ONWARD

1879

"Miss Lucy May, Miss Lucy May,
How very diligent you look."—p. 133.

ONWARD.

A MAGAZINE

FOR

FAMILY READING,

AND ORGAN OF THE

Band of Hope Movement.

VOLUME XIV., 1879.

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Contents of Vol. XIV.

THE RUNAWAY'S RETURN.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

HE stood near the doorstep of his childhood's home. The light from the sitting-room window fell full upon him for a moment, and revealed a haggard face with anguish written on every feature, and a poor shivering body attired in rags, which the pitiless cold seemed determined to make into its victim, as it numbed his trembling limbs and laid its chilly hand upon his heart.

"Ah! me," he groaned; "I might have been within that home, honoured and blest. I wonder if they think of me still? Years ago I left its hallowed influences and holy restraints to indulge in a wild career of sinful pleasure. And this is what I have come to. Alas! alas! it is now too late to repent of the folly of my youth, for very soon it will be all over with me. I know it, I have felt it for some time past; and I longed for a last look at the dear old home faces; and to ask father and mother to forgive me before I die. Would they receive me back again?" He took a step forward; another step and he would be within reach of the bell, but he dared not ring. The remembrance of his past life rushed into his mind, and he felt as if his very presence would pollute the atmosphere of the home he so longed to enter. And as he thought of all the sorrow and shame his parents had suffered on his account, how he had disappointed their fondest hopes, and slighted their love, he shrank back for a moment irresolute; then hearing footsteps in the hall, as if someone was coming to the door, he slunk away into a dark entry close by, and overcome with his excitement, and exhausted by long exposure to hunger and cold, he became unconscious, and sinking down on the pavement, the fast drifting snow soon covered him with an icy cold sheet.

* * * * * *

"I feel strangely uneasy to-night," said good old Dr. Henry to his wife, as he opened the door of his splendid town residence and peered out into the darkness.

"I wonder where that runaway boy of ours is to-night. Will he never come back?" he wailed, still standing in the doorway as if looking for his son's return. Little did he think that his beloved one lay insensible in the street but a few yards from where he stood.

"Come in, dear," said Mrs. Henry, taking his arm; and gently drawing him in she closed the door carefully, and then led him back to the cosy sitting-room he had left but a short time before.

"They are all here except Arthur," he said to himself, as he looked round on the bright young faces gathered at his hearth that New Year's eve; and a tear stole down his cheek as he thought of the many New Year gatherings which had taken place there since his beloved and only son had left to wander in the byways of sin. Indeed he had begun to despair of ever beholding his son's face again, and his heart sank within him as all hope of his boy's return seemed to die away, leaving nothing but uncertainty and suspense behind.

"Cheer up, my love," said his devoted wife, trying to console him, while her own heart was well-nigh breaking; "he may come back yet, who knows? and he is in God's hands; let us try to leave him there for the present, and be cheerful for the sake of the dear children who are still with us."

Just then there was a shuffling of many feet on the pavement outside, and the sound of many voices in eager consultation was heard from the street; again Dr. Henry went to the door, and seeing that a number of men were evidently removing the snow from the body of a man, he seized his hat and hastened out to see if he could render any assistance.

"Poor fellow," said a policeman, "I found him lying here in the snow as I was

passing. I am afraid it is all over with him. What do you think, doctor?"

"There is life in him yet," replied Dr. Henry, after a hasty examination. "Bring him into my house, my wife and daughters will know what to do for him," said the kind-hearted physician.

Very carefully did those rough-looking men convey the poor unfortunate into the doctor's house, where in a short time he was placed in a warm bed and proper restoratives were given and applied by Mrs. Henry and her daughters, assisted by the servant-man, James, who gladly gave all the help he could; for, like his employers, he had a kind heart, and he greatly pitied the poor creature who had so unexpectedly come under their care. The policeman, at he doctor's suggestion, searched the pockets of the patient to see if anything could be found by which he could be identified.

"He may have friends who will be anxious about him," said Dr. Henry, again reverting in his mind to his own trouble.

The policeman found nothing except an old pocket-book, which he opened, and on the fly-leaf he read—"Presented to Arthur Henry, with the love and prayers of his affectionate father, Jan. 1st. 18—"

The doctor gave a start; it was his own son, his long lost son, whom he had taken in and tended so carefully. But oh, how changed he was! So much so that he could trace but little resemblance between the sufferer before him and the youth who had once been the pride and joy of his life.

The doctor and his wife both wept bitterly as they gazed on the wreck of their hopes. Glad indeed were they to receive him back, but sorrow filled their hearts as they read in his emaciated appearance the tale of his dissipated life.

The policeman respectfully withdrew and left the now re-united family to their joyful and sorrowful surprise. Mrs. Henry bent down over her son, and pressed a mother's kiss of forgiveness on his forehead, whilst her husband paced to and fro lost in his own conflicting emotions. "Oh! that we had taught him to avoid the wine-cup in his boyhood," he groaned. "Before he went to college he was everything we could desire—dutiful, affectionate and full of promise. Oh! if we had only brought him up a thorough abstainer, he would have gone to college surrounded by the safeguard of total abstinence, and then he could never have thus became a victim of intemperance. Wife," he exclaimed, turning suddenly towards her, "we have made a terrible blunder in allowing the wine-cup a place on our table. We are greatly to blame, I fear, for our poor boy's fall, for he learned to take wine first at home, and thus he would be easily led into dissolute habits when brought into contact with bad companions. Oh, that we had warned him from the first to beware of these seductive drinks, for they ruin both body and soul!"

Here the sufferer began to show signs of returning consciousness; and on opening his eyes he slowly realized that he was once more within the dear old home of his happy childhood and youth. Very tenderly his stricken parents bent over him, as he murmured feebly, "Forgive me, forgive me! alas, I have sinned!"

He could say no more through weakness; from that time he gradually sank, and when the bells rang out their glad welcome to the new-born year, the soul of Arthur Henry had passed to its final account. Thus the gifted and beloved son of fond affectionate parents, with all the advantages of education and social position, became a broken wreck on the rocks of intemperance before his bark had been fairly launched on life's ocean. From that time forward the wine-cup was banished from the doctor's home; and in his declining years he strove by example and precept to remove the evil which had darkened his home with a never-to-be-forgotten sorrow.

SIXPENCE a day saved from the public-house, if invested in a building society, and allowed to accumulate, would amount to £301 9s. 6d. in twenty years.

I HAD the greatest of blessings that could be bestowed on a man—a mother who was anxious and capable to form her children to what they ought to be.—*J. Quincy Adams.*

MIND YOUR Ps AND Qs.

A MODEL BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

BY REV. JOSEPH JOHNSON.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

As I wish to give you a model Band of Hope address, I am quite sure that you will behave like model members of a Band of Hope. All those people who are *well*-behaved, whether they are great or small, young or old, rich or poor, are ladies and gentlemen. It is not living in fine houses, or wearing smart clothes, or having grand things to call our own, that makes us ladies and gentlemen; but in being courteous and kind, patient and gentle to all. Since all good boys and girls in Bands of Hope know how to behave, and what good manners are, they will not be puzzled when I say every one in the Band of Hope should mind their Ps and Qs.

Now, can you tell me any temperance Ps and Qs that should never be forgotten? What does the Pledge do for us? Why I think it

(1) *P*re-pares us for the evil of strong drink.
(2) *P*re-serves us from the evils of strong drink.
(3) *P*re-vents the evils themselves.

(1) *It Prepares us.* There is an old saying which is very true, and which we all should do well very often to remember, "forewarned is forearmed"—that is to say, that knowing evils and dangers beforehand will make us ready for them. If we knew that a road was infested with robbers we should not go unless we were provided with weapons. If we knew that there was small-pox or fever about, and that we were liable to catch the disease, being prepared we should avoid the evil. If we knew a certain train was liable to accident we should not go. If we thought an enemy or foe meant to kill us, we should take every precaution, and try and get him shut up, so that he could not do any harm.

Now, our Band of Hope prepares us for after life. Here we learn all about the evils our enemy, strong drink, can do, and here, too, we find the only weapon that will slay the giant.

(2) It *Preserves* or protects us. It is necessary to be more than warned of danger. Many there are who know and feel all the evils arising from the use of drink in others, but never seek to protect themselves or others from its evil influences. Our pledge is an invaluable armour against the foe—it is a fort and shelter behind which we are always safe. It is more than a way of escape from danger—it guards while we fight, and so completely shields us, that while we keep it we are always safe. When we go out in very cold weather we put on thick clothes to protect us from the inclement frost and snow. Now, before we go out into the temptations of life, we should take the precaution of having a safeguard from one of its greatest causes of ruin. Our pledge protects us like a lightning-conductor protects high chimneys—the little electric wire will render the scathing lightning harmless in the most dreadful storms.

(3) It does more than prepare or protect, it *Prevents* the evil. It not only removes danger and helps effectually to stay the evil at all times, and under all circumstances, but it entirely removes the very cause. It is the most sure "pain-killer" that has ever been discovered. No other remedy has been thought of, and it is so perfect that no other will ever be needed. So if you only keep the pledge and mind your temperance Ps, you will be Prepared, Protected, and Prevented from suffering any evils from drink.

Now, I wish you to mind your Qs in the temperance work, and there are three for you to remember—

(1) That the Band of Hope work is *Quiet* work.
(2) ,, ,, *Quick* work.
(3) ,, ,, *Quite* sure work

It is *Quiet* work—all good and great work is quiet. God works quietly. This is how the spring comes, and the flowers grow. Our fight against wrong is not with guns and cannons, but one of love, and patience, and faith.

Though quiet, the work is *Quick* in remedying the evil; and, what is more than that, the work is growing quickly—more people see and feel the importance every

day; doctors and ministers are coming on to our side.

And above all, we may be *Quite* sure the work is good. The motive is pure, the end for which we work is noble, and the plan we adopt is as wise and good as the results. And no more beautiful work can children do than to unite together to quietly and quickly drive out the evil. If every boy and girl in England did this, we are all *quite* sure the end would be one grand triumphant victory that would help to bring the reign of God's blessed and heavenly kingdom.

Therefore remember the Band of Hope Ps and Qs.

What the Band of Hope does for us:—

*P*repares us
*P*rotects us } from strong drink and its evils.
*P*revents us

How the Band of Hope works:—

*Q*uiet work
*Q*uick work } against strong drink.
*Q*uite sure work

SONNET FOR THE NEW YEAR.

COMETH the New Year with new hopes and joys,
Leaving behind us in the past old ways,
All evil that distracts us and annoys,
Sorrows and tears, regrets of other days,
Lost in the night that none can e'er recall:
Bringing new light for service and for love;
Fresh opportunities for each, and all
To spread our wings, and seeking like the dove,
The olive-branch of peace far o'er the waste
Of time's unmeasured sea, till at the last
We show to men "goodwill on earth" past,
firm placed
Above the floods of strife and tempest past,
Then enter in the ark to find the rest,
For in the end God giveth each the best.

TOM BLAKE.

TOM BLAKE, the street-sweeper,
Was ragged and poor,
He had not a shilling
To lay by in store:

Yet true and kind-hearted,
Though tattered and bare,
The small birds in winter
His bounty would share.

They sang him sweet ditties,
And picked up each crumb—
With Tom for companion
They felt quite at home.

With besom and shovel
So busy each day,
Tom earned well the little
He got for his pay.

A gentleman passing
Took pity on Tom;
He bought him new clothing,
And found him a home.

To school he then sent him
To learn all he could—
And Tom was attentive,
Obedient, and good.

By close application
Tom mastered each rule,
And soon was considered
The best boy in school.

Tom next went to college,
And took a first prize,
And soon was competing
With men great and wise.

At last, through the wide world
Men heard of his fame—
The ragged street-sweeper
Professor became.

And now, my dear children,
The secret I tell:
Whate'er Tom attempted
He learned to do well.

He rose to high station
From very low place—
And you, by right effort,
May win in life's race.

If honest endeavour
Your rule you would make,
Remember the story
Of ragged Tom Blake.

W. HOYLE.

"The ragged street sweeper
Professor became."—*p.* 4.

A FRESH START.

A DIALOGUE BY W. HOYLE.

CHARACTERS :

BROWN ... ... *a Drunkard.*
JONES ... ... *a Teetotaler.*
MRS. JONES ... *his Wife.*
LUCY ... ... *his Daughter.*

Brown. Well, here I am at last in a pretty fine condition, however ! Out of work, out of home, not a friend in the world, not a shilling in my pocket ! What's to be done ? Where must I go ? While I had money I thought it right to be jolly, but it's awfully serious now—awfully. Fancy me sleeping to-night at the workhouse, like a common pauper ! Of course they'll have to take me in ; I can't lie in the street. I shall get a night's lodging and a breakfast, and then tramp on to the next town. Oh yes, they'll take me in. Take me in !—ah, I've been taken in before now ; it's all before my mind like a panorama. While I was working and had plenty of money, the landlord was always pleased to see me. I thought him the kindest fellow in creation—so polite, so obliging. He would say, "Good morning, Mr. Brown ; rather cold, step inside and warm yourself. Oh, by-the-by, have you heard ?" and then he would go on to tell me something wonderful that had just happened. Of course I could not listen to such interesting news without having a pint or two. Then, as I was leaving, he would say, "Oh, did I tell you we are having a professional gentleman to sing at our free-and-easy this week ?" What a simpleton I've been ! I went in, of course, night after night, fooled away the time with smoke, drink, and song. I am not the only fool in the world, I know, but the knowledge that thousands are caught in the same trap does not make my case less miserable. I feel enraged at my own folly. I can't rest ; no work, no home, not a shilling in my pocket, not a—(*Enter* Mr. JONES.)

Jones. Mr. Brown ! Mr. Brown ! Really, is that you ? My old friend Brown that I went to school with twenty years ago ! Ha, how glad I am to meet you. But, dear me, how strangely you have altered !

Brown. Ah, Mr. Jones, don't—don't ask any questions. The fact is, what is done can't be undone. If a man plays the fool the best ten years of his life he can't recal the past. No, I'm reaping the reward of my own folly, and I deserve it all. Good bye, Mr. Jones, you may never see me again !

Jones. Nay, Mr. Brown, I don't part with an old schoolmate so easily. You're in great distress, and it is in my power to help you. I have just come to reside in this town again, and I heard you were out of work, so I determined to find you. I have a situation ready for you.

Brown. Have you ? Heaven bless you, Mr. Jones ! I would rather break stones on the highway than endure this remorse. Oh, Mr. Jones, bless you ! Give me your hand. (*Shake hands.*)

Jones. I have bought large works on the hill-side yonder, and I can promise you permanent employment and good wages ; but—now mark what I say, Mr. Brown—one condition you must observe, and that is, you must have no drink.

Brown. Mr. Jones ! Will you try me ?

Jones. I will. Meet me at five o'clock at my house this evening. Take this ; you will find my address in it (*gives him a letter*). You must excuse me now, I have an appointment. Good morning. (*Shake hands.*)

Brown. Good morning. (*Exit* JONES. *Opens the letter.*) There's surely some mistake here (*reads*). "Dear Mr. Brown, please accept the enclosed five pounds ; it will be useful to you. Your old friend Jones, Woodland House, Sunnyside." What have I done to deserve such kindness ? Nothing. A friend in need is a friend indeed. I will work like a man and pay him back every penny. (*Looks at his old clothes.*) I haven't spent a shilling in clothes for three years ! Bad trade, eh ? We may well have bad trade while such noodles as I are all over the country, instead of finding work for tailors, hatters, shoemakers, drapers, and a score of other productive industries, taking our hard-learned money to the landlord. Oh, when

I think of it and now turn to the other picture and look at my friend and benefactor, Mr. Jones, the proprietor of Woodland House and a large employer of labour, I feel enraged at my own folly. What has made the difference? He has been sober, industrious, persevering, while I have been drinking and letting every opportunity pass unheeded. Never mind, I'll have a fresh start. My friend shall not see me again in these old ragged clothes; I'll let him see that I know how to spend his money. I'll have a new suit. No more calling at the "Green Dragon." No, no! I've been green too long. I daresay the landlord will try to get me into his net again; it's too late this time. Self-government, self-respect, sober, industrious, persevering—God helping me, these shall be my watch-words. Let me see, where is there a respectable tailor's shop? Why, it's striking twelve and I've ever so much to do, I must be off. (*Exit* BROWN. *Enter* Mrs. JONES *and Daughter.*)

Mrs. Jones. Lucy, dear, set the tea-things; I expect pa directly.

Lucy. Yes, ma. (*Makes all ready. Enter* JONES *and* BROWN.)

Jones. Mr. Brown, allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Jones and my daughter Lucy. (*Shake hands, etc.*) Now, Mr. Brown, without further ceremony, draw up to the table. Pour out the tea, ma. I've had a long walk and feel hungry, and my friend can do with his tea. (*They sit down and get tea together.*) Mr. Brown, I always enjoy a cup of tea, I suppose you do? (*Brown wipes his eyes.*) Now, Mr. Brown, don't give way to sadness, there's a good time coming—do take something.

Brown. Thank you, Mr. Jones, I will. I was thinking of twenty years ago.

Jones. When you and I started in life, I suppose?

Brown. Exactly. I had larger means and a fairer prospect than you, but—

Jones. Well, well—never mind. Take another cup.

Brown. Drink has ruined me, Mr. Jones. It took away my prosperity and made me a bankrupt. I got a situation, but lost it through drink—in fact, drink has robbed me of money, friends, character, and—

Jones. There, that will do. We know it all, Mr. Brown. It is the old, old story. But you are going to have a fresh start in life. I want to take you over to see my works, but before we go you must hear Lucy sing a song or two, I am very fond of home life and I like to make it cheerful. Lucy, what will you sing?

Mrs. Jones. Pa, Lucy's got a slight cold to-day. Will you favour Mr. Brown with that new song you sang us last night, you know—"The Jovial Abstainer." Do, please, I like it; Lucy will accompany you.

Jones. All right, ma. (JONES *sings*—

THE JOVIAL ABSTAINER.

A glass of cold water for me, boys,
'Tis better than brandy or beer;
Old topers may say what they like, boys,
I'm not to be caught with a jeer.
I'll hold to the pledge while there's life, boys,
A traitor I never will be,
Then here's to the jovial abstainer,
A life with the merry and free—
The brave-hearted jovial abstainer,
A life with the merry and free.

I pity the poor fallen drunkard,
Fast bound with false habit he lies,
The landlord with fine house and music,
His traffic so artfully plies.
In vain are his gilded allurements,
The beauties of Temp'rance I see—
Then here's, etc.

A glass of cold water for me, boys,
I'll hold to it while there is life,
'Tis better for all we hold dear, boys—
Home pleasures, fond children, and wife
My heart it goes bounding before boys,
Where lov'd ones are waiting for me—
Then here's, etc.

Brown. Thank you, Mr. Jones, thank you. It is all true and excellent. I have learned the secret of success in life to-day, and, God helping me, those sentiments shall be mine through life.

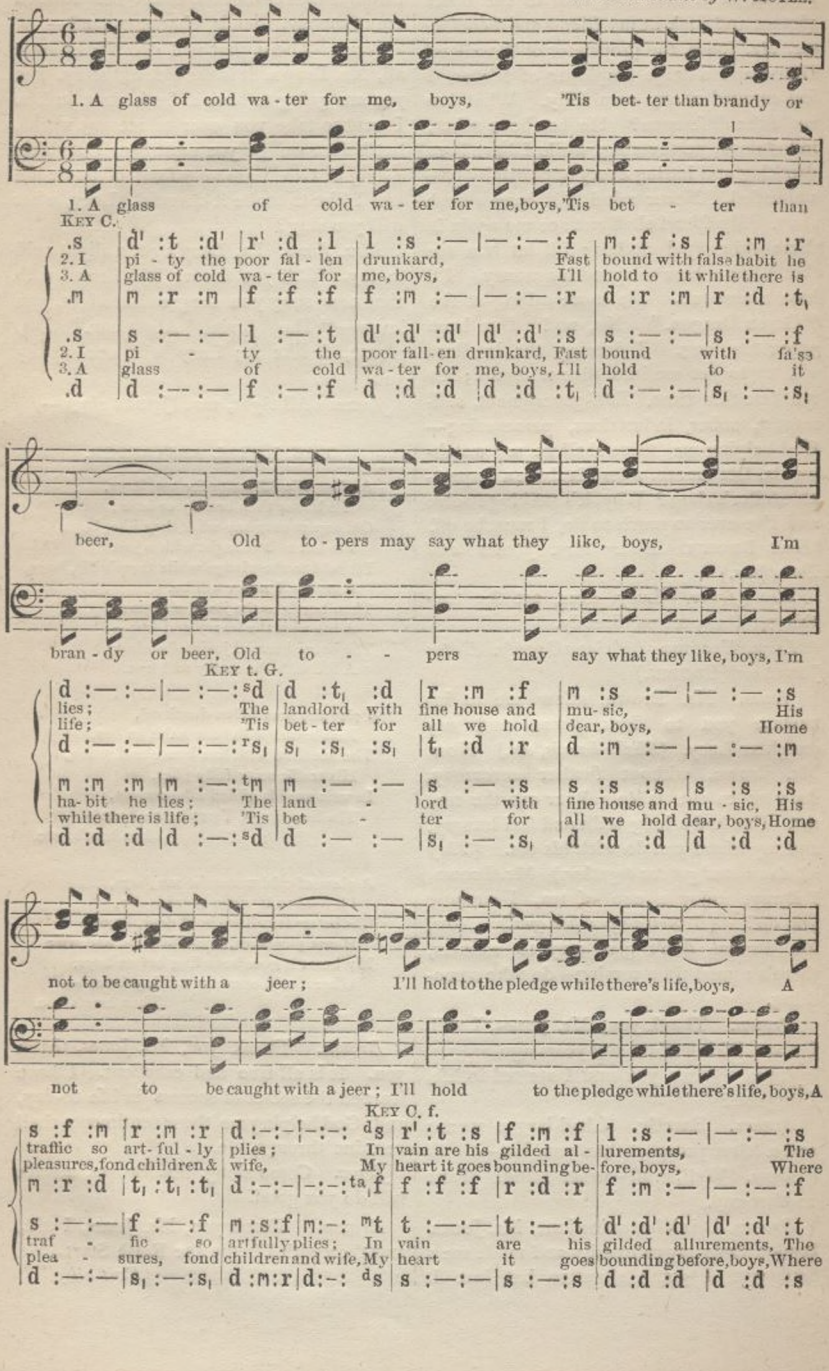
Jones. Come along, Mr. Brown, a walk will do you good.

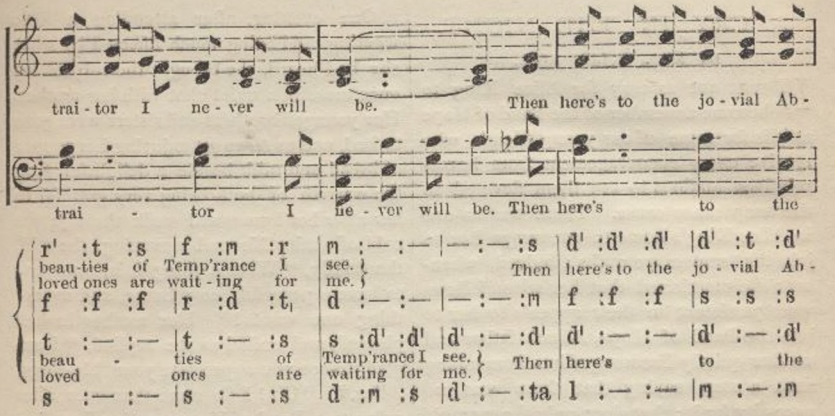
Brown. Thank you, Mr. Jones, I will, and therewith I begin the Fresh Start.

(*Exit all.*)

THE JOVIAL ABSTAINER.

Words and Music by W. HOYLE.

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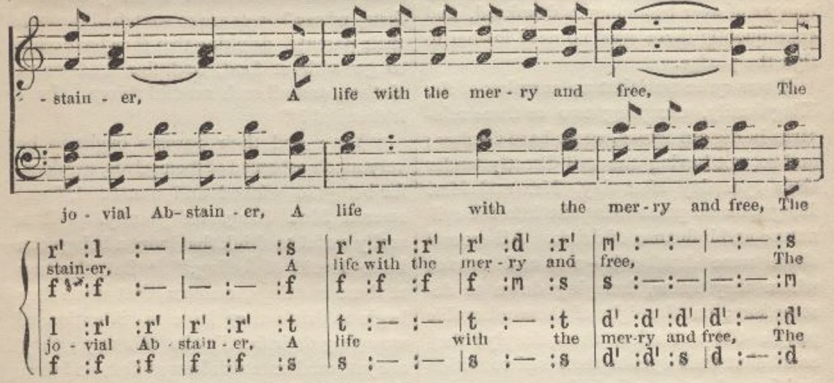
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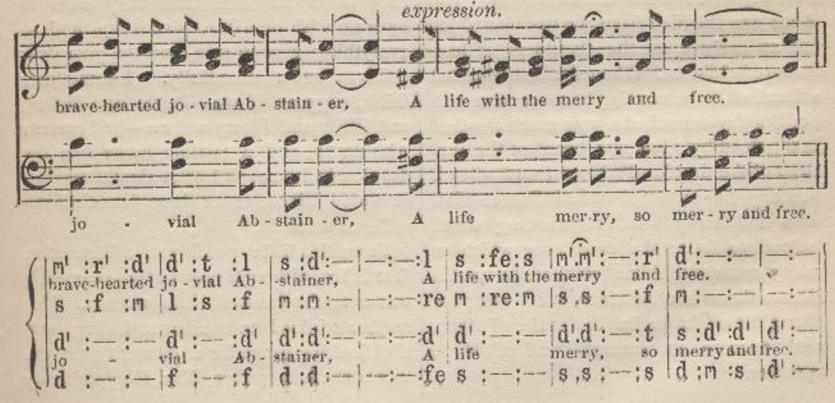
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A CRY IN THE NIGHT.

BY MRS. ELLEN ROSS.

IT was not as easy for Alice King to become a member of the Band of Hope as it is for some of our young friends, who receive every encouragement from home-relatives anxious to see them devoted to the temperance cause. There was no one in Alice King's home to encourage her to join the temperance ranks: indeed, whenever she mentioned that her schoolfellows were persistent in their appeals to her to join the Band of Hope, Alice's father and mother quietly discouraged her from taking such a step, saying that there was no necessity for it; that since only the example of strict moderation was before her in her home, they did not think she was in any danger of ever becoming a drunkard, and consequently there was no need for her to sign the pledge.

It was quite true that no member of the King family, excepting two or three relatives in distant towns, was a hard drinker; and so, not having the evil directly under their eyes day after day, Mr. and Mrs. King took no pains to inquire into the evil nature and influence of drink. All around them were drunkards—men and women whom they knew, hurrying down to destruction; but the sight of these miserable people did not affect them deeply; they could shut their eyes to their sad condition and force them out of mind.

Alice's father and mother were in comfortable, well-to-do circumstances, and Alice was shielded from the troubles which fall so early upon the shoulders of less-favoured children. When she first attended a Band of Hope meeting in connection with her Sunday-school, she was much shocked and pained by what she heard of the sorrows of the drunkard's home; and when it was urged upon her that the influence of all who habitually used intoxicating drink helped to foster the evils over which so many mourned, Alice felt that she would like to throw her influence, small and poor though it might be, in the scale of right, and become an earnest Band of Hope member.

