disturbed. But, in spite of it, I found no necessity to have recourse to any stimulant. I found, also, that with eating oranges, which could be got—beauties—at ten for a penny, and dates or figs, I needed very little liquid at all.

In several of the Franciscan convents which we stayed at I had an opportunity of seeing what modern wine is like, and as habits remain much the same in those countries, the wines of Syria now are not very different from the wines of the country 1,800 years ago; thus a good insight can be got into the Biblical question of fermented wines. When I could I also asked questions on the subject, and the conclusion to which I have come is that the wine in common use among the people is "the pure juice of the grape," having a certain amount of necessary fermentation, but so little that it is decidedly unintoxicating. The "vin du pays" is lighter than any ordinary claret, and may be said to be not only harmless, but containing all the nourishing properties of the grape. Surely it is this which deserves the name of "a good creature of God," and not the highly brandied and artificial beverages which are the concoction of man and not the creation of God.

At Nazareth I had given to me some "dibs" to eat with bread, which was boiled unfermented grape juice, like thick honey or treacle, which was exceedingly good. We should, I think, carefully distinguish between intoxicating wine as used in England and amongst the western nations, and unintoxicating wines, as in the East, and these latter, again, it should be borne in mind, can be either fermented or unfermented, and still further, the unfermented wines can be either the consistency of honey or as liquid as water. The word "wine" is applied to one as much as to the other.

TAKE BACK THE BOWL!

Words by WM. COLLINS. *Music by* J. H. TENNEY.

Moderato e con passione.

KEY E♭.

:s | s :-.m |d :m.s |l :-.f |d' :l |s :-.s |l .s :m .d |r :—|—

1. Take back the bowl! my lips no more The poi - soned draught shall drain;
2. Har - dened by sin, and reck - less grown, I quaffed the god - less wine;
3. Take back the bowl! though sea-soned well, There's poi - son in its breath;

:s | s :-.m |d .m :s.ta |ta :-.l |l :d' |d' :s .,m |s :f .,r |d:—|—

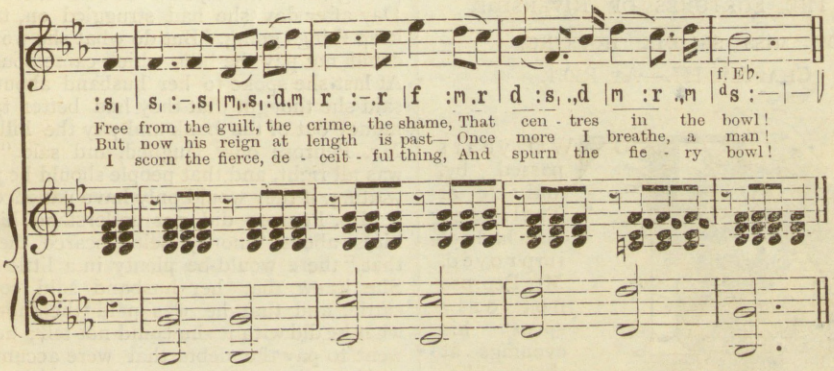
The ruth - less de - mon's reign is o'er, And I am free a - gain—
I bent be - fore the de - mon's throne, And wor - shipped at his shrine:
Be - neath its blind - ing, mad-'ning spell, It leads to shame and death!

B♭. t.

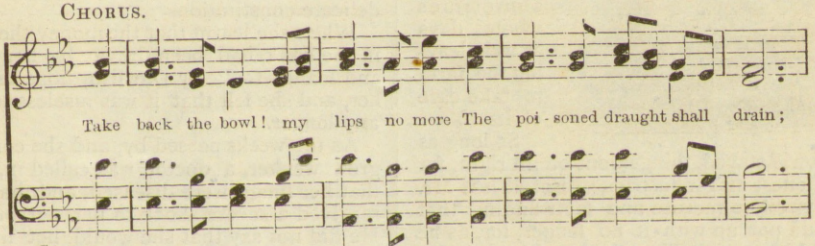
:$^{r}s_{1}$ |s_{1} :-.s_{1} |m_{1}.s_{1} :d .m |m :-.r |r :r .m |f :-.r |t :l .t |d :— |m

Free from the stains that soiled my name, The bonds that bound my soul;.....
His toils and wiles were round me cast, To stran - gle, blight, and ban!.....
From out its depths dark sor - rows spring To tor - ture brain and soul;.....

TAKE BACK THE BOWL!—*continued.*

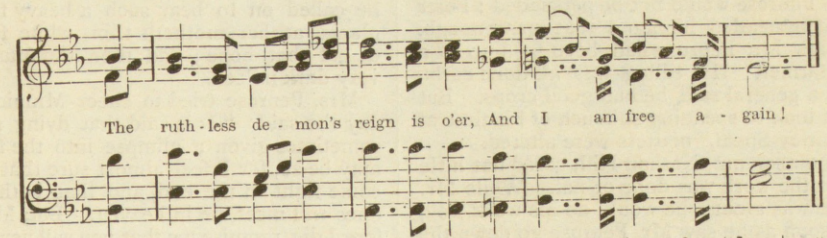


CHORUS.



CHORUS.

:s	s :-.m | d :m .s	l :-.f | d' :l	s :-.s | l .s :m .d	r :—|—
:m	m :-.d | d :d .m	f :-.f | f :f	m :-.m | f .m :d	t, :—|—
Take	back the bowl! my	lips no more The	poi - soned draught shall	drain;
:d'	d' :-.s | m :s .d'	d' :-.l | l :d'	d' :-.d' | d' :s .m	s :—|—
:d	d :-.d | d :d	f, :-.f, | f, :f,	d :-.d | d :d	s, :—|—



:s	s :-.m | d .m :s .ta	ta :-.l | l :d'	d' :s .,m | s :f .,r	d :—|—
:r .f	m :-.d | d :m .s	s :-.f | f :re	m :-.,d | t, :-.,t,	d :—|—
The	ruth - less de - mon's	reign is o'er, And	I am free a -	gain!
:t	d' :-.s | m .s :d'	d' :-.d' | d' :l	s :-.,s | r :-.,f	m :—|—
:s,	d :-.d | d :d	f, :-.f, | f, :fe,	s, :-.,s, | s, :-.,s,	d :—|—

WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MISS SALOME HOCKING.

CHAPTER III.—AT REST.



TWO years passed by, and life at Treligger farm had not improved. Mr. Penrose not only spent his evenings at the public-house, but sometimes whole days as well, leaving the farm to take care of itself.

So long as Jack Crowle stayed, things went on all right, for he was honest and industrious. But at last Mr. Penrose grew so morose and fault-finding, that Jack could put up with it no longer, for, as he expressed himself, "There's no use in tryin' to plaze master at all. He's jawing all the day long when he's home, and when he's bin and got drunk he's ten times wuss'n ever, and I caan't stand it no longer."

Soon after Jack left, Mr. Penrose engaged a man whom Peter Dawlish had recommended. Neither Mrs. Penrose nor Minnie liked him, for they felt that he was neither honest nor truthful; but Mr. Penrose would not be persuaded: Peter had recommended him, and that was enough. For years Mr. Penrose had been held up as a model farmer. His tilling was all done early, and, as a general rule, he had good crops. But after he took to spending so much of his time at the "Barley Sheaf," matters were altered.

His new servant, Nathan Hill, cared but little whether the work was done or not. While Mr. Penrose was around he would do his work well, but as soon as he saw Mr. Penrose go down the hill towards the village, the work would be stopped, and he would do no more for the rest of the day.

As the result of all this neglect, harvests were poor, a great many of the cattle, for want of attention, died. Ready money got scarce, the rent was not paid, and things at Treligger farm began to look dark. But a still darker shadow was hanging over the family.

Mrs. Penrose had always been delicate, but during the last two years she had failed rapidly. Day after day she had struggled on, trying to keep things going. But do what she would, she could not pay the bills which came pouring in. At last she spoke to her husband about it, and said she thought that they had better take the money out of the bank and pay the bills. But Mr. Penrose only laughed, and said "that it was all right, and that people should be paid for waiting, if they would only have patience."

Mrs. Penrose did not understand his vague hints about "money being scarce then," and that "there would be plenty in a little while." She knew that her husband sold corn and cattle, and that he was paid the money, but what he did with it she could not tell; none of it went to pay the debts that were accumulating so fast. She could not understand it, and the continual struggle and worry told greatly on her delicate constitution.

When she learnt that the money they had put in the bank had been drawn by her husband, and loaned to Peter Dawlish, hope died within her, and she felt that it was useless to struggle any longer.

As the weeks passed by, and she continued to grow weaker, a doctor was called in, who said that her lungs were diseased, and that she had received a severe shock to her nervous system. He did not say that she would not live, but he gave them little hope.

Mr. Penrose seemed like a man distracted, and then fled to the bottle to drown remorse.

Poor Minnie was almost broken-hearted. It seemed to her that for more than two years they had had nothing but misery. While her mother lived there was some one to lean on, but if she died, what would become of them? Sometimes Minnie hoped that she should not be called on to bear such a heavy trial, but a glance at her mother's thin, white face would dispel that hope; and then the future looked very dark indeed.

Mrs. Penrose tried to cheer Minnie, and one day she said: "It is said that dying people are sometimes given a glimpse into the future. It may be so, for I feel almost sure that it will all come right in the end, and that both my loved ones will meet me in heaven. But, Minnie, before I die, promise me that you will never forsake your father. Stick to him, Minnie, and try to lead him away from the influence of that bad man Peter Dawlish. I am laying a heavy burden on your shoulders, my darling, but God will help you to trust in Him."

Minnie gave the required promise, but as she thought how desolate their home would be without mother, the big tears started to her eyes and rolled over her cheeks, and she sobbed out:

"Oh, mother, mother, do not leave us. How can we live without you?"

Mrs. Penrose gazed sadly at Minnie, and then said tenderly: "My poor child, do not grieve so. God will make it right; His presence will comfort you. He has said, 'I will never leave you or forsake you.' Do not wish to keep me here, Minnie, for I am so tired and weary of this life. The ceaseless struggle that I have had lately to keep matters straight, has worn me out, and I long for the rest that I shall have in heaven."

Some days Mrs. Penrose would seem better, and be able to sit up in bed. At such times Hope, with her rose-coloured garments, would steal softly up to Minnie, and whisper that her mother would live. But when Mrs. Penrose could no longer sit up in bed, but lay there white and exhausted, Hope fled, and Despair, in his sad leaden garments, took his place at Minnie's side, and his breath was as the breath of a hoar frost, which nips off every frail bud; and in tones that seemed to freeze the marrow in her bones, he told her that her mother would die.

As Minnie listened to the voice of Despair, she ceased to pray for her mother's recovery, ceased to pray at all, but gave herself up to grief: caring nothing for the future, forgetting the past, and living only in the present. She thought that God was dealing hardly with her, and that it was of no use to pray, for He would not hear. Thus in our sorrow do we blindly shut ourselves off from our best Friend and refuse to be comforted, forgetting that He who wept at the grave of Lazarus, and was Himself "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," is standing without, and saying in His tender, pitying tones, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

When the neighbours heard that Mrs. Penrose was ill, many of them came with offers of assistance; but at first she refused them all, saying that Minnie and Bessie could do for her all that she required. But when at the end of a month she saw how thin and hollow-eyed Minnie had grown, and how languid was her step, she chided herself for her selfishness in wishing to have her child always with her. And when next the neighbours came, she made arrangements with them that they should take it in turns to stay with her by night, so that Minnie could take her rest, and be able to be with her through the day.

She always seemed cheerful and happy, and spoke about heaven as if it were near at hand, and not afar off. She suffered no pain; there was only a gradual sinking of the body which brought her each day nearer to the grave. She was not afraid to die, and it was only when she thought of leaving her husband and Minnie that a shadow would chase the brightness from her face. Once she said to Minnie, as the latter sat by her bedside:—

"Am I selfish to wish to leave you, to leave you here alone to carry the burden which I was not strong enough to bear? But however much I might wish to live I could not, for God has called me, and His commands must be obeyed."

Then after a while she continued: "I was rebellious at first, and shrank from entering the cold grave, but God has taken away that fear now, for I know it is only falling asleep here, to wake up with Jesus."

Gradually, as Mrs. Penrose talked of Jesus and heaven, the hard sceptical thoughts passed from Minnie's mind. And as she remembered that Jesus had not put burdens on others that He would not bear Himself, but that He who was the Prince of Peace and King over all had come down on this earth, had suffered privation and sorrow, and then had died that we might reign with Him in heaven, she took up the cross that had been given her to bear, trying to believe that God would do for them that which would prove to be the best for them in the end.

In the meantime she stayed with her mother as much as possible, for well she knew that soon, *very soon*, her mother would have crossed the dark waters of the Jordan, from whence no one has ever returned, and that they should meet no more until they both stood at the bar of God. Mr. Penrose, on the contrary, seemed to shun that sick chamber, and when he was sober his grief was terrible to witness, for too well he knew that he had helped to hasten her death.

One day in the month of June, the last Mrs. Penrose spent on earth, she had asked to have the window opened, and as the sweet perfume of the roses stole into her room, a smile lit up her face, and then she asked them to wheel her bed nearer the window. As she gazed on the bright picture that was spread out before her, the smile deepened on her countenance, and she whispered softly—

> "There everlasting spring abides,
> And never-withering flowers."

Turning to Minnie, she said: "We can scarcely imagine a fairer scene than this, my child. We look at the garden below, with its wealth of roses and other beautiful flowers, and at the trees, covered with their fresh, green leaves, and then we look up at the bright blue sky, with those soft, fleecy white clouds sailing along, and we think the sight is perfect. But these flowers will fade and die, that sky will become black and thunder-laden, but where I go there will be no more storms—everything will be more beautiful than we can imagine—no troubles or tears; for 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.'"

She was silent then, and Minnie saw that a

shadow was stealing over her face, and that she looked wistfully around the room. At last she said, "Tell your father to come here; I want to see him."

Minnie found her father sitting in the porch, with his head bowed in his hands. When Minnie spoke to him, and told him that her mother wanted him, he trembled violently, but followed her up to his wife's room.

Mrs. Penrose greeted him with a loving smile, and taking his hand in hers, she said, "I am going home now, Edward; this is the last time I shall talk to you on earth, and I want you to listen to me patiently."

And then, with dying earnestness, she begged of him to give up the intoxicating drink, and to become a Christian.

Mr. Penrose wept bitterly, and said: "I will try, but my strength seems to be all gone, and drink is my master. When I think of the misery that is staring me in the face, it seems as if I must drink, or else go mad. Oh, Amy! if I had only given heed to your warnings, ere drink had become my master, how happy we might have been! You must not leave me, Amy, for I cannot give you up. Pray to God that He may let you live; He will hear your prayers, for you are an angel. Pray, dear wife, for *I* cannot; He will not hear me."

"Yes, He will," answered Mrs. Penrose, faintly; "He will hear your prayers; pray for yourself, for I do not need them. In a little while I shall be with Jesus. I have prayed for you, and for my little Minnie, and all will be well."

She lay with her eyes closed after that, and she seemed to breathe with difficulty; but after Minnie had given her her medicine, she seemed easier, and at last sank into a deep sleep which lasted for hours.

Hour after hour Mr. Penrose sat by his wife, wiping away the drops of sweat that stood thickly on her forehead and on the soft brown hair that was so thickly streaked with grey. As he looked at her he thought how strangely she had altered within the last few weeks. Shame and remorse gnawed at his heart as he remembered how he had neglected her of late. And he thought, with a burning blush, of that time when they were first married, and she was a winsome girl, with cheeks delicately tinted like the petals of a rose, that he could scarcely bear to have her out of his sight, and that nothing would then have made him neglect her whom he had so fondly called "his little girl wife."

But now she was leaving him, and nothing that he could do would ever make amends for the pain he had caused her. His heart seemed bursting with its load of misery, and heavy sobs shook his strong frame; but he let no sound escape him, for fear that he should disturb his wife and cause fresh pain to that gentle heart.

Silently he sat there watching her, and wishing that he could undo the past. But nothing that he could now do would obliterate the marks that he had imprinted on the sands of time.

Outside the sun was slowly sinking behind the wooded hill-top, tinging the tops of the trees with a golden light ere it parted company with them. The birds were hopping from branch to branch, twittering and singing short snatches of song preparatory to going to rest for the night; while down in the village the children were shouting and laughing boisterously as they played "just one game more before we go in."

In the sick-room the shadows of death were stealing, and they who were watching saw that an awful change was creeping over the pale face of the dying woman. Mrs. Penrose no longer slept, but opened and shut her eyes, looking at times around the room with a strange, unseeing gaze, while she moaned incessantly.

Mr. Penrose stayed until the neighbour came who was to stay for the night, and then he rushed from the room and out of the house. He felt that he could not stay in that room and see his wife die, and yet when he had got out of the house he knew not where to go. He dared not rush down into the village, as was his custom, and drown all bitter thoughts and memories with brandy. No; he dared not get drunk while the angel of death was hovering over his house. That thought wrung a bitter groan from his lips, and he rushed up the steep hillside at the back of his house, and plunged into the dark depths of the wood, and there he spent the whole of the night; sometimes throwing himself on the ground and weeping floods of bitter, remorseful tears for the gentle wife who was leaving him; ever and anon starting up and shaking as if with an ague fit as he fancied he heard some strange cry; but it was only the hoarse voice of the night crow.

Even there in that silent wood, and with the ever-present thought that his wife lay dying, the demon of intemperance followed him, holding in its hand the intoxicating glass, promising that it should make him forget all his misery.

Who can tell the remorse and despair that was felt by that terror-stricken, erring man as he wandered up and down among the whispering trees that night? He shuddered as he thought of the past, and he had no hope in the future. The blackness of despair lay around his heart, but he sought no help from above; no cry for mercy escaped his lips.

Thus he passed the dark hours away, and knew not that at the last watch of the night the



"This is the last time I shall talk to you on earth."—p. 44.

angel of death had entered his home and laid his icy finger on the brow and lips of his wife, while the pure soul that had once animated that lifeless body was conveyed by angels to the home that is prepared for the people of God.

Three days after, all that was mortal of Amy Penrose was laid in the village churchyard. A crowd of people had gathered there to show their respect for the gentle woman, who had always been ready to do a kindly action and had a pleasant word for every one. As they walked to their homes, many of them wiped the tears from their eyes, as they spoke in tremulous tones, and told each other of the many kindnesses they had received from the woman who had that day been laid in the grave.

As Mr. Penrose and Minnie wended their way home after the funeral, and entered the silent house, Minnie noticed how subdued and grief-stricken her father seemed, and she wondered if the lesson would sink deep enough into his heart to show him the folly of his ways, and help him to lead a different life, or whether, on the contrary, it would give him an excuse for fleeing to the wine-glass to forget his sorrows? But time alone could answer that question.

A RAILWAY INCIDENT.

BY REV. J. S. BALMER.



ONE cold day last winter a gentleman took his seat in a third-class railway-carriage, for the purpose of travelling from the town of Skipton to Blackpool. The train had not gone far when, at one of the stations, a woman entered the compartment, having with her several children. They immediately attracted the gentleman's attention, which for a time became fixed upon them. They were all poorly clad, and mostly with bare feet.

"You may weel look at us, maister," said the poor woman, "for we're in a sad plight."

This gave the gentleman an opportunity of questioning her a little, and he elicited the statement that her husband was intemperate, that at the time she and her children were shivering with cold in the train the bailiffs were in the house and her husband drunk. Having with him some provision of cakes, etc., the traveller handed them to the hungry children, who devoured them with the greatest gusto.

When the train reached one of the Lancashire manufacturing towns the woman and her children alighted. The traveller was so moved with compassion that he also left the train, and requested the station-master to allow him to proceed with a later train, which the kind man consented to do. The traveller then took the half-famished woman and her children to a coffee-palace, and gave them a good tea with substantial accompaniments. They were all very grateful to the worthy traveller, who looked a plain man—a sort of respectable working man, and not in the least like a person in affluent circumstances. He was also plain in his speech, of homely manners; but oh, so kind and generous!

A few weeks after the occurrence of this incident, the traveller received an invitation to preside at a Gospel Temperance meeting in the town of Burnley. He accepted the invitation, and at the time appointed went to Burnley. The meeting was for the purpose of hearing Christian, and temperance experiences, so that those who had been benefited by the recent Gospel Temperance Mission might have an opportunity of telling one another how they felt and lived. When the Burnley meeting had continued some time, and had been characterised by telling incidents, it received a new impetus by the relation of a highly interesting experience.

A woman arose in the meeting and told a woeful tale of the doings of drink within the range of her own experience and her own family. In her recital she attracted the special attention of the chairman by relating the story of the bailiffs, the railway train, the coffee-palace, etc.; and she drew tears from many eyes when, pointing to the chairman, she pathetically exclaimed—

"That's the gentleman who came to our rescue when we were in distress!"

Then followed the account of how she and her husband had signed the pledge during the Gospel Temperance Mission, and how since that time they had become members of a Christian church, and were happily on their way to heaven. The children, too, had been blessed, and were attending a Sabbath-school. No language can describe the joy of the chairman's heart in that meeting. Truly—

> "Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood."

And who was the chairman? He was the man mentioned in my "Street Messages" which appeared in ONWARD last November, the man who gave sixpence to some foolish boys, by which he induced them to carry home a poor inebriate whom they were abusing on the street. The man is Mr. James Moorhouse. Forty years ago he left Skipton, a poor boy with a penny in his pocket; this he spent on bread. He believed that honest industry was better than genteel idleness, and so energetically set to work to make his way in the world. He succeeded by God's blessing, and now lives in respectability and happiness. He is the owner of property of considerable value; but what is better, he owns a kind heart and a helpful hand.

Mr. Moorhouse lived many years in Blackpool, and was a man of unobtrusive habits, but, nevertheless, always ready as a Christian, a teetotaler, and a citizen, to discharge the duties which fell to his lot. He is at Blackpool no longer. In his heart he for long felt a wish to return to his native place, and at length his wish is gratified. His home is now in the town of Skipton. Thus we see how the good hand of God has been upon him for forty years. We

see, too, the blessing of temperance as a mighty factor in his life—for more than forty years he has been an abstainer from the use of intoxicating liquors. If my young readers will but consider it, they will see how Mr. Moorhouse's life tells in favour of personal abstinence ; how it seems to say : "If you would be useful, prosperous, and happy, do not drink anything that intoxicates."

On Monday evening, October 15th, 1883, there was an interesting gathering of temperance friends in Blackpool, to take a farewell of Mr. Moorhouse on the eve of his departure into Yorkshire. On that occasion a beautiful illuminated address was presented to him, and I cannot, perhaps, do better than close this brief account of him than by quoting the terms of the address, which were as follows :—

"Presented to Mr. James Moorhouse by the Gospel Temperance Mission, the British Women's Temperance Association, and the Good Templars of Blackpool, as an expression of their affectionate regard for him as a man of Christian character, for so many years consistently devoted to the advancement of temperance, and in sympathy with every good work. While deeply regretting his departure from among them, they earnestly pray that the Divine blessing may ever attend him and his family, and that the fruits of his early sowing in the fields of Christian temperance may enrich his latter days with the joy of an abundant harvest. May his path be that of the just, 'as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'"

THE OUTLOOK.

AMONG the Presbyterian ministers in Scotland there are 1,070 abstainers : in the Free Church, 470; in the Established, 305; and among the United Presbyterians, 295. The majority of ministers in both the Baptist and Congregational bodies are on the right side; and out of 235 students in Baptist colleges, 223 are abstainers. Among the twelve Congregational colleges, out of 363 students, 306 are total abstainers. That is, out of 598 future ministers, 529 are preparing themselves to be practical leaders in this good cause.

There is a great need for much yet to be done for Scotland, for a Parliamentary return for 1882 gives us this fact that the total number of arrests was 31,723 ; of these, 12,254 were apprehended during Saturday night and Sunday. These arrests on the Sunday were not owing to Sunday drinking, but were the results of Saturday intoxication. In the Aberdeen Chamber of Commerce it was stated that in almost all inquiries concerning the loss of vessels at sea, drink had largely to do with the disaster.

There are some, not like St. James, who have a great respect for persons, and think if anything true be said by a prince, or an archbishop, or a prime minister, that it doubles the weight and force of it ; and such people like to see the cause gaining in worldly influence, and are especially pleased when aristocracy declares itself on our side. Hence we quote the Duke of Albany, who, speaking at Liverpool, said, "Drink was the only terrible enemy that England had to fear." We hope Royalty will be believed in this matter, at least in so far that drink is England's *worst* enemy.

The "Black List" of the *Alliance News* for the Christmas and New Year's festivities is an appalling witness to the foe we have in our own land :—

Perilous accidents	26
Robberies	13
Insanity	5
Stabbings, etc.	20
Cases of cruelty to children	5
Assaults on women	74
Assaults on constables	70
Violent deaths, 94 ; suicides, 15 ; murders, 12 =	121

All these cases are through drink. But these are only those that have come into court, and are recorded directly as the results of the traffic—what of the stories that never get into print? What of the suffering borne in silence? Does not all this plead with us for greater work and nobler sacrifice?

Among indications which show the rapid rise of temperance, we notice the report of the first general meeting of shareholders of the Blue Ribbon Life, Accident, Mutual and Industrial Insurance Company, Birmingham. For particulars, see our advertising pages. This is a sign of the times which speaks for itself concerning the rapid development of the Blue Ribbon movement.

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PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

SOME one has said lately, that we shall not get rid of "the bitter cry" until we cast out the bitter ale.

A CLEVER doctor, referring to the legal profession, said men went into it to get *on*, continued in it to get *honour*, and came out of it to get *honest*.

THE law of the harvest is to reap more than you sow. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

A "SWEET GIRL-GRADUATE" wrote the following on the fly-leaf of her text-book on Moral Science :—

"If there should be another flood,
For refuge hither fly;
Though all the world should be submerged,
This book would still be dry."

AN old Scotch clergyman had received several calls to parishes. He asked a friend's advice, who said, "Go where there is most sin." The preacher took the good advice and went where there was most money.

DR. JOHNSON remarked on some one once boasting to him that he was self-educated. "Then, sir, you had a very ignorant fellow for your tutor."

A PATIENT complained to his physician that he was pursued by a ghost the night before, as he was going home from the tavern. "What shape was it?" asked the doctor. "In the shape of an ass," replied the man. "Go home," said the doctor, "and keep sober. You were tipsy last night, and frightened at your own shadow!'

THE guests have dined and the host hands round a case of cigars. "I don't smoke myself," he says, "but you will find them good—my man steals more of these than any other brand I ever had."

SAYS Rousseau, speaking of how to write love-letters :—"Begin without knowing what you are going to say, and end without knowing what you have said." It would seem that this advice is very frequently acted on.

A MAN left a bony steed in the street, and coming back a short time afterwards discovered that a funny youth had placed a card against the fleshless ribs, bearing the inscription: "Oats wanted—Inquire within."

FIRST FRIEND: "What do you think of X?" Second Friend: "Candidly, I don't like him. He has hidden vices." First Friend: "Ah! what are they?" Second Friend: "How do I know when they are hidden vices."

"WHY, I'd like to know," said a lady once to a distinguished judge, "cannot a woman become a successful lawyer?" "It simply arises from her invariable habit of giving her opinion without any pay," answered the judge.

Collection in Aid of the "ONWARD" LIFEBOAT FUND,

And the Band of Hope Movement.

In response to the appeal in January ONWARD on behalf of the above object, we beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums.

Collectors who have not yet sent in their collecting forms and amounts are kindly requested to do so at once. Prizes have been sent to the collectors as per announcement on the collecting forms.

NAME OF COLLECTOR.	AMOUNT COLLECTED.
Mary E. Eastham	£2 0 1
Arthur Britten	1 10 6
Jestyn and Bessie Jeffreys	1 6 6
Frank Pierce	1 0 2
Nellie Ross	1 0 0
Annie Healey	0 14 5
Sarah Haworth	0 14 0
Mary Broadhurst	0 13 5½
Annie Eaton	0 13 0
Jas. H. Green	0 11 8
Margaret Benson	0 11 0
Samuel Moorhead	0 10 9
Selina Pennington	0 10 8
John Westwell	0 10 6
Rebecca Town	0 10 6
Martha Burgess	0 10 5
George Dimond	0 10 0
George Greenhalgh	0 10 0
Mary E. Healey	0 10 0
Elizabeth Hyde	0 10 0
Richard Yates	0 10 0
Jessie Hudson	0 8 6½
Charlotte J. Harper	0 8 6
Fred Salter	0 8 3
J. W. Lawson	0 6 5
Edward Eaton	0 5 6
Albert Swift	0 5 6
W. Stevenson	0 5 6
F. A. Morris	0 5 1
P. T. Ashton	0 5 0
William Gray	0 5 0
Thos. Haley	0 5 0
Sidney Hallsworth	0 5 0
F. S. Hagen	0 5 0
Geo. H. Rigby	0 5 0
Alice Storey	0 5 0
Stephen Taylor	0 5 0
Louisa Trist	0 5 0
Jessie B. Wardleworth	0 5 0
John Hall	0 4 0
Thos. Hilton	0 3 0
A. Ashworth	0 3 0
Benj. Lowey	0 2 9
Frank Parry	0 2 7
John Lloyd	0 2 6
Wm. Teft	0 2 3½
J. Stevenson	0 2 3
W. J. Thompson	0 2 0
Elizabeth Tomlinson	0 2 0
Lucy A. Duckworth	0 1 11
James Hayes	0 1 7
Elizabeth Foulkes	0 1 3
Mary Crowe	0 1 3
Edwin Foulkes	0 1 0
—. Exford	0 1 0
Gower Williams	0 0 8
Ellen Roberts	0 0 7½
Louisa Payser	0 0 6
James Hayes	0 0 6
Total	£22 17 7

THE DUTY OF GOVERNMENTS.

BY THE VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D., F.R.S.



LET me point out two spheres action in which the nation may look to its Parliament to save it from dangers which individuals are not strong enough to cope with. Those dangers are partly physical and partly moral; but the two are inextricably intertwined. The physical evils are the result of the struggle for existence—the pressure of population, the huge abnormal growth of unwieldy cities, the spread of manufactures, the limitations of land, the indifference of encroaching selfishness to national rights. It has been said that we live by three immaterial things—by admiration, hope, and love; and by three material things—pure air, pure water, and pure earth. Pure earth! Many of us have never possessed, and never will possess, one inch of our native soil; not even a corner for our graves. So it must be. The good sense of Englishmen will show them the utter folly of socialism, and the crime of confiscation, however plausible the euphemisms under which they may be disguised. But we should do well to remember that at the back of every social problem lies a social wrong. It is not Mr. Henry George, but it is the prophet Isaiah, who has said: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!" It was not Karl Marx, but James, the Lord's brother, who wrote to callous oppressors:—"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for the calamities that shall come upon you."

The State can and may watch over the rights of the many and of the poor. It can, directly or indirectly, discourage the aggregation and facilitate the partition of these vast estates, which were the ruin of ancient Italy, where one man bestrode the narrow earth like a Colossus. It can watch jealously at least that open places be not filched away, that fields are not absorbed, that commons are not encroached upon, that peasants are not driven from their humble tenements, that roadsides are not stolen from them, that field-paths are not wantonly blocked up, that river-sides and sea-shores, that glens and mountains, the natural property of the world, be not greedily monopolised, and that, if but few can own, yet all, nevertheless, can enjoy God's common earth.

And pure water. Who but governments are strong enough to restore the rivers and streams of England, God's priceless gift to us, to the condition in which some of us remember them in our youth, when the thrushes sang amid the wild roses which blossomed over their crystal windings, as they slipped over shining pebbles or golden sand? It is impossible for us; but is it too late for governments to save them from being what most of them have now been made—foul ditches of putrescent scum? Is it too late to save our great rivers from being sewers of filthiness, in which the fish die, poisoned by the refuse of manufactures?

And pure air. Is it impossible to hope any longer that what should be the bright, invisible atmosphere, which makes it a luxury to breathe the breath of life in these huge cities in which so many of us are pent up through life—is it too late, is it impossible, for Parliament to save us from the foul air amidst which our spirits always falter in the mist caused by these noxious gases vomited by privileged manufactures?

Is it beneath the dignity of legislators to toil for these high ends? Would they not be more useful than most of the things they do? Or is this nation to perish with the curse of its unlawful desires, when, as one has said, all the old green places have been monopolised, when all the sky is full of smoke, and the rivers reek with poison; when forest and stream, and moor and meadow, are banned and forbidden; when every gentle and timid being of brake and bush, of air and water, has been killed because it robbed men of a berry or a fruit; when the earth is one vast mill, whose children hear no sound but the hiss of the steam, and know no music but the roar of the furnace; when the old sweet sights, and the old sweet songs, and the old sweet fall of midsummer showers, and the green of hedgerow buds, and the glow of purple heather, and the notes of cuckoo and of cushat, and the freedom of waste and wild, are things dead and remembered no more? Then the world, like the Eastern king, will perish miserably of famine and of drought, with gold in its stiffened hands, and gold upon its withered lips; gold which can do nothing for it, and mocks it horribly; gold for which we have bartered peace, and holiness, and happiness; gold that has won but a grave.

But, besides, are there no moral, no social dangers? The people who live in our slums and rookeries are really examples of the retrogression of mankind towards savagery, almost towards the condition of the brute creation. In their filthy habits, their restlessness, their destructiveness, their love for strong drink, their cun-

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ning, their ferocity, and their moral obliquity, it is necessary to recognise that they belonged to a different type from that which is possessed by reasonable men. And remember that in the brutality of these criminal classes multitudes of the innocent are dragged down to misery.

Notice, too, once more, the boundless superfluity of wealth by which this grim people is touched and jostled, and then say whether the warning voice may not be true which tells you that if some jar or shock dislocate the system, the fountains of the great deep will be broken up, and that it is not the deserts and forests as of old, but roadsides and city slums which are nursing the barbarians which may be to the new civilisation what the Hun and the Vandal were to the old. It is idle to say that these terrible evils are irremediable; but if they be indeed irremediable, be sure that they will be fatal. In every country, said a living statesman, you find the nation in the cottage; and if the light of your legislation does not shine in there, your statesmanship is a failure, and your system is a mistake. Individual effort, individual beneficence, say, rather, the love of Christ burning in individual hearts, has done something, but without State aid it cannot do much more. The social dangers are summed up in the words vice and pauperism. Every one who knows anything at all about the subject tells you, and has been telling you for fifty years; all your judges with one voice, all your police, all your gaolers, all who have really mixed among and seen for themselves the condition of the poor, are telling you that the chief cause, both of vice and pauperism, is drink. Other nations and other empires have fallen each in turn, undermined by their own sins, or blasted by their own ambition. They have been choked in blood, or unmanned by lasciviousness, or clogged with greed. Where is the cedar of Assyria, and the lion of Greece, and the eagle of Rome? Did the gold of Spain save her, or the fleet of Venice? What has happened to the trampled golden lilies of France? And is England safe except by her faithfulness to the eternal moral law?

Two idols have to be destroyed. One is the idol of vested interest in national wrongs. In the days of the slave trade some one said to an abolitionist, "What! would you stand between a man and his vested interests?" "I started," he said, "as if one had trampled on my grave, and exclaimed, 'A vested interest in a human being!'" Let it be understood, once for all, that there can be no vested interests in that which is the source of a nation's ruin and a nation's wrong. Other selfishness may be as intense, but none is so unblushing, because none is so much tolerated as the selfishness of monopolists claiming a vested interest in public infamy.

And the other is the idol of spurious liberty, which thinks that freedom consists in unlimited licence to do wrong, and that we ought to be allowed to do what we will, though the result may be the injury of our neighbours. The liberty to do wrong is the mother of bondage. No man is free, and no nation is free, which is free from righteousness and a slave to vice. The impulse of appetite is slavery, and the obedience to salutary restraint is the only liberty. Till England learns this, so long as her liberty is the spurious idol of selfish individual licence, her glory is built upon the sand.

THE YOUNG MAN IN BUSINESS LIFE.



THIS is an age in which we are all racing after wealth; the one object that presents itself to us as desirable is to be rich. There is a snobbish tendency in the human mind, unfortunately, which idolises wealth, and sets it up as an image and calls on all men to bow down and worship it. This is the scale upon which things are too often measured in these days, and as long as this is the case, so long will there be to a greater or less extent these frauds and catastrophes that so often disfigure our newspapers.

I would say to young men, "Don't expect to be a millionaire in five years or twenty years." I am not at all sure that being a millionaire adds to a man's happiness or personal satisfaction, or, indeed, to his respectability. There are people who are born, to use a common phrase, with silver spoons in their mouths; but it is seldom a blessing. I have heard many cases in Lancashire where young men have been born to fortune, and these young men are placed in the world with the idea that they have nothing to do but spend it, and they do so very quickly. I have heard many instances of young men drinking themselves out of life in a few years.

If a young man starts with this purpose in his mind, "I will do my best to give satisfaction to my employer; I will be attentive; I will be courteous and respectful to those with whom I have to deal; I will be strictly honest and true in all my business dealings; I will not connive, if I can possibly help it, in anything that is dis-

honest or fraudulent, or unworthy of a Christian man"—if, I say, a young man starts with this purpose in his mind, he stands a good chance of succeeding in life.

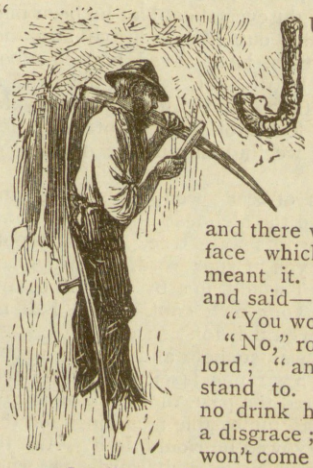
There is no disgrace in labour; on the contrary, I think it is the most honourable thing a man can engage in. There are some kinds of labour I could not feel to be exactly to my taste, but yet I can respect the man who does it. There is no discredit in honest labour, and I don't think there is shame even in dirty work. I use the phrase in its literal, and not in its figurative sense. St. Paul himself was a man who learned and worked at a trade, the making of small tents; some people say he was an umbrella maker, working with Aquila and Priscilla, at their own trade, that they might not be a burden to the poor churches in which they preached. St. Paul has simple rules and principles which show what he would have men to be. When he tells the Romans they must not be slothful in business, there is a rule for business men. To the Ephesians he says, they should labour with their own hands to get their own living, and that they might have something to give them that were in need.

I do not think I could do you any good if I laid down a number of minute rules for your guidance. When you are in difficulty and are tempted to do wrong, ask yourself—"Is this consistent with the loyal following of my Master, Christ; is this what He would have me do?" and if you think it is not so, and yet you feel tempted to be drawn that way, you must pray, and pray earnestly, for the grace of God's Holy Spirit.

What is there to keep you pure in your profession if you do not look beyond the influences by which you are surrounded to that of your great Master whom you follow? Well, I would simply say this with regard to business. Having laid that principle to heart I have referred to, do not indulge in any foolish fancies about ambition, but measure your own capacity, for that really determines, to a very large extent, the career of a man of business. Ask yourself, Are you qualified for the business you follow? Can you give the necessary time and attention to its development? If you have these qualities, and the business is an honest business, then I say that business is marked out for you to prosper and succeed in. BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

ANY employment which is innocent, says Paley, is better than none; as the writing of a book, the building of a house, the laying out of a garden, the digging of a fishpond, even the raising of a tulip or cucumber.

JIM BROOKER'S LAST POT OF BEER.



"JUST one glass of ale," said Brooker, as if he had been pleading for his life. The landlord shook his head in reply, and there was that in his face which showed he meant it. Brooker saw, and said—

"You won't?"

"No," roared the landlord; "and that I will stand to. You will get no drink here. You are a disgrace; decent people won't come where you are. Begone, I tell you, for I have drawn you your last pot of beer."

"Let me have it, then," said the wretched man, with grim humour, "for I am dying of thirst."

The landlord of the "Grey Horse Inn" turned away from his wretched tormentor in impatience and disgust. And it must be admitted that he had good reason to be annoyed, for Brooker was a troublesome customer, and had special pleasure in mortifying Mr. Muggles when he had an opportunity of doing so.

Poor Brooker was well known in the district where he lived, for he had resided in it all his life, and his parents before him.

He had never been married, and he was now past forty. But this was by no means an unfortunate circumstance. It became known to Miss Horton that he gambled and drank, and she refused to listen to his professions of love. He was astonished at her conduct, and resolved to have his revenge in treating her with haughty indifference and neglect.

It was a waste of energy on his part, but he did not believe it, and went on drinking, confident that she would be humble enough before the end.

Miss Horton had strength enough to abide by her resolution, not to accept a life of misery by marrying a man who was already a slave to appetite and passion. It cost her an effort, but better this than life-long wretchedness. She accepted her fate, but thought enough of Jim Brooker not to marry another.

He, in time, found out that he was mistaken. And then he grew worse and more reckless still. This did not last, however, for he was a man of

limited means, and the rum-seller must have cash. His funds were exhausted, and he was at length compelled to face the question, "What next?" He might even then, had he been man enough to strike out like a brave swimmer against the stream, have saved himself; but, alas! for him, he did not, and in the swirl of things he was taken, and drifted gradually towards the low levels of sottish intemperance, at which point we find him in the opening of our story.

"My last pot of beer; well," he said to himself, as he closed the alehouse door behind him, "I wish your words were true. My last pot! What if I take you at your word, Mr. Muggles? Ah, if I could, I would, just by way of paying you back with your own coin. I am half resolved to try, even if I don't succeed."

The thought was so bold and daring, that it held him with a strange fascination. He felt, as he remembered the past, that for him to give up the drink was impossible; but just for this very reason he vowed he would do it. And the words he uttered were such words as when once spoken a man cannot easily forget.

Days came and went, and to the wonder of himself and others, he managed to get on without the drink. He had long been considered a nuisance by those who frequented the "Grey Horse Inn," and they were heartily glad to get rid of him, which was all in his favour. No one tempted him by urging him to drink—they rather shunned him; and this he was not slow to observe.

He began to take pleasure in his work, and he soon had sufficient money to purchase clothes, a useful book or two, and other things without which life is not worth living.

It will not be matter of surprise that Miss Horton should feel an interest in his reformation. Jim Brooker, as he had been all along, was still more to her than any other man could ever be. And the concern she felt for all that touched his welfare was but a natural consequence.

He began in time to feel more confident in his success. He might well tremble, as he did at the first, sometimes, for he had been all but lost. And he had not then realised the fact, that there is for the most helpless still help in God. Now he *knew* it to be so, for he had learned to stand, not in his own strength, but in the strength of the Almighty.

Five years have passed away since he left the "Grey Horse Inn" on that memorable morning, a besotted and miserable outcast, infinitely more wretched than words can describe. He is no longer wretched, as he then was, however, for things are changed, and Miss Horton has fairly become entitled to the name of Mrs. Brooker, Jim and she having been married this morning.

Let me introduce you to them, as they sit and enjoy their wedding breakfast with their assembled friends, who have gathered with them in their own neat little cottage, for which they will never need to pay rent, and which stands to their credit as the result of their own industry and joint savings. EDWARD HAYTON.

WHERE DO THE DRUNKARDS COME FROM?

I HAVE in my mind's eye the whole population of this country, and methinks I have them on Salisbury Plain, six hundred thousand in the first rank, six hundred thousand in the next rank, six hundred thousand in the third rank—a mass of people sixty ranks deep and six hundred thousand in each rank. Look at them in the front rank. There are 600,000 habitual drunkards coming within the purview of the police, not including the drunkards who are helped upstairs to their rooms at night. They are not to-night what they were last Monday. Many of them have fallen since then, and their ranks are filled up from behind, from the moderate drinkers. Look back to the last ten rows; there are six million abstainers farthest from the front ranks.

Look around that magnificent square, and you will see that every 200th person is a liquor-seller, just as we see in the French army the *vivandiere*, glass in hand, selling liquor to the soldiers—one hundred and eighty thousand of them, just at this hour, making bad men into worse men, good sons into bad sons; women's husbands going out in the morning, coming back like demons at night; and what are we going to do? Stop the drink. The moderate drinkers are pressing forward to fill up the ranks of the fallen drunkards. The front rank is not confined to men, it includes women as well. All of them are dying before our eyes through this dreadful drinking system; and when you come to look at your own circle you will be surprised to find how many drunkards there are.

Those who are drinking are in danger. This is our proposition. As Mr. Pollard, a worker in the early days of the movement, used to say, "Boys, if you never take the first glass, the devil can't make you take the second. I don't care about you taking the fourth or sixth, so long as yon don't take the first." Your first glass is the dangerous one. The poison we anathematise is a brain poison; alcohol is not like prussic acid, arsenic, or strychnia; all these you can take and die in your senses. But the man who drinks alcohol drinks a blood-and-brain poison, and there is ruin at every stage of the process. J. H. RAPER.



OUR GIRLS.

WHAT shall we do with our girls?
We gaze on them now with surprise,
As they toss back their clustering curls
With a womanly gleam in their eyes.
What shall we do with our girls?
They are putting their dolls on one side;
They smile, till their teeth gleam like pearls,
And they walk with a statelier stride.

The shuttlecock no longer flies,
They do not spend hours on a swing;
They are learning to paint fields and skies,
They are learning to play and to sing.
It seems such a short time ago
They were romping about with the boys;
Bowling hoops, with their cheeks all aglow,
And filling the house with their noise.

Now they have womanly grown,
Quiet, and queenly, and tall;
But we wish, ah! sometimes when alone,
They still were "our girls" young and small—
When they came for a "good-night" caress,
Ere their tiny feet pattered upstairs,
And we listened and heard their "God bless
Dear papa!" in their childish prayers.

Ah! yes, they have womanly grown:
We tremble to think that ere long
They'll be seeking for homes of their own,
And ours will be empty of song.
What shall we do with our girls?
Shall we teach them to chatter and smile;
To toss back their glistening curls
And study men's hearts to beguile?

Ah! no, we will tell them that love
Is a treasure of infinite worth;
A blessing sent down from above,
To gladden the children of earth.
We will tell them their place is the *home*—
There pleasure can always be found;
In vain they will eagerly roam—
"The world" swings in one giddy round.

We will tell them to help the distressed,
To succour the faint in the race,
Is better than being caressed
And praised for a beautiful face!
What shall we do with our girls,
To save them from life's bitter cares?
Shall we deck them with rubies and pearls?
Ah! no, we'll endow them with prayers!

W. A. EATON.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

BY REV. JOSEPH FINNEMORE.



A WONDERFUL land is Cloudland! And a great many people live there, though their real homes are down here in this world of brick and stone. Boys and girls generally do a great deal of business in that far-off land. They build castles there! There they have horses and carriages, and all sorts of pleasant things. But before long they come to find out that all these things are unreal, and that they last no longer than those strange-looking clouds which, on a windy day, fly across the heavens with such rapidity. Some people do not find this out soon enough, and then a good part of their life is wasted, and the rest is spent in disappointment and shame.

Now, we want to remind the readers of ONWARD, that if ever their dreams of happiness, honour, and usefulness are to come true, they will have to do something more than dream. You cannot know without learning; you cannot see without looking; you cannot accomplish anything noble and good without working.

The boy who sits down saying, "Some day I shall be a wise and learned man," and yet neglects his books and spends his time in mere play will be a dunce all his days.

So, people who sit still and mourn over the evils of the day, looking forward to better times and a brighter age, may live to see them, but will never have the joy of feeling that they have done anything to hasten them.

The people who are of some use in the world are those who not only dream but act. Seeing others sad, they try to comfort them; seeing others fallen, they try to raise them. They not only invent schemes, but carry them out.

How much brighter and happier would this world be if all who can, would act in this way. We do not want our readers to cease thinking, or even dreaming; but we do want them to be WORKERS—WORKERS TOGETHER WITH GOD.

The best thinkers are those who put their thoughts into actions, and think in order that they may act. There are some who act only under impulse or excitement. Their zeal soon grows cold. They have hardly stopped to ask, "Why do I act thus?" But when people have thought it out beforehand, and know why they act, they will not easily be stopped or prevented. The greatest conquerors have acted thus, and so have the greatest reformers.

Their schemes are not "castles in the air," seeing that they have foundation and method. They cannot be realised without much earnest toil. And generally that which costs nothing is worth nothing. You prize that most highly for which you pay most, either in money or effort. If you remember this throughout life it will save you much trouble, and prevent much disappointment. Our last word shall be—DO NOT SUBSTITUTE DREAMING FOR ACTING, IF YOU DESIRE THE SUBSTANCE RATHER THAN THE SHADOW.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

HOW soon the bright days of youth pass by! How soon we change from light-hearted boys to grave and anxious men! Time indeed glides swiftly by—but time never erases the silver memories of our youth. The older we grow, and the more experience we gain, the stronger seem the ties that bind us to the haunts of childhood. A happy spot to me is the village school, with its playground full of merry, laughing, mischievous boys. Often I have stood and watched them in their playtime, playing at marbles, and prison-bars, or chasing the butterfly along the lane; and I have fancied myself again a boy among boys, romping and racing with them, and sharing again the pleasures of a happy youth. Never have I left them without in my heart blessing them, for I have thoughts of the friends of my schooldays, who started life full of hope and promise, but, alas! some have been allured by pride and vanity, and have fallen victims to intemperance; whilst others, by perseverance and sobriety, have risen to positions of honour and respectability.

Play on, happy children, let the air ring with your merry voices, and may those voices in after years never be heard repeating words of blasphemy, nor singing the drunkard's song! May your hearts always be as pure, and your lives as innocent and free from guile as now! From the village-school you will pass to the sterner work of life. The leaders in the cause of truth will soon lay by their weapons and enter into rest. May you be ready to take their places, and nobly fight in the great crusade against vice and error.

T. J. GALLEY.

AN ILLUSTRIOUS MUSTER-ROLL.

"I WON'T abstain, because none but very weak-minded people ever do sign the pledge." Such is the stupid reply with which we are frequently met when endeavouring to persuade men and women to a life of total abstinence. To them we heartily commend the careful perusal of the following list of total abstainers, all of whom have shed a lustre on the land of their birth :—

Charles XII. of Sweden—Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States—The Emperor of Brazil—Dr. Sydney Smith—Dean Hook—John Wesley—Albert Barnes—Dr. Thomas Guthrie—The Rev. Thomas William Arnot—The Rev. Newman Hall—Garibaldi—Sir Henry Havelock—Sir Charles Napier—Sir Garnet Wolseley—General Stonewall Jackson—Commodore Goodenough—Dr. David Livingstone—Sir John Franklin—John Milton—Dr. Johnston—George Cruikshank—John Howard (Prison Philanthropist)—Richard Cobden, M.P.—John Bright, M.P.—Sir Henry Thompson—Dr. B. W. Richardson—Benjamin Franklin.

It will thus be seen that the principle of total abstinence has been accepted by theologians, warriors by land and sea, explorers in hot and cold regions, poets, painters, wits and humorists, philanthropists, physicians, scientists, statesmen—yea, even kings.

It clearly shows, then, that total abstainers can claim some men who are certainly quite as talented as those who glibly say

"I won't abstain, because none but weak-minded people sign the pledge."—*Odds and Ends.*

"THE SAVIOUR CAME."

THE Saviour came and asked my heart
In childhood's sunny hours ;
He bade me choose the better part
And yield Him all my pow'rs,
Before the world had marred my life,
Or sin had left its stain,
Or aught of earthly ill and strife
Had filled my soul with pain.

But ah ! I did not heed Him then ;
Too fond of thoughtless play,
I bade Him go, and come again—
He let me have my way ;
And so I culled the lovely flow'rs
That decked my dangerous path,
Unmindful that the flying hours
Were big with coming wrath.

Once more He came in manhood's prime,
And pleaded with me long—
He said He'd make my life sublime,
In weakness make me strong ;
That He would ever hold my hand,
And keep me to the end,
If I'd obey His wise command
And take Him for my Friend.

I listened to His gentle voice,
And heeded not its tone,
But made the empty world my choice,
And placed it on His throne ;
I tried to feed my hungry soul
On that which was not good,
And scorned His loving, wise control,
Made light of Jesus' blood.

And so I turned and wandered on
The way I chose awhile ;
Till every earthly prop was gone,
And lost in sin and guile,
I thought that He would come no more
To woo me for His own—
As I had spurned His love before,
He'd leave me all alone !

But no, He heard my spirit's cry,
Nor was He slow to save,
But taught me how in faith to die,
And triumph o'er the grave ;
And now His wondrous love I'll sing,
With my poor failing breath ;
No love is like to Thine, my King !
'Tis sweet in life and death !

And since I've proved His love so great
In life's last fleeting hours,
To Him I long to consecrate
Myself and all my pow'rs ;
And wish that life was mine once more,
To live it o'er again,
That I might yield it Him who bore
For me a cross of pain.

I mourn that I have thrown away
The years that were not mine,
That in the morning of life's day
I spurned His love divine.
Ah ! me, the good I might have done
If I had wiser been ;
How many souls I might have won—
The thought is anguish keen !

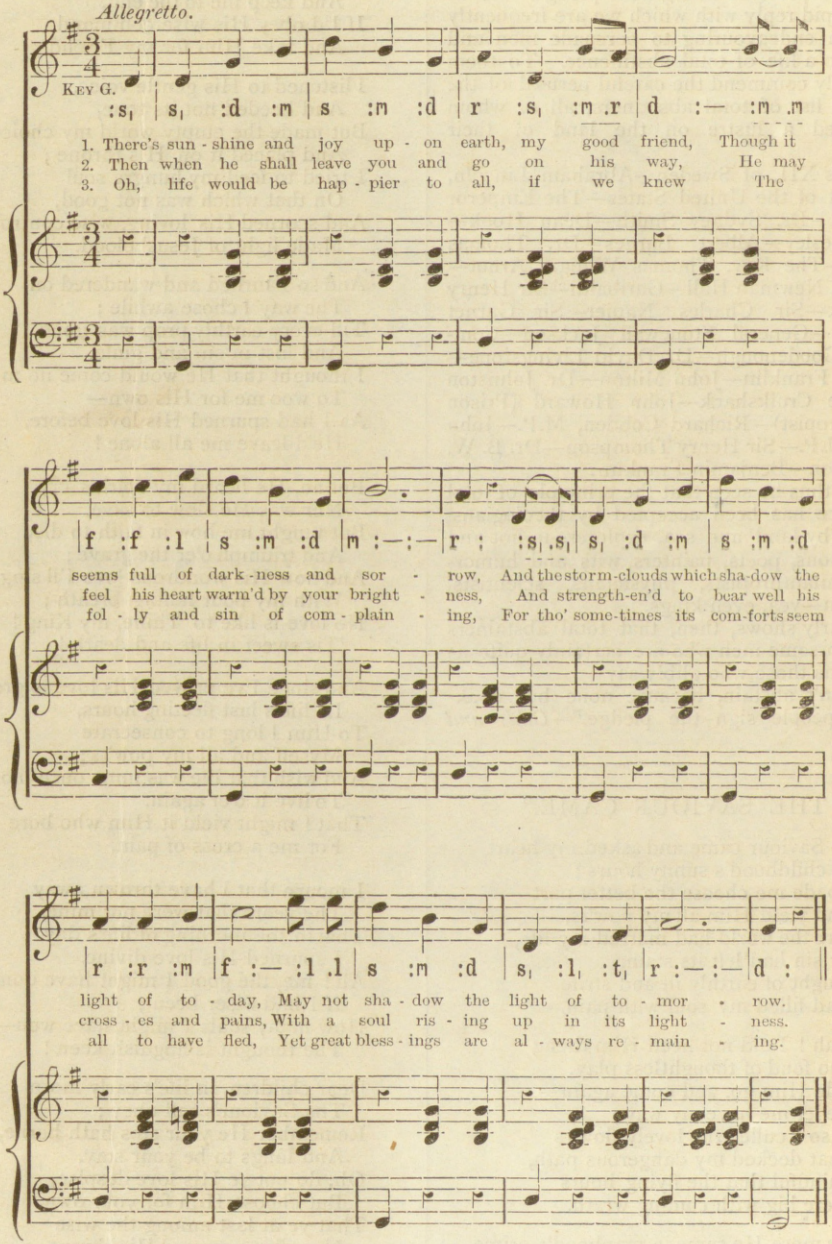
Dear children, in life's early morn
The Saviour's call obey ;
Remember He your sins hath borne,
And longs to be your stay.
Oh, do not ye His love despise,
But choose Him for your own,
That ye at last among the wise
May shine around His throne.

DAVID LAWTON.

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE!

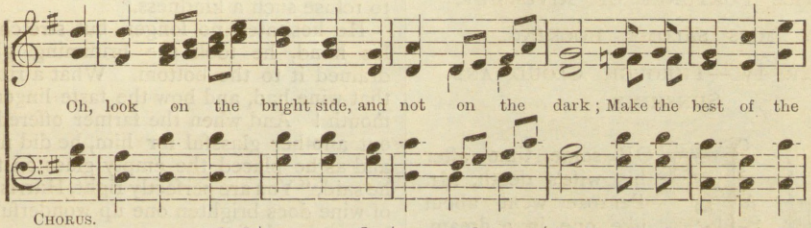
Words by W. G. BURNHAM. *Music by* J. H. TENNEY.

Allegretto.



LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE!—*continued.*

CHORUS.


Oh, look on the bright side, and not on the dark; Make the best of the

CHORUS.

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Oh,	look	on	the	bright side, and		not	on	the	dark;	Make the		best of	the							
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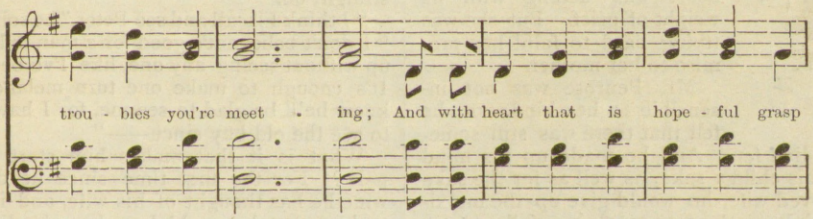
trou - bles you're meet - ing; And with heart that is hope - ful grasp

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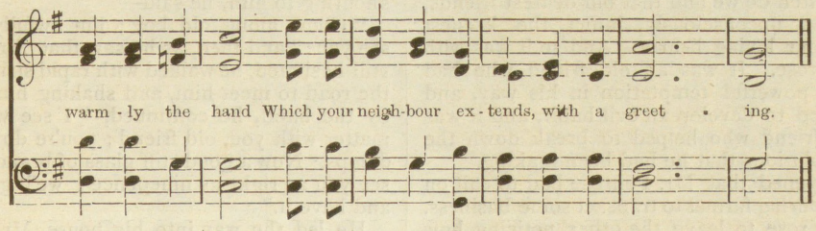
warm - ly the hand Which your neigh-bour ex - tends, with a greet - ing.

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WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MISS SALOME HOCKING.

CHAPTER IV.—THROUGH CLOUD AND SUNSHINE.



FOR some time after his wife's death, Mr. Penrose went about like one in a dream. He could scarcely realise that the wife who had been with him for so many years had left him, and that he was alone. And yet not alone, for Minnie tried in every way to comfort her father, even when her own heart was aching with its weight of grief. But she was trying hard to fulfil her promise to her mother.

Mr. Penrose was not insensible to her kindness; he felt that there was still something to live for. And he made up his mind that, for his child's sake, as well as for the sake of his loved wife, he would give up the intoxicating drink, and go to work manfully to try and retrieve some of his scattered fortune.

And he might have succeeded, had it not been for the mistaken kindness of a friend, who awakened an appetite that had been partly lulled to sleep. The great sorrow that Mr. Penrose had been called to bear, and the strong desire that he had to fulfil his wife's dying request, had for a time conquered his love for strong drink.

How often do we find that our dearest friends, sometimes unconsciously, inflict the keenest pain on our loving hearts. And so it was with Mr. Penrose. It was an old friend who had placed a powerful temptation in his way, and had helped to develop an evil habit, and it was another friend who helped to break down the good resolutions that he had been making.

It happened that Mr. Penrose had to call on a neighbouring farmer to transact some business. When he rose to leave, the other, noticing how wan and pale Mr. Penrose looked, took a bottle of wine out of a cupboard, and pouring out a glassful, offered it to him, saying, "You look awfully seedy and down in the mouth, neighbour. Take a glass of this wine; it'll brighten you up a bit."

Mr. Penrose hesitated a moment, for had he not resolved to give it all up?

"But surely," he thought, "one glass will not do me any harm; and besides, it would be rude to refuse such a kindness."

He hesitated no longer, but stretching forth his hand, he took the brimming glass and drained it to the bottom. What a rich flavour that wine had, and how the taste lingered in his mouth! And when the farmer offered to pour out another glassful for him, he did not refuse, and as he placed the empty glass on the table, he said, "You are perfectly right, Harris; a glass of wine does brighten one up wonderful! I feel better already."

And then, with a hearty shake of the hand, he left. But with what different thoughts and feelings than when he came. Everything had seemed dark and dismal then, but as he walked homeward, things looked brighter, and he felt quite light-hearted.

As he neared Riverside, instead of ascending the hill which led to his home, he walked straight on.

"I think I'll call and see Peter," he soliloquised. "I don't believe it's good for a man to be cooped up without seeing any one, like I've been lately. It's enough to make one turn melancholy. I know he'll be glad to see me, for I haven't been to see the old boy since——"

What is it that makes him start and turn pale? For the first time since he drank the wine he has thought of his wife, and it seemed to him that he could hear her pleading voice, begging him to give up going to the public-house; and turning, he looked around him, as if he half expected to see his dead wife.

"Can she see me?" he thought, "and does she know that I have broken my good resolutions? for I had resolved to give up *all* intoxicating drink." And with a shivering sigh he turned as if to retrace his footsteps. But Peter Dawlish, standing on his doorstep, had seen him, and shouting to him, he said—

"Come along, old boy; I'm awfully glad to see you;" and then, as he saw that Mr. Penrose still hesitated, he walked with rapid strides down the road to meet him, and shaking him heartily by the hand, he continued, "I see what's the matter with you, old friend; you're down in the dumps. Now a good stiff glass of brandy grog 'll set you as right as ninepence; we'll go right in and have it."

