ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1885.

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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.





"The Wrong Change."—p. 183.

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A

BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE,

AND

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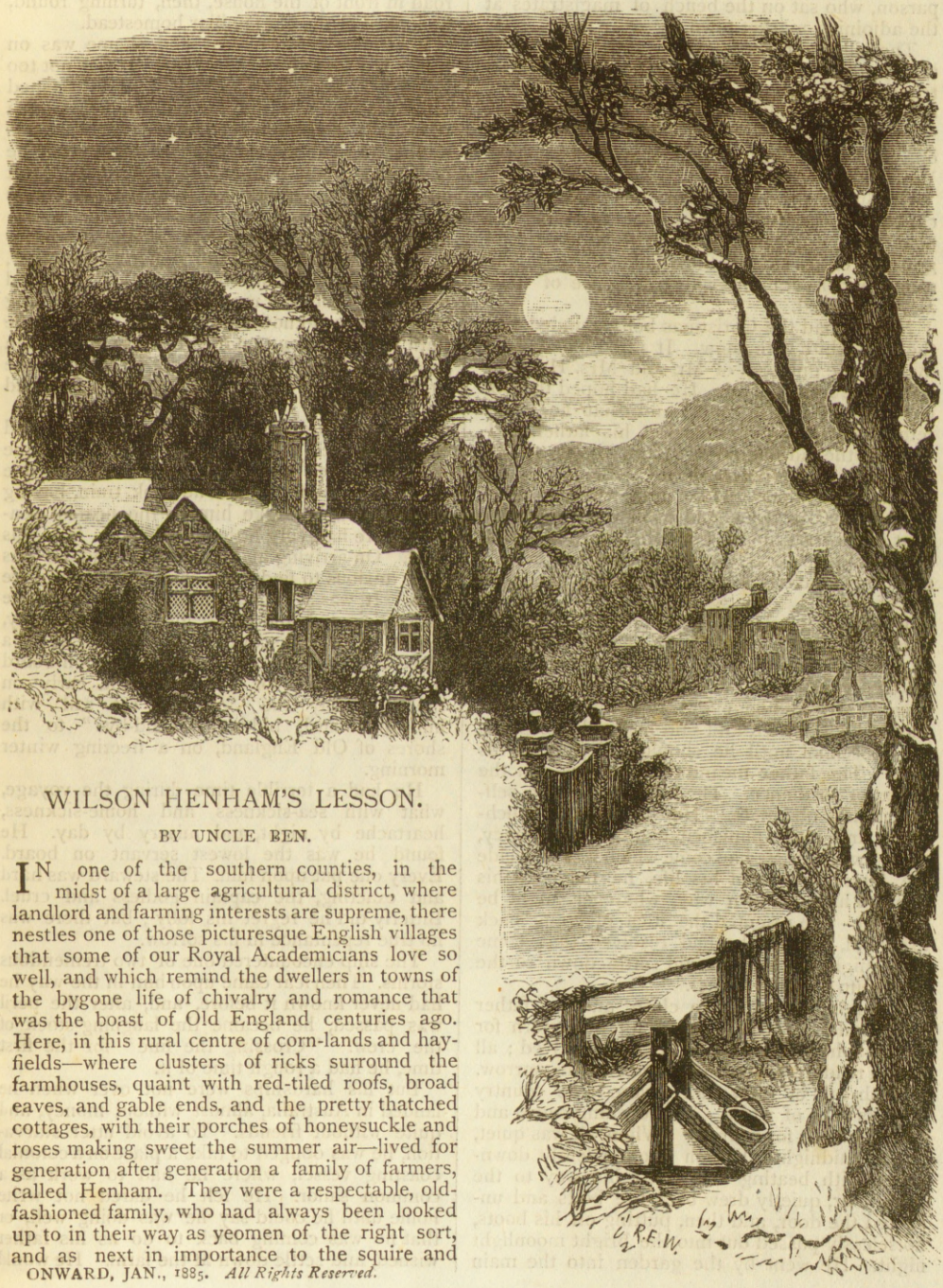

WILSON HENHAM'S LESSON.

BY UNCLE BEN.

IN one of the southern counties, in the midst of a large agricultural district, where landlord and farming interests are supreme, there nestles one of those picturesque English villages that some of our Royal Academicians love so well, and which remind the dwellers in towns of the bygone life of chivalry and romance that was the boast of Old England centuries ago. Here, in this rural centre of corn-lands and hay-fields—where clusters of ricks surround the farmhouses, quaint with red-tiled roofs, broad eaves, and gable ends, and the pretty thatched cottages, with their porches of honeysuckle and roses making sweet the summer air—lived for generation after generation a family of farmers, called Henham. They were a respectable, old-fashioned family, who had always been looked up to in their way as yeomen of the right sort, and as next in importance to the squire and

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parson, who sat on the bench of magistrates at the adjoining market town.

The village of Longfield lay under the lee of the Southdowns, where the black-legged sheep trimmed short the thymy grass on the hillsides, down which ran little rills that formed a brook which flowed by the road, and, some distance on, joined another stream that ran into the Wey.

On Sunday, the bells from the church tower called the scattered congregation from far and near, through pleasant lanes, with wide strips of grass on either side of the road, to the bright, clean parish church, where a sense of quiet always reigned.

Merrily had the Christmas bells sounded over the land white with snow. It was holiday-time. Wilson, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henham, was home from school. He had hoped that his last half-year had come, and that he would return to school no more. But his father, finding that the lad had no taste for farming, and no desire to settle down in the village, as his fathers had done before him, wishing either to go to sea, or be a soldier, or at least to be sent off to start life in London, determined that he should go back to school for another six months, to have this stupid nonsense "knocked out of him."

In vain Wilson tried to get on the right side of his mother, as he thought, and endeavoured to persuade her to let him choose for himself his own vocation in life. It was all to no purpose. Mr. Henham was determined his son should be a farmer, and said he would keep the lad at school until he should fall in with his plan. The father meant to teach his son the lesson of obedience. The boy was sixteen, self-willed and obstinate. He had been a much-spoilt and much-punished child from infancy, and now the crisis had come which was to decide the future course of his life, he made up his mind to have his own way, whatever might be the cost. He resented the idea of going back to school, because he had resolved that, come what might, he never would settle down to the humdrum life of a farmer.

The holidays drew to a close, and his father had made all arrangements for his return for another half-year. The last day arrived; all was in readiness for his departure on the morrow. A fresh fall of snow had covered the country with its robe of white. The evening came, and then the hour for retiring. When all was quiet, about midnight, Wilson stole silently downstairs with beating heart, felt his way to the back door, quietly drew back the bolts and unlocked the door, and then, putting on his boots, noiselessly passed out into the bright moonlight night. He went by the garden into the main road in front of the house, then, turning round, he looked at the old familiar homestead.

A strange sense of fear and shame was on him. He paused and hesitated. It was not too late to go back. The house had never seemed to him to look as it did in the clear, bright, open moonlight. He almost thought he heard his mother's voice call to him. In after years he never forgot that moment of opportunity. But an evil spirit whispered, "Why should I give in? I will have my own way!"

Then he turned quickly from the old farm-house and elm-trees—from father and mother, from the shelter of his childhood—and hastened down the whitened road, through the sleeping village, by well-known scenes. He met no one until he was far out on the country road. On and on he walked for many miles, through the great expanse of snow, until the moonlight faded and day broke.

He had carefully made all his plans, and bravely walked his weary way to a town some eighteen miles from Longfield, where no one would know him. There he took train, having money enough to take him to the nearest sea-port. He had very little left when his fare was paid. On arriving at his journey's end he was most anxious to find some ship that would take him. It was a more difficult matter than he had anticipated, and he dreaded any long delay, lest he might be discovered. But at last he got a place as assistant to the ship's steward on board a vessel bound for Australia, and early on the next day the *Miranda* set sail with him on board, bidding "Good-bye" to the shores of Old England, on a freezing winter morning.

He had a terrible time during the voyage, what with sea-sickness and home-sickness, heartache by night, and misery by day. He found he was the lowest servant on board. Every one put upon him. The steward was hard and exacting, the captain godless and cruel. Bitterly did he regret his folly; but there was no true repentance in his sorrow.

The ship encountered one or two tremendous storms. Then fear came upon him in the way he had never known it before, and, after the peril was passed, he became the laughing-stock of the crew. "Crossing the line" for the first time, he had a rough time of it.

But his hardships were not over when he landed in Australia, almost without money, and quite without friends. To avoid utter starvation, he was obliged to take a place on a colonial coasting vessel, where he had to work as a common sailor. He felt he dared not write home until he could say he was doing well, or that he was coming back to do as his father wished, and settle down at the farm. He would



willingly have done this, but found no means of return to England open to him.

While on board this coasting vessel, a heavy gale overtook them, and the craft, being by no means in a seaworthy condition, had to be abandoned by the wretched crew, who for some days drifted about in an open boat, suffering dreadful privations from hunger and thirst. At last they sighted land, and made for the shore. But their troubles were not over. When, after long wandering, with scant provisions, along the coast, they came to human habitations, it was to find themselves in an inhospitable region. Here the company divided, most of them resolving to continue the journey, rowing along the coast until they could be picked up, while two or three—and Wilson with them—determined to strike up inland towards the bush to find employment as best they could.

Here a new condition opened out for young Henham, who had to take to the rough life of an Australian farmer. The very work he had fled from he had again to face in a far-distant land, with all the solitude and disadvantages of bush life. Often and often, on bright moonlight nights, would the picture of the old home, as it stood in white snow when he saw it last, come into his mind again. He heard in sleep familiar voices in his father's house, and woke to find himself a hireling in a far country, looking after another man's swine and cattle to keep himself from perishing with hunger.

For eight long years he remained out of his native land. When he had saved enough money, he made up his mind to return home, and wrote to tell of his intended arrival. He reached England safely, started from London the next day, and once more, with beating heart and hasty step, approached the old home. The place looked much the same as he had known it. It was once more winter-time—frost and snow were over all. He saw again the tall elm-trees against the cold, grey sky. He would not go in by the back way, but knocked at the front door. A stranger came to it, from whom, to his deep remorse, he learnt that Mr. Henham had died two years ago. The farm had passed into other hands, and his mother had gone to be housekeeper in a distant town. All this came to him with the surprise of impossibility. He turned away from the old home, closed against him by iron fate, and there, in the old churchyard, covered with untrodden snow, he stood beside his father's grave, to ask for pardon which no human lips could give, at the same time earnestly resolving to live a new life and make a new home for his mother.

NEW YEAR WISHES.

WHAT shall I wish of happiness
For those I love the best?
For those whom I desire to bless
Far above all the rest?

Wealth may be but a gilded lie,
Ambition turn to dust;
Pleasure on swift wing fade and fly,
And friendship break its trust.

And joy may be a fleeting dream
That fades before the dawn,
And love may be a dried-up stream,
That leaves the heart forlorn.

What shall I wish, then? Only this:
Faith in the Christ who died,
Then shall they rest in perfect bliss,
Whatever may betide.

Though darkness shroud their onward way,
And storms affright the soul,
Soon they shall rest in cloudless day,
Where no rude billows roll.

W. A EATON.

THOUGHTS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

TAKE this cheering thought, my brother, for the year that is coming in,
'Tis a precious thought to guide you in the struggle with self and sin—
Softly steal into your chamber, leave the world and its cares for awhile,
Lifting the eye of faith to heaven till you catch your Father's smile.
Nearer to God, how near to heaven! what a joyful New Year's thought!
What a blessed thought to guide you on life's journey, thus far brought;
Nearer to God when the flesh is weakest, when the foe is fierce and strong,
When the night of sorrow is darkest, and the way is steep and long.
Take this holy thought, my brother, a soul-inspiring thought,
Go, think of the love of Jesus, of the lessons His sweet life taught;
Follow Him from the lowly manger to the scene of His bitter Cross,
Learn to battle with life's temptation, and meekly to suffer loss.
None more noble, none more gentle, daily bending 'neath His load,
Jesus showed us how to triumph, how to live or die for God;
Take Him in your heart, my brother, He is faithful to the end—
Can you start the New Year better, can you find a truer friend?
In vain are the New Year's greetings when evil reigns within,
When the lips are foul with curses, and the heart is stained with sin,
When we lie and cheat in our business, and think it is right we must,
Are we better than those poor wretches whose only god is Lust?
If we live in sin and pleasure till manhood's strength is past,
What good will the New Year bring us, will it lead us to heaven at last?
Shall we give our strength to Satan, and only turn to God
When our step is slow and feeble, and we falter along life's road?
O my brother, God is calling on this joyful New Year's Day,
There is work to do for His glory, His lambs are going astray;
Go forth in His name, go quickly to the highways and byways of sin,
His message proclain to the lost ones, call every wanderer in,
Go find in each poor man a brother, let the sunlight of love fill his cot,
Speak a word to his wife and his children, let him see you can feel for his lot;
Where the storm roars the loudest and wildest he is bravely performing his part,
And will greet you with smiles of affection for lifting the load from his heart.
Go forth in the conflict, my brother, stand for virtue, and fight against wrong,
Care not for the foes that surround you, God's army is mighty and strong;
Climb bravely the pathway to heaven, go cheerfully forth in His name,
Lift high the banner of Jesus, and trample down folly and shame;
Let the world see you faithful to duty, to conscience, to honour, and God,
Determined, come trial or conflict, to follow where good men have trod;
Still watching, still waiting and struggling, till the battle is over and past,
And you pass through the gates of the city, triumphant, exalted at last.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

LOOKING out of my window one spring morning, my attention was drawn to a little finch perched on a low bush near. The bush is a prickly shrub, with many bits of cotton and woollen lint upon it, the remnants of clothes laid out from time to time to dry. The finch had selected one of these bits of lint as suitable for nest-building, and was pulling at it with all its little might. The thorns and prickles, however, held it fast, and the effort was in vain. Seizing it fast again with its beak, it began to sway it from side to side, and then, still holding it, threw itself off the branch, giving a great jerk to the lint thread, and at the same time beat the air with its wings to increase the force of its persuasion. The threads proved too strong, and it flew away after a little time of this violent effort, with a very small reward for its industry and ingenuity. What a number of natural laws this little creature showed a knowledge of, and a power of putting in use! There was strength of fibre, muscular energy, weight of precipitated bodies, and resistance of the air, all exhibited at the same moment, as well as the gripping power of the beak. I have an old terrier dog very fond of lying on a skin rug before the parlour fire. His place is, however, in the kitchen, and thither he is unceremoniously dismissed. This he does not like, and has found out a way of opening the parlour door for himself. The spring is worn, and suffers the catch to open if a



"Where the storm roars the loudest and wildest he is bravely performing his part."—p. 4.

strong push is applied. The dog has found this out, and takes his own way of getting the door open. First he tried pushing, and finding this insufficient, he does just what a man would do. He draws back some little distance, and with a short run throws the weight of his body against the door, which rarely fails to yield to him. Partly open, he finds a bookcase in the way, and not, apparently, wishing to open the door too wide, he squeezes close to the wall, pushes back the door with his paw, and so clears the corner of the bookcase.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

BY T. H. EVANS.



ALTHOUGH I am sitting down, pen in hand, actually adding one more effort to the ever-flowing stream of persuasions and incentives to abstinence, I cannot help asking myself the question, Is there any necessity for more to be written on the subject? Surely, all has been said that can be advanced on so simple a theme. There is, moreover, another consideration that makes me hesitate. I have just read that the library of the British Museum is receiving daily one ton of literature; that it has 160 miles of shelves already filled; and that it is about to be enlarged to afford room for the anticipated deluge of mental activity ever issuing from the sleepless press! On reflection, we may well stand appalled at the bare idea of contributing, in the least degree, to this stupendous accumulation of intellectual labour.

William Hazlitt, in his "Sketches and Essays on Reading New Books," aptly remarks: "I cannot understand the rage manifested by the greater part of the world for reading new books. If the public had read all those that had gone before, I can conceive how they should not wish to read the work twice over. If I have not read a book before, it is, to all intents and purposes, new to me, whether it was printed yesterday or 300 years ago." Just so; my own ideas exactly. So suppose we stop writing for awhile; read less, and think more; for the teaching of but one sound, well-accredited author, thoroughly understood and practically applied, would amply suffice to regulate and strengthen the entire career of the oldest abstainer. And if you require a stimulant to lend potency to your resolve to act upon this hint, just try to picture to your imagination the 160 miles of books already written. "Don't try to realise anything of the sort," exclaims William Hoyle; "but look at the 640 miles of drink-shops in England. Yes, if these drink-shops were extended in line they would actually measure, from end to end, 640 miles!"

There, that's the kind of street I want the men of Great Britain to run their eyes along when in the mood for imaginary travelling. What! stop writing, when the gold in our national drink bill cannot be set down without the aid of nine figures? What! cork up the temperance ink, and lay aside the pen, when the grain from off two million acres is taken from the people every year that it may be converted into a seductive and deadly poison? What! stop, even for one day, the roar of the busy press, when there is a curse in our midst that slumbers neither day nor night, neither week-day nor Sunday? What! stay our hand, and consign to uselessness the snowy page which, 'neath the pen's all-magic touch, will thrill with new-found life? when the drink-made paupers, drunkards, vagrants, criminals, and lunatics of our land for one year would form a procession (three abreast) that would reach from the Land's End to John O'Groat's House.

I think William Hoyle is right, so I will say no more about those 160 miles of books, but invite your attention, kind reader, to the 640 miles of public-houses, confronting you at once with this question: Who is responsible? Who sustains and makes possible these 640 miles of glare and glitter?

The better to discuss and determine this, let us imagine both sides of the road lined with these drink-dens, and then let us take a stroll down this alcoholic street of 320 miles; because 640 is too big a distance for even an imaginary ramble.

Here we are, then, fairly started on the road, with all the liquor-dens of England transplanted into one street. Look on ahead, look behind, look both right and left, and lo! a blazing array of drink-shops and nothing else.

On we go. Monday has gone, and with it fifty miles. Away we go again, all through Tuesday, till the boundary-line of another day is reached. There we stand, as the world's great clock rings forth the midnight hour, with one foot on Tuesday, the other entering upon the untrodden path of the newly-born Wednesday, leaving 100 miles of drink-shops behind us, and 220 miles of like establishments stretching out before us.

Once more we feel appalled at the magnitude of this great evil; and again revert to our unanswered question of "Who is responsible?" There are more than 90,000 of these alluring traps on each side of the street. What keeps them going? More than 180,000 heaps of mis-

spent cash on every night the tills are cleared. Whose money is it? To put the matter plainly, suppose every individual in the kingdom had followed the present writer's example: what then? Why, in less than a month there would be 180,000 shops to let in this disease and death-dealing street. If but one of the 180,000 liquor-lords had stood at his door, thirty years ago, waiting for me to enter for a drink that he might have my penny for a box of matches to enable him to light his gas, he would be standing there to this very day, with the dust of a score and a half years on his chandelier, and his gas still unlighted. Now you can guess in which direction to look for those who are *not* responsible for the present drink-degraded state of every business thoroughfare.

The Rev. W. Roaf has well remarked that "the tendency of events in recent years has been to clear the neutral ground once so extensive. In reference to your influence in the matter before us, neutrality is impossible. The habits of society are such that every day, almost every hour, your testimony is borne either for or against temperance." There is not a man, woman, or child who can say, "I have nothing to do with this matter." For if you do not of your own free will aid us (although, perhaps, opposed to your inclination and conscience), you will be against us.

Drink is so obtrusive and intrusive, it respects neither time, place, nor person; and therefore all have in this matter a part to play imposed upon them.

If each one would keep his mouth closed against this foe, there is something the publicans of England would be forced to close, and that is their own doors, never again to open them, except it be for the sale of that which would do good and not harm—bless and benefit their fellows, instead of degrading and cursing them.

WHAT ARE YOU LIVING FOR?

A PASTOR, walking out recently, met a little girl belonging to his flock. As they walked on together he spoke to her of her studies, and was pleased to find her manifest an interest amounting almost to enthusiasm in the cultivation of her mind. "But why, Ellie," asked the pastor, "are you so anxious to succeed in your studies? What do you mean to do with your education after it is finished?"

"Oh, sir," said the little girl, "I want to learn that I may do good in the world. I don't want to die without ever having been of use in the world."

Noble purpose! Who of our young friends are studying and living for so noble an end? —*Olive Plant.*

THE OUTLOOK.



AT the Christmas season begins what is commonly called the tea-party time. About the New Year in many places the season sets in with a good deal of severity, and it sometimes happens to be our duty and pleasure to attend several of these friendly gatherings. They have now become quite national institutions in connection with all religious denominations. Mr. Arthur Reade, in his book on "Tea and Tea Drinking," tells us that this custom was introduced about fifty years ago, and had its rise with the commencement of the temperance movement in this country. These popular social gatherings were originated by teetotalers getting a few friends to provide tea, and then asking or inviting their acquaintances to come and partake of their hospitality, and after tea the advantages of temperance were advocated. In time people paid for this privilege, and so funds were raised, the tea-party becoming an easy way of raising money if the provisions were given. There is an account of the third tea-meeting of the Preston Temperance Society, at Christmas, 1833, when 820 sat down to partake of this evening meal.

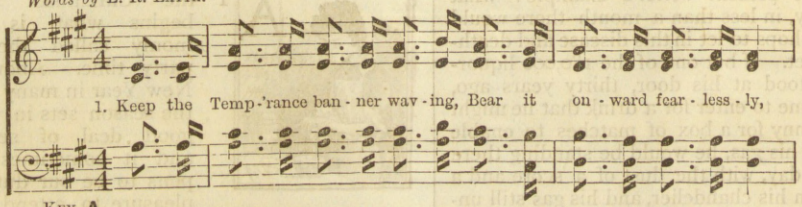
On this occasion about forty men, principally reformed drunkards, were engaged as waiters at the tables, each one wearing a white apron with "Temperance" printed on the front.

These gatherings were often much laughed at when first introduced, but have been found to be the occasion of doing much good, bringing people together in friendly intercourse, and stimulating social and innocent enjoyment. In connection with our Band of Hope work they have grown to be quite an important feature as a means of gathering in fresh members.

The tea-meeting is a useful adjunct of much Christian enterprise, as a means to a higher end. These class distinctions and petty feelings of separation may be forgotten in the homely and cheerful atmosphere of these social gatherings. They should always be attractive in their character, and flowers, if possible, should always be there to teach their own lessons of silent grace and humility. They should never degenerate into worldly opportunities for mere gossip and amusement, but while combining healthy pleasure and recreation, they should carry with them influences for abiding good, and impressions that direct our thoughts and fit our lives for the home gathering in the Father's house above.

KEEP THE TEMPERANCE BANNER WAVING.

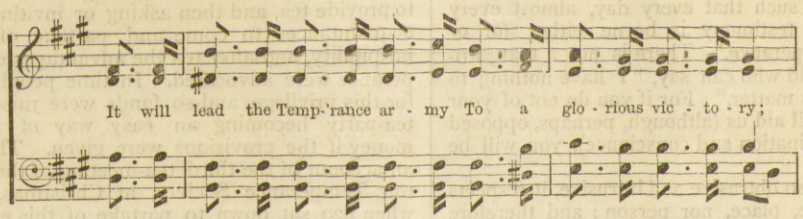
Words by E. R. LATTA. *Music by* T. C. O'KANE.


1. Keep the Temp-'rance ban-ner wav-ing, Bear it on-ward fear-less-ly,

KEY A.

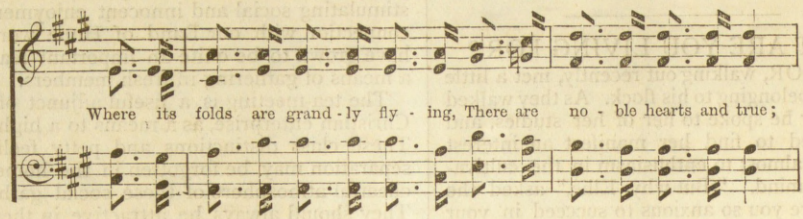
:s, .,s, | d .,d :d .,d | d .,r :d .,t, | t, .,l, :l, .,l, | l,
2. They are va-liant-ly en-gag-ing With the foe up-on the field,
:m, .,m, | s, .,s, :s, .,s, | s, .,s, :s, .,s, | f, .,f, :f, .,f, | f,

:d .,d | m .,m :m .,m | m .,f :m .,r | r .,d :d .,d | d
3. Both the tip-pler and the drunkard They will res-cue from the grave,
:d .,d | d .,d :d .,d | d .,d :d .,m, | f, .,f, :f, .,f, | f,


It will lead the Temp-'rance ar-my To a glo-rious vic-to-ry;

:l, .,l, | r .,r :r .,r | r .,m :r .,d | d .,t, :t, .,t, | t,
They have tak-en oath to con-quer, And the en-e-my must yield;
:f, .,f, | fe, .,fe, :fe, .,fe, | fe, .,s, :s, .,l, | s, .,s, :s, .,s, | s,

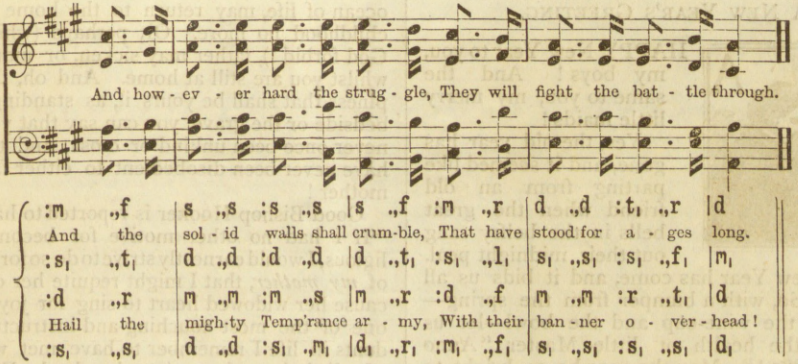
:d .,d | l, .,l, :l, .,l, | l, .,l, :l, .,r | m .,r :r .,r | r
And the smil-ing youths And chil-dren From the mon-ster they will save;
:f, .,f, | r, .,r, :r, .,r, | r, .,r, :r, .,fe, | s, .,s, :s, .,s, | s, .f,


Where its folds are grand-ly fly-ing, There are no-ble hearts and true;

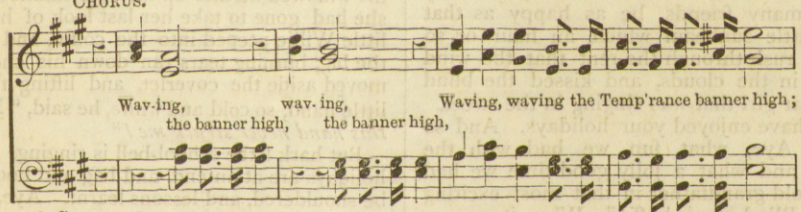
:s, .,s, | d .,d :d .,d | d .,d :r .,m | f .,f :f .,f | f
They are des-per-ate-ly charg-ing On the cit-a-del of wrong;
:s, .,f, | m, .,s, :s, .,s, | s, .,s, :t, .,ta, | l, .,l, :l, .,l, | l,

:d .,t, | d .,m :m .,m | m .,d :f .,m | r .,d :d .,d | d
Smiles shall take the place of weep-ing, And the fam-ish-ing be fed:
:m, .,r, | d, .,d, :d, .,d, | d, .,m, :s, .,d | f, .,f, :f, .,f, | f,

KEEP THE TEMPERANCE BANNER WAVING—*continued.*

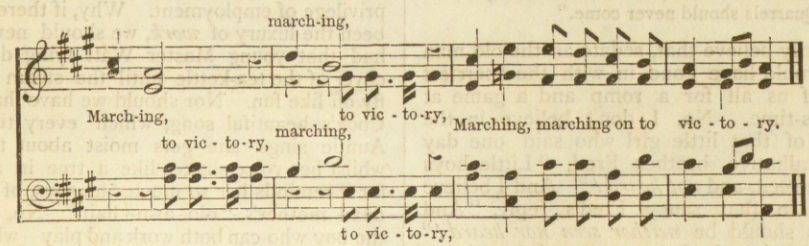


CHORUS.



CHORUS.

: | m :d |— : | f :r |— : | m :s | s :r .r | m .r :m .fe | s :—
Wav-ing, wav-ing,
: | d :s1 |— : | r :t1 |— : | s1 :d | t1 :s1 .s1 | l1 .l1 :l1 .d | t1 :—
Waving, waving the Temp'rance banner high;
: | : .m | m .m :m | : .t1 | t1 .t1 :t1 | d :m | r :t1 .t1 | d .t1 :d .d | r :—
the banner high, the banner high,
: | : .d | d .d :d | : .s1 | s1 .s1 :s1 | d :d | s1 :s1 .s1 | r1 .r1 :r1 .r1 | s1 :—



m :d |— : | f :r |— : | m :s | s .f :m .r | d :t1.r | d
March-ing, marching,
d :s1 |— : | : .t1 | t1 .t1 :t1 | s1 :ta1 | l1 .l1 :l1 .l1 | s1 :s1 | s1
to vic-to-ry, Marching, marching on to vic - to - ry.
: .m | m .m :m | r :f |— : | m :d | m .m :d .f | m :r.f | m
to vic-to-ry, marching
: .d | d .d :d | : .s1 | s1 .s1 :s1 | d :m1 | f1 .f1 :f1 .f1 | s1 :s1 | d1
to vic-to-ry,

CHATS WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY OLD CORNISH.

A New Year's Greeting.



A HAPPY New Year to you, my boys! And the same to you, my merry little maids!

Yes, the old year has gone, and it seemed like parting from an old friend when the great bells in the belfry rang out their midnight peal. But the New Year has come, and it bids us all be glad. So, with a bumper from the spring—for I hate the wine-cup and the bowl—let us drink to the health of little Master "Anno Domini, 1885!" May the year be as bright to us all as God and grace can make it, and may you, my many friends, be as happy as that dancing little sunbeam which, an hour or so ago, I saw rush through the rent that the wind had made in the clouds, and kissed the blind little beggar girl that was singing in the street.

So you have enjoyed your holidays. And so have I. Aye, what fun we had with the crackers! and what a jolly good time we had with dear old grandfather in that most exciting game of "Blind-man's-buff!" Why, it was as good as a play to see Granny Green laugh her spectacles off her nose, and her ringlets down her face, as "Bill" and "Sal" romped together on the floor. Yes, Dr. Watts was right when he said—

> "Whatever brawls disturb the street,
> There should be peace at home;
> Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
> Quarrels should never come."

And I verily believe that, sedate as the old man was, he would have gone in with the merriest cricket of us all for a romp and a game at Christmas-time. No, I don't believe in the remarks of that little girl who said one day to her talkative brother Fred, "Little boys should be seen, and *not heard!*" And I believe still less in that saucy Fred's reply, "And little girls should be *neither seen nor heard!*" No, no; let them both be seen and heard, say I; for one of the prettiest sights I know is a home—

> "When the children are happy and glad,
> And skip about blithesome and free!"

Aye, boys, prize your homes whilst you have them. And you girls, think of them as the dearest spots under heaven. In a few more years, and you will be leaving the homestead "where life's best days are passed." Like ships slipping out of harbour, you will leave father and mother behind, and, sailing out upon the great ocean of life, may return to the home of your childhood no more. Or, perhaps (which may God forbid!), father may sicken, or mother die, whilst you are still at home. And oh, the happiness that shall be yours if, as standing by the bedside or the grave, you can say that you have never once been unkind or cross, and that you have never been disobedient to either father or mother!

Good Bishop Hooker is reported to have said, "If I had no other motive for becoming religious, I would earnestly strive to do so for the sake of *my mother*, that I might requite her care and cause her widowed heart to sing for joy." And one of the most touching and instructive incidents in life I remember to have met was that of a little boy whose sister lay dead. Following his widowed mother up into the chamber, where she had gone to take her last look of her child, little Willie peeped into the coffin, and then, as the big, burning tears ran down his cheeks, he moved aside the coverlet, and lifting the dead little hand, so cold and white, he said, "Mamma, *this hand never struck me!*"

But hark! the school-bell is ringing. And so holidays are at an end, and bag and books must be shouldered, and lessons learnt. Aye, that old man was a philosopher who wrote that little bit of a rhyme—

> "All work, and no play,
> Makes Jack a dull boy."

But Solomon has said, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven;" and it is well for us to remember that the sweep, as well as the sovereign, has the privilege of employment. Why, if there had not been the luxury of *work*, we should never have had that young Master Watt tying down the cover of the tea-kettle until the steam made it fly off like fun. Nor should we have had Eliza Cook's beautiful song, which every time dear Auntie sings she gets moist about the eyes, whilst her voice shakes like a tree in a storm, for it reminds her so much, she says, of her own dead mother's "old arm-chair." No, give me the boy who can both work and play—who, when he is at work, means work, and who, when he is in the playground, means sport, and no mistake—and I will show you the boy who may become Prime Minister of England some day. Or give me the girl who, whether she is nursing the baby or romping in the garden, throws her whole soul into the exercise, and I will show you the maiden who, if she never becomes the Queen of the Realm, is worthy to be regarded as a pretty princess.

"What are you doing, my lad?" said a gentleman to a boy who was busily engaged in removing a heap of drifted snow from Widow Giles's door.

"Shovelling away the snow, sir," said the lad.

"And do you expect to remove all that heap?"

"Yes, sir."

"But how, my boy?"

"By keeping at it, sir," was the lad's sharp reply.

And that is just the sort of boy that would succeed at school. Aye, if you dear boys and girls will but peg away, the hardest work will become easy, the heaviest load light, and that difficult sum in arithmetic will become as familiar as your "A B C." Rome wasn't built in a day; nor do babies leap all at once into full-grown men. No, little Topsy was right when she said, "I 'spect I growed." And if you cannot climb to the top of your class in a term, then be resolved that you will reach it in a year. But reach it by fair means, and not by foul. Every morning let your petition be that beautiful prayer of the Psalmist, "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me." What is the worth of a certificate when character is gone?

"Look! look!" whispered a schoolgirl to her companion, as she held up her book that she might *see* the word she found it difficult to spell.

"No," said the little heroine, "I would rather go to the bottom of the class than *act a lie!*"

And the child was right. You had better suffer than sin.

"David," said some bullying schoolboys to a little Lincolnshire lad, whom some of your fathers will have known—"David, were you converted last night?"

And David, taking off his hat and flinging it high into the air, exclaimed, "Glory be to God, I was!"

That confession was enough—they didn't trouble him after that. His manliness had conquered the biggest bully of the lot, and they looked upon him ever after as "a plucky little chap."

So, with Kingsley's advice to the girls, let me close; and if you boys think the cap fits, then, I say, put it on—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast for ever,
One grand, sweet song."

IF you want success, do not expect to get it by chance, but seek it through the open doors of the things that lie next you, and seek it as if your soul depended upon your finding it.

DR. RICHARDSON ON MODERATE DRINKING.



I AM sure there is no occasion for quarrel amongst reasoning men on the subject of moderation in the use of alcohol. But there must be a difference, because they who are total abstainers and they who are not are moved by a constitutional difference which mentally, physically, and morally creates a difference. Each side ought, therefore, to make allowance for this distinction, and for any difference founded on it. Alcohol has to be discussed much as an influential, but some may think dangerous man might be.

Says one: I know nothing of the fellow personally, he never entered my house, he never was at my table; I am beholden to him for nothing, and therefore I can add no word of my own in his favour. But watching what effects he produces in other men's houses with whom he is on visiting terms, I avoid him, and indeed would shut him up if I could. I see that when once he enters a house he is never out of it, is always ready for mischief, corrupts the servants, wins the children to his liking, very often betrays the mother, and as often ruins the father. I see that wherever he goes there is a measurable, and largely measurable, increase of disease, and a mortality of fifty thousand a year in England and Wales alone; that crime goes with the fellow in like measure; that he makes lies and projects infamy. I see that he does those things he ought not to do, leaves undone those things he ought to do, and that there is no health in him. For this reason I banish him from my house and home, and would banish him from every house and home if I had the power.

On the other side, the friends of this fellow argue for him: You do not know him; we do. We know what a dear old friend he is. We speak of him as we find him, which is only fair. We are aware of the truth of many of those things you say of him. We deplore the same. But your mistake is that you do not know how good and sincere and necessary he is if you only take advantage of him with moderation, and be always on your guard not to let him encroach upon you. It is quite true he is like the atmosphere, always pressing himself upon you, and if you have ever so small a vacuum he will fill it. But you have common sense, and you must be on your guard night and day, at every hour, under every pleasure, in every sadness, in every emergency; then you are as safe as those total abstaining fanatics are, and with these astound-

ing advantages—that you have the eternal aid of a necessary friend, and the eternal task of keeping him at all moments in his right place, a noble tax on courage and self-control. You are like a brave man sailing in a fine boat with a hole in the bottom. You can prove the courage of your seamanship by showing that all the while you are steering you can keep your eye and your thumb on that hole. The boatman who has a boat without a hole has, it is true, nothing of the kind to look after; but see what a coward and fool he looks compared with one who can steer and sail and manage a leakage all at the same time.

The abstainer, whatever his faults may be has this clear and perfectly logical argument on his side. He says, I won't be a party to any kind of apology for alcohol; I won't listen to any temptation; I won't in this matter of life and death trust myself; the friend you name is of no use to me; if I knew him ever so little I might be induced to know him too well. He offends me, and if he were my right hand I would cut him off. Hard lines, but logical—safe, root and branch.

The alcoholic on his side has none of this hard logical gift. He has to resort to apology in order to defend his friend, and that, as a rule, is not very good practice. When you hear a person say of a friend, "He is a capital fellow, although he has grievous faults; he will sponge on you, creep on you at any time, and make himself jolly until he is necessary to your existence," you may believe what you hear, but you do not relish the apology.

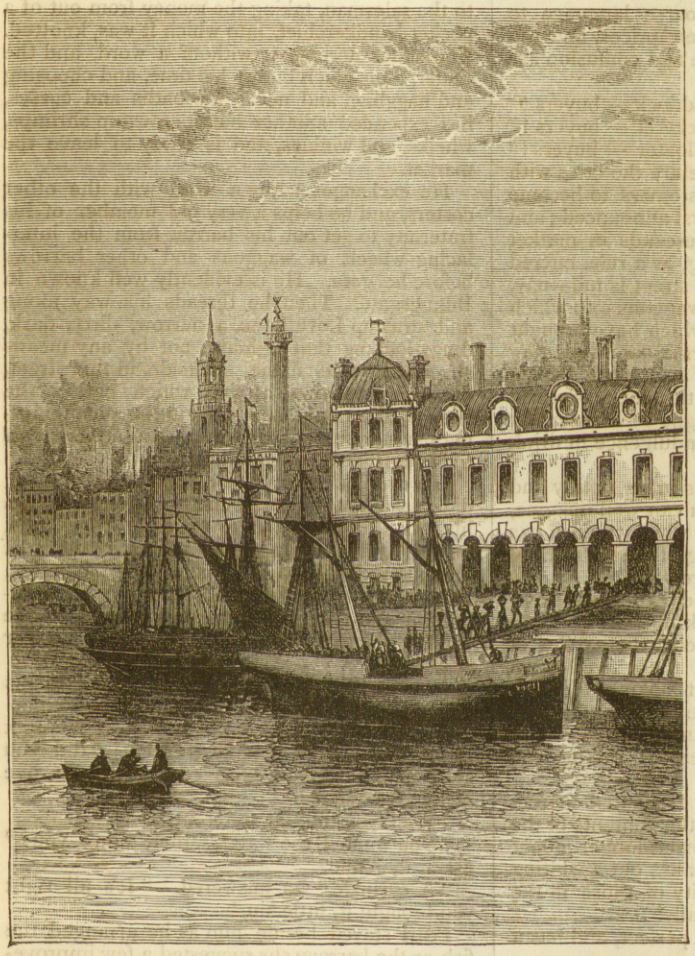
But what I notice as most conspicuous and most deathly in the argument is the suppression of the effects of moderation. What is most painful in this suppression is that it conceals the all-important, the all-vital truth that alcohol, having once entered into a man, makes that man so specifically dependent upon it that for it he can find no substitute. When a man or woman knows that the friend has a fatal hold, the first thing he asks for is a substitute. This natural cry is of itself sufficiently condemning. There is no substitute. In every other thing taken as food there is no special virtue or vice that a substitute should be grieved for, prayed for, died for. A change may be asked or desired, but never a substitute in the same sense as for the friend. All similars are substitutes for all things except for this thing. Hence the danger of moderation. Hence the reason that no man can define moderation. Hence the fact that there is no such general rule as to moderation wherever and whenever alcohol is the friend who has entered the house or the man that lives in the house.

In any sense I know of no such person as a moderate drinker. I know a few, a very few, who, for the sake of keeping in with the majority, take a nominal amount of alcohol daily, perhaps three or four fluid drachms. They are practically insincere abstainers, setting a false example to less-guarded persons. They are the siren drinkers sitting on the rocks of intemperance and luring the weak to their destruction. On them alcohol has made such little impression they are not under its influence. But those who take it till they do feel its influence, who feel the necessity for it, and from that feeling declare it a necessary food for mankind, those are not moderate. These convict themselves out of their own mouths, and by their suppression, unconscious though it may be, of the dangers of moderation, prove the case of the supporter of abstinence by argument always, by illustration too often.

In practice I am obliged now to read day by day, and ever with more certain repetition, the lesson that whenever a person, however moderate he may suppose himself to be, comes to the conclusion that to him alcohol is a necessity, he is in at least the first stage of alcoholic disease. The declaration of the sense of necessity is, to use a medical term, diagnostic of alcoholism. The sense of a necessity for alcohol is the first symptom of alcoholic disease.

I have a great deal to do with the class of men and women who try to abstain and cannot, and this is the fact, that every one of them could abstain perfectly well, and be all the better for it, if they were firm about it. If they were placed amongst abstaining people the fall back would never enter their minds. If they were forced to abstain, as by prison rule, they would improve under the abstinence. But they are free. They are surrounded by those who do not sympathise, and they are influenced by the fears that are held up to them regarding the results of their experiment. Friends meet them and tell them they are killing themselves, and then, beginning to waver, they read from themselves every kind of imaginary evil. All common ills which they have felt a hundred times when they were drinking alcohol are attributed to abstinence, and so they fall back under the ever-repeated blows of petty objections, inspiring in the end and by repetition moral terror and submission to a tyranny as immoral as it is misleading and unfounded.

All these suppressions of the true and suggestions of the false are the fruits of so-called moderation, of undefined and undefinable and impossible moderation. All are the voices of a human constitution speaking not the free thoughts of humankind, but thoughts provoked by the agent that is defended, and resting so exclusively upon that agent that if it did not exist they never could be conceived, and therefore never expressed.



THE Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "The Bird Angel," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battle Field," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

AN AUTUMN MARKET.

PEOPLE who go to market in an ordinary way may very well be forgiven for not knowing anything at all about the style and surroundings of a Billingsgate fish-market.

Picture the scene from the Custom House quay, the grand old Thames sparkling in bright autumn sunshine. The large steamers, laden with boxes of fish, from Hull and Lowestoft, and many another fish-supplying centre, are anchored outside the Billingsgate market, and long lines of porters are constantly moving to and fro over the planks between these vessels to the shore, carrying on their heads the heavy wooden boxes. These men are of very various character, from degraded, dissolute beings who have lowered themselves in the social scale by their own vices, to the honest, hard-working, respectable porter, who exalts his labour by the sincerity of his purpose and the heartiness of his work. Various nationalities, variously coloured complexions, are alike engaged in this necessary toil; and the woolly-headed negro, the pronounced Irishman, the English of every type, and the brown Malay, march after each other in that wonderful procession which, from very early morning till almost noon, seems almost inexhaustible and unceasing. Beyond the Billingsgate pier, and the anchored vessels, and the barges half full of "empties," which are being stacked upon them by numerous packers, is London Bridge, laden with its freight of closely-packed omnibuses, and cabs, and carts, and waggons, and the long, black line of human beings, all of them—both vehicles and human beings—hurrying, hurrying ever to their appointed places.

On this fine quay, in front of the Custom House, the pigeons love to congregate from their neighbouring haunts, and here they pick up a living from many an outstretched hand, accepting readily either shrimps or crumbs from their numerous patrons.

But, busy as is the scene from the Custom House quay, it utterly fails to give you an idea of the bustle within the market itself. Keep a firm footing, or those laden porters, hurriedly marching through in their once white smocks—most of them far from white now—will overset you in their eagerness to get past; and the others, who have just deposited their boxes, will press past faster still; and the salesmen in various parts of the market are shouting to the possible buyers, and the

possible buyers are using coarse language to the salesmen who refuse their prices, and the hubbub and bustle and noise and confusion are at a height.

"Turbot — buyers!" "Haddock — buyers!" "Plaice — buyers!" "Mackerel — buyers!" "Whiting — buyers!" "Bloater — buyers!" "Shrimp — buyers!" These are the cries with which they call upon the customers to become purchasers. The best fish is first announced; and the fish offered gradually descends in market value, the inferior kinds being, as a rule, offered last, outside the market. The street is full—nay, even densely crowded—with waggons into which the fish is packed, waggons which have brought fish to the market, and costers' barrows waiting for their loads, the owners of which are driving hard bargains with their little stock of cash, which, in many instances, might have been far larger had they kept from indulgence in drink the night before.

The floor of Billingsgate is in as untidy and disagreeable as state as you can well imagine, from the melting of the ice in which the fish has been packed, and the draining of the water from the various boxes and packages.

Now let us look around at these vast quantities of fish—these black hillocks of shell-fish, these imported oyster-beds, these piles of shrimps. The masters of these well-laden stalls are well-to-do, pleasant-looking men, as opposite as the poles from the roughs who congregate in such numbers amongst the more respectable buyers and sellers at Billingsgate Market.

Amongst the men of a very dissipated character who are eagerly scanning the contents of the boxes left for sale, is a costermonger about thirty-five years of age, who takes out a whiting or two to judge of the quality of those in the package, and regards it critically.

The specimen is not quite perfect, and has a slightly flabby appearance.

"Whiting — buyers! Whiting — buyers!" shouts the salesman standing behind the boxes which are on the ground. "What do you bid for the box?"

"A bob," says the man, with an oath, turning the fish in his hand.

"A bob!" returns the salesman, in the broadest cockney, with a sneer. "You're half-drunk, you are; you've not got the beer you took last night out of your head yet."

The costermonger laughs, not ill-naturedly, and says, coolly, "Two bobs, guv'nor."

"Not less than three—three is the price," returns the salesman; "three is the price, and you know it."

"Two and a half," says the coster, lifting the box in his arm, and handing over half-a-crown to the salesman, taking the money from out of a pocket-handkerchief, into which it was knotted. The other accepts it without a word, and the coster, after much biding his time, and choosing and haggling, and not a few oaths and curses, has expended another half-a-crown in shrimps, whelks, and winkles, and is ready to leave the market.

He exchanges many a word with the other costers, and he helps a very old member of his fraternity to get out his barrow from the interlacing wheels of waggons and other barrows before he goes. He is evidently well known in Billingsgate. Then he threads his way along and turns up Love Lane, a narrow, dirty, dark, dingy-looking thoroughfare, not by any means suggestive of its name. Outside, in this street, are many barrows, around which gather the costers, to arrange their stock in the most tempting manner before they traverse the streets with their perishable commodities.

His own barrow is outside one of the dullest, darkest, dingiest houses, and he at once begins his task. Presently there appears at his side, bearing a bucket of water, a little maiden of about ten years, at whose coming the careless, rough manner of the man, and the care-for-nothing-and-nobody expression of his face change visibly. "Hullo, Pearl! What are yer after?"

A sweet little earnest face is raised to his as the child deposits her bucket on the ground.

"Did you get on well, father?" asks a sweet little voice in the tenderest accent; "did you get as much as you expected to, for your five shillings, father?"

"Well, yes; not far different, Pearl."

"You wanted the water, father, didn't you?" asked the child.

"A sprinkle," he answered. "It's all right you brought it, little 'un."

Pearl stayed beside him as he arranged the fish on the barrow; she suggested a few improvements in its position—she piled the whelks here, the shrimps there, in neat little heaps; she folded quite a number of pieces of paper into cups or horns for the shrimps, and did all with such a hearty sympathy, such a pretty grace, such a delicate manner, as were wonderful to behold in Billingsgate, amidst such dreadfully rough surroundings.

Her father looked at her with a smile, both proud and happy in its expression. But then he said—

"Now you mind the cart, will yer, Pearl, while I jest have a glass to set me up afore I goes my round?"

The smile faded from the child's lips. "Must you, father?"

The coster laughed. "Well, yes, Pearl, I

reckon I *must*, yer know," he answered, half-apologetically, and he turned down Love Lane to the corner, where, as if set on purpose to tempt men whose moral resolve had been weakened by former indulgence, was set a public-house, much frequented every morning, and every night also, by the costermongers of the neighbourhood.

With dreadful irony this public-house bore the name of "The Olive Branch," though it was productive of anything but peace and goodwill to the locality.

Pearl stood beside the barrow and watched her father's retreating form till it had disappeared in the doorway of "The Olive Branch." The dear little face had lost its sunshine, and tears filled the sweet eyes. It was quite a long time before her father reappeared, and his face wore a scowl altogether different to his former expression.

"What are yer doing, Pearl?" he asked, savagely, with an oath.

Pearl shrank from him involuntarily as she answered, "Minding your barrow, father."

"Go along in to your mother, Pearl; I don't want yer," said the costermonger.

But Pearl lingered.

"Can't yer understand plain English? Go along, will yer!" and he laid his hands on her roughly. Then he took up the handles of his barrow, and pushing it before him in no gentle mood, went on his way.

Pearl ran down Love Lane, but hesitated when she reached the door of "The Olive Branch." She peeped in. A few men were inside at the bar, drinking. She retreated. She lingered still about the spot, waiting for them to come out. It was quite a long time before they did go, but when she had watched them away, she entered the house herself, and went up to the landlord.

"Please, sir," said Pearl, "I've come to ask you not to sell father any drink."

"Father? Who's father?" asked the burly publican, eyeing her as a geologist might examine a rare specimen.

"Father is James Hunter, sir—'Black Jim,' they call him, sir; and please don't sell him any more drink. We can't afford it, sir."

She looked so fair, so sweet, so pure, so innocent, that the rough, rude laugh that trembled on the publican's lips could not find free expression, vexed as he was with her.

"And who are you, I should like to know?" he asked, still staring at her.

"I'm little Pearl," said the child, modestly, colouring, as she spoke, like the precious shell whose name she bore, and with as delicate a tint on her pure, pale face.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the publican, loudly and rudely; "'The Pearl of Billingsgate'—that's a joke. Ha! ha! ha!"

Pearl could not bear the noise and the coarse mirth; she was still more frightened when the landlord repeated her name, and told of her request to some rude, dirty porters who entered at that moment. She did not wait for an answer to her entreaty, but left the house and hurried home.

"Where have you been, Pearl?"

The room into which she entered was far neater and cleaner than could have been expected from its miserable surroundings outside. But it was dreadfully bare of furniture, and the general aspect bore witness to extreme poverty. On the only chair, placed close beside a mere apology for a fire, sat a woman, clean-looking, though wretchedly dressed, with a very small baby, not more than a few weeks old, upon her knee.

"I've seen father off, mother," said Pearl.

"Has he got much?" asked the mother.

"Pretty well," said Pearl; "the barrow looked nice. Hadn't he beautiful shrimps!"

She smacked her lips, and her mother laughed; they could both have enjoyed a few had they been able to get them.

"He didn't have anything before he went, did he?" asked the woman presently, anxiously.

"Yes, mother, he went into 'The Olive Branch' for a bit," said Pearl, in a troubled voice.

"I wish I could have had that money for bread," said Mrs. Hunter, plaintively; "I am very hungry, Pearl, and so must you be. I wish I could go out and earn a shilling; but my strength seems gone."

"Mother," said Pearl, after a few moments' silence, "is there nothing I can do to help you?"

"You are a dear good child to me, Pearl, and such a comfort," said her mother, tenderly; "but you're too small to earn money yet, in any way I could like you to."

Pearl drew near her mother and the baby, and hid her face on her mother's shoulder as she whispered in a voice full of shame—

"Would it be very bad to beg, mother? You're hungry, and I'm hungry; shan't I see if I can get a copper?"

Mrs. Hunter pressed her baby to her breast, and looked anxiously at Pearl. Was it come to this? Her child a beggar! There were hundreds and thousands in that great city who threw away sovereigns for a whim; should she prevent Pearl from satisfying her hunger by means of a few pence saved from reckless extravagance? Pearl's eager face—it was sadly less rounded than it should have been—decided her.

"You may try, if you will, Pearl; but don't

stay longer than you need. A very few pence will do till father comes."

Pearl kissed her mother and the wee baby, and ran off. It was to Tower Hill she turned her footsteps when once outside her home. The Tower was open to visitors free of charge on Saturdays, and surely from some of the many well-dressed, comfortable groups she might hope to obtain a few coppers that would pay for a loaf of bread.

But when she tried to beg, the words died away for very shame, and she could not speak.

The busy women and men, pushing the sale of penny pictures of London and the Tower, jostled her and eyed her suspiciously; so she went further up the hill, and vainly waited for the words that she was too timid to utter.

"What's the matter, little one?" It was a fish-porter who spoke. A man about forty or fifty years old, with a homely, kindly face, in a smock much whiter than most of the porters wore, with sandy hair and whiskers, blue-grey eyes, a humorous expression around his pleasant mouth, and a manner that attracted you to him, and convinced you of his willingness to do you good. "What's the matter, little one?" he repeated, and at the genuine sympathy in the tone of his voice poor little Pearl burst into tears.

(To be continued.)

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

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.

"THAT'S what beats me," said a befuddled man, as he glanced at the broomstick.

PROFESSOR, looking at his watch: "As we have a few minutes, I shall be glad to answer any question that any one may wish to ask." Student: "What time is it, please?"

SWELL: "I want you to make me a short coat, without tails or seams in the back. Do you know what I mean?" German tailor: "Yaas, yaas, I know vat you vant. You vant a strait-jacket."

"YOUR language is wholly uncalled for," as the publisher told the author whose works failed to sell.

THE young skipper who takes a party of girls out sailing should content himself with hugging the shore.

AN old bachelor says, "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never yet knew a man in love that did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could."

A BOY who was kept after school for bad orthography, excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spellbound.

"THIS insurance policy is a queer thing," said old Deacon Dobbs, reflectively. "If I can't sell it, I cancel it; and if I cancel it, I can't sell it."

CAT'S-TROPHY—a mouse.

THE man who lends his influence rarely gets it back.

EVEN the humble pie-baker boasts that he is a great tartist.

Notice to Correspondents.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed to the Editors of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. All Business Communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: T. H. Evans, W. A. Eaton, N. Kelynack.

Notices of Books.

WE have received a packet of Temperance literature from the National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand, London, W.C., among which we have twelve of Mr. Kirton's "Temperance Tales for the People," bound in one volume, with fifteen illustrations, and including the now famous story of "Buy your own Cherries."

"The National Temperance Mirror" bound volume for 1884 provides a large variety of stories, sketches, and poetry. The other tracts and pamphlets are, "Dr. Samuel Johnson as a Temperance Witness and Moralist," by Dawson Burns, D.D., price fourpence; "Moderate Drinking;" or, Report of Speeches made by the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Alfred Carpenter, and Dr. B. W. Richardson, price twopence. There is also a packet of a dozen Christmas Cards, suitable for Bands of Hope.

"Loving Words," published by F. E. Longley, 39, Warwick Lane, price one shilling. A pretty little volume containing fifteen short stories by well-known Temperance writers, with ten full-page illustrations, and pleasant messages of temperance and love for the young folks.

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.



"The trees round the old farm are leafless."—p. 21.

A CRACK IN THE WALL.

THERE was a beautiful and peaceful valley, where people dwelt and large herds and flocks fed in fancied security, where doubtless the domestic hearth was the rallying point of numerous households. On the high ground, at the upper end of that valley, there was a huge reservoir, with strong walls and buttresses, and that reservoir supplied the people of a distant town with nature's great gift of pure water, which man had stored there for his use. Doubtless the inhabitants of that town thought little of the peaceful valley or the doom of its inhabitants, and too many of us think little of the danger and the doom of numerous persons who are surrounded with innumerable dangers and temptations from which we may possibly enjoy some sort of immunity. Some one observed a small crack in the great wall of the still greater reservoir, but his warning was unheeded. The little crack was disregarded, and allowed to extend, and during a heavy rainfall and an increased flood, the small crack so far extended that the useful servant became a frightful master, the walls and banks were thrown down, and men, women, horses, cattle, sheep, and fodder were all swept away in one common flood of destruction.

How many small cracks do we not daily disregard? How many men and women owe their fall to the disregard of the little note of warning, a perception of weakness? The indulgence in bad habits, in the use of intoxicating drinks, is to too many of us the small crack that ends in shattering the frail human vessel.

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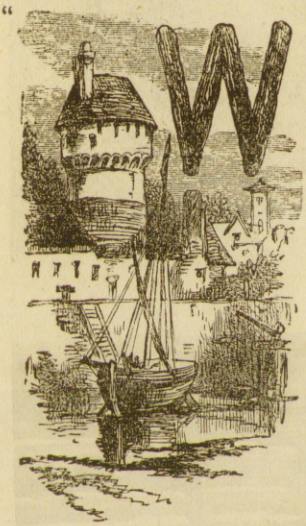
The Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "The Bird Angel," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battle Field," etc., etc.

CHAPTER II.—PEARL'S FRIEND.



"WHAT'S the matter, little 'un?" repeated the pleasant-faced man, looking very attentively at Pearl. Something's wrong; you can't deceive me. Let's know all about it, there's a little dear."

But Pearl felt very shy of telling her trouble even now that she was so kindly invited to do so. It was not that she did not trust her questioner—any one would have trusted him, who looked as she had done at first, straight into his honest eyes; and, besides, children, happily for them, are not generally so suspicious as older people. But the shame of it, the dreadful shame of coming out to beg, to get money without working for it, kept her silent.

"You needn't mind telling me," said the kind voice. "Was you hungry, and did you take it without leave? I'll help you never to do that again, my dear little gal." His tone was very tender and pitiful; but at his suggestion Pearl recovered her voice. It wasn't so bad as he thought, and so she was able to tell him.

"Please, sir," she said, "I wouldn't be dishonest for all the world; I was unhappy because I had to come out to beg, and I couldn't ask anybody, and mother is *so* hungry." And into the sweet eyes tears welled up till they trickled down over the thin cheeks.

"Ain't you hungry too, little 'un?" asked the man.

Pearl nodded, and then said: "But not so bad as mother."

"Mother can't work at anything, now, can she?" suggested the porter.

"Please, sir, she *did* work, till now we have a new little baby at home, and she can't. 'Tis such a dear little baby, sir; only mother said she wished it had a happier world to come into." Pearl spoke the words so demurely, and yet with such an evident affection for the new baby, that her friend's eyes grew almost as full of tears as her own had been.

"Bless the both of you," he said, kindly and heartily, "the big baby and the little one. Will you take me to see your mother, my dear?"

Pearl was more than willing. "We live in Love Lane," she said; "it isn't far from here, but it isn't in a nice house at all. You know we are very poor."

The man nodded.

"I don't think we should be so poor if it wasn't for the 'Olive Branch,'" said Pearl, confidingly.

"The olive branch!" repeated her new friend in some surprise, and then he said, "Oh! I know what you mean, that drink-shop at the corner."

"Yes," said Pearl. "*You* don't think it a nice place, do you?"

The man laughed merrily. "I think a drink-shop a nice place? Not likely, my dear. I've given up thinking drink-shops nice places these many years. I never cared for them very much."

"I wish father didn't," said Pearl, drawn much nearer her new friend by this statement.

"So do I," he responded as they walked along towards Lower Thames Street. But before they reached Love Lane he entered a provision shop, and purchased some ham, and bacon, and eggs, and cheese; and a baker's, in which he procured a large loaf; and a grocer's, where he bought two ounces of tea and some sugar. With these he felt somewhat prepared to meet the destitution in Pearl's home.

"You haven't told me your name yet, my little dear," he said to the child as they walked, and she answered him as she had answered the publican—"Pearl." And, strange to say, the same words were suggested to him as to the landlord of the "Olive Branch."

"What, are you the Pearl of Billingsgate?" and he laughed in his merry way.

Pearl was a little surprised, but it was a very different thing, after all, to be called this name by her new friend, and by the cruel man who took her father's money, when he might know they wanted it so badly at home.

But she said, "What do you mean by 'the Pearl of Billingsgate,' please?"

"It's a sort of joke for you to be called 'Pearl,' as you live in Billingsgate.

"Don't you see, a pearl is found in some kind of oyster, so that it belongs like to a fish, and Billingsgate is a fish-market; they fit, the two names, that's all; and you're like a pearl, too, little 'un, with your pretty face, and the soft colour upon it. What makes them call you 'Pearl'?"

"Oh! I'll tell you all about it," said the child,

eagerly, "I know why; but we're come now, please. Will you come up?—they're dreadful old stairs." She ran on before him, and when she reached her home, held open the door, that he might see his way up the better. They were dreadful stairs, there could be no doubt of that; but such things did not in the least trouble James Bellamy.

"Who is it, Pearl?" asked her mother, somewhat nervously. But Pearl had not time to reply before Pearl's companion was in the room, and Mrs. Hunter was as well pleased as her child had been when she looked at him.

"I'm afraid you don't feel very special today, ma'am," he said, kindly, laying out upon the table, which was very clean, though also very tottering, his little piece of ham, and setting down the loaf, and the other things he had brought.

"Now, Pearl, if mother has a kettle or a saucepan, or anything, we'll get a drop of boiling water, and make her a cup of tea."

The kettle leaked too badly to use; there was only the black tea-pot itself, in which the water might be made to boil. So the water, when boiling, was transferred for a few moments to a jug without a handle, and, as quickly as might be, poured back upon the tea, which then was made to boil up.

"How good it smells, Pearl," said Mrs. Hunter, with a smiling face, as she watched the proceedings; "but you haven't told me yet who is this kind friend whom we have to thank, nor where you met him, nor anything."

"Stop a bit, ma'am," said James Bellamy; "eat a bit first, and talk a bit afterwards, that's my motto when I am nearly famished; the words'll come more fluent-like, and the story will be more worth hearing. 'Tis Pearl you have to thank, that's true, I can tell you. Now do eat a bit—do."

He was not satisfied till both mother and child had taken several mouthfuls with, evidently, extreme relish and satisfaction. He ate a piece of bread and cheese himself, "to keep them company," as he said, and then when the first keen edge of appetite had worn off, they talked as they ate, and had a very interesting talk too.

"Don't suppose you've always lived hereabouts—have you, ma'am? There's something more of a country style about you, and there would be about Pearl, here, if she wasn't quite so white," said James Bellamy, interrogatively.

"I was brought up in the country," said Mrs. Hunter, "and lived there till I married. I was in London on a visit with my mistress when I met my husband. We didn't live here at first; but now it is all we can afford."

There was quite a little history suggested to the mind of her listener by these few simple words, but he did not question her more minutely on that subject.

"And Pearl," he said, "would you mind telling me how she got that pretty name, which seems to fit her as neatly as a herring in a box."

Pearl laughed at James Bellamy's words, a happy, merry little laugh, which made her mother look at her with a smile of sympathy and delight as she answered—

"Pearl, you know, is one pet name for Margaret, which means Pearl somehow, I don't quite understand how. I think they said it was German for pearl. My young mistress, of whom I was very fond, was called Margaret and Pearl, and she gave me leave to call my little girl the same."

"I had a little Maggie," said James Bellamy, and a sad look came over his smiling face; "but I lost her when I lost my poor Mary. They both died of a fever through a bad drain in our house that I did not know of—two lives sacrificed to a landlord's carelessness; that was bad, wasn't it? I've only my boys left, but they are dear little fellows. You must get to know my boys, Pearl; they are sharp little men at school, I promise you, and they'll take you to their Band of Hope with them. Would you like to go?"

"That's about not drinking, isn't it?" said Pearl. "Yes, please, sir; we never drink, mother and I—do we, mother?"

Mrs. Hunter smiled, for her tea-cup was in her hand. "Only these kinds of drinks," she said, holding it up; "we know too much about the other kinds to be in love with them—don't we, Pearl?"

Pearl nodded.

James Bellamy looked at his watch. "Gossiping like this is very pleasant," he remarked, "but I must not stay longer now. What can I do for you?"

"Why, you have done ever so much," said Mrs. Hunter, gratefully; "you have found my little Pearl in trouble, and you have been a real friend to her. We can never repay your kindness, but we will ask God to bless you for it. You have put heart in me. I was almost thinking—God forgive me—that He had forgotten us, and now I know better. Will you not tell us your name, that we may know what to call you?"

"Bless you, yes, ma'am, anybody may know my name, and it isn't a bad one—James Bellamy at your service."

Here he put his cap on, and lifted it from his head with quite a graceful air, that set Pearl and her mother laughing again.

"How about master?" he said then, gently, as if conscious he was touching on a sore subject.

"He would be right enough if he would only

give up the drink," said Mrs. Hunter; "it's the drink, the cursed drink, that comes between us and our food, between us and our clothes, between us and our happiness, Mr. Bellamy, and I don't know what to do to make him give it up. He was in a little business when I knew him first, as a fish-dealer, and he had some good customers. He might have done very well if he had only kept away from the public-house."

"There, you've put it exactly," interrupted her listener: "'He might have done very well if he had only kept away from the public-house.' Do you know, ma'am, that tells the history of scores and hundreds and thousands of men in this great city of London—aye, and through all this dear old England of ours? If the drink was gone to-morrow, we should nearly all of us 'do very well.' I only wish that Parliament would let us try. When I'm a member—but no caucus has chosen me as yet—I'm going in, in the interests of the people, against the drink traffic."

James Bellamy laughed again, and Mrs. Hunter and Pearl joined in his mirth, though Pearl could not have told what the joke was.

Laughter is one of the good things which is infectious; neither of these occupants of the miserable dwelling in Love Lane had had so merry a time for many a day, and yet Pearl's sweet smile was ever ready for her mother or the baby, or her father either, if he would let her smile at him.

There was nothing morbid about little Pearl. She was one of God's good gifts, a precious gem straight from His hand, permitted to shine like a speck of heavenly purity in the darkness and blackness of her sinful surroundings, kept untainted in an atmosphere of vice by her simple faith in her Saviour.

"Well, I must be gone; what an old gossip I'm getting to be! You'll let me come again, ma'am, to look after Pearl? You've only to say yes, if you wish to oblige me. I've boys, as I said, but my little girl is in the cemetery with her mother—or rather, she's up in heaven, waiting for me along with Mary. She'd be nigh upon Pearl's age if she'd lived, I reckon; how old are you, Pearl?"

"I'm ten," said Pearl, in a voice not lacking some little importance; "I shall soon be able to go out to work, and help mother."

"Bless her, hear her talk," said James Bellamy. "Stay at home and help mother, go to school and help mother; you mustn't go to work quite yet, Pearl."

He stooped and kissed her. "What is father's name?" he asked.

"They call him 'Black Jim' in the market; he's called James, like you are—really, you know, James Hunter."

"I know him," said James Bellamy. "I'm in the market myself, ma'am; he'll know me, perhaps. But some don't like me very well because I speak out about the drink to them. I can't help it, ma'am, when I think of the sufferings at home. Now, before I go, you must promise me one thing—to let me know when you are driven up again. I don't live very far away; go up Tower Hill, and round by the Mint, and there you are. But I shall send Tom to bring you to our Band of Hope, that we hold in our mission place down here; and if that is a bit too rough-and-ready, you shall go to our chapel Band of Hope, 'tis a bit quieter, though noisy enough sometimes. My boys recite now and then; they'll be proud to have you hear them, and you must come up Christmas-time and have tea with them, they have a little treat then. You'd like to come, wouldn't you?"

Like to? Why, James Bellamy's words opened vistas of pleasure before the eyes of little Pearl of which she had hardly dreamed. Christmas had had only one treat for her, and the summer one also, when her Sunday-school teacher gave her a ticket for a magic-lantern performance, with oranges and buns, and an outing to Epping Forest in waggons. For years she had had these two, and they had been the red-letter days in the calendar of recollection and anticipation. She was never tired of either, because she had no superabundance of amusements or pleasures to make her so. The leaves and the birds and the flowers of Epping Forest rustled and sang and bloomed for the twelve months till they came again. The quaint figures and changing colours and droll scenes of the magic-lantern pictures were gazed upon from one Christmas to another, in the magic slides of memory. Evening came on that eventful Saturday, and Black Jim returned with an empty barrow. He called up the staircase for Pearl, and she ran down quickly to him.

"Supper's ready, father."

"Supper! Where have you got supper?"

"Mother had a few things given her to-day, father, and she'd like you to have some."

It was hardly what James Bellamy intended, perhaps, but Mrs. Hunter was not of a nature to keep any good thing to herself. And in telling the brief outline of her history to their new friend, she had recalled days when her love for her husband, the handsome though very dark-complexioned young fishmonger, had been fresh and sweet and strong, and she had been proud of her position and the affection she had won. The love was strong yet. Thank God, it takes a great many years of neglect to kill love—perhaps it is more correct to say a true love is never killed; it only slumbers when it has nothing to keep it active and awake. So now she arranged

the unexpected viands as temptingly as possible on her ricketty table, and awaited her husband's coming with a gentle face, a kind word, and a true heart.

"What's the meaning of all this?" said Black Jim, after he had washed his hands in the court, and put away his barrow, and come up to their room; "you're in luck's way, I suppose, and don't want any of my money. I've got these left, that's all. It's been a good day."

As he spoke he unrolled a few shrimps in a paper, and left them on the table, with the paper for a dish. He took some bread and cheese and bacon, and drank his tea, well sweetened to his taste by his wife, with a satisfied air; then he said—

"You won't want much of me, Susie, with all these in the house."

"Oh! Jim, I do want lots of things, and the rent is back one week; if you've done well, pay it up, do."

"Yes, the rent must be paid, or old Fitz will turn us out," said Black Jim; "but don't you think it's time as you earned something?"

It was a hard, cruel question, and it smote with a cold chill on that woman's loving heart. Surely God's grace had a victory in her when, instead of answering him unkindly, she said, very gently—

"I'll do it as soon as ever I can, Jim; but I'm weak yet, weaker than I ever was before at six weeks' end."

He looked at her attentively, and she caught his glance and smiled. Black Jim would have been a different husband and father all the way through, if the brewers and distillers had kept to better employments. He rose from the table when he had finished his meal, and jerked a sovereign into her lap.

"There, Susie; make the most of it, and get something to make you strong, if you know anything."

"Something to make you strong!" why, that sovereign kindly given, the look of interest re-awakened for her that was in his gaze at that moment—these were the things to "make her strong."

"You've made me ever so much better, Jim," she said, kissing him. He shook her off, not roughly, but with a laugh, and went away down the stairs. Alas! He was bound for the "Olive Branch" with another gold piece, though of smaller size, in his pocket.

Mrs. Hunter, like a wise woman, sent Pearl to pay the two weeks' rent.

(To be continued.)

MOLLY'S LETTER.



I AM writing a letter to Molly,
But, faith, I can't tell what to say,
For soon as I sit down to write her,
My thoughts are all running away.

"Dear Molly, I'm minding the cattle."
Och! what does she care for the cows?
Cows can't whisper words of affection,
Or tell her of love's cherished vows.

"Dear Molly, the hills and the valleys
Are dressed in a mantle of snow."
And what does she care for the valleys?
Och! sure it's myself ought to know.

"Dear Molly, the trees are all leafless."
Och! what can she do with the trees?
She'll think all my senses are straying,
The moment this letter she sees.

"Faith, what shall I say to you, Molly?
Och! Molly, I'm foolish and blind;
But I know you'll forgive your dear Patsy,
If only I tell you my mind.

Dear Molly, I'm minding the cattle,
And thinking of you all the day;
So all through the cold frosty weather
I'm whistling the dull hours away.

All round me the hills and the valleys,
Arrayed in a mantle of snow,
Remind me of you, dearest Molly,
My angel, wherever I go.

The trees round the old farm are leafless,
The birds are all waiting for spring,
And you, Molly dear, will be sighing
Until I can purchase the ring.

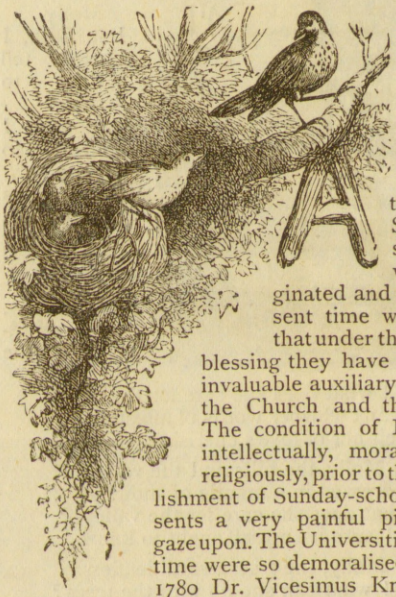
I've got a snug cottage, dear Molly,
With ample provision for two,
And a neat little patch of a garden,
Where soon I'll be happy with you.

So cheer up, my own dearest Molly!
You've only to mention the day;
I'll come when you send me the letter,
And chase all your trouble away."

W. HOYLE.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.*

BY THE REV. ENOCH FRANKS, F.S.SC.



BRIEF comparative view of the state of the country when Sunday-schools were originated and the present time will show that under the Divine blessing they have been an invaluable auxiliary both in the Church and the State. The condition of England, intellectually, morally, and religiously, prior to the establishment of Sunday-schools, presents a very painful picture to gaze upon. The Universities at that time were so demoralised that in 1780 Dr. Vicesimus Knox says, "The greatest dunce gets his testimonium signed with as much ease and credit as the finest genius." This fact will give you an idea of the training then given to the upper classes and their intellectual condition. The educational institutions founded for the middle-classes had also become the subject of great abuse, and the parochial charity schools furnished but little instruction, and that to but a small portion of the community.

The moral state of the people was not more satisfactory than the intellectual. Gambling, drunkenness, licentious reading and prints abounded. Brutal sports, robbery with violence, and other crimes were rampant, and in a measure condoned by the press. Even the authorised clergy were, as a class, little better than the people. They neglected their duties systematically, and drank and sported largely. The Nonconformist ministers, too, had lost the pious fervour of their ancestors, and many of them had become Socinians. The Bible and other religious books were very scarce, and no agencies were in existence to promote their circulation.

* A paper read at the Ashton Conference of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, November 25th, and published by request of the Council.

Contrast the happier condition of things now with things as they were, and the heart of the true patriot and Christian must bound with joyous thanksgiving to God for the great and blessed change. Now our Universities are increased in number, in their liberality of spirit and standard of training. Middle-class schools of a high character are sufficient for the necessity. The general education of the people, even the most neglected arabs in our streets, is provided for in the Education Bill. The moral character of the nation, from the court of our most gracious Queen and the aristocracy downwards to the working-classes, presents a delightful contrast to that of former times. The clergy in the Established Church are mostly pious and earnest men, and intensely interested in the instruction of the people. The Nonconformists, under very disadvantageous conditions, are equally zealous; churches, chapels, Sunday-schools, and other educational and philanthropic institutions are springing up thick and fast around us, while the nation is increasing in every element of greatness, grandeur, and influence.

But the question arises, Has the Sunday-school had anything to do with effecting this marked improvement in the commonwealth? Let the disinterested testimony of Lord Mahon say, "Among the principal means which, under Providence, tended to a better spirit in the coming age, may be ranked the system of Sunday-schools, and of these the main praise belongs to R. Raikes." Adam Smith bore his testimony to them in these remarkable words: "No plan has promised to effect a change of manners with equal ease and simplicity since the days of the Apostles." I would specially refer to the unintentional, but indisputable evidence, of the invaluable influence of our Sunday-schools for good, as furnished in this county during the cotton famine. With the spirit of true heroes, and the self-denial of martyrs, the Lancashire cotton spinners and weavers suffered, without any political demonstration or riot, as in olden times, yea, even withheld their sympathy with the South, though attempts were made to obtain it, and these comprised largely the teachers and scholars, and those who had been taught in our Sunday-schools.

Personally, our obligations to Sunday-schools are beyond expression. There we received the elements of all the little knowledge we have acquired, there we received the noblest impulses which ever move our soul, and my labours as a minister of the Gospel are the result of Sunday-school training. This is the history of some of our leading manufacturers and merchants in Lancashire, and hundreds of thousands in our land. The Sunday-school has given to the Church the

greater number of her members, many of her ablest ministers and most zealous missionaries. It has carried light to many a dark cellar and garret; love, peace, and joy to the mansion and cottage; comfort to the sick and dying; tended to destroy class prejudice; saved millions of wealth to the country; and if we could draw aside the veil, and behold the great multitude before the Throne in Heaven, we should behold an innumerable company there, who ascribe salvation to God and the Lamb through the medium of the Sunday-school. But notwithstanding these results, Sunday-schools have not accomplished all that we could wish, or that we have a right to expect from them.

We feel dissatisfied with the results of our work. The returns are not equal to the labour and wealth expended upon them. Not more than about one in seven of the scholars are gathered into our churches. What becomes of the other six? We have them in the most interesting and most susceptible periods of their lives. How we love them! What high hopes they raise in our hearts! Yet only one in seven out of those we teach on Sunday remains; the rest slip through our hands and are lost to us. Where are they? They mingle with the thoughtless, Godless crowd; some become profligate, some criminal, some paupers, some lunatics, and some are to be found amongst the frail sisterhood who seek to ensnare the unwary. These are facts known to all who are familiar with the history of Sunday-schools.

Is not the question constantly being asked, What becomes of our elder scholars? How is it we lose them? What more can be done to retain and attach them to our churches? Prize essays have been written on these questions, and in union meetings and conferences they have been earnestly debated by the collective wisdom, and piety, and experience of our churches. We are conscious of defect, and need not to be taunted with it, in order to arouse us to the fact. Various remedies have been proposed and applied. Senior and catechumen classes, free libraries, young men's Christian associations, visitations at home, special meetings for prayer on behalf of the scholars,—most essential and valuable auxiliaries.

All honour to the dear friends who work them so energetically! Great is the good they have done; but still the defect exists; and, therefore, while our Sunday-schools are an indispensable and invaluable Christian and social agency, and perhaps the most helpful of all the handmaids of the Gospel, she is not yet equal, any more than is the Church itself, to overcome all adverse influences and difficulties in her way.

(*To be continued.*)

HOME DUTIES.

BY AUNT MARY.



HOW I have been deeply pained my dear girls, in hearing of a young girl who feels that her time and talents are being wasted because she is obliged to take charge of the household duties and to care for her mother. The mother toiled and saved and worked when she was not able, so that the daughter should have the means and the opportunity to obtain a good education. Just as the graduation was attained, the overtasked strength gave way, and the mother was ill.

