



ONWARD

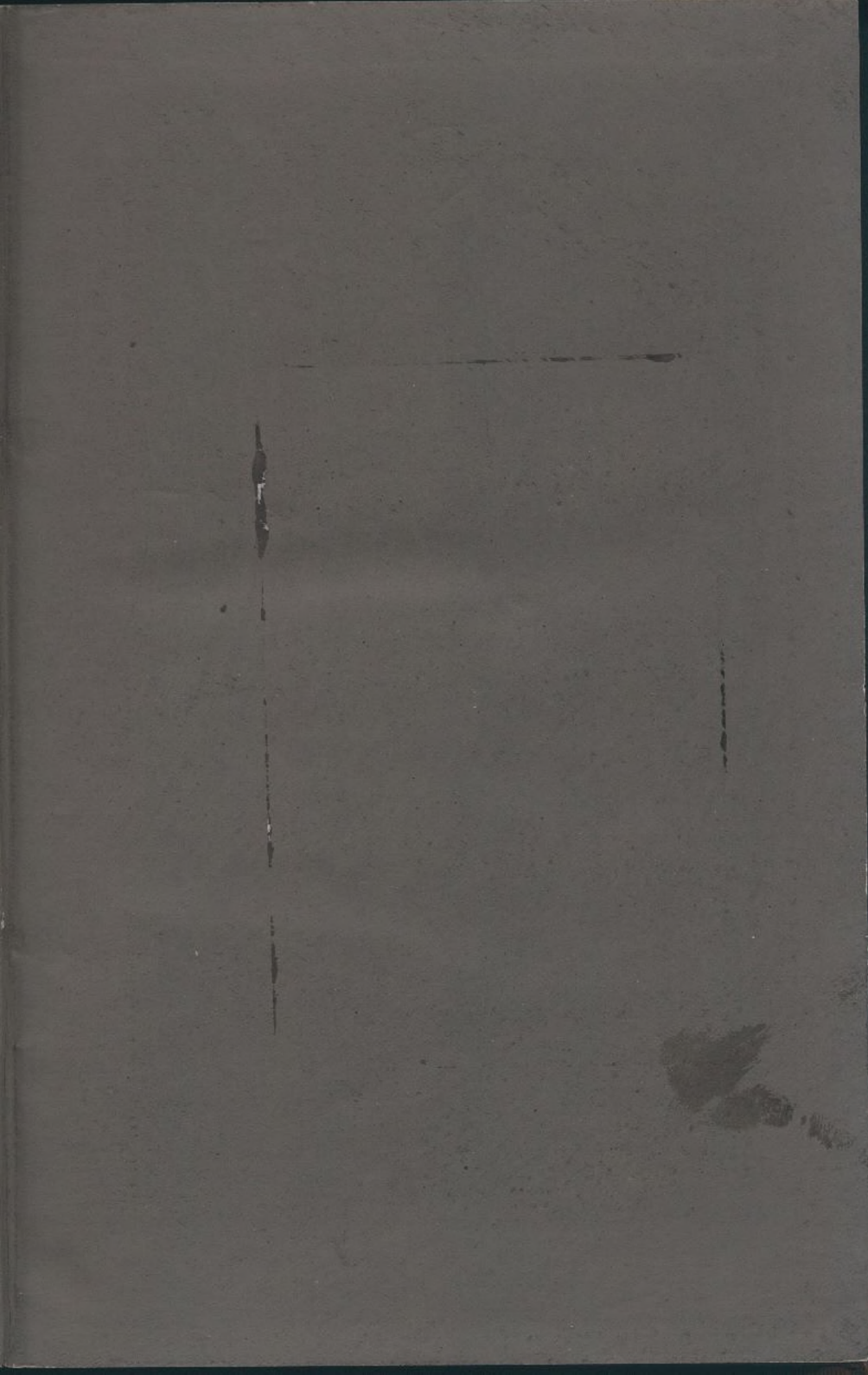
The book cover features a dark red background with a black decorative border. The border consists of a rectangular frame with ornate, symmetrical flourishes at the corners and midpoints. In the center of the cover is a large, stylized emblem. This emblem is composed of a central rectangular panel containing a golden vase with flowers, flanked by vertical bars. Above and below this central panel are arched sections containing floral motifs. The entire central design is framed by a black cross-like structure. The word "ONWARD" is printed in a golden, serif font across the middle of the central emblem.

1878

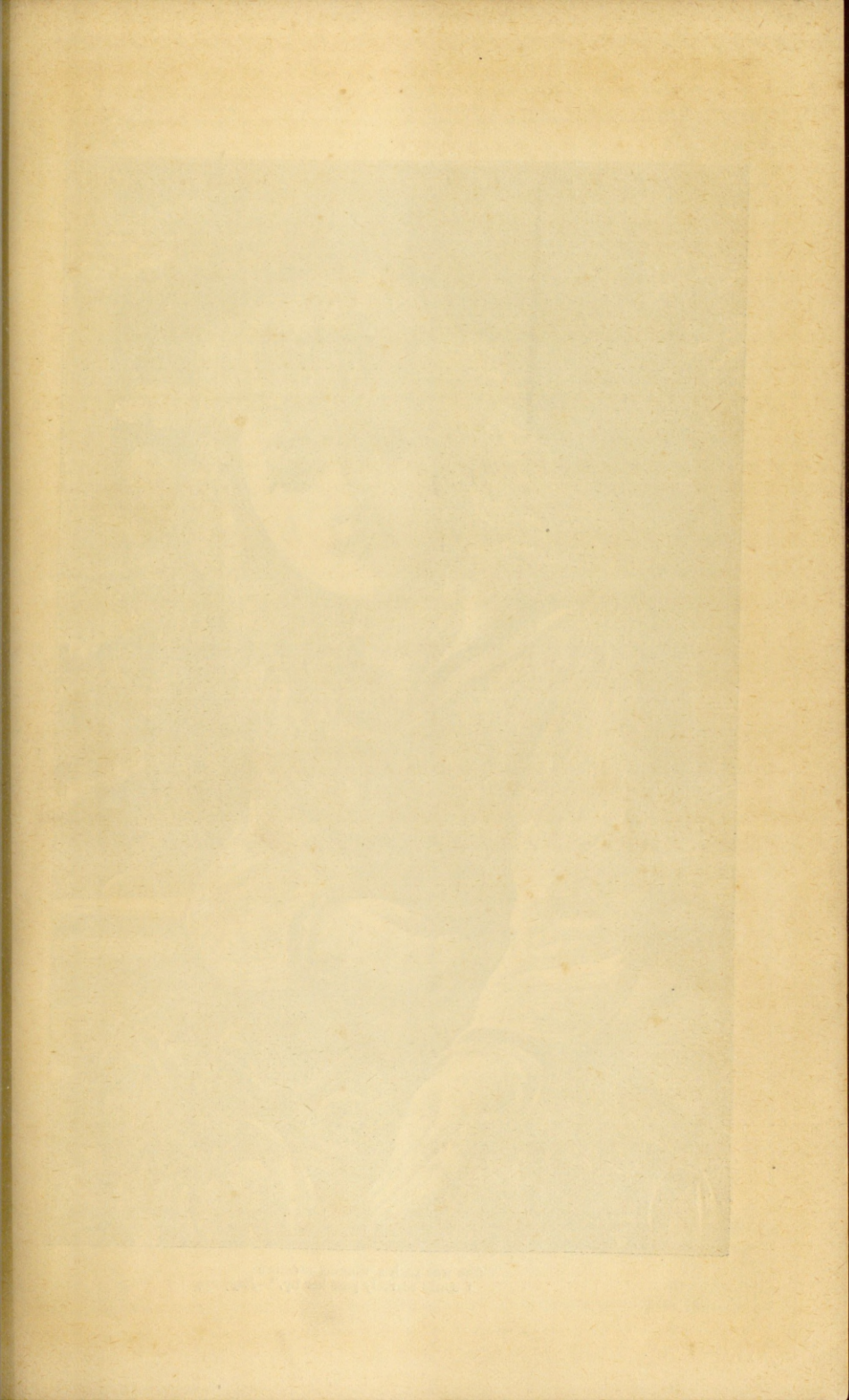
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J





"She was such a winning creature
I could scarcely pass her by."—Page 234.



ONWARD.

A MAGAZINE

FOR

FAMILY READING,

AND ORGAN OF THE

Band of Hope Movement.



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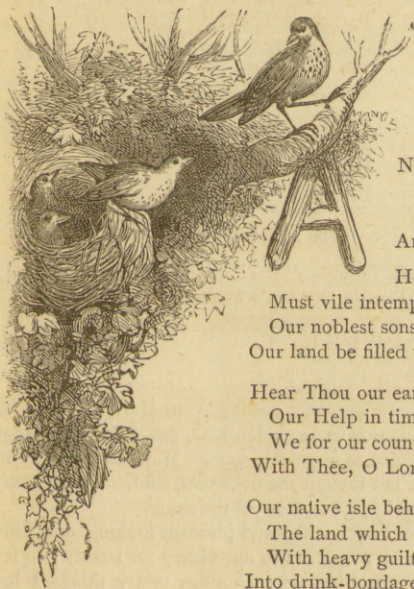
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HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.



NOTHER year has flown,
Begins another year ;
Before Thee we appear,
And kneel in reverence down.

How long, O God ! how long
Must vile intemperance reign ?
Our noblest sons be slain ?
Our land be filled with wrong ?

Hear Thou our earnest cry,
Our Help in time of need ;
We for our country plead
With Thee, O Lord Most High !

Our native isle behold,
The land which Thou hast blest,
With heavy guilt opprest—
Into drink-bondage sold.

See how intemperance mars
And fills our homes with sin ;
Its victims worn and thin,
In number like the stars.

Arise, O God, arise,
Hear, answer, deign to bless ;
Our weakness we confess ;
Look down with pitying eyes.

Thy mighty arm make bare,
And scatter sin and woe ;
Lay the dark drink-curse low ;
Thy Gospel's way prepare.

Then come Thy kingdom soon,
When earth shall all be Thine,
In sinless glory shine,
Bright with eternal noon.

DAVID LAWTON



RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I.

OUR HARRY!

I AM quite sure there never before was such a darling as our Harry. He is such a splendid little fellow, with his rich curly golden hair, and his bright laughing face, and sweet merry eyes as blue as forget-me-nots. Mamma laughs at me when I go into ecstasies over him; but though she does that, and, moreover, says that I spoil him, yet I know she thinks just as I do all the same.

Our other children are all of them very healthy and pleasant looking, and I love them all dearly, but they are not to be compared to our Harry for beauty; so it is no wonder that we all admire him. And he says such queer pretty things, I love to think over his dear little sayings. Once when we were going up to Morning Point in the beautiful spring time, when the early flowers are just peeping from the hedgerows, and Harry had been told the names of some of these, we saw a pale yellow butterfly flitting over the bracken, and he exclaimed, in his pretty voice, "Dorie dear, see, there's a primrose on the wing."

Mamma even acknowledged that that was a poetic fancy for such a tiny. Another time the children were blowing soap bubbles, and he said, as he watched the glassy look of the bubbles rising into the air, "Ma, they've got spectacles on." When grandmamma Trevan came to us from Penzance, Harry watched her attentively as she was tying her cap under her chin; then he said, gravely, "Grandma does it to tie her brains in."

Oh! I am quite sure there never was such a funny wise little pet as Harry.

And this is how I came to be writing all this about him. I said to mamma yesterday, how sorry I should be to forget all his sayings, and she said, "If you want to remember them, Dora, you had better write them all down in a book, and I quite expect that you will be interested both in doing so and in reading it over at some future time. And if you do keep this record there will be no danger,"—and then mamma began to laugh merrily.

"Danger! what of, mamma?"

"I beg your pardon, dear," she said, "for seeming rude, but the funny story came into my mind that is told of our forefathers here on the lonely isles of Scilly

in bygone years. About a century and a half ago it is said that the whole library our islands possessed consisted of two books, the Bible and Dr. Faustus. The island was populous, and the western peasants being generally able to read, the conjuror's story had been handed from house to house, until, from perpetual thumbing, little of his enchantments or his catastrophe was left legible. On this alarming conjuncture, a meeting was called of the principal inhabitants, and a proposal was made and unanimously approved, that as soon as the season permitted any intercourse with Cornwall, a supply of books should be sent for. A debate now began in order to ascertain what those books should be, and the result was, that an order should be transmitted to an eminent bookseller at Penzance, for him to send them *another Dr. Faustus*. There Dora, that I read in the 'Penny Magazine.'

Of course I could not help laughing too; but I said, rather hotly, "I don't believe that story is true, mamma; for if nearly all the people could read, *one* book would not satisfy them; do you believe it would?"

"I think," she answered, "that it sounds very much like a joke at our expense; but we are a prudent folk, Dora, and don't believe in buying two copies where one will suffice, or in purchasing what we can borrow from a neighbour. But I was thinking," and here mamma looked at me roguishly, "if all the eldest sisters in the islands take to writing accounts of the sayings and doings of their little pet brothers, we could never again be at such a loss for books to read."

"Naughty mamma!" I said, kissing her, and joining in her mirth. "Still, I think I *shall* write about my boy Harry, because I feel sure St. Mary's will never produce such a bonny child again."

"Dear, silly daughter Dora," said mamma, "what are you going to write about first? Shall I supply you with a large manuscript book? I think I have one which I am never likely to fill. I used to be fond of scribbling myself when I was your age, and for a few years after; but now I have too many frocks, and jackets, and stockings, and socks to make and mend, for my pen to be busy."

Whereupon dear mamma went to the cupboard by the fire, and took out this thick book, neatly ruled and with marble covers, in which I am writing, and presented it to me. I don't suppose I shall ever quite fill it, even with Harry for my subject; so I think it will be more interesting and connected, as I have plenty of room, if I just write a little bit about who we are, and our dear beautiful home on these grandly rocky islands, before I begin about my pet brother.

Papa likes the old Greek name of these Scilly Islands, as we read it in the ancient atlases, Cassiterides, meaning the tin islands; and sometimes he writes letters and puzzles people by dating them like this—

" St. Mary's,
Cassiterides,
Atlantic Ocean."

I hope I shall never live away from here, but lest I ever should, I will just write a few words about the islands themselves on which I was born and on which my happy lot has hitherto been cast. We are about thirty miles from the Land's End, though, as we live on land, that sounds rather Irish; and about forty-two miles from Penzance, our nearest English town. We lie scattered on the ocean—I mean the Cassiterides do—to the number, they say, of one hundred and forty-five islands and islets, but I don't know who counted them. So we form in number, at any rate, a by no means inconsiderable archipelago.

Papa is Dr. Trevan, and everybody loves him: he has such a nice manner with

everybody; all the little children look up at him for him to notice them, and he is friends with all, children and parents. We live in the main street of Hugh Town, on the island of St. Mary, at one end of it, just opposite to the steep street where you go up to the dear old garrison, built in the shape of a star in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which always seems to make one realise the Armada stories and the dread people had of the Spaniards all those years ago, that they should so strongly fortify this far away outpost of old England.

Our house is such a nice square house with a large garden behind, where we grow all the vegetables and fruits we want, and where the children play to their hearts' content. We have also several palms growing in our garden, and a number of rare and curious foreign plants—at least they would be called foreign in England, but it is quite common to see palms growing in Scilly; and the ice-plants grow almost wild on Tresco. Tresco is the name of the island on which our "Lord of the Isles" lives, built upon the site of the abbey of the old monks, some of the ruins of which are in his grounds.

St. Mary's, however, is the largest island: it is ten miles in extent, and Hugh Town is the largest town. The other, across on the opposite side of the bay, is Old Town. It used to be the most important of the two; but now nobody even goes to the church there, for it is in too poor a condition, though the churchyard is still used.

And oh! I do so like that churchyard by the sea: it seems so quiet and sweet and solemn to sit there and look at the great rocks round to Peninnis Head, and the far spreading sea, always beautiful and grand in sunshine or in storm, and watch the shags and gulls flying to and fro between the quaintly-shaped rocks of St. Mary's and their homes on the rocky islets that they have all to themselves, and of which, as papa says, they are the sole colonists.

He smiles sometimes at the names Hugh Town and Old Town, and says anywhere but in the Cassiterides they would be only villages; but when uncle Frank is here, he takes my part, and we stand up indignantly for the honour of our island home. Beyond Old Town is Porthhellick, where Sir Cloudesly Shovel was brought to be buried when his fleet was wrecked on the Gilstone Rock outside, and the old legend says that the grass will not grow upon his grave "because of the curses of a sailor whom he hanged for predicting the sad catastrophe."

It is rather awful, I think, to feel that an unkind act which we commit may have an existence of centuries beyond ourselves in the memories of man. As Shakespeare says in the play of Julius Cæsar, which papa read to us:

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.

But I remember how mamma said that though this was true, yet the reverse was truer still, because good has more life in it than evil; that the good we are enabled by God's grace to accomplish is *immortal*.

But while I am writing about doing good, I am forgetting to do it. The sun has come out beautifully after the shower, and makes the creeper outside my window shine as if diamonds had been scattered over its glossy leaves. My pet Harry and the girls must have a walk. Hark! I hear them coming up to be clothed in their outdoor garments, and there is Harry's dear little voice calling, "Dorie, Dorie, please, I want to come in."

(To be continued.)



"DORIE, DEAR, SEE, THERE'S A PRIMROSE ON THE WING."—Page 2.

A CRY FOR HELP,

COME, brothers, help us in our labours,

Your aid and sympathies, O give !
Come, help to save the weak and fallen,
And teach them how aright to live :
Thus aiding, loving, seeking, burning,
How happy will your labour be,
If you but quench some sinful craving,
Or break some chain of misery.

Why should you shun our Christian calling,

That we may work and pray alone ?
The cares of drink obstruct our progress ;

Come, help to roll away the stone.
Your smile may heal some wound of sorrow,

And snap in twain some thread of strife :

Come, rouse some fallen soul to gladness,

And fit it for a better life.

We need your help, your kindly counsel,

That we may grapple with our foe ;
Come, share with us our noble toiling,
And lighten labour as we go.

Then sweet will be the work, my brothers,

If we but soothe some common grief,
Or cheer some soul with floods of blessing,

And give some weary heart relief.

Away, then, with your slothful feeling !
Awake to set the captive free !

Work till the day of life is over,
Then bright the victor's crown shall be.

Come, brothers, help us in our labours,
That soon our world may wiser grow
—That homes of sin with joy may sparkle,

And hearts once sad forget their woe
W. P. W. BUXTON.

HAUL IN THE LOG, BOYS.

'HAUL in the log, boys ! Haul in the log.' Well, we turned in for two hours' sleep at eleven, and as we were supposed to pass Ailsa Craig at about one, we determined not to miss the sight of this tremendous mountain rising midst the sea, and it was a sight not to be easily forgotten as we silently passed her, whilst the moonbeams threw her dark shadows across the sea.

Just as we passed her we noticed several sailors moving quickly about, and in reply to our inquiry we found they were about to haul in the log, and so we determined to watch the process.

The log they were hauling was a three-cornered piece of wood, with a small rope through each corner, these being attached to a long rope containing a considerable number of knots. Now this log had to be cast before hauling, and a sailor stood holding the large bobbin containing the rope with knots, whilst another threw out the log, and immediately this struck the water a third sailor reversed a sand-glass and keenly watched it by the aid of a lamp, till all the sand had fallen, when he called out, "Now !" The sailor instantly stopped the rope upon which in passing through his hands he had counted a certain number of knots, thus indicating the pace at which the ship was going. This was but the second voyage of the "Princess Royal," and the sailors were highly delighted with her speed.

But now came the hauling in part, and rare fun we had. Five of us laid hold of the rope, and with a He-he-he-he-he-ha-hoy we pulled with might and main, when the log rising above the waves sent us all spinning along the deck ; but with a con-

siderable quantity more of He-he-he-he-he-hoys, we boarded him safe and sound.

See, there's a lad there, with all the influence of godly parents, of the Sunday-school, and the Band of Hope bringing out the honesty and industry of the lad, and in consequence he is promoted and rises to place of honour and trust in the warehouse, but alas ! he listens to the wily tempter, and refuses not the glass of wine, the cigar, and the invitation to the theatre or music-hall. Ah ! he has launched his barque upon a terribly deceptive stream, one in which there runs a rapid fatal undercurrent. Oh ! tell him by all means to haul in the log, for he will find it hard work to diminish speed in years to come.

How many young girls this holiday season will have been led away by the festive glass so temptingly held out to them—ah ! possibly by their dearest friends ; and after the merry dance or jovial party, with an increasing thirst, the compunctions of conscience gone; they give way to an ever-increasing and self-creating appetite for strong drink. Oh ! let us tell them to haul in the log ; and let us tell them by our fidelity to God and sobriety, that we disapprove of customs at once so debasing and injurious to the youth of our land.

Fellow-workers, I appeal to you. Many of our societies are dying out for want of fuel and power. Haul in the log, and by all means increase your speed, and the old cry "Our children will not come," "The Committee don't care," will soon cease when they see you doing your best, and giving the children something worth coming for.

The young are sinking day by day
 In deepest sin, and wretchedness ;
 In anguish wild to you they pray,
 To help them in their sore distress,
 They cry aloud, they cry to you—
 The strong, the wise, the pure, the good—
 You, who such sorrows never knew,
 And in such danger ne'er have stood.

And now, dear boys, there are thousands all round us who hardly dare think of their position. Were they to do so, how terrified they would be to find how far they have drifted from God and right. So fearfully deceptive is the sin of bad companionship and drunkenness.

Two young men were in a small boat a considerable distance off Douglas Head, and when passing a fishing smack the men on board cried out, "Where are you going? You had better turn back." Their reply was, "Oh, we're all right, it's so jolly rowing here." Another smack was passed with similar warning and reply. After a time, they came to a third, when the fishermen cried out, "Wherever are you going? young men, turn back." "Oh, we're all right, thanks ; it's so jolly out here, and there's no danger." The reply was, "Young men turn NOW or you *never will*." This brought them to their senses, and they tried to turn, but all in vain. How like life ! Men do not feel the force of the current of sin that carries them so swiftly along till they turn to face it, and try to reform, and apart from the help of God they never will. These young men had tried and tried again, till they were almost in despair—when a providential turn in the wave gave them an advantage, which, after a hard struggle, brought them to land. How bitterly they repented their foolhardiness in placing themselves in such peril ! Let us listen to the warning voice at all times, and haul in the log !

HENRY BEALES.



SPECIAL NOTICE.

WE shall continue to award prizes for best Answers to Puzzles, &c., by competitors under 20 years of age, in addition to which we shall give one or two *special prizes each month*.

WE OFFER A PRIZE IN BOOKS, VALUE 5s., for the best Map (coloured) of England and Wales, size not to exceed 12 by 10 inches.

ALSO, A PRIZE IN BOOKS, VALUE 5s., for the best account of a Christmas Party, showing how a happy evening was spent without the use of intoxicating drinks; not to exceed 500 words. Conditions: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; maps and compositions to be solely their own productions, and to be sent not later than Feb. 1st; writing to be on one side of the paper only. Unsuccessful competitors wishing their maps and papers returned, must enclose stamped wrapper.

We wish to introduce a new feature in these pages—viz., Definitions. "Our Young Folks" who have had no experience in them, will gather an idea from pages 120, 140, and 160 of last volume. We give this month the following

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.
HABIT. HOME.

I.—CHARADE.

Bright lads who read these pages
Earnest my *first* begin;
Records of bygone ages
Show this the way to win.

Soiled dress no degradation,
Hard toil-worn hands no shame:
Value worth more than station,
And character than fame.

When you become my *second*,
And stand in life's fierce fight,
Oh, boys, be ever reckoned
Among the true and right.

My *whole* a nation's glory,
Her wealth and strength are seen,
And these the great in story
With mind or hand have been.

IVY.

2.—CHARADE.

My *first* is of a ruddy hue,
And noble in our kings;
My *second* keeps your coals for you,
Or wood, or other things.
My *total* tells of death and pain
Upon the fatal battle-plain.

G. J. BELL.

3.—LOGOGRIPH.

Transpose a piece of fertile land,
And you will quickly understand
If you have done it right.
A bird well known to you and me,
And which at Christmas time we see,
Will then appear in sight.

Transpose again, and you will find
It very soon will bring to mind
Both peril, loss, and pain;
But if you will remove its head,
You'll quickly find you've made instead
What you should never gain.

Come shake the letters well about,
And you will quickly sally out,
And in the forest rove.
Now take the tail, the rest will tell
What Tommy did to Johnson's bell,
Residing in the grove.

Now if you give the tail a blow,
The residue will quickly show
What naughty Tommy did.
An artist Royal it will imply,
Or else the Royal Artillery,
When of the final rid.

J. G. LUMSDEN.

4.—CHARADE.

My *first* in Latin times was known
 On many a human face;
 My *second* add to Nature's throne
 A feature full of grace.
 My *whole* of negro slavery tells,
 Of sugar-canes and sunny dells.

G. J. BELL.

5.—SQUARE WORDS.

1. A place for debtors in distress;
2. A very troublesome disease;
3. A kind of stratagem, I guess;
4. An animal whose actions please.

G. J. BELL.

6.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My *first* a consonant is, I say;
 My *second* you did yesterday.
 My *third* a female Christian name,
 My *fourth* the Bible names will claim.
 My *fifth* for "ONWARD" I decree;
 My *sixth* a large town by the sea.
 My *seventh* you do it will be seen,
 My *eighth* is worn by England's queen.
 My *ninth* (to solve this funny riddle)
 In Peter stands just in the middle.
 The *centrals* downward read by you,
 An English town will bring to view;
 When read across you're sure to find
 Another town they'll bring to mind.

A. SUTCLIFFE.

7.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

An ancient sea-port noted in Scripture.
 Part of a plant.
 A man's name.
 An amphibious animal.
 A river in Peru.
 Exercise of which most boys are fond.
 A wild animal found in Africa.
 The primals and finals give a noted Temperance
 Advocate, and the country in which he lives.

L. C.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGE 229.

- | | |
|---------------|--|
| 1. Christmas. | 2. A
A M y
Qu E en
Spa R row
Part R idge
Murra V shire
Pronun C iation
A merry c H ristmas
Staffo R dshire
Melch I zedek
Wolf S bane
Glu T ton
Le M on
B A t
S |
| 3. Windmill. | 4. O-x tongue
N-ovember
W-hitsuntide
A-rctic
R-aven
D-ilemma. |

VAULTS.

I CANNOT remember in what street I saw what I now describe. Unfortunately, things of this kind are to be met with in almost every street! A large plate-glass window, behind the broad panes of which were rows of bottles—some small and flat-shaped, with small tickets affixed to the corks; others larger, and round in shape. People going in and out of the door, which I noticed had a way of snapping to like a steel trap when any one had got inside. Within was heard the hum of voices, the jingling of glasses, and the clink of money; and over the door, in large letters, was a most suggestive word—*vaults*.

What could it mean? I had been used to the word in connection with grave-diggers, graves, and coffins, and it need not excite wonder that I should, on returning home, consult my "Standard Dictionary," and find, as I rather expected, that vault meant "A cave; a repository for the dead."

Do the men who call their places vaults mean that they are engaged in the burial trade? Ah! I have it! Do people, indeed, who frequent these places, pay money to bury their manhood and womanhood, in many cases their happiness and peace, their prospects? There's many a wreck of a man could point to the "vaults" where his health had been buried; many a poor woman could take you to the house where her home-happiness was buried. The lesson of all is, if you want your manhood to live, keep outside the *vaults*!

I. E. PAGE.

ROUND THE SPRING.

Words by MRS. H. E. BROWN.
Allegretto.

Music by H. P. MAIN.

1. Round the spring laugh and sing, Wa - ter makes us mer - ry,

KEY F.

d : d.r m :	m : m.f s :	d' : s s : m s : f f :	
2. Round the spring	laugh and sing,	Wa - ter makes us	dar - ing,
d : d d :	d : d.r m :	m : m m : d m : r r :	
3. Round the spring	laugh and sing,	Wa - ter makes us	no - ble,
m : m.f s :	s : s d' :	s : s d' : s s : - s :	
4. Round the spring	laugh and sing,	Here our force we'll	ral - ly,
d : d d :	d : d d :	d : d d : d s : - s :	

Wa - ter makes our lips and cheeks Red as rip - est cher - ry,

r : - .r m : f s : l s : - fe : s t : l l : - s :
Self - de - ny - ing, strong, and brave, For life's bur - den - bear - ing;
t : - .t d : t : d : d : d : - d : t : r : d d : - t :
Mean - est vi - ces it will cure, Ev - 'ry vir - tue dou - ble;
s : - .s s : s : m : f m : - r : r : fe : - s :
Raise the flag and bat - tle - cry O - ver hill and val - ley;
s : - .f m : r d : d d : - l : s : r : r r : - s :

Wakes the sun - light in our eyes, Fills our mouth with glad - ness, -

f : - .m r : m f : s m :	s : - .m f : l s : - m :
Tem - p'rance boys and girls can work	For themselves and o - thers, -
r : - .d t : d r : t : d :	d : - .d d : d d : - d :
Tem - p'rance chil - dren seek the truth,	Hon - est are, and ei - vil, -
s : - .s s : s : s : s s :	m : - .s l : f m : - s :
Pledge our hands and heart and strength,	Ev - 'ry son and daugh - ter,
s : - .s : s : s : s : s s : s : d :	d : - .d d : d d : - d :

ROUND THE SPRING—(continued.)

Al - co - hol we'll ne - ver touch, That brings pain and sad - ness.

d	: - .r	m	: f	s	: l	s	:	d	: d	m	: - .r	r	: -	d	: -
Al	- co - hol	we'll	ne - ver	touch,	That	all	sou - rage	sino	- thers.						
d	: - .r	m	: f	s	: l	s	:	d	: d	d	: - .t	t	: -	d	: -
Al	- co - hol	we'll	ne - ver	touch,	That	is	full	of	e - vil.						
d	: - .r	m	: f	s	: l	s	:	m	: fe	s	: - .f	f	: -	m	: -
E	- ver more	'gainst	al - co -	hol,	E - ver	more	for	wa -	ter.						
d	: - .r	m	: f	s	: l	s	:	d	: l	s	: - .s	s	: -	d	: -

Round the spring laugh and sing, Ev - 'ry son and daugh - ter;

d	: d .r	m	:	m	: m .f	s	:	d	: s	s	: m	m	: -	r	: -
d	: d	d	:	d	: d .r	m	:	m	: m	m	: d	d	: -	t	: -
Round the spring	laugh and sing,	Ev - 'ry	son and	daugh -	ter;										
m	: m .f	s	:	s	: s	d	:	s	: s	d	: s	s	: -	s	: -
d	: d	d	:	d	: d	d	:	d	: d	d	: d	s	: -	s	: -

Al - co - hol we'll ne'er ex - tol, Give us clear cold wa - ter.

d	: - .r	m	: f	s	: l	s	:	d	: d	m	: - .r	r	: -	d	: -
d	: - .r	m	: f	s	: l	s	:	d	: d	d	: - .t	t	: -	d	: -
Al	- co - hol	we'll	ne'er ex -	tol,	Give	us	clear	cold	wa -	ter.					
d	: - .r	m	: f	s	: l	s	:	m	: fe	s	: - .f	f	: -	m	: -
d	: - .r	m	: f	s	: l	s	:	d	: l	s	: - .s	s	: -	d	: -

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

BY DR. F. R. LEES.

I.

IN former volumes of ONWARD I have explained what the Body is, what work it does, and with what tools. In the last volume it was shown how ALCOHOL, the chief article in drinks which makes them intoxicating, or poisonous, comes into being by the process of fermentation on the substance sugar. We have now to show *what* it does in the body, *how* it does it, and *why* it does it. It acts upon the body as a *poison* (Latin, *toxicum*). You know what that is. When stung with a nettle you take a docken-leaf, rub it on the part, saying, "Docken go in, *venom* come out." Nobody was ever killed, perhaps, by a nettle-sting, but it is a disturbing thing, and the *pain* is God's voice in nature telling the child that the thing is bad or poisonous. So when some berries, and some mushrooms, are eaten by persons carelessly—persons who don't know the right from the wrong kinds—they become sick, and sometimes die. Such berries are called "poison-berries," and such mushrooms "poisonous." Now doctors, who have to find out not only what are matters-of-food, wholesome things, fitted for people in health, but also matters-of-physic, things which act differently, and *disturb* the body somehow, because they think such agents may be useful when people are poorly—one evil being supposed to destroy another—the doctors, I say, have classed all these sort of things as *Materia Medica*, i.e. stuff used in medical treatment of sick persons. All the great writers on *Toxicology*—that is, Science of Poisons—

divide these substances into three sorts, as follows * :—

I. IRRITANT POISONS.

Their characteristic operation is to excite *inflammation* [i.e. burning and redness]. To this class belong the three mineral acids [*aqua fortis*, etc.], oxalic acid [nettle venom], arsenic, iodine jalap, etc., cantharides [the blistering fly], etc.

II. NARCOTIC POISONS.

These operate [work] in a peculiar manner upon the Nerves and Brain, and include opium, hydrocyanic [prussic] acid, nitric oxide gas, chloroform, etc.

III. NARCOTICO-ACRID POISONS.

These possess a *double* action, being both local irritants like those of the first class, and producing an effect on the Nervous system like those of the second. To this class belong [deadly] nightshade, hemlock, foxglove, nuxvomica, camphor, *tobacco*, *alcohol*, ether, etc.

But you may ask, *why* these things are followed by such various and opposite results? and it will be a very sensible question indeed. For want of asking it, and having it answered, a great deal of nonsense has been talked by both doctors and temperance advocates. What is meant by saying, "Produce a thing"? Now *one* thing never produces anything. You must have *two* concerned in that. *Action* means always *re-action*—one thing and

* From Professor Christison's *Treatise on Poisons*.

another thing acting together, each according to its own nature—a father and a mother. A drop of alcohol will *inflamm*e the eye, will *redd*en the skin, will *dead*en a tooth-nerve, but dropped upon my boots, or book back; will be followed by none of those “effects.” “Cause,” then, is always compound, made up of two or more forces, and “effect” is always a state made up of the balance, or over-balance, of those same forces. Two equal marbles tawed in a straight line against each other with equal force, meet and *stop*, are balanced. One larger than the other, or one equal to the other sent with greater force, meeting, drives the lesser back or aside. It loses its own motion, and the other takes it up.

Just so with these poisons, and the organs they touch. The one are full of certain *chemical forces*, the other of certain *chemico-vital forces*. The food we eat, the water we drink, have their forces harmonised with those of the organs they feed and keep alive: they are absorbed and balanced *for a time*, until they get into the brain and nerves, and then they explode in magnetic currents of thought and feeling, sometimes in angry and destructive passions. But the *poisons* are like gunpowder, and dynamite, and fireworks, and carry their own sparks and matches with them—they explode every where that *life* is, and produce disturbing reactions.

I may here revive a definition of *poison* given thirty-six years ago in my “History of Alcohol”:—

A substance which, by virtue of its specific affinities or repulsions, deranges the normal organism, and [so] disturbs the natural FUNCTIONS of the Living Body.

The fact of killing is not what makes a “poison”—but the tendency to derange, or disturb. No poison kills unless you take enough of it. If

killing made a poison, then stones and bullets, lances, swords and knives would be poisons. A poison is a substance that is physiologically bad—in other words, no matter what its strength or degree of power, it is poisonous in proportion to its *hurtfulness*, from the “simples” of the field to the most powerful drugs of the apothecary’s shelf.

You will observe, that no “function,” or work of an organ, can be deranged until you first *alter* the state of the organism. In other words, until the structure is injured—has received a *blow* of evil-force (has been struck by some “foreign body”)—it will and can manifest no re-action. Our *inner* force cannot act without some *outer* force: one action excites another. Action cannot come from nothing, anymore than a gun can pull its own trigger, or a bow draw its own string.

ALCOHOL, as a poison, may have a double name: it may be really a *goad*, that is, a STIMULUS—or a *knock-down*, that is, a NARCOTIC. It all depends on the conditions and the quantities. If the vital force of the organism be great, a little of the poison will excite violent *re-action*, will “stimulate”; if the vital force be little, and the poison great in quantity, the contrary will happen—vitality will be *knocked-down*. In the one case alcohol acts like a “blister,” in the other like chloroform, which makes people *insensible* either to pleasure or pain; and its power to get rid, for the time, of feelings of pain, of trouble, of care and care, is that property of it that makes “wine a mocker” and a “deceiver,” as Solomon calls it: which will induce all the wise Youth of our land to look upon it with dread and suspicion, as an agent fatal to morals, to intellectual improvement, to purity of character, because fatal to Self-government.

(To be continued),

THE SKATERS.



SEE the busy skaters go
Merrily the ice along,
O'er the tracts of frozen snow,
With a joyful shout and song ;
Though the snow is falling fast,
Fear they not the wintry blast.

Now the moon behind the hill
Rises like an orb of fire ;
Every sound is hushed and still
Save the chime from distant spire,
Or the merry shout and song
Where the skaters glide along.

Nature, in her winding-sheet,
Marks the season of repose ;
Insect, bird, and flower retreat,
While the freezing north wind blows,
Howling wild across the moor,
Bearing suffering to the poor.

Summer brings the song of birds,
Valleys decked with leaf and flower,
Hills adorned with flocks and herds,
Beauties in each vale and bower—
Winter, with relentless hand,
Waste and barren makes the land.

Seasons roll and ages pass,
Nations sink into decay ;
Like the leaf and tender grass,
Brief is but their longest stay ;
Death is monarch over all,
Kings beneath his sceptre fall.

W. HOYLE.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

BY A. J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER I.—RICHARD AT THE ORPHANAGE.

“DUST to dust, ashes to ashes,” said the solemn voice of the clergyman on a dull November afternoon in a cemetery situated not five miles from St. Paul’s Cathedral. The poor dead body over which these words were said was that of a lovely widow woman who had passed away from the world only a few days before. Mrs. Williamson had for some years struggled to keep herself and

her only son Richard from the workhouse ; but now the messenger of death had called her to that land where there are no paupers, no sorrow, and no death.

It was just at the close of the Christmas holidays, when Richard was preparing himself to return to school, that he received the joyful news from his aunt, with whom he had been staying since his mother's death, that a home had been found for him at an Asylum for Fatherless Boys, a few miles from town, and that he was to go so soon as proper arrangements could be made. Richard did not much like leaving his friends ; but kindly assured that at least once a year he would be able to pay them a visit, he dried his tears and went away as cheerfully as a little lad of ten could be expected to do.

The Orphanage was quite a little city in itself. When you enter the grounds through the swinging gate, immediately in front is the drinking fountain, at which in the hot weather you will always find a group of merry boys. Close alongside is the church, a pretty building, with a sweetly-toned organ, comfortable seats, and everything to make the boys feel quite at home. Walk along the gravel path and you will see on the right the beautiful house in which the superintendent, Mr. Johnson, and his wife reside, and where the Committee of the Orphanage sometimes meet to arrange business. Farther on, to the right and the left, are a number of large and really beautiful houses, all having different names given by the kind friends who have given large sums of money towards building them. You will find "Rose Cottage," "May's Cottage," and eight others besides, for there are ten in all. It is in these happy homes that the poor fatherless boys are taken care of, and trained up till they are able to go out into the world and earn their own living.

When Richard reached the Orphanage, he and his aunt were directed to Mr. Johnson's office. At first Richard was rather frightened, for there was such a bustle to and fro ; some of the boys were engaged in bringing milk and butter from the dairy, and others bringing messages from the various homes. Richard was so alarmed at this activity that he could not help letting fall a few vain tears on his aunt's cheek as she bid him good-bye and told him to cheer up.

"Well, my little friend," said Mr. Johnson, "so you have come to live with us?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Richard, as his eyes filled again with tears, and he looked down on the ground.

"Dry up your tears, my little man, and I will take you to see your new father and mother, who will take you under their care, and you will be a good little son to them, won't you?"

"Yes, I will be very good, sir."

Richard was soon introduced to his new home. Follow me, little reader, and you shall see all over the house.

Do not wait till your knock at the door is answered by "walk in," for the doors are never locked in the daytime. Mrs. Fredericks, the mother, gives us a smiling welcome, and shows us into a pretty little parlour, where father and mother spend a few moments quietness, when they have the good fortune to see all the boys quietly asleep. Now come along this passage into the kitchen. Everything is white and clean. There stands the "houseboy," who is engaged in cleaning the knives, for all the elder boys have to do their share of housework. On the left is the play-room, in which the boys can sit and read, or romp and make a noise on wet days when they cannot go out into the garden. Upstairs you will find three bed-rooms ; there are ten beds in each, all made by the boys

themselves, and ready for the evening. Thirty boys in one house ! What a lot of noisy young never-be-quiets ! How often their tongues are heard, and how many times the kind mother has to scold and call them to order !

Richard was very kindly received by Mrs. Fredericks. She soon discovered that he was a boy of superior intelligence to the others. Sometimes she invited him into the parlour and told him stories from the Bible about Moses, Daniel and the Saviour, at the same time showing him some fine pictures in her old family Bible.

(To be continued).

WHISPERS TO THOSE WHO WISH TO ENJOY A HAPPY LIFE.

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

WHISPER IX.—ENSURE THE DIVINE FAVOUR.

MEN have always been ready to believe in charms. This has arisen largely from the great need experienced of something which would avert evil and ensure prosperity. Among learned people amulets were worn as long as it was possible to think that any advantage could arise from doing so. Among the degraded tribes of the earth there has generally been found some sort of gregree, fetish, or other form of charm. In fable, half believed by some, we have ring, lamp, or other talisman, by which invisible beings of unlimited power and resources could be summoned to aid the unfortunate and enrich the poor. Such charms never had potency, and have now lost credit. But human need is the same. We daily feel the necessity of something which can shield us from evil, and impart needful good. Happily we are not left unsupplied. Amid the increasing intelligence of our race, and among the most enlightened people in the world, there is an ever-increasing number of witnesses that God's favour will ensure that all which will truly and permanently bless its possessor shall be given, and that nothing which will really and finally injure him shall be allowed to happen. We read : "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee." "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Tens of thousands of worthy and truth-loving people, who are also noted for their clear headedness, will attest the truth of Scriptural teaching on this subject. This is the genuine talisman ; and we shall not have done the best for ourselves if we are content to live without it. Make sure of this heavenly charm.

Obtain God's Favour. The Lord Jesus says to all of us, "Enter ye in at the strait gate." Each one of us is welcome so to do. There is no toll to pay at the gate, and no letter of recommendation is needed. Most around will acknowledge that the road itself is sunnier and smoother than the broad road. Besides, they know that the narrow-way leads to the best of homes and the broad road to the worst of prisons ; yet crowds of people fail to enter in at the strait gate. The fact is that, though no price is demanded for entrance, much must be left behind. Some have unjust methods of acquiring money, and others have selfishly luxurious modes of spending money, and others have an idolatrous determination to hoard

money. These evils they will not part with, and so they turn away from the entrance to the narrow way, and press along in their downward career. There are various other causes why men thus stumble along in the awful gloom, when they might be walking in the sunlight. But the most common reason of all is the taste for strong drink. Unhappy drunkards often look longingly towards the upward way, but few of these ever enter in at the gate, and fewer still persevere in the way: Whatever you have to leave behind, be sure you enter.

Retain God's Favour. A confidential clerk, with a bag containing bank-notes and gold to an immense amount, stood at a bank counter, waiting his turn to be served. A well dressed man near him, who seemed to be similarly detained, said in a courteous manner, "Have you not dropped a slip of paper, sir?" The clerk glanced towards his feet, and perceived something lying there. He stooped to pick it up, and found that it was of no value. He looked towards where his polite informant had stood, intending to observe that the memorandum seemed worthless. The man was gone; and so also was the treasure with which the clerk had been intrusted! The clerk instantly gave the alarm, and frantically rushed into the street, but no trace of the cunning thief could be discerned. Men often lose the treasure of God's loving kindness by stooping down to pick up what they speedily discover to be of no value whatever. There are, however, places very repulsive and vile where, most likely, true religion is never lost; because the excellent treasure is never taken there. There are, for instance, low drinking saloons, and dram shops, and casinos, where possibly no one enjoying God's favour has ever entered, except with a tract, or on other errand of mercy, during the last ten years. Such places are a sort of suburbs of the infernal regions. But beware of houses which are regarded as respectable, but in which the youthful are being trained to delight in drinking, smoking, and bad company! When you have secured God's favour, do not go where you will be likely to lose the inestimable riches.

Cherish God's Favour. The assurance of the Lord's approval is to the heart what a lamp is to a room which otherwise would be dark. But some lamps shine much more brightly than others. The radiance depends greatly on the trimming. It is possible to allow the light to become so dim that for practical purposes it is useless, although not absolutely extinct. No one can see to read by such a lamp. Thus it is possible for our religion to become so feeble that we cannot, with any degree of distinctness, read our title clear to mansion in the skies. Let us often trim our lamps for our own comfort. But a lamp, especially if burning brightly, may be of service to a neighbour. The beams may shine through the window and so become a beacon to some benighted one; or a friend may be allowed to enter the room and sit down at my hearth, and share the pleasantness of the light. Trim the lamp! Many inducements for the neglect of such constant attention will be presented. Some men who have a competence will miss a prayer-meeting any working day evening to gain a shilling, and others will be absent from week-night service to be present at a pleasure party. Few things, however, make this lamp burn dimly so often as a relish for strong drink. Trim the lamp! Make sure of God's smile!





We purpose opening our pages to correspondence, and shall endeavour to promote a friendly interchange of opinion on the best system of conducting Bands of Hope. We do not bind ourselves to insert any or every letter we receive, and all correspondence must be accompanied with real name and address of the writer.

Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—We have just received the report of the above important and enterprising Union; (as we were going to press at the time, however, some portion of our notice must be deferred for our next issue). We are pleased to observe a strong determination on the part of the committee to cover the two large and populous counties of Lancashire and Cheshire by the establishment of Bands of Hope and Band of Hope Unions in districts hitherto not reached. The representatives of the Union have attended conferences and special meetings at Oldham, Halifax, Macclesfield, Glossop, Bradford, Bollington, Crawshawbooth, Chorley, Chapel-en-le-Frith, Haslingden, Littleborough, Lytham, Lymm, Northwich, Rochdale, Ramsbottom, Stockport, Tyldesley, &c., &c.

A remarkable feature is the energy and enthusiasm which this Union displays in its publication department. Besides the monthly issue of "Onward Reciter," conspicuous for its purity of tone and elevating influence, an abundant supply of superior and popular music books, hymn books, pledge cards, secretary's books, &c., the Union has for twelve years published and sustained at its own risk this monthly magazine, "ONWARD."

During the year the agent, Mr. J. W. Cummins, has given 125 exhibitions of dissolving views, and 55 lectures and addresses. The Secretary, Mr. G. S. Hall, since he entered upon his duties, Sept. 1st, has given 52 lectures, exhibitions, &c.

There are upwards of 200 societies on the plan, visited by about 100 voluntary speakers. The list of Unions affiliated are Accrington, Ashton-under-Lyne, Barrow-in-Furness, Bolton, Chorley, Church and Oswaldtwistle, Colne, Crawshawbooth, Glossop, Heywood, Hindley, Kendal, Macclesfield, Marple, Rochdale Wesleyan, Rochdale U.M.F.C., Stalybridge, Stockport, Todmorden, Winsford and

Over. We very much regret to find that the Union is still burdened with a very heavy debt, which surely the temperance people of these two large counties will not suffer to remain much longer.

Bradford Band of Hope Union.—The annual meeting of this Union was held Nov. 27th. Alderman West presided. Mr. M. Field read the report, which showed the Union had made progress during the year. There were sixty societies in connection with the Union, sixteen of which had joined during the year; two had been withdrawn, and there was a net increase of fourteen. In connection with these societies there were at least 10,500 members, being an increase of 3,000 during the year. There were 3,000 members over sixteen years of age. 1,400 meetings had been held, and £600 had been expended by the societies. The continued prosperity of the society was largely due to the agents. The reports showed that a large amount of work had been done. Prizes had been offered to pupil teachers for the best gallery lessons on one of the following subjects:—(1) A glass of beer; (2) The injurious effects of intoxicating drinks; (3) Total abstinence; also for the best essay on "Should a teacher be a total abstainer? and why?" The balance-sheet, presented by Mr. G. Walker, showed that, including a balance of £302 16s. 3d., the receipts for the last eleven months had amounted to £1,000 10s. 5d. The payments had amounted to £735 6s. 9d., thus leaving a balance of £265 3s. 8d. The meeting was addressed by Revs. J. Guttridge, R. H. Dugdale, W. R. Sunman, Messrs. J. Phillips, B. Wainwright, and others.

Chorley Band of Hope Union.—On Saturday, Nov. 24th, a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the St. George's Street Sunday-school, for the purpose of inaugurating a union for Chorley and district, in connection with the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of

Hope Union. W. Crumblehulme, Esq., the President, occupied the chair, and addresses were delivered by the Rev. R. Brewin, Messrs J. H. Raper, W. Hoyle (Manchester), and others.

Leicestershire Band of Hope Union.—The twelfth Annual Festival of this union was held Nov. 26th, in the Temperance Hall, Leicester, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion with the banners of the various societies. The Rev. R. Caven, B.A., presided. A selection of music was sung by a choir of about 500 voices, under the leadership of Mr. T. Palmer, agent of the Union.

To the Editors of "ONWARD."

DEAR SIRS—I was present at a Band of Hope Annual Meeting a short time since where a dialogue was performed. In the piece two characters representing drunken men were most conspicuous. It seemed to me that to caricature drunkenness on a Band of Hope platform does far more harm than good. The children laugh and seem to get the impression that it is a pleasing thing to be drunk. I should like to know the opinion of some of your readers on this point, which I conceive to be of great importance, as it affects the training of our young people.—I am yours, A READER

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

BY F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., &c.

NOT in the glorious stars of heaven alone,
 Father, do I behold Thy power abroad,
 For everywhere around to me is shown
 The hand of God.

The gentle flower that lifts its modest head
 In the deep shadow of the valley green,
 Utters Thy praise from out its lowly bed
 Beside the stream.

The bird that carols forth its joyous lay
 In the thick wood or from the morning sky,
 In Reason's ear for ever seems to say,
 Thou, Lord, art nigh.

The voice of ocean bursting on the shore,
 The midnight howling of the winter wind,
 These tell of Thee, whose power for evermore
 Hath them confined.

The teeming earth, the rolling sea, the air,
 Are eloquent alike of Thine and Thee,
 The fulness of Thy presence everywhere
 I feel to be.

And though all closely hid from human sight
 Beneath the veil of dim material things,
 I yet shall see Thee in that blessed light
 The future brings ;

And meet Thee, eye to eye, and face to face,
 And know the mystery here I but discern,
 While I the secrets of Thy dwelling-place
 For ever learn.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

ONE said that a tavern was a place where madness was sold by the bottle.

THE youth who had a will of his own has, in consequence, been struck out of that of his father.

"PAPA, does the logwood they put in wine give it its red colour?" "Yes, certainly." "Well, papa, is it the logwood wine that makes your nose so red?"

THE individual who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

A NEW DISGUISE.—The Duke of Norfolk of Foote's time was much addicted to the bottle. On a masquerade night he asked Foote what *new character* he should go in. "Go sober!" said Foote.

A LITTLE girl, when her father's table was honoured with an esteemed friend, began talking very earnestly at the first pause in the conversation. Her father checked her rather sharply, saying, "Why is it that you talk so much?" "Tause 'I've dot sometin' to say," was the innocent reply.

"I ALWAYS did love to gaze on the children in their sports," said Potter, as he pensively contemplated a crowd of urchins; "I am carried back to ——" Just then the baseball came over his way and tried to get into his vest pocket and doubled him up. When his breath came back he shouted, "You young ragamuffin, if I catch you playing ball on the street again I'll get the police after you."

WINE and passions are racks of used to extort words from us.

The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.

Friendship of the wine-cup born
Flieth like the draught ere morn.

TRUST not a man who promises with an oath.

THE voice of conscience is so delicate, that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear, that it is impossible to mistake it.

If a man has any religion worth having, he will do his duty and not make a fuss about it. It is the empty waggon that makes a noise.

ONLY one arm is all-powerful, one heart ever loving, one ear ever open, only one eye never closed; and there are inner depths in our soul where only one voice can be heard.

A MAN who covers himself with costly apparel and neglects his mind, is like one who illuminates the outside of his house and sits within in the dark.

SELF-DENIAL.—There never did, and never will, exist anything permanent, and noble, and excellent, in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

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 practice, that makes them righteous.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

IN yonder cottage by the brook
 A comely lesson may we glean,
 If through the lattice-work we look,
 To view the animating scene.

We silent creep beside the wall,
 And give a sly yet truthful peep :
 There's Tommy playing with his ball,
 And infant Arthur fast asleep.

Wee John is making rope and gear
 For boat to sail upon the lake,
 While floating in a basin near
 Another of dear Willy's make.

We gaze upon the easy chair
 To learn if there is ought to see :
 The father of the flock is there,
 With pretty Charley on his knee.

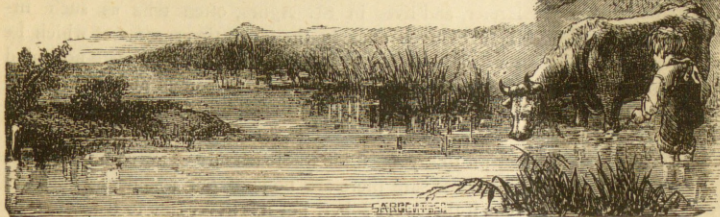
He tells him of some pretty tale
 About the noted days of yore—
 Perhaps of Franklin, who did sail
 The Arctic regions to explore.

There's Berty sitting on a stool
 In front of where his granny sits,
 And very kindly holds the wool
 The while the dear old lady knits.

But now 'tis bed-time, and the light
 Is waiting till they've said their prayers ;
 They've finished now, and bid good night,
 And like good children mount the stairs.

The little ones to sleep have gone,
 And quiet reigns upon the throne
 Of that small cot, which well hath borne
 The stormy winds which oft have blown.

J. G. LUMSDEN.



RUNNING FROM HOME,

OR

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes," &c., &c.

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE FRANK.

NO one could stay with either of us children many hours without learning that we had an Uncle Frank. He is captain now of a beautiful schooner called "The Wings of the Morning." He used to be her second mate, then her chief mate, and now he has gone on his first voyage as commander. He is such a fine fellow, and so merry and kind to us children, although he teases us dreadfully. Papa says he spoils us all whenever he comes home. Harry is his pet, and Harry is quite devoted to Uncle Frank; I believe he thinks anything right if Uncle Frank does it.

It is not only with all of us that he is a favourite, but with everybody. If he could have taken three times the number of sailors in his crew he would still have had hard work to choose his men, there were so many who offered and wanted to go with him. There is only one thing which makes papa and mamma anxious about dear Uncle Frank, and that is, he takes a glass of grog now and then, and papasays, "Where there's grog there's danger;" then, too, he is rather inclined to laugh at those who don't do as is customary in this respect. Of course, he never has any when with us, for we haven't a drop of anything intoxicating in the house, unless papa has some alcohol as a drug in his surgery. But when Uncle Frank is on shore, he will even go to the public-houses and take a glass and smoke a pipe with the sailors, and papa says his example ought to be all the other way. Papa also often says that though we have a very sober population on these dear beautiful islands, yet we have quite too many public-houses. There are eight in all, on St. Mary's Island alone; and as there are only about two thousand people living on all the inhabited islands, and some of these have drink shops of their own, and very many people here are teetotallers; a number of the rest of the inhabitants must drink too much for their pockets and their health.

It is a rare thing indeed for us to see people reeling about, or to hear the noise of drunken men, unless there are foreign sailors on the island; but still sometimes a man beats his wife, and papa is called in now and then to see men who have made themselves ill with drink.

But when mamma spoke to me about drunken women in England, it made me shudder, for I never saw such, and hope I never shall, here where I was born. Grandpapa, who is a farmer, and lives in St. Agnes, often tells us such interesting stories about these Scilly Islands in the olden times, some of which he remembers, and some of which his father or mother told him. We were not ruled by English law exactly in those old days, and spirits were bought and sold by any one, free of duty, so that the people became disgracefully drunken. I am very glad this is altered now, because of the sin, and because there is nothing in the whole world—perhaps I ought to say on these whole islands—I am so much afraid of as a drunken man. I am quite sure there are none of our islanders would say or do anything unkind to me if they were sober, but it is never safe to trust any one who is drunk.

I shall never forget something that happened last summer. Uncle Frank came in one morning and told us that he was going to Tresco with some other young men to play cricket on the cricket-ground belonging to the Abbey. Tresco is the island on which the Governor lives, and his house is called the Abbey, because it is built, or rather restored, on the site and amongst the ruins of the ancient monastery.

The principal church on our islands in the old Catholic days was the Abbey Church of Tresco; and it was under the rule of the Abbot of Tavistock Abbey in Devonshire, which must, I think, have seemed a very long way off then, only that the palmers and monks were so many of them accustomed to travel about and take long journeys from place to place, that perhaps they made the different religious houses seem nearer together in those old times, when there were no steamers, no penny post, and no railways, than we can exactly understand.

Of course we have no railways here even now, and Uncle Frank is so saucy, he says, to tease me, that if we had a railway, our islands are so small that the trains would run off over the sides and fall into the sea! But we have the penny post, and three times a week in summer, and twice a week in winter, the steamer comes and goes from St. Mary's to Penzance.

Well, when Uncle Frank said that morning that he was going to Tresco, Harry came over to him coaxingly and said,

"Uncle Frank, will you bring me my little rabbit to-day? You promised you would soon bring me my little rabbit."

Uncle Frank took him on his knee. "You have the best memory in the world, my dear little man," he said laughing, and kissing him. "If I promised, I must perform, and all being well you shall have your little rabbit to-night. You must put him into the box Ernie gave to you for him, and give him plenty of lettuce and dandelions for his supper and breakfast, and then to-morrow I will bring you some bran for his dinner."

"Will you take me with you to get my little rabbit?" asked Harry.

"No, no; that I cannot do, Hal," said Uncle Frank. "I shall have to walk a long way."

"I can walk a *long* way," said Harry, confidently.

"Not to-day, Harry you must stay and take Dorie a walk, and play with your rabbit when I come home." Then with another kiss to his little favourite and a merry goodbye to us all, he left the parlour. Uncle Frank was gone.

At dinner-time papa and mamma spoke of the cricket match, and hoped Uncle Frank's side would win. After the meal was over, I took the children to Old Town, on the opposite side of the bay, to see our dear old nurse, who was on a visit to her married son Robert and his wife, and I found that Robert was also gone to Tresco. We stayed some little time, for Mrs. Tresize had been making cake, and kindly insisted that we should wait and have some, as it was nearly baked, and tell her if we liked her cake as well as nurse's. It was very good indeed, but we could not decide the comparison. As we went back across Buzza Hill, and round by Peninnis Head, the wind blew very strongly, so that we all joined hands, to be able to walk the easier. Looking seawards the sudden squall had made a picture of awful grandeur. The sun was hidden behind a mass of wind-clouds, and the waves at high tide, and lashed to fury, foamed white and wild as they ran booming up the precipitous islets, and poured into the hollow basins of the giant rocks, roaring as they fell.

Glancing over the wide extent of water, I saw with horror that a little boat was struggling with the storm-tossed billows. A little boat ! and about midway between Tresco and St. Mary's ! Terror seized me. It was just at the time that my uncle expected to return. I was unwilling unnecessarily to frighten the children, yet I felt it impossible to take my eyes or my thoughts from that little boat.

Should I seek assistance ? Alas ! I knew too well that before any boat could reach them it too must undergo the same battle for existence or destruction, that probably a few minutes would decide the frightful contest, and that more experienced eyes than mine were most likely even now attentively watching the scene.

"Come here, dears," I said, as I led Harry into the shelter of one of the grand strangely-shaped old rocks that border the coast round Peninnis, "we will sit here a while, and perhaps the wind will lull."

"What's the matter, Dorie?" asked Rose, lingering behind, and looking at me attentively. "Are you ill? You are ever so pale." I did not answer her, but my eyes were riveted on the boat, and hers followed mine; and the dear child's affection told her more quickly than words what I feared.

"Oh ! Dorie, it isn't—" she began, but I pointed to Harry and the others, and laid my finger on my lips. So she was silent, but the big tears gathered in her loving eyes, and she too watched.

Then the sail swung wildly in the wind. What madness to let it go ! There was a desperate attempt to right the boat, but it was in vain. Over it went, and all its occupants were struggling in the water !

Rosie cried out in her horror, and the little ones looked up wonderingly from their play in the sheltered crevice of the rock. My own lips seemed sealed. "They are swimming," whispered my sister, "swimming home. Oh ! Dorie, *can* they swim all that way?" She was right. Two heads at least were visible above the water. Where were the others ? And now another boat comes bravely from shore to the scene of the disaster. It rescues the two swimmers from their perilous position, and continues its course farther to the spot where the boat had disappeared. Another man had been keeping his head above water by clinging to an oar : he too was saved. But there were other four. We could not bear to think, so I called the children round me again, and we started towards home ; one thought uppermost in Rosie's mind and my own—should we ever see dear Uncle Frank again ?

When we reached home we found the parlour full of people, and, thank God ! Uncle Frank was there. He was, indeed, the centre of an excited group, to whom he was telling the event of the afternoon. He had tried hard to secure the flapping sail, and then to seize the helm and right the boat ; and at last, finding all else impossible, he had determined to swim for the shore.

"I could but be drowned any way : I would not be drowned without a good pull for dear life," he said ; but his voice sounded hoarse and solemn, though his words were cheerful. "My poor Harry, you will be disappointed," he added, as he noticed the dear little fellow's eyes fixed on him, "I could not save your little rabbit, it is drowned;" and he drew from the inner pocket of his jacket a forlorn little object, a dead wet rabbit ; its soft white fur saturated and hardened with the salt sea waves.

Harry looked at it with quivering lips, then ran hastily to the kind arms of uncle Frank, hid his face on his shoulder, and burst into tears. Poor little

Harry's tears were alas ! not the bitterest that were shed on our islands that night. There were weeping and wailing in many a household, for our people are so much related to each other that the calamity of one is almost necessarily the sorrow of all. Poor Robert Tresize never returned to the home where his old mother and good-natured wife awaited his home-coming, with the cakes kept hot upon the hearth. And three other homes had lost from their midst some one who made their heart sunshine and provided their support.

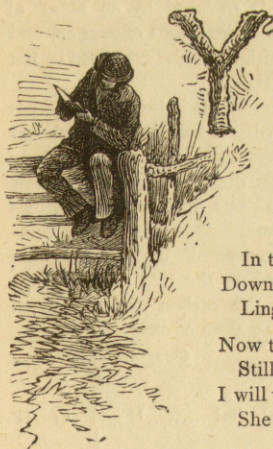
There was a large collection made for the widows and orphans : all gave liberally, according to their means, and kept the hand of poverty from pressing its cold fingers on any of the homesteads. But money cannot restore to children the glad incoming of the welcome father, nor the tender presence of the kindly son to his widowed mother, nor bring again the good true husband to the lonely young wife. The cloud that had so suddenly swept over the sea rested on the land when the storm wind had passed by. For many months it seemed as if the islands were in mourning ; so sadly, so grievously people looked at each other when they met, even when skies were blue and the sun was shining.

Uncle Frank admitted that he had treated his companions to some drink at Tresco, but he would not admit that the hands and head which should have shifted the sail at the precise moment of danger were less steady than that critical moment required.

There is no need to press this subject ; if teetotalism is right for any one man more than another, surely it must be to keep the eye bright, and the hand firm, and the intellect quick of those who "do business in great waters," where a moment's delay, a shaking hand, a dull eye, may be only so many synonyms for swift destruction.

(To be continued.)

MY VALENTINE.



ES, I loved her in my boyhood,
And I called her ever mine ;
Oh ! 'Tis sweet to think upon her
On this morn of Valentine.

I've the fondest recollection
Of the last time that we met ;
How the silver moon was shining,
And the grass with dew was wet :

How we wandered in the twilight,
In that silent evening hour,
Down the lanes and through the meadows ;
Lingering by the old church tower.

Now there's many a mile between us ;
Still I long to make her mine ;
I will write to-day, and tell her
She is still my Valentine.

W. HOYLE.

THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

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

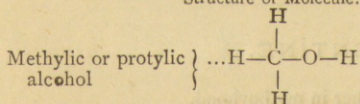
ARTICLE VII.

LET us now look at the members of the Normal Alcohol series separately.

METHYLIC OR PROTYLIC ALCOHOL.

This alcohol, which is the first of the series, is also known under the name of wood, or pyroxylic spirit, because it was first obtained by the destructive distillation of wood. We have already seen that it is composed of one atom of carbon, four atoms of hydrogen, and one atom of oxygen; and that its molecular structure is the same as a molecule of marsh gas where one atom of hydrogen is replaced by a semi-molecule of hydroxyl, or of a molecule of water where one of the hydrogen atoms is replaced by a base or radical called methyl or protylen. We may therefore represent its structure by the formula CH_3HO , and by a graphic representation thus:—

Structure of Molecule.



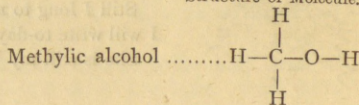
Its molecular weight is 32, and its molecule occupies, at the same temperature and pressure, the same space as a molecule of hydrogen. It weighs when in the state of a gas, 16 times heavier than hydrogen. When in a liquid state, which it assumes at ordinary temperatures, it is a transparent, limpid and spirituous fluid, with a rather pleasant aromatic smell, and is exceedingly volatile, so that it requires to be kept in a well corked, or glass stoppered bottle, or it will all evaporate. It is much lighter than water, with which however it readily mixes, an equal volume weighing 810 where water weighs 1,000. It boils at 140°Fahr. , while water does not boil until raised to 212°Fahr.

When methylic alcohol is acted upon by chlorine, the semi-molecule of hydroxyl is replaced by an atom of chlorine, and a new substance is formed whose composition is represented by the formula CH_3Cl . This substance is also formed by the action of chlorine upon marsh gas, and we can therefore produce methylic alcohol without the distillation of wood, by causing the chlorine and marsh gas to re-act upon each other, and then treating the resultant with potassic hydrate, which is composed of an atom of potassium united with a semi-molecule of hydroxyl, when the chlorine atom and the hydroxyl change places, and from methylic alcohol and potassic chloride. It also forms along with iodine a compound similar to the chloride, in which the hydroxyl is replaced by an atom of iodine, and whose composition may be represented by the formula CH_3I .

When acted upon by nitrous acid it forms a characteristic nitrate, where the hydroxyl is replaced by an atom of nitrogen and two atoms of oxygen, and its composition may be expressed by the formula CH_3NO_2 .

By oxidation, methylic alcohol yields formaldehyde, a substance which exactly corresponds to the aldehyde obtained by the oxidation of common alcohol, and by a further process of oxidation, formic acid, which has a composition expressed by the formula CH_2O_2 , where the two atoms of hydrogen in the carbon nucleus are replaced by an atom of oxygen—thus:

Structure of Molecule.



Formaldehyde $\text{H}-\text{C}-\text{H}$



Formic acid $\text{H}-\text{C}-\text{O}-\text{H}$



When methylic alcohol is distilled along with chloride of lime (calcic chloro-hypochlorite) and water, it yields a peculiar substance, chloroform, which has the composition CHCl_3 , where three of the hydrogen atoms in a marsh gas molecule are replaced by three atoms of chlorine—thus :—

Structure of Molecule.

Marsh gas $\text{H}-\text{C}-\text{H}$



Chloroform $\text{H}-\text{C}-\text{Cl}$



This substance has a particular interest, from the fact that its vapour has the peculiar property of producing complete temporary insensibility to pain in any person who breathes it. On this account it is extensively used in surgical operations, and has been the means of alleviating a large amount of human suffering. It has indeed almost been as great a blessing to mankind, as alcohol has proved a curse.

When heated along with sulphuric acid, methylic alcohol yields an ether which has the composition $\text{C}_2\text{H}_6\text{O}$, and which corresponds in the double character of its molecule, united by

the oxygen atom, to the ether produced from common alcohol.

On account of the low boiling point and high volatility of methylic alcohol, it is much used in the arts for making varnishes, and is also mixed along with common alcohol, when it is sold under the name of methylated spirit at a much lower price, as a less excise duty is charged upon it than pure spirits of wine. Its physiological action is similar to that of ordinary alcohol, except that it is more rapid both in the effect which it produces and the rapidity with which its influence passes away. On this account it is really the most harmless of the whole series, since it requires a less expenditure of vital force to eliminate it from the system into which it may have been introduced. Like common alcohol, it first stimulates, and then correspondingly depresses the whole vital action, and lowers the temperature of the body; and if the vital energy is not sufficient to expel the intruder through the lungs, skin, and secretions, death is the ultimate result.

There can be little doubt that if methylic alcohol was used in the same manner as the common alcohol, it would in the long run produce similar changes and diseases in the human subject to those which are occasioned by the excessive use of ardent spirits, and indeed its action is almost intermediate between that of common alcohol and ether or chloroform.

(To be Continued)

BE PATIENT WITH THE LITTLE ONES.—Let neither their slow understanding, nor their occasional pertness offend you to provoke the sharp reproof. Remember, the world is new to them, and they have no slight task to grasp with their unripened intellect the mass of facts and truths that crowd upon their attention. You are grown to maturity and strength, through years of experience; and it ill becomes you to fret at a child who fails to keep pace with your thought. Teach him patiently, as God teaches you, "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little." Cheer him on in his conflict of mind; in after years his ripe, rich thought shall rise and call you blessed.



PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

WE OFFER A PRIZE IN BOOKS, VALUE 5s., for the best set of Six Puzzles—preference will be given to new varieties.

ALSO, A PRIZE IN BOOKS, VALUE 5s., for the best Temperance Dialogue for not more than five characters. Length not to exceed four pages of "Onward Reciter."

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; composition to be solely their own production, and to be sent to the Editor not later than March 17th; writing to be on one side of the paper only. The Editor to have the right to use any of the puzzles sent, whether successful or not.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION. PRIDE. ADVERSITY.

1.—AN X PUZZLE.

Initials and finals read diagonally downwards give two countries of Europe.

- 1st. One of the Society Islands.
- 2nd. A vegetable.
- 3rd. A limb.
- 4th. Fifty.
- 5th. A girl's name.
- 6th. A borough of Scotland.
- 7th. A precious stone.

MARIE.

2.—CIPHER.

Nis ot dna niur ot
Htlaets yb nwod nem sdael ylno hcihw,
Eniw eht ekat ohw yeht naht
Htlaew dna htlaeh ni .af rechir er'uoy
Ees ll'uoy dne eht ta dna,
Raey eht tuohguorht raelc retaw knird :
Eb tsum uoy sreniatsba,
Esir dluow uoy fi, syob dna slrig raed.