He led the way into his house, Mr. Penrose following with an eager look on his face. His thirst for drink had again asserted its sway over him, and for the time all other memories were forgotten.

It was early in the afternoon when Mr. Penrose left home, and Minnie quite expected him home in time for tea; but when the clock struck five, and then six, and her father had not come, she

began to feel anxious, and running out through the garden, she looked down the hill to see if he was in sight; but he was not, and she was turning to go back into the house, when, to her surprise, she saw Nathan ascending the hill. He looked vexed as he caught sight of her, but seemed determined to put a bold face on the matter, and when Minnie asked him where he had been, he answered boldly, "Down to Riverside."

"But who sent you there?" asked Minnie. "I know that father does not expect you to leave the farm while he is away."

"Well, spoase he doan't," he answered, rudely. "I had business of my own to 'tend to; that's why I went."

"I shall let father know how you behave while he is away," answered Minnie, quietly.

"I'll give you leave," said Nathan, laughing loudly. "I seed him go into the 'Barley Sheaf' a hour or two ago, and he's sure to be drunk as a fiddler by the time he git home; and a passel of noatice he'll taake of what you tell him."

"I cannot believe it," said Minnie, with a quick breath. "It was not my father you saw at Riverside, for he's gone to Mr. Harris' farm, and that you know."

"Ef you doan't believe me, l'ave it aloane," said Nathan; and placing his hands in his pockets, he walked off.

"I wonder whether he was telling the truth or not, or if he was only trying to vex me?" thought Minnie, as she was slowly walking back to the house. "Oh, I hope father will not give way to drink again; but surely he will not so soon after mother's death."

Minnie had not been in the house long ere there came a knock at the door, which was followed by the entrance of Harry Michell. He had been a frequent visitor before her mother's death, but had not called since.

At sight of him all the desolation of her lot swept over her; and laying her head on the table, she burst into an agony of weeping.

Poor Harry looked on, not knowing what to do. He pitied her sincerely, for he knew of what she was thinking; and laying his hand on the bright, bowed head, he said, gently—"Poor little Minnie! I know what you are crying about, and I wish that I could comfort you; but I cannot. I only wish there was something that I could do to show you how sorry I am."

"There is no need for that," said Minnie, lifting her head and wiping away the tears. "I can tell by your voice, and I thank you for your sympathy. I ought not to give way so, I suppose; but everything looks so dark that I cannot help it sometimes."

"I wish you would let me help you," said Harry, a flush rising on his sunburnt face.

"How do you mean?" asked Minnie, with a look of surprise on her face.

Harry blushed and stammered, and then commenced to speak rapidly in earnest tones, his low, mellow voice deepening as he spoke, and wakening strange echoes in Minnie's heart; for while Harry was speaking she woke up to the fact that her heart had left her keeping, and given itself to this honest-hearted young farmer.

Harry Michell was not considered handsome—nay, most people called him plain. He was twenty-five years of age, tall and broad-shouldered, and there was a sort of thoroughness and uprightness in all his movements. He was not one of those who flatter and flirt with every girl they come across, and then shrug their shoulders at what they call "the softness of the girls"; but as you looked into his honest brown eyes, you felt that you could trust him, and that what he said he meant.

His great heart glowed as he walked home that evening; for Minnie—his little Minnie—loved him, and had promised to be his wife. Life seemed very bright to him; and he weaved bright dreams of what was to be in the future.

When Harry left, Minnie had quite forgotten Nathan's communication, and had given herself up to the bright thoughts that were flitting through her mind, quite unconscious of the flight of time; and she jumped up with a start when Bessy came into the little sitting-room. There was a look of hesitancy on the girl's face as she said, "Is the master come yet, Miss Minnie?"

"No, he is not," said Minnie, an anxious look coming into her face; "I can't think where he can be."

"I'm almost 'fraid to tell you, miss; but he came into the back kitchen while Master Harry was here. Nathan wanted to call you, but I wouldn't let him, and shut the door between, so as you shouldn't hear him. Master got quiet after a while, and Nathan put him to bed. But I reckon if master could have heard all that he said, and how he laughed, he wouldn't keep him here very long. Jack would never do like that, I know."

All traces of colour had fled from Minnie's face while Bessy was talking. The change had been so sudden from happiness to misery, that she felt quite dizzy. But she roused herself when she heard Bessy's voice saying, "Don't take it to heart so, Miss Minnie; he'll be all right 'g'inst 'morrow morning. You'd better go to bed now. I'll fasten all the doors."

"Thank you," said Minnie; "I think I will. And, Bessy, I want to thank you for your kindness this evening; but you always have been good to me."

"Now doan't say like that," said the girl, with a loving look at her young mistress. "You know that I'd do anything for you. But go to bed now, miss, for you're looking white as a ghost."

Minnie wished the girl good-night, and went to bed. But she could not sleep; the events of the day had been too exciting. And another day had dawned ere she fell asleep.

There was a vein of superstition in Mr. Penrose; and the idea that Mrs. Penrose was watching him seemed to have taken firm root in his mind. At first he tried to reason himself out of it, but still the idea clung to him. Her voice seemed ringing in his ears; and to flee from it he drank deeper than ever.

It was strange that the memory of his angel wife should be such a source of uneasiness to him; but so it was. Evil ever shuns the presence of the good.

A great fear was growing up in Minnie's heart; and, as night after night she wept over her inebriate father, she prayed that strength might be given her to do her duty. At times a feeling of anger crept into her heart, when she thought of all the misery that he had caused; and she would sometimes moan, "Oh, mother! do you know how much pain the keeping of my promise to you is costing me? But it shall be kept; I will do it though it breaks my heart."

But that secret pain, whatever it might be, was eating the bloom from Minnie's cheeks. And though she brightened up, and tried to be cheerful when Harry came, she would sink back into the same desponding state as soon as he was gone.

One day, about five months after Mrs. Penrose's death, Minnie was startled at seeing her father come home within an hour after he had left for the village. There was a look of terror on his face; and sitting down in his arm-chair, he covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.

"Has anything happened, father?" asked Minnie.

"Yes, yes," he moaned; "I'm a ruined man, and in less than a month we shall be homeless."

"What, so soon as that?" asked Minnie, in a trembling voice.

"Yes," answered Mr. Penrose, huskily. "Peter Dawlish has left the country, taking all the money I lent him along with him. He left a week ago. He told me that he had some business up the country, and should not be back for a week; and I, blind fool that I have been, never suspected him. The bailiffs are there now, sent by the spirit merchant."

"I cannot say that I am very much surprised, for I always thought that Peter Dawlish was a bad man. But what are you going to do now, father?"

"The first thing that I shall do is to turn off Nathan Hill," said Mr. Penrose, clenching his fists fiercely; "that is another rogue. He has been seen going to Peter Dawlish's at all hours, and never empty-handed. If I could only prove it, he should go to prison; but no one knew what he carried, and there I am foiled—ay, foiled on every point. No one could tell me anything about it until now, although they say they have thought it for a long time. But what maddens me most is to know that the man I have trusted is such a villain—ay, and a liar in everything. He told me that the money I lent him was to be put in the working of a mine that was to make our fortunes. I lent him money that ought to have been put to pay my debts, and this is what I get. And I put such faith in him too."

And Mr. Penrose brought his clenched fists down on the table with a bang that made Minnie start. She had never seen her father in such a passion before.

"Had Peter a mine anywhere, or was it a sham?" asked Minnie, timidly.

"A mine! he'd no more a mine than I have. But don't mention his name any more; it drives me almost mad when I think of him. And I have enough of my own to think about."

And rising as he spoke, he walked up and down the room with a heavy tread. After a while he seemed to have calmed down a little, and sitting down opposite Minnie, he said, drearily, "What's to be done, Minnie? My head is all dizzy, and I don't seem to be able to think."

Rousing herself from the reverie that she had fallen into, Minnie pressed her hand to her forehead, and after a few minutes' thought, she said, "Something must be done, and that soon. The rent is again due this month, and we cannot expect the landlord to wait any longer for his rent. As it is, he has been very patient. And then there are manure and lime bills that are over-due, and the merchants are getting impatient and are threatening us with the law. I have thought about it for a long time, for I could see that we could not go on much longer as we have been doing."

"But what do you propose doing?" said Mr. Penrose, angrily, for he felt the implied rebuke.

"The most honourable way will be to have a sale and sell off all. And if there is enough money, pay everybody," answered Minnie, firmly.

"And what about 'Prince'?"

"He will have to be sold," she answered, with a quivering lip, and hands clasped tightly



"He sold evening *Echoes*," and had been bred on the streets."—p. 62.

together; "we could not afford to keep him if we left here."

Mr. Penrose was silent for some time; at last he muttered, "If I could borrow some money and pay them a part, we might go on."

"Yes; but who will lend us the money?" asked Minnie, quickly. "People around here are shy of lending money. And don't be angry, father; but unless the farm was managed a great deal differently from what it has been for years, we should soon be in the same place again."

Mr. Penrose did not answer; he evidently did not like such plain speaking. But though he said nothing, he was busily thinking nevertheless.

The next day he drove to town. He did not tell Minnie what he was going for, but when he came home she saw that he had several bottles of spirits with him, and she supposed that he had gone on purpose for them, as it was not market-day. But before he went to bed, he said in a thick tone of voice, "Seed aukshneer day. The shale 'll be in a for'night." And he laughed with drunken glee.

Minnie shuddered as she heard that laugh. It seemed to her as if he was laughing at his own ruin.—(*To be continued.*)

TURPS.

BY UNCLE BEN.



N a low neighbourhood of London, down Coal-Black Court, there was a ragged-school, where a small band of Christian workers continued faithful to their post under the most discouraging circumstances. It is true numbers came whenever the doors were opened; but little or no results rewarded the earnest labour of the devoted few. Every evening there was something going on in connection with this room, where on Sunday the children were gathered in out of the street for singing and instruction. Three evenings in the week a night-school was carried on, and to this opportunity of learning some of the roughest lads in the whole district would come. Often it would happen that there were too few teachers to maintain proper order; then a scene of great confusion would ensue; the boys would stand on their heads, turn somersaults over the forms and desks, whistle and lark about, to the utter distraction of the poor teachers, who were only too thankful if they could close the school soon and escape without any serious harm being done.

It was very hard to teach these lads, who were often rude and troublesome, full of boundless spirits. The hearts of those who came to do this work had indeed to love the service for the Master's sake, or else often the toil would have been too hard and they would have given up in despair. One boy especially seemed to be the ringleader. He had high spirits and untiring energy beyond all the others. He was not a bad lad, but always disposed for a game, and any practical joke that he could see his way to perform he would. He sold evening *Echoes;* he had been almost born and bred on the streets. He had no regular home; he could take his night's repose anywhere where it was dry and warm. He never seemed unhappy, always cheerful in spirits, but never so supremely happy as when up to some lark or playing some trick. His name was Turps. He was the plague of the teachers, and yet if he were absent many of the boys would stay away. He was a real character, and exercised a marked influence among his pals.

He was in the class taught by Miss Grace Anderson. She was one of those gentle souls, firm, brave, and kind, who, by her very meekness, had power and influence over the rough and unruly. Turps had been put into her class because no one else could tame or manage him. She and Turps continued friends for some time, but upon being very sharply reproved for outrageous conduct during the opening prayer, he determined to "have her on" and frighten her a bit. To do him justice, he meant no harm, and really liked Miss Grace, probably more than any one else who tried to do him good. So, to carry out his "little game," he got a dead rat and a gin, and thought he would startle her by a little exhibition in the course of the evening.

The school opened as usual. Most of the teachers were there, and the proceedings went off in more orderly style than usual. When Turps saw Miss Grace fully engrossed, and sitting beside a boy whom she was teaching with great pains the art of making "m's" and "n's," he pulled out the rat and trap, set the trap open and placed the rat just as if it were going to be caught, then bobbed down his head as though he were so tired that he had gone off to sleep. A friend of Turps' had undertaken to place the exhibition close against Miss Grace, so that she

should see it as soon as she turned from the lad she was teaching. All was done quietly and quickly, most of the boys being let into the secret. The stillness of her lads made her turn suddenly round; she did not scream or show any surprise, and was just going to take the rat up by the tail and carry it out, when one of the lads was too sharp for her, and flung it with a shout to the other end of the room, nearly hitting another lady-teacher as it fell among a class of delighted boys. Miss Grace having been unable to capture the rat, intended to make sure of the gin. In her hurry she did not see that the spring was set. Just as she seized it a boy shouted, "Don't touch it, teacher!" but it was too late. The sharp, ugly teeth had closed on the small, delicate hand. The blood poured out, and as she raised her arm she lifted the instrument of torture too. It had nearly bitten two of her fingers off, but she neither fainted nor screamed. It was with great difficulty it could be removed from the cruel wound.

When the boys saw what was done, the silence of death came over all the school. The superintendent said that he would keep the whole school in, if he stayed there all night, till he found out who had done the wicked trick.

Miss Grace, who was now waiting for a doctor whom one of the teachers had gone to seek, stood up, and gently said—

"No, I feel sure no harm was meant to me; and unless the lad freely confesses, I would rather never know who was the cause of this"—pointing to the poor hand soaked in blood. "I forgive him frankly, even if he meant to hurt me."

The school was dismissed before the doctor came. When he arrived, he set the broken finger and bound up the frightful wound, saying it would be long before she had the use of her hand. She went home in a cab, and suffered agonising pain all through the sleepless night.

Some one else had a sleepless night also; and very early in the morning came a ring at the street-door. When it was opened there stood Turps. He handed in on a bit of paper the following note: "der techer i b so sory i did it turps is yur and better"—and said he would wait about outside for an answer.

When Miss Grace read the note, nothing would do but she must have the lad in to see her, and neither of them ever forgot the interview.

It is the old story again—redemption through suffering. The incident made a man of Turps. There was no more trouble about order in that ragged-school. And when Turps' heroine, Miss Grace, made her way down Coal-Black Court to the mission-room, the first night she appeared at the school, the welcome she received cannot be described.

She continued her work as a gentle shepherdess to many black lambs and sheep, and Turps continued as her faithful shepherd-dog, and was as good as a deacon to this minister of the Master in every good word and work.

THE OUTLOOK.

IF temperance has done nothing more for the nation, it has done much to promote health and safety.

Dr. Drysdale, in a lecture lately delivered before the Young Men's Christian Association, London, speaking as a medical man, a "servant of humanity," whose object was to prolong man's life and enhance its happiness, deprecating the use of alcohol, showed how injurious the effect of strong drink was even when taken in strict moderation, and cited the experience of an insurance society in the course of fifteen years' testing. In the total abstinence section, 2,418 deaths were expected to occur, but only 1,704, or 70 per cent., died; in the moderate section, 4,044 occurred out of the expected 4,080, an average of 90 per cent. This left the sum of £159,000 in favour of the total abstainers. He also mentioned the fact that in France, where the people are proverbially moderate, where there is comparatively speaking little excess of drinking and little total abstinence, the proportion of deaths in the hospitals caused by strong drink is nevertheless one in every twenty. From this we may clearly see that the only abolition of the evil of alcohol lies in perfect freedom from its use.

The Midland has always been a go-ahead railway company, and in the question of temperance it is taking a lead, although the London and North Western Company was the first of the great lines to encourage the men to establish for themselves coffee-houses, where wholesome and non-intoxicating refreshments could be obtained. But the Midland have advanced on this, and established twenty-three sectional societies for the promotion of temperance, with a membership of 1,656 abstainers.

To no class of our countrymen are the lives of our fellow-creatures so implicitly trusted as to the signal-men, engine-drivers, and railway officials. Here the strictest sobriety is necessary, for the safety and comfort of thousands of people are daily committed to their charge. The greatest insurance for the well-being of the passengers is the pledge of total abstinence. The people who may be most opposed to total abstinence would rather travel on a line where teetotalism was the general custom of the employés, than on the line where men have the usual generous and sometimes extravagant notion as to what moderation really is. And what may be a useful guarantee for an engine-driver must be exemplified by the passenger.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

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.

A WOMAN happy in her married life is as a ray of sunlight in a house, for the deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. She is full of devices and plots and sweet surprises for her husband. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes the calling high, and the end dignifies the means. Her home is a paradise, not sinless, not painless, but still a paradise; for love is Heaven, and Heaven is love.

"NO, sir," said the passenger to the ship's doctor, "I'm not sea-sick, but I'm disgusted with the motion of the vessel."

AN Irishman was heard to say that he would have been a man of considerable property if his father had never entered the family.

"IS it possible that you don't know the names of your best friends?" inquired a gentleman of a young lady. "Certainly," she replied; "I don't even know what my own may be a year hence."

AUNT ESTHER was trying to persuade little Eddy to retire at sunset, using as an argument that the little chickens went to roost at that time. "Yes," said Eddy, "but then, aunty, the old hen always goes with them."

AN old Highland clergyman, who had received several calls to parishes, asked his servant where he should go. His servant said, "Go where there is most sin, sir." The preacher concluded that was good advice, and went where there was most money.

"HOW do you do, Mr. Lincoln?" said some one to the President. "Well," said he in his characteristic way, "that reminds me of a story. As the labourer said to the bricklayers, after falling through the roof and rafters of an unfinished house, "I have gone through a great deal since you saw me last."

A WITTY nobleman once asked a clerical gentleman at the bottom of the table why the goose, when there was one, was always placed next to the parson. "Really, my lord," said the clergyman, "your question is somewhat difficult to answer, and so remarkably odd that I shall never see a goose again without being reminded of your lordship."

A STRIKING subject: The hammer.

GO to the skylark for high-flown ideas.

WHY, gentle reader, do we always find U in trouble?

PARTNERS in the butcher business are a joint concern.

WHAT we are at home is a pretty sure test of what we really are.

TEACHER: And what comes after T? Pupil: *You* do, to see my sister Ann Maria.

A PERSON who has all sorts of knowledge at his finger ends: A deaf and dumb man.

WHAT is that which every man can divide, but no man can see where it is divided? Water.

WHAT does a husband's promise about giving up tobacco generally end in? Why, in smoke.

Answers to Correspondents.

Received with thanks:—W. A. Eaton, Rev. J. Finnemore, D. Lawton, J. Glasspool, Ed. Hayton.

Notices of Books.

Wilfred Hedley; or, How Teetotalism came to Ellensmere. By S. J. Fitzgerald. Price two shillings. Wesleyan Methodist Book Room, 2, Castle Street, City Road, E.C. A temperance story with some character and interest, healthy in its tone and useful in its influence.

Starlight Stories. By F. M. Holmes. Published by F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane. Price eighteenpence. The book contains twenty-two stories, illustrated with thirty-six illustrations. Its pages are full of interest for boys and girls who are able to read with enjoyment stories for themselves. The book is well got up, and cheap.

Non-Alcoholic Cookery Book. Edited by Mary E. Docwra, and revised by Mrs. W. T. Greenup, who is Examiner of the School of Cookery at Kensington. Published by the British Women's Temperance Association, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, London. A book suited for middle-class English homes, based on modern scientific cookery. One of its chief features is the recipes for non-alcoholic drinks. It also devotes special attention to sick-room cookery, and possesses the advantage of containing much information in a little space.

Publications Received.

The Temperance Record.—Woods and Forests.—The Rechabite Magazine.—The Social Reformer.—The Western Temperance Herald.—The Good Templar's Watchword.—The Scottish Temperance League Journal.—The Band of Hope Union and Baptist Total Abstinence Magazine.—The British Temperance Advocate.—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Band of Hope Chronicle.—Church of England Temperance Chronicle.—Hand and Heart.

ALCOHOL A MURDERER.

BY J. JAMES RIDGE, M.D., B.S., B.A., B.SC., LOND.



I HAVE a terrible charge to make against alcohol; nothing less than the murder of Her Majesty's loyal subjects. It is a notorious murderer. It has poisoned many a man, many a woman, many a child. Yes, even little children have fallen victims to its deadly power. Not long ago a little child of three years old found its mother's brandy bottle, drank a good deal of it; soon it went off into a drunken sleep and never awaked again. It has happened very often that a barrel of spirits has fallen from a dray and burst, or has been washed ashore. Foolish men and boys have rushed to get the liquor, and have even laid themselves down to drink it up out of the gutter, while the more sensible dogs turned up their noses at it, and went away. In many cases such men and boys have been poisoned and killed, while others have made themselves very ill and have only escaped, as they say, by the skin of their teeth.

There can be no doubt, then, Alcohol! that you are a rank POISON: quite as much deserving of that name as arsenic, hemlock, prussic acid, and strychnine. You have murdered our brothers and our sisters—you are a MURDERER!

"Stay a moment," say a crowd of voices, "you are too sweeping in your accusation. We admit that you are right in calling spirits by this dreadful name; brandy, gin, rum, and whisky are dangerous things, especially if they are not pure, and if they are taken too strong, or if you take too much. But we are good wholesome wines, sound beer and ale, harmless cider and British wines; surely you will not call *us* by this fearful name. We cheer and comfort men; we strengthen and support them; we are their greatest benefactors: we——"

I am sorry to interrupt you, gentlemen, but I really cannot listen to any more such rubbish. You have a pretty good opinion of yourselves, 'tis clear, but you have been so praised and flattered by your slaves, that you have, I suppose, come to believe that every one takes your word for granted. You cannot get off like this now: you must prove your innocence.

"We can do that," they reply; "just look at this old man who has been a moderate drinker all his life; he is seventy-eight, or even, perhaps, ninety years old. Have we killed him?"

Come, ye would-be innocents, this argument will not do: suppose your moderate-drinking old man dies at ninety-five, but would have lived on to one hundred, or 105, but for you; then do you not kill him as truly as if you cut his throat, or broke his neck? You all contain within you the same old poison, ALCOHOL, which you say is so bad in brandy, gin, rum, and whisky.

"Well!" they exclaim, "if this alcohol in us is a poison, it is a very *slow* one."

So it may be, ye murderers, but it is a very *sure* one. Stealthily, day by day, you undermine and weaken the cells and fibres of the body: all seems well, like an apple with a rosy cheek but a rotten core; at last the crash comes: the body is called on to resist a cold east wind, an accidental injury, or some other cause of disease, it calls on its reserve of strength, but finds it gone—so it lays itself down and dies. If you gathered apples from two trees of the same kind and put them away to keep, but then found that while some from each tree began to turn rotten, there were more rotting apples from one tree than the other, you would say that there had been some cause of rottenness at work upon them. You would be sure of this even though some one might pick out a few sound-looking apples from the more rotten bin and say there could be nothing wrong. You would say at once, "Yes, but there are more sound ones among the others."

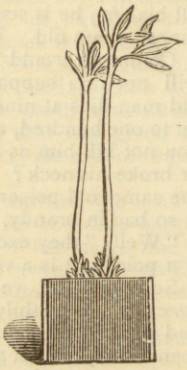
It is just so in comparing total abstainers with moderate drinkers. The life-insurance offices find that among the people who drink beer, wine, and spirits, more turn rotten (as it were), drop off, and die, than among the total abstainers. More of the latter class live on to old age. Therefore, it is clear that alcohol is a cause of disease and death; that silently, slowly, but surely, it is injuring the constitution and making it unable to throw off the diseases which will certainly come in course of time. There is no occasion to show *how* these small quantities of drink bring this about; it is quite enough to know that they can, and do do this.

It is very necessary to remember that it is by its action on every little bit of the body that alcohol thus brings on disease and causes death. The body is made up of little particles called cells, which grow and multiply, live a certain time, then die and have their place taken by others. This is going on all through our life, but more actively in the young and vigorous. Now, it is possible to see for ourselves the effect of alcohol on these cells. For vegetable

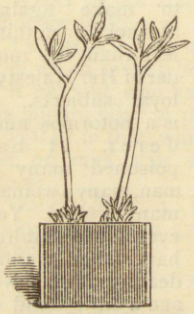
ONWARD, MAY, 1884. *All Rights Reserved.*]



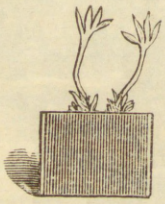
No alcohol.



One drop of alcohol in one pint of water.



One drop of alcohol in a wineglassful of water.



One drop of alcohol in one hundred drops of water.

The above represent the growth of cress seed for the same length of time and under exactly the same conditions, except the presence of various very small quantities of alcohol.

cells, that is, the cells of plants, are made of living matter which is very much like the living matter of the cells of animals. If alcohol injures or strengthens the one, it will injure or strengthen the other.

In the illustration to this paper, you will see how alcohol affects the cells of plants, and it will be well if my young readers will repeat the experiment for themselves. Get four tumblers, all exactly alike. Next get some garden mould as free from stones as possible, and dry it in the oven. If you cannot get earth, you may use gravel sand. When dry, break up any lumps, and fill any measure, say a wine-glass, with the crumbled mould or sand, and put one measureful into each tumbler, tapping the tumbler on the table to make the earth level: then wipe the dust carefully from the inside of the tumbler, above the mould. Next, procure a little spirit of wine from a chemist and put one teaspoonful to twelve ounces of water in a jug or bottle, stirring or shaking it well; (twelve ounces is a little more than half-a-pint) Take one tablespoonful of the mixed spirit and water, put it into another bottle and add to it nine tablespoonfuls of water. Mix this well, and put one tablespoonful of it into another bottle, and add nine tablespoonfuls of water as before. You will now have before you a jug of pure water; a bottle of water containing one part of spirit in one hundred (the first mixture); one containing one part of spirit in one thousand (the second mixture); and one containing one part of spirit in ten thousand (the third mixture). Now take a teaspoon and put pure water by teaspoonfuls into one tumbler until the earth is quite saturated. You must count how many are needed to do this, and then put just the same number from the first mixture into another tumbler, from the second mixture into a third tumbler, and from the third mixture into the last, placing them in a row in order, with a piece of paper under each, marked respectively, 0, 1 per cent., $\frac{1}{10}$ per cent., $\frac{1}{100}$ per cent., which is the proportion of alcohol in each. Then put a small measure of cress seed on the surface of the mould in each glass, not more than half a thimbleful. Next put a little lard on the edge of each tumbler, and cover it with a square of glass to keep out the air; you will see at once if the contact is perfect, but it will be well to take the end of a match, and, while holding down the glass cover, to draw the end of the match round the edge of the tumbler close to the cover with a little more lard. If you cannot get glass you may paste a piece of paper over the mouth of the tumbler in the same way as in covering jam-pots, and when dry, cut away from the sides with a knife all but the upper half-inch of paper; then smear over the paper a few drops of oil or a little lard, to prevent the air getting through. Place the tumblers now in a window, exposing all to the same light. In a few days, according to the warmth of the weather, you will see that the cress will grow, and the better, the less alcohol there is.

It is strange, but true (if all the directions are *carefully* carried out) that even when there is only $\frac{1}{100}$th *per cent.* of alcohol, that is, one drop in 10,000

drops, or about *one pint*, of water, the cells of the cress are injured. Even smaller quantities still would do so, if evaporation is prevented. This is less than the proportion present in our blood if we take a glass of wine or beer. Thus we *prove* that these small quantities are injurious, and, if the alcohol were not kicked out like a vagabond, as I described in February, much more harm would be done.

It is perfectly certain that alcohol is a poison in proportion to the quantity taken and the length of time it is present. Hence those moderate drinkers who are often taking a little wine, beer, or spirits, but never enough to make themselves intoxicated, are really poisoning themselves by slow degrees.

ALCOHOL IS A MURDERER!

THE Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says he once heard of a monument in front of a church at Montreal on which there was inscribed the name of a brewer thus :—"So-and-so, Esq., built this church at his own expense." Then followed a quotation from Hebrews. Some wag, however, had scratched out a part of this inscription, and made it read, "So-and-so, Esq., built this church at his soul's expense. He brews XX."

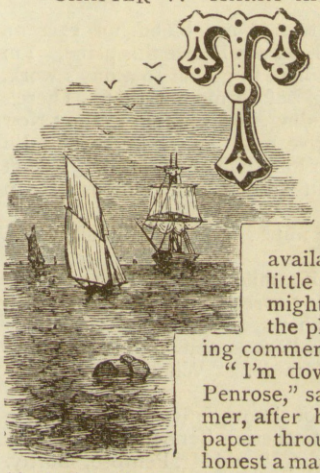
HOW TO LIVE LONG.—We have, to a great extent, the power of prolonging our lives. Living by rule and obeying nature's simple laws may seem very irksome to people at first ; but doing so soon becomes a habit, and a blessed habit, and one that tends to happiness, to comfort, and to length of days. A great deal might be said about the benefits of regularity in our modes of living. Old people who have once settled down in a kind of groove of life, cannot be unsettled therefrom, even for a few days, without danger to health and life itself. They may have, perhaps, their regular time for getting up in the morning, certain methods of ablution, certain kinds and qualities of food and drink, certain hours for taking these, certain times for rest, exercise, and recreation, and a hundred other things, which, taken separately, may seem but trifles, but, taken in the aggregate, make up their lives, and they know and feel that they must not be unsettled. The wheels of life will run long in grooves, but soon wear out over rough, irregular roads. Habits, whether good or bad, are easily formed when one is young ; but when one advances in years, it is terribly difficult and oftentimes dangerous to set them aside. Therefore study, if you would live long, to be regular in your habits of life in every way, and let your regularity have a good tendency.

WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MISS SALOME HOCKING.

CHAPTER V.—HARRY AND MINNIE.



THE next day the auctioneer came and took an inventory of all the farm stock, and in a few days large papers were pasted around in every available place. And little groups of people might be seen reading the placards and making comments as they read.

"I'm downright sorry for Penrose," said one old farmer, after he had read the paper through. "He's as honest a man as ever I dailed (dealed) weth in my life. But he's been ruther careless laately, and left things to go to wreck and ruin. It's a pity, and that 'tis."

"Well, it's nawthing but what I've expected," said a tall woman in the group. "When you see a man thrawing away his time at a public-house when he ought to 'ave been home tealing his ground, you may be sure that he'll smash up some time or other. And I for one baan't frightened a bit."

"You harken to a wumman and they all'ays knaw beforehand what's coming to pass," said the farmer who had spoken before, giving a sly wink to those around him.

This remark was received with a loud burst of laughter.

But nothing daunted the woman answered, "You may laugh if you mind to, but for my part I can see nawthing to laugh about. I was up to Treligger yesterday for some butter, and I never feeled more like crying than I did then ; for there was that little Minnie, that used to be as purty as a pink, with her rosy face, and eyes a-shining like two stars—and yesterday her face was as white as a cloth, and her eyes looking as ef she hadn't closed 'em for a week. She was trying to git her father to come in, for there he was a-setting down on the doorstep, as drunk as a pig, and a sight crosser. And he used to set such store by his little girl, as he used to call her. I thought I never seed a whishter sight."

And wiping her eyes with her apron, the woman moved off, an example that was very soon followed by the others.

Three days before the one appointed for the sale, Minnie said to her father while they were seated at breakfast:

"What do you intend doing, father? We must do something for a living, you know; we can't stay here."

Mr. Penrose turned his bloodshot eyes on Minnie, and said, "I shall leave this place. I'm not going to stay here to go out to a day's work, for I see nothing before me but that. There's Cap'n Tom Tambling, he's Captain at the 'New Consols'; he'll give me a job, I know, and I'd rather work under him than any one else. I don't know much about mining, but I suppose I can learn."

"Where is the mine?" asked Minnie, with a weary sigh.

"It's about half a mile from St. Ewan."

"Isn't that near the sea?" asked Minnie, with an eager look on her face.

"Yes," said Mr. Penrose, raising his eyebrows as he looked at Minnie. "What do you know about it?"

"Why, don't you know, father, that is where mother's cousin, Catherine Bennett, lives?"

"Well, what of that?" said Mr. Penrose, shortly.

"Oh, I thought if we were to go there, it would be nice to have an old friend to speak to. Perhaps we might be able to lodge with her, as she lives alone," and Minnie looked earnestly into her father's face.

"I'm going there to-day, and if you like to send a note and ask her, I'll take it."

"All right," said Minnie, jumping up quickly, "I'll write it in a few minutes."

"Oh, there's no hurry," said Mr. Penrose. "I shall go by the half-past nine train. I shall want you to drive me to the station."

"Very well, I shall be glad of the ride."

By the time that Mr. Penrose had put the horse in the trap, and changed his clothes, Minnie was quite ready, and getting into the trap, they drove off.

When they reached the station, and Mr. Penrose had taken his ticket, he said to Minnie, "I shall come home by the last train, so you can come to meet me, for I daresay I shall be tired."

"Oh yes, I'll come," said Minnie. And wishing him a pleasant journey, she went back to the horse, which was a young one, and did not like to stand long in one place; and as she feared that it might be frightened at sight of the train, she drove away just as it swept into the station.

As Minnie drove homeward, she looked at the leafless trees and bare hedges, and, sighing drearily, she thought, "I shall be gone before the trees are again covered with leaves, and the hedges made beautiful with flowers and ferns. But I think I would rather say 'good-bye' to my home now, than when everything is bright and beautiful. I wonder how this Christmas will be spent! I remember that we were not very happy last Christmas, for father was at the 'Barley Sheaf,' and mother and I were alone. But that was happiness to what this will be, for there will be no mother and no home, for no other place will seem like home."

And laying her face on her hands Minnie wept bitterly.

A spring from the horse reminded her that she was not alone, and gathering up the reins, she dashed away the tears and drove home.

Early in the evening Harry Michell came. He had been away for a fortnight, and was quite surprised when he came home to hear of Mr. Penrose's sale; and after an earnest talk with his father, he had come to see Minnie.

"This will be almost your last visit here," said Minnie, after they had been talking for some time.

"Perhaps so," answered Harry, gravely. "But where does your father intend going?"

"I cannot tell yet. I shall know to-night, I suppose, when father comes home."

"I came here partly to see him, Minnie," said Harry, speaking slowly. "Perhaps you know that Mr. Phillips owns our land as well as yours? Well, he has always promised me the first farm that becomes vacant around here, so father has written to him to-day about this one. I dare say that I shall have it, and then when it is all settled I shall claim you for my little wife, and your father can stay here with us, and help me to manage the farm. What do you say to it, darling?"

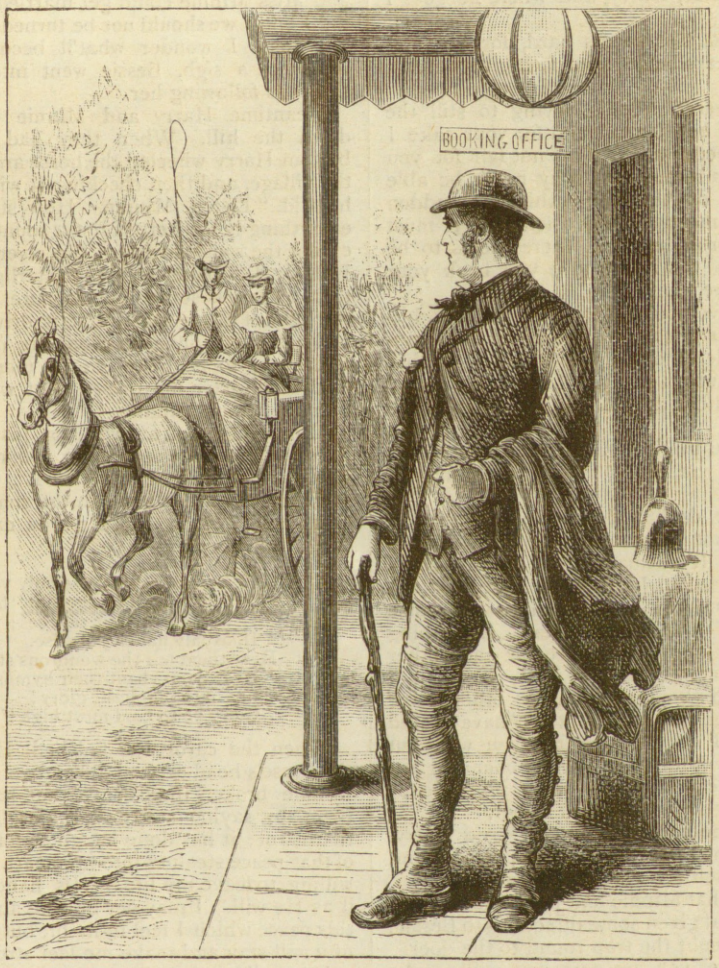
"It cannot be," said Minnie, sorrowfully. "I know that father would not do it, and even if he would I could not consent to it. Wait a minute, Harry, don't interrupt me. I know it is a generous offer, just what I might have expected of you, but it must not be. I love you too well to let you sacrifice yourself for me."

"Sacrifice myself," said Harry, laughing heartily. "Why, you little dove, don't you know that it will be the happiest day of my life when I can call you mine?"

"Don't laugh at me, Harry," said Minnie, pleadingly, "for you will never know the suffering it has caused me to know that we must be parted."

"But why need we be parted? I can see no reason for it," said he, a little impatiently.

"I can," said Minnie, trying to speak calmly, "but suppose for a minute we fancy we all live here, as you have been talking about. Do you think that you would be pleased to see my father drunk every evening, or nearly so? And he is not the most agreeable of men when he is



"Mr. Penrose was just walking out of the station when they drove up."—p. 70.

in liquor. Do you not think it would anger you to know that you were working hard for him to spend the money? And even if, for my sake, you would put up with it—and I know how good you are—don't you think it would vex *your* father, who has always been a temperate man, to see the money that he had saved for you his only son, thrown away on drink by one who is no relation of his? At any rate it would create an ill feeling, and I should be miserable. So you see, Harry, it will not do, even if father will agree to it; but I don't think he will, for when he is sober he is too proud to accept of charity from any one."

"What is to be done then, Minnie? He must give you up if he won't come here, for a farm is no good to me without a wife. Now don't shake your head, for I'm in downright earnest, and mean to have my own way," said Harry, taking her sorrowful little face between his hands and kissing it tenderly.

"You cannot have your own way this time," said Minnie, smiling sadly, "for I cannot leave my father. Listen, Harry," she continued, earnestly, and laying her hand on his arm, "before my mother died I promised her that I would never forsake father, and that I would do my best to get him to give up the drink. I shall

keep that promise, Harry, and where he goes I shall go."

"Oh, Minnie, this seems hard, for we may have to wait years before your father becomes a teetotaler."

"Yes," answered Minnie, trying to still the wild beating of her heart, "and for your sake I think we had better part. It is not fair for you to be tied down to me, for I may never be able to marry. Do not think that this is a sudden thought with me, for I have felt that it must come to this for a long time, there seems to be no other way. So I will give you back your ring and you are free."

"Minnie, have you no heart," said Harry, bitterly, "that you talk to me like this? You cannot know the depth of my love if you think that I will give you up so easily. You cannot know the pain you inflict, or you would not talk like this."

"And do you think it gives me no pain to say these words to you, Harry?" she asked, mournfully.

"Forgive me, darling, I did not mean to pain you, but I cannot bear to hear you talking of giving me up. It seems only a few days ago that you promised to be my wife. I shall not release you from that promise, unless you cease to love me, and I do not fear that. Something within me tells me that our love for each other will never die, come what will."

"You may think so now, Harry; others have doubtless thought the same, but they have altered their minds. I do not say that you will, but still you must not feel that you are bound to me. But there!" she said, starting up, "it is time for me to go to the station to meet father."

"I will put the horse in the trap," said Harry, rising, and going towards the door, "and mind you wrap yourself up well, for it's very cold."

By the time that Minnie had put on some extra clothing and had given some directions to Bessie, Harry had brought the trap round to the door.

"Now, Bessie, you are sure you will not be afraid while I'm gone?" asked Minnie, as she stepped into the trap.

"Oh no, miss," said the girl, laughing and patting two large dogs on the head, "Rover and Lion 'll keep me saafe 'nough."

"That's right," said Minnie, gathering up the reins in her hand; "but what are you doing?" she asked, as Harry stepped up in the trap.

"I'm going to drive you to the station. Good-night, Bessie," he called out, as he took the reins from Minnie's hands and drove off.

"I tell you what 'tis, Rover," said Bessie, speaking to the largest of the two dogs, "Master Harry is the nicest young chap anywhere 'round, and I know a lot of other people as thinks the same. I wish he'd taake this farm, and then he and Miss Minnie could get married, and if they did I know we should not be turned away. Poor old dogs, I wonder what'll become of you." And with a sigh, Bessie went into the house, the dogs following her.

Meantime Harry and Minnie were driving down the hill. When they had reached the bottom Harry wheeled the horse around towards the village, and then checking it with his hand, he said, "Listen, Minnie. How still and calm everything is! There is not a sound to be heard except the swish-swash of the river. Somehow I always feel better on a calm starlight night like this. There is something so pure and holy in the light of those stars, that it drives away all bad passions; my aspirations are purer, nobler, and I long to be better, to be more like what God would have me to be. But what are you thinking about, Minnie?"

Minnie did not answer, for just then some boys in the village struck up a carol that they were practising for Christmas; their voices sounding sweet and clear in the sharp frosty air. Clear and distinct these words came pealing down the valley:—

"Hark! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant their hymns of joy.
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!"

When the carol was finished, Harry turned the horse's head around and drove on. At last Minnie broke the silence that had fallen on them, by saying softly: "I am glad we heard that carol; it has done me good, for I feel some of that peace stealing into my heart. And I am willing to leave my life in His hands to mould it as He will. I may not be able always to keep this peace which I feel to-night, but the memory of it will stay and make me feel stronger."

Harry did not answer except by softly clasping one of her hands. But Minnie was content, she felt she was understood.

Mr. Penrose was just walking out of the station when they drove up, and Minnie saw with thankfulness, that he was able to walk steadily.

"Halloo! Minnie, who've you got there?" he called out as he saw there were two in the trap.

"It's I, Mr. Penrose; I thought it would be rather lonely for Minnie to drive here by herself, and so came along for company," answered Harry.

"Just so, just so," said Mr. Penrose, laughing, "you young people can always frame up an excuse to get together. But, never mind; we'll

have to sit closer, that's all. It isn't worth while for any one to ride behind."

All the way home, Mr. Penrose laughed and talked, and seemed to be in wonderful spirits, but Minnie noticed that he never once alluded to his leaving the farm, or where he had been that day.

After they had got home and Harry had left, Mr. Penrose took a letter from his pocket, and as he gave it to Minnie he said: "I've seen Cap'n Tom, and he's taken me on at the mine, and is going to give me an easy job The wages won't be high, for I'm no miner, but I dare ay we can manage to live on it, with the few pounds which Uncle John pays us as Amy's share in her father's place. That'll pay the rent at any rate, so I suppose we shall live somehow. Everybody that I owe anything to will be here at the day of the sale, that's certain; so I shall pay them, and we can leave the next morning by the first train. I shall not let any one know where we are going, nor what I'm going to do. I don't want their sneers nor pity, so mind you don't say anything to anybody about it. I know I can get Uncle John to keep silence. I believe that's all I've got to tell you."

"But, father, you have not said a word about Mrs. Bennett. What is she like? And what sort of a house has she? Is it large enough for us to have a part?" asked Minnie, eagerly.

"Oh, that's all right, for she's got a good big house. Her husband, poor fellow, bought it a little while before he died. She lets out a part, but there's no one there now, so she says that we can have three rooms. She seems like a decent kind of a woman, but rather straitlaced. However, that doesn't matter; she gets her living by dressmaking, she told me."

For some time after Mr. Penrose had had his supper, and was gone to bed, Minnie sat gazing into the fire, the letter lying unheeded in her lap. She was pondering over what her father had said.

"And so we are to steal away without any one knowing where we are going to," she mused. "I wonder what Harry will think of it. He will feel hurt at my want of confidence in him. But perhaps it is best, for if he knew where we were, he would be sure to come to see us, and it would make it harder for me to do my duty. Yes, I suppose it *is* best; but it is hard."

After awhile she bethought herself of her letter. As she read it, a feeling of restfulness stole over her. The deep sympathy for her loss so delicately expressed, and the kindly invitation to make her house their home, seemed to tell Minnie that in her mother's cousin she should find a true friend.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OLD-TIME SINGING SCHOOL.

THAT singing school at Barberry Point, some threescore years ago!—
I see the rude, bare-rafted room, the candle-dips aglow—
The sunburnt lads and lasses, each with well-thumbed book outspread,
And Jotham Green, the teacher, keeping time with hands and head;

Myself, a bashful farmer-boy, in homespun suit arrayed,
In blushing, trembling blissfulness beside one dark-eyed maid;
Her bird-like voice soared up aloft;—methinks I hear it yet;
Ah! then I dreamed that life for us would prove one long duet.

If I had music in my soul, somehow 'twas there confined—
In do, ra, me, my grum bass voice lagged far along behind;
The tenor—how he quavered, swelled, and rolled the notes along,
And begged my Nancy just to try the air of each new song!

Well, long before that school was out, I plainly saw the end—
She told me I could never be aught but her faithful friend.
That tenor fellow married her;—they called him shrewd and smart;
Poor girl! she found out all too soon he only lacked a heart.

On many a freezing, winter night, after some drunken spree,
I've sought him out, for her dear sake, and coaxed him home with me;
But when they laid her pale, worn face down underneath the sod,
I, who had loved her best of all, breathed one short prayer—"Thank God!"

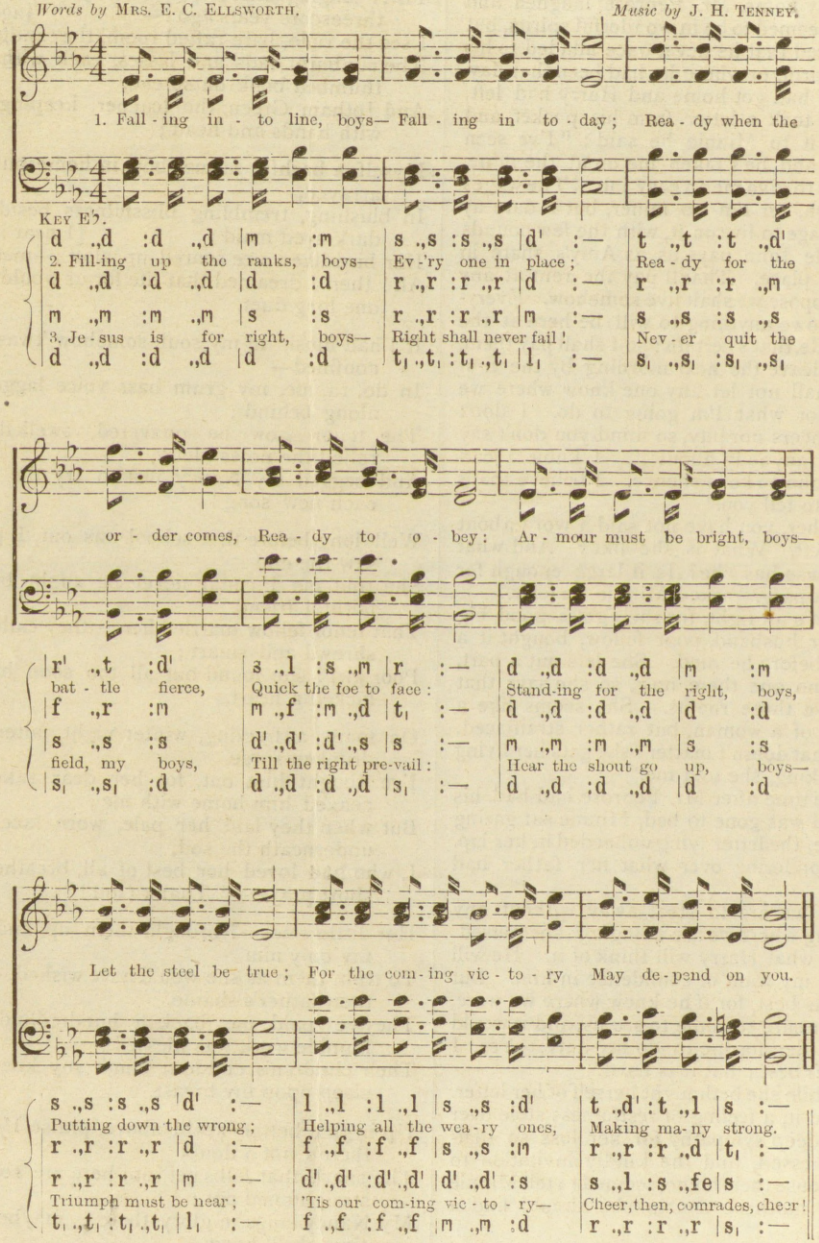
Her little ones—I brought them up, and 'twas my only aim
To train them as she would have wished, despite their father's shame.
They've paid me back a hundredfold;—my humble work was blessed;
Their children's children climb my knees and sleep upon my breast.

Up in that better world above, praise Heaven! there's not a doubt
The snarls that folks get into here are somehow straightened out;
My Nancy sings in glory there;—maybe, some time she'll know
How tender would have been the love of faithful, blundering Joe.

RUTH REVERE.

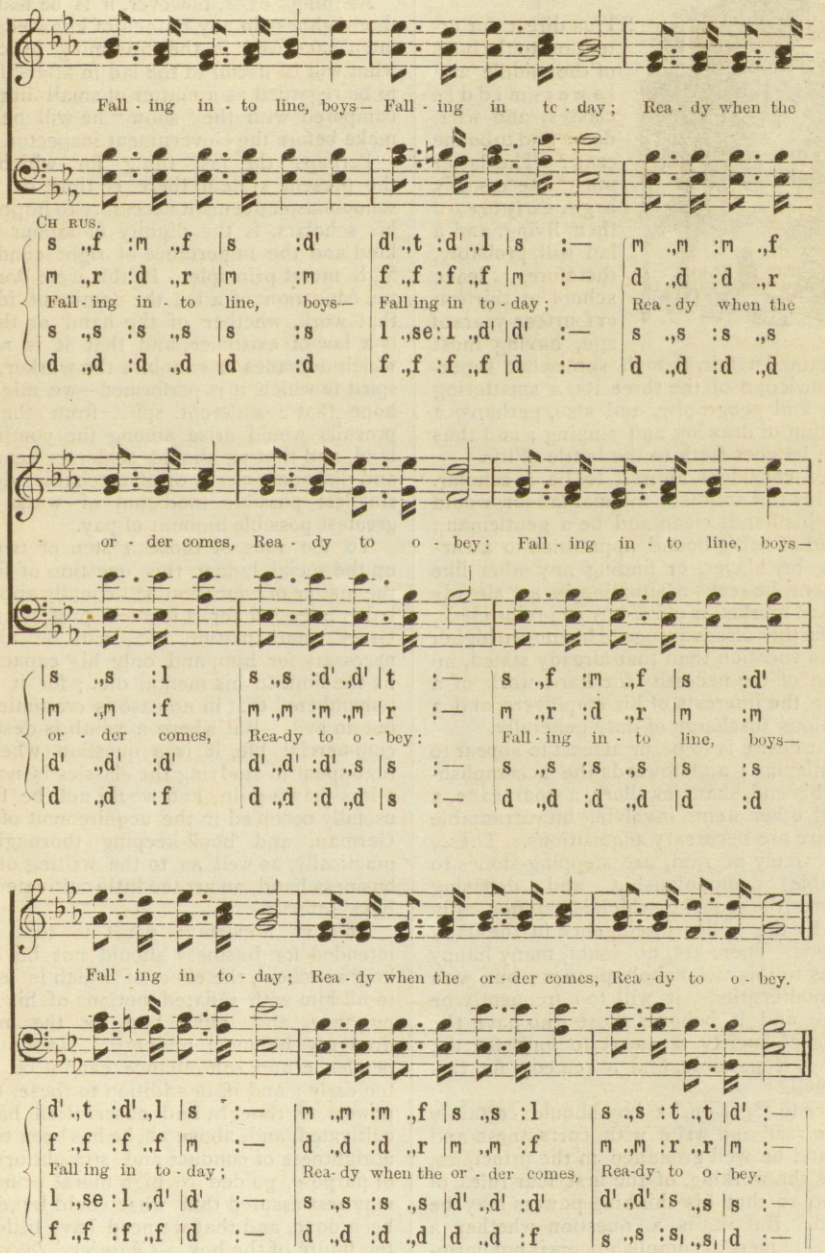
FALLING INTO LINE.

Words by MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. *Music by* J. H. TENNEY.

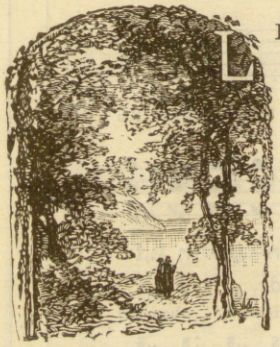


FALLING INTO LINE—*continued.*

CHORUS.



OUR BOYS.



LET us direct our attention to the boys of the middle and lower-middle classes, and what do we find to be the case? The latter must necessarily begin early to earn their living, and a lad will probably, therefore, leave school at thirteen or fourteen years of age, having most likely obtained a fair, though somewhat superficial, knowledge of the three Rs, a smattering of history and geography, and also, perhaps, a slight notion of drawing and singing; and thus equipped, he goes forth to the battle of life.

The lad considers himself to be a scholar. He disdains the notion of manual labour, would fain keep his hands clean and be a gentleman; so, instead of being bound apprentice to a carpenter or bricklayer, or finding any other like employment, he seeks a situation in an already overstocked market as office-boy or junior clerk, with the further disadvantage of having no higher idea of his vocation than that already stated, no conviction of the necessity for hard work, of a regard for the interests of his employers, and a conscientious discharge of duty generally.

His first desire is to be, or at least to appear to be, a gentleman; and towards the accomplishment of this end, sham jewellery, a smart cane, a cigar, and other items involving unwarrantable expenditure are necessary acquisitions. These, it need scarcely be said, are stepping-stones to questionable companionship and debasing amusements, the sequel to which is too often sadly supplied by the police intelligence in the daily newspapers. There are, no doubt, many happy exceptions to this melancholy picture; but, with sundry modifications, it will too frequently be found true, and it behoves those who have the well-being of society at heart to look for the cause, and, if possible, find a remedy for this growing evil.

In order to "get on," a boy should certainly be able to read and write with correctness and fluency, and be well grounded in the principles, as well as the working, of the first four rules of arithmetic, so that his thinking powers may be cultivated. But it is a question whether a smattering of mere accomplishments is not harmful rather than otherwise, unless the lad shows a decided bent in the direction of any of these and his parents are in a position to afford him time and opportunity for their full development.

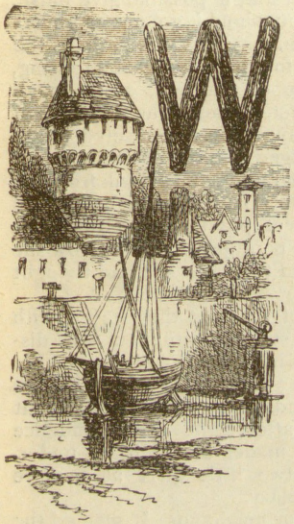
As things exist, however, it is be feared that thoroughness in any branch of knowledge is too often sacrificed in the cramming process, and what will be useful to the lad in after-life comes to be regarded as a matter of small importance compared with the "show" he will be able to make before the Government inspector.

Perhaps the last thing for which, under the present system, there is time, or that the schoolmaster deems it necessary to impress upon his scholars, is the dignity of labour of every kind and the importance of right conduct and high moral principle. If this were done—if in the education of a lad the dominant idea were that work, whether of the hand or the head, is a law of existence, and that it is not work which degrades or ennobles the worker, but the spirit in which it is performed—we might fairly hope that a different spirit from that which prevails would arise among the youth of this land, and that we should seldomer hear of idle and dishonest clerks or of mechanics doing the smallest possible modicum of work for the greatest possible amount of pay.

To the sons of those a step or two higher up the social ladder, this question of fitness in the matter of education will equally apply. If a lad is intended for a learned profession, Latin, Greek, mathematics, etc., will be absolutely necessary for him, and only his capacity need fix the limit to his mental diet; for it must be remembered that in no case is cramming aught but an evil. But where a youth is destined for commercial life, it is a question whether the time spent in studying the classics is not rather a loss than a gain, and would not be far more usefully occupied in the acquirement of French, German, and book-keeping thoroughly and practically, as well as to the writing of a good business hand, an art too little cultivated in most boys' schools.

Another important point is that the lad intended for business should not be kept too long at school, the effect of which is frequently to fill him with inflated notions of his own importance, and unfit him for the necessary drudgery he must undergo. Habits of independence and self-reliance cannot be acquired too early; and if, in addition to these, the boy's powers of thought and observation have been cultivated, and, above all, he has been trained in uprightness of conduct and straightforwardness of purpose, guided by high moral principle, we may rest assured that what could be done has been done, and that we need have little fear for the future of the boy.—*Chambers' Journal.*

PURE AIR.



"WHEN my friend entered our door the other day she exclaimed :

"How delightfully fresh it seems here! The air is moist and fragrant, and as pure as out of doors."

"That is as it should be," I replied.

"Yes ; but I go almost nowhere in winter where the houses are not stifling with dry heat or foul with bad gases," she answered.

This was perhaps too strong an assertion ; yet many a home—carefully ordered otherwise—is carelessly managed in the matter of fresh air and well-ventilated beds and bedding. That anything so productive of comfort and cheerfulness as *pure air* should ever be questioned is singular indeed ; but experience gives too frequent evidence of culpable ignorance or indifference to this first law of health.

In the morning, after rising from our beds, every room in the house needs an escape for the gases from the cellar or basement which have risen through the floors ; an outlet for the exhalations from breath and skin, shut in through the night.

Go out for a moment into the pure air, and then enter your bedroom before it has been well ventilated. How it smells ! Open your parlour door, if it has been closely shut. How not only the gases from the night, but the odours from yesterday's dinner, have impregnated everything !

The only remedy is to open your windows, throw on an extra wrap, if need be, protect the baby and the invalids, and then let the cold north wind or riotous west wind rake through the house till it has scourged out all the foulness.

Your breakfast will taste twice as good, your children be better natured, your babe quieter, your invalid more comfortable, while you all "drink from God's elixir," and feel a thrill of genuine life, born of the resurrected morning and revivifying atmosphere.

Oxygen is the life-giving principle, and is even more necessary than food to the maintenance of life ; but when it becomes tainted with human exhalations, smells of cooking, and foul gases, it is poor stuff to breathe. In the living-rooms a window should be kept open a few inches at the top, and even then an outside door opened a few seconds every hour to allow an escape for the impurities exhaled from the breath and skin of persons in the room.

Try it, tired, overworked housekeeper—you who seem always confined in doors. Life will not be half so dismal to you, because your blood and nerves will be stronger. If you do not have to be in the kitchen yourself, an open window will make the servant more cheerful, less tired, and more energetic, than if shut in to the close fumes of cooking.

It is a mistaken idea that sleeping-rooms are more healthful to have no fire heat in winter. An even-tempered, moderate warmth is best, with free passage for outside air.

A bed should not be made till it has been exposed for hours to the air, and, if possible, to a sunny window. If you doubt this, bury your face under the bedclothes after you have risen, and you will be satisfied. Each article of bedding should be separated from its fellow, allowing the wind to blow through and through every part.

The pure air will add bloom to your cheek, breadth to your chest, strength to your blood, nerve, and muscle, and vigour, elasticity, and cheerfulness to your mind. The health of the mental functions—the spirit, temper, and disposition—depend largely upon pure air. See to it, then, O housemother ! that you have it.

MRS. H. S. THOMPSON.

THE NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

THIS society claims the interest of English hearts. There is annually a frightful loss of life at sea, amounting to over 3,500. But were it not for this institution, the number would be far greater. Last year it was instrumental in saving nearly one thousand precious human lives, and 30,000 since its foundation. The nature of our coast, and the lack of harbours on the eastern seaboard, render shipwrecks almost inevitable in very rough weather. Hence it becomes always necessary that this life-boat service should be well maintained. The income of this noble society is over £40,000. The peril is greatest among the fishing boats and smaller craft, and there it has accomplished its noblest results.

A LITTLE COURAGE BETTER THAN MUCH STRENGTH.



BY UNCLE BEN.

MIRIAM DAVIS once had a happy home, and was surrounded by every comfort and even luxury. She and her sister Isabel received a first-rate education, and just as they were developing into womanhood, with every prospect of comparative wealth, their father, who had been contracting unsteady habits, and frequently giving way to drink, suddenly was taken seriously ill. His constitution had been prematurely injured by constantly taking stimulants. Business anxieties and shattered strength left him no physical power to withstand disease, and he rapidly sank into an untimely drunkard's grave. But because of his position and the great respect in which the family had been held, people were prevented saying all they thought. Mr. Davis had occupied a leading place in the corporation, and was a prominent member of the church of St. Matthew, where he was sidesman, and had been churchwarden.

His death was a great blow to his wife and two daughters, and the large circle of friends whom they knew. Those who were best acquainted with Mr. Davis, said they feared things would go very hard with the wife and with the daughters, who had been brought up expecting to be well off.

The real state of the case proved to be worse than any one had anticipated. When the affairs were gone into, it was found that the debts were much beyond all the assets, the bill at the wine and spirit merchant's being by far the largest of all the private accounts. It was a fresh cause of pain to the broken-hearted family, that Mr. Davis should have died a ruined man, and left his wife and children not only without any source of income, but homeless and penniless, cast in want upon the world. To clear the debts and wind up the estate, every thing went to the hammer, and then they had the disgrace of knowing that the creditors were not paid in full.

The sale was just three weeks after the funeral. A few friends bought in some of the furniture, enough to fit up a small house at Southport, where Mrs. Davis could let apartments to visitors. Isabel, it was decided, should stay with her mother and if possible give music lessons, while Miriam should go out as governess in a private family. This was perhaps the greatest trial of all, for she was shy and retiring, had no special love of children, and though quite able to instruct, dreaded the thought of going out into a strange home to receive wages for teaching a stranger's children. She was a very independent character, and shrank from the idea of being any one's paid servant, having all her life felt a kind of pity that sometimes was almost contempt for poor governesses. Now she had to become one of this class she had thought so unlovingly of.

During the time of the sale they stayed with friends, and as no suitable situation was discoverable at once, Miriam went with her mother and sister to their new home. At length through the influence of friends a desirable engagement offered itself, and after some correspondence arrangements were made, and Miriam undertook the charge of two little girls at a more than usually large salary.