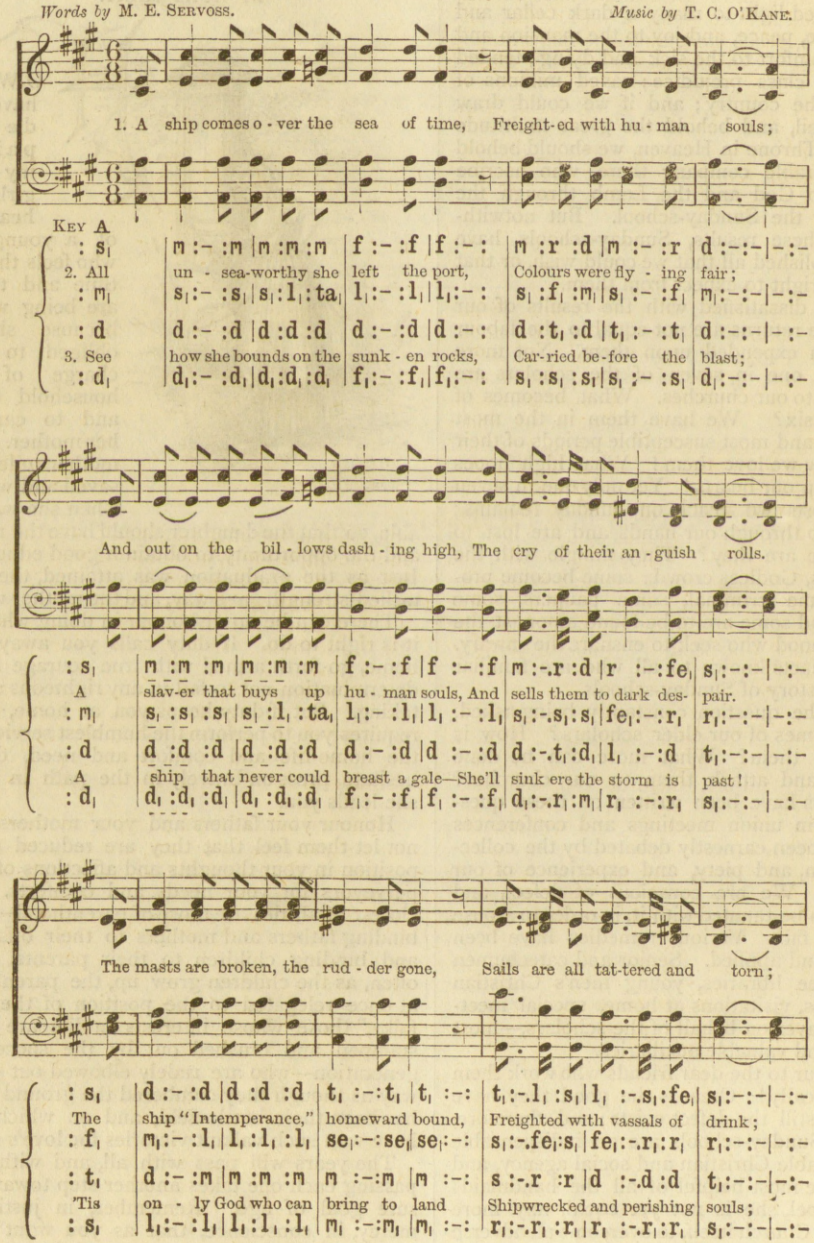
There can be no dishonour in doing whatever it is right to do. If duty calls you away from home, go forth armed with true courage and a determination not to fail in any righteous undertaking. But if duty keeps you at home, if she requires you to perform the humblest services for the home-life and comfort and need, do not hesitate, press on bravely in the path in which she leads you.

Honour your fathers and your mothers. Do not let them feel that they are reduced to the position in your thoughts and affections of mere purveyors for your needs and comforts. The closest of all ties are those of parenthood—those binding fathers and mothers to their offspring, and binding children to their parents. Too often, as the children grow up, the parents are at once relegated to the position of the "old folks," those whose interests in life are being stamped and crushed out by the succeeding generation—who are rudely elbowed out of the way as though they cumbered the ground which has been their battle-field, and on which they have won such valiant victories for love's sake.

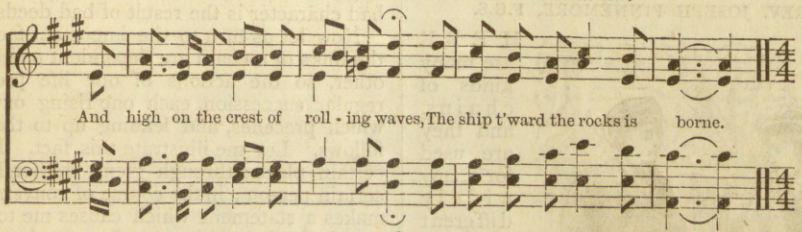
The years will pass with all, and with their passing each one takes another step toward the sure goal of age. Remember, in justice, in mercy, in conscience, that as you want to be respected when your turn comes, it is but right that you should be willing to honour now those who are thus advancing.

THE SHIP "INTEMPERANCE."

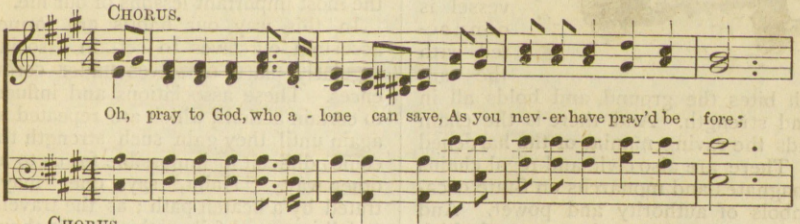
Words by M. E. Servoss. *Music by* T. C. O'Kane.



THE SHIP "INTEMPERANCE"—*continued.*

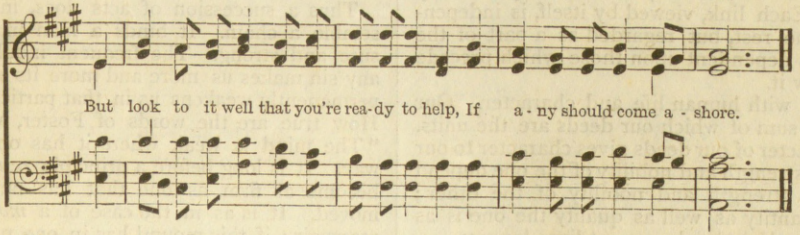


: s_1	d :-.t_1 :d	r :d :r	m :r :m	f :-:f	m :r :d	m :- :r	d :-:-|-:-
To	whirlpools of woe, she		bears them on, Oh,		must they, her victims,		sink?
: s_1	s_1 :-.s_1 :s_1	s_1 :- :s_1	s_1 :- :ta$_1$	l_1 :-:l_1	s_1 :s_1 :s_1	d :- :s_1	s_1 :-:-|-:-
: t_1	d :-.r :d	t_1 :l_1 :t_1	d :- :d	d :-:d	d :r :m	s :- :f	m :-:-|-:-
He	sure-ly will hear, so		on the strand We'll		watch as each breaker		rolls.
: s_1 .f_1	m_1 :-.r_1 :m_1	s_1 :- :s_1	d :- :d	f_1 :-:f_1	s_1 :s_1 :s_1	s_1 :- :s_1	d_1 :-:-|-:-



Chorus.

: d .t_1	l_1 :l_1	l_1 :d .,l_1	s_1 :s_1.fe$_1$	s_1 :d .r	m .m :m	f :m	r :—|—
: s_1	f_1 :f_1	f_1 :l_1 .,f_1	m_1 :m_1.re$_1$	m_1 :s_1.t_1	d .d :d	t_1 :d	t_1 :—|—
Oh,	pray to	God, who a-	lone can save,	As you	never have pray'd be-		fore;
: d	d :d	d :d .,d	d :d	d :s .s	s .s :s	s :s	s :—|—
: m_1	f_1 :f_1	f_1 :f_1 .,f_1	d_1 :d_1	d_1 :m_1.s_1	d .d :d	r :d	s_1 :—|—



: s_1	r :d .r	m :r .m	f .f :f	l_1 :r	d :t_1.d	r :d.t_1	d :—|—
: s_1	t_1 :d .t_1	d :l_1 .l_1	l_1.l_1 :l_1	f_1 :l_1	s_1 :s_1.s_1	s_1 :s_1	s_1 :—|—
But	look to it well that you're		ready to	help, If	a - ny should come a -		shore.
: s	s :s .s	s :f .m	r .d :d	d :d	m :r .m	f :m.r	m :—|—
: s_1	s_1.f_1 :m_1 .s_1	d :d .d	f_1.f_1 :f_1	f_1 :f_1	s_1 :s_1.s_1	s_1 :s_1	d_1 :—|—

LINK BY LINK.

BY REV. JOSEPH FINNEMORE, F.G.S.



HERE are many kinds of chains, and they are used for many widely different purposes. For instance, there is the chain by which the tempest-tossed vessel is connected with the anchor which bites the ground, and holds all in security and strength. And there is the chain which binds the raving maniac or the hardened criminal. There are also civic and regal chains worn by magnates and monarchs on State occasions, symbols of authority and power. And there are ornamental chains, the name of which describes their purpose and their use.

All these different kinds of chains are, however, in one respect at least, alike. *They are formed by the union of many links.* The form of the links gives form to the chain ; the strength of the chain depends upon the strength of the links ; it is long or short according to the size and number of the links, whether they be many or few. Each link, viewed by itself, is independent of the rest, but regarded as a part of the chain it is dependent upon those which precede and follow it.

So it is with human life and character. Our life is the sum of which our deeds are the units. The character of our deeds gives character to our life : the strength and nobility of the one depend upon the strength and nobility of the other ; and in quantity as well as quality the one is as the other. He who does most lives longest.

In like manner human character is the result of human actions. You say of a man that he is honest or dishonest according to your knowledge of his manner of dealing with you or others. You call a man sober or drunken according to the habits of his life in relation to intoxicating drinks. Similarly you call a man godly or wicked according to the tenor of his life and conversation. Character is not merely reputation, but the moral quality of a man's life. A good character is the result of good deeds—a bad character is the result of bad deeds.

Now let us turn to the important fact that as the links of a chain are dependent one upon the other, so the actions of our life proceed in regular succession, each one rising out of that which precedes, and leading up to that which follows. Let me illustrate this fact. I go to a certain place ; through going thither I meet a certain person ; in the course of conversation he makes a statement which causes me to make a certain resolve ; thereupon I proceed to carry out my resolution ; in this way I am brought into contact with other persons ; by these I am induced to perform certain deeds ; and so on, in endless succession, the thoughts, the resolves, and the deeds of my life proceed. In very many cases you can in this way trace back the events of your life, and see how one event has led up to another. In such an exercise we learn some of the most important lessons of our life.

In this way our habits are formed. We accustom ourselves to certain associations, or regularly place ourselves under certain influences. These associations and influences lead to certain actions, which are repeated again and again until they gain such strength that it becomes difficult or impossible for us to act in any other way. "Habit," says one, "may be illustrated by a beaten path ; as the traveller is apt to fall into, and follow this, so the thoughts and feelings are likely to pursue the track which they have often followed before. As the stream gradually wears the channel deeper in which it runs, and thus becomes more surely bound to its accustomed course ; so the current of the mind and heart grows more and more restricted to the course in which habit has taught them to flow."

Thus a succession of acts does, indeed, resemble a chain. It binds a man in bondage sure and strong. The frequent indulgence in any sin makes us more and more its slave, and permanently weakens us in that particular part. How true are the words of Foster, who says, "The mind is weak where it has once given way. It is long before a principle *restored* can become as firm as one that has never been moved. It is as in the case of a *mound* of a reservoir ; if this mound has in one place been broken, whatever care has been taken to make the repaired part as strong as possible, the probability is that if it give way again, it will be *in that place.*"

Experience and observation teach us that these solemn words are true. Thank God, it is possible to form good habits, and so to accustom ourselves to right thoughts and right actions, that they shall become the ruling, predominating

forces in our life. In this case we shall, by God's grace, make chains by which we shall bind our passions, and prevent their sway.

We want our readers, and especially those who are young, to ponder these thoughts, and allow them to influence their whole life. Be very careful of the influences and associations under which you place yourselves, and always choose those which are likely to lead to that kind of life upon which you will afterwards be able to look back with gratitude and joy.

THE OUTLOOK.

The Liquor Traffic Abroad.

ONE of the most terrible pictures of modern times is the result of some of the accompaniments of the advance of civilisation on savage or semi-barbarous nations. We see with shame the inconsistency of the practice of Christian England, which, in one hand, goes with the Word of Life and the Gospel of peace, and in the other, carries gunpowder and ardent spirits, thus sowing the seeds of vice and crime, disease and death, to undo the good attempted with the open Bible.

In Africa this disgraceful trade in liquor is carried on to a most enormous extent. A few months ago one steamer took up the Niger no less than 25,000 cases of gin and rum, and last year, in the Niger Mission, some of the native labourers refused to work unless their wages were paid them in the form of gin. But there are some cheering signs. Temperance societies and Blue Ribbon Missions are being founded, and are making way on the east African coast under the auspices of the Church of England Association.

In India we are told that the religious Hindoos abstain from all intoxicants, but the liberty they gain when they become Christians has sometimes been abused. Is not this a satire on so-called Christian liberty and privilege?

Among the native population branches of the Church of England Temperance Society have been established to act as safeguards for the protection of these ignorant heathen against the encroachments of our enlightened civilisation.

In New Zealand the one great evil, greater than all else, is intemperance, and the only power that can successfully cope with it is total abstinence. One missionary, the Rev. T. S. Green, says that a marvellous revolution, by God's help, has been wrought in the drinking habits of the Maories. By way of illustration, he states that in January of last year the visit of the king, with a retinue of two or three hundred, was for many days a disgusting scene of drunkenness and debauch. Eight months later, during the funeral of a chief, when there was a gathering of the tribes, an unbroken sobriety was maintained, although for many years past such times and assemblies afforded an opportunity for unrestrained grog-drinking and demoralisation. In this effort against strong drink the standard of temperance was set up by the missionary, and the Maories saw the benefit of it, and are now carrying on the work themselves.

If the work of Christian missions is to go on prosperously, the people must be kept from the drink, and the drink from the people; and every exertion should now be made to prohibit the liquor traffic on the Congo, and so prevent the inevitable evils that must arise if this fails to be done.

ONCE AND NOW.

ONCE he was a father's pride,
Once he was a mother's joy;
All their hopes on earth below
Centred round their darling boy.
Once his soul was free from sin,
Once his spirit light as air;
Reverently he bent the knee
At his mother's side in prayer.

Once his face was fair and bright,
Once his heart was free from guile;
Love and innocence sublime
Seemed reflected in his smile.
Once his parents fondly hoped—
Hopes unmixed with bitter fears—
He their stay would proudly prove,
In their fast declining years.

* * * * * *

Now he is a father's curse,
Now a mother's heart is broke;
And his soul is steeped in sin,
Wrapped within a drunkard's cloak.
Now his lips so parched and dry
Utter imprecations vile,
And his face so wan and worn
Never once is seen to smile.

Now for drink he madly raves,
Madly shouts the drunkard's song,
As he swiftly treads the path
Leading down to death ere long.
Soon his earthly course will run,
Soon he'll fill a drunkard's tomb,
In the world beyond the skies
Sadly meet a drunkard's doom.

THE SAMMY-JERSEYS.

BY UNCLE BEN.



ALFRED and Harry Warne had two great friends—Herbert and Arthur Wells. These four boys were inseparable companions. They were about the same age, and living in the same country town, they went to the same grammar-school. What one set of brothers had, the others always wished to have. When the Warnes were exalted from knickerbockers into trousers, the Wellses were sad and desponding until they were fully breeched. When the Wells boys had football jerseys for the first time, in spite of many awful temptations to confide the prophecy of the event to their bosom friends, they said nothing about it until they went down to the field behind the grammar-school, where the boys played, and there casually displayed themselves one Saturday afternoon in the eye-aching splendour of the blue and red-striped jerseys which formed the regimental uniform of the school club.

"It was a thundering surprise," Alfred said to Harry, "when I saw those Wellses peel."

"Yes," replied Harry, "I do call it mean in them not to say anything about it. Just think how long before we talked to them when we were even going to be measured for our trousers. I wish father would buy us a pony, then we'd ride by their window when they were at dinner or had colds and old Wells wouldn't let them come out."

A cloud of despondency rested on the Warne brothers, although when football was over they could not refrain from expressing their unqualified admiration of the jerseys, which generous feeling induced the elder Wells to say they had never had such a job to keep anything tight before. Arthur said, "When you gave me those nuts yesterday, I thought I should have burst if I did not tell you."

Then the Wellses urged that the Warnes should try them on. As this was the very thing Alfred and Harry were longing to do, they soon found a quiet spot on their way home, and arrayed themselves in the football apparel, and their wounded spirits received the balm of solace when Herbert and Arthur assured them their own skins didn't fit them better than those jerseys did.

They parted the best of friends, and the Warnes rushed indoors to tell their mother, as they told her everything.

"Come, boys," she said, "tea's waiting."

"Oh, mother," they both began, "do you know——"

"Oh yes, I know," said Mrs. Warne, smiling, "all about the jerseys. Mrs. Wells told me."

"Oh, mother, you might have told us! It would have been a lark if we could have told those boys beforehand we knew they were going to have them. It would have taken the wind out of their sails," said Alfred.

"Why didn't you tell us, mother?" asked Harry.

"Because I thought you would be sure to want some like them, and I want you boys to be more unselfish, and be glad for others to have things that you have not. And, besides, it's so silly to be so much taken up with things you wear. How you showed off about your new trousers!"

"Yes, mother," said Alfred, a little crestfallen; "but we didn't have 'em on ten minutes after breakfast before we ran down to the Wellses to let them try them on in the hay-loft, where they were waiting to put them on, because we had planned it all before; and they were so pleased when they did, that at first they said they would go off to school in them, and leave us there with nothing on."

"I thought they would never take them off again; they did keep 'em on a time," observed Harry.

"Then," Alfred said, "after we had trousers, Herbert and Arthur very soon had trousers. Won't you soon let us have football jerseys too, mother?"

"Oh do, mother!" said Harry, who was beginning to attack the bread and butter as if the food was of equal interest with the jerseys.

"I will see. You know, boys," said Mrs. Wells, "that there is nothing gives me more pleasure than to give you pleasure—that is the best enjoyment of all, giving up to make others happier. A day or two ago I heard that Sally Scholes, the woman who brings the butter from Mrs. Elliot's farm on Wednesdays, has a boy that is crippled, and needs an instrument which, the doctor says, if he can get and wear, will straighten his leg and help him to walk. When she told me the story I felt inclined to cry for her and the poor lad, as I thought of you two, so well and hearty, able to run about and enjoy yourselves. How kind and helpful these mercies ought to make us."

"How did it happen, mother?" asked Alfred.



"The boys had a grand day's skating."—p. 31.

"Do you think he would like one of our rabbits, mother?" said Harry. "Is Sammy Scholes a very little kid?"

"I do not know whether it was by any illness or disease, or by some accident, but I think it would be very nice to go and take him one of your white mice."

And it was settled they should; so on the first opportunity off the boys started, carrying in a basket one of their best white mice in a box with a wire front.

Sammy Scholes lived with his widowed mother at a cottage close by Mrs. Elliot's farm, about three and a half miles away from Mr. Warne's house. Sammy's father had died a drunkard, and both he and his mother had suffered much from poverty and hardship.

The two boys were inexperienced as visitors of the sick, and when they got near the cottage door, they very much wished they hadn't come. Then they knocked at the wrong door, and learned that Mrs. Scholes lived at the next house. Here they knocked, and asked, "Please, does Sammy Scholes live here?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Scholes, who recognised the boys.

"We've brought him a white mouse, because mother said Sammy could not run about," said Alfred.

Harry, opening the basket, said, "He's rather a young one, but he can eat."

Then the boys came into the room, and though shy at first, they made their presentation, and that opened the way for general conversation on animals. They were much touched to see how thankful the little sufferer was, and were impressed to find him such a little lad.

"What do you do in bed all day?" asked Alfred.

"I plats straw and reeds, and when I be tired of that I watches the flies, and when there ain't flies I thinks. It be rather lonesome," the boy continued, "when mother goes away and locks me in."

"Ain't you afraid?" asked Harry.

"No, I beant afeard. Mother says God bides with me, and I know He ain't so very far away."

The interview did not last very long, and the visitors departed on their way home.

Harry said, "Do you think he'll die, Alf?"

"Well, I don't know. I didn't think so till he said that about God not being so very far away; that looked as if he were good enough to go to heaven, and ready-like."

"But all good boys don't die and go to heaven," said Harry. "Father must have been a good boy, and he's lived to grow up."

"No," said Alfred, as if this was certain proof; "and mother told us the doctor said if he gets an instrument of some kind, he might walk and be all right."

"Do you remember when we asked mother about having jerseys like Herbert and Arthur she said she would see about it? Now, I wonder if mother would let us have the money to get Sammy his instrument," said Harry.

"But I think it wouldn't be enough, and we are nearly the only fellows in our form who haven't jerseys," rejoined Alfred.

"Perhaps we might add some of our pocket-money."

Alfred hesitated; the idea was not a pleasant one, but the conscience of the boy was touched.

And so the conversation continued, the *pros* and *cons* were variously stated, and after a somewhat severe struggle with their inclinations, the lads decided to consult their mother.

On their return home this was done, and Mrs. Warne was taken fully into the boys' confidence. She promised to see Mrs. Scholes, and from her make all inquiries. In the meantime, Mrs. Warne told her sons to think the matter over still very carefully, because she hoped they would not regret their choice. But now the boys had once made up their minds they determined to stick to their decision; the more they thought and talked about Sammy Scholes, the more anxious they were to make the sacrifice. After Mrs. Warne had spoken to Mrs. Scholes, she informed the boys that though the instrument was very expensive—much more costly than they had thought—several friends had promised help, and she had something towards it herself, so that with this addition the instrument could be obtained through a society. The boys most cheerfully sacrificed their jerseys and a good portion of their money-box savings, Mrs. Warne promising either to collect or give the remainder. The instrument was accordingly procured, and in a little time Sammy was able to move about. The boys felt the deepest interest in his progress, and often went over to see him.

The autumn when this happened deepened slowly into winter, and the boys did not enjoy their football any the less because they ran in their flannel shirts and the Wellses in their striped jerseys.

The holidays came, the school broke up. Christmas passed with all its jollity and merriment for the young. Then a good hard frost set in, and all the ponds bore. When New Year's Day came the boys had arranged to go to a fine sheet of water some distance off, with their two friends, and make a kind of winter picnic of it. In the morning they found a parcel directed to them placed by their bed, on opening which they discovered two jerseys just like the ones their friends had, and in the colours

of the school club. It was a most unexpected delight for them, and on coming down to breakfast Mrs. Warne told them that she had bought them with Mrs. Wells, but found their father did not wish the boys to have them while they were so young, and said it was an unnecessary piece of extravagance. When he knew how much the lads had wished to have them, but had so unselfishly given them up for the sake of doing good with the money, and had not spared their own savings, he withdrew his prohibition, and said, "Mother, those boys must have their jerseys on New Year's Day."

So they put them on, and went down in style to call for Herbert and Arthur. Then on the four boys went to the Blackwater Mere, and had a grand day's skating, and many a game of football did they play afterwards in what they called their Sammy-jerseys.

PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.



TO have the power of affecting the welfare of our children both for time and eternity is to be charged with a most weighty responsibility—a responsibility indeed which cannot be very easily exaggerated. And yet, if we may judge from the conduct of many parents, even of some who profess to be alive to their duties, this responsibility sits very lightly on them.

The character of children is very powerfully affected by the physical constitution which they receive. To have a sound mind in a sound body is the perfection of physical health. It furnishes a good basis on which to build a noble character. Parents are responsible so far for the transmission of a healthy constitution to their children. If by vicious living they deprave their own bodies, then undoubtedly their children will share in the vitiation; and for that and all the consequences of it the parents are clearly answerable.

When parents are intemperate they sow the seeds of the vice in their offspring; if they are continually using stimulants, their children cannot escape the depraving power. How many have become victims to the intoxicating cup because of an inherited predisposition. But how few parents think of this! How few make conscience of living soberly that in their own persons they may reap the blessings of a temperate course, and that those who may be born into the world to them may receive healthful bodies!

Let us look at the responsibility connected with the training of children. Early impressions are usually the deepest and most permanent. Early habits acquire the greatest power; the passions earliest cherished are most likely to become dominant. The young conscience gets its light from parental example. What they see the father or the mother do they think they may properly do.

There is thus in every home a continual training going on for good or evil. The parent exerts a mighty power over his children. The delegation of that power by the Creator carries with it a responsibility correspondingly great.

Now, what influence is the daily use of intoxicating liquors in the home fitted to exert? How are children likely to be affected by being accustomed to sip a weak solution of the alcoholic beverage? What effect are the dinner-parties at which drinking has a prominent place likely to have? There is no difficulty in answering. They instil into the young mind that it is a safe thing to use intoxicating liquors, that it is essential to hospitality that they should be offered, and that it conduces to home comfort to use them. With convictions of this kind in them, created and confirmed by parental example, the young will not be long in following in the footsteps of their fathers. But they may not always stop where their fathers may have stopped. The parents may have been able to keep their feet on the slippery slope, but the young may lose their control, and roll swiftly down to ruin. Will parents not reconsider their position? Let them seriously think what they can do so to influence their children, that if they should err, they themselves will at least be blameless.

SELF-PARTIALITY hides from us those very faults in ourselves which we see and blame in others; or, if we can see them, they are not faults in our eyes, but failings, inasmuch as it is we ourselves who commit them, and so they become excusable.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

NEEDED DISCIPLINE.—The duty of self-knowledge and self-culture along some one definite line should be impressed on every young person. It is not selfish ; on the contrary, it is what makes it possible to be of any real good to others. For, when any one is doing his own true work in the best way, he is always benefiting his fellow-men, whether he is conscious of it or not. Beyond this, however, it is chiefly through the discipline of this culture that we come to understand others and to know how to help them. One who is vigorously bending himself to his own life-duties is in a far better position to give intelligent aid to others in their struggles than one who, having no purpose, devotes himself to forming or mending those of other people.

"AS we charged," says a war correspondent, "the bugle blew." It must have been a trumped-up charge.

A GENTLEMAN of the Temple received his charwoman's bill made out in the style of spelling and handwriting peculiar to that class ; but there was one item of one shilling and sixpence which defied even his practised comprehension —it was for "skewering the stars." After wondering for some time how such a work could ever have been performed, and still more how it should have been executed particularly at his expense, the debtor sent for Mrs. Pearlash, when the reading turned out to be "for scouring the stairs."

THE acrobats of every household : The pitcher and tumbler.

DIFFICULT punctuation : Putting a stop to a gossip's tongue.

WHY are a shoemaker's plans always frustrated? Because his plans always end in defeet.

NOBODY ever thought it necessary to urge a pawnbroker to take more interest in his business.

TWO old schoolfellows met in a drawing-room for the first time in many years. "How old are you now, and what are you up to ?" asked one. "Forty years, plenty of money, and a bachelor," replied the other. "Ah, my boy, you are wrong in remaining a bachelor ; it is a very sad condition ; you are alone, and no one cares for you." "Oh yes, my friend ; we always have our creditors ! "

"POOR creatures ! " exclaimed Mrs. Grosgrain, looking at the pictures of nude savage women ; "no clothing of any kind ! I wonder what the poor things have to talk about ? "

EARLY English : Baby talk.

A STAGE coach : The stage manager.

TO avoid draughts : Don't take any.

A BUTCHER enters a lawyer's office. "Sir," he asks, "when a dog does any damage, is not his owner responsible ? " "Certainly." "That being the case, as your dog has just carried off a magnificent leg of mutton from my shop, you owe me ten shillings." "Nothing could be more just," replied the lawyer, "and fortunately, that is exactly the price of the consultation I have just given you."

"YES," said the landlord, pointing to his block of new houses, "they're all full 'cept the one at the end. That's last, but not leased."

"WHAT is wisdom ? " asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered : "Information of the brain."

A SCHOOLMISTRESS who was recently kissed in the dark by mistake, explained her omission to use any light for nearly two weeks afterwards on the ground of hard times.

MUSIC teacher : "You see that note with an open space? That's a whole note. Can you remember that ? " Scholar : "Yes'm ; a whole note is a note that has a hole in it."

Notice to Correspondents.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed to the Editors of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. All Business Communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks : Rev. E. Franks, Rev. J. Finnemore, — Batchelor, Dr. I. Renshaw.

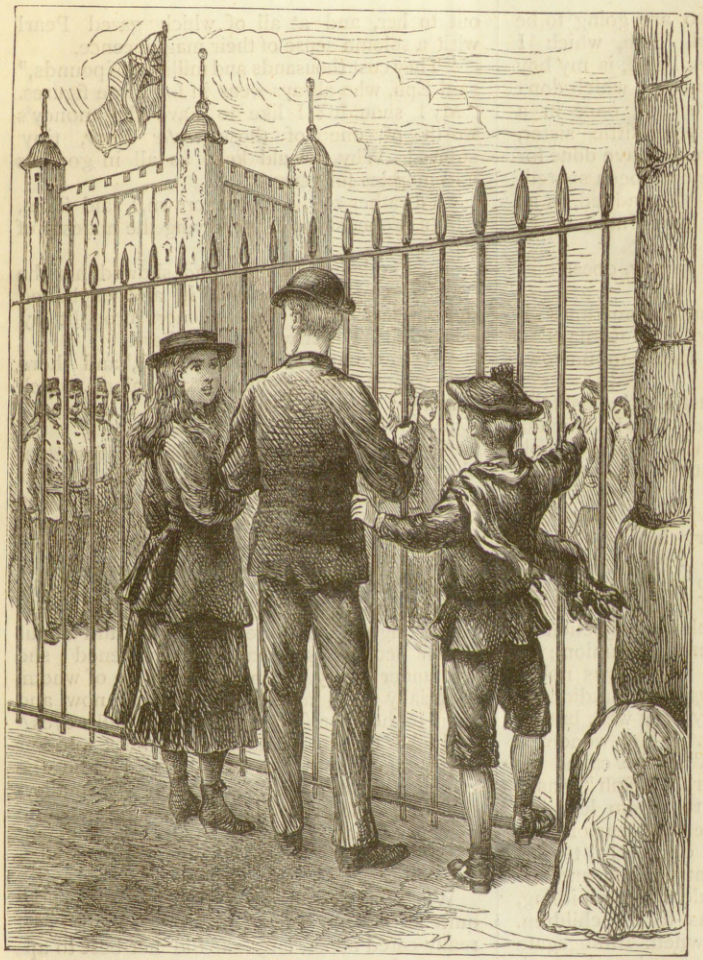
Publications Received.

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.

Notices of Books.

"The Water Drinkers of the Bible," by J. W. Kirton, LL.D., Author of "Buy your own Cherries." Published by the National Temperance Depot, 335, Strand, London. This volume, with its 166 pages, brings before us, in brief biographical form, sketches of some thirty characters, all more or less connected with scenes of interest, from which, directly or indirectly, some lesson of temperance may be learned.

Published by the same firm, by the Church of England Temperance Society, and by S. W. Partridge and Co., London, two packets of twelve tracts, entitled "Temperance Home Thrusts." These are powerful, earnest words ; at times the directness of the simple but startling appeal to conscience has in it a thrill of genius. These tracts are the most superior in quality we have seen. They are of true value, but their nominal price is sixpence per dozen.



THE Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "The Bird Angel," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battle Field," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

UNDER ESCORT.

THE Tower of London has encircled about it, and entwined with its massive stones, an epitome of English history. Some of the very noblest, grandest, truest "Great Hearts," who have made our dear old England what it is to-day, have panted and sighed within its prison walls, leaving them but to die the ignominious death of traitors. If ever England as a nation forgets to be true to herself, forgets that social liberty, individual freedom, are the inheritance of her children, one might expect that, in precisely the sense in which our Lord Jesus Christ spoke of the stones of Jerusalem, her very "stones" (these ancient walls of the old Tower) "would immediately cry out."

The greatest danger to the glory and freedom of Englishmen to-day lies in our prosperity, or rather in our prosperity's attendant sins. A vast amount of money, so vast that we do not in the least realise its extent or value, is wasted in indulgences which return us for all this expenditure nothing but harm. Foremost amongst these giant outlets of our income is the drinking system. If England continues to "wilfully" waste in strong drink, at the rate of 130 millons of pounds a year, she must come to the other end of the proverb, "woeful want" by-and-by.

But little Pearl was not burdened by any of these oppressive thoughts on that glad day in October, when Tom and Ephraim Bellamy came, according to their father's promise, made when he accidentally met Pearl about a week after their first meeting, that they should take her with them to the Tower. The boys were going, and why should not Pearl go too?

The Tower was a favourite Saturday resort of the young Bellamys, especially of the two elder boys. They were smart, intelligent little lads, kept well at their school by their father, and Tom had a real love dawning in him for history, especially the history of his own country, and was fast preparing to become quite an intelligent amateur guide to the grand old Tower, that he saw every day as he went to school, and visited so often on his one holiday, that the "yeomen" who guard it, knew him quite well, and had even began to take a pride and pleasure in his admiration for their "charge."

Tom was with his father when Pearl made this important appointment, and James Bellamy introduced them to each other in his genial, pleasant way.

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"Now, young 'uns, you two are going to be friends. This is little Pearl, Tom, which I talked to you about; and this, Pearl, is my boy Tom, a good sort of boy in his way, which don't come in for a flogging more than once in a while. You treat Pearl as your little sister, Tom, and do for her as you would have done for little Maggie if little Maggie had been spared. Did you ever see inside there?" he added, as an idea crossed his mind, and he pointed to the Tower.

"No," said Pearl; "it costs money, doesn't it, Mr. Bellamy?"

"Sometimes it does, and sometimes it doesn't," he said, oracularly. "Saturdays it doesn't; and Tom's going there to-morrow, ain't you, Tom?"

Tom nodded, and looked just a little bashfully at Pearl. What he saw made him look again. She was such a pretty little girl, he liked to look at her, and, besides, his father had already awakened his interest in her by the account he gave at home of his first visit to Pearl and her mother. She was every bit as fair and sweet as his father had said. From not having any sisters who had grown up to play with him, Tom was a little bit shy of girls; he did not know their ways. But he felt no objection to the idea of Pearl for a frequent companion; on the contrary, he enjoyed it. Tom was not a rough, rude boy, but a thoughtful, studiously-disposed one. He liked play very well, but he liked books almost better. He wondered whether Ephraim—or "Eph," as he called his brother—would care for Pearl. "Eph" was a spirited, wild, rollicking boy, to whom learning was a task. Only the wholesome fear of punishment made him attend diligently to his lessons—punishment both at school and at home, for James Bellamy would suffer no idling, kind and indulgent as he was to his children. And now the Saturday had dawned. Billingsgate Fish Market had begun, and waxed, and waned. "Black Jim" had arranged his barrow with Pearl's willing aid and gone off on his rounds when Tom and Ephraim arrived for their little companion; and with kisses to her mother and baby, the happy child set out under their strong young escort.

To go beneath the massive archway, to be within those walls, to see the "beef-eaters" in their picturesque costume—all this was a charming novelty to Pearl; and then, with a due sense of his position as her caretaker, Tom led her to the jewel-room, where sparkle and flash in resplendent crowns the gems that glisten, on State occasions, above the brows of royalty; and the golden sceptres and the golden salt-cellar, and the swords of justice, and the "Curtana," or pointless sword of mercy, all which he pointed out to her, and at all of which gazed Pearl with a solemn sense of their magnificence.

"They cost thousands and millions of pounds," said Eph, who always went in for large figures. "My! shouldn't I like to have the money's worth of one of those *leetle teeny*, tiny stones! Why, 'twould keep us all in goodies and marbles for years!"

"I'd rather see it in the crown," said Tom, with a proper sense of preserving the majesty of England.

Then he led Pearl along and showed her the "awful gate," as he called it, and explained quite fluently how the prisoners brought by boat to the Tower were landed here.

"It's real name is 'Traitors' Gate,' and there is a secret passage underneath, along which they used to come, Pearl. Mustn't it have been *dreadful?*"

Now, it is rather a difficult thing in broad sunshine, on a pleasant morning, to tell a ghost story with good effect, as any one may know who cares to try, and Tom, with his solemn and ghastly records and stories of his favourite old Tower, laboured under a somewhat similar disadvantage. To Pearl this was one of the gladdest days she had ever known, she was seeing sights that interested her, and about which her curiosity had been awakened; she was under a very pleasant escort, both of whom, especially Eph, administered every now and then to her comfort, by slipping "bull's-eyes" and other equally palatable substances into her pretty little mouth; for though Eph had not the remotest likelihood of ever obtaining the smallest crown jewel to expend in "goodies," it was quite evident that he had managed to get sufficient pence to lay in a considerable store of such "pretty eating."

When the separate towers had been inspected quite as much, perhaps even more than Pearl really cared about, only she did her best to appear as interested as Tom seemed to expect, the children went to the Horse Armoury, and there Pearl became delightfully enthusiastic. There were such funny things to see. Pearl had never guessed before that soldiers ever put on or "went into little houses of metal," as she called them.

"Why, they could never be hurt, could they, Tom?" she asked. "Why don't soldiers wear it now, instead of being killed?"

"That's what I say," said Eph, with a heightened appreciation of Pearl's wisdom since she agreed with him; "why don't they? They couldn't be killed so soon, any way."

But Tom had to explain that the modern kind of warfare is quite different to the ancient; that our weapons are made for fighting at a greater distance, and so our soldiers are not in any

greater danger that armour could save them from. "Besides," he said, "how awkward it must have been to fight with all of yourself shut into different pieces of hard metal, hands and face and everything."

"I think they look like crabs and lobsters," said the little Pearl of Billingsgate; "only they are not the colour."

The boys laughed so merrily at Pearl's notion, that she blushed very prettily as she joined in their mirth.

Tom next pointed out the differences between chain armour, plate armour, and scaly armour, which Pearl thought very "fishy" indeed, but she agreed with the boys that chain armour was very wonderful. Then they left all these curious effigies of great warriors on their horses, and after looking at the smaller articles in glass cases for a little while, especially examining the cloak upon which General Wolfe died, about whom Tom told Pearl he had once recited a piece of poetry at their Band of Hope, he led her into Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, which forms a portion of the White Tower; and where is to be seen a figure representing that powerful queen on horseback, attended by her page. This Pearl admired to Tom's content. The collections of arms of all kinds arranged in beautiful patterns, struck Pearl as wonderful indeed. Here were sunflowers, their petals formed of shining swords, and passion flowers, showing wonderful patience and taste in the designer and arranger, but strangely inconsistent with our associations of the Saviour's passion, since He came to bring "peace on earth," and that good time when men shall "not learn war any more!"

Whilst the children were in Queen Elizabeth's Armoury, a bugle sounded in the grounds below, and looking out of a window they espied a living company of armed men, preparing for drill.

Eph was quite tired by this time of museums and prisons, in comparison with real moving, active life, and the free use of his arms and legs and voice; so he whispered to Tom: "Come along, Tom, we'll go down there now; it's ever so nice to see the soldiers. Pearl, you'd like it best, wouldn't you?"

Pearl wouldn't have hurt Tom's feelings for the world; but she was ready enough for the change, so could only say—

"I'd like it very much, if Tom does."

Tom assented, and they went down and stood behind the ironwork that separated the parade-ground from the road outside the Armoury. Being such children, they were at no difficulty to get a front view, for they could stand in front of those adults who had already taken their position without obstructing their prospect.

It was as good as any other show to them, to watch these machine-like men moving obediently to the sergeant's orders—standing, trotting, running, kneeling, as desired—doing here, these troops of the Tower, as other soldiers for generations—for centuries—had done before them, on this same ground, with other London children watching them; not as now, close to them, for the Tower has not long been made free to the people as it is to-day, but from over the wall yonder, where there is a little assemblage again to watch the exercises and the inspection of these troops.

The bugle sounds, and by-and-by the band plays. Some of the soldiers, not having conformed to the requirements of their commanders in all things, are, after examination, marched off under escort for various slight punishments; and by-and-by the parade is over, and under her much more pleasurable escort, Pearl goes off with Tom and Eph.

"Have you had a nice time, Pearl?" asks Tom, mindful of his father's wishes.

"Very," says Pearl, smiling sweetly.

"Pearl!" said an old lady, who has overheard the children's talk. "Who is Pearl?"

"I am Pearl, ma'am," answered the child, stepping just a little forward, but very modestly, and looking even prettier than usual, with that deeper crimson on the blushing cheeks.

"You are Pearl, are you? And are these your brothers?"

"No, ma'am; they are Mr. Bellamy's boys, and they have taken me over the Tower."

"Grace," said the old lady to a younger lady with her, "isn't it a good name for this child?"

But Grace had been chatting with a tall officer, of formidable aspect, as the children thought, and had not heard what her mother said to Pearl. So it was repeated, and all three of these visitors to the Tower looked at the children curiously.

"I wonder what cousin Pearl would say if she knew?" laughed the young lady.

"Names, like fashions, descend in rank, my dear Miss Fanshawe; and you can't stop their descent," said the officer, pompously.

"Here, my dear little girl, here is sixpence for you," said the old lady; "and if I were an artist I would paint you, that I would."

"Oh! mother, you are *too* condescending, really," said her daughter. "It would never do for you to visit these places often."

And she and the officer laughed.

Pearl showered out her wondering thanks in pretty fashion—

"Oh, ma'am, I can't thank you properly; you have made me so happy; I shall have something to give to mother now."

"The carriage is ready, mother," said Grace; "come."

The officer gave the old lady his arm. Grace followed closely, and they were gone.

Pearl showed her treasure to the boys, who sympathised warmly.

"The old lady was jolly," said Eph; "the others weren't much. What shall you buy, Pearl?"

"Oh! 'tis for mother," said Pearl. "I'd buy something if she didn't want it so much."

"Of course you would; but we don't want anything, for I've got lots of money," said Tom; "and father told me what to do. Come along."

He led the way to a coffee-house, where he gave a magnificent order, as it seemed to Pearl, for coffee and buns and bread-and-butter, and eggs.

"This is a teetotal feast," said Tom, when the things were brought; "why should anybody ever want anything better to drink?"

(*To be continued.*)

THE OUTLOOK.

YOUTHFUL HEROISM.

DURING this past winter there have been many ice accidents—some through recklessness and hardihood—some, doubtless, through disregard of warnings. Several have sunk to rise no more alive—some have been rescued from peril and death by the courage and presence of mind of others. One or two instances have been remarkable for devotion and self-sacrifice; especially a case in which a whole party of schoolboys was immersed, and all were rescued by one lad.

Another account we have received from the neighbourhood of one of the great centres of our national industry. A lad named Alfred Wood, a member of a Band of Hope, and about twelve years old, ventured upon the ice of a frozen pond to try its strength; the ice suddenly gave way, and the boy would have been inevitably drowned had it not been for the prompt assistance of a youth named Thurston Hosker, who divested himself of his garments, and deliberately walking to him on the ice, heroically held Wood up for the space of fifteen minutes, until further help came. A man who was attracted by the shouts immediately procured a strong rope; the first time he threw it the boys missed their hold of it; the second time Wood held it firm, and both were extricated from their perilous position. Both of them were severely cut with the ice, blood flowing freely from the chest of Hosker. Wood being more dead than alive, everything was done to restore circulation. He was taken home, his body rubbed, and other means used, when some one proposed that gin should be given him. The poor lad was too weak to speak, but as soon as the spirit was brought him he mustered strength to thrust away the cup; and to prevent any more being given him, he pressed his hand to his lips so tightly that they bled. When the doctor came he recommended brandy, but when it was explained to him that the patient was a Band of Hope boy, he ordered hot tea instead.

This little story from real life illustrates a double kind of heroism—that of active courage and devotion in the rescue of a drowning boy by one but little older, and that passive and quiet heroism of fidelity to duty at all costs. This last kind of courage we all need more of, and we all have the opportunity of proving the strength of our convictions, and vindicating our fidelity to the pledge.

Our Band of Hope work is a rescue and preventive work, and the cure proposed is a perfect and complete one. If the pledge is only kept, no one can sink by the evils of strong drink; it will be our safety in danger and our security in temptation.

A WORD OF WARNING FROM THE LAND OF THE PYRAMIDS.

For some time past national interest has been concentrated on Egypt, and we have watched with eagerness the movements of our troops across the desert, and their long journey up the Nile. We have read of the fierce heat, the terrible fighting, the death of gallant men, as they poured out their red blood on the sun-bleached sands of the Soudan; the agony of the wounded, with their insatiable thirst; the wild hordes of brave Arabs, who came on with wonderful courage till the English rifle-bullets mowed them down like grass; and, worst of all, the vacant places in the families—the sons and brothers that will come back no more. The broken hearts, the tears and sorrows, the wrongs warfare leaves, are the most terrible part of the suffering.

War has its horrors, its tales of woe for centuries; and this land of the Pharaohs has been famous for its fights. The Pyramids still remain the monuments of the victorious and kingly dead. These wonders are witnesses to a civilization flourishing and powerful about 2,500 years before Christ, and to-day they are the silent record of departed greatness. So they rise up in the waste and vast solitude of this strange and deserted land, whose history has been blended with the mysterious river of the country, and whose national and territorial interests have played so important a part in Biblical story, and with all the great nations, from Babylon and Persia to Greece and Rome, and then to the modern time of Napoleon; and in our day to the latest battle under Lord Wolseley.



To support our great military organization, which employs over 7,000 officers, 16,000 non-commissioned officers and bandsmen, with more than 100,000 rank and file, the nation is taxed at a total cost, under the army estimates, of £18,000,000. Our British fleet, with its 60,000 men and 250 ships, is maintained by the expenditure of between £10,000,000 and £11,000,000 a year. But if we add both army and navy estimates together, and call them £30,000,000, it does not amount to the cost of the yearly drink-bill for England.

We keep this enormous organization of army and navy to defend our country and its nominal honour from imaginary foes at this tremendous cost of taxation, and yet nationally we make no effort to defy a worse enemy than the combined foes of "war, pestilence, and famine," which slays 80,000 of our countrymen annually, and fills our poor-houses, hospitals, mad-houses, and gaols. Our trust for national reform in the matter of this great evil must not be in wealth or earthly power, but in a divine appeal to the conscience of every individual.

What is the monument we are raising for posterity? Is it to be a great temple to Bacchus, more costly, more useless than the Pyramids of Egypt? If we forget that "sin is a reproach to any people," we shall fall, as Egypt has fallen, and all the nations which forget God. And just as drunkenness means the ruin of the individual, so must it be with the nation. The glory will depart from England if we live only to make conquests, and to eat, drink, and be merry. It is a fact written on the page of every nation's history in the world, and nowhere is it to be seen more clearly than in these trackless wildernesses of Egypt, where once stood the great cities of the world. The lesson of the Pyramids to-day is the enforcement of the old

truth, that it is righteousness alone that exalteth a nation.

DEATH OF THE FIRST PLEDGED TOTAL ABSTAINER.

At the age of eighty-nine, Mr. John King has passed away, the last survivor of the famous "Seven Men of Preston." He was born in the village of Walton-le-Dale, on the Ribble, just above Preston, in the troublous close of the last century, on December 25th, 1795. He was one of the earliest friends of Joseph Livesey, and was among the first to assist at the meetings in the old "cockpit" of the Derby family, where temperance and partial abstinence were advocated, until the number of backsliders on the moderate principle made the promoters contemplate a more thoroughgoing reform.

John King, whose occupation was that of a clogger, was called into Livesey's cheese-shop some time in August, 1832. The matter was discussed, and on September 1st of the same year Joseph Livesey drew up the first total-abstinence pledge from *all* intoxicating liquors, and brought it for King to see before introducing it to the Preston Society. When his approval was gained, in homely Lancashire phrase, Livesey said, "Thee sign it first." He did so, and Livesey pledged his name second, and from that time the cause took root, and its influence rapidly spread.

His business as a clogger took him to Chester, and there he took part in forming the first temperance society of that city. Some time after this he went into Nottinghamshire to break clog-soles. There, owing to his labours, several meetings were held and a society formed. Two interesting incidents of his success are related. The landlord of the village inn at Norton, near to the seat of the Duke of Portland, asked one of the men who worked with King if he ever intended to hold a meeting at Norton. There being no room in the village available for such a purpose, the landlord offered the use of a room for it, and promised not to sell any drink to any one during the evening. On another occasion a publican requested an address on teetotalism in his house.

Several medals have been presented to him in recognition of his labours by temperance friends. In 1840 he gave up his business as clogger, and became station-master at Moss Side, at thirteen shillings per week, on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway. Fourteen years later he was promoted to Ainsdale, near Southport, at eighteen shillings; but, losing his sight in 1862, he was discharged, though, on recovery, he was appointed gate-keeper. In 1873 a national penny subscription procured for him an annuity of £40 a year. His interest in the cause of total abstinence never waned, and in his humble sphere of life he was one of England's truest reformers and faithful patriots.

CHATS WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY OLD CORNISH.

GOOD BOYS.



SOMEBODY asked Diogenes, "In what part of Greece have you seen good men?" "Nowhere!" he replied; "in Sparta I have seen *good boys*."

Bravo, Diogenes! Bravo, old cynic!

GOOD BOYS!

Then hurrah for the lads! aye, and as far as that goes, hurrah for the lasses too!

But stop! What did that old philosopher mean? Was it a sly hit at the men? or did he mean to insinuate that boys were only good so long as they were boys, but that as soon as they became men, and their beards began to grow, they began to be good-for-nothing sort of chaps? Well, if that was his meaning, although I am not a philosopher, nor don't live in a tub, I am thankful to say I have learnt a lesson a thousand times better than that.

Yes, you have guessed it I see: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Mark that, my lads: "And when *he is old* he will not depart from it." Now slowly, boys, slowly: "*And—when—he*—IS—OLD." Now that is what Aunt Phyllis used to call—and she was a bit of a scholar—"the philosophy of religion." "Go to the fountain-head, my dear," said she; "go to the fountain-head if you want a pure drop to drink; don't fill your bucket half-way up the stream." And the old lady was right. The Bible is a far better teacher than a barrel, even though a Diogenes himself should be inside the bung.

Now look at those Bible boys, and see what marvellous men they became.

Why, there was Hannah's little boy, Samuel, whom she took into the house of the Lord in Shiloh one day, and said, "As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." What a good lad he was, and what a splendid man he became! And then there were those three Hebrew youths—"Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-

nego;" to say nothing of Daniel, of whom his very enemies affirmed, "We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God;" what fine fellows they were, and what heroes they became! And then there was that boy of one Book, and that Book the best, of whom his dear old grandmother Lois was so proud, because he would stand by her side and patiently spell out the words that made him wise unto salvation, what a Scripture-loving little lad he was; and when he became a man, how old Paul the preacher would love to lean upon his arm, and, with all a father's affection, would exclaim, "Timothy, my son!" Yes, and there was that Child with a name above every name—for I am sure He would allow us to make use of it if the mention of *Jesus* could do anybody good—well, there was He, what a child He was! Why, when the wise men from the East were come into the house where He was, they actually "fell down and worshipped Him; and when they had opened their treasures they presented unto Him gifts—gold, and frankincense, and myrrh." And when He became a man, and the villainous crowd were hounding Him to the Cross, there wasn't a panther-panting priest among the lot that could charge Him with a sin; and even poor truckling Pilate—the conscience-smitten coward—was compelled to confess, "I find no fault in this man!" and taking water he "washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this *just person:* see ye to it."

Yes, yes, in spite of what Diogenes might think or teach, *good boys make good men;* and as Pope remarks—

"A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod,
An honest man's the noblest work of God."

"I could stand hat in hand to that boy," said Arnold of Rugby, of one of his pupils, in whom he saw the making of a master-man, a noble, spirited, handsomely-behaved lad, who would never stoop to do a mean and dirty trick, whose hands were as pure as a snowflake, and whose life was as unsullied as the sun.

And if you boys will but follow Jonathan Edwards's advice there will be many an Arnold with an uncovered head. "Suppose," said he, "there were but one man in the world at a time, in all respects what a Christian ought to be, shining in all the grace and excellence of true piety—resolve by the grace of God to be that man."

And the secret of success is there. "Tell me with whom you go," says an old proverb, "and I will tell you what you are." And when I see a boy making the Bible his constant companion—acknowledging God in all his ways, as true as steel, and determined at all hazards to do the right—I say to myself that boy will rise; there is no power upon earth that can keep him down; he is like a tailor's needle, he is bound to go through.

Now, it is not that I would have you run away with the vain and foolish idea that you can all be kings that I talk like this, but from a deep and abiding conviction that each may be in his sphere (what kings have sometimes failed to be in theirs) the ruler of himself, and in his work

"A man of amplest influence,
Rich in saving common sense,
And as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

One of the saddest things I know is the prostitution of powers and the misappropriation of life—as when a man gives himself up to the accumulation of wealth, as if money were better than mind; and one of the saddest sights in creation is when a youth with a low estimate of life struts out a perfect but an empty swell. Why, any jackanapes can make a swell—a thing, but for the priceless soul within, unworthy of the name of man. The age wants not these, but *men.*

"Gold is but the guinea stamp,
And a man's a man for a' that."

And the cry is for these—MEN! Not haughty sycophants, with whom to talk is to address a maid. Not bearded dandies, whose fittest shrine is the southern window of a clothier's shop. The age wants not these, but men—great moral men—whose step is like a giant's stride, and whose greatness is the goodness of a gracious God. Already have we reached a period when matter is tributary to mind, and when wealth is no longer reckoned by gold, but by grace; for already has the truth gripped the great heart of the nation, or the nation has gripped the great heart of the truth—

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets;
And simple faith than Norman blood."

And the demand of the age is, give us these—men with souls, with pluck, with push, who shall take no No for a denial, and who, making their very difficulties stepping-stones to success, shall ennoble the lowliest employment, and throw around the highest a glory and a grace that is never seen on sea or shore.

Then up, boys! up! and in right royal conduct from England's stalwart sons, let the wide world see of what kind of stuff our English *men* are made.

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heart-throbs; he most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

STOP THE DRINKING TRADE!

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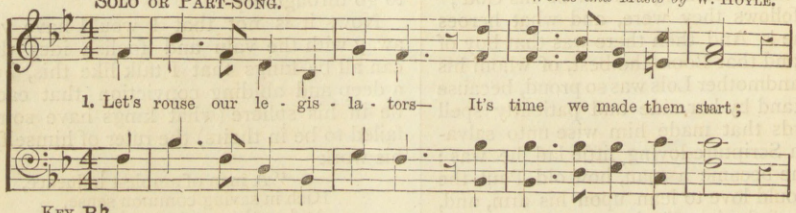
SOLO OR PART-SONG.

Words and Music by W. HOYLE.



KEY B♭.

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2. Our	home trade fast de -	clin - ing,	Makes	starv - ing sons of	toil,
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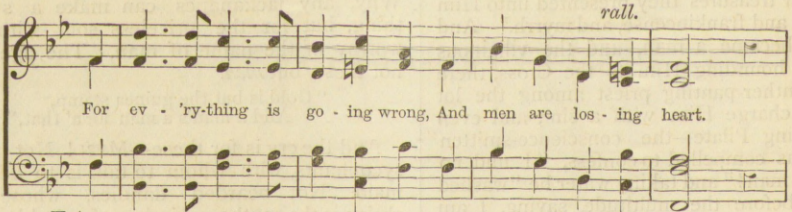
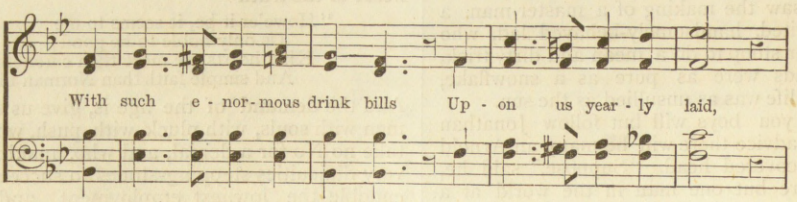
3. We	want no pal - try	mea - sure—	No	par - l'ying with the	foe;
: s₁	d :-.s₁ | m₁ :d₁	l₁ :s₁ |-. :d	d :-.d | d :r	r :— |	
4. And	if they will not	hear us,	Or	plead our cause a -	gain,
: s₁	d :-.s₁ | m₁ :d₁	l₁ :s₁ |-. :d₁	d₁ :-.m₁ | f₁ :r₁	s₁ :— |	



F. t.

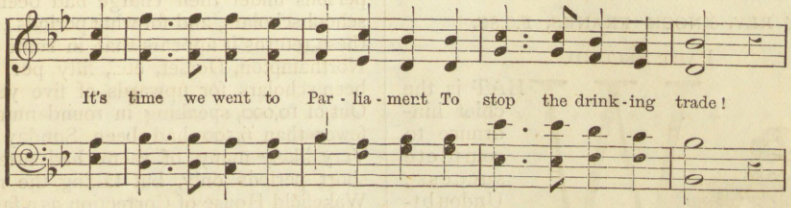
rall. f. B♭.

: ˢ₁d	l :-.l | s :-.s	f :s | m :d	f :r | l₁ :t₁	ᵈs₁ :— |	
While	brew - ers large and	pub - li - cans Are	fatt - 'ning on the	soil:	
: ˢ₁d	d :-.d | ta₁ :-.ta₁	l₁ :t₁ | d :d	f :r | l₁ :s₁	ˢ₁r₁ :— |	
Our	cause de-mands the	ve - to power, To	strike the dead-ly	blow!	
: ˢ₁d	f :-.f | m :-.m	f :f | s :d	f :r | l₁ :f	ᵐt₁ :— |	
We'll	turn them out of	Par - lia - ment, And	send up bet - ter	men!	
: ˢ₁d	f₁ :-.f₁ | d :-.d	r :s₁ | d :d	f :r | l₁ :s₁	ᵈs₁ :— |	



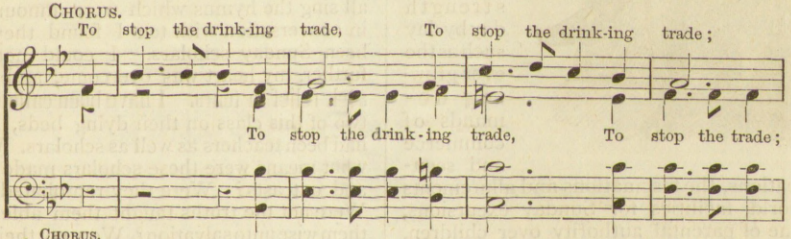
: s₁	l₁ :-.se₁ | l₁ :t₁	l₁ :s₁ |-. :s₁	r :-.de | r :m	f :— |	
What	chance is there for	Eng - land, While	men are pau - pers	made?	
: m₁	f₁ :-.m₁ | f₁ :s₁	f₁ :m₁ |-. :s₁	s₁ :-.s₁ | s₁ :s₁	s₁ :— |	
We	call on Bri - tish	statesmen Of	ev - 'ry rank and	shade—	
: d	d :-.d | d :d	d :d |-. :s₁	t₁ :-.le₁ | t₁ :d	r :— |	
For	truth and right con -	tend - ing, With	cou - rage ne'er dis -	mayed,	
: d₁	f₁ :-.f₁ | f₁ :f₁	d₁ :d₁ |-. :s₁	s₁ :-.s₁ | s₁ :s₁	s₁ :— |	

STOP THE DRINKING TRADE!—*continued.*



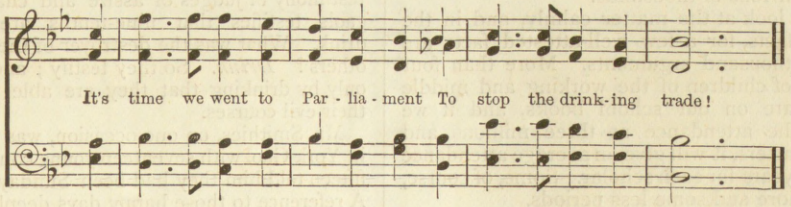
: r	s :-.s | s :f	m :r | d :d	r :-.r | d :t_1	d :— |
It's	time we went to	Par - lia - ment To	stop the drink-ing	trade!
: s_1	s_1 :-.s_1 | s_1 :s_1	s_1 :f_1 | m_1 :m_1	l_1 :-.l_1 | s_1 :f_1	m_1 :— |
It's	time we went to	Par - lia - ment To	stop the drink-ing	trade!
: t_1	d :-.d | t_1 :t_1	d :t_1 | d :d	f :-.f | m :r	d :— |
We'll	gain con-sent from	Par - lia - ment To	stop the drink-ing	trade!
: f_1	m_1 :-.m_1 | r_1 :s_1	d :s_1 | l_1 :l_1	f_1 :-.f_1 | s_1 :s_1	d_1 :— |

CHORUS.



CHORUS.

: s_1	d :-.d | d :s_1	l_1 :— | — :l_1	r :-.m | r :d	t_1 :— | —
To	stop the drink-ing	trade, To	stop the dri nk-ing	trade;
:	: | :m_1	f_1 :-.f_1 | f_1 :s_1	fe_1 :— | — :fe_1	s_1 :-.s_1 | s_1
		To stop the drink-ing	trade, To	stop the trade;
:	: | :d	d :-.d | d :de	r :— | — :r	r :-.r | r
		To stop the drink-ing	trade, To	stop the trade;
:	: | :d_1	f_1 :-.f_1 | f_1 :m_1	r_1 :— | — :r_1	s_1 :-.s_1 | s_1



: r	s :-.s | s :f	m :r | d :d	r :-.r | d :t_1	d :— | —
It's	time we went to	Par - lia - ment To	stop the drink-ing	trade!
: s_1	s_1 :-.s_1 | s_1 :s_1	s_1 :f_1 | m_1 :ta$_1$	l_1 :-.l_1 | s_1 :f_1	m_1 :— | —
It's	time we went to	Par - lia - ment To	stop the drink-ing	trade!
: t_1	d :-.d | t_1 :t_1	d :t_1 | d :d	f :-.f | m :r	d :— | —
We'll	gain con-sent from	Par - lia - ment To	stop the drink-ing	trade!
: f_1	m_1 :-.m_1 | r_1 :s_1	d :s_1 | l_1 :m_1	f_1 :-.f_1 | s_1 :s_1	d_1 :— | —

TEMPERANCE TEACHING IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY REV. ENOCH FRANKS, F.S.SC.

PART SECOND.



WHAT is the chief hindrance to complete success; Undoubtedly opposing influences are many, and some of these gather increasing strength day by day such as the ever-growing demands of commerce and secular occupations, the fascinations and allurements of the world, facilities for Sunday excursions, the decline of parental authority over children, and the means for selfish gratification afforded by the large wages earned by great numbers of our young friends, and the demoralising character of a large portion of the cheap and eagerly-read literature of the day. But, unquestionably, the chief evil which opposes Sunday-school work is the drinking usages of society. Other evils have slain thousands of our scholars, but drink and its fascinating surroundings of evil have slain their tens of thousands.

Let us look at the matter calmly, and in the light of facts, for a few well-attested facts are worth a thousand arguments. More than four millions of children of the working and middle classes are on our school books, and if we reckon the attendance at three millions and three-quarters, it will give an average attendance of eight years for each scholar. Some, of course, attend more and some less periods.

There are not fewer than 100,000 convicted felons pass through our gaols annually, and of these 16,000 are under seventeen years of age. Many of these, we know, have been trained to vice and crime, but not all of them. Does not the painful suspicion steal over your minds that perhaps many of them have once been in our Sunday-schools? That suspicion is a sad fact.

A careful inquiry, some years ago, was instituted by Mr. Smithies, editor of the *British Workman*, of chaplains of prisons and matrons of penitentiaries, how many of the unfortunate persons under their charge had been Sunday-school scholars, and for what periods; and from these returns it appears that, in some gaols, as Northampton, Dorset, etc., fifty per cent. had been scholars for upwards of five years each. Out of 10,000, speaking in round numbers, not fewer than 6,500 had been Sunday scholars. Very likely many of them had attended for short periods only, but taking the returns of Wakefield House of Correction as a fair average of the whole, it will give fifty per cent. attending Sunday-school for three years.

I am sorry to add that of the many thousands of abandoned females disgracing our large towns and cities, a great proportion of these have been under religious instruction. Two years ago I took part in a midnight meeting of these frail ones, and was astonished to find that they could all sing the hymns which were announced, and in conversation with ten I found they had all been Sunday scholars. I could not proceed further, my heart was overcome, and I had to seek relief in tears. I have been called to attend two of this class on their dying beds, and both had been teachers as well as scholars. We ask by what means were these scholars made criminals and outcasts? Were they reprobated of God? Were not the truths taught them able to make them wise unto salvation? Were not their teachers sufficiently earnest? Were they more depraved than their fellows? Had not prayer been offered for them? You know that none of these things account for the evil we deplore. We have acknowledged that there are many influences at work in opposition to the teachers, but the main evil is in the drinking usages of society.

What led any of our scholars to crime? The testimony of judges of assize and chaplains of gaols testifies that nine-tenths are through drink. What was the destroyer of the virtue of others? *Drink.* So they testify; and that it is only by drinking that they are able to pursue their evil courses.

Mr. Smithies, on one occasion, was in a ward in York Gaol with seventeen young convicts, and fifteen told him they had been Sunday scholars. A reference to those happy days deeply affected them, and they gave utterance to such expressions as these: "If I had practised what my teacher taught me, all would have been well." "If I had remembered what I learned, and kept from drink I would not have been here." "I had a good teacher, but the public-house was my ruin." "I should not have been here if I had kept from drink." "I durst not have done what I did if I had not taken some drink." "Drinking and gambling have brought me here." "My mother's

heart is broken." On going carefully through the cases of the fifteen old scholars he found ten of them had committed the crimes for which they were to be transported, while under the influence of drink.

How is it so many of our scholars become the victims of drink? They are trained outside the school to love drink, and are constantly tempted to indulge their love, and we do not warn them against their dangers. At home they are taught that strong drink is essential to health, comfort, and joy. The doctor recommends it, and it is a palatable medicine. The Government supports the system by its solemn sanctions; the clergyman praises it as a "good creature of God to be received with thanksgiving," and the practice is enforced by nearly universal example. At births, baptisms, marriages, and funerals the scholars see it provided as an essential presence. At social gatherings and festival occasions it is omnipotent. When the youth is apprenticed, as he advances in his trade, and when his term is complete, drink must seal each event.

The temptations presented by the traffickers in these drinks are numerous and very seductive—casinoes, concert halls, dances, semi-dramatic entertainments, pleasure grounds, recreations, manly sports, trades unions, and benefit societies. Drink, drink, drink, is the end aimed at. In the face of the temptations to drink and their fascinations, my surprise is not that we lose as many as we do, but that the loss is so small; and it shows that the social and moral power of our Sunday-school is indeed mighty through God.

I tremble, in face of the seductive temptations to drink, to think what must have been the demoralised state of the country through crime and the drink traffic but for the counter influence of Sunday-schools.

But we do not specifically warn our scholars of this chief danger. We teach them principles which, if observed, will save them from the snare of the enemy, but they need specific teaching on this as on other evils. We warn them against temptations to lying, swearing, stealing, Sabbath-breaking, but very few indeed warn them of the temptation to drink. They may be cautioned against the sin of drunkenness, but this is not enough, and is not needed. The youngest child in the school knows that drunkenness is a sin, a dreadful sin, and as he sees the blear-eyed, idiotic, miserable being roll through the streets, he shrinks from him as from a monster, and never thinks it possible to become like him. The poor drunkard abhors himself, and fain would be free from the galling yoke which holds him its bond-slave.

What is required for the absolute safety of the children is their abstinence from the use of strong drinks, that they may be kept from the dangers and evils which attend their use. Abstinence principles should be either taught as part of the general lessons of the Sunday-schools, or Bands of Hope should be formed in connection with each school, and every facility afforded for their meetings, and every encouragement given to the children to join the movement.

If the principles of the Gospel, as taught in our schools, were universally adopted and practised, there would be no need for Bands of Hope, but they are not. The necessity for this movement is one of the exigencies of a fallen world. Besides, the curse of strong drink is in its beginning a physical and not a moral evil, therefore, positive safety from its ensnaring and evil effects exists only in abstinence. Yet some persons say that to ask children to pledge themselves to abstain from strong drinks is to require more of them than average human nature can reasonably be expected to perform. How little they know about the matter. Why, no social movement has been more successful than has the Band of Hope movement amongst our young friends. Thousands have had to thank God that they ever joined its ranks, and not a few worthy citizens owe all they have to such connection. The moral effect of the pledge on the minds of children is great. They feel their promise inviolable. All the moral qualities of their character are enlisted in its defence, and these, by God's blessing, have proved a sure safeguard in times of greatest trial.

(To be concluded.)

A CALL TO ARMS.

BY DAWSON BURNS, D.D.

YE whose lives to God are given,
Ye whose hearts for man have striven
Strike, and pause not till are riven
Chains of drink-forged slavery!

In our midst a tyrant rules,
Men of station are his tools,
Right and truth he ridicules,
Bold in his supremacy!

Countless are his wretched thralls,
Pity for their rescue calls,
Millions will exult when falls
His accursed tyranny!

Through long ages he has reigned,
All the laws of God profaned,
And his throne of power maintained
By his vile bewitchery!

Soldiers of the Cross! ne'er cease,
Hold no parley, give no peace,
Till the people gain release,
And enjoy true liberty!

ARCHDEACON FARRAR ON TEMPERANCE.



IN the course of a few short years I have seen in drink and drunkenness, again and again, and day after day, the direct cause of the most foul brutality, and of the most amazing wretchedness. I have seen widows who had become widowed through drink, and children fatherless through drink, and homes disgraced through drink, and suicides and slow murders—though not called by that name—and deaths from delirium tremens, the sacrifice of the lives of children, brutal assaults by husbands upon wives, and sons upon their mothers, pecuniary loss and individual ruin, spiritual wreck, family destitution, and social degradation, and places where human beings lived made worse than the lairs of wild beasts, and all through drink.

To know what the drink system is doing in England, we must multiply by hundreds and thousands that which is going on in the limits of a single parish until we have a festering mass of lunacy, crime, despair, sin, and shame which the Prime Minister has said produced results more deadly, because more continuous, than the great historic scourges of war, famine, and pestilence. And against this evil demon which glared in our midst and slew within our sight its tens of thousands of miserable victims—againt this pestilence and rotten system thousands have appealed in vain.

There is scarcely a single judge on the bench who has not told the nation of it in his most solemn tones again and again; there is scarcely a recorder or prison chaplain, or vicar of any large parish in England, who has not emphatically declared that our present drink system is injurious to the community. And yet year after year, decade after decade, scarcely a finger is lifted to provide an adequate remedy. It has come to this, England must in this matter mend her ways; she must get rid of this curse and crime, or she must ultimately perish in consequence of the class of criminals and paupers who are poisoning the national life, and who, as long as the present system remains, will be untouched by the amenities of civilisation, and much less by the influence of spiritual faith.

The defenders and monopolists of the drink system cannot refute the evidence of the existence of the evil, not only here but all over the world, and they never attempt to do so. They know there is not a cask of ardent spirits which does not contain a freight of potential misery. They use sophisms about liberty, as if liberty meant leaving defenceless besotted victims to the temptations around them.

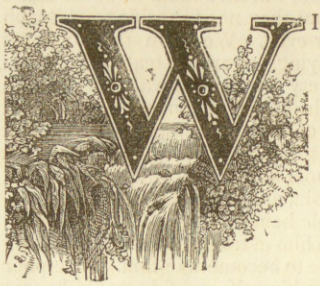
We have to support one million paupers, of whom very few need have been or would have been in that position but for drink, and it is because this nation yearly spends on intoxicating drink a sum which would give £100 a year to every one of these million paupers and yet leave a large residuum—it is because the working classes alone, at the lowest estimate, spend £36,000,000 upon intoxicating drink—as much as they pay for rent.

Talk about luxury! The democrat and socialist rail at the luxury of the rich, and no doubt all luxury is an evil, and the day has come when the duty of stern simplicity and self-denial is incumbent upon every class of the community. It is nonsense to dream of any remedy or amelioration in the condition and housing of the poor till the conscience of England is aroused on this drink question. Important as the franchise and the land laws might be, they are matters absolutely infinitesimal compared with the urgency of the necessity of controlling and limiting with a strong hand this drink question. —*From Sermon preached at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster.*

MORE FACTS ABOUT ALCOHOL.

BY DR. ISRAEL RENSHAW.

PART I.



WINE is made from the juice of grapes. This juice contains many substances, but the chief are sugar and what scientific men know by the name of acid potassium tartrate. When the grapes have been crushed the juice is put into large open vessels called vats, which are placed in warm rooms or sheds. Very soon a change takes place through fermentation beginning, and the sugar is changed into alcohol.

As soon as this takes place the acid potassium tartrate, or as it is more commonly called, cream of tartar, begins to leave the juice. It cannot remain dissolved in such company, and here we have a natural or chemical process setting, as it were, an example to all of us. When our friends begin to take alcohol, let us begin to consider the wisdom of leaving their society, for we are told by the Apostle Paul that "evil communications corrupt good manners," and a good old proverb says, "A man is known by his friends." Then look at these two how widely they differ in their ends. The sugar becomes alcohol—a curse—and from the cream of tartar, very useful in itself, is obtained that valuable and useful article called tartaric acid.

Some people who are "mighty to drink wine," as the words are in Holy Scripture, are loud in their praises of what they call a "fine crusted wine." This crust is really a further deposit of this cream of tartar upon the side of the bottle, and when the bottle is opened, great care is taken lest this crust should be disturbed, and any of it get into the wine, and thus they very carefully avoid using the only thing in the bottle that might do them any good. The word crust is very significant and full of warning when used with respect to wine. How many people have come to even beg a crust of bread through having learned to love "crusted" wine.

THE LITTLE ONES.

PARENTS must not be so unreasonable as to expect in their children the staid and persistent efforts of the adult. They are running over with electric life; they do not incline to do anything in a set and mechanical way; allowances must always be made for their ignorance. Their mischief is oftener the effect of curiosity than a purpose to do wrong.

Parents should make it a study to find innocent amusements and useful employments for their children. It is difficult to do this at all times. But in the end there will be great gain. By gentle and constant pressure the habits of order and usefulness will be formed. This is much better than constant suppression.

Many parents seem to be only capable of forbidding: "Don't do this; don't do that; stop your noise!" are constantly on their lips. How much better to provide something for them to do! Children make a noise to give vent to the power within them—a power which, wisely directed, will make them intelligent and useful men and women. Direct their energies to some useful end. Supply them with pictures for albums, books to read when they are able to do it; let them run and jump and shout on proper



occasions; trust them to do errands, and render little services.

Do not find fault unless it is really necessary. Do not be raising your voice or your finger in constant rebuke. Give the little ones your sympathy, they will feel it; your wisdom, they will profit by it; your help, they will appreciate it more than you imagine. Instead of trying to suppress their exuberant energies, and rebuking them for the life which bubbles over in voice and act, bend them to some useful work. Lead, instead of driving them; help them to do right, instead of hindering them from action.



DOING WITHOUT BEER.

BY MISS M. BATCHELOR.



"WHY, Billy, you have not drunk your beer to-day," said a jolly-looking woman to her son, a boy about ten years of age.

"Don't want it, mother. I went to the Band of Hope meeting last night, and I am turned teetotaler."

"What nonsense, boy; whatever will your father say? He wants you to be a strong man, not a puny little fellow."

"Well, mother, I should think some of our clever doctors ought to know, and they say the stimulants only give strength for a little time. Any way I mean to try."

"You always were a wilful boy, but your father won't let you leave off beer, I feel sure; so at dinner-time you'll see."

Billy quietly took his place at the table, having previously fetched the jug of beer from a neighbouring public-house.

Bill's father was a carpenter, and earned good wages; he was a moderate drinker, and considered a man was safe if he kept to his three or four glasses a day. He forgot that drinking, above all things, creeps on one slowly but surely; therefore, if any sudden trouble comes, the thin line between the moderate drinker and the drunkard is quickly passed.

"Pass your glass, Bill."

"I don't want any, thank you, father."

"Very well, the more for them that do." And Mr. Blower finished what was left.

For a day or two it went on so, when Mr. Blower, thinking something was different with Bill, said—

"You ain't joined the teetotalers, have you? I won't have any of them in my house."

"Yes, father, I have. I don't mean to take it any more."

Then in that home a fearful war of words arose; the mother tried to soften her husband by saying—"She dare say he would be only too glad to take it again soon, it was only a fancy so many people had."

But the boy stood firm.

"Mother, I am convinced I can do quite as well without it, and perhaps better; I should have asked father's leave, but I knew he would not give it me."

"Bill, do you know I promised you a new rabbit-hutch. Now if you will give up this silly fancy you shall have it next week; not obey me, and it never shall be yours."

This was a trial—his pretty white rabbit that would look so beautiful in a new hutch.

"No, father, I signed, and I'll keep it." And the boy turned away with tears in his eyes.

"Very well, we will both keep our word."

The fond mother, who idolised this only son, determined to share the father's anger by not taking any beer either.

The husband made no remark, but after a time ceased taunting the boy, who did quite as well without as with.

One Sunday she was alone with her boy; he threw his arms around her, and said: "'Tis good of you, mother!" Those words were ample reward for her self-sacrifice for the boy.

Some months went by, when one day Mr. Blower took from his pocket a large bottle of lime-juice; it was very hot weather, and therefore welcome.

"Wife, I seem to think Bill and you do very well as teetotalers; I've made up my mind to join."

That was a happy day for Bill: through his example both his father and mother had joined the temperance band.

When in after years her son went out to a very hot climate, was she not glad that she had helped him to keep his pledge, for in a short time a companion that accompanied him succumbed to the climate—entirely owing, the doctor said, to his constitution being weakened by intoxicating liquors—while Bill was well and strong, and when last I heard of him was doing very well.

A BAD FIRE.

"JONES, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house property?"

"No, Smith; where was it?"

"Quite near here."

"What a misfortune to him! Was it a good house?"

"Yes, a nice house—a good home for any family."

"What a pity! How did the fire take place?"

"The man played with fire, and thoughtlessly set it himself."

"How silly! Did you say the farm was burned, too?"

"Yes; all gone."

"That is singular. It must have been a terribly hot fire; and then I don't see how it could have burned the lot."

"No, it was not a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention; it burned a long time—more than twenty years. And though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it wore away about twenty pounds' worth every year, till it was all gone."

"I can't understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled, and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled on the end of a cigar. The cigar cost him, he himself told me, over two pounds per month. The money was worth at least ten per cent., and at that rate it would double once in about every seven years; so that the whole sum would be more than two thousand pounds. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their home?"

"Whew! I suppose you mean me, for I have smoked more than twenty years. But it doesn't cost so much as that, and I haven't any house of my own. Have always rented—thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

THE COTTAGE BY THE STREAM.

THERE stands a cottage by the stream—
It is old, and hoary, and grey;
It has stood the storms of a hundred years,
And is falling to decay.

It stands beneath an oak tree's shade,
Whose branches spread out wide:
The oak, the monarch of the plain,
Spreads over it with pride.

For a hundred years has the cottage stood,
With the streamlet flowing past,
And the shadow of the lordly oak
Upon its walls is cast.

The windows are small, the roof is low,
Gay roses round it cling;
All round the cot bright flowers rise up
When they hear the voice of Spring.

O merrily glides the streamlet past
With a murmur and a sigh,
And on its banks in summer hours
The cottar's children lie.

The cot is wild, and fair, and neat,
But what gives it all its charm
Is the peaceful love that dwells within,
The fond hearts true and warm.

There envy does not rust the soul;
There is no pompous pride;
But day by day their peaceful lives
Like the calm river glide.

Their wants are few, and so they smile
At fortune and at fate,
Content without the rank and power
And riches of the great.

Fair cottage standing by the stream,
So old, and hoary, and grey,
Blest be thy walls, and blessed be
The cottar's lot for aye.

Let rosy health and meek content—
Fair, lovely sisters twain—
With all their train of lovely things
Dwell here, nor quit again.

ANDREW M. LANG.

From the League Journal.

A GOOD MOTHER.—"One good mother," says George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is loadstone to all hearts and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction; it is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example, the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy.

Notice to Correspondents.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed to the Editors of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. All Business Communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: Rev. Ed. Hayton, Rev. E. Franks, Rev. N. Kelynack, Dr. I. Renshaw, Miss M. Batchelor.

Publications Received.

The Irish Temperance League Journal—The Scottish Temperance League Journal—Social Reformer—Primitive Methodist World—Temperance Record—Bond of Union—Good Templar's Watchword—Band of Hope Chronicle—Rechabite Magazine—British Temperance Advocate—The Temperance Times (Bristol Temperance and Gospel Temperance Union), Western Temperance Herald.

Notices of Books.