One evening, after attending a little meeting, and being much affected by what she had heard, she brought the subject up once more in a quiet chat with her mother. Her younger brothers and sisters were gone to bed, and as Alice sat enjoying her supper of bread and milk beside a delightful fire, the warmth of both being very grateful to her after her homeward walk through the cold of a rainy November evening, she said, thankfully, "What a thing it is, mamma, to have a peaceful, cosy home, and everything one wants!" Her mother looked pleased, and smiled as she replied, "I am glad to see you appreciate your blessings, Alice." "Oh! I do more than ever after going to a Band of Hope meeting," replied Alice. We hear such sad tales of dear little children who know nothing of comforts, whose homes are so wretched through their parents' drinking that they have often to go without food, and fire, and warm clothes, and all such needful things. Isn't it dreadful?"

"Yes; and their parents ought to be very much ashamed of themselves, my dear, for being so wicked and unnatural," answered Mrs. King, indignantly. "It is really awful to think that human beings can be so devoid of feeling." "But they say at these meetings, mamma, that when they begin to drink they have no intention of wronging their families in this way; they are just moderate drinkers at first, and then the craving for more gradually grows upon them till they are drunkards almost before they know it. And then they seem to have no wish or will to give it up, and so everything goes to ruin, and the poor dear children suffer dreadfully. I sometimes think, suppose if we—Bertie and Mabel, and Willy and Florry and me—had parents who drank, and a terrible home like the drunkard's home, oh! what should we do? It would kill me to see those dear children suffer as some do."

From this little speech you will perceive that Alice, although only twelve years old, was a tender-hearted little woman. Her mother rejoiced to see her so feeling, and after looking grave for a moment over the words she had spoken, Mrs. King suddenly

smiled, and said, "You don't fear that papa and I are going to turn out wicked, I hope, Alice?"

"Oh, no, mamma," answered Alice, smiling also. "But this gentleman was telling us this evening that people who were as unlikely to go wrong as we are at home here, were sometimes led on step by step to crave for more and more drink, until they became drunkards. And he said that some of them had hearts as loving towards their children as our parents have towards us; and he said that in their sober seasons they grieved dreadfully to think how their children suffered through their wickedness."

"Well, it seems very strange to me, Alice, if their hearts are loving, that they don't give up the drink for their children's sakes, when they see how they make them suffer through it."

"Well, mamma, I don't know how it is, but I should like to give up touching it now, for fear I should ever grow to like it too well, as so many people do. I would indeed like to give up taking the little beer I have at dinner, if you will let me; and then I can join the Band of Hope. Then you will be sure that however long I may live I shall never become a drunkard."

"You seem to think, Alice, that *only* those who don't drink at all are *sure* of not becoming drunkards."

"And what do you think, mamma, dear?" asked Alice.

"Well, of course, those who never drink *cannot* become drunkards; but at the same time it is certain that thousands of people who now drink moderately will never become intemperate."

"But we are not nearly so certain about them as about those who don't drink at all, are we, mamma?"

"I suppose we cannot be *quite* so certain, dear."

"Then I think it's better to be on the *very* safe side, mamma," remarked Alice, smiling. "More especially," she added, gravely, "when our example may help to save others from becoming drunkards."

"Well, my dear, if you are really desirous of joining the Band of Hope, I have no objection, and I don't think papa will have any. We do not think there is any *need* for your joining; but as you seem so wishful to do so we shall not oppose you." Alice rose from her seat to wish her mother good-night, and to give her an extra kiss for this permission; and then she went light-heartedly up to bed. She had to mount four flights of stairs, for her bedroom was over her mother's, both being in the front of the house. Alice drew aside the blind before she turned up the gas, as she was in the habit of doing every night, to see what the weather was like. The rain had ceased, and the moon was struggling with the clouds—now shining out clearly, now disappearing behind a heavy cloud, then presently shining clear again. There was a street-lamp just outside the house, and it revealed the wet pavements, and the thick mud in the road. There were no houses opposite, but a high wall that bounded the garden of the corner house in the next street. There was very little to look at, yet Alice stayed at the window many minutes, thinking deeply. She was thinking of some of the scenes which the fair moon was looking down upon—of dingy courts and alleys filled with drunken clamour, of miserable men and women reeling through the dreary streets, of still more miserable children, homeless and forsaken, crouching about doorways from the chill November wind.

Alice had a tender, pitiful little heart, and tears filled her eyes as she turned at length from the window and knelt to pray earnestly for her suffering fellow-creatures. Before undressing herself she went and leaned over a little crib in the corner of the room to kiss her chubby-faced sister, Florry, who was sleeping peacefully. This little three-year old girl was Alice's only bedroom companion.

Having kissed her and given her an extra tuck-up, Alice hastened to get to bed, for she was getting cold now, and it was late for her to be up; the town-hall clock struck ten just as she crept into bed and wrapped herself cosily up. But although it was late, Alice felt no inclina-

tion to go to sleep; perhaps she was a little excited by what she had heard that evening—but at any rate sleep at present seemed to be quite out of question. She heard the servant lock up the doors and come upstairs with a slow and heavy step; then she heard her papa's step; and not long after the town-hall clock struck eleven.

Still Alice was not sleeping. Occasionally a hurrying pedestrian passed along the street; then she heard the measured tread of a policeman; whistles sounded from the railway-station in the neighbourhood, and the puffing of distant trains; then when other sounds ceased, she took notice of the gusts of wind, and the pattering of rain now and then against the window.

With a feeling of intense thankfulness for her warm and comfortable bed, she tucked herself up and resolutely closed her eyes to go to sleep.

But in a few minutes she was startled by the pitiful wail of a child, and she half rose in bed to listen. "Mammy! Mammy!" cried the little voice; "get up, mammy! Take me home!"

Alice listened breathlessly for a response; but the wind rattled the window, and the rain dashed against it, so that she could hear nothing, until the little voice rose again, piteously calling, "Mammy! Mammy!"

Alice sprang out of bed and drew aside the blind, for the sound seemed to come just from below. The little one who was in such trouble was not, however, directly under Alice's window, but on the opposite side of the road, crouching under the high wall, beside a woman lying full length along the wet pavement. "Mammy! Mammy!" she continued crying; and then she sat down in the wet beside her mother, looking this way and that, as if for help, and sobbing piteously.

"Oh, if it was our Florry!" sighed Alice, with a great heart-throb that brought the tears like rain from her eyes. "And she's only just as big as our dear Florry—poor little pet! To think of a baby like that sitting out in the wet streets crying, at eleven o'clock at night, instead of being cosy in bed like our children. And to think of her having a drunken mother."

Alice had no doubt that the woman *was* drunk. It did not cross her mind that she might be ill, or in a fit. But in a few moments she was assured of the real state of the case; the little one dragged desperately at the woman's clothes, and raised her cry of "mammy!" louder than ever. Upon which the woman made an effort to get up, and striking savagely at the child, sent her rolling into the gutter.

It nearly broke Alice's heart to see how the little one got up and stood some distance from its mother, crying more quietly in its desolation and misery.

Some one else was looking out upon this sad scene; at the window below stood Mrs. King, all her motherly tenderness aroused on behalf of that forlorn child over the way; her heart heaved with pity, and her eyes filled with tears, as she said to her husband, who was beside her, "Poor little thing, I wish we could do something for her."

"It is a common enough sorrow that," remarked Mr. King. "I suppose the children are the greatest sufferers through the drunkenness which prevails in our country."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. King, thinking of her own darlings, shielded from want and sorrow, "I fear we don't think half enough about such miserable little ones as that child across there. What tongue can tell the wretchedness of her young life, day after day, with such a mother as that? And, oh! what will her future be?

"She will probably take to drink to drown her misery, following the evil example set before her," remarked Mr. King, thoughtfully.

Mrs. King stood pondering a minute, with that piteous cry ringing in her ears, then she said, "Oh, dear! what a dreadful thing this drink is! Alice is wise and right to wish to have nothing to do with it. As she says, her example may do good, and it can never do harm in that sad direction."

After another pause she went on, "Would it be any good to go and fetch that poor dear child in, and keep her comfortable till morning, do you think? But see! is not

that a policeman coming along? Ah, now I suppose the little one will be looked after."

They stood watching with extreme interest the efforts of the policeman to make this soddened specimen of womanhood "move on." The child cried worse than ever when she saw the policeman touch her mother; but he stooped and spoke to the frightened little one and soon calmed her. And in a few moments they began their march to the station, the policeman holding the woman firmly by one arm to keep her from falling.

Alice then crept back to bed, weeping tears of sympathy.

"Lord help me to do *something* for such miserable creatures as these!" she prayed earnestly. "Help me to fight against the evil of drink."

In the room below, her mother lay awake a long time, thinking more seriously and deeply on this point than ever she had done before. "Surely it's our duty as Christian people," she said to herself, "to fight against this dreadful drink to the utmost of our power. And surely the way to begin is to set the example of total abstinence, as my dear Alice wishes to do. Well, I must consider about it."

The next morning at breakfast this little incident of the night was freely talked over, and much sympathy was expressed on all sides for the suffering child. Mrs. King referred to some of the thoughts which had passed through her mind as she lay awake, to which Alice eagerly responded: "Oh, mamma! do let us all sign the pledge, and become a teetotal family. I'm sure we might do a great deal of good if we did."

"We must give the subject our serious consideration, must we not, papa?" said Mrs. King, looking across the table at her husband.

He looked grave for a minute, then he smiled and nodded, and said, "Yes, we will; and if Alice should get her heart's desire, what a consummation it will be! Why, if the cry of every drunkard's child could produce such results, England would very soon be a sober nation!"

"These cries go up to God every night from miserable young children," said Mrs. King, with tears in her eyes. "It will become us, I think, to regard this one which sounded at our very doors, and to let good come out of it."

The face of our new Band of Hope member grew radiant; and she silently thanked God that they had heard that pitiful cry in the night, and also for the good which was to come of it.

THE DISCONTENTED LABOURER.

BY T. H. EVANS.

ONE day a farm-labourer, far better educated than the majority of his class, picked up a scrap of newspaper on his way home from work. It contained a very sweet little poem in praise of country life. Ben sat down by the wayside to read it.

"If I could only write something like that," said Ben, talking aloud to himself, "I should feel that I was really somebody, and of some use in the world; but I'm little better than a poor beast of the field, living unknown, and when dead I shall soon be forgotten."

Ben was so absorbed in thought he had not noticed the approach of the good old rector of the parish, who, having crossed the field behind where Ben was standing, stopped at the style and overheard the conversation our humble hero was having with himself.

"Do not be cast down," said the kindly voice of the rector, "nor think so meanly of yourself or your occupation. He who faithfully performs his allotted task, however humble it may be, plays an important part in the battle of life. It is only a few who, by some mighty deed, or deeds, can become famous. Only one in a whole nation can be a king, and wear a crown. But although the honours and distinctions of the great may excite the envy of those less favoured, be not deceived by all the pomp and glitter that fame can bestow, for the wealth and greatness of a nation depend not upon the titled few, but on the nameless heroes and

uncrowned kings around us, who earn their bread by honest toil. Be proud of your toil-worn hands and sunburnt brow, and dusty suit of russet-brown, for though your life may never give to the world a poem sublime or grand romance, it is within itself a grand old piece of prose. Do you catch my meaning, my worthy friend?"

"I see it all quite plain," said thoughtful Ben, who had listened most attentively to every word the rector said.

"You must not think the place you fill is of no importance because the world takes so little notice of you. Labour on and be contented with your lot, honest in all your ways, simple in all your habits. Keep near to Nature and learn of her, remembering that he best serves and honours God who loves his neighbour as himself, and strives to do his duty."

Shaking Ben warmly by the hand, the rector departed. Ben felt, as he wended his way home, strengthened and refreshed in spirit, stronger in heart and purpose for the contest in future; for he could see, though he had not the ability to express it in words, that there was dignity in honest labour—that it conferred honour upon even the humblest, and that though his hard and obscure life had nothing in it of poetry or romance, yet it was something even better still, a "grand old piece of prose," and that he was as important in his place as those the world calls rich and great, though fickle fame knew not his name, nor crowned him with a wreath.

THREE THINGS A WOMAN CANNOT DO.—To pass a bonnet-shop without stopping; to see a baby without kissing it; and to admire a piece of lace without inquiring "how much it was per yard."

AN American lady coming from Canada assured the Customs Officer that she had nothing but wearing apparel in her trunk; but he dived down and found a dozen bottles of brandy stowed away. "Madam," demanded he, slowly, "do you call these wearing apparel?" "Yes," the lady demurely replied; "these are my husband's nightcaps." She had him there.

DOES ALCOHOL MAKE US WARMER?

BY UNCLE BEN.

AS the weather is cold, and it is winter time, we all like to keep ourselves as warm as we can. Now, we often hear people say, "Why don't you take a glass of wine or beer? It will make you feel so warm—just try a glass of spirits, put that inside you, it will keep the cold out, and you will be as warm and comfortable as you wish." Well, this seems like very good and kind advice, and if it were really true it would be a good argument to induce many to "take a little something" when it is very cold. But even if it were quite true, there are some abstainers who know and feel that strong drink does so much harm that they would not touch it though it might make them warm; but would be glad to make the sacrifice of being a little colder, if need be, and thus show others how firmly they believe in temperance as a principle.

But the question we wish to answer now is, "Does alcohol make us really warmer?" I have often heard this matter taken up by teetotal speakers and lecturers, but nowhere has it been answered more clearly than by Dr. Richardson. I remember a 'bus driver in London telling me that "though he warn't a teetotaler, and didn't hold with 'em, yet," he said, "I know from myself, and I have watched others for years, that drink does *not keep* you warm on a cold night; for a little time it's all very well, but about forty minutes after 'you begin to go regular dead cold.' And the chaps that do take to drinking to keep the cold out is obliged to go on with it, till it be drink here and drink there, till they can scarce hold the reins in their 'ands—and I says it ain't safe for the public," with which remark I quite agreed. Let us see if we can tell why the 'busman's experience was right.

First look at a thermometer, and you will see "blood heat" marked about 98 degrees. That is the natural standard for human beings, no matter what age they are, and no matter what the time of year is, whether it is the hottest summer or coldest

winter; to be above or below this temperature shows that we must be out of health, and an alteration of 10 degrees either towards heat or cold will soon produce death; therefore, to be in good health, this equal temperature of the body must be preserved.

When people feeling cold and take a little alcohol, enough to produce a pleasant, glowing sensation, which would be very little indeed with those unaccustomed to its use, and a much larger quantity with those who always take it, the blood is caused to flow more rapidly through the veins, the face is flushed, and a feeling of excitement and greater warmth produced by the blood being more suddenly brought to the extremities of the body. And if at this time the thermometer was placed in the mouth of the individual who has taken the alcohol, it would be found to rise about half a degree, or in some cases even so much as a degree. This is a proof that for the time people are made to feel much warmer. The warm blood having rushed to the surface, to the skin, the most sensitive part of the body, a sense of warmth is produced; but the blood and the body are actually no warmer than before—in fact, the real warmth of the body is set free, it is given off in contact with the colder surface; it has escaped by this exposure, and the blood returns to the heart with greater loss of warmth than ought to have taken place, and the whole body is soon made colder at the expense of the alcohol, and the fall can easily be marked by testing it with the thermometer, which will often sink below a degree. To go out into the cold air either during the time of increased heat, or when the body is chilling and getting languid, is always to run the risk of cold, and the temperature of the body may become two degrees below the natural standard, and the liability to catch a severe cold very much increased, which is often the beginning of more injurious disease.

Should, however, all kinds of evil consequences be escaped, it takes time for the body affected by alcohol to regain its natural warmth; this, under favourable conditions, and with care, may be done in two hours. So the *advantage* of being warmed by beer, wine, or spirits for a few minutes is, that we actually are made colder for two hours, or until the blood has gained its natural standard.

The best way to keep a good fire and a warm room is not to let the fire go down, but put plenty of coals on, and so keep the fire giving out plenty of heat. This is the common-sense way of keeping our bodies warm; keep the blood supplied with good, wholesome, substantial food—which is like fuel to the fire—plenty of fresh oxygen and regular exercise, that the blood may have healthy circulation—then, with comfortable warm clothing not to let the heat of the body escape too fast, we shall enjoy the cold weather, and laugh at Jack Frost, and drink our cold water "with three times three," and be as merry as merry can be.

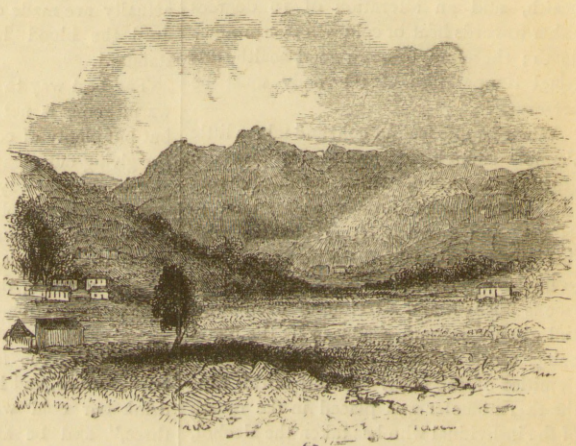
ALCOHOL AS A BEVERAGE.

I SHOULD join issue at once with those people who believe that intellectual work cannot be so well done without wine or alcohol. I should deny that proposition and hold the very opposite. It is one of the commonest things in English society that people are injured by drink without being drunkards. It goes on so quietly that it is even very difficult to observe. There is a great deal of injury done to health by the habitual use of wines in their various kinds, beyond good food. It would not at first supply the craving, but it would ultimately overcome it.

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?"

I should say, from my experience, that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country.—*Sir Wm. Gull, M.D., F.R.S.*

A PARABLE FROM NATURE.



AN old Eastern fable beautifully illustrates the weakness of discontent and the longings we have for strength. For many years, it is said, a quiet valley lay watching the mighty hills that rose around. At length the valley spake and said to the mountain, "I am weak and helpless, low and level. How I envy thee, oh mighty mountain! Thou art so great and strong, the storms cannot hurt thee, the floods never mar thy beauty, thou rearest thy proud head amid all the tempest, and in the wildest hurricane thou only seemest more majestic; the sunlight first smiles on thee, and its parting rays linger last on thy still peaks. The youngest born of fleecy clouds will come and nestle on thy bosom. The mists wreath themselves around thy brow, and at night the clear sweet stars do crown thee with their light."

To which the mountain said, "Oh, gentle valley, envy me not, I pray. I am bleak, and bare, and desolate. The lightning scathes me, and I am scared by storms; and all for thy sake. I am strong to shelter thee, I stay the rough and bitter winds from thee, down the deep furrows of my side pour the rills that water thee, I am thy shade by day; my strength is only to protect thee. I yield no crops, I am fruitless: thou givest grass for cattle, and food and corn for man. I am stern and sad, but great and strong to help thee, little valley. Without me thou wouldst yield no increase, I nourish thee, I bear the blast of a thousand storms for thee, and to help thee I am ever strong." And ever after the valley was contented.

And the old fable is a parable for us to-day. Are we not often crying out for strength, discontented with the power God has given us, longing for the might of others? And this too when all the strength we need is close at hand. For the "strength of the hills is His also," and "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about His people. And to every life, however weak, God still says, "As thy day, thy strength shall be."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 228.

DEAR YOUNG FOLKS,—It appears to me to be almost impossible when I think that twelve whole months have flown since we welcomed Old Father Christmas of 1877, and yet close at hand is his successor of 1878, waiting for the same welcome from us. Let us give him a hearty one. With the compliments of the season. —I am, yours truly, MARIE.

KEY. Each figure signifies a letter, commencing at the end of the alphabet, thus:—z 1, y 2, etc., etc.

2.—
The sentiments which in these lines I'd express,
Are wishes for your and ONWARD'S success;
And may you experience, puzzlers dear,
A bright merry Christmas and happy New Year.

3.—Hill-fort.

4.— *a* M (mistletoe)
b UNI(t)
c SUGAR
d (m) IST
e C
(H) Music—Mirth.

RISDALE LODGE.

BY CHARLES J. COLLINS.

THE little village of Risdale is one of the prettiest spots ever visited, with its neat houses and quaint little shops, with the old parish church covered with ivy, at one end of the street, and a demure little Nonconformist chapel at the other, being two fit guarantees of the piety of the inhabitants.

Many a traveller who preferred solitude and the beauties of nature to the noise and bustle of a larger and more popular place of resort, would find his way to Risdale during the summer months, and contenting himself with accommodation at one of the pretty cottages that skirted the high street (for there was no inn at happy Risdale), would spend his time in strolling through the beautiful country, or idly fishing in the river that wound its silent course at the back of the old church, and then return to town greatly refreshed, carrying with him a loving remembrance of his pleasant visit.

A little way beyond the village, just by the old pump, there was a lane with hawthorn hedges, and a double row of trees that met overhead in a beautiful sylvan bower, seeming to invite the passer-by to stroll beneath their refreshing shade. Whoever did so, however, would discover beyond a turn in the path, that previously hid them from view, a substantial pair of gates, upon which was inscribed the words, "Risdale Lodge." Opening the gates, a neat gravel path, skirted each side by a comfortable-looking lawn, intersected by flower-beds, led up to a handsome building (at least for that part of the country), where the sweet climbing honeysuckle peeped into the half-open French windows, breathing a strong perfume into the room, from which the clatter of cups and saucers proceeded, intimating by their pleasant sound that the family were at breakfast. Mr. Compton, the proprietor of the house, is seated at the head; he is a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a ruddy complexion, and as he leans back in his comfortable chair he looks the picture of health. Mrs. Compton, his wife, the very impersonation of an English housewife, sits at the further end, while one upon each side are seated the two children, Fanny the eldest, and Bertie her brother.

While we are taking this peep, however, the little mouths have not been idle, for the children are early risers, and have for some time been roaming about the farm-buildings at the back of the house, which accounts for their rosy cheeks and voracious appetites.

"Papa," said Bertie, who was a sturdy, good-looking boy of seven years old, "you should have been along with us this morning, we had such a game in the fields. Old Molly got out of the stable while James wasn't looking, and we had such a chase to catch her; and once or twice just as we thought we had her in the corner of a field, she shook her head and galloped off another way, and then at last she quietly trotted home, and upset a pail of milk in her way that Mary had set out to cool." And Master Bertie laughed heartily at the remembrance of the old mare's antics.

"Ah," said Mr. Compton with a smile, "Molly is getting very frisky in her old age; however, her working days are nearly over, for I bought another horse yesterday that will take her place, so you may do as you like with her when I have got the other one into working order."

"Oh, papa, how nice! Won't we have some rides, too," said the children in chorus; for old Molly was a great favourite of theirs, and they would be sure to treat her very gently.

"But I hope the new horse is a quiet one," said Mrs. Compton, with a woman's horror of danger, "because you know, dear, I shall not like to put it into the chase if it is not."

"Well," said Mr. Compton, reluctantly, "it's not exactly as quiet as old Molly. He'll want a little smart handling to finish breaking him in, but we'll soon manage that."

Just then James, the manservant, who looked after the horse, did the gardening, and the general heavy work of the house, entered with the letters, and thus stopped the conversation. Mr. Compton carelessly

glanced over the letters, and selecting those addressed to his wife, handed them to her. Perceiving an official-looking document among his own packet, he opened it, and discovered it to be from his lawyer in London.

"At last," said he, jumping up excitedly, "they have discovered that impudent thief, Maloney; and lawyer Sanders requires my immediate attendance in London."

"But surely, William, you will not prosecute the poor fellow," said Mrs. Compton. "Remember how he was led away from the right path by evil companions."

"And do you really think that I will let off such a scoundrel as that, because he has been led away, as you call it," inquired her husband: "you have very soon forgotten the loss of your plate and jewellery. Beside, what business has he to be led away at all? No," continued he, resolutely, "I shall certainly prosecute him."

"Oh, papa," cried the children, in disappointed tones, "are you going away? How long will you be gone? And you promised to take us for such a nice drive, too."

"I shall not be gone very long, and you must amuse yourselves the best way you can, till I return," said Mr. Compton.

Here Mrs. Compton, who had been opening her letters, said, "At all events, my dears, here is something to look forward to. Mrs. Lisle sends you a kind invitation to a picnic to-morrow, and asking me to drive you over to Ashford this afternoon, that you may stay over night, and be ready with the rest of the party in the morning."

"Oh my! won't that be delightful," cried Fanny; while Bertie capered about with joy, both of them forgetting in their excitement the momentary pain they experienced at the thought of parting with their papa.

They then betook themselves to the garden, and employed their time in suggestions as to who would be of the party, and speculations as to what they would have for dinner. Fanny, who upon the strength of her superiority in years largely patronized her brother, gravely cautioned him not to eat too much on the morrow, as he did at Mrs. Canton's party last year. Bertie of course disclaimed all knowledge of ever misbehaving himself in such a manner. Their controversy was at last ended by the voice of Mrs. Compton summoning them to say good-bye to their father before he started for London.

The Picnic.

The afternoon came at length (though the children in their excitement thought it never would), and with it came James with the pony-chaise, for Mrs. Compton could not leave home to drive them to Mrs. Lisle's. James was very fond of the children, and moreover, they were very fond of him, so they thought it an additional pleasure when they found he was to drive them over to Ashford; so after many caresses from mamma, and promises to be good children, they at length started off at a comfortable pace (for what with good living and easy work, the pony had become as comfortable as his master), and a very pleasant drive it was, for the children very seldom had the opportunity of visiting Mrs. Lisle.

How much they both found to admire upon the road! And they were indeed almost sorry when, as evening shadows began to gather over the scene, the pony-chaise rattled over the uneven stones of the High Street, at a good rate, the pony seeming to know that he was near his destination, where the prospect of a comfortable bed induced him to enter the town in grand style, which he did not alter till they dashed up to a smart, newly-painted house, where Dr. Lisle resided.

The noise of the vehicle speedily brought a troop of merry children to the window, and Dr. Lisle to the door.

The doctor, who was a genial, smiling specimen of his profession, came briskly down the steps, and lifted the two children out of the chaise; and telling James to take the pony round to the stables, where some one would take charge of it, he led the children into the parlour, where Mrs. Lisle awaited them, and soon made them feel quite at home.

Mrs. Lisle was the exact opposite to her husband in appearance, being very tall and thin, yet possessing a kindly heart, as many of the poor folk in the neighbourhood could testify.

The worthy couple had a large family of children, the eldest of whom were named respectively, Willie and Lottie, and to please whom the morrow's picnic had been arranged.

The friendship of the two families had commenced many years before, through the professional services of the doctor, and it had been continued up to the present time. Lately, however, Mr. Compton had been heard to say, that "Dr. Lisle was a man of violent prejudices," alluding no doubt to the fact of the doctor being a Non-conformist, Mr. Compton himself being a strong Churchman. That fact alone was sufficient for him to condemn his friend; but when at last the doctor added teetotalism to his religious principles (the temperance question having lately brought itself before the notice of the public), *then* Mr. Compton looked upon his friend as a harmless lunatic.

The intimacy, however, had been kept up by the ladies and children, and very firm friends they were.