The day arrived for her to go. It seemed the darkest and saddest of her life, because in all their late troubles she had been with her mother and sister, and this had been the one earthly comfort, for they had all clung together in their time of grief with the most intense affection. To leave her mother and sister and go out utterly alone was a cross almost heavier than she could bear. She could feel no joy in sorrow, no light in the darkness. The past seemed full of misfortune, the present burdened with this cruel separation when needing love and sympathy, and the future beclouded with anxious fear.

The good-bye wrung her heart, the journey in a third-class carriage (hardly ever had she been anywhere by rail except in a first) seemed greater humiliation to her foolishly sensitive nature. The roughness of her fellow-passengers, the dull day and the constant drizzle of rain, all seemed to fix themselves on her mind as never-to-be-forgotten experiences; but she did not know that an unseen Hand was guiding her by a way that she knew not, and was leading her into the path of duty and into the blessedness of a heavenly ministry.

She arrived at her destination with increased nervous misgiving and dread, and when the train moved off and she was left on the platform with her luggage, all her worldly possessions, she felt as if she must give up in despair. But the hard law of necessity compelled her to tell the porter she must have a cab.

"There be no cabs here, miss," said the porter.

"Then what must I do?" was the reply.



" The lady of the house greeted her with a charming welcome. —p. 76.

" There's a fly at the 'Railway Arms,' which I will order for you, unless you'll like go across to the pub. yourself."

" No," said Miriam, quite frightened at the very thought. " I have never been in a public-house in my life. Besides," she added, " I am wearing the blue ribbon."

" I do not know what that be," said the man, " but it would be a good job for a many about these parts if they had never been inside a pub."

And off he went. After waiting some time the fly came up, rather an old-fashioned looking one. She told the driver to put her down at Mr. Drayton's, Longford House. A pleasant smile passed over the man's face as he touched his hat and got up on the box, and drove steadily off.

After going about a mile-and-a-half he stopped opposite a large well-built red brick country house, partly covered with a beautiful wistaria that grew round the flat, plate-glass window.

She stepped out of the fly, and asked the man if he would bring the luggage up to the door. When she turned round, to her surprise, there stood the lady of the house, who greeted her with a charming welcome, full of almost sisterly kindness.

The kind voice and gentle way brought tears to Miriam's eyes. Mrs. Drayton paid the driver, and dismissed him with a kind word, asking after his wife.

After Miriam had taken off her things, and had been refreshed by a cup of tea and a much-needed meal, and cheered by the unexpected kindness of Mrs. Drayton, the children were sent for, and two bright little girls appeared. They made almost instant friends with Miss Davis, but before they had been with her ten minutes, the youngest said,

"Why, Miss Davis, do you wear that little bit of blue?"

With great self-control, Miriam suppressed the tears, and said, "I will tell you why some day if you are good."

And Mrs. Drayton, noticing the struggle and Miriam's sad, wistful face, said, "I am so glad, so very glad you have the courage to wear your colours. I am sure it will do good. I think hardly any one about here knows the meaning of it."

(*To be concluded.*)

THE OUTLOOK.

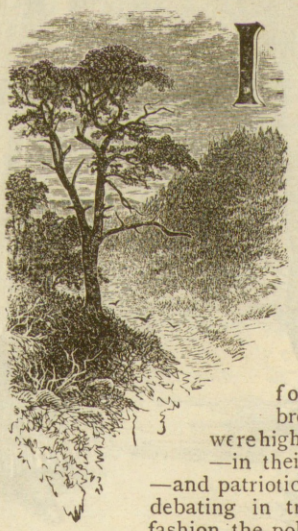
IT is with great regret we record the fact of the loss that the temperance cause has sustained by the death of Samuel Bowly. He was gathered and garnered, like a shock of corn fully ripe, on Sunday evening, March 23rd, on his eighty-second birthday, at his home near Gloucester. For more than half a century his life has been devoted to every good cause and work. But in no field of labour have his services been so distinguished as in the promotion of temperance in all its many branches. Truly does this veteran rest from his labour, and his works do follow him. It may well be said of him that he was beloved by all who knew him.

One other cause of deep regret is the failure of the Sunday Closing Bill. The promoters and supporters of this important measure will have to redouble their zeal and fidelity in a more persistent agitation to obtain this necessary piece of legislation. The voice of the people must make itself heard above the clamour of party strife. Strong means must be adopted to make an impression on the representatives in the House of Commons. As seven to one of the householders of England have declared in favour of the Bill, the hope of the constituencies must be in the next election.

In London there are about 4,000 licensed omnibus drivers and over 5,000 conductors. The number of hours an omnibus man has to work varies, but sixteen hours is the lowest estimate that can be given. They are subject to many temptations from the first thing in the morning to the last thing at night; exposed to all weathers and many inducements to drink. The last police report returns show that though over a thousand cabmen were convicted for drunkenness, only twenty-six omnibus drivers and twenty-nine conductors during the year were convicted.

SAVED BY A SONG.

BY T. J. GALLEY.



IT was Saturday night. Some fifteen or sixteen working men were comfortably seated in Mrs. Johnson's cosy little parlour, at the "Flying Dutchman," and "jolly good fellows" they all seemed to be, smoking their long pipes and drinking their glasses of foaming home-brewed ale. They were highly respectable men—in their own estimation—and patriotic too, for they were debating in true parliamentary fashion the political questions of the day, thus showing their deep interest in the nation's welfare.

And who can debate like pot-house politicians?

Well, at one end of the table sat Jim Thomson. Now Jim was a hardworking stonemason; and the very best mason in the town. Although very industrious, Jim was very careless with the money he earned.

Every day he was sure to be at his work in the yard, but every night he was just as surely found seated in the arm-chair at the "Flying Dutchman," assisting in the deliberations of the

assembled politicians. And by them he was regarded as a great authority.

Mrs. Johnson was very fond of Jim, and always gave him welcome; for she said "Jim Thomson is a decent sort of chap, and always pays his account on Saturday nights like a man." So interested was Jim in the affairs of the state, so devoted to the nation's best interests, that he quite forgot—like many more—the subjects that *ought* to have interested him the most, viz., his wife, his home, and family.

Statesmen do not always live in mansions, so Jim was not ashamed to live in a miserable cottage; nor was his dignity at all affected by a starving wife and three half-clad children.

But I must return to my story.

Upon this Saturday night Jim seemed livelier than usual. He made a speech, in which he denounced the Lords and the Bishops. Why should they be allowed to cause so much injury to the people?

He denounced the landlords and the manufacturers. Why should they oppress the poor, down-trodden working man?

Why should he be obliged to labour from morning till night to keep his wife and family—he should have said Mrs. Johnson and her family—while bloated aristocrats lived in wealth and idleness? He would reform everything and everybody—except himself.

At the close of Jim's speech, a poor street minstrel, miserably dressed, entered.

With a pitiful voice he begged the company to allow him to sing them a song, and then take round his hat for a few coppers.

"What can you sing?" asked one of the company in a stern voice.

"I will sing you 'Home, sweet Home,'" replied the poor man.

"Sing it then, and go away!" roared Jim Thomson, "and, lads, let's join the chorus."

The man sang the first verse of the old favourite song, and Jim led his friends through the chorus in public-house fashion. Again and again the chorus was repeated.

But after the first time Jim's voice was not heard leading them. Why, he could hardly tell.

There was something in the old song that created feelings he could not shake off. He was hard and stern, but the chords of his heart were touched. New thoughts crossed his mind, and new scenes presented themselves to his mind's eye.

He fancied himself a boy again, in the happy home of his childhood. In the refrain of the song, he thought he heard his mother's voice—a voice long hushed in death—whispering "Jim, my lad, there's no place like home."

He fancied himself standing at the altar, in the old village church, with his blushing bride—yes, his wife, though pale and careworn *now*, was young and beautiful *then*—and his own vow re-echoed in his ears, the pledge "to love, cherish, and protect" the same woman, who was languishing *now* in a home not worth calling a home.

He seemed to hear, above the voices of his drunken companions, the sobs of his children crying for bread, and the pleading voice of his wife, "Jim, come home."

And the half-drunken man covered his face with his hands and wept.

"Jim Thomson, what's up?" shouted two or three of the men, when they noticed him; "why don't you sing?"

Jim rose to his feet, like one awakened from a dream, and staggered towards the door.

"You're not going, are you, Jim?"

"Yes, lads, I am," he answered. "I'm going *home!*"

He stood for a few minutes in the street not knowing what to do; then wiping the tears from his eyes, he bade farewell to the "Flying Dutchman," and resolved by God's help to lead a better life.

* * * *

Five years have passed by since that memorable Saturday night. Many changes have occurred in the town, but Jim Thomson still remains true to his resolution.

He has left the old house, and resides now in a pretty little cottage just outside the town; and his home to him is the dearest spot on earth.

Mrs. Johnson still keeps the "Flying Dutchman," and a select company of politicians are still to be found every Saturday evening in the best parlour. But Jim Thomson is always absent now. Some time ago Jim met two of his old companions in the street. He invited them to his house, and after showing them his home treasures, he used these words:—

"Lads, it is all very well to talk about politics, and to preach reform; but begin the reformation *yourself at home*. For home interests are the working man's best politics. Five years ago the bar parlour was to me the dearest spot on earth, but the delusion has passed away, thank God! Now I can sit in my *own* arm-chair, with a happy smiling wife beside me; and with a calm, contented mind, I can assist my children to sing my favourite song, 'Home, Home, sweet Home, there's no place like Home.'"

"I MET X on the avenue this afternoon with his bride. They have just returned from their wedding tour." "Where are they going to live?" "I don't know. He told me he had been house-hunting since yesterday morning, and intended to take a flat." "Ah! indeed! he has decided to follow his wife's example."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE EVERY-DAY AFFAIRS OF LIFE.—Neither learning nor philosophy, nor advantages of any kind, hold a monopoly of correct judgment as to the right and wrong of the every-day affairs of life. He who, with ordinary intelligence and a sincere desire to do right, trusts to his own instinctive idea of what is right, is far more likely to decide wisely and to act justly than one who uses his brain to weave subtle arguments, to find specious excuses, evasions, and contradictions, or to discover some supposed conflict of duties which shakes his previous firm convictions.

A POOR Turkish slater, of Constantinople, being at work on the roof of a house, lost his footing and fell into the narrow street upon a man. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury. A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested. The cadi listened attentively, and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defence. "Dispenser of Justice," answered the accused, "it is even as this man says; but God forbid that there should be evil in my heart. I am a poor man, and know not how to make amends." The son of the man who had been killed thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted upon the accused. The cadi meditated a few moments, and finally said, "It shall be so." Then to the slater he said, "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this young man stood when thou didst fall on him." And to the accuser he added, "Thou shalt, if it pleases thee, go up on the roof, and fall upon the culprit, even as he fell upon thy father. Allah be praised!"

MRS. CODDLE went down to the kitchen, to see if everything was going on right. "Where is Bridget?" she asked of Annie, the upstairs girl. "Gone out, mum." "Well, I declare; the fire is gone out, too!" exclaimed Mrs. Coddle. "Yes, mum," said Annie; "it went out a few minutes after Bridget did."

BOUND to make a man cross: Getting to the other side of the street.

"BUT I will not linger upon this point," as the preacher said when he sat down on the carpet tack.

AN observing laundryman has discovered that the time for him to catch soft water is when it is raining hard.

A GOOD old Quaker lady, after listening to the extravagant yarns of a person as long as her patience would allow her, said to him: "Friend, what a pity it is a sin to lie, when it seems so necessary to thy happiness!"

IT was at a party. Miss Angelina had been persuaded to preside at the piano. "There," said Seraphina, as Angelina took up a piece of music, "she has taken a tune from the rack, and now she will put us all on it."

SOCIAL POLITENESS.—"Excuse this bit of sarcasm," said Smith to Jones, "but I must say that you are an infamous scoundrel." "Pardon this bit of irony," said Jones to Smith, as he knocked him over with the poker.

AN old man, with a head as destitute of hair as a water-melon, entered a drug store, and told the clerk he wanted a bottle of hair restorer. "What kind of hair restorer do you prefer?" "I reckon I'll have to take a bottle of red hair restorer. That was the colour of my hair when I was a boy."

THOMAS COOKE, the actor and musical composer, was once bullied in court, in a case concerning a piracy on the music of "The Old English Gentleman," and was asked what he meant by stress and expression. He replied, "When I speak of an ass, the stress is on the ass; but when I say, *you* are an ass, the stress is on *you*."

"AT what age were you married?" asked she inquisitively. But the other woman was equal to the emergency, and quietly responded, "At the parsonage."

A MERCHANT lately received a package labelled "One box Tom cats." He was at first disinclined to open it, but subsequently discovered the inscription meant "One box of tomato catsup."

A STUPID-LOOKING recruit halted before a blacksmith's shop, the proprietor of which was forging a shoe, and eyed the performance with much interest. The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the man's curiosity, held the red-hot iron suddenly under his nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat. "If you'll give me half-a-crown I'll lick it," said the soldier. The smith took a half-crown from his pocket, and held it out. The cunning son of Mars took the coin, licked it, and walked away, whistling "The girl I left behind me."

Answers to Correspondents.

Received with thanks:—T. J. Galley, Dr. J. Jas. Ridge, Ed. Hayton, Lucy Honey, J. J. Lane.

Publications Received.

Church of England Temperance Chronicle.—Hand and Heart.—The Temperance Record.—The Band of Hope Chronicle.—The Irish Temperance League Journal.—The British Temperance Advocate.—The Scottish Temperance League Journal.—The Western Temperance Herald.—The Social Reformer.—The Rechabite Magazine.

WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MISS SALOME HOCKING.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PATH OF DUTY.

DURING the next two days Minnie was very busy packing the things that she thought they would need. It was a bitter task, and she shed many tears as she went from room to room, carefully selecting and packing away anything that especially belonged to her mother.

At the end of the second day, everything that she could do was done, and, wrapping a shawl around her, she went out to take a farewell look at the horses. They were her especial pets. She had always been fond of horses from a child, and when she was old enough to ride, Mr. Penrose had had one trained on purpose for her. It was a beautiful grey, which Minnie had named "The Prince." He knew her as she came into the stable, and stretched out his head for the caress that was sure to come. Minnie did not linger long; she dared not, for her composure was rapidly giving way. And going out hastily, she went around the garden and into the orchard; but everything looked bare and leafless, and with a shiver she turned to go into the house.

In the porch she met Harry. He had heard from Bessie where she was gone, and was coming out to meet her. As he saw how white her face was, he guessed how hard it was for her to leave the only home she had ever known. And as his eyes followed hers down to the little village churchyard, which could scarcely be distinguished in the gathering gloom, and he saw how her white lips quivered, he could keep silence no longer, and, taking her hands in his, he said, pleadingly—

"Listen to your own heart, Minnie, which I am sure must be pleading with you not to leave the home that you love so well. You need not leave it, for I have taken it, and I now offer it to you. Stay here in your own home, Minnie, and let me help you to fulfil your promise to your mother. Can you not trust me, my little pet?"

"Yes, I can trust you, and I would trust you in everything if there was only myself to think about. But it just means this, Harry—I must either give *you* up, or my father. I cannot break my promise to my mother, and I know you would not wish me to. Please don't ask me again, Harry; I have enough to bear now, and it only gives me pain to refuse you."

"Then why give me pain, Minnie? Let me ask Mr. Penrose this evening. He might consent, and then we should be spared the bitter pain of parting."

For a moment a look of joy flashed into Minnie's eyes, and as she gazed into his flushed, pleading face, and thought how noble and unselfish he was, she was tempted to accede to his request. But it was only for a minute; and crushing down the wild longing in her heart, she turned away her head, and said, sadly, but firmly—

"No, no, Harry; you must not do it. It is all settled that we leave here, and I am almost glad, for I am hoping that when father leaves his old associates, and enters into a new place, that he will make an effort to shake off the evil habit that has wrought so much misery."

"I hope he may, Minnie; but wherever you go you will find public-houses. Their influence is to be felt everywhere—and how fast it spreads! Three years ago drunkenness was almost unknown at Riverside, but how quickly that was changed. One bad man comes into the village and sets up a beershop, and, one after another, the men succumb to his influence. Chapel and church-going are given up, misery and poverty enter the once-happy homes. And yet it is only three years ago. O Minnie, I fear the influence of evil is much more powerful than that of good. But we must not despair, for God is on our side. And if we work patiently and well, with His help we shall overcome this great evil."

There was a firmness in the tones of Harry's voice as he gave utterance to these words. And as he looked at Minnie, and remembered that it was through the influence of drink that they were to be separated, he made up his mind that henceforth he would be more earnest in his endeavours to break down the great curse that had marred his own happiness, as it had done that of millions of others.

The next day was the one appointed for the sale. It was a cold, gusty day, with a sharp east wind, that howled around the house, rattling the doors and windows, and penetrating into every crevice.

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Notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, by one o'clock a crowd of people had assembled at Treligger Farm. There had not been a sale in the neighbourhood for a long time, and it was a new excitement for them. Spite of the sorrow that is sometimes felt at a sale, for the outsiders there is generally some amount of fun. They like to see two rivals for some coveted article, bidding one against the other; both determined to have it, and neither willing to give in. But the winner is generally the one who has the longest purse. There is also a special fondness for making fun of the articles that are for sale. Thus, when one of Mr. Penrose's horses—which was no longer young—was led out, the auctioneer, a portly man of fifty, was asked, gravely, "If that was one of the horses that went into Noak's Ark?"

"How old is it, Noah?" asked another.

"Going sixteen," answered the auctioneer.

"Why, you doant mane it. You've missed yer reckoning, Noah. There's never a hoss sowld in any fair more'n fifteen," said an old farmer, with a loud laugh.

"Why, how shud he knaw," said another; "the hoss was born afore he was."

"Aw," answered the old farmer, who had spoken before, "that's right nuff; his granfer towld him, to be sure."

"Come, come," said the good-natured auctioneer, "I'm very willing for you to have a bit of fun, and I enjoy it myself; but business is business, you know, and must be attended to."

And as most of them had come with the intention of buying, the sale proceeded briskly, the people continually poking fun at the auctioneer, which he returned with a good will whenever he had the chance.

As Minnie saw them carrying out the different pieces of furniture, she could not keep the tears from flowing. It seemed to her as if every link which bound her to her past life was being broken, and that by-and-bye she should have nothing but her memory with which to recall the past. While she was thus musing sadly, Bessie came into the room, and said, joyously, "O Miss Minnie, Master Harry have bought 'The Prince,' and two of the other horses, and he's buying most of the furniture. Ain't you glad?"

"Yes," answered Minnie, a look of pleasure stealing into her face; "I'm glad that he has bought 'The Prince,' for it would break my heart to know that any one had bought him who would be cruel to him. Now I know he is sure to be well cared for."

"Yes, that's certain," answered the girl, "but oh, Miss Minnie, if only you was going to stay here I shud be happy. Or if I could go with you, I wouldn't mind."

"I wish so, too, Bessie, but it cannot be. We shall be too poor to keep a servant now," and Minnie turned away her head to hide the tears that had started at the thought of leaving the girl who had been almost like a sister to her. But Minnie was trying to be brave, and wiping away the bright tear-drops, she said, cheerily, "Never mind, Bessie, brighter days are in store: who knows, we may come here to live again yet. So dry your tears, and go and get something to eat, for here's Aunt Maria and Uncle John coming. And if they haven't sold the kettle make some tea, will you?"

Minnie smiled as she spoke, for there was something comical in the idea of everything being sold.

Good Aunt Maria May was delighted to see Minnie so cheerful, and said, "That's right, Minnie, I'm glad you're so sensible. I expected to find you crying your eyes out. But there's not a bit of good to be got by fretting; I never fret, myself. Though I did get a bit aggravated, when John wouldn't tell me where you was going. He said as how 'twas a secret, and he'd promised not to tell, but I told him that you wasn't afraid to trust your old auntie, if he was. So what's the name of the place where you're going to, my dear?"

"I can't tell you now, aunt, for Bessie is just coming, and others may pop in; so we will wait until we are more quiet," said Minnie, who had her reasons for not telling her aunt the secret of their destination. For Mrs. May was one of those people who could not keep her own secrets, and, therefore, it was not to be supposed that she could keep those of other people. But she was generous and kind-hearted, and so when Harry came into the little sitting-room, where none but friends were admitted, Mrs. May kindly withdrew into another room, thinking that they would rather be alone.

"Well, little Minnie, and how are you getting along?" asked Harry, cheerfully.

"Oh, I hardly know, Harry," said Minnie, smiling, sadly. "I seem to be drifting. I see and hear, but nothing seems real. I can scarcely realize that this is my last day here. Most people like changes, but I don't think they would like it if it came to them this way. To have the things which you have grown up with, and that seem as familiar as your own face, carried out and sold to strangers, who will not value them except for the money they have paid for them, and then to have the feeling that you, too, will soon be transplanted among strangers, leaving all that you hold dear behind, is a change that one can scarcely relish. Everything seems behind me, and the future is all a blank. Even hope clings to this place, and is unwilling to leave. But I daresay if I could lift the veil

that hides the future from my tear-blinded eyes, I should be content to have it so."

"Poor little girl, yours is indeed a sad change," said Harry, pityingly. "God knows I wish it were otherwise. But, Minnie," he said, his face brightening, "I have something pleasant to propose, and that is, that you spend a few days at our house. Mother and the girls told me to be sure and bring you back with me. They would have come themselves, but mother and Gertie are suffering from colds, and Annie could not get away. But they all sent love, and hope that you have made no other arrangements."

"Give them all my kind love, and tell them I am very grateful to them for their kindness. I should very much like to go, but father and I have both promised to go back with Aunt Maria to-night."

"Well, then, I will drive over for you to-morrow. You will not disappoint us, Minnie?"

"I will see about it to-morrow," answered Minnie, evasively. But well she knew that before Harry came she should be far away from Riverside. There was a dull, aching pain at her heart as she looked at him, and thought, "He will leave me directly, and God alone knows whether we shall ever meet again."

How often do we laugh, talk, and transact business, and all the while our hearts are aching with pain!

And Minnie sat there and talked with Harry, *he* planning how her visit was to be made pleasant, and *she* listening to him, and trying to smile. But ever and anon the dull pain at her heart would assert itself, and she had to choke down a sob ere she could give answer to his pleasant talk.

Meanwhile the sale was nearly over. Darkness was setting in, and people were hurrying away to their own homes. When everything had been sold, and the money paid, Mr. Penrose called his creditors—who, as he had predicted, were all there, or had sent their agents—into the sitting-room. Harry, as he saw them come in, rose to leave, and Minnie went with him to the front door.

"Good-bye till to-morrow," said Harry, taking Minnie's hand in his. It was well the darkness hid her face from his view, or had he seen it he would surely have suspected something. But he did not; and when she laid her soft tear-wet cheek on his hands, and kissed them softly, he only drew her closer to him, whispering words of love. And then, as he heard some one coming around the house, he pressed a last kiss on the sweet face, and stepped out into the darkness.

For half an hour Minnie stood where Harry had left her, and then with a white, calm face she went back into the sitting-room.

When all the accounts had been turned in, and all the bills paid, Mr. Penrose found that he was a free man and the possessor of fifty pounds. "I shall invest that in the 'New Consols,'" he said in a whisper to Minnie, who raised no objection, for she thought even if he got nothing by it, it was better than squandering it in drink. That night ere Minnie laid down to rest, she wrote a letter to Harry, which her aunt was to give him when he came the next day. In it she wrote: "Do not think that I would not trust you, Harry, but it is my father's wish that none shall know the name of the place where we are going. Perhaps it is best, and it would be no doubt better for us both if we could forget the past. You will never know what a struggle it has cost me to have happiness within my reach, and yet to refuse it. I have won the victory at last, and can look calmly at a loveless life spent in doing my duty. Or is it that, at the bottom of all, there lurks a hope that by following in the path of duty, I shall be drawing nearer to happiness? This I know, I could not buy happiness at the price of knowing that my father was drifting into a drunkard's grave. For I feel sure were I to stay here and persuade him to do the same, that the knowledge of what he was, and the position which he once held, and then, by contrast, what he is now, would be more than he could bear. The mortification would be too great. And he would drown such bitter memories in drink. No! I am persuaded that nothing but a change of place and associates will do him good. Have I made myself plain to you, Harry? If so, you cannot blame me for the step I have taken."

Much more she wrote, but we forbear to put it here. After she had directed and sealed her letter, she clasped her little hands together, and as she gazed at the envelope with the beloved name written on it, she whispered, sadly, "Nothing is left me now, but to take up the cross which has been given me, and to bear it patiently, knowing that Jesus will be with me.

"'Whate'er my lot, where'er my path may be,
Thy promise stands, Thou wilt abide with me.'"

(*To be continued.*)

A "DRINK MAP" of Oxford has been issued, from which it appears that with a population of only 35,000, she has 319 places licensed to sell liquors. More than a third of these belong to two brewing firms, which, in past elections, have played a prominent part in the support of one particular candidate who is also a partner in one of these firms. The new "Corrupt Practices Act" will very much spoil their usefulness in future contests.

A LITTLE COURAGE BETTER THAN MUCH STRENGTH.

(*Concluded.*)

BY UNCLE BEN.



MIRIAM found to her great joy that the home she had entered as a perfect stranger was one where she was welcomed with every Christian kindness. She knew the weakness of her own character, and how unable she would be to bear any very strong testimony to the cause of temperance by word of mouth; knew also that she never had exercised a large influence, and probablynever would; therefore there was all the greater need of her doing all she could with the little she had. Going into a new sphere, where her influence would be *nil*, and where it would have to come and grow by its own power, she felt it must be all on the right side. She did not know what kind of family the Draytons were; some one in it might be given to intemperance, or they might be disposed to argue her out of her resolve to abstain. She was not ready or able to discuss, but she would at first show her colours, and let the people know what her principles were.

She knew how very easily led and persuaded she was, how much she disliked having in any way to make herself singular or conspicuous, but she knew the harm that drink can do, and for the sake of others she meant to warn them from the dangers that had brought so much sorrow on her family. There was not much that she seemed able to do, but though she greatly dreaded at first the idea of taking the blue ribbon, and making what she thought was a parade of her principles, yet when once she had the courage to put it on—and it cost her a great effort to do so—she meant to keep to it, and she did so right bravely. She did the one thing she could—she bore her testimony, she made her protest against the evil. And this time it was a silent witness that did much.

That same evening Mr. and Mrs. Drayton were sitting alone after Miss Davis had retired, all the children having gone long ago to bed. Mr. Drayton said to his wife—

"How do you like the new governess?"

"Well," replied Mrs. Drayton, "I am very much pleased. She seems a nice, quiet, lady-like woman. I am sure the children will take to her, and then they will get on nicely; but what pleased me most was to see her wearing the blue ribbon. She has adopted it because she had no other way of exercising her influence; and she spoke so modestly about it, that I feel she must have something of a fine character. I like her courage to come among strangers and not to be ashamed of her principles. She seems to have had very little experience of the world, but she may have been one of the many victims that are forced out from home and friends to earn her living through the evils of strong drink. We must be kind to her and help her all we can."

"Yes," said Mr. Drayton, "I like the girl's pluck in running up her colours and sticking to them. I must say I much prefer that way to so much prating and talk, particularly from the women."

"Now, George, I won't have you making these sly hits at me," said Mrs. Drayton, laughing; "you know there are only women at my mothers' meeting, and I very seldom preach to them; you are the only congregation that I lecture to."

"You must interest her in your work; I dare say her coming will do good. We want a little more of total abstinence about here. I had to send off Frank Dadds to-day from work because he had taken so much beer that he did not know what he was about."

"If you think so much of Miss Davis for wearing the blue ribbon, why don't you follow her example?"

"Me! Why, good gracious! what a fool I should look, philandering about with a bit of blue ribbon on! What would people say to me at market or on the Bench? Why, my dear, I should be the talk of the whole neighbourhood."

"I suppose, then, that is why you admire Miss Davis for wearing it, because you have not the moral courage to do so yourself."

"It's not in my line to go thrusting my opinions in everybody's face."

"Well, you don't say that at election time, although you are the only Liberal magistrate about this district of the county. And when Colonel Fane Lloyd contested this division of the county, you could go philandering about with him on the polling-day, although in a minority."

"Yes; but think what an idiot I should look if I always went strutting about with a buff rosette on because I am a Liberal."

"I know you only did so then because other people did, and you wished to say to every one you were not ashamed of your principles."

"And I shall do it again," said Mr. Drayton, quite triumphantly.



"She took her servant with her to help in the cooking lesson."—p. 85.

"You would do it always," said his wife, "I believe, if you thought it would serve the cause, and keep Mr. Gladstone in office."

"Perhaps I would," rejoined her husband.

"But," continued his wife, "I know you are quite proud of wearing your uniform in the yeomanry. If you were called out you would wear it as long as the duty of the service required, and if at the end you won some star or coloured ribbon for having distinguished yourself in action, you would always wear your badge of honour, if it were only to inspire the gallant privates of the C troop."

"Yes, yes; but it's very different, my marching about the country with a blue ribbon."

"Not so very different, except that in the one case it is all playing at soldiers, and fighting an imaginary foe, and in the other the enemy is close against our own door, and the duty of patriotism and Christianity is always calling us out into action to fight and conquer this national curse. I mean to put on the blue ribbon; Miss Davis shall not wear it alone, she at least has set me an example which I feel I ought to follow."

The conversation ended, and Mrs. Drayton was as good as her word. The next day being the day for her mothers' meeting, which she had once a week, when she gave simple talks to the country women who came, on all sorts of subjects—on health and home comforts, and simple lessons in cooking, closing the meeting with reading a short passage from the Bible, and a still shorter collect.

This day she took her servant with her to help in the cooking lesson; but before beginning the practical part of the duty, she briefly told the women that a young lady had come to her wearing a blue ribbon, and how impressed she had been. Then she explained what it meant, and said she had come to the decision last night, in talking to her husband about it, to wear it herself, and if any of them liked to do so, she had brought blue ribbon for them to put on, and next

week she would bring a pledge-book and enroll all who would become thorough abstainers and wear the blue.

The event casued much interest in the village, and became the talk of the whole parish.

In the meantime Mrs. Drayton had told Miss Davis about her resolve, and her word to the mothers at the little meeting; and Miss Davis, finding in Mrs. Drayton so kind and sympathising a friend, told her all about the sorrows and trials of her home, and how she must make some stand against the evils of drink, and felt there was so little that she could do, having no power of money or position, nor great strength of mind and character.

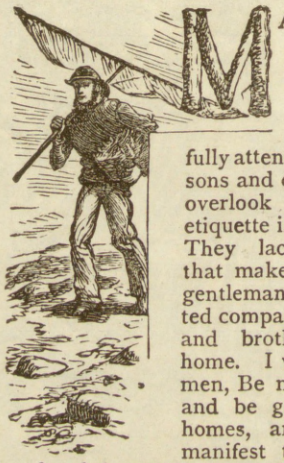
The following week, at the afternoon meeting, many more were in attendance, and about a dozen signed the pledge and took the blue ribbon. The influence did not stop here; it spread to every home in the village, and the quiet mothers' meeting became the centre of a movement in the temperance cause. Miss Davis often went to assist Mrs. Drayton in this good work. Then the women began to say, "We want the men to join."

At last a tea-party was proposed, to be followed by a public meeting in the British schoolroom, at which it was announced, much to the surprise of everybody, that George Lionel Drayton, Esquire, J.P., would take the chair.

The evening arrived; the tea was a great success; Mrs. Drayton, Miss Davis, the two girls, and several lady friends were as busy as they could be. The after-meeting was crowded. When Mr. Drayton rose to speak, after the applause was over, he said: "My friends, you all know I am not much of a speaker, leaving the talking to the ladies, the parsons, and the members of Parliament; but I am here to-night because I have been talked to by the ladies till I haven't got a leg to stand on. I have been almost an abstainer up to quite lately, and now I have given up all intoxicating drink, and mean to wear the blue ribbon, because my wife tells me I am a poor speaker and can never serve the cause that way, and because I believe a little practice is better than much talk, and *a little courage is better than much strength.*"

And before the evening ended he signed the pledge and donned the blue. Many followed his example, and Miss Davis had the pleasure of pinning on the ribbon for the porter at the station, who was, as she told him, the first one who made her feel thankful that she had worn it. The work went on, and great good was done, so that Miriam Davis had abundant cause to be thankful for *all* the way that led her to this useful and blessed work in life. Many learnt to thank God for her quiet influence and unconscious service of love.

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE HOME CIRCLE.



MANY young men are wonderfully polite when they are in other people's society, they are wonderfully attentive to other people's sons and daughters, but they overlook the first rules of etiquette in their own family. They lack those qualities that make a young man a gentleman and an appreciated companion with his sisters and brothers in his own home. I would say to young men, Be men in your home, and be gentlemen in your homes, and cultivate and manifest those attributes of manhood that will commend you to the world, and which will remain with you when you have left the threshold of your father's home. Just as we carry the family likeness, and some of the little mannerisms that the mother or the nursemaid taught us, so, as men go out in the world they carry the impress of their home-life upon their character.

Many young men are always very ready to accept invitations to other people's home circles; they are very much more attentive to other people's sisters than their own! A young man should be found in his own home, and spend sufficient time there for his influence to tell upon the family, and for him to cultivate manly dispositions that will be a blessing to him in years to come.

Many young men are like crows; they come back to their nest to roost, and at the dawn of day they haste to other fields. Young men, don't waste your strength, and your influence, and your brains, in anybody's company when you ought to be in your family circle, in the house of your father and mother. I think it is a duty and obligation that you should be attentive to the requirements and needs of your sisters. Why not sometimes take your sister out? take her for a walk? why not sometimes take her to a concert? why not sometimes bring home presents and give them to her? Why, when you come home, should you be sullen, and silent, and morose, as though somebody had been treading on your corns all day? Why not come home and tell those who have been shut up all day some of the incidents that have happened during the day, and be bright, and merry, and cheerful, and so contribute your share to the

family joy, and you will have it all back again in a sister's love.

In the home, loving, and manifesting your interest there, try and realise its importance in its relation to your after life. Oh, the family altar! could you forget all those prayers of your godly mother? I can hear them now, those prayers of that dear old mother of mine. Many of the sentences that she used to repeat became gloriously monotonous. I can hear them now, those tones of that grand old father—I can hear them now; though being dead they yet speak.

Never form a friendship that you would be ashamed to introduce to your father's house. Never be guilty of one act, however secret, however unknown, that you would be ashamed that your father, or sister, or brother, should look down upon and see. Never cherish a thought that you would be ashamed to whisper into your sister's or your mother's ear. If you do this you will find that a compensation comes back to you, that there will be a bright home and loving welcome when you come back, burdened, and annoyed, and disappointed from your daily work, for you will see that there are eyes that flash with love, welcoming you to the family circle and the domestic hearth. In that "home circle" you shall have life in its purity, and it shall be to you a perpetual blessing in this life, and a beautiful emblem of the "home circle" which is above. REV. HENRY BONE.

THE NATIONAL DRINK BILL.

MR. WILLIAM HOYLE tells us, in a statement of figures from the Excise Returns, comparing the two last years, that for 1882 the sum was £126,251,359, and for 1883, £125,477,275, making a decrease in favour of last year of £774,084. But the decrease in the previous year was rather larger, so the smallness of this year's decrease, in spite of all the temperance effort, proves the strength of the temptations which everywhere beset the path of the people.

Then follows a comparison between the facts for 1860 and 1882. In 1860 the population was 28,778,000, and the drink expenditure for the United Kingdom was £85,276,870.

In 1876 the expenditure rose to 147 million, so that while the population had grown 15 per cent., the drink bill had grown 72 per cent. In 1880 it sank from 147 to 122 millions, but in 1881 it increased 5 millions more.

From a comparison of the *judicial* statistics we find that convictions for crimes in 1860 were 255,803, whilst in 1882 they numbered 575,593, being more than double, the population, having only grown about 23 per cent. The cases charged with drunkenness for 1860 were 88,361; in 1882, 189,697.

The persons committed to prison in England and Wales in 1860 were 116,282; in 1882 they numbered 189,524.

This, perhaps, is the most appalling of the statements made by Mr. Hoyle, that in 1860 the number of lunatics in asylums in England and Wales was 38,000; in 1882 it had risen to 73,000.

In 1860 the amount paid in actual relief to the poor was £5,454,964, but in 1882 it was £8,232,472.

In 1879, according to the report of the Registrar General, about one person out of every seven who died was a pauper.

Then Mr. Hoyle, quoting from the statistics of the London School Board, shows further how far-reaching are the ravages of the drink—that in the Finsbury division 10,490 families each occupy only one room, yet in that division there are 912 public-houses.

The average yearly loss of life, including seamen and passengers, during the five years ending 1881, is given as 1,092, and much of this loss is due only to intemperance.

In conclusion, we are told that it is a very moderate estimate which places the death-rate of those who are killed annually by intemperance at 80,000.

Thus, in the present condition of things, fully one-half, if not more, of the social and moral forces of the nation are wasted in efforts to counteract and neutralise the evils of the liquor traffic.

Such, in brief, is the serious state of the case which is once more laid upon the conscience of Christian England.

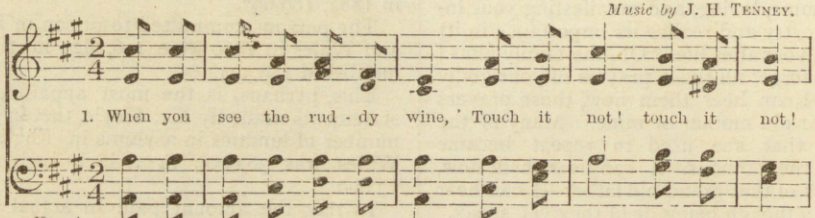
With the gradual rise of the consumption of intoxicating drink, the increase of crime, pauperism, misery, disease, and death coincides; and with the decrease of the cause there is the decrease of the effect. If we would minimise these evils, we must annihilate the baneful traffic. This flood of intemperance can only be stemmed by the suppression and destruction of the drink.

These solemn facts are the most earnest appeals for renewed zeal in a cause on which the very life and prosperity of the nation are dependent If there are signs of encouragement, there are the strongest reasons visible all around us for every Christian worker, and every honest patriot, to make all needful sacrifice to "redeem the times because the days are evil."

THE toothless man ought to be a sweet talker, for all his words must of necessity be gum drops.

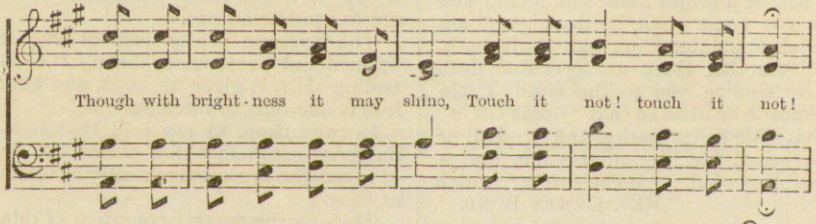
TOUCH IT NOT!

Music by J. H. TENNEY.

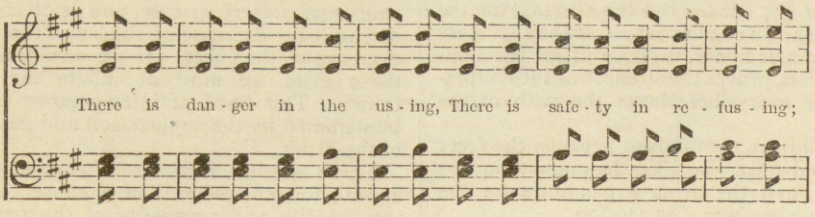


KEY A.

:m	.m	m	.d	:d	.l$_1$	s$_1$	:d	.r	m	:r	.d	r
2. With		temp -	ta -	tion		close at	hand,		Touch it	not!	touch it	not!
:s$_1$	.s$_1$	s$_1$	.s$_1$	:l$_1$	.f$_1$	m$_1$	:s$_1$	.s$_1$	s$_1$	:s$_1$	.fe$_1$	s$_1$
:d	.d	d	.d	:d	.d	d	:d	.t$_1$	d	:r	.r	t$_1$
3. Though the			rud - dy		wine may		glow,		Touch it	not!	touch it	not!
:d$_1$	.d$_1$	d$_1$	.m$_1$	:f$_1$	.f$_1$	d$_1$	:m$_1$	.s$_1$	d	:t$_1$	.l$_1$	s$_1$

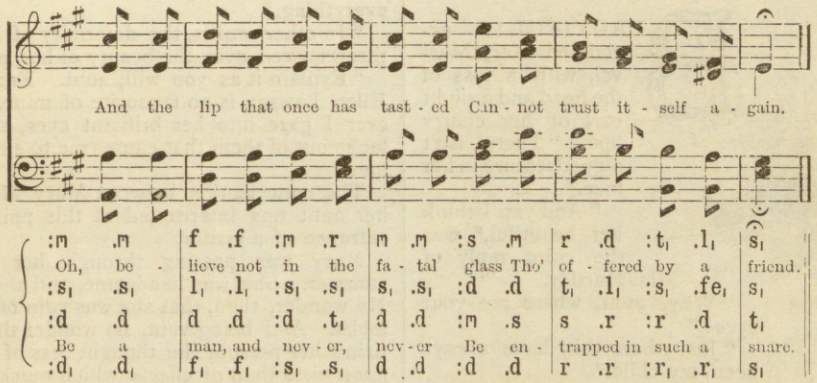


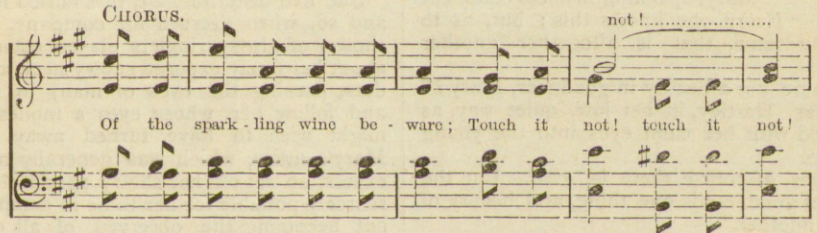
:m	.m	m	.d	:d	.l$_1$	ɛ$_1$	:d	.d	r	:d	.t$_1$	d
God	will	help	you	to	with -	stand;	Touch it		not!	touch it		not!
:s$_1$	.s$_1$	s$_1$	.s$_1$	:l$_1$	.f$_1$	m$_1$	:l$_1$	.l$_1$	l$_1$	:s$_1$	.s$_1$	s$_1$
:d	.d	d	.d	:d	.d	d	:m	.m	f	:m	.r	m
If	true	hap -	pi -	ness	you'd	know,	Touch it		not!	touch it		not!
:d$_1$	.d$_1$	d$_1$	.m$_1$	:f$_1$	.l$_1$	d	:l$_1$	.l$_1$	f$_1$	:s$_1$	.s$_1$	d$_1$

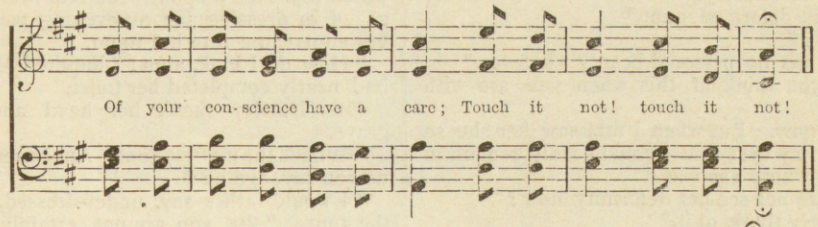


:r	.r	r	.r	:r	.m	f	.f	:r	.r	m	.m	:m	.f	s	.s
Bet -	ter	far	your	friend	ship	sev	er	Than de -		stroy your soul for				ev -	er—				
:s$_1$	.s$_1$	s$_1$	.s$_1$	:s$_1$	.s$_1$	s$_1$	.s$_1$	:s$_1$	.s$_1$	s$_1$	.s$_1$	:s$_1$	.s$_1$	s$_1$	.s$_1$
:t$_1$	.t$_1$	t$_1$	.t$_1$	:t$_1$	.d	r	.r	:t$_1$	.t$_1$	d	.d	:d	.r	m	.m
Though the		ma -	gic	spell	is	weaving,		Still al -		lur -	ing,	still	de -	ceiv -	ing,				
:s$_1$	.s$_1$	s$_1$	.s$_1$	:s$_1$	.s$_1$	s$_1$	.s$_1$	:s$_1$	.s$_1$	d	.d	:d	.d	d	.d

TOUCH IT NOT!—*continued.*







BEAUTY.



"BEAUTIFUL!" exclaimed Mary Marvel, with a toss of the head and a slight curl of her cherry lips. "There isn't a good feature in her face."

"And yet, I think her beautiful," was the calm reply of Mrs. Hartley.

"Why, aunt, where are your eyes?"

"Just where they have always been, my child."

"Agnes is a good girl," said Mary, speaking in a less confident manner. "Every one knows this; but, as to being handsome, that is altogether another thing."

"Is there not a beauty in goodness, Mary?" asked Mrs. Hartley, in her low, quiet way, as she looked with her calm eyes into the young girl's face.

"Oh yes, of course there is, aunt. But the beauty of goodness is one thing, and beauty of the face another."

"The former generally makes itself visible in the latter. In a pure, unselfish, loving heart, lives the very spirit of beauty."

"Oh yes, aunt. All that we know. But let the spirit be ever so beautiful, it cannot remould the homely countenance; the ill-formed mouth, the ugly nose, the wedge-shaped chin must remain to offend the eye of taste."

"Do you think Miss Williams very homely?" asked Mrs. Hartley.

"She is deformed, aunt."

"Well?"

"She has no personal beauty whatever."

"Do you think of this when you are with her."

"Not now. But when I first saw her she so offended my eyes that I could hardly remain in the room where she was."

"You do not see her deformity now?"

"I rarely think of it."

"The spirit of beauty in her heart has thrown a veil over her person."

"It may be so, aunt. One thing is certain, I love her."

"More than you do Ellen Lawson?"

"I can't bear Ellen Lawson!" The whole manner of the young girl expressed repugnance.

"And yet Ellen, by common consent, is acknowledged to be beautiful."

"She's pretty enough; but I don't like her. Proud, vain, ill-tempered. Oh dear! these spoil everything."

"In other words, the deformity of her spirit throws a veil over the beauty of her person."

"Explain it as you will, aunt. Enough, that Ellen Lawson is no favourite of mine. Whenever I gaze into her brilliant eyes, something looks out of them that causes me to shrink from her."

The conversation between Mary Marvel and her aunt was interrupted at this point by the entrance of a visitor.

Mary was passing through her twentieth summer. She was handsome, and she knew it. No wonder, then, that she was vain of her good looks. And being vain, no wonder that, in attiring her person, she thought less of maidenly good taste than of effects which quickly attract the eye.

She had beautiful hair, that curled naturally; and so, when dressed for company, a perfect shower of glossy ringlets played ostentatiously about her freely exposed snowy neck and shoulders, causing the eyes of many to rest upon and follow her, whose eyes a modest maiden might wish to have turned away. In fact, Mary's attire, which was generally a little in excess, so set off her showy person that it was scarcely possible for her to be in company without becoming the observed of all observers, and drawing around her a group of gay young men, ever ready to offer flattering attentions and deal in flattering words, where such things are taken in the place of truth and sincerity.

Such, with a substratum of good sense, good principles, and purity of character, was Mary Marvel.

Some few days after the conversation with which this sketch opens occurred, Mary was engaged in dressing for an evening party, when her aunt came into her room.

"How do I look, aunt?" inquired Mary, who had nearly completed her toilet.

Mrs. Hartley shook her head and looked grave.

"What's the matter, aunt? Am I over-dressed, as you say, again?"

"I would rather say, under-dressed," replied the aunt. "But you are not certainly going in this style?"

"How do you mean?" And Mary threw a glance of satisfaction into her mirror.

"You intend wearing your lace cape?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

Mary's neck and shoulders were too beautiful to be hidden even under a film of gossamer.

"Nor under-sleeves?"

"Why, aunt! how you talk!"

"Where are your combs?"

Mary tossed her head until every freed ringlet danced in the brilliant light, and fluttered around her spotless neck.

"Ah, child!" sighed Mrs. Hartley, "this is all an error, depend upon it. Attire like yours never won for any maiden that manly respect of which the heart has reason to be proud."

"Oh, aunt! why will you talk so? Do you really think that I am so weak as to dress with the mere end of attracting attention? You pay me a poor compliment!"

"Then why do you dress in a manner so unbecoming?"

"I think it very becoming!" And Mary threw her eyes again upon the mirror.

"Time, I trust, will correct your error," said Mrs. Hartley, speaking partly to herself; for experience had taught her how futile it was to attempt to influence her niece in a matter like this.

And so, in her "undress," as Mrs. Hartley made free to call her scanty garments, Mary went to spend the evening in a fashionable company, her head filled with the vain notion that she would, on that occasion at least, carry off the palm of beauty. And something more than simple vanity was stirring in her heart. There was to be a guest at the party in whose eyes she especially desired to appear lovely—and that was a young man named Percival, whom she had met a few times, and who was just such a one as a maiden might well wish to draw to her side. At a recent meeting, Percival had shown Mary more than ordinary attentions; in fact, the beauty of her person and graces of her mind had made upon his feelings more than a passing impression.

On entering the rooms, where a large portion of the company were already assembled, Mary produced, as she had expected and desired, some little sensation, and was soon surrounded by a circle of gay young men. Among these, however, she did not meet Percival. It was, perhaps, half an hour after her arrival that Mary's eyes rested on the form of him she had been looking for ever since her entrance. He was standing alone in a distant part of the room, and was evidently regarding her with fixed attention. She blushed, and her heart beat quicker as she discovered this. Almost instantly a group of young persons came between her and Percival, and she did not see him again for some twenty minutes. Then he was sitting by the side of Agnes Gray, the young lady to whom her aunt referred as being beautiful, and whom she regarded with very different ideas. Agnes wore a muslin dress, that fitted close to the neck; her beautiful hair was neatly but not showily arranged, and had a single ornament, which was not conspicuous.

For the first time an impression of beauty in Agnes affected the mind of Miss Marvel. She had been listening to something said by Mr. Percival, and was just in the act of replying, when Mary's eyes rested upon her; and then the inward beauty of her pure spirit so filled every feature of her face, that she looked the impersonation of loveliness. A sigh heaved the bosom of Mary Marvel, and from that moment her proud self-satisfaction vanished.

An hour passed, and yet Percival did not seek her in the crowd, though during that time he had spoken not only to Agnes Gray, but to one or two others.

It was towards the close of the evening, and Mary, dispirited and weary, was sitting near one of the doors that opened from the drawing-room, when she heard her name mentioned in an undertone by a person standing in the hall. She listened involuntarily. The remark was—

"I hardly know whether to pronounce Miss Marvel beautiful or not."

The person answering this remark was Percival, and his words were—

"I once thought her beautiful. But that was before I met one more truly beautiful."

"Ah! Who has carried off the palm in your eyes?"

"You have seen Agnes Gray?"

"Oh yes. But she is not as handsome as Miss Marvel."

"She has not such regular features; but the more beautiful spirit within shines forth so radiantly as to throw around her person the very atmosphere of beauty; so artless, so pure, so innocent. To me she is the realization of my best dreams of maiden loveliness."

"Miss Marvel," remarked the other, "spoils everything by her vanity and love of display. She dresses in shocking bad taste."

"Shocking to me!" said Percival. "Really, her arms, neck, and bosom are so much exposed that I cannot go near her. I would almost blush to look into her face. And yet, I respect and esteem her highly. Pity that personal vanity should spoil one who has so many good qualities—so much to win our love and admiration."

The young men moved away, and Mary heard no more. Enough, however, had reached her ears to overwhelm her with pain and mortification. She soon after retired from the company. The rest of the night was spent in weeping.

The lesson was severe, but salutary. When Percival next met Mary Marvel, her dress and manners were much more to his taste; but she had changed too late to win him to her side, for his heart now worshipped at another shrine.

HEAVEN.

WHERE is our Heaven? we may not know;
Th' Eternal guards His secret well,
Nor beckoning hand, nor wings of snow,
Reveal the place where angels dwell.

When from our arms that cling in vain,
The spirit hastens to its goal,
We may not hear the seraph strain
That heralds home a new-born soul.

Man tracks the planets' course afar,
Seeks worlds in the remotest skies;
No radiance from the gates ajar
E'er gleams on his enraptured eyes.

Be comforted, O yearning heart!
It matters not *where* Heaven may be,
Since safe, of one great plan a part,
Our loved ones wait for you and me.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor yet can mortals understand;
We can but trust a Saviour's word,
His promise of a better land.

With blossoms pure our graves we strew,
Secure that, by a Father's grace,
The love that bound our hearts below
Will draw us to one dwelling-place.

RUTH REVERE.

THE OUTLOOK.

WE regret to see the rapid increase of drunkenness among the natives of India. Twenty years ago it was a rare sight to see a native drunk, now it is common to find natives of both sexes intoxicated. The right to manufacture liquors is disposed of by public auction. The result is they can be obtained so cheaply that any one can get drunk for the low fee of three farthings; it is therefore now a common sight to see the very poorest native men and women constantly intoxicated. In England we are often told no one can get drunk unless he spends more than a shilling.

The increase of this demoralization through drink is owing to the ease with which the drink can be made. Some ten years ago a limit was fixed by the Government to the quantity that was made. These restrictions have been abolished, and though there is a regulation concerning the strength, it is not heeded, and the increase of facility to manufacture means the proportional increase of drunkenness, with all the evil attending. The proportion of the effect is according to the measure of the cause. A larger quantity in cheaper form means an increased demand. A smaller production means a smaller supply.

The revenue from native excise in the Bengal province has gone up in some five years from £60,000 to over a million. In that district, in the town of Moughyr, the daily consumption of native spirits distilled was forty-one gallons, now it is 1,120 gallons.

Under the old system of Government distilleries, when the manufacture was hemmed in by all salutary restrictions, the results of the traffic were bad, but by this unlimited liberty of "out stills," introduced by Sir Ashley Eden, a great moral injury has been done to the people of India at a profit of £500,000 to the Government of the Bengal province.

The matter is being brought before the English Government, and everything should be done that can be done to awaken an earnest interest on the question, that through the strong pressure that may be brought to bear upon it this evil system may be reformed before more ruin is wrought to these victims of our greedy and unrighteous rule.

THE SEA.

THE sea possesses a beauty of its own, and it borrows beauty from earth, and air, and heaven. The clouds lend it the various dyes of their wardrobe, and throw down upon it the broad masses of their shadows as they go sailing across the sky; the rainbow laves in it its many-coloured feet; the sun loves to visit it, and the moon and the glittering brotherhood of planets and stars delight themselves in its beauty; the sunbeams return from it in showers of diamonds and glances of fire; the moonbeams find in it a pathway of silver. It has a light, too, of its own, a soft, yet sparkling light, rivalling the stars, and the ship, as it cuts its surface, often leaves behind a milky way of dim and uncertain lustre, like that which is shining above. It harmonizes in its forms and sounds both with the night and the day. It cheerfully reflects the light, and unites solemnly with the darkness. It imparts sweetness to the music of man, and grandeur to the thunder of heaven. What landscape is so beautiful as one upon the borders of the sea? The spirit of loveliness is from the waters where it dwells and rests, singing its spells and scattering its charms on all the coasts. What rocks and cliffs are so glorious as those washed by the chafing sea? What groves and fields and dwellings are so enchanting as those which stand by the reflecting sea?

DR. GREENWOOD.



"The sea possesses a beauty of its own."—p. 92.

A MAN LOST!



ONE dark and stormy night, after the Borrowdales had had supper, and were preparing for bed, they were startled by the voice of a man, heard between the blasts of wind, shouting aloud, "Lost—lost—lost! I am lost!" Ben sprang to the door, and peered out into the darkness. The voice came nearer, but seemed to be shaken by unsteady steps. At last Jim Culross appeared, for it was none other than he, who had lost his way as he was coming from the "Queen's Head," where he had been sitting for hours enjoying his pipe and a chat.

"Hollo, Culross, and what is the matter with you, then?" said Ben.

The light dazzled his eyes, and he seemed unable to speak, and he was such a figure that Ben Borrowdale laughed right out. Do not blame him, for poor Culross was so indescribably ludicrous in his appearance, that he could not help it. He had been down in the mire, had lost his hat, and altogether was in such a plight that he seemed amazed at himself. He kept looking at his hands, and at the unsightly condition of his clothes, down to his very feet, so utterly self-condemned, that Ben laughed immoderately.

Culross in a little while seemed to come to himself, and without saying one single word he began to weep. Ben's heart instantly smote him, and he felt sorry for having laughed at all. He brought him to the fire, and set him in his armchair.

"No, Ben," said Culross, "I cannot sit here. I must go home."

Ben's wife said, "You shall not leave this house in the plight you are. You shall be washed, and done up a bit, I tell you. And I will make you some supper. I would never forgive myself if I let a neighbour and an old friend go out on such a night as this is without something to eat."

She set on the kettle, and thrust a few pine-chips into the fire, to hasten its boiling. Ben was quite charmed with this new turn of affairs, for he had not thought to go so far as his fussy little wife had proposed. It was not more than he himself would have done, only he was slower in getting to it. She saw at a glance what was necessary to be done, and did it.

Ben took him into the out-kitchen, and super intended the washing, and scraping, and combing, and by the time they were finished, the fragrant coffee and a nice red herring were ready. Culross was almost sober. He said—

"I do not care to sit in the armchair, Ben; I will just sit down anywhere."

"Now, Jim Culross," said Ben, "I insist upon you sitting just here and nowhere else—and enjoy your coffee."

Poor Culross was all but upset by their kindness. But this was just the treatment he needed to save him from ruin. He wondered that never a word of reproach was spoken—that he was not confronted with a description of his shameful conduct as a drunkard, and charged right out on the spot with the guilt of punishing his wife and children by robbing them of their home-comforts, and of their daily bread.

Ben Borrowdale had himself been a drunkard, and knew too well the power of the drink, and the wretchedness of one long accustomed to habits of intemperance, and he could not say one word of reproach to poor Culross about his wrong-doings.

Culross finished his coffee. Then Ben lighted the lantern, and after bidding Mrs. Borrowdale good-night, and thanking her for her kindness buttoned up warmly in one of Ben's big overcoats, and wearing a better felt hat than his own, they two walked out into the howling storm.

The wind was too high for talking, and they walked on together in silence. At last, Culross's cottage was reached, and the door was opened. His faithful wife was waiting for his return. She had waited for hours, as she had often done before. As they entered Culross exclaimed—

"Oh, Ben, believe me, I am broken-hearted. I am a wicked man. I have made that woman's life worse than a dog's life. And she has borne it all patiently. You know how to pray, and I don't. Oh, Ben, kneel down, and pray for a poor wicked drunkard."

Ben replied, "Let us sit down by the fire for awhile, and talk these things over. You have got a Bible, Nelly Culross, I dare say—just lend it me, will you?"

She handed Ben the Book, and presently he began to read—"What man of you having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety-and-nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost until he find it? And when he hath found it, he layeth it on his

shoulders rejoicing. And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying, 'Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost!' I say unto you that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety-and-nine just persons which need no repentance."

He closed the book, and looking right into Culross's eyes, said—

"I believe, Jim, you are that lost sheep, and Jesus wants to find you. If He didn't want to find you, would He have come down from heaven to look after you? It stands to reason, no! Just think of that."

"Oh, Ben, I am a great sinner—I am miserable; what shall I do?"

Ben took hold of Jim's hand, and said—

"Look here, Jim—I dare say, now, you expect the Lord Jesus will tell you all about your sins and bad conduct. I thought so; but it was a great mistake. He never mentioned one. It was perfectly wonderful. Just like as He had said—'Glad to see you, Ben—welcome—welcome to all I have.' Now, Jim, you may believe me, it is all true."

Light began to dawn upon the mind of Culross, and he felt a good deal comforted. The good seed had been scattered, and sheaves of ripe grain may yet be gathered in the final harvest.

Next day, Mrs. Culross carried back the felt hat and overcoat so kindly lent to her husband, and thought she had never met with a nicer woman in all her life than Mrs. Borrowdale. She chatted on so hopefully about the future, that poor Mrs. Culross felt quite lifted up at the prospects that opened out before her. Things looked ever so much better and brighter than they had done for a long time.

And Culross, after a while, did gain the mastery over his love for the drink, to Ben's complete satisfaction and the wonder of his companions. They laughed at him, and said he would never stand; but he kept true to his pledge, and felt that it was more profitable in every way to serve God than to go in the ways of evil.

EDWARD HAYTON.

REFRESHMENTS.

[*We commend the following letter to the consideration of our readers.*]

DEAR SIR,—As the season is approaching for cheap railway excursions in connection with our Bands of Hope and Sunday Schools, may I ask you to kindly give a word of caution and advice to those having charge of them.

Generally, our young folks are left to secure their own refreshments, and as a result many of our youths and young men are led to enter public-houses and hotels, some for the first time. Though they may not all partake of *intoxicating* liquors, yet we know from painful experience that this has been to some the beginning of a drunkard's life, and, sadder still to say, the way to a drunkard's death.

If the committees who make arrangements for these excursions would provide suitable refreshments at the journey's end, and this can be easily done—schoolrooms may be hired for a trifling cost, caterers may be found willing to supply *real* refreshments at a moderate charge—they would, at any rate, remove the excuse for entering a public-house for refreshments.

My attention has also been drawn to this subject by a leaflet, issued by our grand old veteran, Joseph Livesey, who is prepared to supply, at a trifling cost, leaflets on this subject, which serve as "a guide and a caution," and contain a "word in season," which may, as he says, prevent a wasted life. The leaflets are adapted for distribution to the young folks when starting on the "trip," or they will serve as handbills, on the back of which may be printed the announcements of the trip, *when and where refreshments may be procured*, times of trains, etc., etc.

I would strongly recommend all who have the charge of excursions, picnic parties, etc., to send to Mr. Livesey, Bank Parade, Preston, for samples and particulars of these leaflets.

Hoping you will kindly insert this, and that it may be of service in our cause, I remain, yours faithfully, A BAND OF HOPE SECRETARY.

A SHORT time since two young ladies were accosted by a gipsy woman, who told them that for one shilling each she would show them their husbands' faces in a pail of water, which being brought, they exclaimed, "We only see our own faces." "Well," said the old woman, "those faces will be your husbands' when you are married."