FRANCES.

3.—BIBLICAL MENTAL PICTURE.

The officers return alone, and seek
The presence of those grave and stately men—
Those stern-faced elders, holding mighty
power—
Almost of life and death—within their hands.
"Where is the prisoner?—have ye let him go?
Why doth your errand thus remain unsped?"
And then the messengers make answer low :
"We found the One for whom you sent us
forth ;

We listened to His words, and could not lay
Violent hands upon a Man who spake
As we have never heard man speak before."
Then words of bitter and contemptuous scorn
Were hurled by many of that learned throng ;
The majesty of law was overthrown,
The dignity of age forgotten there.
Then uprose one of noble, earnest mien,
And quietness prevailed to hear him speak :
"And do our laws condemn a man unheard?"
Then fiercer grew the storm of scornful rage ;
All was confusion in that council-hall ;
So angry and dismayed each sought his home,
To spend the quiet hours of night in sleep,
Or in devising vengeance for the morn.
With brow serenely calm, and tranquil eye,
The One they hated passed in quietness
Away from every dwelling-place of man ;
And while no sound the midnight silence broke,
Save the soft murmuring of Kedron's brook,
Or gentle swaying of the olive-trees,
He spent His night in solitude and prayer.

IVY.

4.—DECAPITATION.

Complete, you'll find me useful
Your counting-house to guard.
Behad, I am a monarch
Of whom you may have heard.
Behad again, you'll meet with me
In middle of the night ;
Yet I am very near the source
And centre of all light.

EDITH R. BELL.

5.—CHARADE.

My *first* was known in olden time,
 As sacred writings say,
 Connected with a dragon's tail ;
 Consult Apocrypha.
 My *second* is a lady fair,
 Respectable or old ;
 My *total* has an evil tongue—
 An Amazon, a scold.—G. J. BELL.

6.—CHARADE.

Some people talk of quarter-decks,
 My *first* has full three-quarters ;
 My *next*, made plural, held the wrecks
 Of many Smithfield martyrs.
 My *whole* is certain to appear
 And vanish with the closing year.
 G. J. BELL.

7.—ENIGMA.

I'm something, I'm nothing ; 'tis just as I'm
 taken ;
 I'm sometimes despised, but I am never for-
 saken ;
 The pledge I am oft of the folly of fears—
 Often given by falsehood, often taken with
 tears.
 I am eagerly courted, I am spurned with dis-
 dain ;
 I add to your pleasure, and I soothe you
 in pain.
 Sometimes I am used the hard heart to move ;
 I'm the sign of the traitor and the token of
 love.
 They dearly love me who treat me with scorn.
 Whether honoured with friendship, or alone
 and forlorn,
 I am friendship's best cement, though oft
 yielded with strife ;
 Still, true friends without me are fast friends
 for life.
 The daring to win me will brave fire and
 sword ;
 I'm the tribute to beauty, and I'm valour's
 reward.

As soon as you know me you will want me, I
 trow,
 And the lady who wins me shall wear me, I
 vow.
 UNCLE WILLIAM.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 8 & 9.

1. Work-men. 2. Blood-shed. 3. Garden
 —gander—danger—anger—range—rang—ran
 R-A. 4. Barba-does. 5. W A R D
 A G U E
 R U S E
 D E E R.

6. Cancelled. Through a misprint, this was
 unintelligible.

7. JoppA, Blossom, George, OtteR,
 U cayall, GymnastiC, HyenA—J. B. Gough
 —America.

DEFINITIONS.

HABIT.

Habit is second nature which often entirely
 obliterates the first. A custom or action
 whether good or bad will, if persisted in, grow
 upon us until it is part of our nature, and
 becomes so strong we cannot break it off.

M. WESTCAR.

The inveterate custom acquired by the
 frequent repetition of "just this once."—AGNES
 HARRISS.

Habit is said to be *second nature*, but, in
 many instances, puts *nature second*.—S. H.
 MCC.

HOME.

Home is, generally speaking, our place of
 abode, but most people think of home as the
 place where rest and happiness are found. Our
 earliest impressions and influences were
 formed at home. Home is the place from
 which all family ties emanate. Much of our
 after life depends on our early home training.

M. WESTCAR.

The place where a husband should spend his
 evenings in preference to the public-house.—
 AGNES HARRISS.

LITTLE FEET.

Little feet upon the floor
 Come to meet me at the door ;
 Little eyes with gladness shine ;
 Little lips are pressed to mine.

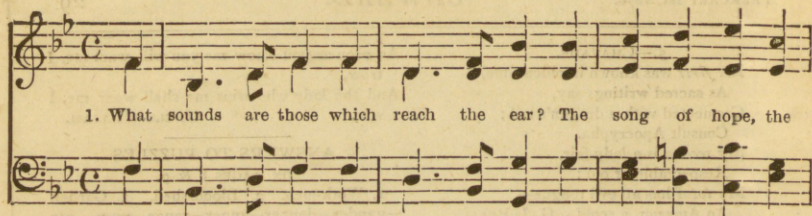
Little prattlers on my knee,
 Telling wondrous tales to me ;
 Loving hands my food prepare,
 Serve it with a wifely care.

When our evening meal is o'er,
 Little feet are heard once more,
 Pattering up and down awhile,
 With fond task and loving smile.

Oh ! how dear those tiny feet,
 Making music passing sweet ;
 Teaching me to know in part
 Something of God's loving heart.

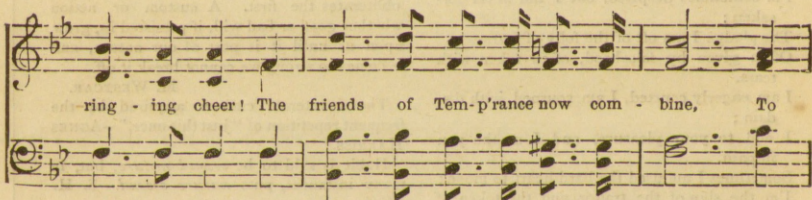
DAVID LAWTON.

DEAR FATHERLAND.

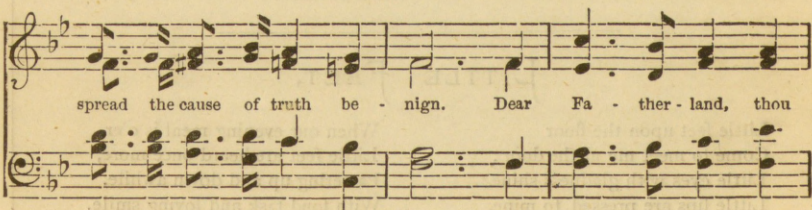


KEY B \flat ,

2. Thy shield no more the blot shall show, The bit - ter brand of	d_1 :- m_1 s_1 : s_1 m_1 :- s_1 d : d r : m f : r
3. No more shall law its li - cense lend, No more the Church strong	s_1 : d_1 :- m_1 s_1 : s_1 m_1 :- m_1 m_1 : f_1 : s_1 f_1 : f_1 : f_1
4. The homes of drunk - en - ness de - based, The wives a - bus'd, op -	s_1 : d_1 :- m_1 s_1 : s_1 m_1 :- s_1 l_1 : l_1 l_1 : de r : l_1
5. No more shall chil - dren weep and die, Or, sunk in sin and	s_1 : d_1 :- m_1 s_1 : s_1 m_1 :- d_1 l_2 : l_1 f_1 : m_1 r_1 : f_1



shame and woe, But bright as bur - nish'd gold shall shine Thy	d :- t_1 t_1 : s_1 m_1 :- m r : r : de : de r :- - : t_1
drink de - fend; The cur - sed trade shall waste a - way, As	m_1 :- r_1 r_1 : s_1 s_1 :- s_1 s_1 : s_1 : s_1 s_1 :- - : s_1
press'd, dis - grac'd, A new and bright - er day shall see, When	s_1 :- s_1 s_1 : s_1 d :- d t_1 : t_1 : le : le t_1 :- - : r
squa - lor, lie, But kind - ly nur - tur'd they shall rise Thro'	s_1 : s_1 : s_1 : s_1 d_1 :- d_1 r_1 : r_1 : m_1 : m_1 s_1 :- - : s_1



scutcheon fair, O coun - try mine!	l_1 : l_1 : t_1 : d t_1 : l_1 : s_1 :- - : s_1 r :- d t_1 : t_1
truth and right their pow'r dis - play. Dear Fa - ther - land, thou	s_1 : s_1 : se : l_1 s_1 : fe_1 : s_1 :- - : s_1 f_1 :- m_1 s_1 : s_1 : f
Eng - land gains her vic - to - ry. t_1 :- - : s_1 t_1 :- d r :- f	m : m : m : r d : d : t_1 : l_1 r : r_1 : s_1 :- - : s_1 s_1 :- s_1 s_1 : s_1 : s_1
paths of vir - tue to the skies.	d : d : t_1 : l_1 r : r_1 : s_1 :- - : s_1 s_1 :- s_1 s_1 : s_1 : s_1

DEAR FATHERLAND—(continued).

yet shall be From drink's de-spot-ic rule set free; And

d	:-	.s ₁		s ₁	:	s ₁		f	:-	.m		r	:	r		m	:-	.r		d	:	s ₁
s ₁	:-	.m ₁		m ₁	:	s ₁		s ₁	:-	.s ₁		s ₁	:	s ₁		s ₁	:-	.f ₁		m ₁	:	m ₁
yet		shall		be		From		drink's		de-spot		-ic		rule		set		free;		And		
m	:-	.d		d	:	s ₁		r	:-	.d		t ₁	:	t ₁		d	:-	.s ₁		s ₁	:	s ₁
d ₁	:-	.d ₁		d ₁	:	s ₁		s ₁	:-	.s ₁		s ₁	:	s ₁		d ₁	:-	.d ₁		d ₁	:	d ₁

on the Tem-p'rance cause shall shine The smile Di-vine, And

s ₁	:-	.s ₁		s ₁	:	se ₁		l ₁	:-	.t ₁		d	:	d		d	:-	r	:-	m	:-	:-	:l
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on the Tem-p'rance cause shall shine The smile Di-vine.

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"JUST FOR A LARK."

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"**H**URRAH! Hurrah! our school has broken up for the holidays, and here come some of the pieces!" shouted Dick Martin, rushing into the room, followed by his two brothers, and up went three caps spinning to the ceiling, and when they were caught, up they went again with another shout which made the room ring again.

But let me introduce you to the parents of these wild young mad-caps, who are thorough English boys to the very backbone—light-hearted, open-hearted, kindly disposed, and generous, yet free and impulsive to a degree. While they are putting away their caps and books, and settling themselves down to the tea-table, at which father and mother are already seated, suppose I tell you the secret of all the comfort and happiness that gladden the hearts of all within this pretty cottage home. There sits Richard in his flannel jacket; little Mary, on his knee, looking at a picture-book, his wife meanwhile busying herself with those pleasure-giving little duties, known as "getting the tea."

There is something very wifely and womanly about this particular phase of woman's daily life. There is something so sweetly satisfying in this particular hour of the day called "tea-time," especially in the winter season. The toil of the day is over, and he who earns the bread of that happy family is once more nestling in his haven of rest—home. The curtains are drawn. The table, with its snowy cloth, invitingly spread with the usual plain and wholesome etceteras of a working man's meal: everything wears an air of quiet joy. The cat in front of the fire, admiring the reflection of herself in the bright fender, is purring out the happiness of her heart in her own peculiar way. While even the kettle on the hob is singing for very joy, as ever and anon it bubbles with ill-concealed mirth, as if ready to burst forth with its mouth-like lid into a merry peal of laughter. But the sweetest picture of all in this domestic scene is Richard's wife, Annie, who in her neat evening dress is, as we before remarked, getting the tea ready. There is something about her gentle quiet manner that seems to pervade the whole room, imparting a charm to all she touches. Everything appears to be better in some way from her hands having been connected with it. She is one of those quiet, tender, womanly souls, who are able to make their presence felt wherever they go. But I promised to tell you the secret concerning this happy family, and in a few words as possible I will keep my promise. Richard was a cabinetmaker, one of the most skilful of his class, and five years before our story opens, if you had asked me to show you the most wretched hovel in the village of Strawgate, I

should have said, "Come along, then, and I'll take you to see Richard Martin." Of course, the cause of all this could be found without searching far. Go to the public-house nearest Dick's hovel, and there you are face to face with the one great temptation that proved more than a match for poor Richard; consequently, he had to succumb, and soon became one of the most inveterate drunkards for miles round.

No one could get him to sign the pledge. Others in the village signed from time to time, and became sober men, but no one had ever been able to make any impression upon Richard. Now Richard, I must tell you, was such a clever workman in the higher and finer branches of the cabinetmaker's art, that the master for whom he worked would have given almost anything if he could have induced him to become a reformed character. All the early part of the week he spent in drinking; then, during the two or three days left, he would keep sober, and earn as much as his shopmates who had worked all the week.

Amongst Richard's fellow-workmen there was a shrewd, steady-going teetotaler, called Tom Foster, who had been instrumental in saving many from the demon Drink, and, as may be imagined, had tried every plan he could devise to rescue Richard, but without success. One day Mr. Shaw—Tom's master—a man with a heart full of kindly feeling and consideration for others, said to Tom, "Foster, you have done a good work here amongst your fellow-workmen, for there is many a happy home now in Strawgate that owes all its comforts to you. Now, can't you persuade Martin to be a teetotaler? I have just had to refuse a very lucrative job (work of a kind that I could not entrust to any one but Martin) because I knew that, through his drinking habits, it would never be done by the time wanted. Now look, Tom, it wants a month to Christmas, and if you can get Richard to sign the pledge, and keep it till New Year's Day, I'll make your wife a present of a silk dress."

"I have had many a try, sir," said Tom, "and I'll try again harder than ever, not so much for the sake of the dress, but for the sake of Richard and his poor family, who would often starve but for us." And Tom left his master's office, and wended his way home, trying, as he walked along, to devise some plan by which he could induce his companion to sign the pledge. He had not proceeded far on his way before he met Richard.

"Good evening, Dick," said Tom; "you are just the very man I want."

"Am I?" stammered out Dick, trying to pass on, for he was always a bit ashamed to face his teetotal shopmate.

"Stop, stop!" said Tom, detaining him by the arm. "Now, listen to me a moment. You have it in your power to do me a great kindness, and I know you are not the man to refuse, for you have said many times that if you could ever do me a good turn, you would."

"Ah! and I will too," said Dick, earnestly; "for you and your missis have been good friends to me and mine many a time. But I can't make out in what way such a worthless fellow as I can be of service to you, for I'm no good to myself, nor any one belonging to me. But no matter, I'll do it, if it's in my power," said Dick, with emphasis, not dreaming for one moment what was required of him.

"I knew you would, for you are a thoroughly good-hearted fellow, in spite of all your imperfections," said Tom. "Just come in here," he continued, leading the way into a coffee-shop, which happened to be near, "and I'll tell you all about it."

Tom called for two cups of coffee, and when it was brought, said, as he pushed one of them towards Dick,

"Drink that, lad, and listen to me. I have been married seven years next month, and during all that time one of the ambitious desires of my wife has been to have a black silk dress."

"Yes—well, what then?" said Dick, blowing his coffee with a puzzled look; for what on earth any such matter could have to do with him he could not imagine; moreover, it made him uneasy, for he could not help remarking to himself, "My Mary has nothing better to wear than rags, and barely enough of them."

"What then?" repeated Tom. "Why, now comes the grand secret. My wife wants a black silk dress, and it is in your power to give her one, and I want you to do it."

"Me!" said Dick, looking all the astonishment he felt. "Why, my own wife hasn't a decent garment to put on her back. This looks very much like a joke at my expense; if it is, it's a very cruel one," and turning uneasily in his seat, he commenced tapping the table with his fingers, as if out of all patience with the remarks his companion had made.

"Dick," said Tom, in a thoughtful tone, "I never was more serious in all my life. You know me too well to think I would purposely hurt your feelings. But let me explain."

"I wish you would," replied Dick; and pushing aside his empty cup, he planted both elbows on the table, and, supporting his face in his hands, prepared to listen.

"Less than half-an-hour ago, Mr. Shaw and I were talking about you. Master was saying what a clever fellow you were at your trade, and that if you would only give up drinking it would please him so much he would give almost anything in reason—in fact he went so far as to say, 'Tom, if you can get Dick to sign the pledge, I'll give your wife a new black silk dress for New Year's Day.' There! now the secret's out; you can't refuse that, so here's the book," he continued, taking it from his jacket pocket; "down with your name at once," and without waiting for a reply, he pushed the pen and ink, which happened to be on the table, towards him as he spoke.

"Done," said Dick. "Dash my buttons if I don't do it—just for a lark."

Nothing more was said on either side, so for a few moments the awkward scratching of Dick's pen was the only sound that broke the silence. The next minute Dick's name and address were sprawled across the paper in large, clumsily-formed letters that might have been read from the opposite end of the room.

"There," said Dick, throwing down the pen with the air of a man who had done something desperate; "but it's only for a time, mind—just for a lark!"

"Thanks," said Tom. "I knew you would do it to oblige me," and, closing the book, he rose to depart. "You are just the good sort of fellow I always took you to be. And on New Year's Day you shall come to my house to dinner, bring the missis, and all the children, and we'll have a jolly, happy day together; and you shall see my wife in her new silk dress—*your present*. Good-bye." And shaking Dick heartily by the hand, he departed, leaving his shopmate almost stunned with astonishment; for it had all happened so suddenly, he could hardly believe it was true.

(To be Continued.)



BE IN EARNEST,

BE in earnest, boys, be earnest,
 Learn to labour while you can :
 There is metal in the poorest
 To produce a noble man.

Ne'er despise the meanest labour,
 For by labour all must rise :
 He who gains the golden summit
 Is the man who nobly tries.

Many a son within a mansion,
 Nurtured like a tender plant,
 Often grows to be a spendthrift,
 Ends his days in grief and want.

Though your lot be hard and toilsome,
 Never crave for sordid gain :
 Aim to fill a place of honour,
 And you will not live in vain.

Step by step along life's pathway
 Mark the footprints of the great :
 He who now is but a shoeblick
 Soon may help to guide the State.

Look to Him who sends the sunshine,
 Richest blessings free to all :
 He will not despise the lowly,
 For He marks the sparrow's fall.

If He see but in the meanest
 Yearnings after truth and right,
 He will open out a pathway
 Strewed with flowers of love and light.

Hearken not to those who linger
 In the paths of sin and shame:
 There's no time for acts of folly
 If you'd win a noble name.

Heart and hand and head must labour;
 Every day must have its task:
 What you are in truth appearing,
 Honesty requires no mask.

Though your names may never cluster
 Like the stars on history's page,
 You may waken songs of gladness
 In this sorrow-stricken age.

You may live to weave a garland
 Fairer than the warrior's fame,
 And the few who live around you
 Yet may rise to bless your name.

Be in earnest, boys, be earnest,
 Work with willing voice and pen;
 There is much that wants improving,
 Room for earnest noble men.

W. HOYLE.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

By A. J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER II.—RICHARD FINDS A FRIEND.

EVERY Sunday the boys at the Orphanage went in procession to the church. It was a pretty sight to see them all dressed in their Sunday clothes; thirty children from each house, all marching along so quiet and orderly, everyone carrying a Bible and Hymn Book in one hand, while he clasped the hand of his companion with the other.

The services were generally conducted by gentlemen from London, who came down on Saturday and returned on Monday. Some of the gentlemen were very kind to the boys, visiting the home on Sunday afternoons, and often leaving behind some pretty books as a memorial of their visit. There was one gentleman, a Mr. Fountain, who was a great favourite with the boys. He always had his pockets full of nice things. Some of the boys declare that he even dropped sweet-stuff into their hands, and one boy has shown with pride to all the other boys a pocket-knife which he says Mr. Fountain slipped into his hand without saying a word about it. It was now spring-time, and Richard had become quite at home. How he loved the bracing air, so different from the close atmosphere of the court he had been accustomed to live in! How happy he felt in the school-room, with its pretty pictures and its kind teachers! And he felt every night when he knelt down to pray, that he ought indeed to be grateful to God for all His good gifts.

Mr. Fountain always came down to the Home at spring-time. He loved to get up early in the morning, and go out gathering the spring violets and primroses; and never did he go without taking one of the boys who could show him the best spot to gather his favourite wild flowers.

After the evening service Mr. Fountain begged Mr. Johnson that he would have a boy in readiness to show him on the morrow morning where he could gather the flowers.

"Send for Williamson," said Mr. Johnson, and in response Richard presented himself before Mr. Fountain.

"Do you know where to find the violets and the primroses?" said Mr. Fountain.

"Yes, sir; down in the valley, by the wood."

"Can you knock at my door at half-past five o'clock, and go with me before breakfast?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; hurry home, get to bed early, and mind you are not late in the morning."

It was indeed a lovely morning. The sun was streaming forth its golden rays on all the country round, and the dewdrops sparkled on the young and bright green leaves of the trees.

"Good morning, my boy," said Mr. Fountain, cheerfully.

"Good morning, sir," replied Richard, taking off his cap at the same time.

They walked outside the gate, down a narrow path; then along a country lane till they came to the wood; and there, in a quiet and shady valley, were the sweet-smelling violets and the yellow primroses.

Mr. Fountain was always pleased to put questions to the boys he met; so on their way back, with their hands full of flowers, he tried to find out a little of his companion's history.

"How came you to find a home down here, my boy?"

"My mother died about six months ago, sir, and I was brought here by my Aunt at the beginning of the year."

"And when did your father die?"

"I hardly remember him, sir. I have often heard mother say that she was once well off, and had plenty of money, but that father spent it in the drink."

"Then you are another sufferer from the drink? How many boys there are in the Orphanage who have been brought to this condition through the drink! I hope you never taste the drink; do you?"

"No, sir. My mother always told me never to touch the drink, and I never will, sir—no, never, as long as I live."

"I am glad to hear you talk like that. Can you give me any good reasons why you should not touch the drink?"

"All I know, sir, is that the drink takes away people's senses, and makes them do very silly things, and I know that it made my father very miserable, and my mother poor; so I am determined to have nothing to do with that which has done so much harm."

In a few minutes the two friends had to part. Mr. Fountain put out his hand to bid his friend good-bye, and as he did so he said in a solemn voice to him, "Promise me you will never taste the intoxicating cup."

"Yes, sir; I promise you."

"Good bye, and may God help you to keep your promise!"

(To be continued.)





We have received several letters from friends which we cannot publish, not being of sufficient general interest, letters for insertion in our pages should be short and pointed, and must be accompanied with real name and address of the writer.

Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—The annual meeting of the above Union was held on Saturday, Dec. 15th, at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association, Manchester. In the absence of the President, R. Whitworth, Esq., through indisposition, the chair was occupied by Jacob Earnshaw, Esq. After the reading of the report (a summary of which we gave in our last), the meeting proceeded to revise the constitution of the Union. Considerable time was necessarily spent in business so important, but we are glad to report that the Council at length unanimously decided upon a new and revised constitution, which will render this very enterprising and extensive Union more thoroughly adapted to fulfil its mission as a county union, and enable it more efficiently to extend its operations throughout the populous towns and districts of Lancashire and Cheshire.

United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.—Last month this Union issued the first No. of a quarterly magazine, entitled "The Band of Hope Chronicle." It proposes to supply papers on the movement, music, model addresses, facts and materials for Band of Hope workers. The Committee are offering a prize of £100 for the best, and a prize of £50 for the second best temperance tale, illustrative of, and adapted to promote, total abstinence among the young.

Liverpool Wesleyan Band of Hope Union.—The eighth annual meeting of this Union was held in Brunswick Chapel, Moss Street, Liverpool, on Dec. 3rd, under the presidency of the Rev. Charles Garrett. There was a very large attendance. Mr. J. Brown, the Secretary, read the report. There had been two conferences of workers. The Union had supplied to their societies 8,000 temperance publications at wholesale prices. Another Band of Hope had been added to the Union, which now comprised twenty-one Bands of Hope, together with a staff of upwards of forty advocates, and four visitors. The Committee

were also glad to add that the Rev. Charles Garrett still retained the presidency, and that nearly all the Wesleyan ministers in the Liverpool circuits were vice-presidents. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. Charles Onions, the Rev. George Scott, the Rev. J. Rippon, the Rev. W. E. Codling, and the Rev. James Yeames. During the evening a choir of Band of Hope members, numbering 150, sang an appropriate selection of melodies, under the direction of Mr. G. Quail, jun. A collection was made, which realised the sum of £16 10s. 9d. One noticeable feature in connection with this meeting was the supplying the audience with a copy of the hymns with a pledge form attached, and towards the close of the meeting, after a powerful appeal had been made, an interval was afforded for signing the pledges, when upwards of eighty persons signed and handed in their pledges. The meeting was a great success.

Chelsea and Westminster Band of Hope Union.—On Saturday, Dec. 29, a tea-meeting and conference, in connection with this Union, were held at the St. Andrew's Schoolroom, Westminster. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Shaw, M.A. After a number of short reports from the secretaries of the various Bands of Hope connected with the Union, some of which were of a very encouraging character, a very useful and suggestive paper was read by Mr. J. Bonner, Honorary Secretary of the Essex Band of Hope Union, on "How to improve our Bands of Hope." This paper, which was illustrated by diagrams and specimens of accessories to Band of Hope management, gave rise to an interesting discussion.

Dewsbury. Primitive Methodist Band of Hope, Wellington Road.—Our friends here are doing a good work, they have a flourishing "Publication Department." At the annual meeting held Dec. 8, the committee presented 178 volumes of books, many of which were very handsome, to the twenty

canvassers who, during the year had sold 13,500 periodicals. We should be pleased to know how many copies of "ONWARD" were included in this number.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "ONWARD."

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your correspondent, signed "A Reader," allow me to say that, as a Band of Hope secretary, I find it just as impossible to please everybody as the

proverbial old man who had a donkey did. A programme arranged so as to please "A Reader" would be pronounced dull and uninteresting by others. I fail altogether to see that any harm can result when drunkenness is caricatured in a dialogue. The Spartans, we are told, made their slaves drunk in order to create in the minds of the young a disgust for the habit. Children can never get the impression that it is a pleasing thing to be drunk, but rather must be led to abhor the condition.

Yours, A SECRETARY.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

IN the autumn fields oft turning,

Yet in vain, a form to see,
There a father's heart is yearning—
O my son, come back to me!

Ere the vintage grapes are gather'd
And the servants bear them home;
Ere the golden sheaves are garner'd,
Still his heart is crying—Come!

Still his patience is untiring,
Robe and shoes are ready set;
O to see that son desiring,
Surely he will wear them yet.

Ah, my son! the household members
May have ceased to watch with me,
But thy father still remembers
And his heart still waits for thee.

When a helpless child, I guided,
Guarded thee through all thy years;
I for all thy wants provided,
Raised thee, falling, dried thy tears.

Though thou hast far from me wandered
Still thou art a child beloved;
Though my gifts may all be squandered,
Come, and let my love be proved.

Do not fear I shall upbraid thee
When within my arms I hold
Thee, my lost one—loss hath made thee
Dearer even than of old.

Has all gone, and is it trouble
And remorse that make thee roam?
Come, for all thou shalt have double;
Only come and dwell at home.

Lost and found! Behold the greeting!
Folded to his father's heart!
All forgot save joy of meeting—
Meeting never more to part.

Love's best gifts the father giveth,
Fear by perfect love outcast;
He was dead, again he liveth,
Knows his father's heart at last.

Lost ones! 'tis a land of famine,
Far from God where ye abide:
Look within, your hearts examine;
Are you happy, satisfied?

Satisfied with husks? Ah! never
Full content and rest of heart
Can you know, and know for ever,
Whilst you dwell from Him apart.

Hear His message and receive it;
All the enmity's your own,
All the love is His—believe it,
On the cross in Christ made known.

Christ He gave, His one best treasure—
Yes, of all below, above,
Gave his *best*—ah! who can measure,
Who can sound such depth of love?

MARY AMELIA WHITFIELD.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WINE, dice and deceit, make wealth small and want great.

MANY young men are so extravagant that they cannot keep anything but late hours.

WHEN can a blacksmith make a disturbance in the alphabet?—When he makes a poke *r* and shove *l*.

WHAT is the difference between a cloud and a beaten child?—One pours with rain, and the other roars with pain.

A HATTER advertises that "Watts on the Mind" is of great importance, but declares that what's on the head is of greater.

A CERTAIN dissatisfied wife says that her husband is such a blunderer that he can't even try a new boot or shoe without putting his foot into it.

He who drinks when he's hot

To keep himself cool,

Adds the vice of the sot

To the deed of a fool!

He who drinks when he's cool

To keep himself hot,

Adds the deed of a fool

To the vice of a sot.

AN inebriate was coming down an avenue of trees by moonlight, and stumbled against one of them. Being polite, though drunk, he raised his hat, apologised, and stumbled on. Then he stumbled against another tree, begged pardon, muttered something about his own side of the road, which he couldn't keep, and staggered forward. Then he stumbled against another tree, and apologised again. "This won't do," he murmured; "too many people coming this way. I will just sit down till *this procession* has passed by."

DRUNKENNESS is an egg from which all vices are hatched.

THE man who minds his business has a good, steady employment.

EXPERIENCE is the pocket compass that few think of consulting til they have lost their way.

TO TEACHERS.—A loss of nearly 80 per cent. of our elder scholars is due to drinking habits.—*Convocation of York Report.*

LET us give the helping hand, and not the downward push; so may the angels reach their hands toward us when we stand in need.

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity, a good life is the best philosophy, a clear conscience the best law, honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

LAZY BOYS.

A LAZY boy makes a lazy man, just as a crooked sapling makes a crooked tree. Who ever yet saw a boy grow up in idleness that did not make a swift vagabond when he became a man, unless he had a fortune left him to keep up appearances? The great mass of thieves, paupers, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and almshouses have come to what they are by being brought up in idleness. Those who constitute the business portion of the community those who make our great and useful men, were trained up in their boyhood to be industrious.

IN vain do they talk of happiness who never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who never sacrificed a present to a future good, or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colours.—*Horace Mann.*

RUNNING FROM HOME,

OR

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford," "Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes," &c., &c.

CHAPTER III.

THE KELP-BURNERS.

MARY Tresize, our dear old nurse, is, mamma often says, a beautiful specimen of a Scillonian. She has a pleasant intelligent face, is delightfully neat and orderly, and her whole life is influenced by the Christianity she professes. She is a member of the Bible Christian sect, and worships in their pretty chapel, which is situated in the main street of Hugh Town. Some of us children always go with her for company when her son Fred is away. Papa has a seat in the church, but he goes to chapel sometimes. He says he has no sympathy whatever with the feeling that makes it seem wrong to persons of one sect to worship God with those of another. He believes there is nothing to show that our Lord Jesus Christ instituted sectarianism, but quite the contrary. His teachings were like a broad and beautiful plain, whereon there is room for all to stand who love God, and come to Him through our Saviour, who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life." I have written down this because papa's conduct is so good and Christ-like that every word he says is well worth remembering by us his children. As mamma sometimes says, "Dora, love, you may not quite understand now the necessity of all I am saying to you, but there will come a time when you may remember and be helped by it. Fathers and mothers have to think of the future as well as of the present, in the loving advice they give to their dear children." But how I have wandered away from Nursie! We do love her so. She has been with mamma, and helped her to take care of us, whenever there has come a new little baby to our home; and if mamma wants to leave us for a day, or to go anywhere and take me with her, she can always feel quite comfortable to do so, for Nursie comes to stay, and takes care that nothing wrong is done.

All the other islanders call nurse "Auntie Tresize," and come to her to get her opinion when they are in sickness or trouble. She lives in one of a row of pretty little cottages overlooking the harbour, perched on the hill-side, at quite the other end of Hugh Town from our house. You may know these houses by their white appearance—"Auntie Tresize," the neighbours will tell you, "believes greatly in the healthfulness of whitewash"—and hers in particular also by the shells and pieces of white coral in the garden, and the little ornaments which grace the steps and portals of the door.

Nursie's fuchsias and myrtles are quite a show in their season, when full of bloom, when the crimson pendants of the one flower are in lovely contrast with the soft creamy, feathery whiteness of the other.

Fred Tresize is a pilot, and a boatman now. He has been a sailor, and has sailed to nearly every part of the world. Almost all the men of our islands have been sailors at some time or other. When I said so to Ernest, he said gravely, "They are bound to be, Dora; don't you remember what it says in the Latin grammar exercise, *Incolæ insularum sunt nautæ?*"

Fred is such a fine fellow, and so good to us children.

Papa has a boat of his own: of course a doctor could not do without one in St. Mary's, where boats are as necessary as gondolas in Venice, if you would hold any intercourse with the neighbouring islands: Fred generally goes with papa in his boat. I think I shall like to remember how Fred Tresize looks when I think of our happy days going out in the boat with papa and him; so I will try if I can describe him.

He is rather short, but well proportioned, muscular, and firmly knit; he seems so strong and powerful, as if he could do anything he tried to do. He walks very fast, and yet he does not look as if he tried to walk fast, but did it because it was pleasant. He has a well-shaped head, a rather bronzed and thin face, well cut features, and quick bright eyes, blue grey in colour, with a roguish twinkle in them sometimes; a light coloured moustache, and directly under his chin a small pointed beard; a healthy colour on his cheeks, a very merry smile, a pleasant voice, and a quick bright energetic way of doing things, as if life permeated every fibre and muscle of his being. Nursie says while other men *think* of doing things, Fred *does* them. I should like to see Fred Tresize piloting a ship: I know just how he would look standing at the wheel, with his eyes scanning and comprehending all around him, yet never moving from the immediate duty in hand, with his glance grave and keen, his lips firmly set under his moustache, his colour a trifle heightened, and his lithe form erect and manly. I think he would make a fine subject for a picture of "Embodied Duty."

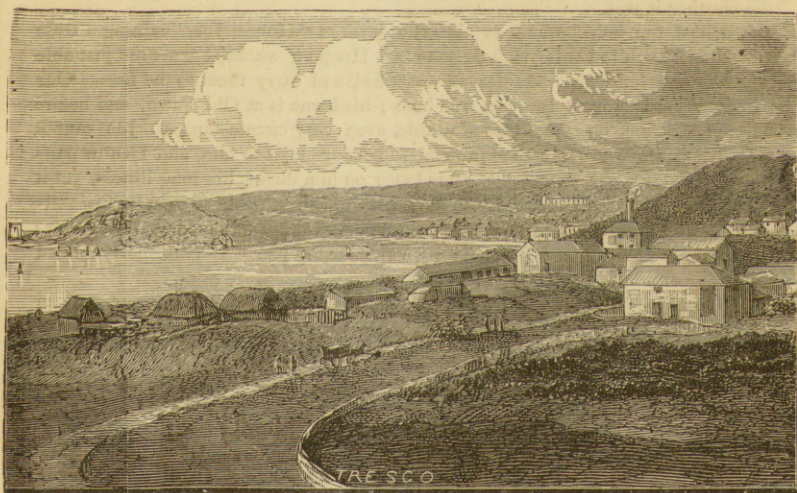
To Nursie's unspeakable comfort, Fred became a teetotaller some years ago, and though he does not make much profession of religion, yet he is kind and good to his dear old mother, and goes with her to chapel whenever he is able, and is willing to put his money into the collection box for the different purposes to which he is asked to contribute. Fred always dresses so neatly, even in his work he looks well, with his navy blue guernsey frock, beautifully knit by Nurse, and dark trousers; and the cap jauntily surmounting his pleasant face and light hair; but if you see him in the evenings and on Sundays, when work is rested from, you would say he looks quite smart and gentlemanly in his dark clothes with his white shirt-front and low collar, and tie of bright ribbon round his neck, knotted loosely at his throat.

Nurse laughs and says all the girls in St. Mary's are in love with Fred, but he says oracularly, "There are girls *and* girls. When I see the girl that equals my mother, I'll make up to her. And then, maybe, the one that suits me *I* may not suit." And so he still remains unmarried, and is invited to almost every party and merry-making on the islands, and is never in the way, wherever he may go.

We have had so many happy holidays going in papa's boat with Fred Tresize to see the kelp-burners at work. A cousin of papa's, who came from Penzance, and went with us one summer, was so interested about the kelp manufacture on our islands, and said so much of the novelty of the scene, that I think it must be worth writing about in my book. A Mr. Nance, grandpapa says, introduced this trade to the islands about two hundred years ago. He came from Cornwall, and settled on St. Martin's, and taught the people how to prepare kelp. It is an alkali much used in making glass, and soap, and alum, and some of the best to be had is what we send from the Scilly Islands to Bristol and other places.

Kelp is made from the oar-weed—*Alga marina* papa says is the botanical name—which clings to our rocks, and stretches out in some places under the water yards and yards in length, pale golden brown in colour, like the golden locks of the

mermaids, or like ripe corn, so that it looks as if there were a harvest under the sea waiting the reapers' sickles, as indeed is partly true, for our oar-weed supplies one of the main industries of our archipelago. The time for burning kelp is in summer. The boats go to the distant ledges, where it is most abundant, when the tide is high; wait for it to subside, get out and cut the oar-weed from the rocks, and fill their boats, which float again when the tide again rises. They then return to convenient sheltered coves and creeks in the islands, such as old and new Grimsby harbours in Tresco, or to St. Martin's, or the rocks of St. Agnes and the Gugh, which latter is sometimes an island, but at low water only a peninsula of St. Agnes. Here they empty their cargoes and spread the weed broadcast to dry in the sun and wind, where it is left for some days; and if the weather is damp, it is put up in cocks like hay. Then a kelp pit is made, a wide deep place dug out seven or eight feet wide, and three or four deep, and lined with stones to prevent sand or earth mixing with the kelp, into which they throw a bunch of lighted furze, and on



it a heap of the dried oar-weed; more and more is piled up, till the pit is full of a smouldering mass; this remains burning till the once golden and brown sea-weed is changed into a black lump of potash at the bottom of the pit. While it is burning it makes a great fire, and the men stir it with iron rakes. It is a curious sight on a hot summer's day to see the rocks crowded with men, women, and even the children of the kelp burners, for all come to help; and there are laughter and talking and running hither and thither, and in the midst the pits and the glowing kelp which does not smell nicely as it burns; and this is the great drawback to the pleasure.

The children are engaged to bring more weed to the men at the pits as the fires reduce the bulk of what is burning. You may see little children no bigger than our Harry carrying bundles of the dried weed almost as large as themselves, and more than their tiny hands can well hold. Fred Tresize is as much at home at kelp-burning as at anything else; and Ernie and George like nothing better than

to help to feed the fires. Papa says Ernie works well in the surgery, for he is going to be a doctor, and is already apprenticed to papa, but George is not very industrious at school. I wonder how it is that some boys who are idle in their proper every-day work will toil really hard at hay-making or kelp-burning. I suppose it must be because they fancy it is a sort of holiday after all.

Grandpapa always invites George to St. Agnes for hay-making and harvesting. He laughingly declares George does more than half a man's work, so it is quite worth while to give him his food ; and he comes back to us almost as brown as a berry.

We have had a splendid season for kelp this year : the long continuance of glorious golden sunshine and a drying wind through May and June enabled the men to cut the weed early, and it dried almost as soon as it was spread upon the rocks. We had many kelp holidays, for papa believes in sunshine and fresh air for his children, and only says we must work with double diligence in school when the weather is wet.

Amongst the kelp-burners is always to be seen "Honest Joe," earning a trifle as well as he can towards his maintenance. His poor withered arms are just able to grasp and hold the bundles of oar-weed and carry them to the fires. Our parents regard Honest Joe as a true hero ; his home is at Old Town, and before he was stricken, he was in comfortable, even easy circumstances. Joe cannot help being poor now, for though many friends are kind to him, and I know papa would not take any money for attendance on him during his long illness, yet it must make a terrible difference to a man who has been able to earn by his skilful toil amply sufficient for his simple wants and those of his good old mother ; when, through disease, he can hardly earn as many pence as he formerly gained shillings.

But he is so splendidly brave and patient, you never hear him murmur, and he is never idle unless pain obliges him to be so. He is often to be met with in the old churchyard by the sea at Old Town, where his father lies buried. He has always taken a pride in keeping the grave neat ; and even now that it is as much as ever his poor hands can do to hold the shears, he manages to cut the grass and keep the turf smooth over that dear resting-place. Mamma says that nothing so much consecrates a graveyard as the tender affection which remembers the dead and seeks to render some office for them, whether by building a costly monument, or planting and watering a simple flower. She says Honest Joe does honour to his manhood when by painful effort he lays the offering of loving toil upon his father's grave.

Joe is quite an authority about Old Town church and churchyard : he knows almost every grave in it, and its story ; and, indeed, he is well furnished with many interesting particulars of the history of our islands. He has read a good deal, and noticed a good deal more, and is very wise about the sea birds and their habits : the boys all go to him when they are at fault.

"I'll make one of the party to-day, children," announced dear mamma at breakfast on one of our kelp holidays.

"Joy, joy ! mamma's going too," shouted Harry.

"That will be splendid," said Ernie ; "I may row mother, may I not ?" and he turned to papa.

"You may take your turn, my son ; I have no doubt we shall be glad of your help."

Oh! the bright delicious freshness of that glorious morning on the sparkling waters of the bay, with the sky an unclouded blue dome above us, and the sands of all the inlets and caves around in the various islands sparkling, some like gold and some like silver, under that brilliant sun-light. And such a merry party in our boat, which with its white sails outspread skims like a beautiful bird over the shining sea; its keel kissing as it goes, with a soft gurgling sound, every little wavelet that rises to meet it. The wind is favourable and soon brings our boat, "The Shag," to Tresco beach, in New Grimsby Harbour. Here we land and make our way over the rocks to where the kelp-burners are already busy. It is hot work by the fires in the pits, and the faces of the men who stand over them raking the weed are bronzed with the heat and covered with little beads of perspiration under the scorching sun, and very often they turn aside to drink.

There are great cans of cold tea and coffee, and jugs and pitchers of thin oatmeal, which have been brought here early in the morning. There is hardly any beer, for a great number of the more respectable of our islanders are thorough-going teetotallers who would not dream of tasting any intoxicating liquors. Our appearance as we join the women and children is kindly hailed. Everybody knows us, and we know everybody on Scilly: it is so nice to be neighbours to all the inhabitants of the islands. Mamma has a great deal to hear from the mothers about their children; while papa, with Ernest and George, and Fred Tresize carrying little Harry, visit the fires; and the little girls and myself play on the rocks with some of the dear little cottage children.

How hungry the pure sweet sea-breezes make us even on this hot day, and what a merry dinner-party we have, with delicious meat and fruit pasties, and cream and blancmange, and iced water. All that is left mamma gives to us for a feast amongst the little children of our poorer neighbours, and it is great fun to see their astonishment at the blancmange, and their appreciation of it when once they are convinced that it is something very good to eat.

And then early in the evening there is the pleasant sail back to St. Mary's, with soft violet shadows creeping over the grand old rocks, and the sky a tenderer paler blue; and the fair crescent moon just visible in the east.

(To be continued.)

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

By DR. F. R. LEES.

II.

THE first reaction which follows the putting of alcohol in contact with parts of the body containing blood-vessels, is *inflammation*, or topical irritation. A blister is a good example of this. A mild blister of mustard, meal, and water is seen to redden the skin:

a stronger one, if kept on, causes the skin to rise, watery serum to be drawn from the blood, and lastly a *sore or rupture* to be set up. Such would be the effect of long contact of alcohol with *any* tissue or part, of the kind named, whether inside or outside of the body.

Blood-vessels are pipes: some of them at the surface are *capillary*—that is, hair-like in fineness—and the strength or tone of their muscular coats depends on nerve-carrying force; and when this force is lessened, they are apt to stretch or swell out, so as to become *visibly* blood-shot, as in the dangerous disease called erysipelas. Now, alcohol when touching them, first excites to violent resistance or re-action; nervous force is drawn away or lost, and then follows congestion—that is, blood in greater quantity remains in the flabby vessels, which do not contract as strongly as before, nor send on the blood as fast. After a while it will *darken* (melanosis) in the vessel, and become less and less vital. There is a second reason why alcohol *promotes* special inflammation when set up. The experiments of Professor BINNZ, of Bonn, made in the year 1868, clearly show that when alcohol is swallowed it excites the heart and permeates the whole system, and its effect is to *dilate the blood-vessels*, those of the head especially, and this it never fails to do. Its general and its topical effect, therefore, coincide—they agree in inducing inflammation.

Another re-action from alcohol in tissues and vital juices is a chemical one. It *coagulates* semi-fluids, particularly the wonderful “protoplasm,” and it *hardens* (that is, tans or astringes) muscular and other solids.

Alcohol induces or aggravates inflammation for still another reason. The various parts of the body are all repaired by the *protoplasm* of the blood, and alcohol injures this protoplasm, and so makes the recovery of inflamed parts slower. This food of the tissues being thickened, or rendered less living, does not do its work so readily and so well. Alcohol thus strikes a blow at the life and growth of the body *in the very germs* (or molecules) of the structure, in the bricks and mortar of the living-house. It

has been found that alcohol, in the form of gin, mixed with the milk given to young dogs, stops their growth; and what is true of the building up of pups will hold concerning that of puppies. To this chiefly, as well as to after starvation, the small and dwarfed condition of many children of drinking parents is to be traced. In fact, the action of alcohol upon the *vital juices* of the body is exactly like that of hot water upon an egg. A little heat *thickens* the albumen within the egg, and a little more hardens it. So alcohol, as a chemical agent, draws water from the tissues, and thickens the juices. It tends to that effect in all cases according to its power—that is, so far as it acts *at all*, it acts *so*. Hence the work of “healing,” after a cut, as well as of repair, is hindered by the use of alcohol in any shape or guise.

The same relation of alcohol to albumen explains the thickening or tanning effect of drink upon the lining membrane of the stomach and other parts.

A very singular proof of all this was providentially given many years back; and since the year 1835 I have always used the case as the foundation of my own physiological arguments. A young Canadian, in the year 1824, received the contents of a gun loaded with duck-shot, which was accidentally let off within a yard of his shoulder. The shot penetrated the left lung, tore away a portion of the ribs, and of the stomach near its cardiac opening, or upper part. No great blood-vessel being touched, the wound was plugged, and the man—ALEXIS SAN MARTIN—got well under the care of Dr. W. BEAUMONT, of the United States Army. The wound closed behind, but never in front, and an opening was left, of the size of a crown piece, through which the state and operations of the stomach could be plainly observed. In several of my works, during the last thirty-five years, I have published *coloured* illustrations of this notable case,

showing *to the eye* the inflammatory action of alcohol.* For several years, at intervals, BEAUMONT performed upon this man important experiments, and made observations, to ascertain the nature of digestion, the effect and digestibility of various kinds of food and drink, and in 1833, at Plattsburgh, New York, published the results in a volume, which was afterwards republished by Dr. ANDREW COMBE in this country. I will, however, quote from the original book, and tell you what Dr. BEAUMONT thus ascertained as to alcohol by actual sight. If men will not believe such evidence, would they believe if one rose from the dead?

"Simple water is perhaps the only fluid called for by the wants of the economy. The artificial drinks are probably all more or less injurious; some more so than others; but none can claim exemption from the general charge. Even coffee and tea have a tendency to debilitate the digestive organs. Let any one who is in the habit of drinking either of these articles in a *weak* decoction, take two or three cups made very *strong*, and he will soon be aware of their injurious tendency. And this is only an addition to the strength of the narcotic he is in the constant habit of using."†

"The whole class of alcoholic liquors, whether simply fermented or distilled, may be considered as narcotics, producing very little difference in their ultimate effects on the system."‡

'VISIBLE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL AFTER A FEW DAYS' FREE DRINKING.

"July 28 (1833), 9 o'clock, A.M.—Stomach empty—not healthy—some

* A few copies of these coloured plates (price 6d.) may be had of Dr. Lees, Meanwood Lodge, Leeds. If some wealthy friends would aid us, we should like to print the case in colours for ONWARD. Dr. Brunton has just brought the case before the notice of the Peers' Committee.—Eds.

† "Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice and Physiology of Digestion." Plattsburgh, 1833, p. 49-50.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 50.

erythema [inflammatory] and aphthous [ulcerous] patches on the mucous surface.

"August 1, 8 o'clock, A.M.—Secretions vitiated. Extracted about half an ounce of gastric juice—not clear and pure as in health—quite viscid.

"August 2, 8 o'clock, A.M.—Circumstances and appearances very similar to those of yesterday. Extracted one ounce of gastric fluids—consisting of unnatural proportions of vitiated mucus, saliva, and some bile, tinged slightly with blood, appearing to exude from the surface of the erythema and aphthous patches, which were tenderer and more irritable than usual. St. Martin complains of no sense of pain, symptoms of indisposition, nor even of impaired appetite.

"August 3, 7 o'clock, A.M.—Inner membrane of stomach unusually morbid—the erythematous appearance more extensive, and spots more livid than usual; from the surface of some of which exuded small drops of grumous blood—the aphthous patches larger and more numerous—the mucus covering thicker than common, and the gastric secretions much more vitiated. The gastric fluids extracted this morning were mixed with a large proportion of thick ropy mucus, and considerable mucopurulent matter, slightly tinged with blood, resembling the discharge from the bowels in some cases of chronic dysentery. Notwithstanding this diseased appearance of the stomach, no very essential aberration of its functions was manifested."

"The free use of ardent spirits, wine, beer, or any intoxicating liquors, when continued for some days, has invariably produced these morbid changes."§

An important lesson must be drawn from this—that the mere absence of feeling is no proof of the absence of injury; for here, while ST. MARTIN fancied all was well, the most serious disturbance was going on—that disturbance which, when the drinker at last awakes from his delusion, has ensured a painful disease and a premature death. It is for the Young to be WISE IN TIME.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 239.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER A PRIZE IN BOOKS, value 6s. 6d., for the best, and a prize value 3s. 6d. for the second best Essay; subject, "Why I am an abstainer." Length not to exceed 500 words.

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; compositions to be solely their own productions, and to be sent to the Editors not later than April 1st; writing to be on one side of the paper only.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

MERCY.

ENVY.

I.—CHARADE.

My *first's* an article of food
Enjoyed by you and me;
At breakfast it is very good,
As also 'tis at tea.

My *second* does my *second* do,
And though a tiny thing
'Twas sent in multitudes to show
God's wrath to Egypt's king.

My *whole* a thing with life and breath,
From cruelty we'll save:
An emblem 'tis of life and death,
An ascent from the grave.

FRANCES.

2.—BIBLICAL PUZZLE.

1. Take the 1st and 2nd letters of the name of one of the apostles, and the 1st, 8th and 9th of his surname.
2. The 7th, 2nd and 4th of one to whom Jesus said, "Follow Me," and he arose and followed him.
3. The 3rd and 5th of one of the books of the Old Testament.
4. The 1st, 4th and 6th of one of the sons of Jesse.
5. The 1st and 8th of the name of a blind man mentioned in the New Testament.
6. The 3rd and 2nd of a very young king who feared God.
7. The 5th and 6th of the name of Ahab's wife.
8. The 5th of the name of Moses' father-in-law.

These letters connected will give a command of St. Paul.

MARIE.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Two words you will at length describe,
Well known to all the rhyming tribe;
If you correctly answer those
Enigmas short in double rows,
The primals and the finals tell
What Burns and Wordsworth knew right well.

1. A deep and very solemn sound
Was heard amid the sacred ground
Where the cathedral tall was found.
2. Upon a distant sunny shore
Its waters in a tempest roar,
A river famed for evermore.
3. He was so very tall and thin,
The people used to laugh and grin,
And call him more like Death than Sin.
4. A man who borrows ought to pay
His debt at the appointed day,
With interest, and clear his way.
5. If you can answer how and why
The world was made and people die,
You will be clever certainly.
6. By taking care in this you can
Most likely grow an aged man,
And not be haggard, pale, and wan.

G. J. BELL.

4.—DECAPITATION.

In the mansion and palace,
The office and shop,
I'm ever seen going,
And seldom I stop.
But take off my head
As you've oft done before,
And my form you will see
On the chest, box and door.

H. H. ADAMS.

5.—TRANSPOSITION.

Complete, a feminine name behold ;
Two letters transposed, another is told ;
Transpose again and you bring to light
Vast bodies of men prepared for fight ;
One letter drop, transpose, and you shed
A shining beam from the sun o'erhead ;
Now take it complete and then curtail,
To spoil or deface this cannot fail ;
Reversed an animal it will be ;
Transpose and part of the body see ;
By dropping a letter and adding the tail
Belonging at first, you will then unveil
A pretty feminine name—transpose
When another and part of the year it shows ;
Reversed, you find it a foreign fruit,
Perhaps it would not your palate suit ;
Behead and you leave a little word
Which used for *ham* is very absurd ;
Reversed, 'tis ever the name of a mother ;
Curtail and you have the first of another.

IVY.

6.—ENIGMA.

My *first* is in angel, but not in love ;
My *second* is in pigeon, but not in dove ;
My *third* is in ocean, but not in sea ;
My *fourth* is in music, but not in glee ;
My *fifth* is in valley, but not in wood ;
My *sixth* is in goodness, but not in good ;
My *seventh* is in running, but not in walk ;
My *eighth* is in singing, but not in talk ;
My *ninth* is in beau, but not in belle ;
My *tenth* is in water, but not in well ;
My *last* is in barley, also in rye.
And now, my young friends, to find me please
try.

I come in the winter and summer so gay ;
I come in December and also in May ;
I come once a year, but I cannot stay long,
As I'm wanted elsewhere by an anxious throng ;
But here I must tell you (now don't get enraged)
That a day never passes without I'm engaged.
I bring joy and pleasure, but sometimes a tear ;
I am here every day, but I come once a year.

PHIL. GARROOD.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 28 & 29.

1. H uahin E
O nio N
L e G
L
A d A
N air N
D iamond D
Holland and England.

2. Dear girls and boys, if you would rise,
Abstainers you must be :
Drink water clear throughout the year,
And at the end you'll see

You're richer far in health and wealth
Than they who take the wine,
Which only leads men down by stealth
To ruin and to sin.

3. Jesus Christ and the Jewish Sanhedrim.
—John vii. 45—53, and viii. 1.
4. Dog—Og—g. 5. Bel-dame.
6. Dec—ember(s). 7. A kiss.

DEFINITIONS.

PRIDE.

The offspring of ignorance, oft nurtured by
riches and sustained by folly, and generally
leads to destruction. S. H. MCC.

The opposite of modesty, and is made up
of selfishness, avarice, and conceit ; it shows
littleness of mind, and goeth before a fall.

IDA M. WEST.

ADVERSITY.

The brush which clears away the dust, so
that the light of the candle of the Gospel may
be reflected on the lost piece of silver.

S. H. MCC.

The school in which we learn life's most
valuable lessons. A. S. CHAMBERS.

OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY.
PRIZE PAPER.

It was not a fashionable party, for aunt and
uncle are quiet homely people, who find their
greatest delight in making other people—
especially us young ones—perfectly happy.
But I think it was one of the pleasantest even-
ings I ever spent.

There had been a sharp frost, and the lake
at the back of the house was frozen over, so a
few of us went early and had a regular good
skate. Wasn't it fun? We came indoors
about three o'clock with sparkling eyes and
rosy cheeks, just ready for the fun which was
coming.

My cousins, Fred and Harry, were the life
of the party—brimful of fun and mischief ; and
we had to keep our eyes open or they were sure
to play us some trick. But who minded? Some
of the girls wore long trained dresses, and those
mischievous boys tied green ribbons to them,
and pinned them to the girls' waists. No one
could help laughing at the young ladies sail-
ing about so grandly, their green streamers
floating gracefully on the air. They were a
little vexed at first, but on the whole took it in
good part.

When the guests had all arrived, my uncle
with Miss S. (daughter of our mayor) led the
way to the dining-room. As we went down I
saw Fred standing by the dining-room door
with a look of such comical gravity as to cause
me to think there was mischief brewing. And

so there was: for scarcely were we seated before we were startled by the growling of a dog. I have a great fear of dogs, and I started to my feet with a scream, many of the others following suite, causing a commotion which might have terminated seriously had not the roguish faces of the boys betrayed them. In the midst of the excitement I caught sight of myself in the mirror, and saw actually a large yellow paper rosette pinned to the back of my hair. You may be sure I was not long removing it, and returning thanks to the kind donor.

Our host entertained us in the drawing-room for nearly an hour with stories of his youth, which tended not only to amuse but also to instruct. He spoke of the difference

between total abstinence *now* and in his young days; and we, who are abstainers, felt thankful as he told us of the temptations to young people at social parties in the past from which we were free, while some of the non-abstainers were "almost persuaded" to join us.

Then there was music, singing, charades, and iadeed everything we could wish to ensure our thorough enjoyment. And we did enjoy ourselves.

We had supper at ten, and after that we found it was time to separate, which we did with some reluctance, after unanimously thanking our host and hostess for their kindness, and assuring them of our enjoyment of the evening.

EMILY MAUDE PRICE (aged 17).

THE DISCONTENTED ROSE.

A FABLE

A ROSE within a lovely garden grew,
Surrounded by bright flowers of every
hue;

The sunshine kissed its leaves, the
gentle shower
Sprinkled at noon the faintly drooping
flower.

Among the rest it stood in queenly
pride,
Flinging sweet perfume round on every
side,

Looking with proud disdain on all the
rest,
Swelling with vain conceit its glowing
breast.

And thus it spake, "I'm tired of this
dull place,

This is no home for elegance and
grace!

The great world there beyond the gar-
den wall

Where stand those poplars, beautiful
and tall,

Is just the spot where I could shine in
state,

And be the envy of the rich and great."

When twilight shadows gathered all

around,
And darkness came upon the garden
ground,

There came a lady, elegant and gay,

Who, stooping, plucked the trembling
rose away.

She placed it in the meshes of her
hair,

Where it would make her damask cheek
more fair

And entered in a ball-room blazing
bright,

Where the wine sparkled in the
gleaming light,

And all the air was filled with music
sweet,

And softly fell a host of flying feet;

And the rose trembled with a sweet
delight,

And murmured, "I shall see the world
to-night."

The music swifter grew, the giddy
whirl

Of mazy madness loosed the maiden's
curl.

The music ceased, and when the dance
was o'er [floor,

The rose lay gasping on the polished
Where, crushed beneath the dancers'

feet, she died;

But with her latest breath she tremblin g
cried— [den grows

"The humblest flower that in the gar-
Is happier far than the poor slighted
rose."

W. A. EATON.

HOLD FAST!

OGDEN.

1. When once you seize the right and true, Hold fast! hold fast! Let not temp-tation

KEY A ♭.

2. Fear not that you shall conquer'd be, Hold fast! hold fast! If you for good work
 3. The weak-est man is he who falls, Hold fast! hold fast! Be-cause the tempter

conquer you, Hold fast! hold fast! Stand firmly on your ground, and when You meet the

con-stant-ly, Hold fast! hold fast! No pow'r shall cheat you of success, If faith-ful -
 to him calls, Hold fast! hold fast! The strongest is the man who stands Un-moved when

frowns of wicked men; Oh, ne'er give o'er, but firm-ly then Hold fast! hold fast!

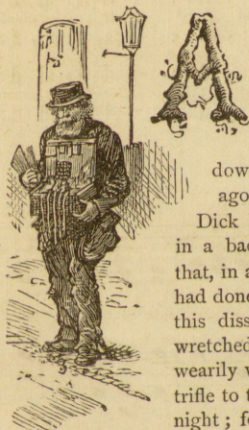
ly you on-ward press, And heav'n your course will guide and bless, Hold fast! hold fast!
 wrong his work commands, And for the right holds up his hands, Hold fast! hold fast!

"JUST FOR A LARK."

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

CHAPTER II.

"He who reforms himself, has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy impotent patriots."—*Lavater*.



AS Dick wended his way home, his mind lapsed into such a state of sullen gloom, he almost overturned a poor pedlar who chanced to come in his way.

"Ah! drink, drink again," muttered the old man, as he gazed at Dick's retreating figure staggering down the road. "I should have been a rich man years ago, if it had not been for the cursed drink."

Dick kept plodding on, stumbling at every step, for he was in a bad humour; he felt quite angry with himself to think that, in a semi-drunken moment of good-tempered weakness, he had done that which he had so firmly resolved never to do. In this dissatisfied condition of mind he at last reached his wretched dwelling, much to the surprise of his wife, who was wearily working away with her needle, that she might add a trifle to the small pittance Dick brought home every Saturday night; for nearly all that he earned at the end of the week had to go to pay for what he drank at the beginning. Without saying a word to his wife, Dick sat down on an old box—for they hadn't a chair in the place—took off his boots, and flinging them with savage force to the opposite end of the room, slipped off his seat into the corner upon a nondescript heap of old rags—the nearest approach to a bed that they could afford—and was soon fast asleep. His poor wife could see only one explanation of his early return home and strange manner, and that was he had been dismissed from his employment—a calamity she had dreaded daily for many months past. Burying her poor grief-stricken face in her thin wan hands, she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break. How would she get food for her poor children now? for though they benefited but little from the work of his hands, yet, trifle as it was, it kept them from starving. With that heroic forgetfulness of self so often shown by women in the hour of trial, she thought not of her own bitter fate, but that most unselfish of all feelings—a mother's love—held such complete possession of her aching heart, she thought only of those whom God had given her to nurture and love; so, dashing aside her tears, she rose from her seat, with a wild despairing look in her eyes, and clutching at the guttering light with a frenzied grasp that spoke of a mind tottering on the verge of despair, she hurried to the corner of the miserable hovel in which her children were lying, and holding the glimmering light aloft, gazed down upon the little half-starved inmates of that dreadful bed with feelings that may perhaps be imagined, but can never be described. Was the sight of those little pale faces in their beautiful setting of flaxen hair too much for her? Perhaps so, for there was something touchingly sad

in the contrast afforded by those shining tresses as they strayed in picture-que confusion over that tattered heap of old coloured rags, on which poverty had pillowed those poor little innocent heads. Or was it the sight of that tiny hand of Willie's tightly clasped in little Fred's that touched her woman's heart? for once again her feelings overcame her, and setting down the expiring light, she threw herself upon the wretched bed by the side of her little ones, and once more broke the stillness of that dreary room with her convulsive sobs.

Weaker and fainter grew the light; it danced and flickered in the socket—a fitting symbol of the conflict between life and death, despair and hope, that was raging in her heart—one moment, all but out, then leaping once more into renewed brightness, to be again succeeded by the faintest possible glimmer. Presently it gave one bright gleaming leap, then all the painful realities of that cheerless home were shrouded in total darkness, with not a sound to break the awful stillness of the night, save the deep, half-smothered breathing of the sleeping inebriate in the corner. Had *her* life's faint spark gone out with that candle's flickering flame? or was her weary spirit only lulled into temporary forgetfulness in the kindly arms of Death's twin-sister—Sleep? We shall see.

CHAPTER III.

“GOOD morning, sir,” said Tom Foster, gleefully saluting his master on the morning following the events narrated in the last chapter.

“Ah! Tom, is that you? Good morning,” was the cheery response of the kindly-hearted man. “What has made you so pleased? for you seem to be in an unusually happy mood this morning.”

“I am, indeed,” said Tom, “for I have a bit of good news for you;” and bending closer to his master's smiling face, he exclaimed in a loud confidential whisper,

“Dick's signed the pledge!”

“You don't say so!” said the old man, with a start.

“But I do!” said Tom; “and what's more, here it is in black and white,” he continued, laying the open book before the astonished gaze of his master.

The tears gathered in the eyes of the tender-hearted old man as he looked upon that badly written line.

“Tom,” said he, after a moment's pause; “there was always something about Dick that I liked; I believe there would not be a kinder husband, nor a better workman the country round than Dick, if he only kept from the drink. Tom, I am more delighted than if I had found a bag of gold.”

“I knew you would be,” said Tom, rubbing his hands with an air of the most intense satisfaction. “And now I want to make a suggestion,” said Tom. “It is easier to sign the pledge than it is to keep it. Make the path that lies before poor Dick an easier one, by putting him on that job we have in hand at Brookford, and let me go too if possible; then he will be away from the tempting influence of his present companions, and I can keep a watchful eye over him.”

“A capital thought,” said Mr. Shaw. “Send him in to me at once, and go and get yourself ready, and I'll start you both off directly.”

Before the world was a day older, Tom and Dick were both at work at Brookford.

(To be continued.)

FATHER, LEAD US.

FATHER, lead us in Thy mercy,
 By Thy sunshine and Thy love ;
 Bless our lives with smiles of gladness
 From Thy throne of bliss above.
 Many are the foes which tempt us
 As we journey o'er life's way ;
 Many guide-posts bid us wander
 From the path of right astray.

Tender Shepherd, do Thou guide us ;
 Lead our falt'ring steps aright.
 Thou art faithful ; bid us trust Thee,
 Till our faith shall end in sight.
 Father, guide us by Thy counsel,
 Lead us ever by Thy hand,
 Least we wander in the darkness—
 Wander from the promised land.

Lights are beaming all around us—
 Lights which lead young feet astray ;
 And the tempter seeks to lure us
 From the safe and narrow way :
 But the beacon of Thy mercy
 Shineth ever right and clear
 From that lighthouse of Thy glory,
 Pointing out the way to steer.

Saviour, guide us by Thy wisdom,
 Safely o'er the track of Time ;
 Guard us in the hour of danger,
 As each rugged hill we climb,
 Fill each soul with holy sunshine,
 With Thy mercy, and Thy love,
 Bear us home on wings of glory
 To that world of bliss above.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

IN the silent evening hour
 A mother sat nursing her child,
 And ever anon would the teardrops
 start
 From her eyes so sweet and mild.

There was deep love in the soul
 Of that young mother and wife ;
 She thought of her child as a voyager
 tossed

On the stormy sea of life.

But the future was all dark,
 And his lot she could not see ;
 Yet she prayed that Heaven would save
 her boy
 From the drunkard's misery.

And she breathed this plaintive cry
 From her soul's deep agony :
 "O God ! I would rather bury him now,
 Than a drunkard he should be !"

Ah ! bitterly had she known
 The sorrows which drunkards have ;
 Her faithful brother and honoured sire
 Were both in a drunkard's grave.

O God ! 'tis a terrible thought,
 The child we tenderly rear
 May one day like a madman reel,
 And perish in wild despair.

W. HOYLE.

SOMEBODY'S GRANDPA.—A little girl in Reading, Penn., recently saw an old drunken man lying on a doorstep, the perspiration pouring off his face, and a crowd of children preparing to make fun of him. She took her little apron and wiped his face, and then looked up so pitifully to the rest, and made this remark, "Oh, don't hurt him ; he's somebody's grandpa."



"O God, I would rather bury him now
Than a drunkard he should be!"—page 54.

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

BY A. J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER III.—TEMPTATION AND VICTORY.

MR. FOUNTAIN felt his heart drawn out in love to his little friend at the Orphanage: he loved to hear boys speak out as Richard had done, and he determined he would do all in his power to help him to be strong and faithful to the pledge he had made. Only a very few mornings had passed when the postman brought a packet addressed to—

“Master Richard Williamson,”

which on being opened was found to contain a book that every Band of Hope child should read, “Morning Dewdrops,” by Mrs. Balfour; besides this was a very encouraging letter, in which Mr. Fountain gave to Richard six reasons why he should keep an abstainer, and bid him learn them by heart, and teach the other boys in his cottage. I cannot tell you all the kind words that were in the letter, but you may like to read the six reasons. Here they are:

I. Be an abstainer, because the intoxicating drink is not a creation of God, but a work of man.

II. Be an abstainer, because you will be healthier and stronger, and live longer without the drink.

III. Be an abstainer, because you will be saved from many evil companions and temptations to which those who drink are exposed.

IV. Be an abstainer, because if you become a drinker the habit will grow upon you so strongly that you may be unable to break it off.

V. Be an abstainer, because the Bible says, “Look not upon the wine, because it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.”

VI. Be an abstainer because you will be setting a good example to others, and more like the Saviour who went about doing good.

Richard read these reasons over and over again, and very quickly replied to Mr. Fountain's kind note, and in a week had read the book and made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the facts it contained.

Once a year, at a large hotel in London, the Orphanage Committee held the Annual Dinner. On this occasion some of the boys had a delightful trip up to town, and sang several hymns and pieces during the evening, while the band sometimes played on their drums and fifes.

You can hardly imagine Richard's delight when he heard that he was to be one of the number of the boys to visit town. Mr. Johnson, with his usual foresight, had arranged to take the boys several hours earlier, and thus give them an opportunity of visiting some of the sights of London. Arriving at London Bridge Station they went down to the boat pier and then on to Westminster, and paid a flying visit to Westminster Abbey; back again, they looked over St. Paul's Cathedral; then going along Cheapside they called on the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, and then to the hotel where the dinner was to take place.

After dinner the boys marched into the room and sang very sweetly several melodies, the company giving them hearty cheers and many thanks. When they had done their part, and were preparing to go home, one of the committee of the Orphanage came in and said:

"Boys, the Committee are so pleased with your singing that they have asked me to see that each of you have a glass of wine before you go." Many of the boys had never tasted wine, and their eyes sparkled at the prospect of tasting what they thought to be a great treat.

The wine was brought round, and all took it but one little hero, Richard, and he respectfully and firmly declined to touch the intoxicating drink: "No, thank you, sir," said Richard. "I have promised not to touch the drink, and I must keep my promise."

Mr. Walter said nothing, but looked rather offended; the next time that he met the other members of the Committee at the Orphanage he saw Mr. Johnson and made some inquiries about Richard, calling him the boy that could not drink a glass of wine.

"He is an excellent boy, sir," replied the superintendent, "and quite believes in keeping close to what he professes."

"I should like to have a little conversation with this boy." In a few moments Richard stood before Mr. Walter. "Tell me, my boy, why you would not drink the glass of wine the other night."

"Because, sir, I promised Mr. Fountain I would never touch intoxicating drinks, and because I should never have been a poor boy in this Orphanage if my father had not loved the drink too much."

Mr. Walter went away very thoughtful; he was not an abstainer or a drunkard, but he had a son who sometimes came home intoxicated, and the brave refusal of Richard had made him think that perhaps some of the boys in the Orphanage might by this encouragement to take one glass of wine at the annual dinner in the end become drunkards.

The result of this thought may be told in a few words. Mr. Fountain received from the secretary an interesting letter stating that the Committee had considered the question of drinking among the young, and they had determined to ask Mr. Fountain to establish a Band of Hope at the Orphanage.

This was the first good result from Richard's victory over the temptation he had to break his pledge.

(To be continued.)

MARCH.

THOUGH the wild wintry blast sweeps across the old hill,
And the tall trees are bare as can be,
The frost has departed, and freed the wild rill,
And it sings as it goes in high glee.

The snow has all gone, and the birds hop about,
And seem to be chirping of Spring;
And up by the hedgerow the violets peep out,
And the swallow is trying his wing.