Our young friends had not been very long at Mrs. Lisle's when they were all informed it was time for bed, so that they might be up in good time in the morning to have a nice long day in the country; so, without more ado, they repaired to their respective bed-rooms, and talked of the morrow's pleasures, till, one by one, they eventually dropped off to sleep.

When Fanny awoke next morning, the sun was streaming through the window, and throwing bright golden bars upon the walls. So, waking Lottie, whose bed she shared, she said, "Come, wake up, dear. See what a lovely morning it is. What a nice ramble we will have through the woods." Then running to the window, she lifted the blind, and there below was Bertie and Willie, already scampering about the garden with the doctor's great retriever dog. Seeing Fanny at the window they beckoned her down, and in a very short time the two girls joined them below, where they entered fully into the fun the boys were having, and when half an hour later they were called into breakfast, Mrs. Lisle was afraid they had tired themselves before they started for their day's enjoyment; but her fears seemed without foundation, for the children were as lively and as merry as any in the little party when the vehicles arrived at the door.

What a beautiful drive that was, to be sure! The bright sky overhead, the trees in all their beautiful summer foliage, with the birds singing so sweetly among the branches, the fresh breezes, that wafted to them the delicious perfumes of the wild flowers, all made it a drive to be remembered. At last, however, they reached their destination (a picturesque old abbey that was admired throughout the country for its beauty), and here the party alighted. Discovering that the ride had given them all the keenest of appetites, they unanimously voted for luncheon, and when it was produced from the hampers in which it had been stowed, what a goodly store it was to gladden the eyes of the hungry excursionists.

There were the inevitable veal and ham pies, lobster salad, lamb, pigeon pie, and innumerable tarts, custards, and jellies, but no intoxicating liquors. Some of the party, perhaps, had never been to a picnic before where wine had not been introduced; but Dr. Lisle was not a man to do things by halves, and so, as a professing teetotaler, he acted up to his principles in a conscientious manner, and had provided liquor for his guests that was decidedly non-intoxicating.

As they were about sitting down upon the cushions, which they had abstracted from the vehicles for that purpose, Willie Lisle suddenly cried out, "Why, look, hurrah! here's Mr. Melville;" and, with another loud shout, he commenced running with all his might towards a gentleman who was at that instant walking rapidly towards the party; Charlotte followed her brother as quickly as she could scamper, and clinging to Mr. Melville, one on each side, they half led and half pulled him

forward, and in that manner ushered him into the midst of the little party.

Mr. Melville was pastor of the Nonconformist body at Arlsford. He had also been one of the first who had recognised the importance of example in the question of total abstinence, and had therefore signed the pledge, and worked zealously for the cause where occasion offered; and, although some people would be found to shrug their shoulders when his name was mentioned, they were *few* compared to the *many* by whom he was ardently beloved.

Mr. Melville seated himself in the circle with the rest, and the company all turned their attention to the good things provided, and fell upon them with a zest which showed how thoroughly they were enjoyed.

During luncheon, Willie found an opportunity of informing Fanny and Bertie that Mr. Melville held such a *nice* meeting every month, and that papa, mamma, Lottie and himself *always* went, *at least* when papa was at *home*.

After they had cleared away the remainder of their repast, the company strolled off in groups; Mr. Melville, with the four children, went into the woods to gather wild flowers, and by his kind manner soon won the affections of Bertie and Fanny, who thought they had never before met with such a kind gentleman. Just before twilight they all re-assembled at the old abbey, and re-entering the vehicles, they started for home, accompanied by Mr. Melville, who was going back to the town, and after a rather silent drive they at length reached Arlsford, tired, but very happy. Our young friends stayed with the Lisles a day or two longer, and then James came to fetch them in the pony-chaise; and after kissing them all again and again, they started on their homeward journey, Mrs. Lisle reminding them not to forget their promise, of which, dear reader, we shall inform you.

(*To be continued.*)

"PORTER always makes me fat," said a tippler. "I have seen the time when it made you *lean*," said a wag.

FIRE AS A REMEDY.

BY REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.

ON June 1st, 1865, an emigrant ship, the "Willian Nelson," left Antwerp. Her crew consisted of thirty men, including the captain; but there were also on board 448 emigrant passengers, who were full of hope that brighter days than they had yet experienced were in store for them in the distant land to which they were bound. When they had been at sea about three weeks, the captain became anxious concerning the prevalence of fever which had appeared among the passengers, and which seemed likely to spread. He consequently resolved, as a precautionary measure, to have the ship thoroughly fumigated. There were several barrels of tar on board, and hot irons were to be thrust into these, while, of course, suitable precautions against fire were to be used by the sailors who were employed in the task.

On the morning of June 26th, the passengers were required to leave their berths, and come on deck about ten o'clock. As the weather was lovely even those who were somewhat feeble had no reason to complain. All would be made comfortable again for them before bed-time; and the air on deck would be both warm and invigorating. By noon the task of fumigation had been almost finished. The sailors had been careful as directed; but, as we all know, fire is difficult to control. The very last tar-barrel burst into a fierce flame. The blazing tar was speedily streaming on the deck, and much alarm was occasioned. The captain and crew, however, used to emergencies by fire and flood, preserved their own presence of mind, and, for some time, averted anything like panic on the part of the passengers. The people—men, women, and children—who crowded the decks were, however, filled with consternation. Some rendered what help they could: but most of them could only look on in abject terror.

Bravely did the sailors endeavour to gain the mastery over the much-dreaded foe. Their efforts unhappily proved fruitless.

"There was no hope of saving the ship."—*p.* 22.

Their well-applied toil did hold the fire somewhat in check, but it evidently gained on them. The awful catastrophe might be delayed, but could not be averted. An hour or two might, if well employed, prove of great value. So word was given by the captain, "Throw everything overboard that will float, such as planks and empty barrels, and lash them together, and make a large raft. Stir yourselves, my lads!" The sailors were disciplined, and behaved well. But a panic now seized some of the passengers when they saw this preparation. It was evident that there was no hope of saving the ship. Many who had crowded the raft were killed by the falling of the masts. Others were drowned in their attempts to reach the raft or boats. The efforts of the sailors were impeded. Thus many were still in the ship when her hull sank. Altogether nearly four hundred perished. The details were heartrending. We dare not blame the captain. He did what he honestly regarded as the best. But they who undertake to fight fever with fire must use great vigilance.

Fire-water is not now used so frequently or so largely as medicine as it was in former days. Medical men are generally honest and generous men, desirous to do the best they can for their patients. Some of those who stand high in their honourable profession never prescribe alcohol. Many use it with great caution. Patients may themselves exert considerable influence over their medical advisers in numerous instances. Even when some form of fire-water has been recommended, the doctor will often acknowledge that he can find something else that will answer as well or better, if the skilful man is made to understand that his patient prefers to swallow the most nauseous drug rather than take alcohol in any form. Two reasons should ever have due influence with both patients and their medical advisers.

The advantages supposed to be derived from the use of alcoholic stimulants are frequently imaginary. A gentleman who was enjoying a tour with his wife in Ireland, arrived in the course of his rambles in Wicklow. On quitting the train they were assailed by several carmen who were on the look-out for a job. Each urged some plea why his horse and car should be selected, and much vociferation and some wit were employed. At length, wishing to escape from the noisy men, the gentleman selected a horse and car which seemed equal at least to any, and whose owner had commended the animal by a plea which was striking by its absurdity: "Och, sure and faith, take my car, your honour, for the horse is the most poetical of them all." The party started off at a moderate speed, but in a little time the pace slackened, and the progress became more and more unsatisfactory. The gentleman said to the driver: "What did you mean by calling your horse poetical? he is certainly awfully slow." To which Paddy replied, "Och, for certain that is just the truth and nothing else. Your honour sees that the brute goes more in imagination than in fact."

The perils which are incurred by the use of alcohol are numerous and terrible. At first the wine or spirits may be only used when languor seems unbearable; but in too many cases a habit is formed which is never overcome. In many a child who has been regarded as delicate a taste has been formed which brought him to ruin in after years. Women, beyond computation, have had to look back with shame and sorrow to an illness when they were induced to depend on strong liquor for comfort. Wise men have been thus transformed into fools. Be cautious in the use of fire and fire-water.

WHAT MINISTERS SAY.

COMPILED BY W. P. W. BUXTON.

ARNOT, DR.—"There is more in the public-houses of Glasgow to stir the spirit of a minister than all that Paul saw at Athens."

Barham, Rev. C. N.—"From experience I have discovered that ministers cannot labour successfully without preaching temperance."

Chalmers, Dr.—"Before God and man, before the Church and the world, I impeach

intemperance; I charge it with the murder of innumerable souls."

Dessen, Dr.—"The Church of Christ will never be clean in this matter until, through her ministry and membership, she purges herself—root, stem, and branches—from all complicity with this most accursed drink."

Edgar, Dr.—"In proportion to the consumption of spirituous liquors is the amount of beggary and misery, of madness and crime, of disease and premature death."

Farrar, Dr.—"Not only are our best agencies of mercy neutralised by this one vice of intemperance, but all those agencies concentrated into their most effective vigour would do less, infinitely less good than would be done by the expulsion of this one *preventable* cause of sin and misery."

Guthrie, Dr.—"I have four reasons for being an abstainer: my head is clearer, my health is better, my heart is lighter, and my purse is heavier."

Hamilton, Dr.—"Is it not a fearful infatuation? Is it not our national madness to spend so much wealth n shattering our nerves, exploding our characters, and ruining our souls?"

Irons, Rev. E.—"England might be happy and prosperous but for the ravages of that demon—Intemperance."

James, Rev. J. A.—"Abstain from all intoxicating drinks. To take them for gratification is inebriety."

Knox, Dr.—"Here is a trade essentially demoralising; its tendency has ever been to produce poverty, misery, and crime. It fills our gaols, our poorhouses, and our madhouses; it kills both soul and body, and sweeps the fireside with utter desolation."

Llewellyn, Rev. T.—"I am perfectly satisfied that human life can be healthily and happily preserved without the use of alcoholic stimulants."

Morris, Rev. A. B.—"This tremendous evil is really sapping the life, the industry, and the morality of the nation."

Nugent, Rev. Father.—"I can safely say of my people, that nine out of every ten, directly or indirectly, came to that prison (Liverpool gaol) through intemperance."

Orr, Rev. C. J.—"There is no better means of reducing the death-rate than by abstaining from intoxicants."

Philip, Rev. R.—"If a man have any respect to either credit, life, or salvation, he will not be a drinking man."

McQueen, Rev. Father.—"It is an utter delusion to say that we control the liquor traffic at present, the liquor traffic controls the nation."

Rowlands, Rev. J.—"I think that the great sin which stalks all over the country calls for the union and co-operation of all Christian people to oppose as much as they can, and, if possible, suppress this great evil."

Sparkes, Rev. F. W.—"The evils of intemperance call for the prompt and effectual remedies that philanthropy, patriotism, and statesmanship can devise and apply."

Townsend, Rev. J. H.—"Total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

Underwood, Rev. J.—"Drink affects everyone's health, and it affects it injuriously."

Vaughan, Rev. J.—"The drink traffic is the greatest hell ever invented since the fall of man."

Wesley, Rev. J.—"The men who traffic in ardent spirits and sell to all who buy, are poisoners general."

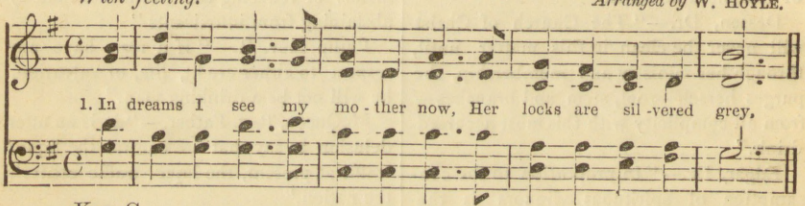
Yeardley, Rev. J.—"Brave any danger rather than risk the possibility of becoming a drunkard."

A MAN should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

PRIDE is as loud a beggar as want, and a great deal more saucy. When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, so that your appearance may be all of a piece; but it is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow.—*Franklin.*

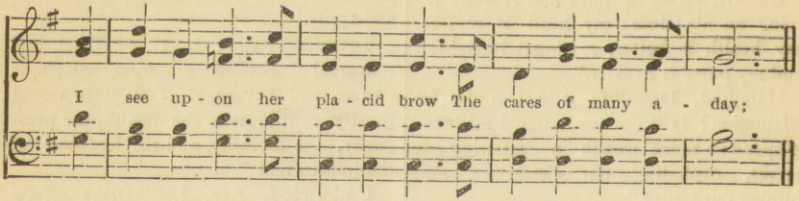
MY MOTHER.

With feeling. *Arranged by* W. HOYLE.

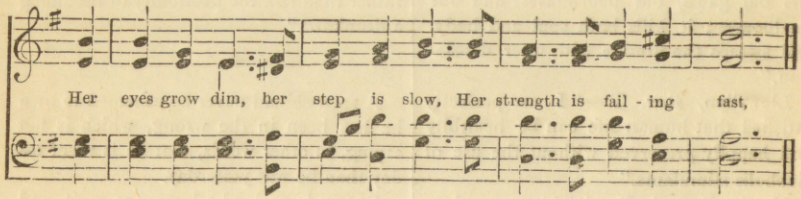


KEY G.

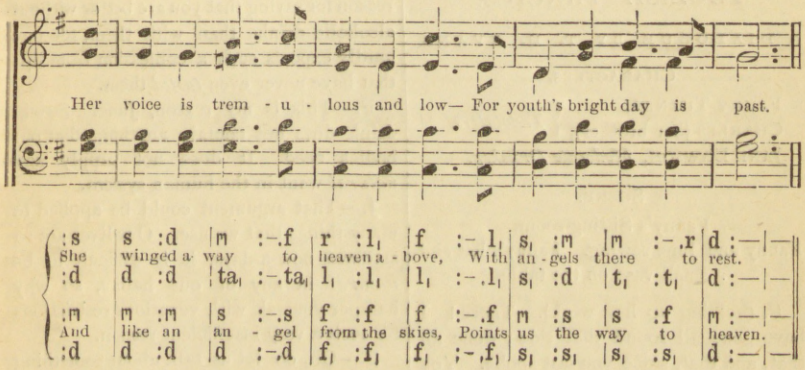
:m	s	:d	|m	:-.f	|r	:l,	|r	:-.r	|d	:t,	|l,	:s,	|m	:—|—								
2.We	knelt in	child - hood	by	her	side	To	say	our	eve - ning	prayer,													
:d	d	:d	|d	:-.d	|l,	:l,	|l,	:-.l,	|f,	:f,	|f,	:s,	|s,	:—|—								
:s	m	:m	|s	:-.l	|f	:f	|f	:-.f	|r	:r	|r	:r	|d	:—|—								
3.If	you have still	a	mo - ther	dear,	Oh,	love her while you	may!																
:d	d	:d	|d	:-.d	|f,	:f,	|f,	:-.f,	|s,	:s,	|l,	:t,	|d	:—|—								

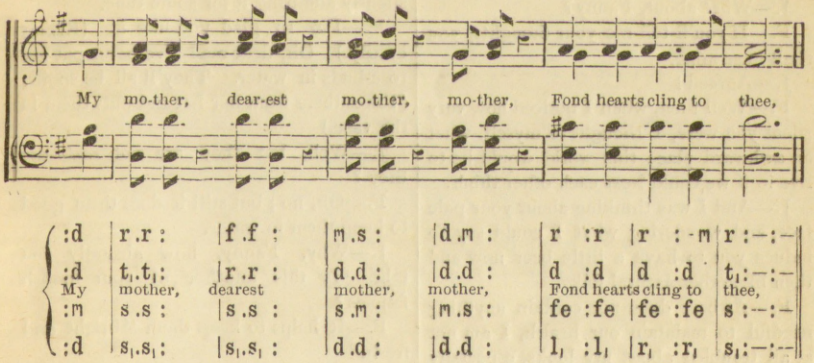


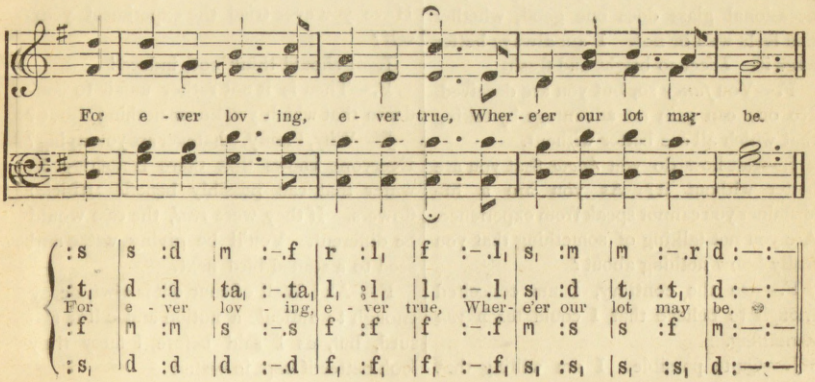
:m	s	:d	|m	:-.f	|r	:l,	|f	:-.l,	|s,	:m	|m	:-.r	|d	:—:—								
Her	gen - tle	voice	was	then our	guide,	It	soothed our dai - ly	care;															
:d	d	:d	|ta,	:-.ta,	|l,	:l,	|l,	:-.l,	|s,	:d	|t,	:t,	|d	:—:—								
:s	m	:m	|s	:-.s	|f	:f	|f	:-.f	|m	:s	|s	:f	|m	:—:—								
She	will not	al - ways	lin - ger	here,	Too	soon she'll	pass	a - way;															
:d	d	:d	|d	:-.d	|f,	:f,	|f,	:-.f,	|s,	:s,	|s,	:s,	|d	:—:—								



:m	m	:d	|l,	:-.t,	|d	:r	|m	:-.m	|r	:-.r	|m	:fe	|s	:—|—								
But	as at	night	the	wea - ry	dove	Flies	to	her moun - tain	nest,														
:l,	l,	:l,	|l,	:-.se,	|l,	:t,	|d	:-.d	|t,	:-.t,	|d	:d	|t,	:—|—								
:d	d	:d	|d	:-.r	|d.m	:s	|s	:-.s	|s	:-.s	|s	:r	|r	:—|—								
Her	love we know	not	how to	prize	Till	from us she	is	riven,															
:l,	l,	:l,	|l,	:-.m,	|l,	:s,	|d	:-.d	|s,	:-.s,	|d	:l,	|s,	:—|—								


Her voice is trem - u - lous and low— For youth's bright day is past.
:s | s :d | m :-.f | r :l, | f :- l, | s, :m | m :-.r | d :—|—
She winged a- way to heaven a - bove, With an - gels there to rest.
:d | d :d | ta, :-.ta, | l, :l, | l, :-.l, | s, :d | t, :t, | d :—|—
:m | m :m | s :-.s | f :f | f :-.f | m :s | s :f | m :—|—
And like an an - gel from the skies, Points us the way to heaven.
:d | d :d | d :-.d | f, :f, | f, :-.f, | s, :s, | s, :s, | d :—|—


My mo-ther, dear-est mo-ther, mo-ther, Fond hearts cling to thee,
:d | r.r : | f.f : | m.s : | d.m : | r :r | r :-m | r :-:-
:d | t,.t, : | r.r : | d.d : | d.d : | d :d | d :d | t, :-:-
My mother, dearest mother, mother, Fond hearts cling to thee,
:m | s.s : | s.s : | s.m : | m.s : | fe :fe | fe :fe | s :-:-
:d | s,.s, : | s,.s, : | d.d : | d.d : | l, :l, | r, :r, | s, :-:-


For e - ver lov - ing, e - ver true, Wher - e'er our lot may be.
:s | s :d | m :-.f | r :l, | f :-.l, | s, :m | m :-.r | d :—:—
:t, | d :d | ta, :-.ta, | l, :l, | l, :-.l, | s, :d | t, :t, | d :—:—
For e - ver lov - ing, e - ver true, Wher- e'er our lot may be.
:f | m :m | s :-.s | f :f | f :-.f | m :s | s :f | m :—:—
:s, | d :d | d :-.d | f, :f, | f, :-.f, | s, :s, | s, :s, | d :—:—

FOOLISH FANCIES.

A DIALOGUE BY T. H. EVANS.

CHARACTERS.

FANNY TURNER, CHARLES (her brother), } *Teetotalers.*
JANE DAWSON, *Moderate Drinker.*

SCENE.

Fanny's Sitting-room.
Fanny and Jane sewing. Fanny's hat and a small vase on the table.

F. (holding up her work).—There! I have gone all round that side; done all that, and that, since you last spoke. You *are* a dull companion, Jane.

J.—Am I? I've been thinking.

F.—So have I.

J.—What about, Fanny?

F.—If you'll tell me your thoughts, you shall hear mine.

J.—Agreed!

F.—Well then, when I noticed how very silent you were, I thought to myself, what an awkward place this world would be to live in if we could hear each other think.

J.—And I was thinking about your pale face, and wondering what I could say to induce you to have a little beer now and then like other natural folks.

F.—As beer does not contain anything needful to maintain our health, I am not at all troubled about my looks, especially as I always *feel* well.

J.—Oh! Fanny, I have no patience with your foolish fancies. Depend upon it, an occasional glass does one good, whether one feels well or not. I am always better after it. I feel so bright and fresh.

F.—You *fancy* so, but you are deceived. No one can gain an advantage by taking that which all are better without.

J.—But how do you *know* that you are better without it? As you are a life abstainer you cannot speak from experience. Are you not talking of something that you really know nothing about?

F.—On the contrary, I am conceited enough to believe that I could teach *you* something.

J.—Quite possible. I am willing that you should try; so pray give me your reason for saying that you are better without alcoholic drinks than with them, for one hardly expects such a confession from lips that have never even *tasted* them.

F.—This is my reason, Jane. Strong drink does not contain anything that our bodies need. It does not supply any *natural* want in the human system.

J.—That argument could be applied to many things that we use. Our lives are so artificial now-a-days, it is difficult to be *natural* in any of our habits, so why hamper yourself with vexatious restrictions for such a very insufficient reason.

F.—Oh, do let us talk about something else. How do you like my new hat? (holds it up).

J.—Very much indeed. I have been silently admiring it for some time.

F.—I'm so glad you like it. (Rising hastily.) Oh, dear me! I've never put my rose-buds in water. They'll all be spoilt. (Takes them from her hat and puts them in the vase.)

J.—Well, but they are not *real*—are they?

F.—Oh, no; but still it does them good to keep them in water.

J.—Why, Fanny, how absurdly you talk. Is this another of your foolish fancies?

F.—It helps to keep them "bright and fresh."

J.—I never heard such nonsense in all my life.

F.—Nonsense! did you say "nonsense?" Have you ever tried the experiment yourself?

J.—I should think not, indeed!

F.—Then is it not rather unfair to condemn that which you know nothing about?

J.—Why, Fanny, whatever are you saying? Everyone knows that there is nothing in water that can possibly benefit artificial flowers. If they were *real*, the case would be different. You'll be giving water and seed to a stuffed bird next.

F.—Ah! Well of course it is always easy enough to ridicule a notion and call it absurd, but, as I said before, I fancy they look better if kept in water.

J.—I'm glad you said "fancy," for it is all imagination and nothing else.

F.—Surely I ought to know more about it than you, Jane, because I have tried it and you have not.

J.—One's own common sense is a sufficient guide in some things. If you once give way to "fancy" there is no knowing where it may lead you. Did you ever know a man who wore a wig, "fancy" that his hair was growing so long he must go and have it cut?

F.—No; I never knew any one so wrong in the head as that, but I do know some one who gave herself very strange *airs* just now over something almost as absurd.

J.—Oh, Fanny, that's too bad of you.

F.—Someone who is not altogether free from "foolish fancies" herself.

J.—That's quite another thing entirely.

F.—I can see but little difference. The *principle* is the same, and after what you have said in favour of *useless* drinks, I should have thought that that little idea of mine would have suited you exactly. I must say, Jane dear, I cannot admire you for your consistency.

(Enter Charles. Stands listening unperceived.)

J.—There is one damaging *feature* in your case that tells against you with a louder voice, and that is *your own pale face*. You can't get over that.

F.—You make a great mistake there, Jane. Dr. Richardson tells us that the suffused face of the drinker owes its redness to the paralysing influence of the poisonous drug you consider so beneficial; and that the glowing tint, upon which tipplers pride themselves so much, is not confined to the exterior only, but extends to more important parts—the surfaces of the brain and other vital organs being congested more or less, according to the amount of injury that has been inflicted on the blood-vessels.

Charles (aside.)—Bravo, Fanny!

J.—Oh, yes, that *sounds* all very well, but that is only *one* person's opinion. My brother told me the other day that Sir James Paget had just stated in public print, that, as a rule, those who drink moderately, are mentally and physically better than those who abstain. Now, isn't it very strange that such an eminent man as Sir James Paget should say *that*, if it were not true?

C.—(Stepping forward)—It *is* strange!

F.—Oh! it's my brother, Charles.

J.—How he made me jump.

C.—I repeat, ladies, it is strange, but I can tell you something stranger still. I have not tasted alcoholic drinks for twenty years. Truth, you know, is always allowed to be stranger than fiction.

F.—If you have no better weapon than that, I shall still keep by the side of Sir James.

C.—That was only a bit of pleasantry, Miss Dawson. I happen to have in my pocket one or two facts that are incontrovertible. (Reads from paper).—

In the Temperance and General Provident Institution—a society of nearly fifty years' standing—the deaths expected amongst the Moderate Drinking Members, from 1866 to 1875, ten years, were 2,275, and the number that really did die were 2,268. Only seven less than anticipated. But in the section set apart for Total Abstainers, the deaths expected were 1,272. And how many do you suppose really died out of that 1,272? Only 918. 354 deaths less than they were warranted in expecting. With all respect, Miss Jane, for your friend Sir James Paget, I make bold to affirm that, eminent as he is, he may, after all, be mistaken in his opinions and wrong in his conclusions; but these hard, matter-of-fact figures, extending over a period of ten years, cannot lie, even if they would.

F.—There, Jane! How much is Sir James Paget's opinion worth by the side of *that*.

J.—I know not what to reply. I think I had better retreat. Two against one is not fair.

C.—Allow me to propose a way out of the difficulty. I have left my office to-day earlier than usual, that I might attend an afternoon lecture on Temperance at the Institute. Come with me, and, before you leave the meeting, sign the pledge and prove the whole thing for yourself!

F.—Yes, do—there's a dear!

J.—Oh, Mr. Turner, how can I? Why my father and mother, and all of us, in fact, have always drank moderately all our lives, so how can——

C.—I understand all that you would say, exactly. As a lecturer remarked in a recent popular address—"People inherit notions just as they inherit physical infirmities and diseases, and their notions are often quite as abnormal and inveterate as their physical misfortunes." Now, I want to help you out of this false position. Will you come and hear more about the matter, and then promise to give it a trial?

J.—Yes, I will.

C.—I knew you would. (To the audience.) And now, dear friends, will all here who are not abstainers give me the same promise, namely, to try Total Abstinence for yourselves; for the beauties of temperance are not to be discovered or realized by mere disputation or argument, *but by abstaining*. Never mind Dr. This, Professor That, or Sir James Any-one-else, honestly try it for yourselves; I have no fear as to the result.

OVER THE FALLS.