"The Band of Hope Chronicle, 1884." Cloth, 2s. Issued by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. London: 4, Ludgate Hill. After all that has appeared in this excellent monthly to help Band of Hope speakers, secretaries, and conductors, there ought to be few, if any causes of defect in the management of these societies. This volume ought to be in the hands of every Band of Hope worker. In the numerous outlines of addresses, we have every phase of temperance set forth in the most attractive and intelligent form for young persons. In addition to which the volume contains music, dialogues, biography, essays, general temperance topics, gleanings, etc.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

IT is not sufficient to constitute ourselves just men and women that we strictly pay our debts, keep our promises, and fulfil our contracts, if at the same time we are stern where we should be kind, hard where we should be tender, cold where we should be sympathetic; for then we pay only half our debts and repudiate the other half.

ALL contact leaves its mark. We are taking into ourselves the world about us, the society in which we move, the impress of every sympathetic contact with good or evil, and we shall carry them with us for ever. We do not pass through a world for naught; it follows us because it has become part of us.

HOME-BOUND: The bed-ridden patient.

POPULAR airs: Millionaires; also their heirs.

EVERY machinist is expected to have at least one vice.

ONE good turn—is as much as you can expect from a cheap silk.

FUN, like ice-cream, is best enjoyed at somebody else's expense.

A MARKED man: The fellow who sits down on a newly-painted doorstep.

LITTLE gold pigs are said to be worn as ornaments because they are sty-lish.

AT a fire in a clothing shop the other day, the only pants saved were the occupants.

A PIECE of steel is a good deal like a man—when you get it red-hot it loses its temper.

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."

"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.

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.

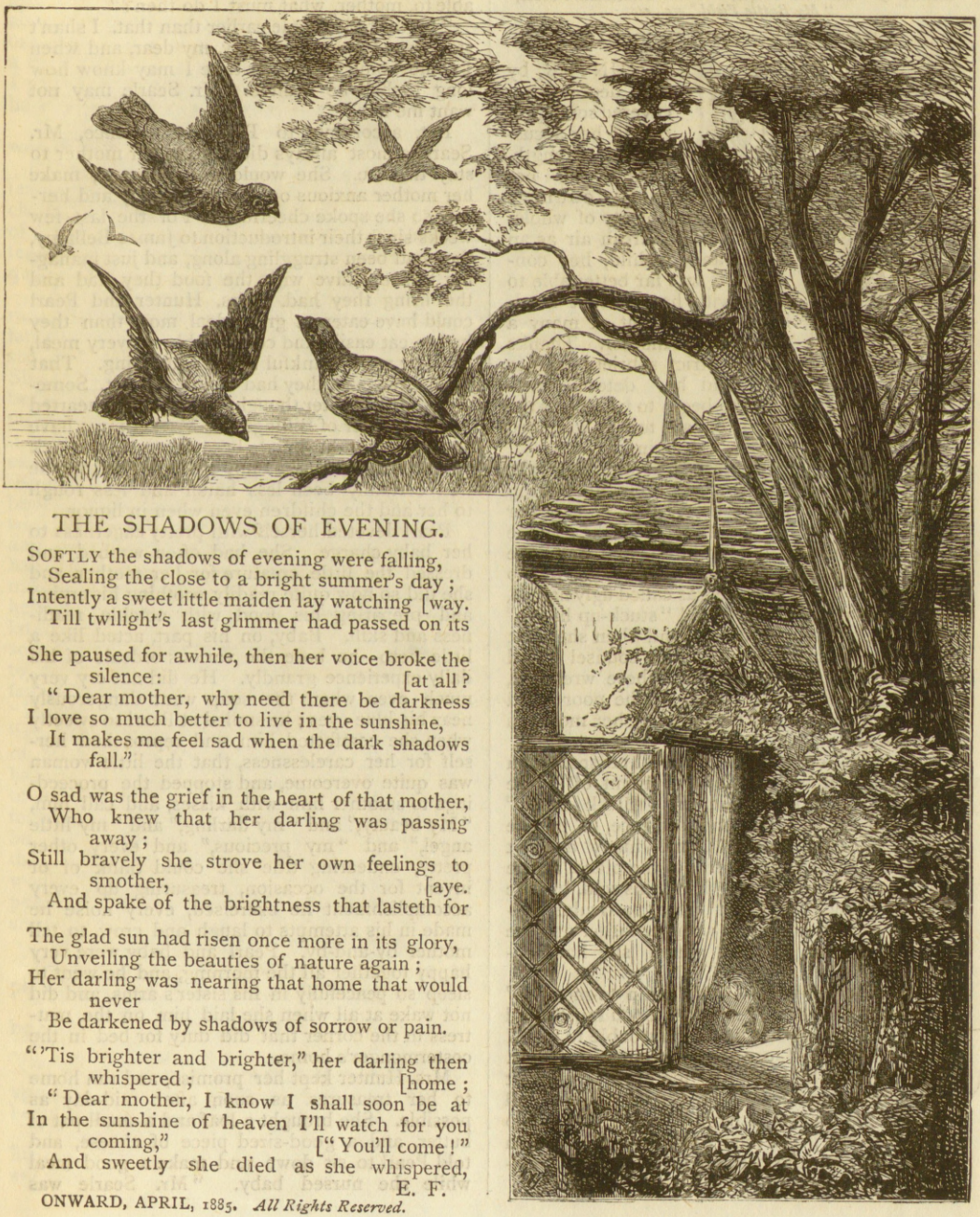
HOW to make a barrel of flour go a great way—ship it to Australia.

Collection in Aid of the "ONWARD" LIFEBOAT FUND, *And the Band of Hope Movement,* 1884-5.

In response to the appeal in December 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.
Salem Band of Hope	£3 14 4
Albert Dove Kelynack	3 5 0
B. C. Thompson	1 6 0
Alexander Frame	1 0 0
W. H. Hoy	1 0 0
E. M. Jackson	1 0 0
Samuel Middleton	1 0 0
Mary H. Cooper	0 15 0
Charles Penticost	0 15 0
Henry William Stringer	0 13 1
Charlotte J. Lyth	0 12 6
Annie Walker	0 12 6
Arthur E. Parkes	0 12 0
C. Boughy	0 11 0
Emily Lee	0 10 2
Hope Chapel Band of Hope	0 10 0
Fanny and Sarah Brown	0 10 0
Amelia Tipping	0 9 7
E. Brewer	0 9 0
Mary Read	0 9 0
J. Walker	0 9 0
A. Tree	0 8 6
John Wilson	0 8 0
S. Thornton	0 7 3
Arthur W. Gaskell	0 7 2
E. E. Kinrade	0 7 1
Ernest Davenport	0 7 0
Charles Penticost	0 6 9
John Castle	0 6 8½
Winifred Whittaker	0 6 6
Edith Bradwell	0 6 4
Louisa Paling	0 5 9
R. Brewer	0 5 6
George D. Weir	0 5 6
Harriet Currie	0 5 2
H. F. Marshall	0 5 2
A. E. Thompson	0 5 0
John W. Warburton	0 5 0
J. H. Wild	0 5 0
E. A. James	0 3 9
James Platt	0 2 6
E. E. Radcliffe	0 1 4
Miss Howe	0 1 3
A. J. Keen	0 0 7
	£26 5 11½



THE SHADOWS OF EVENING.

SOFTLY the shadows of evening were falling,
Sealing the close to a bright summer's day;
Intently a sweet little maiden lay watching [way.
Till twilight's last glimmer had passed on its

She paused for awhile, then her voice broke the silence: [at all?
"Dear mother, why need there be darkness
I love so much better to live in the sunshine,
It makes me feel sad when the dark shadows fall."

O sad was the grief in the heart of that mother,
Who knew that her darling was passing away;
Still bravely she strove her own feelings to smother, [aye.
And spake of the brightness that lasteth for

The glad sun had risen once more in its glory,
Unveiling the beauties of nature again;
Her darling was nearing that home that would never
Be darkened by shadows of sorrow or pain.

"'Tis brighter and brighter," her darling then whispered; [home;
"Dear mother, I know I shall soon be at
In the sunshine of heaven I'll watch for you coming," ["You'll come!"
And sweetly she died as she whispered,

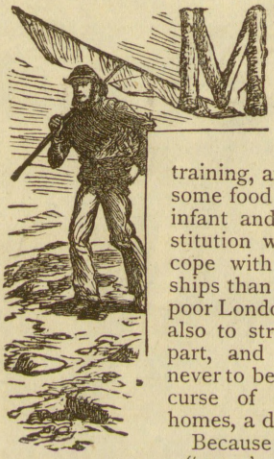
E. F.

ONWARD, APRIL, 1885. *All Rights Reserved.*

The Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,
Author of "The Bird Angel," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battle Field," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.—SHIELDING BABY.



MRS. HUNTER, by slow degrees, recovered some portion of her accustomed strength. Thanks to her early country training, and plenty of wholesome food and fresh air as an infant and a child, her constitution was far better able to cope with her present hardships than is that of many a poor London mother. Thanks also to strict sobriety on her part, and her determination never to begin to be what is the curse of so many wretched homes, a drinking woman.

Because she would not take a "penn'orth of gin," or "a sup of beer"; because she tried hard to keep her room somewhat pure and sweet, and like a home for her husband, and children, and self, she underwent a series of petty persecutions by no means easy to bear. She was called ugly names, of which "proud patch" and "stuck-up hussy" were amongst the mildest. And when she went out to work, she was obliged to counsel Pearl to remain indoors all day lest these wretched, sunken women should set upon the poor child and make her life unhappy during her mother's absence.

A public-house on Tower Hill possessed an unenviable notoriety as the haunt of these women, and from within the "Black Steed" came misery, and ruin, and disgrace, to pollute many a family, many a home, many a heart around. Pearl had a horror of the place, as she had of every house where drink was sold, but the "Olive Branch" was her more particular bugbear, from its connection with her father and the rough-speaking landlord whom she had encountered.

"I must see about work again to-morrow," said Mrs. Hunter to Pearl, "and you must mind baby, dear; he won't be much trouble to you, I hope. I know I can have half-a-day at Mr. Searle's, and he may pay me in groceries; it suits him and suits me. And if he keeps me all day, I'll get him to let me run home and see to baby between; and then I shall know how both of you get on; and perhaps I'll bring you something for dinner.

Pearl was a little anxious at the idea of having baby left altogether in her care.

"And if father comes home before you are able to, mother, what must I do then?"

"I'll try to be home earlier than that. I shan't stay away from you all day, my dear, and when I come home at dinner-time I may know how long I shall be wanted. Mr. Searle may not want me late."

But, according to Pearl's experience, Mr. Searle almost always did require her mother to stay till late. She would not, however, make her mother anxious on account of baby and herself, so she spoke cheerfully. For the last few weeks since their introduction to James Bellamy, they had been struggling along, and just managing to keep alive with the food they had and the firing they had. Mrs. Hunter and Pearl could have eaten a great deal more than they had to eat easily and comfortably at every meal, but they were thankful to get something. That was better than they had often known it. Sometimes Mrs. Hunter thought that the kind-hearted teetotal porter of Billingsgate Market must have spoken to her husband, because, though Black Jim had not given her any more sovereigns, he had certainly been less harsh and less rough to her and the children even when in liquor.

Pearl devoted herself with pretty eagerness to her baby charge. She had often washed and dressed the little creature for her mother, and she did so now quite readily, soothing his crying and preparing his food with notable readiness and skill. Baby, on his part, acted like a little hero—he bore the various ordeals of his daily experience grandly. He did not cry very much even when the soap went dangerously near his blue eyes; he smiled at Pearl so sweetly when she comforted him, and reproached herself for her carelessness, that the little woman was quite overcome, and stopped the proceedings to smother him with kisses, and call him, "My beauty," and "my darling," and "my little angel," and "my precious," and every other pretty, endearing title she could think of or invent for the occasion, treasuring up every accomplishment he exercised, every noise he made in his attempts to laugh and crow, to tell mother by-and-by. Pearl and baby were very happy together all the morning, and he went to sleep so peacefully in his sister's arms, and did not wake at all when she laid him on the mattress in the corner that did duty for bed in the costermonger's home.

Mrs. Hunter kept her promise, and ran home to her treasures as soon after mid-day as possible. She brought a loaf and a small pat of butter, and a good-sized piece of cheese, and told Pearl to sit down and make a good meal while she nursed baby. "Mr. Searle was

very glad to have me back again, Pearl," she said, "and he wants me as much as I can come for the next fortnight to clean up the house a bit. He did not like the woman he had in my absence at all, so he has been doing without any one as well as he could, and his things are in a muddle. But I'll soon set that straight when I put my hands to work, and I'm so glad not to have to go far away from you both."

Mrs. Hunter was quite cheerful, and Pearl was delighted too.

"I am afraid I may be rather later than I intended to-night, but you'll have the bread and cheese for father's supper, and if he brings a bit of fish, you could cook that for him, and there's tea enough for to-night, so I hope you'll do quite nicely, dear."

All happened just as Mrs. Hunter had arranged. Pearl set out a cosy supper for her father, as far as ever her extremely limited stock of cups, plates, and dishes would permit. She had found a discarded meat-tin a few days before in the street, and brought it home to her mother. Mrs. Hunter had made a good use of it ever since in lieu of a kettle; it was awkward certainly that it had no spout, but "necessity is the mother of invention," and Mrs. Hunter had bent the tin into a sort of lip, so that the water trickled out at that one place in preference to any other, and she had also made a sort of handle with a piece of wood. Pearl and her mother had taken quite an interest in Pearl's kettle, and the dear little housekeeper congratulated herself now that she had such a good supply of hot water. Most people, accustomed to much more convenient articles, might have feared an accident with this very singular "kettle," but Pearl had no such fear, and "managed" it cleverly. Black Jim came home to find the crazy little table set neatly, the baby asleep, and Pearl waiting and anxious to do his bidding, and to make him comfortable, as a dutiful little daughter should be. Her sweet, pure little face was flushed with the excitement of her position, and an artist would have been charmed with her whole appearance, so modest, so gentle, so fair, so simple.

"Where's mother, then?" asked Black Jim.

Pearl explained. Black Jim appeared well pleased that she had begun to work again.

"Times will mend now, Pearl. Mother will be able to get the cupboard full for us."

"Yes, if she keeps well, father."

"Oh! she'll do now; she's had a good long spell of rest. How's the little 'un? Has he been all right?"

"Oh! he's been so good, father; he's such a little dear;" and Pearl's lips and tongue, once set going in regard to her little brother, grew eloquent in his praise. "Isn't he good to go to sleep now, father, just as I want to be able to get your tea; isn't he, father?"

"I suppose he was sleepy, Pearl," laughed Black Jim. "There isn't much 'good' about it at two or three months old, I reckon."

"Isn't there, father?" asked Pearl, with her beautiful eyes a little dreamy with her weight of thought. "Do we know when babies begin to be good and naughty?"

Black Jim laughed outright.

"You were always a rare one for asking questions, Pearl, but that beats all. Ask the lady at the Sunday-school, or ask mother, if you will; I'm not clever enough to tell you."

"Father," said Pearl after a while, when she had poured him out a cup of tea, and was sitting down with him eating her bread and butter contentedly; "Do you think mother ought to work?"

"Why shouldn't she?" he inquired. "I work, everybody works in this world, except the scoundrels who spend the money we ought to have."

"What, the landlords, father?" asked Pearl, looking up at him sharply.

"Aye, the landlords," he said, rather wondering at her guess; "them as owns the land that belongs to the people."

"Oh! I meant the landlords of the public-houses, father. Don't they spend the money we ought to have?"

It was a home thrust, and its very artlessness made Black Jim wince the more.

"You're only a little 'un; you don't understand much about it. I dare say you are a bit right; but that sort of landlord does give a man *something* for his money anyhow, and the others don't. They're downright robbers."

"What does he give, father?"

"A bit of comfort, Pearl."

Pearl smiled sweetly. "Does he, father? Wouldn't you get a bit of comfort at home?"

Black Jim wondered at his child. He liked to hear the little thing talk so cleverly; and yet all the same her innocent words went straight to his heart with something akin to pain.

"Father, may I tell you something?" asked Pearl.

Black Jim nodded.

"You know I went to the Band of Hope, father?"

Again the costermonger nodded.

"They said there that many men who took care of their money instead of drinking, got houses and lands, father. Is it true?"

"It sounds more like rubbish to me. Those teetotalers tell awful crams; you mustn't believe all they say, Pearl."

When supper was ended, Black Jim rose

from his seat and stood irresolutely before the fire. Pearl washed up the tea-things, and wondered whether the teetotalers did tell "crams." She thought father could not have quite understood what she meant. She was sure Mr. Bellamy would speak the truth, so she would ask him when she had an opportunity. Her father looked so absorbed that she did not like to interrupt him. In truth he was remembering his own good business when he married Pearl's mother, and how teetotalism might indeed have enabled him to get a house by this time if he had practised it during these years in which he and his had been descending instead of ascending the social ladder. It was a pity he had told Pearl that she had heard "crams" at the Band of Hope meeting. She was so sharp, and he smiled as he thought of her quick wit, that she might soon find out for herself that it was her father who had told a "cram." He turned and went out of the room.

"Won't you stay with us, father?" asked Pearl's sweet voice.

"No; I promised to meet somebody," said Black Jim, and he was gone.

But from this time for some few weeks the circumstances of the family improved a little. Mrs. Hunter's earnings provided them with groceries; she had good food while she was at Mr. Searle's, and she often was given pieces to bring home that her skill converted into savoury dinners and suppers. When James Bellamy met Pearl, he was rejoiced to see that the sweet face was less wan and thin than it had been. She went as often as she could to the chapel Band of Hope with the Bellamy boys, but was often kept from both school and meeting by the absence of her mother.

One evening she was surprised that her father did not come home at his usual time for supper. She had everything ready and comfortable for him; and expected a little praise from him for attending to him so well. For lately he had made her happy very often by calling her his "good little gal," and other endearing epithets. After waiting quite a long time, the child took her own supper, for she was hungry, and put some in a basin, and the teapot on the hob to keep hot for her father. Time passed on; baby woke from his first sleep after being undressed, and Pearl fed him, and soothed him off again, as she was wont to do, but baby was fretful. "Perhaps he is teething," thought Pearl, and she walked with him up and down, up and down, up and down so many times that she was getting tired, and wished her mother would come, and dreaded that father would be drunk. She sang sweet little songs to the baby till she had exhausted all she knew, and then she began to go over them again, for if she stopped, baby cried and roused himself. Her arms ached, and she would gladly have laid him down, but baby would not have it; and, unknowingly, he tyrannised over poor little Pearl, as babies do, more or less, over the comfort of all their nurses.

She heard at length a scuffling sound downstairs, and then a stumbling up the wretched stairs, and her heart beat fast. It was father, and he was drunk, and she had no one but herself to take care of baby. That was her first thought. "God will help me if I ask Him," she said to herself, and her heart was lifted to Him in the very spirit of prayer, though she had no time to find words. Black Jim came in angrily, like a fierce storm.

"Where's your mother, Pearl? What is she gadding about for? What's that child crying for?" and he cursed the poor little baby, who, aroused by all this bustle, began to scream violently. Black Jim drew near Pearl.

"Give that child to me," he said; "I'll stop his squalling."

"No, dear father, no," said Pearl, turning away; "I'll quiet him—I know how."

"You don't know; give him to me!" Black Jim was in a towering passion, and mad with drink. He swore at his innocent children so that Pearl was horrified; and he tried to snatch baby from her arms, but she resisted bravely, putting her own tender form between him and her little brother, and taking many sad, cruel blows in consequence. She backed by degrees towards the bed, laid the baby down upon it, and stood in front of him, keeping her father at bay as if he had been a wild beast. She was so afraid he would hurt her little charge that she pushed him with all her strength when he came towards her again. And then, to her horror, he stumbled heavily, and fell, and his head came against the wall, and he was bruised and bleeding.

"Oh! father, father! I haven't killed you have I? Oh! father, father! dear father! say you forgive me," cried little Pearl in agony, as she left the crying baby on the bed and knelt beside him. "I was only trying to shield baby, father; I wouldn't have hurt you for the world."

But he uttered no word, no sound, and Pearl clasped her hands in her intense grief. "I have killed him! I have killed him! my dear father! and I loved you so!" cried the miserable child.

The welcome step of her mother was heard on the stairs, and Pearl jumped up and ran out to meet her. (*To be continued.*)

CRYSTAL PALACE FETE.—We are informed that the Independent Order of Good Templars have undertaken the arrangements for this fête during the present year.



HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

MOTHER'S face is studied from morn till eve, and is the sure index to the home atmosphere throughout the day. If mother is cheery and bright, then her smiles are reflected; if she be sad or sorrowful, a cloud hangs over the household.

No matter how great her sufferings, she cannot afford to be impatient and harsh. She must bear with fortitude her many ailments, and find her reward in the love and devotion of husband and children.

Happy homes are where we find patient, cheerful, tender mothers.

Motherhood and martyrdom are ofttimes synonymous terms, but with all the pangs and ills of her life, where will be found one true, conscientious woman who would exchange her responsibility for all this world can give?

Husbands are apt to depend too much upon their wives for keeping all the home-machinery in perfect working order, and are not as appreciative as they should be. The wife finds her truest pleasure in her husband's acknowledgment of her worth. It costs him but little to give tender words and to be attentive to her wants, and yet how many thoughtless, indifferent men we see—husbands who love their wives deeply, and yet give her never a word to lighten her daily cares, words of tender appreciation, such as he gave during courtship, and which she now craves, and needs far more than then.

It is cruel for a husband to accept all a woman gives up for him, and not show her any gratitude for her sacrifice; for such it too often proves. Let them not wait until the grave claims their dear ones before learning their worth. Let them come and go with cheerful faces and smiles of tenderness, and they will be sure of an answering smile. It is not well for them to carry business worries to their homes, no more than for wives to fret over household discrepancies and servants' misdemeanors. Let them wait until in the privacy of their own room to unburden their hearts and minds of disagreeable cares and anxieties. Let the children and strangers see only pleasing and congenial exchanges of thought and glances.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

BY REV. ENOCH FRANKS, F.S.SC.

PART THIRD.

"LET the children alone!" Leaning on the banks of a majestic river, a few miles above Niagara, a little boat was floating on a summer's day. A mother plied her industry in a neighbouring field; her daughter, too young yet for useful labour, strolled to the water's edge. The child leaped into the boat. It moved with her weight. The sensation was pleasant. Softly the boat glided down on the smooth bosom of the waters. More and more pleasant were the sensations of the child. The trees on the shore were moving past in rows. The sunbeams glittered on the waters, scarcely broken by the ripple of the stream. Softly and silently, with ever-growing speed, it shot down the river with its glad, unconscious freight. The mother raised her bended back and looked. She saw her child quickly carried by the current towards the cataract. She screamed and ran. She plunged into the water; she ventured far, but failed. The boat is caught in the foaming rapids; it is carried over the precipice; the mother's treasure is crushed to atoms, and mingles with the spray which curls above Niagara.

This is no fancy sketch, but a fact reported in the newspapers of the day. The recital of this tragic event thrills our hearts with emotions of intense sympathy for the mother and the child; yet the fact is but a faint picture of what is constantly going on daily and hourly amongst our dear children. Drinking usages form a stream into which the loved ones, for whom you toil and pray, are being drawn and hurried on and on and over the Niagara of intemperance, amidst the piteous wails of agonised parents. Shall we be silent spectators? We cannot; we will not. At any cost of personal indulgence, of reproach, or worse, we must do our utmost to provide for the safety of our Sunday scholars.

But will total abstinence principles preserve the children from the perils of the drinking customs? Certainly. Saved from the enticements of the destroyer, they will remain for a much longer period under your care. They will be more thoughtful and serious, more susceptible to religious impression, and will thus be moulded much as you please. Facts demonstrate the case. The most successful school we know in this country is conducted on temperance principles. In America, where true temperance forms part of the training given in Sunday schools, the results are very satisfactory. In one school, having 200 scholars, whose history was ascertained, 133 became church members. Of 136 persons admitted into another church, 111 had been scholars. A teacher looking over his class for seventeen years, found that three-fourths had been converted, and several of them had become ministers of the Gospel.

Dr. Paton, of New York, has a school of 1,100 children and teachers, nearly all teetotalers, and he stated that it is but seldom any one of them fails to connect himself with some Christian church. Similar results follow temperance teaching in our schools in our own country, of which we have samples in the Stanary Congregational School, Halifax; the Baptist, late Rev. Mr. Chown's, Bradford; and also an Independent School, Preston.

By spreading temperance principles you will cut off many adverse home influences to your teachings. Your children will influence their drunken parents, as we know they have done in the past, and been the means of their redemption. And as these principles prevail, thousands of children, kept from our schools by drunken parents having no clothes for them, will then be able to come and learn from you the precious truths of the Bible. To save your children from the temptation of drinking, you must set them the example. This will involve some self-denial, but this will only be a little extension of the noble spirit which constantly actuates you.

Fellow-workers for Jesus, you are a noble band. The Church and the world owe you much. You largely form the character of our children, the hope of the future, the parents, the citizens, the statesmen, the teachers of the next generation. Great is your power, incalculable is the good you do. The commonwealth and the Church of Christ cannot do without you. Yet how disinterested is your labour! It is essentially one of love and self-sacrifice. You see an enemy in your midst, spoiling your work and destroying those you most tenderly love. Can you for a moment balance the temporary advantage or joy of the intoxicating cup with the shame and misery to that merry-hearted boy in your class, or the wild distraction to the light blue-eyed girl to be ruined in the future?

Nay! Friends of our youth, so generous and warm-hearted as you are, you cannot hesitate for a moment as to your choice between abandoning these drinks for the sake of your charge and the glorious results which will follow. Oh!

then, with one heart and voice, let us all resolve—

"I'll live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
That waits my coming, too;
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do."

And Jesus, in the day of His coming, pointing to those who shall be saved by your sacrifice and zeal, shall say, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of those little ones, ye did it unto Me."

FACTS ABOUT ALCOHOL.

BY DR. ISRAEL RENSHAW.

PART II.

If the juice of the grapes is left too long in the vats, instead of becoming wine, the change from sugar to alcohol goes on to acetic acid, the substance which gives the sour taste to vinegar, and so the contents of the vat become changed into a quantity of very sour liquid indeed, and which will only fetch a very poor price in the market compared with what the wine would have done. In order to understand how this change is brought about, we must understand what materials we have to deal with. First is the alcohol, and you have been shown before how sugar can become alcohol. Then, secondly, we have the air. The air we breathe is chiefly composed of two gases called oxygen and nitrogen. It is the oxygen with which we are now concerned, because it attacks the alcohol, and takes away from it some of its hydrogen and gives it some oxygen. You will remember that alcohol contains three elements, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. A scientific chemist would write it thus, $C_2 H_6 O$, but to make it clear, look at the following diagrams, remembering one letter represents one atom of each element:—

Alcohol, C H H O
C H H
H H

Then the oxygen from the air gives to the molecule of alcohol two atoms, as it were, to fill up the spaces that used to be filled up before the sugar became alcohol, and so we can imagine a diagram like this:—

C H H O
C H H O
H H O

The next step would be that the bottom line is broken off, as it were, and forms water H_2O, whilst the remaining portion is left, and forms acetic acid $C_2 H_4 O_2$ the chief ingredient in vinegar, which has uses domestic and scientific.

Remember that what is called home-made wine is quite as dangerous as any other kind of wine. It is not possible to keep in good condition any infusion of any kind of fruit or flowers made with water, because it so very soon undergoes unpleasant changes or "goes bad," and so the home-made wine has to have some brandy or other alcoholic spirit put into it to prevent these unpleasant changes taking place. And in the olden time many a country lady and farmer's wife has had to lament that she did not put more into the raspberry or red-currant wine, which she had just discovered to have become only so much vinegar.

The juice of our English fruits is quite different in composition from that of the grape, and hence it is that so much difficulty is found in trying to keep wine made from them from going bad.

Gooseberries and currants contain a deal of citric acid, the substance which causes lemons to be so very sour. Apples, sour cherries, and rhubarb stalks contain malic acid; sweet cherries contain malic acid too, but combined with potassium, so that its sourness is quite lost.

Now you saw that when the alcohol was formed in the grape-juice the cream of tartar fell away and formed a crust, but these sour principles in English fruits are not removed at all from the juice, so that when any one is unfortunate enough to drink any of this home-made wine, he stands a very good chance of being made ill by the large quantity of free acids which are concealed somewhat by extra sugar being put into the wine, and a certain chance of being damaged by the alcohol which *must* be put into the wine to keep it from becoming decomposed.

MARTHA OR MARY.

I CANNOT choose. I should have liked so much
To sit at Jesus' feet—to feel the touch
Of His kind, gentle hand upon my head,
While drinking in the gracious words He said.

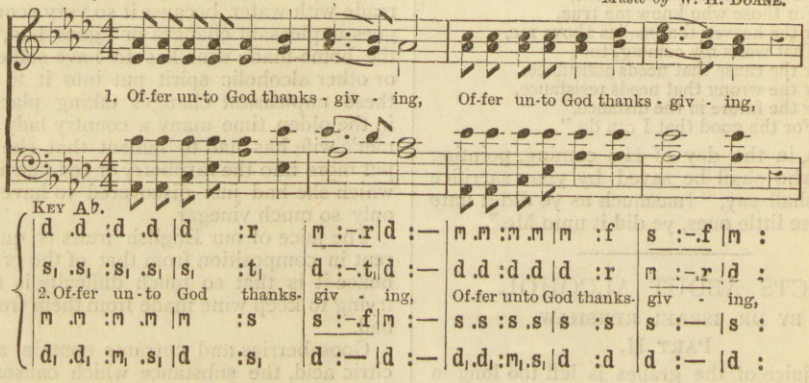
And yet to serve Him! Oh, divine employ!
To minister and give the Master joy!
To bathe in coolest springs His weary feet,
And wait upon Him while He sat at meat.

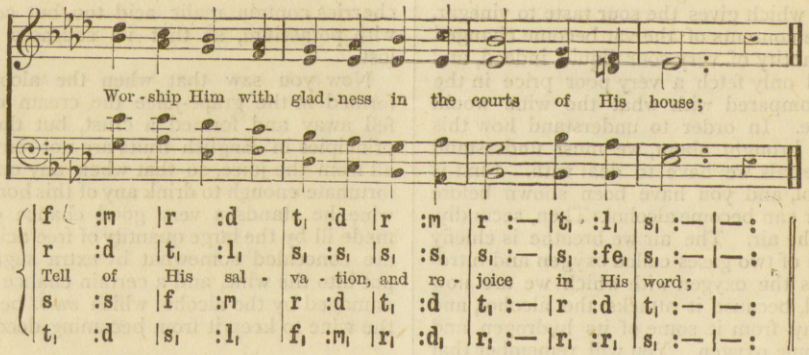
Worship or service, which? Ah, that is best
To which He calls me, be it toil or rest;
To labour for Him in life's busy stir,
Or seek His feet a silent worshipper.

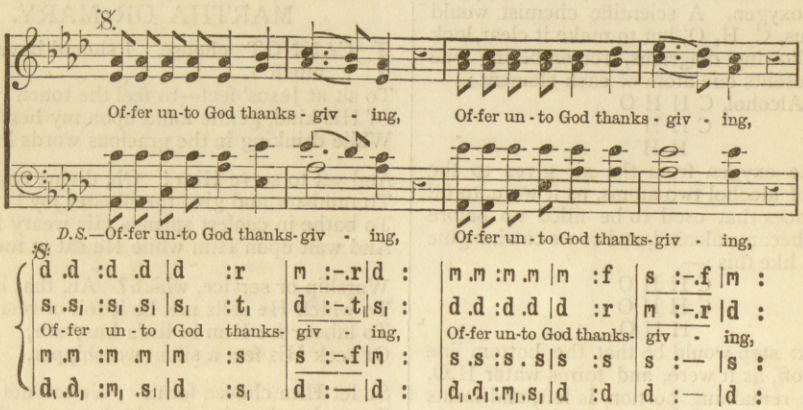
So let Him choose for us. We are not strong
To make the choice. Perhaps we should go wrong,
Mistaking zeal for service, sinful sloth
For loving worship—and so fail of both.

OFFER UNTO GOD THANKSGIVING.

Words by MRS. KATE SMILEY. *Music by* W. H. DOANE.

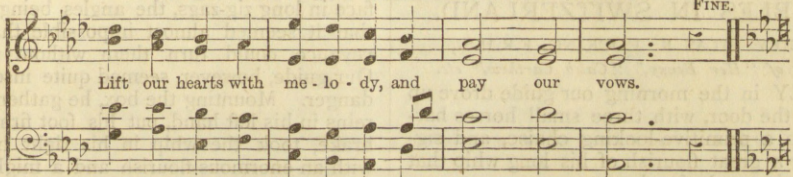






OFFER UNTO GOD THANKSGIVING—*continued.*

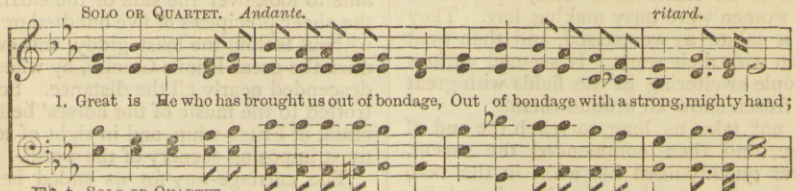
FINE.



FINE.

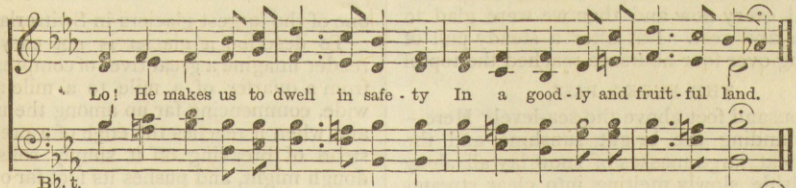
f	:m	|r	:d	|s	:f	|m	:r	|d	:—	|t_1	:—	|d	:—	|—	:
r	:d	|t_1	:d	|s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:l_1	|s_1	:—	|s_1	:—	|s_1	:—	|—	:
Come	be -	fore	Him	joy -	ful -	ly,	and	praise	the	Lord.					
s	:s	|f	:m	|d	:t_1	|d	:d.f	|m	:—	|f	:—	|m	:—	|—	:
t_1	:d	|s_1	:l_1	|m_1	:r_1	|d_1	:f_1	|s_1	:—	|s_1	:—	|d_1	:—	|—	:

SOLO OR QUARTET. *Andante.* *ritard.*



E♭. t. SOLO OR QUARTET.

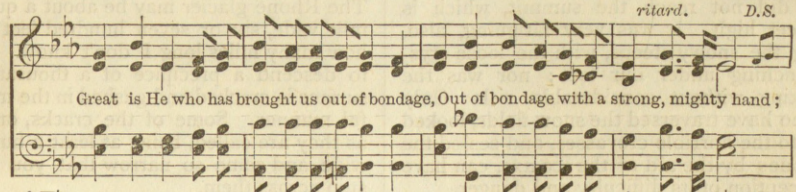
t_1m	:s	|d	:r .m	|s .f	:f .m	|m	:r	|m	:s	|s .f	:m .r	|d	:m .,r	|d	:—
s_1d	:d	|d	:t_1 .d	|d .d	:d .d	|d	:t_1	|d	:d	|d .d	:l_1.la_1	|s_1	:t_1.,t_1	|d	:—
2. Blest are		they	who de-	light in His com-mand-ments,				He	will	prosper them wher-		ev - er they go;			
rs	:m	|m	:f .s	|l .l	:l .l	|s	:s	|s	:ta	|l .l	:s .f	|m	:s .,f	|m	:—
s_1d	:d	|d	:d .d	|f_1.f_1	:f_1.fe_1	|s_1	:s_1	|d	:m_1	|f_1.f_1	:f_1.f_1	|s_1	:s_1.,s_1	|d	:—



B♭. t.

rs$_1$	:s_1	|s_1	:d .r	|m	:-.r	|d	:s_1	|s_1	:s_1	|s_1	:d .r	|m	:-.r	|d	:ta_1
t_1m$_1$	:f_1	|s_1	:s_1 .l_1	|s_1	:-.f_1	|m_1	:m_1	|m_1	:r_1	|d_1	:m_1.fe_1	|s_1	:-.f_1	|m_1	:—
Like a	tree	by the	riv - er	plant-ed,				They	shall	bloom and their		fruit shall grow.			
sd	:r	|m	:d .d	|d	:-.t_1	|d	:d	|d	:t_1	|d	:d .d	|d	:-.t_1	|d	:—
sd	:t_1	|d	:m_1 .f_1	|s_1	:-.s_1	|d_1	:d_1	|s_1	:f_1	|m_1	:l_1.l_1	|s_1	:-.s_1	|d_1	:—

ritard. *D.S.*



f. E♭. *ritard.* f. A♭. *D.S.*

l_1m	:s	|d	:r .m	|s .f	:f .m	|m	:r	|m	:s	|s .f	:m .r	|d	:m .,r	|ds$_1$	:—
f_1d	:d	|d	:t_1 .d	|d .d	:d .d	|d	:t_1	|d	:d	|d .d	:l_1.la_1	|s_1	:t_1.,t_1	|ds$_1$	:—
Great is		He who has		brought us out of		bond - age,		Out of bondage with a				strong, mighty hand;			
ds	:m	|m	:f .s	|l .l	:l .l	|s	:s	|s	:ta	|l .l	:s .f	|m	:s .,f	|mt_1	:—
f_1d	:d	|d	:d .d	|f_1.f_1	:f_1.fe_1	|s_1	:s_1	|d	:m_1	|f_1.f_1	:f_1.f_1	|s_1	:s_1.,s_1	|ds$_1$	:—

RAMBLES IN SWITZERLAND.

BY REV. SILAS K. HOCKING, F.R.H.S.,
Author of "Her Benny," "Caleb Carthew," etc.

EARLY in the morning our guide drove up to the door, with three small horses harnessed to a primitive-looking chaise, and signified by a great flourish of his long whip that he was quite ready for the start.

We were not long in taking our seats, and with a crack of the whip and a merry jingling of the strings of bells around the horses' necks, away we started. For a mile or two the way was level, and the road straight as a rule. In the meadows on either side—early as it was—men and women were busy making hay. They gave us a salute as we passed, and then went steadily on with their work. It seemed curious to see people sweltering in the fields with great plains of frozen snow all around them.

It did not take us long to reach the end of the valley, and then commenced the ascent. Our driver quickly fixed his whip in the rest, fastened the reins to the splashboard, and dismounted. J. and I followed his example, and taking our Alpenstocks, made for a bee-line up the mountain-side; by this means we avoided many of the almost endless zig-zags of the carriage-road. It was hard work climbing, however, and every now and then we were glad to sit down and rest. But after a steady pull of something over four hours we reached the top of

THE FURKA PASS,

eight thousand feet above the sea-level. Here—notwithstanding the bright sunshine and the intense heat, large masses of snow lay all along the roadside, slowly melting into clear streams that were trickling down the mountain-sides in all directions.

After a short rest we commenced to climb

THE GALENSTOCK,

but we did not reach the summit, which is 11,805 feet high. It was very fatiguing, also, climbing the snowy steeps, with the loose crystals crunching under our feet; nor was the undertaking without considerable risk. Only those who have traversed the snow-fields, looked down into the horrible crevasses, and scaled the steep cones by the aid of the ice-axe, can have any conception of its difficulty and danger.

The view we got from the height we reached (about ten thousand feet) was certainly very grand, the whole Bernese Alps coming into view, as well as the beautiful cone of Monte Rosa.

Now came the descent of twenty-two hundred feet into the Rhone Valley, and I must confess it looked an appalling undertaking. The mountain-side is very steep, with the road cut in its face in long zig-zags, the angles being so acute that it seemed almost impossible that a conveyance could turn them without upsetting. Our guide, however, seemed quite insensible to danger. Mounting the box, he gathered up the reins in his left hand, put his foot firmly on the brake, took the whip in his right hand, and with an enormous flourish and a mighty crack, away sprang the horses, and away went we. It was in vain that we expostulated.

Fortunately for us, our previous "climbs" and "descents," coupled with the pure bracing air of these high regions, had already braced our nerves and steadied our heads, so that we were able to look over the side of the carriage, down the sheer precipices of five hundred or more feet, without feeling the least giddy, and even to admire the great Rhone Glacier, by whose side we descended nearly all the distance. So down we trotted to the music of the horses' bells and the crack of Fritz's whip, and in sight of some of the most imposing scenery of the world.

The carriage-way for us ended here. Over the Grimsel to the Hospice there is only a bridle-path, and so, while Fritz was engaged in baiting the horses, and saddling the two most sure-footed of them, we had time to examine

THE GREAT RHONE GLACIER,

one of the largest glaciers in Switzerland.

To describe a glacier is not easy. Let the reader imagine a great river of compressed snow, from a quarter of a mile to a mile and a half wide, commencing far up among the mountains, and when it reaches the edge of a precipice, instead of breaking off it simply rolls down as dough might, and pushes its foot far out into the lower valleys, when it slowly melts away. This great river of snow may be a hundred, or five hundred, or a thousand feet deep, and is ever on the move from end to end, sliding downward at the rate of about five hundred feet a year. The Rhone glacier may be about a quarter of a mile wide, six or seven hundred feet deep, and how many miles long I don't know. As it has to descend a precipice of a thousand feet, its surface is cracked and gashed in the most frightful manner. Some of the cracks, or *crevasses*, as they are called, being at least a hundred feet wide, and some so narrow that you can easily step across them.

In getting upon the Rhone glacier, we found that locomotion was far from easy, great icicles, or ice-boulders confronting us every now and then, twenty and thirty feet in height. These often stood on the edge of the crevasses, and sometimes toppled over and fell into them with a noise that was appalling. In some places the crevasses are so close together that the narrow ridge between them scarcely affords standing

room, while the knowledge that a false step may precipitate you into eternity, is rather trying to the nerves. Into one of the shallower cracks or ice-grottoes we descended, and found it "like a fairy palace of sapphire, the walls of ice being of the loveliest and most vivid blue colour, radiating a soft bluey light throughout the whole place. The cold, however, was intense, and there was an unearthliness about the place that made us eager to get out again as soon as possible.

OVER THE GRIMSEL.

The ascent over the Grimsel is only fifteen hundred feet, but it is much steeper than Snowdon on the Capel Curig side. Our great anxiety was lest the horses should fail to reach the summit in safety. However, these sagacious mountain-climbers toiled steadily up the steeps, pausing every now and then when they were out of breath.

At length the summit is reached, to our intense relief, and once more we feel the snow crunching beneath our feet, and the grateful wind upon our brows, blowing fresh and cool from off the fields of snow. And what a scene opens up before us again! How unspeakably grand the mountains look in the light of the sinking sun! In front of us, and to the right, the Bernese Oberland, and to the left Monte Rosa and the Italian Alps, all aglow in the amber light.

Moving slowly along the ridge of the mountain, we reached at length a small lake (*Todensee*, Lake of the Dead), so called from the fact that in the summer of 1799, after a battle between the French and Austrians, it was used as a burial-place. The water was beautifully clear, but so cold that we could hardly bear to wash our hands in it.

And now came the descent on the Grimsel side, which, at first, looked a rather formidable undertaking, as the side of the mountain is scraped perfectly clean of earth by glacial action, and many of the rocks scoured perfectly smooth. With much labour, however, a narrow bridle-path has been constructed on the rocky face of the mountain by which we descended in single file, the horses, carrying our baggage only, bringing up the rear.

We now found ourselves in a deep, desolate basin of rock, 6,148 feet above the sea-level. On every side rose lofty mountains, destitute of all verdure, and with nothing to relieve the monotony of dark grey rock but the snow-patches lying in all the crevices. At the bottom of this basin is a small lake, so cold that no fish can live in it; and on the margin of the lake stands the Hospice, a long, rambling house, with thick walls, roughly built of unhewn stone, erected originally as a refuge for poor travellers crossing the Grimsel, but now crowded with tourists during the summer, for the very sufficient reason that there is no other house within many hours' walk.

Here, then, in this desolate hollow up among the Alps, we were to spend the night, with the black waters of the lake sobbing mournfully on its strand of rock, and the chill night-wind wailing around the low Hospice.

All the travellers were early astir, and by six o'clock our wives were again in the saddle, and we were on the march. The morning was gloriously fine; not a cloud flecked the deep blue of the sky, while the breeze was delightfully cool, coming to us as it did from off the fields of snow. The gloomy, sombre look of the mountains had vanished with the morning light, and they looked simply magnificent in their white hoods of snow.

Our destination was Meiringen, a good nine hours' tramp. For the first three hours after leaving the Grimsel, barren, and sometimes perpendicular, walls of rock rose on either side of us, and came so close together that the river-bed occupied the entire width of the valley. The bridle-path, of course, had to be cut in many instances in the face of the rock, now on a level with the foaming torrent, and now ascending by a breakneck path, over a spur of rock that threatens to block our way altogether; now carefully rounding a promontory, where a false step means an unbroken fall of a hundred and fifty feet, and now descending by precipitous zig-zags to the level of the river once more.

After a march of three hours we reached

HANDECK,

a village that consists of one châlet and a cow-shed. Here we got some goat's milk to drink, which we found very refreshing, and then, leaving our horses to do a little grazing on their own account, we went to visit the celebrated Handeck waterfall, reckoned the finest in Switzerland. We had seen several beautiful falls already, but nothing to be compared to this. The whole volume of the Aare precipitates itself, in an unbroken mass, into an abyss two hundred and fifty feet in depth. Standing on a wooden bridge above the fall the spectacle is sublime. From the deep gulf, a cloud of vapour and spray rises incessantly, in which the most beautiful rainbows are formed by the sunshine, while the roar is equal to the loudest thunder.

In our three hours' tramp we had descended fifteen hundred feet, and in the next half-hour we descended five hundred feet more, through a forest of pines. This we found delightful after the rugged and treeless wilds through which we had come. After a while the valley widened out, and green pasture-lands greeted our tired eyes. Here we halted in sheer delight, and

stretched ourselves on the soft turf, and gave ourselves up to thorough-going enjoyment of the magnificent scenery that met our eyes at every point.

About noon we reached

GUTTANNEN,

a poor village though the largest in the valley, and situated in a large basin. In all directions the fields were covered with heaps of stones which had been brought down by mountain torrents, some meadows indeed being completely covered by the *débris*. How the villagers eked a living out of such meagre little farms is to me a mystery, while the life they lead must be monotonous in the extreme. There is no way into the village or out of it but by a bridle-path, and that is blocked by snow during many months of the year.

At a small inn we rested for an hour and half and got lunch, and then marched forward again, across ravines filled with glacier snow, and over mountain torrents by bridges of the most primitive construction; but a spice of danger seemed to give zest to our tramp, and every mile of it yielded us some new beauty or pleasure.

At length, after a seven or eight hours' march, our bridle-path terminated in a carriage-road. Here we found an old chaise that had been left by some travellers going in the opposite direction, and into this Fritz soon yoked our two horses, and mounting the box, he drove away at a rattling pace, glad of an opportunity of riding, after walking so far.

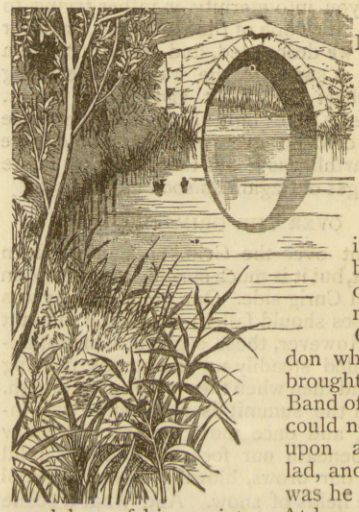
The road was still on the banks of the Aare, that roared far below us; nor was there the smallest protection along the edge of the precipice. But Fritz was a good driver, and we had got used to abysses; so we rattled along gaily enough, passing through one or two short tunnels in order to escape the mountain torrents that swept over us into the deep gorge of the Aare. A little before five o'clock we rattled into the picturesque little town of Meiringen.

INGREDIENTS OF ALCOHOLIC DRINKS AND OF FOOD.

A case showing a chemical analysis of alcoholic drinks and milk, and also one of food and drink, have been prepared by Mr. Thomas Laurie, 31, Paternoster Row, Agent to the Science Department, South Kensington. These interesting collections are specially adapted for the requirements of lecturers on temperance and health, and they should be conspicuous in every museum. To bands of hope and mechanics' institutes they would prove interesting, instructive, and profitable. The prices are 35s. and 45s., respectively.

A STEADY HAND.

BY UNCLE BEN.



ON board the brig called the *Mary Ann* the captain and crew were a godless and drinking company; but there was one young man named George Grindon who had been brought up in a Band of Hope. He could not be looked upon as a model lad, and in no way was he the typically good boy of his society. At home, in school, even among his friends, he was often in difficulty; and some said he never was happy unless he was in a row. But one thing he did, and that was, he remained faithful to his pledge.

Once the ship in which he was sailing made a voyage to the north of the Canadian coast during the early summer. The captain was what the men called a jolly good fellow, and for some reason, or for some excuse, the crew had a jollification. The result was the captain and men were all more or less drunk, except George, who had a rough time of it because nothing would persuade him to break his pledge.

The day had come to a close, and George saw plainly that none of the men were fit to take the helm or keep watch. They were sailing northward, and long before morning they would be among the icebergs which were being loosed from the mountains of ice and snow, and floating slowly down to warmer seas, where they would be melted and vanish in the deep ocean. George Grindon saw his duty, and knew that his post must be all night on deck, that on his care and skill the safety of every life and all the property would depend. The others were worse than useless, for some of them were quarrelsome, and a serious disturbance might arise, and none be able to stop it before injury or bloodshed occurred.

During the day they had seen some floating ice pass them, but no very large bergs. However, as night came on one or two were sighted; the moon rose, and most fortunately it was full that night, with only a few fine fleecy clouds in



the sky, so it made the night almost as light as day, and the days were long and nights were short.

Through the bright moonlight the ship sailed on over the long and gentle swell; up the pathless sky the moon climbed slowly, throwing its wide and silvery sheen on the dark water. Then came the glistening peaks of ice, the moving mountains of frozen water, towering up into the moonlit air—nearer they came. One was a gigantic and fantastic monument of gleaming ice flashing with snow patches, with almost unearthly whiteness, beautiful exceeding, like some fair world of splendour. The sails of the ship rose black against the moonlight, like some sable phantom of the ocean; and that huge fairy crag, lovely in its purity, bore slowly down upon the ship. The crew would be unable to manage the sails, all would depend on the steering; peril and danger were close at hand, one touch from the cold vast mass of ice and the vessel would be a wreck, she would be shivered to destruction. Fear was in his heart, but his brain was clear and his hand was steady, and safely through that night of anxiety the good God above, and the faithful abstainer on deck, brought the ship through the icebergs, and finally to her destination.

The captain and crew knew that they had been in imminent peril, and that probably they owed their life to teetotal George. But they were never fully conscious how nearly danger

and death had come to them, and how much the one steady hand had wrought for them all.

In many fields of labour our Bands of Hope have made steady hands. In a large town in England a 'bus-guard kept so faithful a watch over the driver, whose temptation was intemperance, that while under his influence he made a steady man of him. It is a grand thing to know that by our temperance work men are made sober, and in our towns and cities there are men who are more than guards of 'buses, being guards of men's souls and characters. And on the tossing sea, amid dangers and icebergs, sailors are made brave and faithful. So over this rough ocean of life, steady hands, clear brains, and firm, strong characters are turned out into the world by our Bands of Hope, and many of them in the highest and truest sense are not only saving themselves, but even the drunkards and the helpless from death and ruin by their fidelity and their steadfastness.

ODE TO GORDON.

OUR hero's dead; his life's great work is o'er;
A grateful nation owns his lasting fame;
And loving spirits give a silent tear,
To weave a chaplet to his honoured name.

Yes, at sweet rest, his heart reposes now;
Comrades dear, with all who love the brave,
Mention him,—then each in reverence bow,
And echo back his glories from the grave.

No carvèd stone may ever mark his tomb,
No ear was there to catch his falling sigh;
His country's annals tell what he has done,
And speak a name whose charm will never die.

He needs no stone to tell in future days
Of one who acts of goodness made sublime—
Divinely great; his name will be always
Beyond decaying touch, or blight of time.

Our hero's gone. Yes; but shall we mourn?
So great a life, sad as proved its close,
Must yield its balm, to loving hearts who yearn
For consolation, not minister to woes.

Cold souls may not appreciate his worth;
In silent thanklessness his deeds ignore;
But east and west, inspired by him on earth,
Will weep with us—the loss of him deplore.

Our hero's gone, but not his glowing deeds;
His loving spirit England's sons may crave;
Come, mark the path that on to glory leads,
And bring a wreath to honour Gordon brave.

THOS. H. WILSON-GREENE.

THE INFLUENCE OF DRINKING CUSTOMS UPON THE YOUNG.

BY W. S. CAINE, M.P.



I HAVE been a Sunday-school teacher and superintendent of a ragged school for a great number of years, and have, from time to time, made it my business to look up some of the children who were not regular in their attendance, and I always found that the children who neglected regular attendance at Sunday-school were the children of drunken parents. The intemperance of parents leads to carelessness about the Sunday-school, and the Sunday-school being the parent of the Church, the devil attacks the Church through the children.

The most dangerous time for the Sunday-school scholar is when he or she is passing from boyhood or girlhood to manhood or womanhood. Thus young men going out into life look for the signs of manhood, and copy what men do, and they copy their vices a great deal quicker than their virtues, and the first temptation that presents itself to our senior scholars when they get away from the influence of the Sunday-schools is the temptation to drink. Thus I have known young boys of fourteen or fifteen to be hurried headlong into habits of intemperance and lost to everything that is good.

I am certain that the dangers which surround young people from drink are worse than those which surround them from any other source. It is just the same with girls who go out to service. It is a terrible thought to me that in the houses of the rich the children of the poor meet with their greatest danger owing to the amount of intoxicating liquors provided for the use of servants. I think we cannot too much urge this upon all householders. My wife has had a good deal of experience in that way, being a very active member of a society in London for the protection of young servants. That society has under its charge in London between five thousand and six thousand young girls, and my wife tells me that nine out of ten of the girls who go wrong—and hundreds of them go wrong in London, even of those who are in the hands of Christian

women—do so because they have learned the habit of drinking in the kitchens of the houses where they are placed. I think that is really the greatest danger that besets the Sunday scholars, and it is most important in connection with the work of the Christian minister, that he should warn the children as solemnly as it is in his power to do of the evils of drink with which they will have to contend.

THE DRUNKARD'S DOOM.

THROUGH the broken dust-stained window
Of a dull and cheerless room,
The last bright golden rays of sunlight
Battle with the gathering gloom.

Soft the mellow light of evening
Falls upon a human form,
Tossing on his ragged pallet,
Struggling hard with life's last storm.

Near his side a poor lone creature
Kneels, and strives to soothe his pain;
Well she knows that death must conquer,
Still she hopes till hope is vain.

Weary, sad, and broken-hearted,
Bitter, hard, has been her lot;
Yet she prays that Heaven will spare him,
Blows and jeers alike forgot.

Fancy weaves a glorious vision
Of the brighter days gone by,
When no shadow crossed their pathway,
Hope within their breasts beat high.

A youthful pair before God's altar,
Hand in hand they took the vow:
Life was *then* a happy day-dream!
Where are all those pleasures now?

Gone, ay gone; the once fond husband
Scarce can speak without a frown;
Drink, that cup of death and ruin,
Swiftly, surely, dragged him down.

Down, until at last death's fingers
Close around his wasted frame,
Leaving naught to friends behind him
But a stained, dishonoured name.

See that wretched low-roofed hovel,
Mark the signs of want and woe;
Then believe me when I tell you,
Drink's the poor man's deadliest foe.

G. GORDON WATT.

THE OUTLOOK.

INTEMPERANCE AND PAUPERISM.

A REPRESENTATIVE gathering of the relieving officers of London met in Exeter Hall last month, by invitation of the National Temperance League, to consider the relation of poverty and strong drink. A large number were present from the thirty-nine Poor Law divisions of the metropolis, which had, in the early part of the year, a pauper population of 58,000 *in*door poor, 39,000 *out*door poor in receipt of relief, and over 550 vagrants.

There was unanimity of opinion that drinking largely increases pauperism, though the estimates differed. Many stated that three-fourths of the poverty now prevailing was caused by improvidence and intemperance. Other causes were mentioned, such as bad times, too early marriages, the high rents demanded by grasping landlords.

Several declared it to be their opinion that drink was the main cause of lunacy. This has been confirmed by many independent authorities.

But perhaps one of the most striking features in the conference was the general agreement as to the absence of teetotalers from the books of the Poor Law officer.

One said that out of 21,000 applications he had only known two cases of total abstainers. It was further mentioned that the Phœnix teetotal orders have about 16,000 members; nearly all of these members are working men of the poorer class, and only two had applied for relief.

This question of drink and poverty is one of the most practical of the temperance cause. When we remember the appalling fact that in this Christian land, with all our civilisation, commerce, and wealth, there were, in England and Wales alone, last year 164,212 indoor paupers, and 512,027 outdoor, unable to work, a total of 676,239 without the able-bodied, who number 98,071, making altogether, without vagrants, an army of 774,310 maintained at a cost of £8,400,000.

This, of course, only represents the lowest condition of society, the utterly destitute and all but starving part of the community, brought to this state of social ruin by the waste, not only of money, but of all that is best of a people's means and honour, and who then, in beggary and disease, are cast on the rates to be a burden to the nation their sin has injured. The number of poor who live on the border line of pauperism, is estimated at four or five millions. The only cure for intemperance is the abolition of drink. If, therefore, the cause of pauperism is drunkenness, and drink is the cause of drunkenness, stop the drink and both these evils cease.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

EARLY TRAINING.—To shape the character of a child aright is a task which perhaps only those who have themselves been wisely disciplined in youth are thoroughly competent to perform. Few know how to go about it; fewer still possess the requisite patience and equanimity to adhere persistently to the rules under which alone it can be accomplished. The great difficulty is with those strong propensities which, wholesome in themselves, and implanted in our nature for wise purposes, may become, if unregulated by principle, the source of the worst vices and the most heinous crimes.

A NERVOUS man whose life was made miserable by the clattering of two blacksmiths, prevailed upon each of them to remove by the offer of a liberal compensation. When the money was paid down, he kindly inquired what neighbourhood they intended to remove to. "Why, sir," replied Jack, with a grin, "Tom Smith moves to my shop, and I move to his."

AS an inducement to young men, it may be said that a good wife is never a miss.

A GRUMBLER says there is one thing which can always be found, and that is fault.

FEW women are blessed with the gift of occasional silence.

MANY a dry time in business is helped out by heavy due.

SOMEBODY says that "ballet girls are not so bad as they are painted." We hope not. They are painted frightfully.

RED used on a railway signifies danger, and says "Stop!" It is the same thing displayed on a man's nose.

AN obituary notice contains the touching intelligence that the deceased "had accumulated a little money and ten children."

THE craze on electrical study is beginning to bear fruit. "Are you the conductor?" asked a lad on an excursion train. "I am," replied the courteous official, "and my name is Wood." "Oh, that can't be," said the boy, "for wood is a non-conductor."

AN old bachelor says, "It is all nonsense to pretend that love is blind. I never knew a man in love that did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could."

A JOLLY-LOOKING Irishman was saluted with the remark, "Tim, your house is blown away," "'Deed, then, it isn't," he answered, "for I have the key in my pocket."

A DANDY with a cigar in his mouth entered a menagerie, when the proprietor requested him to take the weed from his mouth lest he should teach the other monkeys bad habits.

THERE is no end to bankruptcy cases. Now the day *breaks* and the light *fails*.

THE latest thing in cradles—the new baby.

"WHEN was Rome built?" inquired a "competitive" examiner. "In the night, sir!" "In the night! How do you make that out?" "Why, sir, you know Rome wasn't built in a day!"

"YOU ought to acquire the faculty of being at home in the best society," said a fashionable aunt to an honest nephew. "I manage that easily enough," responded the nephew, "by staying at home with my wife and children."

"HAVE you a life lease of that mouth of yours?" said an ill-natured man to a friend whose mouth was very large. "No," was the good-humoured reply," I only have it from *year* to *year*."

"I DON'T say all I think," remarked Brown, when pressed for his opinion of the representative of his district. "I should think you might,' replied Fogg, "and not be pressed for time either."

"TOO bad! only one instead of two weeks' vacation this summer!" grumbled Racket, throwing himself back in the hammock. "Never mind, dear," replied the consoling Mrs. R.; "you know half a loaf is better than none"

Notice to Correspondents.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed to the Editors of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. All Business Communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: Rev. S. K. Hocking, Rev. E. Franks, Dr. I. Renshaw, T. H. W. Green.

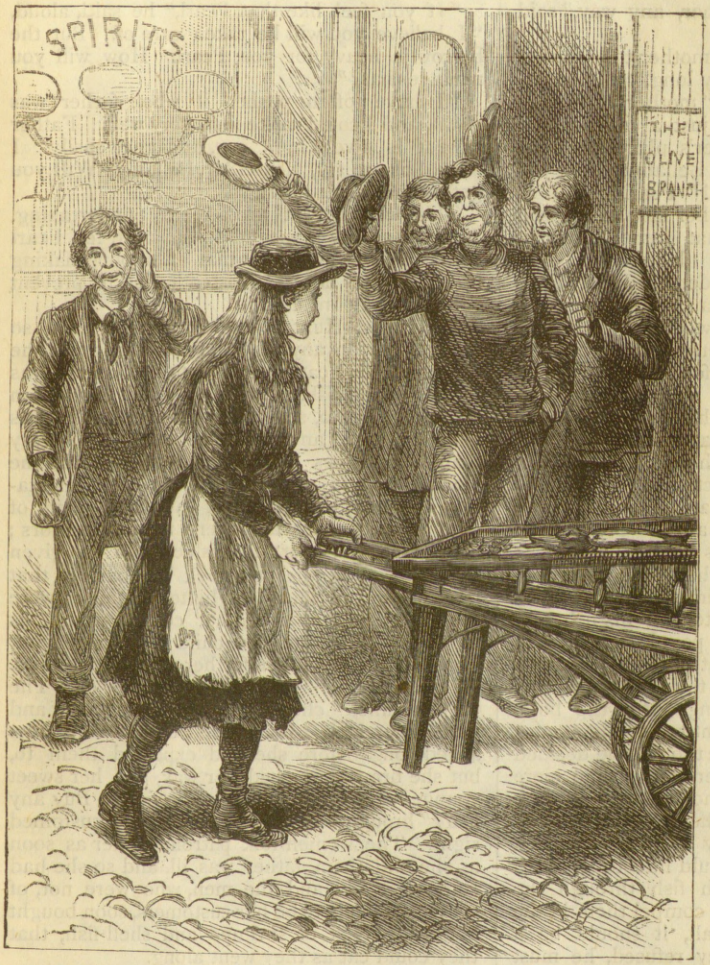
Publications Received.

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.

Notices of Books.

"The Squire of Oakburn." By Miss Emily Foster. Published by the National Temperance Depôt, 337, Strand, London. A pleasant and attractive story, in which "the more excellent way" than moderation in strong drink is plainly set forth.

From the same firm the following tracts have been lately issued:—"Depression of Trade: its Cause and Cure," by William Hoyle, of Tottington. The facts and conclusions of this paper are a solemn lesson to all thinking people. Also, "The Wines of the Bible," by Dr. Norman Kerr, and "Travels in a Strange Land," by J. Dyer Ball.



THE Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "The Bird Angel," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battle Field," etc., etc.

CHAPTER V.

"BUY ANY FISH?"

ALL this was followed by a dreadful attack of delirium tremens for Black Jim. James Bellamy's kindness to the unhappy family during the first few days of their distress, and throughout the illness of the unhappy man, was just what might be expected of one so good and true-hearted. There was an end for the present to the little bit of prosperity that had shone upon the Hunters of late. Mrs. Hunter could not leave her sick husband, who required her attention every minute. When she applied for parish relief she was offered an order for entrance to the Union-house; but as she had no wish to break up her little home, she determined to try hard to preserve it. The parish doctor was granted, and a few luxuries for the sick man; for the rest she must get them as she could.

The good teetotal porter of Billingsgate sat up night after night beside the erring man, struggling with his delirium, and keeping the poor wife in heart as far as possible all through. Besides this goodness, for which nothing could ever repay him that the Hunters would ever have it in their power to give, he lent various commodities and conveniences from his own home, and purchased food out of his own purse. Was it any wonder that the sad wife and child looked upon him as their good angel, and felt a love and gratitude towards him which must be everlasting?

But Pearl entertained a little plan which she longed to carry out, only she feared James Bellamy and her mother would hardly approve. If Mr. Bellamy would sanction it, Pearl knew it would be right, so she broached the subject with him first.

"Now father's ill, Mr. Bellamy, and it was partly my fault——" began Pearl, one day, to her kind friend.

"Your fault, Pearl? Nonsense," said James Bellamy, tenderly patting her gently on the shoulder; "it was the fault of the drink. You were only doing your best, poor child, for baby. Don't say 'twas your fault, little Pearl."

"You never will find any fault with me, Mr. Bellamy," said Pearl; "but it was partly my doing, really."

"Mr. Bellamy" only shook his head.

ONWARD, MAY, 1885. *All Rights Reserved.*]

"Well, I want to help father, any way," said Pearl.

"So you do help him, and mother too; you've got that baby to mind all day long."

"Not now," said Pearl; "mother can see to him mostly, now father is just a little better, and so I want to take father's place, and sell some fish in our barrow, Mr. Bellamy. Will you help me? *Do* say I may!" Pearl looked so pretty in her eagerness, with her face so crimson and her eyes so bright, that James Bellamy stood looking at her with delight. Like a gardener coming into a garden, suddenly finds a new and unexpected beauty in some rare blossom, so he beheld the sweetness of a self-sacrifice, even yet more perfect than he had ever noticed in the child before. His first idea was to prevent little Pearl from carrying out her intention. But—should he? It was, as he phrased it to himself, outlandish work for a little girl to go selling fish through London streets. But if she was actuated by such a pure motive could not her Saviour protect her? Not alone; she should not go alone—God forbid; but suppose he let one of his boys go with her? The very novelty of the thing might attract custom. There were certain streets in which her father was accustomed to sell his fish, and there she might inform the people that he was ill, and some sympathy might possibly be shown to her on that account. So, to Pearl's great joy, he did not forbid her trying. But the boy's schooling? He was reluctant to let them miss any time, and yet after some thought he decided that there are, after all, better things than mere book-learning, and much more valuable to the heart and life. Yet the boys themselves might not be willing. Greatly as they admired Pearl, it did not follow that they would like to go with her, pushing a barrow with fish through the streets. And he would not compel them in the least. If it was done at all, it should be a labour of love. And if they refused, he must turn about in his mind for some other way of helping Pearl. But after they had talked about it, and he had promised Pearl to buy some fish for her the next day, the child astonished him by begging him to let her go alone, and do the best she could.

"Why, they'll set on you, Pearl, and steal your fish. If anybody goes with you, they'll be afraid."

Pearl looked thoughtfully into James Bellamy's face.

"Can't Jesus take care of me, and keep them from doing it?" asked the child, trustfully.

Oh! this wonderful faith, thought the good man. Can't He? Why should I make her doubt? Surely, "according unto her faith" it will "be unto her."

"If you feel like that, Pearl," he said, aloud, "I believe you will be taken care of. But the barrow is heavy for you, Pearl. How will you manage that?"

"I have often pushed it when father was down, and I could make it go very well. Father says it is a very light one, and goes easily. I should like to try, please, Mr. Bellamy. Will you get mother to let me?"

This was not at all an easy undertaking. James Bellamy managed it, however, for Pearl while she was at school that afternoon, making up one of the necessary attendances to prevent the School Board fine.

Poor Mrs. Hunter! She had not been so reluctant to do anything since the morning she consented for Pearl to go out to beg, as she was for her to sell fish. But if the child could earn a shilling or two, she could not deny that it was badly wanted, and that she should be very thankful. James Bellamy told the story in the market, and though Billingsgate has a reputation of a very low order, yet there are plenty of kind generous hearts in very rough exteriors; and, much to his surprise, fish enough was given by one and another to stock the barrow that morning. And what was better, promises were readily given that the other costers would, as far as possible, protect the child in her endeavour to be the bread-winner for her needy household.

Even the men standing at the door of "The Olive Branch" cheered her as she started, and wished her luck. Poor little Pearl! Her arms ached long before she had expected them to, but she bravely pursued her way, and her sweet young voice calling, "Buy any fish? Buy any fish?" brought many to look at the unaccustomed sight. The women folk patronised her as soon as she told them father was ill, and so she had come instead; and the men, who were not, of course, so likely to be her customers, soon bought her little stock of shrimps and shell-fish, that they could eat as they went along.

It really seemed as if her faith made a pathway guarded by God's angels, for her young unaccustomed feet, for no one molested her. Perhaps, some who heard the "Buy any fish" from that child voice, supposed the father or mother was at hand. She had turned into a quiet street of neat houses, mostly private ones, and was crying the fish from her fast emptying cart, when she heard a door open, and some one said—

"Why, Pearl, is that you?"

"Yes, Miss Hayes," said Pearl, going to her, and surprised indeed at this unexpected meeting with her Sunday-school teacher.

"Why, dear child," said Miss Hayes, "this work is too heavy for you, and not much like a girl's work either. Where's your father?"

"Father is very ill, Miss Hayes," said Pearl; "so I'm going to do it just for a little while, till he's better."

"But doesn't it hurt you? Aren't you tired?"

"Not very," said Pearl, bravely; "and I shall be going home soon. I've done so well, Miss Hayes; I've nearly sold all my fish."

"And aren't you afraid?" asked Miss Hayes.

"That's what they all thought I should be," said Pearl; "but I thought Jesus would take care of me, and *so He has*. Everybody has been kind to me, Miss Hayes."

"Mother," said that lady, "do come here a minute. I want to show you Pearl."

Another lady appeared at the door, and looked attentively at the child as she listened to the story told by her daughter.

"We must buy some fish," said Mrs. Hayes then, and the small servant, a few years older than Pearl, brought a dish to the barrow, and Pearl set the best fish she had left upon it, and nearly half the remainder of her stock was purchased by the sympathising ladies. On the door of their house Pearl saw a brass plate, with the words engraved on it—

"MISS HAYES,
Teacher of the Piano, Harmonium, and Organ."

An old gentleman in the opposite house saw Mrs. Hayes buying fish, and he tapped at his window and sent out his servant to bring some in that he might examine them. He declared them to be very fresh, but small, and therefore not worth much money. Pearl told the very lowest price she could sell them for, and at last he consented to give it, though he grumbled a little, and came out to the cart himself to see the small saleswoman.

"Why, you're nothing but a little shrimp, yourself," he said, playfully, as he looked at Pearl. "Where's your father; I see this is his barrow, or I suppose it's your father—James Hunter?"

"Yes, sir; he's ill, please, sir, that's why I've come."

"Don't the folks all cheat you?"

"I don't think so," said Pearl, sweetly, looking at him with her beautiful blue eyes. "You haven't, have you, sir?"

He laughed when she said that. "Perhaps I drove rather a hard bargain," he said, "considering it was with a sick man and a little child. Come here to-morrow with better fish, before you sell so much, and I promise you a good customer."

"Yes, I will, sir," said Pearl; "thank you."

"What is your name, child?" asked the old gentleman, gazing at her, as, indeed, was not to be wondered at, she was so sweet to look upon.

"Pearl, sir—Pearl Hunter."

"Pearl, eh? That is a precious name for a precious little piece of goods," he said. "And where do you and your father live?"

"Love Lane, by Billingsgate Market, sir."

And the old gentleman laughed and said: "Bless my soul, then you're the Pearl of Billingsgate, are you?"

Pearl began to think it quite natural to be called so, and it did not surprise her as it had done at first.

"I'm called after mother's young mistress, sir," she answered.

"Quite a pretty little romance," he said; "I must tell my son about it."

He watched her as she took up the handles of the barrow and pushed it with some effort.

"Rather too heavy for you, isn't it, Pearl?"

"Oh! I can manage, thank you, sir," said the child, cheerfully. "I've only to go home now, you know, sir."

"I'll help you along a little way," said the old gentleman, quite forgetting, in his interest in this little Pearl, that he only had his dressing-gown and slippers on. But he was so well known in the street that those who looked at him—as of course every one did—only smiled at this additional proof of his eccentricity. But the stones hurt his corns, and felt so very differently to his soft carpet, that he realised his position sooner than he might otherwise have done. He gave up the handles to Pearl, with the kind words—

"You're a good child, Pearl, and God will bless you. Tell your father to make haste and get well again."

Pearl had so much to say to her mother that she could hardly talk fast enough to get it all told. Day after day, week after week, the faithful child performed the task of pushing the barrow and selling the fish. She had no difficulty whatever in doing so.

Miss Hayes interested one little circle about her, and Mr. Herman, who was a German Jew, interested his friends, and she was told to go here and there with fish, so that she did not need to stand much in the street calling it, and never had the fish left on hand. Each day she prayed for God's protecting care, each day she was followed by her mother's prayers; and, perhaps, because Pearl trusted her Heavenly Father so fully that she never expected danger, she never encountered any.

Her earnings kept the family in a condition of comfort never expected by her mother when her husband was laid low, and now that he began to mend considerably, she hoped her child's strength might hold on to the end of their necessity. The poor little hands had suffered sadly, and were galled and sore spite of the gloves that Mr. Herman and Miss Hayes had both bestowed upon her.

Black Jim had not been told for many days of Pearl's efforts to take his place. But one morning he said to his wife, "How are you getting on, Susie? I suppose we are in debt all round? It's a wonder to me how any one trusts me. They trust you, that's it."

"We're not so far back as you might think, Jim," said Mrs. Hunter.

"How's that?"

Mrs. Hunter paused. Should she tell him the story of their child; the beautiful little story that she thought about so much, and which was surely so worthy of thought? "Pearl helps me so well," she said at length.

"Yes," said Pearl's father; "but she can't earn much. She's the best little creature in the world, and God forgive me that I served her so, but she can't keep the fire burning and the kettle boiling."

"But she does," said the mother.

"She does! How?"

"She's out with your barrow every day, Jim, and she brings me as much money, nearly, as you did."

"What?" Black Jim raised himself in the bed, and eyed his wife eagerly. "Sue," he said, "whatever do you mean?"

So the whole story was told to him, and he listened with his face turned to his wife, and his lips moving in sympathy with her words, and then his eyes filled with blessed tears, and he shook and sobbed like a child.

"Oh! the shame of it," he cried; "the sin and shame, that I have turned my little Pearl out into the streets to work for me, as if she were a man; and she a tender girl!"

(To be continued.)

LICENSED.

LICENSED to make the strong man weak,
To lay the wise and good man low;
Licensed the wife's fond heart to break,
And make the children's tears to flow.

Licensed to work his neighbours harm,
To kindle hate, despair, and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm,
And whet and drive the murderer's knife.

Licensed to waste the country's wealth,
To crowd the streets, poor-house, and jail;
Licensed to sap the workman's health,
And make the greatest skill to fail.

Licensed where peace and quiet dwell
To frustrate every holy plan;
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And be the foe of God and man.

THE MAN WHO WAS NO GOOD TO ANY ONE.

BY UNCLE BEN.

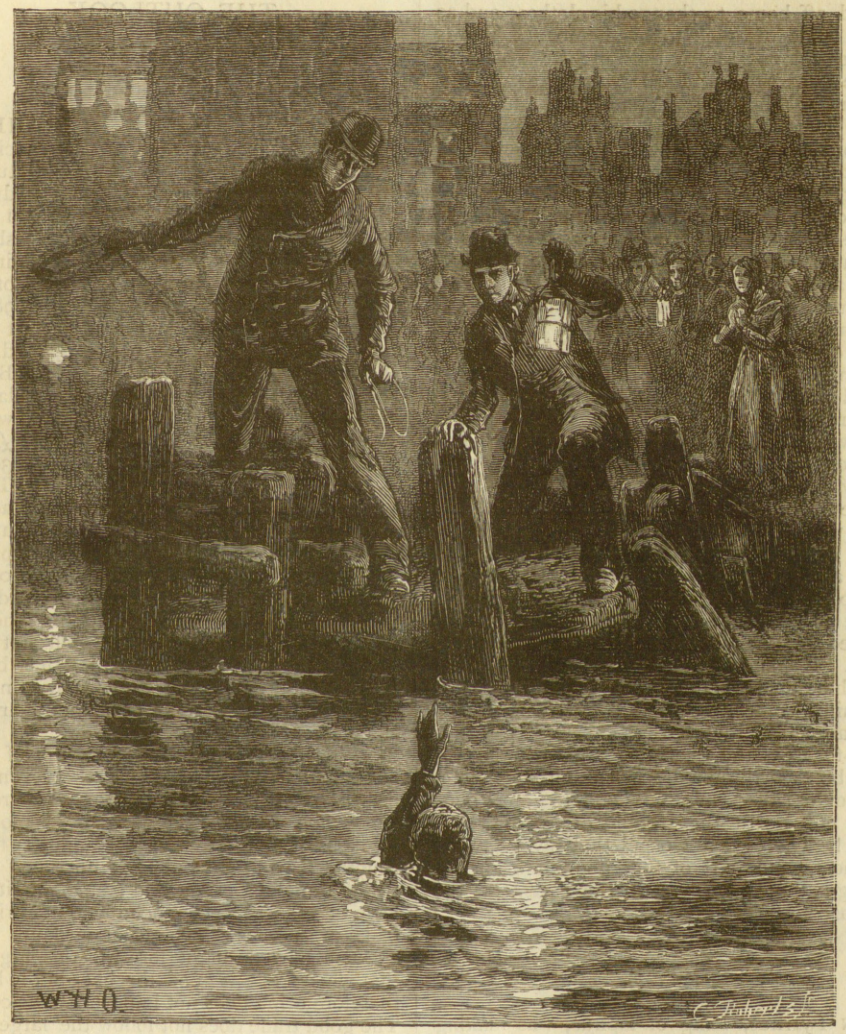


IN the bank of a tidal river that ran thro' a little country town not far from the sea, at a point where a ferry-boat plied across from one side of the river to the other, to save the inhabitants the trouble of going over by a bridge some half-mile further up the river, one winter evening, late, a man was walking towards the landing-place to wait for the next departure of the boat, when he noticed in the dim darkness the shadowy outline of a human figure. He was not observing the form very intently, for he was some little distance off, when suddenly he heard a splash. The figure disappeared, and a loud, piercing cry rang through the darkness. The man could see nothing distinctly, but he rushed back to the houses which were not far away, and shouted—"Help! help! Some one has fallen into the water."

He knocked at the nearest door, and asked for a rope and assistance. The alarm once given, it soon spread. In what seemed a few seconds lanterns gleamed forth, and the people from the neighbourhood were hurrying and rushing to the river-bank. With as little delay as possible the owner of the house came with a rope, and handed a lantern to the man who had appealed for help, saying—"Whereabouts is the person?"

Another cry drew them toward the place. The stream had drifted the now evidently drowning person some little distance from the spot where the figure had at first disappeared.

The dark water reflected the rays of light from the lantern, and showed the head of a man and an outstretched arm. The rope was thrown, but though it nearly touched the open hand, it was in vain. Again the rope was thrown, but to no purpose.



"He cannot clutch the rope! Some one must save him, or he'll be a dead man in a few minutes. Is he a friend of yours?" asked the man with the rope.

"Nay," said the other, "I never saw him till now. I am not much of a swimmer, but I can't see a fellow drown before our eyes."

In another instant he had the rope round him, and was in the water struggling with the unfortunate man, who was sinking for the last time. It was a time of suspense for a few seconds to all who hurried up to the brink, but by the help of the rope around his waist, the rescuer was dragged with his burden safely to the shore.

At first the man seemed half dead, but the bystanders helped to carry him to the nearest public-house, while one went for a doctor. When the men entered the drink-shop, the landlord exclaimed, "Why, bless me! it's Percy Wilkins. We've just had to turn him out, because he was getting disorderly, and had spent all his money. Poor chap! he's no good to any one."

The man who had accomplished the rescue, directly the doctor said the man would recover,

hurried off home to change his clothes; and as it was some distance to his home, and it was late, he did not return that night. The next day he went to the "Lord Nelson" to see how the man was, but he had gone off.