Old Winter is grand in his garment of snow,
With his cosy long nights by the fire;
But still I am glad when he packs up to go,
For young Spring is my darling desire.

W. A. EATON.



United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.—The annual *soiree* of the above Union was held on Monday, 28th January, in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. S. Shirley, J. M. Cook, F. Smith, and Rev. Canon Fleming. The programme included selections by the Holdfast Handbell Ringers and "Fairy Bells;" readings by Messrs. Duncan, Stevenson and Boyer, and songs by Miss Ridley, Messrs. Curtis and Oakland. The evening was brought to a close by a lecture from Professor E. V. Gardner on "Chemical Marvels," illustrated by numerous experiments.

Tower Hamlets Band of Hope Union.—The anniversary services of the above Union were commenced on Saturday, 26th January, by a conference at Benet's Mission Hall, Mile-end Road. The Rev. Lewis Pearse presided. Mr. Jas. Boyer, Chairman of the Union, read a paper on "The Relationship of Bands of Hope to their Local Unions," and a paper on "Bands of Hope and Sunday Schools" was read by Mr. Fred. Smith, Secretary of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. On Sunday, at 8 a.m., there was a prayer meeting, at which the Rev. Thos. Richardson presided and delivered an address. Temperance and Bands of Hope were the leading topics at all the services held in St. Benet's, Mile-end Road, and St. Mary's, Whitechapel, the rector of the latter church being President of the Union for the present year. In the evening Mr. Nicholas B. Downing delivered a most impressive address to a large congregation in the hall of the Edinboro' Castle (Dr. Barnardo's).

Lambeth Band of Hope Union.—The quarterly conference of managers was held on Friday, 11th January, at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. A paper was read by Mr. Percy Selway (prepared by Mr. J. Boyer) on "The Work of a Metropolitan Auxiliary Band of Hope Union." Discussion ensued, in which Messrs. Gadsby, Higgs, Cordrey, Symbery and others took part.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH BANDS OF HOPE.

Chancery Lane Band of Hope, Ardwick.—On Monday, Jan. 21st, the

annual festival [of this society] was held, on which occasion the prizes were presented to the publication canvassers, who during the year had sold 13,232 magazines, &c., and 188 bound volumes, including 4,221 numbers and 39 bound vols. of "ONWARD." The gross value of the prizes was £21 5s., and they consisted of a silver watch, writing desks, workboxes, tools, musical instruments, books, &c.

Grosvenor Street Christian Chapel Band of Hope, Manchester.—At the commencement of last year this society established a "Publication Department," and with only 10 canvassers no less than 6,737 monthly magazines and 144 bound volumes were disposed of during the year. The net profits amounted to £8 4s. 4d., and were returned to the canvassers in prizes. The first prize, value £2 15s., was presented to a little girl who had sold 1,560 magazines and 73 volumes. "ONWARD" was well supported, the number sold being 2,260 and 19 volumes.

* * We shall be pleased to hear of many more Bands of Hope, Juvenile Temples, and other societies, commencing this excellent system of distributing temperance literature. We recommend all secretaries and managers to read the small pamphlet published at our office, entitled, "Publication Departments in Connection with Bands of Hope, and How to Form Them," post free for 1d.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "ONWARD."

SIRS,—I cannot think that we do rightly to introduce assumed intoxication as a cause of merriment on our Band of Hope platforms. It is surely painful to see fine sober lads—life-teetotallers, perchance—imitating, amidst roars of laughter from a youthful audience, the disgusting attitudes and tones of the poor dissipated victims of strong drink.

There is already too much disposition in thoughtless children and adults to laugh at drunken men and women in the streets, and should not this be counteracted by temperance teaching? for with those who remember that *drunkenness is a sin*, pity and sorrow must take the place of mirth. I grant that it is impossible to be grave at some of the ridiculous mistakes made by drunken people; but the impersonation of tipsy men by teetotallers for *fun* is undoubtedly an offence against good taste, if not against religion.—Yours truly,

M. A. PAULL.

A TEACHER'S DREAM.

DISCOURAGED and wearied, I
 left my class ;
 "What shall I do?" I cried. "Alas !
 I surely have tilled for naught the
 ground,
 For still the briars and weeds abound :
 I look for flowers and fruit in vain ;"
 And my heart was wrung with a bitter
 pain,
 As of all I had hoped to do I thought,
 And saw how little the good I'd
 wrought.
 "I have tilled and watered the stubborn
 soil
 Till I'm weary and sick of the fruitless
 toil.
 Dear Lord, for Thee no souls I've won !
 A profitless servant, I'm all undone."
 While thus I spoke, a vision came,
 I heard the Master speak my name
 In such a sweet and tender tone
 As He doth use to call His own.
 "Arise, O weary one, come with Me ;
 My garden I wish to show," said He.
 I rose and went, and the scene was
 changed :
 I saw how His garden the Lord hath
 arranged :
 How His servants had portions, some
 great, some small ;
 But something to do was given to all.
 Some in the sunshine were tending the
 flowers ;
 Some trimming the vines and keeping
 the bowers ;
 And some were sowing and watering
 the seeds,
 While others were busily plucking the
 weeds.
 To some no increase seemed to be given,
 Though long they had toiled and
 faithfully striven :
 While others more favoured places
 found :
 Their labours with blossoms and fruit
 were crowned.
 And some wrought hard at the stony soil,

With nothing to cheer their wearisome
 toil
 But the Master's presence, which gave
 them joy ;
 And each went on with his own employ.
 We came at last to my little plot :
 "I'm weary," I cried, "of this
 barren spot.
 I have sown the seed Thou gav'st, with
 tears,
 And watched and waited with prayers
 and fears,
 And all my labour is thrown away ;
 I have nothing but briars and weeds
 to-day."
 "And is it for fruit thou dost toil
 alone ?"
 The Master asked, with reproachful
 tone :
 "Though useless thy labours may
 seem to thee,
 My servant should toil for love of Me.
 Behold thy brethren scattered wide,
 Some digging high on the bleak
 hill side,
 Who've worked, like thee, from year to
 year,
 And still no ripening fruits appear ;
 While others away in yon sunny bowers
 Are joyfully gathering the fruits and
 flowers.
 Think not their work more blest than
 thine ;
 'Tis theirs to toil, the increase Mine.
 The good they do all may not know,
 Because I've wisely willed it so.
 Keep thou to thy place, have faith and
 pray,
 Thou shalt find thy reward at the close
 of the day ;
 And though the harvest thou may'st not
 see,
 Is it much to work for love of Me ?"
 "I'll work for Thee, dear Lord," I
 cried,
 "Though flowers and fruit should be
 denied."

DAVID LAWTON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"CAN'T you make any allowance for a fellow's being drunk?" "Yes," said the stipendiary; "I allow you three days' imprisonment."

"WHAT is that man yelling at?" asked a farmer of his boy. "Why," chuckled the urchin; "he's—he's yelling at—at the top of his voice."

A 'CUTE American bar-keeper named his resort "Nowhere," so that when his married customers went home late and their wives wanted to know where they had been, they could safely tell them the truth.

IT was an Irish pilot who, being asked if he knew the rocks in the harbour, replied with confidence: "I do, yer hanner, iviry wan of thim. That's wan," he added calmly, as the ship struck it, filled and sank.

"I DON'T like a fellow who is inclined to fancy everything he sees," said Tom. "I dislike still more the fellow who is inclined to seize everything he fancies," said John.

A METHODIST preacher travelling in the back settlement of a Western State stopped at a cabin, where an old lady received him very kindly, giving him a warm supper, and asking many questions: "Stranger, where mought you be from?" "Madam, I reside in Shelby County, Kentucky." "Well, stranger, hope no offence, but what mought you be doing out here?" "Madam, I am looking for the lost sheep of the house of Israel." "John!" shouted the old lady. "Here's a stranger all the way from Kentucky a hunting lost stock, and I'll just bet my life that old curly-haired black ram that came into our yard last week is one of hisen."

HE overcomes a stout enemy that overcomes his own anger.

GOD puts us on our back when we are sick, that we may look upwards.

DRUNKENNESS is a pair of spectacles to see the devil and all his works.

IT is wise not to seek a secret, and honest not to reveal one.

ACTION should follow thought. No farmer can plough a field by turning it over in his head.

IN this world it is not what we *take* up, but what we *give* up, that makes us rich.

TRUTH.—Where thou art obliged to speak, be sure to speak the truth; for equivocation is half-way to lying, as lying the whole way to hell.

SOME one says truly that the best way for a man to train up a child in the way it should go is to travel that way sometimes himself.

LITTLE seeds oft find a lodgment where plants could not be set, so to scatter here and there as occasion may offer, brief sentences of a moral and divine tendency, may open a way into minds of solid and saving truth.

LOVE labour; for if thou dost not want it for food, thou mayst for physic. It is wholesome for thy body, and good for thy mind. It prevents the fruits of idleness, which many times comes of nothing to do, and leads too many to do what is worse than nothing.

DRUNKENNESS spoils health, dismounts the mind, and unmans men. It reveals secrets, is quarrelsome, lascivious, impudent, dangerous and mad. In fine, he that is drunk is not a man, because he is, while drunk, void of that reason that distinguishes a man from a beast.

PASSING BY.

THE days of Spring are passing by,
 With all their joys and pleasures;
 And yet we work not as we ought
 To garner in our treasures.
 Intemperance fills our sea-girt isle,
 And drunkards fall to perish:
 O let us take them by the hand,
 To rescue and to cherish.

The Summer days pass quickly by
 In all their golden beauty,
 And as they pass they bid us wake
 To action and to duty.
 O let us drop some soothing balm
 To cheer the heart in sadness,
 And help some stricken soul to rise
 In freedom and in gladness.

The Autumn days are passing by,
 To warn us of the morrow,
 When faithful souls shall find relief
 From weary toil and sorrow.
 Each talent may we rightly use
 Where duty bids us labour;
 Each moment seek to save and bless
 Some weak and bruised neighbour

The Winter days are passing by,
 The hours of life are going,
 And one by one our duties press—
 Bid us be up and doing:
 The night shall bring unbroken rest,
 A crown of priceless treasure:
 And floods of glory fill the soul
 With joy which none can measure.

W. P. W. BUXTON.



RUNNING FROM HOME,

OR

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR HOME ON ST. AGNES.

WE are such rich children, for not only have we this dear home in Hugh Town, where papa and mamma live, but we have a home in Penzance, where grandpapa and grandmamma Trevan live, but which none of us children as yet have ever occupied, save Ernest and George. Also, there is the dear old farm house on St. Agnes island, where mamma was born, and where grandpapa Hathaway and aunt Dorothea live. This is indeed a home to us, and I think there is nobody in the whole world quite like grandpapa. He is a history, and a geography, and a biography, and an atlas, and a story-book, and, above all, a Bible, bound in one. I must try to draw what mamma calls a pen-and-ink sketch of him. He is not very old : he was only sixty-four last birthday ; so we may expect him to live quite a number of years yet. When I used to read in the Psalm that the "days of our years are threescore years and ten," I used to be afraid that all the people I loved would have to die when they were seventy, or else be very weak and ill for 'ust a few more years longer, and then pass away.

But when I said this to papa, he answered that he does not believe that Moses in writing this Psalm, meant what I had supposed. He most likely stated the fact that people generally lived about seventy years in his time, and if they lived longer grew weak and were not able to enjoy life. But papa says it is no reason why people in England shouldn't live longer, and remain healthy, if they are careful not to spoil their constitutions by intoxicating drinks and tobacco, and extravagant eating and unwise clothing.

Many of grandpapa's ancestors lived to be very old people, and those who died young were mostly drowned, or met with some accident at sea. I never knew grandmamma Hathaway : she died when Uncle Frank was a boy. He had a fever, and she nursed him through it, and then took the fever and died. Mamma became grandpapa's housekeeper then, until she married, and aunt Dorothea took her place. The old farmhouse is situated just in the centre of the island : it is a whitewashed building, not far from the church, and sheltered as much as possible from the wild winds that sometimes sweep over the Cassiterides, and do so much damage to the young crops.

Grandpapa gets a good deal of money by raising new potatoes and brocoli for the London markets : his are often amongst the very earliest sent there. The cows and sheep on our islands are of smaller breeds than those on the mainland. People that come to see us from England call our mutton like Welsh mutton. The Spanish oxen that I have seen a few times when vessels have put into St. Mary's from Corunna through stress of weather, do look so large and their great horns so formidable in comparison with our own.

The children's room in the old farmhouse is such a pretty bedroom, with its snowy dimity curtains to the bed and window, and its rose-wreathed paper on the

walls. It has a book-case stored with interesting travels, and quaint dear old story-books that mamma and auntie used to read when they were children, and still older and quainter volumes that were grandpapa's when he was a boy.

Nobody writes such nice interesting little pieces for children as Jane and Ann Taylor used to write. I can keep our children quiet any day if I say to them "Dicky and the Goat," or "Little Ann and her Mother," or "Naughty Jem." Then there are "The Twin Sisters," and "Always Happy," and Miss Strickland's "Sketch-book of a Young Naturalist," and a "Robinson Crusoe," bound in brown leather, with queer pictures and old-fashioned type, that I like better than any other "Robinson Crusoe" I ever saw. Besides the book-case, there is an old wardrobe of immense size, that takes up almost a third of the room, inside which there is plenty of space for us to hide when we are at play. In the top drawer is grandpapa's stuffed crocodile, which Ernest and George chase us with, and send us screaming and laughing all over the garden to get away from it.

From the window of the children's room there is such a glorious view of the sea, and the Bishop Lighthouse and the Retarrier Reef; and the breeze is always more fresh and sweet and salt that plays around you there, as you throw open your window on a summer morning, than anywhere else. At night the beautiful clear radiance from St. Agnes Lighthouse above us shines far over the water, making the waves glitter in its pale golden light.

We children are all good friends with the lighthouse keepers, Adam and Saul Trethewy. They are cousins, and both of them fine looking men of good pure lives. Saul is married, and has his wife and children living with him in the lower rooms and adjoining cottage. Adam is the elder of the two: he is a bachelor, and about the age of grandpapa. Grandpapa and he are very fond of each other. They used to play together as boys; then grandpapa went to sea for some years, and Adam joined the Navy, and served in many countries, and they were apart all the middle of their lives, to come together once more on the little island where they were born. The lighthouse itself is painted white, so that it may be a day-mark for vessels away at sea as well as a signal by night.

Adam is so proud of his lighthouse, and well he may be, for it is one of the very oldest, and must have saved so many precious lives. It was built just two hundred years ago, and has been used ever since. The names of the two merchants who did this good work are written over the door as you enter:—

“ERECTED BY CAPTAIN HUGH TELL AND
CAPTAIN SYMONS BAYLEY, 1680.”

At first the light was only from a beacon fire of coal, which must have been a very awkward and dangerous plan, and much more liable to grow dim or go out through accident than the modern inventions. It is even said that our islanders were wicked and mean enough to sometimes let the lighthouse fire go out on purpose, that they might be enriched by the wrecks this treachery would cause. Knowing how kind our people are now to shipwrecked people, I find it difficult to believe this; but if they did, I can only hope that they repented before they died of so hideous and cowardly a crime.

About a hundred years ago the fire was replaced by a large lamp with reflectors. The beautifully bright and steady light which St. Agnes Lighthouse now gives is caused by its reflectors, which revolve once a minute. They are thirty in number, and made of copper, silvered within and kept spotlessly lustrous, and the revolver

forms in shape a sort of compound triangle of three divisions, having ten reflectors each, three above and below, and four in the middle line.

On St. Agnes are some of the most curious rocks to be found anywhere in the islands. Amongst these are the Devil's Punch-bowl and the Nag's Head. Both of them rise abruptly out of the ground quite apart from other rocks. The first is formed of two stones, one poised on the other, so as to make you wonder however they could possibly get into this position. Papa thinks it was probably the effect of an earthquake. It is so strange, too, to know that a great part of our islands has been in all probability submerged by a deluge; because at very low water there are traces of hedges and roads where now it would not be possible for any such things to exist; and it is also almost certain that pieces of land which are now separated into many islets by the sea once formed one large island. Indeed, it appears likely that the Cassiterides were so much nearer Cornwall as to be considered a part of the mainland, and called by the common name of Cornubia.

Of all the stories grandpapa tells us, Harry likes best to hear of the poor young fellow called Tom Butt, who hid himself in a cave in the rocks, called Tom Butt's Bed, beyond Porthhellick, under Giant's Castle, to avoid being taken by the press-gang, in the reign of Queen Anne, and some boys, amongst whom was an ancestor of ours, found him out when they were hunting rabbits, and he told them his story and begged them not to betray him. Of course they were not so mean, but instead they secretly took him food and drink, and kept his secret perfectly, and so preserved his life for three days and nights till the man-of-war had sailed away, and he could safely show himself again and breathe freely once more. Grandpapa says the press-gang was an insult to British freedom, and reduced us to white slavery. He says that such things as press-gangs go far to make him believe that all war is wrong; and that if kings and governments want to go to war, they should be compelled to do their own fighting, and not make others, who don't want to fight and have no quarrel, do it for them.

Another story of grandpapa's is about Dr. John Bastwick, who wrote treatises against Popish ceremonies, and was tried by the Star Chamber and condemned to pay heavy fines, and to be put in the pillory in London and have his ears cut off, in the year 1637, by order of King Charles' Government and Archbishop Laud, and then was sent here to the Star Castle for the rest of his life as a prisoner. But in 1640 the Parliament being in power set him free, and gave him and his wife a pension for the hardships he had endured. I always feel sorry that King Charles was put to death; but I can pity the people who were tired of so much oppression and cruelty during his reign, and wearied out by the many broken promises by which the monarch made himself despised.

But what I like best to hear grandpapa tell is the story of his own life. There are some sad parts of it which he does not often mention, but I want to write down here what I heard him tell a gentleman whom he could trust, and to whom, as he afterwards said, he felt his heart drawn out.

"I was a wild wayward young chap, sir," grandpapa began, "and I determined to go to sea. Almost all our boys do get a taste of the sea some time or other of their lives. We're what you may term aquatic plants here, we almost live upon the water, so that my fancy was not much to be wondered at; but my mother was against my going, God bless her! and I ought to have taken some notice of that. For my father was in ill health, and she thought she would want me badly, maybe, before I could get back to her. But I was self-willed and

heady, and I wouldn't listen to her; so off I went. I said good-bye to father, who was too set upon me, his only boy, to do anything to cross me, though it cut him up badly to say good-bye. But he didn't think himself as bad in health as my mother believed him to be, so he was the more cheerful of the two when I took leave. I can't forget how tight my mother's arms were round my neck and how she cried.

"Don't, mother, don't," I said, nearly breaking down myself, 'you'll see I'll come back all right, and perhaps find father better.'

"Keep from bad habits, Tom," she said. 'Don't drink nor swear, nor tell lies. Remember you have a God, my son—a God you can't get away from, a God who wants you to love Him and serve Him.'

"I went away, and I didn't remember what my mother had told me to do, sir, for I took up all manner of bad habits. I didn't think much of my word or of an oath, and grew fond of grog and tobacco. 'Tis wonderful what a short apprenticeship the devil needs from us to teach us his trade. But I couldn't quite forget. There were times when 'Remember you have a God, my son,' seemed written in every corner of my brain, and echoed in every sound. Especially during my watch, all the stars seemed to show it in dazzling characters, written on the dark tablet of the sky, and I had no choice but to read their glorious lesson. But I didn't attend to it, and went on drinking, swearing, smoking, and behaving badly and recklessly. When I came home, after two years' absence, I found my father dead and my mother a widow, as she had feared. My only sister's husband managed the farm in any matter my mother could not attend to, so I determined to go to sea again. I said St. Agnes was too small for me. My mother was dreadfully disappointed, though she said less about it than she had at first; and off I sailed for another voyage. I didn't say much about my father, and yet the thought of him often came across me. Death is so dreaded by that lad or man who knows he is going contrary to God and truth. When I came home again, my mother asked me to stay and manage the farm for her: she said she felt herself growing older and less able to do things. I was rather tired of the sea by that time, and thought I should be more my own master at home, so I agreed. She seemed very pleased at my decision, but I led her a dreadful life. That, sir, is the darkest passage of my whole history. A widowed Christian mother should be as the apple of the eye to a son: she should be trusted and treated tenderly, her wants and her wishes considered. I did quite the contrary. I was strong and hearty, and worked pretty well on the farm; but my evenings were spent in drunken carousals. The people on the islands were not so steady then as they are now, and there were young men even here on St. Agnes who were wild and dissipated. Very often, too, I went to St. Mary's, and got with the sea-faring men in the public-houses, sometimes staying away whole nights, and leaving my mother to torture herself with the fear lest I was drowned in trying to cross. At last, one night I came home from the inn here, *intoxicated—poisoned*, as we say, if we speak English—and my mother was waiting up.

"Oh! Thomas, my son," she said gently, 'what will be the end of all this?'

"I felt mad. I wanted to strike her; if she had been quite close to me I fear I should have done so; as it was, I smashed all the things set out for supper on the table, and banged the table itself to the ground. The crash and noise roused me to yet further mischief. I began to break the panes of glass out of

the window. Perhaps I was bordering on delirium tremens. The noise brought the servant and even the neighbours to the room. They overpowered me, and got me up to bed, somehow. When I came to my senses, late the next day, I found myself in bed and my mother watching beside me, tearful and anxious.

"'What am I in bed for?' I asked, only partially recalling the events of the previous day.

"'Oh, Thomas! oh, my dear son!' said my poor mother, quite breaking down; 'thank God you are still alive; thank God He did not cut you off in your sins,' and she wept afresh.

"I was silent, trying, but in vain, to remember exactly what had happened. 'What did I do, mother?' I asked then.

"'Oh, my dear son! you have had the nearest escape from death a man ever had.'

"I grew curious, and my eyes anxiously watched my mother's face as she went on. 'You came home wild and noisy last night, and broke a lot of things in the parlour. Mr. Jenkins came in, and Ford, and that man Berry, and they got you up to bed, and they said you were soon asleep. But I felt anxious; I could not rest about you; so in the night I came in to see you, and oh! my poor boy, I found you quite black in the face, lying on your face and almost suffocated. You had been very ill, and had not sense to do anything; but lay instead like a log, and you would have died in another moment or two. I turned your poor face round so that you might breathe, and opened the window, and sent for the doctor, who I knew was sitting up with poor old Mr. Blanchard, and he came, and thanks to the means he used and the blessing of God, he brought you round. Oh! Thomas, shan't this be a lesson to you? Where would you be now, my poor child, if God hadn't inclined my heart to come to you?'

"It was a dreadful story, and it broke down my pride and hard-heartedness, and it frightened me too.

"'Mother,' said I, 'I have taken my last drop and sup of strong drink.'

"'Amen!' she responded, reverently. 'God help you to keep this vow!'

"And I have kept it, sir. And after I gave up the drink, I took to going to chapel with mother, and I could not rest—I ought to say God did not let me rest—till I gave myself up to Him. Oh, the blessed peace I have had since then! I only grieve that I did not sooner love Him, my God and my Lord."

Grandpapa's honest blue eyes filled with tears of joy, and his manly pleasant face was beautiful with heartfelt emotion as he spoke. "I had another enemy to conquer. I continued to smoke, because I thought it would be easier and seem more good-natured when I was obliged to mingle with people who drank and smoked if I could take a pipe with them. But by-and-by I felt I must surrender my pipe also, and I really think it was harder work almost than giving up the drink. A long time afterwards, I had a dreadful fit of toothache, and I thought a smoke maybe would cure it; so I bought a pipe and began. But oh, sir"—and grandpapa laughed heartily—"it made me so bad, worse than the toothache. Dame Nature was offended, and punished me rarely for breaking her laws again."

(To be continued.)



TAKING DOGGY'S PORTRAIT.

LITTLE Harry, would-be painter,
With a playful, knowing air,
Puts on papa's specs and slipper,
Seats himself in papa's chair.

Topsy, there, beside the easel,
Wears his master's sailor hat ;
Full of frolic,—as to mischief,
Both of them are fond of that.

With the brush he daubs the canvas,
Doggie's portrait tries to take ;
Harry thinks he'll be an artist,
Pictures like his papa make.

Let us hope the little painter
Will do all that e'er he can
To be good, as well as clever,
When he grows to be a man.

DAVID LAWTON.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER A PRIZE IN BOOKS, value 6s. 6d., for the best, and a prize value 3s. 6d. for the second best ILLUMINATED TEXT.

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; compositions to be solely their own productions, and to be sent to the Editors not later than April 1st; unsuccessful competitors wishing their Texts to be returned, must enclose stamped directed wrapper.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

CONSCIENCE.

MEMORY.

1.—BURIED MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

- a. We meet to-night to discuss plans for the organisation of a Band of Hope.
- b. You are earnestly requested to attend.
- c. May I trouble you to give Olympia notice of the fact.
- d. Take this encyclopædia to Mr. Sharpe's with my compliments.
- e. Look yonder at those fields of waving corn, Ethel. Are they not magnificent?
- f. Philip has never tasted rum in his life.
- g. I am going to take Sarah and Bella to the Zoological Gardens to-morrow.
- h. It is decided that you shall be bowler, Mr. Shannon, I umpire, and Tom keep score.
- i. Any metal utensil will serve my purpose.
- j. A concert in aid of the funds of the temperance cause will be given to-night.

FRANCES.

2.—STAR PUZZLE OF BIRDS.

A bird which in the bright days of summer is shy and unobtrusive.

This is a handsome species, found not only in Scotland but in the North of England, in Wales, and in Ireland.

This is a native of the Arctic seas, is chased by the Greenlanders for the sake of its flesh and its skin.

Few birds are more solicitous than this in rearing their young, and many are the stratagems which the parents will practise to draw off attention from the brood, which by signal notes is scattered and recalled.

MARIE.

3.—ENIGMA.

I'm sometimes oval, sometimes round,
And am in every orchard found,
And often in a grotto.
I'm seen in woods and shady nooks,
You meet with me in story books,
I run through every motto.
I visit many a lovely grove;
'Neath stately oaks I love to rove,
And nestle amid the flowers.
I'm hailed with joy in every home,
I'm last to go, and bound to come;
I dwell in rosy bowers.
No doubt you wish to know my name,
And what I am, and whence I came,
But that I cannot tell.
Just find me out, and you will see
I'm one of a large family
Whose name you know quite well.

EMILY M. PRICE.

4.—CHARADE.

My *first* is taken in the sea,
My *second* is upon your chest,
My *whole* on cultivated lea
Is too well known—the farmer's pest.

G. J. BELL.

5.—SQUARE WORD.

1. A nourishing drink.
2. A metal.
3. Affection.
4. Part of the body.

SPE.

6.—CHARADE.

My *first* will give you warmth and light
 When clouds have passed away ;
 Transpose my *second*, then at night
 She makes a grand display.
 My *total* you will be, no doubt,
 A clever one in truth ;
 If you should find this riddle out,
 A wise and wondrous youth.

EDITH R. BELL.

7.—CHARADE.

In my *first* a preposition
 You will most surely find ;
 My *next* will form part of a lock
 When clearly brought to mind.
 Unite the two and you will see
 That I before you lie ;
 So hoping you may soon guess me,
 I'll quickly say good-bye.

H. H. ADAMS.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

ON PAGES 48 & 49.

- x. Butter fly.
 2. *Lebbaeus, Thaddaeus, Mattheu,*
Micah, Abinadab, Bartimaus, Josiah, Jezebel,
Jethro. Let us watch and be sober.

3. BasS, ArnO, LeaN, LoaN, AblE,
 DieT. Ballad—Sonnet.
 4. Clock—Lock.
 5. Mary, Myra, army, ray, mar, ram, arm,
 Amy, May, yam, am, ma, m.
 6. Anniversary.

DEFINITIONS.

MERCY.

The shield which wards off the arrows of
 Divine justice, which otherwise would fall on
 man.

S. H. McCONNELL.

A ray of light which oftentimes pierces the most
 stony heart when every other virtue fails.

A. FENN.

ENVY.

The feeling which a fox may be supposed
 to have at seeing another fox enjoying a feast of
 grapes, which of course are *sour*.

S. H. McCONNELL.

Bad seed which would never flourish if the
 commandment "Love thy neighbour as thy-
 self" were universally practised.

A. HARRIS.

PURE WATER.

WATER ! O who can praise it too high ?
 Water, that God sends down from the sky !
 Water ! without it how could we live ?
 The water that God doth freely give.
 Descending in showers all over the land ;
 Over the palace so large and grand,
 And over the hut of the lowly poor
 Who scarce can "keep the wolf from the door."
 Sweet water, water so pure and free,
 Sent down from above so plenteously !
 How wondrous is the power of God !
 The rain pours down on the parchèd clod,
 From which smiling flowers burst forth to light,
 And lift their heads to the sun so bright :
 Sweet flowers ! so beautiful and fair,
 Which spread their fragrance upon the air.
 How grand the fields look after the rain,
 Smiling in verdant beauty again !
 Consider a moment : we could not live
 If our bounteous Father refused to give
 The water that so much enriches the land—
 Refreshing water, pure and grand !

JOHN W. CLAY.

A HOME ON THE MOUNTAIN.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. Let o - thers sigh for a val-ley home, Where the brook runs murm'ring by;

KEY E.

{	:d	m	:s	d'	:t.l	s	:f	m	:r.m	f	:r	l	:f	m	: -
	2. I	love	to dwell	where the	ea - gles	soar,	And perch	on its	star - ry	crown;					
	:s ₁	d	:d	d	:d.d	d	:t ₁	d	:t ₁ .d	r	:t ₁	t ₁	:t ₁	d	: -
{	:m	s	:m	m	:f.f	s	:s	s	:s.s	s	:s	f	:s	s	: -
	3. Let	o - thers	pine	for the	vale	be -	low,	Tho'a	home is	ge - nial	there;				
	:d	d	:d	l ₁	:f ₁ .f ₁	m ₁	:s ₁	d	:s ₁ .s ₁	s ₁	:f ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	d	: -

I'll bu'ld my cot on the mountain dome, Where it leans to the deep blue sky.

{	:d	m	:s	d'	:t.l	s	:m	i	:t.l	s	:m.s	s.f	:m.r	d	: -
	The	wild winds	howl,	and the	thunders	roar,	As the	storm	comes	rat - tling	down.				
	:s ₁	d	:d	d	:d.d	d	:d	d	:d.d	d	:d	d	:t ₁	d	: -
{	:m	s	:m	m	:f.f	s	:s	f	:f.f	m	:d.m	m.r	:s.f	m	: -
	I	love the	drift	of the	mountain	snow,	And the	health	of its	brace - ing	air.				
	:d	d	:d	l ₁	:f ₁ .f ₁	m	:d	f	:f ₁ .f ₁	s ₁	:s ₁ .s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	d	: -

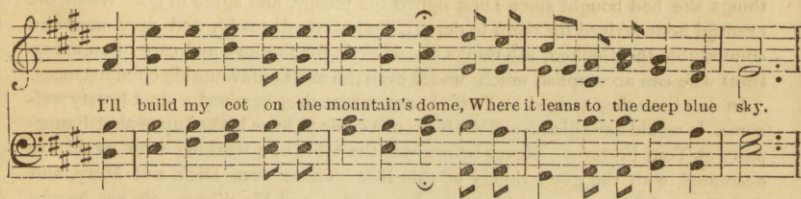
CHORUS.

Then sigh who will for a val-ley home, Where the brook runs murm'ring by;

CHORUS.

{	:s	s	:s	s	:s.s	s	:s	s	:s.s	l	:l	d'	:fe	s	: -
	Then	sigh	who	will	for a	val - ley	home,	When the	brook	runs	murm'ring	by;			
	:m	r	:m	f	:s.s	f	:m	r	:m.r	m	:m	l	:l	s	: -
	:d	t ₁	:d	r	:m.m	r	:d	t ₁	:d.t ₁	l ₁	:l ₁	l ₁	:r	s ₁	: -

A HOME ON THE MOUNTAIN—(continued).



{ :s	d	:d	d	:d.d	d	:d	d	:t.l	s.d	r.f	m	:r	d	:-	-
{ :r	m	:f	s	:m.m	f	:m	f	:d.d	d	:l.r	d	:t	d	:-	-
I ll	build my	cot on the	mountain's dome,	Where it	leans	to the	deep blue	sky.							
{ :s	s	:s	s	:s.s	l	:s	l	:s.f	s	:l.l	s	:f	m	:-	-
{ :t	d	:r	m	:d.d	f	:d	f	:f.f	m	:f.f	s	:s	d	:-	-

"JUST FOR A LARK."

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

"He who will follow good advice is a greater man than he who gives it."



HAT utterly useless things words are when we wish to give expression to the deepest feelings of the heart!

I should like to describe the joy of Dick's poor wife when she learnt that he had not been discharged after all; to picture to you what she felt, when, after a week's absence at Brookford, he

came home *sober*, and with a week's wages in his pocket. But I only know those twenty-six stupid things I learnt at school called "letters," and they are not a bit of use, so I abandon the task as hopeless. Let it suffice to say, that, such an unlooked-for event in the life of the Martins *did* happen. Ah! and every week too, till New Year's Day arrived. The health, happiness and general comfort resulting from this radical change in Dick's habits may readily be imagined.

"Mary," said Dick, on the last Saturday in the old year, as he sat by the fire having his supper, "Tom Foster has invited us all to go and take dinner with him next Monday, which is New Year's Day; so get yourself and all the children ready, for he declares he won't take a denial."

Of course Mary protested all she could against the proposed visit: saying that she had nothing either for herself or the children half nice enough to go visiting in. But all her excuses were of no avail, for Dick had his own reasons for urging

compliance with Tom's wishes, so Mary had to make the best she could of the few things she had bought since Dick signed the pledge, and agree to go. When the eventful hour arrived for them to depart, they were all ready, and very neat and comfortable they looked, all things considered; for the love and care of an industrious wife can accomplish much, under even the most unfavourable circumstances.

In due time they arrived at Tom's house, where they received a most hearty welcome. It would have gladdened the heart of a cynic to have looked upon that dinner-party at Tom Foster's. Never before was the table of a working man so thickly decorated with the good things of this life. There were Dick and Mary, and their three children on one side of the long table; and Mr. Shaw—oh, yes, he was there—and Tom's three little ones on the opposite side, while Tom himself, with a face overflowing with smiles, sat at one end of the table; and who sat at the opposite end? Why Mrs. Foster, of course, charmingly arrayed in a new silk dress. Tom thought she had never looked so lovely before.

Poor Dick could not help noticing the difference between Tom's wife and his own, for Mary's face still wore that pale pinched look, pain and privation is ever sure to cause; and as for her dress, it stood out in striking contrast to Mrs. Foster's. The repentant husband noticed and felt every little difference in the two wives so keenly, a lump came in the poor fellow's throat—well, not quite so large as a cocoanut, but very nearly.

The great contrast between Tom's ruddy, comfortable-looking children, and his own ill-clad and poorly nourished little things, was the next thing that attracted his attention, and the difference seemed greater than even that of the two wives. Up came another cocoanut in poor Dick's throat. How his conscience smote him! He made a stern resolve within his own mind, which I will not stay to disclose now, for while I am digressing the dinner is all getting cold, and the company impatient to begin.

Grace was said, then the clatter of the feast began; knives talking to forks, forks chatting to plates, spoons whispering to little mouths that had never tasted so many nice things before. All were supremely happy, especially Mr. Shaw, who had never known a more joyful day in all his life, for the deepest and sweetest bliss the human soul can ever know, is born in the heart that seeks to help and bless others. In due time the table was cleared, only to be again covered with that which all love with more or less affection—viz., ripe and rosy fruit. I have always been considered a pretty successful hand at guessing riddles, but where on earth the little Fosters and the little Martins managed to stow away all the good things that disappeared on that remarkable day, is far beyond the power of my puzzle-guessing capabilities to conjecture. A revelation of the secret would be quite a little fortune to a "packer" in a London warehouse.

But the joy of the day had yet to reach its highest point, as I will proceed at once to show; for the greatest and most enduring pleasure of which our nature is capable, springs from the mind and spirit, and not from the delights of the flesh, for the latter yield no happiness worthy the name, except when made subservient to some noble and useful purpose.

"Well, Richard," said Tom, after tea was over, and all the happy party were about to depart; "have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Enjoyed myself!" said Richard, "why I never had such a day before in all my life; and if all this sort of thing comes of living as you do, why I'll never drink another drop as long as I live."

Poor Mary heard all her husband said, and wanted to give expression to her own thoughts on the subject, but when she heard her husband's vow, her heart became too full to speak; so she quietly turned aside to hide the tears of joy that would come, although she tried so hard to restrain them.

"What is that Dick's saying?" said Mr. Shaw.

"Why, he has resolved never to touch strong drink again as long as he lives," said Tom.

"Yes, and I mean it, too!" exclaimed Dick, with an air of determination that he had never assumed before.

"Richard," said Mr. Shaw, laying his hand upon Dick's shoulder, "this is the happiest moment of all, in this unusually happy day. I cannot find words to tell you how delighted I am at the resolve you have made. May Heaven give you strength to keep it."

In a few moments more that happy group, so strangely brought together, separated, and so the party broke up.

Right manfully has Dick kept his word, for five years have elapsed since that eventful day. And now you know the secret of Richard Martin's happy home, and how it was he came to sign the pledge.

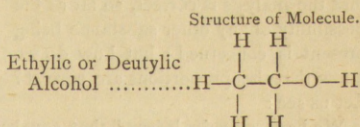
THE END.

THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

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

ARTICLE VIII.—ETHYLIC, DEUTYLIC, OR COMMON ALCOHOL.

THIS substance, which is found in all the intoxicating liquors of commerce, is also known as spirits of wine, on account of the fact that it was first obtained by heating wine in a close vessel and condensing the vapour, which passed over by means of a cooling arrangement. We have already seen that it stands the second member in a long list of substances which differ from it only in the number of carbon and hydrogen atoms which they contain. It is composed of two atoms of carbon, six atoms of hydrogen, and one atom of oxygen, so that we can express its composition by the formula C_2H_5OH , in which we see, as already noticed in the general consideration of the group, that one of the hydrogen atoms is directly united with the oxygen atom. The internal structure of this alcohol molecule may be represented as follows:—



Here the central nucleus consists of the two carbon atoms with the five hydrogen atoms grouped round them, and held in union by one bond each, while the atom of oxygen forms the intermediate link between the last carbon atom and the hydrogen atom at the end of the chain.

Although this arrangement may at first sight appear to be fanciful, there are nevertheless very strong grounds, resting upon the doctrine of the substitution of atoms, for the opinion that this is the actual manner in which the constituent atoms are grouped in the molecule, and we are thus brought face to face with one of the most astonishing

revelations of modern chemistry, that although these atoms and molecules are infinitely too small to be viewed by the human eye, even when assisted by the most powerful microscopes, that their order and symmetry may nevertheless be clearly discerned by the eye of reason.

Whether this is the actual arrangement or not, we know that this is the composition of a molecule of common alcohol because it has been directly analysed, and the exact amount of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen which it contains weighed, and the following table shows what these quantities are in one hundred parts.

Analysis of Alcohol.

Carbon.....	52.18	per cent.
Hydrogen ...	13.04	„ „
Oxygen	34.78	„ „

100.00

Here we see that by adding up the component parts of the molecule we just have one hundred, which shows that the analysis is correct, so far as the possibility of any other substance being present is concerned; but how do we know that the proportions are correct? Let us see:

We have already learned that equal volumes of all gases, at the same temperature and pressure, contain equal numbers of molecules, and if we weigh equal volumes of alcohol vapour and hydrogen gas, under these conditions, we shall find that the alcohol vapour weighs exactly twenty-three times as heavy as the same volume of hydrogen. We have seen, however, that the hydrogen molecule consists of two atoms of hydrogen, and therefore our alcohol molecule, if referred to a single atom of hydrogen, which is the standard weight in modern chemistry, will weigh not twenty-three, but $23 \times 2 = 46$, which number is therefore called the molecular weight of alcohol.

We have also seen that the relative weight of an atom of carbon is 12, and of oxygen 16, and therefore, if our analysis of alcohol is correct, the various atoms which enter into the composition of the alcohol molecule must enter into it in some proportion of these numbers. Our formula for alcohol is C_2H_5OH , and the molecular weight will therefore be 46, as follows:

2 Atoms of Carbon.....	$12 \times 2 = 24$
6 „ „ Hydrogen...	$1 \times 6 = 6$
1 „ „ Oxygen ...	$16 \times 1 = 16$

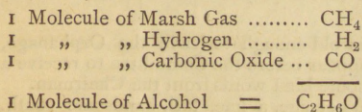
Total weight of molecule 46

If we compare this result with the analysis given above, we shall find that of the molecule of alcohol $52 \frac{18}{100}$ per cent., or 24 parts in 46, are carbon; $13 \frac{04}{100}$ per cent., or 6 parts in 46, are hydrogen; and $34 \frac{78}{100}$ per cent., or 16 parts in 46, are oxygen. If we add these proportionate parts up, thus, $24 + 6 + 16 = 46$, we see that both theory and practice agree, and that the molecular weight obtained from the actual analysis, and that derived from the weighing of the alcohol vapour, are in strict accordance the one with the other.

We are thus quite certain that this must be the composition of a molecule of deutylic or ethylic alcohol, and more than this, that whatever our ideas of the nature of atoms may at any future time, with further knowledge, prove to be, that these proportions and weights will always be those in which these atoms will be present in any quantity of this particular compound. We have also another evidence that the composition of alcohol, as represented in the formula C_2H_5OH , is correct from the changes which it is capable of undergoing when acted upon by other substances, and also by the products which it yields when subjected to a sufficient heat to decompose it.

If we pass the vapour of alcohol through a red hot tube, the molecule is

broken up, and yields a molecule of marsh gas, a molecule of hydrogen, and a molecule of carbonic oxide. If we add up the component atoms of these various substances, we have just the formula which represents our alcohol molecule, thus :



Another proof also arises from the method in which deutylic alcohol is derived from the breaking up of a molecule of grape sugar (glucose) by the

action of fermentation. This is indeed the method which is employed in the formation of all the intoxicating liquors which are used in commerce. Alcohol has, however, been produced synthetically, or by the direct union of the elements out of which it is composed. Bertholet obtained it by the distillation of a dilute solution of olefiant gas in sulphuric acid, and it is quite possible that some such artificial method of production may be, at some future time, used for its production, and that of the other members of the series, in the place of fermentation.

(To be continued.)

TRUE TO HIS WORD.

BY A. J. GLASSPOOL.

CHAPTER IV.—RICHARD'S PROMOTION.

THE Band of Hope was soon established at the Orphanage, and most of the boys joined it after having obtained the written consent of their parents.

You will not be surprised to hear that the first secretary was our little friend Richard. Though he was not twelve years old, he was sharp, intelligent, and his heart was in the work ; and thus, under the good directions of Mr. Fountain, he was able to do most perfectly all the duties of secretary. Richard made out the cards of membership, and kept a correct register of the attendance of the boys at the meetings, and in such a manner that Mr. Fountain declared that his books were patterns of neatness and order.

Mr. Johnson had many times invited Richard into the office to assist him in preparing the many letters he had to send to parents, subscribers, and friends of the Orphanage, and on these occasions he learned much that fitted him for occupying a good position in life afterwards.

And many were the pleasant walks and conversations Richard had with Mr. Fountain, and constantly did his good friend encourage him to persevere, and by earnest study prepare himself for the future.

One evening Mr. Fountain took from his pocket a book, and opening it before Richard, asked him if he would like to learn shorthand.

"I should like to learn anything useful, sir."

"Then take this book and study it carefully, and tell me how much you can understand of it next week."

How carefully Richard studied the curious characters of the book. He learned that a straight line meant T, and that the same line made thick meant D ; that a slanting line meant P, and if written thick meant B, and so on through all the consonants ; and then he learnt the vowels, and, with many corrections of his

teacher, in a few weeks he had mastered the first book, and was able to write short sentences.

You must not suppose Richard had no difficulties to encounter ; indeed, he was often inclined to give up his study altogether. All his leisure time he spent in learning the curious shorthand words and sentences. Sometimes when he had written out a page from a book, he found to his horror that he could not read it ; then he tried again and again, till after the labour of years he was rewarded with success.

The time came round when Richard was old enough to leave the Orphanage, and, as usual, like all the boys, he had to appear before the Committee to receive a present of a handsome Bible, and to hear some kind words from the Chairman.

Now look at Richard : he is sixteen years of age, a fine, tall, handsome youth. When he enters the room he makes a polite bow to the Chairman, and receives the kind congratulations of many of the gentlemen present.

"Richard Williamson," said the Chairman, "I can assure you it gives me the greatest pleasure to present you with this handsome Bible, and in doing so I will earnestly hope that you will find it your comfort and guide throughout life."

Some members of the Committee wanted to know from Richard what he intended doing when he went home to his friends, and in reply he said he should look out for a situation as shorthand clerk.

"Shorthand clerk?" said Mr. Foster to the Treasurer. "I am in want of such a person. Let me see how you can write."

There upon the spot, though rather nervous at being so suddenly called upon to display his talents, Richard wrote in shorthand the letter dictated to him by Mr. Foster, and afterwards wrote it out in beautiful style in longhand.

"Capital ! excellent, my boy !" said Mr. Foster, quite delighted ; "you shall come into my office, and I will make a man of you."

In a short time Richard was Mr. Foster's confidential clerk, and in ten years time the name of Foster over a large warehouse in the city was painted out, and instead you may read to-day "Foster and Williamson." The old man was so pleased with his clerk, and found him of such use in his business, that he had determined to take him into partnership.

One word more. A few months ago the Annual Meeting of the Orphanage was held, and Richard Williamson, Esq., was announced to speak, and he made no secret of the fact that he had been trained in the Orphanage, and to point to his refusing the glass of wine at the Annual Dinner as his first upward step in the world.

Dear little reader, be like Richard, determined to keep your Band of Hope pledge ; be consistent and faithful, and you will be loved by all, even those who object to your principles.

"Hold fast that which is good."

THE END.

THE OLD PENSIONER.

I WAS in the army, boys,
Many years ago,
When the French were looked upon
As our country's foe.
Thousands left our peaceful shores
Never to come back ;
Fought they like brave men, and fell
On the gory track.

When you're in the battle, boys,
You must know no fear ;
You must have a heart like steel—
Venture anywhere.
On ! at duty's stern command,
Where your comrades fall,
Though you soon may with them lie,
Killed with sword or ball.



I enlisted in my youth,
 Left a peaceful home,
 Thoughts of life in distant lands
 Led my feet to roam.
 Soon my dreams of glory, boys,
 Passed like clouds away ;
 Heavy was my heart and sad,
 Marching day by day.

What is there to profit, boys,
 In a soldier's life ?
 Leaving all you love behind—
 Children, home, and wife,
 Dreaming of dear fatherland,
 Hoping oft in vain ;
 Laying down your bones to bleach
 On a foreign plain.

Tell me not of glory, boys,
 On the battle-field ;
 Can an outrage against heaven
 Any glory yield ?
 When you stab a brother through
 Can you look above
 For the charity which flows
 From the fount of Love ?

If there were no soldiers, boys,
 There would be no strife :
 There is not an emperor
 Who would risk his life.
 While we sing " God save the Queen "
 On our island home,
 Let us pray for peace on earth—
 " May Thy kingdom come ! "

W. HOYLE.



Glasgow Band of Hope Union.—

The seventh anniversary of the above was commenced by services on Sunday, Feb. 10th, in St. Columba Church, Hope Street. The sermon was preached by Dr. Farrar, Canon of Westminster, from the text "Abstain from all appearance of evil" (Thes. v. 22). The Rev. Joseph Brown, D.D., and Rev. James Dodds assisted in the service, and a select choir of the Band of Hope Union, conducted by W. M. Miller, led the psalmody.

The public meeting was held on the following evening in the City Hall. The chair was occupied by Alexander Allan, Esq., and on the platform were the Hon. the Lord Provost, the Rev. Canon Farrar, Rev. Drs. Jamieson, Marshall, Lang, Hutton, Revs. D. M' Rae, J. Dodds, R. Blair, R. Howie, Riddell, Gladstone, J. B. Johnston, Wells, J. G. Scott and R. Craig, Bailie Farrens, Councillors Hamilton, Burt and Captain Hatfield.

The report shows an increase of 27 societies, bringing the number of Bands of Hope up to 100, with an average attendance of about 100 to each society, and an estimated membership of 25,000 in the Union. The Directors have very wisely revised the constitution so as to encourage the formation of Local Unions and keep pace with the rapid extension of the movement.

Among the many phases of real work done by this Union may be mentioned the Magic Lantern Entertainments, Speakers' Plan, May Demonstration, Summer Excursion of Senior Members and Workers, Annual Social Meeting of Speakers, Publication of Music Books and Temperance Literature, also "The Prize Scheme," by which 248 prizes were distributed (value £30 17s. 6d.) to members under several sections for correct answers to questions on various phases of temperance. This feature is found to be a most effective educational agency, and worthy of continued support.

Another special feature is the formation of a Pupil Teachers' Temperance Society during the past year, which now embraces 200 pupil teachers, through whom the Directors hope to influence many others in the seminaries during the year.

A conference of head masters and mistresses of day-schools has been held with a

view to secure addresses on Temperance in day-schools. Income £198 1s. 6d. Expenditure, £197 14s. 11d.

Bradford Band of Hope Union.—

On Tuesday, Feb. 12th, the sixteenth annual demonstration took place in St. George's Hall, A. Illingworth, Esq., presiding. An excellent address was delivered by Rev. W. O. Simpson, entitled "Blazing your way." The President of the Union, Alderman West, J.P., presented a number of prizes to the successful competitors in the recent Essay and Gallery Lesson competitions by day-school pupil teachers. Mr. Bell read the annual report, an epitome of which we gave in our January Number. Some excellent music was given by a choir of 380 voices, under the conductorship of Mr. Ben-nell.

South Essex Band of Hope Union.—

The third annual demonstration of this Union was held in the Town Hall, Stratford, on Tuesday, Feb. 12th. Mr. John Curwen, president, occupied the chair during the early part of the meeting, his place afterwards being taken by Mr. H. E. Lester (a member of the School Board, West Ham), who before leaving the meeting signed the pledge.

An address was given by Mr. N. B. Downing, and the meeting was enlivened by the musical performances of the Choir of the Union, and the Holdfast Temperance Handbell Ringers. The annual report was read, showing that the Union now numbered 30 societies, with about 2,500 members, being an increase of 18 societies.

We trust the efforts of the Union to raise funds to support an agent, will be successful.

Borough of Greenwich Band of Hope Union.—

A meeting of Sunday-school workers was held on Friday, Feb. 22nd, in the New Cross Hall, Lewisham High Road; Mr. C. Forsdick in the chair. The secretary, Mr. C. O. Barber, read a paper on "Sunday-School Work: its Connection with Bands of Hope." The Rev. G. M. Murphy, Rev. F. Storer Clark, Rev. W. Cornforth, and Messrs. Fisher and Beaumont, with others, addressed the meeting. The formation of the Greenwich Temperance Institute

and Glee Party, meeting weekly in the Board School, was announced during the evening.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH BANDS OF HOPE.

Liverpool Wesleyan Band of Hope Union.—A Conference of workers was held at Mount Pleasant Chapel, on Friday, February 1st, on the subject of "Temperance Literature, or Publication Departments in Connection with Bands of Hope." The following resolution was unanimously passed:—"That this Conference having considered the question of adopting 'Publication Departments' in connection with Bands of Hope, is of opinion that it is highly desirable they should be established forthwith, wherever practicable, and hereby commends the subject to the serious and favourable consideration of the respective Bands of Hope in the Union."

This resolution was promptly sent to the Committees of the various Societies by the General Secretary, Mr. J. Brown, who in his circular said:—"I have now, therefore, the pleasure to hand you herewith a copy of a little book on the subject,* which gives full details as to the way to start and carry on such work; and I trust that, as far as practicable, you will speedily seek to establish in connection with your Band of Hope such a useful organisation, and thereby extend, to an almost indefinite extent, the usefulness of your Band of Hope. . . . In conclusion, allow me to say that the Literature Secretary (Mr. J. HARGROVE, 32, Tower Buildings) will be happy to afford you any further information

* "Publication Departments in connection with Bands of Hope, and How to Form them." Published at our office.

on the subject, and to furnish you with specimens of Publications, on your applying to him for that purpose."

This is doing a good work and doing it well. We wish every Union in the kingdom would follow the example of our Wesleyan friends in Liverpool.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "ONWARD."

GENTLEMEN,—After carefully reading the letter of "A Reader" in your January Number, I fail to see what fault can be found with the dialogue he speaks of.

We had a similar representation at our annual party, and our children laughed at the "get up" of the "drunken men;" but surely your "Reader" must be aware that drink has its comic as well as tragic side, and if the caricature is faithful the humour of the children must be drawn out. I have frequently laughed at the antics of drunken men, though at the same time feeling disgusted at their condition; but I wish to ask "A Reader" this question: What has been the demeanour of the children when the nail was driven home—or, in other words, the moral pointed?—as I consider that the most vital point.

If we do not sufficiently impress our members with the serious questions involved in such representations, then we fail; but I feel assured from past experience that by a proper use of such dialogues a great amount of good can be done, and until a more serious evil than the one pointed out by "A Reader" is discovered, they will have my approval.

Trusting you will kindly allow the subject to be fully ventilated, as it bears upon one of the most vital points of our management of Bands of Hope, I remain, yours very respectfully,

HON. SECRETARY.

WELCOME, SPRING.

Old Winter has departed,
And Spring has come again,
Clothing the woods with verdure,
Strewing with flowers the plain.

The Spring is ever welcome
To all, both young and old,
When past is sturdy Winter,
With piercing wind and cold.

I love the merry Spring time
When birds begin to sing
Sweet songs of love and gladness,
When flowers begin to spring!

Hail, Spring time, thou art welcome!
Hail, vernal season, hail!
All praise to God who spreadeth
Thy joys o'er hill and dale.

JOHN W. CLAY.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WHAT does every one thirst after?—
A red herring.

A MAN in Oxford, Illinois, was bitten by a rattlesnake seventeen years ago, and is still taking whiskey to cure the bite.

A LADY accounts for the redness of her nose by asserting that it is caused by the reflection from the red brick house opposite.

THREE young men formed a smoking club, and they all died within three years after forming it. The doctor was asked what they died of. He said, "*They were smoked to death.*"

"PRAY, Mr. Professor, what is a periphrasis?"—"Madam, it is simply a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circumscribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity."—"Thank you, sir."

"Do those bells sound an alarm of fire," said a stranger the other Sunday as the church bells were calling together the worshippers. "Yes," was the reply; "but the fire is in the next world."

A MILLIONAIRE gave a testimonial to a chiropodist which testifies that "several years ago he successfully extracted corns from my feet without pain, as also members of my family, and they have not returned since that time."

SACRIFICE. — Good Templar — "Tut-t-t, really, Swizzie, its disgraceful to see a man in your position in this state after the expense we've incurred, and the exertions we've used to put down the liquor traffic." Swizzie—"Y' moy preash as mush as y' lik, gen'i'm'n, but I can tell y', we made more pers'h'nal efforsh to (hic) purrown liquor than any of ye!"—*Punch*.

A DRUNKEN night makes a cloudy morning.

MORE are drowned in the wine-cup than in the sea.

THE door between us and heaven can not be opened if that between us and our fellowmen is shut.

NEVER purchase friends by gifts, for if you cease to give they will cease to love.

"WHEREVER I may be, I shall, with God's blessing, do with my might what my hand findeth to do; and if I don't *find* work, I shall *make* it."

INDULGENCE in dangerous pleasures is like licking honey from a knife, and getting cut with the edge. — *Burmese Proverb*.

NEVER mind, my boy, if you are small. The little waggon-wheel keeps in the front of the big wheel, its *quickness* supplying what it lacks in *size*.

DAILY and hourly do your duty; do it patiently and thoroughly; do it at the moment, and let it be its own reward. Never mind whether it is known or acknowledged or not, but do not fail to do it.

THE great Italian violinist, Giardini, was once asked by a youth to tell him how long it would take him to learn how to play on the violin. "Twelve hours a day for twenty years," characteristically replied the master.

WHEN the Duke of Wellington was examined before the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the subject of military punishment, Lord Wharncliffe inquired, "Is drunkenness the parent of all crime in the British army in your opinion?" The Duke replied in a single word, "*Invariably.*"



RUNNING FROM HOME ;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistakes," &c., &c.

CHAPTER V.

BREAKING THE PLEDGE.

I AM afraid we have been too indulgent to Harry. Perhaps I ought to write that I *know* I have helped to spoil him ; but oh ! I never thought the darling child would make us so very, very miserable about him. Harry is lost.

We have had a night and day of such anguish as I cannot describe. I have not written nearly as much in this book as I expected to have done. Years even have passed since I made my last entry. Mamma would say it is because the real business of life has occupied me too much to leave leisure for writing. So many sad things have happened. Mamma's health has failed very much, and I have had to take her place as far as I possibly could with the children and in the house. Papa says I am a "clever little housekeeper," and "Mamma's own daughter," which is very high praise. But oh ! how often I wish that her strength would come back again, for I fail in so many things.

To night, now that I cannot sleep for thinking about Harry, it seems quite a relief to me to open this book, and write the whole of the sad history on its pages.

Where *can* our darling be ? Oh ! Harry, what would I not give to-night to hear your voice, to see your smiling face, so handsome, so winsome, albeit so saucy and so caring ? If only we had not parted as we did part. For I had been really angry with him ; and this is what it was about.

Uncle Frank is *Captain* Hathaway now, and his ship, "The Wings of the Morning," has been in port for a week or two, till yesterday, when he sailed away again. I should have thought Harry had gone in her, only he came home to dinner hours after she had sailed. Uncle Frank when he is quite sober would as soon think of giving either of us a blow, as of trying to make us break our pledge, so I know he must have been intoxicated when what Harry told me of happened. He took the boy with him to a public-house, and tempted him with the help of another captain to break his pledge. They gave him a sovereign for drinking a little glassful of grog. It was the night before last, and Harry told me about it yesterday afternoon after Uncle Frank was gone; he told me not sorrowfully, but boldly, defiantly; just because in his heart he must have felt ashamed.

Papa and mamma have several times reproved him for speaking in a rude way, and sometimes I have excused or sheltered him. I thought of this yesterday, and blamed myself at first more than poor darling Harry. "Look, Dorie," he said, showing me the sovereign; "shouldn't you say I am rich?"

"Oh! Harry," I asked, "where *did* you get all that money?"

"I didn't steal it, I can tell you."

"I should hope not. But whoever gave it to you? Harry dear, you should give it to mamma to take care of for you."

Harry laughed. "That's rich, Dorie; don't you suppose I am old enough to take care of a sovereign?"

"Uncle Frank must have given it to you," I said, "and of course he mean you to put it away and to take care of it."

"Uncle Frank didn't give it all. Captain Vosper gave me part."

"Whatever for, Harry? what did you do for him?"

"Something," said Harry, mysteriously.

"What was it, Harry? do tell me."

"You'll peach, if I tell you."

"Harry, 'twas something wrong."

Harry coloured. "I daresay you girls would say so."

"Harry, tell me. You *must* tell me dear," I said.

"Will you promise not to tell anybody?"

"I won't if I can help it. You know I can't bear for you to be punished, Harry."

"Dorie, I want to tell you something first. I think teetotalism is all nonsense."

"Oh! Harry."

"I meant always to give it up when I was a man, and I've only given it up a little sooner, that's all."

"You haven't drunk wine, or beer? Oh! Harry, I wouldn't have believed you could be so mean."

"I'm *not* mean, I'm not a coward," said Harry, passionately, his blue eyes flashing like sun-lit steel.

"And to take *pay* for breaking your word," I went on indignantly. "Harry, I hope there's not another boy on the islands would do such a paltry thing; and to think that my brother should; my darling little pet brother; my Harry, whom I believed to be the soul of honour. It is *too* horrible."

"Dorie," said Harry, in a less defiant tone, "I didn't know you'd feel so badly about it. However, 'tis done now, and 'twas only a little glass of grog; there's no use in making a fuss. You needn't say anything to papa or mamma, you know."

I was silent. Was it right to hide this thing from my father ?

"Promise me, Dorie ; or I'll not love you."

It was a childish threat that had often moved me, but it did not move me now. Harry had most bitterly disappointed me. I am afraid I was too angry with him to have done him the good I might have done at that moment. How often, by want of charity, even when we are in the right, we injure our cause, and excite evil passions in others, instead of soothing them. I can see it all now ; I might have acted so differently and so much better to my poor darling. May God forgive me, for I cannot forgive myself ; and if Harry should be— But oh ! I will not, I dare not, write that.

"I'll see how I ever trust you again, Dorie," said Harry, when I remained silent ; his cheeks were flushed and his young face clouded with anger. "I'll know better next time."

He went out, and banged the door of the schoolroom after him. I have not seen him since. When tea-time came, he did not make his appearance, but he often was unpunctual at meals ; so though it was a fault papa disliked, not much notice was taken. We have had very stormy weather on the islands lately ; the equinoctial gales had swept over the broad Atlantic, and besides other damage to shipping, a brig had been wrecked, thrown up by the wind like a mere toy on the rocks under the garrison. After tea the girls proposed that we should go and see it. It was a fine evening, and Nature presented one of her most solemn scenes. A grey calm sea. A soft blue-grey clear sky, masses of grey cloud piled high round the horizon ; lurid-red where the sun had just set. Below, on the rocks, jammed against them, the wrecked brig lying on its side, half its keel visible ; above, in the east, the clear pale-gold moon, almost at full ; and on the grey sea, the grey shadowy ships, silent and still. Nature itself asleep, in the trough of calm between the past storm-wave and that which was to come.

The greyiness of all around rested on my heart also. Everywhere my eyes turned, eagerly looking for Harry : over the walls of the fort ; amongst the paths through the bracken. Oh ! if only I could see the dear boy again, and know that his anger against me was past, and we were once more friends.

"What is the matter, Dorie ?" asked dear Rose, who is always the first to discover that those she loves are in trouble ; "you don't talk to-night."

"I wonder where that dreadful boy is ?" said Lottie, laughing. "It is a wonder he leaves us at peace for five minutes ; he must be fishing."

I was thankful for Lottie's suggestion, and tried to calm my fears and seem more cheerful. When we returned, mamma was looking out of our front parlour window, as if watching for some one.

"Where can Harry be, dears ?" she asked, as we entered ; "I begin to feel anxious about him."

"Fishing, mamma, no doubt," answered Lottie, confidently. "He can't bear to come away if there's a chance of another minnow."

We all laughed at Lottie's speech ; then, after putting away our things, we came down and had some music and singing. Then the servant brought in supper, and papa came in, looking very tired. There had been a good deal of sickness on our usually healthy islands, and though only an epidemic of measles amongst the children, it kept papa and Ernie very busy.

"I'm not sorry to have done my day's work," said papa, as he sat down to the table. "I think I have earned my sleep to-night."

"Where is Ernest?" asked mamma.

"I have left him with grandpapa and auntie," said papa, smiling. "The good folks on St. Agnes are pleased to keep him, even if he is not a full-fledged doctor, they have such faith in the wisdom of his father's son;" and he smiled gaily.

I resently George came in. He was a member of the brass band of our Band of Hope, which had been performing that evening in the open air, and he looked warm with his exertions.

"I'm as hungry as a hunter," he said. "I say, father, blowing *is* hard work; I'd as soon plough or thrash as blow. But we've been going at it in fine style to-night."

"We heard you," said Lottie, laughing.

"Where have you been, then?"

"Round the garrison," she answered; "and the well-beloved and well-remembered notes of 'Weel may the keel row' came out, one by one, majestically upon the balmy air, and reached our ears in delightful succession, with just enough of pause between to make us hope——"

"You dreadful girl," said George, interrupting her, with a merry smile on his good-natured face; "I wish you'd join the band yourself, and then you would know 'tis no joke. 'Tis all very fine for young ladies to learn to send their little bits of fingers dancing and flying up and down a piano; but 'tis quite a different thing, isn't it, father, to *blow* out a tune?"

"I should prefer to have it blown in," said unmerciful Lottie, saucily. "If you blow it *out*, like the flame of a candle, no wonder it disappears and leaves us in the dark."

George only laughed as he attacked the bread and cheese with the zest of a hungry lad. Presently my father said, "Is Harry gone to bed, Dorie?"

"No, papa, he hasn't come home."

"Not home? Where is he, then? My dear child, you should have told me at once. George, of course he has not been with you?"

"No—oh! no. Why, where can he be stopping till this time?"

"Go down on the pier and ask if he has been seen this evening. Has Fred gone?"

"Yes, father. The cutter went out about two hours ago."

"It is possible Harry may have coaxed Fred to take him. You had better go and ask nurse if she knows. I'll wait till you come back, for I'm very tired. Have any of the boats gone to Tresco this evening? Harry shouldn't do like this."

"I think not, father," answered George; "but don't you trouble. I'll take my bread and cheese with me, for I'm really awfully hungry—Lottie, you needn't laugh—and then I'll go anywhere and everywhere, and I dare say I shall come home only to find the young rogue quietly seated at supper or snoring in his bed."

George is the best-tempered boy in the world. He is not so clever as Ernie and Harry, but he is always so ready to be kind. I often feel that I used to think less of George than he deserved. The girls went to bed, and then I begged papa and mamma to do so too. Unless Harry were found by George, we must conclude that he had gone in the pilot cutter with Fred, though it was not like nurse's son to fail to let us know of such a proceeding, and the neglect must have arisen through some mistake. Two hours later, when all the household save myself appeared to be quietly asleep, George returned; his kind face wore an unusually sad and grave expression.

"I can't hear anything of the poor little fellow, Dorie," he said. "Nurse doesn't at all believe he went with Fred, for Fred expected rather rough weather; but don't tell mother that. I have inquired and searched all about, all our old haunts and everywhere I can think of, and now Dixon has promised to be on the watch for him for another hour or so."

Dixon is our policeman, and one of the best of men—honest and good-natured, and ready to do any one a kindly turn. "He advised me," added George, "to go home and go to bed, and promised he would come to us if he found out anything about him."

"Yes, dear George, I think you had better. I *can't* sleep, so I will stay here and keep in the fire."

"I'll stay with you, Dorie; 'twill be lonely for you."

"No, dear; I would rather not, indeed."

Mamma's room door opened softly as my brother stole up to bed.

"Where is Harry, George?" she whispered.

"I think it possible he may be gone in the cutter, mamma, for I can't hear any, thing else about him. I'll get up very early and go out again and try to find him—if you'll go to bed now, for this isn't good for you, dear mamma, and you know God knows where he is, and can take care of him for us."

Dear George! his simple trustful words must, I am sure, have comforted our precious mother. I heard the kiss George gave her; and then her door shut quietly, and his door with a little more noise, and the house grew very still.

It must have been quite two hours later still that I heard a measured, heavy step outside in the street, and then a low tap at our door. My heart beat violently as I opened it; there, as I expected, stood Dixon.

"I haven't any news for you, my dear young lady," he said, good-naturedly, "but I thought I'd just call and say that I've searched everywhere for him, likely places and unlikely places." It was a pleasure and a comfort to look at the large broad frame, and the honest agreeable face above it, and the kindly eyes. "To-morrow morning early, miss," he went on, "I'll begin again. I hope you'll go to bed and try to sleep. Boys will be boys while the world lasts, I suppose, and Master Harry isn't the first boy that has run away from home."

"I hope he'll be the last, then, Dixon," I said, "for it makes such a lot of trouble."

"There you're right, miss. 'Tis a pity they're so thoughtless, but bless you, they don't mean to grieve everybody at home same as they do."

Papa came down while we were talking; he was awake now and couldn't rest, and very soon they went away together. But the search was in vain. Very early in the morning papa took boat to St. Agnes, hoping to find the dear truant at grandpapa's farm; but he only left another group in sorrow behind him there. Before the day was far advanced every one upon St. Mary's knew of our loss, and the news was fast spreading to the other islands. Really, it would seem that it was quite impossible for a child to be lost on the Cassiterides. It was a comfort, at any rate, to know that in all directions kind hearts and quick eyes were on the look-out for our darling. In my extremity my thoughts turned to Honest Joe; so, only saying I was going once more to search for Harry, which was indeed true, I turned my steps towards Buzza Hill, round Peninnis Head, and passed, but not very near to, the Pulpit Rock, that unique mass, the pulpit itself projecting from a pillar-shaped rock; a broad platform of rock in shape of a sounding-board above,

while close beneath, at high tide, though many feet below, the great restless sea booms and roars into the fissures and caves with grand and melancholy music. There is something awfully majestic to my mind in this quaint Pulpit Rock ; it has had a weird fascination for me from childhood. I have trembled to see the boys climbing over it ; and I never could step upon it, from jutting crag to crag, without a hand to help me, and a feeling of solemn awe. Now I hastened on to the cottage of Honest Joe, told him and his good old mother our trouble, and begged Joe to look out for the boy. Could he have gone to Tom Butt's Bed ?

Joe followed me out of his home, and along through the beautiful old church-yard. "What made him run away, miss ?" he asked.

"I don't know any *sufficient* reason," I answered, wondering at the quick wit of the crippled man.

"But he warn't best pleased about something, I s'pose, miss ?" asked Joe.

"Yes, just that, Joe, I had to scold him for a fault. That may have made him feel vexed, but I don't think it was enough for a boy to run off about. But please don't tell any one what I've said."

Joe shook his head emphatically. —————

I have been interrupted in my writing. A shower of sand against my window made me start and look out ; was it Harry ? There below, standing in the moonlit street, was Honest Joe. He has beckoned me to come down. Hark ! He whispers, "I've found him, but he's awful bad, miss ; he's in the Pulpit Rock."

(*To be continued.*)

MAY.

HAIL, lovely May ! all hail to thee !

Away thou charмест winter's storms ;

Welcome thy woodland melody ;

Welcome thy Flora's lovely forms.

The feath'ry warblers in thy praise

An ever joyous chorus raise ;

And joy, 'mid tears, sunshine and shower,

Thou bring'st to gladden bird and flower.

Balmy zephyrs with gentle power,

Thou send'st through grove, o'er hill and dale ;

While bird and beast, green herb and flower

Feel thy caress, and life inhale.

The village maids in singing mood

Roam gaily through each leafy wood :

Through winding vales they wend their way,

Swelling thy praises, merry May.

The cuckoo's voice, thy herald note—

Sweet harbinger !—doth seem to say,

With rapture sweet by dulcet throat,

"I love this merry, smiling May !"

The lark with vigorous pinions soars

Skyward ; and songs of love he pours

To cheer his mate the livelong day,

And welcome thee, bright month of May !

JOHN W. CLAY.



MY BROTHER FRED,

I HAVE a baby brother,
We call him Little Fred :
He is the liveliest creature
When he jumps out of bed.

He dances on the carpet,
He blows his tiny horn,
And wakens all the household
So early in the morn.

I wonder he's not weary,
He never can be still :
You'd think such endless frolic
Would sometimes make him ill.