"LAUNCH not your bark upon the flood,
Though calm and gentle seems its tide,
Upon your own heads be the blood,
If you to venture shall decide.

"Though mild and tranquil seems its flow,
It is, in truth, both fierce and strong,
As, hurrying to the falls below,
Its waters softly course along."

So spake an old man unto those
Whose bark was stranded by the stream,
That mirrored back the sunset's glow,
And flashed beneath the day-star's beam.

"We know right well, if far we went
Adown the stream, that ill might chance,
But we on no such feat are bent,
Nor near the cataract shall advance.

"And, if our bark shall onward float
Too rapidly, unto the oar
With might and main we'll bend, our boat
With but few strokes will reach the shore."

So saying, in the boat they leapt,
And gently took an onward course,
But, ere they long their way had kept,
A voice was heard, with horror hoarse:

"Turn back! below the rapids foam,
Speed not upon your dangerous way,
From that dread peril quickly come,
For Heaven's sake, do not delay!"

No answer gave they to the cry,
But heedless laughter, and a shout—
"We'll turn back soon, when danger's nigh:
We know full well what we're about."

And on they went right joyously,
O'er rippling waters flashing bright:
But now again a voice rings high—
"Turn back! put forth your utmost might!

"Pull for the shore, perchance e'en yet
You may escape a dreadful death."
Upon each brow there stands cold sweat,
And short and laboured comes each breath.

For now they hear the cataract's roar,
Their bark now swiftly courses on,
With all their strength they ply the oar,
Alas! to find all hope is gone.

Their ev'ry effort proves in vain;
They cannot turn: the current's force
Seems all their struggles to disdain,
And speeds them on their deadly course.

'Tis all too late, alas! too late!
In vain for help each wildly calls,
And moaning, cursing at their fate,
They meet destruction at the falls.

Around us, thousands ev'ry year
Are speeding on in ruin's way,
And, as their dreadful fate they near,
Still stronger grows the baneful sway.

Touch not the cup! 'tis better far
In life's fair morning to abstain,
Than risk the fate of those who are
Encircled by the drunkard's chain.

W. A. BRAND.

IN LIQUOR.

BY UNCLE BEN.

ONCE upon a time a very pretty tabby cat lived in a large brewery, being kept to drive away the rats and mice that infested the place.

One day, when pussy was walking very stealthily along, looking out for a good dinner, she came into the place called the "cooler"—that is, a large wooden tank in a big room, where the beer is left to cool. There she saw a poor little mouse in great trouble, swimming about but not able to get out, and so weak that it could not swim much longer.

Pussy, seeing what distress mousie was in, came to the edge of the cooler and said, "Mousie, mousie, I will get you out if you will let me eat you after." At first mousie thought this would be very little better than drowning in the nasty beer, but after a little reflection replied, "Yes, pussy, if you will only get me out of this dreadful danger you may have me, on this condition, that before you eat me you will let me shake off the nasty beer." Pussy, being a strict teetotaler, readily agreed with this suggestion; and so, after much trouble, and nearly falling in herself, managed to fish up poor little half-drowned mousie, all wet and sticky with the malt liquor. It was so exhausted at first that it had hardly strength to stand, and while it was recovering itself, in order to shake off the nasty beer, pussy stood close by, very glad to see it was a nice fat mouse, that would be so good to eat. It lay half dead, all dripping wet, and pussy was only waiting until it had shaken itself dry, and then she would pounce upon it and eat it up—when all of a sudden up jumped mousie, and, without shaking itself, ran off as hard as it could, and away ran pussy. This was so unexpectedly done that mousie got a good start, and although pussy would soon have caught mousie, it popped into a hole just as the cat's paw was upon it. Of course pussy could not follow it into the hole, and so she called out, being very disappointed and angry, "Oh mousie, mousie, did you not promise that if I would get you out safely you would let me eat you?"

"Ah," said little mousie, now very happy and secure in the hole, "Pussy, I was in liquor then; and don't you know you should *never believe any one in liquor?*" So pussy was outwitted;—but we must hope she learnt a lesson, and mousie we trust was never again in liquor.

Of course my young friends will soon see that there is also a very sad side to this story. I need hardly remind them of the many terrible and wicked things which are

done every day by people in liquor. The cunning little mouse thought only of saving life, but thousands of men and women when in liquor, or under the influence of intoxicating drink, destroy their own lives and often the lives of others. We can hardly take up a daily newspaper without reading of some dreadful deed committed while in liquor. Let us remember that alcohol or strong drink is a brain poison which fires the blood and takes from us the power of self-control—hence it is that the drunkard becomes such a miserable, loathsome being. Thank God for teetotalism ! which teaches us to respect the laws of our nature and to walk before God with a sound mind in a sound body.

A RADICAL CURE.

A YOUNG wife in Michigan had just got settled in her new home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know that her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and very much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house, the wife, who was greatly shocked, told him he was ill, and that he must lie down at once ; and in a moment or two he was comfortably settled on the sofa in a drunken sleep. His face was reddish purple, his breathing was heavy, and altogether he was a pitiable-looking object. The doctor was sent for post haste, and mustard applied to his feet and hands. When the doctor came, he felt his pulse and examined him, and finding that he was only drunk, he said—

"He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very ill, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged, "or I will send for some one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved closely, and blisters applied. The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and in spite of the blisters, it was not till near morning that he began to beat about, disturbed by pain. About daylight he woke up to a most uncomfortable consciousness of blistering miseries.

"What does this mean ? " he said, putting his hands to the bandaged head.

"Lie still—you mustn't stir," said the wife ; "you have been taken very ill."

"I'm not ill."

"Oh, yes, you are ; you have the brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet ?"

"They are blistered."

"Well, I'm better now ; take off the blisters, do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his feet and hands still worse.

"My dear," he said, groaning, "if I should ever be ill in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for the doctor ; and above all, don't blister me again."

"Oh, indeed I will. All that saved you was the blisters ; and if you ever have another such attack, I shall be more frightened than ever, for the tendency I am sure is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you would be likely to die, unless there were the severest measures used."

He made no further defence ; suffice it to say, he never had another attack.

It is well understood in medical science that dangerous diseases require energetic remedies. We are not able to decide what would be the result of the general introduction of this style of practice, but in view of the vastness of the evil to be combated, we think that this method of treatment for young husbands who come home to their wives drunk at midnight is quite worthy of consideration. It has the advantage of being comparatively inexpensive, and in the case referred to, it seems to have resulted in an immediate and permanent cure. If such were its uniform effect, the knowledge of it must prove a boon to afflicted humanity.

THE A B C OF TEMPERANCE.

A Model Band of Hope Address.

BY REV. JOSEPH JOHNSON.

MODERATE drinkers make learning to drink easy and too often popular work. Band of Hope workers are anxious to make learning to abstain easier and pleasanter work. We are convinced the old proverb is true. "The earlier, the easier; the longer, the stronger." The longer people postpone the habit of abstinence from strong drink the harder they find its practice to be. While we earnestly believe it is "never too late to mend," we are quite sure it is never too soon in life to begin to do well. To abstain is natural and easy. To continue to do so as a habit is simply to submit to one of the wisest and best laws of God in nature. Many habits are easy to form and hard to break. But this one of abstinence is begun for us, all we have to do is to continue the habit.

We know that people who begin to learn to play the piano or harmonium, to paint or draw, or to learn a language late in life find it difficult, at least far more difficult than to learn these things while young and at school. Those persons who have been unable to read or write until they have grown-up have had much more trouble in learning the letters of the alphabet, and to make straight strokes and pot-hooks, than boys and girls have who are only in the infant class. Therefore, if we do not learn our Temperance A B C early in life, the chances are we shall not take the trouble to do so when we grow old; and of course by the Band of Hope A B C we mean those simple, elementary principles that make us reasonable and conscientious Teetotalers.

Thus we say A stands for All.
B stands for Body.
C stands for Character.

And then to be a member of the Band of Hope, and abstain from all intoxicating drink, is *Good for All.*

That is an "A 1" principle, the first great law of Temperance. A very wise German philosopher has said, "that we should so act in life, that if every one followed our example the world would be so much the better,"—and it is a splendid maxim to put in practice, especially when we are in difficulty to know what is exactly right to do. Ask ourselves should we like others to do the same? Would it be safer and better for those we love best to take this step? If high and low, rich and poor, were to adopt the same course would sin and misery be lessened and the world made holier and happier? Now, apply this rule to the question of abstinence. If every one abstained there could be no drunkenness. It may certainly then be said to be good for all. And if good for all, it is good for me. And if good for me, it is good for others: hence good for all who possess the same physical and moral nature. We lay down no narrow rule of asceticism for the few, but a broad, common principle of life for all;—not a hand for the drunkard only, not a crutch for the weak alone to use, but an invaluable and unfailing help for all, which does more than mend the miseries that arise from drink; it permanently and effectually cures and prevents the possibility of their recurrence. When we have to contend with any practical evil in the way of disease, we sometimes hear people say, Use gentle, moderate measures, do not go to extremes; but when under this treatment the evil only increases, then we say, at the dictation of common sense and experience, Use more extreme remedies until the means are effectual. And the only effectual remedy for the extreme evils of strong drink is to avoid the cause. Hence it is good for *All* to abstain.

B.—It is Good for the Body.

Water is the most natural drink. We need something to quench the thirst, to supply the blood, and to digest the food. Fresh water is the best adapted to meet these physical necessities of our life. The strongest animals find water strong enough to do all God has intended they should. From the big elephant to the little fly, all the animals are satisfied with water. The

birds sing more sweetly than any public artist, though they never take any beer or porter. When we go to one of the large aquariums in our great towns, and see our most thorough-going teetotal friends, the fish, it certainly seems as if water agreed with them. Thus man and beast, birds and fish, all thrive well on the common element God has given to all his creatures.

All medical men say that alcohol is not necessary for health, that it is a poison, and when taken at all the less of it the better. And what is most important is, that scientific opinion is increasing in this testimony, that even when not taken to excess, but used, as people say, in moderation, its effects are more harmful than beneficial. Therefore, instead of being in its most favourable aspect a negative good, in nine cases out of ten it is a positive injury; therefore we say to abstain from all its use is good for the Body, and by so doing we prevent all chance of abuse.

C.—IT IS GOOD FOR THE CHARACTER.

Our character is the most precious treasure which belongs to us, and is kept by our conscience; if we let that go wrong the conduct will soon follow, and we have injured the best possession we have. For the sake of our characters it is good to abstain, because it keeps us out of the way of temptation. We cannot run unconsciously and unmeaningly into the power of drink. If we break our pledge we have first to defy the strength of conscience; and this barrier is so strong that, with God's help, nothing will destroy it. Our pledge is thus our shield of safety.

It is good for our character, because it helps us to be decided and aids our moral courage. We are enlisted in the great army of fighting uncompromisingly against one special and terrible sin. We take a firm stand and declare war against the foe, and say we mean to conquer; then by the entire renunciation of strong drink we act as if we meant what we said. It is a simple, definite, but all-powerful position, from which we cannot be routed while we remain true to our colours.

And above all, it is best for our characters because it makes us a good example to others; we aid the weak and help the fallen. Our simple practice is better than ten thousand words of warning or admonition—better than hard words of reproof or rebuke. No one is more hard upon the drunkards than the moderate drinker. Even the very law which condemns them justifies and recognises any amount of drinking short of incapacity. No one but the abstainer has one word of hopeful, helpful strength for the poor drunkard. And, with God's grace, abstinence can save the drunkard and save us from becoming drunkards; but there is no saving without sacrifice; no being good or doing good without cost and effort. The earlier we take the yoke of sacrifice the easier it will be, and the scars we win in the conflict will only place us higher among the legion of honour hereafter.

THE WORLD'S A WIDE EXCHANGE.

THE world's a wide exchange—a mighty mart,
Filled with the various wares for which men sell
Their priceless souls, their best and noblest part,
And barter for the merchandise of hell—
Poor fools!—their precious all in all, and gain
But dross, mere worthless rubbish for their pain.
At such a bargain angels well might weep
Hot scalding tears, that such a thing should be;
And Nature drape herself in mourning deep,
The sun in grief refuse the sin to see.
But men in their mad folly every day,
Unmoved, behold, commit this utter wrong,
And grasping sticks and straws of earth, away
They pass, and lose the heaven they might belong.

DAVID LAWTON.

"A rough, dirty lad outside, insisted upon seeing the young master."—*p.* 35.

TWO WAIFS.

"EVENING paper, mum? Second edition, latest war news. Queen's Speech!"

Two shrewd, dirty little faces looked up at me wistfully from behind a huge placard in the foggy November twilight, and I stopped to search my pockets for a stray half-penny.

"It is cold work for you," I remarked to the senior partner, as he carefully folded up the paper and handed it over.

"Yes, mum; but father's dead, and mother's down with the fever, and——"

And there he broke off short, and both suddenly disappeared round the corner. I looked after them in astonishment for a moment, then went on my way to the ferry-boat. On the passage I made two discoveries—one that I had paid for my paper with a stray shilling instead of the half-penny, which quite accounted for the recipient's flight; and the other that the paper itself, "second edition," was four days old. I dropped it into the workhouse box, and with it subsided the passing pity which their desolate appearance had roused.

Coming home from a concert with my brother Tom one bitter cold night we met again.

"Buy a box of fusees, sir; two boxes a penny—big uns!"

"Why, they are the same boys that went off with my shilling!"

"We wos very hungry, mum; and mother wos orful bad—she was, indeed."

The dirty faces looked blue and pinched with cold, and Tom looked at me quite reproachfully for being mean enough to remember such a trifle; certainly it was my shilling, and it could not be expected that he should feel it as keenly.

"You ought to have been in bed hours ago, my lads; where do you live?"

"16, Court, Grafton Street; ony 'arf a mile off."

"What do you call yourselves?"

"Jim and Ikey, sir—I'm Jim."

"All right, I'll look you up in a day or two."

The next time we saw these young hopefuls they were in the hands of the police—Ikey at least, while Jim followed disconsolately behind. The man told us, in answer to our questions, "That they were the two aggravatingest young varmint in town; and now he had found this one beastly drunk, and he hoped he would get a month for it."

He deserved it, doubtless; yet he looked such a little lad for a prison cell, and Jim pleaded for him so earnestly, that we persuaded the policeman to let him go off, and took our captive to the News Boys' Home, close by, where we laid him on a rug before the fire to recover himself at leisure; Jim stood near, half fearfully, half thankfully.

"Now, you young reprobate, what did you mean by sending me off to Grafton Street that night?" began Tom, severely.

"'Cos we don't live nowheres in partibilar, and folks think it ain't respectable."

"It was your duty to have told the truth. What do you think of yourself?"

Jim's eyes twinkled with fun.

"Does your mother know?" I broke in.

"Ain't got one, as I knows of."

"Why, you told me—"

"Yes, mum, folks 'll often give for a sick woman when they won't for us."

What could our moral theories do for a case like this; we looked at the pair in pitiful silence.

"Is Ikey your brother?"

"No; but we always sticks together."

"Is he often like this?"

The lad's face took a defiant air. "It's easy for yer to sit and find fault; he don't get much pleasure, poor little chap."

"He doesn't, Jim," said Tom, thoughtfully; "but I'll give him a little if you like. Bring him over to my house to-morrow afternoon; all the news-boys about here are coming for a good tea—come with them you two."

Jim eyed us distrustfully. "There ain't no catch about it?"

"No," answered Tom, heartily. "Pure fun; and as many nuts and apples as you like—honour bright."

"All right, guv'nor, we'll come."

They did. It was a curious collection of ragged urchins that gathered at our gate

that afternoon. Some bare-headed and bare-footed, a few choicer spirits enveloped in sacks drawn corner-ways over their heads as protection against possible showers. The prodigal Ikey, evidently the swell of the company, in a man's tail-coat, which he took off and carefully folded, lining outwards, when he contemplated any active exercise. The fame of the party had spread abroad in the neighbourhood, and a grocer sent a tin of biscuits, another a bag of nuts, while half a dozen of the Grammar School boys took charge of the amusements.

It was not labour in vain. The little fellows had, what they themselves termed, a real good time, and fervently promised to stand by the News-Boys' Home till they were worthy of promotion to the Shoe-black Brigade, which may be regarded as the second grade in the social scale.

From that evening the two waifs seemed to have dropped out of our path altogether; for a time we constantly expected to meet them at some street corner, but as the weeks grew into months even the recollection of them faded into a thing of the past.

Long afterwards, one bleak Sunday, as we were lingering over the fire before we set out for evening service, the maid came in with a message;—a rough, dirty lad outside, insisted upon seeing the young master. Before she ended the door behind was pushed violently open, and our half-forgotten acquaintance, Jim, burst into our midst. He looked older and thinner than ever; the sudden light and warmth seemed to confuse him, and his voice, as he tried to speak, broke into a storm of sobs. It was for Ikey, not himself, he wanted help, he gasped out; in one of his drunken fits he had fallen down a cellar grating and hurt his hip. "It was weeks ago, and I've worked for him and stealed for him," he added, with a flash of pride; "and it ain't no use; if he don't have a doctor he'll just go and die."

So once more we tried to help them. Ikey was soon able to crawl about on crutches, but the doctor, in whom Jim placed implicit faith, gave little hope of his ever being able to walk; his constitution was thoroughly weakened by drink; the only chance for him lay in giving it up entirely, and that was the one thing the lad seemed incapable of doing: the craving for it maddened him, he could not bear it, he said; and truly in the weary weeks of sinning and repenting that followed it did seem at times as if he were not responsible.

Tom gained admission for Jim into one of the training ships on the river, where his bright face and merry tongue soon won him friends in abundance; and henceforward the boys' lives drifted separate ways, Jim's steadily onward, Ikey's as steadily downward; he always came back to the house between his outbursts, but his absences grew longer and more frequent, and our hopes fainter.

"Jim, what more can we do for him?" I said despairingly, one day after a worse fit than usual.

"I don't know, mum, 'cept making 'lowances for him; you see he has had all the odds against him."

Aye, that he had; and some of us, on whom all good influences have been brought to bear, whose path has been smoothed for all good, and hedged up for all evil, might well pause to consider where, in life's race, we should find ourselves with such odds against us as this poor lad.

And gradually we came to understand that this "making 'lowances" was the highest *we* were to do for him—that the stunted, neglected twig would never here straighten into a stalwart tree, and that it might be that we were to learn a lesson of patience and forbearance from him in place of teaching. Jim had learned it, with all his failings; perhaps on account of them Ikey had been the one object that had wakened and kept alive the best part of the boy's nature, and for him had bloomed out the unselfish love that had kept him from utter ruin. Twelve months later he passed his first examination and went to sea, and ever since his progress has been a great pride to us. He comes between every voyage, generally with some remarkable trophy of his travels, in the shape of young monkeys, lizards, or tortoises; and though the house is likely to degenerate in time into a sort of menagerie, no one has the heart to check

the supply. Indeed, even with this drawback, not among the least of our pleasures do we count his visits.

And concerning the other waif our fears have ended too.

One of the New Testament stories tells us how, when the disciples had failed utterly with one poor sinner, the Master came and healed him; and so the Master came to our waif and lifted him higher than all of us, and took him home, and now he is not a waif any longer.

THE SPIDER AND FLY.

A SPIDER was spreading
His web in the sun,
The weaving was skilfully,
Cleverly done;
The gossamer threads reached
From paling to wall,
So closely entwined that
He feared not a fall.
Then, proud of his workmanship
Onward he went,
Surveying his house with
A placid content—
Right into a corner
He quietly curled,
And sat like a hermit
Surveying the world.
A young lady fly
Came buzzing along,
As if trying to rival
The humming-bee's song;
She stopped at the spider's web
Just to admire
How the sunshine fell through
Like a glimmer of fire.
The spider woke up
From his afternoon's sleep—
His sleeping, of course it
Was not very deep—
He said, with a bow,
"Sure you honour me, miss,
To gaze on a poor little
Dwelling like this."
Thus flattered, Miss Fly
Thought to get a near view,
And close to the spider's web
Boldly she flew.

Said the spider, "Just step in
A moment now, please,
You will walk on my carpet
With wonderful ease."
She stepped on the gauze,
But it clung to her feet—
She found she could neither
Move on nor retreat.
The spider, who first made
A bright smile and bow,
Now came to his victim
With rage on his brow.
In vain Miss Fly struggled—
Her screams rent the air—
The spider had got her
Fast locked in his snare:
And soon a dead body
All withered and dry,
Was all that remained of
The poor little fly.

* * * *

At every street corner,
All glaring with light,
These traps for the simple
Are spread day and night;
The poor silly flies
Are the old and the young,
Beguiled by the glitter,
The mirth and the song.
Remember, I pray you,
Where spider webs are,
You will know when you pass
The next publican's bar.

W. H. EATON

THE MUSIC TEACHER.

I CANNOT roam the meadows,
Or hear the skylark's song,
Or play with my companions,
When nights are dark and long.

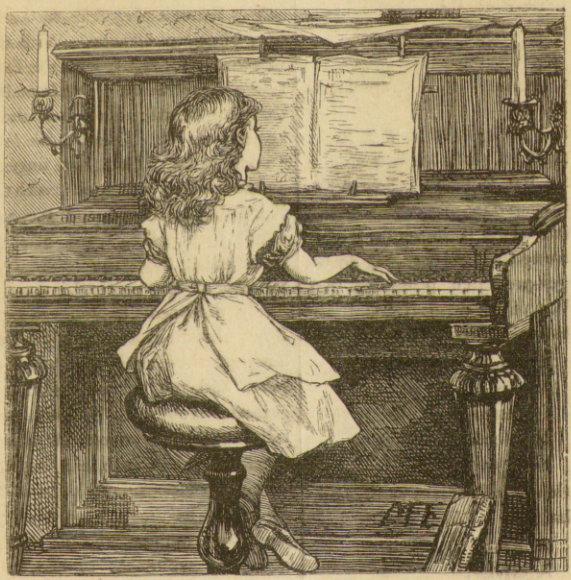
But I can learn sweet music
Like sister Jane and Kate,
And play on pa's piano
Till hours are growing late.

I'm saving up my money—
It's locked up on the shelf;
And when I'm one-and-twenty
I'll buy one for myself.

My lessons are no trouble,
Each note I quickly read,
Which makes me very certain
I shall at length succeed.

And then I'll be a teacher,
With fine house like Miss Blair;
She gets a lot of pupils—
They come from everywhere.

I'll speak to her to-morrow
When she is all alone,
To give me extra lessons,
And get me faster on.



Oh, dear! won't that be charming,
With music of my own;
Pa says a grand piano
Is very rich in tone.

I'll go right up to London
To buy one, like Miss Blair
Who bought a grand piano
When she was staying there.

She's such a clever player,
Her fingers seem to fly;
She got it all by practice,
And so, indeed, may I.

Pa says I play correctly,
Although I'm very young
I've got an ear for music
Which carries me along.

Just fancy me a teacher!
With pupils every day;
And getting lots of money
For teaching how to play.

I'll advertise for pupils,
With brass-plate on the door,
And say I'm in attendance
From ten o'clock till four.

And in the winter season
I'll hire the public hall,
And give a splendid concert,
Just like Professor Ball.

I'll give away some tickets
To get the big folks down—
Then won't I be distinguished
And popular in town!

W. HOYLE.

THE TWO FINGER-POSTS.

A Model Band of Hope Lesson.

BY T. H. EVANS.

My dear Young Friends,—The tendency of drink, and everything belonging to it, is *bad*, so I wish you all to learn at once, and for ever, that it is *right* to abstain and *wrong* to drink; and the better to impress it upon your minds, spell those two words—right and wrong—letter by letter, on the fingers of each hand. Up with your right hand; now then—

R I G H T;

now the left hand—

W R O N G.

What is it that is wrong? Why, spell it on your fingers after me—D R I N K.

What is right? Why—W A T E R.

There are the two paths before you in life—one to the left and the other to the ight; which will you choose—*water*, which is *right*, or *drink* which is *wrong?* Surely you will not turn to the left; for what do we find on the finger-post that points in that direction? Why, that drink leads those whom it deludes in that downward path to—

D isease,
R uin,
I dleness,
N eglect,
K navery.

But look at the finger-post on your right, whither does that lead? Why, to—

W isdom,
A ctivity,
T hrift,
E njoyment,
R ectitude.

The friends that you will meet by the way, if you keep in the path that is *right*, are—

R eligion,
I ndustry,
G ood-health,
H onesty,
T ruth.

But take the drink-stained turning to the left, the road that is wrong, and who are they who will often be your companions hen?

W ant,
R emorse,
O utrage,
N egligence,
G uilt.

Will you risk the possibility of having any such undesirable companions as these? Surely not.

Now, lads! I want your teetotalism to be as much a matter of certainty as the fact that twelve pence make one shilling. Teetotalers may be divided into two classes—those who abstain for the love of acting out that which they believe to be true; others because they fear the evil that drink may bring upon them. With the former it is a matter of right, with the latter, a question of expediency. Don't be frightened at that long word; it is a deal shorter than it appears to be. Once more let that little "spelling-bee" hop from finger to finger, and see if we cannot spell it with five letters—X P D N C. There you are, you see! It is not such a long word after all. Learn from this, that the difficulty lying in the way of any particular course will most likely disappear if you manfully face it. Boys, abstain as a matter of *principle!* Be amongst those who love truth for its own sake, and not for any advantage to be gained thereby. A boy who will bravely follow a certain course on principle, without a thought of gain, can be trusted under all circumstances. Make your temperance principles as much a part of yourself as your own name—even as sweetness is to honey or whiteness to the snow. And shall I tell you why I wish you to assume so unflinching an attitude towards this great evil? Because it is just as unbending towards you.

It is a foe that knows no relenting moment, no kindly impulse. It sleeps neither night or day; but regardless of rank, sex, or age, wields its deadly weapon with a never-tiring and unsparing hand. Do you not remember the working models at the Crystal Palace? Dancing figures, windmills, miniature artisans, and various other mechanical devices, each one with a card fixed near a small opening, containing "Put in a penny and the model will play."

We may apply this to that most wonderful of all mechanism—the human body. Put in the drink, and the model—I mean the body—will play some of the most fantastic tricks possible. Put in the drink, and a whole legion of destructive imps are let loose amongst all the delicate machinery, and to work they go at once: some at your brain, some at your heart, some at your lungs, and so on, until the whole body is more or less damaged.

Put a penny in the Palace model, and nothing can stop the figures from moving as their maker intended. In like manner, if you are unwise enough to put strong drink into that model palace of wonder and beauty, your own marvellous body, you set in motion a host of the most destructive little fiends that ever marred the beautiful works of God.

Boys! Surely you will never touch strong drink after such a *model argument* as that. May He incline your heart to that which is right; then, however humble your lot may be, you will have your reward, and see, as you go through life, many a trial and many a tempting snare *pass by* the brave and manly youth who always keeps this truth at his fingers' ends, that *Drink* is *Wrong*, and *Water Right!*

"My own experience, both in country and town practice, has been that two-thirds of all my patients, rich as well as poor, have been indebted to drinking for either the onset or the recurrence of their illness. After careful and elaborate research, I am compelled to believe that at least 100,000 human beings die every year in this country from the direct effects of alcoholic drinking. In addition to this enormous loss of life, close on 75 per cent. of our pauperism, 80 per cent. of our crime, and nearly one-half of our insanity are, at an annual cost of nearly £150,000,000 for the mere price of the liquor, the product of—

'Our heavy-headed revel east and west.'"