The landlord briefly told him that he had got no money, and was no good to any one, that the "cold water had sobered him a good bit; and when the chap was able to move they told him if he didn't go, the bobbies would take him in charge. He stumbled off in his wet things to his home, I suppose, if he's got one. But a chap like that is not worth the trouble of saving."

Every pains was taken to discover the man's whereabouts. He had been a journeyman tailor, drinking most of his wages at the "Lord Nelson." The people at the house where he lodged knew nothing about him: he had gone off to return no more.

How it all happened never transpired. Did this poor journeyman tailor make a false step, and by mistake plunge into the cold stream? or did he feel he had taken so many, that he would take one more fatal? Did he know the reality of the irony of the landlord, that he had spent all, lost all, money and character, "and was no good to any one"?

The friend who had rescued him never received any thanks, never had one word of praise. It may be these two souls will meet again here, or hereafter when the great day of reckoning comes, when the judgment of the publican will be reversed.

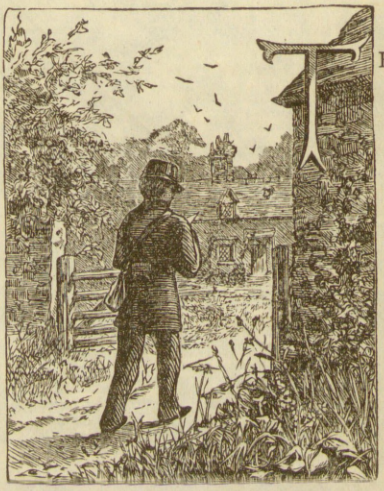
But for us is the question, "What made that life to be wasted, ruined, lost, so that any human lips could say, 'He's no good to any one,' 'He's not worth the trouble of saving'?"—Drink! There is a Gospel that saves "to the uttermost," and part of that good news is the message that saves from the *cause* of the drunkard's ruin.

PEACE.

WHEN Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, was making preparations to wage war against Rome, Cineas, a wise and good man, asked him what were his expectations as to the result of the career upon which he was about to enter. "To subdue Rome," answered the king. "What will you do next, sire?" "I will conquer Italy." "And what then?" "I will subjugate Carthage, the whole of Africa, and Greece." "And when you have conquered all that you can conquer, what will you do then?" "Do? I will sit down and spend my time in peace and comfort." "Ah, sire," said the sage, "what prevents you from sitting down and spending your time in peace and comfort now?"

THE OUTLOOK.

PROFIT AND LOSS.



THE excise returns for drink in 1884 show an increase of £871,981. The total drink Bill for last year was £126,349,256. This advance upon the preceding year, in which it was over £125,000,000, is a cause, as Mr. Hoyle has lately pointed out in *The Times*, of national humiliation. The profit by this increased expenditure will not much benefit the exchequer, because it has been in beer and not in the heavily-taxed wines and spirits. Six bottles of gin bring into the revenue as much as fifty gallons of beer. So though there is 871,000 pounds' worth of drink consumed more than last year, the revenue will be £200,000 less, this indicating a decrease in wines and spirits. This waste of money in drink is a robbery of every industry in the country, for if the money had not been squandered in making crime and pauperism, it would have been spent on commodities that enrich and make prosperous the people of our land.

Some have brought forward this argument, that when trade is good the beer bill is largest, therefore drink does not impoverish the country. The good trade does not follow the large drinking however, but is in spite of the money so misspent, and would be proportionately better if the home demand for goods was enlarged, as it would be if the people had the means to purchase articles of use.

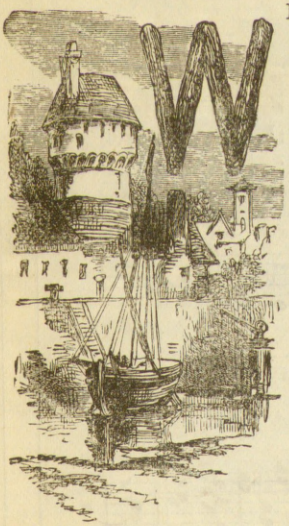
We turn from this depressing picture of England's shame to one that is brighter, and that is shown in the annual record of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, which in the last sixty-one years has saved over 31,000 lives, and last year accomplished the noble work of rescuing 892 persons from a watery grave. Twenty-eight new lifeboats were launched to help in carrying on this Christian work. The coast of

Devon is provided with seventeen lifeboats, which are manned by the fishermen and sailors of the seaboard villages. The Society adopts every means to prevent shipwreck as well as to rescue the perishing.

An incident that took place on the Cornish coast is worthy of record. One stormy night, about the time of the Crimean war, a clergyman was told by his parishioners that a large foreign ship was in danger of being driven on the rocks. A beacon was lit on the cliffs, and in the morning the ship was gone. When the war was over, a message of thanks came from the Russian Government to the person who had lit the beacon, and so saved a Russian ship and her crew from destruction.

STRONG DRINK.

BY T. DE WITT TALMAGE.



WE will contend against these evils by trying to persuade the respectable classes of society to the banishment of alcoholic beverages. You who move in elegant and refined associations; you who drink the best liquors; you who never drink until you lose your balance; consider that you have, under God, in your power the redemption of this land from drunkenness. Empty your cellars and wine-closets of the beverage, and then come out and give us your hand, your vote, your prayers, your sympathies. Do that, and I will promise three things: First, that you will find unspeakable happiness in having done your duty; secondly, you will probably save somebody, perhaps your own child; thirdly, you will not in your last hour, have a regret that you have made the sacrifice, if sacrifice it be.

As long as you make drinking respectable, drinking customs will prevail; and the ploughshare of death, drawn by terrible disasters, will go on turning up this whole continent, from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkards' graves.

There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by the awful curse. It throws its jargon into the sweetest harmony. What was it that silenced Sheridan's voice and shattered the golden sceptre with which he swayed parliaments and courts? What foul sprite turned the sweet rhythm of Robert Burns into a tuneless ballad?

I call upon woman for her influence in the matter. Many a man who had reformed and resolved on a life of sobriety has been pitched off into old habits by the delicate hand of her whom he was anxious to please.

Bishop Potter says that a young man who had been reformed sat at a table, and when the wine was passed to him refused to take it. A lady sitting at his side said, "Certainly you will not refuse to take a glass with me?" Again he refused. But when she had derided him for lack of manliness, he took the glass and drank it. He took another, and another; and, putting his fist hard down on the table, said, "Now I drink until I die!" In a few months his ruin was consummated.

I call upon those who are guilty of these indulgences to quit the path of death. It may not entirely obliterate from your soul the memory of wasted years and a ruined reputation, nor smooth out from anxious brows the wrinkles which trouble has ploughed; but it is not too late to save yourself and secure for God and your family the remainder of your fast-going life.

But perhaps you have not utterly gone astray. I may address one who may not have quite made up his mind. Let your better nature speak out. You take one side or the other in the war against drunkenness. Have you the courage to put your foot down right, and say to your companions and friends: "I will never drink intoxicating liquor in all my life, nor will I countenance the habit in others." Have nothing to do with strong drink. It has turned the earth into a place of skulls, and has opened the gate to a lost world to let in its victims, until the door swings no more upon its hinges, but day and night stands wide open to let in the procession of doomed men.

Do I address one whose regular work in life is to administer to this appetite? I beg you—get out of the business. If a woe be pronounced upon the man who gives his neighbour drink, how many woes must be hanging over the man who does this every hour of the day!

I tell you plainly that you will meet your customers one day when there will be no counter between you. When your work is done on earth, and you enter the reward of your business, all the souls of men whom you have destroyed will crowd around you and pour their bitterness into your cup.

SONG OF THE FOUNTAIN.

Words by MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE. *Music by* W. A. OGDEN.

SOLO. *Moderato.*

KEY E♭.

:m |m :m :m |m :- :m |f :-:-|f :-:f |s :l :s |s :- :f |m:-:-|-:-:m

1. A - way from the dus - ty high - way, A - way from the crowd - ed street, There
2. Tho' death and de-struc-tion li - eth Con-ceal'd in the drunkard's bowl, Yet
3. Oh, turn from the path of e - vil, That seem-eth so fair and broad— For,

DUET.

m :m :m |m :- :m |f :-:-|f :- :f |fe:fe:fe|fe:s :l |s :-:-|-:-:s.s

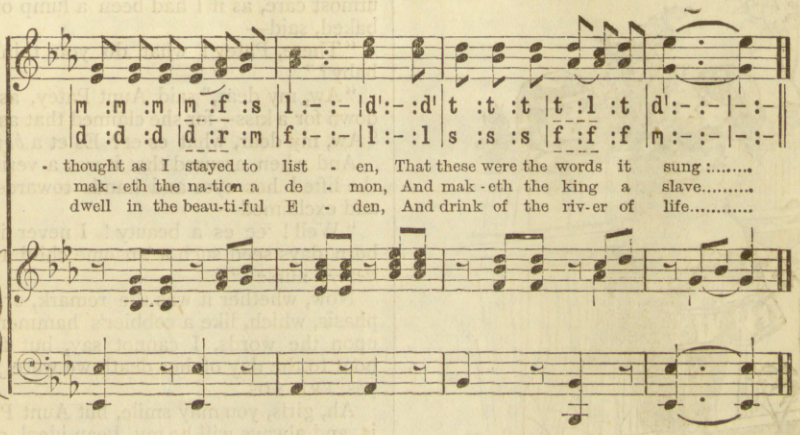
spar - kled a cool - ing foun - tain, Which murmur'd in mu - sic sweet. Its
thousands have lost their man - hood, And bar - ter'd a - way the soul For a
sure - ly, no drunk - ard ev - er Can en - ter the kingdom of God! We'll

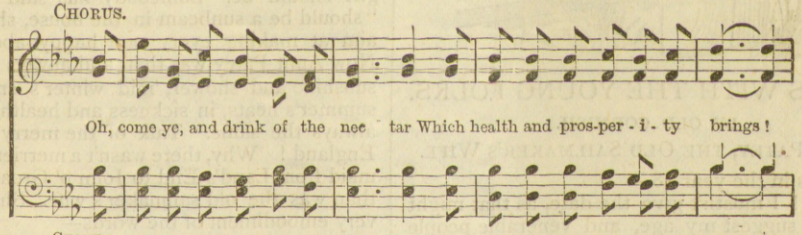
d' :d' :d' |d' :t :l |s :-:-|m :- :s |s :s :s |fe:m :fe |s :-:-|-:-:f

m :m :m |m :s :f |m :-:-|d :- :m |m :m :m |r :r :d |t,:-:-|-:-:r

me - lo - dy so en - chant - ing, As through the air it rung, Me -
drink of the fi - ery cor - dial Which leads to the drunk-ard's grave, Which
drink of thy wa-ter, sweet foun - tain, Till, free from con-ten - tion and strife, We'll

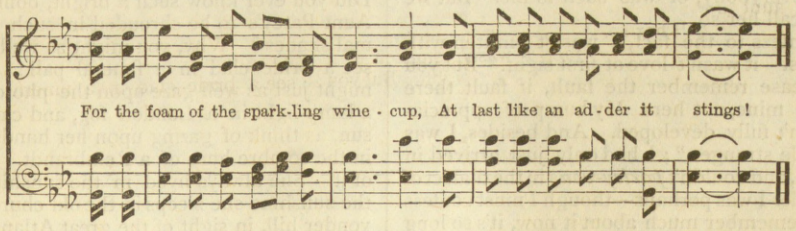
SONG OF THE FOUNTAIN—*continued.*





CHORUS.

:s	d' :m :l	s :d :r	m :-:-| s :-:s	s :s :s	l :s :l	t :-:-|-:-
:m	m :d :d	d :d :t$_l$	d :-:-| m :-:m	r :r :r	r :r :r	r :-:-|-:-
Oh,	come ye, and drink of the		nec - tar Which	health and prosper-i - ty		brings !
:s	s :s :f	m :s :s	s :-:-| s :-:s	s :s :s	f :m :f	s :-:-|-:-
:d	d :d :d	d :m :r	d :-:-| d :-:d	t$_l$:t$_l$:t$_l$	r :r :r	s :-:-|-:-



:t .t	d' :m :l	s :d :r	m :-:-| s :-:s	l :l :l	s :l :t	d' :-:-|-:-
:f .f	m :d :d	d :- :t$_l$	d :-:-| m :-:m	f :f :f	f :f :f	m :-:-|-:-
For the	foam of the spark-ling		wine - cup, At	last like an	ad - der it	stings !
:s .s	s :s :f	m :s :s	s :-:-| d' :-:d'	d' :d' :d'	s :s :s	s :-:-|-:-
:s$_l$ .s$_l$	d :d :d	d :m :r	d :-:-| d :-:d	f :f :f	s :s :s$_l$	d :-:-|-:-



CHATS WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY OLD CORNISH.

AUNT PATEY, THE OLD SAILMAKER'S WIFE.

IT was in the year 18—

No! I mustn't give the date, as that might possibly suggest my age, and venerable people like myself, you know, don't like to think they are getting old.

So for the sake of convenience we will say, it was somewhere in the present century that I first made the acquaintance of my dear old friend, one of the brightest, bonniest old creatures I have ever cast eyes upon, AUNT PATEY.

Everybody called her aunt; not that she was aunt to everybody, or was such to me. But we used to call her so.

To confess to the fact, I wasn't smitten with her at first—it wasn't love at first sight. But you must please remember the fault, if fault there was, was mine, not hers. My bump of appreciation hadn't fully developed. And besides, I was "the little stranger"; I had only just arrived in England, and couldn't *parley-vouz* in the dialect of the people. I was perhaps—though I must confess I don't remember much about it now, it's so long ago—a little shy at the time, a feeling that has most unfortunately clung to me all through life, in spite of Aunt Patey's shrewd and most common-sense remark—

"Why, bless 'ee, my dear, there's nothin' like brass—no, nothin'! Do 'ee get a bit o' that!"

So nurse—she was a good, kind soul—hugs me in her arms, and with "Hush-sh-sh-sh," brings me right away into the presence of my venerable friend, and uncovering me with the utmost care, as if I had been a lump of clay not baked, said—

"There, Patey! what do you think of the baby?"

"Aw, my dear," said Aunt Patey, as she bent down for a kiss—for she claimed that as a right—"Aw, my dear, what es et? Es et a *boy?*"

And when assured that it was a veritable *boy*, she lifted her eyes and hands towards heaven, and exclaimed—

"Well! 'ee es a beauty! I never in all my born days seed such a 'ansome child afore—no, *never*, nurse!"

Now, whether it was the remark, or the emphasis, which, like a cobbler's hammer, fell flat upon the words, I cannot say, but from that hour to the day of her death we were *friends*—yes, FRIENDS.

Ah, girls, you may smile, but Aunt Patey was, is, and always will be my beau-ideal of what a girl should be. Somebody has said that she "should be a sunbeam in the house, she should aim at making every one happy about her." Now Aunt Patey was that, and always that. In sunshine and shower, 'mid winter's snows and summer's heats, in sickness and health, she was always the same. Talk of the merry maids of England! Why, there wasn't a merrier, happier maid from Land's End to John o' Groat's house, than was the old sailmaker's wife. She was the very embodiment of the words—

> "Let us gather up the sunbeams
> Lying all around our path."

Or, as the children used to say, "*She was a great lump of sunshine every day of the week, and the very sun itself on Sundays!*"

Yes, you would like to see her photo. Of course you would. What! a Rembrandt, did you say? A Rembrandt, indeed! No, no. Did you ever know such a bright, bonny face as Aunt Patey's to be shrouded in such dark, dismal shades? Why, you might as well expect to see a bride clad in a funeral pall! Aye, you might just as well gaze upon the photograph of a lamp-light in a London fog, and call that the sun, as think of gazing upon her handsome face in the sombre hues of a Rembrandt. Not a bit of it. She always lived in the sunshine, and in the sunshine she sleeps in the old churchyard on yonder hill, in sight of the great Atlantic, whose waves are sounding the music of their perpetual psalm at her feet; and so in the sunshine, if you please, we will gaze upon her now.

See, there she is, as we used to see her in the long, long ago, standing at the window, or coming across the street, a very picture of perfection among the thousands of her sex. How neat she looks in her gingham gown! What a handsome face that is that looks out from under-

neath her "jenny-quick'd" cap! How the sunbeams play about her eyes, whilst that rich, rippling laugh rushes from the inner palace of her soul. Hark! how the children shout, "Aunt Patey is coming!" and straight away at a bound, minding neither books nor toys, they grip her hand and guide her in.

Talk about "Queen o' the May!" Why, neither the May Queen nor our good Queen Victoria (God bless her) was ever half so attractive—to us children, at least—as that dear old creature who, sitting in the old arm-chair in the cosy corner by the fireplace, would weave her wondrous tales to please the bairns.

"Doan't 'ee drive 'em away," she would sometimes say to mother, who feared lest, as we attempted to climb her knee, we should intrude upon her time and strength; "doan't 'ee drive 'em away, little dears; let 'em come, let 'em come. Aunt Patey loves the children. Come along! come along!" and then, with a hug and a kiss, and we were at once enthroned upon her lap. Why, the Woolsack was never half so soft to the Lord Chancellor of England as that seat was for us upon Aunt Patey's lap. And it seems to me, as I think upon it now, that to our childish taste no poem that the Laureate ever wrote had half the charm of that rough, rude little Western rhyme that would come rippling from her ruby lips—

> "Iss 'tes a hen's nest, aw—I never!
> Now here I'll set, my dear, for ever!"

But, alas! that voice is still. The old throne where we used to sit for hours is crumbled in the dust. The merry laugh, the warm embrace, and the gush and glow of those welcome words—all are no more. Aunt Patey is gone! The old house in the orchard where she lived, and from where she passed to the better land, is in the possession of strangers now. Other faces look out at the windows, other feet are seen tripping across the street, other voices are calling to the children, but, alas! the music of that old familiar voice is hushed, for ever hushed. In the spirit of that venerable saint who said when a-dying: "I am going home, just as every honest man ought to do when his day's work is done; and oh! I have got such a beautiful home to go to," Aunt Patey has passed away. The Master has come, and has called for her; and, obeying the message, she has drawn aside the veil, and is there where

> "Around the throne of God in heaven,
> Thousands of children stand."

But oh! the magic of that lovely life—we feel it yet. Oh, the brightness of that beautiful example, how it shines upon us still! Across the gulf of a quarter of a century and more the rays of her setting sun have shone with a glory that shall never fade. Well may the wise man say, "Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain; but *a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.*"

And now, girls, what do you think of my picture? I have sketched her for you—yes, for you. What do you think of my story? Well now, to be plain, and to come to the point, *I do so want to know what you think of my dear old Aunt Patey?* "Isn't she a beauty?" as little Sister Olivia used to say, "isn't she a beauty?" And I am sure you cannot wonder that I should so often sing—

> "Should *auld* acquaintance be forgot?"

What! did I hear you say that you are all going to try to be like her? *Oh, I am so glad.* Then remember that "every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Therefore live as if it would be the last." And whether on the highway or in the home, ring out this beautiful little bit of a song—aye, ring it out—

> "God wants the happy-hearted girls,
> The loving girls, the best of girls,
> The worst of girls;
> God wants to make the girls His pearls,
> And so reflect His holy face,
> And bring to mind His wondrous grace,
> That beautiful the world may be,
> And filled with love and purity.
> *God wants the girls.*"

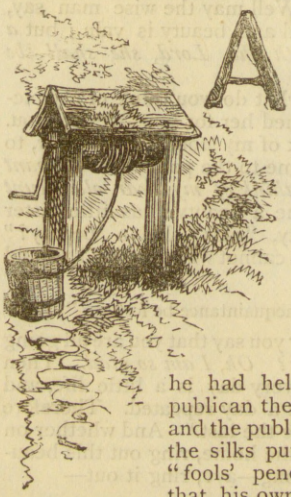
SAY A KIND WORD.

WHAT were life without some one to cheer us
With a word or a smile on our way;
A friend who is faithfully near us,
And heeds not what others may say?
The bravest of spirits have often
Half-failed in the race that they ran,
For a kind word life's hardships to soften;
So say a kind word when you can.

Each one of us owns to some failing,
Though some may have more than the rest;
There's no good in heedlessly railing
'Gainst those who are striving their best.
Remember, a word spoke complaining
May blight every effort and plan,
Which a kind word would help in attaining;
So say a kind word when you can.

Oh, say a kind word, then, whenever
'Twill make the heart cheerful and glad;
But chiefly—forget it, oh! never—
To one who is hopeless and sad.
There's no word so easy in saying—
So begin, if you have not began;
Oh! never in life be delaying
To say a kind word when you can.

"IS THAT ALL?"



A CARPENTER who was convinced that he had lived a selfish and harmful as well as foolish life, resolved to give up the drink. He knew his wife was miserable, his children were afraid of him, his home shabby and dilapidated, and his debts increasing. He knew that he had helped to make the publican the most comfortable, and the publican's wife gay with the silks purchased out of his "fools' pence." He resolved that his own wife should have less reason to complain, and more money to spend. He was earning the moderate wages of thirty shillings a week, but out of that he contrived to spend often six or seven shillings, sometimes much more.

After deciding to be a total abstainer he made himself a strong box without hinges, and nailed it up tightly. He left just a small slit at the top, through which he could drop his coppers. And many a penny and threepenny-bit he did drop therein. It was his custom, whenever he felt tempted to drink, to take out of one pocket just the money that he would have to spend to gratify a mere taste or craving, and put it into the other until he should reach home; then he would put it in the box and leave it there untouched. For a year this went on. He kept the box hidden away, and told not his wife of his practice or intention. At the end of the year he was seated by his own fireside after tea, and looking across to his wife, he said, pleasantly, "Jennie, it is just twelve months to-night since I signed the pledge; do you think we are any better off for it?"

"Better off? Why, yes, Charlie."

"How?"

"Why, you are earning more money, and you would not have been made foreman if you had not become so steady and trustworthy. Then look at the home; we have better furniture now."

"Is that all?"

"The children are better clothed."

"Is that all?" he asked again.

"Why, no Charlie; they are happier, and so am I."

"Is that all?"

"Well, I am happier, and I think healthier, for I have less anxiety than I used to have."

"Is that all?"

"No; for you are kinder and happier too."

"Is that all?" he again asked.

"No; for we are out of debt, and I have even two pounds in hand."

"Is that all?"

"I don't know anything further, unless you mean that you delight now to go to God's house on Sunday."

"Yes, I do delight in it; and, thank God, I found out my need of a Saviour, and have found that the Saviour was seeking me. But there s something more that makes me ask whether even that is all."

"What is it?"

"Nellie," he said, to his bright eldest girl, "go into my workshop and open my tool chest. You will see there a box with a slit in it. Bring it."

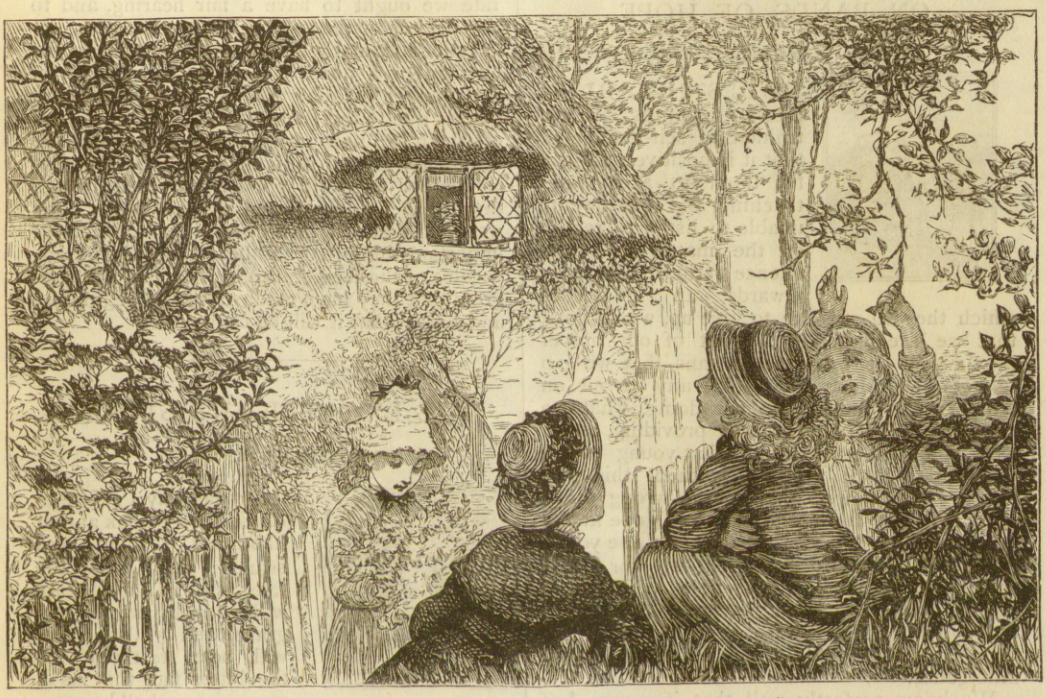
The daughter soon returned, evidently weighed down by a burden. She placed the box on the table. The mother looked at it wonderingly. Soon it was opened by the hammer and screw-driver, which her husband had at hand. He turned the box carefully over, and out rolled a large number of coppers and silver.

"Count it, wife. That is the money I should have spent in drink during the last twelve months. That is all ours, not the publican's. It is ours. We are all that better off for my signing the pledge."

The wife tremblingly counted the many coins, each one bearing upon it the invisible stamp of self-conquest. When all was told, there appeared in many copper and silver pillars the sum of fourteen pounds! This was a large sum to them, and to the wife it was more than a large fortune. Her eyes—moistened with tears of joy, and yet kindled with love and trust—met those of her husband. "Thank God," she said, "for all His mercies. 'Tis not for the money I praise Him, but for giving my dear husband such strength of will, and me such peace and gladness."—*Canadian.*

MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
It is an attribute of God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. We do pray for
mercy [render
And that same prayer doth teach us all to
The deeds of mercy.—SHAKESPEARE.



WHEN THE FLOWERS ARE COMING OUT.

ALL the earth with joy is waking,
Children sing and dance about,
Glad to hail the joyous springtime
When the flowers are coming out ;
When the sun at early morning
Glances o'er the meadows wide,
And the birds are sweetly singing
Songs of joy on every side.

Welcome, voice of early springtime,
Gentler breeze and softer showers ;
Welcome, warmer skies and sunshine,
Bringing back earth's lovely flowers ;
Surly winter long has tried us,
Scattering aches and pains about ;
Well he knows he soon must leave us—
When the flowers are coming out.

While the new-robed earth rejoices,
We will mingle with the scene,
Climbing over hill and mountain,
Strolling through the meadows green ;
Fresher life our spirits sharing,
Soon will make us gaily shout,
Till we fancy we are children
When the flowers are coming out.

While the face of nature smileth,
Let us try to sing a song,
Though we can't bring back our childhood,
We may keep our spirits young ;
If we count our daily mercies
There's no time to foster doubt,
And our hearts will fill with gladness
While the flowers are coming out.

Many a careworn face would alter,
Many a heart with joy would glow,
If we saw life's brightest flowers
Ever springing as we go—
Hope, to give us daily comfort ;
Faith, each deadly foe to rout ;
Love, to follow heaven's own leading—
While the flowers are coming out.

While the earth with joy is waking,
Let each heart forget its grief ;
Sitting down ne'er conquers trouble,
Sighing never brings relief ;
Banish every thought of sadness,
Leave no place for fear or doubt,
Meekly trusting, nobly striving,
While the flowers are coming out.

W. HOYLE.

ON BANDS OF HOPE.

BY THE BISHOP OF LONDON.



UNQUESTIONABLY if men's appetites are so trained to self-indulgence that it is positively difficult for them to accept our teaching, and that they are unable to listen to reason on the matter in consequence of their strong bias towards an indulgence which they do not like to give up, we do think that we are not stepping out of our proper province if we use every means that we can to get a fair hearing without any favour on either side; and so we are doing what we can for that very purpose in providing, as far as it is possible to provide, that young people everywhere shall grow up without this prejudice in what we consider the wrong direction. We are forming Bands of Hope in the expectation that by-and-bye, when these young people grow up to judge entirely for themselves, they will be found able to listen to reason, whichever way reason shall decide, and will not be as it were already biassed, and very strongly biassed, in the direction of self-indulgence.

We know perfectly well that if a man has from his childhood continued in the practice of self-indulgence—and particularly some bodily indulgence which he learns at last to love—we know perfectly well that it requires something more than mere argument to convince him that he is wrong. We know perfectly well that the arguments are listened to with great impatience, that the arguments are, as it were, answered by anticipation, by that which is no argument whatever; we know that we cannot reach the reason or the conscience because the avenue is stopped up by this fixed habit, that has grown up with the man from early years, and which it is now a task of very great difficulty for either himself or other people to eradicate; therefore we are desirous, as far as possible, to have the children kept entirely free from this temptation, and I may observe that in doing this we have the support not only of all those who, like ourselves, having studied the matter, are convinced through and through that there is one right side, and one only, in this cause—but we have the support of a very large number of those who still hold that it is a very good thing to continue this self-indulgence, and who are very ready to say that it is at any rate quite right to keep children away from it.

We have so far persuaded people that at any rate we ought to have a fair hearing, and to that I look for the great success which has unquestionably marked all our efforts during the last ten or a dozen years, for the growth of the number of adherents to our cause is very largely due to the Bands of Hope, the members of which are now grown up, and who, looking at the matter with unprejudiced eyes, are able as men to advocate publicly the cause which they were not prejudiced against when they were children. I look upon that as the most important thing that has been done by the advocates of the temperance cause in all the progress that they have made from the beginning, and I trust that it will be continued.

THE EX-PUBLICAN'S STORY.

BY CHARLES H. BOLT.



"YOU ask me why I refuse to drink, sir! Look at that hand all seamed and seared; that tells the tale, sir. Those scars will go with me to my grave, and whilst I live will bear testimony to the bitter fact that as a man sows so shall he reap. It's not late, sir, barely nine, and if you've a minute to spare I'll tell you the story."

I accepted the proffered seat, and listened attentively to the following words:—

"I was a publican once, sir, and the proprietor of one of the largest gin-palaces in this city. I was doing a thriving trade, and from morning to night my place was full of customers, good, bad, and indifferent. Mostly bad or indifferent though, for we don't get many who are too particular in this neighbourhood. Well, sir, amongst my customers was a young woman named Kate Hesketh, a married woman, or rather I should say, a widow, her good man having been killed in a railway accident in Leicester. Kate Hesketh was addicted to drink. I scarcely know how it began, for I can remember her as decent a woman as ever walked the street, and then I began to remark that she came in my place pretty often; first only once a day, then twice a day, and latterly it seemed to me as if she was always at the counter with her everlasting 'Glass of brandy, please.' One night she came in later than usual, somewhere about eleven, I should think, and as she stood at the counter, I noticed she was looking queer; there was something in her eyes that made her look uncommon fierce, and she asked in a thick, unnatural tone for a glass of brandy.

I was busy at the time, or it's as likely as not that I should have refused her, but Tom, my barman, he poured out the stuff, and without blinking she gulped it down. She placed a battered sixpence on the counter, and getting her change, staggered out of the bar into the dark street, muttering to herself as she went. I had almost forgotten the affair, being so occupied with my customers, when a man burst into the place shouting out at the top of his voice, 'There's a fire down at No. 4 ; a regular blaze, lads, surely.'

"In a moment the bar was cleared, and so with a word to the old woman—that's my wife, sir—to keep her eye on the place, I popped on my coat and hat and went helter-skelter down the street. Sure enough No. 4 *was* in a blaze ; the mighty flames were rushing up from the cellar, licking the walls as they went like so many serpents. It was a cruel sight, sir, the people standing in the street, some of them in their night clothes, shivering with the cold, and mourning the loss of their poor traps, but there it was. The engines were pouring water upon the fire-enveloped house, trying to beat back the flames, but it was no good ; up they went twisting and twirling like red-hot cork-screws. Suddenly some one cried out :—

"'Look, there's a woman at the window!' and turning my eyes in the direction indicated, I saw the pale face of Kate Hesketh, gazing in mute agony upon the surrounding crowd below. I don't know what possessed me, but a thought flashed through my mind that that last glass of brandy had done this, and that I, indirectly, was the cause of this awful piece of business. Without a moment's thought, without even throwing off my coat, I rushed at the fire escape just placed against the burning building, and biting my lips till I felt the warm blood trickle down, I went up the ladder rung after rung in the face of the blinding smoke and the withering flames.

"I'm not quite clear to this day, sir, how I did it, but I just remember clutching at the woman's dress as she stood at the open window, and with all my force pulling her through. I also remember hearing shouts of encouragement, mingled with cheers, and then, sir, came a blank.

"When I awoke to consciousness I was lying in one of the wards of the hospital yonder, my right leg in splints, and my head and hands covered with rags saturated with oil. My sufferings were intense, as you may imagine, but not so great as my joy when they told me that Kate Hesketh was safe.

"When I came out they told me all about it. When Kate had left my place she had gone home and in her delirium had taken a lighted candle and set alight a great heap of shavings lying in the cellar, which was used as a turner's shop. The very night upon which I was enabled to leave the hospital I registered a vow that by the help of God I should sell the horrid stuff no more, and although I have been tempted many a time to go back to the old degrading traffic, I have always looked at these hands, seared as they are by that night's work, and that has kept me safe. My story is done, sir ; all else I have to say is that Kate Hesketh became a different woman from that night. About three years ago she emigrated to Australia, where she married a young Welsh farmer, and the good she is doing there amongst the poor drunkards is, to use her husband's expression, Something wonderful.

"I must thank you, sir, for your attention to me, and at any time you're calling my way shall be most happy to see you."

And, shaking hands with the ex-publican, I went my way.—*From "The Good Templars' Watchword."*

A SONG OF THREE WORDS.

SING me a song of three words—
The head, and the heart, and the hand ;
The head to discern and to know,
The heart with pure passion to glow,
And the hand that brings death to the foe
That would crush out the light of the land !

Give me, oh give me, dear Lord !
A head that is constant and cool,
That looks all about and about,
And, when imps of disorder are out,
Can lay all their riot and rout,
By the magic of Law and of Rule.

Give me, oh give me, dear Lord !
A heart full of quick-running blood,
That kindles and mounts in a flame
At touch of dishonour and shame,
And swells with delight at the name
Of the true, and the fair, and the good !

Give me, oh give me, dear Lord !
A sinewy hand and a strong,
Deft and well practised to know
When the moment is ripe for the blow
That goes right to the heart of the foe,
Whose life gives long lease to the wrong.

Give me, oh give me, dear Lord !
My part in the mystical three ;
The thoughful idea, the seed
Of the word that gives shape to a creed,
And the passion that fathers the deed,
The fruit of life's wonderful tree.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE in *Life and Work.*

THE LATE JOHN KING, THE FIRST PLEDGED TOTAL ABSTAINER.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF OF HIS WIDOW.

To the Editor of ONWARD.

SIR,—On the 29th January last, "Old John King" died at Bescar Lane, near Southport, at the ripe age of ninety years. He was the first man in Great Britain who signed the pledge of total abstinence, on August 23rd, 1832. He was staunch to his principles to the last. He was a comparatively poor man, and for many years was station-master at small stations on the Lancashire and Yorkshire Company's line. Owing to the failure of his eyesight he was transferred, in 1871, to Bescar Lane, where he had charge of a level crossing, at the modest wages of 14s. per week, less 1s. 6d. for rent. The work has, practically speaking, been done by his wife, of whose unfailing devotion to her husband it is impossible to speak too highly. A few days ago I paid a visit to the humble two-roomed house where John King lived for fourteen years. His widow is still keeping the "pair of gates," but her wages have, in consequence of her husband's death, been *reduced to 5s. per week, out of which 1s. 6d. goes in rent!* The gates require tending from 6.30 a.m. to 10 p.m., and she is also liable to be called up at any hour during the night. *And all this for 3s. 6d. per week!* The exposure to the weather has already told upon her, and brought on serious bronchitis. I have been requested, through a letter in the newspapers, to make this appeal on her behalf.

I will gladly send collecting cards to any who are willing to help the fund by waiting upon their friends. All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by me. I propose also to have an unpretentious stone placed over King's remains in Southport Cemetery. It is eminently fitting that the temperance community *should at once render substantial help to his widow*, and also mark the place where lies John King, the first pledged total abstainer.

I trust the response to my appeal will be such as to reflect credit on that large section of the community for whom King's principles have done so much.—I am, sir, yours truly,

S. NORBURY WILLIAMS,
Chorlton-cum-Hardy,
near Manchester,
April 10th, 1885.

P.S.—I have not the time (although I have the *desire*) to write to all the Good Templar lodges, temperance societies, Bands of Hope, and other temperance organisations. I therefore urgently request that members of these societies, who read this letter, will favour me by bringing the subject before their fellow-members.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"Is he honest?" inquired a banker of a friend who recommended a man for janitor. "Honest!" he echoed. "Well, I don't know what you call it; but he returned a borrowed umbrella to me yesterday." The man was engaged as cashier.

MRS. M. is a practical woman, with no nonsense about her. When Mr. M., in an affectionate way the other day, exclaimed, "My dear, how can I ever leave you?" she coolly replied, "Leave me in as comfortable circumstances as you can."

"CAPTAIN," said a cheeky youth, "is there any danger of disturbing the magnetic currents if I examine the compass too closely?" And the stern mariner, loving his little joke, promptly responded, "No, sir; brass has no effect whatever on them."

A YOUNG gentleman was passing an examination in physics. He was asked, "What planets were known to the ancients?" "Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the Earth; but I am not quite certain."

AS pa and ma were having a little evening quarrel, their only child, little Johnny, rushed in and exclaimed, "Pa, what does my teacher mean by saying that I inherited my bad temper?" Pa hesitated, but ma spontaneously replied, "She meant that you are your father's own boy," and then burst into tears.

A GREAT Irish orator and wit was asked what an Irish friend of his, who had just arrived in London, could mean by perpetually putting out his tongue. "I suppose he's trying to catch the English accent," said the wit.

NEVER court inquiry when you are wedded to your own opinions.

IT'S a jealous wife that won't allow her husband to embrace a fair opportunity.

Notice to Correspondents.

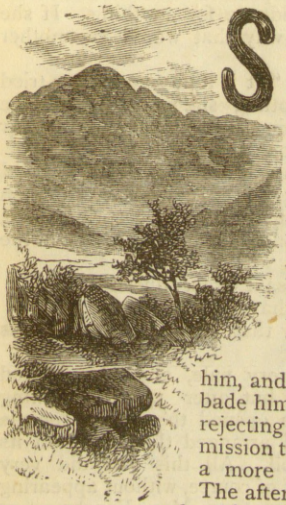
Letters for the Editor must be addressed to the Editors of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. All Business Communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: Rev. N. Kelynack, Mary Batchelor, S. N. Williams.

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.

THE POWER OF THE PLEDGE.



SOME months after my visit to Father Mathew, I was enabled to test the force of the pledge. Travelling through Wicklow, *en route* to wild Glendalough, I had stopped at Roundtown to find a guide. A young man was pointed out to me leaning against the door of his cabin. I at once engaged him, and in my impatience bade him get up on the car, rejecting his appeal for permission to go in and put on a more respectable dress. The afternoon of early autumn was raw and cold, and I drew up on the summit of a mountain to take some refreshment. Of course I offered the guide his share. The sandwiches he took readily, but much to my surprise declined the proffered flask. I urged him, unfairly—to test his resolution : after trying persuasion, I laid a crown-piece on the seat and said, "Now, my lad, you shall have that if you will take a sup of this whisky."

"No," he said ; "not for ten thousand times the crown-piece, nor for all the lands of Lord Powerscourt if they were yours to give them, would I touch a single drop. Your honour must hear me. There wasn't in the county of Wicklow a greater blackguard than I was—fighting and drinking I was all day and all night ; the rags I had on were not worth a traneen ; and often the praties I ate I begged from a poor neighbour. The old granny, that lived with me, starved and prayed. There was no house but one, in the place or near it, would open the door to me : that one was the public-house, where I spent all the little I earned.

"That was the way of it, yer honour. How is it now? It isn't this coat I'd have worn if you'd given me time to change it, for I have a better, and a top-coat besides. If you'd gone into my cabin, you'd say you'd seldom seen one more comfortable ; and you'd have noticed the old grandmother sitting on her hunkers, knitting, by the side of a turf fire. There isn't a neighbour, boy or girl, that wouldn't say to me, 'God save ye kindly ;' and I have five pounds in the savings bank ; and when I make it ten there's one I'll ask to share the cabin with the old woman and me.

"Now that I've told yer honour what I have to tell, and how all that is the work of the pledge I took—will yer honour ask me to break it and take the poison-drop from your hand?"

It is needless to say I was greatly touched. My answer was instant. "Indeed, my lad," I said, "I will not ; but I will at least pay you this compliment," and I flung the flask over the cliff, far into the lake beneath. The guide literally danced with joy. I think I never saw happiness expressed so strongly.—*S. C. Hall's Recollections.*

ONWARD, JUNE, 1885. *All Rights Reserved.*]

HOW CHARACTER GROWS.

MANY people seem to forget that character grows ; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood ; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed these admirable qualities? When he was a boy. Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot ; I didn't think," will never be a reliable man ; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kind man—a gentleman.



The Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "The Bird Angel," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battle Field," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.—MRS. FANSHAWE.



IN the elegantly-furnished though small drawing-room of No. 4, Albemarle Terrace, at the West-end of the great metropolis, were seated a mother and her daughter, both engaged with some pretty needlework, the old lady netting a purse, the young lady embroidering an antimacassar with coloured silks.

"Miss Hayes is late to-day, Grace," said the mother.

"I have noticed she often is rather late," said the daughter, somewhat peevishly. "It is really too bad of this sort of people to be late. I don't know that it has made any particular difference to me as yet, but then, you know, some day it might happen to be very awkward. Suppose Captain Tracey were to chance to call, for instance."

"I think," said the old lady, with perhaps a spice of fun in the remark, "that you need not worry yourself about that, my love; but my anxiety concerning Miss Hayes was in regard to herself. Did you not think she was looking very ill the last time she was here? Poor girl, I am afraid she works too hard."

"Now that's just like you, mother," returned Grace; "you will consider it is your business to care about these kinds of people. Supposing she does work rather hard; such people expect to work, and, indeed, they would hardly be happy without working."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mrs. Fanshawe, smiling. "I think they often want rest far more than we do, we who can have it whenever we wish."

Grace laughed rather ironically. "My dear mother," she said, "I hardly know what rest is when the 'season' is on; I am sure I work most industriously at dancing, and playing, and all sorts of amusements."

"Real workers," said Mrs. Fanshawe, "regard that as play. I wonder sometimes what are Miss Hayes' circumstances; I hope she has not more care and anxiety than young people can well bear. I have no doubt there is a history behind her present life. But I would not force her confidence for anything. If she saw fit to give it, why that would be another matter, of course."

Grace laughed. "It is a pity you never tried to write a novel, mother," she said; "you make up the most charming little novelettes in your mind about every one you know."

There was a ring at the house-bell, a sound of the door being opened and shut, and then a step upon the stairs—not a very springy step, yet a light one—and then a low knock at the drawing-room door.

"Miss Hayes?" said Grace, questioningly.

"Yes, Miss Fanshawe," from without.

"Come in," said that young lady, and Miss Hayes entered.

Her face was very pale, and she looked extremely weary; but after politely saluting the two ladies she opened the piano, set the stool in order, and arranged the music on its stand for her pupil. All this she did very quietly, as a matter of course, without appearing to expect any notice from Mrs. Fanshawe or her daughter.

The old lady, whose heart was full of sympathy with all her fellow-beings, noticed the face of the music-mistress very carefully; Grace treated her with a careless good nature, as if she had no claim whatever on her for anything more.

Grace sat down and played through one of her pieces, and then another, and another, receiving instruction concerning the more difficult passages from Miss Hayes. Apparently there was nothing to remark particularly in her behaviour on this day, or else Grace was too much absorbed in her own thoughts to give any attention to her. The practice went on, Mrs. Fanshawe dropped into a quiet nap. Grace was wondering how soon she should know her "overture" well enough to play it to Captain Tracey, when suddenly, without any warning whatever, she saw Miss Hayes turn very white and sink back in her chair, apparently faint. Grace had turned to her to request her opinion of a certain bar, and was startled indeed to meet only with such a response.

Grace had not the least thought of sparing others. She awoke her mother hurriedly, quite puzzled as to what she ought to do for the music-teacher.

"Mother, mother!" she cried, "look here! Miss Hayes is faint or something. What must I do?"

Mrs. Fanshawe opened her eyes and gazed round with a puzzled expression.

"What, my dear Grace—what did you say?" she asked.

"Look here, mother," she repeated; "the

young lady, Miss Hayes, is faint. What must I do for her?"

"Better call Foster, and get her some wine or brandy—Foster will know," said Mrs Fanshawe.

Foster was the woman who acted as lady's maid for both ladies. The housemaid who answered the bell was desired to send Foster to her mistresses; but before she came Grace had opened her silver vinaigrette which lay in her choice little workbasket on the table, and applied it to Miss Hayes.

The music-teacher revived somewhat, and opened her eyes.

Foster came bustling in, quite ready to meet the emergency. She carried a brandy-bottle and glass, and with a glance of her quick dark eyes she appeared to grasp the situation at once.

"Now, my dear miss," she said, drawing near Pearl's Sunday-school teacher, "we will soon set you to rights. I know all about it as well as if you told me. You are over-done, have gone without lunch, and are a little out of sorts in health; a thimbleful will work wonders."

But Miss Hayes shook her head determinately.

"Now I call that disagreeably obstinate," said Foster, at once changing her tone. "You should be willing to take any medicine that is ordered for you, and at once, if it were only to relieve the anxiety Mrs. Fanshawe and Miss Fanshawe naturally feel about you."

Miss Hayes pointed to the little piece of blue ribbon she wore, and again shook her head as she tried to smile feebly, so as to lessen the annoyance her refusal might possibly give.

"Absurd!" said Grace Fanshawe, and Foster looked approvingly at her young mistress as she spoke.

"That's exactly what I think. It is absurd. Blue ribbons should not represent bigotry and obstinacy if they are to make their way in the world. To be the kind of teetotaler that refuses drink as a medicine, is to be unfaithful to the use of the very means the Almighty has put in our hands to cure us of our ailments. There is positively nothing like pure brandy in such a case as this, for instance."

"But many persons object to spirit," said Mrs. Fanshawe, in her kind, gentle way, "and so you had better fetch a glass of wine, Foster; Miss Hayes won't object to a glass of wine."

But Miss Hayes did object, as far as shaking her head went; she seemed as yet quite unable to speak.

"I will get a glass of wine for her myself," said the dear old lady; "and she will not refuse my desire that she should drink it." She spoke n a low tone that the music-mistress might not hear her, and hurried away on her kindly-intentioned errand.

While she was absent Miss Hayes rallied a little, and uttered the words, "Water, please, water."

"There's a little medicine coming for you instead of water," said Foster; "Mrs. Fanshawe's own medicine. That will do you the most good."

Mrs. Fanshawe returned very speedily, bearing a glass full of her very best port wine, wine that was rare and costly, but which she was ready to bestow on poor Miss Hayes, with the sincere hope that it would do her an immense amount of good. She brought it over herself to the patient, and presented it to her with a gentle, loving smile, and the words: "There, my dear Miss Hayes, drink that as a medicine, to please me, and I am sure it will revive you."

Miss Hayes took the glass in her hand, and said, feebly, "Thank you so much, dear Mrs. Fanshawe, how good you are to me. But—oh!" she exclaimed, drawing back from the glass before tasting it; "it is wine, I smell it. Mrs. Fanshawe, dear kind lady, I would rather die than drink anything intoxicating, any of these horrid drinks. I——" But the effort to speak had been too much for her, she sank back, looking so white and wan that the onlookers grew really alarmed.

"If she will not take wine," said the old lady, "bring water and sal-volatile, Foster. I would not ask her to take wine after those solemn words. She has a good reason for her refusal."

"She flies in the face of Providence," said Foster, in a tone of annoyance. "I will fetch them to obey you, ma'am, but I wish to say that I must wash my hands of all responsibility in the matter. I have done, when people refuse to do their duty because of a teetotal fad."

The music-teacher lay very still upon the couch; when the water and the sal-volatile were brought, she drank a few sips, but only of the simpler remedy, water, and appeared to revive a little, though she still kept quiet for a time. Then she raised herself, and smiled gratefully at the anxious little group around her. There was no answering smile on the face of Foster, and Grace looked as if she thought fainting was a fine art, that should be exclusively retained for indulgence in, by the upper classes. Only the old lady met Miss Hayes' smile with a sympathetic glance and kind words "Well, my poor dear, I hope you are getting somewhat better."

"Please don't think me ungrateful, you have all been so good to me, you, dear Mrs. Fanshawe, most of all; you would not wonder if you knew why I can't bear to take even a few drops of anything intoxicating. I have so many reasons. Apart from a personal reason, there is my dear Sunday-school class. I could never meet the eyes of those children again, if I took any strong drink."

"Why not?" asked Grace; "your conduct ought not to be open to their condemnation."

"It is not that," said Miss Hayes; "it is because they associate all evils with the drink; and oh! Miss Fanshawe, believe me, they have every reason in the world for doing so. Their hunger, their misery, their want of all kinds, are the consequence of their parents indulging in drink. If I, who profess to love them, and to tell them of one who loves them so much that He gave His life for their salvation, refuse to sacrifice the glass of wine or beer myself, to show them a good example, and to show how sorry I am for their troubles, how could I expect to have the least influence over them for good? Why, there is one little girl, such a sweet little creature, called by such a pretty name, Pearl——"

Here old Mrs. Fanshawe abruptly interrupted the speaker, and spoke with great animation, "Now, Grace," she said, "you were quite sure I should never hear or see that lovely little Pearl again, and without doubt Miss Hayes knows her, and has her in her Sunday-school class. This is very astonishing, and yet still more interesting, for somehow, though I could not explain why, I have believed all along I should get to know more about my little friend at the Tower, with her sweet face and her sweet name. Do pray go on, Miss Hayes; where is the little Pearl you speak of to be found, and what have you to tell us about her?"

"Mother, I believe you will never lose your enthusiasm if you live to be a hundred," said Grace, smiling.

"No, my dear, I trust not," said Mrs. Fanshawe. "But, pray Miss Hayes, what have you to tell us about Pearl? Don't let Grace's interruption stop the story."

"It is a pretty story. But before I tell it, I must say I am now so much better that I feel equal to continuing the music-lesson if Miss Fanshawe will allow me to, and forgive my unintentional failure this afternoon."

"No," said the old lady, decidedly, "you shall not try your brain by either reading or playing music any more to day. We shall presently have afternoon tea, and I must insist that you remain with us and partake of it before you attempt to return home. If you do feel able to satisfy my curiosity somewhat about that dear little child, that is all I shall suffer you to do."

"You must forgive me if I talk too much about her," said Miss Hayes, smiling, "for when I once mention Pearl, I am apt to grow enthusiastic about her lovely little face, and her equally lovely character."

"I do not wonder in the least," said Mrs. Fanshawe.

"But, mother," laughed Grace, "you do not even know it is the same child as you have felt so interested in."

"Listen, Grace, and you will find that it is."

It was a very pretty story that Miss Hayes had to tell. Some people have the art of telling circumstances, even when they are commonplace, in a picturesque manner, and the music-teacher possessed this art. Little Pearl in her miserable home, protecting the baby, helping her mother and father, patiently bearing the many troubles in her young life, meeting her kind friend James Bellamy, coming with willing heart and feet to the Sabbath-school, receiving from one and another her quaint name of the "Pearl of Billingsgate," listening to the story of Jesus Christ, the Friend of little children, and resolving to live as He would have her live; all this up to that self-denying service she had but just rendered her once drunken and now sick father, of selling his fish for him with patient, toiling industry, was presented to her listeners by Miss Hayes as a series of little pictures flashing with as soft lights and shades, as gleam in the lovely gem whose name her little heroine bore.

And the story had ready listeners. Even Foster forgot to be annoyed with Miss Hayes when she heard of this sweet little Christian child bearing so bravely the burden of her young life.

"Do you know where your little scholar came from?" asked Mrs. Fanshawe.

"I think she is a Londoner, but I know her mother came from somewhere in the country. She is a very respectable woman."

"Do you know her name?" asked the old lady.

"Susan Hunter," said Miss Hayes. "I remember when Pearl told me of her father speaking to her mother, the name he called her by was 'Susie.'"

"My dear Grace," said Mrs. Fanshawe, "wasn't your Cousin Pearl's servant called Susan?"

"I could not be at all sure, mother," said Grace; "I have some idea it was. But if you want to know, we can easily write and ask her."

Grace did not feel in earnest about the child's story; it was not at all natural to her to feel specially interested in such subjects; the "lower orders," as she called them, had little in common with her she considered. But even fashionable, thoughtless Grace Fanshawe could not forget what she had just heard of little Pearl, and the sweet young voice that had called "Fresh fish!" through the streets, and the little hands that had contrived to push the heavy barrow in order to win the necessary food for the hungry household.

"I shall be glad if you will write this evening, and beg Pearl to let us know all she can about her old servant," said Mrs. Fanshawe.

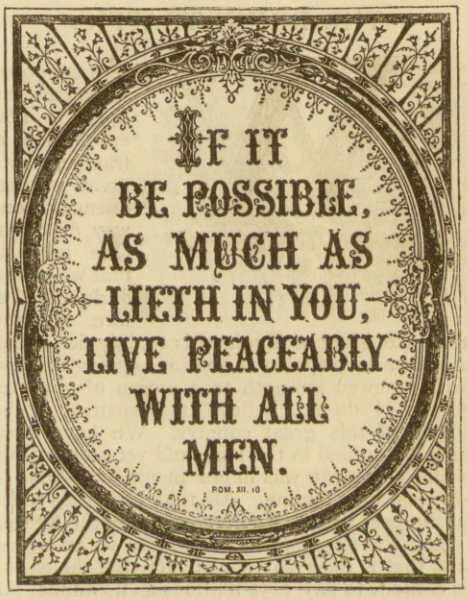
Miss Hayes was delighted to find that her mention of her little favourite might lead to her finding a true friend in the lady after whom she had been called. That weariness and faintness that she had found so hard to contend against, and had looked upon as so great an affliction, and which had at last overcome her, might after all be permitted to end in good to little Pearl; and if that were so, Pearl's teacher felt she would willingly suffer on her behalf, or for her sake. She did not, perhaps, realise that it was her sturdy determination to hold faithfully by her total abstinence principles that had in reality introduced the subject, for if she had been content to take strong drink as a medicine in her extremity, she would not have been led to mention the "Pearl of Billingsgate."

Miss Hayes was made so welcome by Mrs. Fanshawe to the cosy afternoon tea that was soon brought for the three ladies that she felt very much rested and refreshed; the exquisite porcelain, the silver tea-service, the delicate viands, were precisely what she needed to tempt her fragile appetite, and best of all were the motherly kindness and thoughtfulness of Mrs. Fanshawe; for after tea she insisted on sending the music-teacher home in a cab, and begged, as a personal favour to herself, that if she felt at all indisposed the next afternoon, when she was appointed to give Miss Fanshawe a lesson, she would forego that duty.

Miss Hayes went home full of gratitude and love for the consideration that had been shown to her, to tell the whole story to her mother, and to feel with her that benevolence such as Mrs. Fanshawe's, spreads and extends as that lady herself little guessed.

Grace, at her mother's repeated request, wrote to her cousin Pearl. She gave a lively description of their recent visit to the Tower, and introduced Captain Tracey with much minuteness of description and warmth of praise; then mentioned little Pearl, and her mother's interest in her. Lastly she wrote of Miss Hayes, her fainting fit, her absurd teetotalism, and her excuse for adhering so obstinately to her principles. In conclusion, she begged "Cousin Pearl" to enlighten her mother speedily with all particulars of the servant who had married in London, and to whom she had given permission to call her little baby "Pearl," after herself. Grace had never written so long a letter before to this relative, and she laid down her gold pen in its carved ivory handle with a sigh of relief when she had covered three sheets of delicately-scented pink-tinted paper.

(*To be continued.*)



BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT.

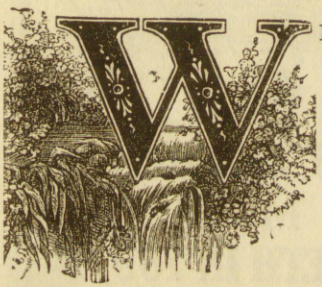
BE sure you're right, then go ahead!
Along the path of wisdom tread;
For every man, in wisdom's light,
Can surely tell the wrong from right;
Can evil shun, and choose the good,
And nobly work for truth and God.

The grandest victories ever won
Are blessings sent for good deeds done;
And richer far than crowns of gold,
Or gems of fabulous wealth untold,
Is that bright crown of gratitude
The world gives to its brave and good.

O toiler standing at the plough!
O workman with the sweating brow!
Yours is the mission to fulfil,
The carrying out of Heaven's will;
And yours the triumph of success
If bravely on you ever press.

Take courage, then, and do your best;
The time will come of peaceful rest,
When sweetest flowers shall strew your way,
And chill December turn to May.
March with a hero's firmest tread—
Be sure you're right, then go ahead!

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ON THE DRINK TRAFFIC.



E are supposed to be entering upon a new era which is fraught with great consequences in one way or other. One tells us that we have a dark future before us, and that the glory of England is rapidly departing. Another will say that the nation is going forward with renewed strength to a region of great reforms. I do not believe in despairing of the future of this great country. We have been signally guided in the past, and yet, so to speak, while the meat was in our mouths we spoke of drifting into famine. All that has taken place in the past presages a great work for the future.

But there is one point in which we all agree, and that is the great social fact that the nation is content to pay 125½ millions as its annual bill for drink ; and to make the lesson in arithmetic a little more easy, every man, woman, and child in Liverpool pays £2 13s. 3½d. towards that enormous total. In Manchester they pay £4 15s. 2d. per head for the drink bill in their city. Manchester has its thousands out of work and very great distress, and Liverpool has its thousands out of work, but still this goes constantly on.

A little time ago I came upon the old fallacy that thirty millions of this, or thereabout, went to the taxes, and that therefore if we were not to sell the drink we should have to put our hands into our pockets and pay out somehow thirty millions in taxes. That is one of the strangest fallacies it is possible for any one to imagine. The whole sum in the savings banks of this country is £61,667,884. The nation has saved 61½ millions, and wastes every year that 61½ millions twice over, or nearly that ; because I lay it down as a proposition, which nobody other than a schoolboy can possibly dispute, that useless expenditure is not to be taken account of except it be got rid of by political economists. I believe that nine-tenths of the expenditure upon drink is useless expenditure.

For the sake of argument, I will suppose that it is all useless expenditure. Some think so ; I do not. When I speak of it as useless expenditure I mean that the drink produced does harm; the producer (the labourer) does not get his fair share, as he does with other things that are produced. Almost all the profit goes, not into the labourer's pocket, but into the pockets of the masters. When we make a pair of shoes, four-fifths of the cost of the article goes to the labourer. Therefore I argue the labouring classes gain far more when the money is employed to make a useful article than in the making of drink. Therefore, if we save the money now spent in drink it is patent that we shall save the comparatively small portion with which to pay the thirty millions of taxes. If, instead of that taxation voluntarily imposed on themselves by the labouring classes, they could be got to devote even half the sum to providing food for and promoting the comfort of their families, that basis of physical happiness and comfort essential to their proper reception of the teachings of religion and morality would be secured.

FACTS ABOUT ALCOHOL.

"HOME-MADE WINES."

BY DR. ISRAEL RENSHAW.



OW frequently do we hear the remarks made that these are harmless, and that they cannot possibly injure any one.

That they are temperance drinks, and may be taken without violation of the total abstinence pledge is a very wrong idea, indeed, and I propose now to show how and why it is wrong.

The question of the composition of home-made wine is of great importance to all who wish to keep their pledges faithfully. Many of our young abstainers are only too frequently tempted to drink these liquors by those who wish to show hospitality with the least amount of trouble to themselves. It is so easy to bring a bottle or decanter out of the sideboard and a biscuit, and set them before a guest. Doubtless this has been done thousands of times without thought, but it has often been a help in the downward path ; sometimes the first wrong step. Remember, they who first help you on to ruin's path will be the first to shun you when the drink fiend has you fairly in his clutches.

It has recently been my good fortune to come into possession of several receipts for home-made wine. These have been in use for several generations in the country amongst farmers, and every one of them, without exception, shows how dangerous these wines must be to those who unfortunately use them.

The first is for "elder-flower wine." Here sugar, raisins, and water are boiled together ;

to this mixture is added a quantity of "elder-flowers," picked free from stalks; then some lemon juice, and, mark this, now follows some "good ale yeast." This means fermentation, and, as its result, alcohol. This is quite expected, for the receipt says, "Throw over it (the tub or vessel) a sack or coarse cloth, and let it (the mixture) work (or ferment) for two days. Then to every gallon add a quart of Rhenish or young hock wine, and let it work for a fortnight."

The next receipt is for "gooseberry wine." It tells us how to crush the gooseberries and mix them with water and sugar. This mixture is then to stand until it has fermented; isinglass is put in and a large proportion of rum! We all know, only too well, what rum is, and it is the most poisonous of all the spirits, because, when sold pure, it contains more alcohol than they, sometimes as much as seventy-five parts in every one hundred.

"Ginger wine" is fermented, and then brandy is added. Another receipt for "raisin wine," after the usual instructions about fermentation, ends thus, "Let it (the fermented mixture) stand twelve months; then bottle off with lump sugar and French brandy to your liking"!

"Rhubarb wine," when it has "quite done working," is to have brandy put in, so have "currant wine" and "carrot wine."

Now, I dare say you wonder why I give so much of the detail about these receipts. It is because I wish to prove that these drinks are not harmless, and I wish to show why they are alcoholic, and that they must be so from the way in which they are manufactured. Hence it is clear that whoso drinks "home-made wine" after signing the pledge does violence to that pledge, and runs all the risks of the effects of alcohol upon the body and mind.



THE WORKS OF GOD.

THOU, Lord, hast made the flowers,
And all things else so fair;
Help us to feel Thy tender love
Around us everywhere.

Thy hand hath clothed the fields
With grass and daisies bright;
And made the hedgerows, far and wide,
With hawthorn blossom white.

The elm and towering pine
In foliage rich arrayed;
And oak, and ash, and sycamore,
In different hues displayed.

All these Thy works proclaim
Thy matchless skill and care,
And tell us that Thy tender love
Is round us everywhere.

DAVID LAWTON

THE LOVE OF EARTH.

A FAIR young girl with lightsome heart,
'Mid summer flowrets gaily strolled;
No anxious care has crossed her path,
Nor tide of sorrow near her rolled.

A few more years, and then she stands,
'Mid love and joy, a happy bride;
A brilliant path she now commands,
With happiness on every side.

Years roll along, and now we meet
A happy mother, loving, kind;
With joyous children round her feet,
With every earthly joy combined.

She reigns, in that fair home, a queen,
Her husband's pride, her children's joy;
Her prayer and constant aim has been
To train them for the home on high.

Again we meet—a widow now—
Prosperity has passed away,
And time with care has marked her brow,
She shares no more life's happy day.

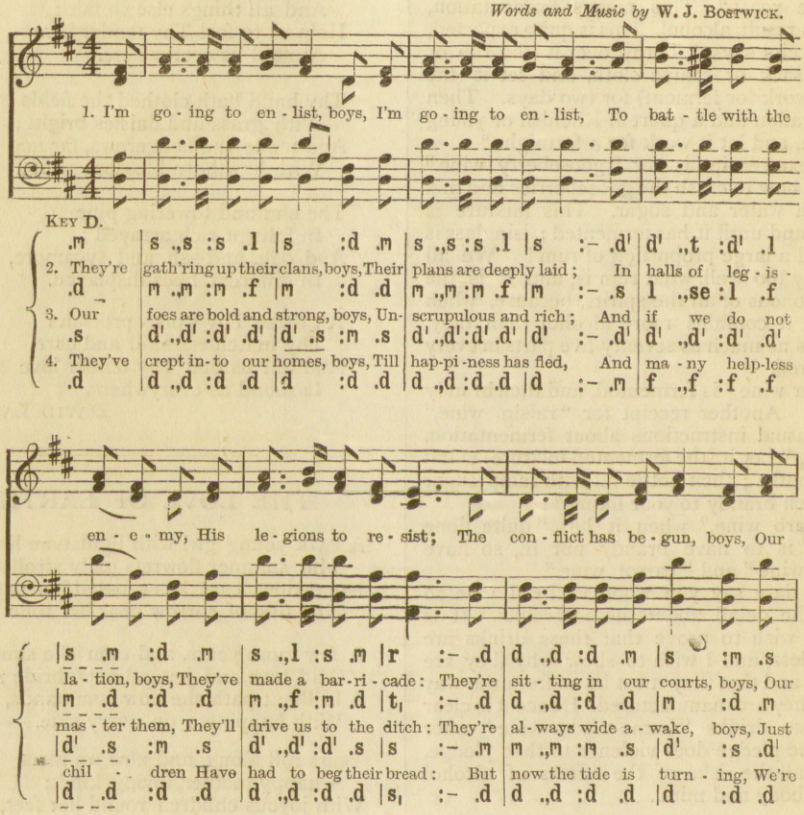
The loved ones she had cherished long,
Are burdened by her presence there;
Her love for them was warm and strong,
For her they will no longer care.

Alas! she found the time had come
When earthly love was little worth;
She cried, "My Father, take me home,
For I've outlived the love of earth."

E. F.

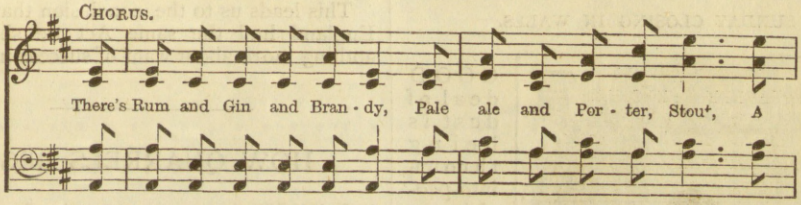
TEMPERANCE BATTLE-SONG.

Words and Music by W. J. Bostwick.



TEMPERANCE BATTLE-SONG—*continued.*

CHORUS.


There's Rum and Gin and Bran - dy, Pale ale and Por - ter, Stout, A

A. t. CHORUS.

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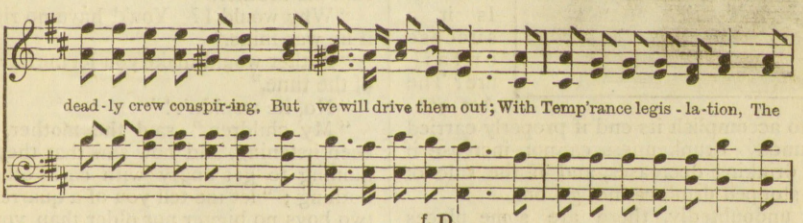
dead-ly crew conspir-ing, But we will drive them out; With Temp'rance legis - la-tion, The

f. D.

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deadly crew con-spir-ing,	But	we will drive them out; With		Temp'rance legisla-tion,	The
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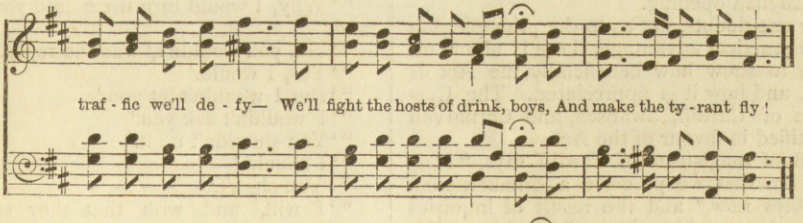
traf - fic we'll de - fy— We'll fight the hosts of drink, boys, And make the ty - rant fly!

l .t :d' .r'	m' :- .m'	r' .d' :t .l	s .d' :m' .d'	r' .,d' :d' .t	d' :- .
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traf-fic we'll de - fy—	We'll	fight the hosts of	drink, boys, And	make the tyrant fly!	
d' .d' :l .l	t :- .t	l .d' :d' .d'	d' .s :d' .d'	l .,l :s .s	s :- .
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THE OUTLOOK.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN WALES.



A GOOD deal of dust is being thrown into people's eyes about the results of the Welsh Sunday Closing Act, and they are asking, Is it a success or failure? The Act cannot fail to accomplish its end if properly carried out. Sunday drunkenness cannot increase if Sunday drinking decreases, and if the sale of drink is stopped drink cannot go on.

Now, undoubtedly, there are some places where there has been little diminution of drunkenness. This shows that the drink has been obtained from some source other than the closed public-house. But surely this is no argument for keeping public-houses open, but a very strong plea for more vigilant police supervision to stop the illicit sale of drink, just as the drunkenness on the borders of Wales and England is no witness against Welsh closing, but against English opening.

If any one doubts, not as to the principle, but as to the practical advantage, there is abundant evidence to show how beneficially the Act is working, and how it is appreciated. The Corporations of Cardiff, Swansea, and Carnarvon have testified in favour of the Act.

The chief magistrate of Cardiff says, "It is very seldom that we perceive a drunken man on Sundays now," and the result of inquiries made in the neighbouring villages is, "We never now see anybody drunk on Sunday."

A large employer of labour in Glamorganshire writes, "We employ about 2,400 men. Our experience is that we get considerably more work done on Monday and Tuesday since the Act passed."

Even in Wrexham, where the number of public-houses is *one* to every 120 persons, the Act has proved a great blessing. From fifteen other towns in Wales unbiassed opinion scorroborate the same satisfactory statement.

This leads us to the conclusion that if we in England had the same Act we should hear nothing more about want of success in Wales.

HOW QUARRELS BEGIN.

"I WISH that pony was mine," said a little boy, who stood at a window looking down the road.

"What would you do with him?" asked his brother.

"Ride him; that's what I'd do."

"All day long?"

"Yes, from morning till night."

"You'd have to let me ride him sometimes," said his brother.

"Why would I? You'd have no right in him if he was mine."

"Father would make you let me have him part of the time."

"No, he wouldn't!"

"My children," said the mother, who had been listening, and now saw that they were beginning to get angry with each other all for nothing; "let me tell you of a quarrel between two boys no bigger nor older than you are, that I read about the other day. They were going along the road, talking together in a pleasant way, when one of them said—

"'I wish I had all the pasture land in the world.'

"The other said, 'And I wish I had all the cattle in the world.'

"'What would you do then?' asked his friend.

"'Why, I would turn them into your pasture land.'

"'No, you wouldn't,' was the reply.

"'Yes, I would.'

"'But I wouldn't let you.'

"'I wouldn't ask you.'

"'You shouldn't do it.'

"'I should.'

"'You shan't.'

"'I will,' and with that they seized and pounded each other like two silly, wicked boys as they were."

The children laughed; but their mother said—

"You see in what trifles quarrels often begin. Were you any wiser than these boys in your half-angry talk about an imaginary pony? If I had not been here, who knows but you might have been as silly and wicked as they were."

IN OUR ALLEY.

BY MARY BATCHELOR.



"OH, mother! don't, don't, pray!" These words rang out in a tone of anguish from what should have been one of earth's brightest little ones. A child, not more than six years old, clad in simply a tattered petticoat, her little arms looking more like sticks; her wreath of golden curls filthy in the extreme. Crouched in a corner, just in front of her, was a boy of four, with very dark eyes and hair. He appeared to be all head and rags—an even more wretched object than his little sister. The only thing to protect him from the dirty floor, except an old coat, was a piece of sacking.

The cry had been caused by the mother, who was quite beside herself with drink, catching up a little wooden stool, and threatening to hurl it at the boy, the little girl standing before him to shield, if possible, her brother, because, as she told a lady afterwards, "I am two years older, and can bear being beaten better."

"Go out and fetch me more gin—go, or I'll——" and again the stool was raised.

The children waited a moment, till the mother, overcome by what she had already drunk, sank down on her bed of straw asleep.

"Willy, Willy, come with me—now, now! We must fly! If mother wakes she will send me to the 'Crown and Anchor.' Oh, If I can't get any money to buy more gin for her!"

Creeping cautiously by the one who should have been the first to guard these fatherless children, the little ones crept noiselessly past her down the stairs, scarcely safe for any one to walk on. When the street was gained, the children, keeping close together, tried to amuse themselves with looking into the shop-windows, prettily-lighted up at night.

"How good, Mary! Look at that bun! Let me run in ever so quiet and get it; it hurts it me so here," putting his hands on his poor little skeleton body.

"Move on! move on!" said a tall policeman.

"Is he bad like this ever, Mary?" asked the child in his simplicity.

Poor little mites, for a day and a half they had only had a crust of bread.

"Look, Willy, what a great big room, and heaps of people going in! I'm so cold; perhaps they won't see if we creep in behind this tall man. They might give us something to eat; they do in some of these big places."

Cautiously following a big man, as they termed a gentleman who was passing in, they attempted to enter the room.

"Back! back!" said a policeman.

"Ah, but I wants a penny supper, and Mary said we should get it here," upon which the child set up a howl of pain. The gentleman, turning round, kindly inquired the cause.

God had endowed him with a large heart, and he had spent years in searching out little ones, and rescuing them from drunken fathers and mothers; helping them to grow up pure, good lives, to shun the drink. "Too enthusiastic," his friends said; but he could in some measure feel the misery these little helpless victims suffered through no fault of their own.

He turned back and questioned the children closely, taking them to a place of safety. Next day he reasoned with the mother, and tried to turn her from her course of sin. I wish I could say he succeeded, but, alas! it was not so. The children were placed in good homes, and are now quite restored to health. Anything in the way of intoxicating drink is hateful to them, especially to the girl, who was old enough to remember the torture she had so often suffered through it.

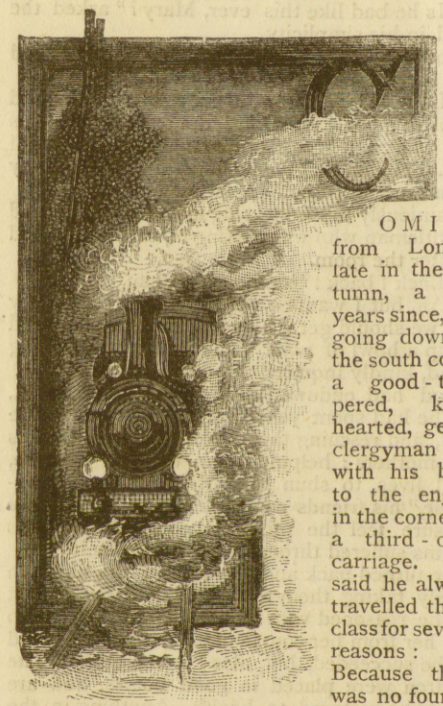
TO JUNE.

DELIGHTFUL month, thou manhood of the year,
When everything is full of active life,
And trees and flowers engage in friendly strife
Which shall the most luxuriant appear.
Ripe meadows green await the reaper's blade,
With buttercups and daises sprinkled o'er;
The cuckoo's mellow note rings through the glade,
And joyous birds their gladsome ditties pour.
Sweet Nature all her summer hues displays
As if she boasted of her varied dress—
Morn, noon, and eve in different sheen arrays—
So lavish is she of her loveliness.
With joy we hail thy genial, radiant noon—
Thou Queen of summer months—all glorious June!

DAVID LAWTON.

A WORD IN SEASON.

BY UNCLE BEN.



COMING from London late in the autumn, a few years since, and going down to the south coast, a good-tempered, kind-hearted, genial clergyman sat with his back to the engine in the corner of a third-class carriage. He said he always travelled third-class for several reasons: 1st, Because there was no fourth; 2nd, Because so many third-class people travelled first that a few first-class people ought to travel third to make matters equal; 3rd, Because of the company.

A friend met him once coming out of a third-class carriage, and said, "I am surprised to see you are a third-class man."

"Nay," he replied, "I only use a third-class carriage. I can't afford to pay more for travelling than I can help, and, besides, I have so many friends who travel this class, and I like to prove that neither the tailor nor the carriage makes the man."

On the present occasion the Rev. John Durant sat in the corner of the carriage in his usual happy, contented frame of mind. He could enjoy looking out of the window, or reading if there was plenty of light, or, best of all, a friendly word with all the passengers within reach.

He had fallen into conversation with a soldier who was in the same compartment, and had offered him a leaflet from a little bundle he took from his pocket, when at the next station a respectable mechanic got in, and evidently not liking the look of the parson and the tracts, took out a pipe, winked at the brave defender, and said—

"I hope you do not object to smoking?"

"No," said Mr. Durant, with a pleasant smile.

"Maybe," said the man, "you smoke yourself."

"No," was the rejoinder, "I don't smoke or drink."

"Well," was the reply, "I say every man to his taste. Some may prefer tracts, but I likes my 'bacca and my beer."

"Neither beer nor tobacco would be much enjoyment to me, so there's no virtue in my giving them up," said Mr. Durant, good-humouredly.

"That's so! But I say if used in moderation they are good for those who like them. Now I have never been drunk in my life, though I have been hard at work for twenty years; and what's more, no fellow need get drunk who doesn't spend more than a bob a day on drink, and that's all me and my missus reckons to spend on beer and spirits, including terbacco. Week in and week out it's never more than averaged a bob a day. If it should cost us more one week we pulls in the next."

"Does that include Sundays?" asked Mr. Durant.

"Yes, I suppose it does, for it's about seven bob a week."

"Then," said Mr. Durant, "you have spent in twenty years £365, and what have you got to show for it?"

"My word, that's a tidy sum! You be a ready reckoner," said the man, in astonishment.

"Twenty shillings made a pound when I went to school, and there are 365 days in the year. If you had saved that money you might have been living rent free in a good house of your own, and something to spare for a rainy day. So you see, when I say people can't afford to drink if they wish to take care of their money, I am not so far wrong."

"There's many of my mates who would be better off if they kept off the drink, I own."

The conversation continued until they neared the station where Mr. Durant had to get out.

"I shall have to leave you here," said he, getting his hat and folding his rug, "and I wish before I go I could persuade you to sign the pledge."

"Nay, master, I shan't sign no pledge."

"Have you got any children?"

"Yes, two gals and boys."

"Will you let them join a Band of Hope, and try and help them to keep the pledge?"

"I don't mind a-shoving them into a Band of Hope, and a penny bank too."

They shook hands and parted. A year or two



afterwards, when Mr. Durant was on the same line and station—he had got out of the carriage and was giving up his ticket to the collector as the train was moving off—he heard a voice shouting :

"Hi, there ! Master Parson ! "

Mr. Durant turned, and saw a man leaning out of a carriage, shouting out—

"They're a-sticking to it, and me and my missus 'as jined 'em ! "

A FATAL MISTAKE.

BY REV. ED. HAYTON.



MISS RUSTON was greatly offended at the advice of her father concerning the friendship which had recently sprung up between her and George Watson, a young man in the neighbourhood, whose habits were anything but steady. Mr. Ruston saw that his daughter was in danger, and, like a wise father, was determined if possible to save her from a life of suffering and wretchedness. She thought that all he said was quite uncalled for ; and though she did not like the idea of going against her father's wishes, she defended young Watson in her own mind, and thought that he was too good to be cruel or unkind to her, or to any living thing. She thought she knew him better than her father did, and if he only knew him sufficiently, he would change his opinion concerning him, and give him credit for more than he appeared disposed to at present. She saw no danger in the future ; and if he did occasionally get tipsy, it was only what hundreds of young business men like him did every week in the year. Where was the harm in him enjoying himself in an evening sometimes with his friends for an hour over a game of whist at the "Lord Nelson"? She could see no harm in it at all ; and the consequence was, she grew more and more impatient at all her father said upon the subject. She thought him very unreasonable indeed, and felt half inclined to rebel and put an end to the matter by consenting to marry Mr. Watson, whether her father was willing or not.

This daring thought having once taken possession of her mind, she became less careful to consult the wishes of her father in anything and everything that had to do with the young man upon whom she had set her affections. And one day, in reply to her father, she said—

"I have no desire to act in opposition to your will, but it seems to me unreasonable to think that Mr. Watson will fail in his duties to a wife if he should ever have one. I have been compelled to think, much against my mind, that you have sometimes judged him a little unkindly."