A LIQUOR-DEALER in Manchester pays a tribute to total abstinence principles by the following advertisement:—"WANTED.—A respectable, steady man, as carter to the wine and spirit trade. An abstainer preferred. Wages £1 per week, with prospect of rise. State references as to character and last employment. Address," etc.

A COUNTRY girl, coming from a morning walk, was told she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed by the dew. To which she innocently replied: "You've got my name right—Daisy; but his isn't Dew!"

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WHY is it that there are 60,000 *families* in London residing (each) in *one* room only? The best answer to this question is found in the fact that for every efficient school in London there are *twelve* public-houses, and for every church or chapel there are eight public-houses!

JUDGING from a return recently signed by the commanding officer of a regiment stationed at Solan, it would seem likely that abstainers would be in favour with military men. It seems that of the 810 men forming the regiment 291 were abstainers, and in the period of six months 24 of the abstainers were charged as regimental defaulters, and 447 non-abstainers. Of 242 men sent to the hospital 40 only were abstainers, and while 47 were tried by court-martial or imprisoned by the commanding officer, one only of the number was a teetotaler. The figures certainly are suggestive.

A CONCEITED fellow, introducing his friend in company, said, "Gentlemen, I assure you he is not such a great fool as he looks." The gentleman immediately replied, "Therein consists the difference between me and my friend."

TWO Irishmen were lamenting the illness of a friend who had been much brought down of late. "It's dreadful wake he is, and thin, sure; he's as thin as the pair of us put together!" one of the sympathisers observed.

"HOW old are you?" said a magistrate to a German arraigned before him. "I am *dirty*." "And how old is your wife?" "Mine wife is *dirty-two*." "Then, sir, you are a filthy couple, and I wish to have nothing further to do with either of you."

A LISPING boy was out in the back yard pounding on a tin pan. The father came home tired and sullen, and being disturbed by the noise, cried out: "What's that turned loose in the back yard—a wild animal?" The boy replied: "Yeth, thir; it's a pan-thir."

A VERY young lady addressed her father at the breakfast table the other morning: "Pappy, I want a new hat and a new pair of shoes." "I suppose so. What don't you want?" remarked the paternal. "Well," answered the quick-witted little miss, "I don't want any cigars."

A LITTLE girl said to her mother one day, "Mother, I feel nervous." "Nervous!" said the mother. "What is nervous?" "Why, it's being in a hurry all over."

AN inveterate wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges, in which condition of neglect it had been for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one it would probably be hung.

A MARRIED lady declined to tell a maiden sister any of her troubles, saying: "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." "Yes," replied the sister, "and I've come to the conclusion that when singleness is bliss, 'tis folly to be wives."

MR. R. MACKAY (Glasgow) said: "In Glasgow they had 1,069 policemen, they had 408 on duty by day and 408 by night. On Saturday nights there were a great deal more than 408 required; but on Sundays, when they had 1,800 public and beer houses closed, they only required 140 policemen to three quarters of a million of inhabitants.

THE remote effect of being true should have a place in our thoughts. The future is built on the present. Noble living projects itself into the future. It comes out in the power of children and children's children. Its widening and deepening influence goes out through the gates of the present into the ever-deepening channels of the future.

MR. SPURGEON tells the following:—"Is your master in?" said a gentleman once to a shop-boy. "Yes, he is in; only he has gone out." "Where has he gone to?" "I don't exactly know, sir," replied the boy, "where he has gone to, but he said something about going to get shaved and bamboozled." "Oh! you know where he was going," some one else cried; "he was going to the barber's to be shaved and shampooed." But this boy's belief was that he was going out to get shaved and bamboozled. That was exactly what came of it when a man went and spent his money on drink in the public-house—he went home shaved and pretty well bamboozled into the bargain.

A PARLIAMENTARY paper just issued gives particulars as to the arrests for drunkenness on Sundays during the year, from which it appears that there were 17,272 such convictions in England, and 271 in Wales.

AN advocate of Sunday Closing said the other day that the promoters of the bill did not wish to curtail a liberty, only to restrict a license.

Notice to Correspondents.

Received with thanks:—Edward Hayton, T. J. Galley, D. Lawton.

Publications Received.

The Rechabite Magazine—Band of Hope Monitor—The Temperance Record—The Social Reformer—The Scottish Temperance League Journal—The British Temperance Advocate—The Social Reformer—The Dietetic Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Band of Hope Union Chronicle—The Irish Temperance League Journal—A Letter from the Friendly Letter Mission, 5, James Street, Bath, for Boys under Eighteen—Hand and Heart—Church of England Temperance Chronicle.

WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MISS SALOME HOCKING.

CHAPTER VII.—AT ST. EWAN.

ST. EWAN was a small, picturesque village overlooking the sea. The inhabitants were mostly fishermen, but when the "New Consols" were discovered, the miners came there to look for lodgings, it being the nearest village to the mine. Everybody who had any room to spare took in lodgers, putting up with any inconvenience or the sake of the exorbitant pay they received. The shopkeepers said "that times were looking up," and wishing to keep pace with the times, they raised the price of their goods.

Mrs. Bennett's house was situated at the extreme end of the village, a modest-looking house, with a tiny garden, which was kept filled with flowers. It was a sheltered spot, and Mrs. Bennett was scarcely ever without flowers, summer or winter. She was in the garden when Mr. Penrose and Minnie drove up to the gate. She was a bright, intelligent-looking woman, with soft dark eyes, and a sweet, sensitive mouth.

As soon as Minnie caught sight of Mrs. Bennett all her misgivings and fears vanished, and, springing out of the carriage—which they had hired at the station—she went into the garden, and, with a childlike gesture, held out both hands, and said, simply, "I am Minnie Penrose."

Mrs. Bennett had been cutting a few flowers to brighten the room against Minnie came, and now, holding the flowers in one hand, and taking Minnie's hand in the other, she led her into the house. Then laying the flowers on the table, she took Minnie's face between her hands, looking long and fixedly at the sweet, flushed face; and then, bending down, she kissed her on forehead, lips, and cheek, and with bright tears starting in her eyes, she said, "I shall always love you, my child, for being so much like your mother."

And from that time forth she was as a mother to Minnie.

For the first fortnight after they came to St. Ewan, Mr. Penrose spent his evenings at home with Minnie and Mrs. Bennett, they doing their best to make them pass pleasantly. And to Minnie they were the happiest weeks that she had spent since her mother died, for Mrs. Bennett was a most agreeable companion.

"I'm so glad we came here," thought Minnie, "for I believe that father is getting over his love for drink."

How little she knew of the strength of the enemy which held Mr. Penrose in thraldom!

It is the custom in mines to keep a month's pay in hand, so that, although it was pay-day a fortnight after Mr. Penrose commenced to work at the "New Consols," he received no money until the end of another month.

It was also the custom, at the time of which we write, to pay the men at a public-house. It is not so now, and miners' wives ought to be thankful for it, for a great many have had to provide the house for a month with less than what their husbands' have thrown away at the public-house on a pay-day.

On the miners' pay-day, which, as a general rule, was on a Saturday, and half-holiday for all the men, Mr. Penrose, not having any money to take up, was going home, when Captain Tambling called to him, and said that he must meet him at the "Three Pilchards," and then go home with him to spend the evening and have a chat about old times. Nothing loth, Mr. Penrose agreed to do so. And hurrying home, he changed his clothes, had his dinner, and telling Minnie that he was going to spend the rest of the day with "Cap'n Tom," he quickly made his way to the public-house, where were congregated about forty men.

The landlady at the "Three Pilchards" had honoured the occasion by putting on a silk dress, and her best cap, she had also put on her company smile; and both she and her husband were very polite, and, seemingly, hospitable towards the men. And some of them thought it a great favour to be spoken to and smiled at by such a grandly-dressed lady, not thinking, poor dupes, that she would be well paid for her condescension, out of their pockets. And when she politely asked them to come in out of the cold, and take something warm, a great many of them accepted the invitation. And as soon as they had received their wages, they, instead of going home, walked into the kitchen where a big fire was blazing.

A few of the more sensible ones went to their homes, the landlady remarking, with a sneer, "Poor simpletons! They're too stingy to spend a few pence even on a pay-day. If there's any one I despise it's a stingy man. I'm glad that you here are not of that sort."

The landlord at the time was making himself agreeable to Captain Tambling and Mr. Penrose. They were sitting before a bright fire in

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the parlour, enjoying their glasses of grog. After they had disposed of several glasses of that beverage—all of which Captain Tom insisted on paying for—they heard huge bursts of laughter issuing from the kitchen. Captain Tom proposed that they should go in and have a share in the fun. The invitation that he had given to Mr. Penrose to accompany him home had quite slipped his memory; and they spent the rest of the evening with the men in enjoying themselves, as they called it, and in emptying their pockets. The latter process, it is needless to state, giving great satisfaction to the landlord.

Mrs. Bennett had gone to bed early that evening, having a bad headache, and Minnie waited alone for her father. She did not expect him home very early, as she knew that when one gets with an old friend time slips by unconsciously. So that, when at ten o'clock she heard loud talking and laughing at the gate, she took no notice of it, but went on with her sewing. At last she heard some one scrambling around, as if among the flower-beds, and rising, she opened the door and looked out. As she looked, she saw something dark rise up from one of the flower-beds, and crawl on to the path which led up to the door. Minnie felt like screaming, but checked herself when she heard a voice saying, "Stand up, I say, er else Minnie'll hear you."

"Can it be my father who is making such a beast of himself?" thought Minnie. And it was with no gentle hand that she took hold of him by the arm, and helping him to his feet, she supported him into the house.

"Don't be vexed with yer father, Minnie," he said, with drunken gravity.

"Be quiet, father, will you? For I don't want Mrs. Bennett to see you in such a plight."

There was a touch of anger in her voice, which, drunk as he was, Mr. Penrose recognised, and, weeping copiously, he said, "You're 'shamed of yer poor old father. Your mother never was in her life, but she's dead, an' I wish I was too."

The mention of her mother's name recalled Minnie to her duty, and mentally asking forgiveness for her unkind thoughts, she succeeded in quieting her father, and coaxed him to lie down on the old sofa which stood in the kitchen. It was near twelve before Minnie felt it safe to leave him, and then placing chairs around so that he could not fall out, she went up to her own room. She was greatly disturbed, and bitterly upbraided herself for being angry with her father.

"How can I have any influence over him if I get so angry as I have been to-night?" she asked herself, sadly. "I hope he will not remember anything about it when he gets sober. But oh! I did feel so mad when I saw him crawling along like some creeping thing. It is not right, I know. But I had put such faith in a change of place, and have been building such bright castles these last few days, but they are all upset now, for I never saw him worse than he was to-night. But that doesn't give me any excuse for being angry with my own father; it is not the way to help him to reform, although I am sure I can't tell what to do. I tried every way to interest him and keep him at home after mother's death, but I could not succeed. It is as Harry says, 'The influence of evil seems more powerful than that of good.' One thing I can do, I can keep the knowledge of it from Mrs. Bennett, for if father thinks she doesn't know he will be more careful."

The next morning Minnie rose early, and going out into the garden, she managed to destroy the marks that her father had made the night before, and then going into the house she got an early breakfast, and rousing her father, she bade him make himself presentable before Mrs. Bennett came down.

Mr. Penrose sat up, rubbed his eyes, yawned, and then for the first time he noticed that he was not in bed, and that he had his clothes on. He seemed quite bewildered, and said, "How came I here, Minnie?"

"You were not able to walk very well last night, and so you went to sleep down here," said Minnie, quietly.

Mr. Penrose flushed with shame, and going to the table he ate his breakfast in silence, and then, muttering something about having a headache, he took off his boots and went to bed.

Soon after Mrs. Bennett came down. She noticed how heavy-eyed and pale Minnie looked, but thought it was owing to her staying indoors so much, and she kindly offered to cook the dinner for Minnie to go to chapel that morning. Minnie gladly availed herself of the opportunity, and dressed herself early so that she might have a walk on the beach before going to chapel. She had never spent more than a day or two by the sea in her life, and it was an unfailing treat to her to run down on the beach for a few minutes and watch the shining waves, and gaze at the high cliffs and curiously-shaped rocks. But that morning other and sadder thoughts occupied her mind, and her face looked white and drawn with pain as she thought, "To-morrow will be Christmas Eve, the time for joy and gladness. But ah! how little joy or gladness will there be for me! Yesterday I felt hopeful, and almost happy, as with Mrs. Bennett I planned how this Christmas was to be made a bright and happy time. But what is the use of it? Father will no doubt be

at Captain Tambling's, or at a public-house, for now that he has broken out again, a little drink will not satisfy him, for if he abstains for a little while, when he breaks out he seems ten times worse than he was before. I wonder what the end of it will be?" And leaving the beach, she walked slowly to the chapel.

Minnie hoped that she should hear something that would make her forget her own sad thoughts, some message of peace that would soothe her aching heart; nor was she disappointed, although at first it seemed as if the morning's service would be a failure.

It was ten minutes after time, and no preacher had put in an appearance. A great many of the congregation kept turning round to look at the door; at last Minnie saw two of the older members walk up to a side pew, and seemed to be talking earnestly to the man who sat there. After a good deal of whispering the two old men went back to their seats with a satisfied look on their face, while the man they had been speaking to rose up and walked towards the pulpit.

Minnie looked at him with curiosity as he passed her—she had not seen him before, and wondered who he was.

"He has a pleasant-looking face," thought Minnie; "but he looks too quiet to have much to say for himself."

He gave out the hymn in a clear, musical voice, and with an utter absence of that peculiar accent which characterises the speech of the people in the west of Cornwall.

After the hymn had been sung, and prayer offered, he gave out the following text:—"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not."

After giving a short description of the life and character of Christ, he said—

"My friends, this text is as applicable to you here at St. Ewan to day as it was to the Jews more than eighteen hundred years ago. How many times has the Saviour called you, and still you refuse to have Him for your King! How many of you miners here to-day have been underground, when the falling of a piece of ground half an inch nearer you would have sent you into eternity! Many of you, I know, have seen your comrades killed at your side while you have been spared. And what has the warning done for you? Have you ever felt grateful to the Saviour who spared your lives when you were in great peril? Perhaps some of you promised at the time that you would live better lives if the Lord would bring you out of the danger. But how are you keeping your promises? Are you not going on in the same careless fashion as heretofore, and saying by your lives that you will not have this King to reign over you? I am afraid so.

"And you who are sailors, have you not, when a fierce storm has been raging around you, when the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and the waves have washed over the side of your boat, and you have had, mayhap, to go aloft in the darkness, and you have known that one false step or a slip of the hand would be your death—have you never felt that the Lord was there? that He was speaking to you from the mighty deep? Did you not know that He was with you, and was as able to calm the troubled seas as when He was on this earth?

"My friends, if you are keeping Christ out of your lives, you are making a great mistake. If you wish to live noble lives, you must not exclude the Saviour. If you wish to build up a noble name, that shall be remembered after you are in your graves, seek the help and assistance of Christ. And if trouble and afflictions come to you, where can you find a tenderer or more sympathetic friend than *Jesus?* Do not turn away your best friend, take Him into your lives. Tell Him your worries and troubles; your lives will be happier, depend on it. Some of you may be poor, *very* poor, perhaps, and you may think that the Saviour has forgotten you, to put you in such straits; but He has not. And your crown will be all the brighter in heaven for the privations you have suffered here.

"Some people will argue that poverty is conducive to holy living; but I don't believe those people have ever been poor, if they had been, they would alter their tale. I believe that poverty is one of the worst things that a Christian has to contend with. I know of nothing more trying to a man's faith than being in debt. The remembrance of it is always with him; and to an honest man nothing is more degrading. But in affliction and poverty this thought ought to sustain us, that Christ is with us, that He knows all about it, knows what has given rise to such sceptical thoughts in our minds. And when we are downcast, and weighed down with the cares and burdens of this life, and our lamps seem to be burning but dimly, do you think that He is looking at us with rebuking eyes? No, no! His tender, loving eyes are looking at us, and there is infinite pity in their depths as He breathes out the words, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" The rich voice of the speaker had deepened as he went on with his subject, while a strange earnestness had characterised his manner throughout. The simple words gained point and power from the manner in which they were uttered. At the close he said—

"I would like to say a few words to the



"I shall always love you for being so much like your mother."—p. 97.

women of this congregation. We very often speak lightly of their trials, and think that the burdens of life rest on our shoulders alone. But it is not so. A true wife shares all the troubles of her husband, and very often bears her own worries in secret. They may be little ones, but these little troubles are often more trying to our patience and temper than big ones would be. How often do we get more exasperated at the sting of a wasp than we should be at a heavy blow! It is very often the little worries that try us most. And I would say to you women who are almost worn out with the many calls on your time and strength—you who have longings and aspirations, perhaps, after a nobler, a more stirring life, you who long for a breath of fresh, pure air after being shut up in hot kitchens all day long—I would say to you, Look up to Jesus; tell Him your worries, it will ease your aching hearts. And when you are most wearied, think of the restful peace that will be yours when these weary toils are over—rest for the busy hands and aching brains, and when all that is highest in your natures will be satisfied. But remember, these joys will not be yours unless you give yourself unreservedly to the Saviour. God grant that it may not be said of any of you, as it was said of the Jews, 'How often would I have

gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye *would not.*'"

Minnie had been listening with rapt attention. She had not expected this man to be such a fluent speaker, and again she wondered who he was, and if she should ever see him again. Little she knew how this man was to influence her life, and under what circumstances she should meet him again.

All the dull thoughts had been chased out of Minnie's mind, and it was with a soft sigh of pleasure that she joined in the singing of the last hymn—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

These words—set to a favourite tune of Minnie's—she, with her mother and father, had often sung in the happy days long gone by. They had no instrument of any kind in the chapel, neither was it needed that morning, for, as the congregation took up the tune, and the notes rose and swelled, it seemed as if the chapel was filled with song.

When the hymn was finished, the preacher asked one of the brothers to pray. An old sailor, with white hair and sun-browned cheeks, got down on his knees, and with all the simplicity and faith of a child, led the congregation in prayer, many of the old men responding with loud and fervent Amens.

As Minnie rose from her knees at the close of the prayer, a smile of happiness and peace rested on her face, and all the way home she kept repeating the words the old man had quoted in his prayer, "In Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

MAKING HAY.

WHILE the sun is shining let us make the hay,
In the fields and meadows working all the day,
Never idly dreaming, never standing still,
Blithe as lark or linnet, working with a will.

While the dew is sparkling on the opening flowers,
While the birds are singing in the early hours,
While our hearts are lightest, free from care and sin,
Let us bravely labour with a heart to win.

Days and moments passing never will return,
Life has many lessons we must try to learn;
Working well and wisely brings the best of pay—
While the sun is shining let us all make hay.

W. H.

MILK AND BEER.

BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS, WITH BLACKBOARD ILLUSTRATIONS.

BY ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

Milk a natural food.	Beer an artificial drink.
Invigorates the body.	Enfeebles the drinker.
Leaves no bad results.	Excites the brain.
Keep to harmless drinks.	Reject beer entirely.

At the close of the Address the Blackboard will appear as above.

I HAVE written on the blackboard two words, Milk and Beer, and I want you to imagine that you see on this table a glass containing half-a-pint of milk, and another glass by its side containing the same quantity of beer.

You know that these two drinks are in constant use, many persons drinking milk, and many more drinking beer; we want to find out which is the best of these two drinks, and by comparing the different qualities of each we are likely to come to a right conclusion. We can see at once that there is a great difference in colour, taste, and smell; we shall find out that there are more important differences which we cannot see, and which we can only find out by asking a chemist to test the different substances that go to make our glass of milk and beer. Before we do so, let me write down and ask you to learn an important difference in these two drinks.

MILK A NATURAL FOOD.
BEER AN ARTIFICIAL DRINK.

Milk is a food sent by the Creator, beer is made by man. We know positively that milk was given by God for the health and growth of children; the little baby at home grows healthy and strong simply on milk, and little children for many months usually have no other food but milk, and during this time they increase wonderfully in size and weight. Milk is, therefore, a FOOD; beer is simply an artificial DRINK, upon which no one can live, and which requires the expenditure of much labour, time, and money before it can be prepared.

Most of you know how beer is made. First, the barley is changed into malt; this is done by soaking it in cold water, then when the water is drained off, the grain is piled up in a heap, and getting very hot, it begins to send out green shoots; it is then spread out on a large floor, and the growing continues for twelve or fourteen days; after this it is dried over a furnace, and it is then ready for the brewer.

The brewer grinds the malt, then he soaks it in warm water, getting all the sugar he can out of it; next the liquor is boiled in large copper boilers, and while boiling the hops are thrown

in; the liquor is afterwards placed in large cisterns, where it ferments—that is, the sugar in the liquor is changed into carbonic acid gas and alcohol, and you know it is because of the alcohol that so many people drink beer, and it is the alcohol that does all the mischief. You see at once that a deal of trouble is necessary to make beer, and even when made it cannot be useful to the drinker. With milk how different; we have a simple drink that contains all that is necessary for the building up of the bodies of our little ones. So I want you to learn that milk INVIGORATES THE BODY while beer ENFEEBLES THE DRINKER.

When the chemist comes to take our glass of milk and our glass of beer to pieces, what does he find? He finds that in both, out of every hundred parts, eighty-six of them are water. This would teach us that the Creator intended us to drink a good quantity of water; little children who are brought up on cow's milk are obliged to have the milk made weaker by the addition of more water. You must remember that in the milk we have water in its natural state, in beer we have water mixed with alcohol, which destroys its good qualities. In addition to the milk, there are substances that are most useful in helping the body to grow and to get strong; indeed milk is the only food that contains all that is required to build up the body of a little child.

Let us see what they are. To make the skeleton, that is, the bones, and the nails, and the hair—in the milk, out of the hundred parts there is one part called mineral matter. Now, if you took this one part, and divided it into one hundred parts more; if you threw away ninety-five parts, the five that remained would be all the mineral matter in a half-a-pint of beer, you can see at once how small a quantity it is. In milk there are four parts of fat, and five parts of sugar; the fat and the sugar help to keep the body warm, and to give power to the muscles, the heart, and other organs of the body to do their work. In beer the fat is entirely missing, and the sugar is of the smallest quantity. Supposing, now, you boiled a half-a-pint of beer till all the water had passed away in steam, then all that remained behind would be the sugar, gum, and other carbonaceous matters. This residue, as it is called, is represented by six parts, but only a very small quantity of it is sugar.

Perhaps the most important part of the milk is that called nitrogenous or flesh-forming matter. There are four parts of this in the milk, but in the beer this matter is so small in quantity that it is hardly to be found at all. Suppose you threw away three parts out of these four parts, and then dividing the other part into one hundred parts, threw away ninety-eight of these; the two that remained would represent how much flesh-forming matter there is in half-a-pint of beer, so that there are 398 times more flesh-forming matter in milk than there is in beer. In the milk there is, then, everything to invigorate and strengthen the body. It is no wonder that little children have such plump cheeks and velvet arms while they continue to be fed upon milk, because in their food there is just what they want and nothing to do them harm. Beer having so little that is good for food, and because it contains alcohol, only enfeebles those who drink it.

If you wonder why so many persons drink beer in preference to milk, it is because it contains a spirit which is not found in the milk at all—the alcohol, that gives the beer its great charm. Milk is so safe a drink that you need not be afraid of it. Milk LEAVES NO BAD RESULTS, while beer EXCITES THE BRAIN.

If after drinking one glass of milk you feel inclined to drink another you need not hesitate; a third you will not require, because your appetite will be satisfied, and you will feel that enough is as good as a feast. Now we know that one of the many evil results of drinking beer is just this: that the drink does not satisfy, it does not quench the thirst; it only makes the drinker feel anxious to drink more.

The alcohol in the beer, instead of making the body strong, flies to the brain, excites the drinker, and completely destroys what little good there may be in the small quantity of mineral and nitrogenous matter and sugar. The results that are seen from the drinking of beer are never seen from the drinking of milk. The drinker talks stupidly, walks badly, can hardly pick his steps along the street; he gets into all sorts of mischief, sometimes does the most foolish actions, and at times causes the loss of limb and even life. The reason is very simple. The alcohol has so affected the nerves that the drinker loses his senses; the alcohol makes his blood flow faster, but the excitement soon passes away, and then the drinker feels miserable, and wishes he had not touched the drink.

I want you to learn that milk, a natural food sent by the Creator, is good for food; beer made by man is not a food, but a dangerous beverage. We ask you, then, to KEEP TO HARMLESS DRINKS and to REJECT THE BEER ENTIRELY. You need not always drink milk, with your dinner there is no drink so good as water; for children cocoa is better than tea, while coffee will stimulate without doing an injury. If you are going on a long walk, a bottle of cold tea will help you on the road; whatever you drink be certain that it is harmless; try

to drink as little as possible of any liquid, and, above all, refuse all kinds of alcoholic liquors. Be the drink pale ale or brown stout, be it emptied out of a bottle or drawn from the cask, refuse it at once.

Don't be led away by the idea that malt liquors will not do any harm, because they do not contain so much alcohol as spirits; they are all alike dangerous, and should be avoided.

FLOWERS.

OH, flowers, but ye are wonderful!
I speak not of your dyes;
Not for your beauty now I cull
Your bright varieties.
'Tis at your scents I marvel more,
So manifold and true;
More separate their fragrant store
Than hue distinct from hue.

Though in each kind the colour change,
One odour still is there;
The tints through all the scale may range,
Each tint than each more fair;
But violet blue and violet white,
And roses red or pale,
The same sweet breath for our delight
With constant truth exhale.

"Relics of Eden!" types ye are
Of better things to come;
Pledges of joys His hands prepare
For our eternal home;
Alas! the wreck of flame and death
Our earthly breezes fills;
Oh, for the air the blessed breathe
On yon celestial hills!

But we shall breathe it soon; and while
We wait that crowning day,
Your fragrance shall our toil beguile,
Your beauty cheer our way;
'Twas sweetly sung—"We might have had
For every *want* of ours
Enough, enough"—to make us glad,
Our Father gave us flowers!

God give you every perfect gift
Through all the coming years,
Across them glooms and gleams must drift,
Life's April smiles and tears.
But God bless all your future way,
Whate'er it may disclose,
I dare not wish, I only pray—
For God loves—and He knows.

H. M. BURNSIDE.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE great National Temperance Congress at Liverpool, with its wide representation of all sections of the temperance movement, has been not only a very suggestive gathering, witnessing to the extent of the movement, and the general advance of temperance principles, but also teaching two practical lessons which may be learnt by all divisions and branches of the army. First, that what this Congress has been and has done nationally may be done locally.

These summer months are the times and seasons for conferences, for aggregate meetings, and outdoor demonstrations. The winter is the time for earnest and continual attention to our own special and individual Band of Hope meetings. But now, in these long days, when evening engagements are not so numerous, other work should be done. Now we can discuss ways and means of carrying on our operations, and by united action among leaders, teachers, speakers, and conductors, improve our plans and methods for the coming winter, and so all be made ready for a fresh campaign on new and extended lines.

Secondly, we see the need for steady local work and more efficient organisation. Resolutions may be carried at a national congress, but unless there is a local council, committee, or responsible body to put them in practice and enforce them throughout the length of the country, nothing much is done by these distant gatherings. There is no branch of the temperance movement where the endeavour has been attempted so successfully to sustain a complete organisation as in the Band of Hope work. But much more needs to be done in the future. All the other efforts are more or less unassociated and independent. But through our Band of Hope Unions we have a system of contact with all separate branches of our work.

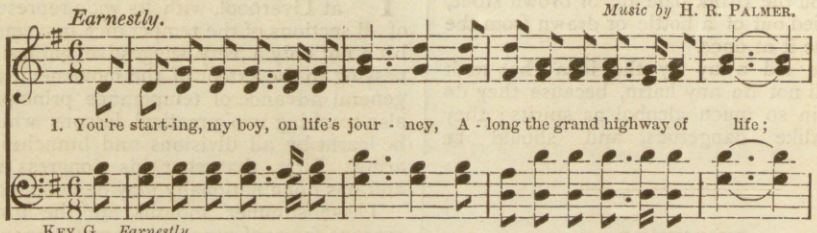
If we could only perfect the system we should have a complete hold upon the rising community in every town and village, in every church and chapel; an unbroken chain linking each worker and member in every Band of Hope to district unions, and through the local to the county union, and so to the parent and central home and heart of the associations. This should create one loyal brotherhood, one United Kingdom Confederation, watching over the safety, honour, and interest of the young through a Christian but undenominational alliance.

NO MATTER how uncultured the people or how rude the entertainment, where you find harmony, peace, and good-will to all, both present and absent, there you will find, in the highest sense of the term, "good society," and society in which no one need fear harm by mingling.

HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY!

Earnestly.

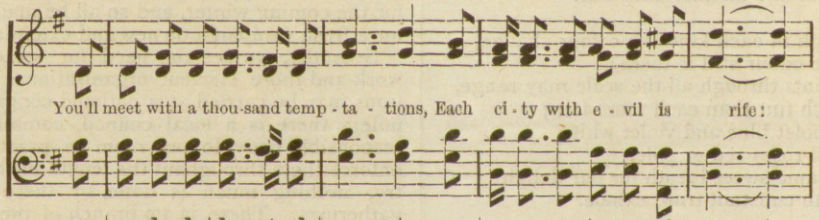
Music by H. R. PALMER.



1. You're start-ing, my boy, on life's jour - ney, A - long the grand highway of life;

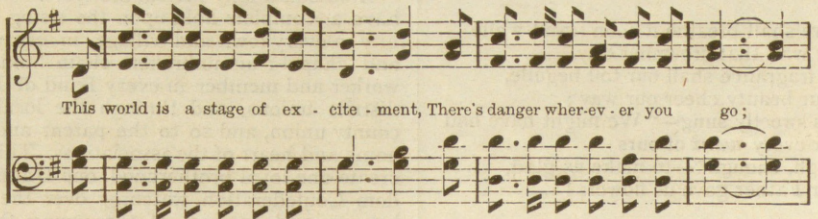
KEY G. *Earnestly.*

:s_1	s_1 :d :d	d :-.t_1:d	m :-:-|s :-:s	s :r :r	r :-.d :r	m :-:-|-:-
2. The	bright ruby wine may be	of - fered; No		matter how temp-ting it		be,
:s_1	s_1 :s_1 :s_1	s_1 :-.s_1:s_1	d :-:-|d :-:d	t_1 :t_1 :t_1	t_1 :-.l_1:t_1	d :-:-|-:-
:m	m :m :m	m :-.r :m	s :-:-|m :-:m	r :s :s	s :-.s :s	s :-:-|-:-
3. In	cou-rage a - lone lies your	safe - ty, When		you the long jour-ney be-		gin;
:d	d :d :d	d :-.d :d	d :-:-|d :-:d	s_1 :s_1 :s_1	s_1 :-.s_1:s_1	d :-:-|-:-



You'll meet with a thou-sand temp - ta - tions, Each ci - ty with e - vil is rife:

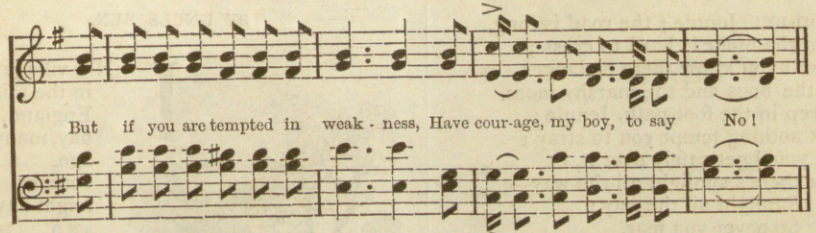
:s_1	s_1 :d :d	d :-.t_1:d	m :-:-|s :-:m	r .r :- :r	r :m :fe	s :-:-|-:-
From	poi-son that stings like an	ad - der, My		boy, have the courage to		flee.
:s_1	s_1 :s_1 :s_1	s_1 :-.s_1:s_1	d :-:-|d :-:d	t_1.t_1:- :t_1	d :d :d	t_1:-:-|-:-
:m	m :m :m	m :-.r :m	s :-:-|m :-:s	s .s :- :s	r :r :r	r :-:-|-:-
Your	trust in a Hea - ven-ly	Fa - ther Will		keep you unspotted from		sin.
:d	d :d :d	d :-.d :d	d :-:-|d :-:d	s_1.s_1:- :s_1	l_1 :l_1 :r_1	s_1:-:-|-:-



This world is a stage of ex - cite - ment, There's danger wher-ev - er you go;

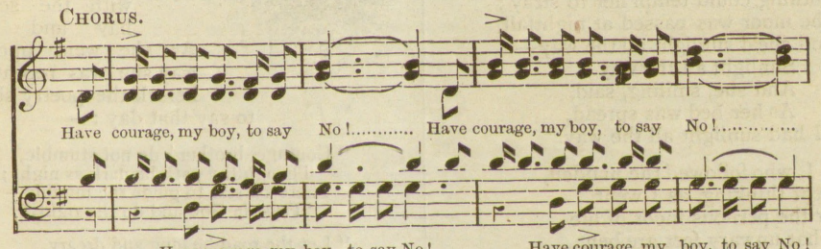
:s_1	f :-.f :f	f :s :f	m :-:-|s :-:m	f :-.s :f	r :s :f	m :-:-|-:-
The	bil - liard sa-loons are in-	vit - ing, Decked		out in their tin-sel and		show;
:s_1	l_1 :-.l_1:l_1	l_1 :t_1 :l_1	s_1:-:-|d :-:d	t_1 :-.t_1:t_1	t_1 :t_1 :t_1	d :-:-|-:-
:m	d :-.d :d	d :d :d	d :-:-|m :-:s	s :-.s :s	s :r :s	s :-:-|-:-
Temp-	ta - tions will go on in-	creas - ing, As		streams from a riv-u - let		flow;
:d	f_1 :-.f_1:f_1	f_1 :f_1 :f_1	d :-:-|d :-:d	s_1 :-.s_1:s_1	s_1 :s_1 :s_1	d :-:-|-:-

HAVE COURAGE, MY BOY!—*continued.*

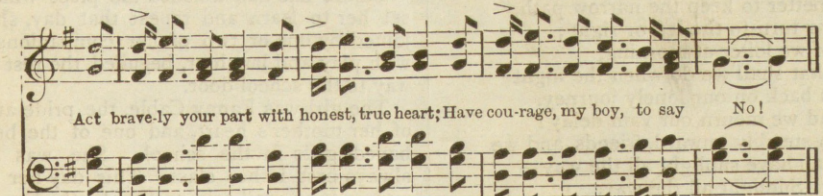


:m | m :m :m | m :m :m | m :- :-|m :- :m | f .f :- :l$_1$ | t$_1$:-.l$_1$:s$_1$ | d :-:-|-:-
If you should be tempted to en - ter, Think twice— then stout-ly say No!
:d | d :d :d | t$_1$:t$_1$:t$_1$ | d :- :-|d :- :d | l$_1$.l$_1$:- :l$_1$ | s$_1$:-.s$_1$:s$_1$ | s$_1$:-:-|-:-
:s | l :l :l | se :se :se | l :- :-|l :- :d | d .d :- :f | f :-.f :f | m :-:-|-:-
But if you'd be true to your man - hood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
:d | m :m :m | m :m :m | l$_1$:- :-|l$_1$:- :l$_1$ | f$_1$.f$_1$:- :f$_1$ | s$_1$:-.s$_1$:s$_1$ | d :-:-|-:-

CHORUS.



CHORUS.
:s$_1$ | d .d :- :d | d :-.t$_1$:d | m :- :-|-:-:s$_1$ | m.m:- :m | m :-.r :m | s :- :-|-:-
:s$_1$ | s$_1$.s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | s$_1$:-.s$_1$:s$_1$ | d :- :-|-:-:s$_1$ | d.d:- :d | d :-.t$_1$:d | m :- :-|-:-
Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, to say No!
:m | m .m :- :m | m :-.r :m | s :- :-|-:-:s | s .s:- :s | s :-.s :s | d :- :-|-:-
: | : :s$_1$ | d :-.d :d | d :-.d:d | d :- :- | : :s$_1$ | d :d :d | d :-.d:d | d :-
Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, to say No!



:s | s .l :- :r | r :- :s | s.l:- :m | m :- :s | s .l :- :s | f :-.m :r | d :-:-|-:-
:d | t$_1$.t$_1$:- :t$_1$ | t$_1$:- :t$_1$ | d.d:- :d | d :- :d | t$_1$.t$_1$:- :t$_1$ | t$_1$:-.t$_1$:t$_1$ | d :-:-|-:-
Act bravely your part with honest, true heart; Have courage, my boy, to say No!
:m | r .r :- :s | s :- :r | m.m:- :s | s :- :m | r .r :- :r | r :-.m :f | m :-:-|-:-
:d | s$_1$.s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | d.d:- :d | d :- :d | s$_1$.s$_1$:- :s$_1$ | s$_1$:-.s$_1$:s$_1$ | d :-:-|-:-

SUNLIGHT ALL THE WAY.

"GOOD-BYE, Jennie; the road is long,
And the moor is hard to cross;
But well you know there is danger
In the bogs and the marshy moss.
So keep in the foot-path, Jennie;
Let nothing tempt you to stray;
Then you'll get safely over it,
For there's sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
So never you fear,
Keep a good heart, dear,
For there's sunlight all the way."

The child went off with a blessing
And a kiss of mother-love;
The daisies were down at her feet,
And the lark was singing above.
On, on in the narrow foot-path—
Nothing could tempt her to stray;
So the moor was passed at nightfall,
And she'd sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way;
And she, smiling, said,
As her bed was spread,
"I had sunlight all the way."

And I, who followed the maiden,
Kept thinking, as I went,
Over the perilous moor of life
What unwary feet are bent.
If they could only keep the foot-path,
And not in the marshes stray,
Then they would reach the end of life
Ere the night could shroud the day.
They'd have sunlight all the way—
But the marsh is wide,
And they turn aside,
And the night falls on the day.

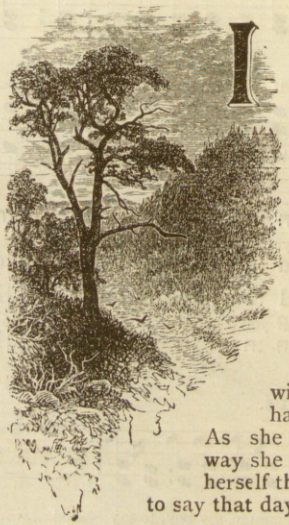
Far better to keep the narrow path,
Nor turn to the left or right;
For if we loiter at morning,
What shall we do when the night
Falls back on our lonely journey,
And we mourn our vain delay?
Then steadily onward, friends, and we
Shall have sunlight all the way—
Sunlight all the way,
Till the journey's o'er,
And we reach the shore
Of a never-ending day.

—*Harper's Weekly.*

A GOOD laugh is better than medicine, and the more fun there is in the world, the less misery, the less spleen, and the less dyspepsia there will be.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY UNCLE BEN.



IN a village school in the middle of England, one day, many years ago, a little country lassie might have been seen tripping merrily to her morning lessons, in her clean white apron and plain straw hat, on a sunny June day, when the fields were sweet with the scent of hay and clover. As she went upon her way she was repeating to herself the poetry she had to say that day:—

"Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
'Trust in God and do the right.'

"Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
'Trust in God and do the right.'"

There are some things we begin to learn in childhood that become unconsciously the refrain of our after life, and in the long years which wait us there comes back to us again the old strain with other meanings.

Before she had finished the piece which was set her to learn and repeat that day, she was joined by one or two of her companions, who, with play and laughter, beguiled the rest of the way to the school door.

The girl was Fanny Cable, the pride and joy of her mother's heart, and one of the best-behaved girls in the school. She was almost always first in her class. This day her verses were not so well said as usual; the lesson was returned, and she was kept in to learn it perfectly. It was not long before she had completed the task and knew the whole of "Trust in God and do the right," so that she never forgot it.

When the teacher heard her say it without faltering or hesitation, she kindly remarked, "Well, Fanny, it's worth while to learn it thoroughly, that it may come back to you all through life, and may you learn the truth of the

piece, and live it out till you are an old woman. Remember, if you don't 'trust in God and do the right' as a child, it may be very hard to do so by-and-bye, and the lesson may be returned again and again until you have learnt to do it, just as it has been to-day returned, to teach you to say it perfectly."

Fanny went home, and the words of the teacher passed away, but the poetry remained fixed on her mind. The years flew on, and the girl became a woman; she went to service, and was honoured and respected in the home of a neighbouring farmer. She earned good wages, took a share always to her mother, put by a little for what she called a "rainy day," and spent the rest as wisely as she could. In the farmhouse she looked after the dairy, and so it happened that Alfred Benham, who kept the cows and brought in the milk daily, saw a good deal of Fanny, and the more he saw her the better he liked her. If anything was wrong with the cream, Fanny always blew Alfred up, but, somehow, he didn't seem to mind it at all—in fact, rather liked it, only it took some little time to make it right.

One day he was a little late. This was an unpardonable sin in Fanny's eyes, and she talked to him, as she said she should. And he told her she never would be happy if she had not got him to go on at. A good deal more was said, and that day they made it up for life. The village soon knew the news that Fanny Cable was going to marry Alfred Benham. All were pleased except Fanny's mother, who wished it had not been Alfred, because, although "a very respectable young man in his way," as she said, "he was too fond of a glass of beer."

People only said it was a good match for both, and no one would be right enough in Mrs. Cable's eye to have her Fanny.

The wedding-day came, and a bright country party it was as they came out and walked along the village street to Mrs. Cable's cottage, whence Alfred was to take her to a little home on the farmstead where he could continue as cow-keeper.

These were sensible people and sensible days, and the little procession was much like Mr. Luke Filde's picture of the village wedding. All expense was spared, and they had no trip to the lakes or the sea. Kind friends gave them many presents, which helped to set them up in housekeeping.

Fanny's old teacher sent her a family Bible, with these words written on the fly-leaf, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not unto thine own understanding." Then followed—

"Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right."

Years flew on again. Old Mrs. Cable died, although she lived to see her little grandson, Jim Benham, learn to walk about and say, "Grannie." Then there was another procession from her cottage door, but she returned no more from the churchyard to the little front garden, gay in summer-time with many-coloured "sweet-williams."

For Fanny the dark days seemed to gather thick and long. Alfred, who never became a confirmed drunkard, spent much money and time in drink, gradually ruining a constitution that might have been a good one had he left the drink alone. But he inherited the tendency to drink, with an organism susceptible to injury from alcohol. He lost his situation through carelessness and inattention, which arose from his habits of what he always considered very seldom anything beyond moderation. Partly through his ill-health, and his inborn love of doing little unless he could do less, Mrs. Benham had to go out to work again to provide for herself and child.

As little Jim grew up the ways and customs of his father seemed to grow upon him—the bad example was followed. He did not take to work; the mother slaved and toiled and fought nobly to pay her way and owe no one anything; but her poor husband believed he could not live without brandy, and she worked and struggled almost night and day to keep the home above their heads, and most of this blood-money, wrung from the brain and heart of poor Fanny, went in bottles of brandy. After a long and lingering illness he died. Sometimes on a Sunday, if there were any inclination, she would read to her husband from the family Bible, and her eye would fall on the familiar lines. People said "it was a good thing for her when he went," yet with what joy would she have laid down her life to save him, and no pain or sacrifice would have been too great if she could have made him a sober, steady, industrious man. But the loss of her husband was not the worst trouble that came to her.

The heaviest blow was when Jim ran away from his widowed mother to go to sea. At first she could not believe it; when she realised it was true, it almost drove her out of her mind. In time the lad came back, and finding what grief he had caused, he stayed at home, and promised her to mend and be a good lad, and take care of her. Life and joy sprang up once more in her heart. But evil companions got hold of Jim, and one morning she woke to find that her son had gone off in the night and had left no clue. This second shock, with the disappointment of all her trust in Jim's promises, was too

much for her. The event threw her into brain fever, and for weeks her ravings over her lost son were pitiful. Her recovery was very slow. With shattered strength and enfeebled mind, she learnt her worst fears were solemn facts, not a word was heard concerning Jim. When just able to creep about, the days were spent in making inquiry for her missing son. Then again she sought work, and in the hayfields and harvest she bent her weary back, by the sweat of her brow earning enough to go farther off, seeking her lad Jim. Her overburden of care had taxed the brain too much, she seemed sane and reasonable on all other points, could, in spite of her weak health, do a day's work with most in the village, but she never quite recovered her soundness of mind. Always harmless and gentle, she wandered about, asking every one when they had seen Jim last; if they met him, to tell him to come home, she was waiting, and the door only latched.

All her money was spent in going about from place to place; then, driven back by want, she would work again, and go forth working and journeying as best she could, first to this port, and then to that. She never begged, although always ready to talk to strangers, and ask intelligent questions about ships and shipping. She would tell people, with many apologies for troubling them, that she was seeking her lost Jim; she believed he would come back some day, but feared, unless she sought him, he might come back to find her dead. She carried a little bundle with some of his things in it, and a clean shirt which she had washed and got up for him.

Many hearts were touched, and much kindness did she receive, but she always came back to the cottage-door, worn and weary, with no tidings of hope, and almost penniless, to begin again another effort—she knew no despair. The years were passing, many a long mile had she traversed; sometimes asking at peoples' houses, through town and village she would plod her way, repeating to herself day after day—

"Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right."

Friends all told her Jim must have died long ago by shipwreck or disaster, but she would never believe it.

At last she became too old to journey far away, but she continued to go to work that she might have the cottage always ready when Jim should come back. Any evening she might have been seen coming from the farm where they always gave her work, asking the old question of all the passers-by, "Had they seen Jim?" muttering the old refrain of her childhood.

She would not go to the workhouse, nor have parish relief, lest Jim might think she had mistrusted his promise to work for her and care for her in her old age. When the day was done she read the old Book, saying, "He'll come to-morrow." But to-morrow never comes.

* * * * * * * *

The last I heard of her was her refusing the gift of two shillings from a lady as being more money than she needed, saying, "I shall find him *soon*."

"Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right."

THE COLISEUM AT ROME.

IN 404 Honorius was emperor of Rome. At that time, in the remote deserts of Lybia, there dwelt an obscure monk named Telemachus. He had heard of these awful scenes in the far-off Coliseum at Rome. Depend upon it, they lost nothing by their transit across the Mediterranean in the hands of the Greek and Roman sailors. In the baths and market-places of Alexandria, in the Jewries of Cyrene, in the mouths of every itinerant Eastern story-teller the festive massacres of the Coliseum would doubtless be clothed in colours truly appalling, yet scarcely more appalling than the truth. Telemachus brooded over these horrors until his mission dawned upon him. He was ordained by Heaven to put an end to the slaughter of human beings in the Coliseum. He made his way to Rome. He entered the Coliseum with the throng, what time the gladiators were parading in front of the emperor with uplifted swords and the wild mockery of homage—"Morituri te salutant." Elbowing his way to the barrier, he leapt over at the moment when the combatants rushed at each other, threw himself between them, bidding them, in the name of Christ, to desist. To blank astonishment succeeded imperial contempt and popular fury. Telemachus fell slain by the sword of the gladiators. Legend may adorn the tale and fancy fill out the picture, but the solid fact remains—there never was another gladiatorial fight in the Coliseum. One heroic soul had caught the flow of popular feeling that had already begun to set in the direction of humanity, and turned it. He had embodied by his act and consecrated by his death the sentiment that already lay timidly in the hearts of thousands in that great city of Rome.—*The Rev. H. R. Haweis, in "Good Words."*



"In the hayfields and harvest she bent her weary back."—p. 108.

HOME REST.



WHAT home should be finds many interpreters. The word brings suggestions of rest, peace, and comfort; but in how few homes is the pleasant ideal it awakens in the mind completely realised. Sometimes the chief fault lies with the husband and father, who does not bring home at evening a loving spirit, and an unselfish regard for those who make up his household, and who is more ready to blame than to praise. And sometimes the fault lies with the wife and mother, who, wearied, it may be, with the incessant cares of the day, is unable or unwilling to repress a spirit of fretfulness or the irritability which comes from nerve exhaustion or an ill-regulated temper. And so there are shadowing clouds instead of clear sunshine.

The man who can find "home rest" is indeed fortunate; and he who does should not forget the loving duty of ministering to wife and children in equal measure and in full reciprocation as far as in him lies.

Home is a place of rest. If it fails in this it is an utter failure. Rest is not idleness, but recuperation. Inactivity tends to dullness and torpidity; rest produces energy and activity. The methods of rest may widely vary. Reclining on a lounge, sleep at night, or sitting may superinduce rest; but not these alone. Palatable food, specially adapted to the needs of the system and which will replace the tissues wasted in labour; agreeable conversation, mental exhilaration, and other influences tend to rest. Home should always produce freedom from care, and where its conditions are favourable to this it is a place of rest. What these conditions may be depend on taste, habit, and a thousand personal peculiarities; but, as a rule, home can be adapted to meet them all. A kind greeting, the play and prattle of children, the easy chair, wrapper, and slippers, the home-interests, the new atmosphere—all tend to soothe and rest. A pleasant table adds to this. The most delightful meal of the day should be at the end of the day. It contributes to the restfulness of home. It should be partaken of leisurely, enjoyably, and be appetising, and good.

A bright home is restful. Rest involves change. Business wearies, and at the end of the day the nerve force of hard workers is greatly reduced. Sensitive nerves are easily jarred; and it is these that need rest. Hence the calling away of the mind from the day's cares, and clothing it with new surroundings, so that the past is dissipated and the present is grateful and agreeable, involves the very essence of rest. A home that can provide this is always attractive. It may be plain and rude, or elaborate and costly. In either case, if it meets the unexpressed want of a tired nature, it is home. But if old cares only yield to new, and the irritations of business merely give place to other annoyances at home, it is not a place of rest. It only adds to weariness and irritation. The art of making home homelike is the best that a wife can possess, and if the children are well trained along that line it becomes a spot the dearest on earth.

IS IT RIGHT?

1. Is it right for men who call themselves Christians to pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and afterwards needlessly entangle themselves in drink which has tempted and ruined thousands?

2. Is it right that men pray to God, "Give us this day our daily bread," and at the same time support a system that legalises the destruction of good corn, making it into a body-and-soul-destroying drink?

3. Is it right to build churches, chapels, and schools to enlighten and save people, whilst the law opens shops for intoxicating drinks which destroy them?

4. Is it right for the law to permit a man to intoxicate himself, and for such a one to be punished by the same law for becoming drunk?

5. Is it right to give men leave to make beggars and criminals, and thereby lay taxes upon sober and upright people to maintain them?

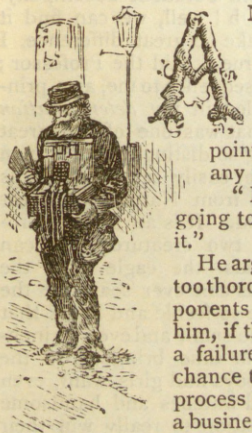
6. Is it right for people to wish us success and prosperity in our endeavours to work against the evils of drink whilst they themselves continue to drink and defend the traffic?

7. Is it right for patriotic minds to refuse the only sure remedy against the land's debauchery?

8. Is it right for a teacher to warn against the danger of public-houses whilst his own breath is tainted with the destructive drink?

9. Is it right to ask these questions? and what answer will the right-minded reader give?—*Translated from the Danish.*

TALKING TOO MUCH.



AN interviewer once asked Commodore Vanderbilt about the secret of his success, and the old gentleman gave him this point, which has a force for any rising young man.

"I never tell what I am going to do until I have done it."

He argued that to air his plans too thoroughly was to give his opponents a good chance to thwart him, if they could. If he made a failure, then they had the chance to laugh at him, neither process being very agreeable to a business man. Now, by keeping affairs to himself, he avoided all these troubles. The world only learned of his successes, and esteemed him, as it usually does a successful man.

Now, I have known others, especially young men, just starting out for themselves, who were famous for building air castles which they expected to raise in reality by and by. They would go into details and show how such and such processes could not fail to bring in "thousands," when only worked up properly. Everywhere they went they would talk it over, but there the matter would end. When jeered a little afterward about their "big scheme" they could, perhaps, tell you resentfully how somebody else stole their project and made the money, or else give ten good reasons why the same in their hands could not be satisfactorily carried out. Generally, the man who talks largely over a plan that "has millions in it" is a schemer to avoid or a visionary, who, if you go in with him, will sink all the money you can entrust to him.

Our ambitious, stirring boys, and young men of to-day are the ones who are to make the business men of to-morrow, and they never will make successful men without a great deal of hard thinking. They may lay plans in the mind, but it is a good thing to keep them in the mind until very thoroughly digested. Study them out by yourself with all the light you can bring to bear upon them. Ask questions where it is needed, but it is not necessary to explain all about your reasons for asking. Learn to absorb information as a sponge does water. This is a point where it is very proper to imitate a sponge. When you do come to speak of an important matter, let "every word weigh a pound." That was the high praise given to a plain man of sound sense, whose opinion was much sought after in the community where he lived. Such men "use words as riflemen do bullets. Each one goes straight to the mark. Then they are silent again, as if reloading."

Of course, one may overdo this good quality of reticence about one's own affairs, but the danger is not half as great as the opposite.

OLIVE.

THOUGHTS.

THOUGHTS are powers which we must learn to control and direct. What we think, we become. Thoughts are to the mind and character what breath is to the body. Good thoughts are like good air, strengthening and healthful; pure thoughts, like pure air, clear, invigorating, inspiring. What we love, we think about; what we love, we strive to obtain, to do, to be. We must look upon every thought as a germ of life and growth, either of good or of evil. A thought is like a seed. And we know not the length of time that the life may lie hidden in a seed. We know that seeds have been laid away, hidden, or overlooked for hundreds of years, and still, when placed among the necessary conditions, a new plant has sprung forth—a new plant after the nature of the seed. Like will produce like. A flower-seed gives birth to a new flower; a fruit-seed to a plant which bears that kind of fruit; while the seed of a noxious weed will produce growth of its own kind. So that which we sow we shall reap again. If in our hearts and minds we sow the precious seed of loving, tender, generous thoughts, thoughts that will bear the fruits of truth and goodness, love and justice, charity and faith, we are sowing a crop from which we shall reap rich returns. If we sow thoughts that are bitter and dark, if we go into the inner recesses of our minds and dally there with those that are unjust, false, impure, we are preparing a harvest which will bring us bitterest grief and sorrow, if it does not lead us unto spiritual ruin and death. It is of scarcely any value to ourselves that our words should sound well, that we should present a goodly outside appearance, if such words and actions are not the real expression of our thoughts and feelings, but a cover by which we hope to conceal our "darling sins," and used but to bring to us the respect of others. Every effort at hypocrisy is a mute acknowledgment that we wish to appear other than we are; therefore, we cannot really be that which we think admirable. When we have for our companionship good and noble thoughts, we have a companionship of which nothing can deprive us, we have an element of happiness and of constantly increasing joy.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A LAWYER, a doctor, a minister, a teacher, or a person well versed in any trade or profession, is useful; but we now and then meet a person who, without any previous study, assumes to understand law better than the lawyer, theology better than the minister, and medicine better than the man who has made it a lifetime study and practice, and so on through the list of professions. It is these people, with their deluded followers, that bring quackery into existence and make the mastery of a trade or profession of less value. There are none of the higher arts or trades, and but few of the lower, but require a lifetime to master, and in which one always finds something more to learn. The less quackery is encouraged the more worth one's while it will be to thoroughly master his business.

TO JUDGE what is right, then to do the right, though all the world oppose—this is the sum of goodness and of virtue.

IT sometimes seems easier to follow the old and well-known paths, though full of thorns and brambles, than to turn aside into new and untried ways where every prospect is bright and pleasing and only roses line the way.

WE should manage our fortunes as we do our health—enjoy it when good, be patient when it is bad, and never apply violent remedies except in an extreme necessity.

NOTHING WASTED.—It is a truth that is often overlooked that Nature, whatever may be her luxuriousness, her profusion, her generosity, always makes use of the materials she has at hand. However rich the soil or favourable the climate, she does not bring forth a bountiful harvest without using the seeds which were saved from a former crop. The leaves which wither and fall from the trees in autumn, and which seem to us to have completed all their possible usefulness, the earth receives into her bosom, and converts into nutriment for the buds and blossoms of another spring. The water of the rivulet, after refreshing its banks and flowing into the sea, is never lost, but continues to do new service in cloud and dew and rain without end. Nature, in fact, repudiates nothing, however valueless we esteem it; she not only saves and treasures it, but sets it at once to work, under new conditions, to develop new forms of beauty or strength. "Much from little, but nothing from nothing," seems to be everywhere her never-failing law, and her frugality and liberality go hand in hand. It would be well for us if we put our lives and conduct into harmony with his law.

THE HOLD-FAST PRINCIPLE.—Professor Faraday was coming from his lecture-room one night after the lights were out, when he dropped something in the hall. He groped about for a time in search of it, until a student accompanying him remarked: "Oh! well, we can find it to-morrow. It will make no great difference, I suppose." "That is true," said the Professor; "but it is of grave consequence to me, as a principle, that I am not foiled in my *determination* to find it." Perhaps that was one of the great secrets of his becoming so distinguished a man of science. He was not easily set back in his determination to wrest from Nature the great secrets which he coveted. It is an Eastern proverb, "There are but two creatures that can surmount the Pyramids—the eagle and the snail." Not many of us can ever soar like the eagle, but few of us are so feeble and lowly that we cannot creep like the snail, and even an inch-by-inch process will in time bring us to the summit. What most boys and girls want, even more than they do gold watches and handsome dresses, is a determination to really win their way in life. It is really half the battle.

A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.—Gustave Doré had an artist's eye for those terribly-repulsive creatures—victims of drink—who are but too plentiful in our streets, and at sight of whom ordinary men shudder. One evening he was roaming near the Farringdon Market, when an appalling object, one mass of rags on a gaunt frame of bones, rose up before him, croaking "I am a gentleman; I am a clergyman!" Doré was so much struck that he put the man into a cab and took him to his hotel, where the hall-porter, as was only natural, evinced some surprise. As Doré was fond of joking he said coolly, "Give your arm to this gentleman up the stairs, please; he is my uncle," and when he had got his "uncle" upstairs he drew a ghastly sketch of him preaching from a pulpit to a congregation of other drunkards. The picture might have served as a companion to that of Cruikshank on "Drink."—*The Times*.

HEALTH is better than wealth.

THOSE who do the most work in the world usually receive the least thanks and the poorest pay.

Notice to Correspondents.

Received with thanks:—Rev. J. Finnemore.

Publications Received.

Church of England Temperance Chronicle—Rechabite Magazine—Temperance Record—Scottish League Journal—British Temperance Advocate—Social Reformer—Band of Hope Union Chronicle.

WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MISS SALOME HOCKING.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE ACCIDENT.



CHRISTMAS came and went, but for Minnie it left not bright memories behind. It was a time laden with pain and sorrow. Her father being a friend of Captain Tambling's, and it being known that he was once a wealthy farmer, he was made much of, and invited around to the different houses, to their parties, and as there was generally plenty of drink provided, Mr. Penrose was scarcely sober for the Christmas.

That was a bitter grief to Minnie, and her bright spirits were rapidly giving way under the continual sorrow.

As the weeks passed by, and lengthened into months, Minnie found that a new trouble was awaiting her. She had lived all her life on a farm, and it had seemed easy enough to manage a house where they grew almost everything that was needed on their own place. But when Minnie went to St. Ewan everything seemed to cost so much; nothing was cheap in that little place, except fish, and she knew not how to make the money last from month to month.

It was indeed a pitiful sum of money that Mr. Penrose brought home to Minnie. He felt ashamed of it and of himself for spending so much money in drink; and each month he resolved to bring home more, but somehow the money slipped out of his hands when he was at the "Three Pilchards."

Minnie was standing by the window one afternoon, looking out at the drenched garden and thinking sadly of the past. A blinding mist was blowing in from the sea; it had been raining for nearly a week, and Minnie's face reflected the dulness of the weather. She had not much of Mrs. Bennett's company through the day, for she was generally busy with her dressmaking.

Minnie had fallen into the habit of talking softly to herself when alone, and as she stood there she whispered:—

"I wonder what they are doing at Treligger now? I have not heard a sound about them since we left. Uncle John's letters are always so short—poor dear old uncle, he hates writing, I know; and it's no wonder, he's always so busy. How I should like to know all about it, whether Harry lives at Treligger, or if he has put some one else there?"

She was silent for a few minutes while she gazed at the ring on her finger, which Harry had given her. And then she continued:—

"I am twenty-one to-day. My life has not been very long, but what changes I have seen! The first seventeen years passed happily enough, but after that came a change; and oh! what a sad change it has been; but I am afraid it will be sadder still, for each month we are growing poorer, and I dare not think what will be the end of it. We have been here nearly four months now, and the change of place and associates have made no difference in father's habits. I might as well have stayed at Treligger as Harry wished me to, only then I should not have felt that I had done my duty."

She was thus whispering sadly when she heard the steady tramp, tramp, as of many feet. Nearer and nearer they came, and, looking out, she saw nine men, wearing the miners' clothes, walking along the road. Minnie thought she had never seen such queerly-dressed men. They had on long jackets which had originally been white, but were now a yellowish, earthy colour, and strange-looking hats with pieces of candle stuck in front.

Minnie wondered why they walked so slowly and in rows. As they neared the gate, the man who was walking in front stepped aside, and she saw that they were carrying something that was covered up on what looked to her to be a door. "Some one is hurt," she thought, "and they are carrying him home. Poor fellow! I wonder if he lives far away from here, as they seem to be passing all the houses?"

They came up to the gate, and halted there, while the man who had walked in front opened the gate and came up the garden path and knocked at the door.

For her life Minnie could not have moved then, for she felt sure it was her father they were bringing home; he had been hurt—perhaps killed! She heard Mrs. Bennett open the door, and caught the words, which were spoken in a low tone, "Some ground fell on him, and he is bruised a little, and one of his legs is broken."

Then she heard Mrs. Bennett go upstairs, and

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still gazing out of the window, she saw the man beckon to the others to come in. Very slowly they walked up the path and into the house, and then she heard them stumbling upstairs, as if some of them were walking backwards.