—*Norman Kerr, M.D., F.L.S., Speech at Medical Conference, Manchester, August* 8, 1877.

TWO PICTURES.

Unaltered and unchecked he goes,
The drunkard to his death,
Now cursing bitterly his woes
With his expiring breath.

The room is bare, oh not a sign
Of happiness dwells there,
For drink doth all its toils entwine
And lures him to death's snare.

Uncleansed the drunkard meets his doom
With ghastly sunken eyes;
No faithful friend within that room
Gives ear unto his cries.

He leaves this sinful world of strife,
Now all his cares are past—
A drunkard from the prime of life,
A drunkard to the last.

* * * *

Within a neat and homely room,
A Christian's dying fast:
A smile doth now his face illume,
Which cheers him to the last.

His wife, his child, and many a friend,
Assemble round him there,
And solemnly their voices blend,
To God in humble prayer.

The sufferer knows his end is nigh,
And soon he'll shortly meet
His long departed friends on high,
Around God's holy seat.

Ah! welcomely he greets his end,
His sorrows now will cease;
He bids farewell to every friend,
Then sleeps the sleep of peace.

* * * *

Oh, what a contrast we behold,
Amid the human throng,
In these two pictures truly told,
Portraying right from wrong.

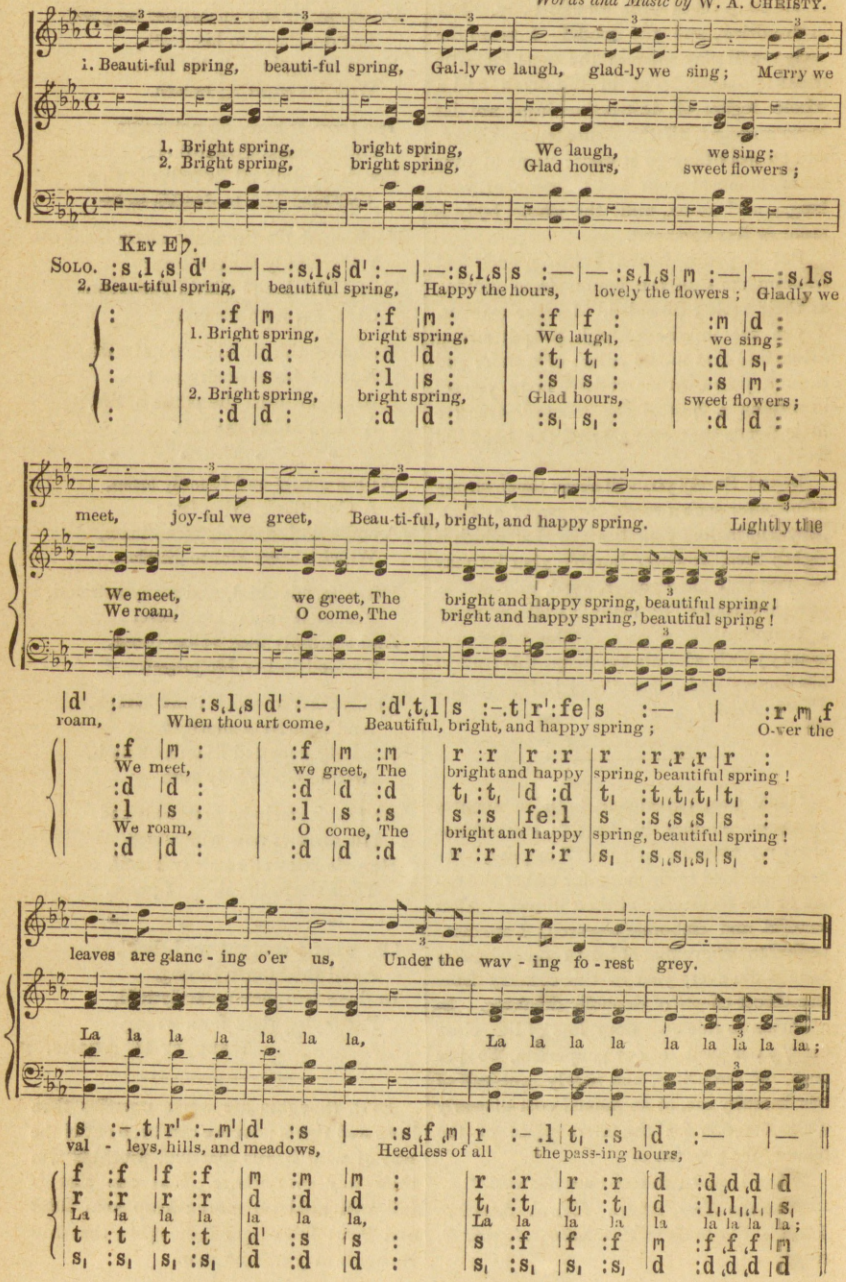
Herbert H. Adams.

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.

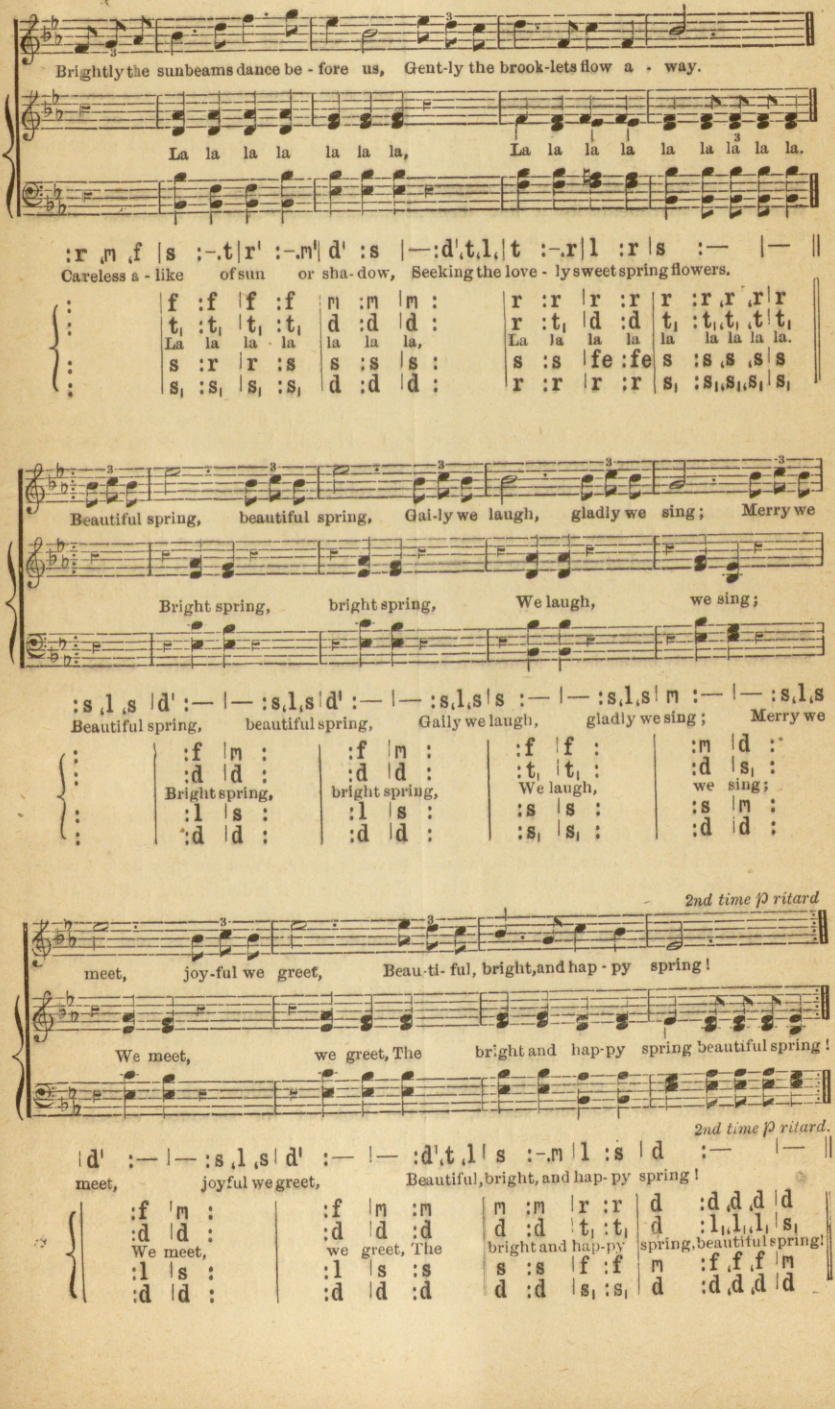
BEAUTIFUL SPRING.

SOLO AND ACCOMPANIMENT.

Words and Music by W. A. CHRISTY.



BEAUTIFUL SPRING—(*Continued*).



RISDALE LODGE.

BY CHARLES J. COLLINS.

CHAPTER II.—IN LONDON.

UPON arriving in London, Mr. Compton's first act was to proceed to a fashionable hotel in the West End, where he engaged comfortable apartments for a few days; then, feeling rather hungry, he ordered a substantial meal and a bottle of wine, and made himself, what he considered, extremely comfortable.

The meal dispatched, and the entire bottle of wine disposed of, he requested the waiter to call him early in the morning, and retired to rest.

At eight o'clock on the following morning he was accordingly aroused, by a loud knocking at his bed-room door, and recollecting that he was in a London hotel, and what had brought him there, he hastily dressed himself, and attempted to eat some breakfast; but, probably owing to the wine he had imbibed the previous evening, he could do little else than taste it; so it was sent away nearly untouched. Moreover, he had a most distressing headache, which did not by any means improve his temper, so he immediately afterwards descended to the street, hoping that the fresh air would do him good.

Making his way down Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Holborn, he at length arrived at Red Lion Square, where the family lawyer, Mr. Sanders, resided. Halting before an old-fashioned house, with a brass plate upon the door, on which the name and occupation of the resident was engraved, he entered the door, which stood open, and proceeding up a prim-looking flight of stairs, knocked at a door upon the first floor. In obedience to a summons from an unseen person, he entered the room, and discovered Mr. Sanders seated, in conversation with a short, shrewd-looking man, apparently about forty years of age. Mr. Sanders arose as Mr. Compton entered, and introduced the stranger to him, as Mr. Crabb, the detective officer who had succeeded in capturing his runaway servant.

"I took the liberty of sending for you, Mr. Compton," the lawyer remarked, when they were all comfortably seated, "to learn what your wishes were concerning this man we have got; do you intend getting the case up against him, or will you let things go on quietly, and give him a chance of escape?"

"Prosecute him by all means, the infamous rascal," said Mr. Compton. "What have you done with him?"

"He is at present in custody awaiting examination," said the lawyer.

"And I suppose you want me to stay here till the trial comes off?" said Mr. Compton, in an irritable tone.

"Oh! no, sir," said Mr. Sanders; "the trial will not take place in London at all. He will be examined here, and then committed to Arlsford Assizes for trial, as the robbery took place in ——shire."

Mr. Compton seemed much annoyed that he could not have it all settled off at once, but, restraining his anger, he turned to the police-officer, and said, "And pray, my man, how did you manage to find this fellow?"

"Well, sir," said Mr. Crabb, "it would take too long to tell you all the ways I went about it; but I searched for him in all the places we usually go to for this sort of case; among the billiard-rooms and music-halls, and such like; for I generally find, sir, that it's a craving after drink and gambling which leads these respectable servants away. You see they have a rather close time of it indoors, and getting at the liquor very often, and mostly having the example of their masters and missuses before 'em, they eventually get much too fond of their beer allowance, and when holidays come round, they are obliged to go to the public-house to get their drops, and *there* they meet with bad company, such as those fellows who are always on the look-out for servants, especially if they've got their quarter's money with them. Well, sir, the end of that is, they often add gambling to their drink, and so step by step they gradually come down to what this poor fellow was."

"Yes, yes," hastily exclaimed Mr. Compton, scarcely liking the detective's

allusions to the examples of their masters, "but you have not told me yet how you got him at last."

"Well, sir," said the man, "I traced him from place to place till I found he had been to a friend's house, but I lost him there, for they couldn't tell me where he had gone, and I couldn't find out for some time, till I heard of him again in Liverpool, where he had assumed a false name; and from there back to London, and, at last, in a gambling-house of the worst sort, I learned his address, and proceeded to his lodgings. There the landlady, who seemed a motherly sort of person, informed me that he was ill, and that I could not see him. Upon telling her who I was and what I came for, of course she allowed me to enter, and I left her at the door much distressed, and lamenting that so promising a young man should have fallen into evil ways. Upon reaching his room, I found he was really very ill, and I felt very reluctant to tell him what I came for. He saved me the trouble, however, by guessing my errand; he confessed he was guilty, and seemed very remorseful about the affair."

"And did he not offer any excuse for the robbery?" said Mr. Compton.

"Well, to tell the truth, sir, he said it was through yourse'f," said Crabb.

"The rascal!" Mr. Compton burst forth angrily. "How dare he say such a thing, when he knows I always treated him too well for a servant." This was quite true, for Mr. Compton had taken a great liking for this man, and it was with great indignation that he first discovered his servant had robbed the house and decamped.

"That's just it, sir," said the dectective, "people mean well, I daresay, when they are so liberal to folks about them; but it often causes a man's ruin, and this seems to be one of those cases. He says he scarcely drank anything before he came into your service; but what with plenty of beer indoors and the quantity you supplied him with when you were out driving about the country, the habit grew upon him rapidly, and then he took to the beerhouses and gambling, and having one night lost more than he could pay, he came home the worse for liquor, and, after robbing the house, he fled."

Mr. Compton, who had been gradually getting out of temper during Crabb's recital, here broke out in a torrent of wrath, in which the words "Infamous rascal!" and "Daring to lay such thievish propensity at *his* door," &c., formed the chief burden, and leaving orders to Mr. Sanders to "prosecute him to the utmost rigour of the law," he bounded down the stairs and into the street, leaving the two men of law looking much astonished.

"Phew!" whistled the detective; "I didn't think I should rouse a temper like that; has he been drinking, think you?"

"Very probably," said the lawyer; "I hear that within the last year or two he has drank deeply, but of late I thought he was getting over his weakness. He has caused his wife much anxiety, although his conduct at home has changed but little."

"I am afraid he'll come to a bad end if he don't put the break on," said Mr. Crabb. "Ah! well, they should just take our place for a few weeks, and see the effects of such folly, it might be a lesson to some of them," and with a sigh the detective left the office.

Mr. Compton remained in London a short time longer; but in spite of his endeavours to enjoy himself as heretofore, the conversation at the lawyer's office had damped his spirits, and although he tried the theatre as a means of overcoming his depression, the words of the detective seemed constantly recurring to his mind, "It was through your example!" and it was in vain he tried to convince himself he was not to blame, for his accusing conscience sorely troubled him, and he began to be dissatisfied with himself and all the world.

It was in this unenviable state of mind that he returned at last to Risdale, and was welcomed by his wife with no little surprise; for when Mr. Compton had occasion to go up to London, he generally stayed there a considerable time; it was, therefore, with some curiosity she asked him the reason he returned so soon. Her husband, however,

was in no mood to answer inquiries, and so he made some unkind reply, and looking round for something about which he could find fault, he at length ended his survey by inquiring after the children.

"They have gone to a meeting in the village," said Mrs. Compton, hesitatingly, as she began to realize the fact that her husband had been drinking; "they did not know that you were coming home to-day, dear, or they would have been at the station to meet you."

"What sort of meeting have they gone to?" growled her husband.

"A—a temperance meeting," faltered his poor wife.

"And how dare you let my children go to such a place without my permission!" wrathfully exclaimed her husband. "I'll not let *them* learn any new-fangled notions if *I* can help it; where have they gone to?"

Upon Mrs. Compton informing her irate husband of the place of meeting, he turned and left the room, without another word; leaving his poor wife sorrowfully thinking of her husband's ill-temper, and contrasting his present ill-humour with the peacefulness they had so long enjoyed, and dreading to hear the sequel of the children's visit to the village.

(*To be continued.*)

Boy Smokers.—Here and there about the street corners and around the doors of places of amusement you will see a lot of urchins, some of them decently clad and presenting a respectable appearance, who are engaged in asserting their manhood by puffing away at execrable cigars. It is fair to presume that their anxious mammas are not aware of the foul habits their darling boys pick up and practise outside of the parental roof; but for their benefit they should know that it is stated that a French physician has investigated the effect of smoking on thirty-eight boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were addicted to the habit. Twenty-seven presented distinct symptoms of nicotine poison. In twenty-two there were serious disorders of the circulation, indigestion, dulness of intellect, and a marked appetite for strong drinks; in three there was heart-affection; in eight decided deterioration of blood; in twelve there was frequent epistaxis; ten had disturbed sleep, and four had ulceration of the mucous membrane of the mouth. It is easy, then, to see how the ranks of the drunkards and dissolute men "about town" are recruited, when there are so many boys in training for delirium tremens and the horrors of dissipation.—*Christian Age.*

Juvenile Smoking.—"Evidences arise every day which convince me more and more that the prevalent use of tobacco, especially by the younger portion of the community, is destroying the physical stamina of our country, stripping youth of its bloom and beauty, and manhood of its virility, with a reflex influence on morals which is truly deplorable. Where are the fine, healthy, blooming boys, tall and strong, and well developed, with which I was familiar in the days of my youth? For the most part I see pale faces and stunted growth, and effeminate habits, and yellow eyes, and the short pipe, bearing witness to the chief cause of the notorious diminution in stature, recognised by the military authorities!"—*Dean of Carlisle.*

WHO ARE HEROES?

WHO are heroes in life's battle?
Who will win it by-and-by?
Those who do the greatest service,
Most of all themselves deny.

Not alone by deeds of slaughter
Are the brightest laurels won;
Not alone 'mid scenes of carnage
Are the grandest actions done.

Often in our daily duties,
Something in our wonted task,
Needs the exercise of courage
Greater e'en than warriors ask.

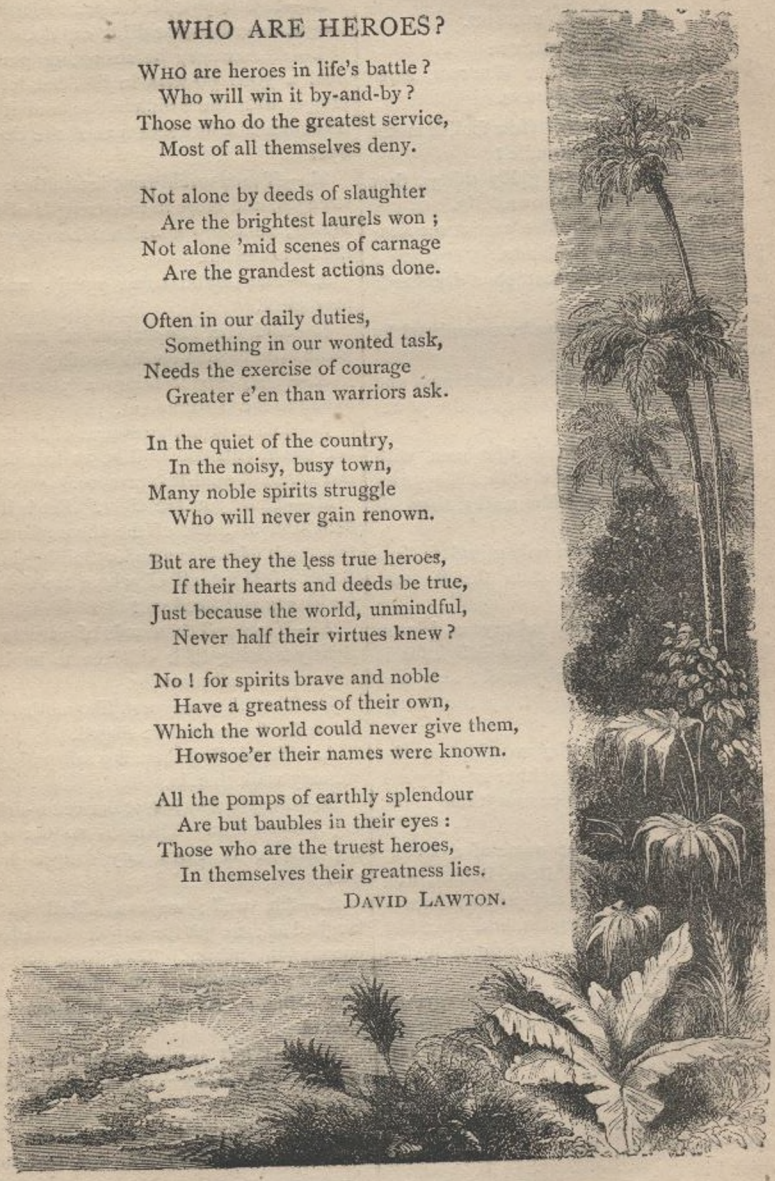
In the quiet of the country,
In the noisy, busy town,
Many noble spirits struggle
Who will never gain renown.

But are they the less true heroes,
If their hearts and deeds be true,
Just because the world, unmindful,
Never half their virtues knew?

No! for spirits brave and noble
Have a greatness of their own,
Which the world could never give them,
Howsoe'er their names were known.

All the pomps of earthly splendour
Are but baubles in their eyes:
Those who are the truest heroes,
In themselves their greatness lies.

DAVID LAWTON.



GIDDY MOTHS.

A Dialogue for Three Girls.

BY W. P. W. BUXTON.

CHARACTERS:
JANE BOCKING, ANNIE WESTON, AND MARY BURNS.

ANNIE.—Dear a me! How foolish moths are to fly so near the candle!

MARY.—Yes; poor giddy things, they kill themselves by their own folly.

JANE.—So people often cannot see danger until singed by its flames.

M.—I often think that poor drunkards are like moths.

J.—And cut off in youth or manhood by strong drink.

A.—Yes; they rush into the flames, and drop hopelessly singed beneath the power of the tempter!

M.—One would think that men with reason would have more sense. They run to the fiery flame, and like moths, they fall and die.

J.—And often, when only crippled, they cannot be induced to shun the foe and seek the path of safety.

A.—Drink spreads misery and woe wherever it is found. How delightful it would be if every family could sing and realise the picture taught by that song, "Love at Home!"

M.—The moths who worship at the shrine of Bacchus heed neither warning nor instruction; they sacrifice everything in the flames of dissipation.

A.—I could give the name of a doctor, educated at Queen's College, Belfast, who recently became a railway porter; he was discharged for drunkenness, and when last heard of was seen lying dead drunk in the street, almost naked.

J.—That reminds me of a clergyman who fell out of a boat, and was drowned because he was too drunk to make any effort to save himself.

M.—Such cases are very sad. Our homes cannot be too sacredly guarded; and our children cannot be too carefully trained in the way they should go.

A.—It is an easy matter for the foe to insert the thin end of the wedge.

M.—But, at first, it may be as easily thrust back.

A.—It is impossible for pen to narrate or tongue describe what drink can do.

J.—A man may be strong, or pure, or hold a good position in life, but let him tamper with the insidious foe, and it *may* transform him into a demon of the deepest dye.

M.—If men would trust less in their own strength, and more in the strength of their Maker, so many would not be singed by the flames of sin.

A.—The candle burns openly, and all may see it.

J.—And the law-makers of our land make laws to sanction its burning.

A.—They say it brings a princely revenue to the Government.

J.—And a princely revenue of bodies to our graveyards too. Give us less drink, and we shall need less revenue.

M.—There you are right. But is it not delightful to think of the thousands upon thousands of soldiers under training in our Bands of Hope, all of whom are fighting for liberty and freedom!

A.—Yes; and thousands of parents are rightly training their children to habits of temperance and morality.

J.—That they may not, like moths, flutter in the flames and be singed.

A.—Thank God there is a safe path, and we may walk therein.

M.—People may jest at our water-drinking propensities. There is no tax upon it; neither is there any danger in its use.

A.—Ah, well; we can afford to be laughed at; we get the happiness, and our enemies the misery. They have done all in their power to crush our efforts.

M.—But so far we have held our own ground.

A.—And if I am not mistaken, we are making rapid advances on the territories of our foes.

J.—We will not relax our efforts. We have raised our standard, and woe unto those who shall attempt to tear it down!

M.—Let us pray daily that God may still further help and prosper our efforts, and

give us the desire of our hearts in the fruit of our labours.

A.—And may the moderate drinkers, who deplore drunkenness with the wine-cup in their hands, no longer aid the traffic by their influence, but give us their approval and aid.

M.—With many it is considered respectable to drink.

J.—Then let us make it more respectable to abstain.

A.—We will fight heart and soul for Prohibition, that we may rid the country of the misery which drink entails upon the community?

M.—For my part, I intend to work more for Truth and Temperance.

J.—Let us also pray more, plead more, and strive more than ever to induce our friends to forsake the intoxicating cup.

A.—Total abstinence and true religion alone can give us a national and lasting "peace with honour," and rid our country of that evil of intemperance which singes and destroys the moths who flutter in its flame.

M.—Then our triumph shall be sure; the triumph of domestic peace, national prosperity, and the glory of the human race.

(JANE and MARY exeunt.)

ANNIE (To the audience). — Be not like the giddy moth which flutters about the candle of destruction. Woe unto those who tamper with the wine-cup! "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Be not deceived by false lights; but come and join our noble cause, and your future years shall be blessed with richer joys than all the joys of wine!

(EXIT.)

THE ORPHAN'S SOLILOQUY.

How lonely now this wide world seems,
Since those I love are gone!
My childhood full of pleasant dreams,
How swiftly hath it flown!

How old I feel since grief hath laid
Its cold touch on my heart!
How hath that touch made bright joys fade,
And glowing hopes depart!

I had a home, but now no more
I gladly hasten there,
To take my place at father's side,
And join the evening prayer.

No mother waits, with smile all bright,
To greet my coming now;
I miss her fondly breathed good-night,
Her kiss upon my brow.

Perhaps God called my parents hence
To teach me to depend
Alone on Him, who is, I know,
The lonely orphan's friend.

Life hath its dangers and its snares,
And I am young and weak;
But I shall have no cause to fear
Whilst heavenly strength I seek.

Where bad companions would entice
My feet shall never stray;
I'll seek, with those who love the Lord,
To walk in wisdom's way.

Whate'er dear parents disapproved,
I'll shun with constant care;
I'll search the Scriptures every day—
There's light and guidance there.

The drinks that make the drunkard reel
My lips shall never pass;
God give me grace to never taste
The intoxicating glass!

Whether I'm called to high estate
Or station humbly low,
I'll strive to do what good I can,
And lessen human woe.

And so, dear parents, in awhile
Your orphan boy shall come
Where death can never part us more,
To our unchanging home.

Life's years shall swiftly speed along;
And when my race is run,
Oh! may I hear my Saviour say
That blessed word, "Well done!"

MRS. E. C. A. ALLEN.

WHAT THE DOCTORS SAY.