But then he sleeps so soundly
When he is put to bed ;
He lies so still and quiet,
And scarcely stirs his head.

I like to hear him shouting,
To see him dance and run ;
I know he must be happy
When he's so full of fun.

Enough of toil and trouble
Will come when he's a man,
So now I'll let him frolic
And please him all I can.

W. HOYLE.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER A PRIZE IN BOOKS, value 5s., for the best Temperance Recitation in Poetry of any length; also a prize value 5s. for the best Story illustrating kindness to animals. Length not to exceed 1200 words.

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; compositions to be solely their own productions, and to be sent to the Editors not later than June 1st; writing to be on one side of the paper only.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

BENEVOLENCE.

I.—HISTORICAL MENTAL PICTURE.
Through leafy shade and sunny glade
The hunter's horn is sounding;
And startled from their forest home
The red deer forth are bounding.

No knights are there, or ladies fair,
On steed and palfrey grey;
No king rides forth with noble train,
No royal pennons play.

The huntsmen come but two alone,
Along by hill and hollow;
For fierce revenge, not stately deer,
The chase this morn they follow.

Now from his castle comes the lord
Of this domain so fair;
In haughty wrath and angry pride
His challenge soon they dare.

With dress denoting rank and birth,
Forth steps the foremost stranger;
A sturdy henchman near him stands,
His master's guard in danger.

"Why do ye trespass in these woods?
The angry lord demands;
"How dare ye drive the fallow deer
Across my hunting lands?"

Cold, cutting words of stinging scorn
Are answered back; and later
Is hurled against the haughty lord
The name—despised—of traitor.

Bright steel gleams forth, fierce blows are
heard
Within that flowery glade;
And soon its owner lifeless lies,
Pierced by a kinsman's blade.

PERSEVERENCE.

The deed is done, and now alone
Remains to them to hide it;
That ghastly clay upon the sod,
The gory pool beside it.

An aged oak stands near the spot
Green boughs aloft it flings,
But grey and hollow is the trunk
From which that verdure springs.

They raise the dead, in armour clad,
High in the oak-tree hoary,
And drop it in that living tomb,
'Twill well conceal the story.

IVY.

2.—PUZZLE.

A third of thirty-six divide
By three, and you will find
That when 'tis done, you then have left
The figure four behind.
But when I add it up myself,
Though strange it seems to you,
Although you make the answer four,
I only make it two.

G. J. LUMSDEN.

3.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A county in Ireland.
A place in central Africa.
A county of Scotland.
An ancient city in Glamorganshire.
A seaport in Devonshire.
A province of France.

The Initials give a city, and the finals the
name of the river on which it stands.

R. W. COPEMAN.

4.—DECAPITATIONS.

1st. Complete, an immense creature ; behead' robust, hearty ; again, and a foul drink.

2nd. Complete, a moveable seat ; behead, one of the integuments of the body ; again, and this is the mien of a person.

3rd. Complete, a voracious sea fish ; beheaded, it is to listen, to attend ; behead again, and it is the name generally applied to a large vessel in which some people were preserved.

4th. Complete, 'tis to divide ; behead, and you have a timid animal ; again, and this is par of the verb "to be."

5th. Complete, to strip or cut off ; beheaded it is to listen to ; again, and you have a part of the body.

6th. Complete, an article used at table ; behead, this you must never be ; again, it will be devoured.

7th. Complete, the finest of grains ; behead, it is partly rage ; again, it is what most of us do every day.

8th. Complete, part of a carriage ; behead, part of the foot ; again, and a small fish.

MARIE.

5.—DOUBLE VERBAL CHARADE.

Come search amongst these jewels bright,
And there you'll find lie hid from sight
Two ornaments or virtues fair,
Which it becomes us all to wear.

My *firsts* are in the agate seen,
My *seconds* in the emerald green,
My *thirds* in diamond so rare,
My *fourths* are in the topaz fair,
My *fifths* in beryl may be found,
My *sixths* within the jasper bound,
My *sevenths* in jacinth lie imbed,
My *eighths* are in carbuncle red,
My *ninths* you'll find in chrysolite,
My *tenths* in amethyst so bright.

FRANCES.

6.—SQUARE WORD.

1. Where soldiers do live when out on the fields.

2. Made plural a medicine which a foreign tree yields.

3. The greatest quantity is my third you will see.

4. A number of these at your home will be.

ARTHUR FENN.

7.—TRANSPOSITION.

With men of old my form was found complete,
Transpos'd you'll see what thousands often eat,
Transpos'd again you'll see what here is meant,
I name a city on the Continent.

W. H. EDDY.

DEFINITIONS.

CONSCIENCE.

The watchdog of man's life which, hough often stunned by repeated defeats, is never actually killed, but will give a sufficient warning at any approach of evil.

ARTHUR FENN.

An inward infallible regulator of life and conduct, when enlightened by, and acting in accordance with, Divine truth.

S. H. McC.

MEMORY.

A hole in the heavy curtain of the dark past, through which we can see, though very indistinctly, except here and there, where it is illumined by some very particular event.

ARTHUR FENN.

The retina of the mind's eye on which past transactions are reflected, and pictured with great vividness to the mind.

S. H. McC.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On Pages 68 and 69.

1. Organ, Lyre, Piano, Harp, Cornet, Drum, Handbell, Harmonium, Lute, Concertina. ("Mr. Shannon" should have been "Mr. Sharmon.")

2. R E P
E I A
D D R
GET
R E D B R E A S T
I D O
D U U
G C S
E ! K E

3. The letter "O."

5. M I L K
I R O N
L O V E
K N E E

4. Char-lock.

6. Sol-omon (moon).

7. On-ward.



MAY SONG.

W A. OGDEN.

DUET.

1. I am May, blythe and gay, Lis-ten to my pret-ty lay; I will sing

DUET. KEY C

m . s : d'	m . s : d'	d' . t : t . l	l . s : s . f	m . s : d'
2. Here are flow'rs	fresh from bow'rs,	Where I spend my	summer hours;	Come with me,
d . m : m	d . m : m	m . s : s . f	f . m : m . r	d . m : m
3. I will twine	pale woodbine	For the sweet young	brows of thine;	Then with lay,

CHORUS.

songs of spring, Hap-py news I bring. Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la,

CHORUS.

m . s : d'	t . s : r' . s	d : —	d' : t . l	s . fe : s	l . s : f . s . l
full of glee,	To the greenwood tree.		m : s . f	m . re : m	f . m : r . m . f
d . m : m	f . f : f . f	m : —	Tra la la	la la la.	Tra la la la la.
glad and gay,	Welcome, "Queen of May."		s : d' . d'	d' . d' : d'	t . : t .
:	:	:	d : d . d	d . d : d	s . : s .

Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la.

s . f : m . f . s	d' : t . l	s . fe : s	t . s : r' . s	d' : —
m . r : d . r . m	m : s . f	m . re : m	f . f : f	m : —
Tra la la la la,	la la la la la,	Tra la la la la,	Tra la la la	la .
d' : s	s : d' . d'	d' . d' : d'	r' . : t .	d' : —
d : d	d : d . d	d . d : d	s . : s .	d : —



CELLABROOK.

RALPH RAYMOND'S RUSE; OR, CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

BY T. H. EVANS,

Author of "A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

CHAPTER I.

Is example nothing? It is everything. Example is the school of mankind, and they will learn at no other.—*Burke*.

OUR story opens in the rustic seclusion of Cellabrook, a pretty little country town pleasantly situated on the borders of—but there—those who desire more precise information will see the place named on the map, if they look till they find it. Gerald Kingsford, a clerk in the adjoining town, lodged in one of the many snug little cottages that ornamented the river skirting the town. And if our readers will kindly picture to themselves the comfortable and well furnished sitting room of the intellectual young man of the period, we will proceed at once to the main purport of our story.

"There!" said Gerald Kingsford, throwing down his pen, "I think I have made out a pretty strong case against these irrepressible teetotalers; so when Mr. Drayton brings on his discussion next week, I shall be able to confute all his arguments, and carry the case triumphantly against him." Saying which, Gerald threw himself back in his easy chair, and gazed up at the ceiling as self-complacently as if the barren expanse before him had been a vast territory, and he its sole possessor. The only occupants of this part of the room were a couple of flies, who were brushing up their whiskers before retiring to rest, when they caught sight of Gerald's flashing eyes glowing full upon them; and just as they were expressing the disgust they felt that they could not perform their toilets and retire to rest without being stared at in that rude manner, the door suddenly opened, and in dashed a tall, handsome young fellow of forty, for twenty summers and, strange to

say, exactly the same number of winters had passed over the fair open brow of Ralph Raymond upon the evening of which we are writing,

"Good evening, Gerald," said Ralph, announcing his presence by slapping his meditative friend on the back with so sudden and vigorous a blow that Gerald bounded from his seat like a ball from a trap when struck with a bat.

"Ralph, how you startled me!" said Gerald, wincing under the iron clutch of his high-spirited friend, who, before he was aware of it, had seized his hand, and was shaking it in such a manner as to make every bone creak again.

"You certainly have a very surprising way of introducing yourself; I feel quite struck by it." And Gerald laughed outright at his own wit, Ralph joining in with the uproarious accompaniment of his own mirthful voice, as he laid aside his hat and stick, and seated himself at the table opposite his friend.

"It's too bad of you, Gerald, to make fun of me in this manner; I was always a jolly sort of a fellow, you know; overlook it, for I can't help it, 'tis one of my weaknesses."

"One of your weaknesses? I don't think there's much *weakness* in it; I have just been made painfully aware that you are very *strong*," and once more a double peal of laughter rang through the room.

"Ralph, you are a living contradiction to your own arguments, for I have heard you say repeatedly that there would be less vice amongst men if they did not drink, but your hand seems to become more and more like a *vice* every time we meet. But I'm glad you have called, for I want to have a little chat with you about the discussion coming off next month."

"Pleased to hear it," said Ralph. "Let us anticipate the pleasures of that evening by discussing the matter now."

"Very well, I am ready," replied Gerald, tossing the manuscript he had just finished into his friend's lap. "As you are of course aware, the title of the paper to be read is 'Moderate Drinking an inconsistency in the character of a professing Christian, for the Bible enjoins us to abstain from even the appearance of evil.' Of course I take the negative side."

"So I suppose," said Ralph. "But do you not feel somewhat ashamed of your position?"

"Not in the least," was the reply; "why should I?"

"Well," retorted his friend, "it seems to me, the very height of inconsistency for one who is labouring in the cause of Christ to save mankind from sin and suffering to defend anything so pernicious as the drunkard's drink."

"Stay, stay, my friend;" said Gerald laying his hand on his friend's arm; "to call alcoholic drinks 'pernicious' is a reflection upon the wisdom of God, who, when He made all things, pronounced them good. Alcohol is one of God's creatures, and therefore *good*."

"Well," said Ralph, in the quiet self-assured manner of one who knew he was on the right side, "I do not find any mention made of alcohol in the first chapter of Genesis, which contains an account of all that our Heavenly Father made and called 'good.' But, even admitting that it *is* a good creature of God, it must be *rightly* used, or it will prove a curse instead of a blessing. That which is good in itself will cause evil, if unwisely applied. Alcohol holds an invaluable place in the arts and sciences, but, when you drink it, you put it to a bad use, for it poisons and defiles humanity more than anything else you can name."

"Nay," replied Gerald, with warmth; "that opinion is contrary to the Divine

Word, which says, 'Not that which goeth into the mouth, but that which cometh out, defileth a man.' The drink in itself is good enough, it is the depravity and wickedness of man's own nature that causes him to sin. Let us be honest and blame *ourselves*, and not any of those wonderful and beautiful gifts that God has with such a lavish hand bestowed upon us."

"Not so fast, my dear boy, not so fast," said Ralph, with a smile. "You have not yet *proved* that strong drink is a 'good creature of God.' I call it a *manufactured* article, produced by the *destruction* of God's good creatures—namely, the fruit and grain that He has sent for our sustenance. But let me more fully explain my meaning," he continued, drawing his chair nearer to his friend.

"We can judge of the value or usefulness of any given article only by the results following its use. Here are some apples, and here is some barley: let us divide them equally. I will cook mine myself, but you give your share to the maltster and brewer to cook. After the process is completed, let us sit down to the feast so provided. Will the result be the same in each case? By no means. You have two strong innutritious liquids, that cannot *sustain* life, but on the contrary, tend to *destroy* it; I have a couple of dishes filled with health-giving food. I can *live* on mine, you *cannot* live on *yours*, therefore *appearances* are against you. Granting, for argument's sake, that yours is not evil in itself, it certainly has the *appearance* of being so. For the sake of the influence our example may exert upon others, it is the duty of all, professing Christians *especially*, to see that they are not in any way allied to a practice [which has the credit of causing so much mischief."

"There is a great deal of truth in what you say," responded Gerald; "but there are many things which we consume as food, that will not of themselves *sustain* life, and yet do not *injure* it, and it certainly cannot be wrong for us to partake of them in moderation. There is not any appearance of evil in the moderate use of these drinks, it is when they are consumed in excessive quantities that evil results manifest themselves. If every one followed my example," said Gerald, throwing himself back in his chair with an air of pride, "drunkenness would never have been heard of. I cannot see, therefore, that my example as a moderate drinker is in any way inconsistent with the Christian character, for I so live and act, that my 'moderation may be known unto all men.'"

"The worst thing about the moderate drinker's example," said Ralph, "is this—it is not a safe one for all to follow; the tendency of it is bad. Moderation is the seed from whence all drunkenness springs, and—"

"Nay, pardon the interruption," said Gerald, quickly; "it is only when men have not the 'grace of God' to restrain them that they become drunkards."

"Indeed! I could point to many sad facts, all pointing in the opposite direction," said Ralph, thoughtfully. "The 'grace of God' should surely be employed in keeping us out of the way of temptation as much as possible, and not relied upon as a shield to protect the foolish from the consequences of their folly. You must own, Gerald, that there is one very unchristian-like feature about the use of alcoholic drinks, and that is, it is purely an act of self-gratification. This of itself is in opposition to the spirit of Christ, for He 'pleased not Himself.'"

"Well, I must say, I feel my position somewhat shaken," said Gerald, looking perplexed: "although I am not convinced that the precept respecting avoiding the 'appearance of evil' is correct when applied to the use of strong drink, because I cannot see that it is an evil, when used as I use it, moderately. Surely we need

not mind so much about *appearances*, when the thing itself is good, and our intentions are good also. I don't care a fig for appearances when I know that I am right."

"I cannot quite agree with the conclusions at which you arrive," was Ralph's quiet response; "but call round and see me about this time to-morrow evening, for I cannot stay longer now, and we will discuss the subject farther,"

"Thanks! I'll be there," was Gerald's reply. "Good-bye, if you must go. Good-bye, old boy," said Ralph, shaking his friend heartily by the hand.

A moment more, and the door closed behind him, and Gerald was alone. "He is a precious nice fellow," said Gerald, talking to himself; "but he will have to be clever as well as nice to convert me to his absurd doctrines. Why the good old Book tells us, wine is sent to 'cheer the heart of man;' and even Timothy is cautioned not to continue drinking water, 'but take a little wine for his stomach's sake;' and Christ Himself actually turned water into wine at the marriage feast. Teetotalism! Bah! its all fudge," continued Gerald, pouring out a glass of stout. "Nothing can stand against these facts. I'll go and get the Bible and hunt up a few more weapons to brandish in the face of my foe to-morrow night. I can already see him lying vanquished at my feet, leaving me master of the field;" and Gerald dashed out of the room, slamming the door after him so violently the young couple asleep on the ceiling were shaken right out of their beds, and down they both fell plump into the dregs Gerald had left in his glass on the table, thus affording a striking proof of the deceptiveness of moderation. For a moment before they were both sober, but now, though they had only had a couple of drops, first the drop from the ceiling, secondly just the mere drop left in Gerald's glass, yet there they are, you see, both "in liquor."

(To be continued.)

SPRING.

SPRING, beautiful Spring! once more visits our isle,
Its bright budding flowers cheer again with their smile
The daffodils open their petals so bright
To drink in the sunbeam's life-giving light.

All nature awaking from winter's long sleep,
O'er mountain and valley doth holiday keep.
Now past are rude tempests, the chill winds and snow;
The glad sun looks down, and the soft zephyrs blow.

There's no time like Spring-time for youth's playful glee,
As they roam o'er the meadows or climb some old tree;
While the birds as they carol their heaven-born lays,
Fill the air with their music and jubilant praise.

And those who have journeyed far over life's main
Feel the old fire rekindled of young days again,
As they gaze on the daisy so gentle and pure,
They long for the past times, the glad days of yore;

For memory still holds a seat in their heart,
Which time ne'er erases, nor silver locks part.
Then hurrah for the Spring-time! the Spring-time is here!
The happiest, gladdest time of the year.

THOMAS GILL.

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

By DR. F. R. LEES, OF LEEDS.

III.

THE case of SAN MARTIN, given in Article No. II., sufficiently shows that alcohol does meddle with *digestion*—i.e., the changing of our solid food into a creamy condition dissolved in water so finely that it will be sucked up into the system, and go to repair the waste of the various parts, or to unite with oxygen, and so do work or give warmth. This agrees with the experience of healthy teetotalers everywhere whose appetites are found to improve from the very beginning of their abstinence from strong drink. We eat better, because the natural changes go on unhindered. If the "out-go" from the body is less, the "income" will be less—and the appetite is the sign of the waste. Hence, fresh air, exercise, and pure water *help* change; more than sitting still in a room. You see herein the law. The *gastric-juice* itself is a secretion from the blood, and made up of certain chemical substances set free by the decomposition of the parts in exercise; and if the exercise or change is lessened, so must be the resulting product. Now alcohol is universally admitted to be a *narcotic*, which "deadens" tissue, and arrests or stops living action: it really *pickles* (or tends to pickle) every part that it touches; and what is called its "stimulation" is, in fact, the sensibility kicking against the stroke of death. Now for the reasons of the fact.

The first reason why alcohol hinders perfect digestion is found in its deadening the tissues and *nervous* system and wasting the nervous force, and hence stopping secretion and excretion, and lessening nutrition; that is, interfering

with both out-go and in-come. As an "irritant" a little wine or beer may cause an *extra* flow of gastric juice (as pepper and mustard will), but it cannot increase the *strength* of it; and if it did, it would be at the expense of the process afterwards. As Sir W. W. GULL has said: "All things of an alcoholic nature injure the nervous tissues *for the time*; you may quicken the operations, but you do not *improve* them."

A second reason is the hurtful action of alcohol upon the liver, and so retarding, or disturbing, the secretion of *bile*, etc.; which organ cannot be injured without impairing digestion. The celebrated Dr. THOMAS BEDDOES (in his *Hygeia*, published in 1802), gives an instructive illustration.* "A late ingenious surgeon [JOHN HUNTER] gave one of his children a glass of sherry every day after dinner for a week. The child was then five years old, and had never been accustomed to wine. To another child, of nearly the same age, and under similar circumstances, he gave a large China orange for the same space of time. At the end of the week he found a very material difference in the pulse, the heat of the body, the urine, and the stools of the children. In the first, the pulse was quickened, the heat [of skin] increased, the urine high coloured, and the stools *destitute of their usual quantity of bile*. He then reversed the experiment; to the first-mentioned child he gave the orange, and to the other the wine. The effects followed as before—a striking proof of

* See Dr. Lees' "Standard Temperance Library" (1842).

the pernicious effect of the wine upon the digestive organs."

The third reason is the irritative state into which the coats of the stomach are put by the *continued* use of alcohol.

The fourth is the tendency to disorganise the gastric juice. As Prof. DUNDAS THOMSON, M.D., observes: "Alcohol, when added to the digestive fluid, produces a white precipitate; and the fluid is no longer capable of digesting either animal or vegetable matter." Absurd things are often done by third-rate doctors. I find them prescribing *pepsine*, got from the stomach of pig or calf, to help digestion; and at the same time prescribing the wine or beer which disorganises the pepsine! It is not before it was needed that Sir W. W. GULL has said: "The public ought to know that of all the *solvents* for food, there is nothing like water. Water carries into the system the nutriment in its purest form."

The fifth reason why alcohol holds back digestion is its *hardening* effect upon the food itself. Flesh will be kept unchanged in either wine or strong beer, the alcohol preventing the water from dissolving it; and digestion cannot go on till the alcohol has been got rid of. The vomit of drunkards often contains food that has been taken twenty hours before. The late Prof. PARKES, M.D., of the Netley Hospital, says: "In cases of disease I have seen some patients who complained that they could eat nothing, *and on taking away the alcohol the appetite returned.*" My young readers will now see the reasons for such a fact.

EXPERIMENTS ON DIGESTION.

BY HENRY MUNROE, M.D., F.L.S.,
HULL.

EXP. I.—Pouring four ounces of gastric juice into a wide-mouthed phial, half an ounce of raw beef, cut up into small angular pieces, was introduced. The phial was placed in a sand bath at

100 deg., being every two hours briskly shaken to imitate the motions of the stomach. After the first two hours the fluid became opaque and cloudy, the surfaces of the bits of beef assuming a milky-white appearance. In about four hours, muscular fibres of the beef, on the surface and at the angles especially, began to separate and loosen. In about six hours they were much lessened, and the fluid had a cloudy appearance like thin broth. In eight hours the pieces were easily broken into shreds, which floated about. In ten hours these muscular fibres became softened down, and were no longer discernible, having become dissolved like soup.

EXP. II.—Pouring four ounces of the same artificial gastric juice into another phial, I introduced half an ounce of chopped raw beef; added two drachms of spirits of wine, and placed the phial in the sand bath. After two hours, little or no alteration had taken place in the fluid. In four hours the fluid was slightly opaque. In six hours, a slight albuminous coating was seen on the surface of the beef. After eight hours, no change to sight, but the pieces of beef felt more solid during the operation of shaking the bottle. In ten hours, there appeared only the slightest change upon the surface of the beef, the substance of it not having been acted upon at all. On the phial being set aside to cool, there took place a deposite of pepsine.

EXP. III.—Instead of mixing the gastric juice with four ounces of water, I used that quantity of Allsop's *Bitter Ale*. Half an ounce of beef was introduced into the phial, which was placed in the sand bath. In two hours there appeared little or no change. In four hours, the fluid was rendered slightly cloudy, and the surfaces of the beef slightly covered with albumen. In six hours, the muscular fibres seemed somewhat separating and loosened. In

eight hours, no further change. In ten hours, the beef presented a similar appearance to the beef in the phial of alcohol, very little acted on by the gastric juice. On cooling, a deposit of pepsine appeared.

That alcohol, even in a diluted form, has the power of diminishing the efficacy of the gastric juice as a solvent for food is sufficiently demonstrated.

(To be continued.)

UNCLE BEN.



UNCLE BEN was a sturdy smith,
And you his hammer's ring might hear
Across the fields and down the lane,
When Uncle Ben was not in beer—

Or, rather, beer was out of him ;
For oh ! he dearly loved his glass,
And when at night he left his forge
The "Golden Fleece" he could not pass.

And there he often spent in drink
His hard won wages for the day ;
A foolish thing indeed it was
To throw his earnings thus away.

A jovial soul was Uncle Ben,
And very fond of songs and jokes :
His mirth it was that made him such
A favourite with the drinking folks.

And he would sit and laugh, and sing
His well-known song, "I love to roam,"
And drink until he scarcely could
Be got to rise and stagger home.

One night he drank so deep and long
That when he rose and tried to go,
Though on an old familiar road,
Which way to turn he did not know.

And so he rambled here and there
Until he reached the river's brink,
When down he fell close by the stream,
And in the mud began to sink.

The morning dawned, a neighbour came
And found him there quite stiff and cold :
Another victim slain by drink !
And now my little story's told.

Dear boys, from this a warning take,
And be abstainers true, and then
You may be sure you will escape
The dreadful fate of Uncle Ben.

DAVID LAWTON.



Halifax Band of Hope Union.—The annual meeting was held on Monday, March 3rd, in the Mechanics' Hall. The chair was occupied by Mr. Charles Watson, president of the Union. The report stated that the number of societies in affiliation was 82, an increase of 10 during the year. For the last five years they were tabulated as follows:—1874, 60; 1875, 62; 1876, 66; 1877, 72; 1878, 82. Some 82 committees had as managers 1,300 persons, and nearly the whole of them were Sabbath-school teachers. Altogether, the members connected with these societies numbered 17,000, showing an increase of 863 during the past year. There had been an increase during the last five years as follows:—1874, 12,909; 1875, 13,508, or an increase of 599; 1876, 15,271, or an increase of 1,763; 1877, 16,137, or an increase of 860; 1878, 17,000, an increase of 863. Out of the above, 8,600 were above 16 years of age. In 20 schools containing 4,512 scholars, 1,987 were members of the Bands of Hope. Of the 1,987, 120 had joined the Church during the year; of the remainder, 31 joined the Church during the year. The practice of visiting had been carried on, and about 105,000 temperance publications had been circulated. The report paid a suitable tribute to Mr. G. S. Hall, who was agent to the Union for nearly five years, and hailed with satisfaction the efforts of his successor, Mr. C. Simmonds. Under the auspices of the Union, 800 meetings had been held during the year, or 88 more than last year.

Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—On Thursday evening a conference of Sunday-school teachers, Band of Hope workers, and others interested in the welfare of the young was held in the Temperance Hall, Bury; amongst those present being the Revs. C. Ashford, B.A., W. Bury, H. Holgate, Messrs. T. W. Cummin, G. Ormerod, T. Allen, T. Nuttall, and representatives of various temperance societies in the town and district. In the absence of Mr. W. Hoyle, of Tottington, who was announced to preside, Mr. G. Ormerod was voted to the chair, and he opened the meeting with a few remarks. Mr. W. Hoyle, hon. sec., Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, Manchester, read a paper on "The Advantages of Local or District Band of Hope Unions." The Rev. C.

Ashford then moved 'the first resolution,' "That this meeting is of opinion that united effort is desirable in Band of Hope work," commending the plan to the attention of the audience. The Rev. W. Bury seconded the motion. If they could only have thoroughly good unity of effort it would seem like genuine sympathy. The temperance movement had suffered as much as anything from a want of cohesion. That was what they were suffering from in Bury at the present time. Mr. J. W. Cummins, lecturer and agent to the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, advised all to "bury the hatchet" with respect to their differences, and combat the foe of strong drink. The resolution was then put, and carried unanimously. The Rev. H. Holgate proposed, "That this meeting pledges itself to aid in the establishing and working of a Band of Hope Union for Bury and district." Mr. Joseph Allen seconded the motion, which was carried.

Irish Temperance League and Band of Hope Union.—On Sunday, March 31st, the twentieth anniversary sermon in connection with the Irish Temperance League was preached in the Ulster Hall by the Rev. Newman Hall, of London. There was a very large audience.

Lambeth Band of Hope Union.—A successful aggregate meeting of about 1,000 members and friends was held in the Victoria Baths, Peckham, on Wednesday, March 9th. Mr. George Livesey presided, and those who took part included the Revs. Isaac Doxsey, James Sears, and W. Cornforth, Messrs. W. R. Selway, J. T. Sears, and H. G. Follett, hon. sec.

Tower Hamlets Band of Hope Union.—On Wednesday, March 27th, an important meeting, designed to bring the claims of Bands of Hope before Sunday and day-school teachers, was held in St. Mary's Schools, Whitechapel, the Rev. J. F. Kitto, M.A., presiding. Mr. Joseph Mitchell, M.R.C.P., and the Rev. George Curnock addressed the meeting.

Derby and Derbyshire Band of Hope Union.—The annual sermon was preached on Sunday, March 24th, by the Rev. J. C. Antliff, B.D., and the public meeting was held on the following Monday, under the pre-

sidency of C. B. Kingdon, Esq. The annual report stated that forty-one societies, with a membership of about 3,000, were connected with the Union. The meeting was addressed by the Mayor (H. H. Bemrose, Esq.), Rev. R. F. Griffiths, and Mr. Joseph Jones.

NEW BANDS OF HOPE.

[We shall be glad to receive information of the commencement of new Bands of Hope.]

On Tuesday, April 3rd, was inaugurated a Band of Hope at Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire. The Rev. Joseph Johnson presided. An address was delivered by Mr. W. Marsh, of the Lancashire and Cheshire Union. The society begins with fifty members and a good working committee.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH BANDS OF HOPE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of "ONWARD."

GENTLEMEN,—I was glad to notice in "Our Movement" for April that you recommended secretaries and others to commence "Publication Departments" in connection with their Bands of Hope. I think the working of them and their influence and results only need to become known to make them more general. Kindly allow me to state a few of the good results flowing from these valuable aids to our Bands of Hope.

1st. The spread of good, sound temperance and religious literature amongst all classes of society, and especially amongst the class of people we cannot get to our Bands of Hope meetings, &c. As an example, some of our

canvassers are now selling ONWARD to an expulcan who is not by any means a total abstainer, and many similar instances. In our village many young men, not connected with any Church or Temperance Society, eagerly wait for the periodicals as they appear month by month.

2nd. It adds life and vigour to the Band of Hope with which it is connected.

3rd. It finds suitable employment for our young folks, and they cannot put on the Temperance harness too soon, for in this department of labour, as in others, we find that "Satan finds some work for idle hands to do."

4th. We are enabled to give the profits to the children as prizes, and thus stimulate them to work on.

The Band of Hope of which I am secretary is in a small village; still we manage to sell over £5 worth of books per month (exclusive of extras), and next Christmas we expect, *after paying all expenses*, to distribute amongst the canvassers at least £15 worth of prizes. This alone is worth the small amount of trouble. We started our Publication Department after reading a pamphlet published at the ONWARD offices ("On Publication Departments in connection with Bands of Hope, and how to form them"). I wish I was able to furnish every society with one of these useful pamphlets, I feel confident they would lead to good results.

No one need think there is a great amount of work connected with a "Publication Department." I work ours single handed, and do not find it heavy. Surely there is one willing worker in each society who would take the matter up.

Yours faithfully,

A SECRETARY.

THE SUMMER IS COMING!

THE summer is coming! with bright,
blue skies,

And sunshine and flowers to cheer
our way,

To brighten our hearts and gladden our
eyes,

And banish all trouble and sorrow
away.

The summer is coming! the fields are
green,

And birds are singing in every tree;
And out on the hillside the lambs are
seen;

I can hear the hum of the busy bee.

The summer is coming! the winter king
Has fled away to his mountain home;

And loudly the children's voices ring,
As in search of buttercups they roam.

The summer is coming! away, away,
To the beach where the loud sea
tumbles in!

I love to spend a summer day,
Trying to answer its ceaseless din.

The summer is coming! oh, let us
spend

The long, bright hours in the open
air!

For soon, too soon, the summer will
end,

And winter will bring its weight of
care.

W. A. EATON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

EVERYTHING helps, especially if it is a kick when you are going down hill.

"A MAN can't help what is done behind his back," as the scamp said when he was kicked out of doors.

KEEPING A BIRTHDAY.—A confirmed toper was bothered how to honour his birthday. A brilliant idea struck him—he kept it sober.

THE following advertisement lately appeared in a country paper:—"Wanted, a steady young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion."

BOY, to Old Twenty-per-Cent: "What do you want to accumulate so much money for? You can't take it with you when you die; and if you could, it would melt."

MISPRINTS will present themselves in other columns besides those of newspapers. The author of a temperance novel, who wrote "Drunkenness is folly," was horrified to read—"Drunkenness is jolly."

A FRIEND having met Sheridan, asked him how he fared. "Oh," answered Sheridan, "I have turned over a new leaf, and now go on like clockwork." "Ay," replied the other, "tick, tick, tick."

DID you ever attend a Mechanics' Institution *soirée* where "Knowledge is power" was not quoted? Did you ever hear a young lady talk three minutes and not say, "So nice!"? Did you ever know a mother who wasn't offended if you didn't praise her baby? Did you ever know a racing prophet allow his prediction was quite wrong? Did you ever know a farmer satisfied with the weather?

HAPPINESS is always a home-made article.

HEAVY showers, like heavy drinkers, always begin with little drops.

A TYRANT is often but a slave turned inside out.

AN idler is a watch that wants both hands:

As useless if it goes as when it stands.
—*Cowper.*

UNWEARIED PATIENCE.—Boerhaave the physician, performed one experiment 300 times, and another upwards of 900.

Men may preserve their health and strength without wine; with it they run the risk of ruining both their health and their morals.—*Fenelon.*

MUSIC.—The indefatigable Moffat could not teach the Kaffir children the alphabet until in his despair he adapted it to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne." This succeeded admirably.

SELFISHNESS, mixed, modified, flavoured in a thousand different ways, comes into all human affairs; but wherever it is the governing motive, there you find vile work going forward

PETER CARTWRIGHT'S CREED.—"My creed was never to back out unless I found myself wrong. Never retreat till I certainly knew I could advance no farther. I never knew whether I could overcome a difficulty or not till I had tried: so to try was my motto."

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.—Every man has in his own life follies enough, in his own mind troubles enough, in the performance of his duties deficiencies enough, in his own fortune evils enough, without being curious after the affairs of others.

RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistake," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PULPIT ROCK.

"IF you have some milk in the house, miss, I should say you had better bring it with you, and a spoon;" said Joe, when I opened the door to him. I stole softly back into the kitchen and pantry, filled a small milk-can with the precious life-sustaining liquid, and took a spoon from the kitchen drawer. My hands trembled nervously, but happily I was able to do this with almost no noise. Then the front door, not fastened or barricaded in any way, was easily opened once more, and I was outside with Honest Joe.

"He's squeezed in dreadful, miss," he said. "Hadn't you better leave word for the Doctor to follow soon as ever he gets back home? Maybe, too, they'll miss *you*, and think as how *you've* been running from home likewise."

Joe smiled shrewdly as he said this. Though these delays were terrible, I saw the wisdom of Joe's suggestion. I went back to the parlour, lit a candle, soon found a piece of paper, and hastily scribbled, "Our darling Harry is at the Pulpit Rock. Please come. I am going there at once with Honest Joe who found him."

And then we were off. How much farther the Pulpit Rock seemed from our house than it had ever done before! The moonlight rested on the waters, pale, golden and beautiful, as we hurried on. I in my impatience found it difficult to wait for Honest Joe's slower steps. At last we were on Buzza Hill, and in the moonlight the Tooth Rock and Monk's Cowl and all the other great rocks with their deep purple shadows looked solemn and vast, like the castellated abodes of giant beings. It was low water, which always gives an appearance of still greater altitude to the massive rocks, and makes the more distant ones below us stand up out of the water grim and vast.

We were getting near the Pulpit Rock when I heard a voice which made my heart beat fast. A plaintive cry it was, and then a feeble shout, "Father! Joe! Will nobody ever come?"

"My Harry, my darling brother."

Without a word I sped on as fast as my feet could carry me, and never stopped to think of danger, or of the help I generally coveted, but swung myself upon the rock, stepping lightly across the chasms that had often been such a terror to me, till I stood on the huge sounding-board, with the other portions of the Pulpit Rock below and above me. But where was Harry?

Here, over my head, in what forms almost a second though smaller sounding-board, were, I knew, the initials of my beloved mother's maiden name, carved in the rock by my father on his first visit to Scilly, when he fell in love with her, as what sensible man could help doing? and the thought of them gave me a sweet feeling of home love.

"Who's that?" said a voice feebly, quite close to me. I started.

"Harry, darling, where are you?"

"Jammed in between the rocks, Dorie; can anybody get me out?"

"How ever did you get there, darling?"

"I tried to crawl round between the rocks. I thought I could, but I can't."

"Oh! dear boy!"

"Have you brought anything to eat, Dorie? I was so hungry, and I'm now so weak."

I came close to him, sat down beside him in the dark, and felt for his dear face. The moonlight did not penetrate into this recess of the rock, though beyond it was plainly shining. I took the cover from the milk-can, felt for Harry's mouth, and managed to put a spoonful of milk safely into it.

"That's too slow, let me drink, Dorie," so I lifted the little can to his lips, and he drank greedily.

"Not so fast, Harry, you had better wait a minute." Reluctantly he let go his hold of the milk-can. Then, passing my hand over his shoulders, I found how awkwardly, in his boyish attempt to crawl through, he had wedged himself between the rocks. I could not guess how it would be possible to get him either forward to the broad sounding-board or backward to the other side of the rock.

"It hurts me so badly," moaned the poor boy. "I'm so tired. I want to go to sleep, but I can't; it squeezes my breath."

"What made you come here, Harry?"

"You," he answered at once. "I wanted to frighten you, Dorie, but I think I'm frightened myself most."

"Oh! Harry," I said, reproachfully; "but had you no thought of our suffering, no thought for mother? We've had such a night of trouble about you."

"I think I can sleep now you are here, Dorie," said my darling brother; "let me have the rest of the milk, and then give me your hand, and will you sing a hymn, Dorie? I want to feel better."

I did all he asked, and had just begun to sing softly, "Jesus, lover of my soul," when Honest Joe, whom I had heard scrambling up to the Pulpit Rock with very great difficulty, stood before me, a dark outline in the shadowy twilight of the rocky recess. He leaned against the shelving pillar a few steps away, and I went on singing.

Never before did the dear old hymn seem so wonderfully full of meaning to my own soul as it did that night. Before I had finished the poor tired child was sleeping, though uneasily, in his hard uncomfortable bed, with his head, which I found I could manage partially to support, resting on my knee.

"Joe," said I at last, "I don't like you to be kept up like this. No harm will come to Harry and myself if you leave us for a few hours and get some rest. You must be so very tired."

"I couldn't leave you, Miss," said Honest Joe; "the Doctor will come soon I hope. But 'tis the best thing in the world that master Harry is sleeping."

My hand was resting lovingly on the soft waves of Harry's golden curls, and though I could not see I could picture almost every line of the dear young face I had loved so well, from the hour when I went gladly into mamma's room to look at our new baby, through all the years that had passed away since then. My darling, wilful, yet ever precious brother. It was so very solemn. We three there alone with nature; Harry sleeping, I so busy thinking, and Honest Joe keeping faithful watch and ward over us both; while below us, we could hear at first the pulsing sobbing sea at lowest ebb; and then, when the tide had turned, running with quickened sound and eager haste into the fissures and crevices of the mighty rocks. The sea is like bells, it makes so many kinds of music, by the mere difference of

the time it keeps. Retreating from the shore, its volume spent, it sounds like a sad requiem over the dead mariners and treasures beneath its waves. Coming in, at full tide, it is like the joyous swell and swing of marriage bells or new year chimes, ringing gladly out upon the air.

And then spite of my surroundings and my firm intention to keep awake, I grew drowsy, lulled perhaps by the music of the sea. I forgot all about everything for a while, and when with a start I awoke it was to find that dawn had crept over the Pulpit Rock so slowly, so gradually as to be almost imperceptible in its progress, and was fast being succeeded by the rosy light of morning. Harry began to stir after his heavy sleep, and Honest Joe looked wan and haggard as I gazed at him.

"Hasn't my father come, Joe?" I asked, looking anxiously at poor Harry's pale face.

"No, miss; they couldn't have found your note, could they?" said Joe. "I think I'd better go after him."

"But you are *so* tired, good, kind Joe."

"I'm never too tired to do a service for the Doctor and them as belongs to him," said the generous-hearted man.

"Well, then, I should indeed thank you to fetch papa. I can't understand their not coming. But be sure they give you breakfast, Joe; you ought not to have to walk another step without some food. I was thoughtless not to bring more with me: how I wish I had!"

"Don't trouble, Miss. How be *you* feeling, Master Harry?" This Joe asked, turning to the dear boy whose eyes were awake now and watched him anxiously.

Harry only shook his head, and looked, I thought, rather strangely at our old friend.

"He wants more food badly; I'll be off," said Joe. When he was gone I spoke again to Harry.

"Darling, what is the matter?"

He had still the scared look that troubled me in his dear blue eyes. "Dorie," he said, and his voice was very weak and frightened, "do you think I shall die here?"

"No darling, I believe somehow or other papa or Fred will find means to get you out. It may hurt you a little, or even a good deal, but I feel sure they will do it."

We were silent after that for some minutes. I was wondering how far over Buzza Hill Joe's poor faltering but willing steps had reached by this time, and wishing help would come quickly, when Harry spoke again:

"Dorie, you won't tell, will you?"

"What, Harry?"

"What I told you, that I drank the grog, and got the sovereign."

"You must *promise* me then, never to break your pledge again."

"But I'm not a teetotaler now, Dorie, and don't mean to be; so I can't *break* it *again*."

"Oh! Harry," I said, sadly and reproachfully.

"Uncle Frank isn't, and he's ever so good."

"He isn't so *safe*, Harry."

"But you won't tell, all the same, Dorie? Promise me."

I was silent. "Dorie," said Harry, desperately, "if you are going to tell of me,

and make a row at home, you'd better not have come to me here ; you'd better have let me *die* in the Pulpit Rock."

"Dear boy, you are weak and ill, and in pain ; it would be cruel of me to argue with you now. I *must* do what I see right in this matter. How *can* you talk of a row at home, when you know that papa and mamma are as tender as they are firm when we go wrong ?"

"You don't love me as I thought you did, Dorie," said Harry, turning from me as far as he could, with tears in his blue eyes, and his young face, oh ! so white. Then my affection got the better of my judgment. What if he should die, and I had refused his last entreaty ?

"Harry, Harry," I cried, "I *will* keep your secret, darling—only always trust me, and tell me everything."

I had hardly finished speaking when I heard steps and voices from below, and presently my father called "Dorie ! Harry !" as he sprang like a boy over the stones, and stood before us on the Pulpit Rock. How good beyond all expression it was to see him there !

"Oh ! papa, I'm *so* glad you're come."

"So am I, Dorie. You must have been quite tired of waiting. We have left Joe behind : the good fellow is exhausted with all his efforts for us, and needs food and rest. But I have sent George to see if Fred is back, and Ernest is with me. I could hardly keep dear mamma at home when she knew you were here, Harry."

All the time papa spoke in his quiet, cheerful reassuring way, he was carefully examining the position of his youngest-born, and trying gently now a leg, now an arm, to dislodge him from his awkward position.

"You cannot bear a very hard pull, can you, Harry, because of your side being so wedged against the rock underneath ?"

"No, indeed, papa, I can't," he almost groaned ; "I don't think you'll ever be able to get me out."

"My dear little sonny," said papa, caressing his boy's bright curls, "ever is a very long time. First of all, you must take some food. This way, Ernest."

Ernest, with his gentle face very grave and concerned, opened a large biscuit-tin which he carried, and produced from it slices of bread and butter, ham sandwiches, coffee and milk, with cups and spoons. Papa supplied Harry for some minutes cautiously, carefully, slowly, and desired me also to take some breakfast.

"We should not have left you to your solemn night-watch, dear Dorie," said papa, "if only I had found your note on my return last night. I did not even go into the parlour, and of course I believed you to be sleeping safely : it was only when Rosie came this morning to tell me you were missing that we instituted a search in your room for some explanation ; and presently Hannah came up bringing your note which she had found lying on the parlour table. Joe's knock at the door came almost immediately after, as we were hurriedly preparing to set forth. Why, there's Fred !" We all heard the swift step and the well-known cheery voice calling out, "Coming, sir ; be with you in two minutes ;" and, as it were in succession to the voice, there stood the agile form of the young Scillonian before us. I don't think Fred was ever more welcome. Harry's eye brightened and his pale cheek flushed as Fred smiled at him.

(To be continued.)



And their children—what a contrast!"—Page 106.

THE CONTRAST.

JOHN and Robert Day are brothers ;
 Played they round one happy hearth,
 Shared each other's schoolboy labours,
 Shared alike each other's mirth.
 Cared for by one tender mother,
 Nurtured 'neath one father's eye,
 In a home of peace and plenty
 Happy childhood glided by.

Chose and learned they both together,
 Side by side, the same good trade ;
 And by care and perseverance
 Each a clever workman made.
 But at dawn of early manhood
 Drifted those young lives apart ;
 Each a new-found home established,
 New-born love inspired each heart.

O'er each head a bright sky shining,
 Each bark fanned by favouring gale,
 Left they childhood's peaceful haven,
 O'er life's treacherous sea to sail.
 Year by year sped swiftly onward,
 Changing seasons rolled away,
 Still those life streams separated :
 Ah ! how far apart to day !

In John's home, an earthly Eden,
 Pleasure reigneth night and morn ;
 Robert's is a scene of sorrow,
 Wretched, comfortless, forlorn.
 Sickiness, ask you ? nay, not sickness.
 Stern adversity ? not so.
 What then makes one home so happy,
 And the other full of woe ?

In one household white-robed Temper-
 Holdeth blessed, happy sway ; [ance
 From the other strong drink driveth
 Peace and comfort day by day.
 Robert's hard-earned money goeth
 To enrich the landlord's till ;
 John's with thrift and care is portioned,
 Home with happiness to fill.

And their children—what a contrast !
 Gentle Annie, pure, refined,
 Type of lovely, graceful girlhood,
 Fair, sweet face, and well stored mind ;
 Wonders why her uncle's children
 Look so wretched, wild, and rude ;
 Wishes she could see them better,—
 Longs and tries to do them good.

There is but one way to do it ;
 Annie, teach them, if you can,
 To abhor the drink, to shun it ;
 Foe to God, and curse to man.
 Take them by the hand and lead them
 To the Band of Hope with you ;
 In their hearts some seeds may enter
 Of the holy, pure and true.

Teach them that one half the sorrow,
 More than half the crime and vice
 That make wretched homes around us
 From the unhallowed drinks arise.
 Strive, and God will bless your efforts ;
 If the children you can lead,
 They may haply lead the parents,
 And their home be blest indeed.

E. C. A. ALLEN.

ON TO VICTORY,

O come and join the Temperance band
 And make the army strong !
 Against intemperance nobly stand,
 And force the tyrant from the land !
 To victory march along !

O let the Temperance banner wave,
 And sound the martial strain !
 Press forward ! there are souls to save
 From sin and from a drunkard's grave !
 Advance with might and main !

Ye sons of Britain, sprung from sires
 Who stemm'd tyrannic pride ;
 O do what Britain most requires,
 O do what highest heaven desires—
 Fight on the Temperance side !

The battle may be hard and long,
 But God is on our side,
 And He defends the right 'gainst
 wrong,
 Protects the feeble from the strong,
 If they in Him confide.

JOHN W. CLAY.

BY THE RIVER.



FLOW on, thou placid
stream, with peaceful
breast ;

Would that my heart were
pure and still like thine,
And not tormented with
this wild unrest,
These longings after things
which are not mine.

Slowly, but surely, thou
pursuest thy course ;
Thy settled purpose is to
reach the sea,
Which is to thee thy end
as well as source—
Whose wide expanse at
last will set thee free.

But as for me ; weak, worthless as a man,
Without a settled purpose in my life ;
Had I been wise, and followed out thy plan,
I should not now have groaned with inward strife ;
Nor mourned 'mid these fair scenes my sinful course,
Like thee, pure stream, I should have sought my Source.

DAVID LAWTON.

"LITTLE DROPS."

"Little drops, how sweet and pleasant,"
Says the world, "our life to cheer !
How they strengthen and refresh us,
How they drive away our fear !"
Yes ; but in those "drops" so pleasant
Lies a deeper deadlier sin
Than the evanescent pleasure
They who drink can find therein.

Deep below those "drops" so pleasant,
Deep below those "drops" so clear,
Lies the tempter's subtle poison,
All its stings are lurking there.
True, it seems a harmless pleasure,
Thus a "drop or two" to take ;
But, if they could look beyond it
What a conscience would awake !

If some harmless drops of water,
Dropping silently and lone,
In their silent steady droppings
Wear away a hardened stone,
Will not subtle drops of poison
Quench the thoughts our souls aspire ;
Dull our brightest, highest nature,
Deadened all our best desire ?

Touch it not, I pray you, brother,
Though it be a "little drop ;"
They who sport round brinks of pleasure
Know not when or where they'll stop.
You may play with Satan's baiting,
Madly playing without thought,
Till his net is twined around you
And you're in his meshes caught.

J. B. MAIN.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER TWO PRIZES, one value 6s. 6d., for the best, and one value 3s. 6d. for the second best collection of passages of Scripture disapproving of the use of wine and strong drink, and approving of total abstinence. The references, book, chapter, and verse, to be written in ornamental characters, and the passages to follow plainly written.

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; contributions to be solely their own productions, and be written on one side of the paper only, foolscap size, and must be sent to the Editors not later than July 1st.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

FLATTERY.

I.—CHARADE.

What treasure and wealth in my *first* lie concealed;
 What wonders of nature from these are revealed;
 Huge fossils embedded in ages long past,
 Strange shells and remains these recesses hold fast;
 How much that relates to 'our world and its birth
 Geology finds 'neath the crust of the earth.
 Clear my *second* as the rill
 Rippling down a sunny hill;
 Blue as yonder cloudless sky
 In its depths reflected lie.
 Green as Spring's young leaflets show,
 Changeful tints as Autumn's glow;
 Opal, amber, every hue
 That a rainbow ever knew.
 Vivid crimson gleams that shine
 As the hateful ruby wine;
 Pure and pearly as the snow
 On some grand old mountain's brow.
 Wrapped in velvet, set in gold,
 What countless wealth can I unfold.
 Glancing, gleaming, flashing, beaming,
 Like a thing of life in seeming;
 Brilliant, gorgeous, soft, subdued:
 Now what am I do you conclude?
 A mighty host in days of old,
 The men of Midian fierce and bold,
 By Israel chosen of the Lord,
 Were routed not with power of sword;
 But by my *whole* by Gideon planned,

EXTRAVAGANCE.

And his three hundred, a gallant band.
 The camp was wrapped in silence deep,
 The weary foemen locked in sleep,
 When suddenly rose a mighty sound
 That spread and echoed all around:
 For then was heard the thrilling clang
 Of trumpet notes that proudly rang,
 While pitchers crashed and lamps flashed out,
 Above the tumult a fearful shout
 Shook earth and air with its wondrous tone,
 "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."
 The startled foe fell on each other,
 In their dismay slew friend and brother;
 And far and wide at break of day
 The Israelites pursued their prey.

Ivy.

2.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A splendid stretches round
 Of hedge ... tree, and waterfall, and field,
 Not like the sunburnt soil of found,
 But sweet with and with flowers that yield
 Delicious odours and,
 From woody copse and breath of blossoming beans.
 Six words above omitted, if you take
 The first and final letters, they will make
 Two words to readers of ONWARD known,
 And often to the competitors shown.
 Discover them, and you are sure to see
 My first without my second cannot be.

G. J. BELL.

3.—CHARADE.

It was a lovely summer morn,
 My *first* was on the trees,
 Flashing back the sunny rays
 That lay along the leas.
 My *second* was in Meggie's eye,
 As through the corn we strayed,
 And gave new lustre to her cheek—
 My own delightful maid.
 My *whole* upon a hazel leaf
 Was gleaming gloriously,
 With many tints reflecting back
 The beauty of the sky. G. J. BELL.

4.—CRYPTOGRAPH.

R olev gsv xzfhw lu gynkvizmxv
 'Grh tlw zmw givf R pml d,
 Rg trevh z qlb zmw yovhhrmt
 Glnzmb z svzig lu dlv. T. E. H.

5.—CHARADE.

Each lad, should he my *first* become,
 Should strive to prove a noble one;
 His influence use to defend the right,
 And never cease for truth to fight.
 My *second* will your treasures hold;
 And long ago, in song we're told,
 A fair young bride slept her last sleep,
 Hiding in its recesses deep.
 An aspirate add to my *third*,
 A personal pronoun is the word
 'Twill make, and when they are combined
 My *whole* a well-known town you'll find.
 FRANCES.

6.—CHARADE.

My *first* you'll see is a part of the body
 Belonging to you and me;
 Now look at the photos of some of the kings,
 My *next* on them you will see.
 My *total* you'll find is an insect small,
 Which is well known to all men,
 With two little horns, and two beautiful
 wings:
 Of different kinds there are ten. MARIE.

7.—DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant.
 An article.
 A quadruped.
 A city in England.
 A flower.
 A river in Scotland.
 A consonant.

The centrals read downwards will give the
 name of an English city and county town.

R. W. COPEMAN.

8.—CRYPTOGRAPH.

Zreel, zreel yvggyr fcevat,
 Fcnexyr ba, fvnexyr ba:
 Evccyr, evccyr, fvyirel oebbx,
 Evccyr ba sbe zr.—G. E.

DEFINITIONS.

BENEVOLENCE.

The practical application of kindness and
 good-nature. S. H. McC.

A silent Christian feeling, which leads us to
 think of the wants of our fellow creatures.

C. GOADSBY.

The habit of mind which prompts the
 involuntary giving of that which we know by
 experience to be of intrinsic value. A. H.

PERSEVERANCE.

Perseverance may be explained by the four
 words "Try, try, try again." S. H. McC.

The only way in which we can mount the
 ladder of fame. ALICE S. CHAMBERS.

Constancy in progress of any design, which in
 due time will be accomplished. A. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On Pages 88 and 89.

1. Murder of Howel Sel, Lord of Nannan,
 by Owen Glendower, and his Squire Madog.

2. A third of thirty-six is six: thus, thi—rty-
 six. $6 \div 3 = 2$.

3. Donegal, Ujjil, Banff, Llandaf F, Ilfrac-
 combE, Normandy. Dublin, Liffey.

4. 1. Whale, Hale, Ale. 2. Chair, Hair,
 Air. 3. Shark, Hark, Ark. 4. Share, Hare,
 Are. 5. Shear, Hear, Ear. 6. Plate, Late,
 Ate. 7. Wheat, Heat, Eat. 8. Wheel, Heel,
 Eel.

5. Temperance, Gentleness.

6. C A M P 7. Beard, bread
 A L O E Breda.
 M O S T
 P E T S

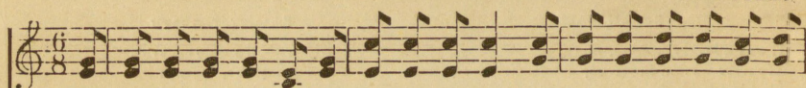
COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider
 break his thread twenty times, twenty times
 will he mend it again. Make up your mind to
 do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if
 troubles come upon you; keep up your spirit,
 though the day be a dark one.

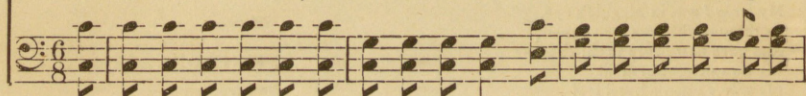
"Troubles never stop forever;
 The darkest day will pass away."

COME TO THE MOUNTAIN.

W. A. OGDEN.

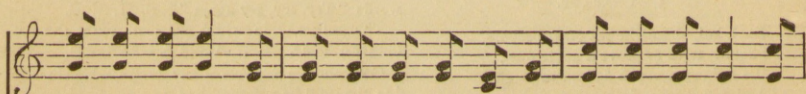


1. O come to the mountain, there's freedom and health Un-known to the dwell-ings of



KEY C.

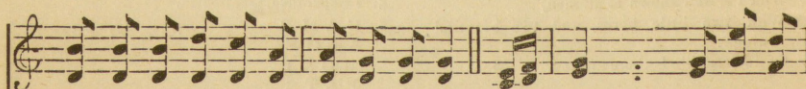
s	s	s	s	s	d'	d'	d'	d'	-	d'	r'	r'	r'	r'	d'	r'		
2. O	come	to	the	mountain,	the	first	blush	of	day	Shall	lead	us	a	-	far	from	the	
m	m	m	m	m	d	m	m	m	m	-	s	s	s	s	s	s	s	
d'	d'	d'	d'	d'	d'	s	s	s	s	-	d'	t	t	t	t	l	t	
3. There	light,	life,	and	li	-	e'er	may	be	found,	The	spi	-	rit	of	free	-	dom	seems
d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	-	m	s	s	s	s	s	s	



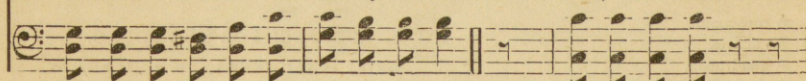
splen-dour and wealth; There's joy on the hills where the mer - ry winds blow, That



m'	m'	m'	m'	-	s	s	s	s	m	s	d'	d'	d'	d'	-	d'		
val	ley	a	-	way;	With	bu	-	gle	and	staff	we	the	mountain	will	climb,	Where		
s	s	s	s	s	m	m	m	m	m	d	m	m	m	m	m	-	m	
d'	d'	d'	d'	-	d'	d'	d'	d'	d'	d'	d'	s	s	s	s	-	s	
hov	'ring	a	-	round,	The	chamois	are	bound	-	ing	in	in	-	no	-	cent	glee;	There's
d'	d'	d'	d'	-	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	d	-	d	



ne'er can be found in the val - ley be - low. O come, come to the



t	t	t	r'	d'	l	l	s	s	s	-	m	f	Tra	la	la	la,	
men	walk	with	na	-	ture,	in	grandeur	sublime.			O	come,	come	to	the		
r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	r	d	r	m	-	m	s	f
s	s	s	fe	l	d'	d'	t	t	t	-			d'	d'	d'	d'	:
joy	on	the	moun	-	tain,	then	come	there	with	me.			Tra	la	la	la,	:
r	r	r	r	r	r	r	s	s	s	s	-		d	d	d	d	:

COME TO THE MOUNTAIN—continued.

moun - - tain, Tra la la la la la, Tra la la la la la,

Tra la la la, Tra la la la, Tra la la la,

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d' : - : - : s : - : - : t : t : t : t : l : t : d' : d' : d' : d' : t : l \\ \text{moun} - - \text{tain,} \quad \text{Tra la la la la la,} \quad \text{Tra la la la la la,} \\ m : - : - : m : - : - : f : f : f : f : f : f : m : m : m : m : s : f \end{array} \right.$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d' : d' : d' : d' : : r' : r' : r' : r' : : s : s : s : s : : \\ \text{Tra la la la,} \quad \text{Tra la la la,} \quad \text{Tra la la la,} \quad \text{Tra la la la,} \\ d : d : d : d : : s : s : s : s : : d : d : d : d : : \end{array} \right.$

Come, come to the moun - - tain, Tra la la la la la la la !.....

Tra la la la Tra la la la, Tra la la la, la !.....

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} s : - : - : s : m' : r' : d' : - : - : s : - : - : t : t : t : t : l : t : d' : - : - : - : - : \\ \text{Come, come to the} \quad \text{moun - tain,} \quad \text{Tra la la la la la} \quad \text{la !} \\ m : - : - : m : s : f : m : - : - : m : - : - : f : f : f : f : f : f : m : - : - : - : - : \end{array} \right.$

$\left\{ \begin{array}{l} d' : d' : d' : d' : : s : s : s : s : : r' : r' : r' : r' : : d' : - : - : - : - : \\ \text{Tra la la la,} \quad \text{Tra la la la,} \quad \text{Tra la la la,} \quad \text{Tra la la la,} \quad \text{la !} \\ d : d : d : d : : d : d : d : d : : s : s : s : s : : d' : s : m : d : - : \end{array} \right.$

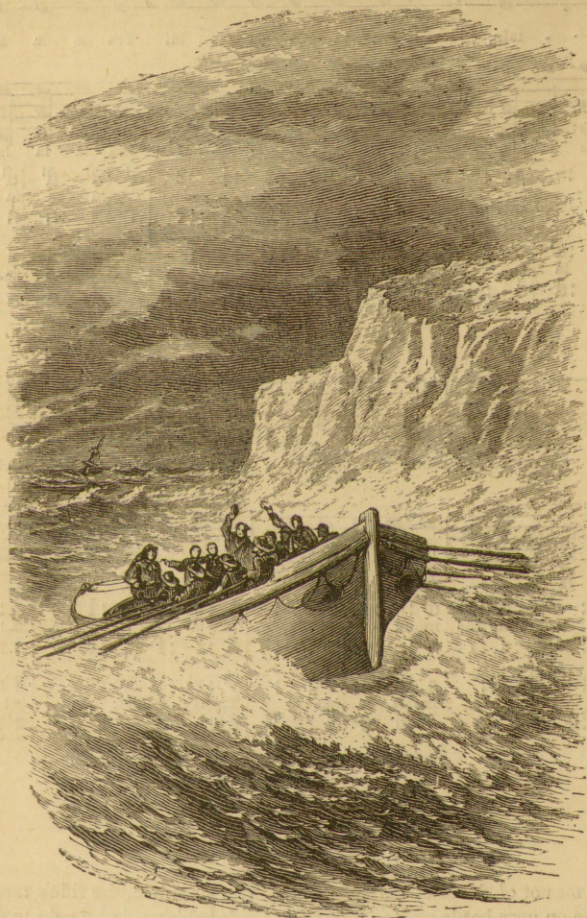
THE LIFEBOAT CREW.

TELL me not of deeds of daring
 Done on gory battle plains,
 Where the gun and sword unsparing,
 'Mid the din of martial strains,
 Fill the air with shrieks of madness.
 Cover o'er the fields with dead,
 Fill the lands with dearth and sad-
 ness—
 Earth with horrors overspread.

Deeds of bloodshed done for glory,
 Done to gain a brief renown,
 Should not live in song and story,
 Don't deserve the hero's crown.

[War's a crime, the rifle's rattle
 Is hell's music brought to earth ;
 And the tumult of the battle
 Tells us of its fiendish birth.

Nobler deeds than deeds of slaughter
 Should be sung in poet's song ;
 Every day on land and water
 Humble men of patience long,
 Full of noble, manly daring,
 Where they're needed fearless go,
 Death and danger freely sharing,
 Truest heroism show.



See the lifeboat crew go boldly
Forth to battle with the waves ;
And although the winds blow coldly
And the storm-tossed ocean raves,
Though the sinking ship's a stranger,
On they go the faithful band,
And in spite of every danger
Bring the wrecked ones safe to
land.

Deeds like theirs are worth relation,
Worth a place on history's page :
They deserve all admiration
By the youthful rising age.
Such are heroes, grandly, truly,
Fearless, firm, of dauntless will ;
For men own, when they judge duly,
Nobler 'tis to save than kill.

DAVID LAWTON.

RALPH RAYMOND'S RUSE;

OR, CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

BY T. H. EVANS, Author of

"A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

CHAPTER II.

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
 Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and courts,
 Given to redeem the human mind from error,
 There were no need of arsenals and forts.—LONGFELLOW.

ANOTHER page in the record of our lives is all but completed, for the ponderous wheel of time has moved slowly round, bringing us face to face with the evening on which Ralph and Gerald had agreed to meet. In a neatly furnished room, which bore evidence of the taste and refinement of its occupant, sat Ralph, poring intently over an important looking volume lying open on the table before him. He was surrounded with books, pamphlets and papers, and amongst them all, and within reach of his hands, stood a publican's pewter pot. Ralph was seated in such a position that any one entering the room would only get a side view of him. He was engaged in making notes on the margin of the book that so deeply interested him, each time putting the pencil, which was thick and rather short, into his mouth, and holding it there when not required for writing.

"Ah!" said Ralph, in a tone of admiration, "that *is* a fine passage; I'll put a mark against that, and read it to Gerald. If that does not convince him nothing will," he continued, speaking in a tone so loud and enthusiastic that I'm sure the two humble crickets who were chirping on the hearth could not have heard a word they were saying to each other. "Let me go over it again," said he, with increasing admiration, this time reading it aloud. "Even admitting that a little wine is beneficial and pleasureable, and that abstinence is an act of self-denial for the good of others, ought we not to gladly and cheerfully practise it, if by so doing we can save another from falling? *We* may experience no desire or temptation to drink immoderately, but others whom we could influence, do. If we are *strong*, ought we not to bear the burdens of those who are *weak*, and not live alone to please ourselves? How can we profess love for *Him*, or dare to call ourselves "followers" of *Him* who sacrificed *all* for us, even to His own life, so long as we remain unwilling to give up this small indulgence for the sake of others?" That is my view of the case exactly," said Ralph; and leaning back in the chair with the pencil still in his mouth, he fell into a reverie. Was he really in deep thought, or only listening? The opinion of a disinterested observer is always worthy of credence; we will therefore disclose the fact, that, just at this moment, there was a lull in the conversation among the tenants of the hearth, and one of them asserts most positively that he heard the sound of approaching footsteps ascending the stairs, but he had hardly chirped the discovery to his companion before the door was gently opened by Ann, and in stepped Gerald Kingsford.

But why does he stand hesitating upon the threshold, hat in hand, as if transfixed to the spot? Ann has departed, closing the door after her, and must by this time have got back to her duties in the kitchen. Yet there stands Gerald, with not a word or movement to break the strange silence of the room, which, by the by, was

not in perfect silence, for the two odd little gossips under the fender suddenly found so much to talk about that the sedate looking clock on the mantelpiece could hardly get a tick in edgeways.

Had this combination of sounds prevented Ralph from hearing the door open and shut? for there he sat, apparently quite unconscious that Gerald was gazing at him as if rooted to the spot. But why this strange conduct on the part of his visitor? We will explain.

Just as the door opened to admit Gerald, Ralph took the pencil from his mouth, and holding it between his fingers like a cigar, lifted the pewter pot to his lips and took a deep draught; then putting the pencil back in his mouth, went on reading. This was the scene that met Gerald's sight as the door opened. He could scarcely believe his own eyes. He was glued to the spot with amazement. Muttering something which sounded like, "What a hypocrite! I won't trouble him with my company," he quietly opened the door and departed.

"I wonder what the time is?" said Ralph, pulling out his watch about a quarter of an hour afterwards: "I've been so absorbed with this book, I quite forgot all about the time."

"'Tis a quarter past eight, actually. It strikes me Gerald does not intend to keep his promise. It is past the time appointed for him to be here, and as he lives only a street or two off, his non-appearance is a little strange. I'll send Ann to ask if he is at home."

Jumping to his feet, he rang the bell, and then began to pace the room. Presently, like a full-length portrait in a frame, Ann stood in the doorway; and it was a "speaking likeness" too, for a pleasant and respectful voice exclaimed "Did you ring, sir?"

"Yes, Ann," said Ralph, stopping within a yard of her: "I want you to go to No. 29, Wentworth Street, and ask to see Mr. Gerald Kingsford, and if——"

"What name did you say, sir?" said Ann, interrupting him.

"Mr. Gerald Kingsford," repeated Ralph.

"I'm quite sure he is not at home," said Ann, with a good-humoured smile.

"Why, bless the girl, what does she mean?" said Ralph, with an air of astonishment. "How do you know that Mr. Kingsford is not at home?"

"Well, sir," replied the domestic, a roguish twinkle gleaming in her merry eyes, "I fancy you are only making fun of me;" and advancing farther into the room, she began looking round in a mysterious manner, as if in search of some one. For a moment Ralph was too much amused by the girl's strange manner to make any reply, but contented himself with following her movements with his eyes, as she furtively peeped beneath the table; then putting the corner of her natty pink apron to her face, she giggled and listened, adding, as well as the repressed desire to laugh right out would allow, "You know he is not at home as well as I do. You are only making fun of me."

"I think that the fun, if there is any, is all on your side," said Ralph, hardly knowing whether to be pleased or angry; "for you keep giggling and peeping, and looking about in such a comical manner, I hardly know what to make of it. I shall be glad if you will explain what it all means."

"Do you really mean to say that Mr. Kingsford is not here?" she replied, lifting the corner of the table-cloth to have another peep.

"I don't mean to say anything," said Ralph, with slight severity of manner; "but require *you* to say, and at once too, the meaning of this strange conduct.

What reason have you for supposing that Mr. Kingsford is not at home?"

"Because I let him in here less than half-an-hour ago, and I've never heard him go out since;" said Ann, looking for the first time a little serious.

"Let him in here," said Ralph, slowly repeating the words. "What! in this room?"

"Yes, sir, in this very room, sir," was the reply.

"Nonsense, girl! you're dreaming," said Ralph.

"Oh! no, I'm not, sir," said Ann, in a positive yet respectful tone. "He came in here, and I shut the door after him, and left him here; I'm quite sure of that."

"Then I must have been asleep, or you have seen a ghost," said Ralph, looking as puzzled as he felt. "Look here, Ann. Have the kindness to go to Mr. Kingsford's at once and deliver my message: then, perhaps, we shall get at the truth in this mysterious affair."

"Oh! yes, sir, of course I'll go. But I know it won't be a bit of use," said Ann, closing her mouth and the door at the same time.

"It is a most remarkable delusion for the girl to labour under, for, of course, it *is* a delusion," said Ralph, talking to himself in a subdued tone. "It is quite certain he could not have entered this room without my seeing him. The fact is, he is afraid to come. I think he has a shrewd suspicion as to who will get the worst of the argument. Some people do not *wish* to believe anything different to that which they have always thought to be true. They *won't* be convinced. They make up their minds beforehand, that come what may in the shape of argument, they will stick to their old notions. These unreasonably obstinate people have generally one ever-ruling idea, behind which they ensconce themselves, and as soon as they find the enemy gaining upon them they run behind their pet aphorism or idea, and it is impossible to get at them except by crushing up the very fabric of their hiding place by a ruse or trick of some kind, thus leaving them standing revealed in all their nakedness; then they are *forced* to acknowledge a defeat. A little stratagem or manœuvre is sometimes invaluable in dealing with those who are proof against the reasoning of the logician and the eloquence of the orator. And Gerald is a sharper fellow than I take him to be, if he proves an exception to this pretty general rule. Hark!" said Ralph, holding his breath to listen. "I think I heard the street door shut. That's Ann, I expect." In another moment the door was opened by Ann, and in walked Gerald.

(To be continued.)

THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

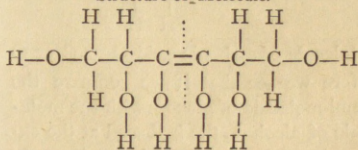
By F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., ETC.

ARTICLE IX.

A MOLECULE of grape sugar, or glucose, is composed of six atoms of carbon, twelve atoms of hydrogen, and six atoms of oxygen, so that the formula which expresses its composition is $C_6H_{12}O_6$, and there is strong reason for supposing that the atoms are arranged in the molecule thus:—

GRAPE SUGAR (GLUCOSE).

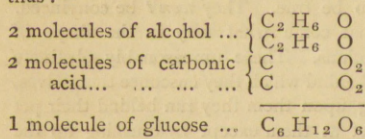
Structure of Molecule.



Here we see the two semi-molecules united together by the double bond of the two central carbon atoms, while on each side the atoms of carbon and hydrogen and oxygen are equi-symmetrically arranged, the end of the carbon chain in each half of the molecule being terminated by a semi-molecule of hydroxyl.

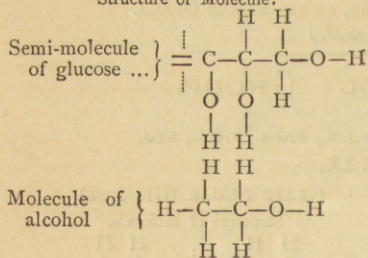
Under the action of fermentation this complicated molecule is broken up, and each semi-molecule yields one molecule of alcohol and one molecule of carbonic acid.