After what seemed to her to be hours, she heard the men coming down again, and seven of them walked out, and even then she noticed how ragged they were, and that their shoes were tied up with strings. She watched them until they were out of sight, and then hearing the quick gallop of a horse in the other direction, she turned her head and saw a gentleman ride up to the gate and dismount. Fastening his horse to the post he walked into the house, and she heard him running lightly upstairs.

Minnie knew not how long she had been at the window, when a hand was laid lightly on her shoulder. Turning quickly she saw that it was the gentleman she had seen at the gate, and gasping out the words, she said:

"Are you the doctor?"

"Yes, I am Doctor Wilson. But don't look so frightened, poor child," he said, looking at her with a pair of bright, kind eyes. "I see how it is, Miss Penrose: you have been imagining that something terrible has happened. Now, I will tell you what it is. Your father has had his leg broken, which I have set for him, and he has a few bruises; otherwise he is uninjured. There is no need for you to be so much alarmed; but Mrs. Bennett tells me that you have lived all your life on a farm, so that accounts for your being so much frightened. We get used to it in mining districts, although I think the New Consols is a pretty safe mine. How long have you lived here, Miss Penrose?"

Minnie forced herself to answer, which was just what the doctor wanted. He saw that she was nearly petrified with fear, and he wanted to bring her out of it. He succeeded after awhile, and then, when he saw that she was calm, he said: "Now you had better go up and see your father; he was asking for you just now."

Minnie followed the doctor into her father's room. Turning her frightened eyes towards the bed, she saw her father lying there; he was looking very pale, otherwise he seemed the same as ever. Minnie had dreaded she knew not what, and as she saw her father stretch out his hand to her and smile, she sprang forward, and clasped his hand in hers, trying to smile in return. But the effort was too much, and slipping down by the bed, she covered her face with her hands, and those around saw that her frame was shaking with sobs.

Mr. Penrose looked distressed, and said, "The poor child has been frightened out of her wits; she has been imagining something awful, I expect, and no one has had the sense to tell her anything, I suppose. Never mind, Minnie," he said, stroking her hair fondly; "I shall be all right again soon."

His voice sounded just like it used to, and that more than anything else helped to quiet Minnie, for it was long since he had spoken in such kind tones; and wiping her eyes, she said, "I am better now, father, and will not be so foolish again. But, now, is there nothing I can do for you?"

"Not just now," he said, wearily. "I feel tired and sleepy."

"Yes," interposed the doctor. "You must keep quiet now, and not talk any more." And then turning to the two men who had not left, he said, "You can go home now, for I dare say that you are tired. I will make arrangements with Captain Tambling as I go backwards, about some one coming to-night."

Calling Mrs. Bennett aside, he gave her his directions, and saying that he would call again in the evening, he left.

Mr. Penrose slept a great part of the afternoon, but in the evening he seemed very restless, and Minnie was glad when the doctor came. He was followed by one of the miners, who had been sent by Captain Tom to stay for the night. From him she learnt the cause of the accident.

"Your father have been working underground for the last fortnight, miss," said the man, "and to-day, as we was working, we saw that a piece of ground, which had not been properly timbered, was givin' way; we called to un, but he didn't hear, I s'pose, and the ground in falling knocked him down. It wasn't much, and if it hadn't been for a big stone which falled on his leg, he'd not have been hurt much. But don't fret, miss," added the man, kindly, as he looked at her white, quivering features; "a broken bone ain't so very much, and your father'll be as well as ever in a little while."

For the first month the miners took it in turns to watch by night with Mr. Penrose, Captain Tom paying them their wages as if they were working. After that Mr. Penrose said that there was no need for them to come any more, as he was getting better, and could be left alone.

It was a terrible trial to Mr. Penrose to lie there through days and nights of pain, and not be allowed any spirit. The doctor had peremptorily forbidden any; and though he coaxed and entreated Minnie to get him some, she was firm, and refused to let him have any. And then he got angry and swore at her, calling her "unkind" and "ungrateful." Minnie did not answer, but her heart ached at his unkind words as she thought, "He does not think that I have scarcely money enough to buy food, leaving out brandy. And what we are to do I don't know. There is none due from Uncle John for two months yet.

There is a fortnight's wages due to father next Saturday, that will help us on for a little while, and after that—well, I'll not go to meet trouble," and Minnie turned resolutely away.

The miners were very kind in coming to see Mr. Penrose, scarcely a day passing but that one of them would call. Captain Tom also came occasionally, but having a lot of business to attend to he had not so much time. Mr. Penrose was always glad to see any of them, for he had been used to an active, stirring life, and found it very wearisome to be kept in bed and not be allowed to move for so many weeks. He was not very patient, and was often so cross and irritable that Minnie was as glad to see the miners come in as he was himself, for when they were there he seemed to forget his pain and weariness.

On the day of the pay-day, two of the men came to see Mr. Penrose, one of them bringing him his wages, which he counted out on the bed. "But this is a full month's wages," said Mr. Penrose in surprise.

"Well, that's all right," said the man; "we are keeping your place good between us. We take it in turns, and work doublers."

"I don't know how to thank you enough," began Mr. Penrose in a husky voice.

"Oh, nonsense, comrade," said the man, kindly; "we're only doing just what we ought to. We'd be purty fellows, after you'd got hurt and been kept on your back here, if we did not keep your place for you. And so long as you're in bed we mean to do it, and as soon as you're able to come back there's yer place a-waiting for 'ee."

Mr. Penrose covered his face with the bedclothes, and wept. Such unexpected kindness touched his heart. Half ashamed of his emotion he turned back the bedclothes and wiping his eyes, said, "Excuse my weakness, mates, but I couldn't help it. I am but a stranger here among you, and yet you treat me just as if I was your brother. I'll never forget your kindness."

"Forgive me, brother Penrose, for asking the question, but are you as grateful to your Brother up above as you are to us?" asked the man who had hitherto remained silent. His name was John Pollard, but he was known among the men as "Parson John."

As Mr. Penrose was silent, he continued, "What we're doing isn't much, it's only what you would do if any of us was hurted. But Jesus has done much for us, more than anybody else, and yet He is the last one we think of, and the last we thank. Is it not so, comrade?"

"I believe it is," said Mr. Penrose, gravely; "I know I'm an ungrateful old sinner."

"So are we all," said Parson John, softly; "but Jesus knows all about us, He knows all our besetting sins, and His blood can wash away all stains if we go to Him. He died to save just such sinners as we are." And he commenced to sing in a rich tenor voice—

"Ah! whither should I go,
Burdened, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my trouble show,
And pour out my complaint?
My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?
He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from Him I stay!"

Mr. Penrose winced as he listened to the second verse, but said nothing, and when the hymn was finished he thanked Parson John, saying that there was nothing he liked better than singing.

Very soon after the men took their leave, promising to call again the next week.

When Minnie came into the room, Mr. Penrose gave her his wages, explaining to her the reason why it was so much.

"Oh, father," said Minnie, joyfully, "God must have put it into their hearts to be so kind, for I didn't know at all how we were going to live. But now we shall get on nicely. Oh! I'm so glad," and Minnie wiped away the tears that joy had forced out. There was a great load lifted from her mind, and she went about with a lighter heart than she had carried for many a week.

Minnie noticed how very quiet her father was during the evening, but she thought he was tired, and so did not disturb him.

Mr. Penrose was pondering over the words that Parson John had sung to him. He knew very well what his bosom sin was, and as he lay there so still his thoughts wandered back, and he was again at Treligger Farm. He remembered when he had first taken the farm, and he and Amy had gone there to live. They had lived very happily together, struggling on, hand in hand. They had their troubles, but they always bore them together, proving the truth of the words, "Union is strength."

But he remembered how that, when he began to indulge in intoxicating drink, that they had slowly drifted apart, and he shuddered as he remembered that *his* had been the hand that had raised up the barrier between them.

Great tears trickled down his face as he thought how gentle and kind she had always been with him, and how, on her deathbed, she had forgiven him, and prayed that he might be a Christian. He remembered, too, that he had promised to try to conquer his love for drink, and to become a Christian. But, alas! how had his promises been kept?

His thoughts travelled on, and he saw clearly that drink had been the bane of his life, for had he not been blinded by drink, he would have

seen through the hollow pretence of friendship made by Peter Dawlish—he could see it clearly now.

"But I did not accept the lesson," he thought, with a groan, "for when I came here, instead of turning over a new leaf, I have only sunk deeper down. Instead of choosing for companions such men as Parson John, I picked up with a lot of tipplers—good-hearted fellows some of them, but like me, their own worst enemies, And yet is that always true? We say, 'Nobody's enemy but their own,' but I am afraid that in most cases it is not true. I am come down in life myself, but I've not come alone; I have dragged my little Minnie down with me, and therefore I, her father, am her enemy.

"Although I never thought of it before—but there! I never let myself think about it. I wonder if there are any men who *think* less than the drunkards? But the fact is, they can't think when they are drunk, and when they are sober they don't want to—that's the secret of it.

"And, God knows, our thoughts cannot be the pleasantest. I would shun them myself if I could, but I cannot. I am bound to think to-night, for the words of that hymn haunt me. 'Some secret bosom sin.' Yes, that's it; we nurse it in our bosom, and scarcely make an effort to cast the deadly thing out.

"Drink will make any man a coward, and oh! what a coward I've been. I've let my appetite become my master, and now I am its slave. I can trace it all back, all my misery and bad luck, as I have sometimes called it, has all come upon me through drink. It is drink that has brought me where I am, a cripple, dependent on the kindness of other people."

Covering his face with his hands, Mr. Penrose groaned in bitterness of spirit; his conscience was awakened, and he saw himself as he was.

It was a dreary picture that he saw as he lay there on his bed that night, and gazed at the glowing coals in the grate. Thought was busy, and he could not sleep.

"Here am I at fifty a cripple, for the doctor says that I shall always be lame, and what can a cripple do?" he moaned, sadly. "If I was like I once was, it would not have made so much difference, for I could have managed the farm very well; but that is over now, and I know not what I am to do.

"As I look back over my past life, I cannot see that I was ever of much use in the world. Nay! far from that, for I have used my influence on the side of evil. It was only the other day—or it seems so to me—when Parson John was speaking to the men of their intemperate habits, and they were listening earnestly, I sneered at his words, and called him a 'sneaking teetotaler.' How differently he has acted by me; but I am bad!—all bad! and it were better if I was out of the world. But oh! I am not fit to die."

And then, as he remembered how near to death he had been, he asked himself the question, "Suppose that stone had struck my head instead of my leg, I might have been a dead man, and where should I have been by this time?"

The thought was a terrible one, and great drops of sweat stood thickly on his forehead, and yet he shivered as if with cold. The pain that he had suffered was nothing to the agony of mind that he endured that night, and he never felt more thankful in his life than when he saw the daylight stealing into his room.

Somehow the terrible thoughts that had crowded his mind through the night were driven away when the daylight came, and closing his eyes he fell fast asleep.

(*To be continued.*)

PLEASURES I LOVE.

I LOVE the hum of the cricket-field,
And the voices of playful youth;
The shouts of laughter that sweetly yield
A tribute to pleasure and truth.
Away from the noise of city and strife,
To watch the pleasures of country life.

I love the splash of the boatman's oar,
And the song the boatmen sing;
I love to sit on the silent shore
When the church bells merrily ring.
But the song that is sweetest of all to me,
Is sung by the bird on the greenwood tree.

I love to walk in a country lane,
When the hedges are trimmed with gold;
'Tis there I forget my sorrow and pain,
And feel like the days of old,
When my heart was gay and my spirit free,
And never a grief was known to me.

I love the climbing of mountain slopes,
Be they clad with verdure or snow;
'Tis then I enjoy my brightest hopes,
And forget the sad world below:
For the breezes carry my thoughts away
To the land of the pure and eternal day.

I love a gambol on meadow green
With my children one, two, three,
And I love to see their glad faces beam
As they merrily smile on me.
No pleasure on earth can be so fair
As that in which others have a share.

ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.



"Frank gathered one."—p. 123.

HEAT, SWEATING, THIRST, AND BEER.

BY S. COMPSTON,

Fellow of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain.

"AH no, sir! Ye couldn't do it. Faith, I'd be droied up entoirely, and wouldn't be able to finish the piece at all at all." So said an Irishman, who was mowing on a grass farm on one of our Lancashire hills one hot July day, in reply to my question if he could not do without the beer he was freely drinking. His comrade, who with himself had undertaken a few acres of mowing, agreed. The farmer whom they served (not a teetotaler) did not himself drink beer when mowing or haymaking, yet did not care much whether or not the men had it, if they did their work satisfactorily. These men insisted on so much money and so much beer for the job.

The results were, for the men, excessive perspiration, excessive thirst, excessive fatigue at night, with a little insobriety; no working at all for part of the next day, and a finishing of the beer before the work. Then when the haymakers followed in due course, these found that in picking up the new-cut grass from the "swathes" in order to scatter it abroad for drying, their hands kept catching in tufts of grass which the unsteady scythe had missed altogether, or had not cut near enough to the ground, and this was annoying and irksome. Then when others followed to rake up the strewed grass into thin rows, their rakes were caught from time to time in these same tufts, like a comb in a matted head of hair, and this "lugging" hindered the due ease and progress of the workers. So that not only did the mowers lose by their beer-help, but the farmer also lost somewhat.

Now, my young friends, though we may never mow, we may understand why beer does not really help in heat or thirst, just as, though we may never drive a locomotive engine, we may be certain from a knowledge of physics and mechanics, that the steam-engine will work best with water.

Every movement of any part of our body, every stroke of the heart, for instance, and every wink of the eyelid, involves some wear of the part moved. The worn material is caused to undergo a change (called combustion) by which heat is produced; hence, the more exertion the body undergoes, the more warmth is supplied. Again, certain portions of our food are similarly combusted; and thus the body is kept warm. But when a man is working very hard indeed in great heat, as under a burning sun, or in front of a fiery furnace, how is it he is not broiled? for the combustion of food and worn material within the body itself must be great, besides the external heat. The body is kept at an even temperature or warmth by a self-acting mode of evaporation. Is that a long and hard word? Well, you may call steam from the boiling kettle vapour, and you know that in time the kettle would boil dry: the water would e-vapor-ate, that is, vapour away; and any liquid which can "dry up" evaporates—passes away in vapour. Your breath is largely vapour; but your skin is constantly throwing off vapour, and when that moisture becomes too abundant to be carried off as rapidly as it is discharged, you call it "sweat."

Now let me explain what the sweat or perspiration is for, at least so far as our subject is concerned. Young people are mostly fond of experiments; very well: take two cups or water-tight tin canisters or other vessels, both alike; wrap them both round outside with an equal thickness of flannel or brown paper, or cotton, and tie the jacketing on; fill them both up with hot water out of the same kettle, and let them stand to cool. Now you see the two are both alike in every respect; the temperature of the water may be tried at the beginning with a bath-thermometer, and then again after a while, when, of course, it will be lower, but the water in one vessel will be as cool as that in the other. Now empty them and start afresh. Take the temperature of the hot water in the kettle, then fill both vessels as before, but this time wet freely the jacket of *one* of them with the hot water, and leave them to cool. Which will cool most slowly? "Oh, the one whose jacket was wetted with the hot water, of course," some young reader will exclaim. Would you be surprised to know that it is that very one which cools quickest? See, here are the results of the experiment as I have done it:—

	Heat of water at first in both vessels.	After a few minutes.	After half-an-hour.	Total loss.
The wet jacketed one ..	166°	100°	74°	92°
The dry jacketed one ..	166°	112°	84°	82°

Thus, while dry-jacket lost 84°, wet-jacket had lost 92° in the same time. In other words, the moisture from the outside of the latter, while evaporating or drying up, had carried off an extra quantity of heat; for, under ordinary conditions, wherever there is moisture there is evaporation, and wherever there is evaporation going on there is heat being carried off. Hence, when the schoolroom or workshop is very hot, a sprinkling of water on the floor, being quickly evaporated, quickly cools the room; hence, also, the refreshing coolness on a hot, dry road just after the watering-cart has passed over it.

So the Great Creator in His wonderful wisdom has arranged that when the human

body by severe labour or external heat, or both together, would be in danger of taking harm thereby, it shall have its skin-jacket wetted from within, in order that the excess of heat may be evaporated away as rapidly as it is produced, and the body kept at about the same degree of heat or temperature as under ordinary conditions !*

Now for the important practical application : remember that when you are sweating you are losing heat rapidly, therefore to go into a cool place or draught with a very moist skin or damp clothes, or to sit still after hard running, etc., exposes the body to risk of too sudden or too great loss of heat through the extra evaporation, and so you may "catch a cold," induce an inflammation, or other harm.

KEEP TOUCH.

BY RICHARD OLIVER, NORTHAMPTON.



PERHAPS some of our young friends, when travelling on the railway have noticed a telegraph wire attached to distance signal posts. Ah, that is to "keep touch;" the wire is connected with a brass tube in the signal lamp, the heat from which when burning expands the metal tube, and thereby allows a current of electricity to pass from the signal box through the wire and tube, and back to the signalman, with the important information, "Light in." Thus on dark nights, in rain, fog, or storm, quite out of sight, at a distance of nearly a mile, perhaps, the keeping touch of the brass tube tells the story that the lamp is shining and doing its duty, thereby ensuring safety to train-loads of passengers; but if from any cause the lamp ceases to burn, the tube contracts, the electric current is broken, touch is not kept, and swiftly goes a teli-tale signal, "Lamp out"; then active steps have to be taken to avert danger.

Our young temperance friends will do well, as they grow up, to "keep touch" with their respective "Bands of Hope." Attractions of various sorts, business engagements, home duties, as time passes, will tend to weaken the connection with the society which has probably instilled into their minds sound temperance and other truths. Let an old worker suggest to Band of Hope members, when away from home and the old associations, to drop an occasional letter to the secretary to be read at the next meeting, it will be encouraging all round, to the writer, the secretary, and the members to whom it may be read; or, if living in the old home or neighbourhood, look in on the meeting as often as circumstances permit, and see how the cause progresses, not forgetting to say a few words if you can. Become a subscriber of a shilling or so a year, and tell the collector in your cheeriest tone that more can be had if needed at any time.

Remember the Band of Hope in your prayers, both private and public—a grand way of keeping touch.

"We want it to accomplish
All that it may and should,
To weaken powers of evil,
And strengthen powers of good,
And so we ask God's blessing."

I have before me instances illustrative of adopting and not adopting the course suggested. A young man goes away to a large and busy town: he does not forget his Band of Hope, but in a few leisure minutes writes a thoughtful note, with earnest wishes for its success, and urging the members to be stedfast; and, alas! a sad instance, where, through lack of touch, another young man who went to London breaks his pledge, and seems to be going to destruction express speed, to the great grief of his temperance friends and relatives at home. "Light in" in the first case; "Light out" in the other.

Let me conclude with the simple words of the little child's hymn,

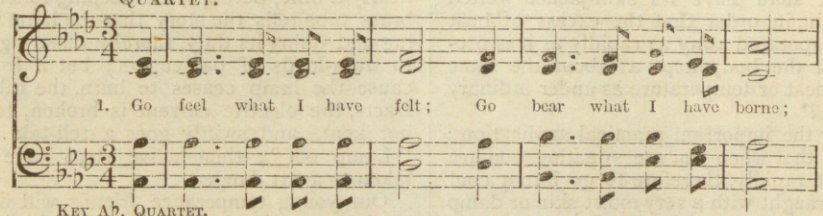
"Jesus bids me shine, first of all, for Him,
Well He sees and knows if my light is dim."

—*Bond of Union.*

* There are persons who "never sweat"; in such cases it is probable that evaporation is carried on more abundantly through the lungs, as is the case with dogs and other non-sweating animals. The other functions of perspiration—its floating out of effete matter, etc.,—do not come within the scope of the present paper.

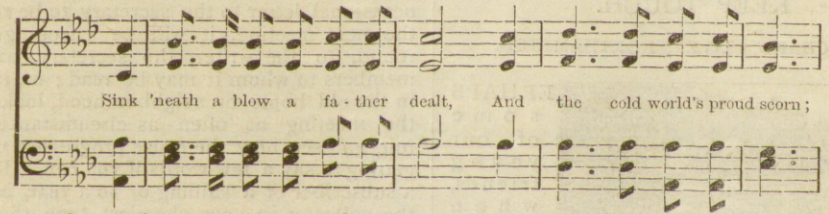
GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT.

QUARTET. E. A. H.

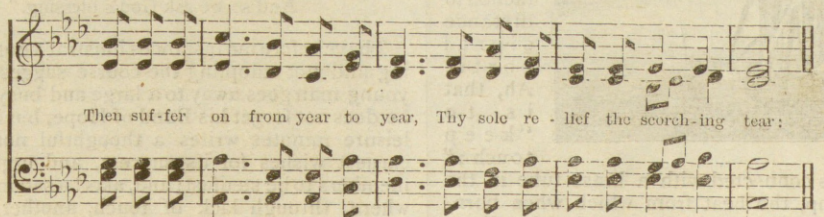


KEY Ab. QUARTET.

:s₁	s₁ :- .s₁ :s₁ .s₁	l₁ :— :l₁	l₁ :- .l₁ :t₁ .s₁	d :—
2. Go	weep as I have	wept O'er	a loved fa-ther's	fall;
:m₁	m₁ :- .m₁ :m₁ .m₁	f₁ :— :f₁	f₁ :- .f₁ :f₁ .f₁	m₁ :—
3. Go	to my mother's	side, And	her crush'd bo-som	cheer;
:d	d :- .d :d .d	d :— :d	r :- .r :r .t₁	d :—
4. Go	hear and see and	know All	that my soul hath	known,
:d₁	d₁ :- .d₁ :d₁ .d₁	f₁ :— :f₁	r₁ :- .r₁ :s₁ .s₁	d₁ :—



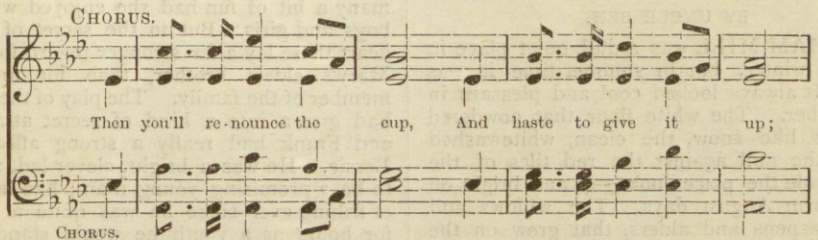
:d	r .,r :r .r :m .m	m :— :m	f :- .f :m .m	r :- .
See	ev-'ry pro-mised bless-ing	swept— Youth's	sweet-ness turn'd to	gall,
:m₁	s₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .s₁ :s₁ .s₁	s₁ :— :s₁	l₁ :- .l₁ :s₁ .s₁	s₁ :- .
Thine	own deep woe and an-guish	hide, And	wipe the bit-ter	tear;
:d	t₁ .,t₁ :t₁ .t₁ :d .d	d :— :d	d :- .d :d .d	t₁ :- .
Then	look up-on the wine-cup's	glow, See	if it can a-	tone;
:d₁	s₁ .,s₁ :s₁ .s₁ :d .d	d :— :d	f₁ :- .f₁ :d₁ .d₁	s₁ :- .



.r :r .r	m :- .r :d .t₁	l₁ :- .l₁ :d .l₁	s₁ .s₁ :s₁ :s₁	s₁ :—
Life's fa-ding	flowers strew'd all the	way That brought me	up to wo-man's	day:
.s₁ :s₁ .s₁	s₁ :- .f₁ :m₁ .s₁	f₁ :- .f₁ :f₁ .f₁	m₁ .m₁ :r₁ .m₁ :f₁	m₁ :—
Mark her worn	frame and withered	brow, The gray that	streaks her dark hair	now:
.t₁ :t₁ .t₁	d :- .s₁ :s₁ .d	d :- .d :l₁ .d	d .d :t₁ .d :r	d :—
Think if its	fla-vour you will	try, When all pro	claim, 'tis drink and	die:
.s₁ :s₁ .s₁	d₁ :- .d₁ :d₁ .m₁	f₁ :- .f₁ :f₁ .f₁	s₁ .s₁ :s₁ :s₁	d₁ :—

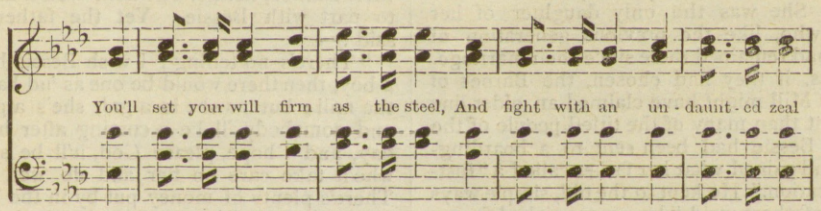
GO FEEL WHAT I HAVE FELT—*continued.*

CHORUS.

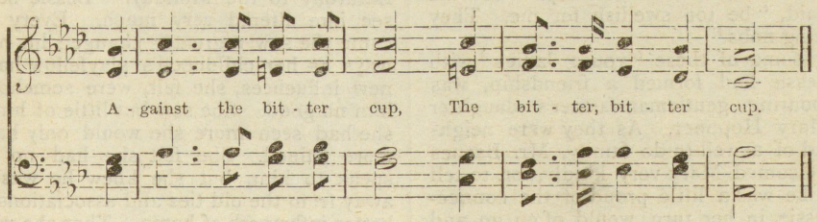


CHORUS.

:s_1	m	.,m	:s	:m	.d	r	:—	:s_1	r	.,r	:f	:r	.t_1	d	:—
:s_1	s_1	.,s_1	:s_1	:s_1		s_1	:—	:s_1	s_1	.,s_1	:s_1	:s_1		s_1	:—
Then	you'll	re-nounce		the		cup,		And	haste	to	give	it		up;	
:s_1	d	.,d	:m	:d		t_1	:—	:s_1	t_1	.,t_1	:r	:f		m	:—
:s_1	d_1	.,d_1	:d_1	:d_1	.m_1	s_1	:—	:s_1	s_1	.,s_1	:s_1	:s_1		d_1	:—



:r	m	.,m	:m	:f		s	.,s	:s	:m	r	.,r	:r	:m	f	.,f	:f			
:t_1	d	.,d	:d	:t_1		d	.,d	:d	:d	t_1	.,t_1	:t_1	:d	r	.,r	:r			
You'll	set	your	will	firm		as	the	steel,	And	fight	with	an	un-	daunted	zeal				
:s	s	.,s	:s	:s		s	.,s	:s	:s	s	.,s	:s	:s	s	.,s	:s			
:s_1	d	.,d	:d	:r		m	.,m	:m	:d	s_1	.,s_1	:s_1	:s_1	s_1	.,s_1	:s_1			



:r	m	:—	.m	:m	.m	m	:—	:m	r	.,r	:m	:r		d	:—				
:s_1	s_1	:—	.s_1	:se_1	.se_1	l_1	:—	:se_1	l_1	.,l_1	:s_1	:f_1		m_1	:—				
A-	gainst		the	bit-ter		cup,		The	bit-ter,	bit-	ter	cup.							
:t_1	d	:—	.d	:r	.r	l	:—	:t_1	l_1	.,d	:d	:t_1		d	:—				
:s_1	d	:—	.d	:t_1	.t_1	l_1	:—	:m_1	f_1	.,f_1	:s_1	:s_1		d_1	:—				

FOR HER SWEET SAKE.

BY UNCLE BEN.

LASSHAM MILL was a dull, quiet place in the winter, but in summer-time it was lovely. It always looked cool and pleasant in hot weather. The white flour that powdered the front like snow, the clean, whitewashed roof of the mill against the red tiles of the house made the place look gay and bright on clear, warm August days. The willows and poplars, aspens and alders, that grew on the bank threw a deep shade, and the taller elms that protected the front gave both cool shadows and pleasant sounds when the winds talked through them or swept over them in gentle whispers, and made a cheerful change to the monotone of the mill-wheel's hum from six in the morning to six in the evening, and the continuous noise of the rushing water.

Here, in this country mill, lived Bessie Barnes. She was the only daughter of her parents, who, like the previous generation of Barnes, had remained there since their marriage. Doubtless, if they had chosen, the Barnes of Lassham Mill might have claimed an older line of descent than many of the titled people of the county. Bessie had been sent to a boarding-school, and gained what her father called a "fust-class edication." He kept to the old, simple ways of his forefathers, said "he never wished for no changes;" his father had "allays voted Tory," and so would he.

His great regret was that Bessie had come back from her fine school "with townish ways, too smart and dressy by half." He feared "she'd never feed the pigs like grandmother did afore her." He did not like newfangled notions and customs. Few of Bessie's schoolfellows who came to the house took his fancy. "All the lot," he said, "be too swellish for me. They all ape being nobs."

Among some of these "young ladies" with whom Bessie had formed a friendship, was a neighbouring gentleman-farmer's daughter named Mary Hoppner. As they were neighbours, and of a well-to-do family, Mr. Barnes always welcomed Mary very kindly, for, to tell the truth, he was a little proud of the connection. Bessie, in her turn, would often go and stay with the Hoppners, and as theirs was a large family, she generally had very lively and pleasant times with them.

Mary and Bessie were about the same age, and with much the same tastes and interests; and as Bessie had not many friends at Lassham Mill, which was often for her very dull and lonely, the school friendship continued and deepened.

Mary had three brothers and two younger sisters; long had Bessie known them all, and many a bit of fun had she enjoyed with these boys and girls. But in the secret of Bessie's heart there lay a far stronger regard for Frank, Mary's eldest brother, than for any other member of the family. The play of the children had grown into a kind of secret attachment, and Frank had really a strong affection for Bessie. He was a bright, clever lad, and grew to be a promising young man; had been fond of fishing ever since he was quite a boy, and for hours as a youth he would stand by the mill pond or sit beside the stream with rod and line. There was a standing invitation at Lassham Mill for any of the Hoppners to fish in the miller's preserves, and Frank did so in more senses than one.

The Hoppners liked coming to the old mill—the girls and boys revelled in the boating and in the large-hearted hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, neither of whom would have liked to part with Bessie. Yet the father always said:—

"There's no telling; I wish Bessie had been a boy, then there would be one as 'ud ha' took to the mill; but as she is a gal, she's a good 'un, and somebody 'll be a coming after her some day, and I hope, please God, it'll be some one who'll take care on her and do well by her. There's plenty of money put by in the bank for her, and if I had a grandson there's the mill for him if he'd take the name of Barnes."

For a long time the intimacy ripened between Bessie and Frank, through youth into early manhood and womanhood. At last Frank left school and college, and went into the civil service in London. Then, somehow, a change came over the scene. Frank returned from London for very short stays—"just down from the Saturday to the Monday." Bessie seemed to see him altered very much. Every time he came she saw a greater change; his nice quiet ways as her childhood's playfellow had gone; new influences, she felt, were somehow doing him no good. She saw but little of him, and if she had seen more she would only have been more pained. She felt she had no right to speak to him, but she knew he was drifting away from the old ties and associations and the better influences of home. Then she would feel ashamed of herself for thinking so much about him, and try to feel he was nothing more to her than others she knew. But in spite of all resolves, she thought more about him than ever, and felt in her heart of hearts there was no sacrifice she would not make for him if she could help him and save him. She made all kinds of excuses to herself for him. She heard others only praise him and say how well he was getting on, moving in quite good society and

getting splendid introductions. But somehow Bessie could see and feel the changes were all for the worse. Sometimes she reproached herself for not having more influence over him, and at others felt thankful no other outward bond held them than that of passing friends.

At last Frank's long vacation came. He was away for much of it, and a thousand fears crossed Bessie's heart, but he came home for some days before going back to London. On Sunday he told Mr. Barnes he was coming over for some fishing on Monday. "All right," said the miller, "the trout have been waiting long for you ; my fishing days are over."

The following day he was true to his word, and came early after dinner. He said his sister was coming by-and-bye, and if Bessie would steer him up to the hatch by the willows his sister would come that way by the fields from the post-office, and would go back with her to the mill in the boat, where he could come to tea after an afternoon's fishing, and take Mary back to the farm.

Bessie complied with Frank's wish. The boat was soon out of the boat-house, and they came round by some backwater to the pool behind the mill.

"It's so hot," said Frank, "we'll drift down the stream." So he guided the boat with one oar and let her slowly glide with the current. Through the tall rushes and waving river reeds and floating lilies the boat moved.

Conversation soon flagged. Bessie felt so strange; there was much in her heart she would like to say, but could not. Just where the down-stream leaves the mill-pond some beautiful forget-me-nots grew; Frank gathered one and said—

"There's one of your old favourites. You had better keep this to help you to remember your old friends."

Bessie did not take any notice, she was trying hard to keep back the tears. He dropped the flower into her lap.

She looked up calmly, and said, "I don't forget them."

"Do you think of me among them?"

"Yes, I do, and sometimes pray for you too." There was a little quaver in the voice.

In quite an altered voice Frank said, "I need it."

"I fear you do," said Bessie, scarcely knowing what to say from the very fulness of her emotion.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I see you are so changed somehow. London life is doing you no good."

Frank burnt crimson, and said, "It's true."

"Why is it?" asked Bessie, so sadly that the tone went to Frank's very heart, and all the better feeling woke again within him.

Then he told her all; how college friends had met him and drawn him into drinking ways. She listened to his story with the tears running down her face. When he had finished he looked at her and said, "Will you still pray for me—and care for me—and love me?"

"Before I make you any promise I should like to ask *one* thing of you."

"What is it?" he responded.

"It is that we both, from henceforth and for ever, touch no more intoxicating drink while we live."

"For your sweet sake I will."

It is needless to say what followed. They floated long past the hatch by the willows till Mary met them. Then she said, "You don't call this fishing, do you, Frank?"

"Yes, I do," said Frank with a vengeance.

They discovered they had lost an oar, and so he had to tow back the boat.

* * * * *

A few years passed away, and summer had come again. The lilies were white on the backwater in the dark old mill pool, the wheel was humming, and the stream flowing on for ever. At the mill door a small voice was shouting—

"We's come, g'an'father—we's come; and here's some bootiful boo flowers for 'ou to wear because it's mother's wedding-day."

"Why, bless me, the young nipper is a-growing a Barnes all over, every inch of him," said the miller.

"Yes, he's a chip off the old block," said Mr. Hoppner.

"Even to his dreadful grammar, father," said Mrs. Hoppner, laughing.

"We thought we must come again on our forget-me-not day, and bring the little miller to see once more his future home."

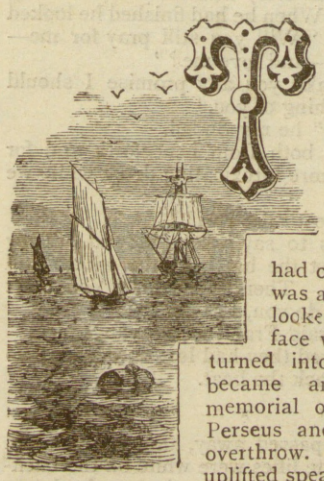
HEART HUNGER.

GIVE us to-day, our Father, daily bread,
And grant, O God! that not alone be fed
Our perishable bodies, but supply
The cravings of our inner life; we cry,
With thirst all faint, and hunger sore oppressed,
For bread of life, for living water, rest—
Rest from the tumult that will not be still,
Food for the weakness of our heart and will,
Drink for the burning, parching thirst of soul,
That all the streams of earth may not control.
We breathe the prayer our Master's lips have
said—
Give us to-day, our Father, daily bread.

S. J. JONES.

NO GAINS WITHOUT PAINS.

BY REV. J. FINNEMORE, F.G.S.



THERE is a classic story which tells how Perseus conquered all his foes by causing them to look upon the face of the Gorgon Medusa, whose head he had cut off while she was asleep. Whoever looked upon that face was immediately turned into stone, and so became an imperishable memorial of his enmity to Perseus and his own utter overthrow. One stood with uplifted spear, which he was about to hurl at the conqueror, and in that attitude he was turned into a marble statue; another, with face distorted by eager passion, and with mouth uttering bitter curses, is transfixed, as he rushes towards the object of his hatred, and stands for ever a monument of his own shame. Another, turning coward on beholding the fate of his comrades, sues for life, and prays for mercy, but he, too, with the face and in the attitude of a suppliant, is turned into stone, and so becomes a witness to following generations of his cowardice and submission to his enemy. With such a power in his hand it was impossible for Perseus to be conquered. He could overcome without fighting.

How many heroes and victors there would be to-day if fame and conquest could be won by such a method. But even then, it is to be feared that only few would face the difficulty and danger of cutting off the head of his Medusa.

It is probable that this story was invented to account for the wonderful achievements of some mighty hero, and we must substitute for the Gorgon face the courage, the industry, and the perseverance which made the very appearance of this hero an occasion of terror to his enemies, and his name a synonym for victory and glory.

Success is not the result of fortunate speculation. Greatness is not the result of genius unaccompanied by labour, nor indeed of any substitute for such labour. You cannot gain a victory without fighting! You cannot reach the summit of a hill without climbing! You cannot achieve anything great or noble without self-denying effort!

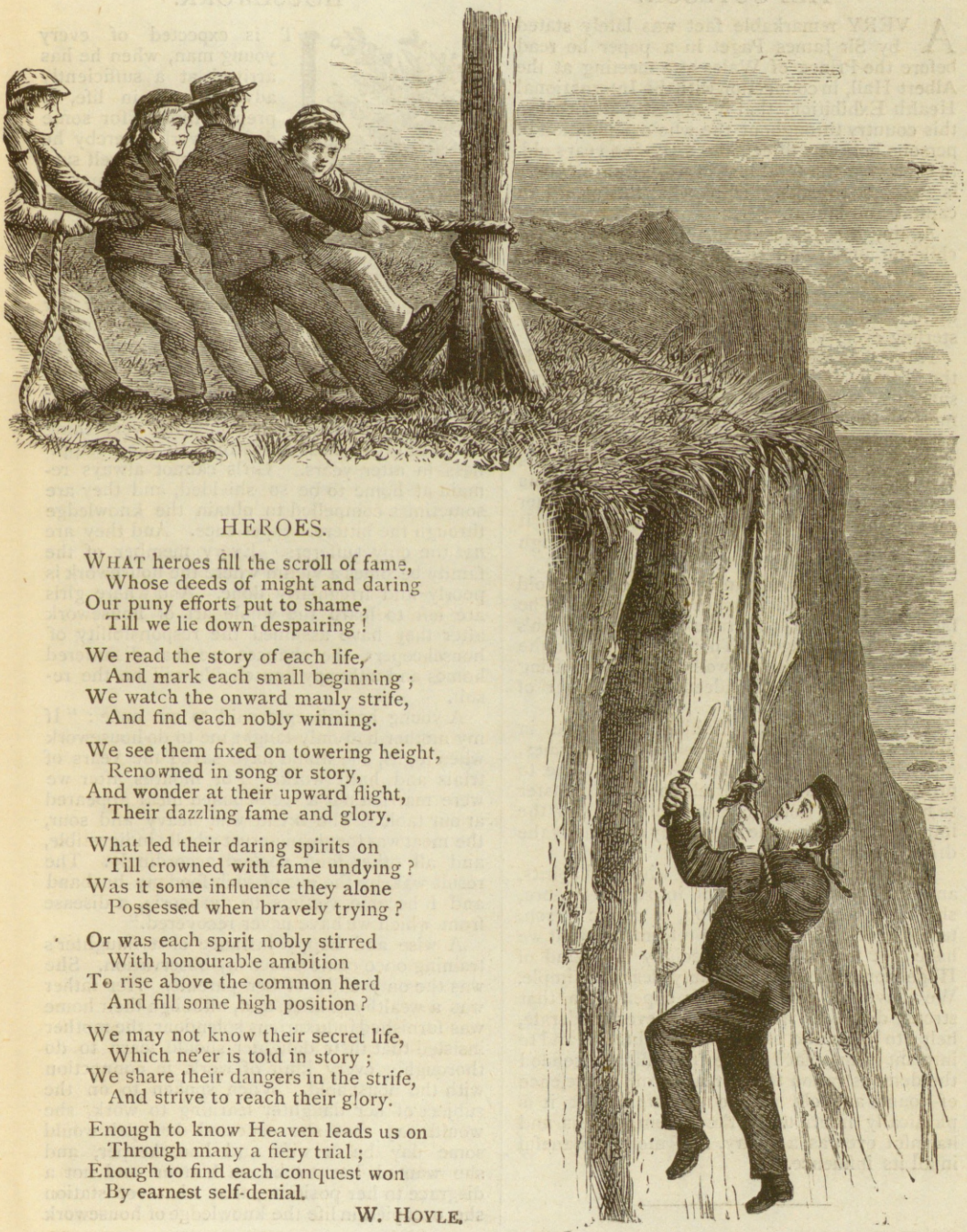
With this thought in your mind contemplate the many foes you have to encounter in your daily life, and face the many difficulties which threaten to stop your progress and disappoint your hopes. Within there are many evil passions whose fires must be extinguished; without there are many evil habits and customs whose force and spell must be broken. How is all this to be accomplished? Let us never forget Him who has said, "Without *Me* ye can do nothing." In our struggle against evil we can never overcome without the gracious help of our Saviour Jesus who is the "Captain of our salvation." Trusting in Him we possess a power which, when rightly and wisely used, always makes us "more than conquerors."

But is this "power" a substitute for labour and care? Certainly not. A trust which prevents care and effort is a false trust, and will cause disappointment and overthrow. Associated with this trust there must ever be a watchfulness which will prevent surprise; and a plodding persevering effort in the wise use of the grace which God has given. Such effort, sustained by a determination which will not yield, makes ultimate victory certain. Temporary failure there may be, but from this the soul shall rise to renew the struggle, and shall triumph in a final victory. We need not the magic of a Gorgon face, but the grace of a mighty Saviour, and the force of determined and persistent toil. No enemy can stand against these, but without them such victory as we desire is impossible.

The true heroism is the heroism of faith and labour.

DRESS.

THE subject of dress must of necessity receive a share of attention from every lady who cares to hold ever so small a place in society. The questions of "What shall I wear?" and "How shall I wear it?" can no more be set aside than the question of living And to these questions, more frequently than is thought, is added the question of how to obtain the means to dress respectably. But admitting all of this, it is not necessary for any one, except, perhaps, milliners and dressmakers, to make the subject of fashions their chief study. To dress neatly, becomingly, and in a manner suited to one's occupation or station, is all that is necessary, and the lady who cares so little for appearances as to dress shabbily or ridiculously is as much to be censured as the one who follows the opposite extreme and makes dress the chief end and aim of her existence.



HEROES.

WHAT heroes fill the scroll of fame,
Whose deeds of might and daring
Our puny efforts put to shame,
Till we lie down despairing!

We read the story of each life,
And mark each small beginning;
We watch the onward manly strife,
And find each nobly winning.

We see them fixed on towering height,
Renowned in song or story,
And wonder at their upward flight,
Their dazzling fame and glory.

What led their daring spirits on
Till crowned with fame undying?
Was it some influence they alone
Possessed when bravely trying?

Or was each spirit nobly stirred
With honourable ambition
To rise above the common herd
And fill some high position?

We may not know their secret life,
Which ne'er is told in story;
We share their dangers in the strife,
And strive to reach their glory.

Enough to know Heaven leads us on
Through many a fiery trial;
Enough to find each conquest won
By earnest self-denial.

W. HOYLE.

THE OUTLOOK.

A VERY remarkable fact was lately stated by Sir James Paget in a paper he read before the Prince of Wales at a meeting at the Albert Hall, in connection with the International Health Exhibition, that it was estimated that in this country throughout the whole population of persons between fifteen and sixty-five years old, in each year the total loss of work from sickness is 20,000,000 weeks. Think what this means in capital and labour.

Again, Sir James says, "the mortality of children under fifteen in 1882 was nearly a quarter of a million. What have they cost? £8 a-piece or more. Even at that low estimate there is a loss to the country of over £2,000,000 sterling every year."

Now when we remember that strong drink is the cause of half the physical misery and suffering, of much of the bodily disease, and most of the accidents, then how terrible is the magnitude of this drink evil. But more than this, it is sowing the seed for future harvests of disease and crime. It is bringing forth its entailed curse, its inheritance of woe for another generation. And besides the direct misery it causes there is the indirect retribution through hereditary tendence.

In no realm of human experience are the old words of the sacred prophet more true, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge." The penalty falls on the children yet unborn, as well as on those rising up amongst us. It is indeed the slaughter of the innocents.

This very "Health Exhibition," while in many ways an encouraging sign of the times, only shows how much has yet to be done to prove that intoxicating drink does not minister to health, and that in any exhibition for the improvement of people physically or socially the drink must be left out.

The stands and exhibits of wine and spirits, and the flourishing sale of intoxicants there, should be a national warning, a public lesson, teaching us, as temperance reformers, what we have yet to do. And especially as Band of Hope workers it makes our duty clear and simple. We have to eradicate this superstition that strong drink, in quantities however moderate, helps to keep and establish good health, and to implant in the place of the prevailing falsehood the demonstration to the reason and conscience of young and old of the principle that it is physically injurious to the system, useless and harmful even as a luxury, and morally baneful in all its influence.

HOUSEWORK.



IT is expected of every young man, when he has arrived at a sufficiently advanced age in life, to prepare himself for some definite work whereby he will be rendered self supporting, and in time be able to provide for the home and family that he will be almost sure to possess. And it is but just that his wife, the sharer of his home, should be equally as well fitted for her work. Mothers who allow their daughters to grow up in ignorance of housework, thinking that by so doing they are giving freedom and pleasure to their youth, are often doing the very thing that will prove most disastrous to their happiness in after years. Girls cannot always remain at home to be so shielded, and they are sometimes compelled to obtain the knowledge through the bitterest experience. And they are not the only sufferers. Every member of the family becomes a victim where the housework is poorly and irregularly done. And where girls are left to learn the whole art of housework after they have assumed the responsibility of housekeepers, the chances are that disordered homes and unhappy households will be the result.

A young housekeeper said to me once: "If my mother had only taught me to do housework when a girl, she would have saved me years of trials and hard work. For months after we were married not a well-cooked meal appeared at our table. The bread was heavy and sour, the meat was tough, pie-crust wholly indigestible, and all other food cooked accordingly. The result was, by the use of such food my husband and I became victims to dyspepsia, a disease from which we have never recovered."

A wise and happy instance of a daughter's training once came under my observation. She was the only child of her parents. Her father was a wealthy banker, and, although their home was furnished in luxurious splendour, the mother insisted that their daughter should learn to do thoroughly every kind of work in connection with the household. When spoken to on the subject of her daughter learning to work, she would say that she expected her girl would some day be a wife and housekeeper, and she wanted her to be an honour and not a disgrace to her position; that whatever station she occupied in life the knowledge of housework

would be useful to her, and she would consider herself very neglectful of her duty to her child unless she gave her a careful training in all the work pertaining to the home.

When the girl was only ten years of age she had regular duties of work to perform, and when she arrived at young-ladyhood she was complete master of every branch of housekeeping. Not even the hardest work had been neglected, for she could cook, wash, and iron with perfect ease.

Never did a knowledge of work prove more useful than in this instance. For shortly after arriving at womanhood, from heavy losses by speculation and other causes, her father's entire property was swept away, and the daughter was from necessity compelled to perform the work of the house. She afterward married a poor but worthy young man, and she was enabled to perform with ease and grace the entire duties of her home.

Think of the worry and care saved that daughter by the wise forethought of her mother. Could there be a truer, wiser expression of a parent's love than in so preparing a child for the stern and responsible duties of life, that the entire future will be made happier and easier for the training?

Were there more of such mothers as the one of whom I have just spoken, there would be more well-regulated homes and fewer broken-down housewives throughout our land. If girls could take their positions as housekeepers with a thorough knowledge of their work, housekeeping would lose much of its terror, and fewer families would resort to hotels and boarding-houses as a refuge from the trials of supporting a house of their own. NELLIE BURNS.

PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE question of temperance is of prime importance, as its opposite is often the root of both poverty and crime. It is even more important to the prosperity of the working classes than the question of wages. The liquor business has an invested capital of 120 millions, and absorbs one-tenth of our producing power by employing an army of a million and a half of men. Two hundred thousand persons are annually convicted for drunkenness, and 50,000 lives sacrificed to drink. Though we consume one-fifth less liquor than we did seven years ago, we still spend annually on it over 100 millions, which is more than we spend on bread. Increased intelligence would divert this stream of wealth, which would bring to the people's homes comfort and happiness, to replace destitution and misery. The success of Bands of Hope, which have done noble, very noble work, proves to us that it is to the young especially we must show, by example as well as by precept, that excess is not only opposed to morality, but leads to no real or lasting joy, and is in every way damaging and deteriorating to the health, the pocket, and the reputation. Education has already done something to promote the cause of temperance, and will do more. In the army, twenty years ago, men of "superior education" numbered 8,717, but on the 1st of January this year the number had increased to 137,005. In 1871 the number stood at 23,593. In 1864 those who could neither read nor write were put down as 22,570, but now are only a little over 5,000. At the same time, drunkenness is diminishing among our soldiers. Last year's record of court-martial was again the lowest, being 1,719, as compared with 3,903 in 1869.—*The Schoolmaster.*

THE TWO BOOKS.

GOD, wishing well His creature man to teach,
Two Books hath made with wondrous care and skill;
And all alike have one within their reach
To read, or leave unread, just as they will.
The first is Nature, whose wide pages fair
Are full of lessons written by His hand;
What mighty power, what wondrous skill are there
Revealed to those who seek to understand.
The second is God's written Word, wherein
He makes to man His loving purpose known;
Proclaims a pardon free for all his sin
If he will only bow before His throne,
And all His proffered mercy freely take,
Repent, and every evil way forsake.

And well agree those wondrous records twain
In what they say of Him whose hand hath wrought:
One, like a picture, makes His working plain;
The other tells His underlying thought,
And says His nature is unbounded love—
The which is evidenced on every hand;
For everything around, beneath, above,
Is picture-language, eloquently grand.
One well records how much for man He cares;
The other proves it to the observant eye,
And shows the needful things which He prepares,
And rich provision which around doth lie.
And he who reads these records twain aright,
Will find his faith is amply proved by sight.

DAVID LAWTON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

I HAVE but little faith in the religion that saps the blood in the veins, that gives a doleful look to the face and a sanctimonious drawl to the tone; that prefers psalm-singing to almsgiving, and that, while looking to a possible life beyond, forgets the blessings, the pleasures, and almost the duties of the present life. The religion that the world wants is one that lifts its possessor to a higher manhood or womanhood, that makes the face brighter and the voice sweeter, that makes a more cheerful and attractive companion and a truer friend. The religion that looks to a life beyond the tomb should not wholly overlook the present life. Religion should make people more helpful, more thoughtful of the wants and needs of others, and should make the world brighter and better. In such I have faith.

THE generous hopes and wishes of true friendship need to be infused into our benefactions to make them warm, living, and growing influences upon humanity. We need to broaden our sympathies, to expand our powers of affection, to take to our hearts not only a few congenial spirits, but all those who need the warmth of our sympathies and the uplifting hand of true friendliness.

"DO you know a good way of curing hams?" asked a man of his neighbour. "Oh yes," was the reply; "but the trouble with me is, I have no way of procuring them!"

HAND-PAINTED bonnets, with parasols to match, will be much worn at watering-places this summer. Hand-painted complexions will be worn as usual.

AN ASININE CONVERSATION.—"I assure you Lord —— is the lion of the day." Reply, "Nay! There is nothing of the lion about him *except the skin*."

"WHAT did the donkey do when he first heard of the doctrine of evolution?" "He brayed till he became a little *hoarse*."

TEACHER: "What is conscience?" Boy: "Don't know, sir." Teacher: "What is it makes you feel uncomfortable when you have done wrong?" Boy: "Feyther's big strap, sir."

AT an historical examination a boy had to write an answer to the question, "Who are the Quakers?" He gave the following reply: "Quakers are people as don't fight, as don't quarrel, and as don't jaw back. P.S.—Father's a Quaker, but ma ain't."

THE pleasure of reading is one of the few pleasures that never grow old. Our tastes change with our years sometimes, but in the great world of books there is something to be found for all. A good book is a companion of whose society we never weary.

IT is not what people do, whether they toil or are idle, but what they think and what they are, that leave their impress on the features, that soften or harden the lines, and make the face either attractive or repellent in middle age or in later years. Is not the life even more legibly stamped on the soul?

IT is one thing, remarks Ruskin, to indulge in playful rest, and another to be devoted to the pursuit of pleasure; and gaiety of heart during the reaction after hard labour, and quickened by satisfaction in the accomplished duty or perfected result, is altogether compatible with—nay, even in some sort arises naturally out of—a deep internal seriousness of disposition.

SUNDAY CLOSING.

THE total Liberal vote in the contested elections of 1880 was 1,880,325. The total number of signatures to petitions presented in 1883 in favour of Sunday Closing in England and English counties was 1,808,773. Will our friends again this year enable us to point to a decisive declaration? Petitions and all information can be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Association, 14, Brown Street, Manchester.

Notices of Books.

True to his Vow, published by the Religious Tract Society, London, price one shilling.—The story is an account of a Manchester lad who is left by his parents; but Providence watches over the boy's whole career. He promises his dying benefactors that he will seek to find his father and mother, and follows them to America. After a number of adventures, and many incidents of interest, he faithfully fulfils his promise, and both are brought to a knowledge of the truth. The father dies, but the mother returns with her son to England, and thus the story ends happily. We can recommend these 127 pages as healthy in character and evangelical in tone.

The Secret Philip Brown kept from his Wife, by E. S. Elliott, published by Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, price sixpence; can be had at a reduced price.

Notice to Correspondents.

Received with thanks:—A. J. Glasspool, D. Lawton, S. Compston.

Publications Received.

The Dietetic Reformer—The Sunday Closing Reporter—The Scottish Temperance League Journal—The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Temperance Record—The British Temperance Advocate—The Central Review.

WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MISS SALOME HOCKING.

CHAPTER IX.—A TRUE FRIEND.



MINNIE went into her father's room several times during that Sunday forenoon, but as each time she saw that he was sleeping, she went away again, saying softly, "I will not call him, for sleep will do him good. Perhaps his leg has been painful through the night, and he has not been able to sleep."

The clock was striking twelve when Mr. Penrose opened his eyes, and hearing Minnie creeping softly up-stairs, he called to her.

"So you are awake at last!" said Minnie as she came into the room, smiling brightly at her father as she spoke. "I've been in here lots of times, but you were always sleeping, and now it's nearly dinner-time." Going to the window she drew up the blind, and a flood of golden sunshine poured into the room. As she looked out she said—

"It is such a lovely day, I wish you were able to get out and smell the fresh air, and see Mrs. Bennett's garden. It is almost as pretty as ours used to be at home."

A shadow stole over Mr. Penrose's face, and he sighed as he said, "Yes, I should like to get out of doors to-day, but I can't. The doctor says I may sit up to-day, so that will be a little change. He will be here in a few minutes, I expect. But, Minnie," he continued, "there is no need for you to stay home all the day. Go to chapel if you like, for I shall be able to read a little when I am sitting up, so you can go very well."

"Thank you, father," answered Minnie; "I shall be glad to go, for it's my turn at school this afternoon. I have not been for a good while, so if you think you will not need me, I will go."

Accordingly that afternoon Minnie started for school, having previously propped up her father comfortably with pillows, and placed within his reach two or three books, among them being her mother's Bible. Taking the Bible in his hand, Mr. Penrose turned to the fly-leaf, on which was written Mrs. Penrose's maiden name, "Amy May," in her own handwriting. He looked at

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that name until the tears sprang to his eyes, then, brushing them away with his hand, he began to turn over the leaves, noticing the many marks which were placed there.

At last he came to a place which was not only marked, but a bookmark was placed there also; and thinking that very likely it was a favourite chapter of his wife's, he commenced to read. It was the twenty-seventh chapter of St. Matthew. As he read on, a strange feeling of sadness oppressed him. He had read many a time the story of our Lord's crucifixion, but never before had the words seemed so potent with meaning as they did that day; and a feeling of tenderness crept into his heart for the Saviour who had suffered so much.

He was still intently reading when he heard the door creak, and looking up he saw Parson John entering the room.

"I thought if you was sleeping I wouldn't disturb you, so that's the way I didn't knock," apologised Parson John.

"There wasn't any need for you to knock, and I'm sure I'm very glad to see you," said Mr. Penrose, holding out his hand, and at the same time telling him to be seated.

"Well, I am glad that you are able to sit up," said Parson John. "I saw your daughter passing along on her way to school, and I thought that it must be lonely here by yourself, and I'd come along and stay with you a little spell. It's not my turn to teach to-day, so I am free. I hope you find that your leg is getting better?"

"Yes, but very slowly. When a man at my time of life gets his leg broken, it takes a long time to mend. However, the doctor says that I shall be able to get down in a fortnight, and I shall be very glad of it, for it is very tiring to be stretched in bed for so long a time."

"Yes, I dare say it is; but it may prove a blessing for you in the end," said Parson John, glancing at the Bible which Mr. Penrose held in his hand.

"It may; but I can't see it now," answered Mr. Penrose, with a sigh.

There was silence between them for a while each busy with his own thoughts. At last Mr. Penrose said, abruptly—

"I feel, somehow, as if I would like to tell you some of the sad thoughts that have been haunting me of late. And I would like to tell you something of my history, if you would care to hear it."

"Thank you; I should like to hear it very much," said Parson John, quietly. He made no promises of secrecy, but as Mr. Penrose looked at his pleasant, quiet face, he felt that his confidence would not be betrayed.

And, unburdening his mind, he told him a part of his history: told him the reason why he was

at St. Ewan; told him, too, of his last night's thoughts, and of the agony of mind that he had suffered.

Parson John listened attentively, and when Mr. Penrose had finished, he said—

"Have you never thought that this affliction may turn out to be a blessing in disguise? Had you not had your leg broken, you would doubtless have gone on thoughtless and careless; but now, lying here and compelled to think, your eyes have been opened. My dear brother, can you not recognise the voice of Jesus through it all, calling to you to come to Him? While your heart is softened and melted at the sufferings of our Saviour, come to Him. Do not wait for the devil to harden your heart, but come now."

"But it seems mean now, when I am sick and old, to come to Him; for when I was young and healthy, I would have none of Him," said Mr. Penrose, in an eager, trembling voice.

"Brother Penrose, suppose that you live until you are a hundred years old, do you think that you would be able to die without calling on God for mercy? I think not. Then how much more mean would it be then than now, when you have the prospect of living for a number of years, and of being of some use to the Lord? But apart from that, we never read of Christ's turning away any that came to Him with true sincerity; young or old, He healed them all.

"You have tried the so-called pleasures of sin, and they have left nothing behind but a host of bitter memories. Turn aside from them, and come to the Saviour. Don't wait until you are more fit, for if you do you will not come at all, but come just as you are." And again that rich tenor voice rang through the room as he sang—

> "Just as I am, without one plea,
> But that Thy blood was shed for me,
> And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
> O Lamb of God I come."

Mr. Penrose's features quivered with excitement as Parson John sang, and great tears rolled over his face, and then, casting away the last remains of pride, he stretched out his hands, crying, "O Lamb of God, I come; turn me not away."

And God heard that cry, and as He calmed the troubled waters of the sea, so He calmed the troubled soul of His sinful, erring son, whispering in the tender tones He ever uses to the repentant soul, "Peace, be still."

Minnie was surprised at the look of joy on her father's face when she came home from school; but it was not until she was bidding him goodnight that he said—

"Minnie, do you remember that just before dear mother left us, she asked me to be a Christian, and to meet her in heaven?"

"Yes," answered Minnie, looking at her father with astonishment written on her face. For never since they had left Treligger had he ever mentioned her mother's name when he was sober.

"It is not until to-day," he continued, "that I have ever tried to redeem the promise I made then. But I have come to the Saviour at last, and I feel that He has pardoned my sins; and with His help I shall again meet your mother in heaven."

Minnie could not trust herself to speak, but leaning over him, she pressed a kiss on his cheek, and as he felt the hot tear-drops on his face, he knew as well as words could have told him, how his words had rejoiced her heart.

Mr. Penrose found that, although he had knelt at the feet of Jesus, and had his sins pardoned, there was still something more to be done. He had a mighty enemy to struggle against, which required all his powers of resistance. Sometimes his longing for drink grew so intense that it amounted almost to madness, and like Peter of old, he would cry, "Lord, save me or I perish."

He had an invaluable friend in Parson John, who was ever ready to cheer him when he was downcast, with bright words of promise and hope. It was he also who told Mr. Penrose that he ought to be a total abstainer. But although Mr. Penrose had come to the conclusion that all his misery had been caused by drink, he did not like the idea of binding himself to give it up altogether.

"I don't see the necessity of it," he said to Parson John. "It's true I have at times taken more than was good for me; but with God's help I don't intend for that to happen again."

"All this shows me that you still love the drink, and are unwilling to give it up," said Parson John, looking keenly at Mr. Penrose as he spoke. Mr. Penrose reddened and turned away his head as he answered: "It's the name I don't like—Teetotaler! It seems babyish that a man can't govern himself."

"That's just what it's for," said John, smiling. "Some men can't govern themselves, and the only safe plan for them is to give it up altogether. I don't say that signing the pledge is going to make them teetotalers; but still, when a man has promised to do a thing, and put his name to it, he is more scrupulous about keeping to the letter of it than if he had simply resolved to do it."

"Well, I will think it over," said Mr. Penrose, hesitatingly. "But to publicly acknowledge being a teetotaler is——"

"Ah! I see where the shoe pinches now," interrupted Parson John. "Do you wish to serve the Lord in secret also, and to be a Christian without the world knowing it?"

"Don't you think you are rather hard on a fellow?" said Mr. Penrose, trying to smile.

"No, I don't think I am. But I tell you what 'tis, friend, the moderation business won't do for you. You like grog *too* well to be moderate with it; and the first glass would make you forget all your moderation principles. The best thing for you to do is to shun it, and to keep away from drink altogether. It must be total abstinence or drunkenness; there is no intermediate line for you. And it is also heaven or hell, and you've got the choosing of it in your own hands."

"Do you mean to say that a man who is not a teetotaler cannot be a Christian?" asked Mr. Penrose, with a look of surprise on his face.