"It is not that I object to George Watson, my poor, foolish girl, but my love for you makes me tremble when I think of all the misery you may bring yourself into by one unwise step. Remember, if you marry it is a union for life. And if he will not give up the drink for your sake now, it is not likely he will do so after."

"I feel quite confident he will, if that should be necessary, and anything else I wish him, in a reasonable way."

"Do you remember what became of his brother, and of his brother's wife ? "

"Yes; but he is not like his brother in any respect."

"He is like him exactly in this, that he takes the drink as he took it. And the drink will ruin any man who tampers with it, and gets the habit of going so often where it is."

"I am not in the least afraid that he will be overcome by it as his brother was overcome. I know him too well to entertain any misgivings of that kind. You will see that he is nobler and stronger than you suppose him to be."

Mr. Ruston saw plainly that further efforts were useless, and yielded sorrowfully to the impression that his daughter was not to be moved by any words of his. He had done his utmost, and had failed to produce the effect he so earnestly desired. He felt certain that Mr. Watson and his daughter would in time be married, whatever results might follow.

And so it turned out to be, for at the end of four months from that day she became his wife, and without her father's consent.

For a time after their marriage things went on pleasantly enough, but he began to stay out occasionally in the evenings, and was evidently inflamed with wine on his return. She had not the same ideas about it now that she formerly had ; she could not but think it a little hard and selfish in him to leave her alone for hours as he did. And when she expressed a wish to have his company in the evening hours, he said that "men could not always be spending their evenings within doors, and at home." One evening she ventured to press her claims as a wife to his attentions ; but with some sharpness of expression he gave her to understand that he would have his own way in reference to that matter, and that she was not to annoy him by any further reference to the subject.

His last words went to her heart like a knife, and it was with the greatest difficulty she refrained from shedding tears in his presence.

After this little unpleasantness between them he seemed to care less and less for his home, and was more easily provoked by any reference

to his conduct however slight. She saw this, and ceased for a time to interfere in any way with his conduct. It was a great trial to her to be thus put to silence by him whom she loved as her own life. And she was confounded by the fact that he was so changed. She could not understand it. Could it be possible that her father's words were coming true after all?

Time went on, and he began to absent himself occasionally from church on the Sunday mornings. He had been at one time most exact in this matter, and would on no account whatever be absent from church if he were well.

Occasionally he brought one or two of his companions with him in the early evening, and the look of those young men made an unpleasant impression upon her altogether. She did not like their appearance. The subjects about which they seemed to be specially interested were very far indeed from what she could wish ever to form topics of interest for her husband, and she watched with nervous anxiety her husband's conduct towards them. Her suspicions were excited by his earnest manner in regard to certain things connected with the sporting world, and she knew that there was something under the surface that she was not permitted to see.

He grew more and more irregular in his habits, and less and less considerate about her happiness and the pleasures of his own home. She marked the change in his entire behaviour towards herself and her kinspeople, and was startled by the rapidity of that change. Once, if she were only happy, everything was right; now, he took his own way without the least regard to her peace of mind, and in spite of the opinions of others.

When this point had been gained, he sank more rapidly still, and went with headlong rush to destruction.

One morning, before her husband had risen from his bed—for he had been out late the night before, and had come in quite drunk—she was amazed and affrighted by a police-officer walking into the house and going at once to his room.

That day he was cast into prison.

She flew to her father and, falling on her knees before him, she said—

"Oh, my father, they have taken George to prison, and I am broken-hearted. Can you not save him—oh, can you not save him?"

"I would have saved you; but you would not."

"You would, father, I know, and perhaps I deserve it all."

It was found that George Watson had embezzled sums of money amounting in all to £600, and had, by gambling and dissipation, brought himself to this miserable pass.

His father-in-law would have saved him, but he could not, from the consequences of his crime. His sentence was penal servitude for seven years.

He was so overwhelmed with the thought of his disgrace that he refused to eat, and wished to die. A few days after his trial he fell into a fever, and sank rapidly, for he had no vital force left to resist its destructive power; and so he perished while he was yet a young man, and his body was cast into a convict's grave.

When shall we as a people rise up and abolish for ever this national curse, by which so many of our noblest youths are being thus destroyed?

THE CITY.

How deep are the cries which arise from the city,
The misery and suffering by which it is hemmed;
And deep in our hearts are responses of pity,
And earnest desires that the tide may be stemmed.

We know in the city are signs which betoken
The weight of its wealth, the extent of its power;
Benevolent actions that cannot be spoken,
And hearts ever ready fresh blessings to shower.

In the city how many are honestly toiling,
From morning till evening, their bread to obtain;
Yet the shadow of evil their comfort is spoiling,
And these from our hearts must true sympathy claim.

We know there are forces already in action—
Their movement and influence appear to be slow,
Compared with the masses, whose greatest attraction
Are the dens from whose centres spring sorrow and woe.

Strong drink is the agent—destroyer of beauty,
Alluring its victims, deceiving the heart;
Till thousands, deluded, neglect every duty,
And sever the bonds of affection apart.

Can we look calmly on while such fearful disaster
Is blighting so much that is noble and true?
Oh, shall we not work in the cause of the Master?
The harvest is great, but the labourers are few!

E. F.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

IT is not what people eat, but what they digest that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned; it is not what they profess, but what they practise, that makes them righteous.

OLD-FASHIONED JEWELLERY. — An old bachelor said: "There's more jewellery worn now-a-days than when I was young. But there's one piece that I always admired which I don't often see now." "What is that?" asked a young lady. "A thimble," was the reply. He was regarded with contempt and scorn by every lady in the room for the rest of the evening.

"YOU have the advantage of me," said the old merchant blandly. "You will have to get some one to identify you." "Identify me? Why, I am your son, just back from the university for the summer vacation." "May be, may be," answered the old gentleman, "but my son did not look like a fool, wear a cockney hat, monkey-tail coat, shin-tight pants, toothpick shoes, nor did he suck cane-handles. When my wife returns from her visit to my sister in the country, you may present your claims to her, and if she decides that you are our offspring, I shall be happy to bid you an affectionate good-bye on your return to the university."

THERE is a touching story of Lady Rachel Russell, that heroic wife and devoted mother, concealing from a daughter whom she was nursing through a serious illness that one of her sisters had just died of a similar malady. The invalid, who was aware of her sister's illness, was full of inquiries about her, which Lady Russell answered truthfully until the girl's death. The doctors warned her that it might be fatal to the survivor to know this, and the mother took her place in the sick-room with unmoved countenance, quieting the invalid with the reply, "Your sister is out of bed to-day," the body having been placed in the coffin.

THE light guard: A glass chimney.

THE height of the season: Cayenne pepper.

AFTER the clergyman had united a happy pair, not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth exclaiming: "Don't be so unspeakably happy."

A NEWSPAPER-REPORTER accidentally knocked a ladder down, but immediately set about righting it up.

WHEN Fogg was asked regarding the latest additions to the English language, he said he would ask his wife. She always had the last word.

AN old fellow went to dine at a chop house, and after waiting some few minutes, gruffly asked the waiter: "How long will my chop be?" "About five inches, sir!" was the reply.

A LEVANT paper says they are cultivating sponges with success. We have great variety of indigenous "sponges" in this country, but we never think of boasting about them.

"IT is a curious fact," says some entomologist, "that it is the female mosquito which torments us." A bachelor thinks that it is not at all curious.

WHEN Dr. Chapman was dining at an hotel he was served with what was called barley soup on the bill of fare. "That is not barley soup," said he to the waiter, "it is barely soup."

CONSOLATION.—A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the man to his wife when she fell into the river: "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD, who went to school for the first time, came home at noon and said to his mother: "Mamma, I don't think that teacher knows much." "Why not, my dear?" "Why, she kept asking questions all the time. She asked where the Mississippi River was."

"LAY off your overcoat, or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a way-side inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I am afraid of," said the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat; I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

"I NEVER was better in my life," as the man said when asked to take a wager.

A YOUNG man (to druggist): "I want to get some arnica, Russian salve, carbolic acid, Empress relief, Davis's pain-killer, and a package of sticking-plaster." Druggist: "All right, sir, all right. Anybody got hurt?" "Oh, no; I've just bought a bicycle."

Notice to Correspondents.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed to the Editors of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. All Business Communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: Mary Batchelor, D. Lawton, Dr. I. Renshaw, Rev. E. A. Hayton.

Publications Received.

The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Scottish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Record—The Rechabite Magazine—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Bond of Union—The Irish Temperance League Journal—Church of England Temperance Magazine—Alliance News.

THE

Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "The Bird Angel," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battle Field," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ORIGINAL PEARL.



PEARL CHURSTON, after whom Susan Hunter, by permission, had called her little daughter, sat reading her cousin Grace Fanshawe's letter the day after it was despatched, with an expression of extreme interest.

The rural postman—a fine manly-looking fellow he was, too—had stopped his mail-cart, as usual, outside the lodge of Churston Hall, and deposited the bag of letters for the family and dependents. Immediately the lodge-keeper, or his wife, carried the bag up the beautiful avenue of elms to the house. Any delay would have been unbearable, had he become acquainted with the fact, to the irritable invalid owner of this noble property; and amongst the letters that morning was the one concerning the little Pearl of Billingsgate.

Churston Hall was one of the most beautifully-situated houses in that rich portion of beautiful Devon known as the South Hams. The scenery around possessed all those qualities which poets are wont to describe in such melodious words as "smiling," "luxurious," "soft," "billowy," "undulating," "verdant," "pastoral," "wooded"; and to prevent too great a sacrifice of grandeur to loveliness, there was, at the distance of a few miles, and in bold relief upon the horizon, the fine outline of some high hills and tors, the outposts, as it were, of the far-famed Dartmoor range.

Through the meadows belonging to the estates, all green and golden now with the young grass and the buttercups, flowed the wandering river Erme, a pretty trout stream; with little pools under the trees, deep, and haunted by the mysteries that lie hidden in all such waters; and with shallows that made mirrors for the sunbeams and the moonbeams through the quiet days and nights.

Churston Hall, a low, wide building, of no very great pretension to beauty of architecture, was yet extremely comfortable within doors, and its grey stone walls were so surrounded by splendid trees, the growth of centuries, and were placed on so commanding a height, that it took rank amongst "the stately homes of England," in the minds of all who saw it, and who were acquainted with the expression.

The family, within the memory of the lowlier dwellers in the neighbourhood, had changed very much as to members, and even style of procedure; but they were "*the* family" still, in their eyes, worthy of reverence, and, if possible, of love. And although the old feudal system, in many respects,

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has entirely died out, there is yet in some quiet rural districts of England a lingering distinguishable trace of it in the fealty shown, and interest felt, in the owners of the soil—feelings comparable to the romantic attachment of the Highlander to his chieftain.

In old days, when the present Squire Churston was a young man, the Churstons had been very numerous ; the parents, with their ten sons and daughters, and the company these naturally brought to the Hall, had, with the servants, kept every room occupied in some fashion or other. And a bright, stylish, handsome family they had been, the sons well-grown, athletic, well-favoured young men ; the girls bright, winsome, fair, and, at least two of them, beautiful. Mrs. Fanshawe was the eldest of the daughters, and her still comely countenance, her dignified carriage, her charming manners, and kind heart were typical of the best characteristics of the Churstons.

Only to write the history of that one family in that lovely Devonshire valley might fill a volume, and its pages would be marred by the chronicle of many a sorrow and many a wrong. Strong drink had utterly spoiled more than one of the lives once so fair, and had been the cause of quarrels and disputes between others. Noel Churston, the second brother, was, in consequence of the eldest son's death before marriage, the present owner of Churston Hall, and inhabited it with his only daughter, Pearl. Pearl had a brother, George, who was banished from his home by his father, because of his drunken, reckless habits. Mrs. Churston had died when Pearl was hardly out of the nursery, and for the last nine years, ever since she was eighteen, Pearl had been the mistress of her father's house.

It was not a very easy place for her, and she had had a great deal of trouble in many ways since this dignity came upon her. George was so much her junior that she had been almost a little mother to him through his growing up ; and she loved him with a motherly as well as a sisterly affection. Her father, though he was proud of his boy, was likewise very exacting with regard to Pearl. He begrudged every attention which she bestowed upon her brother, if in any way he could regard it as belonging to himself. He was so intensely selfish that he coveted all the good he saw around him, of whatever kind, and had a strange propensity to consider it belonged of right to him, for was he not a Churston, and the visible, abiding representative of the family?

When George was about seven years old, and Pearl was fourteen, the boy had his first tutor. This gentleman, a clergyman of modest manners, much learning, and kind demeanour, not only instructed the young heir, but gave lessons in languages, and enjoyed imparting knowledge to his much cleverer sister. But a living fell vacant in the Churston patronage, and the Squire presented it immediately to Mr. Oliphant, of whom, after three years, he was getting a little tired as an inmate of the Hall. Though this was a decided advance to the clergyman from a monetary point of view, and he welcomed an enlarged sphere of labour, he regretted very much to break off the delightful hours of study he had enjoyed with his two pupils. Mr. Oliphant's influence with George had been extremely good ; he had won the boy's love, and had implanted in him high principles—to do rightly because it was right and would please God, and not from any lower motive. In another matter he had quietly operated upon the minds of both his pupils. Mr. Oliphant was a firm teetotaler—a thorough believer that total abstinence from intoxicants is the only safe path for all of us.

He observed, with pain, the freedom with which strong drink was used at Churston Hall ; he heard many stories of how the drink had been the temptation of the children and parents in the past, and had wrought misery, too, in the servants' hall. He longed to be able to induce the young heir of this fine property to ally himself to the temperance movement. He went to work skilfully. Mr. Churston was something of a physiologist, and Mr. Oliphant produced the opinions of doctors in regard to strong drink and its injurious effects upon the young. As an experiment, he induced Mr. Churston to consent to his children's abstinence for a year, and at the end of that time, their health being extremely good, he suggested that the trial might be prolonged. And so it came to pass that when he left Churston neither Pearl nor her brother had taken intoxicants for almost two years. The servants made no arrangement for either beer or wine beside their plates and that of the tutor, and their father rarely gave the subject a thought.

All this was changed when the clergyman went away. He was succeeded by a young and handsome man, fresh from the university, who had not given teetotalism a thought, who readily accepted Mr. Churston's invitation to take wine with him, and who, by a brilliant power of conversation and exceedingly graceful manners, soon ingratiated himself with his employer far more than Mr. Oliphant had done. Mr. Churston respected and esteemed the clergyman ; he thoroughly enjoyed the society of his son's new tutor.

As a matter of course, Pearl shared with her brother in this gentleman's instruction. Her governess left about a year after, and while Pearl then assumed the new and not slight

duties of the mistress of her father's house, she still continued to learn German and Greek and Latin with Mr. Hayes, and to read French and Italian, in both of which she was now a fair scholar.

George complained that Mr. Hayes did not teach him half so nicely as Mr. Oliphant. "Mr. Oliphant made lessons almost as good as play," he said one day to Pearl, "and now it's awfully dry work."

"Oh! George, I can't imagine how you think so," said Pearl. "Why, I believe I learn more than I ever did; at all events, I learn more pleasantly. Mr. Hayes is so sparkling, he seems to throw a splendid shower of gold and diamond dust all about, and you see the little bits shine on the dry page and light it up beautifully."

"What funny things you say, Pearl!" said her brother; "I believe he must keep all his diamonds and gold for you; he doesn't make my algebra shine, I promise you, nor my Latin either."

Mr. Hayes enjoyed teaching Pearl; there could be no doubt about that. He encroached upon the time allotted for companionship with George, to read extra pages of the authors to whom he introduced Pearl; and, without any such intention on his part, he found himself becoming very much in love with the fair young daughter of the house, the sweet sister of his pupil. In moments of noble feeling, he made up his mind to leave the mansion, where he was so dangerously attracted to remain, to do the right thing and take his departure immediately. But many influences were against this, and he weakly yielded; always telling himself, when conscience warned him, that he was going soon, but again and again quieting himself, so as to linger on and on in the old Hall.

Mr. Churston treated him to much more equality than he had done Mr. Oliphant, and there was one bond of union between them which had not existed in the clergyman. Mr. Hayes enjoyed his wine, and was a gay, charming after-dinner companion to the Squire. When guests were present, he slipped back with the utmost good-humour into a less prominent place; when they were alone he was more entertaining to his employer than almost any other of his friends.

When warmed by choice beverages, delighted with the confidential tone of Mr. Churston's communications to him, it is not to be wondered at that the young man sometimes beguiled himself into the belief that the Squire would allow him to become his son-in-law; but he never thought this in his strictly sober moments.

Then he faced his position, knew he had nothing to offer Pearl in the way of livelihood save what he could himself earn, and felt certain all such offers would be scorned and scouted by Pearl's father.

And Pearl herself? From eighteen to twenty she lived, as it were, in a happy dreamland. She had few young lady friends, and they only met occasionally. She was so constantly, so happily employed, and in the midst of such congenial society, that she took no trouble to ask herself any questions. Mr. Hayes said nothing to her about loving him, of course, and she was so free from that miserable self-consciousness and expectation of love affairs, which spoil many young girls in their fresh, sweet womanhood, that she did not think of his doing so.

If her heart throbbed as he read some of the exquisite passages in poetry that describe the loves of others, if her eyes filled over the fate of those who were unhappy in their affections, she still did not realise how near she was to the exquisite, or terrible, reality of these emotions.

As to her abstinence from intoxicating liquors, she adhered very firmly to the resolution made during Mr. Oliphant's sojourn with them. This was the one subject concerning which she sometimes disputed with Mr. Hayes, upon which, at all events, they could never agree. He enjoyed their arguments very much, he admired the skill with which she defended her position, and sometimes laughingly declared if he ever became a "nephalist" or "hydropot," as he teasingly and playfully called her, it would be her doing. Once or twice these wordy combats took place in her father's presence, and Mr. Churston laughed rather triumphantly when Pearl achieved what he called, putting Mr. Hayes in a corner.

Pearl Churston's eyes having been opened by Mr. Oliphant, she saw dangers for all who indulged in the habit of drinking which they were very slow to see for themselves. She knew well that her father took much more wine now than he did five years before, and in the adjoining village, where Pearl visited freely amongst the poor, she was constantly hearing of sad cases of misery and destitution through this particular vice.

One day she astonished Mr. Hayes very much. He had arranged her books for her, after George's studies were over for the morning, and placed her chair for her, and his own beside it. Then he came to where she sat at work, and said playfully—

"Miss Churston, all things are now ready."

She gazed up at him with tears in her sweet, dark eyes, and before he could speak, or do anything besides looking the surprise and anxiety he felt, she said, earnestly—

"Oh, Mr. Hayes, please, I want your help."

"My help! you have that without asking for it. Only tell me what I can help you about."

"I am not so sure. You won't do what would

help me most of all, but I hope you will do what I ask you."

"I am certain I will, if it is within the range of my capability."

"Please listen before you promise," she said. "Papa says George must learn to take his glass of wine with him; that teetotalism did for him as a child, but that, now he is thirteen, he won't tolerate such fancies. George dislikes wine or beer, or anything of that kind; he says the smell is enough, it is so sickly; and oh! I do so dread his beginning to drink." She paused, and then added, "Having said so much, Mr. Hayes, I must say a little more. Drink has been the curse of the Churstons; it has been the beginning of going astray to several of my uncles. I see it all so plainly. And if George begins to drink, and begins to like it, though he does not now, he, too, may be ruined by it, and then, oh! how terrible it would be to know how safe he was at thirteen, and that papa made him drink. Oh! *do* tell papa you think it would be wiser to leave it till he is older, and his habits more formed; at any rate, you could say that. If only you were a teetotaler, how much you could help me!"

Mr. Hayes did not like that idea. "I am not quite sure, dear Miss Churston, that I could help you in that case, so much as I can now; for, don't you see, if I was an abstainer myself, your father might consider I was utterly prejudiced and one-sided in the matter. But now if I throw my influence on the side you wish, as I certainly shall, I may succeed, precisely because I am not a teetotaler."

How Mr. Hayes managed, or what arguments were used, Pearl did not know, but there was no attempt to force George to drink that day; and in the evening, when they were on the croquet lawn, having a single match with imaginary players, she said gratefully to the tutor, "I can never thank you enough, Mr. Hayes."

He paused abruptly, and came to her side. "Some day you shall thank me," he said, looking attentively at her.

"Some day?" she repeated, wonderingly. "How?"

"I cannot tell you now," he said. "To let me call you by your beautiful name, when we are alone, as I do when I think of you, would be thanks enough."

Pearl laughed gaily; her heart was wonderfully relieved about her brother, and she was inclined to be playful, as well as grateful, to Mr. Hayes.

"Is it such a pleasure to say 'Pearl'?" she asked.

"It is indeed, *Pearl*," he answered in the same light tone, and throughout the game he used her name, though only sparingly. It did sound prettier, Pearl thought, than she had ever believed it before. Mr. Hayes had a very nice voice, soft and mellow—a full, rich tenor—and he somehow made more of that one syllable than anybody else had ever done.

The reprieve concerning George, howsoever gained, was but of short duration.

On the heir's fourteenth birthday there was to be a grand festivity. It was lovely summer weather, and the amusements were to consist of a garden party with a lawn tennis tournament. Instead of the old-fashioned dinner party, it was suggested by Mr. Hayes, and readily agreed to by Mr. Churston and Pearl, that a handsome cold collation at two or three o'clock, with a birthday supper after the games terminated and the guests needed rest, would better meet the requirements of the day.

George, now a handsome, aristocratic-looking boy, willing and ready to act the young heir, with a good deal of grace and easy good humour, was full of delight, when he awoke in his handsomely-furnished bedroom and found the golden sunshine streaming through the closed blinds upon the carpeted floor, and the birds outside singing happy returns to him gaily as birds sing when all nature is as gay as their own hearts. It had been a pretty fancy of Pearl Churston's childhood that the birds thus remembered her birthdays, and both she and her brother continued to recall it.

Merry peals of bells, from the village church, half a mile away, came to George's ears in fitful gusts of music, for there was a fresh yet warm breeze blowing, and he arose and dressed himself with an agreeable feeling of importance and pleasure ahead. He knelt and said his prayers, as he had done ever since he could remember, and as he had been taught to do by Susan, their nurse and schoolroom maid. A thought of her and her kindness to him was in the boy's heart, mingled with those of his present friends. And when he came down and met Pearl, he said, as soon as they had exchanged very loving greetings—

"What became of Susan, Pearl? I thought of her just now."

"Why, don't you remember, George?" said Pearl, "she married a fishmonger in London, and wrote a few years ago to ask me if she might call her little girl Pearl after me."

"Why, of course, I remember," said the boy; "we sent her some money to buy the precious baby a cloak or something, didn't we? I should like Susan to be here to-day; she was very kind to me, I know."

"So should I," responded Pearl; "she *would* be pleased at your remembering her, George; I think I must write to her again and tell her all about you."

This Pearl Churston did, enclosing a present, but had her letter returned with "Not

to be found" written across the address.

George's birthday gifts were presented directly after breakfast, and comprised so many of the very things he had wished for that his state of satisfaction increased continually. In order to extend the rejoicings to the tenants and villagers, various amusements were provided in one of the meadows, with a bountiful supply of provisions, and a far too bountiful supply of beer and cider. In this field George spent a good deal of the morning amongst the children for whom he had begged a holiday, and whom he delighted by his genuine good-nature and interest in their sports. Next, he had a ride on the beautiful pony his father had presented to him, and in this exercise he was accompanied by Mr. Hayes.

There were a great many guests to partake of the cold collation on that warm summer day, and George's health was gracefully proposed by the rector and seconded by a young gentleman who had just returned from a foreign tour of two years' duration, to take possession of his property, which adjoined Squire Churston's. This young man, Sir Bevil Townley, referred in felicitous terms to the old friendship, which he hoped would now be renewed. While the steward, an old lawyer, supported the other two speeches with some well-put phrases concerning George's intelligence and promise, Squire Churston filled the boy's glass with wine, and said aloud—

"Drink that, my boy, and thank your friends."

"Oh, father," began George, with an appealing look at his father's face, "I don't ——"

Pearl was in an agony of anxiety; she whispered—

"Surely, father ——"

But the Squire was in no mood for interference.

"My son, show yourself a Churston who knows both how to command and how to obey."

Poor George! He said a few words of thanks readily enough, but he handled the glass irresolutely. It was like taking a dose of physic, he thought, and he had hard work to keep from making a wry face. But he said to himself, how kind his father had been, it wasn't much to swallow this to please him, if he did hate the taste of the nasty stuff. "So, here goes!" he ejaculated mentally, and swallowed the wine at a gulp.

(*To be continued.*)



SOME OF THE GRASSES WE EAT.

BY S. COMPSTON, F.R.H.S.

"And God said: Let the earth put forth grass, and herb yielding seed . . . . I have given you every herb yielding seed . . . . for food." "And Jehovah . . . . shall give to every one grass in the field." "The flowers appear on the earth."

IN a very neat little spray, our artist presents us this month with a pretty sample of the "grass," "herb yield seed," and "flower of the field." At this time mother earth wears her full summer attire. Even the highlands are clothed, while the lowlands are richly adorned.

"Oh, life that hideth in the sod,
How sweet and beautiful thou art;
Like Aaron's mystic almond rod,
By miracle the grasses start."

Have you seen what Mr. Ruskin says about grass? Let us quote a few words: "Gather a single blade of grass and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems, there of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a much-cared-for example of nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven—and a little pale, hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that breathe in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, ... there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green. It seems to me not to have been without a peculiar significance that our Lord, when about to work the miracle which, of all that he showed, appears to have been felt by the multitude as the most impressive—the miracle of the loaves—commanded the people to sit down by companies 'upon the green grass.' He was about to feed them with the principal produce of earth and the sea, the simplest representations of the food of mankind. He gave them the *seed* of the herb; He bade them sit down upon the herb itself, which was as great a gift, in its fitness for their joy and rest, as its perfect fruit for their sustenance; thus, in this single order and act, when rightly understood, indicating for evermore how the Creator had entrusted the comfort, consolation, and sustenance of man to the simplest and most despised of all the leafy families of the earth. And well does it fulfil its mission." Yes, well indeed!

But, while we think of grass, we are reminded that it is composed of a wonderful variety of grasses and their flowers; their number is surprising. Many are eaten by cattle, horses, sheep, geese, etc., and some by man. You know there was once a king whose excessive pride and vanity turned his head, and, losing his reason, he ate grass like the oxen. And he was kept alive on it, too, for a number of years, till his brain was cooled and he came to his senses again. The idea seems strange to us at first sight, but on second thought it is less so, for, after all, we mostly live on the fruit of highly-cultivated grass. Very probably the so-called leeks which the Israelites longed for in the wilderness were a kind of clover called "helbeh," which is still eaten at times by the people of Egypt. Mayr, describing it, says: "A great heap of clover was thrown



before the beasts, and a smaller heap of clover-like fodder was placed before the master of the house and his family. The quadrupeds and the bipeds ate with equal greediness. . . . . I was afterwards, when hungry, in a situation to lay myself down in the fields where it grows, and *graze* with pleasure." You see that proud king of old might not have a very bad time of it, after all. However, we are better placed, and often—like that lady who, instead of listening to the majestic strains of the Hallelujah Chorus, was talking loud enough to let her neighbour know how she liked fish cooked, and just as the performers came to the sudden silence or rest, before the very finish, was heard by the whole company to exclaim: "We prefer ours done with butter"—yes, we prefer our grass done with butter, as a rule, and with grass-butter, too.

But perhaps some of our young readers are ready to say: "We don't eat grass at all." Let us see. What did you have to breakfast this morning? One says, "bread and butter," etc. Very well; your bread was the baked seed of wheat-grass. Another says, "oatmeal porridge." Capital; that was the prepared seed of oat-grass. A third says, "barley and milk." Very good; that was the cooked seed of barley-grass. A fourth says, "rice-milk." Well, that was the boiled seed of Oryza-grass. There, now!

Science opens our eyes wonderfully. We remember our childish mind being astonished on learning that our favourite pussy was really a sort of tiger on a small scale, and that there was a lily in the island of Teneriffe whose stalk was so far round that ten men joined hand to hand, and with arms outstretched, could just embrace it; and the bamboo, which may become a great tree, is but a grass after all, with hollow stem, in jointed lengths, etc., whose tender tops are eaten by man like asparagus, but whose stalks make boats, masts for ships, roofs and sides for houses, posts for beds, ladders, bows, arrows, water-pipes, fishing-rods, walking-sticks, and a vast number of other things. Then the sugar-cane is another grass, yielding the luscious syrup which gives us our sugar; and not only that important article of food, but it supplies also a handy scholastic implement which (as Mr. Matthew Arnold would agree), though deprived of its "sweetness," is still "light," and used at times as an "alterative" (as the doctors say) for the good of naughty and indolent boys. Nay, further, some boys who have not long been weaned, and must still have something in their mouths, find a piece of cane, with a bit of fire at one end, a convenient teat, till they can afford to suckle a pipe or cigar. It takes a long time for some to cease to be children; spoiled babies will lie at their mother's breast for years, and after that some seem always to long after one thing or another to "soothe" or "comfort" them about the mouth, and are in such unmanly bondage to that want that they even carry their sucking-tube about with them, use it in public as well as in private, and ultimately cease to be ashamed of it!

Next month we hope to tell a few more particulars about the chief grass-seeds used as food for man in our country; and, for the sake of those readers of ONWARD who seldom get into the country, will try to picture at least two of the most important. Sad to say, some of these God-given grasses are chiefly used to be converted into intoxicating—in-poison-ating drink!

GOING TO CHURCH TOGETHER.

JENNY and I in the hayfield;
Jenny and I in the corn;
Milking the cows in the evening,
Or she in the dewy morn;
In the winter keen and frosty,
Or in the summer weather,
Jenny and I are happy,
Busily working together.

When the joy-bells' merry ringing
Is followed by song and dance,
Light is my Jenny's tripping feet,
And loving and bright her glance;
And at every joyous festival,
In warm or wintry weather,
Jenny and I are happy,
Spending the hours together.

But oh, on the Sabbath morning,
When service bells are ringing,
When we sit in the church together,
And join in the happy singing;
Or quietly walking homeward,
Talk over the Holy Word,
Solemnly sweet are the thoughts by which
Jenny and I are stirred.

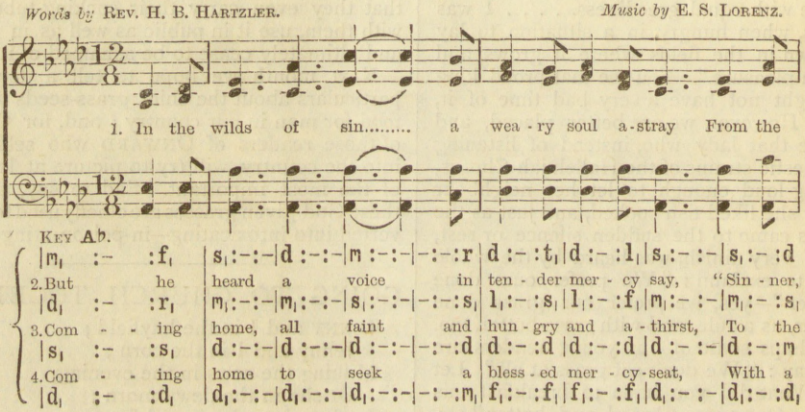
Through the half-clad woods in spring-time,
Through the blowing summer corn,
Through the briery lane in autumn,
Through the snowy winter morn;
When the moon is brightly shining,
In fine or stormy weather,
Jenny and I are the happiest,
Going to church together.

Oh, love may be born in laughter,
But love that is pure and strong
Must have the blessing of holy things;
And so, through the whole year long,
Whatever our work or pleasure be,
Whatever the mood or weather,
Jenny and I begin the week
Going to church together.

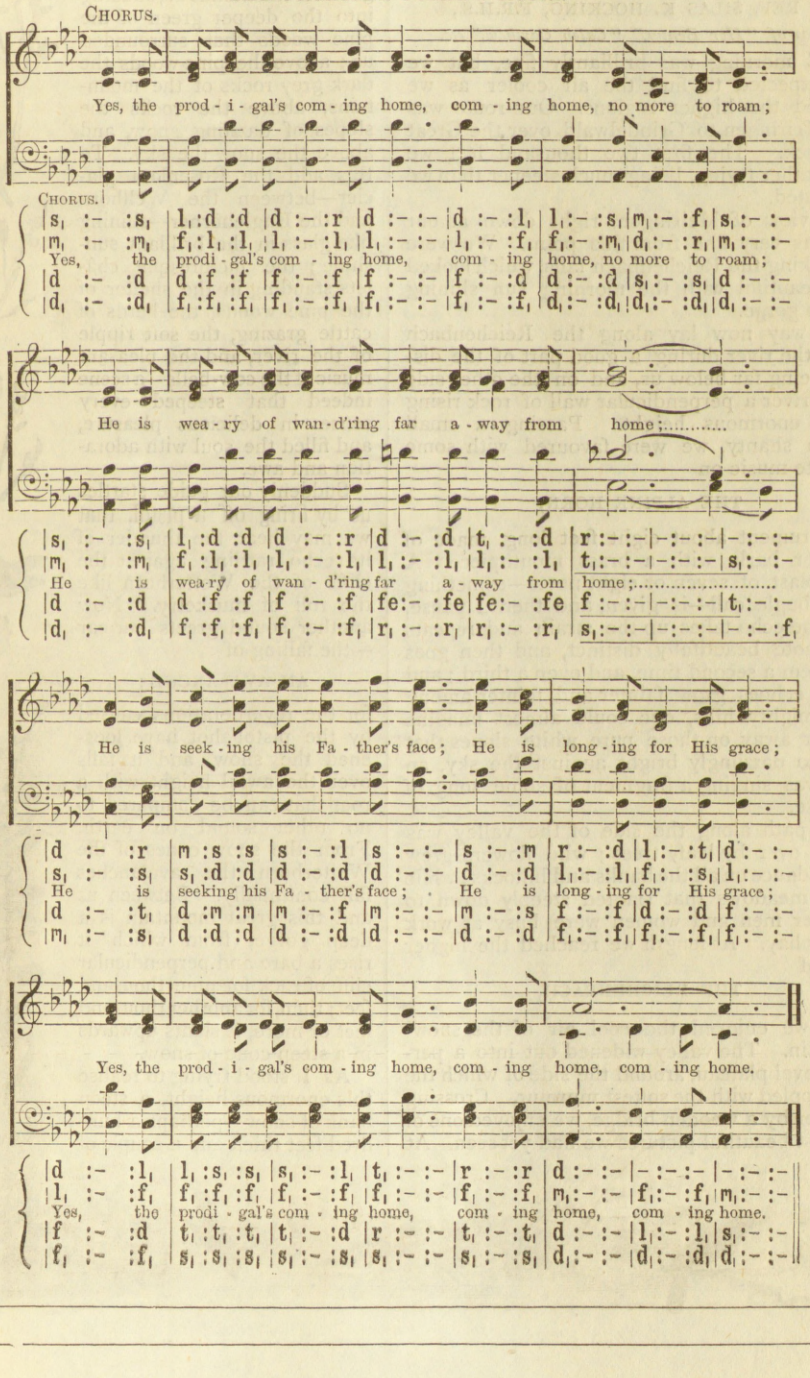
J. C.

THE PRODIGAL COMING HOME.

Words by REV. H. B. HARTZLER. *Music by* E. S. LORENZ.



THE PRODIGAL COMING HOME.



RAMBLES IN SWITZERLAND.

BY REV. SILAS K. HOCKING, F.R.H.S.,
Author of "Her Benny," "Caleb Carthew," etc.

THE morning was brilliantly fine, but we expected to find the air cooler as we ascended the higher regions. Our route was from Meiringen to Grindelwald over the Great Scheideck. The first two thousand feet we found rather trying, being much steeper than we anticipated.

The view of Meiringen, right down at our feet, was very fine from this point. We were overlooking the Reichenbach falls, which looked most beautiful with the morning sun shining into the gorge.

Our way now lay along the Reichenbach valley, the river during a good part of the distance being far below us, and on the other side of the river a perpendicular wall of rock rising to an enormous height. Passing a small wooden shanty, we were favoured with some exquisite music on

THE ALPINE HORN,

an instrument about eight feet long, made of wood or bark, with a brass mouthpiece. A shrill blast of seven or eight notes—something like a bugle call—is given, and then a pause, while the echo takes up the strain and repeats every note beautifully distinct, and then goes over them a second time, and even a third ; and as the echoes grow fainter and fainter among those mighty hills, one could almost imagine that, far away on those pure white slopes that shine so dazzlingly bright against the sky, an angel was singing a fragment of some song of Paradise.

The path along the side of the valley was shaded over by leafy trees ; wild flowers grew in abundance on all the banks and hillocks ; while in the meadows that slanted steeply down to the river men and women were busy at work making hay. At length we reached the higher levels of

THE REICHENBACH,

where we enjoyed the cool air of the snow-mountain. The valley widened out into a perfectly level plateau, around the side of which the river rippled with the softest murmur. Crossing the river by a wooden bridge, we enjoyed one of the most beautiful pictures we had yet seen. At our feet was the emerald-green of the meadows, shading into the deeper green of the pine woods that surrounded us ; above the pine woods the dark grey rocks of the mountains, above the rocks the slopes of dazzling snow, and above the snow the sky. To this add the Rosenlaui glacier—between the Wellhorn and the Englehörner—shining like glass in the brilliant sunshine ; the picturesque châlets standing in the shelter of the pine woods, the herds of cattle grazing, the soft ripple of the river, and the pleasant music of the cow-bells—a scene indeed that steeped every sense in delicious pleasure, and filled the soul with adoration and awe.

Suddenly our guide startles us by firing off a pistol, that we may hear the thunder of its echo rattling against the cliffs of the Wetterhorn like the roll of musketry. Now another sound greets our ear —the falling of

AN AVALANCHE ;

for the reverberations caused by the pistol-shot have loosened the snow, and it falls over the awful height with a roar that can be compared to no other sound on earth. From the snow cones of the Wetterhorn the avalanches fall continually. Between us and this great mountain is a deep gorge, from which it rises a bare and perpendicular cliff of rock for nine thousand feet; then, for another thousand feet or more, it slants upwards in a steep cone of snow.

As I stood trying to realise this enormous height, a steep bank of snow—perhaps a hundred feet thick and a couple of



acres in extent—slipped suddenly to the brink of the precipice, and plunged over like a huge white cataract, with a roar that was positively appalling, while from the gorge of the Scheideek rose a great cloud of white dust or powdered snow.

By five o'clock we were ready for the descent. There lay Grindelwald just at our feet, and yet it took us fully two hours to reach the village. The latter part of the distance we hurried, for we saw that

A STORM

was gathering. The first clouds we had seen for days began to peep over the mountains, and to draw to one common centre just over the middle of the valley. The higher they got the darker they became ; the air grew stagnant, and an ominous and oppressive silence dropped down upon us. We were fortunate enough to reach our hotel, when the the first flash of lightning lit up the frowning sky, followed immediately by a crash that made us start. The scene was something indescribable. Down on the mountain-tops the sky was raven black, but a little higher the colour softened towards purple and crimson, and then gradually brightened upwards into the most beautiful purple, until the sky seemed to burn with intensity.

The snow-clad cones of the Wetterhorn caught the reflection, and began to burn and glow as though they were in a furnace, and all the valley became filled with an intense purple light. The lightning still played in fantastic curves, and the thunder wildly echoed among those enormous mountains.

The storm passed away very swiftly, and as the sky cleared one or two early stars appeared, showing that the day was dying rapidly ; but with the dying day came that most beautiful sight, common to Switzerland—

THE AFTER-GLOW.

The mountains looked pale at first, with the faintest blush imaginable, as though bathed in the soft light of dawn ; but gradually the blush deepened and grew more and more intense ; while the colour changed from pink to nearly scarlet, and then again to crimson ; the mountains burned with an intense red light, until it seemed as if they would burst into flame. Suddenly the light began to fade, and in a few moments they were frowning dark and cold on the peaceful landscape below.

DOCTORS disagree. Some say whisky hardens the brain, others say it softens it. Meanwhile, people without brains will continue right on drinking it, as it does not make an atom of difference to them—not an atom.

THE OUTLOOK.



THE Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, at the suggestion of one of the most important local unions, have been considering the question of children being sent to the public house to fetch beer. For a long time many temperance friends have been alive to the evil, and have at last resolved on making an appeal to Parliament to make it illegal to sell drink to young children. But, while all total abstainers will rejoice to see this enacted—and the older the age of limitation the better—it may be long before this becomes law ; and in the meantime much evil is being done to the children and to many members of our societies. The dangers and perils that surround these boys and girls in the constant visits to the beershop are too well known and dreaded by our readers to need recalling.

The matter is urgent, and should be earnestly taken up by all Bands of Hope, that the public conscience may be quickened. To stimulate this endeavour, a brief appeal to parents has been issued by the Union. If a protest can be made through all societies, by means of every individual member, to all the homes represented by the Band of Hope boys and girls, it would be a noble service rendered.

Such an effort must meet a long-felt need, and many fathers and mothers would heed the children's united cry, and liberate their sons and daughters from a debasing service that often grieves their tender consciences, and is also a national disgrace. The appeal, in the form of a circular, may be had at the ONWARD Office, 18, Mount Street, Manchester.

THE best sort of woman is one who can turn her hand to anything ; trim a boat and a bonnet too.

CHATS WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY OLD CORNISH.

HOLIDAYS, MY BOYS—HURRAH!



ONE of the healthiest things in the world is a holiday. It is better than medicine. Talk of doctors' drugs, and Old Parr's pills, why, it is a thousand times better than those, and far more agreeable to take.

Why, it was only the other day that I was carefully considering the effects of both.

Little Spring-heeled Jack, as they called him, was ill, and I was touched with his reluctance to take the medicine that was to cure his cough and his cold. Why, his face was as long as a ninepenny fiddle, and quite as much out of tune, when his mother, pouring the contents of a phial into a spoon, raised the nasty stuff to his lips. But as soon as she remarked, "Johnny, my boy, I think you shall have a holiday to-day!" his pale, pinched little face became as red and as round as a cherry, and he went bounding out into the yard with the song—

"Bah! doctors' drugs
and day-school books
Are such a nasty pair;
But merry hearts and
ruddy looks
Come of the mountain
air.
So with a Hip! hip! hur-
rah!
I'm to the hills away;
And with a Hip! hip!
hurrah!
I'm to the dales so gay."

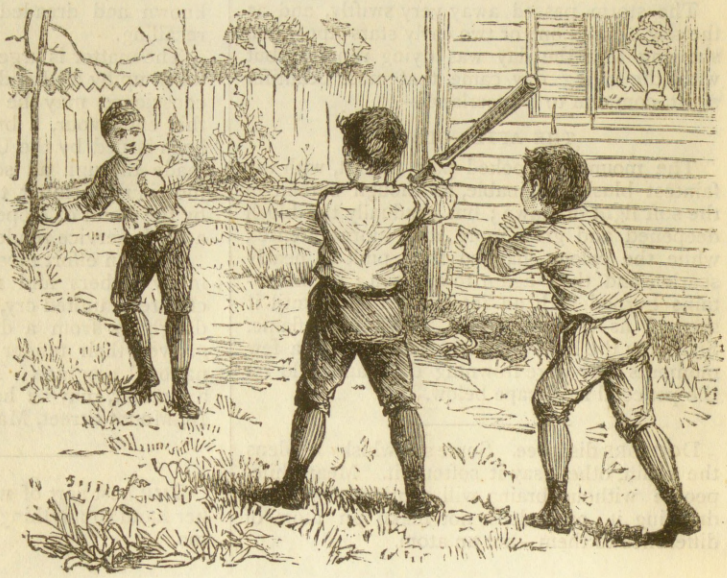
Aye, and little Spring-heeled Jack was right, for "merry hearts and ruddy looks *do* come of the mountain air." And rare Old Solomon never uttered a wiser thing than when he said, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," for what on earth can make a schoolboy merrier than a trip to the country, or a fortnight by the sea?

Oh, if the Queen of England would but make "Old Cornish" her councillor, he would say, "May it please your Majesty to cause to be inserted in the next new code a clause to this effect:—

"'That every schoolmaster, aye, and every schoolmistress too, shall be as *thoroughly drilled in the art of making holidays* as they are in raising their pupils to the standard of those three remarkable R's.'"

And the effect would be—what? Why, this: that the name of "Old Cornish" would be had in everlasting remembrance.

But a truce to philosophy and to day-dreams as well. The thing is here. The very article itself is at hand. Without legislation, and without any compulsory clause, the holidays have come. Hark! how the welkin rings: "Holidays, my boys—hurrah!" And by 'bus and boat, and cab and coach, and tram and train, the crowds are rushing from village homesteads, and from the sweltering heat of our great cities and large towns, and are swarming at the seaside and inland, on heath and hill, amid grove and glen, until one begins to wonder where in the world they can have come from, and how desolate must be the homes they have left behind.



But stop! a word with you, my hearties—the lads and lasses of Old England. A merry, merry outing to you all. But remember this—

Keep an eye on your luggage.

Once upon a time a brusque, birched little boy—for he had the marks upon his back at the moment of which we speak—was travelling in a first-class compartment of a railway-train. Indulging in some rather rude remarks, and making himself offensive to the passengers, a gentleman observed—

"My boy, you have left your luggage behind."

"Luggage," said the lad; "luggage! No, I haven't."

"Quite right," replied the gentleman; "I thought *good manners* didn't belong to you."

Now, a boy that can lay himself open to that kind of remark should never be the companion of any friend of mine. And when we have sometimes seen a lad in danger of making such a boy his companion, oh, how we have longed for an opportunity just to whisper in his ear, "Keep an eye on your luggage."

Said our copy-slip at school: "A man's manners commonly make his fortune"; and there is no sounder philosophy under the sun than that "a man is known by the company he keeps." You had better lose money than manners. And cash is as nothing to character, however hard it be. Aye, Shakespeare was right when he wrote—

"Who steals my purse steals trash;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

The self-indulgence that is sometimes seen in railway-trains, and the looseness and laxness of life so marked at excursion times, are sad blots upon character. And why a man *abroad* should be altogether so unlike the man *at home*, I cannot say. Why, the grand old sun shines as brightly at the seaside as when it looks down upon the cottage nestling in the glen; and the Sabbath should be as sacred at the watering-place as amongst the city's spires; and man is as near his Maker in the bathing-machine as in the church or chapel of his village home.

"Mamma, I s'pose Dod don't come to the seaside!" was a rather pertinent remark from a child, who gazed upon some questionable proceedings on the sand.

Ah, but God does come to the seaside, and to country places too, and to every health resort in the land; and that is the very reason why I want the boys and girls of Old England to keep an eye on their luggage—never neglect the Bible, or stay away from the sanctuary, but guard, as each of them may do, the sanctity of the Sabbath-day,

"That trysting-place of God and man;
That link betwixt a new eternity and time;
That almost lonely rivulet which flows
From Eden, through the world's wide wastes of sand."

Now don't forget! Keep an eye on your luggage, and, mind—

"*Look well to your ways.*"

But a short time since and there was a painful exhibition of the folly of neglecting this. A labourer from a village was in the act of crossing a railway on his journey home, and heedless of his danger, he stood for a moment watching a luggage train as it lumbered by, when, without a warning but a shriek, and that too late, an express came rushing around a curve, and dashing into the man, left him a bleeding, headless heap upon the rails.

Alas! that man was but the specimen of a thousand more—men who are careless how they walk, or as to where they tread. Boys! never attempt to cross a railway. Girls! never trespass on the line.

When I see a boy with a pipe in his mouth, or crossing the threshold of a public-house to get a drop to drink, I say to myself, Alas! that boy is on the line. Money, character, health, happiness, home, eternity itself—all are at stake, and as sure as he is alive, the express will be on him some day, and he will be a bleeding, battered heap, over whom some fond mother will wring her hands in agony, and sob: "My son! my son!"

Then to all of my little friends who are out on their summer holidays, I say: Look well to your ways. Don't dabble in dirty water, lest you should soil your feet. Don't get into a newly-tarred boat, lest the pitch should stick to your hands and clothes. Don't get too near a precipice to show how courageous you are, lest a stone should yield beneath your foot, and you should be hurled a thousand fathoms on the rocks below. Keep as far from danger as you can; and whether on the cricket-ground or in the tennis-court, whether bathing on the sands or breathing the bracing mountain air, whether on rail or road, always, everywhere, act the part of an upright, honest, God-fearing boy or girl, and shun the first approach of sin as you would the drink and the devil. Let the words of "Holy Willie's Prayer" be your daily petition—

"But, Lord, remember me and mine
Wi' mercies temp'ral and divine,
That I for gear and grace may shine,
Excell'd by nane,
And a' the glory shall be Thine.
Amen, Amen."

HOME INFLUENCE.

BY MISS WINGFIELD DIGBY.



WE are all apt to forget how much the home-life of each of us goes in its measure to influence, more or less, this work-a-day world of ours. Every young man, every young woman, from childhood upward, carries with them, on their way through the world, the best or worst influence of their home, and so receive from or give to others like influence. How important, then, the home influence on the temperance question. I remember well a little boy's words, after asking about the right and wrong of betting, ending up with, "Well, I never heard father bet." How opposite to the cry of a poor felon to his father, when condemned for some crime committed under the intoxicating influence of strong drink, "You taught me to like the taste of it!" Oh, if we could but get the mothers and sisters of our native land to look upon all intoxicating beverages as dangerous, unnecessary luxuries, I am sure the men would soon follow suit, and the rule of temperance be well-nigh established.

I will imagine a God-fearing wife and mother, with sons and daughters growing up around her, the husband, of course, leaving to his wife the ordering of her household, strengthening her hands in all maintenance of law and order. But the customs of the house, what are they? A cruel hospitality, that offers every visitor that inevitable "glass of sherry," or the messenger, with note or parcel, the glass of beer. What follows? Drunken servants, drunken sons, and daughters. What if some went scatheless through, how many of the bright, gay, genial ones were snared and taken captive by these fatal customs of "cruel hospitality"!

Not one hardly but would say drunkenness is a terrible sin, a hideous evil; but are you reaching out one finger to put it down? Nay, I dare to say every time you use that hand of yours to drink that glass of champagne or claret, for pure pleasure to your palate, simply because you like it, I dare to say you are helping the power of alcohol over others, by giving it the shadow of your respectable example to cover its evil.

And then, again, as medicine, inside and outside the home, how often the house-mother recommends and gives that glass of wine or brandy and water for the weakly, sickly one. The way alcohol is advised *ad libitum* has often had terrible results. Surely, in ordinary cases, wisdom in food, rest, exercise, occupation, will often do, with God's blessing, what unwisely-advised use of alcohol will not. If faint, may I suggest a little water; if tired, rest; if a bad headache, quiet; bear it, and don't on these occasions take that proverbial glass of wine to do you good.

Endeavour to have a teetotal household; do not give beer money but higher wages, engaging your servants, while with you, not to bring any alcohol into your house. Let this be done in no spirit of high-handed coercion, but a clear, free-will understanding when the servant is engaged; and I think the result will be in many cases that your servants, after a time, will become pledged abstainers on principle and conviction, finding it the better way for themselves and others. With children also, how all-important to be brought up not to know the taste of it, and on strong abstinence principles; and children's principles can be very strong when God-given.

Again, outside and inside, too, our conversation on the subject, our example, our influence, may seem like the straw or feather blown of the wind; but remember that straw or feather shows which way the wind does blow, and it makes all the difference whether it is for or against. Can you be against temperance when you think what it costs? Have you counted the cost? I have, and I dare not run the risk. May I entreat you not to run it either, lest you make shipwreck of some never-dying soul; for who can tell what the afterward is to be of every stranger we meet? and the moment of our meeting has an issue for good or evil that may not pass away.

DURING the Reign of Terror the mob got hold of the Abbé Maury, and resolved to sacrifice him. "To the lamp-post with him!" was the universal cry. The Abbé was in a bad fix, with a mob for his judges—the tender mercies of a mob! With the utmost coolness, the Abbé said to those who were dragging him along, "Well, if you hang me to the lamp-post, will you see any clearer for it?" This bright sally tickled his executioners and saved his life.

LOOK UPWARDS.

A YOUNG man once picked up a sovereign lying in the road. Ever afterwards as he walked along he kept his eyes fixed steadily upon the ground in hopes to find another. And in the course of a long life he did pick up at different times a goodly number of coins, gold and silver. But all these years, while he was looking for them, he saw not that the heavens were bright above him. He never once allowed his eyes to look up from the mud and filth in which he sought his treasure; and when he died—a rich old man—he only knew this fair earth as a dirty road to pick up money in as you walk along.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING.*

A REALLY staunch, useful total abstainer cannot be built up out of feelings, be they ever so fine and beautiful; it needs but a slight attack of illness or weakness, the doctor's peremptory orders, the entreaties of friends, and the fine feelings and beautiful emotions melt into invisibility, and the would-be abstainer yields. But once let a person thoroughly understand what is the true nature of intoxicating drink, and what are its effects on the human body, and (if he is really desirous of abstaining) he is henceforth proof against the temptations that arise from illness, doctor's orders, and the persuasions of friends. It is important to make people understand that it is to their own interest to abstain, and that (to quote Dr. Dawson Burns) total abstinence is "not only best for one's neighbour but best for one's self." Happily our children are now learning a great deal of physiology in the Board schools; let us make use of that knowledge to teach them in addition what alcohol really is, how it affects the blood, heart, stomach, nerves, brain, and every part of the human body; how useless and dangerous it is in sickness; how utterly valueless as a food; how costly and extravagant as a luxury. Using in addition to this the moral and religious arguments, we shall send our young people forth to the conflict well armed against ignorance, prejudice, and selfishness, against old-fashioned doctors and unwise friends, and against the combined mighty forces (which are certain to assail them) of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

* From an admirable paper by Miss Forsaith, read at the annual conference of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, April 25th. The pamphlet is entitled, "*The Secret of Successful Work*," price one halfpenny, or 3s. per 100 (postage 6d. per 100). May be had from S. W. Partridge, 9, Paternoster Row, London, or ONWARD Office, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. We strongly recommend all Band of Hope workers to read this very valuable pamphlet.

SOMEBODY OLDER THAN YOU.

HAVE you ever thought in your daily life
How much of the pleasure is due,
How much of your strength in toil and strife,
To the people older than you?
Just fancy a world where all were young,
In which you would never meet
The gracious calm of a thoughtful age
In either the home or street!

Who have helped you most in hours of care,
In times of sorrow and pain?
To whom have you gone in darkest hours
Over and over again?
When the head was sick and the heart was faint,
And you scarce knew what to do,
Ah! then you knew you must turn for aid
To somebody older than you.

Just fancy a home where all were young,
Where all were merry and strong!
With no one to check the giddy whirl
Of laughter, and dance, and song;
Where merry maidens and loving youths
Were all of the fireside grace;
A home that had neither a father's prayer
Nor a mother's tender face.

Oh, far more blessed the happy home
Where the wise and the aged tread!
Where we lean on the heart that has conquered life,
And honour the hoary head;
Where we give our sight to the fading sight,
Our hand to the failing knee,
And say "Thank God" at morn and night
"For somebody older than me."

What a hurly-burly life would be,
What a downhill reckless race,
If the aged did not hold the reins
And steady the giddy pace!
Look over the past, and you will find,
As you honestly search it through,
That the joy and strength of your life has come
Through somebody older than you.

Then lift your hat to the old and wise,
And honour the blessing of age;
A father's and mother's word and smile,
The counsel of friend and sage.
And just remember in daily life
How much of your pleasure is due,
How much of your strength in every strife,
To somebody older than you!

WHATEVER you may choose to give away, always be sure to keep your temper.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

As people are generally what habit or inclination renders them, it is for the young of both sexes that these remarks are intended. The old cannot be cured. If they are shams now, shams they will remain ; nothing alas ! can ever make them respectable. But the young have yet their habits to form. Let them take a high standard and become truly respectable. Let them shun the advances of evil-disposed persons —shun the low dens of iniquity as they would the most loathsome disease—shun the dram-shop, and the society of even the moderate drinker ; and they are on the true road to respectability, and they will learn, from close observation and practice of the principles herein laid down, what is genuine respectability.

A CLEAN RECORD : The laundry bill.

A TWO-FEET RULE : Walk without wobbling.

HOW TO GET A GOOD WIFE : Take a good girl and go to the parson.

WHERE there's a will there's a way for the lawyers to make some money.

THE man who is always as cool as a cucumber must, we think, be about as green.

A TALENT FOR CHISELLING.—"What are you going to make of your boy, Bill ?" asked one parent of another. "I think Bill will be a great sculptor," was the reply. "Has he any talent that way ?" "I should say so. He chisels all the boys out of their marbles."

"SEE here, sir," exclaimed a grocer, bristling up with righteous indignation, as the milkman made his morning call, "I should just like you to explain how the chalk and white clay that I found in my coffee-cup this morning got there." "Don't know, I'm sure," answered the milkman, "unless you sweetened your coffee with the same sugar you sold me yesterday."

A LATE JUDGE was a noted wag. A young lawyer was once making his first effort before him, and had thrown himself on the wings of his imagination far into the upper regions, and was seemingly preparing for a higher ascent, when the judge exclaimed : "Hold on, hold on, my dear sir ! Don't go any higher, for you are already out of the jurisdiction of the court."

A QUACK DOCTOR advertises to this effect ; "Cough while you can, for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't."

WHY ought church bells to be sounded at a wedding ? Because no marriage is complete without a ring.

"YOU see, my friends," said the scientific lecturer, "that two and two always make four, and nothing else." "Oh, yes, they do," cried an auditor : "they sometimes make twenty-two."

KILL OR CURE.—A stranger, journeying in France, fell sick unto death ; his friend called in a medical man, who demurred about giving his professional services, fearing the wherewithal might not be forthcoming to settle his bill. The friend, producing a hundred-franc bill, said : "Kill him or cure him, this is yours." The sick man died, and was buried ; the doctor, finding his money slow to appear, reminded the survivor of the debt. "Did you cure him ?" he asked. "No, sir." "Did you kill him ?" "Certainly not." "Then you have no claim on me, sir ; I wish you good day."

"TELL your mistress that I have torn the coverlet," said a gentleman to a facetious domestic of his lodging-house. "Very well," replied the chambermaid, "mistress will put it down as rent."

AN ignorant candidate for medical honours having been thrown almost into a fever from his incapability of answering the questions, was asked by one of the censors how he would sweat a patient for the rheumatism ? "I would send him here to be examined," he replied.

SEEING WITHOUT EYES.—A sharp student was called up by the worthy professor of a celebrated college, and asked the question : "Can a man see without eyes ?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "How, sir," cried the astonished professor, "can a man see without eyes ? Pray, sir, how do you make that out ?" "He can see with one, sir," replied the ready-witted youth. And the whole class shouted with delight at the triumph over metaphysics.

A MAN got hemmed in by a crowd, and has ever since complained of a stitch in his side.

WHEN is a man almost sure to be hounded down ? As soon as he begins to go to the dogs.

MUSIC, said Dr. Johnson, is the least disagreeable of all noises. The learned doctor did not know everything. He never lived next door to a cornet amateur, or a piano-banging young lady.

AN account of East-end destitution states that the *match-making* is almost wholly in women's hands. It is precisely the same in the West-end.

Notice to Correspondents.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed to the Editors of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. All Business Communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks : Mary Batchelor, D. Lawton, Rev. S. Hocking, Rev. E. A. Hayton, S. Compston.

Publications Received.

The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Scottish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Record—The Rechabite Magazine—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Bond of Union—The Irish Temperance League Journal—Church of England Temperance Magazine—Alliance News.



THE

Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "The Bird Angel," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battle Field," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE TUTOR.

LOOKING back upon her life, as that letter which she had just read, concerning Susan and her child, had made her look back, her own great sorrows appeared to Pearl Churston to date from that first glass of wine which her brother had so unwillingly swallowed on his fourteenth birthday. Before that eventful day had ended, he had been called upon to drink other glasses, and he had not made such wry faces the second and third time. Indeed, when she once looked at him in wonderment as he tossed down the champagne carelessly, he whispered to her, for she was sitting next to him at supper—

"'Tisn't such very horrid stuff, after all, if you make up your mind to it, Pearl."

Pearl was standing by the window, as she thought of these things, looking out at a most lovely scene; but its exquisite beauty could not lift the load from her heart, nor bring smiles to her lips. Just as the little Pearl of Billingsgate, with the soft pink colour that came and went on her pure little face, was a human illustration of one species of the gem whose name she bore—the rose pearl—so Pearl Churston, with her sad, pale, beautiful face, illumined by dark, thoughtful eyes, and made attractive by the wistful sweetness of the expression, and the tender smile that rested only now and then upon the lips, found her prototype in the milk-white pearl, fair and spotless and precious. Her eyes now rested on the giant elms, clothed upon with the fresh, bright beauty of their young leaves, the cathedral aisles of the birds, who even at this moment held their service of song in the branches. Through the open window on that balmy May morning, their music swept into the quiet room, just as it had done years ago, when Pearl's heart was gay, and her song answered theirs, and life and the world seemed full of joy and gladness, and mirth, and love.

Under the elms late primroses were gathered here and there in quiet little clusters, like flowers at a picnic party, and blue-bells swayed their graceful heads, and told their secrets to the soft, warm breezes that came whispering amongst them. Beyond, towards the meadows, the great hawthorn trees, that had stood for generations, were covered with blossom—sweet rural brides, awaiting the bridegrooms in their snowy raiment; and, further still, the orchards were in sight, aglow with colour, the fruit-trees blushing at the bright promises they made.

Down in the valley, away to the left, wandered

ONWARD, AUGUST, 1885. *All Rights Reserved.*]

the river, tracing its course by the richer green of the grass and the hue of the marsh-marigolds that grew amongst it. Over all, a sky of softest blue, with here and there a delicate tracery of cloud. How fair it had seemed once, how fair it really was now, but with what an altered heart Pearl gazed upon it! If only the events of the last six years would prove an ugly dream to her, instead of a grim reality! If only she could hear George's merry whistle and feel his young arms caressing her, and his lips kissing hers once more! If only she could hear him begging her to do for him any of the many things she used to do! And Lionel! After that birthday, Squire Churston had taken no excuse from the boy about wine-drinking, and indeed it was only for a very little while, and rather because of his sister's anxiety than for any personal reason, that George Churston desired to offer excuses. The Squire appeared to enjoy the boy's company with himself and the tutor after dinner; he taught him the differences between wines, the qualities he was to remark in them, and laughed heartily and good-temperedly at his unsophisticated preferences. The first few times that George, either at home or at the houses of the neighbouring gentry, became just a little excited with the intoxicating beverages he had partaken of, the Squire appeared to regard it as a joke. But directly the limit was occasionally passed, and the youth had been now and then helped up to bed after cricket suppers, and had quarrelled with his father as to the quantity of wine a gentleman might take with propriety, Squire Churston visited his displeasure upon his son, and received the not altogether unwarranted reply—albeit not a respectful one—"Father, it's all your own doing, and you've nobody to thank but yourself. I should never have taken any if you had not made me, and you must bear the consequences. Pearl knows I didn't like it, and she never wanted me to begin."

The Squire did not, of course, admire such speeches; and the estrangement, thus begun, widened till another change—the dismissal of the tutor, and the entrance of George at the University of Cambridge. It was not only his son in whom the Squire had fostered and encouraged drinking habits. Mr. Hayes developed even more certainly a liking for all kinds of intoxicating liquors during the years he spent at Churston Hall.

And during the latter part of the time this indulgence weakened his sense of moral rectitude altogether. Soon after George's fourteenth birthday, a lady residing at a neighbouring mansion, Coombe Grange, invited Pearl Churston to visit her. Mrs. Peters was a relative of Sir Bevil Townley, and she took a pleasure in throwing her young guest into his society. The Squire and herself had arranged the matter—the two properties, that of Churston Hall and the young baronet's, were adjoining, and nothing could be more to the Squire's taste than that, while George succeeded to the one, Pearl should marry into the other.

Mrs. Peters had daughters, but only two remained at home, and these were both engaged in a way very satisfactory to the rather ambitious mother. She was quite good-naturedly willing, therefore, to lend her aid to Squire Churston. Sir Bevil was evidently struck with Pearl, and showed her a good deal of attention, but was received so calmly, and treated so indifferently, by that young lady, that Mrs. Peters was considerably annoyed.

"I believe," said Grace Peters, "that Pearl must be in love with somebody else."

"Impossible, my dear," said the mother; "who could she be in love with? You two girls have been so naughty that there *is* nobody left. If she had been engaged to any one at a distance, of course the Squire would have known, and not have taken any further trouble."

"Pearl looks as if she might be the heroine of a romance, and perhaps she is, mamma," suggested Carrie Peters, after she and Grace had laughed merrily at their mother's words respecting their conquests, and the consequent scarcity of eligible partners for life in their neighbourhood. "You know," added Carrie, "there is that handsome tutor of her brother, Mr. Hayes."

"Ridiculous, my dear—I beg your pardon; I mean that Pearl is too refined and well-educated a girl to think of a tutor, when a baronet is in the way."

"That's the only explanation I can think of," said Miss Peters.

"Then I had better ask her," said Mrs. Peters.

"Oh! don't, mamma; I wouldn't for the world, if I were you. Of course she won't like it, and there will be a scene; though she looks so quiet—a sort of moonlight beauty—I am sure she can be determined. Just see how she goes on about wine; very few girls could stand papa's ridicule, and yet how she bore it! It was really rather splendid of her."

Mrs. Peters decided she had not, perhaps, better suggest the tutor; but she determined to have a motherly talk, as she phrased it, with Pearl, and try to discover the reason of her coolness to Sir Bevil.

"Pearl, dear," she said, beginning with her, when she had taken care that her daughters should leave them alone; "I have something I wish to say to you."

"Yes, Mrs. Peters," said Pearl, with an unpleasant suspicion in her mind of the kind of conversation that was coming.

"Do you think, dear, that you treat Sir Bevil quite as you should do?"

"Surely, I have not been rude to him, at any time, have I?" asked Pearl.

"Rude, no! I should be very sorry if any one who was my guest could treat another of my guests rudely," said Mrs. Peters, with a playful shake of her curls, which she wore after the fashion of her earlier days, and had been wont to shake archly, playfully, deprecatingly, and angrily, any time these thirty or forty years. "But, my dear Pearl," (here the curls became as quiet as the tones of the lady's voice) "don't you know it is time you thought about getting settled?"

"Why?" asked Pearl, so innocently, that Mrs. Peters was perplexed. "I have no wish to leave home, and I cannot think papa wants to get rid of me."

"My love, it is always gratifying to good parents to see their children well settled, when their age and opportunity are alike favourable."

Pearl tried to smile, and not treat the matter so very seriously. "I think opportunity has hardly arrived, though, I suppose, people would think I am old enough," she said.

"My dear girl, what have you to object to in Sir Bevil? The very 'Sir' should please your ears a little, and Bevil is an old aristocratic name; and the property—look, dear, at the property!"

"But I don't think I ought to look at anything about him, unless I knew it was his wish I should do so," said Pearl; "and I hope it never will be, for I could not love him. And certainly it is not my place to talk about him even in this way."

"But suppose I could tell," said Mrs. Peters, "as a pretty little secret"—and here the curls showed themselves in harmony with this charming communication—"that Sir Bevil is much struck with you, dear—what then?"

"I should feel," said Pearl, with some spirit, "that I very much preferred a gentleman who could tell me his own mind, and did not find it necessary to request any one else to do so."

"My dear child, are you quite incorrigible? Do you persist in such feelings? Must I leave you to your fate?" said the lady half playfully, half in earnest.

"Indeed, you must," returned Pearl. "I am not in the least anxious to be married. It is very kind of people to be so concerned about me, but I expect to stay at Churston Hall for quite a long time; perhaps I shall always, until George marries," she added; "and then Mrs. George may turn me out."

"Why, Pearl, by the time George is old enough to marry, you, who are so much older, will be quite——" Mrs. Peters hesitated, and shook her head.

"Passée, you would say; the word does not frighten me," said Pearl. "Yes, I shall certainly be nearer thirty than twenty then."

When the lady reported this conversation to her girls, and told them there was no doing anything with Pearl, Carrie repeated her conviction that certainly Pearl must be in love with somebody else.

After she returned home, to Pearl's distress and surprise, Sir Bevil was continually coming to the Hall, on all sorts of pretexts. Several times—for this was, of course, long before George and his tutor had both left Churston Hall—Pearl excused herself to the baronet on account of her studies; she would not leave her exercises and reading, unless her father was at home and insisted upon her doing so.

Mr. Hayes and herself avoided each other's eyes when Sir Bevil was announced at these times; but she was conscious of a triumphant expression on the countenance of the tutor, whenever she sent word that she could not be disturbed, and the baronet must kindly forgive her absence at this particular hour, which she devoted to study. In quieter moments, when alone, Mr. Hayes faced the situation; and wondered what was to be done. The tutor was to be pitied. He had neglected to leave Churston Hall when his love for Pearl was hardly more than fancy, and now it had grown with years, and he loved her with all the strength of his being, and could not make up his mind to leave her, unless absolutely compelled.

Lionel Hayes had taken to himself a dangerous enemy, and treated him as an ally. When depressed by his position, and when conscience told him to leave Devonshire, at least to leave Churston Hall, he found a glass of wine or a little spirit and water had a wonderful power of metamorphosing his life. He saw, after taking either of these stimulants, a very much brighter future spread itself out before him; he grew quite sanguine about consequences. He would tell Pearl of his love for her frankly, and not only in that mysterious way by which they already understood each other, and knew that life was made interesting to both by the presence of the other. He knew Pearl so well, through the books they had studied, and her quick sympathies with the heroes and heroines of other lands, and other stories told in the world-renowned poems they had read together, that he felt sure she would be prepared for self-sacrifice. It was not his wish to take in her a penniless bride; but, to do him justice, he had not loved her because she was the daughter of the Squire of Churston Hall, but because he had found it impossible to help loving her, when they were thrown so constantly together, and he had every opportunity of discovering and admiring the beauties of her mind and person.

If the worst happened, Lionel Hayes told himself, after his inspiriting glass of wine, he would induce Pearl to consent to a secret marriage, and the Squire would be sure to relent afterwards.

Sir Bevil's visits became more and more frequent, and Lionel Hayes could bear the suspense no longer. It was a little difficult to him to make a beginning ; but he found it, when they were reading Dante together, and they came to the passage in "Paradise" where Dante loses Beatrice for a time, to have her pointed out to him again by St. Bernard, the abbot of Clairvaux. When Dante sees her again, so far above him, he closes his address to her in these words :—

"'Of slave
Thou hast to freedom brought me ; and no means
For my deliverance apt has left untried.
Thy liberal bounty still toward me keep,
That when my spirit, which thou madest whole,
Is loosened from this body, it may find
Favour with thee.' So I my suit preferred,
And she so distant, as appeared, looked down
And smiled."

"Pearl," said Lionel Hayes, stopping abruptly —"Miss Churston, I must 'my suit prefer'; will you, Beatrice-like, 'so distant,' yet 'look down and smile'?" He gazed at her anxiously.

"What do you mean, Mr. Hayes?" said Pearl, trembling, knowing that what had almost happened before must happen now, that she had not been mistaken—that he loved her. She looked so white, so tremulous, that to take care of her was the tutor's first thought.

"Do I frighten you?" he asked, gently. "Pearl, do you forbid me to speak?"

"Not if you desire to speak," she said, softly; "not if there is anything I can do for you."

"Do for you!" he repeated. "Pearl, you can do the greatest of all things."

"What?" she asked, looking down on the open page of the book, because she could not yet meet his gaze.

"Love me, Pearl," he said, taking her hand in his. "I have loved you almost all the time since I first saw you ; I believe I loved you the very first moment I beheld you. Do you remember, Pearl, how I saw you first? You came running in from the garden to your brother, not knowing I was come, with flowers in your hands ; you wore a white dress, and you bore a quantity of those lovely golden creeper roses, and they fell about you in lines of beauty and such warm colouring, as made you and the roses a perfect picture."

Pearl laughed sweetly.

"If I never had seen you but that once, it would have been impossible for me to forget you," he said; "but when I began to teach you, to know that the beauty of your face was matched by the warm sympathy of your heart and the fine intellect with which you had been endowed, then I must have had no heart myself, Pearl, if I could have refrained from loving you. Day by day, your sweetness in your home life, your affection to your father and brother, your kindness to dumb creatures and to the poor ; your refined and exquisite tastes—all these things, and, above all, your gentleness to myself, your patience with my reproofs and corrections of your studies, have drawn me closer and closer to you. Now, Pearl, what more can I say? My fate is in your hands. If you love me, life is joyous, life is beautiful, life is worth living ; if you do not love me——"

He did not attempt to complete the sentence, save by an ominous silence, more expressive than words.

"Oh! no," said Pearl Churston, gravely ; "your fate, like that of all of us, is in the hands of God ; I do not like you to talk so to me. You are not worthy of my love unless you would receive even its denial with a determination not to let it spoil your life."

"My sweet little philosopher," said Lionel Hayes, "apt pupil of Socrates and Plato, but not of the little god Cupid, I must own myself wrong, if you say that I am. But you do not answer my question, Pearl ; is it possible that you can love me?"

With a softly whispered "Yes," she hid her face upon his shoulder.

There followed a week of intense happiness. The Squire was away in North Devon, on a hunting expedition, and Pearl and Lionel gave themselves up to the joy of the present, without weary forebodings as to the future. Pearl insisted that her father should be told directly he returned, whatever the consequences might be, and the tutor acquiesced. Having Pearl's love, he told himself, in that first ecstacy of feeling, that all else must come right.

But a day or two before the Squire's return, Pearl, much to her surprise—for he was not fond of letter-writing—received a packet from him. The envelope contained two missives—one a formal proposal for her hand, made to her father by Sir Bevil, the other a *command* from her father that on his return, which would be delayed for another week, she would be prepared to send an answer in the affirmative to the baronet's communication. There was no loop-hole of escape left her, no possible privilege of refusal granted her.

Poor Pearl! Here was a labyrinth of difficulty and trouble. If she wrote at once and refused her father's wishes, he might return immediately, and in a passion. If she did not send an answer, he would take it for granted that she would obey. She felt it impossible to appear to

acquiesce, however, and determined to write at once and say so. But she could not make up her mind to involve Lionel Hayes in blame, by explaining that she was engaged to him, nor could she bear that he should expose himself to insult, by making the announcement to her father on his return, as she had, before this, fully intended him to do.

Her grief and perplexity were at once plain to her lover, who begged to know all, that he might aid her. But he was startled by the contents of the letters. He felt sure that such an eligible match as the young baronet would be too pleasant to Squire Churston for him to give it up, however unwilling Pearl might be ; he saw that his own love for Pearl would simply draw down the bitterest reproaches on them both.

He was relieved when Pearl herself suggested that, for the present, nothing could be said of their mutual affection.

"But," said Pearl, "you must never want me to disobey papa. I mean I could never marry you unless he gave me leave. But I will always love you, Lionel, and I will never marry any one else."

"At least you must let me stay near you as long as possible," said Lionel Hayes. "I shall be a help and a comfort to you, and we shall, at any rate, have our study-time together."

To this Pearl agreed, neither of them measuring the difficulty they would feel in acting a part continually before all the other inmates of the Hall.

The Squire was more angry with his daughter than he had ever been in his life, when all his persuasions and entreaties and commands alike failed to induce her to consent to marry the baronet. His rage was utterly ungentlemanly, as, indeed, rage always is ; and he called her names and applied adjectives to her conduct which Pearl Churston could never have deserved.

She bore all bravely, for a great part of the time, in silence, only her quivering face and white lips showing what she felt.

"If you don't accept him, you sha'n't have any one else," concluded the Squire, hotly, beginning to suspect some reason for her indifference to the baronet.

But Pearl, directly it was possible Lionel would be involved, was on her guard. She answered her father in such a calm tone, "Very well, papa," that his suspicions were disarmed.

So for the next year Lionel Hayes remained at Churston Hall, finding it most of all difficult to be as good company to the Squire as he had formerly been over the wine, and trying, for Pearl's sake, to smooth the offences of George against the will of his father.

And there were stolen interviews of which none dreamed, between Lionel and Pearl, in moonlit glens and by the cool, wandering river, besides those acknowledged hours of study together, during which they learnt more of each other than of Tasso and of Homer.

(To be continued.)



SOME OF THE GRASSES WE EAT.

BY S. COMPSTON, F.R.H.S.

(Concluded from page 103.)

"Full ears of corn in the husk thereof."

"Lo! here is seed for you." "Corn shall make the young men flourish." "The valleys are covered over with corn." "Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it." "Lest the fruit of the seed which thou hast sown . . . . be defiled." "The corn is wasted." "He that withholdeth corn the people shall curse him."

"Shot up from broad, rank blades that droop below,
The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels, starting full, weighed down,
Ere yet the sun hath tinged its head with brown."
—*R. Bloomfield*, 1795.

"Now o'er the corn the sturdy farmer looks,
And swells with satisfaction to behold
The plenteous harvest which repays his toil.
We too are gratified, and feel a joy
Inferior but to his ; partakers all
Of the rich bounty Providence has strew'd
In plentiful profusion o'er the field.
* * * * *
We from the window see the reaper strip ;
Look round, and put his sickle to the wheat.
* * * * *
How soon the golden field abounds with sheaves !
How soon the oat and bearded barley fall
In frequent lines before the keen-edged scythe ! "
—*J. Hurdis*, 1790.

WE noticed last month that there are many grasses, yea, more than five thousand different species ; but it is said that those producing our everyday food are not found in a wild state, that they are the result of cultivation only, and that they soon become like common grass again if neglected. However that may be, I don't know ; it seems more probable that "the herb-yielding seed," "for food," would include at least such hardy plants as barley, etc., from

the earliest times, though to maintain its primal condition might require cultivation. At any rate, the most ancient names for the most ancient eatable grains are odd-looking words, meaning "food-plant" (barley), "food" (oat). Even the Indian corn, called "maize" by the natives of Hayti in the West Indies, is just equivalent to the Irish word for food, "maise."

The seed of the Oryza grass (*rice*) is the one consumed by the largest portion of mankind. It is enclosed in a husk like other grass-seeds, and its ears, as they mature, resemble oats rather than wheat or barley in their arrangement, the seeds standing separately from the branching stems. *Maize*, or Indian corn, is disposed more like barley, a large number of its seeds being packed in close proximity round the stem and one above another, forming an elongated "cob," or head, containing many scores, or even hundreds, of seeds, and as each grain has a long, fine, thread-like blade or style attached, which curves downwards, the whole appears like a silky tassel. It is largely used as food by the inhabitants of North America, by American negroes, and in the West Indies, etc., but to a very small extent in Britain, Oswego "corn-flour" being its most acceptable preparation, though in the West of Ireland the entire grain, ground up into meal and made into "stirabout," is eaten with sugar or treacle. *Rye* is little used in our country now, and perhaps never (except medicinally) without being mixed with wheat. The mixing is done in sowing, reaping, threshing, and grinding the two grains together, or after separate growth. In the former case the crop is called "meslin," or "maslin." But on the Continent rye-seed is largely grown for a purpose not of food for beast or man, but to be fermented alcoholically, and then have the resulting spirit distilled apart, and sold and used under the name of Hollands or Geneva, *i.e.*, gin! What a dishonour to the Creator who gave man dominion over the earth and all its productions for him to employ mother-earth and his own inventive faculties to produce a liquid poison, not to be used for destroying pestiferous animals or plants, but to be swallowed by beings made only a little lower than angels, and crowned by God with glory and honour! *Oat* is a splendid food for man, too little known and appreciated in the South of England. In the North, however, and especially in Scotland, it is highly prized. "Groats" are the seeds with slight preparation. When the grain is crushed or ground down it is oatmeal, and this is made into oat-cake, or boiled and used as "porridge," or as "brose," etc. The "corn" with which hard-working and well-nourished horses are fed is oat-seed also. Indeed, our North-countrymen owe much of their sturdiness, firmness, and strength of body to this one grass-seed. Unfortunately, it is largely used by distillers for making whiskey, that curse of Scotland and Ireland. But we hasten now to notice wheat and barley, and so conclude our brief sketch of 'some of the grasses we eat."