"THERE is no greater cause of evil, moral or physical, in this country, than the use of alcoholic beverages. I do not mean by this that extreme indulgence which means drunkenness. The habitual use of fermented liquor to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce that condition—and such is quite common in all ranks of society—injures the body, and diminishes the mental power to an extent which I think few people are aware of. Such, at all events, is the result of my professional experience during more than twenty years of professional life devoted to hospital practice, and to private practice in every rank above it."—*Sir Henry Thompson.*

"The use of alcoholic drinks does not enable cold to be sustained; it does not enable heat to be sustained; it does not ward off the diseases of hot climates, and it does not in the long run produce increased power of sustaining muscular action."—*W. B. Carpenter, M.D., F.R.S.*

"I am an abstainer because, having examined the question on all sides, I have come to the conclusion that the smallest quantity of alcohol limits my usefulness and those lawful pleasures which Providence has provided for me with so bountiful a hand. Don't imagine it conveys strength. There is not a greater delusion on this matter than that alcohol gives strength. It can't give strength; it can take it away. The experience is world-wide that the use of water and other harmless liquids is much more conducive to effective labour than the use of intoxicating drink in any quantity."—*H. S. Paterson, M.D.*

"The grand truths taught by science on the subject are now all clear to this effect, that the old belief of alcoholic drinks being necessary as foods for the wants of man is utterly untenable. No verdict rendered from nature was ever more explicit. As a man of science I can say, that alcohol is not necessary as a food, is not necessary for the wants of man or any living thing, but has simply a physiological effect, perfectly unnatural, and always dangerous."—*B. W. Richardson, M.D., F.R.S., Speech in Cork, September* 19, 1877.

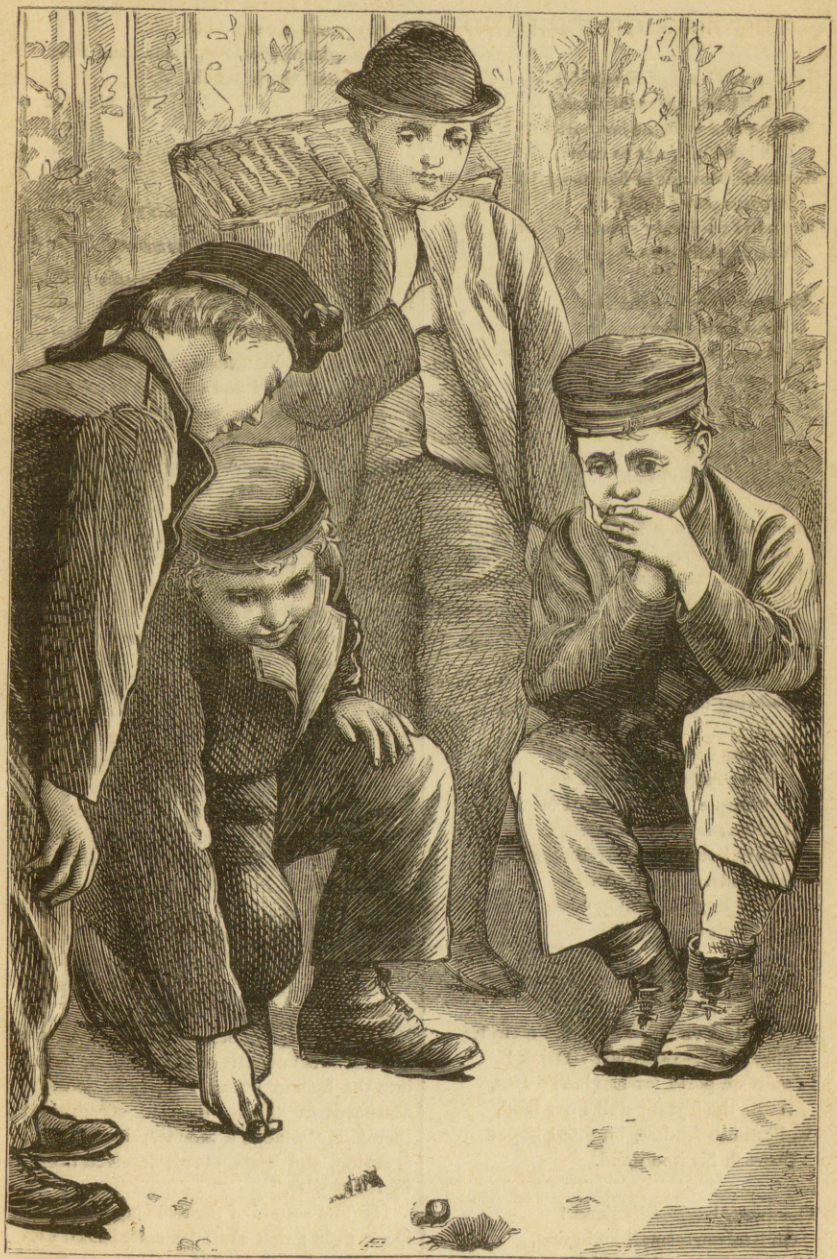
"All alcoholic drinks are more injurious than useful as aliments, even when used in moderaiton."—*Thomas Hawksley, M.D.*

"I never suffer *ardent spirits* in my house, thinking them *evil spirits*. *Spirits* and *poisons* mean the same thing."—*Sir Astley Cooper.*

"Alcohol never creates nervous energy."—*Sir Benjamin Brodie.*

"Many people who pass for highly respectable, and who mean no harm, are thus daily damaging their health, and making themselves unfit to brave any of the storms of life."—*Sir James Paget, F.R.S.*

"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."—*Sir W. Gull.*



"The merry boys of England
Around each peaceful home."—*p.* 50.

THE BOYS OF ENGLAND.

THE merry boys of England !
Around each peaceful home—
The joy and pride of honoured sires,
The hope of years to come.
Restrain them not in harmless sport,
In pastimes of delight ;
Let mind and body stronger grow
And youthful days be bright.

The merry boys of England
Our stalwart men will be,
To plough our meadows, guard our shores,
And man our ships at sea :
And they will be our senators,
Our judges of renown,
And fill each high and honoured seat
In city and in town.

The merry boys of England !
And shall they fill each place ?
Oh ! let us make them wise and good
To elevate our race.
Be every heart and every mind
With holy truth inspired,
A faithful, brave, devoted band
To bring the time desired.

The merry boys of England !
Why spend our strength on men
Who trample on each sacred law,
And fear not voice or pen.
The boys ! the boys, our hope are they,
With pliant, earnest will—
If we the seeds of lasting truth
Into their minds instil.

The merry boys of England !
Oh God ! 'tis sad to think
What snares and pitfalls round them lie
Through the Destroyer—Drink !
In vain we plead for England's sons,
While the Tyrant stalks our land,
And crushes fondest, brightest hopes
Beneath his iron hand.

The merry boys of England !
Oh ! freemen small and great,
Oh ! statesmen will ye trifle with
The interests of the State ?
Remove the snares from youthful feet,
Purge out the sin and strife,
And England, glorious, brave, and free,
Shall hail the purer life !

W. HOYLE.

A FINGER LESSON.

BY W. P. W. BUXTON.

[*The speaker, by way of illustration, should introduce suitable anecdotes and facts, which the want of space prevents our inserting.*]

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I hold up my right hand and you see five fingers. Each finger shall represent a letter of the alphabet, thus—A D A P T ; now, what does that spell ? ADAPT ; yes, and that means to suit, or to fit. It is not, however, the word itself of which I wish to speak, but of the letters forming that word. First, then (*holding up the thumb*), that is what ? Just so, and A stands for *Alcohol*. Now, alcohol is a spirit. A what ? Yes, and it is not the product of growth, but of decomposition or rottenness. Now, all strong drinks contain alcohol, and all the misery, poverty, crime, and premature death caused by drinking is the result of this poisonous alcohol. Alcohol causes the stomach to lose its tone ; it seriously injures the liver, so that it will not properly perform the duties assigned to it by our Creator ; it inflames and irritates the kidneys, which are the scavengers of the human system ; it benumbs and paralyses the brain, that organ which shows that "we are fearfully and wonderfully made," for by it power is given to think, and to move our muscles, bones and limbs. As all intoxicating liquors contain alcohol, we see that it is not a fit substance to be taken into the human frame. There is no more nutriment in alcohol than in strychnine ; therefore, "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

II. The second of the five fingers is—D ? Quite right ; that shall be called DRUNKENNESS. People would not take ale, beer, wine, or spirits, but for the alcohol which

they contain, and it is this alcohol which produces drunkenness. Now, you know there is no greater curse than that. It degrades a man intellectually, it debases him morally, and it ruins him constitutionally. At the shrine of Bacchus he sacrifices every happiness that this world can give, and in the end loses his own soul. And "what shall he give in exchange for his soul?" Dr. Norman Kerr is of opinion that no less than one hundred and twenty thousand persons die annually from the effects of drink. True it is, that this evil is more desolating in its influence than war, more destructive than pestilence, more cruel than famine, and more demoralising than slavery. When people once take to drinking, no amount of warning, as a rule, will persuade them to leave it off. It was drink that killed Webster, the statesman, Sheridan, the orator, Burns, the poet, and others whom we could name; therefore, in the name of your best temporal and spiritual interests, be firm to your pledges, and if your habits are right and your heart right, then will your life be right, both in this world and the next.

III. Let me see. The third finger represents—A? Yes, and that shall stand for ABSTAIN. Why do we abstain? Because physiology, science, and revelation teach us that intoxicating drinks are bad, and fraught with great danger. Total abstinence, however, is a shield to our moral character and spiritual interests. It removes impediments out of the way of the Christian worker, and gives him greater moral power. St. Paul says: "It is neither good to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak." By abstaining and helping to banish our drinking customs, we conserve to the Church numbers who would otherwise be lost. So long as we remain pledged abstainers we can never become drunkards. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and maketh him drunken also."

IV. The next letter is—P? Yes; that means PREVENTION, and "prevention is better than cure." It is easier to train a young sapling than to straighten a crooked oak; so it is easier to properly train a child than to reform a confirmed toper. Characters are more easily marred than made. If parents would only build up the battlements of truth and temperance around their homes, so that no child of theirs could fall, they would never have to mourn over prodigals ruined by drink. You remember the story of the burning prairie. The flames were approaching at the rate of twenty miles an hour, but every man, woman, and child pulled up the grass in a circle, and then set fire to the grass around them. Away it went from them in a circle, and the little band were saved. So are we fighting against intemperance: therefore, my friends, "watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

V. Now we come to the fifth finger, that is—T? Yes; and that stands for TRAIN. An engineman's duty is to mind the train, and that of all wise people to train the mind. The Scriptures say: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." A house must have a good foundation or it cannot stand, and so it is with life. If right principles and good habits be lacking, temptation and sin will soon destroy the whole fabric. In everything there must be honesty, truthfulness, and integrity. As we sow so shall we reap, and very much after the measure of our sowing. We reap in old age the fruit of what we plant in our youth, and if we sow to the wind we shall reap the whirlwind. "Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness;" when sinners entice you, turn away from them; accept God as your guide, the Bible as your chart; stamp out the false lights of intemperance, then shall our Sabbath-schools and our Bands of Hope "become nurseries to the Church, our prisons become museums, our workhouses people's halls, and our country stand up,

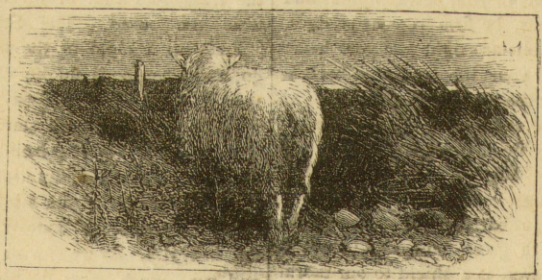
'Great, glorious, and free,
First flower of the land! first gem of the sea!'"

THE STRAY SHEEP.

BY UNCLE BEN.

ONCE upon a time, in the early spring of the year, in a pleasant farm, was born a little lamb. At first it was very weak, and could only bleat a very tiny "baa-baa!" But it soon grew stronger, so that it could run about the fold and make the acquaintance of several young friends born very much about the same time.

It had a kind mother and a comfortable home in the quiet fold, but it liked to have its own way and do just as it pleased.



When it was very little it kept quite near its mother, and directly night came it would roll itself as close as possible to its mother's side until the morning broke. But when the days drew out a little and the evenings were not so cold, it ran about and played with its young friends, and would not come to bed till quite late. And when it could eat a little pasture it thought itself quite a full-grown sheep, and would strut about as proud as anything.

When the bright spring days came, and the hedges wore a tint of green, all the flock were marched along a dusty road for a long journey, and it thought this seemed very much better than always being penned up in a fold.

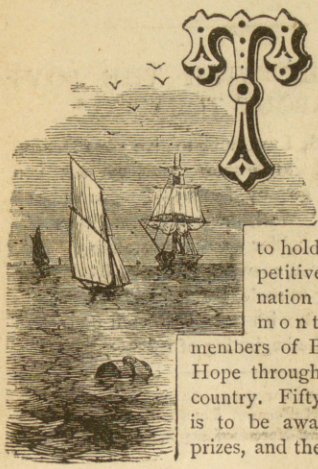
They all safely reached the new fold which was out in a large open field surrounded with low hedges. There was one thing, however, about the new fold that pleased most of the young ones, and that was, that though there were hurdles all round, there was one with wide open bars like a gate, through which the lambs could run into a place by themselves, where the older ones couldn't follow because they were so big. No sooner did our young friend see this than he ran through as fast as he could, and when he was scampering about the other side he turned round and laughed at his mother because she could not follow. But when he came back that night to go to sleep, very cross and very tired, she told him that she should like him to promise her very faithfully never to go away from the fold. "Oh," said the naughty lamb, feeling very uncomfortable, "I will promise I will never run away."

"Mind," said the mother, "that's *a pledge*, and if you keep it you will never repent having made it, and you will be kept from a thousand perils and dangers."

For some time the promise was well-kept, but as the lamb got bigger and stronger, and had now got a fine woolly coat and looked quite as old as his mother, he began to wonder what the world outside the fold was like; he got more and more restless, and longed each day to get away from the restraint of the shepherd and the watch-dog. He had grown too big to get through the open-fence, but one day, he noticed that one of the hurdles was loose, and he thought if he waited till night, he would try and get through, and then he would be off without being seen, and have a day's pleasure and come back again all

right the next night. When evening came, he laid himself near this place, from which he meant to escape. And in the dead of night, when all was dark as pitch, he pushed himself very quietly through with very much pain and trouble; then he walked as silently as he could through the long clover field where they were then stationed, and not being able to find any way out, he was obliged to drag himself through a gap in the hedge. He rambled on and on all night, and when morning came, he found himself alone, in a wild, open tract of country. He could not see the way back, and now tired and weary, he felt he would never be able to return to the fold, and then he thought of his broken pledge and vow to his mother; but it was too late to go back, he knew not which way to turn. So while wandering hopelessly about, he was found by a man who took him to a butcher to be killed. So that was the sad end of the wayward sheep and the broken pledge. I trust all my young friends will see the meaning of this parable, and remember how foolish and wicked it is to disobey our kind parents, and how much sorrow and ruin we bring upon ourselves when we despise their wise counsel and advice.

WHAT'S IN THE BEER?



THE United Kingdom Band of Hope Union have decided to hold a competitive examination in this month for members of Bands of Hope throughout the country. Fifty pounds is to be awarded in prizes, and the examination is to consist of answers to questions founded on "The Worship of Bacchus," by Mr. Ebenezer Clarke. It is a very cheap work, the price being only twopence, and is well worth the money and time spent in reading to all people interested in the question, but especially for Band of Hope workers.

A briet analysis may be instructive to our general readers and valuable to those who intend to be examined.

The delusive character of intoxicating liquors is illustrated by a thorough investigation of the process of brewing. A gallon of beer is proved not to contain one half-pennyworth of barley, though it cost two shillings, and in the destruction of the grain from barley to malt there is a direct loss of 20 per cent. in the weight. The object in malting and brewing is not to form a wholesome and nutritious drink, but simply to extract so much saccharine matter from the grain as can by fermentation be changed into alcohol. The process of brewing consists merely in a decoction of malt and hops, from which the liquor is drawn off. And then the products are divided between men and beasts; man taking the liquor, while the pig enjoys the nutritious portion that is left. In a gallon of ale at two shillings only two-pennyworth of nutriment is contained. 7½ pints of water are added to half a pound of solid matter, plus the alcohol and carbonic acid gas. By a simple experiment on half a pint of beer the following is the result: ¾ oz. alcohol, 8¼ ozs. water, ½ oz. residuum. The method of fermentation is then clearly described. How sugar is resolved into alcohol and carbonic acid gas is shewn by a practical illustration. Six pounds of barley are used in making a gallon of beer, but before the beer is considered drinkable the barley is reduced to ½ lb.; that is, it loses 5½ lbs. in the manufacture. This loss is replaced by the addition of water, and by the change of sugar into alcohol.

A few interesting remarks are made on condensed beer, in which it is stated that the "valuable constituent" of 36 gallons of beer could be packed away in less than $\frac{1}{9}$ the space, because $\frac{8}{9}$ of the beer was

composed of water. Thus it will be seen "that water forms the largest proportion in the manufacture of beer, and that the value of the solid matter in malt liquor is about equal to that of sugar at a cost of four shillings per pound."

A good comparison is made between two shillings' worth of bread and two shillings' worth of beer; in the one case you get 16 lbs. of wholesome food, and in the other ½ lb. of nutriment with all the injury that alcohol gives the system. The man who spends 6d. a day in beer loses that money with no result for good, but the man who puts by the 6d. saves £9 2s. a year, and in 10 years would have saved £100. The former would have nothing to show except 27 empty barrels, while the other might have a handsome cottage free of rent. An interesting table or series of illustrations show the proportional quantity of proof spirit in beer, wine, and ardent spirits.

In regard to wine, if made from the grape, all the nutriment contained in the wine must be found in the grape. A bunch of grapes weighing 1½ lbs. costing 6d. or 9d. is made into a pint and half of wine, frequently sold at 5s. or 6s., while actually the grape juice or fruit essence can be got for a quarter the price. But for this large loss of nutriment in the conversion from the sugar of the grape into alcohol of the wine a very heavy price is paid. A quart of sherry will contain about 30 ozs. of water, 8 ozs. alcohol, 1¼ oz. sediment. Therefore the solid or food part is paid for at the rate of more than 40 shillings per pound. And by the process of destruction, addition, and abstraction, the result of fermentation, the grape-juice loses all the essential qualities of "the fruit of the vine." The manufacture and adulteration of wines is then dwelt on at some length.

Spirits are generally produced from grain or sugar after fermentation, the liquor being derived from distilled vapour, which after it rises, condenses and drops into the receiver. *Gin* is produced from malted barley and coarse rye, with the addition of juniper-berries. *Rum*, by fermenting sugar and molasses. *Whisky* from malt dried with peat or turf. *Brandy* by the distillation of wine or its lees, or the husks of the grape from the wine-press; the colour is gained by the addition of burnt sugar. Thus it will be seen that spirit is simply a vapour condensed containing no nutritive matter—not a food, but *poison*.

A very conclusive argument is drawn from the comparative mortality of abstainers and non-abstainers. The facts here given are very instructive and useful. The directors of the Temperance Provident Institution for insuring the lives of teetotalers report after nine years' experience that 135 deaths might have occurred according to the lowest average calculation, and 219 according to the highest, but that the actual deaths had been 73. Therefore because "these who don't drink don't die so fast," another company announced that total abstainers are insured in a distinct section to secure to them the full benefits of the greater longevity to which their principles contribute.

In conclusion, as the result of this evidence we ask people everywhere to Abstain. And in so doing to quote Mr. Clarke's own words, "We are not asking any one to adopt a wild Utopian theory which cannot be reduced to practice. Abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks has been tested by experience, and evidence of constantly accumulating facts prove that it is sound in principle, and not only safe but beneficial in practice.

A TALK WITH THE BOYS ABOUT TOBACCO.*

BOYS, I am going to give *you* a lecture. It will be short. Let me ask you before I go any farther—Do you smoke? "No?" Well, never begin, and you will become a nobler man for abstaining. But, perhaps you answer, "Yes." Well, I am not going to scold, but I would like to have a quiet talk with you. Now, tell me—Was not this the beginning of it?—

* From an interesting little work by A. A. Reade. Price One Halfpenny. London: Partridge. Manchester: Anti-Narcotic League, Corporation-street.

You saw men smoking; some of your companions smoked; and you thought it would make *you* look manly to smoke. You did not find it pleasant at first, and besides you were obliged to hide the thing. But there was a spice of romance which made you struggle against the voice of conscience, and so it has gone on till you find yourself a regular smoker. Now, my lads, this friendly talk of mine is just to help you to break off a very bad habit. And as I believe that if you were convinced that it is wrong and hurtful to smoke, you would give it up, I shall give you reasons for doing so. You began to smoke because you thought it would make you more like a man. Well, remember:—

It is not good for a boy to be a man.

You are not a man, but a boy; and would you wish to appear what you really are not?

In school there is no one more hated than a fellow who is always bouncing and bragging what he will do, and trying to appear a very big man. Would you care to be like him! While we are boys let us be so. The time will come soon enough when you would give a great deal to be a boy again.

But only think. Is it so manly, after all, to smoke? What men do is not always manly. It is manly to forgive our enemies, but most men hate them. It is manly to deny ourselves some comfort to help those we love; but too many think more about themselves than about anybody else. After all, does it seem a very manly thing to spend money and time in learning to draw smoke into our mouth and then puff it out? The boy does not require it; he is generally sick before he can take it: he spends money which he cannot afford; puts a bad smell into rooms; makes his clothes stink; annoys ladies and sick people; makes himself the slave of a bad habit; poisons his constitution; prepares the way for drunkenness; and often ends by ruining himself and his character for life. Does that strike you as very manly?

Besides, you have learned to smoke because you wished to be like other people. You did not ask—Can I afford it? Do I require it? Will it do me good? Shall I be setting a right example? But you yielded to a custom. It is dangerous to do as other people do *unless they are very good people indeed.*

But, besides that, smoking is very bad for you. I am not going to argue whether smoking is bad for men or not. It is so, and I can prove it. But it is bad for *you.* All men, whether smokers or non-smokers, whether doctors, or ministers, or teachers, or parents, or friends, agree that smoking is bad for boys. Your body is tender and easily influenced. Tobacco is a poison. It makes you smaller in size, feebler in mind, leads to other bad habits; you find yourself in danger of getting lazy—lolling about when you ought to be at work, and finding out that

> "Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do."

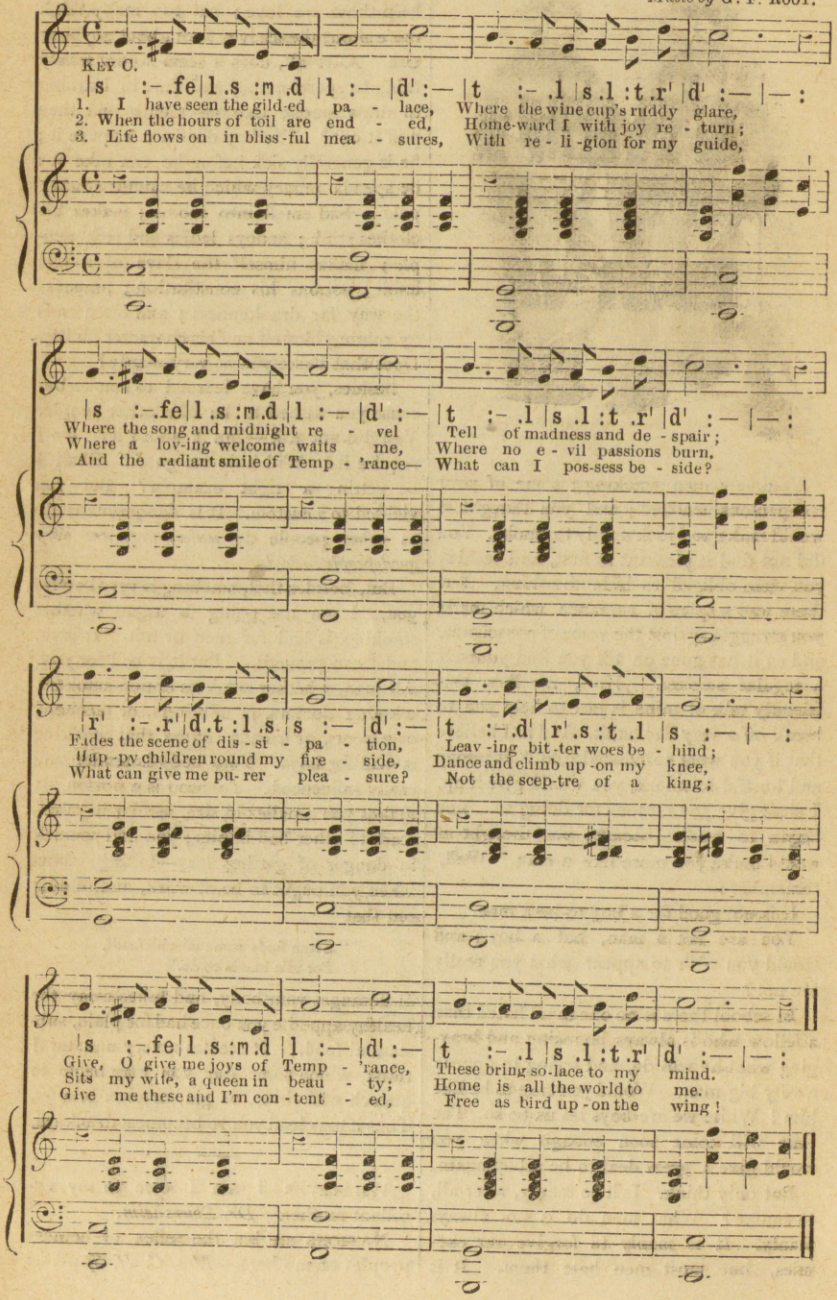
It deranges your body, and takes away the healthy appetite you once had for plain, substantial food. It creates a very unnatural thirst, which some day you may begin to quench with beer, or gin, or even brandy. Thus it may lead you to become a drunkard.