"No, I don't mean to say any such thing. I know that there are many good Christian men who are not abstainers," answered Parson John, pleasantly. "But I mean to say that they lessen their influence for good by it. We cannot set too good an example, for we know not who may be watching us. Now, for instance, I might walk across the Consols Mine in the dark, and come to no harm, I know the mine so well; but suppose my little boy had heard that I had done so, and was to try to follow my example, what would be the result?"

"He would, no doubt, fall into some shaft or quarry, and be dashed to pieces," said Mr. Penrose, gravely.

"Then don't you think that I should be doing wrong if I persisted in walking there at night for my own pleasure? It might be that he might never hear of it, but I should not like to run the risk. And it seems to me it is something like that with men. Some may be able to drink with moderation, and others, who are watching them, think they can do the same, but they find out their mistake when it is too late.

"By your own account, you have not been able to stick to 'moderation.' You said just now that with 'God's help you would not drink to excess again.' Very well; but how do you mean to manage? When you are going into a public-house will you pray that God may give you strength to withstand the temptation of drinking more than is good for you? I hardly think you would come to the Lord with that prayer on your lips." Mr. Penrose was silent, and Parson John continued—

"What I meant just now by saying it was either heaven or hell for you is this: The devil is our enemy, and drink is one of his strongest weapons, and one that he uses with great success; and if he once gets you to again yield to your appetite or thirst for drink, he will make sure of you; for 'No drunkard can enter the kingdom of heaven.'"

Mr. Penrose's head dropped, and he covered his face with his hands as Parson John launched these blunt sentences at him. He knew only too well how true they were, for had he not resolved again and again to drink with moderation, but he had always failed. And the thought darted like lightning into his brain, that perhaps this was his last chance; it must be total abstinence or—he dared not think of the alternative. He had suffered too much pain of mind already, and looking up with determination written on his face, he said—

"You are perfectly right, mate. I knew it all along, but I wanted to put it off. I thought I could break myself of the habit by degrees. You do not know the weakness of a man who has cultivated a love for strong drink. But I have determined to shake off that weakness, and be a man, and to prove to you that I am in earnest I will sign the pledge and become a teetotaler."

"Well done, comrade. That was nobly said, and, believe me, you will never regret it," said Parson John, rising, and shaking him warmly by the hand.

Just then Minnie came into the room, and as she saw who it was with her father, she gave a little scream of delight, for she knew now that the Parson John of whom her father had spoken in such glowing terms, and the man who had preached that Sunday morning so long ago, and about whom she had felt such curiosity, were one and the same person.

After they had been introduced to each other, and they were sitting down talking, Minnie asked, laughingly, "What solemn business were you two settling when I came in, that you had to shake hands over it?"

"I reckon you'll smile more when you know the nature of that business," said Mr. Penrose, a smile breaking over his own face as he spoke.

"Oh! Then perhaps Mr. Pollard has discovered a rich lode somewhere, and he is going to take you for a partner. Is that it?" asked Minnie, with a laughing glance at the two men.

"No, there's no 'lode' in the business, though we belong to the same company," answered Mr. Penrose.

"Dear me, you are getting quite mysterious, father. It must be good news, I should think, so just tell me at once, before my curiosity gets beyond bounds."

"Well, then, not to keep you any longer in suspense, let me tell you that this gentleman here belongs to the company of 'teetotalers,' and I am going to join the same company."

"Do you mean to say that you are going to sign the pledge and be a teetotaler, father?" asked Minnie, a look of joy lighting up her face, as the possible meaning of her father's words dawned on her.



THE ACCIDENT AT THE MINE—p. 114.

"That's just what I'm going to do, Minnie. I thought you would feel glad."

"Glad! I should think I was! It's what I've been wishing and hoping for years." And then walking up to Parson John with outstretched hand, she said, "Won't you shake hands with me too, Mr. Pollard? for I belong to the same company."

Parson John took the little hand in his, and as he looked at her bright, joyful face, he said kindly—

"God bless you, little girl, and make you as happy as you deserve to be."

"Amen," said Mr. Penrose, fervently. "She has had a lot of trouble lately; but I trust there is a brighter future in store for us both. And now, Minnie, will you fetch me a pen and ink, for I see Parson John has fished a pledge-card out of his pocket. But how did you know that I was going to make up my mind to sign the pledge?" he asked, turning to Parson John with a look of curiosity.

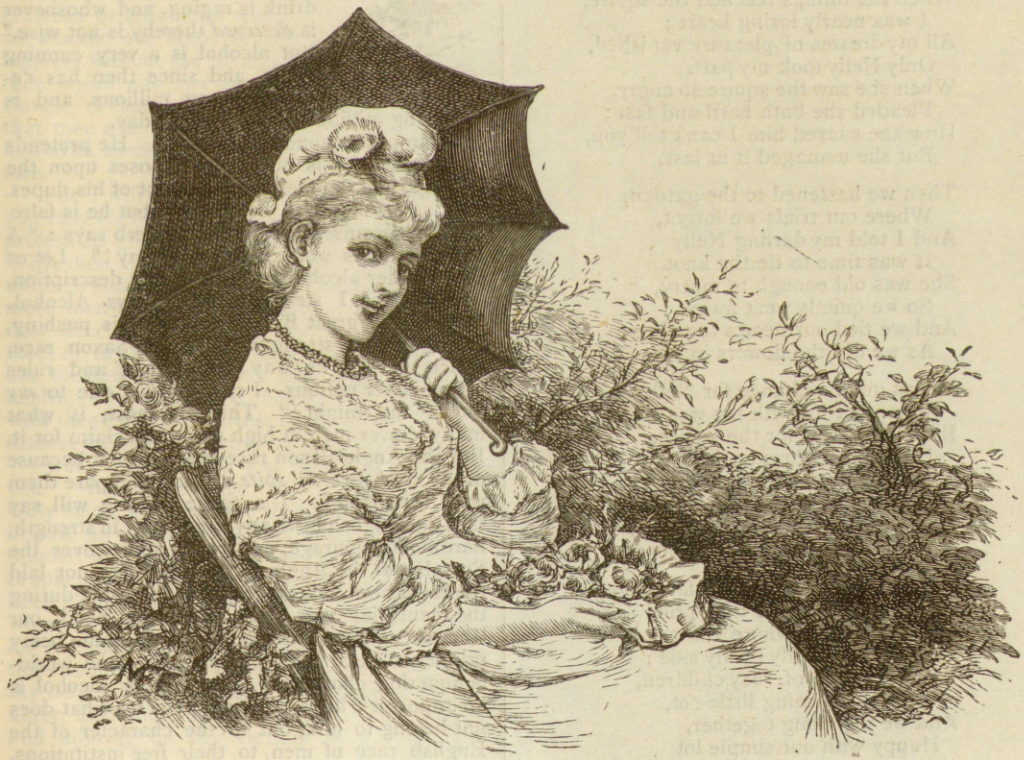
"Oh, well, I didn't know for certain," said Parson John, smiling; "but don't you remember telling me that all your misery had been brought on through drink? Well, I thought if you had got on as far as that in your reasoning, that very soon you would see the folly of enduring

so much misery, and that you would turn aside from drink altogether. Perhaps you know that I am the secretary of our temperance society? I have always a plenty of cards in store, so I thought it wouldn't be amiss to put one in my pocket."

"Just like you," said Mr. Penrose, laughing, "always ready to strike when the iron is hot. I dare say it looks easy enough to you, this promising to give up all intoxicating drink; but you never knew what it was to long for it, to crave after it, so that you would be willing to sell all you had to satisfy that craving. Oh, I tell you, it is easy work for you, who never knew the love of drink, to tell a man to give it up; but it is like pulling a man's heart out to give it up. No, don't be afraid, I'm not going to back out now; I know what is the only right thing for me to do, and I'm going to do it."

Parson John was looking at him in alarm, for his voice had changed to a hoarse whisper, and he gesticulated fiercely, but he calmed himself when Minnie came into the room with pen and ink, and taking the pen in his hand, he hastily wrote his name on the card, heaving a sigh of relief when it was finished; while from each heart in that room there went up a petition that strength might be given him to withstand temptation.

(*To be continued in our next.*)



DARLING NELLY.

WHEN I first saw darling Nelly—
I shall ever bless the day—
She was sitting in the garden,
Blushing like the flowers in May.

Shall I tell you all the story,
How we started man and wife?
It was quite a village wonder,
Taking Nelly dear for life.

Nelly was the squire's daughter,
Reared in luxury and ease,
I a simple, honest rustic,
Only used to fields and trees.
How we came to love each other,
Through the shining summer hours,
While there was so much between us,
Nelly blames upon the flowers.

While the squire was in the city,
On his usual business bent,
With sweet Nelly in the garden
Many happy days I spent.
Working on the lawns and hedges,
Lingering in the pleasant bowers,
It was charming occupation,
Helping Nelly with the flowers.

When the tidings reached the squire,
I was nearly losing heart ;
All my dreams of pleasure vanished,
Only Nelly took my part.
When she saw the squire so angry,
Pleaded she both hard and fast ;
How she coaxed him I can't tell you,
But she managed it at last.

Then we hastened to the garden,
Where our trials we forgot,
And I told my darling Nelly
It was time to tie the knot.
She was old enough to marry,
So we quietly went away,
And we tied our hearts together,
As we did the flowers in May.

It was quite a change for Nelly
When her lot with me was cast ;
But I'll say this for the squire,
He was generous at the last.
When he saw us pull together
He became dear Nelly's friend,
And he left her a few thousands,
Which I help her now to spend.

We've a piece of land for farming,
Which I cultivate with pride ;
We've a garden where I linger,
With dear Nelly by my side ;
We've a group of rosy children,
With a charming little cot,
And we jog along together,
Happy with our simple lot.

W. HOYLE.

A GENTLEMAN was complimenting a pretty young lady in the presence of his wife. "It's lucky I did not meet Miss Hopkins before I married you, my dear." "Well, yes, it is extremely—for her," was the rejoinder.

ALCOHOL—AN IMPOSTOR.

BY J. JAMES RIDGE, M.D., B.S., B.A., B.Sc.



GENTLEMAN has lately been writing a paper to show that total abstinence is an imposture! We know better. Indeed, as we have seen that alcohol is a vagabond and a murderer, we have now to consider him as an impostor. This is not the first time he has been charged with acting thus. King Solomon found him out and said: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is *deceived* thereby is not wise." But alcohol is a very cunning rogue, and since then has deceived many millions, and is deceiving millions at the present day.

An impostor comes in disguise. He pretends to be what he is not. He imposes upon the fee'ings and deludes the judgment of his dupes. He may pretend to be a friend, but he is false a foe in disguise, and, as the proverb says: "A false friend is worse than an enemy!" Let us see whether alcohol answers to that description.

"Am not I strong drink?" says Alcohol. "Is not this great British nation—this pushing, strong-limbed, strong-willed Anglo-Saxon race, which pushes its way everywhere, and rules over weaker nations—I say, is it not due to *my* power and might?" This, at least, is what many clever men in high positions claim for it. But the Anglo-Saxon race is strong, not because of Alcohol, but *in spite of it.* Compare them with the Scotch. I suppose no one will say that the English have any superiority in strength, hardihood, courage, or mental ability over the Scotch, yet the Anglo-Saxon beer has not laid the foundation of the Scotch character during the centuries past. On the other hand, our German cousins, who have had the same beery privileges, have not developed the same world-conquering character. The fact is, Alcohol is an impostor: he is claiming credit for what does not belong to him, but to the character of the English race of men, to their free institutions, their island home and sea-girt shore, their English Bible, and even the influence of the Spirit of God upon and through its multitude of Christian men and women. Alcohol! thou hast been everywhere and always a drag on the wheels of civilisation, and where men have had the wisdom to refuse thy aid they have prospered all the more!

But Alcohol comes to individuals with a specious promise, "I will do you good;" as the old serpent came to Mother Eve. What good? we ask. "You are weak: I will give you strength," says he. We can have strength without thee, Alcohol; all the strong animals, and the strongest of men, have not had thy help. If men wish to become as strong as possible, in order to run a race or strive for a prize, then they find that thou hinderest them; they must take good food and proper exercise, but abstain from alcohol. If thou canst not help us to walk fifty miles, how canst thou help us to walk five?

"Just try me, though," says Alcohol, "and very soon you will acknowledge how weak you are without me." Yes, thou villain, we reply; just as we cannot do without opium if we allow it to poison our nerves. And just as, if we use crutches or spectacles when we need them not, we weaken our limbs or our sight till we feel helpless without the artificial aid; so, if we let thee injure our nerves we shall become thy slaves. Those who take thee not can do all that men and women of equal strength can do, and even more, and know thee to be an imposture.

"But I will save you from illness, and give you rosy cheeks and firm, fat flesh." Dost thou profess to give health and save from disease? Why, then, do thy slaves have among them half as much sickness again as we that are free? The more men trust and take thee, the more thou dost deceive and injure them. The ruddy faces of thy victims are part of thy imposture; but bloated blood-vessels are no true sign of health, nor fat-clogged bodies either. Away with thee! thou promisest health, and lo! pale disease follows in thy train.

"But you will die if you do not let me help you." Who told thee so? "The doctors." Only some who are like thee, in so far as they impose on the credulity and fears of the weak-minded and ignorant. They have proved false prophets over and over again, and we fear and heed them not. And why? Because those whom thou threatenest with the pains of death for rejecting thee, live, between them, about a third as many years more than those who have thy help. No; thou hast been proved a murderer, and thou art a regular Thug, enticing and alluring on thy victims to their certain death.

"But the doctors rely on my help when people are ill." Yes; but only because they have not discovered thy imposture, by seeing how much better their patients get on without thee.

But, enough! Men take thee in, but they are really taken in by thee. We may say of thee:—

"Rogue and villain, rogue and cheat,
Rogue and villain, I repeat;
Oftener than I can repeat it,
Has this rogue and villain cheated."

IMPOSTOR!!

THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

BY DR. J. M. HOWIE, LIVERPOOL.

THERE are many who are apt to fall into the slough of the drunkard in consequence of the rush and worry of the present state of society, in which childhood and youth are stimulated with improper nourishment, and goaded on to an increased growth of the nervous system. The nerves grow out of all proportion to the body, and this nerve growth, instead of being a benefit, is a decided injury, because the nerves which groan under the stimulation of excessive mental exercise and a life of exertion, stimulated with tea, coffee, and the hot rooms and foul air—all these effects have the result of producing nerves which are no more to be compared with sound nerve-tissue than the proud flesh of an unhealthy sore is to be compared with the firm muscle of a blacksmith's biceps.

Our children are getting far too precocious. Their nerves grow too rapidly to be capable of sustaining mental or even physical exertion. They are like all rapid growths, like Jonah's gourd; they have no stability. They promise wonderful achievements when they are young and tender, but as they grow up they have no force for sustained exertion; they require constant stimulation to prevent collapse, and the result is, that in this condition of constant stimulation, the nerves stimulated become painfully sensitive to every trouble and worry of life. The wheel of life goes round and round with preternatural activity, and when a boy grows up to be a man, he would give all he possesses for something which would stop the perpetual rush and wear of his life.

Well, how can it be done? There is no regulator to control the movement of his nervous system. The only power that will change his nervous system to allow it to go on in an easy way is a change of life—probably to give up half his work, to live on a less income. But in the rush of business he cannot do that, and the result is the wheel goes on revolving and revolving until the nervous system wears itself out. I may tell you that the proof of all this is in the fact that diseases of the heart and of the nervous system have increased at the rate of sixty-five per cent. during the last thirty years, and I can assure you there are many who simply lie down and die without contracting any defined disease whatever. They die of sheer downright nervous prostration.

WANDERING TO-NIGHT.

Words by ABBIE C. McKEEVER.

Music by D. B. TOWNER.

Andante.

KEY E♭.

| m | :m | .,r | d | :m | .s | d' | :l | .,d' | s | :— |

1. I have a son who is wan - d'ring to - night,
2. Oh, that the feet that are stray - ing a - far
3. Mo - thers, whose sons may be wan - d'ring to - night,

Andante.

| s | :l | .,s | f | :s | .f | m | :f | .,m | r | :— | m | :m | .,r | d | :m | .s |

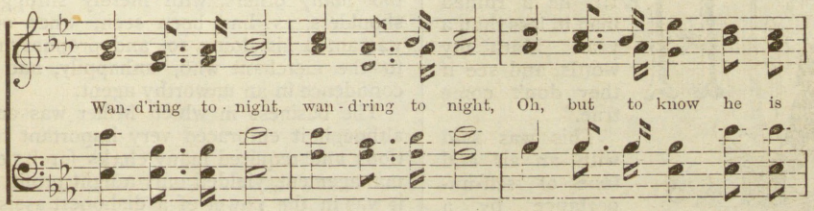
God grant his feet may be stray - ing a - right; Oh, may he pass with a
O - ver the land where the great dan - gers are, On - ly would walk in the
Pray God their steps may be guid - ed a - right; Pray for the hand that is

| d' | :l | .,d' | s | :— | l | :t | .,l | s | :- | .f | m | :- | .r | d | :— |

shud - der - ing breath Those *aw - ful* dens of *sin* and *death.*
beau - ti - ful way That lead - eth to *e - ter - nal day.*
strong - est of all, To light the way where sha - dows fall.

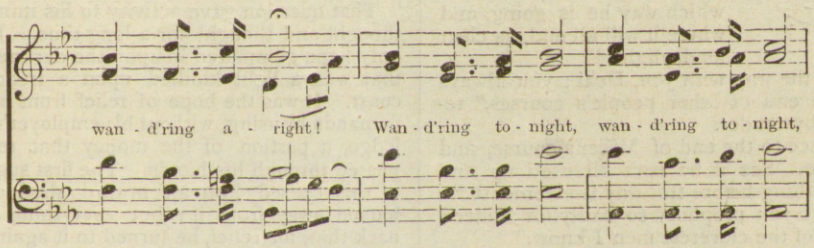
WANDERING TO-NIGHT—*continued.*

CHORUS.



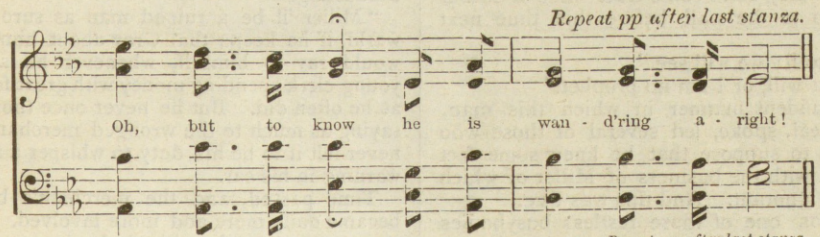
CHORUS.

s	:m	.,f	|s	:—	|l	:f	.,s	|l	:—	|t	:l	.,s	|d'	:t	.l
m	:d	.,r	|m	:—	|f	:d	.,f	|f	:—	|f	:f	.,f	|m	:s	.f
Wan-d'ring to-night,					wand'ring to-night,					Oh, but to know he is					
d'	:s	.,s	|d'	:—	|d'	:l	.,t	|d'	:—	|s	:s	.,s	|s	:d'	.d'
d	:d	.,d	|d	:—	|f	:f	.,f	|f	:—	|s	:s	.,s	|d	:d	.d



s	:t	.,l	|s	:—	|s	:m	.,f	|s	:—	|l	:f	.,s	|l	:—
r	:r	.,d	|t_1	:d	.f	|m	:d	.,r	|m	:—	|f	:d	.,f	|f	:—
wan-d'ring a-right!.....						Wan d'ring to-night,					wan-d'ring to-night,					
t	:s	.,fe	|s	:—		|d'	:s	.,s	|d'	:—	|d'	:l	.,t	|d'	:—
r	:r	.,r	|s_1	.f	:m .r	|d	:d	.,d	|d	:—	|f_1	:f_1	.,f_1	|f_1	:—

Repeat pp after last stanza.



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f	:s	.,f	|m	:d	.d	|d	:d	.,t_1	|d	:—
Oh, but to know he is						wan-d'ring a-right!					
l	:d'	.,d'	|d'	:m	.l	|s	:s	.,f	|m	:—
f_1	:f_1	.,f_1	|d	:l_1	.f_1	|s_1	:s_1	.,s_1	|d	:—

"I SAID SO."



"HE'LL be a ruined man in less than a year. Mark my words, and see if they don't come true."

This was said with an air and tone of self-importance by a brisk little fellow, who walked uneasily about as he spoke, and seemed to consider himself of no small consequence.

"I've had my eye on him for some months past," he continued, "and can see which way he is going, and where it will all end, as clear as daylight."

"That's the way with you, Deal; you always see to the end of other people's courses," remarked a bystander.

"I can see to the end of Miller's course, and no mistake. See if he isn't all used up and gone to nothing before this day twelvemonth."

"Why do you prophesy so badly for Miller? He is one of the cleverest men I know."

"That's a fact and no mistake. He is a gentleman all over. But that won't keep him from ruin."

"Give the reason—you must have one."

"Oh! as to that, I don't give reasons for what I say," was the self-complacent reply, with a toss of the head and two or three strides across the room. "But you mark my words, and see if they don't come true. See if Miller doesn't go to the wall before this time next year."

"Very well; we will see."

"So you will, or I am no prophet."

The confident manner in which this man, named Deal, spoke, led several of those who heard him to suppose that he knew some fact connected with the business of Miller of which they were ignorant. And this was true.

Deal was one of those restless busybodies who see and know far more of what is going on in the world than do your quiet, thoughtful, and business-absorbed people. In truth, he had good reasons for his evil prognostications; for he met too frequently in very improper company, Miller's confidential clerk, and was, likewise, conversant with many facts proving that he was clearly unworthy of the trust that had been reposed in him. Instead of doing his duty, which was to promptly inform Miller of the conduct of his clerk, he contented himself, like too many others, with merely shrugging his shoulders, as has been seen, when occasion warranted his doing so, and prophesying ruin to the merchant who, unhappily, had placed confidence in an unworthy agent.

The business in which Miller was engaged, although it embraced very important transactions and required many clerks for its efficient management, yielded only a light profit, so that it was in the power of a dishonest assistant to ruin his principal. The habits of young Grey, the name of the principal clerk, had, for more than a year, required for their gratification an amount of money much greater than his salary. At first he was troubled with debts. The uneasiness that these occasioned led him to cast about in his mind for some mode of relief.

"Something *must* be done. What shall it be?"

That question gave activity to his mind. He thought and thought for a long time. But one only hope glimmered in upon the darkness, and that was a light kindled upon a treacherous coast. It was the hope of relief from pressing demands by using, without his employer's knowledge, a portion of the money that regularly passed through his hands. The first suggestion of this caused him an inward shudder. He looked away from it; but everything was so dark that, for relief, he turned to it again. The idea seemed not now so revolting. He did not think of embezzling his employer's money—only borrowing it as a measure of temporary relief. Finally the tempter prevailed.

Rapidly did young Grey run his downward course. His money-wants grew every day more and more urgent, and his inroads upon his employer's funds more and more steady and exhausting.

"Miller 'll be a ruined man as sure as the world, if he keeps that Grey about him," Deal would say to himself, whenever he saw the young clerk spending money with great freedom, as he often did. But he never once thought of saying as much to the wronged merchant. He never felt it to be his duty to whisper a friendly warning in his ear.

Time passed, and the merchant's business became daily more and more involved. Not a payment was made without having to borrow money from one source or another. The cause of this he could not define, and, unfortunately, not suspecting where it really lay, he remained altogether at fault in endeavouring to counteract and resist the downward tendency of his business, until ruin was the consequence.

"It is just as I said," remarked Deal, when the news of Miller's failure reached his ear. "I

knew it would be so; and I said it would be so a hundred times."

"You did?" replied the individual to whom this was addressed, looking steadily into the little man's face. He was a losing creditor of the broken merchant.

"Yes, I did."

"And, pray, what reason had you for saying so?"

"This very good reason: his principal clerk lived too fast. He kept a swift trotting horse, and indulged, to my certain knowledge, in very many other extravagances that must have consumed money equal to four or five times his salary."

"Indeed!"

"It is a fact, sir."

"Did Miller know this?"

"Of course he did not."

"But you did."

"Yes; and I said, dozens of times, that if Miller didn't look out he would be ruined."

The creditor compressed his lips tightly, and eyed the self-complacent Deal for nearly a minute steadily.

"You knew it!—you said so!" he remarked, half contemptuously, at length. "And you could see an honest man wronged daily, and at last ruined, by a scoundrel, and all this time coldly stand looking on and prophesy his downfall."

"It was no concern of mine," said Deal, his face crimsoning.

"No concern of yours! It is every man's business to warn his neighbours of approaching danger. He who does not do so is little better than an accessory to evil. For my part, sir, I shall ever look upon you as more than half guilty of poor Miller's ruin. A word might have saved him, but you heartlessly forbore to speak. I would not have your conscience for a dozen worlds like this!"

So saying, with a contemptuous look and tone, he turned from the abashed Deal, and left him to his own self-accusing reflections. They were such as no true lover of his kind could ever wish to have.

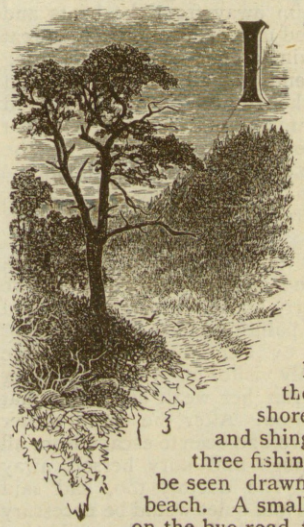
There is often much of self-complacent pride in the oft-repeated—"I SAID SO." But more, we fear, of criminal neglect to warn an honest, but unsuspecting neighbour of the danger that lurks in his path. Let every one look to himself and see how far he is guilty in this respect. Few of us, I fear, will find our garments spotless.

T. S. A.

"WHAT'S the best size for a lazy man?" asked a fop of his physician. "Exercise," said the doctor.

THE LOST RUDDER.

BY UNCLE BEN.



IT was certainly a very out-of-the-way place, and only people who loved quiet ever came there by choice. It was six miles from the nearest railway station, a little fishing hamlet called Mudford. The main coast road was more than half a mile from the creek, and the shore deep with sand and shingle, where two or three fishing smacks were to be seen drawn up on the little beach. A small thatched cottage on the bye-road from the boats to the turnpike road, was the only kind of shop, and against it was an old-fashioned box for letters, which the postman cleared at the same time that he left the only delivery. There was only one cottage large enough to accommodate any visitors, and here occasionally during the summer a small family would sometimes come and stay. It was kept by a fisherman's widow, who was as clean herself and in all her belongings as a new pin. At such times she let off her only sitting-room and two bed-rooms, living and sleeping herself in the one other room on the ground floor, which served as kitchen.

There was only one house on the beach, where Job Dobney and his wife lived with their only son Isaac. He was the owner of the good craft *Phillis*, in partnership with another fisherman who possessed a cart and horse which took the produce of their nets to the station or to the market of the nearest country town. Isaac was a true-born fisherman in miniature; his whole heart and soul were wrapped up in his father's employment. He had a small pair of navy-blue serge trousers made out of his father's old ones, and a little fisher's jersey which he wore under his jacket. He always walked about with his trousers turned up like the fishermen of the neighbourhood, and invariably with a small-meshed landing net. He could dive and swim, row a boat or steer; he knew all the names of the fishing smacks for miles round, and all the parts of the rigging and tackle. His one ambition was to grow up to be a sailor or a fisherman just

like his father, and his greatest delight was to go out with his father on a fishing expedition.

Isaac's chief trouble was going to school, because it took him away from the boats and the sea. He looked upon education as a great waste of time, having a good haul of fish being in his eyes the end of all earthly toil and labour, and he reckoned nothing of much good in this world that did not bring about that result. The school was three miles away; he could go along the shore or else keep upon the cliffs and sand banks to a coast-guard's station, from whence he struck across the country by a field path.

One day, on his return from afternoon school, accompanied by the small landing net that he always liked to carry about with him, he found his father busy painting the *Phillis*, being eagerly watched by George Gamble, whose mother was the only visitor at Mudford, staying for sea air to recruit her weak and somewhat shattered constitution. After the death of her husband, her desire had been to escape from all her old surroundings and bury herself away from the world. The doctor, too, had said change of air, rest, and quiet would be necessary to prolong her life to look after her wild and restless son George, whose incipient love for the sea, caught from the fascination of pictures and stories, was now inflamed to enthusiasm. And in this common love of the sea Isaac and he had found a bond of union, although the latter looked on George with but little admiration, because he was so very ignorant of all things nautical.

George was a very rough boy; he had been neglected by reason of his mother's bad health, and when not left to himself he had been spoilt by both parents. He was very anxious to learn to swim, considering that to be one of the first orthodox requisites for a sailor. He would often take off his clothes and have a dip, not troubling about the luxury of a towel, and keep his cap off his head until his thick, rough hair was made as dry as wire by sun and wind. As he leaned over the boat, into which he had clambered that he might the better observe the painting process, Master Isaac hove in sight, and seeing his father doing something to the boat, came running up to the scene of action and then stood still.

"Hullo, father! I didn't know you meant to begin to paint her to-day."

"As it was a nice fine day I thought I would begin her."

"When will she be done, father?" asked Isaac. The *Phillis* was always called "she" or "her" by members of the Dobney family.

"If the weather holds up it will not be a matter of many days. I like to give her two coats."

"If it's a 'she' it isn't coats at all; it ought to be frocks or dresses," observed George.

"You don't know anything about her," replied Isaac, with some scorn; "but, father, when she's done, you'll let me go out with her for the first time, as I have done before?"

"Well," replied the father, "I mind you did go last time. I expect she will be ready for Saturday, and as you won't miss school I dare-say you can go."

"Will you let me go too, Mr. Dobney?" asked George.

"You'd be no use," said Isaac, "because you would be sure to be sick."

"If your mother would let you, I don't see but what you might, and it would do you good," replied the fisherman.

With that the matter was settled, the painting was finished, and all was ready for a trip on Saturday. The weather, which had been fine all the week, began to break.

Very early in the morning the little crew assembled, the two fishermen, Job and his partner, and the two would-be fishermen, Isaac and George. The unpromising morning turned into a very squally day; the wind rose to quite a gale. The men, accustomed to rough weather, were at home in the breeze, and Isaac felt safe because his father managed the boat, but poor George was very frightened and dreadfully sick. The fishing was not very successful; at last it became too rough to venture another haul. While the men had been attending to the net, the sail was all but drawn down, and the boat left to roll to and fro among the waves. Isaac was set to hold the handle that guided the rudder, and "keep her helm hard-up."

The waves occasionally broke over the ship. Isaac moved to wrap himself in a piece of tarpaulin, and went into the little cabin to see how George was doing. When he went back it was to find that by some means the rudder had either been banged by a wave violently against the ship and had so been broken to pieces, or else it had been unshipped by the wash of the water. At any rate, when Isaac returned there was no rudder there. When the lad told his father, he said there was nothing for them but to run up a flag of distress and trust it might be seen before sundown. For many hours they waited just at the mercy of the wind and waves, drifting and rocking helplessly about. At last a fishing-boat from a neighbouring port sighted them. They hailed her, and with some trouble the rudderless boat came back safely.

It cured George of all his sea ambitions. He never wished to go to sea again, nothing would have persuaded him to be a sailor. And better still, Isaac learned a life-long lesson, how perilous a thing it is to lose the rudder in life's voyage.



"He found his father busy painting the *Phillis*."—p. 140.

"HERE A LITTLE, THERE A LITTLE."



IN one of the many rooms full of beautiful pictures in the Louvre at Paris, there are two paintings side by side painted by the same artist. One is the portrait of a beautiful little child, with pure eyes of blue, a bright merry face, and a look of innocence and wonder, as if it had come straight from Heaven, and not one earth-stain had as yet soiled the clean little soul within. The picture next to it is that of a middle-aged man, with wild bleared eyes, and evil thoughts showing themselves in every line of the repulsive face. A single look at that picture fills one with a feeling of indescribable sadness and horror, and makes one turn with a feeling of relief to the sweet little angel-child beside it. The two pictures look so out of harmony that, except for the contrast they present, one wonders why they should hang side by side. The artist, who is now dead, painted the little child when he was a young man.

Towards the end of his life he thought he would paint a bad, hardened man as a companion picture to his little child, to show the sad ravages sin and evil work on the human expression.

In a felon's cell in Paris such a man was met with, and the artist obtained leave to paint his picture. He had some talk with the man, and found out, to his great surprise, that this man was the same little child whose portrait he had painted as a young man more than fifty years ago. And then the felon unfolded, little by little, the downward steps of his career to his listener. It was not one great plunge into evil which had changed the innocent child into the hardened sinner. No; it was one little step at a time. And so it ever is. The first thinking an evil thought, the first unfaithfulness to our Father in Heaven or to our father upon earth; the first step downward instead of upward—it is this which takes us further, and ever further, from that beauty of holiness which so often seems to shine out of the eyes of a little child.

There are a few words in Virgil which probably some of the boys who read this, and girls too, may know, saying how easy is the descent into evil, but to retrace the step, that is the work and the labour.

And so we must remember that if we wish our lives to be onward and upward, we must be very careful of the little things. Let each thought which comes into our mind be pure and good, and one that we should not be ashamed to speak out loud. Our consciences must be tender, and we must be ready to listen every time to the inward voice which is given to us to help us to direct our lives aright.

The upward life is like climbing a high ladder; each step takes us further from the ground and brings us nearer to the top.

"We have not wings, we cannot soar;
But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
The cloudy summits of our time.
* * * * * *
The heights, by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

S. M. FEGER.

FACTS ABOUT ALCOHOL.

BY DR. ISRAEL RENSHAW.

PART I.

WHAT is it that makes so much difference between the various drinks used by mankind? Why, for example, does not milk or cocoa cause one to become intoxicated, whilst only a very small quantity of wine or beer will make a complete fool of the most intelligent? The great reason is this: milk and cocoa, and the like, do not contain alcohol, but all kinds of wine, or beer, or spirits do; and it is the alcohol that inflicts such sad and serious injury upon our bodies.

What is alcohol? By alcohol is meant a compound known to scientific men as Ethylic alcohol. It has this peculiar name given to it to distinguish it from other alcohols, of which there are a great number. One closely related is known by the name of Methylic alcohol, and is made by distilling wood, and purifying the product. It is very valuable to the manufacturer, for it is cheap and can be employed as a substitute for ethylic alcohol in many ways, and when it is mixed with ethylic alcohol it is allowed to be sold duty free, and is known in commerce as methylated spirit. This mixture has such a dreadful taste and disagreeable smell that no one ever drinks it, and so the government does not suffer loss in that way.

Ethylic alcohol when pure or absolute, that is, quite free from all impurity and water, has never yet been frozen. This is a valuable property, and

so scientific men make spirit thermometers when they wish to measure great degrees of cold. It is very much lighter than water, for which it has great attraction. When pure ethylic alcohol is mixed with water two curious events happen; the mixture gives out heat, and the mixture shrinks or undergoes contraction; so much so, that suppose 1,000 volumes of dilute alcohol were wanted, 537 volumes of pure alcohol would have to be mixed with 498 volumes of water. Now if you add together these last two numbers they make 1,035; so what becomes of the odd thirty-five volumes?

Ethylic alcohol burns with a colourless flame, which gives out a great heat, but no smoke. As it burns it forms two bodies, water and carbon-dioxide, otherwise known as carbonic acid.

Ethylic alcohol is a compound of three elements—carbon (a solid body), and oxygen and hydrogen, two gases, and it can be manufactured from its original elements, but in a somewhat roundabout way. It is prepared usually by fermentation, a process by which the starch of some grain, such as barley, is changed first into sugar, and this again is destroyed and made into alcohol and carbon-dioxide.

How sad to think that the beautiful corn, which looks so grand in the golden sunshine, should by man's art be taken and not made into bread, to give life and health, but destroyed into that which brings sin and misery and degradation upon all who fall under its dreadful and cursed influence.

(*To be continued.*)

THE OUTLOOK.

AN important conference at Basingstoke, the chief market town for a large agricultural district in North Hants, has discussed very fully the question of beer-giving in the hay and harvest-fields, and the decision was a general if not unanimous one, there being no dissentient from the resolution "that it is desirable for the interest of both masters and men that the practice of giving beer or cider to persons employed in hay or harvest-fields be discontinued, and that all work be paid for entirely in cash."

This is a distinct affirmation first of all that beer is not *necessary* for the hardest work of the farm labourer; secondly, that it is *not* generally desirable in the interest of masters or servants; and, thirdly, that its use had better be discontinued. That is to say, in plain words, instead of doing good, it does harm; rather than helping, it hinders work. If, therefore, it is injurious to the employer and employed, in exceptional instances where there is most excuse for its use, it is much more so as a general habit and custom.

Now this is the kind of admission we rejoice to hear. Although we know the fact well, and are constantly asserting it, yet it comes with great force from an unbiassed conference of farmers and agriculturists, where the question is viewed entirely from the business standpoint.

We only wish that every trade and great commercial branch of employed labour could hold a conference, and as emphatically condemn, not the drinking customs or the cause of drunkenness, but the drink itself, its uselessness to aid or strengthen man in his work, and to assert the fact that for the hardest toil and most severe strain on the body men are always better without it.

It will be the beginning of a great blessing when masters and men can work together in this movement and strengthen each other in their endeavours to stem the tide of intemperance, to banish the drink from field and shop, and finally to drive it out from private houses and public-houses, so that, the highest interest of all classes and individuals being concerned, it may find no place, no shelter at home or abroad.

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

WHEN I survey this earthly dwelling-place,
Whose charms are ever open to my gaze,
And all its grandeur and its glory trace,
I pause awhile in wonder and amaze,
Amid the splendour of lost man's abode,
And ask myself, "If earth accursed through sin,
Where moth corrupts, where rot and rust corrode,
And death commences when life doth begin,
Can be so fair, so full of all that's bright;
O'er which the observant eye delights to roam.
Oh, what must heaven be like, where never blight
Through sin was cast—where death can never come,
And rot and rust, and change and slow decay,
Are all unknown, for nought may pass away!"

While thus I think of heaven, I long to see
Its gorgeous halls, its streets of gleaming gold;
For aye beneath its cloudless sky to be,
And all its radiant landscape to behold:
To be where sin can never come to blight,
Where all the eye beholds, like God, is pure;
Where day is never swallowed up in night,
And everything doth evermore endure.
O Thou whose hand hath made this earth so fair, [divine,
Although man's sin hath marred Thy work
It teemeth still with beauty everywhere;
'Tis full of loveliness, because 'tis Thine.
Now unto Thee from earth I cry, "Prepare
My spirit, Lord, at last Thy heaven to share."

DAVID LAWTON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"THERE are three chemical constituents of tobacco—a volatile oil, a volatile alkali, and an empyreumatic oil. The volatile oil has the odour of tobacco, and possesses a bitter taste. On the mouth and throat it produces a sensation similar to that caused by tobacco smoke. When applied to the nose it occasions sneezing, and when taken internally it gives rise to giddiness, nausea, and an inclination to vomit. The volatile alkali has the odour of tobacco, an acrid, burning, long-continuing tobacco taste, and possesses narcotic and very poisonous qualities. In this latter respect it is scarcely inferior to prussic acid, a single drop being sufficient to kill a dog. Its vapour is so irritating, that it is difficult to breathe in a room in which a single drop has been evaporated. A hundred pounds of dry tobacco leaf yield about seven pounds of nicotine. In smoking a hundred grains of tobacco, therefore—say a quarter of an ounce—there may be drawn into the mouth *two grains or more of one of the most subtle of all known poisons.* The empyreumatic oil is acrid and disagreeable to the taste, narcotic, and poisonous. One drop applied to the tongue of a cat brought on convulsions, and in two minutes occasioned death."—*Professor Johnston.*

IT is somewhat singular that, although all persons are willing to admit that there are many things they cannot do and many things they cannot comprehend, very few are willing to admit that there is anything they cannot criticise. If criticism merely means picking flaws and finding fault, it is certainly an easy task, considering that nothing is perfect; but, if we are to accept the definition given it by the best authorities, as "the art of judging," a certain reticence in its indulgence would be highly becoming.

"MY BRETHREN," said Swift in a sermon, "there are three kinds of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

A GOOD TWO FOOT RULE: Keep your feet dry.

THE difference between sacred and secular music is not so great as it seems at first sight. You get the latter by the "sheet," the other by the "choir."

"SIT DOWN," said a handsomely-dressed, vivacious young lady at a fashionable watering-place, "sit down; it's about the only thing you can do here without paying for it."

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CONSUMPTION.—Let me then urge again upon you the importance of thorough and constant ventilation of your living rooms. Avoid crowded omnibuses, or railway carriages in which the windows are closely shut, or in which the ventilation is so small that it does not prevent the condensation of vapour on the windows. Above all, do not frequent crowded meetings, in which the organic exhalations are pent up within four walls. Remember, too, that the danger is especially great wherever there is a continuously high temperature. Prof. Koch tells us that the limits of temperature within which the bacillus can be cultivated is from about 86° to 107° Fah.; about the heat of a hot summer's day. The continuously high temperatures in which formerly our consumptive patients were condemned to live, were the very worst conditions with which to surround them. Consumption is a much more rapidly fatal disease in hot than in cold climates, and it is probable that it is more truly infectious. The Italians treat it as if it were almost as infectious as scarlet-fever or measles, and we must ascribe its less prevalence there to the almost open-air life the inhabitants lead. The evil practice of heaping upon the beds at night the clothes that have been worn in the daytime, or even, as some do, of wearing the same underclothing day and night, is most pernicious, and likely to breed consumption in those who live in houses where this practice is pursued.—*Dr. Arthur Ransome.*

Notices of Books.

The Complete New Testament. Price one penny. British and Foreign Bible Society.—It is admirable, both for quality and cheapness of printing and binding.

Tea and Tea-Drinking. By Arthur Reade, author of "Study and Stimulants." Published by Sampson Low, 188, Fleet Street, London. Price one shilling.—A very interesting book, giving much valuable information on the introduction of tea and the origin of tea-meetings. Its pages are illustrated, and altogether it forms a most attractive handbook on a useful subject.

Notice to Correspondents.

Received with thanks:—S. M. Feger, Dr. I. Renshaw, D. Lawton, H. J. Glasspool.

Publications Received.

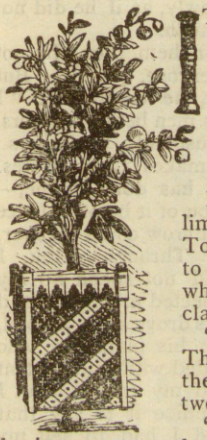
The Pand of Hope Chronicle—The Scottish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Record—The Dietetic Reformer—The Rechabite Magazine—The Derby Mercury—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Bond of Union—The Irish Temperance League Journal—Church of England Temperance Magazine.

WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MISS SALOME HOCKING.

CHAPTER X.—MR. PENROSE AND CAPTAIN TOM.



IT was the middle of April when Mr. Penrose had his leg broken, and it was the latter part of June before he was able to get down and move about with the aid of a crutch and a stick.

He was out in the garden limping around when Captain Tom called. He had not been to see him for a fortnight, and when he saw him he exclaimed—

"What, out again, Penrose? That's right; we'll have you at the mine again in a week or two now."

"I'm afraid I should only be in your way there, Cap'n Tom," said Mr. Penrose, with a sad smile. "These false legs," glancing at his crutch and stick, "are not much use to a man for climbing ladders, and all that sort of a thing."

"Let's go indoors and have a smoke, and talk it over," said Captain Tom, moving towards the house.

Mr. Penrose followed, and when they were seated and smoking their pipes, Captain Tom said—

"So you are not thinking that you will ever be able to go underground again, Penrose?"

"I know I never shall; but that wouldn't worry me, for a man to like underground work ought to commence at it when he's a boy. But what worries me is, I don't know how I am to get a living. I can't think of the men working to keep my place any longer, for I know I shall never be able to take that place again. It is not as if it was only a broken leg; that is bad enough, but that might get all right again in time, but there is some injury done to my knee, and I shall always be a cripple. So you had better put some other man in my place, Cap'n Tom, and let the poor men who have been so kind to me have a rest."

"Rest! Nonsense, man, miners never kill theirselves with work; you can trust them for that," said Captain Tom, laughing. "Besides, there are seven men in the pair (*i.e.*, company), and so it only comes to them to work a doubler each once in eight or nine days, for they don't work more than five stems a week two weeks out of three, so it's not going to hurt them. But that's all over now, for I've got a place for you as soon as ever you are able to clop over to the mine."

"Have you? What is it to do?" asked Mr. Penrose, eagerly.

"Well, the manager was down yesterday, and I told him about you, and that you would be always lame. You see I had seen the doctor, and he said, 'We must find something for him to do. He was hurted here, and while the mine is working he must never be turned off.' Now that wasn't bad, was it? So when he asked me if I could find any light job, I told him that I'd got almost more'n I could do to see to everything, and that it would be a good thing for you and me too, to put you in cap'n over the floors. Well, he said that was just the thing, and that you was to be paid your wages all the same as if you was at the mine now. So now, old boy, I think it will be just the place for you. You'll have to see that the boys and girls do their work properly, and that there is no tin wasted. Now what do you say to it?"

"Say?" said Mr. Penrose, his face beaming with pleasure; "why, that I would not wish for a better job, and I never felt more grateful for anything in my life. You can't think how I've been troubled lately. I couldn't tell at all how we were going to live, but now that's all over, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you for getting me into such a good place."

"You're perfectly welcome, old friend. You see I've not forgotten you if I've not come to see you very often; but the fact is, I'm not much of a hand for going to see any one when they are sick. That's not my mission. Parson John is the chap for that. I suppose he has come to see you pretty often, ain't he?" And Captain Tom looked out of the corners of his eyes to see the effect of his words. Mr. Penrose did not notice the look, but answered, quietly, "Yes, he has been very kind in visiting me. I never found out how truly good he was until I was ill. I tell you what 'tis, Cap'n Tom, he has made me feel ashamed of my worthless, useless life."

"He has not persuaded you to turn pious, has he?" said Captain Tom, with a comical look.

"I don't know exactly about persuading me. He came to see me one afternoon and sung a hymn to me; the words of that hymn haunted me and gave me no rest, it seemed to exactly fit me. I wonder if it was chance or Providence that led him to sing it?" said Mr. Penrose, musingly.

Captain Tom shuffled about in his chair, and looked as if he did not relish the turn the conversation had taken. At last he pulled a bottle out of his pocket, and laying it on the table, he said—

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"Here's a present from your old friend, Siah Coon. I called into the 'Three Pilchards' as I came along, and he asked after you, and sent his compliments along with this bottle of brandy, and says he hopes to see you again soon."

Mr. Penrose's face flushed, and his hands worked nervously; but turning his eyes away from the bottle, as if he were afraid to look at it, he said, firmly—

"Will you carry that bottle back again, and tell the landlord I am much obliged to him for his kindness, but I cannot accept of the brandy, for the doctor says I must not drink any."

"Oh, bother the doctor!" said Captain Tom, fiercely; "he and Parson John ought to be stringed up for two milk-and-water simpletons. The brandy won't harm you now, so you keep it."

"No, thank you," said Mr. Penrose, his face growing pale as he spoke; "I am confident that the doctor knows what is best for me. Besides, I have given up drinking altogether."

"You don't mean it! I thought you had more brains than to turn a cowardly 'teetotaler,'" said Captain Tom scornfully.

"I thought just the same as you do at one time, but my eyes have been opened since then," said Mr. Penrose, quietly. "But will you let me ask you a few questions before you condemn me, Cap'n Tom?"

"Fire away," was the answer.

"Well, then, in the first place, what good did drink ever do you?"

"I can answer that easy enough. It has made me stronger, and given me an appetite when I've been bad."

"There are other things that would answer that purpose quite as well, and there would be no fear of your getting intoxicated. But allowing that it has given you an appetite at times, how many times has it taken it away? When you have called in at the 'Three Pilchards' on your way home from mine, have you had an appetite for your supper afterwards?"

"Well, no, I don't think I have, for when a man drinks and smokes on an empty stomach it's not likely that he'll have much of an appetite. But that's nothing; go on to your next point, for I see you are all primed."

"Well, then, you said it made you feel stronger. So it might for the time, and yet see how useless a man's legs get if he takes too much. And I am sure that the day after I've been on the spree, I've not been worth a farthing for work. My head aching and heavy, and feeling, as Jack used to say, knocked up! Another question, Cap'n; which do you find do their work best, such men as Parson John and James Ellis, or Ned Lobb and Nick Strongman?"

"Ned and Nick are downright sots; they can't drink with moderation, like sensible men."

"Then don't you think it would be better for such men, if they were to abstain from all intoxicating drink?" said Mr. Penrose, smiling.

"Very likely it would be for *them*," said Captain Tom, speaking slowly, as if he did not like to concede even that much.

"If it would be better for them, then why not for others?" asked Mr. Penrose, quickly. But not receiving any answer, he continued: "I can't find that drink makes men better workers, better comrades, better husbands, or fathers; on the contrary, it often makes them brutes. Let me tell you what drink has done for me,—I don't think I have told you of it before. Once I had as pretty a farm as a crow could fly over, and how did I lose it? Through drink, I answer. To be sure I did not spend all my money in drink, but I neglected my farm; and by my cross, drunken habits drove away a good, honest servant, and took in his place one who proved to be a rogue. Blinded with drink, I lent my money to one I called my friend. But I will not go into details, suffice it to say that man was a scoundrel, and I had to sell my farm to pay my debts.

"It is through drink that I am a cripple, for had I not taken to drink I should not have been obliged to work in a mine.

'You may depend upon it, Cap'n Tom, drink is a poor friend to lean on when trouble and sickness come on. It may seem all very well when a man's in health and strength, but while I have been obliged to lie in bed, I have found out the truth of the words, 'At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.'"

"Well, there do seem some truth in what you say," said Captain Tom, scratching his head thoughtfully. "I don't bother myself much about these new-fangled notions, for in my younger days everybody took their beer and cider as reg'lar as their meals; but still, if you intend being a teetotaler, why you can for all of me, for I let every man please himself. I suppose I must carry this brandy back again?"

"Yes, if you please, Cap'n. I am not over strong, and the sight of it is almost too much for me," said Mr. Penrose, in a husky voice. "You will perhaps wonder at my weakness, after the words I have spoken in favour of teetotalism, but, in the words of my Divine Master, 'The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.'" Laying his face on the table, and covering it with his hands, he remained motionless for several minutes.

The silence was getting painful to Captain Tambling, and thrusting out his foot he kicked over a footstool by way of attracting attention. The noise aroused Mr. Penrose, and lifting his

white, pained face from his hands, he turned to Captain Tom and looked him steadily in the eye.

"Cap'n Tom," he said, earnestly, "do you believe that it is right for a man to indulge his appetite in a thing that makes him a slave? Ay, slave! for although I know that if I once gave way to drink again it would be my ruin, body and soul, yet I long so much for it that I can scarce keep from drawing the cork from that bottle and drinking the fiery stuff. It is fearful when a man ties himself down to such a slavish appetite; he doesn't find out what a hold it has got on him until he begins to deny that appetite. If you are my friend put that brandy out of my sight, for it is to me just like a red rag to a bull—it inflames the passions."

Captain Tambling hastily put the bottle in his pocket, looking with alarm at Mr. Penrose's excited face.

"I'd no idea you liked it so well," he said; "and I would advise you never to touch it again, for I believe to my heart that if you begun to drink in that excited state that it would bring on delirium tremens. And though it is against my principles, still, if you have joined the teetotalers, stick to them, I say."

"Thank you," said Mr. Penrose, a smile creeping over his face, "your advice is very good. But, let me tell you, I was once a moderate drinker; but the habit gained on me, and if you do not take care you will soon be in the same fix as I found myself in; and my advice to you is to break off the habit while you are able. Every year will make it more difficult for you."

"Well, I must be going now," said Captain Tom, rising and putting on his hat; "you needn't come to the mine until you feel strong, for your wages will be all right. Wish'ee well for the time, and keep your pecker up," and with a nod he was gone.

Mr. Penrose looked white and exhausted. He had fought a battle and gained the victory; but it had been a hard struggle, and he prayed that such another temptation might not again come in his way, or, if it did, that he might be given strength to withstand the assaults of the enemy.

In the beginning of August Mr. Penrose was well enough to go to mine. All the men seemed glad to see him, and gave him a hearty welcome. He was duly installed by Captain Tom to his new office. He found the work rather embarrassing at first, for his knowledge of tin and of the processes it must go through before it was clean was of the scantiest; but with the help of Captain Tom and of the old man who was "tin-dresser" he learnt enough of its mysteries to be able to give his directions to the people who worked on the floors with accuracy.

He enjoyed being out in the open air so much, and with returning health he regained his former cheerful and happy disposition, and a feeling of peace and contentment crept into his heart which it had long been a stranger to.

His craving for drink at times asserted itself, but he struggled manfully against it, and by keeping away from temptation he found it easier work keeping his pledge than he had once anticipated. He shunned the public-house as if it contained a plague, and it was with a feeling of horror that he suddenly remembered that he should have to go there for his pay. But, strange to say, the one who had laughed him to scorn for being a teetotaler was the one who removed one of the greatest hindrances from his path.

Mr. Penrose dreaded the day of the pay-day, for he knew that there would be many temptations held out to induce him to drink, and he mistrusted his own powers of resistance. He had made it a matter of special prayer, but he could not throw off the feeling of uneasiness that had crept over him. The men missed his cheerful words, and wondered what had come over him to make him so moody and silent.

On the day of the pay-day Captain Tom, calling him aside, said, in a hesitating tone of voice—

"Penrose, if you do not care to go to the 'Three Pilchards' to-day you need not, for I will make it all right with the manager, and send home the money by Parson John."

"Thank you a thousand times, Cap'n Tom," said Mr. Penrose, gratefully; "the fact is, I dare not go there yet, and I believe I would rather sacrifice the money than go there for it. It is too tight a pinch for me yet, but I shall get over it in time."

Captain Tom was as good as his word, and when he had explained the reason of Mr. Penrose's absence to the manager, that gentleman said, thoughtfully—

"You have done a kindly action, Captain Tambling, but it has set me thinking. Suppose there are others here to-day, who, like Captain Penrose, are trying to conquer an evil habit, are not we doing wrong in bringing them here to receive their pay? I never thought of it before, but by bringing the men here, where, no doubt, every inducement is held out to them to spend their money, we are—unconsciously, it is true—but we are, nevertheless, helping them to become intemperate."

Captain Tom was silent, not knowing what answer to make. When the men had all been paid, and the manager was about to leave, he said—

"I have been thinking it over, Captain Tambling, and for the future I will pay the men on the mine."

That was the last time that the men who worked at the New Consols were paid at the "Three Pilchards."

The rage of the landlord knew no bounds, for well he knew that a great many of the men never spent a penny in his house except on a pay-day. But his rage was fruitless, the die was cast.

Parson John spoke truly when he said, "We know not what influence we exert, nor where that influence spreads." It, no doubt, seemed a small thing to Captain Tambling to explain to the manager the reason why Mr. Penrose did not come in person to receive his pay, but the results which came from it were not small.

Mr. Penrose might have thought that when he signed the pledge, it would have made no difference to any one else, but he had unconsciously sown a seed, which grew and spread, and which, in after years, ripened into a grand temperance harvest.

(*To be continued in our next.*)

EFFECTS OF DRUNKENNESS.



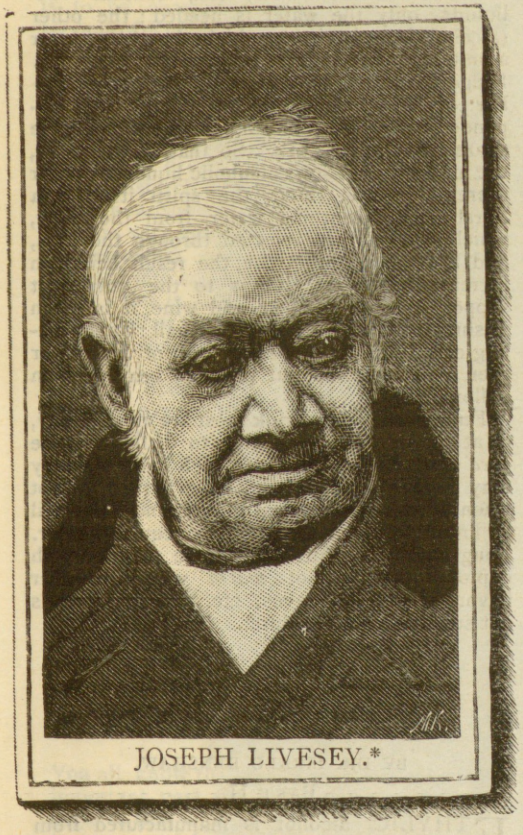
THE most frightful effects of the drink-habit are not those which can be tabulated in statistics and reported in the census. It is not the waste of corn, nor the destruction of property, nor the increase of taxes, nor even the ruin of physical health, nor the loss of life, which most impresses the mind of the thoughtful observer of inebriety. It is the effect of this vice upon the characters of men, as it is exhibited to him, day by day, in his ordinary intercourse with them. It is in the spiritual realm that the ravages of strong drink are most terrible.

Body and mind are so closely related that when the one suffers the other must share the suffering; and the injury of the physical health resulting from intemperate drinking must, therefore, be accompanied by similar injury of the mental and moral powers. But the inclination of the popular thought is so strongly toward the investigation of physical phenomena that the spiritual consequences of drunkenness are often overlooked. Degeneration of tissue is more palpable than degeneracy of spirit; a lesion of the brain more startling than a breach of faith; but the deeper fact, of which the senses take no note, is the more important fact: and it would be well if the attention of men could be fixed upon it.

The phenomena to which we have referred often report themselves to the quickened perceptions of those who stand nearest to the habitual drinker. Many a mother observes, with a heart that grows heavier day by day, the signs of moral decay in the character of her son. It is not the flushed face and the heavy eyes that trouble her most; it is the evidence that his mind is becoming duller and fouler, his sensibilities less acute, his sense of honour less commanding. She discovers that his loyalty to truth is somewhat impaired; that he deceives her frequently without compunction. This effect is often observed in the character of the inebriate. Truthfulness is the fundamental virtue; when it is impaired the character is undermined; and strong drink makes a deadly assault upon it. Coupled with this loss of truthfulness is that weakening of the will which always accompanies chronic alcoholism. The man loses, little by little, the mastery over himself; the regal faculties are in chains.

The loss of self-respect, the lowering of ambition, and the fading out of hope are signs of the progress of this disease in the character. It is a mournful spectacle—that of the brave, ingenuous, high-spirited man sinking steadily down into the degradation of inebriety; but how many such spectacles are visible all over the land! And it is not in the character of those alone who are notorious drunkards that such tendencies appear. They are often distinctly seen in the lives of men who are never drunk. Sir Henry Thompson's testimony is emphatic to the effect that "the habitual use of fermented liquors, to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce intoxication, injures the body and diminishes the mental power." If, as he testifies, a large proportion of the most painful and dangerous maladies of the body are due to "the use of fermented liquors, taken in the quantity which is conventionally deemed moderate," then it is certain that such use of them must result also in serious injuries to the mental and moral nature.

Who does not know gentlemen, physicians, artists, clergymen even, who were never drunk in their lives, and never will be, but who reveal in conversation and in conduct certain melancholy effects of the drinking habit? The brain is so often inflamed with alcohol that its functions are imperfectly performed; and there is a perceptible loss of mental power and of moral tone. The drinker is not conscious of this loss, but those who know him best are painfully aware that his perceptions are less keen, his judgments less sound, his temper less serene, his spiritual vision less clear because every day he tarries a little at the wine.



JOSEPH LIVESEY.*

BY the death of Mr. JOSEPH LIVESEY, of Preston, Lancashire loses one of the bravest and best of her sons,—one, indeed, who will rank among the foremost philanthropists of his time. At a ripe age, in the fulness of honours, and in the enjoyment of the supreme satisfaction of knowing that his country and the world were the better for his labours, he has gone to his rest, and the record of his life will be a continuous encouragement to unselfish devotion.

It is impossible to limit the influence of the sustained efforts of good men to benefit and elevate their fellow-creatures. And when men like Joseph Livesey cease from their labours, the faith that the good work which they did will still be carried on is the assured solace of the survivors.

Mr. Livesey will, without doubt, be chiefly remembered as the virtual founder of the temperance movement in this country. He was one of the first to take the pledge, and to him and six friends in Preston must be awarded the chief honours of the Total Abstinence crusade.

It is only by looking back to the state of society as it was when he and his friends began to move that we can form anything like an approximate idea of the magnitude of the debt we owe to them. In every class of society the influence of the temperance movement has been felt. And in no healthy reform was the process of levelling up ever more strikingly apparent than in the temperence movement. The success of the efforts of Mr. Livesey and his colleagues was at first most distinctly apparent among the working classes, but the middle and higher classes did not long remain irresponsive.

There is, indeed, much left for the temperance reformers to accomplish; but they have really effected a revolution in the drinking customs of the country. To them has been due the conversion of thousands of abodes of wretchedness into happy homes. They have made drunkenness disgraceful. The outrageous orgies in which kings and princes did not disdain to take part when Joseph Livesey was a young man could not now take place within the confines of respectable society, and the credit of no small share of this healthy change is due to the disinterested labours of the early Preston teetotalers.

The importance of their work has, in fact, long been acknowledged, not merely by those who shared Mr. Livesey's opinions, but not less emphatically by those men who do not adopt his practice. And assuredly when the roll of England's worthies of the present century is complete, not the least honourable name in the list will be the pioneer of teetotalism, JOSEPH LIVESEY, the weaver's son, of Walton-le-Dale.

* Died Sept. 2nd, aged 90 years.

IT is neither safe, respectable, nor wise to bring any youth to manhood without a regular calling. Industry, like idleness, is a matter of habit. No idle boy will make an active and industrious and useful man.

HEAT, SWEATING, THIRST, AND DRINK.

BY S. COMPSTON, F.R.H.S.

(*Concluded from p.* 119.)