A curious German legend about wheat is to the following effect:—Angels used to wander on the earth, and the fruitfulness of the ground was much greater than now. The ears of wheat bore far beyond anything they yield now; so abundantly indeed, that men became idle and selfish. One day, a woman went into a corn-field, and her little child who was with her, fell into a puddle and soiled her frock. The mother tore off a handful of wheat-ears, and cleaned her daughter's dress with them. Just then, an angel passed by and saw her. He became very angry, and declared to her that, henceforth, the wheat stalks should no longer produce ears, "for," said he, "you mortals are not worthy of heaven's gifts." The by-standers who heard him fell on their knees, weeping and praying him to leave the wheat-stalks alone, if not for themselves, yet for the poor fowls who, otherwise, must perish of hunger. The angel pitied their distress, and granted their prayer partially; and from that day the ears of wheat have grown as they do now. If it was an indignity to the creature and Creator to use wheat to scrape mud off a child's frock, what must it be to convert the wheat into something directly harmful? Happily, however, this grain, the choicest of all cereals for general use in temperate climes, is less dishonoured in this way than barley and a few others.

There are several kinds of wheat, hard, soft, Polish, etc., the hard growing in South Europe and other warm climates, the soft in Northern Europe, England, etc. The hard wheats contain more gluten and yield the whitest flour. Not more than two-thirds of the wheat we make our bread from is produced in our United Kingdom, the rest comes from the United States, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Egypt, etc. In California, there is an immense wheat farm of 75,000 acres, belonging to one gentleman, Dr. H. J. Glenn. Its greatest enemies are wild geese, which settle down (if allowed) in great flocks, and eat a large quantity. To prevent loss as much as possible, Dr. Glenn requires to spend about £2,000 per annum on men, horses, and ammunition. So vast is the area of corn, that they are obliged to use field-glasses to discover the flocks of geese among the grain, but when they do they gallop within a few hundred yards, and, being excellent marksmen, lodge a few bullets in their midst, and so disperse them. But it takes about 8,000 cartridges a day to put to flight the 20,000 geese who daily attempt to

feed themselves during the season at Dr. Glenn's expense; the crop, however, is worth about £20,000.

The wheat we annually consume in Britain is about 5½ bushels a head, used chiefly, of course, as white bread and brown bread; the latter containing more nourishment, but requiring more digestion. Deprived of its bran and prepared in various ways, we get semolina, soujee, mannacroup, macaroni, vermicelli, and



Cagliari paste; various farinaceous foods are composed of wheat, with or without other finely-ground grain; while biscuits, rusks, cakes, pie-crusts, dumplings, buns, and I know not what besides, are produced from it as the basis. Supposing this grass to be abolished, what a wonderful difference should we at once find in our diet! Truly God filleth us with the finest of the wheat. Even the outer husks, when threshed off the seed, make nice soft chaff-beds for man or beast, and are often used for packing certain kinds of goods; while the stalks of the grass (the "straw"), and the bran, etc., are eaten by horses and cattle when good, or make capital bedding, packing, etc., also. Nothing of these precious grasses need be wasted, the most spoiled and worthless making good manure. The same may be said of the secondary products of oat, barley, and other cereal grasses.

Barley comes little short of wheat and oat in food value, and it is a pity its worth as human



food is so little appreciated. Deprived of its husk entirely (then called pearl barley), it is not only highly nutritious, but is easily digested when cooked into puddings, porridge, or in broth, etc. A few acres would suffice to grow all that is used by us in this way, however. Yet nearly 2,500,000 acres in the United Kingdom grow this grass, and besides that, we fetch from the Continent £3,380,000 worth! What can be done with it if not used for food? Sad to say, the principal use of barley, in our Christian country, is to convert it into malt for brewing and distilling drunkifying drinks! It is the hardiest of all the cereals, assuring man, in almost any climate, that it will grow and feed him if all else should fail; yet it is the most prostituted of all the foods given by God to man. If not needed for food, then the vast areas growing it ought to be put to other uses. Let me present, in brief tabular form, the degrees of this seed's degradation:—

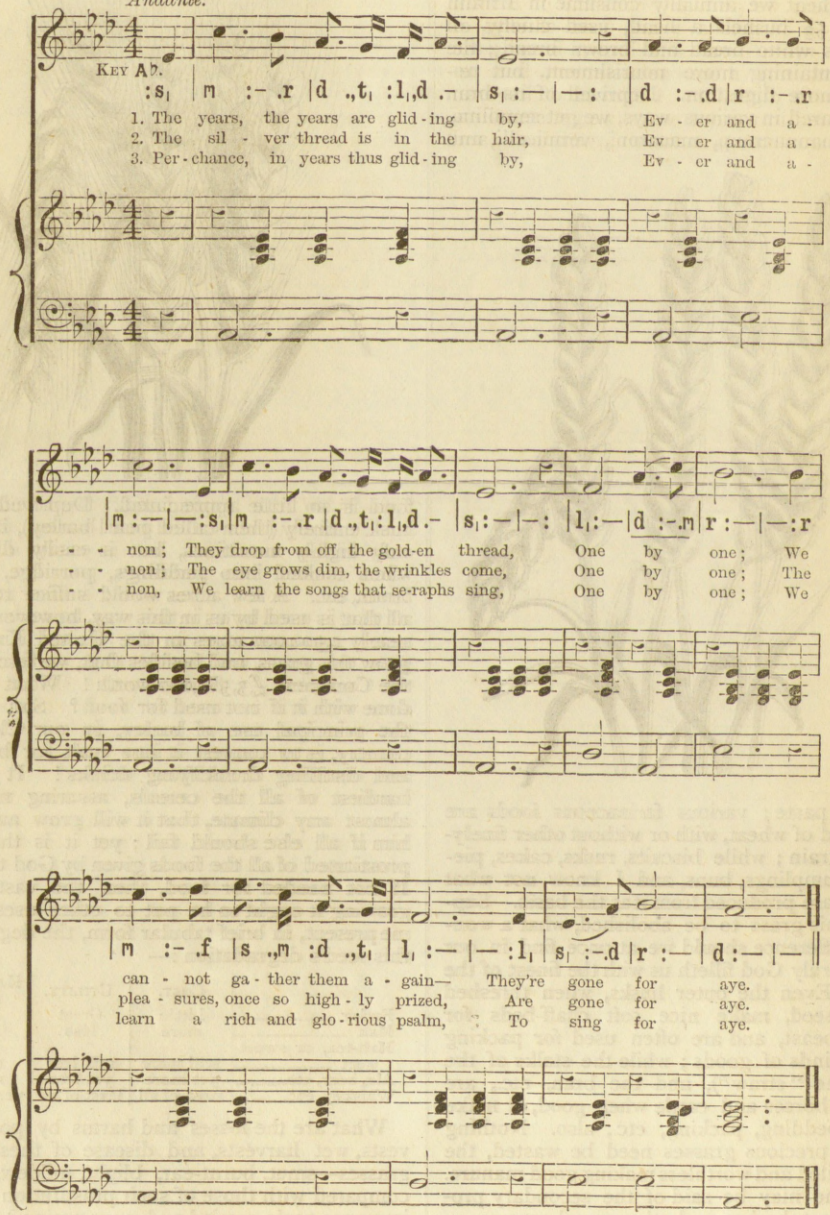
	Cost.	Utility.	Harmfulness.
Barley	Little	Great	None
Malt	more	less	none
Malt-tea, or sweet-wort	still more	still less	none
Ale, beer, etc.	yet more	yet less	much
Whiskey, etc.	most of all	least of all	very great

What are the losses and harms by poor harvests, wet harvests, and disease of these seed-grasses—smut, burnt-ear, blight, mildew, etc.—compared with those of such prostitution on the immense scale carried on by our nation? Thank God, my hands, mouth, head, and pockets, are clean of the business; are yours?

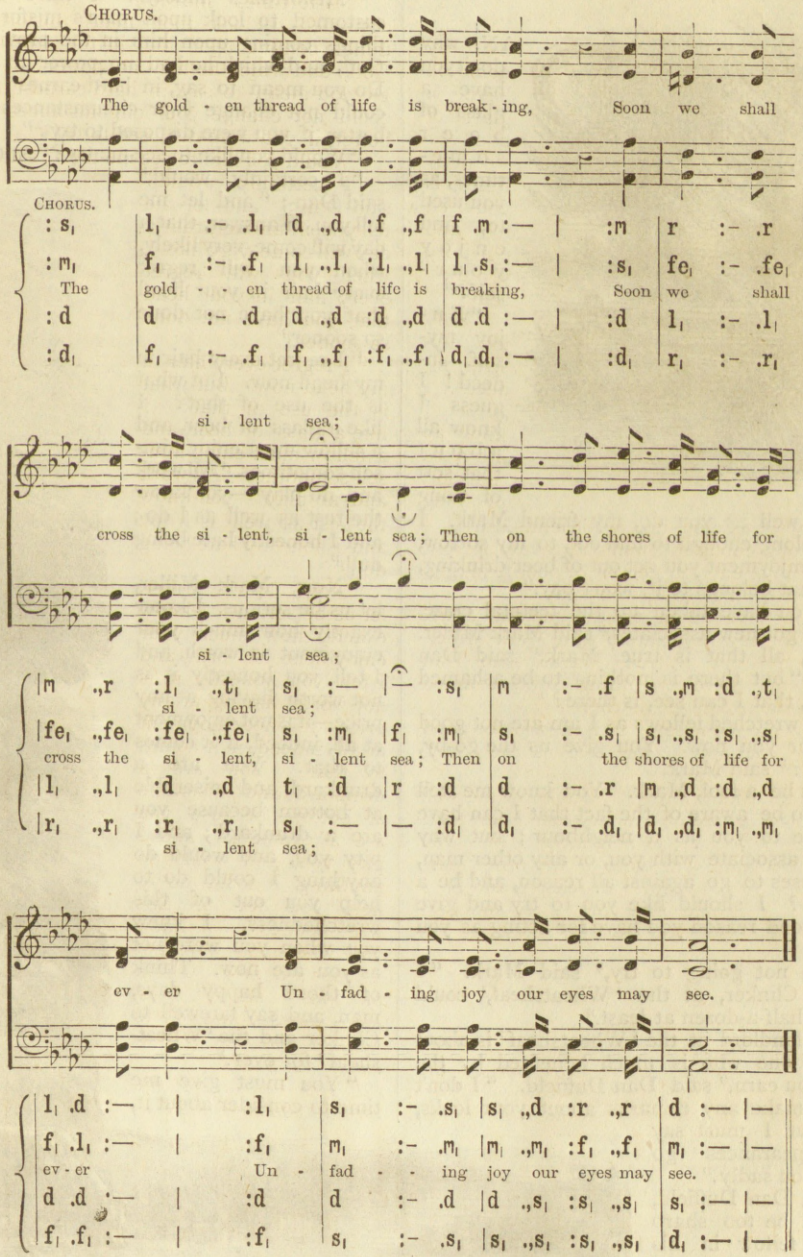
ONE BY ONE.

Words by MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. *Music by* J. H. TENNEY.

Andante.



ONE BY ONE.


CHORUS.
The gold - en thread of life is break - ing, Soon we shall
CHORUS.
The gold - - en thread of life is breaking, Soon we shall
si - lent sea;
cross the si - lent, si - lent sea; Then on the shores of life for
si - lent sea;
si - lent sea;
cross the si - lent, si - lent sea; Then on the shores of life for
si - lent sea;
ev - er Un - fad - ing joy our eyes may see.
ev - er Un - fad - - ing joy our eyes may see.

MARK MILLER'S NEW IDEA.



"MAN, why don't you have a glass of beer sometimes, as you used to, and enjoy yourself?"

"Enjoy myself, indeed! I guess I know all about that sort of thing quite as well as you do, my friend Mark. I kept at it long enough to find out, to my sorrow, that the enjoyment you get out of beer-drinking, and all that belongs to it, won't pay."

"Ah, you have taken up the teetotal craze, and have got new associates," said Mark Miller.

"Well, all that is true, Mark," said Dan Duffield, "but there is nothing to be ashamed of in that, that I can see, is there?"

"Such wretched fellows as I am are not good enough for you now. You give us the go-by, don't you?" said Mark.

"Don't be a fool, Mark. You know me well enough to be aware of the fact that I can have no dislike to you as a neighbour; but why should I associate with you, or any other man, who chooses to go against all reason, and be a drunkard? I should like you to try and give me one good reason you have for acting as you do."

"I am not going to try," said Mark. "I suppose Clinker, at the 'Wheatsheaf,' could give you half-a-dozen at least."

"The landlord at the 'Wheatsheaf' is about the only one who is much benefited by the money you earn," said Dan Duffield. "I don't wish to make any remarks about your looks, Mark, but I must say that appearances go against you sadly."

"Now, Dan Duffield, don't you be too sharp upon a fellow in his misfortunes," said Mark, with a smile which struggled to the surface through a good deal of confusion.

"Misfortunes indeed! I have been accustomed to look upon man's misfortunes as things coming upon him in the providence of God, and which he had no power to prevent. Do you mean to say, in hard earnest, that you could not change your circumstances for the better, if you were disposed to try?"

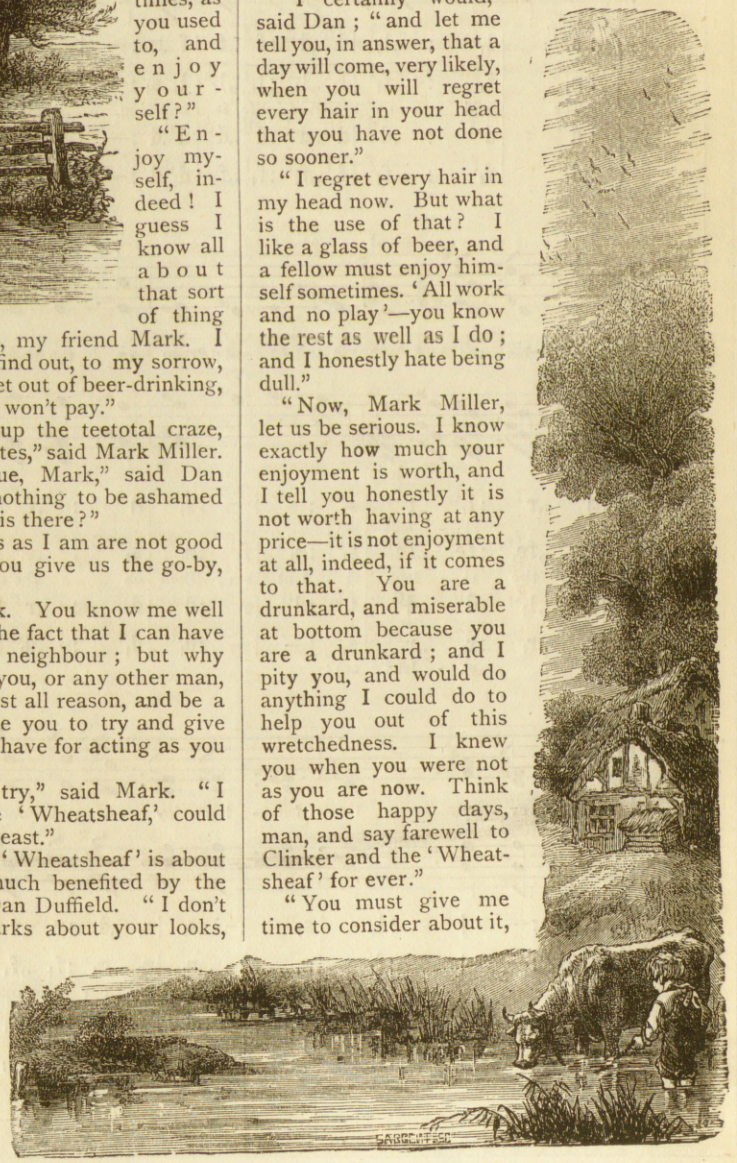
"Would you like to see me try?" said Mark.

"I certainly would," said Dan; "and let me tell you, in answer, that a day will come, very likely, when you will regret every hair in your head that you have not done so sooner."

"I regret every hair in my head now. But what is the use of that? I like a glass of beer, and a fellow must enjoy himself sometimes. 'All work and no play'—you know the rest as well as I do; and I honestly hate being dull."

"Now, Mark Miller, let us be serious. I know exactly how much your enjoyment is worth, and I tell you honestly it is not worth having at any price—it is not enjoyment at all, indeed, if it comes to that. You are a drunkard, and miserable at bottom because you are a drunkard; and I pity you, and would do anything I could do to help you out of this wretchedness. I knew you when you were not as you are now. Think of those happy days, man, and say farewell to Clinker and the 'Wheatsheaf' for ever."

"You must give me time to consider about it,



for what is done in a hurry is never well done, they say."

"Then, would you, if you were on the line, and a train were coming down upon you at full speed, take time to consider whether it would be a wise thing or not to get out of the way as fast as possible?"

"It would be a wise thing, I think, never to get on to the line at all," said Mark.

"Just so," answered Dan Duffield, "but seeing that you are on the line, I advise you to get off as quickly as possible, for, believe me, there is not a moment to lose."

Mark Miller had had two glasses of whisky, and was just in a condition to jest about everything. Notwithstanding, some of the words spoken by his neighbour carried too much truth to be easily set aside. He thought of them next day while he was at his work; and as he reflected upon his folly in handing over to Clinker every fortnight the principal part of his hard-earned wages, thereby making it a thing impossible to be in any way like others of his class who did not spend their earnings in the public-house, he was mortified more than a little. When he left work, and went home in the evening, the miserable appearance of his wife and child, and the poverty and bareness of the house he lived in, made him more uncomfortable than ever. He felt as if he could have fought with a straw. The affection of his wife, for she loved him in spite of everything, made him hate himself, for he had behaved like a brute to her.

When he had satisfied his hunger with the wretched meal which his wife had prepared, and which was not half a meal, two things lay before him: whether should he take Dan Duffield's advice, and do better, or go to the "Wheatsheaf" once more, and get rid of his misery for the meantime, as he had done night after night for years? He was half inclined to go to Clinker's, where he would meet his companions, and have things more comfortable, for there was nothing at home to invite his stay. He had risen from his seat, and was in the act of lifting his hat to go, when the thought flashed suddenly across his mind, "My poor wife cannot get away from the wretchedness of this place, though." This came upon him so, that it drove the blood back upon his heart, and he sat down to prevent himself from falling. His wife was alarmed, and said:

"What is the matter with you, Mark? You look quite ill."

"I am not ill, wife, but I had resolved to go to Clinker's, and now I have just changed my mind. I will sit with you to-night, for the fun of it."

Instantly Mark Miller's wife was on her feet, and began to set things straight, and to make the place a little more inviting.

As she bustled about, Mark looked on with a strange feeling of pleasure. It came to him as a new experience, and the bright and happy look of his wife touched the best of him that was left. No man can go on drinking year after year as he did, and neglecting the duties of father and husband, without getting very far astray indeed, and becoming worse for his drinking and neglect; and Mark Miller was startled to find how far he had drifted from the point he occupied when he and his wife were married. Was it possible that he had fallen so far as to leave the woman he once loved so fondly to herself, while he, night after night, in Clinker's parlour, enjoyed the vulgar fun which grew fast and furious as the hours went on. Did she deserve no better treatment at his hands than that? He never felt so meanly small in all his life. She had suffered all this for years, and without complaint, or nearly so. It was, in all conscience, time to put a stop to this sort of thing. So he felt.

An hour later they sat by the fire, talking of old times; and, as they lived the past over again, when things were better with them than they were now, and, in their fancy, saw all that they could not but be the better for seeing, though it were but in fancy, Mark Miller's wife thought: "If there were no public-houses to tempt him, he might once more be as he was when I first met him, and he and I were two-and-twenty. But they stand with their glaring lights at every corner. Will things ever be different than they are? Will the great and the good men of this land never lift up their voices to demand that these things be altered? Ah! God pity us, what reason have we to hope that wives and mothers, with their poor little children, will be considered for a moment?"

Quite other thoughts than these filled, just then, the mind of Mark Miller, and he, looking at his wife in a kindly way, said:

"Wife, I have got a new idea, if it will only work, and I believe it will. You and I will go into partnership, and try to make this wretched old cottage as snug and comfortable as Clinker's parlour. What do you say? Are you willing?"

She looked at him, and the tears were in her eyes as she answered:

"Oh, Mark, how I love you and I am sure we can do it."

From that day Clinker had one customer less and England had one more added to the number of her happy temperance homes.

Mark Miller's new idea was found to work admirably. And we have the highest confidence in commending it, gentle reader, to your consideration. REV. EDWARD HAYTON.

MISSING.

BY UNCLE BEN.



THE annual visit to the seaside of Alfred and Laura Covey was the one event looked forward to more than all else in the year. Their father and mother avoided the larger and more fashionable watering-places, going to smaller towns—trying to visit a fresh locality every year. One summer they went to the old-fashioned fishing village of Longport, where the happy month was spent.

The joy of anticipation was great, but the joy of fulfilment was greater. The journey there was a pleasure by itself; the children wished the train ride would go on and on, they did not mind where. However people could be tired of travelling was almost inconceivable. Then there came the last station but one, and finally the arrival; the vanishing of the train; the being left on the platform with a heap of luggage and a strong smell of salt water. The first night in the new place, all so strange, and the waking up in the morning, at first mystified and uncertain, then suddenly to feel the looked-for day had come—they were at Longport—were all memorable features of the visit.

There were many, if not endless, sources of amusement, but the pleasure that was chief among all to the brother and sister was floating an old hulk of a toy ship, called *Alabama*, particularly in the pools and shallows at low tide. Having no sails, the boat was generally towed about by them like a small barge, but in their youthful imagination it was supposed to be a fine vessel, laden with costly merchandise—the little sand or few shells placed on the deck became, in fancy's dream, rich treasures of priceless gold and precious stones.

Sometimes Alfred would remove the string and let the bark bob up and down in ripples and wavelets on the shore, when the ship might be said "to be personally conducted" by the two children from port to port, as they paddled beside the floating cargo.

On one occasion in these free voyages, when they had wandered far along the shore, guiding the course of their trading vessel to a tiny sand creek as the harbour whither she was bound for, something arrested both their attentions, and when suddenly they returned to their interest in the *Alabama*, the retreating tide had borne her far beyond their reach. At first they were so startled that they could hardly believe their eyes; but there she was, in quite deep water, riding steadily over the trackless way. They could do nothing only watch her go slowly but surely out to sea. No one was near to help, and no boat at hand to go on a rescue expedition. In tears and sadness they had to return back to their lodgings, and report the loss of their beloved *Alabama*.

Some days after they told the story of their missing ship to the sympathising ear of an old boatman, with whom the children had struck up an acquaintance.

Laura was anxious to know his nautical opinion on the solemn question as to whether he would think the *Alabama* had sunk, or was wrecked, or had got safely to some real foreign country; to which he only replied that "Most likely she was afloat on the Channel somewhere."

Then he kindly promised to show them, some fine day, a little cutter, rigged with mast and sails, when they should see how well it went before the wind. The man was as good as his word, and one fine, quiet evening he brought the boat down to the shore, and sitting down on one of the wooden jetties, he told them about the cutter. First he pointed out to them all the beauty of make and finish; then he told them that it had been made entirely by his son Jack before he joined the Royal Navy and went down, with all hands on board, in the *Eurydice*, on that fatal Sunday, on the 23rd of March.

The two children were deeply interested in the account, and felt how little the loss of their toy boat was in comparison to that terrible incident, and became most anxious to see the cutter float.

Then he took from his capacious pocket, which was silently the admiration and envy of Alfred, a piece of twine and fastened it to the little craft saying—

"You lost your'n by not having a tether, so we must see to it she don't get away from her moorings."

"Yes, the *Alabama* would have been quite safe if we had never let it go free."

"I 'ave marked it many a time," continued the old salt; "there's a plenty of people as is just like them boats—if they gets beyond their tether it's all up wi' 'em."

When the string was adjusted the cutter was launched, and sailed beautifully, going over the small billows with almost the grace of a tiny yacht, but all the time the boat was firmly held in check, and not allowed beyond its limit; in a moment it could be brought back.

The children were charmed with this splendid



little toy ship, and asked the boatman if he would sell it, and what it would cost.

He replied that he did not think he would sell it for a hundred pounds, saying, "My Jack made it every bit hisself, and a clever lad he was, too. He was very perticler about the tether for the boat, poor chap, but warn't so perticler about the tether for hisself. I did pretty much as you've done with your'n—let the lad have it too much his own way; he was mighty fond of the sea, but he wouldn't bide here like among the boats and the jetty. He must be a regular sailor, and see the world; and then he fell in with a breezy lot as did him no good; and once he was off all of a sudden, and after a bit he got on board the *Eurydice*, and then, within sight of land, went down. He wasn't a bad lad, only so much for having his own way and wandering about. He 'ad been all right if he hadn't have got so free from the tether. He used to call this the *Prince of Wales*; and often 'as he said to me, when quite a lad, 'The *Prince of Wales* needs a tether, father, just as the *Betsey Jane* does her moorings'—that was our boat—'as was moored up during all winter.'

"I am not going to tell you more now about him, except the lesson I learnt after the lad died. I used to get beyond my moorings with a drop of drink sometimes, until they had a Blue Ribbin kick up. Then says I, I'll run the colours up, and make that ere blue ribbin my tether like."

The children listened to the story, and learnt the lesson how good a tether the blue ribbon makes for boats, both big and little, in this stormy sea of life.

A PRAYER FOR ENGLAND.

GREAT Giver of all good, to Thee we cry:
Behold our hearts, how they in secret bleed
For our dear country—lost, undone, indeed,
Unless in mercy, Lord, Thou drawest nigh:
By her advantages exalted high,
Yet cursed through drink, her glory turned to shame,
We know that she hath but her sins to blame
For that her commerce droops as if 'twould die.
E'en nations cannot sin unpunished long,
Crime surely brings its own envenomed sting;
Ills ever follow in the path of wrong,
And on themselves both men and nations bring
Their many woes: in mercy, Lord, forgive
Our country's sins; heal her, and bid her live.

DAVID LAWTON.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE CHILDREN'S PATH TO RUIN.

SOME time ago the temperance friends of Bristol did an important work by making a public-house-attendant census on Saturday evening, and from the returns then published it appeared that over a hundred thousand people, or nearly half the population of the city, entered a drink-shop in four hours, between seven and eleven at night, and among them 13,415 children.

Somewhat lately the attempt was made to do the same thing in London. The hours were from nine to twelve on Saturday night. A representative district was selected in each quarter of the metropolis, and the work chiefly undertaken by members of the Tolmer's Square Help Myself Society.

In the South district 50 houses were visited, with this result :—

17,347 men, 10,665 women, 1,645 children.

In the West district 49 houses were watched :—

12,809 men, 7,455 women, 1,698 children.

In the North district 52 houses were observed :—

11,403 men, 7,731 women, 1,958 children.

In the East district 49 houses were marked :—

7,249 men, 4,933 women, 1,718 children.

The total of the 200 houses :—

48,805 men, 30,784 women, 7,019 children, or 86,608 altogether.

Friends also went on a Monday morning to watch twelve public-houses in St. Pancras between the hours of ten and twelve ; no less than 1,250 women were observed to enter. At one house no fewer than 165 went in to buy drink. This public-house was situated next door to a pawnbroker's, and the women in large numbers were observed to pass from one house to the other.

There is one fact of interest in these statistics, that in the East division, where the poorest live, there the houses were least patronised ; in the West the numbers were 21,962, while in the East the total was 13,887.

The visit of 7,019 children to 200 public-houses leaves an awful scene for the imagination to depict. When we add to this statement that there are over 10,000 public-houses in London, we may sadly infer that probably over 35,000 children are Saturday-night visitors of drink-shops. All this entails a terrible blight and curse on our rising generation. Thus the innocent lives of children are manufactured into the "finished article" that fills our prisons and drunkards' graves. In spite of Board schools and Sunday-schools, it is these open streamlets of destruction down which the children drift to hopeless misery and ruin.

There are three remedies open to save the children : first, to make them pledged abstainers; secondly, to use all means, by moral influence and legal enactments, to prevent their going to public-houses ; and thirdly, to close the houses altogether.

THE LOST BABY.

A TRUE STORY.

"WHERE is the baby, grandmamma ?"
The sweet young mother calls
From her work in the cosy kitchen
With its dainty white-washed walls,
And grandma leaves her knitting,
And looks for her all around ;
But not a trace of baby dear
Can anywhere be found.

No sound of its merry prattle,
No gleam of its sunny hair,
No patter of tiny footsteps,
No sign of it anywhere.
All through house and garden,
Far out into the field,
They search each nook and corner,
But nothing is revealed.

And the mother's face grew pallid ;
Grandmamma's eyes grew dim ;
The father's gone to the village ;
No use to look for him.
And the baby lost ! "Where's Rover ?"
The mother chanced to think
Of the old well in the orchard
Where the cattle used to drink.

"Where's Rover ? I know he'd find her.
Rover !" In vain they call,
Then hurry away to the orchard ;
And there, by the moss-grown wall,
Close to the well lies Rover,
Holding to baby's dress,
Who was leaning over the well's edge
In perfect fearlessness.

She stretched her little arms down,
But Rover held her fast,
And never seemed to mind the kicks
The tiny bare feet cast
So spitefully upon him,
But wagged his tail instead
To greet the frightened searchers,
While naughty baby said :

"Dere's a little dirl in the water ;
She's dust as big as me ;
Mamma, I want to help her out,
And take her home to tea.

But Rover, he won't let me,
And I don't love him. Go
Away, you naughty Rover !
Oh ! why are you crying so ?"

The mother kissed her, saying :
" My darling, understand,
Good Rover saved your life, my dear—
And see, he licks your hand !
Kiss Rover !" Baby struck him.
But grandma understood ;
She said, " It's hard to thank the friend
Who thwarts us for our good."

Alliance News.

LITTLE MARY AND THE FLOWERS.

IN a beautiful garden hedged around,
As she walked by her mother's side,
A fair little girl was gathering flowers,
And looked on each one with pride.
Outside the hedge stood a poor ragged child,
Who was wistfully looking in;
Her sorrowful face and tearful eyes
Would surely some sympathy win.

The little girl saw her. " Dear mother," she said,
" There's a poor ragged child standing there.
May I give her a flower ?—she looks so sad—
And I have so many to spare."
And scarce was the wish inaudibly breathed,
That a flower unto her might be given,
When a little hand tendered a beautiful bunch,
Which seemed like a gift sent from heaven.

" Oh, thank you so kindly," she answered, with tears ;
" How pleased little Mary will be;
She has fretted so long for a sight of the flowers
We thought she would never more see."
How happy she was as she bore home her prize,
But happier still when she found
What pleasure the beautiful bunch had conferred—
Each flower seemed with sympathy bound.

And week after week was the sweet gift renewed,
Till the dark winter days had returned ;
The cripple-child passed to the beautiful home
Of which, through the flowers, she had learned.
And when she was dying, " Dear sister," she said,
" Please thank the kind lady for me,
And tell her I'll thank her myself in heaven,
Where all things will beautiful be." E. F.

YOUTHFUL SMOKERS.

SURGEON A. C. GORGAS, medical inspector, United States Navy, in an article on the " Effects of Tobacco on Youth," says that when the order to prohibit the use of tobacco by the cadets went into effect at Annapolis, the class of diseases, such as headache, disordered digestion, malaise, diminished at least one-half in the next three months. The sympathies of the professors were in favour of its use, but the rescinding of the order for one year had such unmistakable results, that all the officers who had favoured the plan of unrestricted permission to smoke, confessed that the experiment had proved a failure. Professor Oliver, too, head of the department of drawing, gives his testimony. He says : " The effect of smoking on muscular action has come under my observation frequently, during a service of fourteen years. . . . The effect of smoking on cadets learning to draw is as unmistakable as it is held to be by trainers on men training for a boat-race. I have had occasion to challenge cadets on the use of tobacco in smoking as evidenced by their work, and I have in no instance made a mistake."

RESPECTABILITY.

RESPECTABILITY in either man or woman, is, to our notion, doing what is duty. The poorest and humblest person, who pays his debts, obeys God's laws, and fulfils his other obligations to society and to his fellow-creatures, in our opinion, is a thousand times more respectable than the wealthy idler, the educated spendthrift, the callous miser, or the fashionable fool. So, also, the modest and unassuming female—whether seamstress, book-folder, store-tender, waiting-maid, or even house-servant—is, in the true sense of the word, infinitely more respectable than the extravagant wife who is ruining her husband, than the thoughtless votary of fashion, or the butterfly flirt. In a word, worth, not wealth, constitutes true respectability.

As people are generally what habit or inclination renders them, it is for the young of both sexes that these remarks are intended. The old cannot be cured. If they are shams now, shams they will remain ; nothing, alas ! can ever make them respectable. But the young have yet their habits to form. Let them take a high standard and become truly respectable. Let them shun the advances of evil-disposed persons—shun the low dens of iniquity as they would the most loathsome disease—shun the dram-shop and the society of even the moderate drinker ; and they are on the true road to respectability and they will learn, from close observation and practice of the principles herein laid down, what is genuine respectability.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

CHEERFULNESS.—How to be cheerful—that is, how to be fairly content in existing circumstances—is the problem which each one must solve for himself. It may seem a hard task; and certainly, no mere act of volition and no direct effort can accomplish it. We cannot change our low spirits into higher or our mournful feelings into cheery ones by simply determining to do so; but we can apply our force to bear upon the conditions on which they rest, we can put to flight many causes of dejection and nourish many germs of serenity and comfort.

A CAMEL will work seven or eight days without drinking. In this he differs from some men who drink seven or eight days without working.

"JOHN, what is the best thing to feed a parrot on?" asked an elderly lady of her bachelor brother, who hated parrots. "Arsenic!" gruffly answered John.

"I SUPPOSE," said a quack, while feeling the pulse of his patient, "that you think me a humbug?" "Sir," replied the sick man, "I perceive that you can discover a man's thoughts by his pulse."

"IT is a settled principle, your honour," said an eminent Q.C., "that causes always produce effects." "They always do for the lawyers," blandly responded the judge; "but I've sometimes known a single cause to deprive a client of all his effects."

"THEN, if I understand you," said a merchant to a customer, "you do not intend to pay me the amount you owe?" "Your understanding is correct, cap'n." "And you call yourself an honest man, do you?" "Yes, sir. If I were not honest I would tell you that I intend to pay; but being honest, I do not wish to deceive you."

AT the opera in Dublin a gentleman sarcastically asked a man standing up in front of him if he was aware he was opaque. The other denied the allegation, and said he was O'Brien.

A POMPOUS and unloving husband rebuked his wife for stealing behind him as he came home one evening and affectionately kissing him. "Oh," she retorted; "excuse me, I didn't know it was you."

YOUNG HOUSEWIFE: "What miserable little eggs again! You must really tell them, Jane, to let the hen sit on them a little longer."

SAID a conscientious auctioneer: "Ladies and gentlemen, there is no sham about the carpets. They are genuine tapestry carpets. I bought them from old Tapestry himself."

"MOTHER," said little Ned one morning, after having fallen out of bed, "I think I know why I tumbled out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in." Musing a little while, as if in doubt whether he had given the right explanation, he added: "No, that wasn't the reason; it was because I slept too near where I fell out."

AN honest farmer was invited to attend a party at the village squire's one evening, when there was music, both vocal and instrumental. On the following morning he met one of the guests, who said, "Well, farmer, how did you enjoy yourself last night? Were not the quartettes excellent?" "Why, really, sir, I can't say," said he, "for I didn't taste them; but the pork chops were the best I ever ate."

YOUNG lady: "And how is Johnny getting on at the new school, Mrs. Scatterpole?" Mrs. Scatterpole: "Oh, beautifully, my dear! He's learning six languages—French, German, Latin, Greek, Algebra, and Euclid!"

MR. BARNUM, in a letter from Bridgeport, Connecticut, says he "yet hopes to place the great show (Jumbo included) in London and the provinces."

PHOTOGRAPHER: "Now, sir, if you'll look a little less as though you had a bill to meet, and a little more as though you'd just been left a legacy, you'll be a picture."

Notice to Correspondents.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed to the Editors of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. All Business Communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: Mary Batchelor, D. Lawton, A. J. Glasspool, Rev. E. A. Hayton, S. Compston.

Publications Received.

The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Scottish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Record—The Rechabite Magazine—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Bond of Union—The Irish Temperance League Journal—Church of England Temperance Magazine—Alliance News.

Notices of Books.

"On Making Sea-Water Potable." A Paper read before the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, by Thomas Kay, chemist to the Queen, and President of the Society of Naturalists, Stockport. The question of making sea-water drinkable is one, doubtless, which every one would like to see solved, and any investigation which helps to accomplish an object so desirable is worthy of our respect and consideration. It was the story of the ill-fated *Mignonette*, which went down on the 15th of July last year, and so terribly illustrated the horrors of thirst, that led Mr. Kay to direct public attention to this deeply interesting and important subject; and we trust, in the interest of humanity and those "who go down to the sea in ships," that Mr. Kay's labours will lead on to some practical and successful result. We commend this valuable paper to the consideration of all who are interested in the progress of science and the discovery of means to save and prolong human life.

THE Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "The Bird Angel," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battle Field," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IX.

A SAD STORY.



FOR some time after the confession of Pearl's love for him, Lionel Hayes had kept a very strict watch on himself in regard to the use of wine. It was absolutely necessary he should do so if he desired to please Pearl, who frequently begged him to give it up altogether. He appeared so willing to acquiesce in her desire, but for the difficulty in regard to her father, that she was persuaded there was no reluctance on his own part, and took comfort from this assurance. Lionel Hayes had another reason for abstemiousness. With himself, as with so many others, wine excited feelings of good fellowship, and the disposition to confide in his companions, whoever they might be. "In vino veritas" was too likely to be his own case; and how much mischief has been done, how many secrets have been unexpectedly revealed through the indulgence of men and women in strong drink can assuredly never be accurately calculated.

Lionel was sensible enough to acknowledge this propensity in himself, and hence to determine to be very guarded, and to set a watch upon his wine, that he might also set "a watch upon his lips."

But that very failure in himself which he dreaded, and the possibility of which should have made him give up the use of intoxicating stimulants, occurred unexpectedly, and just when he least had reason to fear it.

Sir Bevil had found quite a number of young ladies whose "ears were pleased" more than a little by his title, and who were quite ready to accept his hand. It was many months after Pearl's rejection of his offer that he was married, but it added not a little to her comfort and satisfaction when the fact was announced. On his return home there were great festivities, and amongst the invited guests to participate in these were Squire Churston and his daughter. The Squire insisted they should go, and Pearl, though it was not very pleasant to her to do so, made no outward objection.

"If you hadn't been a fool, Pearl," said her father, rudely, "you might have been entertaining me and your friends in the fine old place yourself; and I only wish you were."

"Do you want to get rid of me, papa?" asked Pearl, with a very sweet smile; and a consciousness that Lionel Hayes had almost more than he could bear to listen to this conversation. Poor

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Lionel! he had flushed angrily, and bitten his lips to keep back the retort that came to them when he heard Pearl called "fool," even by her father, and for the sake of "that fellow, the baronet."

"I don't think Pearl should be called 'fool' for having a mind of her own," said George, who generally defended his sister, unless her wishes happened to clash with his own.

"What do you know about it?" said the Squire, sharply, who was secretly annoyed with himself that he had been ungentlemanly enough to use the word to a lady, and that lady one whom he regarded as so superior, so peerless as his beautiful Pearl. But he was not going to permit his son to take him to task. It was time George was away from home, quite.

"I know as much as a gentleman may be expected to know, I suppose," said George.

"Boys of sixteen were wont to hold their tongues in the presence of their elders when I was young, unless they had something to say besides finding fault with their parents," retorted the Squire.

Pearl looked appealingly at Lionel and at George. The tutor understood her look better than her brother. There was a little pause, and then before George could speak again, Lionel Hayes asked an adroit question that fortunately turned the Squire's attention into another channel. How Pearl blessed him for so fulfilling her wish!

After she had retired from the dinner-table, and while she was playing and singing some new music in the drawing-room, pausing between to wonder whether her father really would send George to Cambridge next term, and dismiss Lionel, and how she could live without him who had become so necessary to her happiness—while Pearl was thus occupied, a great deal of drinking was going on in the dining-room she had left, of which she was utterly unconscious.

The Squire was one of those men who can take a great quantity of alcohol into the system without its creating a very marked disturbance. He was not a nervous temperament, and he had been accustomed, for a great number of years, to take an ever but very gradually-increasing amount. His was one of the cases concerning which scientists would predict a long continuance, apparently, of almost unbroken sobriety, to be followed by the revenge of nature at last on her long-violated laws, and some consequent breakdown of power.

His love for drink was growing, and his taste in wine had become a sort of mania. He was continually ordering the kinds and varieties he heard of from this and that wine merchant who had been recommended to him; he paid great prices for some wines supposed to be of rare excellence, and would then compare them with those in his cellar, which he had inherited from his father, or placed there himself many years before, and compel his guests to give their opinion as to their comparative excellence.

He took a considerable pride in George's skill in detecting the aroma and virtue of wine, although the lad had occasionally displeased him in the matter of drinking it, and he also greatly approved Mr. Hayes' opinion.

In the midst of their testing and tasting, and when Mr. Hayes was much more overcome by this business than he had been for months, the Squire observed with satisfaction that Sir Bevil Townley wouldn't have a richer wine at his home-coming than the full-bodied port they had just partaken of. Lionel assented, and confidentially told the Squire that baronets couldn't command either lovely wives or precious wines.

"What do you mean, Mr. Hayes?" said the Squire, not unnaturally surprised at his manner.

"You won't tell, if I give you a hint?" said Mr. Hayes, certainly not realising to whom he was speaking.

"Tell whom?" said George, who wondered what was coming, and looked in astonishment at his tutor. The words, "You are drunk, sir," were on his lips, but he refrained from uttering them.

"Why, you know, the real reason why there was that difficulty about the baronet," said Mr. Hayes, speaking in a whisper, and looking slyly around, as if enjoying a good joke, "was this, that *I* was in the way. Pearl was as good as promised to me. Yes, she is mine, and never will be his—don't you see—never. I shouldn't allow it."

George and his father looked at each other for a moment in blank amazement. What did it, what could it mean?

"Whatever are you talking about, Mr. Hayes?" said his pupil. "I am sure Pearl would not care for a man who gets drunk; you needn't think to impose such nonsense upon us."

George's pride was wounded. There was nothing he cared for so much as Pearl—except himself, and the idea of his tutor pretending that Pearl loved him; why, the fellow must be downright drunk and stupid.

Lionel Hayes pretended, in maudlin fashion, to be angry; he sulked and turned away from the Squire and his son as he finished his glass of wine. Then, as he set the glass on the table he said, magnanimously—

"You can believe me or not as you like. Go and ask her."

The Squire nodded at George as if to suggest that Mr. Hayes did not know what he was talking about, and no notice should be taken.

George, mistaking the meaning of his father's nod, was about to leave the room and seek Pearl.

"Don't insult your sister, sir," said the Squire; then, "how dare you think this fellow has told the truth?"

"I don't think so, sir," returned George; "if I did, do you suppose I should desire a confirmation from her lips?"

"George, you are not to interfere in this business," said the Squire; "leave the matter entirely in my hands." The Squire's vehement tones aroused Mr. Hayes, who had looked half asleep.

"Yes, sir, I am very much obliged to you," he said, greatly to their surprise; "I shall be glad, and so will Pearl, to leave the matter entirely in your hands. I have thought before I had better tell you all about it, and see what you would do to smooth down any little annoyance of the old gentleman."

"The old gentleman, indeed!" said the Squire, rising in a towering passion, and coming over to the unfortunate tutor. "Who's an old gentleman, sir? And what do you mean by insulting me, first by getting drunk in my presence, and then daring to mention the name of Miss Churston? What do you mean, sir?" and he shook Mr. Hayes violently to arouse him.

Lionel Hayes was excited, much more than the Squire had desired to excite him, by this rough treatment. The sleepiness that was stealing over him was banished, and combativeness took its place.

"I'm your man," he said, standing up and squaring his fists; "one, two, three, and off——"

The absurd mingling of ideas and terms might have provoked the Squire's mirth if he had not been so extremely angry.

"Do you dare to strike me, you coward?" he exclaimed, "me, a man twice your age, and your employer? If you do, you shall suffer for it."

Lionel aimed the blow, but his upright posture had been with difficulty maintained, and in the effort he fell forward, striking his head against the leg of the dining-table. He lay so still that George was terribly frightened, and exclaimed, as he rushed to his side, "He's dead, father, I do believe."

"And it serves him right if he is, the scoundrel," said the Squire, savagely, quite unmindful of the share he had had in the moral degradation of the tutor.

"Father, hadn't I better send for a doctor?" said George, in dismay. "What a dreadful thing if he is dead; he must be dead or stunned."

The door of the room opened quietly, and almost before they noticed her, Pearl stood upon the scene; in her shining silk dress, with her pure sweet face, whiter than its wont, she seemed like the angel of peace in the abode of discord and confusion.

She had been disturbed by the noise in a pause after some music, and fearing lest something unpleasant had occurred, she had been unable to stay in her quiet drawing-room any longer. She glanced around, and saw in a few moments what had happened to Lionel Hayes.

She did not hesitate; she was down on the carpet beside him in an instant, she lifted his head tenderly on to her lap, she loosened the collar and necktie round his throat, and said in a beseeching tone—

"Quickly, George, water."

Her brother knelt beside her with the glass in his hand.

"Send for a doctor, George; don't lose a moment, or it may be too late."

The Squire looked on grimly enough from the chair in which he had seated himself.

"If this had happened before that fellow came to us, and prevented his coming, we should have had nothing to be sorry for," he said, coldly.

"Father," began Pearl, her dark eyes gleaming passionately as she raised them to his; but she drooped them again, and gazed upon Lionel Hayes, murmuring, "He doesn't know, and I was speaking as if he did."

To her surprise her father caught at her words.

"Doesn't know, eh? Perhaps he does know."

Then he relapsed into moody silence till the doctor arrived, as if he waited for his verdict before saying more.

The doctor saw the patient removed to bed, and was very grave about the whole business. Then he requested to see Miss Churston.

"Have you any one suitable to nurse this gentleman?" he asked.

"I shall nurse him, Dr. Medway. You know I have a little talent in that direction."

"I know you have; but will the Squire consent?"

"He must, Dr. Medway. It is my plain duty. When I say that, you will understand that circumstances make it so. You believe he will recover?" She wondered at herself that she could speak so calmly.

"Yes; if he has careful nursing, I see no reason he should not. I am sorry to have to ask it, but is he accustomed to drink much?"

"It is the first time he has ever been so ——" she hesitated, and then added the truthful but degrading word, so terrible to apply to any one beloved—"drunk. And for some months he has taken very little indeed until this evening."

"That is well," said Dr. Medway. "I see I had not better make too many inquiries. I will leave him in your hands for to-night. To-morrow there can be further arrangements made."

"He must not be moved until he is recovered?"

"Certainly not, unless any one desires to be guilty of homicide."

"Will you tell my father that, Dr. Medway, and the present arrangements? You will help me very much if you will."

"I would do anything I could to help you, Miss Churston," said Dr. Medway, kindly, looking pityingly on her with his keen-sighted eyes, and guessing much more of the story than he was told, with the quickness engendered by his long experience.

When Pearl had all the things brought to her that she could want during those hours of watching, she dismissed the servants, only arranging that one of them should come to her at five o'clock next morning to render her any help she might then require. She had already heard her father giving directions to the butler to stay up all night below.

Those solemn hours! She wondered at herself and at the sudden power of decision that had made it possible for her to be with Lionel. She knew that afterwards there must come the explanation, the tempest of words, the conflict between adverse duties, and the separation from either her father or Lionel. But not until he was well again; not until he was ready, as he could not be, perhaps, for weeks or months, to bear all that might be before them both.

It was three weeks before he was well enough to go into another room, and all that time she nursed him devotedly. There was very much less comment on her doing this than there would otherwise have been, because Pearl Churston had always avowed an especial interest in nursing. She had rendered personal help of this kind more than once in village homes: she had taken up her abode for weeks at the Vicarage, and nursed the whole household of sick children when their mother was ill herself and could not attend to them. She had won Dr. Medway's respect and affection by the faithful discharge of duties of this kind. So her care of the sick tutor was reckoned as another case of the like kind by almost everybody. The shame he felt at the miserable exhibition he had made of himself to the woman he loved, through the accursed drink, deprived Lionel Hayes for some time of the comfort her continual presence, her gentle care, would otherwise have been to him.

But when he knew himself forgiven he gave himself up to the present with a keen appreciation of its delight. It was worth while to be sick, he declared, if he could ensure her nursing.

Day after day the Squire questioned Dr. Medway as to the progress of his patient, and insisted on being told directly it was safe for him to leave Churston Hall, and Dr. Medway was obliged at last to fix a time, and to express his belief that no danger could arise. But he took care to inform both Pearl and Lionel of all this, so that their parting might not come upon them unawares.

Pearl, hard as it was to do so, had decided that she would not leave her father at present, or without his consent. Lionel, she hoped, would be stimulated by his desire to have her with him to act a manly part, to refrain altogether from the drink, which was so great a temptation to him, and to try and prepare as soon as possible a home for her and himself. That was Pearl's programme for her lover's immediate future. With his scholastic abilities there was no doubt he could command an income, which, though small perhaps, she would be content to share. He did not talk to her quite freely, as it seemed to Pearl, of his present position. Financially, she knew that his family had very limited means, and she supposed it was necessary that he should help them somewhat; but if he could obtain a good situation as tutor or master in a school, he could surely begin to save a little. And then her father must be coaxed to consent. Warned by Dr. Medway's hints, neither Lionel nor Pearl could be surprised when they were summoned to appear before the Squire. They went together into the library where he sat awaiting them, with a cold, determined look on his face.

"Enough has been said by both of you," said he at once, "to justify this interview. I must now have a clear understanding of your relative position."

"Sir," said Lionel, "without any intention to be presumptuous, or to wrong your confidence——"

"Oh! of course, of course," interrupted the Squire, "every man who does a dishonourable act says that sort of thing; you needn't make any professions of that sort."

"Very well, sir. I love your daughter——" began Lionel, boldly, to be again interrupted, this time sarcastically.

"What do you love her upon—how much a year? Have you any means beyond your income as a tutor?"

"No, sir.'

"That is just what I expected; and you thought I should settle a hundred or two a year upon her. Sir, you never made a greater mistake. If she is so foolish as to marry you,

whom I have no hesitation in calling a drunken scoundrel——"

"Squire Churston," said Lionel, sarcastically, "I can't drink so much as you do without showing it more, else the word 'drunken' would not apply to me. As to being a scoundrel, if to love beauty and virtue is to be a scoundrel, I plead guilty."

"I don't want to talk to you any more," said the Squire, angrily. "Pearl may choose her old home, a father who loves her too well to forget what is really for her good, to please her foolish fancy—and affluence; or she may link herself to a degraded man—and go. You must know," he added, turning and facing Pearl, "that if you stay here there is to be no communication with this man; he must go—and go for ever."

"Father," said Pearl, softly, "I shall be false to all that is good and honourable if I make such a promise. I have told Lionel I cannot marry without your consent; I have also told him I will not marry any one but himself. If, therefore, I remain here, I must be at liberty to write to him—to learn of his welfare; and I shall trust to the softening influence of time, and to his earnest endeavours to place himself in an honourable position, to allay your annoyance against him. Neither Lionel nor myself, father, could desire to excuse his conduct in getting drunk—all the rest followed. Oh! it seems to me it is useless to hope for peace in a house that shelters strong drink."

"The dog-cart will be ready for you, to drive you to the station, in an hour," said the Squire, looking at Lionel; and offering no further observation whatever, he rose and left the room. Presently the footman brought a sealed envelope from his master, addressed to Mr. Hayes, containing his salary. Next he brought a tray which Pearl had ordered, with a tempting lunch, the last little office of the kind she could render him. He could eat so little that Pearl was obliged to pack it for him, as far as possible, in a lunch-basket. And then she gave him her likeness in a massive gold locket, with the familiar word, "Mizpah," engraven on its side, and she spoke loving, tender, earnest words to him, entreating him not to disappoint her. He promised all she asked; then there was one long, sad embrace, and he was gone.

Years had passed since then—years of broken resolves, shattered expectations, hope deferred, till at last, faithful, loving as she was to him, she could no longer be hopeful.

(*To be continued.*)

"My best thoughts are always the hardest to write," said a literary man. "Yes," replied an acquaintance, "and they are always the hardest to read."

AWAY TO THE GLORIOUS FIELD.

AWAY! away! to the glorious field,
To swell the ranks that will never yield
To the pow'r of wrong and oppression;
Already the host is millions strong,
And millions more shall join the throng,
If valour is curbed by discretion.

Their bugle-sound is the voice of truth,
To arms! to arms! it calls our youth—
The arms of a Christian nation;
Nor cannon, nor ball, nor glittering steel;
But words which the spirits of men shall feel
Of every age and station.

They fight for the poor, the weak, and oppressed,
Wherever humanity's form is distressed,
Irrespective of clime or condition;
And marching on in their moral power,
Oppressors shall faint, and bigots cower,
And tyrants bow in submission.

And the monarch of ignorance, dark and grim,
Is beginning to tremble in every limb,
And he feels that his power is waning;
For every infant who lisps in a school,
Is raising an arm to dispute his rule,
When complete in its moral training.

Then away! away! to the glorious field,
To swell the ranks that will never yield
To the pow'r of wrong and oppression;
The word of truth is a mighty power,
And from earliest youth to our latest hour
Be it ours to give it expression.

S. BOWLY.



L.L.

THE WISE PHYSICIAN.

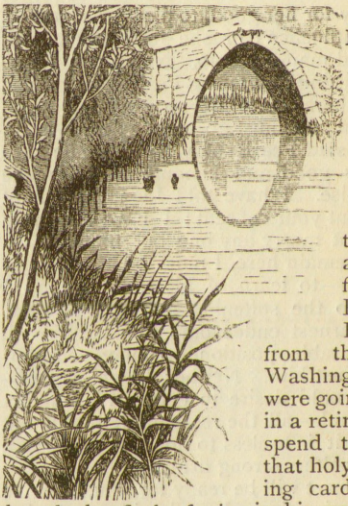
IN drinking alcohol men drink a poison, and the pleasure it affords is at the expense of injured tissue and altered function, which would be permanent but for the body's power of repair. Alcohol retards digestion, paralyses the nerves controlling circulation, diminishes the importation of oxygen into the body and the exportation of carbonic acid from it, lowers the temperature, causes congestion of important organs, fatigues the heart, injures the nerve-cells, confuses the intellect, stimulates the baser passions, disturbs muscular movement, wastes vital force; it does not nourish, but lessens the body's resistance to cold, and produces many chronic diseases.

What will be the wise physician's attitude towards an agent so destructive? He will not drink it himself, for it will act as injuriously on him as on other men. His responsibility to his patients requires him to keep his mental vision undimmed, his judgment true, his caution watchful, his sympathy warm, and his hand steady, which he cannot fully do if he drinks.

He will set an example worthy of his calling, and be careful not to lead others into the perilous path of the drinker. He will consider the habits and weaknesses of his patient before prescribing alcohol, which he will do as seldom as possible. The results of treatment in the London Temperance Hospital and elsewhere prove that disease can be successfully treated without alcohol, a fact which the subscribers of it are bound to explain. It is not fair to attribute a patient's death to the withholding of alcohol, and not blame it when it has been given. During the last fifteen years I have seldom ordered it, or seen good results from its use. If used at all, it should be used with the same care and in the same way as other powerful remedies, and not left to the discretion of untrained persons.

What attitude will duty to his country prompt the wise physician to assume towards alcohol? He finds it sapping the vigour of the nation, filling hospitals with the diseased, asylums with the insane, and causing over 120,000 premature deaths annually in the United Kingdom. He finds Parliament so indifferent to this destruction of life as to license 18,000 places for the sale of that which causes it. The British Medical Association could not render a greater service to humanity than to teach our legislators the madness and criminality of flooding the country with the greatest known destroyer of the health of the community. The medical journals could not use their pages better than for telling our rulers that to poison a nation's water or bread would not be greater insanity than to tempt the nation with a poisonous drink, and that alcoholic liquors were killing the people as surely and with as much bloodguiltiness on the part of those responsible, as if, instead of containing alcohol, they were impregnated with arsenic or the deadly germs of cholera. The medical profession should not remain silent or inactive in the presence of this tremendous curse.—DR. A. H. H. M'MURTRY, Belfast.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.



ONE lovely Sabbath morning, eight young men, students in a law school, were walking along the banks of a stream that flows into the Potomac River, not far from the city of Washington. They were going to a grove, in a retired place, to spend the hours of that holy day in playing cards. Each of them had a flask of wine in his pocket. They were the sons of praying mothers. As they were walking along, amusing each other with idle jests, the bell of a church, in a little village about two miles off, began to ring. It sounded to the ears of those thoughtless young men as plainly as though it were only on the other side of the little stream along which they were walking. Presently one of their number, whose name was George, stopped, and said to the friend nearest to him that he would go no further, but would return to the village and go to church. His friend called out to their companions, who were a little ahead of him: "Boys! boys! come back here. George is getting religious. Come on, and let's baptise him by immersion in the water." In a moment they formed a circle round him. They told him that the only way in which he could save himself from having a cold bath was by going with them.

In a calm, quiet, but earnest way, he said:

"I know very well that you have power enough to put me in the water and hold me there till I am drowned; and if you choose you can do so, and I will make no resistance; but listen to what I have to say, and then do as you think best.

"You all know that I am two hundred miles away from home; but you do not know that my mother is a helpless, bedridden invalid. I am her youngest child. On the morning when I was to leave home my mother sent for me. At her request I kneeled beside her bed. With her loving hands upon my head she prayed for her youngest child. Many and many a night have I dreamed that whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection of my life. I believe, till the day of my death, I shall be able to repeat every word of that prayer. Then she spoke to me thus:

"'My precious boy, you do not know—you never can know—the agony of a mother's heart in parting, for the last time, from her youngest child. When you leave home you will have looked for the last time, this side of the grave, on the face of her who loves you as no other mortal does or can. Your father cannot afford the expense of your making us visits during the two years that your studies will occupy. I cannot possibly live as long as that. The sands in the hour-glass of my life have nearly run out. In the far-off, strange place to which you are going, there will be no loving mother to give you counsel in time of trouble. Seek counsel and help from God. Every Sabbath morning, from ten to eleven o'clock, I will spend the hour in prayer for you. Wherever you may be during this sacred hour, when you hear the church-bells ringing, let your thoughts come back to this chamber, where your dying mother will be agonising in prayer for you. But I hear the stage coming. Kiss me: farewell!'

"Boys, I never expect to see my mother again on earth. But, by the help of God, I mean to meet her in heaven."

As George stopped speaking the tears were streaming down his cheeks. He looked at his companions. Their eyes were all filled with tears.

In a moment the ring was opened which they had formed about him. He passed out, and went to church. He had stood up for the right against great odds. They admired him for doing what they had not courage to do. They all followed him to church. On their way there each of them quietly threw away his cards and his wine-flask. Never again did any of those young men play cards on the Sabbath. From that day they all became changed men. Six of them died Christians, and are now in heaven. George is an able Christian lawyer in Iowa; and his friend, the eighth of the party, who wrote this account, has been for many years an earnest, active member of the Church. Here were eight men converted by the prayers of that Christian woman. And if we only knew all the results of their examples and their labours, we should have a grand illustration of the influence of mother's prayers.—*Christian Million.*

GOD BLESS THE GIRLS OF ENGLAND.

GOD bless the girls of England,
The bonnie, blithsome girls;
With cheeks of rosy dimples,
And waving flaxen curls.
They coax us and they lead us
With their artless, winning ways;
They fill our hearts with gladness,
Our homes with songs of praise.

God save the girls of England,
When childhood's days are past;
And passions wild and furious
Rage like the stormy blast.
Our maidens fair and beautiful,
What know they of the strife;
The hidden fiends that lurk around
To crush their purer life?

Oh, the outcast girls of England,
Forsaken and forlorn:
How many raise the bitter cry,
And wish they had ne'er been born!
They wearily live the life of shame,
For a few short years at most;
They die, dishonoured and unknown,
To mingle with the lost.

God save the women of England
In the day of sloth and pride;
When every vain desire is fed,
And conscience is cast aside.
When pleasure leads the giddy dance,
Each carnal lust to please;
Alas, for the peace of England,
When her daughters are women of ease.

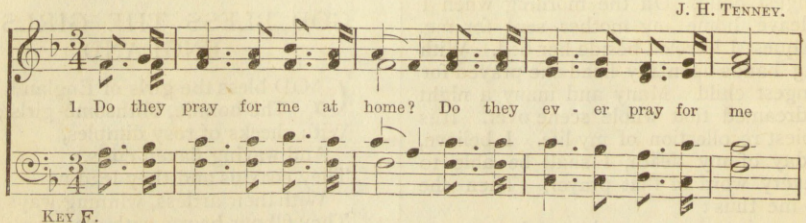
Heaven send us holy women,
Pure women, good and wise;
Whose mission is to minister,
And fit men for the skies.
A terror to every evil thing,
A witness for the truth;
God send us such to every home,
To bless and guide our youth.

W. HOYLE.

"I SEE you are building a new house, Mr. Brown?" "Yes, you are right." "Made the money out of whisky, I suppose?" "No." "Why, you are a liquor dealer, are you not?" "Oh, yes, but the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put in the whisky. Every cent of it was made out of water, sir."

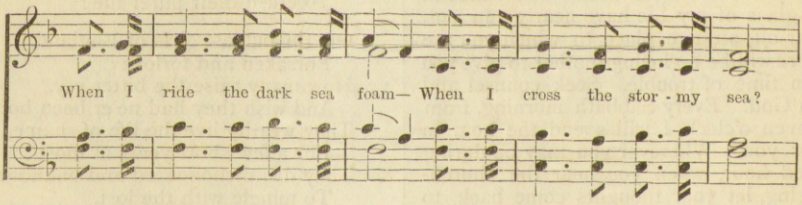
DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME?

J. H. TENNEY.

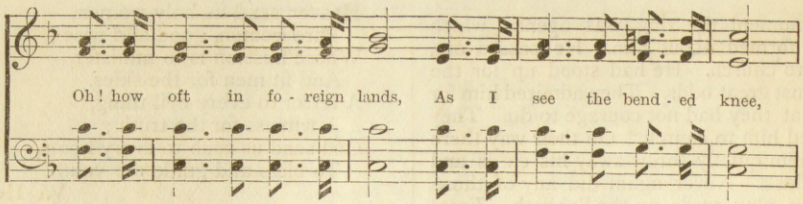


KEY F.

:d	.,r	m	:- .m	:f .,m	m	:d	:m .,m	r	:- .r	:d .,r	m	:—
2. Do	they	pray	for me at	home	When the	sum	- mer birds ap-	pear?
:d	.,d	d	:- .d	:d .,d	d	:—	:d .,d	t_1	:- .t_1	:l_1 .,t_1	d	:—
:m	.,f	s	:- .s	:l .,s	s	:m	:s .,s	s	:- .f	:m .,s	s	:—
3. Do	they	pray	for me at	home	When the	winds	of win-ter	blow?
:d	.,d	d	:- .d	:d .,d	d	:—	:d .,d	s_1	:- .s_1	:l_1 .,s_1	d	:—

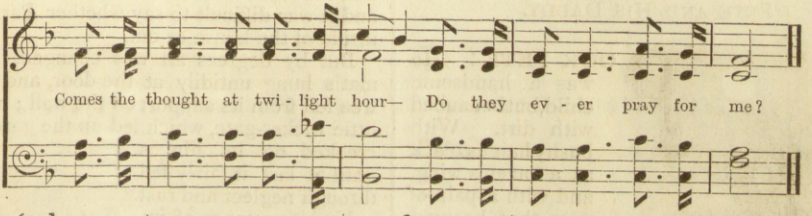


:d	.,r	m	:- .m	:f .,m	m	:d	:m .,m	r	:- .d	:r .,m	d	:—
Do	they	pray	for me the	while,	That my	path	may be less	drear?
:d	.,d	d	:- .d	:d .,d	d	:—	:s_1 .,s_1	s_1	:- .s_1	:s_1 .,s_1	s_1	:—
:m	.,f	s	:- .s	:l .,s	s	:m	:s .,s	f	:- .m	:f .,s	m	:—
Do	they	pray	for me with	love,	As they	watch	the winter's	snow?
:d	.,d	d	:- .d	:d .,d	d	:—	:d .,d	s_1	:- .s_1	:s_1 .,s_1	d	:—



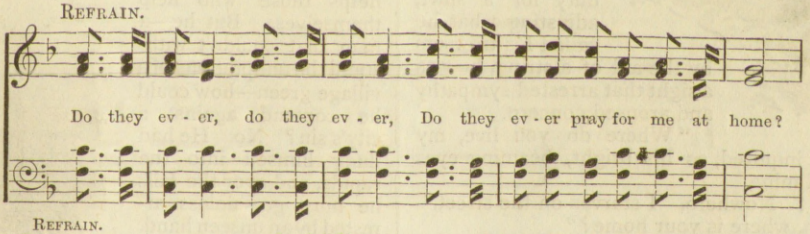
:m	.,m	r	:- .r	:r .,m	f	:—	:r .,r	m	:- .m	:fe.,fe	s	:—
At	the	home	of ear-ly	youth,	Do they	place	the va-cant	chair,
:d	.,d	t_1	:- .t_1	:t_1 .,d	r	:—	:t_1.,t_1	d	:- .d	:d .,d	t_1	:—
:s	.,s	s	:- .s	:s .,s	s	:—	:s .,s	s	:- .s	:r .,r	r	:—
In	the	sea -	- son's chil-ly	cold,	Are their	hearts	for me still	warm?
:d	.,d	s_1	:- .s_1	:s_1 .,s_1	s_1	:—	:s_1.,s_1	d	:- .d	:r .,r	s_1	:—

DO THEY PRAY FOR ME AT HOME?



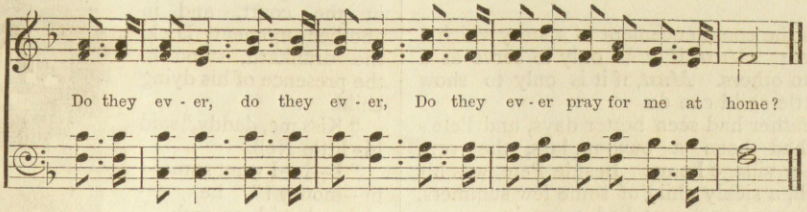
:d .,r	m :- .m :m .,s	s :f	:r .,r	d .d :—	:m .,r	d :—
Where my	heart so oft re-	turns	To the	loved ones	gathered	there?
:d .,d	d :- .d :d .,d	d :—	:l_1 .,l_1	s_1 .s_1 :—	:s_1 .,s_1	s_1 :—
:m .,f	s :- .s :s .,ta	l :—	:f .,f	m .m :—	:s .,f	m :—
Am I	che - rished as of	old,	Thro' the	beating	of the	storm?
:d .,d	d :- .d :d .,m_1	f_1 :—	:f_1 .,f_1	s_1 .s_1 :—	:s_1 .,s_1	d :—

REFRAIN.



REFRAIN.

:m .,m	m .r :—	:f .,f	f .m :—	:s .,s	s .l :s .m	:m .,d r :—
:d .,d	d .t_1 :—	:r .,r	r .d :—	:d .,d	d .d :d .d	:d .,d t_1 :—
Do they	ev - er,	do they	ev - er,	Do they	ev - er	pray for me at home?
:s .,s	s .s :—	:s .,s	s .s :—	:m .,m	m .f :m .s	:s .,m s :—
:d .,d	s_1 .s_1 :—	:s_1 .,s_1	d .d :—	:d .,d	d .d :d .d	:d .,d s_1 :—



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Do they	ev - er,	do they	ev - er,	Do they	ev - er	pray for me at home?
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CHATS WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY OLD CORNISH.

PETE AND HIS DADDY.



POOR PETE! He was a handsome child, but bedaubed with dirt. With bushy hair as black as a raven's wing, and with a pair of eyes that beamed out upon you like stars from a midnight sky, he was a boy that would have graced a king. Hatless and shoeless, and with a bit of a rag which did duty for a shirt, adjusting what he called his trowsers by the aid of a string, he was a sight that arrested sympathy and aroused concern.

"Where do you live, my lad?" I inquired, as his bright, beaming eyes attracted mine.

"Live! Nowhere. I starves on the street."

"Then, where is your home?"

"'Ome! Ain't got none."

"Have you a father?"

"No. The man at the pub's got all that's left on 'im."

"Where is your mother?"

"Do 'e mean mammy?" and his lips quivered as he spoke. "She's wi' sister Nell."

"Then, who are you?"

"Dick, the drunkard's child. Do 'e know 'im?"

Such is the commencement of a story which I must repeat. *Must*, if it is only to serve as a warning to others. *Must*, if it is only to show what a little child can do.

Pete's father had seen better days, and Pete's mother had been a buxom lass, the very belle of her village home. Beside Pete, was his sister Nell, a sickly child of some few summers.

Their home was a wretched room in an out-of-the-way court, which abutted on one of the back streets in the city's slums.

It was not always so. On the evening of their wedding-day, Pete's father had taken his bride to one of the loveliest of village homes. The honeysuckle and the clematis entwined themselves around the porch, and the rich red rose looked in at the window; and it was difficult to say whether Paradise was inside of the house or out.

But by degrees all was changed. The clematis hung untidily at the door, and the rose-tree fell from its support on the wall; whilst the little wicket-gate, which led up the garden-walk, creaked on its hinges, until at last it fairly fell, through neglect and rust.

Under pretence of improving his condition, but in reality as a relief from restraint, Dick had resolved to try his luck in city life.

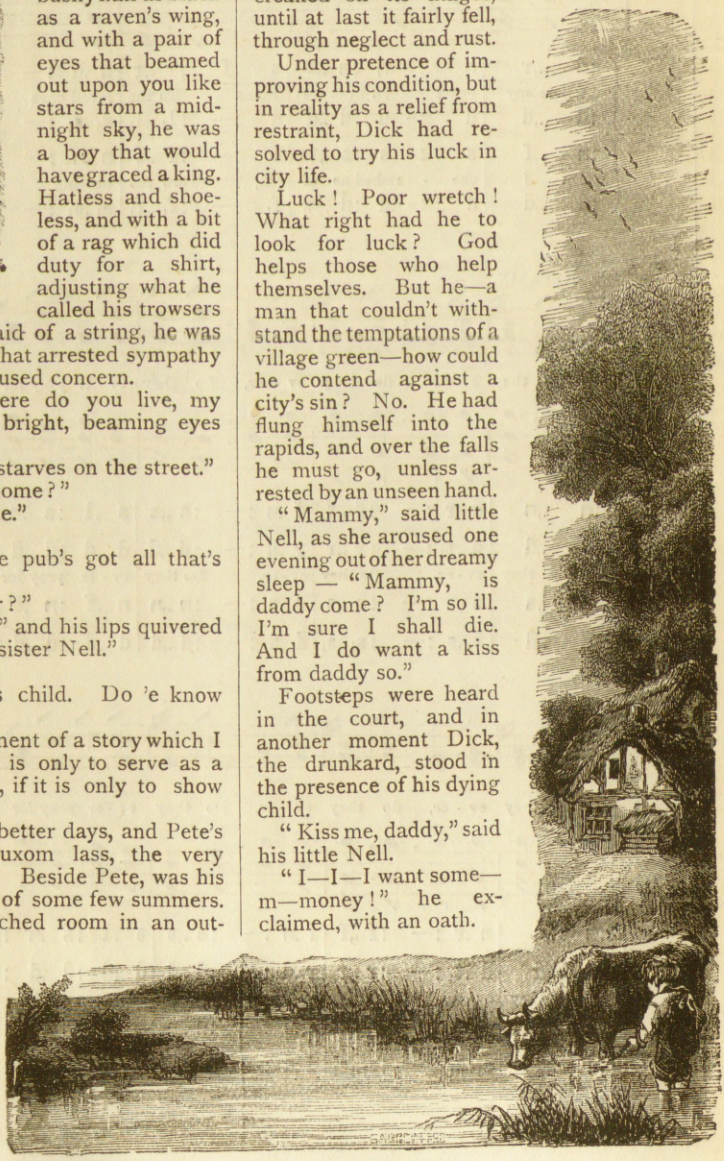
Luck! Poor wretch! What right had he to look for luck? God helps those who help themselves. But he—a man that couldn't withstand the temptations of a village green—how could he contend against a city's sin? No. He had flung himself into the rapids, and over the falls he must go, unless arrested by an unseen hand.

"Mammy," said little Nell, as she aroused one evening out of her dreamy sleep — "Mammy, is daddy come? I'm so ill. I'm sure I shall die. And I do want a kiss from daddy so."

Footsteps were heard in the court, and in another moment Dick, the drunkard, stood in the presence of his dying child.

"Kiss me, daddy," said his little Nell.

"I—I—I want some—m—money!" he exclaimed, with an oath.



"Money!" said the startled wife, "I haven't a penny; and the poor dear children haven't had so much as a crumb to-day."

"I—I—I want some m—money, I tell you, and m—money I'll have, or I'll draw your blood;" and so saying he brandished a knife above his head.

Glancing at the gleaming blade, and marking the anger in his bloodshot eye, she shrieked for help, and rushing through the open door, went out into the darkness of the winter's night.

"Oh, daddy! daddy!" said the dying child; and springing up from her bed of straw, she fell fainting on the floor.

"I—I—I want some m—money, I tell you, and m—money I'll have," he muttered in his rage; and then, with a hellish laugh, as he saw the rich golden hair of his little Nell in ample profusion at his feet, he said "Ha! ha! I have it," and at once commenced cutting off the very hair of her head.

In vain Nell shrieked; in vain she pleaded with the drunken wretch; in vain she asked for God's sake and her own to spare her hair, until, exhausted in her agony, she left the demon to complete his deed. In a trice it was off; and winding those long, lovely tresses around his arm, he was away to pawn it for a glass of gin.

"Hallo!" said Pete, as he came bounding in from the cold, "how are 'e, Nell?"

Receiving no reply, he approached the helpless little heap, and starting back with affright, he exclaimed, "Nell! Nell! is it you? Why, where's your curls?"

"Hush!" said the dying child—"Hush!" and in measured tones she replied, "Daddy's—got—'em."

"Daddy!" said the excited boy, with the fire flashing in his jet-black eye—"Daddy! What for, Nell?"

"For drink," was the hushed response.

"For drink!" exclaimed the boy; "God help him!" and he burst into a flood of tears.

"Don't cry, Pete, don't cry," said Nell; "I shall soon be in heaven. Never mind the curls, Pete; never mind the curls. I am going to that happy place where I shall wear a starry crown. I am going to Jesus, Pete; I am going to Jesus; and I shall want you to come, too. And, oh! won't I run down to meet you at the gate, Pete! Be kind to daddy, Pete; be kind to daddy. Sunshine will melt the hardest ice, and daddy's heart is so hard, but Jesus' love will melt it, Pete. Tell him how his little Nell loved him, and how I longed for a kiss before I died, and how glad I shallbe to meet him at the beautiful gate of the city—oh! tell him that. But listen! what's that? Oh, it is music, sweet music. The angels are coming, Pete—

'Hark! they whisper, angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."'"

And the little arms loosened from around her brother's neck, the thin lips quivered, and the wearied head drooped upon her breast, and all was still.

Pete was so entranced with his sister's words that for a moment he didn't realise the meaning of the pause.

"Go on, Nell," he exclaimed, "go on; *it's so nice!*"

But there was no response. The angels had come, and the suffering spirit of little Nell had passed to that land where there is neither sorrow nor sighing.

"Oh, mammy," said Pete, in an agony, "she's gone! Nell's dead!"

And the poor broken-hearted mother took the loved one in her arms, smoothed the rough, ragged locks that hung about her forehead, gently laid her back upon the straw, and wept aloud.

It was midnight before Dick, the drunkard, returned. The miserable court, so noisy in the day-time, was silent now. The roar of traffic in the street, which had been falling like the moaning of a mighty sea, was now all but hushed. The great clock in the steeple hard by had chimed out its half-past twelve, when footsteps were heard in the passage which led into the court.

"Hark! he's coming, Pete," said the mother, as she trembled with affright.

In a moment more he was in, and staggering across the floor stumbled upon the straw beside the body of his little Nell.

"For God's sake, mind the child!" said the mother; "she's dead."

"Dead! dead!" said the drunken wretch, stunned by the remark; "who's dead?"

"Nell!" said the mother.

"Nell dead!" he exclaimed; and as if the old love had come back again, he said, "Nell, my darling, you ain't dead, are you? Come to your daddy, child, come to your daddy"; and he gripped her in his big brawny arms, and would have pressed her to his breast. But the touch was cold—oh, so cold!—and he shrank from the touch, saying to himself, "Dead! yes, dead!"

"Wife," he moaned in his anguish, "what's become of her curls?"

"Curls?" she replied; "you know best."

"Me! me! How me?"

"You cut them off," she said.

"I—I—I cut them off!"

"Yes, and sold them for a glass of gin!" and she literally sobbed as she thought of that last brutal act of her husband to his dying little Nell.

"I—I—I sold them for a glass of gin!" and he stood like a statue against the blank, bare wall. "Sold Nell's curls for a glass of gin!" he said to himself. "Sold Nell's curls for a glass of gin!" and then lifting his hands to heaven in agony, he groaned, "Oh God, forgive me, wretch that I am!"

"He will, daddy," said Pete, "He will. And Nell, too, daddy; Nell, too. She said she did. And she sent this message, daddy."

"Message to me, Pete?"

"'Iss, a message to you. She said, 'Tell daddy how much I loved 'im—how I longed for a kiss afore I died.'"

"A kiss from me, Pete! A kiss from me!—a wretch like me!" and the great anguish-stricken sinner sobbed as if his very heart would break.

"'Iss, daddy, a kiss from you. And she said she wur goin' to 'eaven, and 'ow glad she 'ud be to meet her daddy at the bootiful gate of the city."

"Me at the beautiful gate of the city! Me! A wretch like me!" and writhing in an agony, as if he were attempting to throw off the fetters with which he felt himself bound, he at length exclaimed, "God helping me, *she shall!* SHE SHALL!"

That night there was joy among the angels, as from the agonising soul of the sorrow-stricken sinner there went up the cry, "God be merciful to me!"

"Amen!" said Pete.

"God save me!" said the penitent, as with a soul full of remorse he cast himself upon Jesus.

"And He will!" shouted Pete, "He will!"

"God bless thee, lad," was his father's grateful response, as light dawned upon his mind, and the warmth of Christ's love stole into his soul. "God bless thee, lad; thou hast been a very angel to me."

"Wife," said Dick in the morning, when the great hurricane of passion had passed away, and the peace of God had taken full possession of his heart—"Wife, never more shall a drop pass these lips of mine—*never!*" And he spoke it with such emphasis that she knew he meant what he said. "God helping me," he continued, "*never!* NEVER!"

"Glory!" shouted Pete, "*daddy's saved!*"

And for the first time for many a year, Dick fell upon the neck of his wife and kissed her, whilst from the eyes of both the tears fell hot and fast.

The "old things had passed away, and all things had become new."

"Bible, Pete!" said the father, "Bible!" And from an out-of-the-way corner of the room Pete brought forth the book, which, through all the changes of their chequered life, had been such a comfort and stay to his mother. Dick opened the Bible, and his eye fell upon a passage, which he attempted to read, but couldn't, for the words choked him so—"*And a little child shall lead them.*"

"Sing, mammy, sing!" said Pete; and the tremulous tones of the mother joined with the rich, rippling music of the child, as they sang—

"Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day
For a soul returning from the wild!
See! the Father meets him out upon the way,
Welcoming his weary, wand'ring child."