WHATEVER I am I owe to my excellent mother.—*Dr. Spurzheim.*

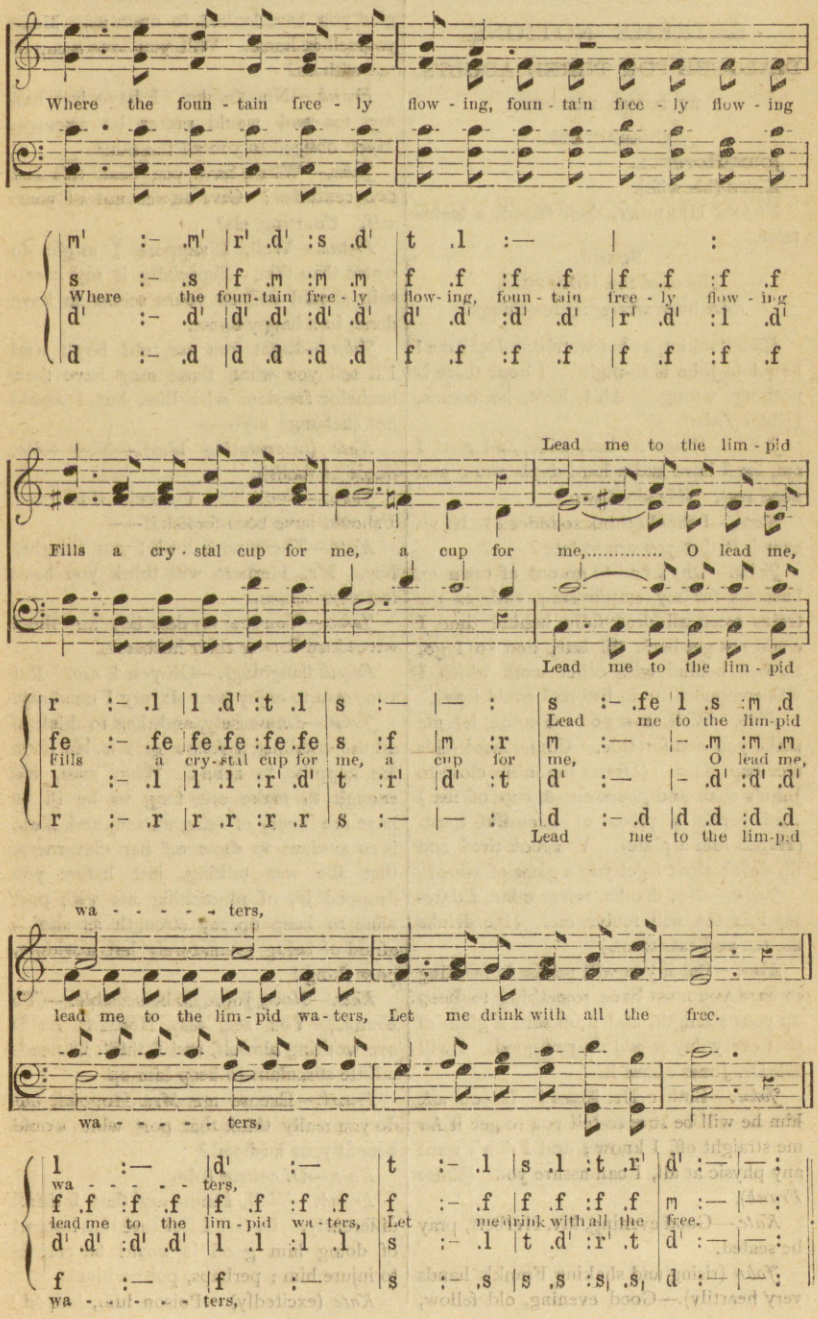
NATIONS are but the reflex of homes: peoples of mothers.—*Mrs. C. H. Spear.*

I HAVE SEEN THE GILDED PALACE.

Words by W. HOYLE. SOLO AND CHORUS. *Music by* G. F. ROOT.



I HAVE SEEN THE GILDED PALACE.—(*continued.*)



EXTREME NOTIONS.

DIALOGUE FOR THREE ADULTS.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

CHARACTERS.

JOHN HOPEFUL.

KATE (his wife).

FRANK HERBERT, their friend, a teetotaler.

SCENE.

Home of the HOPEFULS.

Kate busy arranging tea-things.

Kate (looking at her watch).—Dear me! how late John is to-night. I hope there is nothing wrong. Ah! here he comes. (Enter *John*).

John.—Home at last, wifie, and glad I am, for I have had a hard day's work and need rest. (He sits down.)

Kate.—I should think so indeed! However is it that you are so late?

John.—Oh, I had to go out of town on business for my employers; and, as the trains were all dreadfully behind time, I could not get back till late, and so I got thrown behind with other work which I was compelled to do before I could leave.

Kate.—Well, now you are come, let me make you comfortable. Come, drink this nice cup of tea. (Draws the table close to John's chair and pours out a cup of tea.) And here's a piece of beautiful toast. (Hands him a plate). You look tired and ill, dear; shall I get you a glass of wine?

John.—No, thanks, never mind, I daresay this tea will revive me. (He drinks the tea and eats toast.)

Kate.—But if you will persist in working so hard you must have something to keep up your strength, and I am sure a glass of port every day would do you good. I will ask Dr. Jones about it.

John.—Bother Dr. Jones! If you ask him he will be sure to tell you to get it for me straight off, I know; and I don't want any physic at all, I can assure you. (Enter *Frank*).

Kate.—Good evening, Mr. Herbert, pray be seated.

John (rising and shaking Frank's hands very heartily).—Good evening, old fellow, glad you have looked in upon us. Make yourself at home. Will you have a cup of tea with us?

Frank.—No, thanks. I have just had my tea and would rather be excused. Much obliged to you all the same.

John.—Where have you been this last two centuries? Give an account of yourself. Courting, eh?

Frank.—Well, I suppose I might do worse than that. Especially if my courtship should end, as yours seems to have done, in a happy home.

John.—Right you are, old boy; and I'll tell you what, those may have their bachelor freedom who like, but I would not exchange my——

Kate (interrupting him).—Now John, don't be foolish.

John.—Foolish! I should think not, I should have been foolish if——

Kate.—There now, hush! you naughty boy. Mr. Herbert will think you have lost your senses.

John.—You see, my dear boy, how these wives lord it over their husbands.

Frank (laughing).—Oh yes, I see. But you seem to enjoy your slavery I must say.

John.—Immensely, and then to think of all the coddling a fellow gets if his little toe happens to ache! Why, man, it's enough to make one long to be ill to have the luxury of being nursed, and Kate is so anxious to show off her cleverness, that she was talking, just before you dropped in, of physicking me with port wine to keep up my strength as she is afraid of being prematurely left a widow, poor thing!

Kate.—Now, John, do be sensible.—(To Frank.)—You see, Mr. Herbert, he is overworking himself, and I think he needs a little stimulant to keep him up.

Frank.—Excuse me, Mrs. Hopeful, but do you really think that port wine would benefit your husband?

Kate.—Of course I do.

Frank.—Well, I must say that I think differently. In fact I feel sure that instead of doing him good it would be certain to injure him; perhaps, poison him.

Kate (excitedly).—Poison him, indeed!

Oh, you teetotalers, what extreme notions you have about wine! I have no patience.

John.—Now, Katie dear, don't get into a passion, but listen carefully to what Mr. H. has to say, for I feel sure that he must have good reasons for holding his views, and I should like to hear them. (To Frank.) I hope you will favour us with your reasons for thinking that wine is not good when taken medicinally.

Frank.—Certainly, for I feel that some explanation is called for from me after what I have said. Not long ago I had occasion to call upon a medical gentleman with a large practice in a neighbouring town, respecting the case of a friend of mine ; and among other things the prescription of wine as a medicine was mentioned ; and he very emphatically stated it to be his candid opinion that in *ninety-nine* cases out of every hundred where it was taken *it did far more harm than good.* And I find that he is far from being alone in his opinion ; for lately, no less an authority than Sir Wm. Gull, M.D., F.R.S., in his evidence before the Peers' Select Committee on Intemperance said, "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."

Kate.—But you said it might poison him.

Frank.—Yes, and I was going to quote Sir Wm. Gull on that point as well, for in his evidence he said, "A very large number of people in society are dying day by day poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it. I should say, from my experience, that alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country." So much for Sir Wm. Gull. Drs. Mudge, Carpenter, Munroe, and Prof. Miller all give similar testimony. And as alcohol is the chief ingredient in wine, you see that I am not without warranty for saying your husband might be poisoned by it if he began to take it.

John.—I knew you had good reasons for holding your opinions. What do you think of his extreme notions now, Kate

Kate.—Oh, if it comes to argument I shall have to give in, I see. I hope, Mr. Herbert, you will not take offence at my rudeness. I really ought not to have called your conscientious opinions, extreme notions. I beg your pardon most sincerely.

Frank.—Oh, I am not offended in the least, I can assure you.

John.—I am afraid that it is you who hold extreme notions about wine, my dear.

Kate.—You old tease.

Frank (rising).—Now I must go, and I do hope that you will both think over this question for yourselves, and join our Temperance movement. I know a young man who was married a little over three years ago. Soon after his marriage he had a severe illness, and his wife persuaded him to take wine as a medicine. He soon began to like it, and to-day he is a confirmed drunkard. His home is broken up, and his once happy wife is now a poor miserable heart-broken woman. It is very dangerous indeed to meddle with such a seductive thing as wine, and only those are completely safe, who, at the risk of being charged with holding extreme notions, abstain entirely from its use. Good night.

[Exit *Frank.*

John.—What about my having wine, now, wifie?

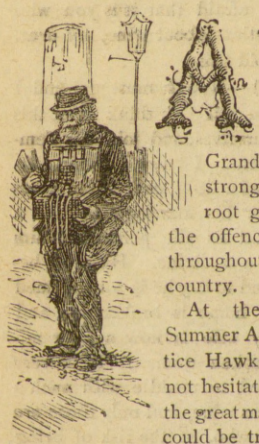
Kate.—Oh, John, I should die, I am sure, if you were to become a drunkard, and all through me, too. I think Mr. Herbert is right and I am wrong.

John.—Spoken like a true little woman, and now I think I may confess that for some time past I have felt that it was quite time for us to join our teetotal friends in their grand and glorious crusade against intemperance, Shall we do so to-night?

Kate.—With all my heart. (To the audience).—Dear friends, I daresay a great many of you have thought, as I have done, that the teetotalers held very extreme notions. I beg of you to give the great facts and arguments which from time to time are brought before you, your earnest

consideration, and as Christian men and women I am sure you will ultimately feel it to be your duty to join our Temperance movement, and thus help to remove the greatest obstacle to the progress of Christianity, and rid our country of its greatest curse. [Exit.

WHAT JUDGES SAY.



AT the Staffordshire Assizes Mr. Justice Denman, in charging the Grand Jury, said, strong drink is at the root generally of all the offences of violence throughout the whole country.

At the Bedfordshire Summer Assizes, Mr. Justice Hawkins said, he did not hesitate to affirm that the great majority of crimes could be traced either directly or indirectly to the influence of drink. His lordship appealed to the Grand Jury not only to repress the crime of drunkenness, but also to bring their influence to bear on those who encouraged drunkenness. It was his opinion that those who indulged in the baneful and pernicious vice and those who encouraged it should both be put down with a strong hand.

At the Quarter Sessions for the City of Manchester, August 8th, the Recorder, Mr. H. W. West, Q.C., said that he could not help remarking, as he had done frequently, that the number of crimes directly attributable to intemperance committed in this city, bore a great proportion to all crimes committed.

At the Summer Assizes for the County of Devon, Mr. Justice Denman said, on one occasion in a northern county he sat to try a calendar of sixty-three prisoners, out of which thirty-six were charged with offences of violence from murder downwards—there being no less than six murders for trial among the thirty-six—in every single case, not indirectly but directly these offences were attributed to excess of drinking.

At Durham Quarter Sessions, March 18, the Chairman said, in charging the Grand Jury, that when high wages prevailed crimes of violence greatly increased, whereas the present low rate of wages was co-existent with the satisfactory decrease of crime. High wages means more drink; low wages means less drink and hence less crime.

Mr. Justice Mellor, at the Chester Assizes, after an experience of fifteen years as a judge said, he had found that most of the crimes of violence proceed from drunkenness. It was one of the great problems how to put a stop to this increasing vice of drunkenness amongst the people of this country. It was the duty of all who valued the prosperity of the country, not only to strive to diminish this evil, but if possible to put an end to it altogether.

Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, at Dublin, said in reference to this "crying and besetting crime of intemperance" that it led to nineteen-twentieths of the crimes of this country.

Chief Justice Coleridge said in charging a Grand Jury that, from his experience as a judge, he could say that if we could make England sober, we might shut up nine-tenths of the gaols.

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS.

YOUNG Tommy and baby,
With fat little May,
Found pleasure in mischief
When Ma was away.

They danced on the carpet,
They opened each door,
And soon began throwing
Ma's things on the floor.

May put on her Mamma's
New beautiful hat;
Oh wasn't it naughty
For May to do that!

And Tommy, forsaking
His book and his horse,
A large roll of linen
Pretended to nurse.

The drawers all were opened,
Ma's clean things came out;
And these naughty children
Were dancing about.

How rudely they scattered
Ma's tuckers and bows,
And how they'll be mended
Mamma only knows.

When home came their Mamma,
They nothing could say,
They looked very mournful
The rest of the day.

For can it be wondered
That these children three,
Were sent off to slumber,
Without any tea.

RISDALE LODGE.

BY CHARLES J. COLLINS.

CHAPTER III.—THE MEETING.

As the reader probably has no difficulty in guessing, the promise of our young friends, Bertie and Fanny, to Mrs. Lisle, had reference to the temperance meeting mentioned in the last chapter; and according to their promise, upon their return home they informed their mother of the temperance meetings held in the Nonconformist Chapel of Risdale, and also of the fact that a gentleman of great importance in the temperance world would be there the following evening to lecture: and as the Lisle family were coming over to hear him, they had promised to call and see if Mrs. Compton would let the children go with them.

A temperance meeting was such an uncommon event in the eyes of the children, and their curiosity having been also aroused by their young friends the Lisles, that Fanny and Bertie gave their mother no peace the next day till she promised to let them go. Accordingly, when Mrs. Lisle and her children drove up early in the afternoon (for as there was no gas in Risdale all meetings had to be held before dark), the children were quite ready to accompany them.

Mrs. Lisle gave a cordial invitation also to Mrs. Compton, but that lady excused herself, as she did not like to leave the house. This was quite true, but there was also *another* reason why she hesitated to go, because she knew her husband objected to such places, and would probably have refused his permission had he been at home.

Mrs. Compton, however, could not fail to see that her husband had lately become gradually addicted to drinking, and she viewed his continued libations with great uneasiness, and therefore she determined to risk his displeasure rather than the children should lose this opportunity of hearing of the evils of the drink traffic.

Bidding her friend good-bye, Mrs. Lisle hurried off with the children, and they soon found themselves outside the chapel. It was a plain, unpretentious-looking building, with a neat interior, and a platform at one end, where the minister stood to preach. The seats were arranged in such an economical manner that, although but a small-looking chapel, it really held about four hundred people.

When Mrs. Lisle, accompanied by the four children, entered the room, it was already well filled, so they proceeded at once to the front, where seats had been reserved for them. As they passed through the row of people Mrs. Lisle exchanged nods and smiles with several of her friends who were among them.

When they had reached their seats Mr. Melville came to them, and spoke to the children in his usual kind manner, for he loved children, and was always pleased to find them included in his congregation.

The time announced for the commencement of the meeting having arrived, a gentleman present gave out a hymn, in which they all joined; then a prayer was offered for the success of the meeting, and then Mr. Melville was called to the chair. In a short yet touching address he spoke of the many reasons that had induced him to call this and similar meetings together, and ended by introducing the gentleman from London, who was to occupy the evening.

This gentleman was one of those earnest men who laboured in the temperance cause when it was in its infancy, and by their earnest zeal, in spite of many obstacles and revilings—aye, and even ill-usage—pushed the good work onward, and gained for it a firm and solid foundation, upon which all our later and glorious triumphs have been erected. All honour to them! and may the remembrance of their earnestness inspire with fresh courage the faint-hearted advocate who is ready to despair because he beholds not the fruit of his labour.

He proceeded in a clear and lucid way to explain the evils of drink, detailing several instances that had come under his personal knowledge. He then explained to them the ingredients of which the various kinds of drinks were composed, and appealed to their common sense to say if it was possible that such trash could be beneficial in any shape or form. After that he proceeded to warn moderate drinkers not to be too confident in their own security against the evils of intemperance, and related several cases of moderate drinkers who overstepped the boundary line and became wretched drunkards. He then finished a very impressive speech by imploring the audience to abstain from the evil, if only for the sake of those around them, who might attempt to follow their example and wretchedly fail.

As the speaker was concluding with his remarks about examples, Mr. Compton entered the room, and his temper, already inflamed, greatly increased when he heard the lecturer's concluding words, which seemed in his self-accusation to be directed especially to him; so, irritated beyond control by the repeated warnings, he marched, with a lowering brow, down the aisle, looking upon each side for his children, and stopped at last in front of the platform, and turning to the gentleman who had been speaking, he angrily demanded how he dared inveigle children into his meeting to hear such trash without the consent of their parents. Then without waiting for an answer, or taking the slightest notice of Mrs. Lisle, who sat dumb with astonishment, he took Fanny and Bertie by the hand, and marched out of the place.

This interruption to their hitherto pleasant meeting caused a deal of excitement, not unmixed with indignation, among the audience, but Mr. Wilton begged they would look over it, assuring them there was not the slightest ground for the accusation brought against the promoters of the meeting, and they would rather the parents came *with* the children than they stayed at home.

He then informed the audience that a similar meeting to the present would be held in that building every month, and after pronouncing the benediction the company dispersed to their homes.

Chapter IV.—The Agricultural Dinner.

A few days after Mr. Compton had so foolishly interrupted the temperance meeting, the family were seated at the breakast-table as usual, but how different from the gay, happy group of a short time since. Mr. Compton's increased habit of drinking, which brought on long, sullen fits of temper, had changed that happy little family to a tearful one. The meal was nearly over, yet Mr. Compton had not deigned to speak a word to his sorrowing wife; for, although he was conscious of the fact that he was acting the part of a brute rather than a man, he would not own his faults, and seek, by kindness, to atone for his wrong-doing; as for Fanny and Bertie, they ate their breakfast in silence, casting every now and then a wondering glance at their now altered father.

Things were proceeding thus, when James brought in the post-bag, causing a diversion for a few minutes, as the children, who were very fond of James, brightened up at his entrance, and forgot their troubles in eager questions.

When he had left the room Mr. Compton opened the letters, and soon discovered that one of them contained an invitation to an agricultural dinner at Arlsford.

It was to be held at the new hotel in that town, and to be given to a society of farmers, of which Mr. Compton was a member.

Glad of any opportunity to get away from his wife's sad face, that seemed a reproach to him every time he looked in that direction, he immediately announced his intention of going, and left the room to order James to saddle his horse.

When he had gone, Mrs. Compton, who had too much reason to dread any meeting of that description while her husband was in his present state of mind, could not restrain the tears from silently falling down her cheeks, and her little children, awe-struck by such an unusual circumstance, crept up to her, and endeavoured to console her.

"What are you crying for, mamma?" said Fanny; "has father been saying anything cross to you? He isn't nearly so nice *now* as Dr. Lisle, and he *used* to be a great deal better."

Bertie did not speak, but gently and lovingly stroked his mother's hair, and looked up wistfully in her eyes.

Their childish attempts to comfort her only made her weep the more, as she discovered by their conversation that her husband was already losing the love of their children.

She was aroused at length from her reverie by hearing the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the children ran to the window and looked out, Fanny exclaiming as she did so: "Why, if it isn't papa gone out, and he never even came to say Good-bye." Mrs. Compton gazed after him with tearful eyes as he rode down the gravel walk and out of the front gate, but—no—he never once looked back, or by any sign showed that he had the least thought of his wife and children that he was leaving behind.

Mrs. Compton gave a deep sigh, and went sorrowfully about her household duties; for this was the first time he had ever left them without a parting kiss.

When Mr. Compton reached Arlsford, he rode directly up to the new inn, and drew up before the door. As he did so, the landlord made his appearance, and, with an obsequious bow, said, "Good-morning, sir, good-morning; how well you are looking, sir." Then calling to the stableman he said: "Here, Thomas, take Mr. Compton's horse and give him a rub down and a good feed; take great care of him, and look sharp, too—do you hear?"

"Where are they all?" said Mr. Compton, when Thomas had relieved him of the care of the horse; "are they in the large room?"

"No, sir; they have adjourned to the billiard room—this way in, this way."

And he led the way up a handsome staircase into a large room, where a number of burly-looking farmers were congregated, who greeted Mr. Compton with loud shouts of welcome.

"Come along, man," said Mr. Berry (one of the fastest men in the county, and reputed to be upon the verge of bankruptcy through his dissipated habits). "Come along here, and take my place at the table, will you? I'm quite cleaned out by this fellow; he plays as if he knew every stroke to be gained upon the board; perhaps *you'll* be able to knock him over, and if you do, you'll earn my last blessing."

Now, Mr. Compton was not by any means a good player at billiards, but he was nevertheless very susceptible to flattery, so he willingly took his friend's place at the table.

Calling for a glass of liquor, he prepared to play; laying the stakes at a moderate sum, he carefully placed himself, and then took a good look at the stranger.

He was a tall, wiry man, very different in appearance from the burly farmers around him, and he wore a look of simplicity upon his face which a close observer might have found hard to reconcile to the cunning look that occasionally appeared in his small eyes.

The rest of the farmers, attracted by the conversation between the two friends, gathered round the table, in hopes that Mr. Compton would be more fortunate than his predecessor, and give the stranger the worst of the game; and they were so far rewarded, that at last Mr. Compton, who had played very carefully, came off the victor, and a shout of congratulation announced the fact. Flushed by this success, and the drink he not unfrequently partook of, he doubled the stakes, and—lost! He doubled again, and, as each game he lost, he at length in a very short time had lost a considerable sum of money, so that he was greatly relieved when the landlord announced that dinner was ready. The dinner was served in the largest room in the house, which was in general requisition for inquests, political meetings, social concerts, clubs, &c., and was really a splendid specimen of its kind.

The host had taken great pains to lay out the table in an attractive manner, not forgetting, among the various items to delight the palates of the hungry farmers, a goodly supply of wines and spirits. After hunger had begun to be satisfied, attention was more generally called to the bottles upon the table; and, with the drink, conversation also began to flow.

Speech after speech was made referring to the Society in whose honour they had met that day, and bottle after bottle was emptied, fresh supplies called for, and the landlord chuckled at the orders, and began to count up the pretty bill he would have to present to the worthy farmers.

When at last they rose to depart, it was with staggering footsteps that many of them found their way to the stables, and mounted their horses or vehicles.

At last, however, the bustle and noise decreased, and finally stopped, and the landlord, with a yawn, proceeded upstairs to clear away all traces of the late repast—and a rare scene of confusion the room presented; here and there, a broken glass, or the neck of a bottle met his eye; and the stifling smell of hot air and the fumes of tobacco were almost unbearable. Suddenly, however, the landlord stopped, and listened. Then raising the cloth that covered the table, he uttered an exclamation of dismay, as he stooped down and dragged forth from beneath the table—— Mr. Compton.

The landlord called his wife, and bade her prepare a bed; and then, with the assistance of the man-servant, carried him upstairs, and left him—alone.

(*To be continued.*)

THE tenderest part of our whole system—the pocket.

MY LITTLE KITTEN.

KITTY is a little creature,
She is but six weeks old ;
Such a pretty little kitten
I never did behold.

We call her little Monkey,
Because she climbs about,
And always full of mischief
When indoors or out.

She wears a pretty collar,
I think they call it red ;
We change it every Sunday
And give her blue instead.

She is such a playful kitty,
And likes a bit of fun,
So we have a game together
When lessons all are done.

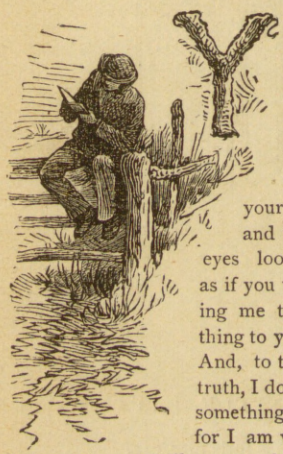
Kitty is sometimes naughty,
And scratches brother Fred,
Pulls mother's wool to pieces,
And tangles sister's thread.

I suppose she knows no better,
And I love her every whit ;
God is good and kind to me,
So I'll be kind to Kit.

E. J. H.

BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

BY DAVID LAWTON.



YOUNG friends, as I take up my pen to write I fancy I can see your happy faces and bright eager eyes looking at me as if you were expecting me to say something to you specially. And, to tell you the truth, I do want to say something to all of you, for I am very fond of little folks, and I like to see them romping and playing to their hearts' content, and to hear their merry laughter and gladsome prattle. But just now I want your attention to what I am about to say. And as I wish you to keep it in your minds and practice it in your lives, I will try to arrange it so that you will be able to remember it afterwards.

You have all become members of the Band of Hope; and by so doing you have shown that you wish to avoid the evils of intemperance. But you must not be content with simply avoiding the evils of intemperance, for there are a great many other evils besides, which may mar your lives; and three of these are Disobedience, Dishonesty, and Untruthfulness; and in order that you may avoid these evils, which are, as it were, stepping stones to many others, there are three things which you should try to be, and these are :—

1st, Obedient.
2nd, Honest.
3rd, Truthful.

In the first place then we say, you should be obedient. Obedient at home to your parents, obedient, at school and at the Band of Hope, to your teachers. Some of you may perhaps think that this does not matter so much; but I tell you it is of the utmost importance; for if ever any of you are to fill situations of trust, and to exercise authority over others successfully, *you must first learn how to obey*, because only those who know how to obey themselves can know what real obedience is in others. And not only must you learn to obey, but you must obey promptly and willingly. Now Johnny, when father asks you to run an errand, do not stop playing marbles, or seeking birds' nests on the way, but go straight to the place you are sent to, and do your business like a little man, and come straight back. Never you mind if your companions laugh and call you a baby, or say that you are afraid of your father. Remember it is your duty; and you ought to count it a privilege and a pleasure to do any little service which you can for your father. Think how he has to toil that you may have plenty of food to eat, nice clothes to wear, and a comfortable house to live in. And you, Jenny, when mother wants you to help with the house-work, or mind the baby, do not be snappish and disagreeable, or spoil that pretty face of yours with cross looks, but just set to work willingly and cheerfully, and endeavour to do all that you can to help your mother, who has nursed and tended you with so much care all your life. And whenever you see that mother looks tired and worried, do not wait to be asked, but tuck up your sleeves, and pin up your dress like the brave little woman which I know you are, and set to work to put things to rights; and by your loving words and cheerful looks, make both your mother and everybody about you feel that you are a veritable little fairy, filling the house with the sunshine of your presence. Obedient children are a great comfort to their parents, a help to their teachers, and a blessing both to themselves and everybody about them, therefore you should try to be obedient for your own sake and for the sake of others, and above all because God commands, and always blesses true obedience with His divine benediction.

Secondly, we say that you should be honest. Look here, Dick, when your father sends you to town with a shilling to pur-

chase something he requires, do not spend a part of it on sweets and then try to make believe that you lost it on the road. Remember it is a great sin to take that which does not belong to you. And although your father may not find you out, God will know all about it, and will punish you for your sin if you do not repent and ask Him to forgive you for Jesus Christ's sake. And you, Polly, when mother leaves you to mind the house whilst she goes out shopping; see that you do not steal the jam or the sugar, or eat up the biscuits. You know that it is very wrong to do these things and if you want to be good and useful in the future you must begin by being obedient and honest now.

Thirdly, we say that you should be Truthful, and though this is mentioned last it is very far from being of less importance than the two things we have named before. Just try to imagine how unhappy all you children would be, if you found out that everything your parents, your little brothers, and sisters, or your playfellows said was not true. Why you would all want to cry for vexation and disappointment, I am sure. If everybody told lies the world would soon be so full of misery that life would be unbearable, and if you want to be happy, and to be loved and respected, you must be truthful in word and deed, for lying and deceitfulness are odious to all good people, and sinful in the sight of God; and can only bring sorrow and suffering in their train. Before I conclude, I wish to warn you against one sort of lying in particular—and that is signing the Band of Hope Pledge and then breaking it wilfully—pretending to be teetotallers and not being so at heart. Just think for a moment how mean it is to sign the pledge and then go away and break it almost as soon as the meeting is over. And it is not only mean, but wicked and sinful. Boys and girls who do this may wish to pass for teetotalers, but they are not real teetotalers, for they have not signed the pledge with the intention of keeping it in their hearts, and so they are not true staunch Band of Hope members, but hypocrites who wish to appear something which they are not in order to deceive People. I do hope and trust that none of you will ever be guilty of such a thing as this. Be true to your pledge, truthful in all you do, and all you say, and then your lives will be full of blessedness to yourselves and to all with whom you may be brought into contact.