YOU will readily understand now why one becomes thirsty after perspiring for a length of time. Thirst is merely the name for a feeling which makes us "want to drink." The body losing moisture more abundantly than usual, calls out for the deficiency to be made up. But, remember that the moisture does not escape in gallons at once, nor do you need to drink in gallons; repeated small draughts are best: large quantities are apt, if cold, to endanger the stomach and heart, as well as to needlessly increase the perspiration. Mere mouthfuls, however, may be taken cold, and frequently, with safety; but if one is too impatient to wait till the organism has had time thus to be satisfied, it is equally safe to drink a large quantity at once if the liquid be warm. When entering on work likely to induce much sweating, it is well to anticipate the thirst somewhat by sipping several times beforehand.

What should be drunk? You know we often quote the Latin proverb, *Experientia docet*—"experience teaches"; who, then, so likely as those who work in heat, etc., to know what is best for them? The Irishman before quoted thus spoke: "Sure, sorr, I be after doen this sort of work every year since I was a gorsoon; and will I not know by this toime how to slake me thirst, and kape up me strenth? 'Tis all very well for you to talk loike a book, sorr; but, faith, I'm the bhoy that knows. Here, Barney, go over beyant, and bring us the beer; throth, I'm as dhroy talken as worken. Here's health to yur honour, and more power to ye; but—." And so the beer disappeared. Now you will remember what were the results of their work, and also what I said about the locomotive engine. In fact, the question of working without beer is not one of can-not, but occasionally of think-not, oftener of will-not, oftenest of like-not. The very class of men with whom I was speaking do not harvest on beer at their home in County Galway, though they like a whisky-jollification at the conclusion of harvest. Experience which is partial may be misleading; but when a given number of men have worked as many years without beer as they formerly worked with it, their honest opinion commands respect and confidence.

What should be drunk for thirst, then? That which the body loses—water. Let it be distinctly understood that the *only* liquid in the body is water. The blood is water with the red and white corpuscles, etc., floating in it; even the tears are water (and a little salt, eh?), and so on. Therefore water is the only liquid *needed* for thirst. Nevertheless, if one has departed from the simple habits of primeval man, one may flavour his water with tea, coffee, fruit syrups or juices, etc.; but these must be regarded chiefly as tributes to taste. If there be not only thirst, but a rapid expenditure of strength at the same time, as in harvesting, in iron foundries, glass works, or even cycling on a summer tour, then some food in small quantity may be added, and for this purpose few substances are equal to oatmeal. As you know, the same mixture (or flour and water) is deemed the best thing for a horse from time to time when on a long journey during hot weather.

Beer, fermented wine, etc., contain *two* liquids; only the water is needed; the other (alcohol) is a foreigner which the body never admits without an effort to resist (see Dr. Ridge's excellent article in the February number of ONWARD); and the energy thus expended by the heart and other organs might be spared for better work. So that, as to energy, the man who swallows alcoholic liquor is a loser thereby. As to thirst, the spirit itself is a thirsty one, absorbing water from the body, which water is then rejected through the skin, and breath, and otherwise, the result being an increase of thirst; and as to the nutriment supposed to be in beer and wine, it is, as an Irishman would say, "mighty small;" a sprinkling of oatmeal, barley-meal, a bit of biscuit, or even a well-chewed nut or two "beating them hollow."

Finally, they who drink most are most thirsty, or at any rate are least able to distinguish the *need* of the body from that which habit or fancy may suggest. They who never drink except when thirsty are the least thirsty, and never fail to know when their organism requires water. Long-continued thirst should be satisfied with copious draughts of *warm* water, whether flavoured with tea leaves, etc., or not. Milk is not suitable for mere thirst.

FACTS ABOUT ALCOHOL.

BY DR. ISRAEL RENSHAW.

PART II.

ETHYLIC alcohol is manufactured from starch by a process called fermentation, and how this comes about you will understand if you will carefully look at the very curious diagrams. But before we go further we must understand two things; the meaning at present attached to the word "element," and the difference between the words "element" and "mole-

cule" and "atom." Sir Henry Roscoe says that an element is that from which nothing has been obtained different from the original substance. An atom is the smallest part of an element; a molecule is a collection of two or more atoms, and may be elementary in its nature, or it may be composed of several elements.

Alcohol is composed of three elements—carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Now these elements are found in barley and potatoes combined together in such a way as to form starch, a substance well known to everybody. Starch is a very important part of our food, and is used in many ways to make us happier and more comfortable than we should be without it.

The first change that starch has to undergo is to be changed into sugar. So the first servant of King Alcohol is the maltster; by him the barley is taken and put into a warm, moist place, so that it shall begin to grow. As soon as this comes about, the barley is taken and roasted—killed—emblematical of how it will kill in its turn when it gets amongst mankind in the form of drink. When the barley begins to grow the starch has become changed into sugar, which nourishes the growing plant. The change appears very simple: the starch has taken up the elements of water, and thus becomes changed into sugar. There are many kinds of sugar: this is called grape sugar or dextrose. Try to follow the diagram and you will soon see how this change comes about. Every atom of carbon is represented by the letter C, every atom of hydrogen by the letter H, and every atom of oxygen by the letter O, and as these letters are the first in each word it will not be difficult to remember them.

A molecule of starch is represented thus—$C_6H_{10}O_5$, or better thus—

CC HHHH OO
CC HHHH OO
CC HH O

Now this looks something short at the right-hand bottom corner, but if we add to it the elements of water, two atoms of hydrogen and one atom oxygen (H_2O), it looks better, but becomes sugar, thus $C_6H_{12}O_6$, or

CC HHHH OO
CC HHHH OO
CC HHhh oO

You all know the value of sugar: it is a most important part of our food, and this kind of sugar is that which is formed in fruit to make it more useful and more palatable. Another kind of sugar is that obtained from the sugar-cane, and it is called cane sugar. This is the more common kind, and is used for preserving and for sweetening many things in cookery. It is not only found in the sugar-cane, but also in the sap or juice of several trees, in the root of the beet and the mallow, and in the juice of many of the grasses. It is also found in some flowers, especially those of the cactus; and in some fruits, as walnuts, almonds, and hazel-nuts. Another kind of sugar is found in milk. It is called "lactose," and is different from cane sugar.

THE STREET-SWEEPER.

OLD STRINGER to his rest has gone;
No more his rake and spade he'll rattle.
He sleeps beneath the silent stone;
No more he'll fight the world's hard battle.

He struggled on from year to year,
With poverty and age contending;
And nobly did his duty here,
On little aid and strength depending.

From morn till eve he swept the street—
He made it clean and fit for travel;
While here and there, with busy feet,
He levelled it with bits of gravel.

Each day he toiled with cheerful face,
His cautious rake no dirt escaping;
He plodded on with steady pace,
But little gained with all his scraping.

His creed was simple, and his life
Unnoticed by the world around him;
The few who watched his daily strife
A hero in life's conflict found him.

Let none the humblest trade despise,
While life depends on meanest labour;
The links which bind the great and wise
Should closer draw each poorer neighbour.

Along the busy world's highway
Are crowds who earn but scant existence;
Their weary toil from day to day
Is seldom cheered by kind assistance.

Whate'er we think of lord or duke
In favoured place or titled station,
To busy workers we must look
For life and sinew of the nation.

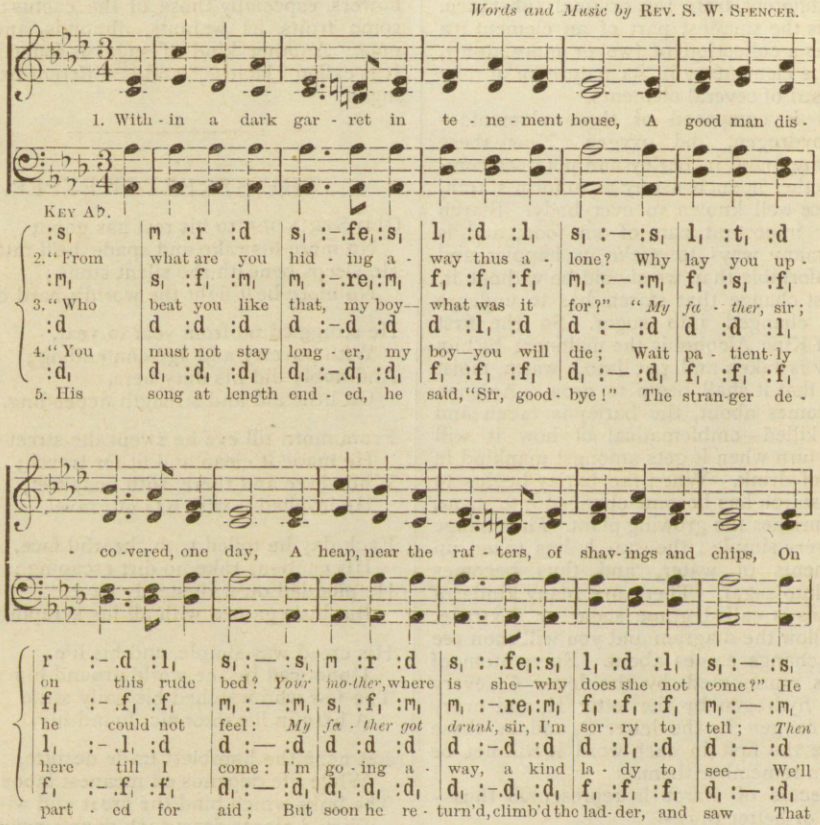
Our fields they plough, our ships they build,
Vast cities rise by their endeavour;
Our markets with their toil are filled,
Their skill and progress falter never.

Then honour to the toiling band
Who fill the world with light and beauty.
First of their race will ever stand
The men who nobly do their duty.

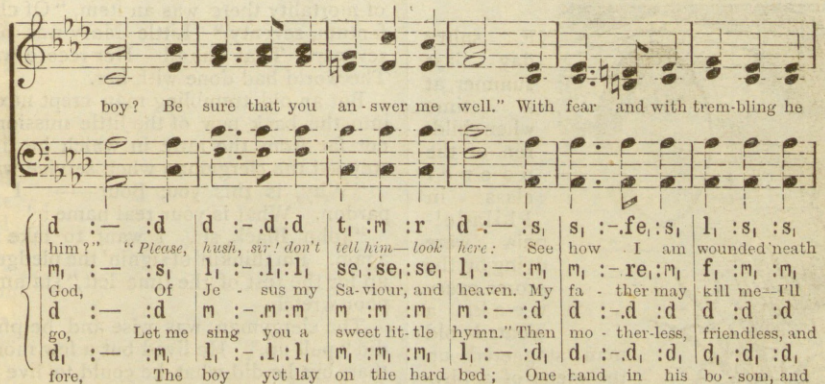
W. HOYLE.

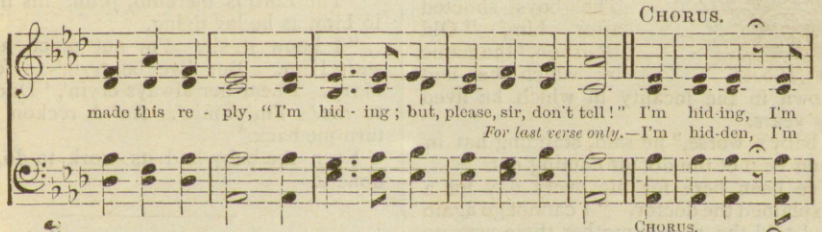
"I'M HIDING; BUT, PLEASE, SIR, DON'T TELL."

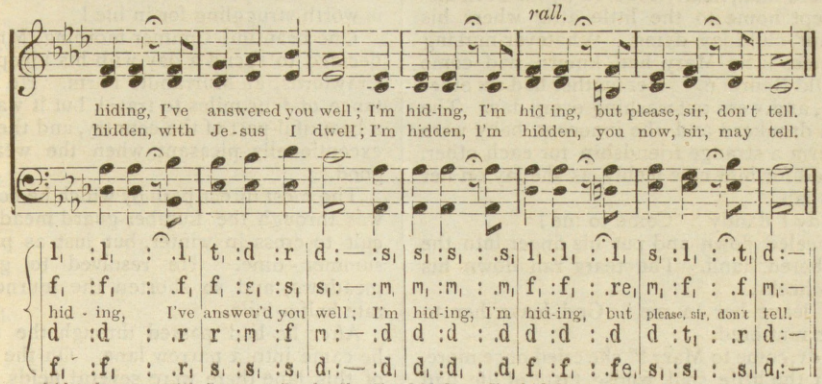
Words and Music by REV. S. W. SPENCER.



"I'M HIDING; BUT, PLEASE, SIR, DON'T TELL!"—*continued.*







ONLY A BABY.



ONE sultry day last summer, at a time when children of the poorer class in Philadelphia were dying by the scores every week, a bloated old man staggered up the steps of a physician's dwelling. The boys shouted after him, "Old Bourbon," the name by which he had been known in the locality in which he lived for many years.

"The baby's worse," he said, standing hat in hand when he met the doctor coming out.

"You've been here for me every day for a week," explained the doctor. "I cannot go again to-day. I told the child's mother there was no chance this morning. It was dying then."

"Won't you come now?"

"No; I have not a minute to spare. There are patients waiting whom I can help."

"Old Bourbon" followed him to his carriage door, twisting his rag of a hat in his shaking hands. "She's—she's all I've got, doctor."

But the doctor, with a pitying nod, drove away, and the old man, nearly sobered by his keen distress, crept home to the little attic where his little grand-child lay dying. Whatever nursing or kindness little Mary had known had come from "Old Bourbon." Her mother had six other children, and went out washing every day. The poor old drunkard and the innocent baby were left to form a strange friendship for each other. She called for him now feebly, as she lay on her mother's lap.

"Daddy! daddy! Come to me!"

He kneeled down and put his finger into the tiny withered hand. The tears ran down his bloated cheeks.

"God leave her to me! God leave her to me!" he muttered.

"Daddy, come to Mary!" she cried once more, and then the little soul, whose taste of life had been so bitter, passed on into the unseen.

It was only a baby. Its mother, who had six other half-starved children to feed, shed but few tears over it. The doctor sent in a certificate of its death with a dozen others. In the weekly bill of mortality there was an item, "Of cholera infantum, seventy." Little Mary was one of the seventy. That was all. Her record was ended. The world had done with her.

But an old trembling man crept next Sunday into the back pew of the little mission church, not far from the attic in which he lived. He stopped the clergyman when service was over.

"Why, is this you, Bour—— I beg your pardon. What is your real name?"

"John Black, sir. I want to take my name again. I'm thinkin' of signin' the pledge'n' pullin' up for the rest of the time left," stammered the poor wretch.

The clergyman was wise and helpful. John did "pull up." He lived but a few months after that, but he did what he could to live a decent, honest, Christian life in that time.

"The Lord is merciful, John," his friend said to him, as he lay dying.

"I know it, sir. I'm not much acquainted with Him. But I've be tryin' to foller little Mary. I hear her always cryin', 'Daddy, come to me.' I'm comin'. An' I reckon He'll not turn me back."

Even the baby had its work to do, and had done it.

"THE MAN DRINKS."

BY EDWARD HAYTON.

HOW much may lie under these oft-repeated words. How very much more than we can at first imagine. What suffering and sorrow, what destruction of domestic happiness, and what blighting of early prospects, and of fondly cherished hopes—what utter wreck of all that is worth struggling for in life!

One beautiful summer morning, Mr. Maxwell decided to spend a day with his kinspeople, the Crawfords, at Murrahills Farm. He had a distance of four miles to travel, but it was through a beautiful part of the country, and the walk was exceptionally pleasant when the weather was good.

The most direct path by which he could travel was through the Lumber-guard meadows, difficult to cross in winter, but just as pleasant in summer-time. He resolved to go by the meadows, and so shorten the journey at any rate half-a-mile.

After he had passed through the meadows, he came into a narrow lane. On the west side of this lane there were several fields all along, which bore unmistakable signs of careless farming and shameful neglect. The hedges were broken down, and there was not a single

gate which could be called anything else than a miserable mockery and pretence.

At the head of the lane, on the east side, a wheelwright was painting a gate he had been fixing. Mr. Maxwell said—

"You are early at work, Thomas."

"Yes, sir," said the wheelwright; "we are accustomed to early hours."

"I have been observing," said Mr. Maxwell, "as I came up the lane, the state of the hedges and gates lying west. They look as if they belonged to nobody. Who, and what is the farmer?"

"Ah, sir, the man drinks, and that is sufficient to account for it all."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Maxwell, "you say truly, that is enough, and explains it all. Have you known him long? It is rather a hobby of mine to inquire into cases of this description, for they furnish me not unfrequently with facts that I can use for the benefit of others."

"Yes, I have known him, sir, since he was a child. He was an only son. And he had one of the best chances to do well that a young man could have. His parents were most industrious people, and made a good deal of money on the same farm. It was thought they erred rather in indulging him, as only sons are apt to be indulged. They pressed him into company, and were proud to see him noticed by the better class of families in the neighbourhood. The old folks kept open house on his account, in the latter part of their time, and the drink was dispensed freely."

"One cannot wonder," said Mr. Maxwell, "when that is considered, at any bad results which may follow. Young men are ready enough to learn, and the drink is a bewitching thing. What age may the man be?"

"He will be about six-and-thirty," said the wheelwright—"not more, at any rate. And he is not unlike a man sixty, if you saw him. It soon wrecks a man up when he sets fairly to it."

"Yes, nothing in the world sooner, Thomas. It is as our young Dr. Burton says, 'Every time a man gets tipsy, he drives a nail into his coffin!'"

"I wish," said the wheelwright, scratching his ear, "that more of the doctors would talk in that style. They have been a good deal to blame in keeping up the delusion by which so many are carried away. This same man we are speaking of, says he could not live without it, and his doctor tells him a little is necessary for him, but that he takes too much. The doctor fails to see it is completely the poor fellow's master."

"In his case it is an act of madness to touch it; it is like fire to gunpowder, and a man must be reckless to recommend it."

Mr. Maxwell was a man of energetic terms, but might well be forgiven for any little extravagance he was guilty of in respect to this, for he himself had suffered deeply, and knew more than many the measure of the evil he spoke against. The wheelwright said in reply—

"He has a daughter, one of the best girls in this county certainly, for night after night he is brought home stupidly drunk, and she sits by him until he sleeps himself partly sober, and will not leave him until she sees him secure in bed. He would have been a dead man before to-day, it is likely, had it not been for her, for his wife is too delicate a person now to fight with him in his cups. Her health, it is said, has been quite broken by distress and anxiety on his account, and she was a good-like lassie, when they married, as you could have met with in a day's walk."

"Yes, Thomas, and just because of such things as these, the temperance question is above all others a woman's question. The wives and daughters of England have to carry the heavy end of the curse. Oh, my very blood boils when I think of this red-handed iniquity. What is it else?"

So the old gentleman talked, and there was the fire of noble passion in his eye, and the light of transfiguration upon his face. He felt for this suffering woman and her brave daughter, as every true Englishman ought to feel, and his heart was stirred within him with a holy indignation against the drink which was the cause of all their sorrow.

The summer-time, with its sunshine, passed away; the autumn came, and winter, and one night, as the snow lay thick upon the ground, and the keen east wind blew, the farmer and his daughter were, as usual, alone; he slept the deep and heavy sleep of the drunkard, and she watched faithfully by his side. The night was exceptionally cold, and as she sat she felt chilled to the bone. Again and again she made up the fire, but the fire would not warm her. She began to feel just a little ill.

Her father slept unusually long, but she would not wake him by any means—it was better that he slept. And so the hours passed on. The kitchen clock struck three, and still her father slept his tipsy sleep.

As the clock struck four, he awoke. She saw him to his room, and then retired herself to rest.

The next day she was too ill to leave her bed; and the day following they brought the doctor to see her. She was suffering from inflammation of the lungs. Two days more, and the doctor pronounced her case as being hopeless. On the seventh day she died.

Poor girl! her devotion to her father had cost her her life.

A ROSE SONG.

WHY are roses red—
For roses once were white?
Because the loving nightingales
Sang on their thorns all night—
Sang till the blood they shed
Had dyed the roses red.

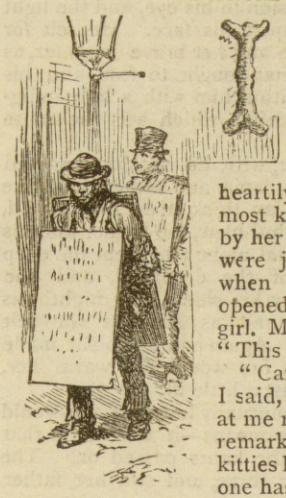
Why are white roses white—
For roses once were red?
Because the sorrowing nightingales
Wept when the night was fled—
Wept till their tears of light
Had washed the roses white!

Why are the roses sweet—
For once they had no scent?
Because one day the Queen of Love,
Who to Adonis went,
Brushed them with heavenly feet—
That made the roses sweet!

RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

THE TWO KITTENS

BY UNCLE BEN.



I HAVE a little friend by the name of Katie. The first time I went to see her I was quite a stranger in her home, but very heartily was I welcomed and most kindly was I received by her mother. I think we were just going in to tea, when suddenly the door opened and in came a little girl. Mrs. Schollcross said—"This is our Kitty."

"Can you purr, Kitty?" I said, as she stood looking at me rather shyly; then I remarked, "Why, I thought kitties had four legs, and this one has only two!"

And then she laughed, and said, "We have a real cat, and three beautiful little kitties. One is mine. I would like to fetch it you." And with that she bounded out of the room, and shortly after came in carrying on her shoulder a very small, mischievous-looking little kittie.

Of course I nursed this four-legged pussie, who served as a mutual friend between Katie and myself. So we became warmly attached to one another.

The next day being Sunday, as I was thinking about going to Sunday-school, Katie expressed a wish to accompany me. We soon gained her mother's consent, and it was settled we should go together.

It was a very fine, bright Sunday in the early summer, rather windy and dusty every now and then; along the white country road clouds of dust rose into the air. Just as we were leaving, and Katie, in her nice Sunday clothes, looking as sweet almost as the flowers in spring, was coming down the steps of the house, her mother said—

"Now, Katie, I hope you will be a good girl this afternoon, and that you will behave nicely, for I shall ask Uncle Ben about you when you come back."

We went off hand in hand on the dusty road, and along the fresh green hedges. As we were going we met a lazy troop of cows coming out of some flat, green meadows by a stream, where yellow buttercups and golden marsh marigolds grew thickly; they were slowly wending their way home to be milked. I felt Katie shrink a good deal, and get more behind me; presently she said, "Would you like to see over that wall?"

"No," I said, "not particularly. I can see all I want." Then she rejoined, "But I should."

So we went to the roadside, and I lifted up Katie so that she could see over the low wall. This occupied the time while the cows were passing; when they had gone by she said she thought we ought to be going on again. I therefore began to suspect that fear of the cows had been the cause of this delay, and said, "Katie, are you afraid of cows?"

"Oh no," she replied, "I'm not so silly as to be afraid of cows; it's only their horns I don't like."

Katie certainly behaved very well at Sunday-school, although she did not go very often, partly because it was a long way, and partly because her mother had a large class in her house every Sunday afternoon. Coming home I said to my little friend—

"I am glad that I shall be able to give a good account of you, Katie, to your mother if she should ask me. But I should think a big girl like you are is never naughty; I should think you are always good."

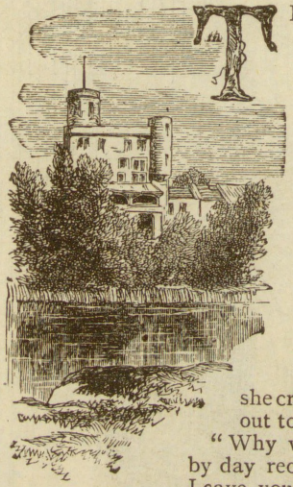
To which Katie replied—"Oh, I am never a naughty girl when I go out like this, and do what I want; but," she continued, with a sigh, "it is hard to be like Jesus always at home."

And often have I thought how true those words are for most of us. It is easy to be good when we have our own way, and are out on pleasure, with our nice things on, and are doing our best to please and be pleased, but it is hard indeed "to be *like Jesus always at home.*"



"Carrying on her shoulder a little kittie."—p. 156.

THE STORY OF A "WISH-RING."



THE Germans tell a pretty legend of a wish-ring. It runs in this wise:

A young farmer, who had been unfortunate, one day, full of anxious thought and weary from long hours of toil, sat down upon his plow to rest for a little. While he was resting an old woman passed slowly by, and, as she crept along, she called out to him:

"Why work ye there day by day receiving no reward? Leave your plow. Walk two days, and you will come to a great fir-tree standing in the midst of a forest. No other tree of its own kind is near it, and it towers above all the other trees about. If you succeed in cutting it down your fortune will be made."

Having spoken thus, the old woman passed out of sight, but her words lingered in the mind of the man. He arose, left his plow, shouldered his axe, and went his way until he came to the great fir-tree. He at once set to work to hew it down. Just as its mighty form began to tremble and to sway he heard a crashing sound as of something falling through its branches. A large nest fell down at his feet. Two eggs rolled from the nest, breaking as they struck the ground. From one flew an eagle, out of the other rolled a golden ring.

The eagle grew larger and larger, until it grew to be as large as a man. Then it soared aloft, and, circling three times above the man's head, it said:

"You have saved me. The golden ring is your reward. It is a wish-ring. Turn it twice upon your finger, wishing as you turn it, and whatever you desire will come to pass. But it can bestow but one wish, so consider well before you wish, that you may not have cause to regret your choice." Then the eagle flew swiftly toward the east.

The farmer, placing the ring upon his finger, took up his axe and turned homeward. As night approached on the first day of his walk toward home he came to a jeweller's shop. He went in, displayed his ring, and inquired its value. The jeweller assured him that it was worth nothing, whereupon the farmer told how he obtained it and that it was a wish-ring.

The jeweller was immediately possessed with the desire to gain possession of the ring himself. He professed to be full of friendliness and hospitality, and urged the farmer to remain with him that night.

The farmer unsuspiciously consented, and when bed-time arrived he went to his rest with the feeling of security and trust which induces the deepest and calmest sleep.

But while he was thus peacefully sleeping the crafty jeweller softly slipped from his finger the coveted ring, putting on in its place one which resembled it, but which did not possess any magic power.

When morning came the jeweller was very anxious for the departure of his guest. After seeing him safely off and out of the way, the jeweller at once closed his shop, stood in the middle of the room, turned the ring upon his finger twice, and wished that he might have a million pieces of gold.

No sooner had he made the wish than the golden shower commenced to fall. The shining pieces fell all about him, and, indeed, they fell upon him, beating him sorely, but he could not escape. He cried for mercy, but still they kept coming, coming, coming, until at last their weight broke through the floor and the jeweller fell under his gold into the cellar, and was there crushed to death.

When the farmer reached home he showed his ring to his wife, and told her that it was a wish-ring. She was anxious to try its power at once. It would be very nice, she said, to get that piece of land which lay between their two fields. But the farmer said it would not be worth while to use the one wish for that, because if they worked hard and were very saving they could earn and save money enough to buy it for themselves. "It has but one wish," he said, "and we must consider well before we make that one."

So they worked hard and were very saving, and everything seemed to prosper under their care. Never had they had such remarkable crops. And by the next year they were able to buy the bit of land that lay between their two fields for themselves.

The wife thought then it would be well to wish for a horse and a cow. But the husband said if they were industrious and saving they could buy these, too, after a little, and would still save the wish; they did not know how much they might need it some time. It was not long before they had saved money enough to buy the horse and cow, and the farmer felt delighted that they still had saved the wish.

As the years went on they were very prosperous, for they still worked very hard and were very saving, and, although the wife would

often speak of the ring and suggest something to wish for, the husband was never convinced that the best time had yet come. "For," said he, "we still are young and strong, and we need nothing which we cannot work and get for ourselves. We do not know what we may need in the years to come. There is but one wish, and we must consider well before we make that one lest we should regret it."

When they grew rich the wife wanted him to wish for power, position, or rank. But he was ever content with what they had and with what they could earn for themselves. He did not crave any other position or rank in life than such as they could gain for themselves. Although he was rich and prosperous, he still worked in the fields with his men, and rested at evening in his porch, from which he could exchange friendly greetings with all who passed by.

So the years passed on, one after another, until the farmer and his wife were grey and bent, old and feeble, and still the wish-ring had never been used. "There was still plenty of time," said he; "best thoughts always came last."

One night—on the self-same night—both the old people passed peacefully away. Their children and grandchildren stood about them with loving regret as they lay in their last long sleep. But when one of them would have removed the ring from the old man's finger the eldest son interposed.

"No!" said he. "Father always seemed to prize his ring very much. There seemed to be some mystery about it. Our mother, too, often looked at it with much interest. Perhaps it had some tender associations for them. Let it be buried with them."

Thus the ring, which had never been wished upon, and which, indeed, was not the real wish-ring, was left upon the hand which had worn it so long, and which it had strengthened and encouraged to an industrious, useful, peaceful, and contented life. M. F.

BARE BRANCHES.

THE wind blows bitterly through the wood,
And the wet leaves break and fall;
But winter comes with meed of good,
And winter comes to all.
Oh! the days of summer are long and fair,
With blue, unclouded sky;
But the very sun grows hard to bear,
And the grass turns brown and dry.
O patient pathos of winter skies,
Spread out o'er the withered plain!
Under your hush a secret lies,
Which is not all of pain.
I know the leaves from the trees are strown,
That the birds have taken wing—
They will only find that the trees are grown
When they come back in spring.

THE OUTLOOK.



MUCH good temperance work has been done in the past year, but much more remains to be accomplished. The Band of Hope is still spreading, and the Blue Ribbon army is increasing. Our organization needs to be more efficient to overcome the great system of drinking in England. Nothing has been done in the way of legislation. A more united effort must be put forth to bring about the first instalment, namely, the closing of public-houses on Sunday. Now this is a work in which many Bands of Hope might lend a helping hand. In places where no canvass has yet been made, the work could be undertaken by members; the papers might be procured from the central office, 14, Brown Street, Manchester. The district should be mapped out into divisions, one or two looking after each division, leaving the papers at each house on a certain day, and calling again for them after a short interval. Then, when all the papers were collected that had been filled up, the workers should meet to make up the result, and send the same to the office in Manchester of the Sunday Closing Association, and also to the members of Parliament of the district. Where there is a local Band of Hope Union this could easily be done; but in small towns and villages it could be accomplished by one Band of Hope. There is hardly a parish or township now in England where there are not temperance workers able and willing to undertake this important duty, and the good result of this action would be such a strong expression of universal opinion in favour of the Bill, that Parliament could no longer deny this boon to the nation.

For all our work in this great temperance reform our motto should be, "Watch and pray"—

"Watch as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down:
Watch and pray."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

IF we estimate things wisely, rich men are more liable to discontent than poor men. It is observable that men of highest fortune are apt more easily to resent the smallest things. A little neglect, a slight word, an unpleasing look, doth affect them more than reproaches, blows, or wrongs do to those of a mean condition. Prosperity is a nice and squeamish thing, and it is hard to find anything able to please men of a full and thriving estate; whereas, a good meal, a small gift, a little gain, or good success of his labour, doth produce in a poor man a very solid pleasure. Whence contentedness hath place and is needful in every condition, be it in appearance never so prosperous, so plentiful, or pleasant.

CONTENTMENT is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and a happy purchase.

LET us labour and be strong—in the best use of that we have; wasting no golden hours in idle wishes for things that burden those that own them, and which could not bless us if we had them. Being content, the poorest man is rich; while he who counts his millions hath little joy in life if not blessed with thorough contentment.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL boy was asked if his father was a Christian. "Yes, sir," he replied, "but he is not working at it much."

WHY is a drunkard like a bad politician? Because he is always poking his nose into measures that spoil the constitution.

"WELL," remarked a young American M.D. just from college, "I suppose the next thing will be to hunt a good location, and then wait for something to do, like 'Patience on a monument.'" "Yes," said a bystander, "and it won't be long after you do begin until the monuments will be on the patients!"

A FRENCH lady has just died at the age of ninety, and in consideration of her physician's unremitting care left him by will the contents of an old oaken chest of large dimensions. When examined, it was found to contain all the drugs prescribed for her during the twenty years previous to her death. She had taken them all, not in, but to her chest!

A COMPANY of settlers in naming their new town, called it Dictionary, because, as they said, "that's the only place where peace, prosperity, and happiness are always found."

THE mouthpiece of the telephone may be perfectly respectable, but there are a great many things said against it.

SO long as the school teacher keeps the pupils in his eye, nobody can deny that he has a perfect right to lash his pupils.

A YOUNG man in Edinburgh, who had no fortune, requested a lawyer, a friend of his, to recommend him to a family where he was a daily visitor, and where there was a handsome daughter, who was to have a large fortune. The lawyer said he did not exactly know, but he would inquire. The next time he saw his young friend he asked him if he had any property at all. "No," replied he. "Well," said the lawyer, "would you suffer any one to cut off your nose if he would give you twenty thousand pounds for it?" "What an idea! Not for the world!" "'Tis well," replied the lawyer, "I had a reason for asking." The next time he saw the girl's father he said, "I have inquired about the young man's circumstances. He has, indeed, no ready money, but he has a jewel for which, to my knowledge, he has been offered and refused twenty thousand pounds." This induced the old father to consent to the marriage, which accordingly took place, though it is said that in the sequel he often shook his head when he thought of the jewel.

THE cannibals!—A broth of a boy is very common in Ireland.

BEWARE of the cook who can make hash of everything except corn beef.

THE LAST DODGE OUT.—A man recently laid a wager that he would woo, win, and marry a young lady, who, with his companions, he had just seen arrive at the hotel where he was living. He introduced himself to the damsel, she smiled upon his suit, a minister was called in, and they were married within an hour. The wager, of no inconsiderable amount, was handed over to the bridegroom, who left with his bride the following day. It was afterwards discovered that the couple had long been man and wife, and that they had been travelling about playing the same trick at various hotels.

Notice to Correspondents.

Received with thanks:—S. Compston, T. J. Galley, M. Batchelor, Dr. Israel Renshaw.

Publications Received.

The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Scottish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Record—The Dietetic Reformer—The Rechabite Magazine—The Derby Mercury—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Bond of Union—The Irish Temperance League Journal—Church of England Temperance Magazine.

WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MISS SALOME HOCKING.

CHAPTER XI.—HARRY.



WE hope the reader has not forgotten Harry, although he has been little mentioned of late. When he drove up to Mrs. May's door, that memorable morning, and was told that Minnie, with her father, had left, he felt too much astonished for words. It was as if a cold hand had been laid on his heart, crushing down all the bright hopes that he had been indulging in. He received Minnie's letter in silence, and was about to drive away, when Mrs. May said, eagerly—

"Had you not better open your letter? Perhaps Minnie has told you the place where she is gone to; she forgot to tell me anything about it." And then she added, ruefully, "I wish she hadn't, for there's no use my asking John."

"I will not wait to read it now," said Harry, who felt that he would rather be alone when he read Minnie's letter. "I shall be seeing you another day. Good morning," and lifting his hat he drove away, leaving Mrs. May standing on the doorstep, with a very disappointed look on her face.

As soon as Harry had got out of sight of the house he slackened the reins, and let the horse walk while he drew Minnie's letter from his pocket and commenced to read. When he came to the place where she spoke of it as being her father's wish that no one should be told their place of abode, Harry struck his hand to his forehead, and exclaimed, passionately—

"This is too much for human endurance. It was not enough for the old wretch to separate us, but he must needs keep it a secret where they were going."

But his passion was short-lived, and turning again to the letter, he read it to the end. As he folded it up he said, sadly—

"O Minnie, Minnie, it is hard that I am not to see you; not to know even where you are; to never know when you are sick, or if you have food to eat. Ay! that is the worst of it," he continued, despairingly: "what can she do in a strange place, with a drunken father, who will not care whether my darling has food to eat, or clothes to wear? Oh, I cannot bear it!"

His strong heart was aching as it had never ached before, and all sorts of dark forebodings flitted across his brain. But he was not one to give way to despair for long, and as he came in sight of his home a curious smile crossed his face as he thought—"What a fool I am to give up so soon. Just as if it were not possible to find them. Why, I've only to go to John May and ask him; and if he is also bound by a promise, I'll go to the station-master and find out where they booked to. I'm bound to find them."

When he went into the house, his mother and sisters asked in disappointed tones why he had not brought Minnie with him.

"She left this morning with her father, before I came," said Harry, in a low voice.

"Gone! Where is she gone to?" asked Gerty and Annie both together.

"I don't know," answered Harry, sadly. "She left a letter for me, and in it she says that it is her father's wish that it should be kept a secret. And, as you know, she will never disobey her father."

The girls saw that he had as much as he could bear, and refrained from asking him any more questions.

Harry was hopeful enough after the first burst of despondency had passed. It was impossible, he argued, that Minnie should hide herself where his loving eyes could not find her. Suppose if Mr. Penrose had used secrecy and caution, was not he, with his quick brain, and a heart full of love and yearning over his little sweetheart, a match for him? He certainly thought so. And there was hope in his heart, and a look of determination in his eyes, as he started off for Mr. May's farm the next morning.

He felt lighthearted and buoyant as he strode over the ground with rapid, swinging steps. "What were difficulties to him?" He felt as if he could overcome anything that morning. And he smiled as he remembered how he had shivered when he came out from the warm breakfast-room into the sharp, frosty air a quarter of an hour ago. How sluggish his blood had seemed to flow then. Now, it rushed through his veins with lightning-like speed. "And so it is with difficulties," he mused. "Stand and look at them, and they loom up like steep mountains, impossible to climb. But only commence the ascent, and when you get well

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warmed to the work, you find the mountains are only hills, and when you reach the top you are ready to laugh at your idea of its being an unclimbable mountain."

Quite right, Harry. It were better to look at life's difficulties that way than another. But you are young, and to the young difficulties which are ahead look small. But what if, instead of the mountain turning out to be a hill, the hill turns out to be a mountain, which you cannot climb through the day when the sun is casting its bright light on your path; but you have to grope your way in the darkness, amid unknown dangers?

Many a man, who has been able to steer through difficulties which he can see, has given up in despair when the darkness settles down on him, and he can no longer see the harbour for which he has been steering. But it is in such an emergency as this that a man of faith has trust in Him who seeth all things at all times. It is when we can see no way to do any more, when we give up the climbing as hopeless, it is then, if we will have Him, that Jesus steps down by our side, and taking us by the hand, He leads us safely through the darkness. And though we do not know the path that our feet are treading, nor where our journey may end, we feel that we are in safe guidance, and that while His hand is leading us, we shall make no false step, nor be assailed with any danger. And when He has led us safely through the dark night, and the bright sunlight is shining on us, and we can look back and see the path which in the darkness our feet have trod, we are filled with thankfulness to Him who has taken such loving care of us, and we are ready to sing for joy that we had put our trust in such a loving Saviour.

But we must go back to Harry, who, while we have been moralising, has reached Mr. May's farm. He saw that gentleman just disappearing into a cattle house with a bundle of straw in his arms. And hastening after him, he was just in time to see Mr. May distribute large handfuls of straw to the big, fat bullocks standing around.

"Good morning, Mr. May. You have some fine bullocks here," said Harry.

"Yes, pretty fair," answered Mr. May. "I intend getting rid of these four chaps next week. They're about fat enough, I should say."

"So should I," laughed Harry. "They look too fat to live almost now. But you always feed well."

"Yes, I believe I generally do as a rule," assented Mr. May, with a satisfied smile. "They sell best, and what is more, pay me the best."

"Ay," said Harry, "the paying part is what we have to look to."

"Anything the matter, Mr. Harry, that you are over here so early?" asked Mr. May, turning as he spoke to take up some more straw for the big, greedy animals, who never seemed satisfied unless they were eating.

It was well for Harry that Mr. May's back was towards him, for he knew not what answer to make, and in his embarrassment he had blushed deeply. It had seemed easy enough last night and this morning to ask Mr. May where Minnie was; but now that he was face to face with Mr. May he felt a strange dislike of the job, and wished that he could have had an excuse for his morning's visit, and then have asked the question casually. The next moment a terrific squeal sounded through the place.

"Blessings on your head, or rather your ear, which your comrade has almost bitten off," muttered Harry under his breath. "It's a bad wind that doesn't blow good to somebody's door. That squeal has put an idea into my head."

Turning his laughing gaze from the two pigs who were quarrelling outside the door over a mangold, he said to Mr. May—

"Oh, nothing the matter at all, Mr. May. I heard yesterday you had some fine farrows for sale. If you don't ask too much money for them, I wouldn't mind taking a couple."

"Come and see them," said Mr. May, walking toward the pig-yard, thinking, no doubt, that pigs, and nothing else, had brought Harry over that morning.

Harry could scarcely keep from laughing aloud as he followed Mr. May, wondering at the same time what his father would say. For Mr. Michell, like most other farmers, was generally pretty well stocked with pigs.

"Never mind," thought Harry, "I'll take them to Treligger. A pig or two more or less isn't much."

As soon as Harry had seen the pigs and heard Mr. May's price, he knew that they were well worth the money, and selecting the two he liked best out of the lot, he told Mr. May he would come for them the next day, and pay for them.

"Don't mention it," said Mr. May, heartily. "I'd take your word for the whole flock, and not trouble about the money."

"Don't be too sure, Mr. May," said Harry, laughing. "Somebody says, 'Every man is a rogue if he has a safe opportunity to be one.'"

"The man who said that must have been a rogue himself, Mr. Harry. Anyway, I don't believe it. Some men are born honest, and they wouldn't commit a theft even if they were paid for it. I've had such men here on my own farm, so have proved the truth of it."

"Well, I'll not argue with you about it, Mr. May, though it is not always wise to place too much

confidence in people. Mr. Penrose has found out the truth of that in Peter Dawlish's case," said Harry, skilfully turning the conversation to suit his own purpose.

"Yes, that's so," answered Mr. May, gravely. "He was born a rogue, I reckon."

"And will very likely die one," said Harry, with a slight smile. "But the pity of it is that he came to Riverside to break up the dreamy quiet of the dear little village, scattering his poisonous liquors among the men, and stirring up all their bad passions until they were no longer worthy the name of men. And it was such honest, good-hearted fellows as Mr. Penrose that he seemed to gain the most influence over. One of the happiest homes I ever knew has been broken up through the instrumentality of that mean cur, Peter Dawlish."

"That's true, Mr. Harry. And there is no knowing what mischief such a man as that can do. There's my sister Amy hurried into an early grave through his means, and there's Penrose a wanderer on the earth."

"Where is he thinking to settle, Mr. May? You know his plans, I expect," asked Harry, in a quiet, natural way.

"I am very sorry not to be able to tell you," said Mr. May, ruefully; "but I promised Penrose I would tell no one."

"In that case you are perfectly right in keeping it a secret," said Harry, allowing no shade of disappointment to come into his voice. Then wishing Mr. May good morning, he left.

"This is a pretty piece of business," thought Harry, as he walked hastily along the road. "Here I've been and bought two pigs that I don't really want, and have talked to Mr. May more in this half-hour than I usually talk in half a day, and what is the result after all my brilliant efforts?"

Harry gave a contemptuous whistle, and then burst out laughing.

"After all," he soliloquised, "I'm in just the same place I was before. There's no use my getting vexed, that won't do any good. And now, I suppose, I had better try my luck at the station."

Harry was in much the same dilemma when he reached the station, for he was fearful of asking questions, fearing they would suspect his secret, and joke him about Minnie. His love for her seemed to him to be too sacred a thing to be made the subject of coarse jokes, and so he had always been very shy and reticent about his love affairs. No one who looked at the tall, strong, grave young farmer would have guessed that he would blush like a girl at the mention of Minnie Penrose's name.

But knowing that, if he would gain any information of Minnie, the question must be asked, he resolved to put a bold face on the matter, and walking into the booking-office, he stood in the presence of the genial, chatty station-master.

Yes, that gentleman remembered all about Mr. and Miss Penrose coming to the station the morning before. They had taken tickets for the next station.

"No further than that?" asked Harry in surprise.

"No," answered the man. "I suppose they were only going for a short visit, for they had no luggage except a couple of small travelling bags, which they took in the train with them. I took particular notice of them, for Penrose and I used to be old friends; but he's mighty shy of late."

Harry was puzzled, and knew not what to think. At last it dawned on him that they had very likely booked fresh at every station, so that no one should guess where they were going. Quick as thought he turned to the station-master, and asked what time the next down-train was due.

"In five minutes, sir."

"Then that is my train," said Harry. And very soon he was seated in a railway-carriage, wondering what would be the next move.

Strange thoughts flitted across his mind as he gazed at the moving panorama of hill and dale, trees and fields, with glimpses now and then of shining water; while dotted here and there were clusters of houses, looking picturesque in the extreme against their background of green fields. And as he passed men of his own calling, following slowly after the plough, he wondered dreamily if they ever got dissatisfied with their lives; if they ever felt that they had got hold of the wrong kind of work? Or, perhaps, they were never bothered with such ambition as at times possessed him. And if they were, they would very likely look no higher than being able to buy the land of their own farms.

Harry had dreamed when a lad of being a lawyer, and had told his father of his wish. And his father had told him kindly, but sorrowfully, that he was not rich enough to give him the education that was necessary for that calling. And so he had given up his dreams, and when his school-days were over, he had settled down quietly at home, much to the satisfaction of his parents, who never dreamed that under his quiet exterior there burned a longing desire to go out into the world to lead a nobler, more stirring life.

Then had come his love for Minnie, and when with her he had ceased to wish for a different life; he was satisfied to be near her. And then when Mrs. Penrose died, and Mr. Penrose fell back into his old habits, and he saw what a life



"As he drew nearer he saw that it was Minnie."—p. 167.

of noble self-sacrifice she lived, he asked himself, if he went out into the wide world, whether he should find truer heroism than dwelt in the breast of this little country maiden? And if that was the case, why could not his life be made as noble and pure where God had placed him as if he went into some crowded city and won the applause of men? And even that was a doubtful thing in these days of competition. But even if it were so, would his heart ever glow with such pure pleasure as it did now, when he remembered how, by his help, his father had been enabled to clear off the mortgage on their farm, and which had taken such a weight of sorrow from his father's mind? And now his father, instead of being oppressed by debt, and bowed down with hard work, was able to look the world in the face, as a wealthy farmer who owed no man anything.

True it had been a sacrifice, but he did not regret it. And now, if he could only find Minnie, and have the assurance that at some future day, not far distant, he should have her for his own, to be with him continually, to walk life's journey at his side, he would be content.

Then there came a break to his musings;

the train had stopped, and he must get out. He found that they would stop there ten minutes.

"Quite time enough to make inquiries and get another ticket if necessary," thought Harry as he walked toward the booking-office. But there fresh difficulties awaited him. No one had noticed the couple which Harry described, and turning away with a perplexed sigh, he asked himself what he had better do? They might have gone up or down, he knew not which; and yet, it seemed to him, if they were going up, they would have taken the up-train from the station they started from. And so he resolved to take another ticket, and go on to the next station.

In less than five minutes he was again whirling on, but this time he was too much perplexed to notice the scenery he was passing through. He did not feel as hopeful as he had felt that morning, and in spite of himself, grave doubts assailed him; and he asked himself if it was likely that the officials at the next station would be able to give him any information.

Scores of passengers got in and out at different times of the day, and they knew nothing of them. There was nothing singular about Mr. Penrose or Minnie that they should single them out of the crowd. And Harry sighed wearily as the hopelessness of his search was forced on his mind. But still he determined not to give up until every means had been tried. And he made up his mind that instead of asking questions while the men were busy, he would wait until the train had left the station, and the porters were taking things easy. Then it was more likely that he might get at some information.

Accordingly when he got out of the train, he walked into the waiting-room, and waited patiently until the noise had subsided. But he had no reward for his patience. No one had noticed the two he spoke of, although many of the porters tried their best to remember something of them for the sake of the five shillings that Harry offered, but none knew anything at all. And turning from the men, Harry walked back into the waiting-room.

There seemed to be no good in his trying to follow their movements, and he felt completely baffled, while a feeling of anger crept into his heart against Mr. Penrose, and he walked up and down the room with a quick, impatient step. His deep-set eyes were flashing, and a look of anger rested on his usually pleasant face. After awhile a feeling of pride crept into his heart, and he resolved not to take any more trouble about one who had ignored all his claims to her confidence. And jealousy, creeping in after pride, suggested that he was not the only one who had tried to win Minnie. And then, as he remembered how anxious she had been that her father should leave Riverside, and how firmly she had refused his offers for her own and father's comfort and support, he came to the conclusion that another and not himself had won her love, or else she would not have given him up so easily.

That thought lashed his tortured heart until he felt that he should go mad. He had never been jealous before; but now he writhed with fury as the poison crept through his veins.

He took no notice of anything on his way back, he thought only of his own misery and wasted affection. "Was his life to be nothing but one long disappointment?"

The jealous fit lasted until he got home and was in his own room; and then, opening his box, he took out Minnie's letter, determining to read it once more, and then burn it. But at sight of the first words a blinding mist came before his eyes, and as he winked away the moisture and read on, the bitter, angry feelings left him, a feeling of shame and remorse creeping over him as he recognised the tender love that breathed in some of the words. And pressing the letter to his lips, he kissed it passionately, determining that never more would he give way to such jealous folly.

It might be years that he should have to wait for his bride, but they should not be spent in repining, but in making himself more worthy of the pure girl who had given her love to him. And he would not give her up, he would try again on the morrow. Surely his search would be rewarded some day. And then, although she might not leave her father, he could help her in her struggle with poverty, for he knew that they must be poor. He could help her also in her endeavours to win her father back to his old self. And he smiled as the thought entered his head that his efforts would not be altogether unselfish, although he had a great respect for Mr. Penrose, and would have done much to win him over to the side of total abstinence.

But although Harry tried again and again, all his efforts to find the place where Minnie had gone were in vain, and as month after month passed by, and he could gain no tidings of them, a feeling of despair settled down on his heart, and he gave up the search as hopeless.

His sisters missed his merry laugh and cheery whistle, and both strove by their kind, loving attentions to make him forget his grief.

He was happiest when at Treligger, everything there seemed to babble to him of Minnie, and he never felt tired of listening. Very often when making improvements about the house or grounds, he caught himself wondering whether Minnie would be pleased at it; and he liked to fancy her coming towards him, with her eyes sparkling, and her rosy lips apart, as she looked

with pleasure at the many improvements he had made around her beautiful home. But those fancies and daydreams fled when he went home in the evening, and he would wake up to the bitter reality that she was lost to him.

One evening, in the early part of July, Harry came home from Treligger feeling very weary and depressed. He had been busy all the day helping to gather in the hay, and as he threw himself into his mother's easy chair, he took up on old newspaper that was lying on the floor, and commenced to read. He did not expect to find anything of interest in it, as it was generally a reproduction of another newspaper; but anything was better than his own sad thoughts that evening.

He was glancing carelessly up and down the newspaper, when he saw a paragraph headed, "Accident at the New Consols Mine."

"Poor fellows, I wonder how many were hurt," thought Harry, as he settled himself more comfortably in the chair, and then read:—

"An accident that might have been a very serious one, happened in this mine last Tuesday. A party of men were working in a crosscut in the east end, when a large quantity of ground fell away. The men, who were most of them experienced miners, saw it coming, and ran; but Edward Penrose, who was a little further back, did not hear their shouts, or did not understand, and was struck down, a rock falling on his leg and crushing it. He was immediately carried to his home at St. Ewan, and a doctor sent for. It is to be hoped he will speedily recover."

Harry read the latter part of the paragraph with breathless interest, and then, looking at the date, he saw that it was printed in April.

"What a strange fatality," said Harry, springing to his feet, and pacing up and down the room with quick, excited steps. "To think that this newspaper has been in the house for so many months, with its precious knowledge, and I never knew it. How thankful I am that mother or the girls didn't tear it up."

And then, sitting down again, he rested his cheek on his hand, and as he looked out of the window he soliloquised—

"And so it is at St. Ewan that they have been all this time. And Mr. Penrose turned miner too, when he might have been a wealthy farmer, had it not been for the drink. And now that Mr. Penrose has had his leg broken and cannot work, I wonder how they manage to live? My poor little Minnie, what troubles she has had to bear. I might have helped her if I had only known it."

Just then his sister Annie came into the room. She saw the look of pain on Harry's face, and going towards him she asked if he were not well.

"Just read that," said Harry, giving her the newspaper.

She read the passage Harry had pointed out, and then called out, hastily—"Gerty, Gerty, come here a minute."

Gerty came in obedience to her call, and the old newspaper was given to her; while Annie, catching hold of Harry's hands, said—

"When are you going to St. Ewan, Harry? I'd go to-morrow if I were you. I'd go too, only I'm afraid I should be one too many—eh, old boy?" And Annie looked roguishly into Harry's face.

"I should certainly prefer going alone, for you are such a little chatterbox there wouldn't be room for me to speak," said Harry, dodging his head to avoid having his hair pulled.

"Phew, you needn't fear," said Annie, coolly, "for, come to think of it, it would be awfully fatiguing to hear you two relating your experiences to one another."

"Come, come, Annie, you're a little too bad," said quiet little Gerty. "I think it is a very sad affair about Mr. Penrose; I hope he is better ere this. Poor Minnie, what troubles she has had to pass through."

"Yes, yes," said Annie, in her quick tones, "but we'll all help her to forget it when she comes here; won't we, Harry?"

But Harry did not answer his mischievous sister, and was very silent during the rest of the evening; but he had fully made up his mind to go to St. Ewan the next day.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon when he arrived at St. Ewan, and walking up to the house which had been pointed out to him as the place where Mr. Penrose lived, he knocked at the door. Mrs. Bennett came in answer to his knock, and he asked if Mr. Penrose was at home.

"No, he is not. Did you wish to see him?" asked Mrs. Bennett, politely.

"Yes; but as he is not at home, I would like to see Miss Penrose," said Harry, speaking quietly, never betraying by word or look the excitement that he felt.

"Miss Penrose is gone down on the beach," said Mrs. Bennett, "but if you will come in and sit down, she will no doubt be here soon. Or perhaps you can call again?"

"Thank you, I will call again," said Harry. And he walked off with rapid strides.

He was rather glad than otherwise that Minnie was not in the house, for he would have a better chance of seeing her alone. As he walked along the beach he could not help noticing how placid and beautiful the sea was looking that day. The little village that he had left behind him was commonplace enough, but the scene before him would never become com-

monplace. And as he looked out over the waters which stretched away, away into the distance, until his eyes could discern nothing but a pale blue mist, he thought, "This scene will never grow old, the ocean, though ever changing, will always be beautiful, while its ceaseless story will ever be new."

And then, withdrawing his gaze from the ocean, he commenced to scan the rocks and cliffs in search of Minnie. At last he caught sight of some one sitting under an overhanging cliff, and as he drew nearer he saw that it was Minnie.

FACTS ABOUT ALCOHOL.

BY DR. ISRAEL RENSHAW.

PART III.

THERE are many kinds of fermentation. It is a very wonderful process, and it is not understood by scientific men even yet. The decay of animals and vegetables is a kind of fermentation; when milk becomes sour it is owing to a kind of fermentation; and even when bread is made with yeast the success of the whole baking depends upon fermentation. The kind of fermentation with which we are now concerned is called "vinous," from the Latin word *vinum*, which means wine, as under certain circumstances the process converts the juice of the grape into wine. Alas! that such beautiful fruit as the grape should be changed into one of the many heads of the great serpent, Drink, which deals such dire destruction to all who fall beneath its power.

Yeast is really a little plant; beer-yeast contains two plants known by the names Torvula cerevisiæ and Penicillium glaucum. The germs of these little plants are spread all about us, and are even found floating about in the air in great plenty. The first-named of these little plants seems to be the one which changes the sugar into alcohol, but how it does it is not at all clear, and scientific men cannot tell us why. The little plant goes on growing, but it does not appear to take anything away from the sugar, nor add anything to it. So it is truly a wonderful and mysterious affair. But there can be no vinous fermentation without it: the little plant must be there, and it must be alive and growing. It requires warmth, but if the heat is too great it stops its action, and if it is too cold it has the same effect. A very small quantity of the sugar is, as it were, eaten by the plant. Now what really occurs is this, that the molecule of sugar appears first of all to become split into two, and then each half becomes again divided into one molecule of alcohol and one molecule of carbon-dioxide. Try to follow the diagrams, and then this will be explained.

You saw on the other diagrams how starch became sugar; so we now begin with the molecule of sugar:—

CC HHHH OO
CC HHHH OO
CC HHHH OO

This now splits up into two parts, thus—

C HH O C HH O
C HH O C HH O
C HH O C HH O

Then somehow the little plant separates from each half one atom of carbon and two of oxygen, and leaves each half formed into a molecule of alcohol, thus—

C HH O C HH O
C HH C HH
HH HH

with C O O taken away, with C O O taken away.

So then we get alcohol C_2H_6O and CO_2 as the end of the process: Alcohol, a poisonous liquid, and carbon-dioxide, a poisonous gas. So that which was intended by our Father in Heaven for our good is deliberately by man's art actually changed into that which is poison, and which will act injuriously upon our bodies, instead of nourishing them and giving us strength for His service and work.

TO DOLLY.

I KNOW some folks will think it folly
To love you so, my darling Dolly;
But they forget the happy day
When they were used to healthful play.

I'd rather have you, Dolly dear,
Than own ten thousand pounds each year;
For those who love the toys of gold
Have hearts that grow so hard and cold.

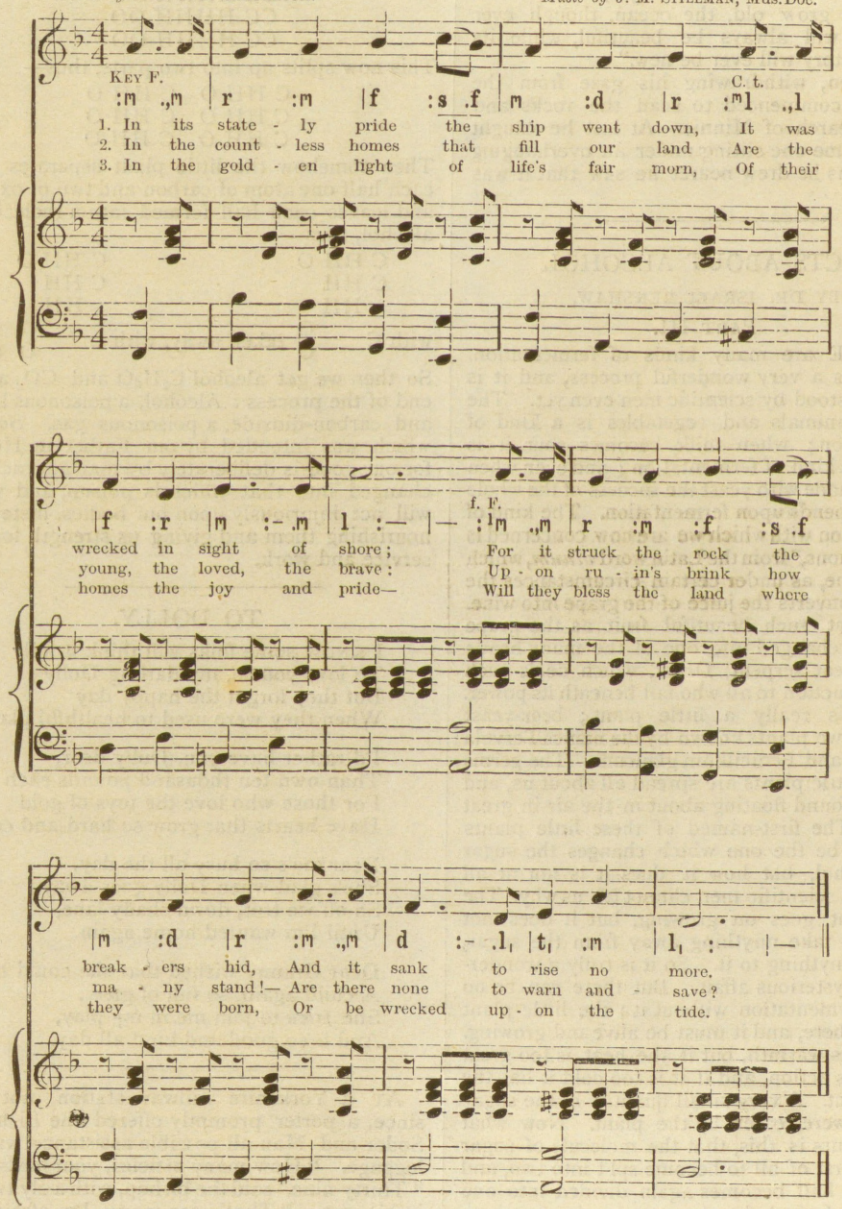
Dear ma's so busy all the day,
She's glad when Dolly goes away;
So off we trot, down shady lane,
Until I'm wanted home again.

Dear Granny wished that she could be
A child again, so full of glee;
She tries to join me in my play,
And is so good and kind all day.

AT a Yorkshire railway station, not long since, a porter promptly offered the Bishop of Sodor and Man all possible assistance with his luggage. "How many articles, your lordship?" "Thirty-nine," said the bishop, with a sly twinkle in his eye. "That's too many, I'm afraid," replied the man, in good faith. "Ah," said the bishop, "I perceive you are a Dissenter."

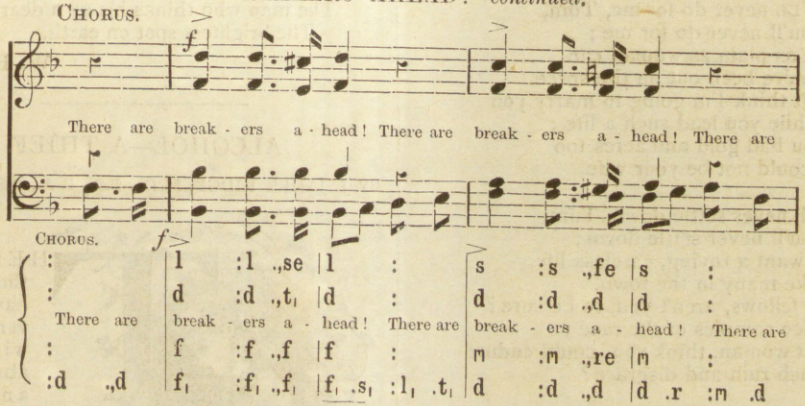
BREAKERS AHEAD!