And the deep bass of the penitent and pardoned parent came in at the chorus—

"Glory! glory! how the angels sing!
Glory! glory! how the loud harps ring!
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty sea,
Pealing forth the anthems of the free."

THE WINE FIEND.

Two lovers one bright Sabbath eve
Sat in an ancient gilded hall;
Of aught but love they'd taken leave,
The world held them, and that seemed all.
Yea, that was all they knew or cared;
Why should they care for aught beside?
So long as they in love were spared,
What need they care, the world was wide?

The Wine Fiend near in hideous glee
Danced in a goblet rich and rare.
"Ha! ha!" he cried, "here's work for me;
I'll spoil this loving, happy pair.
For I shall grace their nuptial board,
My praise on beauty's witching tongue,
And as my sparkling draughts are poured,
One by my venom will be stung."

They lingered in the twilight grey,
Unmindful of the fleeting hours;
So much was said, so much to say,
Life seemed all sunshine, joy, and flowers.
And they were joined, this loving pair,
In wedlock's heaven-appointed ties;
Their life seemed full of promise fair,
All cloudless rose their opening skies.

But ah! the Wine Fiend with his blight
Was bidden to their marriage feast;
He slew the noble, loving knight,
And all the joy and gladness ceased.
Thus ended their sweet dreams of bliss,
As scores have done in days of yore;
Take not this warning word amiss,
AGAINST THE WINE FIEND BAR YOUR DOOR!

DAVID LAWTON.

THE LOST CHILDREN.



THERE are many lost children in our large towns that call for our tenderness and pity. The other day a little child was sent out to buy some flour on his first errand, did not find the shop and wandered off, until at night time the little lad was discovered by the police eight miles away from where he started in the morning. In London the passing of a band, especially with soldiers, will be so strong an influence, that children will unconsciously follow the music for miles and not know where they are, or how they have come so far, having been solely absorbed in the sight or sound they have been pursuing. But these little wanderers generally get restored to their parents and friends with only the loss of a meal and a few tears; the system of police communication is now so perfect, and telegraphic information so swift, that these stray lambs can be found and brought back safely to their homes.

But for children of a little older growth, especially for girls, peril and dangers of a far worse kind are to be found, where ruin and loss of character may be the result of some act of folly and vanity, or love of pleasure.

Many children that have had good homes, kind parents, and fair education, will some time slip away from Sunday School influence and the restraints of Christian surroundings, to seek their own way in life, and have found the snares of evil have suddenly enclosed them, and before they knew the power of sin, they have been engulfed in the vortex of destruction.

It is more than a parable that happy children have gone forth in gaiety and lightness in the spring-time morning of life, to find all things joyous and pleasant. But the day has soon become overcast; yet on they have wandered, looking only for new delight, then unexpectedly night has closed about them; terror and darkness have come upon them; the winding stream whose course they have followed has deepened into the swift-flowing river, and ere they knew that danger was near they have made one false step, and been hurried down the gliding current, and sometimes lost to friends and honour. Sometimes they are rescued by brave



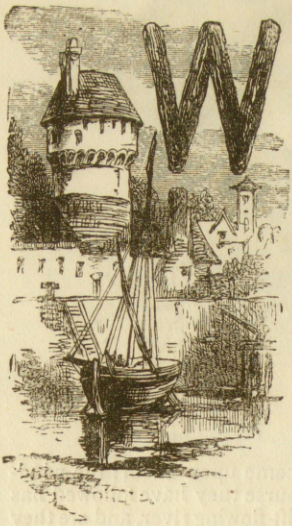
and loving hands, but always at great cost and sacrifice.

Public opinion has lately been greatly roused, and the national conscience awakened, on the subject of the better protection of young girls from nameless evils of hideous vice. The law may be called into more active service for their security; but crime is so subtle that it will find ways of evading the strictest law. What Parliament cannot do the followers of Christ must seek to accomplish, and that by individual effort.

On all sin God visits stern judgment; but there is a special "woe" on those who cause the little ones to offend. Much may be done by wise parents in giving to the ignorant and innocent timely warning. The preservation of honour and purity are best taught by example. The safeguards are many and strong, if they are only followed and not shunned. The association of Christian friendships, the security of virtuous companions, the inviolable preservation of the Band of Hope pledge, and sincere attachment to all that is true and good, pure and beautiful; but, above all, the spirit that dwells in the fold of Christ, the Divine power that is "for us" all, and alone is greater than all that can be against us.

FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

BY ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.



WHAT a bustle and fuss there was one morning last April at a little house in London, situated not many miles from the great Cathedral of St. Paul's! The people who lived in that house were very far from being rich, but they had that which is far better than riches — loving hearts towards each other; and they could not rest quietly while an event of some importance was about to take place. You are wondering what this can be. Well, it is an event which, I suppose, is taking place in some house almost every day, and so, perhaps, sometimes does not excite much attention. But here on the lovely morning everybody was up early, everybody was talking, everybody seemed quite excited.

You will say it was not much, after all. It was only a little boy getting ready to go to school for the first time. To you, perhaps, it is not much; but it was a great deal to the dear little fellow who is just now going off to a strange place, and is taking his first step in life. Little Alfred Johnson had just passed his fifth birthday, and his parents thought it was now quite time to commence school in earnest; for though Alfred is quite a little boy, he is no dunce, I can tell you, for he has been hard at work for some months preparing himself for school. Many a time his dear father had said to him, "Now, Alfred, learn all you can now, and it will not be half so hard for you when you go to school; you will not be at the bottom of the class, and you will soon find yourself getting on, and you will say what a good thing it was that I learned all I could before I went to school." Every morning, then, before papa went to business the school-books were brought out, and a pleasant half hour was spent in learning to read, to write, and to spell. Then papa gave his little boy some lessons to do during the day —a little sum, a few words of spelling, and a few words of writing on his slate. For nearly a year Alfred has been quietly getting ready for school. Often his father had to encourage him, and tell him not to look down-hearted if he did not succeed at once, for success only comes by practice and perseverance. And now the happy day had really come. Alfred put on his little suit, brushed his hair back a little further than usual, put on a clean collar, and was downstairs ready for breakfast before the clock struck eight.

You would have smiled if you had seen the dear little fellow ready to start off to school for the first time. He was not a bit nervous. He did not mind going among other boys. He knew he would do his best, and nobody can do more. Now, just look at him dressed in his knicker-bocker suit, his satchel on his back, his velvet cap on his head, and his pretty face covered with smiles. He kisses his dear parents, they wish him good-bye, and away he goes with his dear little sister to school. I must not forget to tell you that before Alfred started his father took him into his study, and kneeling down, papa told him what to say. It was such a nice prayer, asking God to help the little scholar, and to give him patience and perseverance in his new work.

And how do you think little Alfred got on this first day at school? He came home with a face beaming with joy, his little heart beating

with happiness. The schoolmistress was delighted with his reading; she was astonished that so little a boy could read so well. When he took the pen in his hand and began to write, she could see at once that he gave his whole mind to what he was doing. He did not look about the room, or commence talking with the other boys, but kept his eyes on his copy, and wrote so well that the first page of his copy-book is a picture of neatness and care.

When papa came home from business in the evening you may be sure his first question was to little Alfred.

"How did you get on at school, my dear boy?"

"Oh, very well, papa, indeed," was Alfred's ready reply.

"And what did the schoolmistress say?"

"She called me Little Beauclerk, papa."

"That is good; we must have an extra game to-night because you have got on so well."

Beauclerk, you know, was the name given to Henry I. because he was such a good scholar. Will not every little reader try to deserve the same title?

HOW TO LOOK PLEASANT.

LOOK pleasant; put on a cheerful countenance, said the operator to you, when you were sitting for your photograph, and the result was the inevitable photographic grin. There is a principle of philosophy illustrated in this process of producing a picture, which it may be profitable to consider. You want a picture of yourself which will be agreeable to the eyes of your friends, and so you try every art to produce the most pleasing effect in the picture. But is it not important for you to wear such a countenance at all times? Not only when you are sitting before that faithful camera, which is to preserve an image for friends to look upon, perhaps when the light of countenance has been put out by the hand of death, but when you are before those upon whose minds your image will be indelibly impressed, as you appear in every-day life. If your countenance is habitually benignant and cheerful, it will shine undimmed by time, unclouded by sorrow, unobscured by the darkness of the grave—a joy for ever. But if it is clouded by anger, disfigured by fretfulness, and soured by discontent and complaining, no one will care to preserve a recollection of it; and if in a happier moment before the artist's camera, a glimpse of a better nature has left a passing impress, it will only make a more painful contrast with your habitual appearance. But a pleasant countenance cannot be *put on*—it can only appear as the outshining radiance of the spirit within the man. Temperance and purity, modesty and humility, a gracious temper and a calm spirit: where these graces exist, their signatures will appear in the very countenance. And where the heart is not right, all the *put on* outward smiles and graces will be like the unnatural photographic grin.

WHAT SHALL THAT BOY DO?

WHO will tell? The boy who reads this, what will he do? When he becomes a man, will he do manly things? Will he read and be so intelligent? Will he bring the powers of mind and body into exercise, and so be useful and healthful and strong? Will he pray, and be pious, good—of a noble and virtuous soul? Will he write, and so be graceful in speech, ready in communication, and of a strong influence? Say, my boy, what you are going to do? What you like to do now, you will be very likely to do by-and-by. Do you cheat, deceive, lie, steal? Do you do dishonourable things? Are you disrespectful to your parents and teachers? Remember, the boy makes the man. If the boy is bad, the man will be. Fix it in your mind which way yours will be.

HOW THE WORLD GOES.

WHILE I in thought am sitting,
With books all spread around,
What is the whole world doing,
How do earth's voices sound;
And what are men pursuing,
On what great mission bound?

Each has his thoughts of pleasure,
His thoughts of work and play,
And some, life's gladness keeping,
Go singing all the day;
And some are weeping, weeping,
Quite baffled in life's fray.

By woodland and by river
Men stroll and roam about,
With merry maidens laughing,
They dance and sing and shout;
The cup of pleasure quaffing,
They cast away all doubt.

'Tis thus the wild world goeth,
Each man his own way goes;
Still through the world's great highway
Life's laughing current flows;
Still life grows vaster, vaster,
And to perfection grows.

ANDREW M. LANG.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

HAPPINESS.—Wealth, station, applause, luxury, so often sought, are not necessary to happiness; they often minister to it, but it can flourish without them. Health is more essential, though there are some happy invalids. A moderate supply of the physical comforts of life seems needful, though happiness and poverty have dwelt together. The exercise of our faculties in some useful and, if possible, congenial direction is a large contributor. Idleness and overwork are both disastrous to happiness; so is vice in all its forms, whatever be the glittering pleasures it holds out. Successful endeavour of every rightful kind, obedience to the voice of conscience and reason, the love and help we give, even more than that we receive, are all ministering influences to happiness.

"SIR," said a sturdy beggar to a benevolent old gentleman, "please give me a shilling; I am hungry, and unable to procure food." The shilling was given, when the beggar said: "You have done a noble deed; you have saved me from doing something that I feared I would have come to." "What is that?" asked the benefactor. "Work," was the mournful reply.

THE difference between the business of a circus advance agent and a druggist seems to be this: the first spends much of his time in the posting of his bills; the latter in boasting his pills.

A TRAVELLER relating his adventures, told the company that he and his servant had made fifty wild Arabs run; which startling them, he observed there was no great matter in it, "for we ran, and they ran after us."

AN old miser in a country village being asked for a subscription towards repairing the fence of the graveyard, declined, saying, "I subscribed towards improvin' that burying ground nigh on to forty years ago, and my family hain't had no benefit from it yet!"

AN Englishman meeting an Irishman accosted him, saying, "Can you tell me the way to Wigan, Pat?" "How do you know my name is Pat?" answered the Irishman. "I guessed it," replied John Bull. "Well, guess the way to Wigan, then," coolly said the Irishman.

OFT as the youth is bent the twig's inclined.

SIMPLETONS in council never simplify matters.

USEFUL domestic cookery: making both ends "meet."

PEOPLE who go to the mountains in the summer enjoy high living.

THE boy who was discovered in the act of concealing a piece of mince-pie in his mother's clock, explained that he was only trying to kill time.

THE easiest way to mark table-linen: Leave the baby and a blackberry pie alone at the table for three minutes.

A VISITOR in Dublin was asked by a car-driver if he wanted a car. "No," said he, "I am able to walk." "May yer honour long be able, but seldom willing!" was the witty rejoinder.

"IT seems to me I have seen your physiognomy before," said a fop to a stranger whom he met, "but I cannot imagine where." "Very likely," replied the other, "I have been the governor of a prison for the last twenty years."

"SIR," said a barber to a lawyer who was passing his door, "will you tell me if this is a good ten-shilling piece?" The lawyer, pronouncing the piece good, deposited it in his waistcoat pocket, adding, with great gravity, "If you'll let your lad run round to my office, I'll send you back the three-and-fourpence change."

GRATITUDE.—The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving that is filled with such a secret gladness—a grateful reflection on the Supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.—*Addison.*

A PRETENTIOUS sharper, calling at the house of an acquaintance, seeking to ingratiate himself by paying court to the little boy of the family, said to him, "Come here, my little man. When you're grown up what are you going to do?" "I shan't do what pa says you do." "What's that, my little man?" "He says you do your creditors, and I shan't do my creditors!"

Notice to Correspondents.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed to the Editors of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. All Business Communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: A. J. Glasspool, Rev. N. Kilynack, David Lawton.

Publications Received.

The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Scottish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Record—The Rechabite Magazine—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Bond of Union—The Irish Temperance League Journal—Church of England Temperance Magazine—Alliance News.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

ORIGINAL DIALOGUES.

The publishers of the *Onward Reciter* offer the following prizes for the best Original Dialogues:—

First Prize	.. ..	THREE GUINEAS.
Second ,,	.. ..	TWO ,,
Third ,,	.. ..	ONE ,,
Fourth ,,	.. ..	HALF-A-GUINEA.

CONDITIONS.

Contributions must not exceed seven nor be less than five pages of *Onward Reciter* when printed, and be written on one side of the paper only.

The Dialogues, which may be humorous or otherwise, must be written for at least five characters, and be such as can be rendered at temperance and Sunday-school entertainments without the aid of scenery or other stage effects. They must also impart temperance or other moral teaching.

All contributions must be sent to the Editor of *Onward Reciter*, 18, Mount Street, Manchester, not later than November 17th. The author's name and address must not appear on the MSS., but be enclosed, with the title of the Dialogue, in a separate envelope.

The awards will be made known in the January Nos. of the *Onward* Magazine and the *Onward Reciter*.

All contributions sent for competition to become the property of the publishers.

TEMPERANCE TEACHING.

FOR many years the Band of Hope movement has been educating the youth of our country in temperance truth, and to this direct teaching must be largely attributed the success of to-day. The Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union propose to hold a competitive examination in the spring of next year, for which a text-book is being prepared by Mr. S. Compston, F.R.H.S., Crawshawbooth, to sell at one penny. The subjects of the text-book for the proposed competitive examination are—Brain, Nerve, and Heart, in relation to Temperance and Alcohol. Mr. Compston proposes, by simple language and familiar illustration, to make the subjects plain to the youngest competitor.

The design is, by presenting scientific truth in simple language, to help young people to a real acquaintance with their own constitution, and enable them to give physiological reasons for abstinence from alcohol.

While drawing on the published records of the experiments and demonstrations of others, Mr. Compston will include experiments of his own, and also introduce diagraphic illustrations.

This, we are informed, is the first of a series of examinations, and we wish it all success.

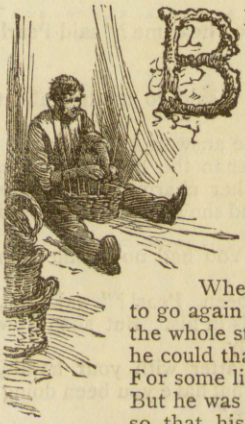
ONWARD, OCTOBER, 1885. *All Rights Reserved.*]

The Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "The Bird Angel," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battle Field," etc., etc.

CHAPTER X.—GREAT JOY.



BLACK JIM couldn't rest night nor day, when he was awake, for thinking of his little Pearl out with the barrow, doing man's work, and selling fish. Mrs. Hunter had begged him not to say anything yet to the dear little girl, because she felt sure Pearl would rather not. When he was strong enough to go again himself, then, perhaps, the whole story might be told, and he could thank her as she deserved. For some little time he acquiesced. But he was so anxious, and fretted so, that his wife was almost sorry she had told him.

"I didn't know as how I loved her so much," he said. "The drink swamped the love, I reckon, and now that my head's clear, and I see it all, I know that no man ever had a better wife or better children, and I don't believe any other man ever had such a child as Pearl. I know the streets better than you do, Susie, and I say London streets are no fit place for a pretty little girl like our Pearl to go along with the fish."

"I don't think she'll come to any harm," said the mother; "not so long as she's obliged to go. I felt just as you do, Jim, at first."

"Then why did you let her go?"

"She begged so, and had so much faith, Jim, that God would take care of her," said the mother, with moistening eyes.

And the tears gathered also in the eyes of Black Jim.

"I don't think," he said, "that I can rest unless I thank her. She won't mind my knowing very much, I hope."

The mother made no more objection. Little Pearl was rather later than usual that night, and Black Jim could hardly refrain from trying to get up and going to look for her. Suppose she had come to some harm, he should never forgive himself—never. But at last she arrived, and when her welcome step was heard, coming up rather slowly and wearily, but yet cheerfully too, her father's heart was beating with expectation.

"Father awake, mother?" she whispered, as she reached the door.

"Bless her! to be thinking of me like that!" said Black Jim to himself.

"I've got a surprise for him, mother," he heard her say in a whisper.

"Is that Pearl?" he said, just to let her know he was awake.

"Why, father, can you hear me?" said Pearl, importantly.

"To be sure I can."

"Did you hear what I said to mother about you?"

"I got an inkling," he answered, laughing.

Then Pearl came over to the bed, so bright, and sweet, and loving, her charming little face aglow with pleasure, and she stooped and kissed him and said, roguishly—

"Naughty father! You had no business to listen."

"Where have you been, Pearl?" said he, trying to take her hands in his. But she drew them back a little hastily.

"Why, what's the matter with your hands, Pearl?" he asked. "What have you been doing with them? Let me see."

"It's nothing particular, father, only they're a little sore."

"Why, mother," said he, "what have you been giving Pearl to do to make her hands sore?"

"'Twasn't mother," said Pearl, in pretty confusion, anxious her mother should not be blamed. "'Twas something I would do myself, wasn't it, mother?—something I would be up to, you know, father," she added, archly.

"Isn't it time I was about again, looking after you, Pearl?" he said. "Mind, you mustn't be up to any mischief; you mustn't go doing things as little girls shouldn't do, as is only fit for men and boys."

Pearl coloured, and nodded at her mother, with such a merry smile, taking the opportunity to do it when she thought her father was not looking that way; but he noticed it, with much amusement.

"Pearl," said he, "I see there's a bit of a mystery, and you must tell me all about it. Have you been a-chopping wood and selling bundles, to make your hands bad?"

Pearl looked at her mother again, and then said, "Why, no, father; what made you think of that? But I don't think we need talk about that now, father. Guess what I've got for you; that's the best to do."

"What you've got for me, Pearl? Why, if you've got your dear little self I shall be well content. Will you come and read to me, Pearl, like you have done? I keep thinking about it all when you are away from me, and when mother is busy; and it does me good."

"Yes, I'll read, father; but I want to give you what I've got for you—and you must guess first, you know."

Black Jim saw very plainly that he should disappoint Pearl unless he showed great earnestness and anxiety in the matter; besides, he really began to wonder very much what she could possibly have for him. So he began, playfully, with his guesses.

"A kitten?"

Pearl did laugh.

"A kitten, father! Should you really care for one? Why, I shouldn't bring a kitten, because we've nothing to spare to give it to eat."

"That's a capital reason," said Jim Hunter. "How would a dove do? Wouldn't it match the 'Olive Branch'?"

"Oh, father!" said Pearl, in such a disappointed tone that he was sorry he had said it even in joke.

"The Olive Branch doesn't bring peace to you then, Pearl?" he said, tenderly.

"Do you mean the *real* Olive Branch, father?" said Pearl, her mobile little face changing its expression in an instant; "of course, *God's* Olive Branch means peace."

"Whose is the other Olive Branch, Pearl?" said Black Jim, just for the pleasure of hearing what she would answer.

"It must be the devil's, father," she replied, very solemnly, "for it brings war and misery; doesn't it, father?"

Though he did not answer her, he did not seem at all angry at what she had said, so Pearl felt quite free to talk to him.

"I'm a poor hand at guessing," said her father; "you see it isn't a kitten, or a dove; I wonder if it's a bit of fish for my supper."

"Oh, you can have that, if you like, as well," said Pearl; "it's something much better than that."

"I think that would be very good," said Black Jim; "and a great deal more than I deserve," he added, for the burden of his former sinfulness was upon him, and every blessing he enjoyed, every kindness he received, was like an added weight to his undeservingness. Why should he, who had neglected every manifestation of duty, find so much help waiting for him now that he feebly, but very truly, desired to do that duty in the future? The love overpowered him. If all around had blamed him, he felt he should, perhaps, have attempted self-justification; but when the friend, James Bellamy, whose good counsels he had despised, and the wife he had wronged, and the child he had neglected, heaped tendernesses upon him, and each of them, in one way and another, showed him that all their love was as a drop in an ocean compared to the all-embracing love of his Redeemer and Saviour,

Jesus Christ, why then Black Jim was fairly melted.

"Would you like a bit of mackerel, father? That's what I could get easiest."

"The very thing," said Black Jim, and Pearl rushed off, and brought it so quickly that her father had not time to make any inquiry of his wife respecting it.

While Mrs. Hunter, who must surely have expected it, for her pan was hot, was busy frying the supper, Pearl returned to the charge. Mrs. Hunter's frying-pan was as remarkable as her kettle; it was made out of a large tin that had contained a tongue, which, being beaten down at the edges, and having a stick inserted in a hole made on one side, did wonderfully well. It is doubtful whether any two household contrivances ever gave more satisfaction to their inventors than this kettle and this frying-pan gave to Pearl and her mother.

"Father, mother's just ready," said Pearl; "you've got to guess or give up before supper."

"Oh dear," said Black Jim, beginning to whimper like a naughty boy. Pearl laughed gaily.

"Say you give up, father," she exclaimed as well as she could speak.

"You give up," repeated Black Jim, demurely.

"I didn't tell you to say that, father," said Pearl, almost choking with laughing so much.

"Is it a penny?" said Jim Hunter, making one more desperate guess.

"There, now you're getting hot, father; what a pity you didn't guess money before. Do keep the fish hot a minute, mother, he's just done."

"Then it must be tuppence," said Black Jim, exultantly; "who could have sent me tuppence?"

"It's more, father—a lot more."

"Two tuppences?"

"More."

"I give up," said Black Jim, leaning back and laughing heartily; "I've guessed part, but my supper smells so good I want it."

"Then I'll tell you all about it, father," said Pearl, in her demure little way; "I was never so surprised in all my life, father. You know this morning when I started with the cart——"

Poor Pearl! She was covered with confusion and blushes. She was almost crying, but seeing her mother smile and her father's eyes twinkle, she changed her mind and began to laugh.

"There, father, what a stupid girl I am; I've let the cat out of the bag, as mother calls it."

"So I've got a cat after all, if not a kitten," said Black Jim, merrily. "How shall we find food enough for it though, Pearl, eh? And so that is how the dear little hands are so sore and blistered, that father cannot touch them hardly, without hurting," he said, tenderly, and he beckoned Pearl to him. "Let me kiss those little hands," said he, "that have done such loving work for father, and let me promise, Pearl, as in God's sight, that the work they have done shall not be in vain, that it shall help my resolve to be a very different man, Pearl, if God gives me health and strength."

"Why," said Pearl, in astonishment, only second to that which she felt when he reverently kissed her weary hands, "shan't you go to the "Olive Branch" any more then, father?"

"Not to drink, Pearl; there's going to be a wholesale revolution."

"Won't the men be surprised, father?" she asked, in a joyous tone. "'Tis about the men who go there that I've got the story to tell you."

"Tell away," said Black Jim, a good deal astonished at Pearl's words.

"Well, when I started this morning, father, and passed the 'Olive Branch,' just like you used to, I saw Mr. Bellamy watching me, as he often did a bit, to see I got on all right. He's so good—you'd never believe, father, how good he's been; if I've had a heavy load, he has pushed for me till I began to sell some of the load, and sometimes in my rounds, when I didn't a bit expect to see him, he's come upon me, so pleasant, and put a sweetie in my mouth, and asked me what sort of a day I'm having. He seems like an angel watching over me father; don't you think Jesus told him to?"

Black Jim nodded, and felt a sort of choking in his throat. If little Pearl's angel was a very substantial one, at least it is certain James Bellamy acted as a "ministering spirit."

"God bless him for it," burst, as soon as he could speak, from the father of the little Pearl of Billingsgate.

"'Off again, then, Pearl?' he said, this morning, "and I saw him go towards the group of men outside the 'Olive Branch,' and I heard him say, 'Mates, don't you think if you all gave Black Jim the price of a pint, 'twould be as well as letting Old Jakes have it? for then the money does no good to nobody, does it? Here's my tuppence,' says Mr. Bellamy, and he dropped it in his hat, and passed the hat round. He called to me to stop, and then he spoke about me to them, you know, father, and they all said kind things to me, and one man said it made him ashamed of himself, father, and he wished he didn't like the drink so well, and then he'd leave it off and go to the mission hall. When Mr. Bellamy turned out the money from his hat, there was such a lot, it made up half-a crown, and Mr. Bellamy tied it up and put it in my pocket, and tied it in, so that I shouldn't lose it; and then the man that said he wished he didn't like the drink, said, 'Send it round again, mate; let's give the little "Pearl of Bil-

lingsgate" a new hat.' And in they dropped money again ; and when 'twas added up, 'twas fourteenpence, mother, and that they made me promise to get a hat with. I didn't know how to thank them, I felt so stupid ; but it made me so happy, father ; shouldn't you think it did ? Mr. Bellamy met me afterwards, and he told me something almost better than the money, and that was, that they didn't stay drinking, or only one or two, but went off to their homes or to their work. Oh ! I wish people wouldn't drink and make themselves seem bad, when they are really so kind," concluded little Pearl. "Why, you know, father," she added, innocently, "they might have thought you bad when you drank, and people didn't know any different."

"Wasn't I bad?" said Black Jim, turning over and over in his hand the half-crown so marvellously obtained, and which little Pearl, with her mother's help, had extracted from its secure hiding-place, together with the "hat-money," as the little maiden called it, on which her blue eyes turned with extreme satisfaction.

"Why, no, father, only a little bit sometimes when you'd been drinking," said Pearl, tenderly.

"I was all wrong," said her father, sadly.

"Then were the teetotalers right, father, when they said that many men who didn't drink got houses and lands with their money ?"

"'Tisn't very easy for them to, Pearl," said her mother ; "a few may, but there's so many things to be had besides for a family, that 'tisn't many can. *We* should want a new kettle and frying-pan before we could think about houses and lands, you know, Pearl."

"Yes, mother," said Pearl ; "and baby should have a cradle, and you a good bed. 'Twould take a lot of money to get all we really want, wouldn't it, father ?"

"Yes," said Jim Hunter, "but you know, Susie, I might have had the shop by this time if I hadn't drank, or, at any rate, I might have rented a good-sized place."

"What ! a *whole* house, father ?"

"Yes, Pearl, and have sent you to school to learn the piano."

It was pretty to see Pearl's amazement at her father's words.

"Then you were rich once, father ?"

"No, not that, Pearl, but in a fair way to be tidily off."

"How you must hate it, father."

"What, Pearl ?"

"Why, the drink."

"I wish I did," he said, heartily. "You see, Pearl, if I did hate it it wouldn't be a temptation to me. That's what I dread, even now that I've made up my mind. The sight of a drink-shop makes me want to drink. You don't know what a dreadful thing it is to feel so, Pearl."

Pearl sat busily thinking. What could she say to help her father, and then she saw, so plainly, how her father could be helped ; and spoke therefore confidently.

"But, then, father, God will be on your side if you're trying to do right ; that's what Miss Hayes always says."

"God on your side," even thinking of those words were a help to Black Jim.

In another week or two he was so far restored that he made up his mind to go out with his cart again. "But I'm going somewhere else first," said he.

"Where, father ?" asked Pearl, with natural inquisitiveness.

"There's two things to be done, and yet I'm almost afraid to do one of them ; one is signing the pledge, and the other is going to a place of worship."

"Which are you afraid to do, father ?"

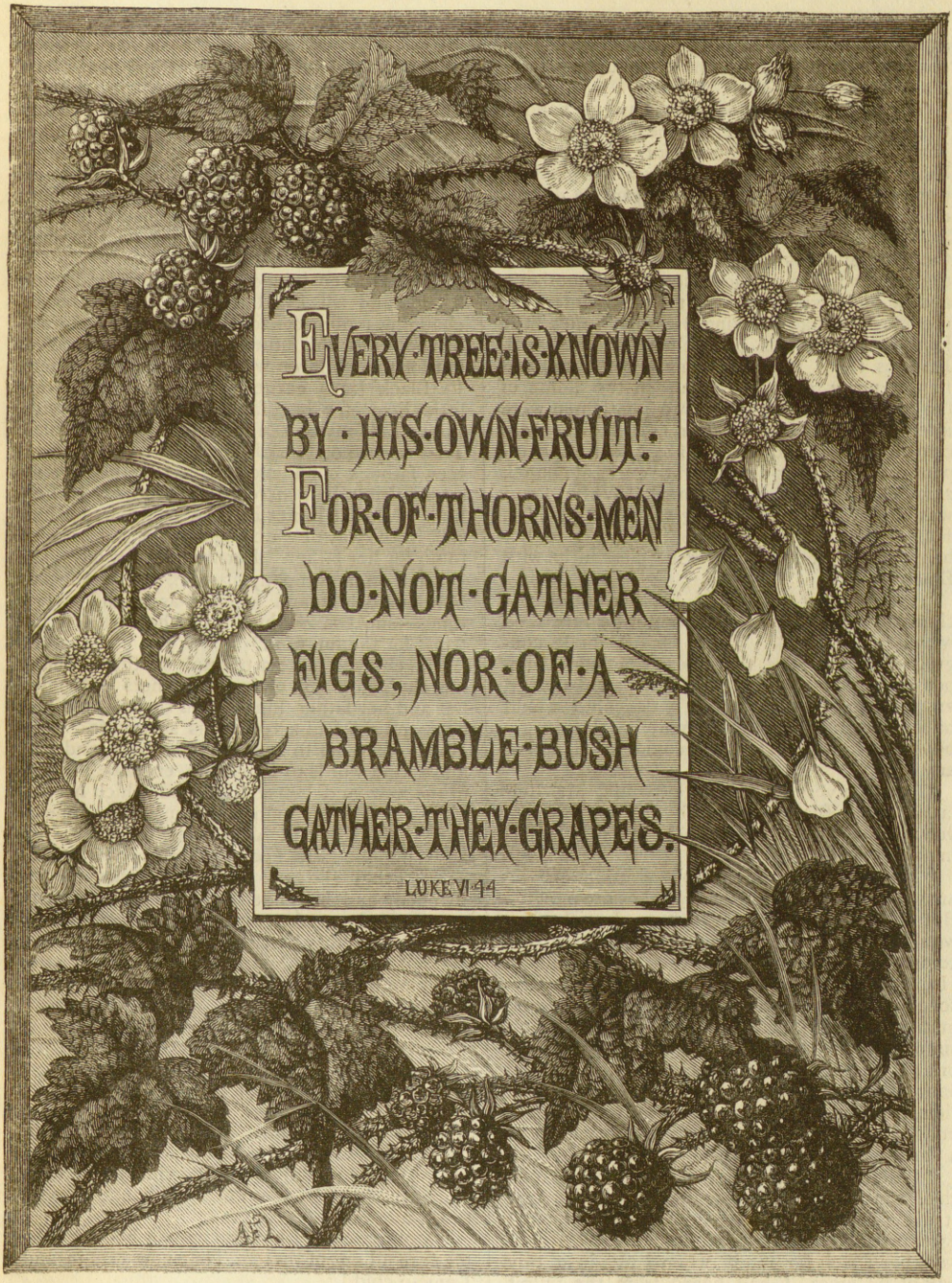
"Anybody may go in and out of a mission hall without making much profession," said Black Jim, "but if I take the pledge and don't hold on, why, I'm done for."

"I don't see that," said Mrs. Hunter, kindly. "God will know, we shall know, that you mean to try to keep it, with His help, and perhaps 'tis, as Pearl says, if He's on your side, you'll be able to conquer. I'll sign with you, Jim, though I'm a teetotaler already, and I suppose Pearl will have to sign again too."

James Bellamy, having heard the good news, and how God had been working by His Holy Spirit and the instrumentality of His servants in the soul of Jim Hunter during those weeks of sickness, offered to accompany him and his wife and children to the mission hall. The good man hardly realised how very much he himself had to do with these blessed results, and when the husband and wife and the little Pearl of Billingsgate all loaded him with thanks and blessings, he assured them gravely that they were mistaken. It was little Pearl herself who must be thanked. Jim Hunter, who had some fun in his composition, as well as James Bellamy, declared that they were playing a game, not "Beggar my neighbour," but "exalt him," and he wouldn't be exalted.

What a happy Sunday that was on which the little party, the Pearl of Billingsgate, smart in her new hat, proceeded to the mission hall, where they all joined heartily in the simple service ; "dear baby," as Pearl called him, doing his part just a little too energetically for the comfort of his mother and the excellent city missionary who preached the sermon, and once

(*Continued on page* 150.)


EVERY·TREE·IS·KNOWN
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GATHER·THEY·GRAPES.
LUKE VI 44

again exemplifying the fact that no assembly is complete without a baby who insists upon making his voice heard.

The pledge-book, that was always at hand at this mission chapel, received the names of Black Jim, his wife and children, for Pearl decided baby could not be left out under any consideration, and they would take great care he did not drink anything intoxicating.

James Bellamy returned with them to spend the day ; his boys were spending the Sabbath in the country with a married sister of their mother's, and he had invited himself to the Hunters the previous evening, bringing with him a nice little joint of beef as his contribution to the meal. Perhaps there was not a more contented and happy party anywhere than in the home of the Hunters that day; the two gentlemen were intelligent and playful, the two ladies were charming and kind, and "baby," as if to compensate for his over-demonstrativeness at chapel, slept sweetly during the meal. While Pearl was absent at her Sunday-school, and Mrs. Hunter washed up, and then attended to her baby, James Bellamy conversed pleasantly with Black Jim.

"I can never tell," said he, "why all the churches and chapels should not be furnished with a pledge-book. There isn't a single congregation, I suppose, that doesn't include somebody that would be better for being an abstainer, and if I were a minister or a deacon I would have it a standing announcement that the pledge-book was in the vestry, and could be signed at any time."

"That's a very good idea of yours, Mr. Bellamy," said Black Jim ; "but I don't expect you'll convert the ministers to your way of thinking just yet."

"No, perhaps not, but we're getting on," he answered, cheerfully ; "the churches are moving. But there's another thing or two I wish they would do, put the unfermented wine upon the communion table, and announce their Bands of Hope on the boards outside under the Sunday-school. And I wish, too, that even teetotal ministers would talk a little more about this root-sin of drinking that bears such ugly fruit, and brings reproach upon the churches. 'Tis bad enough when some of us, who make no profession, dishonour our Maker by getting drunk ; but it's worse when 'tis a man who is known as a church member."

"I don't want to say much about any one else," said Black Jim, modestly, "for I must look at home, and keep my own doorstep clean; but I agree with all you say, Mr. Bellamy. It might have been well for me if, when I was in a tidy way of business, I had heard from the pulpit anything about the danger of drink. I am not going to pretend I should have been sure to follow such advice, but the warning might have startled me and made me think where I was."

"So far as I can tell," said James Bellamy, "the commonest sin we have is the least talked about in our churches. I don't know so much about the Sunday-schools, for yours and mine, God bless them, are taught by teetotal teachers, but I believe there are a good many teachers who are as dumb as the ministers on this question."

Mrs. Hunter joined her husband and their friend, and till Pearl returned they were exchanging reminiscences of the past, and expressing hopes for the future, not only for themselves but for the children who were so dear to them. In Black Jim's earnest desire to compensate little Pearl for her faithful love and service, James Bellamy saw a plain proof of his reform. That service on Pearl's part was not yet over. Her father's confidence respecting his love for strong drink, had increased her anxiety to help him. All that James Bellamy had done for herself, in the way of watching over her, she essayed to do for her father. For the first few days, she insisted on accompanying him, and if she saw him look white and fagged—as he did several times—she coaxed him to let her push a bit, "just for the fun of it."

She enjoyed quite a triumph on that Monday morning, so many of her customers welcomed her and her father kindly, and several told him how well she had acted as his substitute. Miss Hayes came out to speak to them both, and said a few kind words to Black Jim, encouraging him in the new and better life upon which he had entered. Mr. Herman again made his appearance in the street in his flowing dressing-gown and slippers. He spoke so warmly in Pearl's praise that she was almost too hot as she listened, and he ended by giving her a small purse as a keepsake, with a little bit of gold inside to remember him by.

"But oh! Mr. Herman," said Pearl, after thanking him, "I never *could* forget your goodness."

(*To be continued.*)

WILLIE'S NEW BOOTS.

WILLIE was the child of a drunken father. His mother was a pious, sorrow-stricken lady. One cold day, when the child's feet were chilled because of his worn-out boots, he said to his mother :—

"Mother, can't I have some new boots ? My toes are all out of these. The snow gets in, and I am so cold !"

A tear filled his mother's eyes when she an

swered, "Soon, Willie, I hope to give them to you."

He waited patiently several days, until one morning as he stood at the window watching the boys play with their sleds, he sobbed, "Oh, mother, it is *too* hard! Can't I get some boots anywhere?"

"Yes, Willie, you can."

"I *can?*" he eagerly exclaimed. "Where? Where? Tell me quick!"

"Do you not know, my son?" replied his mother. "Think now."

Willie stood for a moment, as if in deep thought, then with a smile looked up into his mother's face, and said, "Oh, I know! God will give them to me, of course. Why didn't I think of that before? I'll go right off and ask Him."

He walked out of the parlour into his mother's room. She quietly followed him, and standing concealed from his view, she saw him kneel down, and covering his face with his hands, he prayed, "O, God! father drinks; mother has no money; my feet get cold and wet. I want some boots. Please send me a pair, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

This was all. He often repeated his pitiful petition, and the best of all was, he *expected* an answer to his prayer.

"They'll come, mother!" he would often say, encouragingly; "they'll come when God gets ready."

Within a week, a lady who dearly loved the child, came to take him out walking. He hesitated for a few moments, but soon determined to go, and they started off. At length the lady noticed his stockings peeping out at the toes of his boots, when she exclaimed, "Why, Willie, look at your feet! They will freeze. Why didn't you put on better boots?"

"These are all I have, ma'am."

"All you have! But why don't you have a new pair?" she inquired.

"I will just as soon as God sends them," he confidently replied.

Tears filled the lady's eyes, and, with a quivering lip, she led him into a shoe-shop near by, saying, "There, child, select any pair you please."

The boots were soon selected, and a more happy, thankful boy never lived.

On his return he walked into the centre of the room where his mother was sitting, and pulling his clothes up until you could see his fat knees above the tops, he said, "Look, mother! God has sent my boots! Mrs. Gray's money bought them, but God heard me ask for them, and I suppose He told Mrs. Gray to buy them for me." Then, kneeling at his mother's feet, he said, "Jesus, I thank you for my new boots. Please make me a good boy, and take care of mother. Amen."

PATIENCE.

TWO little German girls, Brigitta and Wallburg, were on their way to town, and each carried a heavy basket of fruit on her head.

Brigitta murmured and sighed constantly; Wallburg only laughed and joked.

Brigitta said: "What makes you laugh so? Your basket is quite as heavy as mine, and you are no stronger than I am."

Wallburg answered: "I have a precious little herb on my load, which makes me hardly feel it at all. Put some of it on your load as well."

"Oh," cried Brigitta, "it must indeed be a precious little herb! I should like to lighten my load with it; so tell me at once what it is called."

Wallburg replied, "The precious little herb that makes all burdens light is called *Patience.*"

THE BABY AND THE BIRD.

A BABY lay in the hospital ward,
With golden curls and eyes of blue;
It seldom lisped, and it never smiled
The live-long day and the dull night through.

But it often gazed at the waving trees
That close by the window grew,
And whilst it gazed a beam from Heaven
Lit the baby's eyes of blue.

One morning a bird with starry wings
Soft through the open lattice flew;
A moment it fluttered, then quietly perched
By the baby with eyes of blue.

And sweetly it sang a melting lay
As soft as the morning dew,
And the baby laughed till tears of joy
Filled its starry eyes of blue.

Each morning he came and trilled his hymn,
As the sun or stars so true,
Till death stepped in and gently closed
The baby's eyes of blue.

When they laid her down in the little grave,
Where the grass and the daisies grew,
The bird sang forth a funeral lay
O'er the baby with eyes of blue.

A violet sweet from his bill he dropp'd,
Which forth its blossoms threw;
The bird sings his hymn 'mid the flowers so fair,
Like the baby's eyes of blue.

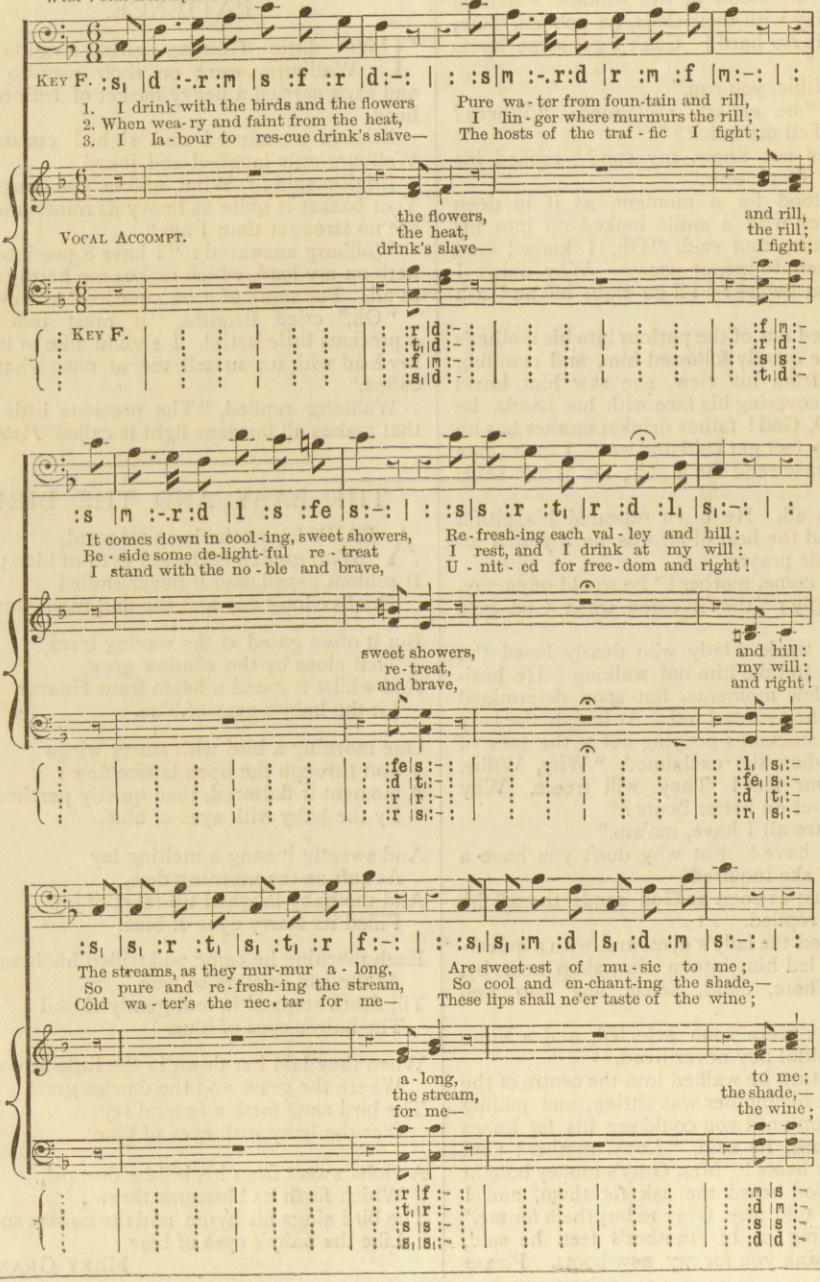
MARY GRANT.

I DRINK WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

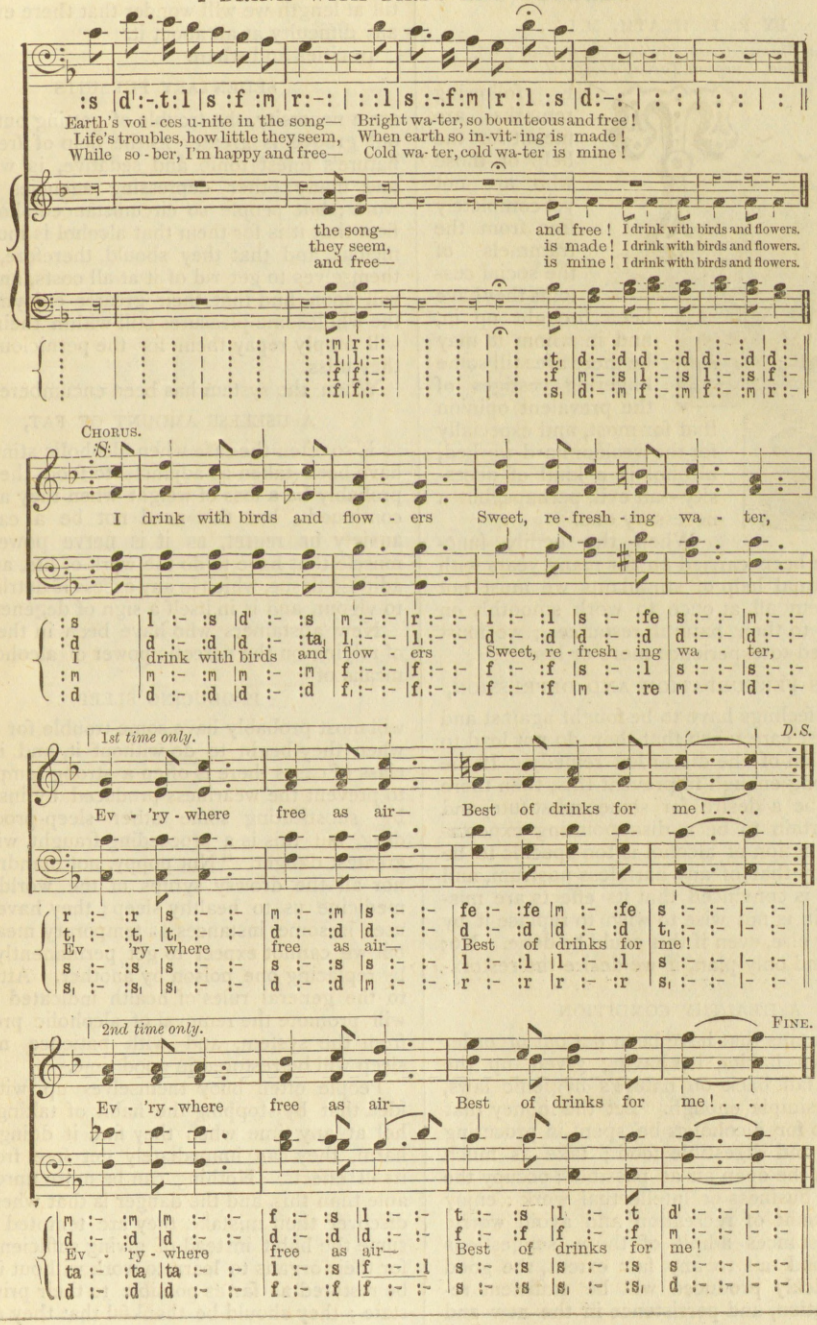
TENOR OR BASS SOLO.
With Vocal Accompt. and Chorus.

(Copyright.)

Words and Music by W. HOYLE.



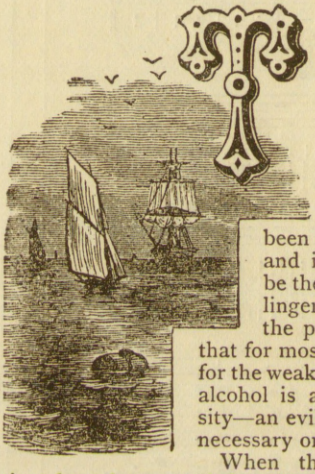
I DRINK WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERS.



HELP TO ABSTAINERS.

BY R. E. HEATH, M.D.,

Surgeon-Major Army Medical Staff (half-pay), Hon. Surgeon Torbay Hospital.



THE following remarks are meant for the help of those who are not yet completely free from the trammels of the social customs they have been brought up in, and in whom it may be there are still some lingering vestiges of the prevalent opinion that for most, and especially for the weak or hard-worked, alcohol is a kind of necessity—an evil, perhaps, but a necessary one.

When the bodily functions have been carried on for many years with the abnormal help of stimulants we must not expect them all at once to work smoothly on being left to their natural resources; we must be prepared to experience more or less

NERVOUS PERTURBATION AND DEPRESSION,

and these feelings have to be fought against and the greatest care taken that they do not lead to a resumption of the discarded remedy. If the will is strong enough to prevent this, then there is apt to be a desire for some substitute, and this is certain to be a disappointing expectation; the action of alcohol is too specific to be replaced by that of any harmless nostrum, and when one is convinced that its effects are mischievous, it is not wise to wish to replace it by something else, even if this could be done. No; our best and only plan, if we desire the restoration to

A HEALTHY CONDITION

of those organs that have been put out of order by our own habits, is, having given up the habits, to fall back on nature's hygienic laws, which are simple enough. Let the money that used to go for alcoholics be spent in procuring nutritious and digestible food; take as much exercise in the open air as possible; occupy the mind with business or intellectual work; enjoy a fair amount of recreation and avoid worry. If circumstances admit of these suggestions being carried out to any fair extent, the good effects quickly produced will be sufficient recommendation, and persistence in the new and healthy state of life will daily become easier, till at length we will wonder that there ever was any difficulty at all about it.

In cities and where

SEDENTARY PURSUITS

are a necessity, the trouble of getting out of the old groove is greater as the help of fresh air, nature's finest tonic and sedative, is wanting, and many other depressing agencies are at work; but people so circumstanced should reflect that it is for them that alcohol is most pernicious, and that they should, therefore, brace themselves to get rid of it at all costs, and they will soon find that their greater enjoyment of the wholesome pleasures still within their reach will amply repay them for the pernicious ones they miss.

When the system has been encumbered with

A USELESS AMOUNT OF FAT,

as is so often the case when alcoholic stimulants have been taken as adjuncts to food, there will probably be a loss of weight when they are discontinued; but this need not be a cause of anxiety or regret, as it is nerve power and muscle that have to do the work of life, and not adipose tissue, which in any excess is detrimental to vigour, and is in itself a sign of degeneration.

New abstainers who have been in the habit of relying on the narcotic power of alcohol as a means of

PRODUCING SLEEP

will most probably have some trouble for a time when they begin to do without it, and in this class of cases there is often a strong temptation to prevent the weariness produced by insomnia by substituting some other sleep-producing drug, but this is a proceeding fraught with the greatest danger. "Not poppy, not mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world" can medicine us to healthy sleep; they have their uses in some instances as temporary measures, but we cannot expect to get permanently right by replacing one poison by another. Attention to the general rules of health indicated above will promote the removal of alcoholic products from the system, and with patience natural sleep will be restored in good time.

People often buoy themselves up with the idea that by stopping the habit of taking alcohol at any time when they find it doing them harm, they can immediately get free from all its ill effects. Nothing can be more unreasonable than this, and the danger is that when they discover their mistake, they are tempted to resume the habit instead of giving sufficient time for their organs to learn to work without it, and be restored as far as possible to their primitive state; they should be thankful that they are no

longer aggravating the mischief already done, and not allow their

UNCOMFORTABLE SENSATIONS

to drive them back again to the original cause of their ailments ; bearing in mind that prevention is both easier and better than cure in this as in all other cases.

Even the most moderate drinker may expect some trial of self-control when he dispenses with alcohol, but every day passed over makes the difficulty less, and the feeling of independence from finding health re-established on a surer basis increases in proportion.

If the indulgence in time past has been so great as to have induced more or less permanent damage to the healthy

FUNCTION OF THE STOMACH,

the right way to meet the case is to bring the demands upon that generally over-worked viscus within proper limits and to encourage and cultivate its diminished powers by digestible food, moderate in quantity and carefully masticated. Such measures will be efficacious in the majority of cases ; but should dyspepsia persist after a careful trial of them, medical aid should be resorted to, and under no circumstances ought the damaged organ to be spurred up by alcohol to do work it is otherwise incapable of, or else the days of its utility will be shortened.

The question of what

TEMPERANCE DRINKS

to use will present itself to many new abstainers. They will probably try a good many at first, and either find they disagree or that they grow tired of them, in which case the conclusion that good water stands at the head of the list will soon be arrived at. There is no greater aid to abstainers than a good water supply, and having got it we too often set it aside for other purposes, and drink with our meals instead, if not alcoholic beverages, their various saccharine and aromatic solutions that are by no means of an equal value as solvents for nutriment, and nutriment until it is dissolved can do us no good, and may possibly do harm.

When highly-flavoured drinks of any kind are taken with food they tend to divert the attention, so to speak, of the sense of taste ; the process of mastication, which is such an essential preliminary to good digestion, is likely to be slurred over, and the food passed on to the stomach in a condition to cause irritation and disagreeable sensations that are known to create a demand for the anæsthetic action of some alcoholic drink to mask them ; this is a frequent cause whereby the

CRAVING FOR ALCOHOL

is maintained, and is one that abstainers may easily avoid with care : they should abjure hurried meals at refreshment-bars or elsewhere, and go without food for a time sooner than annoy their digestive organs with the doubtful sustenance afforded by such matters as sandwiches swallowed in haste. Most people have been originally endowed by nature with a power of digestion in excess of their absolute requirements, and even when this has been greatly reduced by alcoholic ill-treatment it is rare indeed to find that there is not sufficient remaining to keep the processes of nutrition up to an average working level, if it is only given fair play and all sources of its impairment avoided. —*Temperance Record.*

BUFFON AND HIS VALET.

THE career of the Count de Buffon furnishes a remarkable illustration of the power of patient industry, as well as of his own saying, that "Genius is patience." Notwithstanding the great results achieved by him in natural history, Buffon, when a youth, was regarded as of mediocre talents. His mind was slow in forming itself, and slow in reproducing what it had acquired. He was also constitutionally indolent; and, being born to good estate, it might be supposed that he would indulge his liking for ease and luxury. Instead of which, he early formed the resolution to deny himself selfish pleasures, and devote himself to self-culture. Regarding time as a treasure that was limited, and finding he was losing many hours by lying a-bed in the mornings, he determined to break himself off the habit. He struggled hard against it for some time, but failed in being able to rise at the hour he had fixed. He then called his servant Joseph to his help, and promised him the reward of a crown every time that he succeeded in getting him up before six. At first, when called, Buffon declined to rise, pleaded that he was ill, or pretended anger at being disturbed ; and on the Count getting up, Joseph found that he had earned nothing but reproaches for having permitted his master to lie a-bed contrary to his express orders. At length the valet determined to earn his crown ; and again and again he forced Buffon to rise, notwithstanding his entreaties, expostulations, and threats of immediate discharge from his service. One morning Buffon was unusually obstinate, and Joseph found it necessary to resort to the extreme measure of dashing a basin of ice cold water under the bedclothes, the effect of which was instantaneous. By the persistent use of such means Buffon at length conquered his habit ; and he was accustomed to say that he owed to Joseph three or four volumes of his Natural History.—*Self-Help.*

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.



THE first lesson to be learned by every young man who would win his way to success and honour is self-denial, and then that he labours to rescue the fallen, raise the degraded, and restore the lost; and our experience is that an ounce of prevention is worth a whole ton of cure. Prevention is easy; prevention is sure; prevention is God's order. Reformation is hard, perilous, and uncertain.

This very afternoon my eye rested on the shattered fragment of a man whose voice was once heard in a London pulpit, now asking alms and shelter for the night. If that fallen brother —for he is my brother—could have seen through the window or lens of that inebriating cup the long dark avenue of disgrace and lost position, and broken and crushed heart, he would have started back aghast as he of old who beheld the handwriting on the wall in the palace of Babylon.

Young man, that is your future if you take the perilous path that man has trodden. What, then? Plant yourself upon the ground of absolute, unconditional abstinence. I know no other safe ground; I dare preach no other; I dare not as a minister of God practise any other. With my temperament a single glass of alcoholic stimulant might be incipient perdition. Why not with you, my friend? The only way, therefore, is to put away sin from the flesh by entire unconditional abstinence from the very beginning of evil.

If you have begun in this perilous path, and are already on it, I would remind you of an incident in the Alpine experience of one eminent in English science.

He tells us that once when he descended one of the glaciers in the Engadine with his guide and a companion they found themselves far up late in the day on the mountain-side. In descending the mountain there were two paths. They might either go down the one or turn aside into the other. They chose the one that seemed soft: but, said the scientist, "What if we should start the snow?" They determined to risk it. They lashed themselves together—the guide in the front and the two Englishmen behind—all attached by a strong rope. They stepped on the soft, inviting snow. In five minutes the snow began to move more and more swiftly, with a perpetual onward rush, bearing them down as a strong river bears the bit of wood that is flung into it. Bruised and beaten, they rushed rapidly onwards towards the precipice. They felt that in a few instants they would be gone; but just as they reached the very last point before they would get to the precipice the guide plunged his iron-shod boot against a projecting rock, and said, "In the name of God, halt!" Each one plunges his boot through the snow against that bit of rock. A few feet before them was the awful chasm that would have landed them into eternity.

My friends, if you are already, by your social surroundings, like that mass of accumulated snow borne on in your path by any kind of sensual temptation, I exhort you, in the name of God, and of my Master who loves you, halt! halt! ere you are hurled over the precipice into that bottomless pit that yawns already under your pathway. REV. DR. CUYLER.

WHAT WILL YOU TAKE?

WHAT will I take for friendship's sake?
A simple glass of water, friend,
That leads not to a bitter end;
But I'll not take the fatal wine,
Howe'er its ruby waves may shine:
When tempted to embrace the foe,
God give me strength to answer, No!

What will I take for friendship's sake?
The wheat and rye for bread, not drink
That leads unto destruction's brink:
I will not drink at yonder bar—
I'll dash the poisonous cup afar:
When tempted thitherward to go,
God give me strength to answer, No!

What will I take for friendship's sake?
An erring brother by the hand,
And lead him to some temperance band:
I'll take life's work for me to do,
And work there is for me and you:
But I'll not take the fatal wine,
And wreck the immortal soul divine;
Oh, comrades, when we're tempted so,
God give us strength to answer, No!



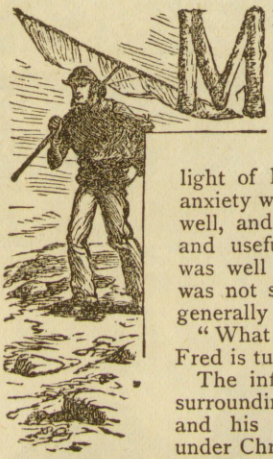
"It was after dinner when Alric discovered him."—page 159.

TO-MORROW.

"I SHALL work in my field to-morrow," said Jeannot. "I must not lose time, because the season advances; and if I neglect to cultivate my land, I shall have no wheat and consequently no bread." The next day came; Jeannot was up with the dawn, his first thought was of his plough, and he was about to set himself to his task in good earnest, when one of his friends called to invite him to a family dinner. Jeannot hesitated at first, but, after thinking the matter over, he said to himself, "A day sooner or later is of no consequence to my business, and a day of pleasure lost is lost for ever." So he went to his friend's dinner. The following day he was unfit for work, as he had drunk a little too much, and eaten a little too much, and he had the headache. "To-morrow I will make up for this," said he to himself. The morrow came, it rained, and Jeannot was unable to set out on his day's work. The next day was fine, the sun shone brightly, and Jeannot felt full of courage; unhappily, however, his horse was sick in the stable. The succeeding day was a *fête* day, and of course one could not think of giving oneself up to work. A new week begins, and in a week one can do a great deal. He commenced by going to a fair in the neighbourhood; he had never missed going there; it was the finest fair for six leagues round. He went afterwards to the wedding of one of his most intimate relatives; he went also to a funeral. In short, he managed things so well that when he began to till his field the season for sowing was past, and, when harvest came, he had nothing to reap. When you have something to do, do it at once, for if you are master of the present you are not of the future, and he who is constantly putting off his affairs until *to-morrow* runs great risk of not finishing anything.—*From the French.*

A MISTAKE.

BY UNCLE BEN.



MR. and Mrs. Shere were highly respectable people. They had only one son, a boy named Fred, who was to them the very light of home. Their great anxiety was to bring him up well, and make him a good and useful man. The time was well regulated, the boy was not spoiled, and friends generally said :

"What a very nice boy Fred is turning out."

The influence of his early surroundings was excellent, and his advantages many, under Christian training, with a good education. Being the only child, his father and mother allowed him much liberty with a large circle of companions, amongst whom he had one choice friend, Alric Gomsall, a lad about his own age.

Fred's home was situated in the country, where picturesque scenes in the neighbourhood afforded pleasant opportunities for many delightful excursions. Holiday times, when the hops were shut, or birthdays in summer, were usually commemorated by visits or picnics to one of these places of interest. Mrs. Shere's birthday, which came early in the summer vacation, was always especially honoured by a whole day's expedition to some favourite resort.

On one occasion it was arranged to keep this birthday festival by going to Frenchland Meres. Several friends were invited, all the details were carefully planned, and nothing that generous hospitality could provide was wanting to make the day a great success. Fred looked forward to the outing, the drive, and the feast with unalloyed anticipation.

A large break had been engaged, with four-in-hand. The guests all arrived in good time in spick-and-span costume, the provisions, in hampers, stowed away in the conveyance—nothing forgotten from salt to champagne; Fred and Alric on the box with the driver, all the ladies and gentlemen comfortably seated, a shout of "all right" from Mr. Shere, re-echoed by the boys on the box, a loud crack from the driver's whip, and off the merry party started.

They drove by meadows of waving grass and dark green cornfields, through scattered hamlets, open commons, where flocks of geese sunned themselves in the broad light, along roads where the trees met over their heads, and sometimes on the pasture by the border of the sandy road cows browsed, here and there a farmstead, with its stack of gable ends and red-brown chimneys, until they arrived about noon at the Meres, which were a series of natural ponds, where all the party alighted and partook of fruit and cake. Wine and bottled beer were freely offered ; but most of the guests preferred lemonade, being early in the day. As the weather was hot, a great run was made on this beverage, there being no water except that from the ponds, which was said not to be good unless it was first boiled.

The boys did not wait while the friends finished this repast before visiting the Meres, but rushed off to explore for themselves this new land of Goshen, carrying with them a large hunch of cake. They sped away through dell and glade, by the ponds, and through the woods. The heat of the day began to temper their ardour; then, after so much running about with the loss of much perspiration, Fred began to feel very thirsty. At length he said :

"I say, Alric, I am awfully hot, and as dry inside as a graven image."

"We had better get back to grub ; there's plenty to drink there ; this pond water ain't good, and we haven't seen a cottage, to ask for water. I should think this path would lead us back, and as it's another way, we might pass a house where we could get a swill of milk," rejoined Alric.

"We aren't going to have dinner till half-past two, to give 'em all time to see the ponds ; and after dinner all are to go up some hill near to get a view, and those who don't want to may stay behind to help get the wood to light the fire for tea. Now, I vote we have a bathe in the ponds, and cool ourselves for looking after the fire. I reckon a fire is nearly the best part of a picnic, unless some girl spills her pie, and all the gravy goes over her new frock," said Fred.

When the two boys returned to the rendezvous, the horses were taken out of the break and secured to trees ; the coachman was left in charge of them and the hampers, to see that neither ran away.

"Oh, Nat," said Fred, "we are boiling hot, and want a drink, to quench our thirst. Where's the pop ?"

"I believe it's all gone ; you'll have to drink something stronger than pop," said the man, good-humouredly.

"I shan't drink any," said Alric.

"Well, but what are we to do if there's nothing else ? Father and mother take it, and

sometimes they let me have ever so little a drop," said Fred.

"My father won't let me take it. I see there's an empty bottle; I'll go and get that full of water," picking a disused Bass's bottle. "Where's the nearest cottage, Nat?" he continued, addressing himself to the coachman.

"About a quarter of a mile down the road."

"Oh, that's too far to go," said Fred.

"Then, you wait here while I go and have a drink, and bring the bottle full of water for you," said Alric. "I would sooner do anything than drink that stuff."

Off the boy went; but poor Fred was very thirsty, and waiting for the return of Alric seemed a long time; the temptation to open a bottle and have a drink grew stronger. He knew his mother would not quite like it, but he did not think it would be a thing that she would seriously mind, because she drank wine herself, and pressed her friends to take it.

Fred began to discuss the matter with Nat, the driver, who thought it was hot and thirsty weather, and said he fancied that beer was rather heady for boys.

"Is champagne like pop?" asked Fred.

"Well, I believe it is light wine, and nicer than ginger-beer."

"I'll open a bottle and have a drink, and see; if I don't like it, I daresay you won't mind finishing it."

Nat thought not, audibly. Then Fred, with somewhat of a guilty conscience, with some trouble undid a bottle, saying he should tell his father all about it. Off the cork went with a bang, and Fred tipped the fiz to his lips as he had done many a penny bottle of ginger-beer, and drank away, long and deep; he passed the remainder to Nat, who drank it, saying, "It's tidy tipple for a warm day."

But Fred was soon of a different opinion; very suddenly feeling queer, he said, "I am just as thirsty. I wish I hadn't drunk the wine; I feel so funny."

"You had better walk about a bit, it'll go off," said Nat.

"I'll go and meet Alric, and have a drink of water," he replied.

With that he moved off, but a strange dizziness seized him; his legs seemed to give way under him; he wandered on to a sheltered place off the path, and threw himself down on the grass. He was very sick and miserable, and at last fell asleep.

It was after dinner when Alric discovered him, and found him quite unable to get up; then the boy hastened to call Mr. Shere, who was just beginning to be anxious about his son. On Alric's summons, father and mother came at once, and at first thought poor Fred was suffering from a slight sunstroke, but soon found, to their shame and sorrow, that their son was drunk.

This discovery was a real grief to Mr. and Mrs. Shere. With some difficulty his father, after a time, got him away to a cottage; but poor Fred was helplessly intoxicated, and, fearful lest the disgrace should become known, he borrowed the trap of a friend who had come over later on in the day, and drove the lad home and put him to bed.

The next day Fred made a full confession, and was indeed bitterly penitent; but his father and mother were filled with a far more acute sense of sorrowful contrition. "This mistake we have made," they said; "but from henceforth it shall never occur again." And the boy is to-day a Band of Hope worker, through the wise influence of a lesson learnt and a mistake corrected.

THE EVENING HOUR.

HOW calm and still the evening hour,
When sinks the bright, bright sun:
When the weary heart at length may rest,
When ended is the toil and quest,
And the long day's work is done.

Beside the glowing fire we sit,
With book and charming friend,
While many a merry tale is told
Of scenes long past, of days so old,
With which the song may blend.

Sincere and true the heart is then,
All cunning laid aside;
Thoughts that in secret have been nurst,
Sudden into expression burst,
And flow on like a tide.

Old friends that now are dead and gone,
Old forms and faces past,
Come up and live; a motley throng,
Breathing with ardour and with song,
O memory, all thou hast!

And of the future path that lies
Before us all unknown,
We speculate on what we'll do;
We say we will be good and true,
And sorrow for what's gone.

May every moment as it flies
Be bright with deeds of love,
So that when memory will retrace
The deeds we've done on our life-race,
Our conscience may approve.

ANDREW M. LANG.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A GOOD MOTHER.—"One good mother," says George Herbert, "is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is loadstone to all hearts and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction ; it is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example, the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach that most cowardly of vices—hypocrisy. Even children are judges of hypocrisy, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar was not worth much who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeve.

HERE is the last of a shoemaker, beyond which let no cobbler go. A lady complaining that the soles of her shoes were too thick, the artful manufacturer said to her, "Is that your only objection to them, madam?" "It is," the lady replied. "Well, then, madam, if you'll take them, I think I can assure you that you will find that objection gradually wear away."

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.—The flight of time is very perceptible in advanced life. Every year seems swifter than its precursor. Life seems impelled onward by an irresistible power. The departing year seems to draw its successor after it with an augmented force. As in spring every day becomes longer and in autumn every day becomes shorter, so in the autumn of life every day seems to be curtailed. We are made sensible of the flight of time by the circumstances that surround us. One generation has passed away since we commenced life : another generation is springing up around us. There is a chronology written in our frames. Grey hairs, faltering steps, and failing faculties are the year book of nature. With many of us our years have been spent, and are not in expectation. We look back on life, not forward. The tale is nearly told ; the last incidents are crowding together, the last words are struggling for utterance, the last moments are being whirled away. While we are absorbed in the interest of the story, the speaker stops and the tale is ended.—*Haycroft.*

A STUPID-LOOKING recruit halted before a blacksmith's forge, 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 give me half-a-crown I'll lick it," said the soldier. The smith took from his pocket half-a-crown, and held it out. The cunning son of Mars took the coin, licked it, and walked away, whistling, "The girl I left behind me."

AN ANGEL IN IT.—The great Florentine sculptor one day went into the civic stoneyard, and saw the blocks of marble lying about, and said, pointing to one, "What is the reason that beautiful stone is cast aside?" and he was told that it had already been in the studio of one great sculptor, who had returned it as unfit for use. "Let me have it," he replied ; "there is an angel in it, and if you give it to me I will return it to you to decorate your city." That block of marble, in the hand of the great artist, became one of the most splendid pieces of sculpture that the world has ever seen. And so it is with us. The stone which men refuse as worthless becomes, under the mighty hand of God, a living stone, ready for His temple, lasting for evermore.

THE SOURCE OF ALL.—Behind the snowy loaf is the mill-wheel, behind the mill is the wheat-field, on the wheat-field falls the sunlight, above the sun is God.—*F. Russell Lowell.*

AGITATIONS are the opportunities and means God offers us to refine the taste, mould the character, lift the purpose, and educate the moral senses of the masses, on whose intelligence and self-respect rests the state.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Smith.—I notice that milkmen as a rule wear very heavy shoes. *Brown.*—Yes. They do it on purpose, I guess. *Smith.*—Why? *Brown.*—Because, you know, it would be rather suggestive if you could say they used pumps.

Notice to Correspondents.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed to the Editors of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. All Business Communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: A. J. Glasspool, Rev. N. Kelynack, David Lawton, H. W. Skaife.

Publications Received.

The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Scottish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Record—The Rechabite Magazine—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Bond of Union—The Irish Temperance League Journal—Church of England Temperance Magazine—Alliance News—Once a Month.

Notices of Books.

"The Master's Likeness." A School Story for Boys. By Joseph Johnson, author of "Uncle Ben's Stories." A charming book for boys. It gives the true ring of Christian teaching, while it enters, with great power and vividness, into all the incidents and adventures of school-boy life. We predict for it a large circulation.

THE Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "The Bird Angel," 'Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battle Field," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.

A VISION OF PEARL.



IT was a week or more after Pearl had gone back to school regularly, and Black Jim had resumed his business, that Mrs. Hayes and her daughter were in their small sitting-room, waiting for breakfast. The table was laid for three, which sufficiently explained the reason why they did not sit down and begin, although the timepiece on the mantelshelf already pointed to a later hour than it was usual for them to take their first meal.

"Fish! Buy any fish!" sounded from without, not in Pearl's sweet little voice, but in her father's gruffer key.

"You must let Pearl come and see me some day," said the elder lady.

"What did you say, mother?"

It was not Miss Hayes who spoke. It was a dissipated, prematurely old-looking young man, who had entered the room unobserved by the ladies, while they were watching Jim Hunter. The tone was so strange, so startled, that Mrs. Hayes turned in surprise, and said, "I was only speaking to Alice, Lionel, about one of her Sunday-school children."

"I thought," he stammered, "I thought you said Pearl, mother."

"So I did say Pearl," said Mrs. Hayes. "What of that?—the child is called Pearl."

"Is there a second Pearl, then? Is it come to mock me here in London?" said the wretched-looking man, whether to himself or to his companions, it was hard to say.

"If you would imitate Pearl," said his mother, a little bitterly, "it would be better for all of us."

"It is a lady's name," said Lionel Hayes; "who is this child you speak of?"

"The daughter of a costermonger," said Mrs. Hayes.

"I should like to see her," said Lionel, with sudden energy.

"I daresay you can find her; Alice has her address. But what can you want of the child?"

"To know how she got her name."

"Why?"

"It is so singular, so beautiful a name, mother," he said, almost piteously, "but to recall all that is involved in that one question would break my heart."

"How?" she asked, ignorantly; she did not know, she never had been told by her son of that

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long romance of his which, for lack of his courage to resist his besetting sin, was still in the midst of so miserable a chapter. As was natural, both his mother and his sister had some reason to expect that there had been what they called to each other "a love affair" between Lionel and some one, during Lionel's long residence in Devonshire. The affection with which he spoke of the county, its beauty, its fairness, the lingering desire that possessed him to re-visit it—all these were symptoms, as they judged, that such had been the case. It would seem, by his subsequent life, that the love had not been a happy one, and Alice Hayes made many excuses for the brother she still loved, on this account. The fact that this brother, with all his fine powers of brain—an accomplished linguist, and a by no means superficial scholar in general education—could, and did get drunk, sometimes often, always occasionally, was the "personal reason" for refusal she had alluded to when wine was pressed upon her at Mrs. Fanshawe's. Mrs. Hayes had not felt the horror of the drink that Alice did. Had it not been for the entreaties of her daughter, it would still have been tolerated in Lionel's home, to tempt him within doors, as the thickly-strewn public-houses and wine-vaults, and gin-palaces, and refreshment bars tempted him on every hand without. Mrs. Hayes thought it a little hard, even now, that she couldn't enjoy her occasional luxury at home, and could only now and then accept a glass of wine at a friend's house; but Alice worked so hard, and felt so strongly, and was so largely the support of all three of them, that her mother could not bear to refuse her.

Mrs. Hayes and her son had never had very much sympathy. She was one of a not very small class of mothers who treat their lads in their growing-up as if they were necessary evils, to be tolerated, of course, but whom it is impossible to honestly like. The primness and overpowering love of order that were quite natural to her were foreign to Lionel's nature; he was not an untidy man, but he was far from imitating or appreciating his mother's exactitude. If he did not act just as she expected him to act, she showed her annoyance by little meannesses towards him, neglect of his requirements, which she thought would humiliate him, but which had the effect, instead, of widening the gulf between them. Had Alice been at home when he came back from Churston Hall, he would probably have told her the story, and been sure of her gentle sympathy and excellent advice, but his mother was almost the last person to whom he would confide the affairs of Pearl Churston and himself.

Alice was at that time, and for a year or two after, a resident governess in a gentleman's family at Croydon, which she only left when she had efficiently done her work of education. Then, desiring to be with her mother, whose companion—a sister—had lately died, she returned home and began to teach music. For a while Lionel earned a tolerable income by teaching languages, but every time he had a drinking fit it was quite natural that his character should be more and more suspected, till at length very few indeed cared to engage his services. Then he did a little literary work, a little reporting, a little copying, and sometimes for weeks together he was idle, and often really ill. Alice wished, now that he had begun to tell them what might possibly lead to the very confidence she desired to obtain, that her mother would not speak to him so abruptly and, as it were, check his words by her manner. She was glad when Mrs. Hayes, after breakfast was over, left the room to arrange the dinner, and as it was yet too soon for the pupils who came to her that morning in the week, she had a little time alone with her brother. She glanced at him before she asked him the question which was in her heart, and thought with a sigh how untrue it was to declare that head learning alone, superior education, would keep a man from the temptation to drink. He sat reading the "Odyssey" with the perfect ability to enjoy its beauties that is rare even amongst scholars. But, notwithstanding, his once handsome, glowing face—the face Pearl Churston had loved—bore miserable traces of one of the most deteriorating of vices, drunkenness; a vice, which mere regard for personal appearance, for the beauty which God has made inseparable from temperance and purity, should render especially abhorrent to the young. His dejected mien, his want of physical energy, evinced by his listless attitude, inspired his sister with pity, and yet nerved her to determine to speak as she had never yet ventured to speak to Lionel. Not that he was ever in the least harsh to her, or even to his mother, and as she considered the matter Alice blamed herself for never attempting more on his behalf. She had certainly reasoned with him, expostulated with him kindly, pleaded with him; but she had not begged his confidence, and, as it were, set out with him to try and master his enemy. Alice was ready to learn anything good from anybody, and she felt that little Pearl had taught her a lesson she would do well to profit by. By her intense sympathy and the spirit of self-sacrifice she had evinced towards her father, she had won him. If she herself was ready to do as much for Lionel, might not she, too, hope for her reward? At least she would try.

Had the Pearl of Billingsgate been told that she had taught her Sunday-school teacher, she would have shrunk from the honour; but

teachers and scholars constantly change places in life, though not always perceptibly ; and it is only the Great Master Himself, the Head Teacher of the universe, who stands in this wise —as in all other—everlastingly alone and the same.

"Who was *your* Pearl, Lionel?" asked Alice, gently, coming round to her brother from the piano, where she had arranged the music for the young ladies who were coming before long for their lessons, and resting her hand lovingly upon his shoulder.

He started, nervously, and dropped Homer upon his knee.

"*My* Pearl!" he repeated—"My Pearl! Oh! Alice, if she only were my Pearl, I should have been a different man. But what's the use," he added, desperately, "of talking like this? I'll say, with Longfellow, 'Let the dead past bury its dead.'"

"But you do not say it with the poet's spirit, Lionel," said Alice, "and perhaps if you remember the other lines you will never need to say that one in reference to Pearl, but only in reference to your own failures :—

> 'Act, act in the living present,
> Heart within and God o'erhead.'

Do tell me all about her. I want to know, both for your sake and because there is a lady I have heard about, after whom my little favourite is called, and I shall be so interested and delighted if that Pearl and your Pearl prove to be one and the same."

"What is that lady's name?" he asked, roused already to more animation than Alice had seen in him for a long time.

"That I cannot tell you. It was a lady called Fanshawe, the mother of one of my music pupils, who first spoke of her to me. Or, no! I suppose I had really heard of her from little Pearl Hunter's mother before, but only casually, as a lady whom she once lived with as servant, who gave her leave to call her baby Pearl after herself."

"Fanshawe!" he repeated, "why that lady must be an aunt of Pearl, *my* Pearl," he added, smiling.

"That's exactly what she is," said Alice Hayes ; "she told her daughter to write to her cousin Pearl."

"Alice," said Lionel, getting up, pulling himself together a little, and striding up and down the small room, "now in this quiet place, with you looking kindly at me, and feeling interested in my reform, I feel as if I would give all I have to give, and that isn't much, alas!" he said, dejectedly, "if I could even take myself back to the hour when I left Churston Hall. I wasn't such a wreck then as I am now. Why, if I turned over a new leaf to-day, I could never look again as I looked then."