The nature of this change will be seen from the following equation, where the sugar molecule, whose composition is $C_6H_{12}O_6$, is broken up into two parts, viz., two molecules of alcohol and two molecules of carbonic acid, thus:—



We shall see the nature of the molecular change which has been produced better if we put down, one under the other, the symbolical representation of the structure of the three molecules, thus:—

Structure of Molecule.



Molecule of carbonic acid $O = C = O$

Here we see that if we compare the semi-molecule of glucose with the molecule of alcohol, the hydroxyl at the extremity of the chain remains unchanged;

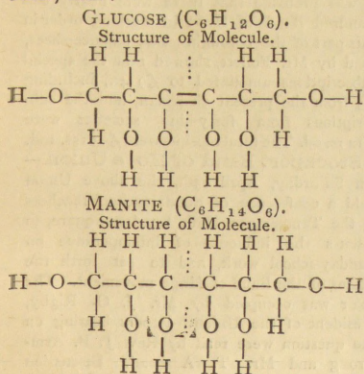
but in the central carbon nucleus the two molecules of hydroxyl are removed, and the two atoms of hydrogen which they contained directly united to the carbon atoms, while the remaining carbon atom has united with the two atoms of oxygen, with two double bonds, which are indicated by the double bars = forming a molecule of carbonic acid.

From this it will be seen that it is quite impossible for the alcohol to exist, as such, in the glucose molecule, because the number of bonds possessed by the component atoms are known; and if the hydrogen atoms, in the glucose molecule, were directly united with the carbon atoms of the central nucleus, in the same way as they are arranged in the alcohol molecule, no bonds would be at liberty by means of which the remaining carbon atom and the two atoms of oxygen could be united in the atomic chain, and these three atoms would therefore exist as carbonic acid, since they neutralise each other's bonds; that is, the four bonds of the carbon atom would neutralise the four bonds of the two oxygen atoms, and there would be no bond left by which they could be united in the glucose molecule. Since, however, we find them united in this molecule, it is an absolute certainty that these atoms are not arranged as in carbonic acid, and the other atoms are therefore not arranged as in alcohol, otherwise the carbonic acid would be liberated at once, as is always the case during the process of fermentation, when the carbonic acid is continually escaping as soon as ever it is formed.

We know also that the carbon does not exist in the glucose molecule in the form of carbonic acid, because, by a suitable process of oxidation, we can obtain oxalic acid, a substance which contains the oxygen atoms united in it by one bond only, or, as we say, in a

lower form of oxidation than in carbonic acid, where the oxygen atoms are united to the carbon atom by two bonds each; and as it is impossible to obtain a lower degree of oxidation from a higher by any process of oxidation, we know that the remaining atoms in the glucose molecule are certainly not arranged in the same way as in a molecule of alcohol.

In addition to this evidence we can change the glucose into a peculiar substance called manite, which differs from glucose by containing two atoms of hydrogen more. If the glucose is acted upon by nascent hydrogen that is, hydrogen in an active condition, as it escapes from combination with another substance, and where the atoms are single, and, therefore, with their bond unengaged, the two carbon atoms, which form the central group in the glucose molecule, and which are united by two bonds, each unite with one hydrogen atom, while the carbon atoms themselves remain united by one bond instead of two. We shall see the nature of this change better if we place the two molecules one beneath the other, thus:—



If any of the carbon existed in the glucose molecule in the form of carbonic acid this change would be impossible, because it would necessitate the tearing asunder of the carbon and oxygen atoms by the action of the hydrogen, or, in other words, the destruction of a powerful combination by the action of a weaker one, a condition of things which we never find to occur in the whole range of chemical investigation. The glucose molecule, therefore, does not contain the atoms arranged as in carbonic acid, and the remaining atoms are not therefore arranged as in alcohol; so that alcohol does not exist in the glucose out of which it is formed by the process of fermentation.

The two questions which we proposed to answer at the commencement of our papers are therefore now replied to, since we have seen that ethylic or deutylic alcohol is a definite compound which is composed of two atoms of carbon, six atoms of hydrogen, and one of oxygen; and we have further seen the manner or mode in which the atoms are in all probability arranged within the molecule.

We have also seen from a variety of considerations, which might be very much extended, that the alcohol does not exist in the sugar out of which it is made by the process of fermentation, and since the peculiar character of fermentation, which is called vinous, and yields deutylic alcohol, never takes place except under the superintendence or by the agency of man, we are compelled to place alcohol under the head of artificial products, for which man is solely responsible, and in no sense can it be considered as "a good creature of God."

(To be continued.)



Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union Bazaar.—The great enterprise and vigorous Band of Hope work carried on by this Union has made it famous throughout the kingdom. Labouring amid the dense populations of Lancashire and Cheshire it is working strenuously to promote the Band of Hope movement in every town and district in the two counties. This fact alone entitles the Union to the warmest sympathy and assistance of all temperance friends and Band of Hope workers in the locality; but when we state that this Union publishes and sustains the "ONWARD" magazine, "Onward Reciter," and a large supply of most approved Band of Hope requisites which circulate throughout the country, we think it may justly appeal for help to all Band of Hope friends and workers in the kingdom. We understand the bazaar, which is to be held about October, is to clear off a debt of some £20, and to raise a fund which will enable the committee to prosecute the work of the Union successfully. We wish them God speed.

Leicestershire Band of Hope Union.—The spring conference of the above Union was held on April 1st, at Blaby, in the old Baptist Chapel, when there was a large attendance, Rev. J. Bateman presiding. Mr. C. Skinner, one of the secretaries, read a very encouraging report of the Union's operations. It stated that new branches had been opened at Glenfield and Earl Shilton, and a conference of Sunday-school teachers had met at Whetstone. Reports were received from the various Bands of Hope represented. Mr. T. Palmer, agent to the Union, read a paper on Band of Hope management, and recommended weekly meetings, registration of members, a carefully arranged and judicious weekly varied programme, attention to music and singing, scientific experimental addresses, circulation of sound temperance literature (the children to be the mediums), a prompt visiting of absent members, and an encouraging of the children to write speeches and essays. The paper concluded with some remarks on the modes of admitting the children to membership. A discussion followed, in which Messrs. Wicks, Bridgewater, Lee, Nutman, Langham, and others took part. At 6 p.m. a large company

sat down to tea in the same building, and at 7 o'clock a public meeting was held in the new Baptist Chapel, Ald. G. Anderson in the chair. Earnest addresses were delivered by the Revs. A. James, J. Lemon, and T. F. Rawlings. The proceedings throughout were very successful. The Union appears to be making satisfactory progress.

Lambeth Band of Hope Union.—The annual meeting of this Union was held on Tuesday, April 16th, in Peckham Park Road Chapel, under the presidency of Mr. George Livesey, C.E. Mr. Percy Selway, joint secretary with Mr. H. G. Follett, read the annual report, which stated that during the year many special and aggregate meetings have been held. During the year twenty new societies have been added, making the present number sixty-two, with an average attendance at the ordinary meetings of 4,300. The committee have as far as possible complied with the requests for honorary speakers, and the secretaries had attended a large number of anniversary and other special meetings. There were still a large number of societies in the district whose officers have not seen their way to become associated with the Union, and it was probable that there were nearly one hundred Bands of Hope in working order in this part of the borough. The balance-sheet, read by Mr. Follett, showed that the special subscriptions amounted to £9 4s., including £5 from the present chairman, and the subscriptions from forty-nine societies were £12 1s. 6d. The total receipts were £63 15s. 10d.

Stockport Band of Hope Union.—On Saturday, April 13th, the above Union held a conference of Sunday-school teachers in the Temperance Hall, London Square, to discuss the influence of intemperance on Sunday-school work, and to set forth the claims of the Band of Hope movement. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. O. Rigby, president of the Union. Papers bearing on the question were read by Rev. J. B. Armstrong and Mr. T. Adshead. Discussion followed, in which the Rector of Stockport and the Rev. E. Alty, also Messrs. Crossley, Prestwich, Jones, Unsworth, Williams, Clarke, Shore, and Schofield took part. Messrs. W. Hoyle, G. S. Hall, and J. W. Cummins

attended as a deputation from the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union. The following resolutions were carried unanimously:—"This conference considers that the good resulting from the labours of Sunday-school teachers is often neutralised by the influences of the public-house." "This conference considers a well-conducted Band of Hope a useful auxiliary of a Sunday-school, and pledges itself to do everything in its power to establish and sustain such an organisation wherever practicable."

Chelsea and Westminster Band of Hope Union.—The annual business meeting and conference in connection with this Union was held in Gunter Hall, Chelsea, on Friday, April 12th. The Rev. John Morgan presided. This being the first annual meeting, the report and balance-sheet, which were read by the secretary, Mr. J. B. Rosevear, included the operations of the Union from its formation in November, 1876, to March 31st, 1878. It appeared that there were 36 Bands within the district, 22 of which had become affiliated. Only 26 societies sent in returns, which showed a membership of 2,538 children, with an average weekly attendance of 1,655; 1,010 meetings have been held, and 1,440 pledges registered. An excellent paper was read by Mr. F. A. Edwards (late hon. secretary to this Union), entitled, "The Work of a Band of Hope Union."

Bradford Band of Hope Union.—The offices of the Union have been removed to more commodious premises at the Temperance Hall, Leeds Road, and the event was celebrated on Saturday, April 13th. After a social tea, a conference of temperance workers was held, when a paper was read by Mr. J. Bentley, registrar of Sion Band of Hope, on "The Necessity of Systematic Visitation of Band of Hope Members." A very animated and practical discussion followed. Mr. Martin Field, who presided, remarked that every step taken by the Union had been progressive, and he believed its position now was more advanced than at any previous period of its history. The Union now comprised sixty-six Bands of Hope in Bradford and neighbourhood, almost all of which were in a healthy and prosperous state.

Leeds.—The children belonging to the various Bands of Hope in Leeds and the district assembled in front of the Town-hall, in celebration of their usual demonstration on Good Friday. Some of them had bands of music, others wagons representing the different phases of a drunkard's home, and others flags and banners inscribed with suitable devices and mottoes. Mr. J. Rawcliffe acted as con-

ductor, and under his direction a variety of pieces were well sung, and elicited the warm encomiums of the immense audience, which at this time numbered from 15,000 to 20,000 persons. The total number of children who took part in the demonstration was 5,552, as against 4,300 last year, and there were 236 banners and 20 carts.

Glossop District Band of Hope Union.—On Monday, April 29 the Annual Spring Festival was held in the Mount Pleasant school. There was an excellent attendance, the Rev. G. Sadler presided, and Mr. W. H. Whitehead delivered an address, and rendered good service in the musical part of the entertainment.

PUBLICATION DEPARTMENTS IN CONNECTION WITH BANDS OF HOPE.

Liverpool Temperance and Band of Hope Union.—A Conference of Temperance workers was held in the Y.M.C.A. Rooms on April 11. Tea was served at 6.15. A short business meeting followed, after which the Conference was opened with Thos. Crossfield, Esq., in the chair. A paper was read by Mr. T. E. Hallsworth, Hon. Sec. of the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, on "Publication Departments in connection with Bands of Hope." An animated discussion followed, and a resolution was passed, asking the Union to establish an agency for supplying the various Bands of Hope taking up the work.

The Committee of the Union, acting upon this resolution, have issued a circular to their societies, stating that they have decided to establish an agency if a sufficient number of orders be promised; they recommend a number of magazines, and offer to allow the full discount of 25 per cent. The circular urges the societies to form "Publication Departments" on the plan suggested in the pamphlet published at our offices, a copy of which they send them. We hope to hear that the plan has been universally adopted by the Liverpool Societies.

DR. RICHARDSON'S LESSON BOOK.

ONE of the most encouraging signs of progress is the growing desire to make our day-school children familiar with the nature and physiological action of alcohol. Many school boards, following the example of the London School Board, have resolved to use Dr. Richardson's Lesson-Book in their schools. Among recent instances are the following:—The Acton School Board; Mynyddislwyn (Monmouthshire); Newcastle (Staffordshire); Edinburgh; Woolstanton.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A LAD crawled into a sugar hogshead, and his first exclamation was, "Oh, for a thousand tongues!"

OLIVER GOLDSMITH said: "I have known a Spanish nobleman with more names than shirts."

"LEAVE you, my dear friend," said a tipsy fellow, clinging to a lamp-post on a dark night—"leave you in a condition not to take care of yourself—(hic)—never!"

A MINISTER annoyed his congregation by constantly referring to the Apostle Paul, and asking the question, "Where, then, shall we put him?" At last an elderly gentleman arose and said, "As I am going home, you may put him in my pew."

IN the midst of a stormy discussion, a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically, he began: "Gentleman, all I want is common sense." "Exactly," interrupted another, "that is precisely what you do want."

WHEN Longfellow was presented to Mr. Longworth, of Cincinnati, the latter remarked: "There is no great difference in our names." "Yes," replied Mr. Longfellow, "but worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

AMIALE mother: "Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil, with orange in it." Doctor: "Now, remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me." Tommy (who has been there before): "Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the doctor."

THE greatest joiner—the lawyer. He can place a tenant, impanel a jury, box a witness, bore the Court, chisel a client, augur the gains, floor a witness, cut his board, nail the case, hammer the desk, file his bill, and shave a whole community.

WINE makes fools of everybody.

ONE may tell by your nose what pot-tage you love.

DRINK washes off the daub and discovers the man.

A MAN used to little misfortunes can get along very well with big ones.

To be angry, is to revenge the fault of others upon ourselves.

INTEMPERANCE is the doctor's wet nurse.

DRUNKENNESS is nothing but voluntary madness.

WHY is the letter P like a selfish man?—Because it is the first in pity and the last in help.

IN life it is difficult to say who do you the most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best.—*Bulwer Lytton.*

WE should make the same use of a book that the bee does of the flower: she steals sweets from it but does not injure it.

SLOTH is an inlet to disorder, and makes way for licentiousness. People that have nothing to do are quickly tired of their own company.

DEAN SWIFT said: "It is with narrow-souled people as with narrow-necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out."

DESTROY ITS RESPECTABILITY.—As long as you make drinking respectable, drinking customs will prevail; and the ploughshare of death, drawn by terrible disaster, will go on turning up the whole continent, from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkards' graves.—*Rev. Dr. Talmage.*



"I PAUSED AWHILE."

I PAUSED awhile to watch the torrent roll,
 Awed by the sound of its resistless tide,
 Which seemed to heave and sigh like my poor soul ;
 And listening to its moans and sobs, I cried,
 "O, foaming waters, how ye toss about—
 Fit emblem of the restless human mind,
 Which knows no peace from anxious fears and doubt
 Till it, like you, the source it seeks doth find.
 Ye moan and sob for very weariness,
 And long to be at rest in ocean old ;
 And so man's spirit ever mourns, unless
 God doth with His Almighty arms enfold ;
 And once within His loving, strong embrace,
 It needs and seeks no other resting-place."

DAVID LAWTON.

RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistake," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VII.

A TRIP TO PENZANCE.

"ALL right, Master Harry," said Fred; "we've been in some queer places together, haven't we? Here's another. I'm just back in time. Only landed on the Pier a quarter-of-an-hour ago, and heard something of what had happened, so came off at once. He's 'fixed' in awkward, as the Americans say; but we'll have him out, sir." Fred went round to the other side of the rock without another word, and pushed, while papa tried to draw Harry's body forward in front; but the poor child grew whiter, moaned piteously, and then fainted.

"What *can* be done, sir? We can't get him out by pulling without a terrible bit of a wrench," said Fred, in his quick, decisive way, running round to my father again.

"We must recover him from this fainting-fit first, then cheer him up a little, and then administer chloroform," said my father.

"Shall I fetch it, papa?" asked Ernest.

"I have come prepared, my dear boy."

This plan was carried out, but so firmly was the dear form wedged into the rock, all the more so probably from the efforts he had made at first to free himself, that it was found quite impossible thus to accomplish his extrication. By this time quite a little crowd of our kindly neighbours from St. Mary's had gathered on the down, and were standing about in groups, devising vain plans of deliverance. Fred, who with my father, Honest Joe, Ernest, George and myself, was on the platform of rock with poor Harry, was the swiftest to devise new schemes. "Suppose we were to blast, sir?" he said at last, suggesting a forlorn hope. "A little dynamite might do the business."

"Yes," said Honest Joe, in a whisper, "and it might take off the dear head of him." After saying this, Joe turned, and, rather to my surprise, limped away from us, slipping over the ledges of rock to the downs below, and so off in the direction of Old Town and his house.

"It is too great a risk," said my father, thoughtfully. Then he turned to me, and spoke so that I only could hear, "Dorie, be brave and tell me; can a man do best with two arms or two legs? To save this dear boy's life we must cut off either the one or the other."

My blood turned cold, and my heart seemed to stand still within me, and papa's kind, firm hand held me fast to strengthen me. After a pause I replied, "He needs two legs most, I think, papa. But, oh! can *nothing* else be done? Do wait a little, papa. Has everything been thought of? Can you not give *him* the choice? Oh! if God would only put it into somebody's mind to suggest some other thing."

"Give *him* the choice?" repeated papa. "Dorie, that would be too hard upon him; I must judge for him. My God has given me this task." My father's low groan of anguish, as he turned his head aside from me, told me how much pain the

idea he had propounded cost him. "Dorie," he resumed, turning again to me, and wringing my hands in his, "I think I never understood before to-day what Abraham felt on Mount Moriah. Oh! that God would in His mercy once more provide the ram for the burnt offering! My little Harry! Dorie, I cannot do it; I cannot mutilate my own flesh and blood, my beloved one's child!"

Poor papa! What could I say to these passionate heart-wailings? I could only squeeze and stroke his dear hand, and say softly, "If it be possible, take this cup away from us."

After a little time of intense, agonising suspense and conflict, my father said, "Dorie, my child, I will go down amongst our good townfolk; I will try if any one of them all can devise any means to avert this calamity. Sit beside Harry, Dorie; support his dear head upon your knee; cheer him if possible."

As he turned to go down, he met Honest Joe, holding in his hands several chisels and a sack.

"What now, Joe?" said papa, in surprise.

The poor fellow's face was radiant when with difficulty he lifted his head so as to look my father full in the face.

"See here, doctor, it all was given to me what to do. Put the sack over Master Harry, that no bits may get in his dear eyes, and then let's chip away at the stone. If it takes a brave long time, yet it can be done, I reckon, at last. Chip away this side and that side, eh, mates?" And he turned from his platform on the Pulpit Rock to speak to the crowds below. Never did brilliant orator or preacher receive a heartier burst of applause than came from the little crowd which formed the audience of Honest Joe.

"Thee'st hit it, Joey!"

"Thee'rt a brick, Joey!"

"Hurrah for Joey!"

Such were the goodnatured, familiar words of cheer that greeted him. As for my father, the tears chased each other fast over his dear face as he blessed the man for his thoughtfulness and good sense.

"Oh, Dorie, where was my faith? God *has* provided Himself a ram for a burnt offering."

It was, of course, a slow and tedious operation. Poor Harry, encased in the sack, was beguiled from weariness by one and another in turn. We children told him marvellous or interesting stories. George developed quite an imaginative genius in his determination to amuse Harry; and Fred, when he wasn't chipping, was almost always talking to Harry. Relays of men came and went, working at night by the light of lanterns, which caused strange flickering shadows to dance over the great rocks. Every day we went to see Harry; even dear mamma, by a great effort of her feeble strength, visited him twice during his enforced tarriance at the Pulpit Rock. And as hope grew stronger Harry's usually gay spirits rose, and he was sometimes like his old playful self again, making fun about the sack, and about his being a second Tom Butt with his bed in a new place—the Pulpit Rock.

The chipping was getting at last very close to Harry, so close that the men had to be specially careful not to injure the immured boy. Either Fred or Joe, as well as my father or brothers, took care to be always present now, watching carefully on both sides.

I remember reading accounts of the joy felt by the two parties of men tunnel-

ling under mountains when they hear each other's voices, and the sound of the neighbouring tools, and know they have nearly met and conquered their difficulty. Something like that, only a deeper joy, was in the hearts of Fred Tresize and Honest Joe opposite to him when their chisels grated against each other in the Pulpit Rock, and papa lifted Harry's arm from his bruised side, and said, "He's free!"

A few more strokes, and then my father took his rescued child in his arms, unutilated, uninjured beyond what rest and skill might by God's blessing amend, and uttered a deep "Thank God!"

Our band pervaded the town that happy evening, playing triumphant marches, and on the following Sunday there was a thanksgiving service at both church and chapel for our darling's deliverance. We all went to one place in the morning and to the other in the evening; grandpapa and aunt Dorothea came from St. Agnes to go with us.

Harry was very weak, poor boy, and his arm and side that had been squeezed hurt him a good deal; so after two or three weeks papa prescribed for him a thorough change of air and scene. When sundry letters had been exchanged between St. Mary's and Penzance, it was announced that Harry and I were to visit grandpapa and grandmamma Trevan, and stay with them all through the winter.

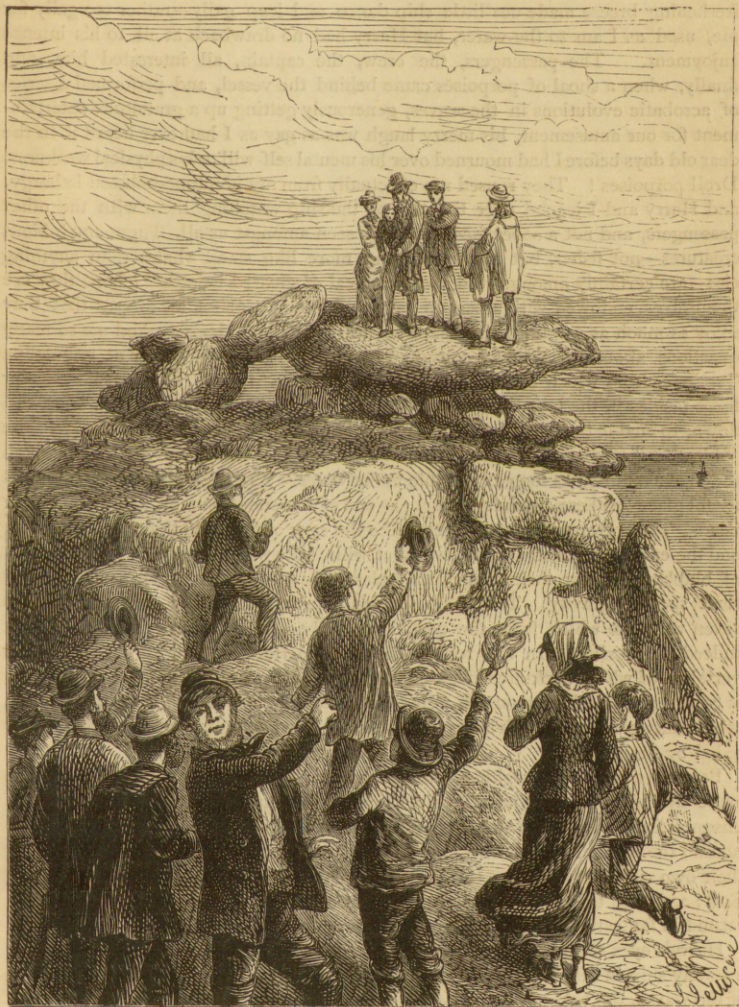
Boxes and portmanteaus were packed, various farewell visits were paid to St. Agnes, and nurse and our other friends; the captain of that admirable and fast sailing steamer "The Lady of the Isles" was duly informed of our intention to become his passengers, and many prognostications concerning the probable weather we should have for our trip were indulged in. Through the good-nature of the presiding genius of the observatory on Morning Point, even telescopic observations were taken of the far-away coast of Cornwall. At last, all being ready, and the appointed day having arrived, we were folded again and again in dear mamma's arms with many tender parting injunctions. Our gentle Rosie was kissed, and left at home to take care of the dear mother, while papa, Ernest, George, and Lottie, each carrying some article of our luggage, all accompanied us to the pier, with Tom the surgery boy and our good Hannah in the rear conveying my trunk. It was a fine though somewhat dull morning, with a fresh breeze coming up, and a promise of blue sky and sunshine in the breaking clouds. It was low tide, so we had to make a short transit from the pier to the steamer in our dear old "Shag," which Fred had waiting for us at the steps.

"I wish the boat a better office than to take you away from us, Miss Trevan," he said, politely, as he helped me out of it and up into the steamer; "a fair wind to you and a pleasant voyage."

I do so dislike partings, and we had so many of them that morning. Home surely never seems quite so fair to us, the dear home faces never quite so dear, as when we must leave them, even for a visit to other relatives and to a second home. We stood and waved to the little group upon the pier as long as we could possibly discern them, and then we were off, and I hid my face and cried, till I remembered Harry was my charge, and I must attend to his comfort.

"Don't cry, Dorie," said my darling brother, just as I had come to the conclusion that I was acting selfishly; "it's horribly dismal if you cry, and I want it to be a jolly voyage."

"So do I, Harry."



"A FEW MORE STROKES, AND THEN MY FATHER TOOK HIS RESCUED CHILD
IN HIS ARMS."—Page 124.

Our route lay between St. Agnes and our own dear island, round Penninis Head, and past the Pulpit Rock, the scene of Harry's enforced incarceration ; he could not look at it yet without a shudder ; then on into the broad Atlantic, where the freshening breeze made our little ship dance and leap gaily—rather too gaily for me, used as I am to the water, but Harry had no drawback at all to his intense enjoyment. The passengers, the crew, the captain, all interested him, and finally, when a shoal of porpoises came behind the vessel, and performed a series of acrobatic evolutions in the waves, generously getting up a gratuitous entertainment for our amusement, his merry laugh was as gay as I had ever heard it in the dear old days before I had mourned over his mental self-will or his physical weakness. Droll porpoises ! They roused me effectually from my Neptune-induced lethargy, and Harry and I leaned over the side of the ship watching them with the other passengers, and not a sober face was to be seen amongst us all. These amphibious creatures—not fishes, but mammalia, and more like small whales than anything else—are certainly amongst the most comical of created beings. I hope they are themselves endowed with a certain sense of humour, or at all events that they enjoy as much as we did their absurd aquatic leapfrog. Harry asked me so many questions about them that I consulted a book on natural history at grandpapa Trevan's, from which I found out several interesting facts. Their great muscular force resides in the tail, the action of which, contrary to that of the fish, is up and down, to enable them to raise themselves quickly to breathe their necessary air. The “blowing” of whales and porpoises is caused by their forcing out the breath which they have retained as long as possible under water. Their nostrils are in the most useful place for these animals—not at the end of the snout, but on the tops of their heads. Their eyes are in construction like the eyes of fish, and their ears are small, and the external aperture can be closed at will. Like whales, porpoises have a layer of blubber between their skin and muscles—one of the uses of which is to lessen their specific gravity. The whale species appear to have no neck, because the seven vertebræ which form the neck are closely compressed together, as closely indeed as possible. In this respect they are a perfect contrast to the giraffe, the vertebræ of whose neck are elongated to the greatest possible extent. The porpoise is carnivorous, and lives on fish. It seldom exceeds five feet in length. Its flesh was formerly esteemed a delicacy, and used at city banquets, but has been superseded by the turtle.

Before we had done laughing at the porpoises, the interesting points of the voyage came in sight ; we were nearing old England now, and everything interested us, unsophisticated travellers that we were. The Wolf or Guelph Rock, with its light-house ; the Runnel Stone, with its bell buoy on which the waves play incessantly their own sad, sweet music ; the Long Ships Island, with its lighthouse, off Land's End ; and then the glorious rock-bound coast of Cornubiensis, alias Cornwall, only second in fantastic wildness and grandeur of outline to our own dear Cassiterides.

Harry's eyes were bright, and his dear face aglow with pleasure, as we watched a stately ship in full sail glide majestically by, standing out to sea like the empress of the waves, the bride of Neptune, attired in her pure white robes which glistened in the sunlight with fair and royal splendour.

Past Tol Pedn, Penwith, and Logan Rock, and Lamorna Cave : past many another noted rock and creek and cove, all bathed in glorious sunlight ; part of the coast-line green and beautiful to the water's edge, but mostly bare and jagged and grey and stern, with sad stories of shipwreck written on its hoary brows, our

gallant "Lady of the Isles" steams on industriously towards lovely Mount's Bay, with its fair St. Michael's Mount in bold outline against the bluest of autumn skies—past quaint Mousehole, the fishing-village that nestles in the rocks and climbs the cliffs—on, till the white houses and terraces and buildings and the long esplanade of delightful Penzance lie spread before our view.

"There's grandpapa, isn't it, Dorie?" cries Harry, excitedly, as he recognises, amongst the group awaiting our arrival on the pier, a sturdy, square-built figure attired in sailor-like costume, surmounted by a 'sunburnt face, whose single arm is vigorously waving a red silk pocket-handkerchief as the signal of welcome.

(*To be continued.*)

SABBATH REST.

Sweet is the rest that's to be found
Upon the Sabbath day,
When tranquil peace, with gentlesway,
Reigneth o'er everything around.

Oh, all mankind should thankful be
That God hath given the day of rest,

When none by toil should be oppress'd
When all from labour should be free !]

The Sabbath day to man is given
As foretaste sweet of rest above,
Where all is perfect peace and love;
So pass we to our rest in heaven.

JOHN W. CLAY.

"Holiness unto the Lord" on a Rum-cask.

THE Rev. Baron Stow on one occasion preached from the words, "In that day shall there be upon the bells of the horses, Holiness unto the Lord," etc. The sermon was of a practical character, and enforced the truth that in every transaction of life, in everything in which we engage, this should be the great principle which should govern us. "Inscribe these words," he said, "on every implement of trade; on the yard-sticks upon your counters; upon your scales and measures; let it be written at the head of every page of your day-book and ledger—'Holiness unto the Lord.'"

There was a man in that audience—a stranger—who was largely engaged in the rum traffic.

As Mr. Stow closed his sermon, he said, "Some one has remarked that you can judge of the propriety of an idea if you can paint it on the wall. Let us apply this text; inscribe over the door of the house of God, 'Holiness unto the Lord,' nothing could be more proper; let it be inscribed over your court-houses, your school-houses and colleges, over your hospitals and charitable [institutions, and nothing could be more suitable; but suppose we inscribe over the entrance to a drinking saloon, or a gambling house the words, 'Holiness unto the Lord;' or suppose we go down on the wharf and inscribe on those casks of liquid fire that burn men's bodies and destroy their souls, 'Holiness unto the Lord!'"

He closed here. That rumseller went out cursing the preacher and the sermon. Why, he only asked the question how the words "Holiness unto the Lord" would look inscribed on a rum-cask; but that single question had a more terrible effect on that man's conscience than a whole hour's denunciation of the rum traffic.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER TWO PRIZES, one value 6s. 6d. for the best, and one value 3s. 6d. for the second best descriptive paper. Subject, "How I spent a day at the sea side."—Length, about 500 words. CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; contributions to be solely their own productions, and be written on one side of the paper only, foolscap size, and must be sent to the Editors not later than August 1st.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

DECEIT.

DESPAIR.

1. BIBLICAL MENTAL PICTURE.

THE corn was ripening throughout the land,
As many a sun-browned reaper band
Went forth with shouting and song between,
To wield the scythe or the sickle keen,
But another harvest was gathered in,
The bitter fruits of a father's sin;
When the time of "barley harvest" was nigh
Seven youthful princes were led to die,
And while that morn so joyously fair,
Seven corpses swung in the clear, pure air
A woman watched the ghastly sight
Which crushed her heart with a withering
blight;
Picture her sorrow, her anguish and pain,
For she was the mother of two of the slain.

Her home had once a palace been,
Her dress of costly silken sheen,
With all that wealth and art could bring
To deck the favourite of a king:
What thoughts of future hopes and joys
Had gathered around her princely boys,
The sons of a king—of royal race—
Growing in strength and youthful grace.

Now there was only the changeful sky
Above her head for canopy;
Coarse sackcloth on the bare rock spread,
Her rest by day, by night her bed,
Her self-set task to watch the dead.
From far the eagle his prey espied;
Fierce vultures hovered on every side;
Hoarse ravens came for a horrid feast,
And with savage bird came fiercer beast;
She hears the wolf and jackal howl,
As round that lonely rock they prowl;

Can her weak arms drive far away
The hungry wretches, mad for prey?
They can! that woman's feeble hands
Are nerved as though with iron bands,
Stronger in strength of mother love
Than beast below or bird above;
And for the sons she could not save,
Those forms denied an honoured grave,
She fights as but the desperate can,
Who have no hope or help in man.

She kept her vigil through summer heat,
Through autumn rains, till the bitter sleat
Was cast from winter's pitiless hand—
And the tale was told in Israel's land,
Till it reached the ears of Israel's king,
And he sought to end this mournful thing.
For love of the friend of long ago,
His messengers through the country go,
To gather the bones of that scattered race,
And lay them all in one resting-place.

IVY.

2.—CHARADE.

A most peculiar word am I,
Composed of letters seven;
To find me out I hope you'll try
Before the answer's given.
Two *firsts* will form a little word,
A pronoun, masculine gender,
Another when you add my *third*,
But this of sex more tender.
Then with the aid of *fourth* you'll find
A man so true and brave.
My *whole's* a noble woman, kind,
Whose aim it is to save. FRANCES.

3.—SQUARE WORD.

A great river of Africa.
 A river in Russia.
 A spacious bay on the south coast of Scotland.
 A fortified town in Bohemia. MARIE.

4.—CHARADE.

Beware my *first*, it leads to grief,
 Though often sought to give relief :
 Seek for my *second*, if you can,
 At head of ass, or heart of man
 My *third* are in a station low,
 And number half a score or so.
 My *whole* within my first are put,
 Stabbed to the heart, or flayed or cut.
 GEORGE J. BELL.

5.—DECAPITATION.

My *whole's* a word of letters five,
 Though when of tail bereft
 Undoubtedly you then will find
 One only will be left. A. SUTCLIFFE.

6.—CONUNDRUM.

What animal do we greatly object to on a
 winter morning? EDWIN DREW.

7.—CONUNDRUM.

When is a man's right ear like a conclusion?
 EDWIN DREW.

DEFINITIONS.

FLATTERY.

False praise often administered or selfish
 motives. S. H. McC.

False praise, which is sought by the foolish,
 but which the wise reject. E. M. PRICE.

Telling a man his good qualities, and en-
 tirely ignoring his bad ones. A. FENN.

Vain praise, which leads to a conceited
 mind. W. HILL.

A latch-key to the fool's heart.—(Selected.)

EXTRAVAGANCE.

Wilful waste, which, if practised in youth,
 will bring want in old age. S. H. McC.
 The source of want. W. HILL.
 The birthplace of poverty.—(Selected.)
 The short cut between riches and poverty.—
 (Selected.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

On pages 108 and 109.

1. Strata—gem.
2. PanoramA, RoW, IndiA, ZephyR, En-
 chanted SceneS—Prizes—Awards.
3. Dew-drop.
4. I love the cause of temperance,
 'Tis good and true I know ;
 It gives a joy and blessing
 To many a heart of woe.
 [KEY.—The alphabet reversed.]
5. Man-chest-er. 6. Ear-wig.

C
 THE
 SHEEP
 CHESTER
 A STER
 DEE
 R

8. Merry, merry little spring,
 Sparkle on, sparkle on :
 Ripple, ripple, silvery brook,
 Ripple on for me.

[KEY.—The letters in the first half of the
 alphabet represented by those in the second
 half, and *vice versa*.]

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars ;
 if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven !
 With God's presence and God's promises, a
 man or a child may be cheerful.
 "Never despair when fog's in the air ;
 A sunshiny morning comes without warning."

SMALL THINGS.

THE mighty ocean, stretching far and wide,
 To little drops doth its expansion owe ;
 The venerable oak—the forest's pride—
 Out of the acorn small doth spring and grow.
 The works of God are wonderfully plann'd !
 Small blades of grass make up the meadow green ;
 The greatest man a little child hath been,
 Tended and nurtured by some other's hand.
 Brief moments form the greatest span of time ;
 Small threads entwin'd the strongest beast can bind ;
 Small seeds of sin sown in the youthful mind,
 If not plucked out, may bud forth into crime.
 "The day of small things" we should ne'er despise,
 For all must stoop to small things to be wise. JOHN W. CLAY.

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.

REV. R. LOWRY.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Look not up on the wine with its ru-by glow, Tho' its gurgling wave-lets shine; There is

KEY A.

2. Look	:s ₁	d.d	:d	d	t ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	d	:d	t ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	l ₁	:l ₁	t ₁	:d	r	:-	-d.r	
		not	upon	the	wine	in	the	fes	-	tive	throng,	As	it	glows	at	fol	-	ly's	shrine;	There is
	:s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	f ₁	:f ₁	f ₁	:m ₁	s ₁	:-	-m ₁ .f ₁	
3. Look	:s ₁	m.m	:m	m	r	:s ₁	s ₁	m	:m	r	:d	d	d	:s ₁	s ₁	t ₁	:-	-d.d		
		not	upon	the	wine	at	the	sacred	hearth,	When	the	loved	ones	round	thee				twine;	There is
	:s ₁	d.r ₁	:m ₁	f ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	d.r ₁	:m ₁	f ₁	s ₁	:m ₁	m ₁	f ₁	:f ₁	r ₁	:d ₁	s ₁	:-	-d.d

[illegible]

treacher-y and shame, there is want and woe, In the smile of the blood-red wine.

m	m	:m	r	d	:s ₁	s ₁	l ₁	:l ₁	ḋ	:d	r	m	:d	d	d	:t ₁	d:-
but	a	hol-	low	joy	in	the	dance	and	song,	That	are	born	of	the	madd'ning	wine.	
s ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	f ₁	m ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	f ₁	:f ₁	l ₁	s ₁	l ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	s ₁ :-
d	d	:d	t ₁	d	:d	d	d	:d	d	:d	d	d	:m	m	m	:r	m:-
mock-	y	and	pain,	there	is	blight	and	dearth	In	the	home	that	is	stained	with	wine.	
d	d	:s ₁	s ₁	d	:m ₁	m ₁	f ₁	:f ₁	f ₁	m ₁	f ₁	s ₁	:s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	s ₁	d:-

d .d :d .t, | d :d .d d :d | d :d .d d :m .m | m :r m :- |
 mocker - y and pain, there is blight and dearth In the home that is stained with wine.
 d .d :s, s, | d :m, m, f, :f, | f, :m, f, s, :s, s, | s, :s, d :- |

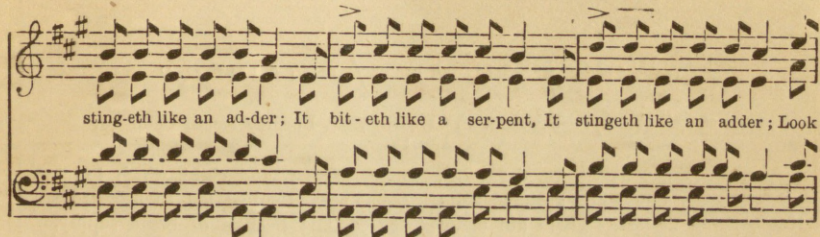
CHORUS.

CHORUS.

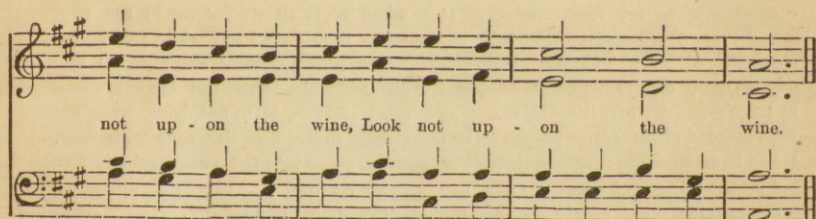
At the last, at the last, at the last, It bit-eth like a ser-pent, It

{	s_1	l_1	t_1	$:-$	$:-$	l_1	t_1	d	$:-$	$:-$	t_1	d	r	$:-$	$:-$	s_1	d	d	$:d$	d	$ d$	t_1	$:-$	s_1
	At	the	last,			at	the	last,			at	the	last,											
	s_1	fe_1	s_1	$:-$	$:-$	fe_1	s_1	l	$:-$	$:-$	s_1	l_1	t_1	$:-$	$:-$	s_1	s_1	s_1	$:s_1$	s_1	$ s_1$	s_1	$:-$	s_1
																	It	bit-eth	like	a	ser-	pent,	It	
																s_1	m	m	$:m$	m	$ m$	r	$:-$	s_1
																s_1	d_1	d_1	$:d_1$	d_1	$ s_1$	s_1	$:-$	s_1

LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE—continued.



{	r . r : r . r	r . d : - . s ₁	m . m : m . m	m . r : - . s ₁	f . f : f . f	f . m : - . s
	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : - . s ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : - . s ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : - . d
	f . f : f . f	f . m : - . s ₁	d . d : d . d	d . t ₁ : - . s ₁	r . r : r . r	r . d : - . m
	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	d ₁ . d ₁ : - . s ₁	d ₁ . d ₁ : d ₁ . d ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : - . s ₁	s ₁ . s ₁ : s ₁ . s ₁	d . d : - . /



Look not, Look not up - on the wine.

{	s : f	m : r	m : s	s : f	m : -	r : -	d : -
	d : s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : d	s ₁ : l ₁	s ₁ : -	f ₁ : -	m ₁ : -
	m : r	d : t ₁	d : m	d : d	d : d	r : t ₁	d : -
	d : t ₁	d : s ₁	d : d	m ₁ : f ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	s ₁ : s ₁	d ₁ : -

ONLY THINK.

ONLY think,
 Ere ye drink !—
 Think of the misery and woe
 Caused by drink ;
 Think of the thousands laid low—
 Only think !
 Alas ! that men should go on drinking—
 Sinking, sinking,
 Downward sinking
 In the depths of sin and woe !
 Would that they would rise in strength,
 And at length
 Lay the drink-curse low.

JOHN W. CLAY.

“WHY I AM AN ABSTAINER.”

First Prize Essay. BY GEO. C. HIGHAM, 94, Burnley Road, Padiham.
Age 17.

AN abstainer, as we use the word, means one who abstains from intoxicating liquors. There are many reasons “Why I am an Abstainer.” (1) Because the use of intoxicating liquors is injurious, mentally and physically. Mentally—The alcohol which drink contains acts injuriously on the brain and mind; nine out of every ten of the insane owe their misfortune to strong drink. It steals away their reasoning faculties, and leaves them unable to discern one object from another. It acts on the nervous system by bringing on the diseases delirium tremens, dipsomania, etc. Physically—Alcohol in large doses destroys life, and may thus be regarded as an active poison; even taken in small doses it acts prejudicially on all the important organs, especially on the stomach, liver, and kidneys. (2) Because drink injures my neighbour, degrading him from a sober, honest man below the level of brutes. He begins by taking a glass occasionally, and goes on until drink becomes his master and temptation irresistible, and as a consequence he gradually falls lower and lower in the estimation of both God and man, degrading himself and bringing shame and misery on his wife and children. Once a fond and indulgent husband and father, awakening joy in the household by the sound of his footsteps, he now inspires them with terror and dismay. (3) Because in 1876 there was £147,288,759 spent in intoxicating liquors, or about £4 9s. 6d. per head,

man, woman, and child, which to me seems worse than wasted, as it destroys 181,990,803 bushels of bread supply, or about $5\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per head. (4) Because an abstainer has the Bible on his side, for St. Paul said, “That no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven,” and does not Solomon say, “Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise?” “Look not thou on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.” Does not God Himself say to Aaron, “Do not drink wine nor strong drink, nor thy sons with thee, when ye go into the Tabernacle, lest ye die . . . that ye may put difference between holy and unholy, between clean and unclean?” Here God explicitly prohibits Aaron from the use of all intoxicating liquors (however slight), lest he should be rendered unfit for the right discharge of his priestly duties. I therefore may justly abstain from taking them, lest I should be unfitted for serving God aright. (5) Lastly and chiefly, because “no man liveth unto himself,” and I feel bound so to act, that none of my habits shall in any way lead my fellow-men astray; and therefore, if drink makes my brother to offend, I will take no drink while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend. If I take it I may be being accessory to his ruin.



RALPH RAYMOND'S RUSE;

OR, CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.]

BY T. H. EVANS, Author of

"A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

CHAPTER III.

"Tis with our judgments as our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own."—POPE.

THROWING the newspaper, at which he had been glancing, upon the table, hiding almost entirely the pewter pot, Ralph rose to greet him. "Good evening, Gerald!" and taking his friend's hand, Ralph shook it warmly. But Gerald returned the greeting in the most cold and distant manner. "Very glad to see you; I began to think you were not coming, so I took the liberty to send round to remind you of your promise," said Ralph, affecting not to notice his friend's altered manner.

"You guessed my intentions exactly," rejoined Gerald, still standing with his hat in his hand. "I should *not* have come if you had not sent for me."

"Oh! that's the way you behave to an old friend, is it?" observed Ralph, with good humour; "and after *promising* to come, too. I always used to think that you were—but I say, how precious serious you look," said Ralph, stopping short in his remark. "You seem so cold and distant in your manner. Come along, and sit down and tell me all your troubles, for you've brought a dismal lot with you to-night, and no mistake. Come, sit down, and make yourself at home."

"No, thanks, I'm not going to stay;" said Gerald, sticking to his resolve as obstinately as he did to his hat.

"Not going to stay?" said Ralph, with surprise. "Well, but I thought we arranged last night to resume our discussion on teetotalism?"

"So we did. But something has come to my knowledge since then which, perhaps, you are not aware of," said Gerald, in a tone that spoke volumes. "This is not the first time that I have been in this room. Ah! and to-night, too," he added with increased bitterness, for he had just caught sight of the partly hidden pewter peeping out from beneath the newspaper.

"You have?" exclaimed Ralph, with astonishment. "Then Ann was *not* dreaming after all. This evening, did you say?"

"Yes, this very evening," was the calm rejoinder, "and during the last hour."

"Well, that's very singular! What does all this mystery mean? I have been in this room all the evening and yet I never saw you."

"No, perhaps not; but I saw you," said Gerald sarcastically, "and at a moment, too, when you little thought I did; and I was grieved and surprised beyond measure at what I saw, for I always thought you were sincere in your actions. I did not expect to find that you preached one thing abroad and practised something else, widely different, at home. There is one thing that I detest quite as much as my *teetotal* friend, Ralph Raymond does drunkenness, and that is *hypocrisy*!"

"Really! I should very much like to know what all this means," said Ralph. "If I had not the greatest confidence in you, as a strictly moderate man, I should be tempted to remark that you had been——"

"Drinking, I suppose?" said Gerald, anticipating the word, "the same as you have. There! now the secret is out, and there's the pewter on the table now to

convict you ;" so saying, he tore the newspaper off the table, and cast it violently to the floor. "You must adopt a more efficient method of concealment next time you expect a friend to call, or your teetotal reputation will soon be gone," said Gerald, with a look of withering scorn.

"Really, Gerald, I—"

"Hear me out !" exclaimed Gerald, "I called about half-an-hour ago, and saw *all*, yes, *all*, for you were actually smoking as well as drinking."

"You are surely the victim of some strange misapprehension ;" said Ralph, still preserving the calmness of his demeanour. "I never smoked tobacco in my life, and as for 'drinking,' well, I must confess myself guilty in that respect, for when one is thirsty who can withstand the temptation of a good draught of cold spring water ? I can't."

"Enough of this contemptible evasion," said Gerald, his eyes flashing with indignation ; and seizing the pewter pot he thrust it right into Ralph's face, exclaiming in a tone of mingled bitterness and contempt "Do you call *that* 'cold, spring water ?'"

"Certainly I do !" said Ralph, in the softest voice possible. "Pray what do you call it ?" Bringing the pewter under his own nose, for the first time, Gerald smelt it ; then peering into it, he gasped forth with a faltering voice—

"Why it isn't *beer*, then, after all !"

"*Beer* ? No, of course not. Whoever said it was ?" said Ralph, meeting Gerald's look of bewilderment with a stare of well-feigned surprise.

"Why, Gerald ! I'm perfectly astounded that you should even suppose such a thing for one single moment, when you know that I am a teetotaler."

"But, but," stammered Gerald, "you have chosen such a suspicious-looking thing to drink from. No one who saw you drinking from that pewter would ever think you were a teetotaler. 'Tis the *look* of the thing, you know ; you must study appearances a little if you do not wish people to misunderstand you."

A sarcastic smile lighted up Ralph's face as he replied, "Surely one need not care so much for *appearances* when the thing itself is good, and our intentions are good also. I don't care a fig for appearances when I know that I am right. Have you ever heard that sentiment before, Gerald ?"

Gerald winced again, as this whip which he had made for another was lashed about his own shoulders.

"Ah ! that I have," he responded in a low voice ; "and in the very same words too, if I mistake not. I have got the key to all this mystery at last."

Advancing to his friend, and shaking him by the hand, he exclaimed in the honest, manly tone of one who is not above acknowledging a well-merited defeat, "Ralph ! you have converted me to your principles almost against my will, for I am fairly caught in my own trap. There is no backing out of it now ; I confess myself beaten, and am forced to admit that no one who has any regard for his character or position in life can afford to disregard appearances."

"My dear boy," said Ralph, meeting the avowal of his friend in the most cordial manner, "I am delighted beyond measure to find you such a willing pupil. You have perceived the lesson I intended to convey to a nicety. You see, Gerald nothing stands alone. Each thing about us, by association, suggests something else. All things in life, by reason of custom or usage, have a voice of their own that speaks to us in a language all can understand."

"I never saw these self-evident truths so plainly before," his companion remarked.

"It really does seem as if all things wear a certain unmistakable appearance that makes an impression on the mind, either favourable or unfavourable."

"But how strange," said Ralph, as they sat conversing together, better friends now than ever they were, "that you should imagine this bit of pencil to be a cigar."

"Not so very singular after all," said Gerald, taking up the spirit of the joke and the pencil at the same time. "For it has," continued he, as he laid his finger on the sharpened end, "one great *point* of resemblance; it 'draws' very nicely."

"How them young men is a-laughing," said Ann, pausing over her supper, for the merry peal of laughter that followed Gerald's remark was heard right down in the kitchen.

"I suppose," said Ralph, "I may count upon your support next week when the discussion comes on?"

"My worthy friend, I shall only be too glad to give you all the assistance in my power," responded Gerald, as he rose to depart; "and I think I cannot serve you better than by relating how I was *caught in my own trap* by

Ralph Raymond's Ruse."

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

BY DR. F. R. LEES, OF LEEDS.

IV.

A CORRESPONDENT asks me how I reconcile my statements concerning alcohol in the last article with the experiments of MR. COLEMAN in the *Chemical News*; and lest the publication of these should do mischief, unless explained, I will at once do so. I know several persons at the present time who cannot digest the most simple food by their *own* gastric juice, and who therefore are compelled to take pepsine and pancreatic emulsion prepared from the secretions of pigs and calves. Would it not be very foolish to recommend, on this account, that moderately healthy persons, with gastric juice of their own, should begin to swallow that of the pig? It is the same with the MALT-LIQUOR case. MR. COLEMAN admits that "in a healthy state, neither man nor animal requires *more* digestive solvent than what is supplied *naturally*," though he adds, "An innocent aid to nature is *sometimes* a daily necessity." But alcohol is *not* an

innocent aid, and it exists in ordinary malt liquors in from four to five per cent. What does he admit that it *does* in the body? Why, that, quoting DR. RICHARDSON, "it is decomposed into secondary products by *oxidation*, at the *expense of the oxygen which ought to be applied*" to another purpose. Every boy knows that exercise increases appetite, because it increases waste of tissue and so *increases* natural gastric juice as a consequence, of the presence of which appetite is the sign. As I said in 1843, "*it robs the blood of oxygen*" — a by no means innocent operation! The experience of teetotalers, in great numbers, where digestion is concerned, practically disproves the theory that beer and porter improve digestion permanently. But the main point for your young readers to recollect is this, that whatever benefit may, as is alleged, sometimes arise from their temporary use, is not due to the alcohol *at all*, but to something else, which something

else can be prepared and administered without the alcohol, and at a much less waste of human food. MR. COLEMAN says, "*There is a distinct nutritive effect produced in some cases of this kind (of indigestion), which cannot be attributed to the influence of the alcohol contained in the liquid.*" Well, if this be so, then, my statements are not contradicted by any fact; but the wisdom of a certain course is suggested—namely, that the true agent in the liquor which aids digestion be prepared, *without the alcohol*—in short, a teetotal EXTRACT OF MALT, which shall realise all the benefit, without any of the harm, in these peculiar cases of indigestion. If there be anything good left in JOHN BARLEYCORN after he has been scalded, mashed, and fermented, we have no objection to have it *extracted*—only there is no need to swallow the "devil" alcohol along with it. MR. COLEMAN confesses that "the food value of a *glass of porter* cannot exceed the weight of sugar equivalent to its alcohol or extractive matter, or about *one ounce* whilst most people consume *three ounces* of sugar daily, employed in sweetening tea, coffee, and puddings or fruits." And we can get the sugar without the alcohol.

The farmers of this country some years ago had a *mania*, fostered by chemists, for feeding cattle with malt. In 1846 I told them of the folly of this attempt to improve upon nature, but of course they heeded me not.* But in 1866—twenty years after—Mr. J. B. LAWES was engaged by the Board of Trade to make experiments on cattle for ascertaining the relative values of barley and malt. It was demonstrated that, *with healthy stock*, the malt did no more good than the barley, and hence that the whole malting was a waste of matter, of force, and of money. The cattle are their *own* best maltsters, so are the teetotalers. If it should ever turn out that in the multiform changes of a chemical kind going on in the body, some *minute* quantity of alcohol is engendered, the same answer will serve. We are our own brewers, and exact as to quantity, which is infinitesimal. That the body generates carbonic oxide, is no reason why we should set up brewers outside to generate the noxious gas in quantities, and inbreathe it freely all day long.

(To be continued.)

* See *Truth Seeker*, 1846, Vol. II.

HONEST DICK.

I KNEW a brave, true-hearted lad;
A baker's boy was he:
His honest face and sparkling eye
I dearly loved to see.

One day when Dick was on the street
Engaged in selling pies,
He met two hungry boys he knew,
About his age and size.

"Holloa!" said they, "we want
some pies;
We are a hungry pair;
And but one halfpenny we've got,
So give us of your ware."
"They are not mine to give," said
"And if you cannot pay, [Dick;
Then you had better do without
Until another day."



"Not yours to give?" said they,

"Who'll know

Or care about a pie?

If you won't give, we mean to take,
At least, we mean to try."

"What! would you steal?" said honest
Dick;

"Now touch one if you dare."

And with a firm, undaunted look
He faced the naughty pair.

"And God would know if I did wrong,"

Said he; "our thoughts He reads;
Though men should never find us out,
He knows our secret deeds."

They quailed before his earnest words,
And slunk away in fear;

But honest Dick went whistling home;
He'd kept his conscience clear.

Now, lads, be like true-hearted Dick
When tempted to do wrong;

Remember God will see and know;
The thought will make you strong.

And ask Him evermore for strength
To nerve you for the fight—

For grace, that you may always love
And dare to do the right.

DAVID LAWTON.



Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—The half-yearly meeting of the General Council was held in the Albion Schools, Ashton-under-Lyne, on Saturday, June 1st. The chair was taken at 3 o'clock by Jacob Earnshaw, Esq. The half-yearly report was read by the Secretary, Mr. G. S. Hall, and was adopted on the motion of Mr. Jas. Smith Stalybridge, seconded by the Rev. J. Johnson, Ashton-on-Mersey. Pleasing reports of Band of Hope work were given by the following representatives from affiliated Unions: Messrs. S. Jackson and R. Searle (Ashton-under-Lyne), Mr. J. S. Higham (Accrington), Rev. R. Botterill (Colne), Mr. W. P. Ingham (Crawshaw Booth), Mr. W. Barlow (Heywood), Mr. J. C. Holland (Macclesfield), Mr. Jas. Smith (Stalybridge), Mr. G. W. Wilkes (Stockport), Mr. Urquhart (Droylsden and Openshaw). Messrs. G. A. Chambers, W. T. Hassock, W. Ramsbottom, T. E. Hallsworth, R. A. Pott, Geo. Sharples reported from Societies. The following resolution was moved by the Rev. R. Botterill, seconded by Mr. T. E. Hallsworth, and supported by Rev. J. Johnson, Rev. W. Reed, and Mr. N. B. Sutcliffe, and carried unanimously: "That this meeting, recognising the importance and necessity of promoting temperance principles in Day Schools, recommend the Executive Committee to take immediate steps to bring the question before the various School Boards and the managers of other Elementary Schools throughout the counties of Lancashire and Cheshire, to induce them to introduce Dr. Richardson's Lesson Book." After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Hugh Mason, Esq., J.P., and addresses were given by Revs. R. Botterill, J. Johnson, W. Reed, Geo. Penman, J. Hutchinson, and E. Mather.

. Reference was made in our last to a Bazaar about to be held by this Union to clear off a debt of some £20;—the amount should have read £200.

United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.—The anniversary gatherings were opened on Sunday, May 12th, at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, London, with a prayer meeting, presided over by Rev. R. Maguire, D.D., Rector of St. Olave's, Southwark.—On Monday the General Council

met at Falcon Square Schoolroom, when the annual report and accounts were submitted, and officers and committee elected. At the invitation of the Yorkshire Band of Hope Union it was decided to hold the autumnal conference in either Halifax or Bradford. Reports of the progress of the movement were given by representatives from the various Unions.—On Tuesday morning a large and influential company met for breakfast in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, after which a conference was held, presided over by Sir Charles Reed, LL.D., Chairman of the London School Board. In an excellent speech Sir Charles said he was glad to come among his friends as an abstainer for the first time. A spirited address was delivered by the Rev. H. S. Paterson, M.D., on "Temperance Teaching in Elementary Schools." Discussion followed, in which Dr. Gladstone, F.R.S., Councillor Baggaley, of Nottingham, Mr. M. Field, of Bradford, and others took part.—In the afternoon a general conference was held at Exeter Hall. The chair was occupied by Ebenezer Clarke, Esq., Treasurer. A paper was read by Mr. T. E. Hallsworth, Hon. Sec. Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, on "Publication Departments in Connection with Bands of Hope." There was a large attendance, and an interesting discussion ensued.—In the evening there was a crowded meeting in the large hall, presided over by Samuel Morley, Esq. In the unavoidable absence of Rev. Canon Farrar, the Rev. Canon Fleming delivered an address. The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes and Dr. W. B. Richardson also gave powerful addresses. A selection of music was rendered by a choir of 500 senior members of Bands of Hope.

Halifax Band of Hope Union.—The annual conference took place on Saturday, 18th May, at Harrison Road Schoolroom. The chair was taken by F. H. Bowman, Esq., and a paper was read by Mr. F. Atkin, Secretary of British Temperance League, on "Our Temperance Work among the Young." The attendance was large, and an animated discussion followed.—In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by John Clay, Esq. Addresses were given by Rev. G. Thompson and Messrs. W. Bell, of Bradford,

W. Hoyle, Manchester, and C. Wilson, Halifax. During the evening a presentation of a time-piece, a watch and an engrossed address was made to the Union's late secretary, Mr. George Scarr Hall, who responded in an appropriate address.

Bedfordshire Band of Hope Union.

—The seventh annual meeting was held in Howard Chapel Schoolroom, on Monday, May 27th, under the presidency of the Rev. Dr. Greaves. The annual report (read by Mr. R. Hill) stated that the past year had been a busier one than ever before in Bedfordshire; a series of meetings held by Mr. Frank Adkins, of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, had been specially useful. Mr. Bowick, on behalf of the National Temperance League, expressed a hope that the Union would strive to spread Dr. Richardson's Lesson-Book. The

meeting was also addressed by representatives of temperance organizations at Clapham, Kempston, Oakley, Pavenham, Ravensden, and Old Warden, as well as by the chairman, Mrs. Ford, Mr. Ekins, Mr. Harris, and other Bedford speakers. The president, Mrs. Tucker, of Pavenham Bury, the vice-presidents, and other officers of the Union were reappointed.

Chorley (Lancashire) Band of Hope Union.

—A conference of Band of Hope workers was held in the Mission Room, Union Street, on Saturday, May 25th. The chair was occupied by Mr. W. Crumbleholme, President, and a paper was read by W. Hoyle, Hon. Sec. Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, on "The Advantages of a Local or District Band of Hope Union." Discussion followed.

JULY.

THE sun is burning in the midday sky ;
No white clouds drift across the arch of blue ;
The roads are dusty, and the streams are dry ;
The thirsty cattle know not what to do.

There is a burning drought on all the land ;
No cool breeze fans the fields of ripening corn ;
The sheep in clusters, loudly panting, stand ;
The labourer sleeps, by the great heat o'erborne.

I stand beside an old moss-covered well,
And turn the windlass with an eager hand ;
With joy above all written words to tell,
I bring the precious bucket safe to land.

Oh ! tell me not of jewelled goblets rare,
Filled to the brim with ruby-coloured wine ;
This oaken bucket is to me more fair ;
This cool, sweet water is a draught divine.

I sigh not for the pleasures of the bowl ;
No lasting joy those fiery drinks impart ;
I will not cramp my body, crush my soul,
But take God's bounties with a grateful heart.

W. A. EATON.



PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

WHY is a prudent man like a pin? Because his head prevents him going too far.

MANY young men are so extravagant that they cannot keep anything but late hours.

THE individual who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

"THO'T I'd leave my measure on your floor," said a man who fell down in a tap-room. "No necessity for that," said the bar keeper; "we know exactly how much you hold."

A PAPER publishes the following erratum: "The words printed *pigs* and *cows* in Mr. Parker's letter on the land question, which appeared in yesterday's issue, should have been *pros* and *cons*."

AN Irish juror having applied to the judge to be excused from serving on account of deafness, the judge said: "Could you hear my charge to the jury, sir?" "Yes, I heard your honour's charge," said Paddy, "but I couldn't make any sense out of it." He was let off.

PHYSIC-ALL PAIN.—Doctor: "What, your mother worse! Well, I can't understand it. Hasn't she used that large blister I sent?"—Child: "Oh, yes, sir; but it took her a rare long time fur to eat it all, and she says it don't seem to get no furdurer than her chest."—*Fun.*

THE manager of a theatre in St. Louis offered a silver cup to any person who would make the best conundrum on the occasion of the presentation of the cup. The following won it:—"Why is the manager of this house like a liquor seller? Because he presents the *cup* which brings many to the *pit*, while those *above* are in *tiers*."

DRUNKENNESS is nothing but voluntary madness.

MAMMON has enriched his thousands, and damned his ten thousands.

IF any one speak evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

FASHIONABLE people are apt to starve their happiness in order to feed their vanity.

THERE is a Gaelic proverb, "If the best man's faults were written on his forehead, it would make him pull his hat over his eyes."

PLAIN SPEAKING.—It would be more obliging to say plainly we cannot do what is desired than to amuse people with false words, which often put them upon false measures.

CHARITY.

He doeth well who doeth good
To those of his own brotherhood;
He doeth better who doth bless
The stranger in his wretchedness.

Extracts from evidence given by Sir WM. GULL, M.D., F.R.S., before the Peers' Select Committee on Intemperance.

ONE of the commonest things in English society is that people are injured by drink without being drunkards. It goes on so quietly that it is very difficult even to observe.

THERE is a point short of drunkenness in which a man may very materially injure his constitution by means of alcohol. From my experience, alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country.

IT is a fallacy to say that a man ought to take a glass of brandy on a cold morning to keep himself warm. . . . You had better give a man food—I would rather eat my raisins or take some cod-liver oil.



SUSAN.

THE glad sun pours a flood of light
On every hill and valley round ;
The lark soars to her giddy height,
And fills the sky with gladsome sound.

Upon the wings of balmy air
Is borne the scent of new-mown hay,
And happy children gambol where
The workers toil right merrily.

And fairest of the merry throng
Is Susan, with her sister dear ;
She bears her part the whole day long,
Her feeble mother's heart to cheer.

Then home she trips with willing feet,
While Rover barks along the lane,
And Sissy borne in basket neat,
She sings her simple, joyous strain.

For last year Susan's father died ;
The shock her mother scarce could
And Susan hastens to her side [bear,
With loving words her heart to cheer.

And every day she labours hard,
And every day she finds success,
For God unseen bestows reward,
The faithful toiling hand to bless.

W. HOYLE.

RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistake," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

GRIFFIN COTTAGE.

The heartiest of greetings awaited us as we stepped on shore from "The Lady of the Isles."

"Why, what a fine fellow the child has grown into!" said grandpapa Trevan, gazing at the fair young face that looked up into his. He had not seen either of us since his own last visit to St. Mary's, now five years ago. I looked at Harry as grandpapa spoke. I never wondered at the admiration he excited; for as this dear old journal can testify, I had been his ardent admirer all his life long; but I thought I had never seen him look handsomer than at this moment. The fresh sea breezes had given a bright colour to the cheeks that had been mostly too pale of late, his lovely blue eyes sparkled with animation, his sweet lips were parted in a merry smile, and his curling hair fell in careless rings of golden brown about his well-shaped head and on his open brow. Bright, beautiful boy! Was it any wonder that we almost idolised our darling?

"Come, Dora, my dear," said grandpapa, "let us be getting home. Mother'll be thinking us a long time a'ready, I reckon." He generally called his wife "mother" in speaking of her, though he often addressed her in person by her Christian name, Susette. "Stevie," he added, turning to a very old porter who was disconsolately lounging about the quay watching the more active men obtain employment, while he waited for a job; "thee canst bring over these here boxes, cansn't thee?" Grandpapa addressed the old man with a very decided Cornish accent.

"Ees, ees, Cap'en," returned Old Stevie, eagerly; "sure an' I can then. I'll be over after 'ee presently."

I explained to him exactly what he had to bring, took my bag and cloak while Harry carried the small portmanteau, and so we set off to the Esplanade. It was so long since I had been at Penzance, that it seemed quite a novelty to be in so large a town again, and for Harry this visit was an introduction to old England.

A few streets brought us to the delightful sea walk skirting Mount's Bay, which for beauty of view must surely be worthy to rank amongst the most lovely of all natural prospects. Its softness and mellowness filled Harry and me with pleasure as a change from the rugged bare grandeur of our own dear isles.

One of a terrace of small houses facing the water, grandpapa's residence is not to be easily mistaken for any other of the row: its quaint adornments render it unique. Surmounting a rockery of stones and shells in the garden, sits a griffin in grim majesty, defended by one toy cannon above him, one to the right of him, and one to the left of him. Over the door of the house is a large glass case containing models of ships of every kind—schooner, steamer, brig, yacht, pilot-boat; all of

them the work not of grandpapa himself, but made under his direction by uncle Robert, the invalid brother of my father, who died in his early manhood, without ever knowing the luxury of health, without ever being able to take an active part in that life with which he cultivated so honest and practical a sympathy. When I look at the ships and the griffin and the cannon, and think of all I have heard of uncle Robert, I feel how poetry is blended with prose in human life. There is hardly a home, there is hardly a family, which is not made beautiful by some touch of tenderness, of goodness, of love, of purity, of heroism, evidenced by some member of it. Sometimes the sick chamber of such an one is the home of all the hearts and souls that dwell within its radius; sometimes a little child carries the poetry of light and music into the house made dark and discordant by sin.

Though uncle Robert has been dead for eighteen years, his memory still runs like a thread of gold through the lives of those who loved him. In the great tapestry of humanity that hangs in God's sight, what golden lines of beauty and of light the heroes and heroines of unselfishness who have existed all through the world's history must make!

Under the glass case of models at the open door, as if uncle Robert's hand was laid in love upon his mother's head, stood grandmamma. A lovely little woman, as refined and delicate and spotless as one can imagine any creature who lives in the busy working world to be; with her French ancestry showing itself in her clear olive complexion, her quick black eyes, and the "nattiness"—there is no other word by which I can express it—of her costume. Her feet were as neat as her head, which was surmounted by a snowy cap of embroidered muslin. She wore long leather mittens over her hands, and her dress was soft dark grey alpaca, lustrous yet graceful, and fitting her small light figure perfectly.

"Dears, how are you?" was her sweet, cordial greeting, as we ran up the garden path to her. "Come in, come in; everything has been ready for you a full hour. I watched the steamer across the bay: it was quite late this afternoon." The table of the cosy parlour was set ready for tea, laid with the finest of fair damask cloths, and on it the most appetising accompaniments of fowl and tongue, all set off with tasteful garnishes in perfect keeping with grandmamma herself.

"This way, dears," said grandmamma, going upstairs, and we followed her; "you will like a wash before tea after your voyage."

The doors of two small rooms stood wide open: they were simply furnished in maple wood, with bright pink curtains to beds and windows. All looked as fresh as if the hands that put them up were only just off them, and from each window there was a lovely view of St. Michael's Mount and the Bay. Our delight at our pretty bed-chambers pleased grandmamma very much; and only bidding us make haste down to our tea, she left us. The meal was a very cheerful one; there was so much to be told on both sides, so many questions to ask, so many little particulars of family history to relate. After tea, grandpapa took Harry for a stroll, and I sat chatting with grandmamma. "Harry doesn't look very strong yet, dear child," she said; "we must try to set him up well before he goes back to St. Mary's. A little port wine would be the very thing for him."

"Oh! but, grandmamma dear, you forget," said I, eagerly, "what teetotalers we are. Papa and mamma would not approve of our taking any intoxicating liquors."

"Quite right too" she answered; "young folks in health don't need them: it is quite a different thing when people are sick."

"But mamma, though she is so delicate, never takes anything of the kind, papa believes it would do her a great deal more harm than good."

"It is positively the *only* thing we don't agree about," said grandmamma, smiling; "the only thing my dear son and I differ about—this teetotal question. When Andrew and Robert were mere lads they took up this temperance fad. Robert's dear life, I do believe, was shortened by it, for of all the people in the world he, being such an invalid, needed a stimulant. But then he was as firm as a rock: there was no moving him from what he considered right, and your father is just the same. I think, Dora, your dear mother, too, would be all the better for a stimulus: it seems to me, from what I hear of her case, it is precisely what she needs. Of course, however, I can't interfere: she has her doctor and her husband in one, and in constant attendance. But what I do say is, that now this dear boy is entrusted to me for some months to come, I shall do my utmost to build up his health, and he must have a little wine, Dora—a very small glass of port every day, to *recover his nervous tone*. You see, my dear, I understand the doctors' phrases," and grandmamma laughed pleasantly.

But I answered earnestly, "I think there is *so* much danger in giving it to him, grandmamma; he *may* get fond of it. Would you mind writing to papa first, and knowing what he says?"