Words by MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK. *Music by* J. M. STILLMAN, MUS. DOC.



BREAKERS AHEAD!—*continued.*

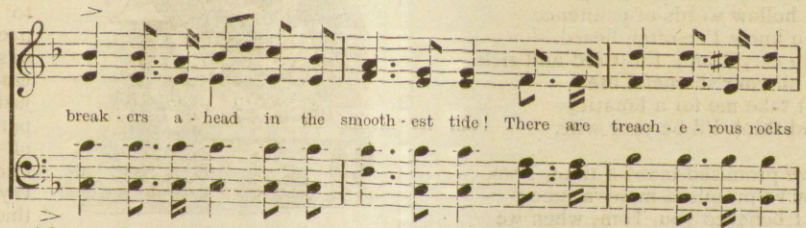
CHORUS.



There are break - ers a - head! There are break - ers a - head! There are

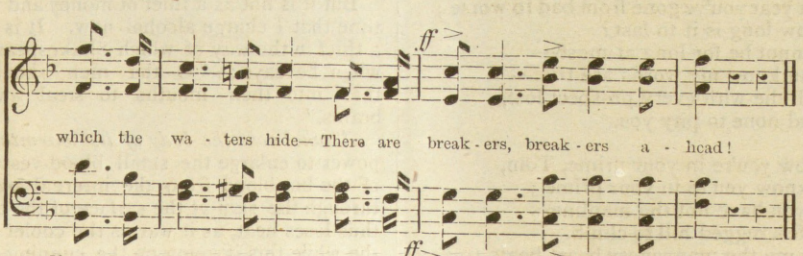
CHORUS.

: | l :l .,se | l : | s :s .,fe | s :
: | d :d .,t₁ | d : | d :d .,d | d :
There are | break - ers a - head! There are | break - ers a - head! There are
: | f :f .,f | f : | m :m .,re | m :
:d .,d | f₁ :f₁ .,f₁ | f₁ .s₁ :l₁ .t₁ | d :d .,d | d .r :m .d



break - ers a - head in the smooth - est tide! There are treach - e - rous rocks

f :f .,m | f .l :s .f | m :- .r | r :d .,d | l :l .,se | l
t₁ :t₁ .,t₁ | t₁ :t₁ .t₁ | d :- .t₁ | t₁ :d .,d | d :d .,t₁ | d
break - ers a - head in the | smooth - est tide! There are | treach - e - rous rocks
s :s .,s | s :s .s | s :- .s | s :m .,m | f :f .,f | f
s₁ :s₁ .,s₁ | s₁ :s₁ .s₁ | d :- .s₁ | s₁ :d .,d | f₁ :f₁ .,f₁ | f₁



which the wa - ters hide— There are break - ers, break - ers a - head!

:d' .,l | s :- .fe | s :d .,m | s .s :— | t .t :- .t | d' : :
:d .,d | d :- .d | d :d .,d | t₁ .t₁ :— | f .f :- .f | m : :
which the | wa - - ters hide— There are | breakers, breakers a - | head.
:l .,f | m :- .re | m :m .,d | r .r :— | s .s :- .s | s : :
:f₁ .,f₁ | d :- .d | d :d .,d | s₁ .s₁ :— | s₁ .s₁ :- .s₁ | d : :

YOU'LL NEVER DO FOR ME, TOM.

YOU'LL never do for me, Tom,
You'll never do for me;
I see as plain as woman can
You've been out on the spree.
Don't think I'm going to marry you
While you lead such a life;
If you had gold and acres too
I could not be your wife.

You'll never settle down, Tom,
You'll never settle down;
You want a roving, careless life,
Like many in the town.
Fine fellows, aren't you, to be sure?
Nice samples of the race;
What woman, think you, could endure
Such ruin and disgrace?

Don't say another word, Tom,
Don't say another word;
Such hollow words of penitence
You know I've often heard.
It's no use, Tom; I'm tired and sick
Of all your shameful life;
Don't take me for a lunatic,
And think I'll be your wife.

You've promised many a time, Tom,
You've promised many a time;
And I believed you, Tom, when we
The green hills used to climb,
When you my young affections won,
No better man was born;
Those happy days, Tom, now are gone,
And never will return.

Just look at all the past, Tom,
Just look at all the past;
Each year you've gone from bad to worse;
How long is it to last?
It cannot be for long at most—
You know my words are true—
You'll die with every prospect lost,
And none to pity you.

I know you're in your prime, Tom,
I know you're in your prime;
But you have not the manliness
Life's rugged hill to climb.
Give me the man whose heart beats true,
The man of courage strong,
Who nobly will his duty do
Though all the world went wrong.

It's hard to give you up, Tom,
It's hard to give you up;
But I could never happy be
Till you renounced the cup.

If ever I get married, Tom,
I'll have a man of worth—
The man who thinks his own dear home
The brightest spot on earth.

W. HOYLE.

ALCOHOL—A THIEF.

BY J. JAMES RIDGE, M.D., B.S., B.A., B.SC. LOND.



THERE are those who have been very angry with total abstainers, and have said that they want to "rob a poor man of his beer." One might just as properly talk of robbing the country when thieves and pickpockets are shut up in prison. But if we would "rob," or, at all events, *deprive* poor men of their beer, the brewers and publicans rob poor men *by* their beer. Strong drink is the biggest of pickpockets, and the strangest thing is that it so bamboozles its victims that they let it pick their pockets year after year, often till it picks them empty altogether.

But it is not as a thief of money and work and time that I charge alcohol now. It is rather as a thief in the way of which Shakespeare speaks when he says:—"O that men should put a thief into their mouths to steal away their brains."

Alcohol robs the body of its warmth.—By its power to enlarge the small blood-vessels, more of the hot blood from the internal parts flows through the skin at the surface of the body, and thus loses heat, as it warms the cooler air. All the while this is going on the cunning rascal is hoodwinking his victim, and actually making him feel warmer! But when he has taken away all the heat he can, the poor fellow feels chilly and miserable.

Alcohol robs the blood of its life-giving powers.—The blood is like red-currant juice in colour, but while the juice is a coloured fluid, the blood is a colourless liquid in which millions of

little coloured specks float, like slices of a round cork, so small that more than 3,000 could lie side by side in the space of an inch, and it would take 12,000, one on the top of another in a pile, to measure one inch. There would thus be 100,000,000,000 in a cubic inch! Now these little bodies as they float along in the blood have a very important duty to perform. They have to carry the oxygen from the lungs to every part of the body, without which life and work cannot continue, and to bring back the carbonic acid to the lungs to be got rid of. Alcohol hinders this process, and thus cruelly starves every part of their proper supply of good oxygen, while it saves appearances by making the tissues plump with old and half worn-out material.

Alcohol robs the nerves of their sensibility.—Have my readers reflected that the sensitiveness of the nerves is not always the same? During sleep, for instance, many things may be done to a person without his perceiving them. Drowsiness will dull the hearing and all the senses. But there are certain drugs which have the same effect. Chloroform is given for this very purpose to people who have to undergo painful operations. Alcohol will cause complete insensibility if a sufficient quantity is taken. "They have beaten me and I felt it not" (Proverbs xxiii. 35). Drugs which have this deadening, stupefying, sleep-producing effect are called NARCOTICS. Alcohol, therefore, is a *narcotic*, like opium, tobacco, chloroform, ether, and many others. Tea and coffee are just the opposite of these; they keep people awake, and are therefore called *anti-narcotics*. It ought never to be forgotten that all these narcotics are injurious; they all rob the nerves of power, some affecting one part of the nervous system most, and others, other parts. All of them, if taken day after day, so alter the nerves as to *create a craving* for themselves. The drinker of alcohol feels as if he could not do without it, and can scarcely believe that any one else does not feel to need it; yet he pities the poor man who, by taking opium in moderation, has become its slave and cannot live without it. He, in his turn, has no desire for tobacco. The thorough-going total abstainer feels no desire for any of them, and knows the idea of their value and necessity to be a tremendous delusion.

There is a widespread idea that alcohol has two actions, that it is a stimulant in small doses, and a narcotic only in large quantities; and many think that drunkenness consists in taking so much alcohol that it ceases to act as a stimulant, and acts as a narcotic. This idea is an entire mistake. It is true that the heart beats more quickly under the influence of alcohol, but this is not a proof of a stimulating action. If a tricycle is going down a steep hill the rider presses down the brake. Suppose that he becomes drowsy or faint, and so lessens the pressure he is putting on the brake, the result will be that the speed of the tricycle will be increased. The action of the heart is balanced thus between opposing forces, and the action of a narcotic on one will lead to the same result as that of a stimulant on the other.

Moreover, experiments have been made by me, and amply confirmed by others, which prove that very small doses of alcohol deaden the senses of sight and touch, and the power of telling the difference between small weights, the effect increasing with the quantity taken, exactly as living cells (as of cress) are affected injuriously in direct proportion to the amount of alcohol acting upon them. Small doses produce small effects, large doses large effects, but of just the same kind. People have no idea how much they are injured unless they test themselves in some delicate way which can show the difference.

Yes, alcohol is a thief and robs men and women far more than they think

Alcohol robs men of the highest and noblest powers of their mind.

"It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink, lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted" (Prov. xxxi. 4, 5).

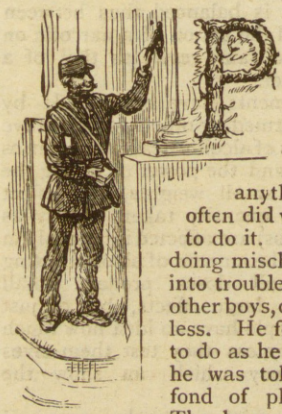
Just as alcohol injures young cells more than old, so it injures first and most those most sensitive and delicate parts of the brain which are longest and last in growth and are associated with the exercise of the noblest powers of man—his reason, his judgment, his conscience, and his will. Alcohol never makes a man more reasonable, but less so. Alcohol never improves his judgment, but weakens it, and hence some wholesale commercial houses give their customers wine before they show their goods, in order that the customers may buy things which they would refuse if perfectly sober! Alcohol deadens the conscience and weakens the will and the power of self-control; and hence men say and do things after they have had even a very little, which they would not have said and done without it.

Alcohol—the vagabond, the murderer, the impostor, and the thief—is an enemy of man, and no truce should be given in waging a war of extermination against it.

"WILL you have it rare or well done?" said the carver to an Irishman, as he was cutting a slice of roast beef. "I take it well done ever since I came to this country," replied Pat, "for it was rare enough I ate it in ould Ireland."

HOW PAT LOST HIS RABBIT AND WON A WATCH.

BY UNCLE BEN.



PERCY ADAM THOMPSON was a boy who meant well, but did not always do well. He never intended to do anything wicked, but he often did wrong without trying to do it. He did not set about doing mischief, but he often got into trouble. He was like many other boys, careless and thoughtless. He found it much easier to do as he liked than to do as he was told. He was more fond of play than of school. The boys called him PAT, because these were the first letters of his name.

He was a careless, generous, boastful boy. If his mother sent him on a message, he generally took his catapult with him to beguile the weariness of the way. When out on an errand, if he met a friend, he was always ready for a game of marbles; the consequence was, he was often late and always a long time gone. His friends were numerous and temptations many; he often was unpunctual at school, and so got frequently into trouble. Complaints were made at home, and he was punished by his master and his father.

His mother talked to him again and again about the fatal habit, and told him it would be his ruin in life. He would mend a little, but soon drop back into the old ways. He had among his possessions a rabbit, of which he was very fond and justly proud, that was often the cause of much delay in getting him off to school. At last his mother threatened him that if he were late for school again she would have the rabbit killed. The fear of this loss kept him up to the mark for some time. But, alas! one day temptation proved too strong, and poor Pat arrived at the school door to find it closed, with the terrible word *Late* hanging outside. Notice was sent home, and, to the boy's great grief, his pet rabbit was killed and eaten. When his mother found out how much he took this to heart, she tried another plan with him, and promised him that an old watch which had belonged to her father should be his very own if he would never be late for six months. At this Pat took hope and tried; he did his very best for the whole time, and was not late once for the six months, and gained the long-wished-for prize.

Then his mother told him that he should keep it as long as he continued worthy of it. It is needless to say how often Pat took it out to see the time; but, having won the victory and conquered his bad habit, he determined to keep this treasure and deserve the confidence of this reward. And if you could only ask him the time now, Pat would be proud to tell it you to a minute, after a little calculation, for he always keeps it a little fast, lest he might by chance be late again.

A MOTHER'S DEATH.

I SAW her die—beside the bed I stood,
And clasped her hand when death passed o'er her face;
So strong, so gentle, so loving and so good,
She drooped and died ere she had run her race.

Week after week upon that weary bed
She lay and moaned, till sight and speech were gone,
And we could only bathe that weary head,
Or whisper sweetly of the better home.

How long the night, how sad the gloomy day,
As long we watched, and saw her features fade;
And as she passed along her weary way,
With sighs and moans came death's eternal shade.

Yes, she has gone; oh, tell me 'tis not true
That I shall never clasp her hand once more,
Or hear her homely counsel, or renew
Those vows of love that live for evermore.

How lonely is the house! how cold! how still!
A form, a voice is wanting to give life;
A place is vacant she alone can fill,
A heart to cheer us in the battle's strife.

O'er that lone grave why shed we bitter tears?
Why turn aside to mourn for her to-day?
Sweet hope should brighten all our darksome fears,
And every bitter sorrow drive away.

'Tis but the dust we lay within the mould—
Her noble spirit lives with greater joy;
Oh, let us learn the good her life has told,
And with her patience every ill destroy.

ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

"THAT'S what beats me," said a befuddled man, as he glanced at the broomstick.



"Pat arrived at the school door to find it closed."—p. 17

RESCUE WORK AMONG THE CHILDREN.

BY REV. JOSEPH JOHNSON.



"PREVENTION is better than cure," is a motto that contains the germs of a philosophy which has been practically expanded into our Band of Hope movement; and there is no patriotic or philanthropic effort which more earnestly claims our interest, than that which seeks to carry this principle into the details of daily life in our large cities. Wherever there is drink there will be more or less of drunkenness, and where there is drunkenness there will be misery, which falls, not only on the drunkard, but on the innocent victims who are cursed by the bitter harvest of this enormous sin. Hence the need of preventive work everywhere, but especially in our large towns, where the residuum of the population increase the evils that beset the children, and make the work of restoration almost impossible, unless definitely and determinedly undertaken.

There is much in this rescue work which no outside authority can touch. The best that School Boards can do, is simply to compel the children in our streets to go to school. If the poor-law steps in, it is very questionable whether that is the best treatment for our neglected little ones. But in many cases the law is quite unable to meet the difficulty. It is only by private, personal Christian work that any help can be administered. And it is not too much to say, that in a Christian state, individual Christian charity should exercise a much greater influence for good than it does. Such work, wherever we find it honestly and unselfishly sustained, demands our sympathy and support.

Among the many social efforts at root-reform none are more worthy of consideration than those which seek to save our boys and girls from moral ruin, and make them respectable members of society. We have before dwelt on temperance work among our soldiers and sailors, and for the sick, and now we wish to draw attention to the rescue work among the street children, especially as it is efficiently accomplished by the Boys and Girls' Refuges and Children's Aid Society in Manchester.

This is, of its kind, an almost ideal Christian ministry. The principles on which the whole work is established, and by which all its branches are sustained, are as beautiful in spirit as they are sound and healthy in the application. The work is most unostentatious, and is supported entirely by free, loving contributions, without touting, begging, or advertising. The commercial basis of the institution is economical and yet generous. The worst boys that are drawn out of the gutter are not branded as "arabs"; all pauperising influences are as far as possible removed, and the baneful effects of *public* charity almost dissipated in the endeavour to make the lads independent. The aim is to give temporary aid for permanent benefit, to assist the help*less* to become help*ful*, to train boys and girls to do more than help themselves to get a living for a time, to become, rather, worthy citizens, that they may know the blessedness of helping others.

The organisation now in connection with the institution is very varied and complete. It has been a gradual and steady growth for the last fourteen years, in the course of which time more than a thousand children have passed through one or other of the homes, and most of them are saved, not only from becoming a burden on the rates, by being kept out of the workhouse and gaol, but from moral peril and ruin, to a life of honesty and industry, in which most are doing well.

The story of the rise and progress of all the work done and doing would take too long to tell, but the history of loving care for the homeless and destitute children left orphan or uncared for on the pitiless streets is quite a romance among modern missions. The first step was to take a house in one of the streets off Deansgate, and fit it up with thirty beds, and call the place —"Night Refuge for Homeless Boys."

From this beginning, year by year, there was a continual progress in the work, the separate departments being courageously taken up as necessity made demands on the managers, until in all branches there were, at the beginning of last year, 255 under care and training, and during the year 117 others were admitted to the benefits of the institution, making a total of 372, besides temporary help given to over a hundred children who could not be permanently received.

The headquarters of this Children's Aid So-

ciety are at the Central Refuge, Strangeways, which is a happy home on a large scale ; a busy hive of industry, where all sorts of work are done. Shoemaking and tailoring are carried on, and every day a party of shoeblacks go out to their posts of duty. School is not forgotten, nor is playtime crowded out. Here 120 boys can be accommodated as boarders. They live in cheerful rooms, and are well supplied with wholesome food. In the new building, now complete, the comfort and health of the boys have been considered, even to the erection of a large swimming bath, and a commodious lecture hall, where service is held every Sunday evening.

There are also three other homes in different parts of the city, mainly for boys who have passed through the Central Refuge, and who go daily to work. Each home contains seventeen lads growing into young men, and is under the care of a Christian father and mother.

Then there are six homes side by side in one street. Each home has been voluntarily given by some friend interested in the work. And here little orphans under ten are received and carefully trained on the family principle. A mother and helper dwell together with sixteen little ones, most of whom have lost both parents.

Elsewhere there is another home for girls over ten, where any destitute girls from the age of ten to fifteen may find friendship and shelter. They are taught all useful domestic duties, and, as far as possible, are fitted for womanly work and situations as opportunity offers to send them out.

For boys whom it is most desirable to remove from all town surroundings, the institution has a training ship, named the *Indefatigable*, on the river Mersey, where there are now 127 lads who are trained there three years before they go out to serve as sailors in the merchant service or Her Majesty's navy.

For a few children it is deemed the best thing to send them abroad. Last year this emigration work formed a very important feature of the Mission, and thirty-eight children were safely transferred and housed in Canada or the United States.

In the city a Boys' Rest and Coffee Room has been recently established to provide a place of temporary shelter for the lads who frequent the common lodging-houses This useful adjunct is almost self-supporting. An average of seventeen a night are customers for bed and food at this Lads' Temperance Hotel.

A novel feature of interest is the "Caxton Brigade," which provides employment for about one hundred boys who have parents and are not eligible for admission into the home, but who need employment, and unless looked after would drift off and become the wastrels of the streets. The boys are all under proper supervision and discipline, wearing a uniform ; they go out into separate districts to sell pure literature. It is a system of youthful colportage. Last year the boys earned over one thousand two hundred pounds for themselves. Every boy's home is visited, and a savings' bank encourages them in habits of thrift, the lads being paid like ordinary booksellers by a commission on their sales, which will average five or six shillings a week clear. These itinerant booksellers, when they become too old for the work, and old enough to be full-timers, are drafted off into factories and workshops.

The latest branch of this far-reaching ministry to the children is a charitable service to the sick, established only last year—a seaside home at Lytham, for which any poor weak child in the city, free of infectious disease, and able to walk about, is eligible. Here a little family of convalescents dwell, nearly a hundred children in half a year partaking of this blessing of a perfect change of air and scene, with cheerful surroundings and kind friends, the details of the management being undertaken by a local committee. This last picture completes a bird's-eye view of this institution, which in intention and fact provides for every class of destitute children, and its greatest worth and glory lie in this, that no deserving case is every refused help.

An appeal was made some little time ago to a large Band of Hope Union to present the Central Home at Strangeways with a drinking fountain, as a contribution from members of Bands of Hope to this Band of Hope in the Boys' Refuge. The request was at once met by one gentleman, who undertook to have it put up, and is willing to receive any donations towards this object, and if any of our readers feel disposed to give a subscription it will be acknowledged at the ONWARD office, or at the Boys' Refuge, Strangeways, Manchester.

All the influence exercised over the children is in favour of the principle of total abstinence. The children never see intoxicating drink in any of the Homes ; they are all temperance institutions, and most of the boys and girls belong to the Band of Hope, not by compulsion, but by choice.

A FRENCH speculator, who had just been ruined, met one of his friends recently. "And what are you going to do now?" inquired this person. "Well," responded the ruined speculator, "there is nothing left for me but the other world." "What, kill yourself?" exclaimed the horrified friend. "Oh dear, no!" replied the ruined speculator. "I sail for New York to-morrow."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE more truth you can get into any business the better. Let the other side know the defects of yours; let them know how you are to be satisfied; let there be as little to be found out as possible (I should say nothing); and if your business be an honest one, it will be best tended in this way. The talking, bargaining, and delaying that would be thus needless, the little that would then have to be done over again, the anxiety that would be put aside, would even in a worldly way be "great gain." It is not, perhaps, too much to say that the third part of men's lives is wasted by the effect, direct or indirect, of falsehood.

TRIFLES are often neglected because their connection is not apparent, yet they often turn the beam in matters of the greatest importance.

FRANKLIN says:—"I have generally found that the man who is good at an excuse is invariably good for nothing else."

HE that has energy enough to root out a vice should go a little further and try to plant a virtue in its place, otherwise he will have his labour to renew.

TO do the best can seldom be the lot of man; it is sufficient if, when opportunities are presented, he is ready to do good. How little virtue could be practised if beneficence were to wait always for the most proper objects, and the noblest occasions—occasions that may never happen, and objects that may never be found.

"HOW do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?" Prof. Stearns asked the young gentleman nearest the foot of the class. And the smart boy stood up and said it depended a great deal whether the word applied to a man or a bee.

A MINISTER, who was inclined to be absent-minded, while walking one day, encountered a young lady whose face somehow seemed to be familiar to him. Taking her to be one of his parishioners' daughters, and not wishing to pass her without notice, he stepped forward, and cordially shaking her hand, entered into conversation, expecting that her name would immediately come to his recollection. After comparing notes about the weather, however, and other topics, he had at length to confess, "Well, I know your face quite well, but I cannot recall where I have seen you before." "Oh, please, sir, I'm your new tablemaid," was the unwelcome reply.

WAIST of time: The middle of an hour-glass.

AN egotist's story extends as far as I can reach.

HOW to make a tall man short: Rob him of his purse.

SINCE Mr. Bucolic has learned that there are but four pecks to a bushel, he has come to the conclusion that he cannot afford to feed his hens on corn.

J. J. ROUSSEAU was one day showing his "Ode to Posterity" to Voltaire. "Do you know," said the sage, "I am afraid your 'Ode' will never be forwarded to its address."

WHEN Père Hyacinthe wrote his celebrated letter to Pope Pius IX. against the celibacy of the priesthood, and announced his own intention of marrying, some one asked Pius if he should excommunicate Père Hyacinthe. "No," said the Pope, "he will get his punishment as he goes."

THE young woman who had many suitors, and from the time she was sixteen until she was twenty-one rejected them all, referred in her later life to that period as her "declining years."

A FRIEND was informing a satirist that a German band had invaded the legal precincts of Lincoln's Inn Fields, and suggested that it must cause considerable annoyance to the solicitors. "Not a bit," said he, "so long as they play in 6-8 time."

A WAG the other day denied that John Bunyan was the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress." Being vehemently contradicted, "Nay," said he, "I question even if he contributed to the work; for it is impossible that a bunion could contribute to any pilgrim's progress."

AN ambitious young writer having asked, "What magazine will give me the highest position quickest?" was told, "A powder magazine, if you contribute a fiery article."

YOUNG physicians should not be discouraged because they find it difficult to get into practice. All that they need for success is plenty of patients.

A MAN that is variable is not esteemed very able by his neighbours.

HOW to make a barrel of flour go a great way—ship it to Australia.

"WHAT can I do for you to induce you to go to bed now?" asked a mamma of her five-year-old boy. "You can let me sit up a little longer," was the youngster's response.

A LITTLE girl ate her dinner with so good an appetite, that by the time dessert was placed on the table she could eat no more. She sat silent and sorrowful, and looked mournfully at the dainties which lay piled on her plate. "Why don't you eat, my darling?" asked her fond and anxious mother. "Oh, mamma!" cried the disconsolate infant, "because only my eyes are hungry."

Notice to Correspondents.

Received with thanks: Dr. I. Renshaw, A. J. Glasspool, E. Hayton.

WAITING AND WINNING;

OR, THE FORTUNES OF RIVERSIDE.

BY MISS SALOME HOCKING.



CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.

MINNIE had thought when her father became a Christian, that she had nothing more to wish for. But when she saw what a struggle he had to conquer his love for strong drink, she longed for him to become a teetotaler. And when that wish was gratified, and her father's health was partially restored, and he was installed captain at the New Consols mine, with regular wages, her satisfaction seemed complete.

And, indeed, she was very thankful. None but those who have been placed in like circumstances can tell how truly grateful she was.

But as time passed by, and she had, in a measure, lost all anxious thoughts about her father, her own buried sorrow came to the surface. Fond remembrances of other days returned. And as she walked by the sounding sea the wash, wash of the waves called to her remembrance the rippling river that rolled down the valley at the foot of Treligger Hill. And again in fancy she roamed along its banks, with Harry by her side. Every fond look and loving word seemed to come back to her memory; and for a brief space she would be happy.

But past joys could not satisfy for long, and as she remembered that by her own act she had severed the ties that bound them together, the bitter, scalding tears would roll over her face, and the lot that she had imposed on herself would seem too heavy to bear.

Sometimes she thought of writing and telling Harry her whereabouts, for her father had released her from her promise, but she shrank from doing it. She had not heard a single thing about Harry for nine months, and she knew not what might have happened in that time. She did not believe that he had forgotten her; love like his did not die so soon. But as she thought of his words, "A farm is no good to me without a wife," and knowing that he would believe her lost to him, what new ties might he not have formed in that time?

ONWARD, DEC., 1884. *All Rights Reserved.*]

She was thus musing sadly of the past one afternoon, as she sat by the moaning sea; and as she listened to the music of the waves, she noticed not the sound of footsteps on the pebbly beach, and no voice told her that the wall she had raised had been broken down, and that the object of her thoughts was drawing close to her. She saw only the deep blue waters of the ocean. And as she gazed, some feeling that she could not define prompted her to sing. And as Harry drew near he heard her chanting softly in sweet plaintive tones:—

"Tell me, thou mighty deep, whose billows round me play,
Knowest thou some favoured spot, some island far away,
Where weary man may find the bliss for which he sighs—
Where sorrow never lives, and friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for awhile and sighed to answer, No! no! no!

Tell me, my secret soul, oh, tell me, hope and faith,
Is there no resting-place from sorrow, sin, and death;
Is there no happy spot where mortals may be blest,
Where grief may find a balm, and weariness a rest?
Faith, hope, and love, best boons to mortals giv'n,
Waved their bright wings, and whispered, 'Yes, yes, in heav'n.'"

While she was singing, Harry walked softly to where she was sitting, and when the last note was finished, he said, gently:

"I trust there is a good deal of happiness here on earth in store for us yet, my Minnie."

Minnie jumped up with a cry of gladness. "Oh, Harry," she whispered, joyfully, "I was just wishing for you, and wondering whether we should ever meet again."

"And yet in all those months you have never given me a hint where I might find you. How could you be so cruel, Minnie?" asked Harry, as he gathered the little form closer, and fondly kissed the sweet, blushing face that was upturned to his.

"I thought I was doing right, Harry," answered Minnie, tremulously; "but I don't think I could have kept it a secret from you much longer. But how did you find me out, Harry?"

"Let us sit down," said Harry, "and I will tell you all about it. And then I want to know what you have been doing all this time."

Hour after hour they sat there talking, nor thought of how quickly the minutes were speeding by, until they saw that the sun had forsaken their little nook, and they were sitting in the shade.

"Dear me," said Minnie, springing up suddenly, "I'd no idea it was so late: see where

the sun has got to, Harry! Father will be home waiting for his tea, and wondering where I am. Let us go home now, Harry." And her voice lingered lovingly over the name, as if she liked to hear the sound.

Harry took out his watch, and as he glanced at it, he remarked—

"I must be leaving in an hour, Minnie, or I shall not catch the train." And then, as he saw a shadow creeping over her face, he added, "But I shall see you again next week; I don't intend to lose sight of you again, my fairy!"

Mrs. Bennett was looking anxiously along the road when Harry and Minnie came in sight; but when she saw their bright, joyous faces, she gave a shrewd guess as to how matters stood. Minnie introduced Harry to Mrs. Bennett, telling her that he came from her old home, and that he would stay and take tea with them.

Mr. Penrose seemed delighted to see Harry, and welcomed him heartily; and when he was leaving, he invited him to come again, and pay them a longer visit.

This invitation Harry readily accepted, coming so often in the weeks that followed that the neighbours began to speculate on the frequency of his visits, and some of the older ones began to nod their heads at one another, and to predict that Miss Penrose would not stay much longer at St. Ewan.

Harry's thoughts seemed to be turning in the same direction, if we may judge from a conversation that took place some time after his first visit.

"Gerty and Annie are asking when you are coming back to Riverside, Minnie?" he said, as they sat together in the sitting-room. "They have done their best to make everything look nice at Treligger; and I am sure you will be pleased when you see how pretty your old home looks."

"I hardly know what to say about it, Harry," said Minnie, thoughtfully. "I should like to see my home again dearly. Perhaps father would let me go for a few days if I ask him."

"But I don't want you to come for a few days, Minnie; I want you to come there altogether. I think I have waited quite long enough." And then he added, laughingly, "When are you going to take me for better for worse, Minnie?"

"I don't know," said Minnie, smiling and shaking her head. "You see, I can't leave father very well, for he has no one but me. We should be so far apart if he was ill or anything; for I heard him say the other day that he intended spending the rest of his days here."

"Well, I don't think that need make any difference to us. He will, no doubt, get on very well without you, Minnie; or he may get married, for all we know," said Harry.

"What an idea!" said Minnie, laughing heartily. "What old grandmother has been putting that nonsense into your head?"

"Perhaps it isn't such nonsense as you think," said Harry.

"Whatever can you mean?" asked Minnie, opening her eyes very wide.

"Hasn't it ever struck you that your father and Mrs. Bennett are rather sweet over one another?"

"Harry, you're too bad," said Minnie, in a hurt tone.

"Too bad, am I?" said Harry, laughing immoderately. "Why, I've seen how the land lay ever since I came here; and to think of your never even guessing it. But to be serious, Minnie, I really think it is the best thing your father could do. Mrs. Bennett is a splendid woman; just the sort of companion that he needs. So don't look so shocked."

"But, Harry, are you sure you're not mistaken? I never felt more surprised at anything in my life. I know that Mrs. Bennett is a good woman; and she has been *very* good to me. But I hardly know what to think."

"Well, I know what I think," said Harry, gaily. "I am very glad, for now you will have no excuse for staying here. The fact of the matter is, I asked your father about it the last time I was here, and he gave me his consent, provided I could get yours. It was then he gave me to understand that he contemplated getting married again. So you see you'd better agree to my proposal, before you get turned out."

"And you are going to take me out of pity, I suppose?" said Minnie, trying in vain to look indignant.

"Out of pity! you've struck the nail on the head this time; for I'm going to take you out of pity for my own heart, which goes all out of tune when I leave here. So if you don't want me to have heart disease, you had better promise to go home with me next month."

As Minnie was very tender-hearted, and did not like to inflict pain on any one, she gave the desired promise.

They were married in October, Mr. and Mrs. May, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Gerty and Annie being the only friends invited to the wedding. They were going to spend a week in London, and then they would settle down quietly at Treligger.

Minnie felt very sad as the time drew near for her to say good-bye to her father, whom she did not expect to see again for several months—a feeling that was shared by Mr. Penrose, but he did not let it appear, for he wanted that day—above every other day in the year—to be a happy one.

Annie saw the look of sadness on Minnie's face and wishing to dispel it, she said,

"Oh, Minnie, I saw Jack Crowle yesterday, and he sent you a message."

"Did he?" said Minnie, her face brightening. "How is he, and where does he belong now?"

"Don't you know? Hasn't Harry told you?" asked Annie, in astonishment.

"No, he hasn't told me anything about Jack or Bessy."

"Well, that's just like Harry, but we must excuse him, I suppose, as he's in love. Jack and Bessy were married about a month after you left, and Jack has been foreman at Treligger ever since Harry has had the farm. Bessy is the *forewoman*, manages the dairy and her husband very nicely indeed— But what are you all laughing about?" asked Annie, breaking off in the middle of her story.

"Never mind us," said Minnie, "go on with your story. I want to hear Jack's message."

"Well, I saw him yesterday, and told him that you and Harry were going to be married. 'Ef that doan't bate all,' he said; 'Bessy al'ays stuck to it as how they was a courting, but I dedn't taake any noatice of it. But wimmen al'ays are cuter 'bout sich things than the men.' (Harry and Minnie exchanged smiling glances.) And then he said, 'Tell Miss Minnie that the dogs are fust-raate, and as for the Prince—he's a shining like a lookin'-glass. And everything on the place is looking splendorious.'

"Just as I was coming away, he came to me and said, with an important nod of his head: 'Tell yer brother, miss, to maake his mind aisy while he's up to Lunnon, for I'll go round and suspect into everything while he's away.' Now, what do you think of Jack's message?" asked Annie.

"Why, I think that Harry may safely trust the farm into honest old Jack's keeping," said Minnie, as soon as she could speak without laughing.

"Especially as he has promised to 'suspect' everything," added Harry, very gravely.

And then the carriage drove up, the good-byes were spoken, and they were off.

The little party gathered on the doorstep, watched the carriage until it was out of sight, and then turning they all went into the house, with the exception of Mr. Penrose. He stood there in the bright sunlight, with one hand shading his eyes, looking wistfully at the spot where he had last seen Minnie's bright, loving face; and then he whispered, reverently, "'Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' I trust that no act of their own may ever raise up a barrier between them to put them asunder. Thank God, they are both teetotalers, and I pray that the blight of intemperance may never fall on their home."

And then he added fervently, "God bless them, and make my Minnie's life a bright and joyous one."

All through the winter Mr. Penrose kept himself busy, for he believed in the words, that "Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do." He also believed that work was a great safeguard against temptation, and that if he ever let himself be idle, his old desire for intoxicating drink would again return.

In his wife—yes, Harry's prediction has come true—he found a helpmate in the truest sense of the word. A truly Christian woman for many years, Mrs. Bennett—or as we must now call her Mrs. Penrose—was able to give her husband the advice and support that he at times so sadly needed. And in all his endeavours to try to win his brethren from the path which he had so lately trodden, he had her co-operation and sympathy. But as he sat by the fire one evening, and thought it all over, he saw with pain that his efforts so far in that direction had been a failure.

The men listened respectfully to all his arguments in favour of total abstinence, but that was all. For when they were not working their time was spent at the public house. He knew that it was not the drink altogether that attracted them there, but that they went there to kill time, not having anything else to do, and he wished he knew of anything that would prove a counter-attraction.

He was turning over the subject in his mind, when his thoughts were interrupted by Mrs. Penrose saying:

"Edward, what was the name of the man who swindled you out of so much money?"

"Peter Dawlish," said Mr. Penrose, gravely. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I saw an account about him in the paper to day. It seems that he has been carrying on his old tricks in Devonshire, under an assumed name. He kept a public-house there, and under cover of that has been receiving goods which he knew to be stolen. One of his confederates is Nathan Hill—"

"What!" interrupted Mr. Penrose, excitedly. "Who did you say?"

"Nathan Hill," continued Mrs. Penrose. "He lived as a servant at a farm about half a mile from where Peter Dawlish kept his public-house. The farmer on whose place he lived thought that his corn was shrinking, and he put a policeman to watch. And one evening he saw Nathan enter the barn and take two sacks of corn, which he placed on a horse that was standing outside, and then drive off. The policeman followed, and saw the man drive into Peter Dawlish's stables. He saw Peter help to take off the corn from the horse's back, which also belonged to Peter. The policeman heard them

laughing over their clever dodge of muffling the horse's feet, so that no one could hear it walking, and he arrested both of them.

"At the trial, it was found out that John Smith—the name he was known by—was not his own, but that his real name was Peter Dawlish. This resulted in some inquiries being made, and they learnt that he had been 'wanted' for a long time."

"And what has been done by him?" asked Mr. Penrose, who had been listening most attentively.

"He is sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. Nathan Hill has only got one year's imprisonment, it being his first offence."

"Well, well," said Mr. Penrose, musingly, "How true the words are, 'Be sure your sins will find you out.' Let us hope that by the time they leave prison, they will both have learnt the lesson that 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

This unexpected piece of news quite drove other thoughts from Mr. Penrose's mind for that evening; but the next evening, when Parson John called, he commenced telling him of his wish that something might be done to attract the men away from the public-house.

"I hardly know how we can reach them," said Parson John, thoughtfully. "We have our monthly temperance meetings, and some of them come, but it doesn't seem to make any impression on them. They dismiss the subject from their minds as soon as they get outside the door."

"What you want is to get them interested in the subject, I suppose?" said Mrs. Penrose, looking up from her sewing.

"Yes, that's just it," said Mr. Penrose. "They will listen to you while you prove that strong drink is not good for them, but they go on drinking it all the same."

"If you could get them to think it over for themselves, it would be better than for you to do the thinking for them," said Mrs. Penrose, earnestly. "A man ought always to decide a thing for himself. Now, if any of the men could be got to decide that strong drink was an unnecessary beverage, and that they would be better without it, there would be some hope."

"Yes. But there's where the rub is, Mrs. Penrose," said Parson John, smiling. "We can't get them to study the subject at all."

"I think *that* could be managed very well," said Mrs. Penrose, quietly.

"How?" asked Parson John.

"Yes, let's have it," said Mr. Penrose, laughingly. "Women are generally pretty good hands at scheming."

"And I think you must have found out, that they are quite as good at working," said Mrs. Penrose, pleasantly. "But this is my plan. Suppose you get the men to form a class where all kinds of subjects will be discussed, each one taking it in his turn to introduce a subject. And when it comes to your turn, you can bring up the temperance question, and get them to discuss that. They are sure to be interested, for miners as a whole—when they are not in liquor—are an intelligent lot of men."

"That's a good idea," said Mr. Penrose. "I never thought about it before; but I have read that they have something of the sort in America and in our large towns—Mutual Improvement Classes, or something of the sort. Well, it will be just the thing. The men will be set up with the idea, and will think that they are a very clever lot of men. What do you say to it, Parson John?"

"I don't think it will be amiss to try it," answered Parson John, "and if we could get them interested enough to buy books to read and study, they would have something to occupy their minds."

The class was formed and proved to be a great success. A laudable ambition sprang up among the men; they grew ashamed of their ignorance, and instead of spending their money in intoxicating drink, they bought books, and stayed at home and read them. And when at one of their meetings the subject of temperance was brought before them, they did not put it aside as formerly, as something to be ignored; but they took it up and handled it as freely as they had done many another subject. And when four of the men declared that they could see no good whatever to be derived from strong drink as a beverage, and that henceforth they would be teetotalers, their comrades did not laugh at them as they would once have done, but simply said that every man must please himself."

Little by little the teetotalers gained ground, and the ones who still held to their drinking principles were less often to be found at the public-house, and were oftener with a book in their hand than a glass. For they naturally thought that if they were to keep their position, they must have good proof to back up their arguments.

Mr. Penrose was delighted at the success of their movement, and when Ned Lobb and Nick Strongman gave up the intoxicating drink and went over to the popular side, his satisfaction knew no bounds, and he said to his wife gleefully:

"Siah Coon is in despair, for he says he has lost two of the best customers that he ever had."

"It's no wonder," said Mrs. Penrose, smiling, "for he has made a pretty penny by them. I

only wish he was obliged to shut up the 'Three Pilchards' altogether."

"That's just what he says he shall have to do," said Mr. Penrose, with a burst of laughter. "He says if it goes on at this rate he shall have to go to the mine to work."

"You would give him a job, I suppose?" said Mrs. Penrose, good-humouredly.

"Of course I would. We want more men, too, for the New Consols is looking up. She is paying her way now, and the purser thinks that there will be a dividend soon."

"That is a good report. Haven't you got some shares in the mine?"

"Yes, five. They are for Minnie, and whatever interest I get from them. Had I acted right she would have been one of the richest girls in the parish at my death. But it is all gone now," and Mr. Penrose sighed heavily.

"Do you think Minnie cares for that?" said Mrs. Penrose, gently. "She would rather see you as you are, a Christian and a teetotaler, than have the largest fortune you could give her."

"I believe it," said Mr. Penrose, a look of relief lifting the cloud from his face. "But I always feel sad when I think of those wasted years in which I fell so low."

"Yes, but you are trying to redeem the past, and God is blessing your labours. You have a great influence over the men, for they find out that you do not talk at them but with them; and that you do not denounce them as cowards, but that you sympathise with them in their weakness, and would lend them a helping hand if they would let you."

"How do you know all this?" asked Mr. Penrose, his face lighting up with pleasure at her frank praise.

"Oh, the miners' wives are so overjoyed when their husbands become teetotalers, that they can't help telling me what a change has taken place in their homes, and what their husbands say about you. That is the way I got to know all about it.

"Do not fret about the past, Edward; there is no need for it, for has not God said, 'I will blot out thine iniquities as a cloud, and thy transgressions as a thick cloud, and will remember them against thee no more for ever'?"

Thus we will leave them, happy in one another's company, and in the work which God has given them to do, remembering the words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Come with me to Treligger now, reader, and we will take a peep at our old friends Harry and Minnie. We need not go into the house to see the latter, for she is in the garden, sitting on a rustic bench under the shade of a beautiful laburnum tree, whose blossoms droop around her, and some of them rest on her bright brown hair.

Very pretty she looks as she sits there crowned with the golden blossoms, and with her lap filled with flowers, which she is arranging into beautiful bouquets.

Harry is in the garden, too, although he has but just come; and as he looks at his wife, and sees what a pretty picture she makes, he mentally calls her his "Fairie Queen," and as if in answer to his thoughts, Minnie looks up with a bright smile as he seats himself by her side, and says:—

"I feel as happy as a queen, Harry. I think any one must have passed though sorrow and poverty as I have to fully appreciate this lovely spot. Do you know, Harry, you could not have given me a surer proof of your love than you have done, by making this, my childhood home, into such a beautiful place. How can I ever thank you enough for your loving forethought and kindness to me?" asked Minnie, as she nestled her head lovingly against his arm.

"By just being happy here, little wife," answered Harry, fondly. "That will be my best reward, to see that you are perfectly satisfied with your home."

"I shall always be that, Harry, while you are here, for where you are is my home." And then she added, laughingly, "Do you know, Annie says I am fanatical, because I am so fond of this place."

"Oh, that's her fun. She likes to be here better than anywhere else, I believe; but I suppose it is lonely for her at home since Gerty was married."

"Very likely," said Minnie, her face dimpling with smiles. "But I rather think we shall miss that mischievous young lady's visits after awhile."

"How so, Minnie?"

"Do you remember the young man who was staying at Mr. Wilson's last summer?"

"What, that London chap?"

"Yes. Mr. Lorey is his name. Well, I have the impression that he and Annie came to some agreement then, and that before the summer is over we shall have to go to a wedding."

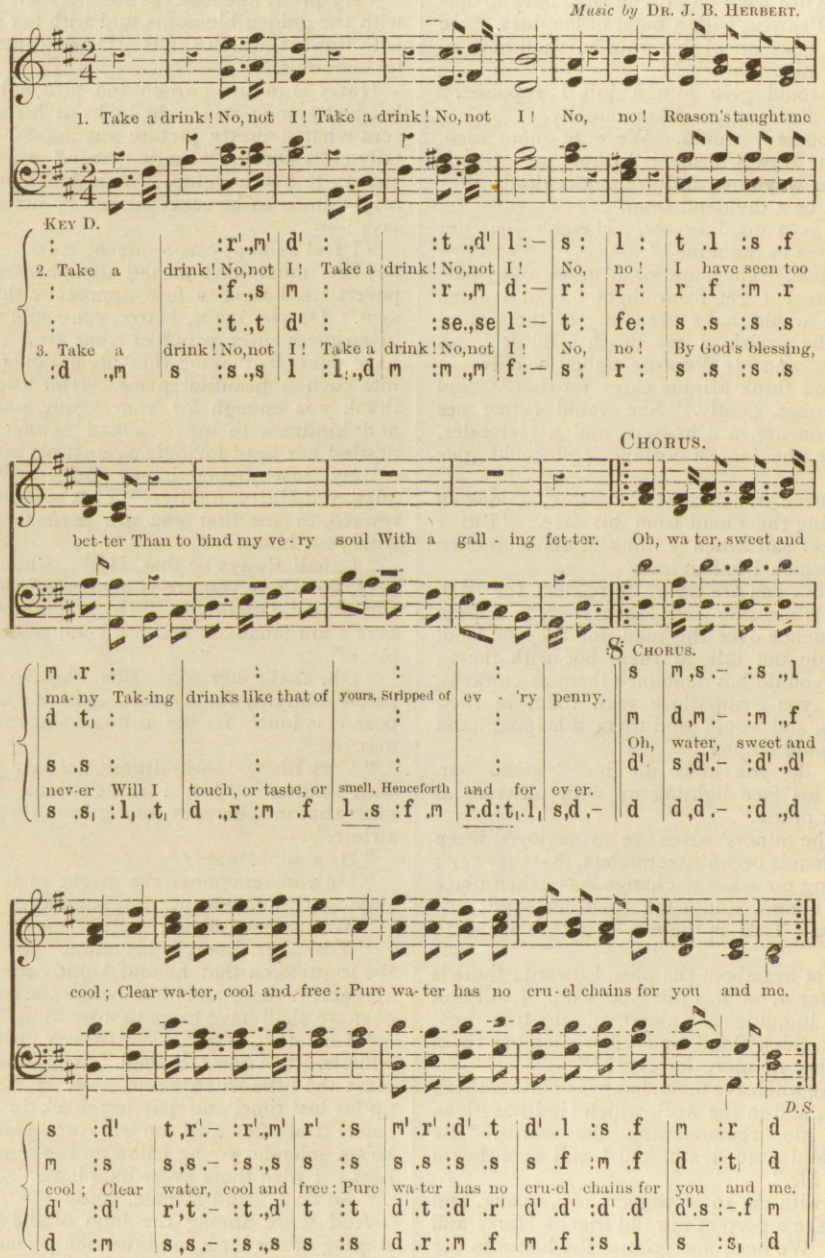
"Like that, is it?" said Harry, with a low whistle. "Whew! I shall have something to tease the little witch about now. I shall make up for lost time, and pay her back in her own coin. But after all I am very well pleased, for he's a splendid young fellow and in a good business. I wish them every happiness."

"So do I," said Minnie, softly.

And there among the hum of the bees, the singing of the birds, and the rich perfume of the flowers, we will leave them, saying to them, as we do to you, reader, *farewell.*

NO, NOT I!

Music by Dr. J. B. Herbert.



GRANDMAMMA'S CHRISTMAS BOX.

WE always used to keep Christmas with grandmamma, and fine times we used to have; she always let us do as we liked. What with the spoiling we got from uncles and aunts, and fun with cousins and friends, mother always said she had a pretty time of it when we got back home before we were reduced to order again.

One great institution in our gathering was grandmamma's Christmas box. She never would let us give her any presents, but on Christmas morning she brought out her Christmas box, as she called it, and asked us all to put something into it, and we always took care to have silver money for it. We knew where all the money went, for the day after Christmas day grandmamma had her old friends, as she called a few poor people in the village, and gave them a nice tea, and then the money was divided equally amongst them for them to do just what they liked with.

I think it was two years before dear grandmamma died that I had special reason to remember her Christmas box, because I had no silver money to give when Uncle George said, "Now, Florence, it's your turn."

And I felt, I cannot tell how, but like, I fancy, the man in the parable felt when he found out he had not got the wedding garment on, or as the servant must have felt when his lord asked him for the money he had hidden. But I think it taught me a lesson, how, without meaning to do anything wrong, one may be very selfish.

The reason of my shame was this, that I had spent my pocket-money on my own pleasure, and therefore had nothing left for grandmamma's box.

We were not kept short of pocket-money; we all had a steady, reliable income of a penny a week, which was supposed to cover all necessary expenses for private purposes, and often we had money given us by friends, instead of playthings. I had five shillings which had been given me in various sums, and six pennies I had saved from my income. On my birthday I had a present of a very beautiful doll, and I had seen in a shop a lovely wicker cradle that I thought would just do for my new doll, which was in long clothes that took off and on. I fancied if I could only have this cradle trimmed with muslin and pink bows my happiness would be secured. Many and many a time did I pass the shop window and look at this object of my heart's desire. I feared to go by lest I might find it gone, but every time I passed I determined if possible to possess the treasure, particularly as I looked at the ticket and thought I saw it marked three-and-six; then I reckoned and found I should still have something left, and this two shillings over I felt sure would be plenty for all my Christmas purchases, with something left for grandmamma's box. Besides, I was anxious to possess my treasure, and show it, with my beloved doll, to my cousins. I took my purse and asked mamma if I might go and buy the cradle. She told me to think well about it, and not to spend my money foolishly or extravagantly, but gave me permission to buy it if I wished, I having told her the price was three-and-six.

On entering the shop I said to the old woman behind the counter, "I should like to have that cradle in the window." When I had said this I felt so dreadfully shy and uncomfortable that I could have fled from the shop to avoid any further interview or communication with the elderly lady.

"Yes, my dear, that's one of our best cradles." While the old lady was getting out the toy from the window I can remember many things that occupied my attention, even to the stuffy, woody smell that pervaded the whole of that queer little toyshop.

"There, my dear, it's very cheap," she said.

"How much is it, please?" I asked, getting very nervous and shy.

The old lady, after looking at the ticket, said—in a nasty, confidential way that somehow I did not like, and wished she would not call me "my dear"—"We can charge *you* five-and-sixpence, my dear."

Then was my time to say I thought it too dear, and to go. But courage failed me; I did not like to say what I thought, and besides, I seemed to have set my mind on that cradle, and I had the money; so all I said was, "I thought it was three-and-six."

"What!" said the old woman, sharply, "do you think we steal our goods to sell them at that price? It's a first-class article, and very cheap for the money. I suppose you 'aven't enough to pay for it."

"Oh, yes! I have five-and-sixpence," I said, readily.

"Then why did you expect me to give it you for three-and-six?" she rejoined.

So all I did was innocently to hand over the five-and-sixpence, and wait while the old woman wrapped up my purchase in brown paper. Then I was glad to be safely outside the shop again. I felt sorry that I had lost all my money, but I had the secret satisfaction of knowing the cradle was mine, though how much it had cost I dare not tell any one.

For a long time after this I was almost afraid to go into a shop to buy anything. If people were kind, I felt I should be sure to be taken in;

and if they were sharp, it was only what one might expect, because of the trouble it must be to serve customers.

When I came to grandmamma's I had just thought dimly about her Christmas box, but my pleasure in the new doll and cradle was really great, although my conscience was not quite at ease. The reality did not dawn upon me until that Christmas morning, when Uncle George laughingly shook the box again and again before me, saying, "Have you got no present for grandmamma?"

I felt speechless. I was so sorry, for we had all some loving gift from the dear old lady that merry Christmas morning.

"Never mind, Florence," she said, gently; "I am sure you have not forgotten my old friends, or your love for me."

Then I burst into tears, and told her how selfish I had been, and asked if she would let me put the two pennies I had received since into her box, the only money I had in the world. Then the bells began to ring their merry peal, and we went to church to sing the Christmas hymn, and hear the beautiful story about the shepherds and the angel. When service was over, I went to grandmamma, for it was too cold for her to go, and took her my only two pennies. She was so kind and full of sympathy, and said she was more pleased to have it because it was my all; but that we never knew the full blessedness of giving until we give our all to Him who had loved us and given Himself for us.

COME, DRAW UP TO THE FIRE, WIFE.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

COME, draw up to the fire, wife—there's something I want to say;
I know you didn't expect me coming home so soon to-day;
There's no place like a man's fireside when his mind is full of doubt,
So I'm going to stay at home to-night and watch the old year out.

It was a desperate struggle, wife, to part with all my mates:
I went with them on Christmas Eve to listen to the waits;
But to-night I came straight home, wife, and I'm thankful I am here,
For I want to tell you all my mind at the closing of the year.

We've been so busy taking stock at the works for many a day,
And master told his manager that some things did not pay:
He's going to make some changes, too; it soon got whispered round
That none but steady workmen would be kept upon the ground.

I've never lost a day, wife, so that won't trouble me;
I'm not like some poor fellows that are weeks upon the spree:
But, thinking over master's words, it struck me through the day,
There's many a thing which, viewed aright, can ne'er be made to pay.

It's little for a man to say he leads a sober life:
A man may never take a glass, and yet ill-use his wife;
And many a bitter word is said when a man is mad and blind—
I own it all—forgive me, wife, for being so unkind.

When work has not gone smoothly, how often has anger stirred;
But you have tried to calm me, wife, with many a loving word:
When the children gathered round me, my temper was so short,
I could not bear them near me in their merry childish sport.

It's little for a man to say he brings his money home,
When he thinks his wife no company, and never bids her come.
I know you've never wanted food or clothing all the while,
But many a time you've sought in vain your husband's cheerful smile.

It's not the money that one gets which makes all things go right,
But a touch of loving sympathy, and a gleam of heavenly light.
There, now, I've told you like a man; don't let your spirit grieve—
You'll see a change, if we are spared to another New Year's Eve.

Now bring that old worn Bible down, which my mother used to read—
It was her friend and counsellor in many a time of need:
Let's keep it in the kitchen, wife, and read it every night;
We can't expect a blessing if we put God out of sight.

It's little use of going to church if we never learn to pray;
And business won't excuse a man at the awful judgment day.
First one and then another dies, and it seems a common thing;
But when it comes our turn to go, shall we like to meet the King?

There, now, I think I'll say no more—I see the tear-drops start—
But you have been the best of wives, and nobly done your part;
I owe it all to your true love, and God's protecting care,
That I'm not left to live in sin and perish in despair.

We know not what the New Year brings, for changes soon may come;
But if we're spared to live it through we'll have more love at home:
So turn to some sweet chapter, wife—the clock now strikes eleven—
And let us see the old year out with our faces turned to heaven.

GOOD-BYE TO THE OLD YEAR.

BY ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.



WE always feel sorry to part with old friends. When the time comes to shake hands and say the last good-bye, then the tears we have kept back will rush down our cheeks, and we feel as if we were all alone in the world. If a dear father is going on a long journey, no matter how long be the voyage we look forward with bright hopes to the day when he will return, and when once again we can clasp his hands and kiss his brow.

The old year goes away never to return, and if we have wasted the precious moments we can never make up for what we have lost. To some of my young readers, the departure of the old year may be a time of joy; they are a year older; the lessons that were so hard at the beginning of the year are now quite easy; they can stand on tip-toe and reach up to mother's shoulder; they are proud at the thought that they are growing bigger, and in a few years will be putting their school-books on one side, and going out into the world to earn their own living. Some may be glad, because the naughty deed they did at the beginning of the year is now forgotten, and when the new year comes they will start afresh, with a determination to do better than ever.

Now, my young friend, sit down for a few moments and think. Never mind if you are a little excited because your mother has promised that you shall stay up late to see the old year die; before the hour comes, think how you should feel as you bid the old year good-bye.

YOU SHOULD FEEL THANKFUL. See how much of good things you have enjoyed during the past year; every day food has been on your table, every night you have slept in safety, and though you have felt little aches and pains, you cannot remember a day when you were obliged to keep in bed. I am sure you might sing:—

"Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food, while others starve
Or beg from door to door."

So go down on your knees and thank your Heavenly Father for all His kindness to you, and learn that gratitude is a feeling you should always have in your heart.

YOU SHOULD FEEL HOPEFUL. Your life has been so happy in the past; you are encouraged to believe that it will be so in the future. You may feel a little down-hearted at times, when you think of all the hard lessons you have to learn before you reach the top class; but, then, you must remember that teacher has often said you have done well, and some have had kind words spoken to them when the prize was placed in their hands, and they went home with thankful hearts to receive an extra kiss from mother and an additional gift from father.

So you must cheer up, and believe that your Heavenly Father will be with you to comfort you and to help you all along the unseen journey before you.

YOU SHOULD TRY TO DO SOME GOOD DEED. The last few days of the year always bring fresh to our memory the visit of the dear Saviour. We hear again the song of the angels over the fields at Bethlehem, and we think of all the love that brought Him down to suffer and to die for us. You must try to find out what you

can do to please your Saviour, and to bring gladness into your own heart.

Has any one offended you during the past year? Now you must hold out your hand, and ask to be friends again.

Do you know any friend or companion who is in trouble? can you comfort them with kind words? or can you sacrifice any of your little savings, so they may have a happy Christmas and close this year with joy?

There are poor children living close to your own home who are sad and poor because their parents spend so much money in intoxicating drinks; you can do them the greatest kindness by persuading them to join your Band of Hope, and so helping them to overcome the evil example of their parents. Thus, in bidding good-bye to the old year, you will feel so happy that you have not let it pass without bringing smiles upon the face of another.

SCIENTIFIC BASIS OF TEMPERANCE.

THE scientific basis of the temperance reform will be laid on the facts—Firstly, that alcohol is not necessary; secondly, that, as a thing unnecessary, it differs from many such things in being an evil thing. I deny the question that alcohol is a constructive food; I hold that it will not go to the purpose of building up the different structures of the body on two grounds—First, that all the world of life is constructed without its use, except a limited portion of that limited portion called civilised man; and next, that in regard to its own physical nature, it can take no part in forming any vital tissue of the body, because it does not contain all the necessary elements for such intention.

The doctrine of the schools has been alcohol for warmth, for strength, for activity, for felicity. The poets have re-echoed the schools—

"Wine's the soul of man below."

Perchance; but where was below? The common sense of mankind teaches us that through all the kingdom of life the vital heat is maintained without this agent. The polar bear, the seal, the northern whale, the Esquimaux, keep warm without it. Every child that is born lives without it. The finest-built men exist without it. Activity and precision in activity are naturally obtained without it. And felicity, too; that with equal obviousness is best obtained without alcohol. The first period of life, when it is fairly surrounded by earthly comforts, is the happiest, and that is the abstaining period. Alcohol lessens warmth of body, power of limb, precision of movement, decision of character, as every person who passes from sobriety to drunkenness proves.

The conclusion of all experimental research is that under alcohol all the conditions of vital power are deranged and damaged by it. Felicity is interfered with in the same untoward manner. Men of science who follow medicine, and who in the professional confessional hear more of the unhappiness of human nature than all the world besides, hear nothing so frequently, so solemnly, as the anguish produced in the happiest natures when they become touched by the subtle destroyer of all happiness, the dispenser of chronic sorrow—alcohol.

DR. B. W. RICHARDSON.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

OLD Christmas now comes round again,
With all his pomp and merry train,
With laughing eyes, and cheery voice
That makes the welkin ring.
Though icicles hang round his brow,
And snowflakes may be falling now,
We'll tune our voice to carolling
And cheerily we'll sing.

Though Christmas, with his merry cheer,
Comes oft when days are dark and drear,
With crystal snowflakes resting
On his coat and matted hair;
While all without is storm and cold,
And flocks are crouching in the fold,
While poor folks shiver, thinly clad,
And scanty be their fare,

We'll pile the yule-log on the hearth,
And make it blaze in crackling mirth,
While all the lads and lasses here
Do gather round the board:
The mistletoe they shall not miss,
But, laughing, give the looked-for kiss,
And cull the joys that youth may claim
And Christmas-time accord.

Without, we see the frost and mire;
Within, we have the glowing fire,
And all that gives to joyous life
What happy work can bring;
Without are those who crouch with cold,
And misery that can ne'er be told,
And hearts that never hear the voice
Of gladsome plenty sing.

So while we joy with jest and song,
Stretch out a hand to help along
The hungry and the lowly
That are crowding at our door;
Give food and drink, that all may share
Some largess of our Christmas fare,
And make sad wailing hearts rejoice
Among the suff'ring poor.

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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 & chorus); We the undersigned

16 Rally, freemen, rally; Have you counted the cost, my boy? 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 o'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 Hundreth, L.M; The sea.

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Band of Hope Melodies *(Continued)*.

23 We mourn the ruin; O praise the Lord all ye nations (anthem); The temperance lifeboat; Swell high the joyful chorus; Men of Britain.

24 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). In God we trust.

26 Brave Sir Wilfrid; We'll rally around our standard; Guard the Bible; Where have you gleaned: Sad is the Drunkard's Life.

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 Take back the bowl (solo and chorus); Fill your glasses: 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 Cherrily: 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.

42 Hurrah for water; Ere the sun goes down: Praise ye the Father.

43 I will praise the Lord: Speed thy cause: Break it gently: Lift the Royal Standard high.

44 Come and see the panorama: Where are the reapers: Assembled here: Ribbon of blue: Ye sons of our nation.

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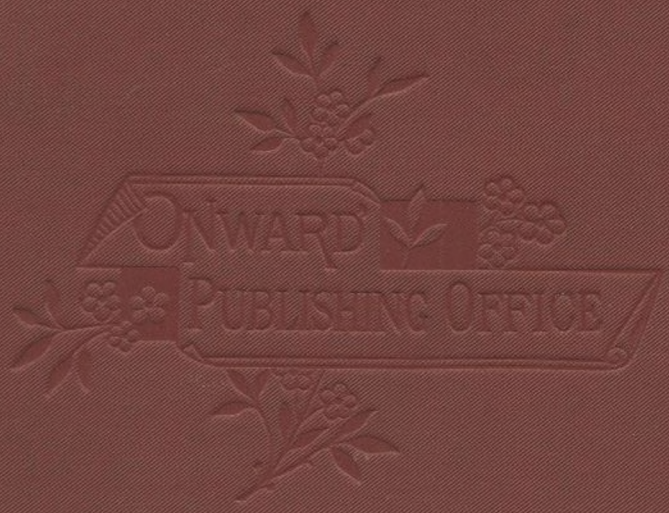
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