"But you might look even better in time," said Alice, "if you give up drink *altogether;* there is no other hope, not the least. If you will do that, a year or two will make a wonderful difference. You will get work, and you will find hope begin to dawn. Dear Lionel," she said, stooping, and kissing his forehead, "I am blaming myself as well as you. I see so plainly I haven't done all I might have done for you, but I will help you now in every possible way, and oh! you do not know, dear brother, how I always have prayed for you. Little Pearl has made me feel how ready we must be to help each other with all our strength, and more than that almost, believing that God's strength will be 'made perfect' in our 'weakness.' And when I say you may even look better, Lionel, than you did in your earlier manhood, I think when God has written our life's lessons on our faces, if only they are truly learnt, none who love us like our countenances the less for that. But will you tell me all about *your* Pearl. Was she Pearl Churston?"

Lionel was more than willing. He had never told the sad story to a sympathetic listener as now. And as he did so, the past was more vividly recalled than it had been for years. The Devonshire lanes, that were like gardens in spring and summer, with their wealth of flowers, the blue hills in the distance, the gentle river, and, far away, the mighty sea, grand and beautiful, even in those snug bays and pretty coves, Churston Hall itself on its undulating eminence, with its lovely gardens and orchards and avenues, all started afresh into being for himself, as he presented them to his sister's imaginings.

To talk of Pearl Churston, to picture the long, lonely agony which his neglect of her must have caused, filled him with remorse. He found that he had behaved, now he translated his actions into language, much worse than he had known. He could never expect her to forgive him, that was certain.

"But what made you content to go on living without her?" asked Alice, just a little impatiently. "You did not act as if you desired to put her to the test of endeavouring to reconcile the Squire to your marriage. If you had but proved yourself worthy of her, by fulfilling all the other conditions, I am sure you would have been rewarded."

"I haven't told you all," said Lionel; "I am not at all sure that she would ever forgive me now, even if I were to act blamelessly in regard to drink from this time forward. What made me leave off all communication was that her brother and I met here in London."

"Well?"

"It is about the worst thing of all that I have done," he said. "George Churston was angry with his father, and I was not sorry, as I ought to have been, at this. He invited me to go to different drinking places with him, and I went. I cannot say I tempted him much, for he was in the army, and he had plenty of instructors in all kinds of gaiety; but I did not hold him back. He had got on badly at Cambridge, too, through drink, and had left to avoid being expelled. I never reminded him of his sister. It must have been horrible for a woman like Pearl to have been disappointed in every one whom she most trusted and loved. I wonder it did not kill her outright."

"There are slow deaths as well as quick ones," said Alice Hayes. "I can only advise you to write to her at once."

"Write!" he exclaimed, "after this long silence? How can I?"

"If you do not, Lionel, you cannot love her."

"Alice, you are cruel."

"Not so cruel as you have been to that sweet woman, my brother. Write and beg her forgiveness for a miserable past. Write and beg her to have a faint hope, at least, of a better future; and tell her you will write again when you have work, and when you have signed the pledge. Or, stay," said Alice; "suppose you enclose to her the pledge you have signed. Don't you think that would cheer her somewhat?"

"How can I dare to take a pledge of abstinence?" said Lionel, doubtfully. "I do not want to perjure myself."

"Lionel," said his sister, "it is not only true of earthly things that, as Shakespeare says, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.' It is true also of heavenly things. Events specially point to a given moment. If that moment is neglected, the opportunity may be gone for ever. I don't think we have any authority to expect that such a favourable time will ever come to us again. Oh, don't! for Pearl's sake, for mother's sake, for your own soul's sake, let this hour pass unused."

Alice's voice shook with her emotion. Never had she been so impressed with the truth which she uttered, that, unless Lionel now made up his mind, there might not come any more of the desires for reformation, which must necessarily be the prelude to reform. She did not stay for his answer; she brought her pledge-book, with the pen and ink, and waited beside him for his signature.

He looked up at her with a smile; that was to her heart an augury of better days.

"Must I, Alice? Is it not too great a risk? What if I were to break it?"

"Shall a Hayes, a gentleman, break his word?" queried Alice, proudly. But then she whispered, with a sad remembrance that pride of birth would not suffice, "Above all, shall a professed Christian fail to keep his promise?"

The name was written, and Alice took the leaf from her book, for her brother to send to Churston Hall. Her pupils arrived, and Lionel retreated to his own room, to attempt the letter to Pearl. It was a very difficult task. After months, even years, to resume a correspondence is never easy; and when it has been broken by almost unpardonable neglect, and that by the one who had most reason to continue it, resumption is still harder. But Lionel was enough in earnest to take the hints his sister had given him, and to feel that if ever Pearl, his treasure, was to be recovered, it must indeed be now. And when once he began, when he, as it were, re-opened the sluice-gates of his pent-up affection, he had but that other task of stemming the torrent of loving words and endearing epithets that streamed from his pen. The miserable intervening past faded, the perfume of the crimson and golden honeysuckles and the briar roses was about him; the myrtle flowers rose in their beauty before his enchanted eyes, the birds sang in the elms, the dogs bounded across the lawn to meet him; it seemed as if Pearl herself must be close at hand. Could he not hear her singing through the open windows of her pretty boudoir an Italian song of love which was a favourite of his heart? Did she not, graceful and gentle and tender as of old, glide around him, and lay her tired head upon his shoulder, and look reproachfully but lovingly with her sweet, dark eyes into his own?

Oh! how foolish, how insane he had been! What were the intoxication and the mad revelry of wine compared to that thrilling joy he had felt in her dear presence?

Work! Yes; he would work, he would toil, he would do anything to render himself once more acceptable in her sight.

If only there were no strong drink, nothing to beguile him from the purpose he had formed! Perhaps it was one of the most hopeful signs in regard to Lionel Hayes that morning that he was afraid of himself. If a man over whom the love of stimulants has once attained its hold trusts to being strong enough to resist it, in vain self-confidence, he is too likely to return to his indulgence, again to become its victim.

And the miserable loss of self-restraint, which the habit of intoxication begets, points unmistakably to the superiority of abstinence from childhood to all reform that may possibly be effected afterwards.

The letter was finished and despatched to Churston Hall, and Lionel Hayes proceeded to

a news-room, and selected every advertisement he could find in the papers which could give him any feasible chance of employment. He waited upon schoolmasters in want of teachers, editors in want of reporters and sub-editors, merchants requiring clerks who could write in various foreign languages, and a literary gentleman requiring an amanuensis. Most of them were a little suspicious of the applicant. He was, of course, gentlemanly, and there could be no doubt that his acquaintanceship with language and literature was extensive ; but, then, that once handsome face bore those traces of dissipation that make prudent men cautious of trusting their business affairs in such hands.

Boys ! Lads ! Men ! There must be no playing with wine and spirits, if you would make your mark in the world, if even you would command success in the busy spheres of human life.

Lionel Hayes was painfully conscious that morning why he was courteously dismissed in one place, and put off in another, why he had at last to return to the little house in the quiet street, with no engagement and no decided hope of any. All he had achieved was this, that the literary gentleman promised to write to him if he failed to close with the secretary with whom he was already in correspondence.

Poor Lionel Hayes ! It was a difficult business to pass the many refreshment bars that tempted him along his way. England has not, in this matter of strong drink, made it "easy, as yet, "for people to do rightly, and difficult for them to do wrongly." The weight lies in quite the opposite direction. He had the price of a glass or two of drink in his almost empty pockets ; but he tried bravely to keep his mind employed in tracing the letter, that was even now speeding along towards sunny Devon and beautiful Churston Hall, and to remember that now or never must the victory be won in the strength of Him who never deserts His struggling children when they cry to Him.

Alice was at home that day, and ready to welcome him with her kind sympathy. She had managed, with her mother, to arrange an appetising meal for her weary brother, and she buoyed him up with encouraging hopes, and the assurance that, if he obtained work in a week or two, he must feel that he was fortunate.

"This evening," she added, "I want you to come with me and see my little Pearl. I think the very sight of the dear little face of that earnest-souled child will do you good, and you will like to have a peep at her, Lionel, if only for the name she bears."

Lionel assented. He had already felt some curiosity about his sister's little scholar, Pearl Hunter, and he willingly accompanied her on that evening, guessing little how eventful it would prove.

(*To be continued.*)



THE DUTY OF SELF-DENIAL.

BY ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.



I WILL urge upon you *the duty of self-denial for the sake of others.* If you are fond of drink abandon it before it be too late for your own sake; if you are not fond of it, it will cost you nothing to give it up. We are all face to face with a hideous, a degrading, an enormous evil. The Legislature either cannot or will not help us. Warning, preaching, moral influence, even extended education, fails to help us; increased wages, diminished hours of work, only deepen our peril and our loss. There is one way, and one way only—but that is a certain and an easy way—by which, not merely to check, but even to annihilate the curse. It is that every one of us should cease to contribute to this monster evil the penny of a contribution, or the shadow of an example. The use of that deadly, peculiar, and wholly unnecessary substance called alcohol, is so far inseparable from the abuse, that where the individual use is, there the national abuse will be.

Unrestricted liquor traffic will, to the end of time, mean for myriads intense temptation; temptation means drunkenness; drunkenness means degradation, horror, ruin, crime.

You are a Christian. Will you give up a needless luxury to help in saving others from a blasting curse? You are a patriot. Will you give up a poor tickling of the palate, an unwholesome tickling of the brain, to rescue your nation from a blighting degradation? If you do not help, at least be ashamed to hinder. Call not those fanatics who would clear their conscience from every taint of so dangerous a leaven.

Do not gild a self-indulgence with the Ophir-gold of Holy Scripture, or hide the forehead of a luxury under the phylactery of a scribe. Not long ago there was, in a certain colliery, an explosion, by which 400 miners were suddenly hurled amid shattered ruins into horrible death. It was caused by a single miner who had opened his safety-lamp to light his pipe. To that pipe of tobacco were sacrificed four hundred precious lives of fathers, of husbands, and of sons; and, alas! on the bodies of not a few of those who perished in that fiery blast were found duplicate keys, by which, hitherto with impunity, they had done the same. Alas! my brethren, England and Scotland are such a mine; they are full of the explosive fire-damp of intemperance. In all societies it hangs dense around us in the perilous and pestilential air.

Do not say that there is none of this flaming peril around you; that you may open your safety-lamp and no harm come of it. It may be so; it may not be so. You could not, you would not do it, if you were *sure* that there was danger; for that—as you see at once—would be a deadly selfishness and an atrocious crime. But you cannot be sure that there is *not* danger. Is the gain worth the risk? Is the transient and animal indulgence worth the permanent and eternal peril?

No harm may come to *you;* but if harm come to others who are reassured by your example, you, even you, will have helped to perpetuate a frightful curse, whose effects, in shattering blast after shattering blast, shall be flapped in echoes of ruin and of misery, too late for penitence, amid generations yet unborn. The fatal, and the fatally common, key of that safety-lamp is what is called "moderate drinking." If in this particular struggle you would be patriots, if in this matter you would show your true love for your brother-men, fling it away. Like the Nazarites of old, like the chil- of Jonadab, the son of Rechab, drink neither wine nor strong drink, so long as by it you make weak or cause to stumble, or tempt into ruin and misery, the soul—the priceless soul—of a brother; the soul of your brother FOR WHOM CHRIST DIED.

NOTHING TO THANK GOD FOR.

A LITTLE girl did not want to pray when she retired to rest. Her name was Helen.

"Have you nothing to thank God for?" asked her mother.

"No," said Helen; "you and papa give me everything."

"Not for your pleasant home?" asked her mother.

"It is my papa's house; he lets me live in it.'

"Where did the wood come from to build it?' asked her mother.

"From trees," answered Helen; "and they grew in forests."

"Who planted the forests? Who gave rain to water them? Who gave the sun to warm them? Who did not allow the winter to kill them, or the lightning to blast them? Who kept them growing from little trees, till they

were large enough for building houses with? Not papa, not man; was it God?"

Helen looked her mother in the eye, and then said—

"Papa bought nails to make it with."

"What are nails made of?" asked her mamma.

"Iron," answered Helen; "and men dig iron out of the ground."

"Who put iron in the ground, and kept it there safe till the men wanted it?" asked the mother. "It was God."

"We got this carpet from carpet-men," said Helen, drawing her small foot across it.

"Where did the carpet-men get the wool to make it from?" asked the mother.

"From farmers," answered Helen.

"And where did the farmers get it?"

"From sheep and lambs' backs," said the little girl.

"And who clothed the lambs in dresses good enough for us? for your dress, I see, is made of nothing but lambs' wool. The best things we can get are their cast-off dresses. Where did the lambs get such good wool?"

"God gave it to them, I suppose," said the little girl. "It is you that gives me bread, mother," said she quickly.

"But," said her mother, "the flour we got from the shopkeeper; and he bought it from the miller; and the miller took the wheat from the farmer, and the farmer had it from the ground: did the ground grow it all itself?"

"No," cried Helen, suddenly; "it was God. The sun and the rain, the wind and the air, are His, and He sent them to the cornfield. The earth is His too. And so God is at the bottom of everything; isn't He, mother?"

"Yes," said her mother: "God is the origin of every good and perfect gift which we enjoy."

The little girl looked serious; she was thinking.

"Then, mamma," she said at last, "I can't make a prayer long enough, to thank God for everything."

"And have you nothing to ask his forgiveness for?" asked the little girl's mother.

"Yes," she said, in a low tone; "for not feeling grateful; and trying to put Him out of my thoughts."

Helen never after that refused to pray.—*Children's Friend.*

A WORKMAN who was rolling into a publican's cellar a cask of whisky gave the cask a kick, and was overheard remarking to his comrade, "I wonder how many curses there are in that cask."

THE ODD MOMENTS.

JOHN GREEG came to Mr. Wills' store and asked,—

"Do you want a boy, sir?"

"Can't say as I do," replied Mr. Wills; and as he seemed busy, and not inclined to talk, John walked away.

A few days after he came again, and said, "I don't like to be idle; and if you are willing to try me, sir, I will work without pay till I get a situation."

Mr. Wills agreed. What was his surprise, on going into his store next morning, to find his ill-assorted goods all arranged, shelves cleaned, windows washed, and many things done which in the busy season had been neglected. John had risen early and done all this.

"Why!" said Mr. Wills, "I hardly know the place."

He soon found he could not afford to part with John. So great were his habits of system and order, he could accomplish a vast amount of work; doing at *odd moments* what would otherwise have been left undone; never neglecting a greater duty for one less important; never behind-hand; never requiring to be looked after. Mr. Wills paid him for his work, and told him not to leave till he could get something better. The consequence was, John soon became master of a flourishing wholesale store, and, finally, mayor of a large city. What is better than all, he ruled righteously and in the fear of God.

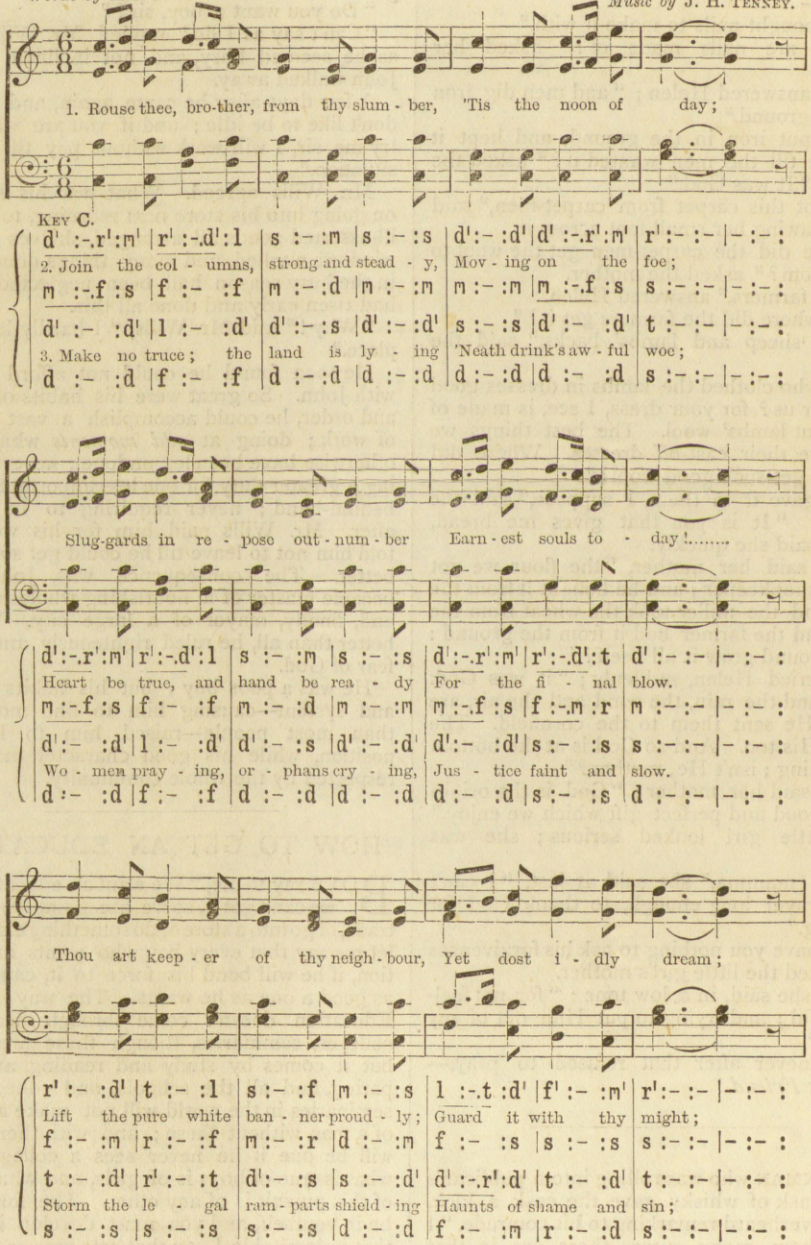
He was a poor boy; but his habits of order and system—causing him to find more time than most people—raised him to his high position, while his good character made him respected by the whole community.

HOW TO GET AN EDUCATION.

BOYS say to me, "We want an education, but we can't get it, so we are going to learn a trade, or go into a store or do something else." Now let me say that every boy who wants an education, if he will bend his force to it, can get just as good a one as he wants. The way is open. Education doesn't come through academies, colleges, seminaries, though these are helps; but it comes by study and reading, and comparing, and all the schools, and colleges, and seminaries in the world will not make a scholar of a man without these; and with them a man will be one if he never sees a college. And what is true of boys is of girls, and what is true of this pursuit is of any other. The force must be in yourself, and you must develop it. It is that indomitable I *can* that sets man astride in the world.

ROUSE THEE, BROTHER!

Words by Miss H. A. Foster. *Music by* J. H. Tenney.



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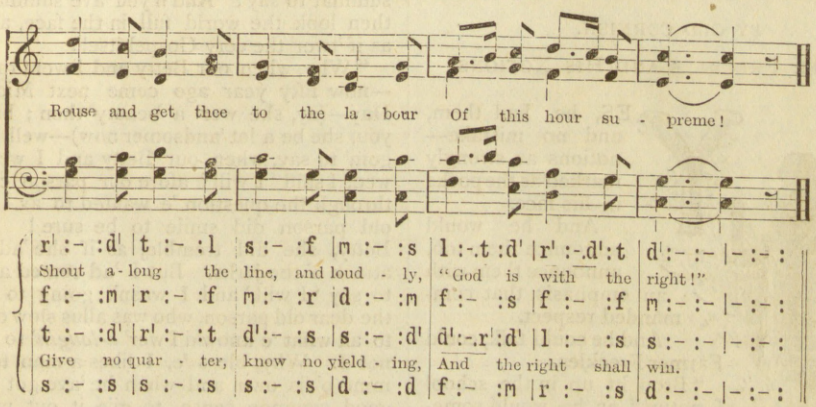

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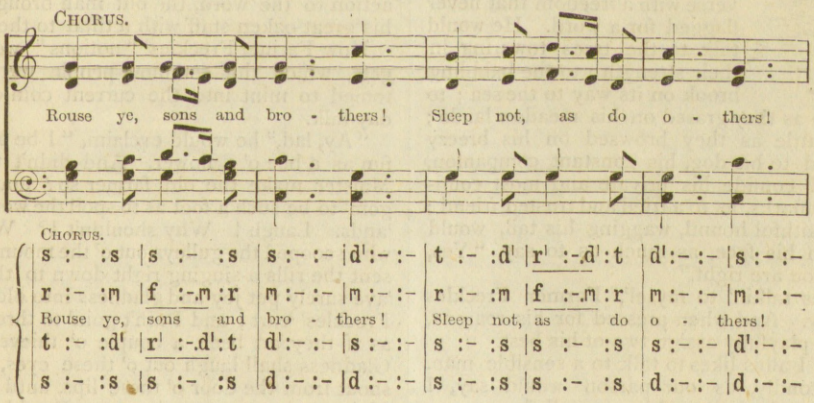
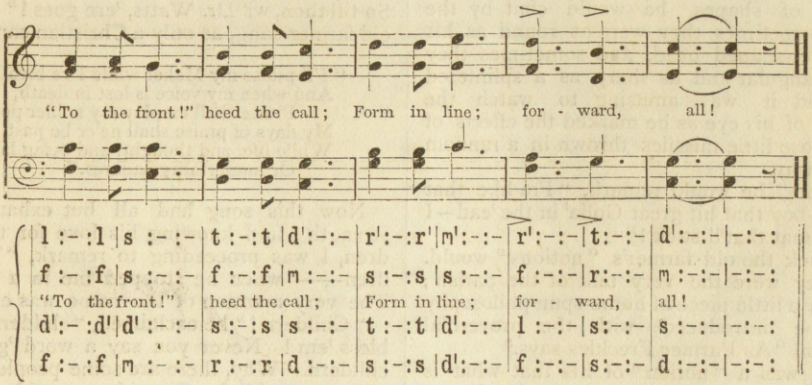




CHATS WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BY OLD CORNISH.

FARMER FRECKLES AND HIS NOTIONS.



YES, he had them, and no mistake—notions as strongly marked as the pocks in his face.

And he would announce them too, announce them with an emphasis that commanded respect.

And he could talk, could Farmer Freckles.

"Brought up in the school of natur'," as he would sometimes observe, he would converse with a freedom that never flagged for a word. He would talk to the trees towering in their strength; to the babbling brook on its way to the sea; to the sheep as they grazed on his meadow lands; to the cattle as they browsed on his breezy hills; and to his dog, his constant companion, he would confide his private and most confidential remarks, as to a tried and trusted friend; and the faithful hound, wagging his tail, would look up in his face, as much as to say, "Yes, master, you are right."

"I likes talkin' to mysel'," Farmer Freckles would say. And when pressed for his reasons, he would playfully assign two of his best.

"Fust, I allus likes to talk to a sensible man. And, secondly, as our parson would say, I allus likes to 'ear a sensible man talk."

With little bits of sentences, cut up into all sorts of shapes, he would chat by the hour. Sometimes they were as round as his own bullet-shaped head, and sometimes they were as angular and as sharp as a splintered flint; and it was amusing to watch the twinkling of his eye as he marked the effects of one of those little missiles thrown in a random sort of a way.

"Ay, lad," he would remark, "I'm like that shepherd-boy that hit great Golia' in the 'ead—I likes summat that'll stick!"

And stick the old farmer's "notions" would. Why, they were the very talk of the parish; and many a little piece of home-spun philosophy would be introduced with the proverbial expression, "As Farmer Freckles says."

Now it was a "notion" of his that what is worth saying at all is worth saying well. Hence he would often rehearse a bit of his creed:

"What's the use o' speakin' unless you 'ave summat to say? And if you 'ave summat to say, then look the world full in the face, and say it as if 'twer' the very Gospel itsel'.

"Why, when our Betty and I went to be wed,—now fifty year ago come next Michaelmas Day—(ay, she wer' a beauty then; but, bless you, she be a lot 'andsomer now)—well, I wer' a-goin' to say, when our Betty and I went to be wed, I said 'I will' afore our parson could get through the question 'e wanted to ax. 'Ow the old parson did smile to be sure! And our Betty, she did tremble, as if she 'ad got an attack o' the jerks. But I 'ad comed a-purpose to say 'I will,' and I wasn't going to wait for the dear old parson, who was allus slow o' speech, to ax what 'e know'd I wer' *a-longin'* to say—no, not I. Why, bless 'e, I likes a man to 'ave a mind o' 'is own, and when he 'ave got a bit of good common sense, to gi'e it out wi' a will. Them's my notions, they are!" and suiting the action to the word, the old man brought down his great oaken staff with a thud to the ground.

Now Farmer Freckles' "notions" were nuggets, which the common people were accustomed to mint into the current coin of every-day talk.

"Ay, lad," he would exclaim, "I be as fond o' fun as a bee o' a flower. And didn't the dear Maister make the old farmer so? and I ain't goin' to be such a fool as to spoil the work o' His 'ands. Laugh! Why shouldn't I? Why, He who scooped the gulleys out o' the mountain, and sent the rills a-singing right down to the plain, 'ave surely put joy and gladness into old Farmer Freckles' 'eart; and I ain't goin' to throttle 'em, as if they 'ad been a couple o' thieves. No! Gladness shall laugh out o' these eyes, and joy shout from the door o' these lips, until the dear Maister do come and say, 'Freckles, it is enough; put up the shutters, lad—gi'e up the key.' So till then, wi' Dr. Watts, 'ere goes!" and the old farmer sang, as only a Christian can sing—

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures."

Now this song had all but exhausted his strength; and knowing his love for the children, I was proceeding to remark, "The children——" when he stopped me in a moment. The very mention of the name was enough.

"Childern!" he exclaimed, "childern! God bless 'em! Never you say a word 'gainst the childern. Why, there are some people who are allus a-grumblin'. Grumble, grumble, grumble—nothing but grumble from mornin' till night

and all 'bout the childern.. Why, even our Betty, dear soul as she is, wer' actually a-grumblin' 'bout the childerm t'other day! Ah, said I to mysel', I see 'ow itt is. 'See what?' she exclaimed. 'Why, see 'ow the dear Lord 'ave never gie'n thee a baby to muss.' She said no more arter that. Why, one o' the chiefest gifts o' God is a bairn. Oh, 'ow my blood boils as I think 'ow some o' those 'uman fiends do treat the dear 'ittle childern. Why, the wonder to me is that the dear Lord don't send down 'pon 'em fire and brimstone from 'eaven. Talk 'bout Criminal Law 'mendment Acts! I'd act them, I would. Why, if I wer' Prime Minister o' England to-morrow, I'd make a law that would mend 'em or end 'em; I wud ring 'em up, like old Flashman rings up our pigs, I would; and if they didn't promise to be better arter that—well, then, I would flay 'em alive!"

Now Farmer Freckles was a most affectionate man. He had a hard hand, it was true, and occasionally a rough kind of a tongue, but underneath his shaggy vest there beat one of the tenderest of human hearts.

"Ay, lad," he would say, "Farmer Freckles be like an old cocoa-nut, 'ard and rough on the outside, but wi' a good sup o' the milk o' 'uman kindness wi'in."

And that estimate of himself was just. Bent upon doing good, it was no uncommon thing to hear such tributes to his work as these: "Oh, it is Farmer Freckles again!" "It is just like him!"

Once upon a time he ran the risk of his own life to save that of a pauper's child.

Wrapped in a bit of a red shawl, Widow Jones had sent her sickly little maid to the village school. Thoughtless of danger, the child was going along the pathway in the field in which was Farmer Freckles' bull. Infuriated at the sight, the maddened beast rushed towards the child, who screamed with affright. Hearing the piercing shriek as he stood in his stable door, the good, kind old farmer leaped upon the fence, took the situation in at a glance, sprung from the fence into the field, and rushing as for very life, flung himself in front of the child, and stood face to face with the bellowing brute. Gripping his oaken staff in the one hand, and taking the bull by the horns with the other, he belaboured the sides of the great beast until the staff broke into bits, and the bull turned away in disgust at both the master and the means.

"Widow Jones," said he, as he bore the child in safety to her home, "'ere's thy bairn; but she's 'ad a narrow escape. Ay, lass, allus keep a 'edge between a child and a bull."

Now Farmer Freckles was a good and sensible man, and so had a "notion" that there were more sides to a question than one. So, leaving Widow Jones' cottage, he began to review the scene of the last half-hour. There was the bull away in the farthermost corner of the field, as if ashamed of himself and his master too; and there among the grass were the broken bits of the old oaken staff; and as the old farmer's eye rested on the fence from whence he had sprung into the field, he exclaimed, "Thank God, I saved the life o' the child!"

And then the old man stopped—stopped as if he had been stunned.

"Saved the life o' the child!" he exclaimed; "eh, but there are thousands to be saved from a worse thing than a bull. Freckles, man, *where there's drink there's danger!*" and he literally sobbed as he thought of those who had been cursed through the sin of intemperance.

"Allus 'ave a 'edge between a child and a bull!" he continued; "ay, that's right!—it is—quite right! But, Freckles," said he, "Freckles, thou stupid old fellow! *put the bull t'other s'de o' the 'edge, to be sure.*" And like a man in earnest as he was, he leaped the gate at a bound, and drove the dangerous beast into the adjoining field.

"Ay, ay," said he to himself, "prevention is better than cure. Better to 'ave saved a life than to 'ave set a limb. But, Lord" (and he spoke as a man accustomed to commune with God), "there's somethin' better than both—it's the soul. Then 'elp the poor old farmer, Lord, to save the souls of the childern from the *drink and the devil.*"

Just then there broke upon his ear one of the sweetest little songs he had ever heard. It was sung by six little maidens as they came along the path in the field. Farmer Freckles stood entranced as he leaned against the gate. "Sing it over again," he said, as they were passing out through the stile; and they stopped and sang sweeter, and yet sweeter still:—

"Little acts of kindness,
Little deeds of love,
Make our home a heaven,
Like the home above."

And the dear old farmer exclaimed, "Thank you, my childern—thank you."

"You are quite welcome!" they replied.

"Why, Freckles," said his wife on his return, "where in the world have you been?"

"Been!" said he, with a smile, but with a voice that faltered as he spoke; "been to the gate o' heaven! I've saved the life o' one child, and put joy and gladness into the 'earts of haaf-a dozen others! Betty! *bull's t'other side o' the 'edge!*"

That evening there came a message from the King to say He was coming. And at midnight

the dear old farmer said, "Betty, lass, He's a-come; and is callin' me—I maun go!" And then rallying his all but exhausted strength, he exclaimed, "*I'm a-comin', Lord!*—COMIN'!" and Farmer Freckles realised an answer to his oft-repeated prayer—

"My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

A CONTENTED FARMER.

ONCE upon a time, Frederick, King of Prussia, surnamed "Old Fritz," took a ride, and espied an old farmer ploughing his acre by the wayside, cheerfully singing his melody. "You must be well off, old man," said the king. "Does this acre belong to you on which you so industriously labour?" "No, sir," replied the farmer, who knew not it was the king. "I am not so rich as that; I plough for wages." "How much do you get a day?" asked the king. "Eight groschen" (about a shilling), said the farmer. "This is not much," replied the king. "Can you get along with this?" "Get along, and have something left." "How is that?" The farmer smiled, and said: "Well, if I must tell you—two groschen are for myself and wife; with two I pay my old debts; two I lend away; and two I give away for the Lord's sake." "This is a mystery which I cannot solve," said the king. "Then I will solve it for you," said the farmer. "I have two old parents at home who kept me when I was weak and needed help, and now that they are weak and need help I keep them. This is my debt towards which I pay two groschen a day. The third pair of groschen which I lend away I spend for my children, that they may receive Christian instruction. This will come handy to me and my wife when we get old. With the last two groschen I maintain two sisters whom I could not be compelled to keep. This is what I give for the Lord's sake." The king, apparently well pleased with the answer, said, "Bravely spoken, old man. Now I will also give you something to guess. Have you ever seen me before?" "Never," said the farmer. "In less than five minutes you shall see me fifty times, and carry in your pocket fifty of my likenesses." "This is a mystery which I cannot unravel," said the farmer. "Then I will solve it for you," said the king. Thrusting his hand into his pocket, and counting him fifty bran-new gold pieces into his hand, stamped with his royal likeness, he said to the astonished farmer, who knew not what was coming, "The coin is genuine, for it also comes from our Lord God, and I am His paymaster. I bid you adieu."

"MY LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER."

LAST Sabbath, writes an American minister, forty-two persons united with my church. Among that number was one man of whom I want to speak to the children. When he came to see me about uniting with the church, I said to him:

"Can you tell me what it was that led you to seek the Lord?"

The poor man burst into tears, and said—

"My little boy's prayer."

I asked him to explain himself. He then said:

"I was, a short time ago, a miserable drunkard, and made my family very unhappy, and my home, if it could be called such, was truly wretched. I have three children. The youngest, a little boy seven years old, with his sisters, attends your Sabbath-school.

"One day, the little boy came from school, and told his mother that you had been telling the children, if they never wanted to become drunkards, they should never taste any kind of intoxicating liquor, and, if they had parents who drank, they should pray for them, that God would teach them to give up the drink. 'And,' added the little boy, 'my father drinks. I don't want to be a drunkard; can't I sign the pledge, and pray for father?"

"'Yes,' said his mother.

"'Write me a pledge now, mother.'

"His mother wrote one, and, in the best way he could, the boy signed it.

"'Now,' said he, 'I will pray for father!'

"A few nights after that, having stayed till near midnight with some companions in a drinking saloon, I staggered home; while fumbling in my pocket for the key to my room, I thought I heard some one talking in my little boy's room, which was next door.

"I listened, and heard him praying, in earnest tones, mingled with sobs and tears—

"'O Lord! please bless me for signing the pledge; and, O Lord! please to bless my dear father, and help him to sign the pledge and drink no more; for Jesus' sake. Amen.'

"Ah, sir! there was no sleep for me that night. That prayer rung in my ears; and before morning I had inwardly vowed that, if the Lord would help me, I would never drink again. The next day I signed the pledge, the following Sabbath I came to church; and, sir, I think the Lord has given me a new heart. It was my little boy's prayer that did it."

Dear children, if any of you have parents that drink, do as this little boy did—pray for them.


CHILDHOOD'S DREAM.
Rosebud lay in her trundle-bed,
With her small hands folded above her head,
And fixed her innocent eyes on me,
While a thoughtful shadow came over their glee.
"Mamma," said she, "when I go to sleep,
I pray to the Father my soul to keep;
And He comes and carries it far away
To the beautiful home where His angels stay.
I gather red roses and lilies so white;
I sing with the angels through all the long night;
And when, in the morning, I awake from my sleep,
He gives back the soul I gave Him to keep,
And I only remember, like beautiful dreams,
The garlands of lilies, the wonderful streams."
John C. Staples

THE MOTHER'S "RULE OF THREE."



T was a stormy night. The grocer's "new boy" was alone, when an old man came in. He slowly walked the length of the store, unbuttoning his great coat, and took a seat beside the stove. While he warmed himself, he looked keenly at the boy.

"Pretty cold spell we are having," he said at last.

"Yes, sir."

"I take it you're the new hand here?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

After a moment, he asked,—

"Got a mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you're lucky; a good mother has been the making of many a fellow."

"I believe it," was the warm response.

"I might say I never had one," continued the old man. "All I can remember of her is being lifted up to look at her as she lay in her coffin,—that's all I know of mother."

The boy seemed touched by this and dejected; he moved some goods softly, in the silence that followed, as if he would not disturb the aged stranger. But soon the keen eyes were upon him again, and there was another question,—

"Mother living far off, boy?"

"Oh, no, sir! I brought her with me. There's only the two of us, sir, so we stick together. We keep house upstairs, over the store."

"That's good." With growing interest, he gazed upon the manly little clerk.

"I've noticed that the boys who look after their mothers turn out well. I should think yours would be proud of you."

He sighed. The boy wondered why until he spoke.

"I wish I was you, starting life again. But I've had my chance. I didn't improve it: nobody 'll miss me when I'm gone."

With bowed head, he turned toward the stove opening and shutting his trembling fingers before it, as if to grasp its warmth.

"I'm poor company to-night, boy. Time was when I'd keep a houseful laughing at my funny stories. Wouldn't think it, would you?"

"No, sir," said the boy bluntly, but with respect.

"I just laid myself out to do it; spent all my spare time that way, you might say. That's where I missed it. Fun's a good thing to season with, boy, but it don't make bone and muscle. While I was a kind of circus clown at the store, those that kept right down to study and work went ahead of me up the ladder of life."

The old man's face glowed with his subject and the warmth of the fire.

"You'll hardly believe it, but one of the best Presidents the United States ever had, this town turned out. I remember well when his father and mother came here. His father couldn't read or write, but his mother could. She hadn't many books, yet she knew how to bring up her boy. There were three things she was always driving into him; he called them 'mother's rule of three.' And the rule wouldn't be a bad one for you, boy. Want to hear it?

"Well, here 'tis; chalk it down. It's worth it.

"Never Lie.
"Never Swear.
"Never Drink.
} The mother's rule of three."

"That's a short rule," said the boy.

"It was long enough to reach to the end of his life," was the reply. "He got to be a great lawyer, then a senator. But he always kept his rule of three. It got him into a mighty tight place once. You see there was talk of having him for President. Some of his great political friends came to him and said:—

"'We can't beat in this campaign without wine. We know you're dead set against it, but you needn't use it yourself. We'll pay for it, and take away what's left—it shan't trouble you a mite. Your friends must have it to make the campaign a success.'

"You see that was right against his mother's rule of three. And what do you s'pose he said? He just wheeled on those fellows, thanked them politely for putting him to the head of their ticket, and says,—

"'Gentlemen, I cannot consent to have any wine used, if it costs me the Presidency!'"

"Good for him!" exclaimed the boy.

"Well, they had to mind him; and, the best of it is, he got the Presidency, too."

"I shan't forget that story," said the boy.

"Nor the rule of three, I hope," returned the old man. "And when you have a spare moment, don't hang around here listening to

secondhand jokes ; slip upstairs and cheer the old lady. You won't always have a mother."

He rose and fastened his coat, adding, kindly,—

"You won't mind the old man's giving you this advice? He's pretty near through the life you're starting on. Good night, my boy."—*Well Spring.*

WHO IS A FREEMAN?

THIS was a question which some little fellows once had up in a debating society. Some said it was the man who had a right to vote. Then it was replied, the drunkard has a right to vote, and his vote is as good as that of any other man. But is the drunkard a freeman? Some said it was the man who could come and go as he pleased ; but this shut out the drunkard, for it is plain that he can't do so. Sometimes he can't stir a step. Some said it was the man who had not any master. And this, too, shut out the drunkard, for the bottle is his master, and the rumseller is his master. One little boy got up—and a smart fellow he was, too—and said it was the cold-water man. He could always come and go as he pleased, and he had no master. If this did not constitute a freeman, he did not know what did. But a son of a very rich man, who was present, and looked with contempt upon the cold-water army, cried out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Chairman, I say that the temperance man is no freeman? He is bound down by the rules of his temperance society, and he hasn't the liberty of taking a glass of wine when it is offered to him." This created an uproar, and broke up the meeting. But it was not a great while after when this son of the rich man got among some drinking fellows, who fell into a row, and the watchman took them all and locked them up till morning in the station-house. Here was his boasted freedom, locked up in a police-cell ! There is no freedom but in total abstinence from all evil. The spirit of liberty is the spirit of right, the spirit of love. Boys, always do right. Have a clear conscience, and then you'll be free.

A YOUNG ROMAN'S SACRIFICE.

A TRUE STORY.

ONCE upon a time, many hundred years ago, when Rome was mistress of the world, and the Romans were braver and stronger than any one else, there lived a boy of thirteen, whose name is still remembered. Lucius Valerius was fond of his lessons, but most of all did he love poetry ; so, although he was only thirteen years old, he made up his mind that he would try to win the gold medal and ivory lyre which were given every five years to the boy who should write the best poem. Lucius not only tried, but he succeeded, and one day, before all the school and a number of visitors, the prizes were presented to him. Now, besides the medal and the lyre, which every one who gained them valued very much, there was something else which they thought far grander. A statue of the prize-winner was placed in the school and crowned with laurel. You may imagine how the boy's heart beat with joy as he saw the judge step forward to crown his statue, but just at that moment Lucius caught sight of a young man who had also tried for the prize, and who looked most downcast and miserable. Lucius sprang forward, seized the laurel crown, and put it on the head of the poor fellow who had been unsuccessful. "You are more deserving of it than I am," he said ; "I obtained it more on account of my youth than my merit, and rather as an encouragement than as a reward." Then the people set up a great shout of joy, for they knew that a noble heart was worth more than all the poems in the world, and they gave a new name to Lucius Valerius in memory of that day. So Lucius was always called Pudens, which means Modest, and you may be sure he valued his new title as much as he deserved it, for "Kind hearts are more than coronets."—*Little Folks.*

TEMPERANCE PRIZE TALES.

THE Committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union having offered prizes of £100, £70, and £40 for the three best temperance tales, to be published at 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 1s. 6d. each respectively, 124 manuscripts were received in competition and submitted to the following gentlemen :—For the £100 prize to Rev. William Barker, M.A., Rev. H. S. Paterson, M.D., and J. P. Bacon, Esq. ; for the £70 prize to Rev. J. M. Gibson, D.D., F. Sherlock, Esq., and R. Wilson, Esq.; and for the £40 prize to Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A., Thomas Hudson, Esq., F.S.S., and Miss J. Leaf. The adjudicators have awarded the £100 prize to Mr. W. T. Lacey, of Chesham, Bucks, for a tale entitled "Through Storm to Sunshine" ; the £70 prize to the Rev. T. Keyworth, of Liverpool, for "The Naresboro' Victory" ; and the £40 prize to Mr. Henry Nash, of Moss-side, Manchester, for a tale entitled "Resolution." These tales will be got up in first-class style by Messrs. Nelson and Sons, and it is hoped they will be ready in December. We trust they will result, in an eminent degree, in promoting temperance principles among the young in all classes of society.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

MOTHERS AND SONS.—Fathers must be content to stand second to mothers. It is the mother who has to teach the babe to know the father, and slowly to frame its unused lips to speak his name. The father is the first stranger the child grows familiar with, but the mother never was a stranger—the infant first widens its fresh eyes by fixedly gazing on her face. There is no face in all the world which a man ever knows so well—not even hers with whom, at a far later day, he stands before the altar, and who thenceforward shares his name. The gentle sadness of this theme only comes fully out when you remember that, in the course of things, a time arrives when that most familiar of countenances is seen under a change. Mothers grow aged, it may be infirm, while sons progressively tower up into their prime of life. Then the early attitude of this closest related pair on earth is touchingly altered. She who in the first period gave all help has now to lean on the grown figure which she once so lightly dandled as a child, now standing before her strong and straight as the father did in the long gone days. God has given to men no sweeter, dearer, richer feeling than a grown son has when repaying to an aged mother a little tithe of the loving care she early lavished upon him. In this relationship of mother and son God has made sure that every rough male heart shall have a tender spot—one sacred recollection. And whenever it dawns upon the mind that it was He who gave the loving mother, joy for that most bountiful of all bestowals draws the son of the earthly mother towards the Father who is in heaven.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN HOME.—What scene of family dignity is more to be admired? The highest splendours of wealth and show have but a feeble glow-worm look in comparison—a pale faint glimmer of light, a phosphorescent halo, enveloping what is only a worm. Even the poor labouring man, thanking God at his table for the food he earned—the toil of yesterday; singing still each morning in his family hymns of the glorious rest at hand; moving on thitherward with his children by single day's journeys of prayer and praise; teaching them, even as the eagles do their young, to spread their wings with him and rise—this man, I say, is the prince of God in his house, and the poor garb in which he kneels outshines the robes of palaces. Religion leads in the day as the dawn leads in the morning. It blends a heavenly gratitude with the joys of the table; it breathes a cheerful sense of God into all the works and tempers of the house; it softens the pillow for rest when the day's work is done. Home and religion are sacred words—names both of love and reverence; home, because it is the seat of religion; religion, because it is the sacred element of home.—*Dr. Bushnell.*

JUVENILE CRIME.—Of the influence of pernicious literature in making criminals, Mr. Davitt says, in his recently-published "Leaves from a Prison Diary": "Among young thieves are often found youths who have had honest parents and a proper bringing up. These are the victims of such works as 'Blueskin,' 'Three-finger Jack,' 'Jack Sheppard,' 'Claude Duval,' 'Dick Turpin,' and the various other pestiferous criminal novelettes which have obtained such an immense circulation among boys of the industrial classes of these countries during the past twenty years. The writers of these thief-making sheets represent their pickpocket, burglar, or highwayman hero in picturesque colours, and hundreds of bright intelligent boys have been torn from the homes of respectable parents through the instrumentality of this literature of rascaldom, and have become cast, in most cases for their whole future, among the felon ranks of habitual criminal life."

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.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed to the Editors of ONWARD, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. All Business Communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: A. J. Glasspool, Rev. N. Kelynack, David Lawton, H. W. Skaife.

Publications Received.

The Band of Hope Chronicle—The Scottish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Journal—The Rechabite Magazine—The Social Reformer—The Western Temperance Herald—The Bond of Union—The Irish Temperance League Journal—Church of England Temperance Magazine—Alliance News—Once a Month.

The Pearl of Billingsgate.

BY M. A. PAULL,

Author of "The Bird Angel," "Friar Hildebrand's Cross," "My Battlefield," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XII.

"WE MET, 'TWAS IN A CROWD."



BLACK JIM'S circumstances were already beginning to improve. It would take him months, perhaps years, to regain his old position, for, to use a homely proverb, "we can't eat our cake and have it too." The money that had been worse than wasted at the "Olive Branch" would never find its way back into his pocket.

But he took care that none of his present earnings were spent so foolishly. Yet many things seemed to go against him for weeks after he had signed the pledge and returned to his old work. Fish was scarce and therefore dear, and as he could not afford to purchase much, and his customers also hesitated to buy freely, his returns were but small. The most he could do was to free some of the very many household articles and wearing apparel that had been from time to time deposited at "Uncle's." Some of these were lost irrecoverably, but others came back, and gave the room an air of comfort it had long lacked. When business grew a little better, a second room, on the same floor, was to be let in the house, and Black Jim engaged it, much to his wife's pleasure; for her respectable bringing up and the excellent places she had lived in, and even the comparatively pleasant home of their own she had at first enjoyed, had but ill-prepared her for crowding all her work and all her family into one small apartment.

She had shown no little talent for making the most of everything in difficult circumstances, and now that this was appreciated by her husband, and she was sure of his sympathy, the rooms became quite neat and nice, at the smallest possible cost. James Bellamy had bestowed upon Pearl from time to time quite a number of pretty mottoes and pictures; she had at least a dozen of them, and two or three of them were in frames. These were now hung upon the walls, and the cups and saucers were arranged upon the top of the drawers, which had recently returned from the pawnshop. A valance and curtains of pink material had been put up over the window, to Pearl's great admiration, and a couple of geraniums did their very best to thrive in the poor atmosphere, and at least presented some show of greenness.

ONWARD, DECEMBER, 1885. *All Rights Reserved.*]

To come into the Hunters' rooms from the poor surroundings outside of them in Love Lane was akin to the pleasure of finding an oasis in a desert. It was some time since Miss Hayes had visited her little scholar, only once indeed since Black Jim had taken the pledge; but all improvements had been duly notified to her on Sundays; and Miss Hayes had furnished a piece or two of carpet and a pincushion, and a metal tea-pot, that were important auxiliaries in producing an air of comfort. Little Pearl was delightfully sure of her teacher's sympathy, and though Alice Hayes could not do much for her class in giving pecuniary help, her love was prized a great deal more highly than mere money could have been.

Lionel looked rather horrified at the neighbourhood into which they had plunged that summer evening; but when they arrived, not without difficulty, at the top of the awkward stairs, in the very shabby dirty house, and were inside of the Hunters' room, he almost exclaimed with astonishment.

It was quite a pretty little home picture. Mrs. Hunter sat making a garment; to tell the truth, it was a new print frock, for Pearl to wear at her approaching Sunday-school treat in Epping Forest, and an unheard-of luxury to the dear little maiden. "Father" and she together, aided also by Tom Bellamy's taste, who went with them into the shop, by special invitation, had chosen a "lovely" pattern, a dark ground with pretty little bunches of flowers thickly covering it. Black Jim and Tom had at once decided upon it, and Pearl was only anxious lest it should cost too much.

"I'll have it for my Pearl, whatever it costs," said Jim Hunter, in quite a reckless way; yet it made Pearl laugh merrily to hear him say such loving things of her. And then they chose some buttons that were almost, if that were possible, more charming than the dress itself, being shiny and gleaming, and showing various tints to match the hues of the flowers. It was all wonderful to little Pearl, and as charming as a fairy tale, that she should ever have a new dress for the school treat.

Black Jim was now sitting by the curtained window with an accordion on his lap, making out a tune from a book of music which Pearl held for him. Baby, on the floor, below, was investigating the capacities and qualities of a rag doll his mother had made for him, by pulling it about vehemently in many directions, testing its temper by various pokes in the eyes and face generally, and banging it wholesale on the floor whenever so disposed; cooing and scolding the devoted doll by turns.

"This is my brother, Mrs. Hunter," said Alice, as they walked into the room, after

knocking and being invited to enter by a cordial "Come in."

Mrs. Hunter got up and welcomed them heartily. "Do, please, excuse our not opening the door for you, Miss Hayes; we were expecting Mr. Bellamy, and I thought it was he who knocked, or else Pearl should have opened to you. I am very sorry."

"It does not matter in the least. Come here, Pearl; my brother wants to see the dear little girl who tried so much to help her father when he was ill."

Pearl came, blushing and abashed, looking so sweet and so pretty, that any one must have admired her. Lionel Hayes stooped and kissed her, with a beating heart. She seemed a sort of link between himself and that treasured Pearl he had almost feared he had lost for ever.

Black Jim looked at him attentively, and came to a shrewd and just conclusion.

"Drink," as James Bellamy was fond of saying, "had but one good quality, it was no respecter of persons;" and if drink had done Miss Hayes' brother an injury, he, Black Jim, would like to say or do something to make him hate it. It was a good sign that he was here with his sister; perhaps she had brought him for a special reason. He was quite willing to acknowledge his own past evil, if thereby he could give the least impulse towards good to this gentleman.

"What we should have done, miss, without this little girl I don't know. I couldn't refuse to sign the pledge after all she had done for me; and what she has done since I signed, when I felt weak as water—or weak as beer, to speak more truly—has been as much almost as she did before. You may, sir, or you may not, know what it is to care about the drink. I had a craving and a longing after I signed that made me tremble many and many a time as I went to my work. How could I keep from it all day? It was more, I felt despairingly, than could be expected of a man. And always, just as I came to that pass, I should look around and see my little Pearl, God bless her, almost as if she had started up from the paving-stones. How she knew when and where to find me passes my understanding. She says 'twas from going with the cart herself; but it stands to reason that a little girl and a man don't go exactly the same pace and everything. However, there she was, and she came over to me time and again, and says, 'Father, would you like a drink?' A drink, why 'twas what I was craving for; but she hadn't the drinks I was thinking about, and sometimes when she said, 'Here's some nice cold tea,' or a 'good drink of milk,' I could scarcely believe as it would taste a bit welcome to me. And yet it did, and more and more I got to care for it, and inclined to leave alone the other, not only because I'd signed against it, but because I began to lose my liking for it. Sometimes she had lemonade, sometimes only water, when money was extra scarce at home; and once, when I had a bit of a cough, she had liquorice water, and I won't say it didn't do me good, though it wasn't much to my liking. Perhaps it was always the sight of her expecting me to keep firm that did me as much good as anything."

The visitors found it impossible to help laughing at Pearl's liquorice water, but though Pearl coloured and looked down a little shyly at the music-book she held, she also laughed and said—

"I suppose I thought father would like it because I like it, Miss Hayes, and I'd made it, you know," she added archly.

"Oh! it's a grand remedy," said Black Jim, merrily, "and quite as good a colour as beer any day."

Just as he said this, there was a noise of wheels outside in Love Lane. This was nothing very uncommon, but Pearl, with not unnatural curiosity, rose from her low seat, and looked out of the window. There she saw something which evidently attracted her, and without turning her head, she exclaimed—

"It's a grand carriage, mother, with two horses, and there is a lady getting out."

The announcement was sufficiently novel to attract them all to the window. The lady must have already entered the house, for she was not to be seen. But two livery servants were there, one the coachman on the box, and the other the footman, standing at the door of the carriage.

"Well, I wonder who they can have come to see, mother, don't you?" said Pearl.

Mrs. Hunter, with a very intent look, was gazing into the street, when there was a knock at the door.

"*That's* James Bellamy," said Black Jim. "Come in, Mr. Bellamy, no ceremony," and he walked from the window to meet him.

There met him, instead, a lady, handsomely attired in silk, with a sweet sad face, and beautiful dark eyes; she passed him with a courteous smile, and reaching Mrs. Hunter, exclaimed—

"Susan, don't you know me?"

"Miss Pearl! Oh! how kind, and if I wasn't wondering and wondering where I had seen that carriage. Of course it's the Churston Hall carriage. Oh! Miss Pearl, this is the greatest honour I could have had. When did you come to town, and however did you manage to find me out? I would have come to you anywhere, gladly, you know." And then Mrs. Hunter paused confusedly, and said—

"But am I right in saying *Miss* Pearl? Perhaps——"

"No, oh no, you are quite right," she interrupted rather hastily, "but I must not leave Aunt Fanshawe below in the carriage, for she wants to come up and see you only less than I did. Do you think she could manage the stairs? She will need some help, more help than I——" she paused and looked around. She had seen that there were several people in the room; she had acknowledged their presence courteously by a bow, upon entering, but now, for the first time, her gaze rested upon them.

Lionel Hayes had lived, as it seemed to him, an age since she entered, if time were judged not by hours and days, and weeks and months, but by intensity of feeling. Now he saw her look at him without recognition—was it purposely? or was he, then, so altered? Mortified, thankful, disappointed, by turns, he yet drew forward and asked in his easy, gentlemanly way, "Can I be of the least service?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Hayes will help Mrs. Fanshawe up," said Mrs. Hunter, much relieved at the suggestion.

But his voice had revealed his presence to Pearl Churston before his name was uttered. With studied coldness, as it seemed to Alice Hayes, but by no means with indifference, she thanked him as if he had been an utter stranger, and accepted his aid.

"Will you go down, too, Susan," she added, "Aunt will see you then, and know I have asked you to?" It was evident she could do no more, for she sank into a chair, and almost panted for breath, yet, withal, hiding her emotion with a good degree of success from all but Alice Hayes, who was, of course, in the secret. And soon she spoke.

"Mrs. Hayes, I presume," she said, sweetly, and turned herself a little towards her.

"Oh no," said Alice, anxious most of all to undeceive her quickly in this, and already the noise of approaching footsteps came near the room. "Lionel Hayes, whom you have just seen, is my brother."

"Oh yes! I remember, Mrs. Hunter said so, did she not? How stupid I am, and so confused. I have not been very well lately. Poor Aunt Fanshawe," she added, and smiled a little, "I wonder how she is getting on."

There was a little stir, and the Pearl of Billingsgate ran to throw the door wide open for the advancing lady. No sooner did Mrs. Fanshawe, who leant somewhat heavily on the arm of Lionel Hayes, espy the sweet child standing with such modest grace to welcome her, than she exclaimed delightedly, and in the kindliest tone, "Ah! my dear little girl, we have met again after all these months, as I made up my mind we should one day meet, when I saw you at the Tower. Don't you remember, you were with those two nice, orderly little boys; you said they were not your brothers?"

"No, ma'am, they were Tom and Eph, Mr. Bellamy's boys."

"Who's talking about Mr. Bellamy and his boys?" said a pleasant voice outside, and in came James Bellamy, who had run up the staircase. all ignorant of the state of affairs and the crowd of visitors in Black Jim's home. It was funny to see how aghast he looked for a moment at finding three ladies and a gentleman, besides the family he had come to visit, none of whom he knew in the least save Miss Hayes. But he quickly recovered himself, lifted his cap from his head with a courteous gesture, that might have done credit to Sir Walter Raleigh, and said, pleasantly: "James Bellamy, ladies and gentlemen, at your service."

"Dear me!" said old Mrs. Fanshawe, "so this is the father of your little friends! What a curious coincidence that we should meet. You have two fine steady, well-behaved little sons my friend."

It was always a pleasure to James Bellamy to hear his boys praised; so Mrs. Fanshawe and he were at once quite at home with each other, and the other elements of difficulty in this narrow space seemed gradually to melt in their sunshiny talk. Black Jim, who had put himself very decidedly in the background, began to come modestly forward, and venture a remark here and there. Susan Hunter and her former mistress were earnestly discussing the past. Mrs. Fanshawe delightedly recognised Alice Hayes, and drew her to her side, as she sat resting herself in the very best chair they could offer her, while Lionel Hayes and little Pearl entered into conversation. Baby, however, having come to the conclusion just at this moment that he was shamefully neglected, set up a piteous cry, which startled and amused them all, and made the little Pearl of Billingsgate rush immediately to his rescue.

"The dear little fellow, he should be loved a bit, and thought of a bit," she said, in her caressing, womanly way, to her little brother, who, quite content, now that he was in her arms, stared round at the many new faces, with unmistakable surprise and interest.

Pearl Churston's gleaming dress and gold ornaments made her the most attractive person present, and little Pearl, at her invitation, brought him round to her.

The two Pearls! One in its rich setting, yet preserving still its own pure loveliness; the other in the plainest setting possible, yet gleaming with its God-given lustre. Both fair, precisely because of their possession, in however

small a degree, of the "Pearl of great price," to "buy which" a man selleth all "that he hath."

After a while Mrs. Fanshawe rose. "You must fix a day, Mrs. Hunter, on which to come and see us," she said; "Pearl and I are alone, and we can have you any day you like to come. My dear niece has journeyed from Devon to take care of me during Grace's absence," she said, turning now to Alice Hayes; "you remember Grace is gone to Switzerland?"

Yes, Miss Hayes remembered very well.

"And you, too, must come and see me," she added; "I am sure Pearl and you would be very good friends. Mr. Hayes, there is not much to attract a gentleman at my house, but you will, at any rate, fetch your sister and give us a little of your company; and now I shall thank you very much if you will guide me down, as well as you so kindly brought me up."

It was impossible but that some part of Mrs. Fanshawe's speech should make them smile. Pearl Churston meant to avoid the eyes of Lionel Hayes, but, instead, they met. She flushed crimson, a rare thing for her to do, but there was no anger in her gently reproachful look. He drew near, and said in a low tone, feeling that here was an opportunity never perhaps to be repeated, "While you are at Mrs. Fanshawe's, there is attraction beyond all other to me."

"Yet," she said, in the same tone, "all these years have passed and you were absent, silent."

"I did not dare," he answered; "my letter pleading for forgiveness is now on its way to Churston Hall."

"At last?" she sighed. "I will see you again, then, after I have read it."

"Now, Mr. Hayes, if you please," said Mrs. Fanshawe. This whispered colloquy had been possible because the old lady had had a little talk with the Pearl of Billingsgate, and required a little information from her respecting baby.

"But stay, you two, unless you are going elsewhere, had better return with us in the carriage; we will set you down anywhere you like."

Alice glanced at Lionel, read refusal in his face, and excused acceptance of this kindness. Pearl Churston was not displeased that he awaited her permission before venturing into her company purposely.

* * * *

"De ar little Pearl, dear little namesake," said Pearl Churston, a month afterwards, when her visit to her aunt was drawing to a close, and she had the child, who had become very dear to her, with her for the last time before leaving London; "I think your kind little heart will like to know that I am going home again so much happier than I came. When you are a woman, Pearl, if we both should live, I will tell you my story, and then you will be able to understand why. Now I shall only say that your example has done all who know you good; that, because Christ helped you to be kind and good and true and forgetful of self, it has been all the easier to some of us grown-up ones to be so also. By-and-by, at Christmas, you will come to see me in my own dear home in Devon, and be sure that amidst all my other treasures I shall ever love and prize the little Pearl of Billingsgate."

THE END.

THE FIRST FRUIT.

A LITTLE girl was once made the owner of some grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard. Very anxious was she that the fruit should ripen and be fit to eat. The time came.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he pulled some of the beautiful ones for her to eat.

"Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Well, what of that?"

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first fruit of all the money he made, and then always felt the happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, "how can you give grapes to God? And if you were able to do such a thing He would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me;' and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, who never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them."

And away ran this little girl with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the sick child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin.

"Dearest child, may God bless you a thousandfold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, see what a basket of nice things has been brought you!"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress and expressed her sincere thanks.—*Presbyterian.*

WHEN the young gentleman who styles himself the American Goethe was asked why he did not write something equal to Goethe's he testily answered, "Because I haven't a *mind* to do it."

TRUE AND WISE SAYINGS.

"Public-houses, the bane of the country, excite the strongest indignation in my heart."—*Sir Rowland Hill.*

"Men go into public-houses respectable and respected, and come out felons."—*Justice Grove.*

"I never saw a city or village yet whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public-houses."—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

"People need not tell me that I am excited on these questions. I know that I am. I should be ashamed before God and man if I were not. There is more in the public-houses of Glasgow to stir the spirit of a minister than all that Paul saw at Athens. In my ministry I meet the horrid fruits of these whisky shops. I see men and women perishing in these pitfalls. The number of the victims is so great that it overwhelms me. My brain is burning, my heart is breaking. The Church is asleep, and the world too; and they are hugging each other. I am weary with holding in. I must cry. I would rather be counted singular in the judgment of man, than be unfaithful in the judgment of God."—*Rev. Dr. Arnot.*

"While the doors of the public-house stand open, those who have money will enter and buy drink."—*The Lancet*, Sept., 1881.

"The suppression of public-houses solves, in a great measure, the social question of the working man's independence."—*The late Prince Imperial.*

"Every public-house tends to aggravate the public rates, and to create disorder, and it also causes an additional necessity for the police."—*The Standard.*

"It is clearly shown by Parliamentary returns that vice and drunkenness are in proportion to the number of public-houses, and to the facilities for obtaining intoxicating drink."

"The calendar is an unusually heavy one, and nearly all the cases are in consequence of the disturbances begun in public-houses."—*Judge Coleridge*, 1877.

"In almost all cases of personal violence and injury, the scene is a public-house or beer-shop."—*Judge Wightman.*

A CURE FOR SMOKING: A WORD TO PARENTS.

THE mother of a certain family was very anxious that her boys should not take after the father, and learn to smoke. So when the eldest boy was leaving school the father gave him a little advice, and being a shrewd, practical man, he administered to the lad some good homely counsel. Among other words of parental care, he told the youth, who was about to start life in a city office, that he ought to be very particular about the formation of his friendships. He said, "Be kindly to all you meet; never forget you are a gentleman, because you are the son of a gentle mother, and a Christian mother. Treat all married women as you would like other young men to treat your mother, and always do to all unmarried women only as you would wish others to do to your sisters. Make no friends among your companions unless you can bring them home to us all.

"About smoking, you know your mother would rather you never learnt. I don't object to your smoking when you are old enough; but there is one thing I want you to promise your mother and me—that you won't begin smoking without our knowledge. Let your mother and the girls and me see you have your *first* pipe; enjoy it with us round the fireside, and then when you have done, your mother will be able to attend to you."

The boy promised, as did the other sons in their turn, and not one of them has taken after the father in this respect of smoking.

NEVER TELL A LIE.

LITTLE JAMES was one day sent with a pitcher for some water. He accidentally dropped the pitcher, and broke it, and, as it was a very valuable one, he felt very bad about it. As he stood looking sadly at the broken pieces, another came along and inquired what was the matter. James told him, and he said—

"Well, go home and tell your mother that a boy threw a stone at you, and broke the pitcher."

"No; I shall go home and tell mother that I dropped it and broke it."

"But you will surely get whipped if you do. She will think you were careless."

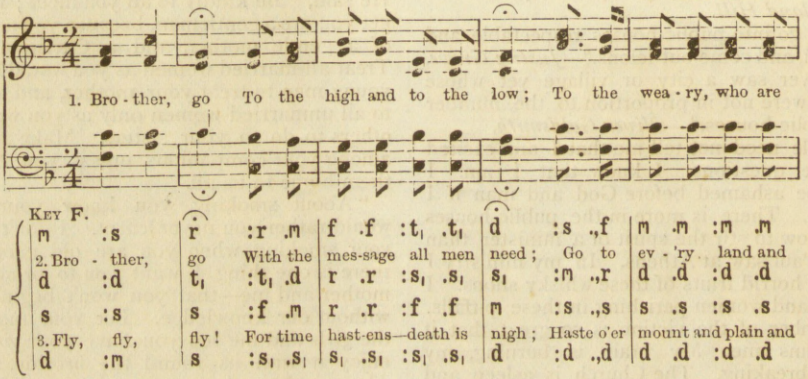
"I don't care if I do get whipped. I shall tell the truth. I would rather take a thousand whippings than tell a lie to my mother."

That was the right spirit, boys. No matter what wrong thing you have done, confess it, even if you are sure of being punished. As James said, it is better to be punished a thousand times, than to tell one lie.

Never tell a lie, nor even part of a lie. Many boys (and girls, too) will twist the truth, or tell a "white lie," as they call it; but that is about as bad, and a great deal more cowardly, than to tell a plump, round lie. Liars are not believed when they speak the truth. They are shunned by the good, and despised by everybody.

BROTHER, GO!

J. H. Tenney.



THE WRONG CHANGE.

BY UNCLE BEN.



OUR village was so small, and so far removed from the more busy and crowded scenes of life, that the passing through of a stranger created some interest, and the annual visit of the basket van caused quite an excitement. This moving store of wicker-work, decorated with chairs and mats, was an object of wonder. There was something so delightfully fresh and romantic in the idea of travelling on from place to place in one's own house, and getting a living with having picnics every day; but we forgot all about the wet and cold, and the misery of being stifled up in such a little space. But we were children then, and could only look at the bright side of life. We were very happy in childhood, although, of course, we had our troubles; but we did not give them the names of sorrow and care—we cried over them, and soon forgot them. We knew nearly every one in the village, and had a few special friends, among whom Amy was a particular favourite.

Once when, in the spring, the basket van came round with its many useful and tempting articles, we wondered how our parents, who had, as we thought, plenty of money, could possibly resist purchasing, at any rate, one or two of the most beautiful baskets and chairs; but they did, leaving us contemplating the good of penny and shilling if not to buy nice things with. However, among the treasures displayed on the outside of the van our friend Amy discovered what she said "Was the most beautiful little doll's chair that she believed was ever made."

She came at once and confided in us this important piece of information. We went out and confirmed her view and conclusion of matters, and gazed with longing eyes at the suspended work of art. After much whispered talk, we arrived at the mature consideration that we should buy that chair if we had only the money, but as we had not, we were forced to go without. Amy fancied that she possessed money enough to possess the chair.

At length she summoned up courage enough to ask the price, and say plainly it was too much. So Amy came away, but the old woman followed, and said, "My dear, I might charge YOU a little less. How much money have you got to spend?"

"I don't know," said Amy, "to a penny or two; but I'll go and see."

Of course we accompanied Amy, and advised she should not tell the old woman how much she had. We didn't like the old woman, and, in fact, always felt a little shy of people who called us "love" or "dear" without knowing anything about us. So we resolved on this plot: Amy should get the money, and we should let the van nearly get out of the village, then we would meet it again as if by accident, and pretend we did not want the chair, but if the purchase could be made at reasonable terms, we would advise Amy to buy, if not, we would help Amy to keep her money for a better speculation.

We carried out this plan, as we thought, with surprising success. When the old woman saw us she made for us at once, and reduced the price of the chair so suddenly to oblige us, even before we asked her, that it quite took away our business tact, and our hardened hearts relented as we looked at one another, partly from amazement and partly from not knowing if she meant it.

Then the old woman dropped the price, and said, "There now, I've given it you at half-price. I tell you what I'll do, I'll take off threepence more, and if you don't take it then, you shan't have it at any price. Come, I'm in a hurry—it's now or never."

"I'll have it," said Amy.

The woman took the money, hastily giving Amy the change, saying, "Now run off, or if my master was to ketch me a-giving away his things like this, he 'ud eat you."

The observation was quite enough; although we knew it wasn't true, we thought it disagreeable in the old woman to say it, and off we went with the chair, "really *very* cheap," as we said again and again. We were so taken up with the purchase that we quite forgot to examine the change, until Amy reached home and found to her consternation that it was sixpence short. Oh dear! this was a sad discovery; what were we to do? We summoned up pluck to return at once, and turned back to find the van, and walked on some way; but felt sure it was no mistake, and that the van

had got such a start of us that we should not overtake it.

It was a relief to avoid another interview with the old lady, but a sad and serious loss to our friend, with whom we deeply sympathised. We could not forget the incident. When we told our father of Amy's loss, he only said—

"You are a lot of young sillies to spend your money on cheats and hawkers."

The chair never seemed to give Amy much pleasure; it often seemed like ill-gotten gain to her. We wondered if the van with its many glories would come again. But so far as we know it never visited us again.

Some two years after, one dark, rough night in winter, a man knocked at Amy's house, and said he wished to see a girl that lived there. Amy and her father stepped into the passage to see what he wanted, when the man said—

"Did you buy a wicker chair from a van?"

"Yes," said Amy; "and the woman gave me wrong change."

"How much short was it?" said the man.

"Sixpence," replied Amy.

"That is so," said the man; "here it is. My missus is very ill, and she hasn't forgotten it, because you was very like a little girl of our'n that died, and it's been upon her mind ever since; and as we was on our way back from Straton Fair, she wished me to bring the sixpence to you, for it would make her feel easier."

"How did you know the house?" asked Amy.

"She told me that it was the only house with a porch with ivy near the church," replied the man.

Amy's father was much touched by the man's honesty, and wished to know if there was anything they could do for his wife.

He said no; they were anxious to get on their way, and at the next town they would see a doctor. The man left soon after, but not before Amy's father had given him a Bible and a hearty shake of the hands. But that same basket van never came again to our little village.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

THE bells ring clear as bugle note,
Sweet song is thrilling every throat:
'Tis welcome Christmas morning!
Oh! never yet was morn so fair,
Such silent music in the air:
'Tis merry Christmas morning!

Dear day of all days in the year,
Dear day of song, good-will, and cheer:
'Tis golden Christmas morning!
The hope, the faith, the love that is,
The peace, the holy promises:
'Tis glorious Christmas morning!

GOOD-WILL TO MEN.

ON Christmas Day we think of the wise men following the "star in the east" that rose upon their sight and went before them to where the Saviour lay; of the holy babe that had come upon the earth and lay within a manger, a position so lowly and humble that all might approach and do Him homage, that none could be driven away on account of the wealth or dignity of His surroundings; but with a purity so immaculate, a nobility so high, that none of us can ever reach it.

We think of the loveliness that must have dwelt upon that infant face, a beauty that no other child, pure and lovely and innocent as they all are, could ever have had. We think of what that boyish life must have been, of which we have so little record, yet, during which, He was gaining strength to fight against and vanquish all the evils of humanity; we recall the story of that life so brief, of that struggle so portentous.

We still hear in our breasts a still, small voice whispering, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," "Love your enemies," "Do good to them that hate you," "Revile not again," "Forgive even unto seventy times seven,"—and we repent, and manifest our "good-will toward men" one day in the year. It is better that it should be so on Christmas Day alone than not to be at all; it is a little leaven, and we know not how much good even a little leaven may work.

These things are all as they should be, but it is so comparatively easy to do what all are doing, to hold out the hand of good fellowship when all hands are outstretched. Should there not be "good-will toward men, on *all* days of the year in memory of the Lord's birth, and life, and death? Should not the hand of good fellowship always be outstretched? There are always hands groping in the darkness for the sustaining grasp that shall give them strength.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A POOR lame boy was walking along one of the muddy streets of the city, trying to find a suitable place to cross. The heavy rains had fallen, and the street was unusually deep with mud and water.

While waiting to cross another lad saw him, and cried out, "Stop! stop! I'll carry you over!"

In a moment he gently took the little cripple in his arms, and carried him safely over to the opposite side of the street. In doing it he got quite wet and muddy; but he did not mind that, for he felt amply repaid by the *inward reward* which his heart gave him. The little lame boy smiled gratefully, and thanked him kindly; but the satisfaction of doing a kind act paid him better. Doing good to others brings its own reward, which the selfishness of the world cannot appreciate.

CHRISTMAS ONCE MORE.

THE Christmas carol seems echoing still
We sang just a year ago,
And we rolled up our sleeves and worked with a will
At clearing away the snow.

The summer has been and gone since then,
And autumn's rich golden store
Has been gathered again for the sons of men,
And here's Christmas come once more.

We have smiled and wept, and the days went by;
We have kept the gaunt wolf from the door,
And we catch a new gleam in the dark, wintry sky—
Here's jolly old Christmas once more.

Let us welcome him in with a shout of delight,
Let us heap on the logs with a cheer,
Let us sing the old song through the long winter's night—
Old Christmas! we welcome you here.

W. A. EATON.

A CONTENTED CHILD.

ONCE upon a time there was a king of Sweden called Gustavus III. One day he was out riding some distance from Stockholm when he felt very thirsty. By-and-by he saw a peasant girl drawing water from a well, so he rode up to her and asked her to give him a draught. The child lifted her pitcher and held it to his lips. The king then saw that she was very pretty and gentle-looking, and he thought that she was fit for nicer work than drawing water; so he said, after thanking her, "If you will go with me to Stockholm, I will try to find a pleasanter place for you." The girl smiled and thanked him for his kind offer. "But if you please, sir, I do not wish to leave the work which God has given me to do. Besides, I have a mother who is bedridden, and how could she get on without me?" "Take me to your mother," said the king. Then the child led him to a wretched hut, where the poor woman lay on a bedstead covered with straw. Gustavus began to pity her for her great poverty and sickness, but she replied—"Ah, sir! what you say is right enough; but you forget what a daughter I have. She is a jewel worth any price." Gustavus then turned to the child, and begged her to go on caring for her mother; he left a purse of money with her to get some new furniture, and afterwards settled a certain sum on the woman, which should go to her daughter after her death.—*Little Folks.*

THE COMING TIME.

TOO long the weak has served the strong,
The right with wrong has striven,
With patient merit looking long
Imploringly to heaven.
But there will come a better day,
When Truth shall rule with might,
And Justice all men's minds shall sway—
An age of Truth and Right.

'Tis coming soon, that age of gold,
When earth again grows young,
That time which sages have foretold,
Which poets oft have sung.
Then tyrants will not curse and rave,
Then each his place will find,
And they the noblest rank will have
Who have the noblest mind.

See Merit pine in poverty,
Whilst Meanness swells with pride,
Hear ye the sad heart's suffering cry,
'Tis heard on every side.
Fair hearts so gentle and so sweet,
All full of tender love,
Tired with earth's meanness and deceit
Look up to heaven above.

Let's hasten on that better time,
That age of Truth and Right,
I seem to see it dawn sublime
From deepest, darkest night.
I see it come, that fairer day,
Illumed by light divine;
The clouds and darkness pass away,
The beams of morning shine.

League Journal. ANDREW M. LANG.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

IT might have been! Oh saddest words of all!
We dream and dream of scenes beyond recall.
Sad thoughts will come, and burning tears will fall,
For "might have been."

Oh! could we live our lives all o'er again!
Could we forget the present, with the pain
Of thoughts that are unspoken! All in vain.
It might have been.

Ah, well! perchance for all some sweet hope lies
Buried deeply, maybe, from human eyes,
And none but God may ever hear our sighs
O'er "might have been."

God knoweth best: and though our tears fast fall,
Though none beside may know, He knoweth all
All that is sad and lost beyond recall—
The "might have been."

K. M. LUCK.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

MACAULAY'S HOME LIFE.—His sister, Lady Trevelyan, says that those who did not know him there "never knew him in his most brilliant, witty, and fertile vein." He was life and sunshine to young and old in the sombre house in Great Ormond Street, where the forlorn old father, like a blighted oak, lingered on in leafless decay, reading one long sermon to his family on Sunday afternoons, and another long sermon on Sunday evenings—"where Sunday walking for walking's sake was never allowed, and even going to a distant church was discouraged." Through this Puritanic gloom Macaulay shot like a sunbeam, and turned it into a fairy scene of innocent laughter and mirth. Against Macaulay, the author, severe things, and as just as severe, may be said ; but as to his conduct in his own home—as a son, as a brother, and an uncle—it is only the barest justice to say that he appears to have touched the furthest verge of human virtue, sweetness, and generosity. His thinking was often, if not generally, pitched in what we must call a low key, but his action might put the very saints to shame. He reversed a practice too common among men of genius, who are often careful to display all their shining and attractive qualities to the outside world, and keep for home consumption their meanness, selfishness, and ill-temper. Macaulay struck no heroic attitude of benevolence, magnanimity, and aspiration before the world—rather the opposite ; but in the circle of his home affections he practised those virtues without letting his right hand know what was done by his left.—*Macaulay, by J. Cotter Morison.*

WHEN Dr. Chapman was dining at an hotel he was served with what was called barley soup on the bill of fare. "This is not barley soup," said he to the waiter, "it is barely soup."

A LEVANT paper says they are cultivating sponges with success. We have great variety of indigenous "sponges" in this country, but we never think of boasting about them.

CONSOLATION.—A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the man to his wife when she fell into the river: "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

"THE best and only thing to sing upon is the effect of a sound wholesome meal eaten some hours before, so that one feels the benefit of it without any kind of oppression. To drink a pint of liquid of any kind before singing is madness. How can the lungs do their best work after you have drunk such an enormous draught?"—*Madame Christine Nilsson.*

NOT A CASE IN POINT.—"Gentlemen," said the professor to his medical students assembled in clinic, "I have often pointed out to you the remarkable tendency to consumption of those who play upon wind instruments. In this case now before us we have a well-marked development of lung disease ; and I was not surprised to find, on questioning the patient, that he is a member of a brass band. Now, sir," continued the professor, addressing the consumptive, "will you please tell the gentlemen what instrument you play on?" "I blays der drum," said the sick man.

A YOUNG man about to make his first appearance in society was instructed that it would be polite to say, when being helped at table, "Half that, please." It so happened that at his first dinner a roast pig was the centre dish, and he carried consternation to the heart of his host, upon being asked if he would partake of the porker, by repeating his father's polite reply.

"WHAT a well-dressed gentleman that is!" remarked a stranger from Onion Creek, as a gentleman in an elegant turn-out dashed down Austin Avenue. "Yes ; but he just lives from hand to mouth." "Why, that's very singular! He don't look as if he was in straitened circumstances." "There is nothing singular in his living from hand to mouth. He is the leading dentist in the place."

AFTER a good constitution, as a requisite to health, come good physical habits. These require a good supply of nutritious food, daily and regular exercise in the open air, pure water to drink, pure and abundant air for the lungs, eight hours of good sleep out of every twenty-four, cleanliness, regularity in all habits and employment, wise, but not excessive, recreation ; last—but not least—useful, congenial occupation.

BEWARE of prejudices ; they are rats, and men's minds are like traps. Prejudices creep in easily, but it is doubtful if they ever get out.

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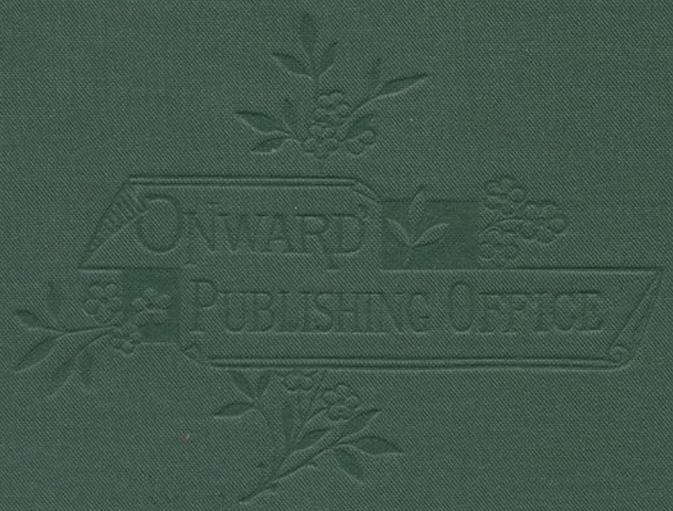
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