Grandmamma's bright dark eyes sparkled, and she laughed gaily. "My dear Dora, I can read you his answer now as well as if I had it in my hand," she said. "We must do good to some people stealthily, without their own knowledge and against their own will. A mother often has to do that with a child, as you will perhaps one day find, Dora. For the present, I must command you as my dear good affectionate granddaughter not to interfere with my little plan for benefitting Harry by reporting my doings at home, and bringing down upon my poor head a terrible denunciatory veto. If I had known how much you are your father's own daughter, Dora, I think I would hardly have so trusted you with my secret."

"Dear grandmamma," I urged; "would you at least make the wine *very* disagreeable to Harry's taste? Oh! if he should grow fond of it, and neglect all else for its sake, I think our hearts would be broken."

Grandmamma looked surprised as well as serious.

"That is mere teetotal ranting, my love," she said. "Can't you trust your grandmother to act wisely?" Do you set yourself up as possessing wisdom beyond your elact? *I will take the consequences*. Here they come," she added, in her more cheerful tone, "grandfather and grandson looking well pleased with each other's company. Kiss me, Dora, and don't blame my anxiety for that beautiful boy's health."

I kissed her; I think it was impossible to help loving her, and yet—A cloud of trouble on Harry's account seemed to gather over me. I felt perplexed and anxious as to my own duty. That evening, at supper, a bottle of whiskey was placed by grandpapa's plate. With the meal each of our grandparents had a small quantity of ale; after it grandpapa mixed the spirits with water and sugar; carefully, filling for grandmamma the very smallest glass, merely a toy tumbler, and for himself an ordinary sized one. I noticed how Harry's eyes watched the proceedings.

"You are all teetotalers at St. Mary's, aren't you?" asked grandpapa, smiling at me; "it is no use to offer you a taste of grandpapa's nightcap?"

"No, thank you, grandpapa; I have never tasted anything of the kind," I said, "and I think it would be a pity for me to begin."

"Well, so it would; children brought up as you have been don't need the drink, and I should be the last to press it upon you."

"Not in health, father," remarked grandmamma; "perhaps not in health, but people shouldn't be *too notional*"—and she glanced with an arch smile at me.

"I'm not a teetotaler, grandpa," said Harry, eyeing the drink curiously; "I've tasted some stuff like that you have once, and I thought it was very good. I don't believe in teetotalism."

"Always mind what your father says, Harry," said grandpapa, gravely. "If he thought these drinks were good for you, he wouldn't deny you them. Boys must be careful how they go against their fathers, or they'll get into trouble, and maybe into bad company."

"I don't think a little wine to build Harry's strength up, taken as a medicine, would be bad, father, do you?" suggested grandmamma, as they sipped their toddy.

"You know most about physicking, Susette," answered grandpapa.

And again I saw how Harry's eyes looked from one to the other with extreme interest.

* * * * *

I made the above entry in my Journal just at the beginning of our long stay at Penzance. To-morrow we go home.

Grandmamma carried out her plan, and gave Harry a glass of port wine every morning. She thought it improved his health, but I am quite sure it did not improve his temper. I cannot say how much misery that wine caused me. I was in such sore perplexity as to what was my duty. If I told my parents, I felt certain of their displeasure, and that my father would write to prevent his mother administering the wine. If I did not tell, I feared their just anger against myself. I was already burdened with the secret that I had weakly promised Harry to keep for him—the secret that our darling boy had broken his pledge. I felt now that I had made a grievous mistake in withholding this knowledge from my father, and incurred a heavy responsibility. But oh! I never thought till last week of the trouble that even a young boy can make for those he loves. Poor dear self-willed darling Harry! How shall I win him back?

One day last week I was sitting on the sand below the Esplanade, enjoying the balmy breath of a mild spring day with a favourite book for my companion, when a well-known voice accosted me. "Good morning, miss. May I speak to you here?"

"Why, Fred, how you startled me," I said; "it is very good to see somebody from home. How are papa and mamma, and nursie, and everybody?" and I held out my hand to him. "But what is the matter?" I added, as I noticed his face.

Fred respectfully shook my hand. "All well when I left, miss; I've brought a brig into Mount's Bay. I've been on shore an hour or two of an evening for some days, and I thought before I left I would make so bold as to ask if you had any message or parcel for home to send by me. Perhaps you would like me to take master Harry back in the cutter?" He spoke so gravely and looked at me so solemnly that I could not understand him.

"What *is* the matter, Fred?" I asked, looking up at him in bewilderment; "do explain yourself."

(To be continued.)



THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

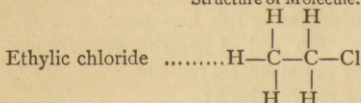
BY F. H. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S., &C.

ARTICLE X.

WE have already seen, when considering the general characteristics of the alcohol group, how deutylic alcohol, when diluted with water, is changed by the action of the air, under suitable conditions of temperature, into aldehyde, and finally into acetic acid, or vinegar; and also how, when acted upon by sulphuric acid and heat, it yields a peculiar and volatile substance called ethylic or deutylic ether, the formula and structure of the molecule of which we have already examined.

If we act upon alcohol by chlorine, we obtain a substance which has the composition expressed by the formula C_2H_5Cl , and which we may represent graphically, thus—

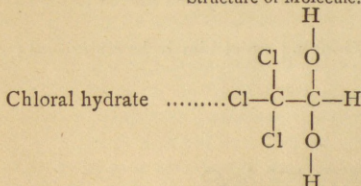
Structure of Molecule.



in which we see that an atom of chlorine has replaced the semi molecule of hydroxyl in the alcohol molecule.

If we continue the action of the chlorine upon the alcohol, so long as hydrochloric acid is formed, we shall also obtain another substance, along with the ethylic chloride, which is called chloral hydrate, the composition of which we may express by the formula $C_2Cl_3H_3O_2$, or by the symbol, thus—

Structure of Molecule.



where we have a replacement of hydrogen atoms in the central carbon nu-

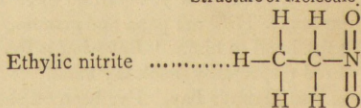
cleus, and the removal of the semi-molecule of hydroxyl from the end of the atomic chain, also to the central carbon nucleus, the same as in isoethylic alcohol. This substance has the peculiar property of inducing sleep, somewhat similar to chloroform, but its action is less energetic and less dangerous, and its effect does not continue so long.

If acted upon by iodine, alcohol yields an iodide, in which the hydroxyl in the alcohol molecule is replaced by an atom of iodine, so that its composition is expressed by the formula C_2H_5I .

Along with potassium, sodium, and other metals of the same class, alcohol forms compounds exactly analogous to the iodide, in which the hydroxyl of the alcohol molecule is replaced by an atom of these metals.

Nitrous acid also forms along with alcohol a substance in which the hydroxyl of the alcohol molecule is replaced by the nitrous acid, and which has the composition which may be expressed by the formula $C_2H_5N_2O$, or graphically thus—

Structure of Molecule.



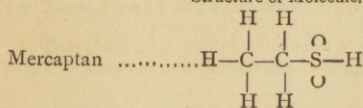
Here we see the atom of nitrogen exercising its five bonds, one in uniting with the last carbon atom, and the other four in satisfying the four bonds of the two oxygen atoms.

In all these changes we notice that it is usually the hydroxyl in the alcohol molecule which is replaced in the new combination, but alcohol also sometimes takes the place of water of crystallisation, and forms along with such bodies as zinc, calcium, manganese, etc., un-

stable salts, which are mostly decomposed immediately upon the addition of water, for which alcohol has a very great affinity.

Along with sulphur, alcohol also forms a very singular compound, called mercaptan, or sulphur alcohol, in which the hydroxyl of the alcohol molecule is replaced by a semi-molecule of hydrosulphyl, so that the formula expressing its composition is C_2H_5SH , and its molecular structure may be indicated thus—

Structure of Molecule.



Here it will be seen that the hydrosulphyl which forms the end of the chain is the exact analogue of the hydroxyl, the sulphur atom taking the place of the oxygen atom, and although it possesses six bonds, only using two of them, while the remaining four bonds neutralize each other.

This substance forms along with the metals, sodium, potassium, etc., compounds in which the hydrogen atom in the hydrosulphyl is replaced by an atom of the metal. These compounds are termed mercaptides.

Mercaptan is a whitish-looking fluid, lighter than water, and boiling at a temperature of 135° Fah.

It possesses a most disagreeable odour, so offensive, indeed, that it cannot be endured at all unless very largely diluted. When the vapour is breathed it produces an intense desire for sleep, not, however, accompanied either with insensibility or intoxication.

The effect produced in the system by this alcohol, when taken into the body, is less injurious than that of many of the other alcohols, and rapidly passes away in sleep, but there can be little doubt but that its continued use would ultimately introduce serious disturbing effects into the organisation. It is probable, indeed, that the habitual use of ordinary alcohol, in excessive quantities, is accompanied by the formation of a similar substance in the body, by the action of vital chemistry, and which imparts the peculiar odour to the breath of inebriates, and this is all the more probable when we remember that even within the body the same laws of combination hold good as in the laboratory of the chemist, the only difference being that in the one case the actions are controlled and modified by the exercise of a power which is absent in the laboratory, and which is ever tending to eliminate by proper channels all deleterious substances from the body so as to prevent them from accumulating to such a degree as to destroy life.

(To be continued.)

"FORGIVE AND FORGET."

"Forgive and Forget," for he still is thy neighbour,
But, bear him a grudge, you're his equal in wrong;
His bosom may now with remorseful thoughts labour,
Then *bless him*, and render his penitence strong

Yea, heap on him good, though he *never* repenteth,
And leave him to Him whose 'tis vengeance to send;
But if through thy kindness his spirit relenteth,
Thou lovest a foe—and gainest a friend.

ANNIE CLEGG.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER TWO PRIZES, one value 6s. 6d. for the best, and one value 3s. 6d. for the second best paper. Subject, "Why I don't use tobacco."—Length, about 500 words.

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; contributions to be solely their own productions, and be written on one side of the paper only, foolscap size, and must be sent to the Editors not later than September 1st.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

TIME.

TACT.

I.—CHARADE.

In buildings beautiful and fair,
My *first* in all the stately pile
Steals solemnly through each dim aisle,
And rises on the balmy air.

The priest before the altar kneels:
Sweet, subtle incense upward floats;
The white-robed choir in softest notes
Sing as the hidden organ peals.

All that can charm the eyes or ears,
All that can fascinate the mind,
But oh! what emptiness behind!
How blind and hollow all appears!

How useless to invoke repose
For those poor crumbling, mouldering bones
Entombed 'neath monumental stones;
For souls that long ago uprose.

My *second* is a piece of land;
Green meadows bathed with dew at morn,
Bright rippling slopes of waving corn,
Adorn *its* face on either hand.

Huge mountains rise grand and serene,
Cool hollows nestle at their feet,
Streams murmur on, sparkling and sweet;
A changeful, ever varied scene.

But how shall I describe my *whole*?
What words the story can unveil,
What tongue could tell the fearful tale
Of treachery so deep and foul?

How fair was France that August morn!
Ripe, purple grapes gleamed through their
leaves,
Piled high in heavy golden sheaves;
Glistened the sun on ripened corn.

But on that Sabbath morn was shown
What bigot zeal and art could plan,
When through the streets of Paris ran
A tide of human blood alone.

Away, bewildered in the gloom,
("Down with the Huguenots!" the cry),
The fugitives attempt to fly,
But flying only meet their doom.

Not age or sex to pity moved;
Those human tigers did not spare
The aged head or hoary hair,
The mother, or the babes she loved.

Written with blood, and sealed with tears,
That darkened page by history shown
As "Black Bartholomew" is known,
Through all the after-following years.

IVV.

2.—DECAPITATION.

Complete, I am an alcoholic beverage.
Change my head, and I am a well-known tree.
Now curtail, and I am a very useful article.
Restore my former head, I am a word meaning
to gain.

Now change my head again, and you have
what all of us do every day.
Behold, and I am a preposition.

EMILY M. PRICE.

3.—CHARADE.

Although my good *first* is an article small,
 'Tis patronised by both the great and the tall;
 It stands first on the list of a goodly array,
 And is found in the darkest or happiest day.
 My *second's* a mixture of many things nice,
 Of currants and flour, of sugar and spice;
 Its natural sweetness it never has lost,
 Though frequently beaten, and oftentimes
 crossed.
 My *third* is enjoyed by the lad and the lass,
 As they trip in it lightly upon the green grass.
 My *whole* speaks of plenty, and thankful
 we'll be
 If e'er it is given to you and to me.

FRANCES.

4.—GEOGRAPHICAL ARITHMOREM.

1150, and Ear.—A mount in Palestine.
 50, and A nose r.—A province of France.
 500, and Or ran.—A county in Wales.
 50, and Panes.—A town of Italy.
 550, and Sow.—Mountain in Yorkshire.
 500, and Sane.—Mountains in South America.
 1051, and Tree son.—A town in Hereford-
 shire.
 51, and Effy.—A river in Ireland.
 The initials will name a county of England.

MARIE.

5.—ACROSTIC.

The initials of the following read downwards
 will give a popular feature of "ONWARD."
 A chief of the tribe of Reuben.
 A prophet, the son of Shemaiah.
 An idol worshipped by the Syrians.
 A symbol of slavery.
 A King of Bashan.
 A man smitten by death for an act of irrever-
 ence.
 An idol of the Babylonians.
 A servant of Elisha.
 A procurator of Rome.
 A King of Israel.
 The grandmother of Timothy.
 A son of Ishmael.
 A King of Egypt.

GEORGE J. BELL.

6.—SQUARE WORD.

A flower,
 A man's name,
 A kind of net,
 A girl's name.

EMILY M. PRICE.

7.—CONUNDRUM.

What public officer is most deserving of
 universal sympathy? EMILY M. PRICE.

DEFINITIONS.

DECEIT.

The coward's cloak. A. HARRISS.
 The highway to lying. W. HILL.
 Trying to make any one believe a lie without
 actually telling one. EMILY M. PRICE.
 The virtuous visor that hides deep vice.
 (SHAKESPEARE.)
 The means by which Jacob and his mother
 deprived Esau of his birthright.

S. H. McC.

DESPAIR.

A dark cloud which shuts out the sun of
 hope. H. HESFORD.
 A cloud when the silver lining is invisible.
 A. HARRISS.
 Distrust of Providence. Selected.
 That which people are driven to by drink.
 M. M. BARON.
 A formidable giant, whose residence is
 "Doubting Castle," where he captures and
 often executes many victims. S. H. McC.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On pages 108 and 109.

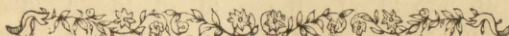
1. Rizpah guarding the bodies of Saul's
 seven sons, hanged by the Gibeonites in the
 beginning of barley harvest.—2 Samuel xxi.
 8-14.
2. Heroine.
3. N I L E
 I O U G
 L U C E
 E G E R
4. Pot-a-toes.
5. Unite—unit.
6. A great bear (grate bare).
7. When he is deaf in it (definite).

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and
 make him your friend. You may not win him
 over at once, but try again. Let one kindness
 be followed by another, till you have accom-
 plished your end. By little and little, great
 things are accomplished.

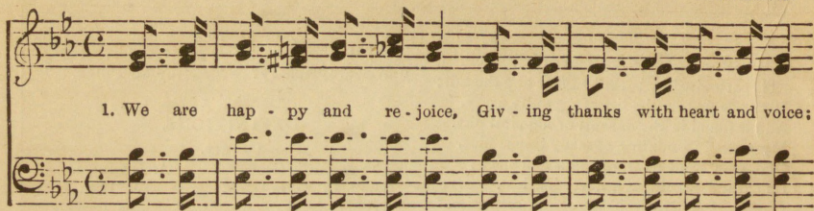
"Water falling day by day
 Wears the hardest rock away"—

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of
 stone.



ANNIVERSARY SONG.

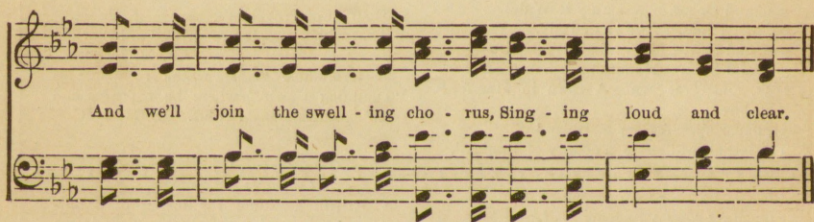
F. M. DAVIS.



1. We are hap - py and re - joice, Giv - ing thanks with heart and voice;

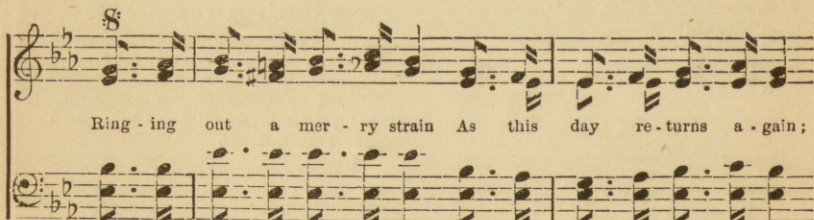
KEY Eb.

{	m „f	s „fe : s „l	s : m „r	d „r : m „f	m
	2. Gentle	friends, we turn to	you,	With a	welcome fond and true;
{	d „r	m „re : m „f	m : d „d	d „d : d „d	d
	3. Let our	hearts be tuned to	love,	While the	an - gels from a - bove
{	s „s	d' „d' : d' „d'	d' : s „f	m „f : s „l	s
	d „d	d „d : d „d	d : d „d	d „d : d „d	d



And we'll join the swell - ing cho - rus, Sing - ing loud and clear.

{	s „s	l „l : l „l	l „d' : t „l	s : m	r
	Hap - py	hearts and smil - ing	fa - ces Greet	our	na - tal day.
{	d „d	d „d : d „d	f „l : s „f	m : d	t
	Scat - ter	f „f : f „f	d' „d' : d' „d'	d' „d' : s	s
{	m „m	f „f : f „f	f „f : f „f	d „d : m	s
	d „d	f „f : f „f	f „f : f „f	d „d : s	s



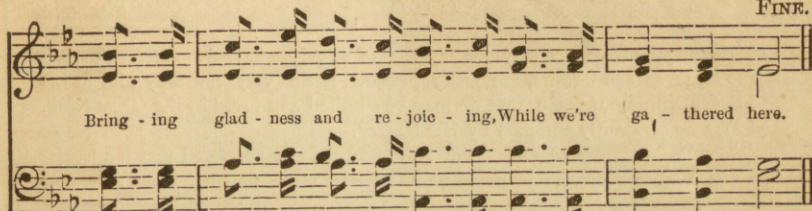
Ring - ing out a mer - ry strain As this day re - turns a - gain;

Chorus.—Hap - py hearts are ga - thered round, And our songs of joy re - sound;

{	m „f	s „fe : s „l	s : m „r	d „r : m „f	m
	List - en	to the chil - dren's song,	How its	notes are borne a -	long;
{	d „r	m „re : m „f	m : d „d	d „d : d „d	d
	And when	years have rolled a - way,	May the	com - ing of this	day
{	s „s	d' „d' : d' „d'	d' : s „f	m „f : s „l	s
	d „d	d „d : d „d	d : d „d	d „d : d „d	d

ANNIVERSARY SONG—continued.

FINE.



Bring - ing glad - ness and re - joice - ing, While we're ga - thered here.

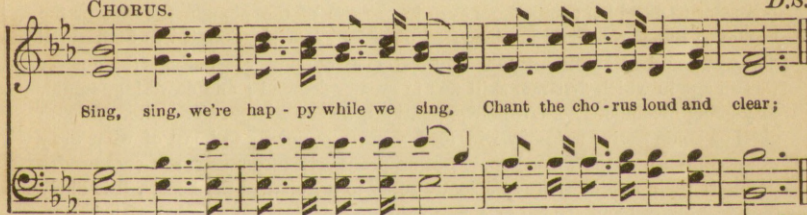
While we chant a mer - ry cho - rus To the clos - ing year.

FINE.

s	„s	l	„d	t	„l	s	„l	s	„f	m	„r	d	:-
Fling - ing		rays	of	gold - en	sun - shine	On	our	earthly	way.				
d	„d	d	„d	d	„d	d	„d	r	„r	d	:-	d	:-
m	„m	f	„l	s	„f	l	„l	s	„f	m	:-		
Bring us		all	a	sweet	re - mem - brance	Of	the	“long a - go.”					
d	„d	f	„f	f	„f	f	„f	f	„f	s	:-	d	:-

CHORUS.

D.S.



Sing, sing, we're hap - py while we sing, Chant the cho - rus loud and clear;

CHORUS.

D.S.

s	:-	d	:-	d	t	„l	s	„l	s	„m	l	„l	l	„s	f	„m	r	:-
d	:-	m	:-	m	s	„f	m	„f	m	„d	d	„d	„d	t	„d	t	:-	
Sing,	sing,	We're	happy	while	we	sing,					Chant	the	chorus	loud	and	clear;		
m	:-	s	:-	d	d	„d	d	„d	d	„s	f	„f	f	„s	s	s	:-	
d	:-	d	:-	d	d	„d	d	„d	d	:-	f	„f	f	„m	r	„d	s	:-

WHISPERS TO THOSE WHO WISH TO ENJOY A HAPPY LIFE.

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

WHISPER X.—AIM AT REAL EXCELLENCE.

YOU may have read that Julius Cæsar once declared that he would rather be the first man in a village than be the second in Rome. That sounds like the language of pride. It would be undesirable and wrong for us to feel discontented because some acquaintance was stronger or handsomer, richer or more honoured than ourselves. But if we are to secure all the happiness possible to us, we must attain all the excellence within our reach. A gooseberry is not as large as a pumpkin, but may be first rate as a gooseberry. Strawberry plants do not grow

so high as apple trees, yet may produce fruit of exquisite flavour. Violets, though not so large as sun-flowers, are justly prized. Let us very earnestly aim at the excellence within our reach, that we may be admired and loved by the Great King, and may be constantly enriched by His bounty.

Diligently cultivate your gifts. The Rev. Richard Cecil declared that if a Christian was a shoe-black, he ought to be the best in the parish. This may possibly be accurate if he is the only Christian shoe-black in the parish. Polishing boots and shoes does not seem to demand any special endowments of nature. So in that determination and industry will prevail. In some departments of service it would not be speaking correctly to affirm that a man, because he is a disciple of Jesus, ought to be the best in the neighbourhood. He certainly ought to become as clever as is possible to him. A man, however, may not have mistaken his vocation when he selected music, yet no amount of painstaking may suffice to bring him into the front rank of organists, violinists, or vocalists. Let the man do his utmost. Others may have selected painting or sculpture as their profession, and may have found their right place in so doing, yet may have reason to know that others are more gifted. We dare not affirm that true religion will in all cases enable its possessor to excel his competitors even in the use of the plough, the awl, or the needle. But if we would not experience needless mortification, it will be essential that we should do our utmost in the cultivation of our power. Perhaps there never was an age in which first-rate skill was in greater demand; and dawdling, stupid, easy-going incompetence, however pretentious, was at a larger discount. An extra glass on some festive occasion will lead some men loudly to boast of what they can accomplish in the workshop. But no profit arises from such self-commendation. If their associates are sufficiently sober to understand the boasts, it is likely they will quarrel and engage in a free fight, so that they are adorned with bruises and black eyes the next morning. At best, nothing profitable results from the swagger. Abstinence from strong drink, and the possession of true religion besides, will not necessarily enable any man to become the first in his profession. He may possibly be excelled, by dint of natural endowment, by some who are morally his inferiors. But the sober and godly man will be far more expert than he could ever have become had he been a tippler, and will be approved by the Great Master.

Diligently cultivate your graces. For the present we must be content to fill well the place assigned us by God, though that place be a lowly one. We may be as truly happy and enjoy as much of the sunlight on the ground as on a pedestal, though certainly fewer people will gaze at us. But moral excellence is all important to all, and may be largely attained by all. Heavenly graces are far more essential to our real blessedness than splendid gifts. The Queen does not always, or even generally, wear her crown, nor does she carry her sceptre about with her. We may safely assume that the Lord Mayor does not sleep in his gorgeous civic robes, nor with his gold chain around his neck, nor would he rest more comfortably for wearing these. Mere ornaments, however prized by ourselves and admired by others, are only used occasionally. But a diseased heart or a sound one cannot thus be laid aside. The heart, such as it is, we carry about with us continually. So also do we constantly bear about with us our moral being, and it is of infinite moment to us that this be excellent. Crowns and sceptres, gold chains and robes, coin and scrip, and all such like, will be left on this side the river. What we *are* we shall take across the stream.

Those who are struggling up the hill, endeavouring to become more Christ-like, find many obstacles. They have to lay aside every entanglement or they would make no advance, but rather slip downward. There are many such entanglements, and it would be a mistake to fix our attention exclusively on one. Lay aside every weight, ye who would mount heavenward. But, in this country and at this time, the appetite for alcoholic stimulants retards the progress of many, and prevents more people from ascending than any other hindrance. Some years ago, there was a lad named Thomas G——. He had been led to desire to rise in both worlds, and gave himself to the needful effort. He was not specially favoured in external circumstances, but he had some few advantages and made the most of these. From obscurity he emerged into notice, and became a promising candidate for the Christian Ministry. But he acquired a taste for wine and spirits. Judicious friends warned him, but worldly minded admirers supplied him with the drink. Unpleasant rumours floated about; but those who knew most were those who cared least for the purity of the Christian Ministry. So Thomas pursued his way until the time for his ordination arrived. He had, meanwhile, secured the affections of an estimable young lady who had lived at a distance and whose friends suspected not his failing. The day of his ordination was fixed, and he was to be married soon after. But the fabric of his prosperity had been undermined by his own hands. A letter was two or three days prior to that fixed for his ordination placed in his hands. "You must resign your position without any delay, or the charge of repeated and gross drunkenness will be preferred against you, and proof adduced." So the ordination never took place. The engagement of marriage had to be broken off. Worst of all, the thirst for strong drink had been acquired. So G—— became one more added to the vast number whose holy aspirations after excellence have been thus destroyed, and consequent misery incurred. Lay aside every weight! Secure real worth!

In Memoriam.

MRS. CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR.

IT is our painful duty to record the decease of Mrs. Clara Lucas Balfour, who was interred on Monday, July 8th, in Paddington Cemetery, London. During a long life her unceasing labours have been eminently successful in the promotion of religion, morality and temperance. The readers of ONWARD will doubtless be familiar with the many articles and serial tales which she contributed to our pages; besides these, her numerous contributions in the *British Workman*, *Band of Hope Review*, etc., also her "Morning Dew Drops," and many other volumes, which have been read by thousands. The gifted Authoress has passed away, but her works will live, and continue to light up the sunshine of domestic peace and joy in English hearts and homes. Though dead she speaks, and like a bold, valiant champion, we hear her all-inspiring voice encouraging us to be faithful and fearless in the battle of truth and temperance.

CHICKEN-HEARTED HARRY.

1st Prize "Onward" Competition. Best story illustrating Kindness to Animals.

By EMILY MAUDE PRICE, aged 18 years. Coventry.

"FOR shame, Tom Lincoln, what are you doing?"

"It's nothing to you what I'm doing, Harry Wyles; mind your own business."

My friend Mrs. Clifford and myself were passing through a field when the above words caught our ears. Just before us was a cottage in a garden, separated from the field by a low fence.

In the field stood a boy about 12 years of age, his face flushed, his blue eyes flashing indignantly, and his hands tightly clenched. In the garden was another boy, who looked just what he was, a contemptible bully. In his hand he held a poor fluttering bird just out of the reach of a large cat which was secured by a cord to the fence. He appeared to be taking a delight in tormenting his victim. First he would hold it close to the cat, then when she prepared to spring he would as quickly withdraw it.

I had heard of "Chicken-hearted Harry," and now watched him eagerly to see how he would act. I had not long to wait. By a sudden spring Puss had nearly captured her prey, when Harry leaped over the fence, and in another moment Tom lay on the gravel, and Harry, bird in hand, was walking quickly down the path.

Mrs. Clifford spoke to him when we were sufficiently near, and in answer to her question he said, "It is a poor bird, ma'am, with a broken wing. Tom found it and was diverting himself—" Indignation prevented his saying more, so Mrs. Clifford said, kindly—

"Then you are fond of birds, Harry?"

"Yes, indeed, ma'am, I'm fond of all dumb creatures, and it does rile me to see them hurt."

"I am very pleased to hear it, Harry. But who taught you to be so kind to animals?"

"My father, ma'am. He always taught me that it was as much a sin to hurt a dumb animal as a human being. He says they are all God's creatures, and that it is an insult to God to injure or annoy the smallest thing that He has created."

"You would not do for a butcher," I said, smiling.

"Oh," replied Mrs. Clifford, "I should think he would make a good butcher, because he would find the most humane way of slaughtering the animals."

"But," I said again, "Harry does not believe in killing animals."

"Not for our selfish gratification," said Harry, "but for food it is a different matter. But my father would never buy meat of a butcher whom he suspected of acting cruelly to the animals. This is our cottage," he added, pointing to a little white house near by. "Will you come in and rest awhile? Mother will be delighted."

We accepted the offer thankfully, being somewhat tired, and entered the neat, well-furnished kitchen into which Harry ushered us.

A kind, motherly woman came forward to meet us, whom Harry introduced as his mother. There was a deal of pride and affection in the way he said, "My mother." While Harry ran for his father, Mrs. Wyles placed chairs for us, and poured out glasses of rich, foaming milk, saying politely, "You must be warm walking in the sun, and this is beautiful milk."

Nothing could have been nicer, and we were just enjoying it, when Mr. Wyles entered. He was a tall, fine,

powerfully-built man, and we saw the resemblance to Harry directly. The same curly brown hair and blue eyes, and the same kind and merry though determined look about the mouth.

We were eager to know more of Harry, and his parents were as pleased to tell us.

"He never could from a child see a creature in pain, let it be what it might. He is such a tender-hearted little chap," said his father. "Do you see that dog? Harry saved that from being drowned three years ago, and we've had him ever since. A more devoted creature never lived. We call him Harry's 'body-guard.'"

"Yes," said the mother, "and so he is. Harry never ventures into any danger without Nero. But he is safe enough while the dog is by. He would not let a hair of his head be injured, would you, Nero?" she said, patting the faithful creature's head.

"Then there's the cat," she went on. "Harry found her nearly famished in that field at the back of the house, and brought her home and fed her, and now see what a beauty she is!"

"What will he do with the bird?" I asked.

"Why, miss, he will nurse it till it

is well, and then let it loose. He has rescued many a poor bird in that way. A few months ago a beautiful dove flew in here, and would not be driven out. When Harry came home he tried to find the owner, but failed, so we allowed him to keep it, and he has built a little pen for it. He is at work now, cleaning out his rabbit pen. Would you like to see the rabbits, ladies?"

"Yes, very much," we replied. So Mr. Wyles led the way into a large open yard at the back of the house. There we found Harry hard at work, while his little pets were contentedly nibbling away at the cabbage-leaves in the corner of the yard. Harry was very pleased to see us, and showed us his birds, and his rabbits, and then he opened the door of the dovecote, and the pretty little dove flew out, and settled on his shoulder, never moving its position even when he stepped across the yard and put one of the rabbits on the other shoulder.

We could not but be pleased with what we saw, and we left the house wishing with all our hearts that the day might soon be hastened when every boy and girl in the world would be as "chicken-hearted" as Harry Wyles.

THE HOLY BIBLE.

OH, precious Book, that teaches us of heaven,
The glorious land where sorrow is unknown!
How dearly do I prize thee—treasure given
By Him who reigneth on the heavenly throne!
What words of comfort do thy leaves contain!
What golden promises to man are given!
Oh, why do men in ignorance remain,
When thy bless'd leaves reveal the way to heaven?
Blessed are they who read thy pages o'er,
And take to heart the lessons they impart;—
They will be wise, though ignorant before;
And, oh! 'twill take a burden off the heart!
The sceptic may thy holy laws deride,
Yet thou art still the Christian's joy and pride!

JOHN W. CLAY.

THE PARTING HOUR.

‘WHAT! must she die—the pride of my heart—my beautiful, darling child? It cannot—must not—shall not be!’ he cried, in frenzy wild.

“Nay, doctor, for tender pity’s sake, use all your art to save My lamb from the hungry jaws of death, from the dark and yawning grave.”

Alas! the art and the skill were vain; he read in her face the truth,
The blight had smitten his cherished flower in the opening bloom of youth;
Nor prayers nor tears might now avail, he saw his child must die,
And the strong man writhed in agony as the parting hour drew nigh.

But she—the dying one—see her there—upon her placid brow
The touch of some unseen angel hand seems resting even now;
No fear, no terror, her spirit feels, she hath neared the pearly gate;
She knows there are blessed ones robed in white, for her coming that watch and wait.

One task remains yet unfulfilled; she had sought for strength and grace;
Her arm is around her father’s neck, love’s yearning in her face,
And gathering up her failing strength for that all-important task,
“My father!” she whispers, “ere I go, one precious boon I ask.

“You have ever wished to be kind and good, and but for one fell foe
A happier home than ours had been this earth might never know.
But the sly deceiver, the wily serpent, led you on and on,
Step after step, till the peace and plenty and comfort all were gone.

“Dear mother, before she went to Heaven, prayed that the deadly chain
That bound you might soon be broken off. Oh! shall her prayers be vain?
Nay, weep not so, dear father, she is only gone before;
She will watch and wait till you come to her on that happy, deathless shore.

“What message shall I bear to her? Shall I tell her you will come?
This changing earth is not our rest, that is our real home.
You know the way, dear father; Christ can break off every chain.
Oh! promise me now that by His grace from drink you will abstain.

“This, this is the boon my heart implores, then I can die in peace,
And you, dear father, your bitterest sorrows shall for ever cease;
You shall find a blessed and holy work, to lead to Heaven and God
Poor wanderers in the dangerous paths where once your footsteps trod.

“And when you think in lonely hours of dear ones now no more,
A whisper from Heaven shall cheer your heart—‘Not lost, but gone before!’”
The accents ceased—her strength fast failed—but still her eye implored;
The pledge is given—the vow is made—she hears the longed-for word.

She dies, but her death is her father’s life. The slave from his chain is free;
There is joy where the angels dwell o’er one redeemed from misery,
And they watch and wait o’er the river there, on the bright, immortal shore,
Till the loved and saved one come to them, where partings are no more.

E. C. A. ALLEN.



"Her arm is around her father's neck, love's yearning in her face,"—Page 156.



Droylsden, Openshaw and District Union of Bands of Hope and Total Abstinence Societies—A successful Out-door Demonstration of the above newly-formed Union took place on Saturday, June 29th. Upwards of 1400 members and friends formed in procession, and paraded the principal streets of the village, the girls being dressed in white, and carrying bouquets of flowers. Three Bands enlivened the proceedings with selections of music along the route. The members were taken to a field in Baguley Lane, where they were regaled with buns and milk, &c., after which games were indulged in by the children.

Vale of Eden Band of Hope Union (Westmoreland).—The fifth annual de-

monstration of this union was held at Kirkby-Stephen on the 19th of June, under the most auspicious circumstances. Twenty-two Bands of Hope, numbering about 2,000 members, with eight bands of music, marched in procession to the fête ground. There were altogether about 5,000 people on the ground, which, when compared with previous demonstrations, was very gratifying to the executive. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. R. Watson, of Glasgow (late secretary). Powerful addresses bearing upon the several aspects of the Temperance question were given by G. Easton, Esq., of the Scottish Temperance League, and the Rev. C. H. Collins, M.A., of the United Kingdom Alliance.

WISE COUNSEL.

A BLESSING I give thee, a blessing receive,
My counsel I give with it too;
One thing to remember is never to leave
To fate what thou'rt able to do;
And Dick, my boy, ever be on the look-out
For men who would lead thee astray,
As many a lion is prying about
For innocent souls on the way.

Thy pathway deceitful and stony will be,
Thy feet may grow weary and sore;
But keep straight ahead; 'twill be better for thee
The fortune that lieth in store.
Perchance thou wilt meet a man striving to make
Some progress along the dark road;
If such be the case, Dick, I prithee to take
Compassion and lighten his load.

And here is the "guide," keep it next to thy heart—
'Twill make all thy cares appear light,
And if from the road thou should'st ever depart,
Then, boy, 'twill direct thee aright;
But while thou dost travel, be on the look-out
For men who would lead thee astray,
As many a lion is prying about
For innocent souls on the way.

JOHN G. LUMSDEN.

DRINK.

DRINK, like a serpent, comes stealing along,
 Holding in bondage the weak and the strong ;
 Changing their gladness to sorrow and care,
 Corrupting the pure, the noble, the fair ;
 Alluring the maid, the youth and the sage,
 The parent whose hairs are frosted by age ;
 Entwining their hearts with tendrils of sin,
 And sapping the fount of virtue within.
 Like some giddy moth, enchanted by flame,
 The daughters of earth are lost in their shame ;
 Their innocence gone, their feet turned aside,
 They plunge in the deep their folly to hide.
 The gems of our youth, once bright as the spring,
 Are snared by the foe, and stung by its sting ;
 Their rare plans of life are nipped in the bud ;
 They wander astray from all that is good.
 And ignorance blooms where virtue should grow,
 While sadness dries up life's blood in its flow ;
 And Bacchus makes sad the great and the wise,
 When blessing should fall like dew from the skies.
 The children we love, the pride of our race,
 Are tainted thro' drink with shame and disgrace ;
 The bliss that should smile like blossoms in May
 Is shrouded in gloom, or swept quite away.
 We weep for the lost—the gems that have flown—
 The flowers of earth by tares overgrown—
 The lives, which thro' drink are dark and forlorn,
 And hearts that are crushed by sorrow's sharp thorn.

* * * * *

Then, brothers come, with Bibles in our hand,
 Forth let us go, to save from drink our land.
 Come, let the fire of justice warm each breast,
 And show the world our faith can stand the test ;
 Come, crush the foe, and break his subtle rod,
 And point the slave to freedom and to God.
 No longer let our custom's binding spell
 Lead manhood down with faltering steps to hell ;
 Come, boldly fling the gage of battle down,
 If we would wear the victor's jewelled crown.
 Then loud shall swell the victor's joyful cry,
 And heaven's smile shall bless us from on high.
 Let right and truth be our eternal shield,
 And all the world our glorious battle-field,
 Come, crush the foe, shrink not in the strife,
 Then death shall bring a golden crown of life,
 And we shall soar beyond the starry skies,
 To rest in peace, where sunlight never dies.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

SURE way to turn people's heads—
Go late to church.

WHICH is the worst place for a rum
hole?—A man's face.

A SECRET warranted to keep in any
climate—A woman's age.

THE man who attempted to "cloak
his sins" could not find a garment
large enough.

NEW READING.—Do not ejaculate
before the forest's margin bursts upon
your enraptured vision.

A celebrated wit was asked if he
knew Theodore Hook. "Yes," re-
plied he; "Hook and eye are old
associates."

"WOMEN," remarked the contem-
plative man, "are as deep as the blue
waters of yon bay." "Ay, sir," re-
joined the disappointed man, "and as
full of craft."

SMART.—A minister, putting his
hand upon a young urchin's shoulder,
exclaimed, "My son, I believe the
devil has got hold of you." "I believe
so too," was the reply.

"PAY me that six-and-eightpence
you owe me, Mr. Mulrooney," said a
village attorney, "for the opinion you
had of me." "Faith, I never had any
opinion of you in all my life," was the
reply.

A SHREWD ANSWER.—Lady (at
Sunday school): "And what do you
understand by 'the pomps and vanities
of this wicked world'?" The Head
of the Class: "The flowers in your
bonnet, teacher!"

A POOR fellow in Scotland, creeping
through the hedge of an orchard, with
an intention to rob it, was seen by the
owner, who called out to him,
"Sawney, hoot man, whar are you
gaun?" "Bock again," said Sawney,
as he turned out at the same hole he
came in at.

MANY live miserably and meanly, just
to die magnificently and rich.

VICE stings us, even in our pleasures;
but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

STRONG as our passions are, they may
be starved into submission, and con-
quered without being killed.

BAD habits are the thistles of the
heart, and every indulgence of them is
a seed from which will spring a new
crop of weeds.

WHY is the letter M like the first
glass of alcoholic liquor? Because it is
the commencement of misery.

IF you can drink or leave it alone,
we say we believe the first part of your
statement; now prove to yourself and
your friends the second part, by leaving
it alone for say three months. You may
learn by the difficulty of keeping from
it how nearly the demon had you
chained.

*Extracts from evidence given by Sir
WM. GULL, M.D., F.R.S., before the
Peers' Select Committee on Intem-
perance.*

I HARDLY know any more potent
cause of disease than alcohol, leaving
out of view the fact that it is a frequent
source of crime of all descriptions.

I AM persuaded that lecturers should
go about the country lecturing to people
of the middle and upper-middle classes
upon the disadvantages of alcohol as it
is daily used.

I DO not see any good in leaving off
drink by degrees. If you are taking
poison into the blood, I do not see the
advantage of diminishing the degrees of
it from day to day. That point has been
frequently put to me by medical men,
but my reply has been, "If your patient
were poisoned by arsenic, would you
still go on putting in the arsenic?"



RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistake," &c., &c.

CHAPTER IX.

A TROUBLED HOUSEHOLD.

"I could tell you better, miss, walking than standing still," said Fred, "if you wouldn't mind taking a turn or two while I explain." His ready hand helped me to rise. We walked a few steps in silence. "How is Master Harry now?" he asked at length, in the tone of a man who makes a desperate plunge into his subject.

"How is he, Fred? Well I hope; they think him looking a great deal better than when he came. You must call at grandpapa's and see him. He will be in this afternoon, I expect. He is busy over the model of a ship with grandpapa in the afternoons."

"I have seen him, miss," said Fred ; "that's why I'm here."

"Seen him !" I echoed, in amazement. "Why, he never told me. Where did you see him, Fred ?"

"In a public-house, miss." The bright, cheery face of Fred Tresize was more gloomily clouded than I had ever seen it in my life before when he gave me this answer.

"It couldn't have been Harry," I said, in my first horror.

"I'd have given my hand, miss, sooner than it should have been," said Fred, "but it *was*. He was in a room with a lot of sailor-boys, and talking the loudest and biggest of them all, for he was tipsy. I coaxed him away, and got him out and about with me for a walk, or else I reckon there'd have been a row at the Capen's."

"Oh ! grandmamma !" I moaned in my heart, "you cannot take all the consequences, as you promised. Fred," said I, aloud, as the sunshine seemed all to fade out of my spirit, "what can I do to save him from himself ?"

"It is not for me to give advice to you, miss," replied Fred, "but I think Master Harry will be safer at home than in this place."

"It is getting time for us to return ; I will write and arrange to be back next week," I answered. "Keep Harry's sin and disgrace to yourself, Fred ; don't tell them at home."

"I don't think you need say that, miss," he answered, with slight annoyance in the tone of his voice ; "Master Harry is too dear to me for me to go and tell anything against him unless I was forced, as I am now."

"Forgive me, Fred," I said, frankly, vexed with myself that I had wounded him.

When, after a little more conversation with Fred Tresize, I returned to Griffin Cottage, I went at once to my pretty little room. The spring sunshine resting on its pink hangings and muslin curtains made it prettier than ever, and the sea sparkled with silvery beauty as I gazed wearily from my window across upon the bay ; but in my heart there was no answering pulse of joy. Harry's sin weighed like lead upon me. I waited, praying for help to be faithful to our darling and yet patient with him, till I heard him run upstairs to wash his hands and make himself neat for dinner. Then, as he passed my door, I said, quietly, "Harry !"

"Well, Dorie."

"I want you, dear."

Perhaps my tone was suspiciously sad, for Harry answered, "I can't come now, Dorie ; grandmamma says dinner is all but ready, and I'm in a hurry to get myself to rights in time."

"Dinner won't be ready for a quarter of an hour, Harry. I must speak to you, either here or in your own room, and I must speak at once."

He saw I would not be put off, so yielded, though sulkily. Harry was generally quick-tempered, but I thought perhaps he felt himself in the wrong and that made him pettish. I hoped earnestly that he might give way to my entreaties, and promise me to sign the pledge. He came slowly towards me as I sat by the open window that looked out on the sunlit sea, on whose bosom, thirty miles away, rested our island home.

"What is it, Dorie ?"

As I looked at him, I thought of all the pride I had taken and still took in him, the care I had exercised over him, and the warm love he had felt for me in childhood. Was Harry estranged from me already by the demon drink ? In a few

moments of time, I beheld several pictures of the happy past. I seemed to see him, in his sweet baby innocence, nestled in my arms ; again I felt his little chubby hand in mine when I led him out in joyous pride to show how well our Harry could walk. I saw him the day he brought home his first prize from school, the bright, beautiful boy, and laid it gaily and in triumph on our mother's knee. Oh ! in what a warm, glowing tide my deep, abiding love for him rushed over my whole nature at these dear memories !

"Harry, dearest brother, you must not make us all miserable about you," I said, as I put my arm round him affectionately ; "you must give up the drink, and for ever."

"Fred Tresize is mean to peach," said Harry.

"Just as mean," I answered, "as if he saw you drowning in the sea, Harry, and plunged in and swam to your assistance, if you call that mean."

"What stuff, Dorie ! Don't you suppose I'm old enough to take a glass of drink or two if I like, without wanting Fred to come spying my actions and reporting them to you. I declare it's a burning shame, and he is mean ; he isn't the fellow I took him for ; I'll soon cut Fred if that's his little game."

The rude slang language my brother used surprised me painfully, but I went on—

"After all that has happened, Harry, we shall go home next week."

"You're going to tell papa," he said, and he looked rather frightened.

I was silent, and so was Harry for some minutes.

"Look here, Dorie," he said then, "if you'll just leave all that, and stay on here a bit longer——"

I interrupted him, "I cannot stay longer, Harry." I did not add what I felt, that the responsibility of keeping him from our parents was greater than I could bear.

"It is all grandmamma," he said, crossly ; "if she hadn't given me the wine, and if they hadn't had drink every evening, I should not have thought about it, I expect."

"Oh ! Harry, grandmamma did not make you break your pledge at St. Mary's. Cowards who yield to temptation always blame other people instead of blaming themselves, as they ought to do. I wish you would think about poor mamma. You know she is not strong, and this sort of trouble is the very worst thing that could happen to her."

"Then don't let her know, Dorie," said Harry, coaxingly ; "it shan't happen again, really, Dorie. You may depend it shan't happen again. I won't say a word against going home if you wish to go, only promise me not to tell them, and try to forget it yourself, Dorie. You needn't look so scared. I've got too much pluck, now I understand better what the drink is like, ever to let myself take too much again."

He flung his arms about me, and looked into my eyes, and watched my lips to see if I would smile, and agree to yield to his wishes. I did smile at him, though sadly, but this time I would make no promise.

"And directly, Harry, that I see the least sign of your breaking your word," I said, "I must tell papa everything."

* * * * *

I have opened this book to-day the first time for two years. We were at the beginning of our trouble then—our trouble, that has weighed on us so heavily ever since. Amongst those remains of the old abbey churchyard that now form such a picturesque part of the grounds of Tresco Abbey, and which was used until

comparatively recently as a place of burial, there is this inscription, on a flat tombstone partly overgrown with ivy—

“ Sacred to the Memory
OF
JAMES PINDER,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON
FRIDAY, THE 16TH OF MARCH, 1811,
IN THE
54th Year of His Age.

How loved, how valued once, avails thee not,
To whom related or by whom forgot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
’Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be.”

These lines, which I learnt at papa’s request when I was a child, have been ringing in my ears lately as I have thought of our Harry. We have lost him; not for two days and a night merely, as when Honest Joe found him wedged painfully in the Pulpit Rock, but for weeks, months, we have looked wearily into each others’ faces, our eyes asking each other the questions we dared not shape into words, “Where is he? Where can he be?”

My father and brothers, aided by Fred Tresize, Honest Joe, and many of our stalwart friends amongst the fishermen, have carefully searched over all the islands, in every nook and cranny where a human form could, for any purpose, have concealed itself, and all in vain.

I have been haunted by the dread lest we should some day encounter in our rambles our poor boy’s dead young form, starved and wan and cold and silent, or lest in after years a group of weather-bleached white bones alone should remain on some small island home of the birds amidst our archipelago to hint at a tragedy which had been enacted long before.

When Harry and I returned from Penzance, my father’s suspicions were already aroused, and in this way. My decidedly expressed desire to return home had puzzled him, and a few days before our arrival he met Fred Tresize, who had just got back from Cornwall. To my father’s extreme surprise Fred, for the very first time in his life, seemed to wish to avoid him, and would even have passed him with a civil “Good morning, sir,” had not my father arrested his steps.

“Why, Fred, what makes you in such a hurry, man? Have you seen anything of my young folks at Penzance?”

“Yes, sir, I saw Miss Trevan for a few minutes. She seemed very well, sir.”

“But where was Harry, Fred? Did you not catch even a glimpse of our boy?”

Fred’s countenance fell, though he answered, in a tone of assumed cheerfulness, “I can’t say I didn’t see him, but it wasn’t for very long, sir.”

“At my father’s?” questioned papa.

“No, sir, ’twas on the quay.”

“And how did he look? What was he doing? Does he seem quite recovered, quite strong and healthy, as a boy should be?”

Fred hesitated, and papa, more and more astonished, questioned him more and more closely, till Fred, having tried in vain successfully to parry my father’s interrogations, said, sadly—

“Sir, I have given my word, and I will not break it. Master Harry is well enough in health. Miss Trevan is the proper person to tell you everything else.”

I detected the anxiety in my father's countenance directly I looked at him when he came on the steamer to meet us. It was so sweet to be at home again, to receive such a loving welcome from the dear ones, that for a while care stepped aside, and I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the evening. My mother's health was improved, her tender, gentle, playful presence was in itself an atmosphere of affection; Harry had come back stout and well—how much we had to be thankful for! The bright sweet faces of my sisters, Ernest's thoughtful smile, and George's honest sunshiny countenance and hearty laugh—how dear, how precious they all were to me! Only dear papa looked somewhat aged and careworn; he must have been working too hard.

That evening, when all the rest had said "Good night" and were gone to bed, my father called me into his study. There was a bright fire in the grate, and he seated me in one of the cosy easy-chairs that stood beside it, while he himself stood near the fire. Then abruptly, and with a firm determination to know all I could tell him, papa began, as he gazed down into my face, "Dora love, what wrong thing has Harry done at Penzance?"

My voice faltered when I tried to speak.

"Dearest child," he said, "can you not trust me? Am I not Harry's father? Is he not bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh? Do I not love him with a love which, dear as he is to you, you cannot measure? Have I ever treated my children so that they should desire to withhold their entire confidence from me? Dora, what is it? I have a right to know, and you have no right whatever to keep back that knowledge."

He stooped over me, took my hands in his, and looked anxiously at me as he asked, "Has he stolen anything from my father?"

"Oh! no, papa." And then finding my words with difficulty, I told of all that had happened at Penzance to Harry; told of our dear grandmother's terribly mistaken kindness, and of the secrecy she enjoined upon me.

"Dearly as I love her," said my father, "I must say she was wrong in asking that, Dora, and you were wrong to yield it. A parent has the first right to a child's obedience. But how was it Harry did not himself resist and protest against the use of the wine?"

I felt now how wrongly I had acted from the first in hiding from my parents the knowledge that Harry had broken the pledge. My father, seeing my distress, urged me not to conceal anything from him now; he reminded me that if I had made any promises to do so, I had clearly mistaken my duty, and must no longer remain silent. Thus warned, thus counselled, for my darling brother's good, I told all. It was sad to feel that my father was disappointed in me—that I as well as Harry had incurred his displeasure. But he folded me tenderly in his arms when we parted for the night, and said, as he stroked my hair caressingly—

"My poor Dora, you have been to blame, through your blind unreasoning love for our Harry. God grant that we may be permitted to put an end to the terrible consequences of his self-will."

(To be continued.)





"HOW I SPENT A DAY AT THE SEASIDE,"

First Prize Paper. Written by BERTHA DAVIES, aged 14 years, Rice Lane, Egremont, Cheshire.

IT was one of the happiest days of my life, the first at the seaside. Everything was full of novelty. I had never seen the sea before, and was most astonished at the gentle ebb and flow of the tide. When people were bathing in it, it seemed to my imagination like an enormous bath, where everyone might wash themselves and splash about without fear of wetting any cross landlady's carpet, who said, "Everything spoilt in her house by visitors must be replaced."

I, with my little friends, wandered about on the pebbly beach, watching with intense wonder and admiration the great waves as they rolled in so grandly and majestically; and then, when the tide had gone out, we delighted to take off our shoes and stockings and dabble with feet and hands in the clear, cool pools the sea had left—we thought for our especial benefit. But we had some tiny enemies to contend with before we had these pools to ourselves: these were the crabs

that caught hold of our toes and fingers, and pinched them unmercifully whenever they got the chance. We took one or two of the crabs home, and asked nurse to cook them for our tea; we never thought that they would be too small, and thought nurse very unkind when she laughed at us, and we felt rather disconsolate when we left her; but we went down to the sea again, and found some jelly-fish and star-fish. We had no idea what the former were, but we carried one on a spade to a boatman, who kindly explained all about their habits to us; and as for the star-fish, we did not like to touch it, because it was so queer, and curled up its feelers when we touched it.

My greatest delight was in making sand houses, and something like gardens to them, with the different kinds of seaweed. The green wavy seaweed served for grass, and the straight sand-coloured, with little bits of green put here and there, was what

we called "variegated holly;" while we had a large piece of the black seaweed, with what we called "little lumps" on, hung up in our nursery, and this we used as a weather-glass, though I think what we said was going to happen did not always come about. It was rather a contrary weather-glass, and would not have done to depend on always, or else it was that we did not understand it properly. In the evening, when it was not so hot as in the middle of the day, we all went out, and sat on the parade or pier, and listened to the band. The music was very pretty indeed, and I thought that the young ladies and gentlemen looked very nice dancing away to the music, and I often wished I could dance too; but when my sister offered to teach me, I fear I got very impatient, and she sent me away, saying that she thought I ought to be good, considering how many pleasures I enjoyed at the seaside.

AT THE SEASIDE.

We have left the town behind us,
And the noise and gaiety:
At the seaside you will find us,
Where the sparkling wave doth bind us
To the bright and glassy sea.

'Mid the silv'ry sand and shingle,
Spade in hand we roam each day,
With the merry groups we mingle,
And our tongues go jingle, jingle,
For we have so much to say.

Up the rugged hills we scramble,
With our little, nimble feet;
And across the cliffs we ramble,
'Mid the heather, gorse and bramble,
Gaily plucking wild flowers sweet.

But the happy days are flying,
Oh! so very, very fast.
Pleasure now will soon be dying,
Farewell we shall soon be crying,
For our holiday is past.

HERBERT H. ADAMS.

MORNING PRAYER.

GENTLE Jesus, hear my prayer,
Make a little child thy care;
Thou hast called and blessed such:
I would love Thee very much.

Thou art always near to me,
Watching if I good will be;
Jesus, help me all the while,
For I want to have Thy smile.

Make me like Thee, Jesus, sweet,
Loving all the good I meet,
Pitying all the bad I see,
For Thou pray'st for them and me.

May I this day speak the truth,
Be what Thou wast in Thy youth;
Grateful and obedient be
To my parents dear and Thee.

So may I in favour grow,
Like a rosebud sweetly blow;
Doing all the good I can,
Pleasing unto God and man.

ANNIE CLEGG.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER TWO PRIZES, one value 6s. 6d. for the best, and one value 3s. 6d. for the second best TEMPERANCE STORY.—Length, about 1,400 words.

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; contributions to be solely their own productions, and be written on one side of the paper only, foolscap size, and must be sent to the Editors not later than October 1st.

WORDS FOR DEFINITION.

SLEEP.

SORROW.

1.—CHARADE.

My first's my last, my last's my first,
So neither can be best nor worst;
Second's my fifth, my fifth's my second,
You'll find it so as I have reckoned;
My third's my fourth, my fourth's my third,
'Tis true, 'tis true, upon my word.
My whole's a female Christian name,
In the Scriptures you may find the same.

A. SUTCLIFFE.

2.—CHARADE.

My first and last are both alike,
And I am in the middle;
My total is a precious gem:
Can you now solve this riddle?

A. SUTCLIFFE.

3.—HISTORICAL QUOTATION ENIGMA.

Take the 1st, 16th, and 17th letters of the name of a man who was present at the murder of Thomas à Becket, and wrote the life of that prelate.

Take the 3rd and 17th of an English navigator who fought against the Spanish Armada with determined bravery.

The 5th, 13th, 1st, 9th, 7th, and 8th of a patriot who had much of the old Norman in his composition, and during the civil wars in Charles I.'s time he sided with the Parliament.

The 3rd, 12th, 16th, 17th, and 1st of an eminent antiquary, historian, and herald who wrote "The Antiquities of Warwickshire," "The Baronage of England," and other works.

The 1st, 8th, and 12th of a poet who not meeting with the friends he expected, and having strong unbridled passions, in a fit of despair put an end to his life by a dose of poison.

The 6th and 8th of one who was called to the bar in 1806, made Lord Chief Justice of England in 1850, and Lord Chancellor in 1859.

The 5th, 9th, and 8th of one who shone less in private than in public life; and while we grant him the praise of learning and indefatigable application, we must deny him that of amiable manners.

The 6th, 10th, 11th of a bishop who was accused of treasonable practices in the reign of George I., and banished the kingdom.

The 15th, 17th, 11th, 18th, and 1st of one who was sent to dispossess the French of Egypt, and at the Battle of Alexandria, March 21st, 1801, received his death wound.

If these letters connected be,
Then a proverb you will see.

MARIE.

4.—CRYPTOGRAPH.

O, S, Y, T, W, C, T, C, O, O, N, S, Y, N,
H, I, W, I, O, L, D, I, I, W, F, N, B, D,
D, T, T, N, T, W, C, T, C, O, O, N.

O, hun e he ine up he urse f ur ation,
ee e ot ow t orks n ur and evastation,
n ts ake ollows othing ut ark esolation,
hen ouch ot he ine up he urse f ur ation.

FRANCES.

5.—CHARADE.

Peter Jones was a man, and a drunkard as well;
 To beat him in drinking not one could excel.
 What wages he earn'd were spent all in drink,
 Tilt at last it near brought him to the grave's awful brink.
 He had a bad *first*, which would quickly give way,
 And the manner he fought my pen can't portray.
 The poor wife would work and buy what she could,
 But he like a glutton did *second* the food.
 At home Peter Jones was sitting one day,
 Whilst his wife was out working a few streets away;
 When lo! at the door there came a loud knock,
 And to tell you the truth it gave Peter a shock.
 But he opened the door, and in walked a man,
 Who looked round the room, and the bare walls did scan.
 Now this man was a preacher, and to Peter he spoke,
 How many a wife's heart by drinking was broke.
 The preacher brought food, and with Peter Jones dined;
 To his great joy at last the pledge Peter signed.
 A happy man's Peter, and to this very day,
 His *first* is my *whole*, I'm most happy to say.

HERBERT H. ADAMS.

6.—ENIGMA.

My first is in cover, but not in book;
 My second in crow, also in rook;
 My third is in wheat, but not in corn;
 My fourth is in bugle, but not in horn;
 My fifth is in single, also in double.
 But here I'm afraid you've had enough trouble
 If not, follow on, and soon you may find
 Something which clearly may bring me to mind:
 I'm thrice in liquor, once in malt;
 Twice in sugar, once in salt;
 Thrice in eagle, once in owl;
 Twice in poultry, once in fowl;
 Once in trunk, twice in tree;
 Twice in you, once in me;
 Twice in mount, once in hill;
 Twice in Philip, once in Phil;
 Twice in water clear and bright;
 Twice in morning, once in night.
 I'm seen when 'tis wet, I'm seen when 'tis dry
 I'm seen very low, and I'm seen rather high.
 I'm seen upon wood, I'm seen upon glass,
 I'm seen upon iron, I'm seen upon brass,
 I'm seen upon paper, I'm seen upon stone,
 I'm seen far away, and I'm seen close at home,

I'm seen in the castle, I'm seen in the train,
 If you go to the schoolroom you'll find me again.
 In the Temperance hall you'll find me to-night;
 Look well when you go, you'll discover I'm right.
 And I've not the least doubt if you CAREFULLY look,
 That SOMEWHERE you'll find me in this little book.
 You've seen me to-day a hundred times o'er;
 But here I must leave you, I cannot say more.

PHIL. GARROOD.

DEFINITIONS.

TIME.

The old justice that examines all offenders.
 —(SHAKESPEARE.)
 The porch to the temple of eternity.—
 (Selected.)
 A precious jewel, once lost never to be found again.

A. HARRISS.

A precious gift, whose true value is only known by the industrious.

EMILY M. PRICE.

A ceaseless stream, which began its course when the world was made, and will continue flowing until the day of judgment.

A. FENN.

A rapid river, which rolls on, and carries everything in its course with it to the boundless ocean of eternity.

S. H. McC.

TACT.

The way to do it.
 Hitting the right nail on the head.—Selected.
 The art of knowing how to speak and act at the right time.
 The art of making apparently difficult things easy.

K. PETTETT.

EMILY M. PRICE.

A talented handmaid, ever ready and willing to oblige those in whose service she is engaged.

S. H. McC.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On pages 148 and 149.

1. Mass—acre.
2. Wine—pine—pin—win—sin—in.
3. A—bun—dance.
4. Carmel, Orleans, Radnor, Naples, Wolds, Andes, Leominster, Liffey,—Cornwall.
5. On, Urijah, Rimmon, Yoke, Og, Uzzah, Nebo, Gehazi, Felix, Omri, Lois, Kedar, Shishak.—Our Young Folks.
6. ROSE
OBED
SEAN
EDNA
7. The City-crier.

MERRY FARMER'S BOY.

F. M. LAYESS.

1. A mer - ry far - mer's boy am I, My songs are gay and blithe;

KEY C.

:s	s:-:fe s:-:l	s:-:m d':-:d'	r':-:d' t:-:l	l:-:s:-:
2. Thro'	flow - 'ry fields and	tan - gled woods	I love at will to	roam,.....
:m	m:-:re m:-:f	m:-:d m:-:	f:-:f f:-:f	f:-:m:-:
3. For	me the streamlet's	gras - sy banks	Un - fold their ear - liest	flowers,.....
:d'	d':-:d' d':-:d'	d':-:s s:-:	s l:-:l d':-:d'	d':-:s:-:
4. Then	let me live a	far - mer's life,	Nor chide me for my	wish,
:d	d:-:d d:-:d	d:-:d d:-:	d f:-:f f:-:f	d:-:s:-:

For in my hum - ble coun - try home I lead a glad, free life.....

D. C.

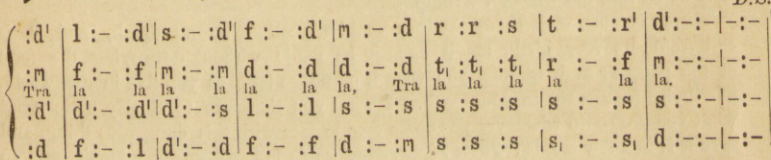
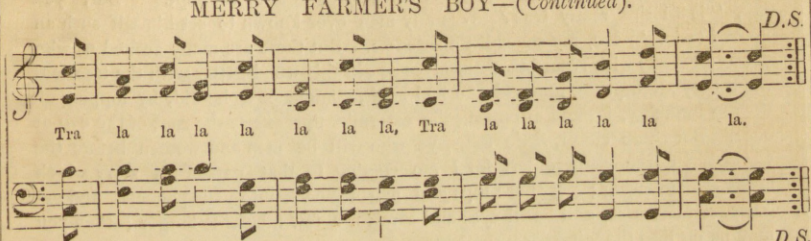
:s	l:-:f r:-:f	m:-:s d:-:m	r:-:s fe:-:l	s:-:s:-:
And	as I wan - der,	gai - ly sing, - This	is my own free	home.
:m	f:-:r r:-:r	d:-:d d:-:d	t:-:r r:-:r	fe s:-:s:-:
And	pur - ple grapes hang	rich and ripe	A - bove my wild wood	bower.
:d'	d':-:l t:-:s	s:-:m m:-:s	s:-:t l:-:d'	t:-:s:-:
For	o - ver all the	wide, wide world, There	is no life like	this.
:d	f:-:f s:-:s	d:-:d d:-:d	r:-:r r:-:r	s:-:s:-:

D. C.

Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la la la,

:d'	r' r' r' r' d' r'	m':-:d' s:-:d'	r' r' r' r' d' r'	m':-:s:-:
:s	s:s s:s s:s s:s	s:-:m m:-:s	s:s s:s s:s s:s	s:-:s:-:
Tra	la la la la la la	la la la,	Tra la la la la la	la,
:d'	t:t t:t l:t	d':-:d' d':-:d'	t:t t:t l:t	d':-:s:-:
:m	s:s s:s s:s s:s	d':-:d' d':-:m	s:s s:s s:s s:s	d':-:s:-:

MERRY FARMER'S BOY—(Continued).



TURN RIGHT ROUND AND GO THE OTHER WAY.

By T. H. EVANS, Author of "A Man without a Fault," "Peeps into the Picture Gallery of Bacchus," &c.

By being long accustomed to artificial habits, we lose all taste for simplicity, and what might easily have engaged our affections when young we behold with aversion in the decline of life.—FENELON.

ARE there any boys and girls within listening distance of my pen? If so, come along and gather round, for I've a little story to tell you.

Once upon a time, a tall and handsome youth went forth into the forest, axe in hand, to cut down a tree. Stopping before a massive oak that had braved the storms of fifty years, he doffed his cap and jacket, and sticking his axe in his belt, with a bounding leap sprang into the branches, and began to ascend the tree. Having reached the summit, with that intrepidity of manner born of youthful vigour and earnestness of purpose he swung his weapon aloft in the sunlight, and down it came upon branch after branch, till the ground was strewn with the fallen boughs of the quivering tree. Presently nothing was left standing but a branchless trunk. Having descended he proceeded at once to hew down the rest, which, after a series of well-directed blows, he duly accomplished. Seating himself on the fallen trunk, he drew forth a knife, and proceeded to strip the branches of their foliage, carefully sorting and arranging the leaves and twigs, and neatly tying them into small bundles according to their size. For hours, days, nay weeks, he continued his self-appointed task of cutting up the oak bit by bit, leaf by leaf, twig by twig, branch by branch, till the whole tree stood before him in piles of odd-looking little bundles, all carefully packed into the smallest space imaginable. But possibly some of my little readers may be anxious to know what our eccentric wood-cutter intends to do with the result of so much hard labour, so I will explain at once. His intention is to put the oak back again into the acorn from whence it came. "Nonsense!" I hear you all exclaim; "no one in his senses would ever attempt anything so ridiculous." My dear young friends,

nothing is too wild or extravagant for the folly of man to attempt. "But," you ask, "is all this really true? Was any man ever known to set himself such an absurd task?" No, my eager little listeners. But there are many around us who act as unwisely with regard to themselves as did this wood-cutter with the tree, and when they attempt the removal of a bad habit, commence as he did, by lopping off the top branches, instead of putting the exterminating axe at the root of the evil at once. But come closer, little folks, ye who will be men and women before the world is a dozen years older, for I am coming to that part of my story which needs remembering; put those tops and marbles back into your pockets, and get out your memories, and be all eyes and ears for a few moments longer; then you may be off like the wind for a romp.

There is an evil thing in our midst called strong drink, and it is evil from its very birth, for it cannot be made without destroying the food of the people; and whether you wish it or no, so long as you live in this world, it will be frequently in your path. I want you therefore to clearly understand what you are to do whenever you come face to face with this dangerous thing, and here it is in a few words: *Turn right round and go the other way.* Don't stop to look at what you *think* you can see lying beyond—pleasure, fame, riches—for health of body and peace of mind are worth more than these, so turn right round and go the other way. Do not be misled into supposing that you can indulge in the use of this dangerous drink in small quantities, and then leave it off all in a moment at will when you find it is hurting you; it will be both painful and difficult to turn back *then*, and go in a path the very opposite of that to which you have been accustomed; you must reap then that which you sowed before. You can never, by turning back *then*, become what you could have been if you had started right at first. Turning back when all the mischief is done, is like trying to put the oak back into the acorn from whence it sprang. There, that's the lesson I wanted you to learn when I told you that fable about the wood-cutter and the oak-tree. Have you got the idea packed away safely in your minds? All right then; now you may go and play.

THE DEAD CHILD.

HUSH! 'tis the moaning of a broken heart;
See how the tears from her red eyelids start;
Trembling she lingers through the weary hours,
And weeps beside the coffin decked with flowers.

There has she laid upon its satin bed,
Him who once lived to love, but now is dead—
Her darling babe, the firstfruits of that life,
Since she became so young a childlike wife.

See how she lifts the lid with trembling hands,
Then, like a statue, motionless she stands;
But soon to weep, the flood-gates yield the way,
And scalding tears make gloom in spite of day.

"My darling child, thy prattling voice is hushed:
My sunny dreams, my nightly visions crushed.

I saw thee once, my blue-eyed happy boy ;
I heard thy laughter, and I shared thy joy.

" In fancy's dream I saw thy noble form,
The love of all, the bliss of every morn !
In manhood's prime with beauty and with pride
I saw thee stem the world's deceitful tide.

" And when old age brought dimness to my sight,
Thou wast my guide, thou mad'st my darkness light ;
I saw thee stand beside my bed of death,
And felt thy kiss on my departing breath.

" Alas, how changed ! thy cheek is like a stone,
Thy hand is weak, thy voice has lost its tone,
Thy flashing eye is dull, thy song is o'er:
I am bereft my child. Thou art no more.

" But why complaints ? Is faith so weak and dead ?
Thou livest yet : thy coffin is thy bed.
I see thee now immortal with the blest,
But senseless clay my bleeding heart has prest.

" Why not rejoice ? Thou'rt saved from many a snare,
No sin can stain thy fame, or load with care ;
Thou hast escaped the thorny path of life,
Hast left the field before the battle's strife."

The mother dried her tears : the gloom was gone :
Hope made her soul revive, though sad and worn :
The grave had lost its pangs, day followed night,
And love and hope made every prospect bright.

She laid her babe within its narrow tomb,
And o'er the grave spring flowers sweetly bloom,
The night-winds sing its gentle lullaby,
The murmuring stream in silver tones rolls by.

In winter's cold there peepeth through the snow
The lowly snowdrop ; the violet there doth grow ;
In summer's heat the willow bends its head,
And lovely fragrance o'er the grave is shed.

There's not a spot made sacred to the dead,
In which we cannot find the children's bed ;
Their cradles watched by guardian cherubim,
Who calm their sleep with many a holy hymn.

Among the choir that stand before the throne,
The children's song excelleth every one ;
And infant voices loud hosannas raise,
And heaven's high arches ring with children's praise.

A. J. GLASSPOOL.

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

BY DR. F. R. LEES, OF LEEDS.

V.

IF the young reader would know the real effect of alcohol on the various parts of the body, he must carry with him in thought the fact that this volatile liquid always produces a *dilatation* or widening of the small blood-pipes, which is the explanation of the red face and skin and blood-shot eyes of the drinker of it. It does this by a direct and an indirect action. First, it *narcotises*, or puts to sleep, the *nerves* which regulate the contraction of the pipes; second, it makes the heart beat faster, and send the blood with greater force into the vessels, so that they needs must expand for a double reason; third, this meddles with nutrition, both by taking away force and by injuring the vitality of the protoplasm of the blood which effects the repair of the tissues; so that the parts have less power of resistance. Hence arise, first, temporary *congestion* of the blood-vessels, and second, a permanent degeneration of them, with the gathering of oil and fat about them, which in turn hinders their function and impairs their strength.

Some years ago I published a series of colossal coloured plates showing to the *sight* the consummated result of these changes upon the liver, kidneys and brain;* but of course there is every degree of injury inflicted upon the organs between the small beginnings that are always invisible, and the terrible havoc seen in the cases which attract notice in the hospitals. In my teachings, however, for the last forty years, my

aim has been to get quit of the delusion that the great evils are not preceded by the little injuries that go before—which, indeed, are but the little ones accumulated, step by step, or stroke by stroke. The famous French professor TROUSSEAU, in his lectures to the medical students of Paris, has now reached the same conclusion. He says: "My chief purpose has been to show that alcohol exercises a *like action upon every part of the organism*, according to its quantity or its strength." Alcoholics being drunk, after doing the work we have explained in the stomach are absorbed, by following the circulation, into the great blood-vessels going to the liver and the heart. The absorbed alcohol, though it is now vastly diluted and less irritating, is still shown to be a very strong poison by causing the heart to beat faster; and its continued use in that form does not the less bring about grave *lesions* (i.e. organic injuries) to the heart and arteries. LANCEREAUX says that the *heart* of the drinker is very peculiar. At the first stage it is very little larger than in the natural state, but still fatty deposits may be seen on its sides, and at its lower end. "The fat does not merely line the heart; it penetrates between the muscular fibres, and causes them by pressure to waste away. It is dotted with milky-looking spots on the outside. Later on the fleshy tissues become yellow, soft, friable. A third stage, and they become granular or lardy; the myolemma (or muscle covering) is thickened, and the cellular-tissue, made exuberant by irritative congestion, in the end suffocates the

*A few copies of these remain, and can be sent by post, price 5s. They will illustrate the text at meetings.

muscles by compression."* Every-where sudden deaths are occurring amongst drinkers, owing to this fatty degeneration of the heart.

The *Endocardium*, or membrane which lines the heart, is affected after the same fashion. The same pathologist we have quoted found that the cardiac arteries had lesions of a most serious nature. The aortic valves also were thickened, being white or greyish, and shrivelled.

Professor HUSS, of Sweden, found "ætheromatous patches in the thoracic, aortic, and cerebral arteries; in fact throughout the whole arterial system traces of the ravages of alcohol are visible," and, comments TROUSSEAU, "the patches in the large arteries are in truth the starting point of the fatty degeneration of the small arteries everywhere, particularly of those in the brain."

Dr. BLACHEZ has presented this case. "A man, aged 46, in a state of furious delirium. Between the fits, he looked around with a stupid air; when touched, he cried out he was hurt. Pulse 120 deg.; skin covered with sweat. Next day, hyperæsthesia continued, without paralysis; coma and death followed at noon. There was found at the autopsy, double meningeal hæmorrhage"—in my opinion, hæmorrhagic meningitis. At the convexity of each hemisphere there was "a trembling gelatinous mass which elevated the dura mater." † On

cutting open the dura mater, a mass of bloody effusion was seen. Dr. BLANCHEZ points out ætheromatous patches in the vessels at the base of the brain. On the thoracic pleura were numerous livid patches. The lungs were much congested. The heart had milky spots. The arch of the aorta was marbled with yellowish white stains, and the artery thickened. The liver was pale and hypertrophied (enlarged); the cells loaded with lard. *The size of the kidneys was enormous—the result of the hypertrophy of the cortical substance, which appeared grey and greasy, and was studded with ecchymoses.* "To sum up," says Dr. MICHEL PETER, "the irritant poison circulating from artery to arterial branch, and from branch to capillary, produced everywhere similar primary disorders and consecutive lesions, varying according to the diameter, or resisting power, of the vessel. Had the patient lived long enough, similar changes would have been observed in the liver and kidneys; there would have been found the fatty liver and Brightian kidneys. The pathological drama was suddenly stopped at the first act by death, the result of pachymeningitic hæmorrhage.* This abrupt termination was fortunate, looked at from a scientific point of view, since it enabled us to detect the first phase of a series of lesions which generally we do not observe save in the more advanced stages."

* See Alcoholism, in Lancereaux's *Dictionaire Encyclopédique des Sciences Médicales*, 1865.

† *Union Médicale*, April and May, 1867.

* *Bulletin de la Société Médicale de Hôpitaux*, December, 1866.

"BEWARE of the glass with its tempting store,
Though the ruby wine may charm you;
For there lurks a taste that craves for more.
And the subtle spell
May be woven too well,
To be broken before it harm you;
And instead of a jovial friend, may be
The source of a fearful slavery."

HOME-BREWED BEER.

THE harvest of rich and golden sheaves
 Had been safely gathered in [Brown,
 From the well - tilled fields of Farmer
 And the feast and the mirth begin.
 There was good roast beef, there were
 puddings rich,
 And plenty of wholesome cheer ;
 But the glasses were filled from the
 crystal spring,
 Instead of with home-brewed beer.
 And visitors wondered to see the change,
 For William Brown's farmhouse
 Had long and far been famed for the
 Of his clever, thrifty spouse. [skill
 And specially was it whispered round,
 In homesteads far and near,
 That none to beat her could be found
 In her tap of home-brewed beer.
 "I'll tell you, my friends," the farmer
 As he met inquiring eyes, [said,
 "Why water instead of home-brewed
 To-day each glass supplies. [beer
 My firstborn son, dear to my heart—
 Words cannot tell how dear—
 To-day a homeless wanderer roams
 Because of our home-brewed beer.
 "He learned to love it whilst yet a boy,
 And the taste grew with his years.
 I saw his danger when too late,
 I sought with bitter tears
 To win my boy, my firstborn back
 From the power of the deadly snare ;
 But all in vain—he cared for nought
 But to quaff the accursed beer.
 "One day when drink had made him
 mad,
 And passion had made me wild,
 I struck him, and he returned the blow,
 And I savagely fought my child.
 I cast him forth from his childhood's
 home,
 I banished him—though 'twas here
 He had learned to love the dangerous
 taste
 Of his mother's home-brewed beer.

"But oh ! since then my stricken
 heart
 Hath enlightened my once dark eyes
 To see my folly, and though so late
 To choose a course more wise.
 No child of mine again shall learn
 From father or mother here,
 Nor servant be taught by me to love
 The taste of home-brewed beer.
 "And oh ! may God to my yearning
 The wanderer bring again !" [heart
 And from many a quivering lip was
 heard
 A fervent, deep "Amen !"
 The feast was over, the guests dispersed,
 With sober heads and clear,
 Acknowledging they were none the
 worse
 For want of the home-brewed beer.
 A shriek was heard from the lane out-
 side,
 A cry of distress and pain ;
 And father and mother wondering looked
 To see what the cry could mean.
 The youngest child came running in,
 With face all blanched with fear—
 "Oh, father, a man fell off our fence !
 I think he's had too much beer."
 They ran to render what help they
 But oh ! the mother's cry— [could ;
 Her prodigal child, weak, wasted, worn,
 Was coming home to die !
 He lay with shattered broken leg,
 Writhing in torture there,
 A victim in manhood's early prime
 To the deadly power of beer.
 The father's yearning prayer was heard,
 He had his son again ;
 And loving hearts and gentle hands
 Strove hard to ease his pain.
 God blessed their efforts, and he lived
 Through many a happy year,
 Free from the horrid drunkard's chain,
 And hating "home-brewed beer."
 E. C. A. ALLEN.



"He lay with shattered broken leg, writhing in torture there."—Page 176.



Mr. J. B. Gough's Visit to England.

—Doubtless thousands of Temperance friends are anxiously waiting for the visit of this, the greatest of Temperance orators. Mr. Gough has a profound love for the children, and his addresses to the young are so deeply interesting, that we feel satisfied Mr. Gough's orations throughout our country will be of immense value in helping forward the Band of Hope movement. We append a list of Mr. Gough's engagements:—

- Sept. 24. London—Metropolitan Tabernacle.
 26. Liverpool—Hengler's Circus.
 30. London—Exeter Hall.
 Oct. 1. Gloucester—Shire Hall.
 2. Plymouth—Guildhall.
 3. Bath—Theatre Royal.
 7. London—Exeter Hall.
 8. Leicester—Temperance Hall.
 9. York—Festival Concert Room.
 10. Newcastle-upon-Tyne—Town Hall.
 14 to 17. Scotland—With the Scottish Temperance League.
 22. Leeds—Town Hall.
 23. Sheffield—Albert Hall.
 24. Oxford—Corn Exchange.
 25. Birmingham—Town Hall.
 26. London—Exeter Hall. 3 p.m.
 28. Norwich—St. Andrew's Hall.
 29. Cambridge—Corn Exchange.
 30. London.
 31. Southampton—Hartley Institution.
 Nov. 5. Brighton—The Dome.
 6. Derby.
 7. Hanley.
 11. Manchester—Free Trade Hall.
 12. Bradford.
 13. Hull.
 14. Nottingham.
 18. Ipswich.
 19. London—Exeter Hall.
 20. Bristol.
 26. London—Metropolitan Tabernacle.

Bradford Band of Hope Union.—

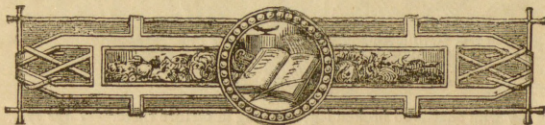
The Annual Gala was held in Peel Park, on Saturday, July 13th. The chief attraction was the juvenile concert by 2,000 voices, under the leadership of Mr. J. J. Bennett. There were upwards of 20,000 persons present.

Hibernian Band of Hope Union.—

The Tenth Annual Flower Show was held in the Exhibition Palace, on Wednesday, July 10th. A concert was given by 500 voices, ably conducted by Mr. A. L. Cowley, and a procession of upwards of thirty Bands of Hope. In the evening the concert was repeated. The festival was brought to a conclusion by a promenade concert by the bands of the 1st Highlanders and the Royal Irish Constabulary.

United Kingdom Band of Hope Union.—

On Tuesday, July 16th, the Crystal Palace Fête came off, and was a grand success. There were present over 60,000 persons, and all the bars for the sale of intoxicating liquors were closed for the day, affording ample proof that full enjoyment may be had without the use of strong drink. The meetings, concerts and amusements gave great satisfaction. They comprised—cricket match, athletic sports, great Temperance meetings, Temperance brass band contest, Royal Handbell Ringers, organ performances, choral concerts by 5,000 voices, balloon race, display of fountains, illumination of the palace, etc. It will be remembered that on former occasions this fête was carried out under the management of the National Temperance League, but they having abandoned it, the fête was boldly undertaken by the Executive of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, who, with co-workers throughout the country, deserve great praise for the enterprise displayed and the success which crowned their efforts. It is impossible to estimate the amount of good which these monster fêtes must accomplish, and we trust the Committee may be able to repeat the effort next year.



OUR MISSION.

OUR mission is not our talents to hide;
But to seek and save,—the feeble to guide;
Provide for the lost, dejected, and poor,
A happiness sweet, and lasting, and sure;
To enter those homes made wretched by sin,
And banish the clouds of darkness within;
To lighten each load by a kindly word,
On those hearths where hope is a stranger bird.

To whisper in love a heart-cheering thought
To the weary soul with toil overwrought;
Or chase from his path some cloud of despair,
And this may be done by kindness and prayer.
The starving may pine and hunger for bread,
But a God on high in His love hath said
The birds and the beasts he will daily feed,
And never forsake his friends in need.

Go place some flowers by the sick one's bed,
And banish the pain from his aching head;
A vision of spring your flowers will speak,
And kindle a smile on the bloodless cheek.
Go lighten some care, go gladden some eye,
Looking for wisdom and strength from on high.
Try the strange magic of sympathy's tone,
And soothe others' woe, forgetting your own.

Friend of the friendless, Thou God of the poor,
Comfort of mourners, most steadfast and sure,
Grant but Thy blessing, to comfort each heart
Of those, who thro' drink in sorrow do part;
Help us to labour, to seek, and to save,
Drunkards by thousands from sin and the grave,
And never may we our armour lay by
Till summoned by Thee to mansions on high.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

WHATEVER you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick—
A grumbler in the mud will stick."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

My wife can make money go as far as any person, or at least so far that I never see it any more.

AMUSEMENTS are to religion like breezes of air to the flame; gentle ones will fan it, but strong ones will put it out.

A PERSON'S character depends a good deal upon his bringing up. For instance, a man brought up by the police seldom turns out respectable.

A PIOUS old woman who would not say "amen" to the prayer for the destruction of Satan's kingdom, excused herself by saying she hated to see anything wasted.

A LADY concerned about her father taking snuff, asked the doctor if snuff would injure the brain. The learned gentleman kindly assured the lady that alarm was unnecessary, for people that took snuff had no brain.

It is recorded of Sydney Smith that he was once asked by Landseer, the celebrated animal painter, to sit for his portrait. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" was the reply of the witty divine.

A REFORMED drunkard, who is lecturing through Iowa on intemperance, says that for forty years he was by turns "a beer-barrel, a rum-punchon, and a whisky-cask." Now he is "a crystallised aqueous filter, dispensing a liquid stream of virtuous advice." Happy change!

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit" you must throw it off altogether.

HE is rich who saves a penny a year, and he is poor who is in debt that sum.

THAT man cannot be upright before God who is unjust in his dealings with men.

MAXIM FOR THE MILLION.—Action should follow thought. No farmer can plough a field by turning it over in his head.

TRUTHFULNESS is a *corner-stone* in character, and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will ever after be a weak spot in the foundation.

THE time has come that it can no longer be innocent in a church to stand aloof from this (Temperance) glorious reformation.—*Rev. C. Finney.*

I THINK I would rather rot or feed the crows than earn my daily bread by the pence of fools, the hard earnings of the poor man stolen from his ragged children and his emaciated wife.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

Extracts from evidence given by Sir WM. GULL, M.D., F.R.S., before the Peers' Select Committee on Intemperance.

ALL alcohol, and all things of an alcoholic nature, injure the nerve tissues *pro tempore*, if not altogether; you may quicken the operations, but you do not improve them.

STRONG wine and strong stimulants have a strong effect, and people feel that they give strength. I believe a large number of people have fallen into that error, and fall into the error every day.

THE practice of drinking between meals would have my entire condemnation. . . . Domestic male servants (who have an "11 o'clock beer") are amongst the unhealthy classes of the population.

RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistake," &c., &c.

CHAPTER X.

THE STOWAWAY.

HARRY received my parents' expostulations and gentle reproofs with painful indifference. He promised them readily enough, as he had promised me, that he would not get drunk, but he would not promise to abstain altogether, nor to re-sign the pledge. He quoted grandmamma's arguments in favour of wine, and the practice of both her and our grandfather in favour of a temperate use of strong drink.

For a few months all went on apparently well; Harry resumed his studies and his games; his merry laugh, his gay song, his ready smile, his cheery whistle, resounded through the house as of old. I almost began to feel that we had been needlessly alarmed, and that the temptation to drink was less powerful in him than I had feared. He passed the summer vacation on St. Agnes, out in the fields, and in the atmosphere of teetotalism Grandpapa Hathaway kept perpetually about him.

In the autumn the "Wings of the Morning" put into port, and Uncle Frank came home for a long holiday after his voyage. Dearly as I loved him, I dreaded his return for Harry's sake. Papa and mamma told him all that had happened during his absence; both begged him, as he loved the boy, never again to tempt him to the use of stimulants. Uncle Frank expressed his sorrow, promised to do as they wished, and there is not the least doubt that he fully intended in those sober moments to keep his word.

But Harry was always about with him, fascinated, as he had been from a child, by the charm of Uncle Frank's humour and eloquence and goodnature, and this time he followed him into the public-house, and was treated by Uncle Frank's friends, if not by my uncle himself. One sad night, made miserable for all of us by our Harry's sin, he came home drunk, noisy, silly, excited at first, and then quarrelsome. Papa, with George's help, got him up to his room, and helped him into bed; then sending away my brother, he remained with his erring child till he was asleep. He locked the room door when he left him an hour later, and before breakfast papa paid every publican in St. Mary's a visit.

"If any of you supply my boy with drink," he said, sternly, to each of them, "I will not pay for it after this warning, and I will do my best to get your licence withdrawn; I will use every atom of influence I possess on that side."

One or two of the best in character promised readily not to draw any drink for Harry; three or four received the warning in silence, or protested they had no idea that either of his sons was likely to come to them for drink; one man, the most unscrupulous of all, told my father to his face that he would allow no man to come between him and his customers. My father next confided the matter to our good policeman, begging him to keep an eye on Harry's movements, and to bring him

away from any public-house where he might possibly find him. These precautions on my father's part chafed Harry's pride; he resisted more and more his parent's commands, and assumed an air of injured innocence. For a whole week after his drunken fit, Harry was confined to his room, save that each day he joined us at meals, and went with my father on one of his rounds to ensure exercise.

Uncle Frank protested against such punishment for his favourite, but not until the week was expired would my father allow Harry unconditional liberty.

Shall we send him away to school? What can we do with him? These questions were asked amongst us. "Who," said my father in answer, "will take so much care of him as we can?" During Uncle Frank's stay at home, Harry became tipsy several times; once he was hidden in the public-house all night; once in the warm summer-time he stayed out of doors. George tried hard to win him to better ways, to interest him in music, to get him to become a member of the band. The patience of my parents was exercised to the very uttermost, and yet it never failed; at different times my father tried the effect of different punishments, then of gentle entreaty, then of expostulation, but of each as it seemed in vain.

Uncle Frank again left home, but Harry's conduct did not improve. Then came a time of hope for us, of apparent sorrow and determination to act better on Harry's part, which lasted some months, and then another fall as bad or even worse than before.

"Shall we find him a temperance ship, and send him on a long voyage in her?" asked my father, in perplexity.

"I dare not banish him from us," rejoined my mother.

I don't think any home, any family, that has not been cursed with the evil of strong drink in its very midst, can fully realise our unhappy situation at this time. We had been so perfectly united in each other long ago—that happiness was now so ruthlessly destroyed! In alternations of hope and dread the time stole on. Winter was coming again. Our winters in Scilly are almost always mild; it is rarely indeed that a shower of snow falls, and still more rarely that it lies upon the ground. But the wild winds that sweep across the broad Atlantic, and whistle around our islands with solemn grandeur, or weird, moaning wail, serve sufficiently to remind us of the season. Floods have been known to come accompanied with these high winds, and overwhelm cottages and lands nearest to the sea. Such storms had brought into the comparative safety of St. Mary's Bay quite a large number of vessels both outward and homeward bound. Hugh Town, as a necessary consequence, was unusually busy; all the farm and garden produce of our little islands was at a premium. The foreign captains and sailors, too, many of them found their way to the public-houses; and drunken brawls disturbed our quiet streets at night. How can I bear to write it? Harry, our darling Harry, took part in one of these. His love of adventure as much, or perhaps more, than his love of drink, led him to listen to the sailors' yarns and songs, sometimes given in broken English, as they sat carousing in the public-houses. The night of which I speak a quarrel arose between a French mate and an Italian captain. Harry, half drunk, rushed into the fray and fought a young French sailor-boy who took his mate's part. The whole party, the two men and the two boys, came out into the street fighting desperately. Our good policeman, troubled and surprised to find my father's son mixed up with this disgraceful affair, drew Harry away determinedly, and led him along the street to our house. The crowd followed for a while, and then drew back, hovering around to see Harry enter. The door was shut, and Dixon

returned to the foreigners. For Harry's sake he spared them ; he advised all three to go quietly to their lodgings, under the threat that for any further disturbance, however slight, they should be locked up. They took the hint with tolerable quickness ; Dixon escorted them to their temporary homes, and quiet reigned once more in St. Mary's.

But oh ! how battered and bruised and bleeding was the dear beautiful face that had been our pride so long. Poor mamma ! she turned faint as she looked at him, and suffered from the fright for days. "Oh, Dora," she said to me, as I sat beside her during some of those sad hours, "I could have borne dear Harry's disfigurement if it had been only in a good cause, but I cannot—oh, I cannot bear his sin !"

Plastered and bandaged, Harry was a prisoner in the house for days, during which the wind moderated, and the ships one by one spread their sails and glided away to their desired havens. And then—we missed Harry !

He left his room and the house unknown to us. He was content to leave the old home and Hugh Town and St. Mary's and the Cassiterides, all without a word of farewell to any of us. Oh ! Harry, Harry, Harry—Oh ! my brother, little pet of the household in your sweet infancy, pride of our dear home in your bonnie boyhood, how could you leave us without your father's blessing, without your mother's prayerful farewell, without your sisters' caresses, without your brothers' good wishes, without even one fond kiss from your poor old Dorie ? Is there anything that can harden the heart of mankind so terribly as strong drink ? For months we have mourned our lost one, for months we have sought him in vain. Papa sent advertisements to the London and American and colonial newspapers, but as yet no tidings have reached us through any of these.

Hark ! I hear my father calling me. I will put this old journal away. Can it possibly be news of Harry ? How wildly my heart beats !

* * * * *

We know now what became of our lost darling, but we still are in utter ignorance of his present life. Harry has been a stowaway ! A stowaway ! exposed to taunts and ridicule and hardship. Our Harry, whom we would have shielded from every privation ! How cruelly, how sternly, the demon drink holds its votaries ! This is the letter papa read to me when I answered his call ; it is written from New York :—

"Dear Sir,—I have had my attention directed to-day to an advertisement in an old Canadian paper, dated quite a couple of months back. I guess I can give you some information that you may still want, so I write this. My vessel, the 'Stars and Stripes,' put into St. Mary's, Scilly, at the time alluded to, to shelter from squalls. A few days after we got out to sea again my mate came and told me there was a stow-away aboard, a bit of a young boy, whose eyes looked as if he knew how to fight, but not how to avoid blows. The black cook had found him rolled up amongst the stores ; nobody could tell how he got there. I guess he had a friend in some boatmen. He refused to speak at first, but being threatened with the rope-end, he told us that he came aboard at St. Mary's, that his name was Tom Brown, and that he wanted to get away from the folks he lived with, who had behaved badly to him. I guess that warn't true. I had him into my cabin, and cross-questioned him as to his fixins ; I found him a cute youngster, real sharp, about the age you say in the advertisement, with his hands tender and soft, as if he didn't do any work, and his hair the same colour, and everything answering. He seemed less

scared than I guessed he would have been. 'Look here,' said I, 'your name isn't Tom Brown—what is it?' He flushed up when I said that, but did not answer.

'Do you know what skippers do with stowaways?' I asked, looking fierce.

"Guess they make 'em useful when they can, captain," he says, quite spry.

"I liked that spirit in him, and I said, 'What can you do, youngster?'"

"Anything, if your men will first show me how, captain," he answered.

"And what's your name—tain't Tom Brown?"

"I'm not going to give any other," he said, looking as determined and proud as a boy ever looked in his life.

"Well, he proved handy-like, and the men got fond of him; he could sing a song and tell a tale as well as the rest. He was a trifle too handy with the whisky-bottle as well; that was his only fault. When we came to New York, I asked him what he meant to do for himself.

"Go west, skipper," says he, quite sharp and ready, 'and thank you very much for not throwing me overboard, and for giving me a free passage.'

"How will you get west without money?"

"I'll manage," he answered; 'an active boy can pick up a cent or two in your country, can't he, skipper?'

"Well, I reckon he can, when he's got a tongue like an oiled eel," I said. And I gave him a trifle when he shook hands, for which he thanked me handsomely, like a gentleman; and I have never seen him since. Now, that's your boy, I guess; in fact there can't be a mistake about it, and I wish I could tell you where to find him at this moment. My home is at Boston, in Nile Street, and if I ever come across Tom Brown, real name Harry Trevan, I'll send him across the mill-pond to his old home, as sure as my name is

HIRAM ALLEN,

"Skipper of Brig 'Stars and Stripes,' at your service."

Mamma and all of us girls were crying when papa finished the honest, good-hearted American captain's letter. Ernest's eyes were moist with unshed tears, and George's merry face was unmistakably solemn for once.

"Do you think we shall ever see Harry again, father?" asked Lottie, sobbing as she spoke.

"God grant we may," said papa, trying, but in vain, to steady his voice, "for though our poor wayward darling may run away from his home, he cannot run away from his heavenly Parent's love, nor from his earthly parents' prayers."

Papa put his arm around our mother as he spoke, and drew her very close to him; he laid her aching head upon his shoulder, and kissed her repeatedly. We all gathered round them.

Then mamma said gently, "Let us pray." She rose and knelt beside her sofa. Papa followed her example; we all, as if by common consent, dropped upon our knees at this family altar, while my father, after some moments of silent prayer, uttered a petition full of pleading tenderness for our beloved young wanderer.

"Though he may stow himself away to hide and to journey far from his earthly home, yet, heavenly Father, in his remote dwelling-place, unknown to us who love him, may he be found of Thee, and stowed away in Thy protecting care and goodness for ever and ever. Amen."

And all our hearts and all our voices said, "Amen."

(To be continued.)

A DYING REQUEST.

"My child, while life and strength remain,

I will tell thee a solemn tale ;
And then I will ask a pledge from thee,
And pray that thou mayst not fail.

"Thou knowest the sorrow and bitter woe

That have darkened thine early years—
How thy mother's failing has grieved our hearts,
And wrung forth bitterest tears.

"Thou knowest how day by day she drank,

Till home was home no more,
Each hour unfolding some wretched scene
More dark than the hour before.

"Thou hast nobly striven, my precious child,

To lighten the grief that fell
On my heart with crushing, deadly weight ;
How heavy no tongue can tell.

"But thou didst not know that thy father wrought

The evil and the woe,
Ere thou, my darling child, wast born,
In the years of long ago.

"Thy mother then was—oh ! how fair !

Fairer thou ne'er canst be ;
And good as fair, a treasure rare
Was my young bride to me.

"She hated then the drink, and fain

Would have had me hate it too ;
But I mocked her scruples ; my blindness then
No fears of danger knew.

"For years she steadily refused

To taste the social glass ;
For years I urged, and urged at last
Successfully, alas !

"Her eye knew then a brighter flash,
Her cheek a lovelier dye ;

I praised the rich red wine, but ah !
How madly blind was I !

"She learned to love it ; she yielded her heart

To the spells its magic brought ;
It bound her fast in an iron chain
By a quenchless craving wrought.

"Too late I saw the mischief done,
Too late my folly mourned ;
The holy bliss of a love-lit home
Never to me returned.

"I need not tell *thee* the closing scenes
Of the life I lighted so,

But I wished thee to know what thy mother was
Before drink proved our woe.

"Thank God for the penitent tears that fell

From her eyes ere closed in death !
Thank God for the prayer of faith that rose
With her last expiring breath !

"I too, in anguish—oh ! how deep !—
Have sought and found at last,

Where none e'er asked or sought in vain,
Forgiveness for the past.

"And thou, my darling child, I know
The Saviour is thy friend ;

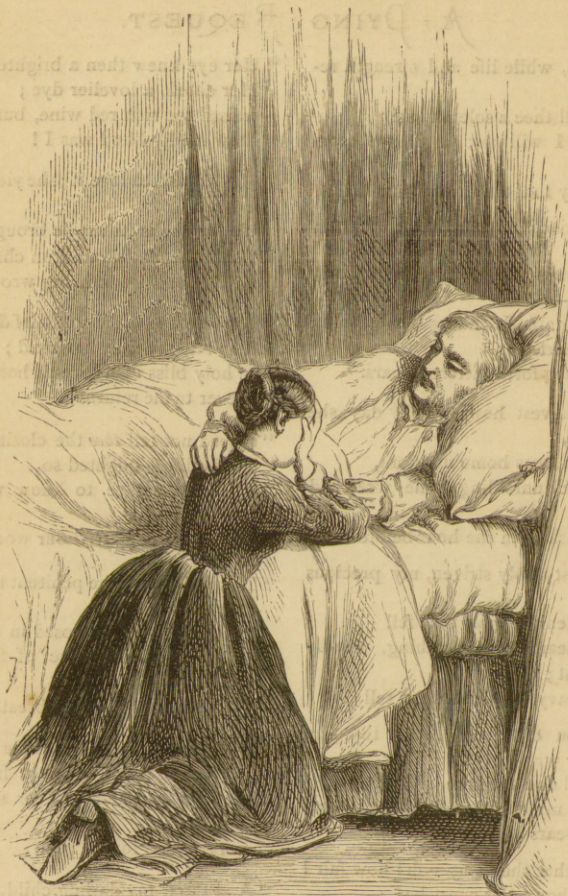
I leave thee not alone below—
He will thy steps attend.

"But oh ! I ask before we part
A solemn pledge from thee

Never to taste the deadly drinks
That caused our misery.

"Though even by accents dearer far
Than any thou yet hast heard,

The depths of thy trusting, loving heart
In a dangerous hour be stirred.



“Though scornful laugh or persuasive
power
Be brought to bear on thee,
Though those thou lovest drink, and
seem
Uncursed, unblighted, free.

“Oh! promise, my child, in the
strength of God,
From strong drink to abstain;

And then I can leave thee in peace—I
know
That we soon shall meet again.”

The solemn, sacred pledge is given;
The father hears and dies,
And the tears of the mourner left be-
hind
The God of the fatherless dries.
E. C. A. ALLEN.

FOUND DROWNED.

"ONLY a child," the boatman said,
 "A youngster here afloat,"
 Then, gazing on the childish head,
 Leant over from the boat ;
 The slender form, so cold and pale,
 He clasped unto his own,
 O God ! too well he learned the tale !
 Its soul to Thee had flown ;
 But why so soon it did appear
 In fairer lands to dwell,
 Why snatched from those who loved it
 here,
 Was more than *he* could tell—
 How came it in the lake, or why
 A blank doth yet remain,
 Tho' still we know above the sky
 The flower will bloom again.

"Only a child" brought gloomy Care
 Into a modest cot,
 With whom a mother strives to bear,
 But yesterday knew not ;
 And on her young and loving face
 A frown we now may see,
 And lines of lamentation trace
 Where smiles were wont to be.

She mourns a child ; oh ! would that
 peace
 Her spirit could possess !
 Would that her agony would cease,
 Her soul be sorrowless !
 But no, with one dear child to part
 A death-like pang doth prove,
 Which strikes a terror to the heart
 That time will not remove.

"Only a child" is laid beneath
 The heather, free from care ;
 And day by day a floral wreath
 Is placed in pity there,
 While, standing o'er the spot, a stone
 Marks where she rests her head,
 And through the trees the zephyrs moan
 Their anthems for the dead.
 Oh ! there the grass is ever green,
 The flowerets ever gay ;
 Nor thorn nor thistle there is seen
 To choke the blessed way ;
 'Tis where the breath of heaven floats,
 The weeping willows wave,
 And carols from a thousand throats
 Do glorify that grave.

JOHN G. LUMSDEN.

HOME.

I LOVE my home ! 'tis there my mother dwells ;
 'Twas there my father drew his parting breath.
 Home ! 'tis a sacred spot ; 'tis dearer far
 Than any other place on earth to me ;
 There I find rest when daily toil is o'er.
 O happy home ! where peace and love are found.
 O happy home ! where temperance holds the sway.
 True are the words, "There is no place like home."
 What is't that fills the seaman's heart with joy,
 When back returning from a foreign land ?
 It is the thought that he will soon reach home,
 And all who make that home to him so dear.
 Sweet is the home that's given to us below,
 But sweeter far will be a home in heaven !

JOHN W. CLAY.



PRIZE COMPETITION.

WE OFFER TWO PRIZES, one value 6s. 6d. for the best, and one value 3s. 6d. for the second best TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE.—For not more than six characters; Length, about 4 pages of "Onward Reciter."

CONDITIONS: Competitors to be under 20 years of age; contributions to be solely their own productions, and be written on one side of the paper only, foolscap size, and must be sent to the Editors not later than November 1st.

CUSTOM. WORDS FOR DEFINITION. SELF-DENIAL

I.—CHARADE.

A memory bright that day will be
When we passed my *whole* on our way to the
sea,
Through meadows green and corn-fields brown,
By rugged cliff and heathy down,
Through purple thyme in fragrant bloom,
Where rabbits play and pheasants roam;
Past where, behind yon tree-crowned height,
A royal home stands fair and bright;
Past woodland slopes, adown whose sides
The timid deer in shadow hides,
And the children say, with joyful glee,
"Soon we shall reach my *first* and the sea."

In truth our sea-side views begin
With the masts of ships in the docks at Lynn,
But now appears before our sight
A quivering, gleaming line of light,
And grand old ocean before us lies,
Where seem to meet blue sea and skies:
Across my *first* we haste away,
Where bare-foot children dance and play,
Or seek for shells and pebbles bright,
Or tiny crabs with all their might,
And many a *second* dig with glee,
As they play with my *first* beside the sea.

What a scent of the sea, and of fish as well,
Live shrimps in my *first*, and shrimps to sell—
But of edibles all you can take with tea,
My *third* is the best when by the sea,
Now the tide comes in with steady flow;
The foam-capped wavelets gleam as though
A flock of white-winged birds had flown
Towards our island home from shores unknown.
But my *second* sounds from the station bell;
We bid Hunstanton pier farewell,
And with merry song, though tired are we,
Pass by my *whole* as we leave the sea. IVY.

2.—BURIED BIRDS.

a. We had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Winterhawf in chapel on Sunday; he is an eloquent preacher, but how loudly he speaks! (Two birds.)

b. There is a splendid tulip, love—reach it for me, will you?

c. How strongly your clothes smell of gas tar. Lingley!

d. I am grieved to hear that you have grown so fond of your glass and pipe, Roland.

e. Can you leap over this wall, Owen? There is no other way of gaining access to the wood.

f. The canal is not very deep; Eli can bathe with safety.

g. Strong drink is the curse of this our land; it renders man a kind of brute when indulged in to excess.

FRANCES.

3.—SQUARE WORD.

My first we do when we are glad;
My second is a thought, you'll see;
My third should be each lass and lad;
My fourth a kind of door will be.

MARIE.

4.—CRYPTOGRIST.

Tjho, cpzt, tjho uif qmfehf pg
nfssz ufnqfsbodf;
Dpnf boe kpjo pvs opcmf, ibqgz,
ufnqfsbodf cboc.

G. E.

5.—CONUNDRUM.

In yonder village inn we see
A man of humble means;
He whiffs his pipe, and lazily
Against the counter leans;

The language which he speaks is not

That which is undefiled,

But drinking from the fatal pot

Swears curses deep and wild.

But list ! the bells are tolling now

From out the belfry tower,

Which let the village people know

'Tis the appointed hour

That they've to go and hear a man,

Well skilled in Christian lore,

And one who guide them rightly can,

To the Elysian shore.

Now, reader, please explain to me

How those two men alike can be ?

JOHN G. LUMSDEN.

DEFINITIONS.

SLEEP.

Death's youngest brother.—(SIR THOMAS BROWNE.)

The gateway of dreamland.

EMILY M. PRICE.

Tired nature's sweet restorer.—(SHAKESPEARE.)

The cap worn with nature's night-dress.

AGNES.

The land of Nod.

R. W. COPEMAN.

The silent falling of a curtain during life's scenes.

A. A. HARRIS.

Nature's restorative.

S. H. MCC.

The curtain of this world's stage, which shuts out for a brief space the busy scenes of life.

R. C. D.

Life's nurse, sent from heaven to create us anew day by day.

(CHARLES READE.)

SORROW.

A dark scene in the drama of life.—(Selected.)

The angel that opens the gates of experience.

—(Selected.)

A path that through thorns leads to heaven.

R. W. COPEMAN.

The school in which we learn life's hardest lessons.

EMILY M. PRICE.

The fire through which we are passed to remove all dross.

ARTHUR FENN.

The devil's tax on all mankind.

R. C. D.

A sad consequence of the disease sent to tell us there is balm in Gilead.

AGNES.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On pages 168 and 169.

1. Hannah.

2. Diamond.

3. William Fitz Stephen, Sir Martin Frobisher, Algernon Sidney, Sir William Dugdale, Thomas Chatterton, John Campbell, John Potter, Francis Atterbury, Sir Ralph Abercromby.

Where reason rules, the appetite obeys.

4.—

Oh, shun ye the wine-cup, the curse of our nation ;

See ye not how it works in our land devastation ?

In its wake follows nothing but dark desolation, Then touch not the wine-cup, the curse of our nation.

Key.—Take each capital in order for commencement of each word.

5. Temperate.

6. A vowel.

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers ; for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more ; keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

"Be on your guard, and strive, and pray,
To drive all wicked thoughts away."

LOOK BRAVELY ON BEFORE.

Look bravely on before, boys,

Look bravely on before,

And soon the clouds of dark despair

Shall vanish evermore ;

Yes, vanish evermore, my boys,

Like mist before the sun ;

And if you toil unceasingly

The goal will soon be won.

Look bravely on before, boys,

If you would win the prize ;

And "Onward" let your motto be,

The watchword of the wise ;

The watchword of the wise, my boys,

Who toil for precious store ;

Then labour on, though foes oppose—

Look bravely on before.

Look bravely on before, boys,

Though dark the path may seem,

Determined be, and falter not,

For brighter days shall gleam ;

Brighter days shall gleam, my boys,

Though clouds may hover o'er ;

Press eager on, and do the right—

Look bravely on before.

W. P. W. BUXTON.

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Words by MRS. DANA.

1. { Re - joice, for the day of de - liv - 'rance has come, O'er the
And voi - ces that wailed in the drunk - ard's sad home, Now are

KEY C.

2. {	d	d	m	s	d'	—	m'	r'	d'	m	fe	s	—	s	s
	Re -	joice	for	the	homes	that	are	once	more	made	glad,	For	the		
	Re -	joice	for	the	hearts	that	no	lon -	ger	are	sad,	For	the		
	d	d	d	m	m	—	s	s	s	m	r	r	—	s	s
3. {	d'	d'	d'	r'	d'	—	d'	t	d'	s	d'	t	—	t	t
	Re -	joice	for	the	names	we	can	now	call	our	own,	For	the		
	Re -	joice	for	the	fair,	they	would	con -	quer	a -	lone,	It	is		
	d	d	d	t	l	—	s	f	m	d	r	s	—	s	s

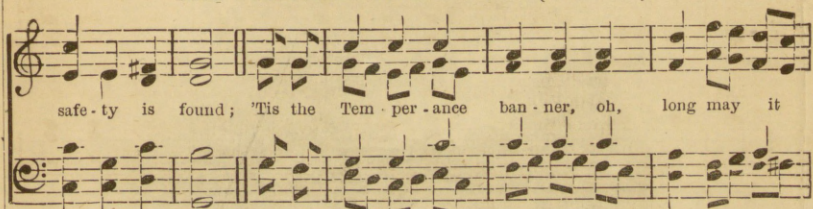
land and the sea waves the Tem - per - ance ban - ner; } Let us swell the glad
cheer - ing us on with a joy - ful ho - san - nah. }

{	m'	—	r'	d'	t	—	l	t	d'	s	—	f	m	d	m'	m'	m'	—	f	s'
	eyes	that	are	bright,	where	the	big	tears	were	streaming;	Let	the	rich	and	the					
	sweet	tears	of	joy,	and	the	smiles	that	are	beaming;	s	s	s	—	s	s				
	m	—	f	s	l	s	—	f	f	m	m	—	r	d	d					
	d'	—	t	d'	r'	—	r'	r'	d'	d	—	s	s	m	d'	d'	d'	—	r'	m'
	bro -	thers	we	claim	who	are	hold -	ing	high	pla -	ces;	Thro'	the	length	of	the				
	well	they	have	joined	us -	God	bless	their	bright	fa -	ces!	d'	d'	d'	—	d'	d'			
	d	—	r	m	fe	s	—	s	s	d	m	s	—	s	d					

sound, send the cho - rus a - round, Oh! shout, for the pledge of our

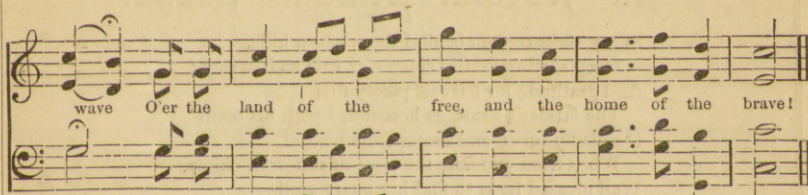
{	s'	—	f	m'	r'	—	m'	f'	f'	—	m'	r'	m'	—	r'	d'	t	—	l	t
	poor	touch	the	poi -	son	no	more,	Oh,	let	the	red	wine	cup	be						
	s	—	s	s	s	—	s	s	—	s	s	—	s	fe	s	—	f	f		
	m'	—	r'	d'	t	—	d'	r'	r'	—	d'	t	d'	—	r'	r'	r'	—	r'	r'
	land,	oh,	let	none	cold -	ly	stand,	And	proud -	ly	re -	fuse	us	the						
	d'	—	d'	d'	s	—	s	s	s	—	s	d'	—	t	l	s	—	s	s	

THE TEMPERANCE BANNER—(Continued).



safe-ty is found; 'Tis the Tem-per-ance ban-ner, oh, long may it

d' : m	fe	s :—	s s	d' : d' : d'	l : l : l	r' : f' m' : r' d'
banished each	door,	Till the	Tem-per-ance	ban-ner	in	tri-umph shall
m : m : r	r :—	s s	s f : m f : s m	f : f : f	f : l s : f m	
d' : s : d'	t :—	s f	s : s : d'	d' : d' : d'	l : f s : l	
warm helping	hand,	For the	Tem-per-ance	ban-ner	in	tri-umph must
d : d : r	s :—	s f	m r : d r : m d	f s : l s : f m	r : r m : f fe	



wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

d' : t	: s s	d' : d' r' : m' f'	s' : m' : d'	m' : - f' : r'	d' :—
wave	O'er the	land of the	free, and the	home of the	brave!
m : r	: s s	s : s	s : s : s	s : - s f	m :—
s :—	: s t	d' : d' s : d' t	d' : d' : d'	d' : - r' : t	d' :—
wave	O'er the	land of the	free, and the	home of the	brave!
s :—	: s s	m : m t, : d r	m : d : m	s : - s : s,	d :—

MR. P. T. BARNUM ON TOBACCO.—There were certain habits that were stronger than nature, and unnatural habits were always repulsive at first. Any smoker would say, if he told the truth, that he did not like tobacco when he first used it. Nothing ever loved tobacco excepting a wretched tobacco-worm; but would it not be more of a sacrifice to smokers to give up tobacco than roast beef? He once used to smoke his ten cigars a day, but fourteen years ago he quitted them for ever. When he discovered that, notwithstanding his teetotalism, he every now and then had a rush of blood to the head and palpitation of the heart, he went to the doctor, who advised him to give up smoking, and in three months all these effects ceased. What applied to tobacco applied equally to alcohol. The more a man drank, the more he wanted to drink; and the more a man smoked, the more he wanted to smoke; and the dose in each case must be increased to produce the same effects.



AN AUTUMN EVENING SCENE.

SLOW sinks the sun behind the western hills,
 Deep shadows softly creep o'er vale and stream;
 And gratitude for harvest plenty fills
 The farmer's heart, as homeward with his team
 He gladly turns, and ceases from his toil,
 When from yon fane the hour of rest doth chime.
 Well pleased he is to find his weary moil—
 The ploughing, sowing, watching, waiting time,
 Rewarded by the plenty which doth reign
 Around, for glowing Autumn still is young,
 And from her lap she scatters o'er the plain
 The fruitage he hath hoped and worked for long:
 With gladsome eyes he views the glorious feast,
 God's rich provision made for man and beast.

DAVID LAWTON.

WHAT THEY WOULD NOT DO.

OH, I do believe that there are thousands of good men and good women who, if they knew about this subject (intemperance) all they might know, would at least not do certain things. They would not look coldly and indifferently while others struggle. They would not think the drunkard a fit subject for a smile or jest. They would not oppose any legislative endeavours to diminish for the working man his worst and fatalest seduction. They would not meet the arguments of temperance by those feeble superstitions and exploded fashions of scriptural reasoning which have been used ere now to kindle the fagot of the inquisition and rivet the fetter on the slave. They would not supply to the cause of temperance the shallow sophism or the ensnaring epigram. But what they would do would be to join hand in hand in a holy crusade against this curse of nations, this worst stumbling-block on the path of moral, intellectual, and religious progress.—*Rev. Canon Farrar.*

THE ALCOHOL GROUP.

BY F. A. BOWMAN, F.R.A.S., F.L.S., F.G.S., F.C.S.

ARTICLE XI.

IT may not be uninteresting, before passing from the consideration of deutylic alcohol, to look for a short time at some of the tests by which its presence in a liquid may be detected. Undoubtedly, when it is present in any quantity, the best means to detect it is to subject the suspected liquid to the process of distillation. To accomplish this a very simple apparatus will be amply sufficient, and one which may be made for a few pence. A flask, such as is used for bottling salad oil, with a cork, and a glass tube inserted into it, will answer quite as well as a properly constructed glass retort; and another flask, in a basin of water, and covered with a wet cloth, will serve the purpose of a condenser. If the suspected liquor is placed in the retort or flask, and the contents boiled, the alcohol vapour will pass over and be condensed in the receiver, where it may be recognised by the smell, or taste, or better still by the application of a light, when the alcohol will burn with its characteristic colourless flame.

There are two colour tests by means of which the presence of alcohol in a liquid may be detected. The first of these has been known for a considerable length of time, and consists in treating the suspected liquid with a solution of potassic bichromate in sulphuric acid. When a liquid containing alcohol is added to this solution, there is a marked change in colour. The bichromate solution is a brownish red but on the addition of alcohol it changes to a green colour. This reaction is occasioned by the reduction of the chromic acid to the oxide of chromium, which is a green colour.

Where greater refinement is necessary, and especially where any quantitative determination of the alcohol present is desirable, it is better, after treating the suspected liquid with the bichromate solution, to use a standard solution of soda to determine how much acetic acid has been produced by the oxidation of the alcohol, and by that means estimate its quantity.

The second colour test depends upon the reaction between alcohol and molybdic acid, and this is of such a delicate character that alcohol may be detected in a liquid which contains only one part of alcohol in 1,000 times its volume of water. If one part of molybdic acid, along with 10 parts of strong sulphuric acid, is gently warmed in a white porcelain vessel, and a few drops of the liquid to be tested are allowed to fall gently into the vessel, if any alcohol is present, a blue coloration becomes apparent either immediately or a few minutes afterwards.

This reaction appears to be common to, at any rate, all the first five members of the alcohol group, and also to ether and aldehyde, and hence it cannot be used as a discriminating test amongst them, but it may be of great value in detecting the presence of alcohol in chloroform or chloral hydrate, and in all cases where it is not likely that any member of the group will be present except deutylic alcohol.

It is not necessary to go through the remainder of the alcohols in the group, although some of them are of great scientific interest, while many of them are little known, and some of them absolutely unknown; and therefore for all practical purposes, so far as their

scientific consideration bears upon the temperance question, they may be neglected. We may, however, remark that they all undergo somewhat similar changes to common alcohol when acted upon by other substances, but the changes are of course modified by the greater atomic complexity; and if this is duly remembered, it will be easy to construct the formulæ and atomic arrangement for any member of the group. In closing this series of articles, however, we cannot help noticing how closely the chemical and physiological effects of the different alcohols are related to each other; and how any attempt to isolate ethylic or common alcohol from the rest of the group as an article of diet, while the rest are rejected as poisonous or unfit for food, and to use it as a beverage which is free from any deleterious or noxious effects which the other members of the group produce, is as unscientific as it is untenable.

None can, we think, rise from the chemical consideration of this remarkable class of bodies without feeling that at least, if we are to judge of common alcohol by the company in which it is found, and the relations and affinities which it possesses, it must ever remain a substance which can have no place in the list of foods for man; and if it can be used at all, it must only be as a medicine, in the same quantities, and in the same way, as the other members of the group are capable of being employed. Nothing has been more satisfactorily proved, within the whole range of scientific enquiry, than that the basis upon which the temperance movement rests cannot be shaken either by chemical or physiological research, and that alcohol is not a necessity for man, even when he is placed under the artificial conditions imposed upon him by the advance of civilisation.

WHAT NEXT?

THE babe lies in its cradle, watched by its tender mother; helpless, dependent, knowing nothing, having no power to defend itself from harm, or provide for the supply of its daily needs. The life develops, infancy ceases—*What next?*

The lad is at school now—growing in strength, learning how to use his limbs and brain, and preparing for the future conflict. Bright pictures glow in his imagination, big hopes animate his breast. The time of youth passes by—*What next?*

The man is found in the midst of his business. Work has to be done, his family has to be provided for, provision for the future to be made. A busy life! Care has already ploughed its furrows on his brow—*What next?*

The aged man trembles beneath the weight of years. He lives in the past. His old mates have died, and the men around him belong to another generation. Eyesight grows dim, hearing dull, hands tremble—*What next?*

Darkened sick-room, bottles of medicine on side table, inquiries at the door, sufferings which only God knows, then a long breath, and all is over—*What next?*

The spirit-world; the dust sleeping to the resurrection morn; the last judgment; and then the final, irrevocable doom—*What next?*

Reader, what do you expect?

REV. I. E. PAGE.

A FATHER'S MISTAKE.

BY UNCLE DAVID.

JUST on the outskirts of the busy manufacturing town of Holmwold, one drizzly night in December, a belated traveller might have been seen pressing eagerly on his way, through the cold and wet, towards a pleasantly situated little villa which stood by itself on a slight elevation some distance from the main road.

"The children will be gone to roost," said he to himself. "And how surprised their mother will be, for she does not expect me before to-morrow night at the soonest."

Directly he saw by the light in his little sitting-room window that all the inmates of his home were not yet retired for the night, and in another minute his hand was on the bell, and his summons was answered by a young and beautiful woman, who, without waiting for any explanation, threw herself into his open arms with a cry of joy.

In a very short time Mr. Henley, for that was his name, was comfortably seated by the cheerful fire, having changed his wet things and encased his feet in a pair of warm slippers. With a tempting repast set before him, and an appetite sharpened by a long fast, he soon had made a good supper and was ready to converse with his wife, who he knew would be anxious to hear all about his journeyings and his successes, for he was a commercial traveller, and their income depended to some extent on the amount of business he was able to do for his employers. After a long talk on these matters, the conversation turned to their children.

"Ernest cried bitterly when your last letter came saying you would be a week before you returned, and to-day both Emmie and Ernest were rejoicing at the prospect of your return to-morrow night, and trying to bargain for an hour longer out of bed," said Mrs. Henley.

At this point they were astonished to hear some one evidently coming downstairs, and in another minute Ernest burst into the room in his night-dress, and was soon seated on his papa's knee, pouring forth with childish eloquence a glad welcome to his loving parent.

"Dear papa, I dreamt that you were come, and woke up and remembered that you were not coming till to-morrow; and I was wishing it would be to-morrow soon when I heard your voice and came down. Oh, I am so glad! Shall I go and wake Sissy?"

"No, my boy; and you had best go back to your little cot and let mamma tuck you in warm. Stay a moment, you feel cold. Drink a little of this port: it will help to keep out the cold."

"But, papa, I wanted to be a Band of Hope boy, and mamma said I had better wait till you came back, as I ought to ask your consent before signing the pledge. I may join the Band of Hope, mayn't I, papa? You know my teacher at the Sunday-school very well, don't you? And he told us last Sunday that a great many hundreds of little boys like us were without homes, had no fathers and mothers to care for them, and no nice clothes like we have to wear—all because of drink. And he told us that we ought to join the Band of Hope, and never touch the drink any more, because we might learn to like it, you see, papa, and become as bad as the worst drunkards we knew. So please, papa, I want to join, and most of the other boys in my class have joined already."

"My dear boy, I am sorry that you are so much taken up with this affair; you ought to remember that your loving parents know and will do what is best for you. This teetotalism is all very well for big strong boys who have good appetites, but you are not as strong as we could wish, darling, and we think that you may need something to help you through. And, besides, your papa is not a teetotaler, and why should you be?"

This last argument went a great way with Ernest, who quietly retired, and although disappointed, he fell asleep in a short time after his mamma had put him safe and snug into his little cot. Childlike, Ernest looked upon his loving father as the embodiment of all that is good and noble, and with a child's confidence he never thought of such a thing as refusing to comply at once with his father's wishes.

"Although he is so delicate, the dear little fellow is full of spirit," said Mr. Henley to his wife when she rejoined him in the sitting-room.

"Yes, and he is like his father in one thing: if he gets an idea into his head, it needs a good deal of driving out again. He has pleaded so hard to be allowed to join this movement that I have been very near giving my consent several times lately; and if I had not thought that you would object for fear of his health, I am afraid I should have done so before now."

"You did wisely, my love, to refer him to me, and I think he is pretty well satisfied now, with what I said to him."

"Oh yes, your influence over him is unbounded; and I'm glad that it is, for he is such a promising child, and who knows what he may attain to in the future with such advantages as we shall be able to afford him?"

"May he attain to all his fond mother wishes," smilingly replied Mr. Henley, as he finished his wine. Little did he think that out of his mistaken love for his child he was about to forge around him a galling chain whose weight would crush him to the earth. Mistaken, deluded father! He loved his son even as he loved his own life. And he was ready to do all in his power to promote his welfare. Yet the very means he took to save him, as he thought, from weakness and a premature grave, proved the cause of his child's ruin, body and soul. With the idea that it was conducive to health, wine was frequently placed on the table, and Ernest was encouraged to drink it freely. By and by he came to like it; but so long as he remained under the fostering care of his parents, the dangerous appetite did not make itself manifest. But it was implanted within him; a breach was made in the fortress, through which the enemy could enter at the first onset. Home influence, home training and associations were in its favour; and with such powerful allies, what wonder if Ernest fell an easy prey, as thousands like him have fallen through the same thing! At twenty, when he had finished his education and should have been ready to enter the profession of his choice, he was a confirmed drunkard, and instead of being the pride and joy of his affectionate parents, he was a constant source of sorrow and shame. One night in a drunken frenzy he got up and struck the man next him a blow on the head without any provocation, and immediately he himself was knocked down and kicked to death!

Alas for the fond hopes of his parents! The object of their tender solicitude was brought back to them a disfigured and bloated corpse. Oh! how bitterly did his father regret, now that it was too late, his refusal of his child's request to be allowed to join the Band of Hope. As he stood by his stricken wife and gazed on the lifeless form of his son, he realised the magnitude of his mistake, and with a breaking heart he sank down on the bed in an agony of grief. "I have no one to

blame but myself," he groaned. "If I had only let him alone he would never have come to this." It was an awful lesson for that loving father. Fathers, will you repeat the mistake, and run the risk of knowing yourselves the bitter consequences? Remember that "What ye sow, that also shall ye reap."



DUTIFUL TOMMY.

"Now run for water, Tommy dear,"
Said gentle Mrs. Bell;
And off went Tommy with the pail,
And filled it at the well.

With willing feet he took it home;
He did not stop to play,
Because with all his heart he loved
His mother to obey.

In little things he sought to please,
Whate'er she wished he'd do;
He knew she loved him, and he
He ought to love her too. [thought

Not like some naughty boys I know
Who think that they have grown
Too old to do what mother bids,
Forget her love to own.

He was both dutiful and true,
As sped the years away,
And grew to be a worthy man,
And useful in his day.

Now, children, like dear Tommy
Bell,
Obedient, loving be;
Jesus obeyed His parents here,
And wherefore should not we?

Remember, in God's Holy book,
"Obey your parents" stands;
And we ne'er grow too old or wise
To do what he commands.

DAVID LAWTON.



Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—ANNUAL PROCESSION OF MANCHESTER SOCIETIES.—The Bands of Hope in the Hulme district met on Saturday, August 3rd, and moved in procession to Alexandra Park. There were ten societies, numbering about 1,000 members. The weather turned out fine, and the various committees evidently intended to make the most of the occasion. There surely could not have been a grander display of garlands, mottoes, banners, bands of music, &c. One noticeable feature was a model life-boat, containing pretty little children mounted on a neat carriage. The Phillips Park Gathering was fixed for August 10th, but the weather was so unpropitious that the procession was unable to reach the park. Very great regret was manifested in consequence of the wet. The preparations had been on a large scale. Upwards of twenty societies had arranged to take part, but several were kept back through the rain. After passing along several streets, the children were taken back to their various meeting-rooms, where every effort was made to pass the day pleasantly. The Queen's Park District Gathering was fixed for Saturday, August 17th; but unfortunately this procession also was greatly marred by wet weather. There were nine societies and about one thousand members; but before the procession

got far on the route it was broken up, and beneath a drenching rain the children made their way to the various meeting-places. There was a ray of comfort in the kindness of Mr. Moore, Manager of the Coffee Tavern Company, who so generously gave a cup of tea to each child taking part in the procession.

Hackney Band of Hope Union.

—The second annual demonstration of the Bands of Hope comprising this district Union was announced to be held in Victoria Park on August 10th, but was prevented by the unfavourable state of the weather, and postponed to the 17th, when it took place under very encouraging circumstances. About 2,000 children marched in procession to the park with bands and banners. After an hour or two spent in sports and games, tea was served to the members in one of the refreshment tents, and was followed by a public meeting. Harry Bowly, Esq., presided, and after a few earnest words introduced the speaker, Mr. Samuel Sims, of the National Temperance League, whose address was listened to by from four to five thousand persons. The singing, conducted by Mr. G. W. Williams, was all that could be desired; and as a whole the demonstration was of a most interesting and successful character.

ρ LET US BE CONTENTED.

O let us be contented,
Whatever be our lot!
For oft true happiness is found
E'en in the lowly cot.

O let us be contented,
And journey on through life
In peace, and love, and holiness,
And not in jarring strife.

If troubles come, let's take them
As trials, sent to prove
Whether our faith be firmly fixed,
Or easy to remove.

O let us be contented
With what the Lord may send,
And help the cause of truth and right,
While we have strength to spend.

Let's bear each other's burthens,
And not stand by and see
A brother crushed beneath the weight
Of dire adversity.

If we knock, the door will open;
If we seek, we shall find;
Asking in faith, we shall receive;
Our Father's always kind.

JOHN W. CLAY.

TO THE LAST FINE DAY OF AUTUMN.

When all we looked for was the winter coming on,
Thy warmth surprised us, and *thy* glory shone,
 Thou last fine day of autumn, bright, yet calm,
 And full of silent joy ! Bear, then, the palm
 Amongst the sunny brotherhood of days.
Thy Giver sent us that our hearts might praise
 His bounty ! We admire His gracious ways,
 Who clothes decay with beauty, and his head
 Adorns with lovely radiance round it shed,
 As though it grieved His soul the joys He gave
 To take away ! O, Autumn ! at the last,
 May *we* be *like* thee, nearer to the Sun,
 And full of all good fruits, so, ready for the grave,
 Our last day brightest far—"HEAVEN'S GLORY WON !"

ANNIE CLEGG.

THE BARON'S DEAD.

DRAW down the blinds ; the mansion
 close ;

Let every one be calm and still,
 For the proud Baron seeks repose
 In that dear land where comes no ill.

The hunted hare in yonder park,
 In peaceful sleep, lays down his head ;
 He does not hear the hounds' loud bark ;
 He seems to know the Baron's dead.

The watchdog slowly moves about,
 And peeps in every unknown place ;
 He knows there's something wrong, no
 doubt,

And misses now his master's face.

No sound bestirs the stately hall,
 No cheerful ray lights up the gloom,
 For o'er its roof death hangs its pall,
 And makes it solemn as the tomb.

From yonder church the deep-toned
 bell

Rings out its notes in muffled tones,
 And through the air the solemn knell
 Pierces each heart in wailing moans.

Then draw the blinds, and let the
 hall

Be filled with morbid awe and dread ;
 One more has answered to God's call—
 The Christian Baron now lies dead.

HERBERT H. ADAMS.

THE POOR BOY.—Do not be ashamed, my lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It is no mark of disgrace ; it speaks well for your industrious mother. For our part, we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companion ; and if a boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but work on. We know many a rich and bad man, my boy ; and if you are poor, you will be respected a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man, and addicted to bad habits.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE BEST PLEDGE.—If a man would only look at himself when he was drunk, he never would drink again.

AN ASS.—Albert Smith says that when he writes his initials he is accused of telling only two-thirds of the truth.

THE DOCTOR'S BEST FRIEND.—The piano; for a young lady no sooner goes near one in society than she's immediately seized with a cold.

GRAMMATICAL.—An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

A MAN was earnestly looking into the bung-hole of a whisky barrel, as if in search of something he could not find. "What are you doing?" asked a bystander. "Why, I'm seeking my reputation in the place I lost it," was the mournful reply.

CURIOUS EXCISE ENTRY.—Alexander Gunn, an excise officer in Scotland, being dismissed from his employment for misconduct, an entry was made in a book kept for the purpose as follows:—"A. Gunn discharged for making a false report."

CHEAP TRAVELLING.—"Plase, sir," said an Irishman to a traveller, "would yer be so oblaiging as to take me great coat, here, to Boston wit' yez?" "Yes," said the man in the waggon, "but how will you get it again?" "Oh! that's mighty aisy, so it is," said Pat, "for sure I'll remain inside uv it."

PERSPICUITY OF LANGUAGE.—A little girl being sent to a shop to purchase some dye-stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the shopman, "John, what do folks dye with?" "Die with? Why, cholera sometimes," replied John. "Well, I believe that's the name. I want to get threepennyworth."

CUSTOM is the plague of wise men and the idol of every fool.

WISE men learn by other men's harms, fools by their own.

AN ounce of help weighs more than a pound of pity.

HE that needs a thousand pounds to live

Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

HUMILITY.—It is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten; yea, better to be a humble worm than a proud angel.

THE Duke of Wellington used often to remark that the secret of success lay in embracing every opportunity of being useful, and that he never forgot the golden rule which he had learned in the Church catechism, of "doing your duty in that station of life to which it shall please God to call you."

Extracts from evidence given by Sir WM. GULL, M.D., F.R.S., before the Peers' Select Committee on Intemperance.

I SHOULD like to say that a very large number of people in society are dying day by day poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it.

THE public ought to know that of all the diluents or solvents for the nutritious parts of food there is nothing like water. Water carries the nutriment into the system in its purest form.

I THINK that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when they are exhausted, they might very well drink water or take food, and would be very much better without the alcohol. If I am personally fatigued with overwork my food is very simple—I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. I have had very large experience in that practice for thirty years.



TO A STREAM.

Emblem of the rush of time,
 Never pausing in thy course ;
 With persistency sublime
 Moving in resistless force,
 Thou art hastening to the sea,
 As time seeks eternity.

Thou to me a teacher art,
 And from thee I well may learn
 How I ought to do my part—
 Wisdom in thy depths discern,
 As thy stainless waters pass
 Sparkling, clear as polished glass.

For where'er thy waters flow,
 Down the hill or o'er the plain,
 Stately trees more fruitful grow,
 Verdure follows in thy train ;
 Cattle browsing on thy brink
 Choose thee for their favourite drink.

And my life should be like thine,
 Full of good to all around ;
 O for grace and strength divine,
 That I may like thee be found
 Scattering blessings in my course,
 Ever pressing towards my Source.

DAVID LAWTON.

RUNNING FROM HOME;

OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistake," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XI.

"FATHER, I HAVE SINNED !"

IT is years since I have opened this book, for was it not dedicated to Harry?—and of our darling, through the long weary silence of the on-marching days, I have had nothing to write. How often, when thought has been almost too painful to bear, I have looked closely at my conduct and at his in that far away past, and with bowed heart and saddened spirit have echoed the words of the dear old anthem, the still dearer parable, the words which are especially on my mind to-day, as even more applicable to my case than to Harry's, 'Father, I have sinned !'

Experience makes us pay, often with our very life-blood, for her precious lessons. If I had only known—how many use that same language when knowledge has come to them too late!—if I had only known the horrible fruit that would spring from the seeds of self-will that I am afraid I helped to sow and to nourish in my pet brother's character! If I had only known that the indulgences I granted him, that the punishments I spared him, would turn to the gall and wormwood of sin and rebellion even in his boyhood, oh, how differently I would have acted, for his own dear sake! I hope no loving elder sister, on our little Archipelago or on the mainland, or in any country under heaven, is planting for herself and for those she loves such a harvest of loneliness and distress as I unintentionally secured for Harry and me. The duty of every member of a happy Christian household is to uphold the parental discipline, and to carry it out thoroughly, consistently.

When I hid Harry's faults that he might go unpunished, I was burying his good qualities also. Poor dear Harry! where are you all these years, while so many changes have been happening here? Where, and amongst what society, have you laid down youth and taken up manhood? Are you living still? Sometimes, Harry in the solemn hours of night, when the soft moonlight bathes the world with magic beauty, and the stars and constellations in their splendour become to us living revelations of the power of God, when the soft winds sweep around the Cassiterides, and our little quiet island world is still, I am awake and watching unto prayer for you darling, praying with tears and sighs, and "groans that cannot be uttered," that my sin and your sin in the past may somehow and somewhere be atoned by purer, brighter, better deeds in the future of both our lives. And then I hope and believe you are not dead, darling, but will come back to us again. But often, Harry, when the night is dark, when the sombre veil of cloud shuts out the stars, when the fierce, wild winds rave and roar, and the noisy fury of the sea, as it surges and booms with mighty force against every resisting power, reaches my ears as I sit in my quiet lonely chamber, the dread that you are dead takes possession of my soul, and chill, my heart, and brings me sobbing to my knees pleading for grace to say—whether God withholds you or grants you to our mortal sight—"Thy will be done!"

Harry! Do you ever think of the dear old days of your innocence, before the foul fiend Strong Drink wrote his evil tracery on brow and life, when your loving

old Dorie heard you lisp your little simple prayers, and tucked you in your little bed? Have you quite forgotten the glorious spring days at Morning Point, when the world of sea and sky and rocky island was all aglow with sunlight, when the furze-bushes on the downs were burning with golden flame, like the bush that Moses saw, yet were "not consumed."

The soft light of this evening is tempting me abroad by its beauty. Papa and mamma are together, for Ernest relieves our father now of all work after seven o'clock, unless at exceptionally busy times. I will take one of my favourite walks—the moon is rising, and will light me pleasantly on my return—the walk to Old Town churchyard. Papa has always enjoined upon us so forcibly the duty and privilege of daily exercise that we none of us feel as if we had done rightly when night comes and we have spent the whole day indoors.

To-morrow we expect company. I have been busy this morning arranging our pretty guest chamber for our darling Rosie, her husband and little son; they come to-morrow by the steamer. The sweet face and gentle, loving heart of our island Rose attracted a young gentleman of good family from far-off Essex, who spent a winter here three years ago for his health. Our balmy climate and papa's care, to whom his doctor had written, were the means of restoring him to perfect health, and the return he made for this was to carry off our treasure. But Rosie is so perfectly happy in her fine old English home, and her husband and his relatives cherish her so tenderly, that we have little cause to complain. Lottie and I have paid them one long visit, and to-morrow they come to us for two happy months, bringing little Theodore, my masculine namesake.

After preparing for the dear visitors, I unlocked our lost darling's room, and went in. Will he ever come back to it? Week by week I dust the room, and lay fresh sheets, sweet with lavender, in his bed, and place a posy on his mantel-shelf. Will this always be done in vain? Oh! not in vain! Things that keep our own hearts loving and true are never done in vain.

But I must not stay to write more, or it will be too late for my walk.

* * * * *

Oh! I am so glad I went. What would have happened if I had stayed away?

I cannot explain the strange sensations I felt as I walked over Buzza Hill, past Pulpit Rock, always associated in my mind with Harry, along by Peninnis Head, over the stile, and into the quiet churchyard.

The palms and foreign shrubs, the terraced walks, the tranquil graves, the white monuments, the simple headstones, all stood out visibly in the rich, warm crimson rays of the setting sun. It was exquisitely still and peaceful; even Honest Joe was not in sight; I had the place to myself. Like Hervey in the pretty little village churchyard of Kilkhampton, on the northern coast of Cornwall, I might without interruption meditate amongst the tombs.

Might I? I started, for even as this thought crossed my mind, I heard such sounds of agony and distress as I never remembered to have heard before. For a few moments a childish superstition and fright filled me with dread. I sat down on a headstone trembling and pale, with a cold, undefined horror freezing my blood. The next minute, ashamed of my weakness, I looked about amongst the shadows for the cause of my alarm.

At first I could not see anything. Then I went softly up the steps, and glanced along the pathway of another terrace; the sobs and low groans and cries had ceased; the hush and stillness of the place were again unbroken, save by my con-

sciousness of the presence of that other human being, whom as yet my eyes had not beheld. A few paces farther along the green, grass-grown pathway, and my footsteps were suddenly arrested. Under some palms there was a grave, and on it, extended at full length over it, in the apathy of despair or in a death-like swoon, was the body of a man—a man in sailor costume, in thick pilot cloth suit, the dress of a captain or mate. His round cap had rolled off, and lay on the ground at a little distance. A young man, if I could judge from the light form, and the curling brown hair that encircled the drooping head.

The headstone of the grave had been newly painted, and the letters were not yet all replaced. The words visible were—

“Sacred
to the memory of
Agnes,
the tenderly loved wife of
An ”

Here the painter had stopped abruptly. I had seen the headstone so many times before that I could supply from memory the omitted words, “Anthony Melhuish, Captain of the Schooner ‘Peri.’ She died at Hugh Town, March 4th, 1847, aged 48 years.”

The terrible stillness of the prostrate form lying on the grave startled me. He seemed not to stir hand or foot. Was he breathing? Was he dead? I must discover; I could endure the suspense no longer; medical aid might be immediately necessary. I laid my hand softly on the shoulder of the man, and said, gently, “You are ill, or in trouble, or both. Can I do anything to help you?”

He shivered, shuddered rather, from head to foot, paused a moment, and then turned his face round to mine.

“Harry!”

I knew him in a moment. The beautiful boy had become a handsome though careworn man; the golden curls had bronzed and deepened in hue; the blue eyes were sad, but I knew him still, should have known him and claimed him anywhere. He turned his head back again wearily without a word, and pillowed it anew upon the grave.

“Dearest Harry, speak to me!” I entreated. “You are ill! Oh! try to get up dear; kiss me, speak to me. God be praised that you are come back to us again!”

“Us?” he repeated, in the saddest tone I ever heard. He rose a little, and leaned his head on the arm which still rested on the grave. Now that I saw him more plainly, he looked, oh! so dreadfully pale and wan and haggard!

“Us, Dorie?” he said. “But I have killed my mother,” and he groaned as if his heart was broken. Poor, poor Harry!

“Dearest Harry,” I said, softly, slowly, cautiously, for I saw he could bear but little, “you are mistaken. This is the grave of Mrs. Melhuish; the stone is being repainted.”

Before I could finish, a cry that rang through not my ears only, but my heart, a man’s loud cry half of rapture, half of pain, pierced the soft balmy air of night, and Harry fell back heavily; he had swooned.

Experience in some such cases, when my father had occasionally called me to his aid, rendered me less nervous than I should otherwise have been. I raised his dear head upon my bosom, unloosed his collar and neck-tie, let the cool evening air blow over his face, and applied to his nostrils a bottle of smelling-salts which



"I laid my hand softly on the shoulder of the man."

I was in the habit of carrying, and which fortunately Ernest had refilled for me that very morning. In a few minutes I had the joy of seeing him revive.

"Always a trouble to you, Dorie," he whispered, with an affectionate inflection of tone that was like music to my heart. "I shall be better soon; wait a bit, dear."

I bent and kissed him on brow and cheeks and lips, with difficulty restraining my tears, and kept silence, save that I murmured over him some of the loving words that would overflow from heart to lips for him. God and heaven seemed very near to us in those first blessed moments of reunion, when the earth, and sea, and sky were hushed as if in peaceful sleep, when the clear, fair gibbous moon, more than crescent and less than full, sailed slowly and solemnly across the heavens, when the sea-birds, surprised by night, flew screaming to their rocky nests, and the love of the Eternal Father and the co-eternal Redeemer of all the creatures of creation was the key-note of the unbroken music of the spheres.

Then a sweet smile broke over Harry's lips. "Mother will welcome her boy again. Oh, Dorie, I haven't deserved it! God is good. And father?"

"Father is well too, darling. There is only one break to tell you of; I mean by death."

He turned ashy white again, and his lips refused to form the words he fain would speak.

"Dear grandpapa," I hastened to say, "has gone to the better home; St. Agnes does not seem the same place without him, Harry. George lives with Aunt Dorothea, and manages the farm."

"Dear old George, dear grandfather! Go on, Dorie, tell me all."

"Ernest is married, Harry."

Harry drew my left hand to him, and examined the ring finger. "No ring; I shall have you to nurse me, Dorie; I'm glad you're left to take care of me"

"You are ill, Harry."

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

THE plants are withered, and the trees are bare;
 The swallows wing their flight to other realms;
 No more sweet Flora's scents pervade the air;
 No more the sturdy oaks or lofty elms
 Invite the traveller to accept their shade,
 Or at their base to rest his weary feet;
 But man must wander through the leafless glade,
 Nor rose nor lily in his pathway meet.
 Where erst the fairest flowers of earth were seen,
 The thorns and thistles and the hemlocks grow;
 And but a few dry stalks are left to show
 The anxious stranger where the plants have been;
 But still dear Nature's work is not yet run,
 The soul awaketh when its sleep is done!

JOHN G. LUMSDEN.

WHY I DON'T USE TOBACCO.

First Prize Essay. By ROBT. H. LORD (age 19 yrs.), 125, Stockport Road Manchester.

MY two chief reasons for not using tobacco are : 1st. Its evil physical effects ; 2nd. Its evil social and moral effects. If I light a cigar and commence to smoke it, what follows ? Well, in the first place, the noxious principle contained in the smoke penetrates the delicate lining of the mouth and throat, often causing blisters and a sore throat, creating an unnatural thirst, and finding a passage into the blood. The stomach and digestive organs next come in for a share of the injury. Sickness and indigestion result from the use of the pipe, and a large quantity of *saliva*, which is needed for the proper digestion of the food, is wasted, for to swallow it when impregnated with tobacco poison would indeed be dangerous. The heart is also injured to some extent, for the action of tobacco on it causes irregular beating and palpitation. The disease known by the name of the "fatty heart" is sometimes brought on by tobacco alone, and sometimes by tobacco and alcohol conjointly. The blood too suffers from the use of tobacco. This "stream of life" consists of a colourless watery liquid called the serum, in which very minute red bodies swim about. These red corpuscles give the colour to the blood. Now, when nicotine is absorbed by the blood, the corpuscles are altered in their form and character, and the blood is made impure. The brain and nerves are likewise seriously injured by tobacco ; the use of that article has a dulling and stupefying effect on the

brain, and impairs the memory. There are other injurious effects which arise from smoking, chewing, and snuffing, but the above are the most common. I will now pass on to the consideration of my second reason for abstaining from the use of tobacco, viz. its *evil* social and moral effects. And the most conspicuous of these are the selfishness and disregard for the comfort of others which accrue from long indulgence in the consumption of tobacco. The slaves of this habit of smoking are almost totally indifferent to the annoyance and discomfort felt by certain individuals when they (the smokers) smoke either in prohibited or unprohibited places, and it would be the last thing in the world for them to think of giving up their self-gratification merely to promote the comfort and pleasure of non-smokers. The use of tobacco also conduces to slovenliness. Young men who *are* scrupulously neat and clean in their appearance and attire when they first commence to smoke and chew, gradually become more and more careless as regards their outward appearance, until the stains of tobacco juice can be traced on their garments, and black streaks are visible in the corners of their mouths. Lastly, the use of tobacco leads to intemperance, for the unnatural thirst begotten by smoking craves to be satisfied with stronger drink than water, and thus is begun a downward career, swift and sure, which often carries the poor deluded victim to the extremes of poverty, vice, and *crime*.



1.—SCRIPTURE DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

a. The wood which God commanded Noah to make the ark of.

b. Another name for Edom, which is situated to the south of Palestine.

c. A large bird of prey, declared unclean by Moses.

d. The name of that field wherein the Israelites were defeated by the Philistines, when the ark of the Lord was taken.

e. The second and third letters of the name of the fifth son of Japheth.

f. In common speech, one who gives security for another; and hence it has become prevalent among theological writers to confound it with the terms substitute and representative, when applied to Christ.

g. One of the words that appeared written on the wall at the sacrilegious feast of Belshazzar.

h. One of the minor prophets of the Old Testament. A province of Syria, beyond Jordan.

i. A very precious ointment, spoken of in St. Mark's Gospel.

j. A city situated in the tribe of Judah, about ten miles west of Hebron.

k. One of the sons of Aaron, who, with his brother, was destroyed by fire from God.

l. The fourth and seventh letters of the name of the third Person in the Trinity.

The initials read downwards and finals upwards will give a portion of a prayer with which we are all familiar.

MARIE.

2.—CHARADE.

When the fierce war is raging,
And the battle's at its worst,
The poor wearied, wounded soldier
Calls out loudly for my first.

At that old man now gaze awhile
As he totters down the street;
See, he leans upon my second,
To aid his faltering feet.

My whole was used ages ago
By brave, daring Robin Hood,
Who with his band of merrie men
Long lived in green Sherwood.

KATE DODD.

3.—CHARADE.

Summer over, winter coming,
Trees are shedding all their leaves;
Bees are ceasing from their humming,
Swallows flit from cottage eaves;
And my primal, dank and dreary,
Seems to travellers worn and weary.

If you want to know my second,
Look around on every side;
There its presence may be reckoned
Underneath the ocean wide;
On the vale, and on the mountain,
Beautiful by flower and fountain.

For my whole, how bleak and barren
On a stormy day it seems;
Heath and marsh, and rabbit warren,
Stone; and furze, and peaty streams,
Where the starving cattle travel,
Over rushes, clay, and gravel.

G. J. BELL.

4.—DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A lofty place;
2. A certain time;
3. Part of the face;
4. This is sublime;
5. A heathen name;
6. To pine away;
7. A town of fame;
8. Felt every day;
9. A magazine;
10. This means instead;
11. In Russia seen;
12. We're often bled.

The initials of the above read down
Will name a soldier of renown;
His dying words the finals tell,
When he in battle nobly fell.

G. J. BELL.

5.—CHARADE.

With the aid of a vowel my *first* you will see
A short word of kind invitation will be;
And now, I'll assure you I make no pretence,
My *second's* a castle or place of defence.
My *whole* you may now make yourself, and
resolve

That if you're my third, this puzzle you'll solve.

FRANCES.

6.—CHARADE.

My *first* is my mother,
And I am her *second* ;
My *whole* suits my brother,
His trade it is reckon'd—

A. SUTCLIFFE.

7.—SQUARE WORD.

To dart, to issue forth a flame ;
A truly English maiden's name ;
A metal very useful too ;
A river not unknown to you.

KATE DODD.

DEFINITIONS.

CUSTOM.

The law of fools.—(CIBBER.)

The pole-star of tradesmen.—R. W. COPEMAN

An iron chain, which weighs heaviest upon
the weak.—(Selected.)

SELF-DENIAL.

The hardest lesson in life.—(Selected.)

The antipode of selfishness. J. R. L.

That which gives the martyr a crown of
glory, and exalts the beggar above the dignity
of a king.—(Selected.)

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On pages 188 and 189.

1. Sand-ring-ham.
2. Hawfinch. Owl. Plover. Starling.
Sandpiper. Swallow. Pelican. Manakin.

3. S I N G
I D E A
N E A T
G A T E

4.—

Sign, boys, sign the pledge of merry temper-
ance ;

Come and join our noble, happy temperance
band.

5. Because each is a pa's son (parson).

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

Mind what you run after. Never be content
with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that
ends in smoke and darkness. Get that which
you can keep, and which is worth keeping—

"Something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away."

BILLY BRAY ON "TOBACCO,"

BILLY was particularly hard upon preachers, through whose example many he believed of the Lord's people were induced to depart from the right way. He considered no favour should be extended to them ; he was hardly at liberty to be charitable in the matter, for it was the Lord's work, and soon all would have to answer for their conduct in the judgment, some for continuing to smoke, and others for giving it up, and he felt confident what the decision of the Great Judge would be. "If the preachers smoke, I may smoke too," was the argument he felt he could not answer, except by bringing a *charge* against the preachers, which he was most unwilling to do. "*Defile* not yourselves with idols," and "*Mortify* the deeds of the body," were, in Billy's view, such definite commands, that for Christians to smoke seemed to him to be the most glaring inconsistency.

He and a preacher of something of the same type of character as himself were holding a missionary meeting at F——. Billy opened the meeting with prayer, and the preacher and others fervently responded to many of his petitions. Observing this, he began to be more minute and pointed in his requests. "O Lo-a-rd, help the people to give up their idols." The preacher said, "Amen." "May the children be saved from the love of the world's fashions." "Amen," again said the preacher. "Help Thy people to give up their ribbons and feathers." "Amen," was still the response of the preacher, and again "Amen" when he added, "And their cups and drinks." "And their pipes and tobacco," but to this there was no "Amen" from the preacher. Billy at once said, "Where's your 'Amen,' Brother B——? Why don't you say 'Amen' to the pipes as well as the cups? Ah! you won't say 'Amen' to the pipes!" He then proceeded with his prayer. And what would be irreverent in most persons did not appear so in him. But the preacher afterwards remonstrated with Billy on his impropriety in administering this personal rebuke in public. He justified himself by saying, "You were hearty and loud enough in your 'Amens' for others to give up their idols, but you are not willing to part with your own. Bless the Lo-a-rd! I have given up *all* for my Saviour."

SAFE AND STRONG!

Words and Music by REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. Safe and strong! Safe and strong! We to the hosts of God be-long;

KEY C.

d' :- m s :- :-	m :- s d' :- :-	d' : t l s :- :-	m' :- r' d' :- :-
2. Safe and strong!	Safe and strong!	We to the hosts of	God be-long;
d' :- m s :- :-	m :- s d' :- :-	l : s f m :- m	s :- f m :- :-
d :- m s :- :-	m :- s d' :- :-	d' : d' d' d' :- :-	s :- s s :- :-
3. Safe and strong!	Safe and strong!	We to the hosts of	God be-long;
d : m s :- :-	m :- s d' :- :-	f : f f s :- s	s :- s d' :- :-

mp

Strong in the strength of God our King, Glad-ly and loud to Him do sing;

mp

s : s s d' :- s	l :- t d' :- :-	t : t d' r' :- s	d :- m' s :- :-
We in ourselves are	poor and weak,	Fa-ther of all, Thy	strength we seek;
m : m m m :- m	f :- s l :- :-	f : f f f :- f	m :- s m :- :-
d' : d' d' s :- d'	d' :- d' d' :- :-	s : s s s :- s	s :- d' d' :- :-
Keep us in mind and	bo - dy pure,	On-ly in Thee we	stand se-cure;
d : d d d :- d	f :- f f :- :-	s : s s s :- s	d :- d d :- :-

Joy-ful-ly praise His bound-less grace, A-ble to save our fall-en race.

s : s s l :- l	t : l t d' :- :-	l : t d' s :- :-	m' :- r' d' :- :-
Keep us in all we	do or think,	Safe from the power of	dead - ly drink.
m : m m f :- f	f :- f m :- :-	f : s l s :- m	s :- f m :- :-
d' : d' d' d' :- d'	s :- r' d' :- :-	d' : d' d' d' :- d'	d' :- t d' :- :-
Keep us in heart and	pur- pose brave,	Rea- dy to help, and	prompt to save.
d : d d f :- f	s :- s l :- :-	f : f f m :- d	s :- s d' :- :-

SAFE AND STRONG—(Continued).

CHORUS.

Look-ing for vic - t'ry, on - ward we move, Trust-ing our Fa - ther's in - fi - nite love;

CHORUS.

r' : r' : r' r' : - : r' r' : d' : r' m' : - : - s : s : s l : - : l t : l : t d' : - : -
Looking for vic - t'ry, onward we move, Trusting our Fa - ther's in - fi - nite love;
t : t : t t : - : t t : l : t d' : - : - m : m : m f : - : f f : f : f m : - : -
:
:

Safe and strong! safe and strong! We to the hosts of God be - long.

d : - : m s : - : - m : - : s d' : - : - f d' : d' : d' d' : - : d' m' : - : r' d' : - : -
d : - : m s : - : - m : - : s d' : - : - m : m : m m : - : s s : - : f m : - : -
d : - : m s : - : - m : - : s d' : - : - s : s : s s : - : s d' : - : t d' : - : -
d : - : m s : - : - m : - : s d' : - : - d : d : d d : - : m s : - : s d : - : -

HOW ALCOHOL WORKS IN THE "LIVING HOUSE."

BY DR. F. R. LEES, OF LEEDS.

VI.

THE last and most serious evil work of Alcohol in the body now remains to be pointed out, that which concerns its relation to the sentient Nerves and Brain, the *instruments* of Intelligence. Man's body, in truth, is made to do three sorts of work—first, *living* work (breathing, eating, digesting, circulating, nourishing, excreting, &c.); second *voluntary mechanical* work, such as,

talking, ploughing, walking, weaving, &c.; third, *feeling and thinking*, which is the work connected with the moral purpose of our life, as capable of happiness and of doing our duty, as the means to being happy. Three distinct influences upon the office (or function) of the nervous system must at least be noticed. First, that Alcohol *injures* organism; second, that it *perverts* the function or use

of the organ ; third, that it *wastes power* (including vitality, as we have already seen.)

That intoxicating liquors *do* affect the intellect is an observation of the oldest times. A Greek writer, three thousand years ago, said, "Wine darkens the mind." A Hebrew prophet, Habakkuk, declares that "wine is a defrauder." Solomon has not only said the same thing, that "Wine is a mocker," but has specified the mental changes which it induces. "Thine eyes shall look (with desire) upon strange women, and thine heart shall utter perverse things." This is of course due to the action of Alcohol upon the *brain*, for no physical agent can affect the mind through any other channel.

The experiments of Dr. Binz and others have proved beyond all doubt that alcohol tends to relax the finer blood-vessels, and to *dilate* their diameter, "especially those of the head." Hence there is a constant tendency towards *fullness* (called congestion), which at any time may run into inflammation. Again, Alcohol, it is equally certain, tends to make the blood darker, by using up the *oxygen* (*i.e.* the fresh air which induces healthy change and life), and so defiled and morbid blood circulates within the delicate brain-cells, obscuring the perceptions and blunting the finer feelings of the drinker. The man who, as a water-drinker, sees things as they are, as a drinker of Alcohol sees things as they are not; and anger, jealousy, or other brutal feelings become dominant, and excite to actions which create misery all around. The higher organs become dormant, the lower unduly stimulated, and the beast triumphs over the man. England has often been the theatre of events that illustrate this. Nearly all *riots* have their origin in drinking, which creates a permanent state of feeling on which

jingismoism can fittingly operate. The celebrated Horace Mann, secretary of the American Board of Education, has said, "Let there be an entire abstinence from intoxicating drinks throughout the country during a single generation, and a mob would be as impossible as combustion (or fire) without oxygen." All history is crowded with examples of the truth that Alcohol depraves the human brain, and the saddest excesses of the first French Revolution, as painted by Carlyle, were due to this agency.

The revolting development of sensualism and ferocity in Paris during the reign of the Commune has been universally connected with the use of Wine and Brandy, but it is only a milder type of the same *Bass* influence operating at home in a chronic form which creates our crime and jingoism. Stimulants and Narcotics necessarily tend to sensuality and immorality by a double action—1st, by *reducing* the normal energy of our nature which supplies the conditions of a happy life; and 2nd, by *narcotising* or deadening what faculty is left. The higher and more complicated organism of thought is the first to suffer loss, while the animal instincts are brought into intenser play. "Substances," says Herbert Spencer, "which, like opium and hashish, *exalt the rate of molecular change* in the nervous centres, so intensify the feelings and ideas as to *cause illusions* Alcohol, ether, chloroform, nitrous oxide, etc., when their anæsthetic effects begin, the *highest* nervous actions are the first to be arrested; and the artificial paralysis implicates, in descending order, the lower or simpler nervous actions. *Incipient intoxication* [being 'jolly'] shows itself in a failure to form involved and abstract relations of ideas." *

* Principles of Psychology, vol. i., pp. 610-11, etc.

In plain words, the drinker cannot *reason*—he only fancies and feels ! Hence the dangers lurking in our large cities, and even in country villages cursed with beer-shops. Wages being misapplied, the men are insufficiently nourished, badly housed, live in a state of *malaise* (or bad feeling), and consuming Alcohol and tobacco in ever increasing quantities, the brain gets into a state of *chronic excitement and weakness*, so that the people become the fit victims and ready dupes of men who preach impossible and wild means of bettering the condition of society. Thus it is that a stupid Conservatism connected with an institution like the liquor traffic must some day end in bringing about a sanguinary Revolution. Let our Young People reflect on this, for they have to be the Politicians of the future.

But loss of intellectual power takes place in a nation by the use of drink directly, as well as in the way described. Last year the cases of lunacy and idiocy increased by nearly 2,000, and there has been a gradual advance of cases of brain disease for some years, in spite of the many and great improvements of society—a fact pointing to a *fixed and enlarging cause* at work in their production. When it is recollected that—owing to the legis-

lative multiplication of drink-shops throughout the land, and the consequent increase of temptations and facilities for drinking—the cost of the consumption of drink and tobacco has increased from sixty millions to one hundred and fifty millions of pounds, we cannot fail to perceive the effect of such a vast amount of poison upon the national nerves and brain. Each ounce of Alcohol occasions 4,300 extra *heart-beats* per day, and if power goes out in this way, it cannot be reserved for the uses of the body to resist disease-producing agents, or for the use of the brain to *think and feel* with. It is calculated that the amount of alcohol consumed wastes as much force as would be equal, if applied to productive labour, to £40,000,000 sterling, and this, being deducted from the power available for thought and feeling, which is ever the *surplus* power not required for vital and voluntary physical work, represents a loss to the treasury of moral progress and civilisation which no man can estimate. What art, science, morals, patriotism, Christianity, have suffered by this deterioration of brain, and this waste of mental force, is known only to the Infinite Being whose glory has been obscured by this senseless, this wilful, and this wicked waste of our vital talents.

* It will be a confirmation of Dr. Lees' articles if we add two high medical authorities—one home, and the other foreign.

"I do not over-estimate the facts when I say that if such a miracle could be performed in England as a general conversion to temperance, *the vitality of the nation would rise one third in value*, and this without any reference to the indirect advantages that would of necessity follow."—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

The new *French Dictionary of Practical Medicine*, recently published, has the following :—
"Alcoholism is a social calamity, one of the scourges of modern societies. It is incredible for what a vast loss of power, intelligence and vitality it is answerable to humanity. From the moral point of view, it depraves, degrades, and brutalizes ; from the physical, it wounds the organism in its principal parts and perverts its radical functions, as regards the species, it debases and renders barren. Official statistics show us in an undeniable manner the ever invading march of this scourge. The hereditary consequences are truly appalling."



GEORGE'S LESSON.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

ONE lovely afternoon in spring a party of boys from Roswell Academy were out for a half-holiday. The day was beautifully clear, and the warm sunshine and balmy breezes had quite an exhilarating effect upon them.

By-and-by the party broke up into groups of threes and fours; and they rambled here and there, gathering the lovely wild blossoms which were just beginning to peep forth from the hedges, and stopping now and then to examine the birds' nests which they found hidden in the banks and bushes. At length one of them came to a robin's nest, and he drew it out of its place and began to pull it in pieces.

"George, you ought to be ashamed of yourself," indignantly exclaimed little Willie Marston. "How can you be so cruel as to destroy the poor birds' home in that way?"

"What a muff you are, Willie, to be sure; why, 'tis only a robin's nest. There!" and so saying, he threw the little nest away, eggs and all.

"I tell you it is a cruel thing to do, and your conduct is a disgrace to the school. It shou'd never have to be said that one of the Roswell boys did a thing like that."

"My conduct a disgrace to the school!" said George, in a towering passion. "I'll teach you to speak to me like that," and he struck Willie a heavy blow on the chest.

"I wouldn't stand that," said Harry Turton, who came up just in time to see George strike Willie.

"Thrash him, Willie, thrash him, he deserves it," exclaimed several of the other boys; and they all came crowding round, eager to see and hear what was going on.

"No, he is too much of a coward for that," said George, defiantly. "He would rather preach than fight any time."

"Suppose I was to be so foolish as to fight with you, it would not make your conduct in destroying the poor robin's nest any better, and I should only be disgracing myself, as you have done. I suppose you think it is a very brave thing to take and destroy the nest of a poor defenceless bird; but if that is your bravery I'll have none of it," said Willie.

"Did he throw the robin's nest away?" asked Harry.

"Of course he did," replied Willie.

"Boys," said Harry, who was a sort of leader among them, "George has disgraced us by his conduct this afternoon. Let us all go and leave him till he is ashamed of himself."

"Yes, go," said George, "and hold a prayer-meeting along with the Rev. William Marston."

One of the boys who stood near lifted his arm, and would have felled the young scoffer to the ground, but for the ready interference of Willie. "Hold!" he exclaimed; "two blacks will not make one white, you know. Let him alone; he will have to answer for what he has done to the principal."

When George heard that he turned pale, and all his bravado left him; for the principal of Roswell Academy was very strict with the boys over their conduct on these holiday excursions; and cruelty to animals was one of those things which he always punished with the greatest rigour. And besides, George very well

remembered that he had already exhausted that gentleman's patience by his misconduct, and he dreaded lest he should now be turned out of the Academy and sent home in disgrace, in which case he knew he would lose a beautiful gold watch which his papa had promised to give him if he came home from school at the end of the term with a good character.

When the boys returned that evening, Harry and Willie were a little ahead of the others, and they met the principal in the doorway, and made him acquainted with what had taken place.

When George returned directly afterwards, the principal called him aside, and said, "I want some explanation of your conduct this evening. I am given to understand that you wilfully destroyed the nest of a robin, and when Willie Marston remonstrated with you on the cruelty of your conduct, you struck him, and used very abusive language. Is this correct?"

"Yes, sir, but I am sorry for what I did. Please forgive me this time. Do not send me away, please, sir," pleaded George, very humbly.

"You ought to ask God to forgive you, and give you grace to overcome your love of mischief and your proud, angry spirit. You know that I have repeatedly charged both you and all the other boys to be kind to all God's creatures. They are His, not ours; and when we inflict needless pain and suffering even upon the smallest of them, we sin against Him, and incur His righteous displeasure. You might, perhaps, think it was a trifling thing to destroy a bird's nest; but remember that anything which gives pain to a fellow-being can never be a trifling thing; and let me urge upon you to seek strength from God to overcome every desire to do harm, even to the smallest thing that lives. You may go now. Tomorrow I will tell you what your punishment will be; for although I intended at first to send you home, I will give you another opportunity to regain your position and good name in the school."

With many thanks George left the presence of the principal, and I am happy to say that the lesson he had received from that gentleman on kindness to all living creatures was not lost upon him. He afterwards became one of the best boys in the school, and is now a good, kind-hearted, and useful man; and he often says that if schoolboys would only have the moral courage to report one another's misconduct to their superiors, as Willie and Harry did in his case, instead of fighting about it, far more good would be the result; for he believes that the timely check which was put upon his thoughtless cruelty, and the firm but kind rebuke which he received from his tutor, influenced all his after life for good; whereas, if Willie had fought with him, and he had been allowed to go on unchecked in his evil course, he might have grown up a bad, hard-hearted, cruel man.

Boys! never be afraid of doing as Willie and Harry did, whenever your better judgment tells you it is necessary. Many boys, I know, think it is mean to report the misconduct of a schoolfellow, forgetting that very often it would be a kindness to do so at once, as it might lead to the reformation of the culprit. And should you feel it hard sometimes to do what your conscience says you ought to do in this respect, remember the good results of "George's Lesson," and be sure that it is always the truest kindness to others, and the best for yourself, at all times to do that which you know to be right.



CROSSING THE STREAM.

BABBLING onward goes the stream,
While the silvery ripples gleam,
Dancing o'er the pebbly ground,
Breathing forth a joyous sound.

On the bank, with looks so mild,
Stands a little blue-eyed child,
Gazing at the stream so wide,
Then upon the further side.

Not a moment does she lose ;
Quickly she removes her shoes,
And with snow-white feet now bare
Wades she through the water there.

Carefully she moves along,
Wrestling with the current strong ;
And at last, with heartfelt pride,
She doth gain the other side.

H. H. ADAMS.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, always true to the cause of temperance, in a recent sermon upon the influence of little things, referred to tobacco and intemperance. He is reported as saying :

"AGAIN, it is so in the formation of bad habits. Take the habit of lying. A man begins with what is called a white lie, and after a while there is no limit to his falsehood. So in the habit of using tobacco. There is no danger of my being personal in my remarks, for you all use it. I quit that habit because it made my hand tremble, and I too easily lost my patience, and I thought I had no right to do anything that would make my hand tremble or make me lose my patience. But we all know how hard it was to get the habit, how sick it made us at the start. You began, perhaps, with a cigar which your father or some minister has thrown away, and you have gone on till you are a slave to a habit which is ruinous to any man of nervous temperament. How gradually you came on toward it ! There are hundreds of men in this house to-day who would confess that the habit is injurious to them, but somehow they cannot stop. How, my brother, did you get this bondage on you ? In one day ? In one hour ? No. 'By little

and little.' So with the habit of intemperance. The first day a man don't go and wallow in the ditch. If he is well off, he begins with sparkling champagne or lively Clicquot or three X's. Now in the midnight, while trying to kill the snakes on his delirious pillow, he cries out to the doctor to give him rum. O, young man, stand off from the beginning of evil ! Though you should charge me with a Hibernicism, I will risk it, and say, Stop before you start. You say, 'I mingle with evil associates, and yet I am not contaminated.' But if you stand anywhere near them, you will get splashed with mire and pollution and moral dirt. This panther of evil habits has a velvet coat and sleek skin, and comes softly through the night to a man's temptation and squats before the soul. But if you have felt the clutch of his claw and sharp cut of his teeth, God pity you ! Remember we may not only go down gradually ourselves, but take others with us little by little. A minister of the Gospel stood in a reform meeting, and he was showing how that a man might take strong drink moderately and yet do right, and how the head of a family might have strong drink on his dining-table and yet do right in all this matter ; and after he had made a powerful and eloquent argument, he sat down in the pulpit. Then an aged man arose in the audience, and said, 'I have a broken heart. I have buried my only son. He started life with beautiful prospects. He is to-day in a drunkard's grave, and when he was dying he told me that he started that awful habit at the table of a Christian clergyman, and that Christian clergyman is the man who just sat down in the pulpit !' Oh ! may God keep us from ruin and keep us from taking others to ruin !"

HEAVENLY HAPPINESS.

WHEN we reach the bright realms above,
Where all is happiness and love ;
When we meet friends who've gone before—
Dear friends !—and meet to part no more ;
When we see our dear Saviour's face,
And feel His sweet refreshing grace :
Oh ! shall we not be happy then,
Under our Father's care,
In the glorious land of heaven,
To dwell for ever there !

But shall we all enter that place ?
Shall we all see our Saviour's face ?
That depends 'pon our actions here.
The Bible points out very clear,
That all who walk with God below,
Before His throne in heaven shall bow.
We should prepare our souls for heaven
Ere we are called away,
That all our sins may be forgiven
At the great judgment day !

JOHN W. CLAY.



Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.—We are pleased to notice increasing signs of life and vitality in this large and enterprising Union. As the parent organisation of Lancashire and Cheshire it is the object of the Union to extend the movement, and to promote the formation and management of Bands of Hope throughout the two counties. The operations of the Union include the issuing of two monthly magazines, *ONWARD* and *ONWARD RECITER*, the employing of competent agents and lecturers, the holding of conferences, public meetings, festivals, etc., the sustaining of Bands of Hope by the aid of voluntary speakers, the supplying of pledge cards, music and hymn books, prize books, and Band of Hope requisites. Hitherto but a small proportion of the large centres of the population has been reached; indeed, many important towns have not yet been brought under the influence of the Band of Hope movement. It is impossible to estimate the blessings which would accrue to the young and rising genera-

tion were these outlying districts faithfully missioned, and brought under the benign influence of temperance. Viewing the wide-spread evils of strong drink, and the dangers to which young people are thereby exposed, it is essential that greater efforts should be made to promote more direct and efficient temperance teaching among the young, by the establishment of Bands of Hope throughout these densely populated districts. The committee intend to hold a bazaar in the month of February next year, to raise a sum of money which shall clear off a debt now embarrassing the Union, and also place a fund at the disposal of the committee which shall enable them more efficiently to carry on operations. An institution formed to arrest the course of juvenile depravity, and to encourage the growth of better habits and a purer social life, we feel sure will merit the approval and enlist the hearty sympathy and co-operation of the friends of youth. It is proposed to raise at least £1,000 by the bazaar, and we hope their expectations will be realised.

LAME SARAH.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"**L**AME SARAH," the neighbours used to call her, or "the cripple;" but the girl knew nothing of that. She only heard the names of love her mother and grandmother showered upon her. Though at times she suffered much, she was not really unhappy. There was only one real trouble in Sarah's life—she could hardly remember her father at all, and if she asked about him, her grandmother frowned and her mother cried. She knew he was not dead, for sometimes her mother had a letter from him with money in it; but never since she had been lame had Sarah seen her father.

Poor child! she did not know that her own father was the cause of all her suffering—that in his drunken fury he had thrown her headlong down the stairs. When he saw what he had done he was sobered. He thought she would die, and so he ran away to escape punishment; and when he heard that she still lived, but was crippled, he could not bear to come back. Whether he still drank no one knew. Now and then he sent them money, but the poor wife had to sew from morning till night to keep the wolf from the door. Still Sarah had everything they could get to tempt her appetite, and they tried to be bright and cheerful for her sake.

At last one day, when grandma had gone out, Sarah said, "Mother, I do wish you'd let me write a note to father. You know I can write quite nicely now. I want to see him so much! Won't you let me write?"

The mother did not know what to say. She knew that her mother would not hear of asking Sarah's father to come back. Mrs. Price, the grandmother, was a stern woman. "Let him drink himself to death—only let him keep away," she would often say. But his wife forgave him, and she longed to tell him so. She felt that her child's wish might be given her by God, and dared not refuse.

"Well, dear, you write and I'll post it; but never say a word to grandma." So whenever the two were alone, Sarah would ask for her letter and painfully write a few more words. At last it was finished, and her mother, without reading it, sent it to the father, praying that it might touch his heart. About a week after, as Sarah sat trying to play with her doll, but secretly fretting a little because she had no answer to her letter, a knock came at the door and in walked a tall man. Sarah guessed in a moment who it was, but her mother's cry, "Frank, Frank!" would have told her.

"I'm come back. Sarah herself asked me, and, wife, I've never touched a drop since——"

"Hush!" whispered the wife. "Sarah knows nothing of that."

"God be thanked for that! I thought she knew. I've not made money, but I've been steady."

The poor man could hardly bear to look at the crippled child, but after a day or two, Sarah's favourite resting-place was in her father's strong arms, and the two were hardly ever separate.

As Sarah grew older and understood how it was she had become crippled, she often said that, since it opened her father's eyes to see the danger of drinking, she was glad it happened. But oh! it was a fearful price to pay. May none of you risk it by ever touching strong liquor!

FALLING LEAVES.

Now the withered leaves are falling
From each quivering branch and
bough;
And the sighing winds are calling,
O'er the mountain's cloud-kissed brow,
Unto Winter, ice-crowned seer,
Slowly drawing nigh apace;
Dying autumn's leaf-strewn bier
Sinks into forgotten space!

And I muse, and vainly ponder
On life's changing destinies;
Sore perplexed, I sadly wander
O'er its barqueless, trackless seas—
O'er the turbid sullen waters,
Stretching far from mortal sight,
Where the fallen have besought us
To give o'er the crownless fight.

Oh! my soul, the hours are telling
On the record of thy life;
Day by day thy time of dwelling
'Midst this dark, satanic strife
Lessens quickly, lessens surely,
Till death's ordeal looms before,
And thy feet, decrepit, poorly,
Tread the crumbling earth ne'er
more!

Thus the storm-clouds of existence
Hover o'er us constantly,
Whilst our day's hard-fought subsistence
Mingles with their lullaby.
So the hours shall wander onward,
Often sorrowed, often gay,
Till our souls shall, turning heavenward,
Glide into eternal day!

THOS. BEDDING.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"WERE you ever at Cork?" inquired a Father Matthew man of a tipsy Irishman. "Faith and I niver was there, but I've seen a good many drawings of it."

A MEMBER of the Society of Friends was accosted in the street the other day by a sturdy mendicant in a state of inebriety, who said he wanted a little aid. The Friend recommended lemonade.

A GENTLEMAN remarks: "If in our school days the Rule of Three was proverbially trying, how much harder in after life do we find the Rule of One!" He has been married only fourteen months.

AN old Scotch lady gave a pointed reply to a minister who knew he had offended her, and expressed surprise that she should come so regularly to hear him preach. She said: "My quarrel's wi' you, man, it's not wi' the Gospel."

A DRUNKEN, worthless country man returning from a fair, fell asleep by the roadside, where a pig found him and began to lick his mouth. Sawney roared out "Wha's kissen me noo? You see how it is to be weel liket amang the lasses."

"I WANT to ask you a question, Uncle John," said a little boy to his intemperate relative. "Well, my lad?" "Why is a rum hole like a bad twenty-five cent stamp?" "Well, really, I can't tell." "Because you can't pass it!"

A NAUTICAL PUN.—Two gentlemen, a few days since, took a boat at Blackfriars Bridge to go to the Tower. One of them asked the other if he could tell him what countryman the waterman was? He replied he could not. "Then," said his friend, "I can. He is a Roman (*Row-man*)."

A cockney, on hearing the above, said "'twas a *wherry* good pun."

PRACTICE flows from principle, for as a man thinks, so he will act.

Wine often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin.—*Addison*.

CONTENTMENT is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires, makes a wise and happy purchase.

IMITATE the example of the locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water to wet his whistle.

A BEAUTIFUL smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape; it embellishes an inferior face, and redeems an ugly one.

THE pursuit in which we cannot ask God's protection must be criminal; the pleasure for which we dare not thank him cannot be innocent.

MANY a man shifts his sins as men do their clothes; they put off one to put on another. This is not serving God, but is waiting upon the devil in a new livery.

THE BONDAGE OF SATAN.—A man of talent, and familiar with various languages, by the vice of drunkenness was reduced to the workhouse, and there made this awful confession: "I could not refrain from drink if it were to secure to me a crown of glory." Of such men may it not be said, "They are tied and bound with the chain of their sins?"

DR. JOHNSON says, "Abstinence, if nothing more, is at least a cautious retreat from the utmost verge of perdition, and confers that security which cannot be reasonably hoped for by him who dares always to hover over the precipice of destruction, or delights to approach the pleasures of which he knows it fatal to partake."

TO OUR READERS.

AMONG the chief auxiliaries of our cause, the circulation of pure Temperance Literature has had a large share in bringing the Band of Hope movement up to its present advanced stage ; and we think it will be admitted, that not the least factor in this department of labour is our monthly magazine—ONWARD.

Sensible of the great responsibility which attaches to their office, the Editors of ONWARD are determined that the coming year shall witness no want of effort on their part to render ONWARD thoroughly efficient as a popular exponent of Temperance principles. Every year strengthens the conviction that more direct Temperance teaching must be brought to bear in the Band of Hope, the family circle, the school, the workshop, and wherever young people can be influenced, and this end will be steadily kept in view in the pages of ONWARD during the coming year.

The teaching power, and, consequently, the usefulness of ONWARD will be vastly increased ; but with such judgment and taste as not to diminish, but on the contrary to increase, the attractiveness of the magazine. The important phases of Temperance will be considered in well-written papers by popular writers, and to assist more especially our Bands of Hope some papers will appear in dialogue form, while others will assume the character of model lessons. Our Band of Hope choirs and musical friends will find a continued supply of appropriate original and selected music in both notations. Tales of deep interest, illustrating the value and necessity of total abstinence, will be continued ; also choice gleanings from best authors, facts, anecdotes, &c., &c.

In conclusion, the Editors tender their warmest thanks to all those kind friends who have assisted to circulate ONWARD, and to those who have so liberally contributed to its pages during the past year. For the coming year the continued sympathy, and, if possible, increased co-operation of all is most earnestly solicited in this noble work. Let all do what they can to increase the circulation of our magazine by obtaining new subscribers, and thus extend the usefulness of ONWARD.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WISE men of old in wonder saw a star
 Gleam out amid the darkness of their night,
 And by it guided, travel'd from afar
 To seek for Him whose herald was that light.
 Nor did they seek in vain, for where it stayed
 They found the infant Saviour of mankind,
 To whom they gave their gifts, and homage paid,
 Well pleased the world's Redeemer thus to find.
 They grudged not all their toilsome march by day,
 And dreary night-watch in the moonlight pale,
 But with glad hearts they homeward went their way
 To tell to wondering friends the wondrous tale—
 How they had seen the Day-star whose clear light
 Would yet dispel the darkness of sin's night.

DAVID LAWTON.



RUNNING FROM HOME; OR,

LIFE IN THE CASSITERIDES.

By M. A. PAULL, Author of "Tim's Troubles," "The Vivians of Woodiford,"
"Blossom and Blight," "Ronald Clayton's Mistake," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

PIPER'S HOLE.

"I HAVE been ill, dear," said Harry, "very ill. Father and Ernest will tell me if I shall ever get well again. But my illness has brought me home, Dorie; it is good for me that I have been afflicted. 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept Thy word.' Dorie, it is so good to see the dear home face, which, next to mother's and father's, I loved the best."

I answered him with kisses.

"On the bed of death, as I thought, Dorie, I said in my soul, 'Father, I have sinned,' and forgiveness came. It was wonderful. But go on dear, tell me all. The girls?"

"Both are married."

He smiled roguishly, and looked up at me with the bright light of old days in his dear blue eyes.

"Yes. Rose was married more than two years ago to a gentleman from Essex, Mr. Hudson; and she comes home to-morrow with her husband and child to stay a good long while. Was Mr. Dean here before you left?"

"The curate? Yes, he had just come."

"He fell in love with Lottie, and they were married six months ago. He has the promise of a living in Dorsetshire, so we shall lose her soon."

"How busy you have been marrying and giving in marriage. Whom did Ernest choose?"

"A young lady from Penzance, Miss Goldwin."

"I think I'll try to get home now dear. Are you strong, Dorie? Can you help me along?"

"Oh! yes;" I reached his cap from the footpath, arranged his collar and cravat, brushed off with my handkerchief the dry grass that adhered to his clothes, and then we started. Harry was very weak. I knew that directly he stood up, but he put a brave face upon it. We got over the stile, traversed the down, reached as far as opposite the Pulpit Rock.

"Wasn't that a lesson against my wilfulness, Dorie?" said Harry, pointing to the grotesquely shaped mass with earnest eyes, "and yet I wouldn't learn. Oh! Dorie, I say every day to myself, 'How good God is!' Why there's Fred!"

Fred Tresize was indeed coming towards us. He glanced at me as he touched his cap respectfully, and regarded my companion with evident surprise, for he knows everybody on the islands. Evidently he did not recognise Harry, and was about to continue his walk, when our darling called out—

"Is that the way you welcome an old friend, Fred Tresize?"

It was droll to see Fred's perplexed stare, and beautiful to mark it change into glad, delighted recognition as he grasped my brother's hands, while unaccustomed tears moistened his keen eyes, and he exclaimed, "God bless us all, it is Master Harry. Why, Master Harry, I'd given you up for dead, that I had. And where have you been? And how you've grown—I mean what a man you are. But you are not well, sir. What a fool I am to keep talking, let me help you home."

"Thank you, Fred, it will assist both Dorie and me very much if you will."

Harry was much taller than Fred, and he leaned upon his shoulder heavily. Thus between us, with few more words, we supported him along through the main street to the dear old home. It was getting late for quiet Scillonians to be abroad, and the street was almost deserted. Dixon was the only townsman whom we met. He had just effected that nightly metamorphosis of his from the civilian to the officer of the state, which takes place every evening at dusk.

"Good night, Dixon," said Harry, stopping his walk before the stalwart figure surmounted by the honest, good-natured face.

"I should know you, sir," rejoined Dixon, eyeing him curiously, "but I don't."

"Did you ever hear of a scamp of a boy, a good doctor's son, who fell into the sin of drinking, and then ran away from home?" asked Harry, with a quiver in his voice.

"Master Harry, as I'm alive!" exclaimed Dixon, shaking him heartily by the hand. "Well, I was thinking of you, young sir, only last night, and wondering whether Miss Trevan's faith would ever be rewarded."

"Your faith, Dorie! What does Dixon mean?" inquired Harry, turning to me.

"She won't mind now, I reckon, if I tell," said our policeman. "I only heard it from the little maid, Mary, who loves Miss Trevan as if—well, I can't tell how much, and she said how you never gave up hoping for Master Harry, miss, and kept his room always ready for him, aired and everything, like as if you expected him to pop in any time, even to a bunch of flowers on the chimney-piece."

"Oh, Dorie!"—Harry pressed my arm—"I didn't deserve that, my dear. Don't tell people I'm come home to-night, Dixon," he added, "or at all events I can't see anybody to-night except those at home, but I shall be delighted to meet my friends soon, and tell them how good God has been to me." He pressed our worthy policeman's hand, and we went on our way again.

Oh, words, what empty things you are to picture the great events of our lives! They fail me utterly as I attempt to describe the circumstances of that evening in our home. Leaving Harry with Fred for a few moments in the surgery, I entered the sitting-room. Papa was reading to mamma, who reclined upon the sofa: he sat close beside her, her head rested on his shoulder. They both looked up at me as I entered. My face must have involuntarily borne glad tidings, for papa said quickly and nervously, "What has happened, Dorie?" and mamma echoed, "You can't, why dear child, you *can't* have had news of our boy."

"Harry!" I called, and opened wide the door. Fred helped him in, and then, with true tact, disappeared. In another moment the truant of so many years, our own dear runaway, was clasped in the arms of both parents.

* * * * *

That night Fred spent in navigating the "Shag," to convey our messages of joy to Lottie at Tresco, and George and Aunt Dorothea at St. Agnes. Ernest entered just as Fred departed on his errands. He had met Dixon, who with a face wreathed in smiles told him to make haste home, as somebody wanted to see him. I watched Ernest's face as he looked attentively at his long-lost brother when the first joy of meeting had subsided, and I read in it that he felt concerned at Harry's appearance. After a few minutes' talk, he said, abruptly and gravely, "I will prescribe bed for all of you dear people, or else you will not be fit for to-morrow's excitement. Harry, let Dorie show you to your old room. I know she keeps it ready."

Harry took Ernest's advice; while we stood in the room bidding each other good night with tears, and prayers and kisses, Ernest ran up stairs with a dose of medicine for our darling, and with one more kiss I left them together. Ernest a little while after came to my room.

"Harry must not be disturbed in the morning, Dorie, on any account. His future safety as to health depends on unbroken quiet rest; let him sleep as long as possible. How did he get home? What a fine young fellow he is, and how softened."

"He landed from an American steamer. They consented to put him off here in a boat, and he scrambled on to the rocks, and made his way to Old Town churchyard first, to see——"

Ernest interrupted me, "Poordear old boy! Goodnight, Dorie. God bless you!"

Next morning the house was full, and it continued so all day. George and Aunt Dorothea and Lottie were with us before eight o'clock, and I had hard work indeed to preserve Harry's deep rest unbroken. About noon he awoke wonderfully rested and refreshed, and came down full of life, to gladden us all by his dear presence. Then about four o'clock the steamer arrived from Penzance with its precious freight, and Rose heard the glad news before she landed. The mirth and happiness and thankfulness of the evening were beyond description. Once more we were all together.

"There's nothing for it but to go a picnic to Piper's Hole," exclaimed Lottie, her bright face glowing with excitement and looking very pretty; "that always does one good, and settles you down."

Everybody laughed at Lottie's sedative for excessive emotion. "I really mean it," she went on; "we shall all feel better when we have gone into the cave, away even from the earth as it generally looks to us; and some in the boat and some on that innermost piece of land, and some on the rocks at the entrance, we will all join in singing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' Nothing short of that can meet our physical and spiritual requirements, can it, papa?"

Papa smiled. "If Harry is strong enough in a day or two, it might do us good, Lottie," he answered.

"I think I could manage it to-morrow," said Harry; "I find joy and kindness are wonderful restoratives."

We put it off, however, a few days, and it was well we did, for the next steamer brought Grandpapa and Grandmamma Trevan to participate in our gladness, the one as hearty, the other as pure and spotless as ever.

"Would you believe it, Harry?" were some of grandmamma's first words, "we have given up the toddy, and we find ourselves better without all those drinks. I thought it was the least I could do to show my repentance for my foolish deeds and rash words. And you have given them all up too?"

"For three years, dear grandmamma," said Harry, kissing her. "I shouldn't have saved up any of my gold I fear if I had not."

Harry had gone from America to Australia, and in the gold mines of that colony, after his reckless, wasteful youth, had begun to save as soon as success came to him, and he had come home to Scilly with a by no means empty purse. But for his long illness it would have been still fuller; yet but for that long illness he might not have come to his spiritual senses, nor returned to us for many a weary year.

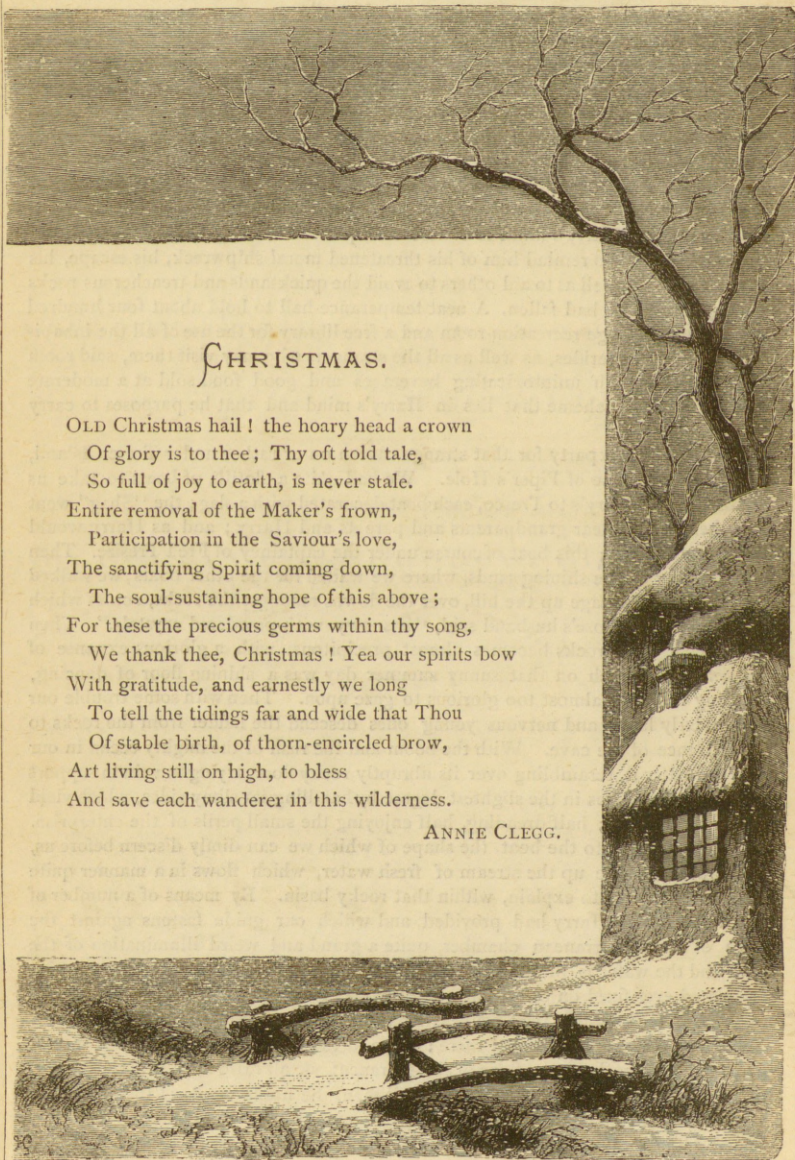
As some of our islanders in olden times, who were mercifully saved from shipwreck, new roofed the little church of St. Agnes to prove their gratitude, so it entered into our Harry's mind to consecrate a portion of his gold to some building that should serve to remind him of his threatened moral shipwreck, his escape, his present vows, as well as to aid others to avoid the quicksands and treacherous rocks amongst which he had fallen. A neat temperance hall to hold about four hundred people, with a large recreation-room and a free library for the use of all the inhabitants of the Cassiterides, as well as all the strangers who may visit them, said room to be supplied with unintoxicating beverages and good food sold at a moderate cost; this is the scheme that lies in Harry's mind and that he purposes to carry out.

We were such a party for that strange cavern on or rather under Tresco Island, that bears the name of Piper's Hole. We had quite a flotilla of boats to take us across from St. Mary's to Tresco, each boat decorated with a flag; the "Shag" went first, bearing the dear grandparents and parents and Harry; and as Harry would insist, myself also; this boat of course under the captaincy of Fred Tresize. Then after landing on the shining sands, where we waited for the other boats, we walked through Tresco village up the hill, over the downs amongst the rocks, across which the pathway, as Rose's husband said, "is snowy with powdered crystals." Then the descent of the rocks becomes almost precipitous, with a glorious expanse of sea before us, which on that sunny summer day was a shining floor of dancing, dazzling brilliants almost too glorious to gaze upon. Then with some trouble our dear elderly ladies and nervous young ones descend the ladder from the rocks to the entrance of the cave. With the boom and the rush of the mighty ocean in our ears we enter it, scrambling over its abruptly rocky floor, trying in vain to support or balance ourselves in the slightest degree by handling its slimy sides, which yield to our least touch; half dreading, half enjoying the small perils of the enterprise. Our guide steps into the boat, the shape of which we can dimly discern before us, and proceeds alone up the stream of fresh water, which flows in a manner quite beyond my power to explain, within that rocky basin. By means of a number of wax lights which Harry had provided, and which our guide fastens against the sides of the subterranean chamber, quite a grand and weird illumination of the cave and the water is produced; and we watch the boat returning for us with fascinated eyes fixed on the strange and picturesque scene. By slow degrees, two or three at a time, the boat conveys us to the narrow shore beyond the stream. When some of us are grouped there; some in the boat, on the illumined water; and some still on the rocky floor of the entrance; we all raise from grateful hearts, full of God's great love for us and for all men, the noble words of the doxology, while the answering echoes of the cave catch and prolong the strain, as if Nature joined with men in adoration of the Creator and Saviour of the world.

CHRISTMAS.

OLD Christmas hail ! the hoary head a crown
Of glory is to thee ; Thy oft told tale,
So full of joy to earth, is never stale.
Entire removal of the Maker's frown,
Participation in the Saviour's love,
The sanctifying Spirit coming down,
The soul-sustaining hope of this above ;
For these the precious germs within thy song,
We thank thee, Christmas ! Yea our spirits bow
With gratitude, and earnestly we long
To tell the tidings far and wide that Thou
Of stable birth, of thorn-encircled brow,
Art living still on high, to bless
And save each wanderer in this wilderness.

ANNIE CLEGG.



WINTER GLEE.

1. Hoar - y frost be - strews the ground, And the tem - pest

KEY G.

m	:m		r	:r		f	:f		m	:—		m.r	:m.f		s.l	:s.f
Stir,	O	stir	the	gen - ial	fire,	Pile	the	crack - ling								
d	:d		t _i	:t _i		r	:t _i		d	:—		d.t _i	:d.r		m.f	:m.r
s	:s		s	:s		s	:s		s	:—		s.f	:m.r		d	:— .l
Fag - gots	from	the	for - est	bring,	Here	we'll	sit,	and								
d	:d		s _i	:s _i		t _i	:s _i		d	:—		s.f	:m.r		d.l	:m.f

whis - tles round; Now we seek the blaz - ing hearth,

m	:r		m	:—		s	:f		m	:r.m		s.f	:m.f		r	:—
fag - gots	higher;	Let	not	win -	ter's	rage	con -	trol								
d	:t _i		d	:—		t _i .d	:r.t _i		d	:s _i .d		t _i	:d		t _i	:—
s	:s		s	:—		s	:s		s	:r.d		r	:s		s	:—
here we'll	sing;	Cheer - i	ly	our	voi - ces	raise,										
s _i	:s _i		d	:—		s _i .l	:t _i .s _i		d	:t _i .l		s _i .r	:d		s _i	:—

'Tis the time for so - cial mirth, 'Tis the time for so - cial mirth.

d	:d		r	:r		m	:m		r	:—		m.r	:m.f		s.l	:s.f		m	:r		d	:—
Warmer	cur - rents	of	the	soul,	Warm - er	cur - rents	of	the	soul.													
s _i	:s _i		t _i	:t _i		d	:d		t _i	:—		d.t _i	:d.r		m.f	:m.r		d	:t _i		d	:—
m	:m		s	:s		s	:s		s	:—		s.f	:m.r		d	:— .l		s	:s.f		m	:—
Glo - rious	Mu - sic,	in	thy	praise,	Glad - ly	sing	we	in	thy	praise.												
d	:d		s _i	:s _i		d.s _i	:m _i .d _i		s _i	:—		s.f	:m.r		d.l	:m.f		s _i	:s _i		d	:—



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2.—CIPHER.

T.e.e, s.n.im.n.s, w.i.h; .n, t.e.e, l.n.s, I',
e.p.r.s,
A.e, w..he., f.r, y..r, .n., O..a.d's, s.c.s.,
A.d, .ay, .o., e.p.i.nc., p..z.e.r, d.a.,
A, .r.g.h., m.r.y, c.r.s.m.s., .n., h..p., n.w, y..r.
FRANCES.

3.—CHARADE.

They say my first is very old,
My second very strong;
But probably they sometimes may
Be somewhat in the wrong.
However this may be, I know
My second on my first
Was often seen in Hindostan
When bloody battle burst;
My total is a stronghold found
On Indian and other ground.

GEORGE J. BELL.

4.—DIAMOND DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The Christmas king is coming
With all his merry train;
Joy, peace, and goodwill bringing,
With laughter and with singing,
To visit us again.

- a. Seek my first where the white berries seem
Mischievously through the leaves to gleam.
b. A single figure for this curtain.
c. Use plenty of this, or you will fail
To make good mince-pie or plum-pudding
rare.
d. Behead the fog which floats on the air.
e. A prominent letter from Christmas take,
And a musical name my primals make;
But exchange that one for the next, and lo
A merry word will my finals show.

IVY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

On pages 208 and 209.

1. a. Gopher wood; b. Idumea; c. Vulture;
d. Ebenezer; e. (T)Ubal; f. Surety; g. Tekel;
h. Haggai, Itunea; i. Spikenard; j. Debir;
k. Abihai; l. (Hol)Y Ghost.
Give us this day our daily bread.
2. Quarter-staff. 3. Moor-land.
4. GarreT, EpocH, NosE, EnnobleD,
RheA, AtrophY, LodI, WindS, OliO, LieU,
FuR, EweS.
General Wolfe. "The day is ours."
5. Com(e)-fort-able.
6. Ma-son.

7. E M I T
M A R Y
I R O N
T Y N E

COUNSEL FOR THE YOUNG.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger
will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may
set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give
you cause to mourn all the days of your life.

"He that revenges knows no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast."

THE PEACE OF DEATH.

By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

From "Longley's Fireside Series." By permission.

PEACE! It seemed as though the blessed quietude which we all take for *peace*, had fled from earth upon that wild December night, for the wind blew lustily, while ever and anon short showers of either sleet or snow were borne along on the wintry blast. It was dark too, very dark in the village lanes; altogether one would have thought it a night when women and children would have been snugly seated by their own hearthstones: as for the men, why of course they might please themselves—they generally do, and nobody says them nay; so if it pleased them to venture forth on such a night, why of course they did so, and nothing strange was made of it. And judging from the goodly company gathered around the "Horse-shoe" bar, the men had ventured forth: still I think I must crave pardon for the having styled them as "goodly company," since little in that room could rightly lay claim to such a title, saving the fire, that was goodly enough in the light and warmth it threw around. The shutters were not closed, so that the rosy light flashed out across the lane, revealing to view one solitary figure, pacing up and down in front of the den of wickedness which men so loved to frequent—a den wherein lurked a demon, both ready and willing to devour as many souls and bodies as there are days, ay, minutes or seconds, in the whole of man's appointed threescore years and ten.

But to return. That one figure was a woman, and she, as well as the wild wintry night, had no peace, no quietude within or about her; else, surely, she would never have passed and repassed, sometimes wringing her hands in her extreme anguish, as she gazed in at that shutterless window. A man sat there who was rapidly drinking away his manhood in company with many others, the while she watched and waited outside. If some one whom she had known had either gone in or come out, she would have sent him word of her being there; but, alas! no one left that blazing fire, and none entered whom she cared to address; and so she shivered outside, while the light and warmth within did its best, which is more than many of us can boast of doing, to outshine with its glow the stormy coldness and hardness of the bleak world. A motley, bloated group they were for the most part who crowded around it, and *he*; the one the woman watched, her husband and sometime lover, was growing very like to the rest.

Colder, colder blew the blast, and she drew her shawl closer about her. It was growing late now and he was sleeping heavily within; he could not walk home alone, for the way led over a railway crossing, so she, forsooth, must wait and guide his drunken steps.

The church clock struck ten, and then the landlord's wife, of whom it was whispered that she hated the whole business, made her appearance and spoke a few words to the company, who instantly rose to go. But George Sander, the woman's husband, the one who slept the drunkard's sleep, did not move, and rude hands dragged him, all stupified as he was, towards the open door. Then sense—at least the sense of the inebriate—returned to his disordered brain, and he struggled to free himself from them, swearing that he would not go, he would stay where he was, for no man had a right to put him forth. So a brawl ensued; all were tipsy, all were resolved to take the landlord's part, he being, as was often the

case, as tipsy as the rest. Well, they jostled and pushed the one against the other, and after a while George Sander stood, although much against his will, outside the door in the bitter, cold, pitiless night.

The cool air partly sobered him, inasmuch as it lent him strength and steadiness to aim a blow at the man who had dragged him forth. It, the blow, was about to be repaid with interest, when she, the poor outsider, rushed forward to take her stand by her husband's side. The blow fell on her—there she lay, the poor, devoted wife, bleeding and senseless upon the cold earth. A woman's hand, the hand of the landlord's wife, raised her head, and George Sander himself was sufficiently sobered by the sad sight to assist in taking her within; but when they had brought her round so as to rightly comprehend where she was, she shivered even more than when out in the piercing wind, and arose, saying that she must go. In vain they pressed her to stay awhile to take some refreshment, or at the least to grow warm by the fire. No, she hated the reeking scent of tobacco and beer; they and the spirits which were dealt out so freely there, were stealing away the very PEACE and JOY of her life.

Time has passed on rapid wing, bearing with it records of misery and anguish, while yet the cup overflows and seems as though no other record, either in the present or future, will be presented at the throne of God, as falling to the lot of Elizabeth Sander. Her husband has grown more and more debased, so that, God help her! she feels that if matters do not alter she shall hate him, ay, hate even her own life as well. The years which have come and gone have left her three little ones, she who when almost a bride, waited in the bitter cold for the man who, "unstable as water," could not resist temptation even for her sake. The children are dear to her and she pities them, lavishing upon them all the tenderness of her nature; but she cannot feel proud of them, not proud as she had once hoped to feel, if God in His goodness so blessed her as to give her children to bring up for His service. One is as yet an infant of but a few weeks old, and Elizabeth looks weak and pale as she bends over it, shedding bitter tears upon the little face, which ought by right to gaze upward and catch the bright reflection of its mother's smile.

A heavy step outside, and the latch is lifted. She knows that it betokens the return of the husband and father; but she does not raise her eyes till his voice roughly inquires—

"What is the matter? Does anything ail the child?"

"No;" and then as she turns towards him, a little of the past feeling steals over her, and she sobs out, "Oh! George, George! I have feared to tell you for a long time, but now I must—only don't vex! don't take on! I couldn't bear that."

For a moment he seemed quite taken aback; then he too became more like his former self than he had been for years.

"What is it you have to tell, Beth?" and he seated himself by her side, and actually took the baby from her.

He had not called her "Beth" for years, and as her ear caught the dear familiar word, her heart warmed towards him, poor wreck of his younger days though he was.

"George," and her voice shook terribly, "I have tumours in my side, so Doctor Grey says, and—and I must go to the hospital, that is, if my life is to be spared;" and she glanced lovingly amid her tears at him and the little baby he held.

"Tumours! and you have never told me!" the husband was quite aghast;

"you must have known it ; they could not have formed in a day ! My poor, poor Beth, what you must have suffered !"

No matter that his voice was thick, his face haggard, and his figure bloated ; he was her husband, and so she laid her head on his shoulder and wept, glad to tell him all, even though her tale was a sad one. She *had* known, but it was not till a week or two back that she had gathered courage even to breathe her fears to the good doctor whom she had known all her life, and who was ready at any time to help those who were in trouble, if only they would open their griefs to him. Now she was very glad to share her knowledge with George, glad to receive a little tenderness from him, for truth to tell, disease and trouble had sapped her strength so much, that she seemed scarce to possess the spirit of a little child. And he was kind in the days which followed, actually going himself a journey of some miles to ask a widowed sister of Elizabeth to come and take her place in his home, while she went to the hospital and was cured. It was always "cured ;" he never thought of another alternative. And as the days passed before her departure, I believe he became accustomed to the thought of her malady, for upon the last day but one he again left his workshop—he was a cabinet-maker by trade—and spent a whole precious evening at his old haunt, the "Horse-shoe." Then upon his return he blamed Elizabeth for sitting up to wait his coming, never thinking how she had suffered in her weakness from the extreme cold ; for December was coming in sharp and severe, and a drunkard's home is never renowned for either warmth or comfort.

It was near Christmas-tide, and again he sat by the "Horse-shoe" fire.

Once again a woman passed down the cold bleak lane ; this time it was Elizabeth's sister, and in her hand she held a telegram she had just received.

Her step was unsteady and wavering although so swift, and when she reached her destination, she passed straight into the bar ere she for a moment paused.

"George, I want you."

Her voice was harsh and reproachful, and he arose and went out, following whither she led.

"George ! Elizabeth is dying, and craves to see you. A telegram came just now, and—and you must go."

She would have liked to have gone herself ; but no, she must stay, and he, the husband go, come what would. He read it all in her face, upturned as it was to the moonlight, and he groaned aloud.

"Can't we both go ?" he asked.

"I have spent nearly all my money for bread," was the simple reply.

Heaven help him, for all his coin had gone into the landlord's till, and now for the last hour or two he had been adding to the old score, till an industrious mood should seize upon him and he worked to pay it off.

"Perhaps the landlord will lend me a trifle."

"No, no," and the sister shivered as much as Elizabeth herself would have done at the idea. "No, no, I would rather not go than be indebted to him."

So they hastened homewards, and then as there was no other train that night to the town in which the hospital was, Sander hired a dog-cart and horse of a neighbour with the remaining shillings his sister-in-law possessed, and so prepared to drive.

"You are sure you can take care of yourself?" asked she a little anxiously, as she noted how his frame trembled beneath this unexpected blow.

"Yes, O yes ; and I'll soon be there. O, Hester, I can't believe it ! But if only she gets over this !"

He squeezed her hand, and there were tears in both their eyes as he drove rapidly away down through the dark lane. Here and there upon the road he passed by little groups of carol singers; but what of that? Christians seemed as nothing to him; for was he not bound upon an errand of death? True, true, and yet the voices and the melodies clung to him in spite of all, and all unconsciously he kept on repeating to himself as he drove along—



"Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

In the hospital a woman lay with closed eyes and feeble breath—alas! it was poor Elizabeth, waiting for one who never came. It had been deemed expedient for her to undergo an operation; and she had yielded to their wishes, not on account of her own will or power of endurance, but for his sake and the little ones she had left at home. Her strength, however, was far too exhausted for her to rally afterwards, and now she was sinking fast into the quiet of death.

"Don't let them know," she had said, when first they had hinted to her of the severe remedy; "they will worry about me, and I shall be thinking of them all the more, and so not be so well able to bear up."

It had been the only chance for her, and every day they waited the danger but increased, and so they, the hospital people, complied with her request, and thus the blow had come suddenly on those she had sought to spare.

"Perhaps," she kept murmuring in her great weakness, not knowing that she spoke, but that only thought itself was passing through her mind, "perhaps my death will keep him right as my life never could. But, oh! I hope he'll never, never guess that it all came of that blow so many, many years ago. Poor George! it must be a sore temptation to him to drink, or he'd never, never do it. It may somehow be different now—only, I wish, I wish he would come!"

She unclosed her eyes: all was as it had been for the last hour—the low, subdued light, and the nurse sitting still, watchful by her side. Once more and for the last time the eyelids drooped slowly over the eyes, which when next they opened should gaze into eternity. Well was it that she sank into a kind of stupor, for George never came, and the last words she uttered, ere sleep stole from her the power of speech, were—

"God bring him safely, and—keep him always."

The thought of the children had not troubled her much towards the last: "Hester will take care of them," she said; but George! oh! it was hard to trust for him!

Out upon the frosty road the moon shone down upon a still sadder scene: she rose in peace upon the world, but it seemed as though the previous darkness had wrought death and destruction, for George Sander lay dead and cold by the wayside. His soul had rendered up its account before that of the wife he had been hastening to see, ere death should separate them for ever. Perhaps it was his trembling eagerness to press onward; perhaps it was the darkness, or the horse might have plunged suddenly and so caused the evil; perhaps—and I think this by far the most likely—the spirits he had imbibed during the evening's carousal had rendered him all unfit to manage the beast, and so he had been thrown out and perished miserably and alone. All that his friends ever knew was that the horse returned home with the dog-cart shattered and broken behind him, and that George Sander was "*found dead*." So a just retribution overtook him, for in this sad end we see it—"a life for a life." And God only knows how it fared with his poor soul, whether or no to him, as well as to Elizabeth, God extended His peace—the peace which no living being can ever more disturb, for it is *the peace of death*.

WHAT THE WORD OF GOD SAYS.

THE Word of God meets every case, and it shall judge us at the last day. We shall all come face to face before the throne with Deut. xxii. 8:—"When thou buildest a new house, then shalt thou make a battlement for thy roof, that thou bring not blood upon thine house if any man fall from thence."

Transferred from the physical to the moral and spiritual, this tells us that we are not only responsible not positively to tempt to evil, but positively to guard against a necessary work doing hurt to others. How fearful, then, will be the judgment of those who build houses for the purpose of getting gain by the inevitable ruin of others!

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and maketh him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness." "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—*The Christian*.

BESSIE.

I WAS walking forth one morning,
 Burdened with a load of care,
 When my eye caught lovely Bessie
 With her flowing, flaxen hair.
 There was lightness in her feature,
 There was gladness in her eye,
 She was such a winning creature
 I could scarcely pass her by.

I have passed through many summers,
 Yet I ne'er beheld a face
 So devoid of art and cunning,
 So reflecting simple grace ;
 And I lingered 'neath her window,
 Lingered with my soul opprest,
 Glad to find one joyous respite
 From the dreary world's unrest.

And my thoughts like lightning current
 Mounted up to nature's God :
 He, the great and holy Being,
 We the creatures of His sod,

Toiling, weary-worn and wretched,
 By some phantom vain beguiled—
 Wherefore are we not all happy
 As this simple, loving child ?

And the answer like a sunbeam
 From the source of wisdom came—
 Burst upon me like a vision,
 Filling all my soul with shame
 And I saw the loving Saviour,
 Patient, merciful, and mild,
 Pointing us the way to heaven
 By the pattern of a child.

Forth I went to life's fierce battle,
 Where the conflict's ceaseless din
 Rises o'er the dead and dying,
 Tells of misery and sin ;
 And the faith which overcometh
 Seemed to lull each passion wild,
 While I prayed, " Oh, may I, Saviour,
 Trust Thee like a little child ! "

WILLIAM HOYLE.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

As oft before the fire we sit,
 And on the embers gaze,
 Vain fancies through us idly flit,
 In long and endless ways.
 Our thoughts are borne to realms afar,
 To scenes supremely fair ;
 Tho' bright they may appear, they are
 But castles in the air.

How oft the wand'ring, homeless boy
 Gives way to musings bold
 Of nobler things he will enjoy,
 And riches reap untold.
 How he will tread the fields of war,
 And lead his army there,
 Alas ! he little dreams they are
 But castles in the air !

The weak, insipid bard doth try
 To climb the hill of fame,
 That other folks he may outvie ;
 He yearns to make a name.
 He thinks nought can his pathway mar,
 No sorrows, strife or care—
 Vain youth, he little thinks they are
 But castles in the air.

Thus, as we journey on through life,
 It is our lot to meet
 With those who heed not troubles rife,
 But think their joys replete,
 And fancy they discern the stars
 That leads to visions fair ;
 Such idle thoughts too plainly are
 But castles in the air.

HERBERT H. ADAMS.

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
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