It is the ambition of all boys and girls to be men and women, and we want you all to grow up to be good and useful men, good and useful women, in your day and generation; doing God's work in the world, and faithfully following in the footsteps of Jesus who went about doing good. Why, what a wonderful world it would very soon become if all the little boys and girls were to grow up good. I am afraid we should hardly know it, it would be so much better. So you see that after all it rests with you to help to make the world what it ought to be, by *being what you ought to be yourselves;* and by your life and example you may each and all help to bring about that blessed time when intemperance and everything else that is hurtful to men and hateful in the sight of God shall be swept away for ever, and this world, cleansed from all that is vile and impure, shall become the dwelling-place of unsullied happiness and peace. You would all like this glorious time to come I am sure, and in order that you may help to bring it about, remember that in addition to faithfully keeping your pledge you must earnestly strive by God's help to be, 1st Obedient, 2nd Honest, 3rd Truthful.

A SHREWD old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

A WAG has decided that whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into prisons; that brandy brands the noses of all who cannot govern their appetites; that wine causes many a man to take a winding way home; that ale causes many ailings; while beer brings many to the bier, and champagne is the source of many a real pain.

GEORGE.

A STORY BY UNCLE BEN.

GEORGE the hero of this little story, lived in a beautiful farm-house, where he was very happy. He was the only child, and therefore was made much of by his parents. It was a fine old-fashioned house, with a splendid garden, with soft, turfy walks that always looked fresh and green,

being kept in beautiful order. At the end of the garden was a low wall, and the other side ran a stream which turned a mill belonging to the farmer at the other end of the village. There were three grass paths the whole length of the garden: the middle one was the broadest, with a border of flowers on either side; and at the end furthest from the house there was a little bridge across the stream which led into the fields beyond. On the garden side of the bridge was an iron gate which generally stood open, but through which George was forbidden to go, because on the other side the stream there was no wall, and his parents, knowing how fond boys are of water, cautioned him never to go through the gate or cross the bridge.

He was allowed to play about the farm-yard, and always had the run of the garden in gooseberry-time as well as in the winter. There was much to amuse him in his play-time, for he was fond of animals and knew the names of all the horses and cows on the farm. He used to feed the pigeons and the poultry. Having so much to do he seldom missed companions, and so never felt the restraint of his father's commandments. But it happened on one fine summer's afternoon, most of the men were away, the horses had not come back from work, and there was nothing of much consequence going on in the farm-yard, George was busy chasing the white butterflies about the garden. He knew a little about butterflies, and meant some day to make a collection, and while he was playing up and down the green paths, there floated lazily along on the warm summer air a beautiful specimen of a peacock-butterfly with rich dark-coloured wings. As soon as George saw it he went as quietly as he could in hope of catching it by guile, so he waited until it settled on some flower, and then ran swiftly and softly popped his hat down on the very spray where the butterfly was, but he was not sharp enough. Away it gently fluttered. It hovered and flitted about, first from one plant then to another. George followed, without making another attempt just then; at last it pitched upon a flower and seemed inclined to stay. Then up came George all absorbed and breathless on tip-toe, his little straw hat already off, and now one moment's pause to take good aim, then down again goes the hat exactly on the spot, and the beautiful butterfly calmly sails away from under it. Away dashes George, now fairly roused in the sport, sweeping after it right and left with his straw hat. On they go, dodging about, the butterfly just on before, and George close after it, sometimes on the beds, now down the grass path, now nearer and nearer to the open gate, now just in front of George's face, now flying out at the gate over the little bridge and into the fields beyond. Away went George, hat in hand, panting along as fast as ever his legs could carry him—on he went, until at last it soared up and flew far away, leaving the tired and disappointed boy a long way from the stream and the garden.

Then he remembered that he had done wrong, and disobeyed his father, but seeing about him many other butterflies, some not so common as peacocks, he was delighted and thought now he was out beyond bounds he would have a good time of it. And away he went after all the prettiest ones he could see, through field after field, over many gates and stiles. Then the sun

began to throw long shadows and the late afternoon waned into evening; the dew fell, the butterflies vanished, and the setting sun glowed in the west. At length George grew very tired and felt hungry, and then began to think of returning, but as he looked round him for some familiar landmark and could not recognize any, he began to feel very uneasy. Knowing that he had turned about so often that he could not find his way back, he made up his mind to go on, feeling sure he would come soon to some house or person, where he could ask the way back. So he pushed his way on as fast as he could, but it was much later than he thought, and before long the stars came out and the night commenced to close in. As the darkness began to fall he approached a large wood, and as he found a very slight path running from a gap, he felt sure this would soon lead him out of his difficulties. But among the trees it was so much more dark, and no stars seemed to light the calm summer night, because of the leafy canopy above him. By-and-by he seemed to have missed the track altogether, and coming to a large open space where there was a big oak tree with old mossy roots, he was so tired and frightened that he laid himself down and very soon cried himself to sleep. There he was all alone in the forest, under the branches of this large oak.

When tea-time came at the arm-house, and George did not come, his mother wondered where he was, for George was one of those boys who, though seldom late for school, was never late for meals. His mother went out and called "George! George!" all over the house, garden, and farm, but no George answered. As the evening wore on and there was no sign of the boy's return all began to be anxious. A diligent search was made all round the place, but nowhere was he to be found. As darkness closed these fears and anxieties deepened. He had been last seen in the garden, the gate stood open as usual; the terrible suspicion crossed the minds of his fond parents that perhaps he had fallen into the stream. The news soon spread that George was lost. Some people went up and down the stream, some in one direction, some in another. The old shepherd,

when he heard the news, said he thought George "had sense enough to keep out of the water, for it wasn't as if he had took to drink." And away the old man started to seek the lost lad, taking with him an old-fashioned lantern, and making straight for the woods, thinking he might have tried bird's-nesting, and fallen down and hurt himself, or lost his way. In time he came to the old oak tree, where several paths met, and there, sure enough, he found the boy fast asleep, with the tears still wet upon his cheeks. He woke him very gently, and kindly took him up in his arms and carried him home, speaking many words to comfort the frightened child. When he reached home his parents were so rejoiced to see him that they had no word of reproof to offer, they gave him some supper and put him safely to bed with very thankful hearts. The next morning when he was awake and remembered all the events of the previous evening, his conscience made him so ashamed that he was almost afraid to meet his father. But as it was very late before he was up that day, he did not go to school in the morning, and after breakfast his father said, when he had heard the story from the boy, "Well, George, I think you were punished enough last night for disobedience. But we are all like you." George looked up in surprise, and his father continued: "We all have a good Father, but we run away after the butterflies, and foolish things, and break His laws, and then we are lonely, weary, and afraid; sometimes have to lie down in darkness and tears and penitence till the kind Shepherd comes to lead us home. Can you tell me who that Father and that Shepherd are?" George said he thought it was God in heaven and the Saviour Jesus Christ.

A LAW made by Catherine Alexiowna, who became Empress of Russia in 1724, indicates the slight degree of civilization existing in that country at that period. It enacted that women were not to get drunk —*in public;* and that men were not to get drunk—*before nine o'clock in the evening.*

WHAT THE EXCISE SAY.

BY W. HOYLE.

THE Excise returns are to hand, whereby we are enabled to calculate the consumption of intoxicating liquors for the year 1878.

The following table gives particulars of the various kinds of intoxicating liquors consumed, together with the money expended thereon. It also gives the consumption for 1877 :—

	1878.	1877.
	£	£
British spirits.....(*a*) 29,358,715, at 20s....	29,358,715	29,888,176
Foreign spirits .....(*b*) 10,438,637, at 24s....	12,636,364	12,742,277
Wine .....(*c*) 16,272,295, at 18s....	14,645,065	15,904,146
	Bushels.	
	Cwt. of malt.	
Beer : Sugar used (*d*) 1,128,226—	4,813,760	
Beer : Malt used .....(*e*) 57,259,393		
	62,073,153	
	Gallons.	
Equal to	1,117,316,754, at 1s. 6d....	83,798,756	81,722,632
British wines, cider, etc. (estimated	17,500,000, at 2s. 0d....	1,750,000	1,750,000
Total.....		£142,188,900	142,007231

(*a*) See Trade and Navigation Returns .. .. .. Feb., 1879, p. 72.
(*b*) do. do. Dec., 1878, ,, 12.
(*c*) do. do. Dec., 1879, ,, 14.
(*d*) do. do. Feb., 1879, ,, 71.
(*e*) do. do. Feb., 1879, ,, 71.

From these returns, it will be seen that in 1878, with all the terrible depression that prevailed in trade, the money spent upon intoxicating liquors was £181,669 more than in 1877.

It will also be noted that whilst wine and spirits—supposed to be drunk mainly by the upper and middle classes—have fallen off nearly two millions sterling, the consumption of beer, which is generally allowed to be the beverage of the working classes, has increased more than two millions sterling.

During the last seven years the total expenditure upon intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom has been £987,320,669.

In the year 1860 Mr. Gladstone, avowedly to lessen the deplorable intemperance which then prevailed, introduced his Wine Bill. It may, therefore, be interesting to compare the consumption of intoxicating liquors now with what it was at that time. For this purpose, I will take the seven years ending 1863, and compare them with the seven years just ended.

1857,	£92,319,147	1872,	£131,601,402
1858,	88,148,335	1873,	140,014,712
1859,	92,892,557	1874,	141,342,997
1860,	86,897,683	1875,	142,876,669
1861,	94,942,107	1876,	147,288,760
1862,	88,867,563	1877,	142,007,231
1863,	92,088,185	1878,	142,188,900
	£636,155,577		£987,320,671

From the above it will be seen that the increase in the expenditure upon intoxicating liquors during the seven years ending 1878, as compared with the seven years ending 1863, was £351,165,094, being an increase of over 55 per cent.

The population of the United Kingdom in 1863 was 29,433,918, and in 1878 33,799,276, being an increase of less than 15 per cent. in population, as compared with an increase of 55 per cent. in the consumption of drink.

The entire value of all our exports for the four years ending 1878 was £815,000,000, being £171,000,000 less than the money which the nation spent on drink during the seven years just ended.

If to the drink expenditure we add the indirect cost and losses resulting therefrom, it would increase the Drink Bill by at least £100,000,000 per annum, and it would show a national loss far exceeding the total of all our foreign trade.

At the present time the anxiety of merchants and manufacturers is as to where they shall find a market for their goods. Efforts are being made to open out Africa, and to increase our trade in other directions. Would it not be well to turn our attention to our home markets as well, for when by our habits of drinking we squander, directly and indirectly, a greater sum than the value of our foreign trade, we have a prompt remedy for the stagnation in our own hands?

The enormous burden of the drink expenditure is one that in the face of the world's competition we cannot continue to carry, and especially as it is accompanied by a deterioration of the workman, which makes the burden all the greater, and outside competition all the more possible.

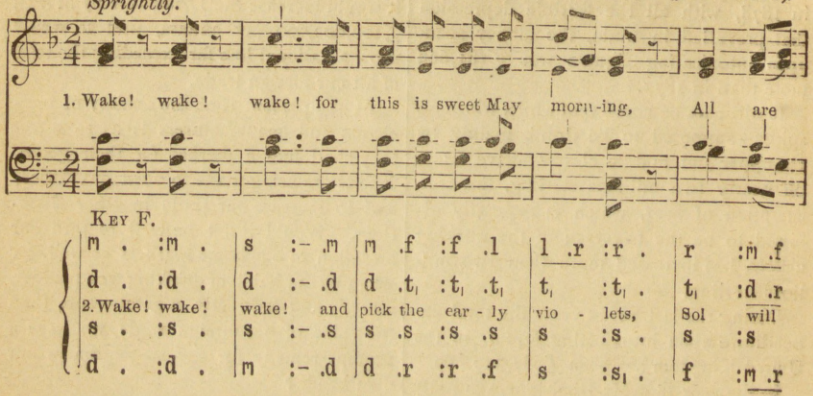
Every one who wishes to preserve our national status will be anxious to help all efforts for redeeming the country from the foul blot of intemperance, which paralyses its trade, corrupts its morals, and degrades its population beyond conception.

WE extract the following from a sermon delivered a few months ago by Dr. Talmage:—"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. Then an aged man arose in the audience, and he 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 began that awful habit at the table of a Christian clergyman, and that Christian clergyman is the man who just sat down in the pulpit!'"

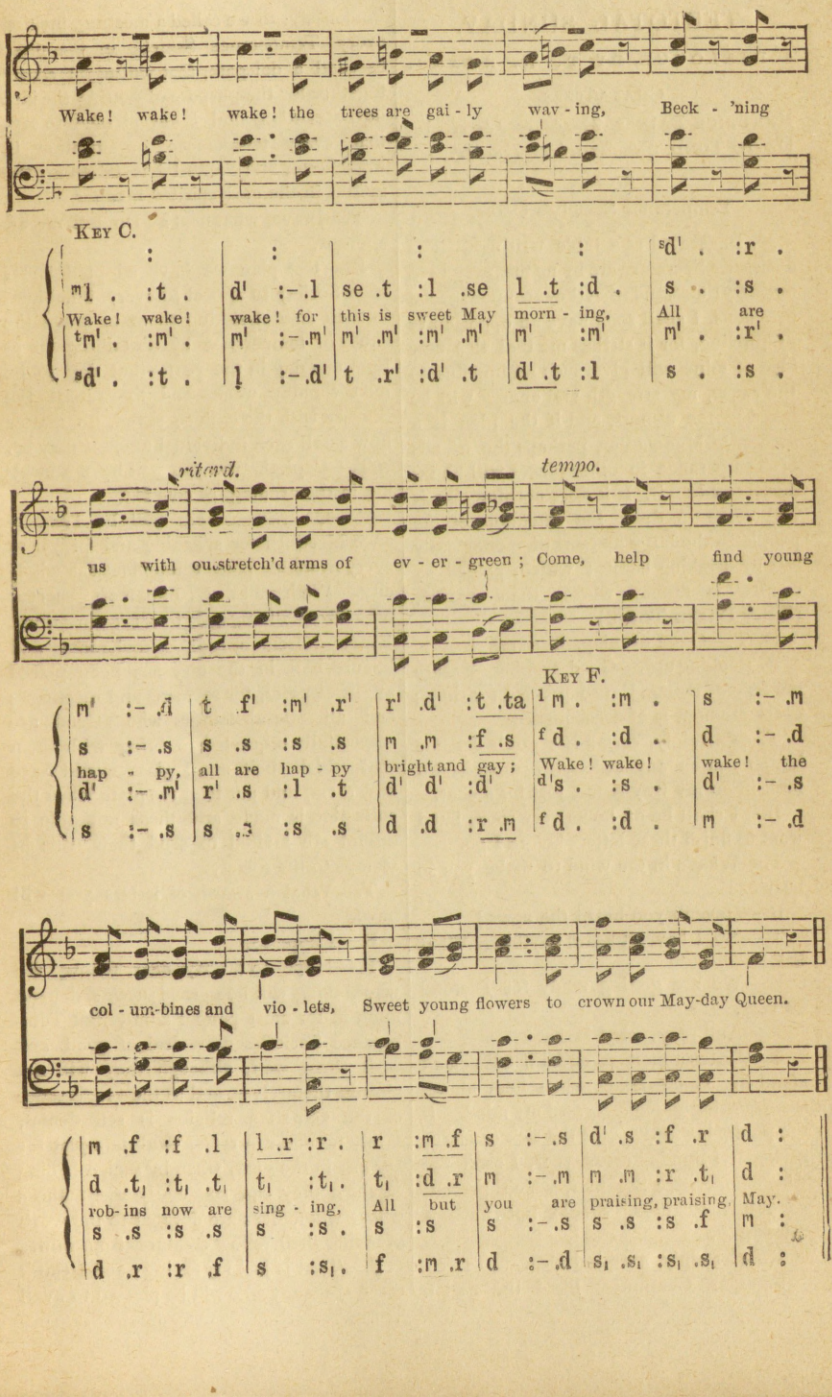
MAY MORNING.

A Serenade (from FLOTOW).

Sprightly.



MAY MORNING—(*continued*).



TEETOTAL SUNDAY.

A DIALOGUE, BY T. H. EVANS.

CHARACTERS.

KENDRICK BAINES, *Temperance Secretary.*
DAVID TODD, *Sunday-school Teacher.*

SCENE.

Temperance Society's Office.

K. B. (seated at a table writing). The duties of a Secretary are by no means light at ordinary times, and what they are upon special occasions, I shall soon have an opportunity of proving, for it strikes me that this new idea of mine will give such an impetus to the cause, my strength and energy will be taxed to the utmost, and if the plan is a success in Manchester, perhaps the friends of Temperance in other places will be induced to adopt it. If it does nothing else, it will serve to draw the attention of the people to the large amount of money daily lost by drinking habits; which, judged by results, is money worse than wasted. (Enter DAVID TODD.)

D. T.—Good evening, Kendrick!

B. (looking up).—Good evening. Excuse me for not rising, I'm so pressed for time; every moment is of consequence.

T.—Certainly, certainly; don't let me hinder you on any account, I thought I'd look in on my way home, just for a chat.

B.—I shall be off home very soon, but I want to finish these letters before I go.

T.—What's in the wind to make you so busy?

B.—Haven't you heard the news?

T.—No, I haven't heard anything. What is it?

B.—We are getting ready for Teetotal Sunday.

T.—And pray, what is that?

B.—Listen a moment and I'll tell you all about it. One evening when here alone, the following thought crossed my mind. If the public institutions for the sick can have a Hospital Sunday every year, I can't see why Temperance Societies, which prevent so much sickness, should not have a Sunday too.

T.—Certainly, a capital idea.

B.—Our Committee liked the notion immensely, so we called a meeting, inviting every Temperance Society in the place to send a delegate, that we might confer together for the purpose of putting the idea into execution, and I am pleased to say, that every temperance organisation in Manchester and Salford has taken up the matter in the most spirited manner.

T.—Bravo, what next? Do tell me all about it.

B.—The plan we have adopted is for each Society to appeal to every inhabitant in their district, asking them to assist the cause of temperance by abstaining for at least one day in the year—that day to be next Sunday week—and to present the Society with the cash so saved, no matter how small each individual amount may be.

T.—Capital. But you will have a meeting in the evening, of course?

B.—Oh yes. There will be Temperance Meetings for speaking and prayer at every available place throughout the whole city. We have received the most generous offers from all engaged in Christian work. Every church, chapel, school-room and lecture hall in the city has been placed at our disposal, for sermons and meetings; and all non-abstainers who attend are respectfully requested to bring with them that which their usual glass would have cost them, and put it in the plate when the collection is made, and those not able to attend are invited to send their trifle in stamps to the society.

T.—What a swarm of letters you will have.

B.—I hope so.

T.—Hope so! My dear fellow, the whole thing will be a grand success, depend upon it, for most people admit that Temperance Societies do a deal of good, and wish them well, although they will not abstain themselves, and as the very essence of the Christian religion is self denial, surely no one can refuse to abstain just for *one day* in the year, when by such a trifling sacrifice they can so greatly assist those whose whole lives are devoted to the work of saving their fellow creatures from ruin.

B.—That is just my feeling; and I think there are many who will be pleased to avail

themselves of this opportunity for showing their sympathy for a cause that all who wish well to humanity must admire.

T.—Just so ! And if only half the inhabitants carry out the suggestion, the pecuniary result will help us immensely.

B.—I only hope we may be fortunate enough to secure half the cash that is thrown daily into the coffers of Bacchus by the people of this city. For the money spent in drink every day in Manchester and Salford is no less than £5,700.

T.—Can it be possible ?

B.—It is not only possible, but an *awful act*. The money spent for drink last year in the United Kingdom amounted to the stupendous sum of £142,000,000. And our daily subscription to that shameful waste of the people's resources was never less than £5,700 ; in fact in very prosperous times the sum is often increased to £6,000 a day.—(Looking at his watch.)—How fast time flies!—(Rising.)—If I don't go at once, I shall lose the train.

T.—Pray don't do that. I'm going past the station, so we will both go together.

Exeunt.

PART II.

Scene.—As before.

Time.—Saturday after Teetotal Sunday.

B.—I wonder what has become of Todd. I haven't seen him for a long time.—(Stretching).—Oh dear, I'm glad this is Saturday. This has been such a week for work, I'm precious glad it has come to an end.

(Enter TODD.)

T.—How are you, Kendrick? Teetotal Sunday hasn't quite killed you, I see.

(They shake hands.)

B.—No, I'm still alive and well, although I must confess that I never had such a week before in all my life. Of course you have heard what a great success it has been.

T.—I read all about it in the papers, and guessed how busy you would be, so thought I would not hinder you by calling.

B.—Thanks for your consideration. Subscriptions have been dropping in by every post all through the week up to Thursday, and the total amount received is a trifle over £2,500—a nice little sum to divide amongst all our societies, isn't it?

T.—£2,500 ! what a triumph to rescue such a large sum from the greedy clutch of the Drink Fiend.

B.—Yes. Nearly half the devotees of Bacchus have sent us substantial proof of their sympathy. This thought alone will give us new energy and increased hope to press onward in the great work before us.

T.—Well, yes, it is encouraging to know that so many outside our ranks wish us well in our endeavours.

B.—It is, indeed. And I wish most heartily that everybody would abstain on that day. It would be such a glorious thing to know that for one day, at least, the people were free from the defiling influence of strong drink !

T. Yes. It would set thoughtful men thinking. Here is one pure white page in the history of our city, and why should not *every* page be as spotless? £5,700 saved, and who can picture the health, happiness, and prosperity that would bless us on all sides, if this sum was expended daily in benefiting the people, instead of debasing them? How trade would flourish if the people spent this sum in things necessary for their comfort and well-being ! Nearly £40,000 every week flowing out into every branch of useful industry. Try to picture the result.

B.—Ah ! all this is very delightful to imagine, but some will say, how is it to be realised?—(To the audience.)—My dear friends, it is just as easy as writing your own name. And if there are any here who disbelieve that assertion let them come up here and prove it for themselves.

T.—Yes, do. We have all the writing materials necessary.

B.—All the blessings that we have named would be ours, if the pledge book contained the name of every man, woman, and child, in our great and noble city. Let each one do his part towards hastening on that happy time by signing the pledge. Then every Sabbath day that dawns will be a *Teetotal* Sunday.

RISDALE LODGE.

BY CHARLES J. COLLINS.

CHAPTER V.—THE ACCIDENT.

MRS. COMPTON waited anxiously for her husband's return, as she greatly mistrusted his visits to Arlsford, when his business would lead him to the public-house.

As darkness set in, and the night wore on she felt greatly alarmed, and dreary forebodings of evil gathered around her with the shades of night; yet, still hoping, she waited, but in vain, for the sound of the horse's feet upon the gravel path.

When midnight came, however, she became so alarmed, that she forgot his neglectful conduct, in fears for his safety. Supposing he had met with any accident? He had never before gone away without bidding her good-bye, and now, perhaps, something terrible had happened to him.

She would have aroused James, but she could not see what assistance he would be to her; Arlsford was miles away, and he would take some time to reach there, and, if he did, what could he do there in the middle of the night?

Then she thought of Dr. Lisle, but surely the doctor would have been called to attend a person who had met with an accident in the town, and then he would have let her know.

Ruminating thus, she tossed about in her restlessness, till at length she fell asleep, thoroughly exhausted by the painful emotions of the day.

When she awoke, it was about eight o'clock in the morning (unusually late in that early house), the children were in the garden, and their voices came ringing to her ears, arousing her to the recollection of yesterday's troubles.

As soon as she had risen, she made immediate inquiries whether her husband had returned, and was informed that he had not, but a messenger had arrived from Dr. Lisle, who was waiting below to see her.

Her heart sank within her, as she hastened below, greatly agitated at the intelligence. When she reached the breakfast room, there was the doctor's man-servant, who had just been discovered by Fanny and Bertie, who were eagerly plying him with questions about their young friends at Arlsford.

Releasing himself from their importunities, the man approached, and in a respectful manner handed Mrs. Compton a letter from his mistress, and she hurried away to her own room to peruse it. The letter ran thus:—

"My dear Mrs. Compton,—Do not, I beg of you, be alarmed when you open this letter. I know that you must be anxious about your husband, and I will at once relieve your mind by telling you, that he is quite well in health. But dear friend, I have nevertheless some sad news to tell you; our man was out early this morning, when he chanced to meet the ostler at the new inn, with whom he has a slight acquaintance, and from him he heard that a gentleman, named Mr. Compton, who had dined with some farmers at the house the previous evening, had been too intoxicated to go home,

and had therefore been put to bed for the night. I am sorry, my dear Mrs. Compton, that such a trial should have happened to you, for I well know how your sensitive nature must recoil at such conduct; but as I know how important it is that you should be acquainted with the fact, before your husband's arrival, I took the liberty of sending our man over directly.

"Now, my dear friend, let me earnestly intreat you to be careful how you *receive* your husband when you meet him. That he has hitherto been a good husband and father, I, who have known you all so many years, feel convinced, and a little careful management *now*, may reform him for *life*.

"Do not upon any account, I beseech you, upbraid him in any way; but meet him as if nothing whatever had occurred. He will probably be much ashamed of his conduct, and a kind reception may move him to repentance, where reproaches *might* have an opposite effect. Hoping you will endeavour to act upon this advice, I remain, your affectionate friend, E. LISLE."

The letter fell from Mrs. Compton's hand, and a look of utter despair came over her face as she thought of this fresh degradation. Oh! how bitterly she contrasted the present with the old happy days, that even now seemed a distant dream.

After awhile she raised her head and endeavoured to shake off her hopelessness and think; and the result of her meditation was that she resolved to take Mrs. Lisle's advice, and see if a cheerful face and loving manner would bring her husband to a sense of his faults; so she smoothed her hair and went out to Mrs. Lisle's messenger, and sent her many thanks for her trouble and advice.

About ten o'clock Mr. Compton, as Mrs. Lisle had predicted, heartily ashamed of his conduct, yet too proud to own it, rode slowly down the gravel walk. As he dismounted at the door and called James to relieve him of his horse, Mrs. Compton came forward with a smile and ushered him into the breakfast-room, where a comfortable meal was prepared for him. Her husband looked rather astonished at this, no doubt fully expecting to be *questioned* at *least*, so he silently took his seat, while his wife helped him as usual with a cheerful manner, and in all other respects spoke and acted as if nothing had happened.

Mr. Compton, although silent, was evidently troubled in his mind, and when he had finished his meal he softly walked to his wife's side and kissed her, as he said, "God bless you, wife! I'm not half worthy of you, but if you knew ——"

"Hush!" his wife replied; "I *do* know all. But oh! William, promise me to drink no more, and you will make me *so happy*."

Her husband clasped her round the waist as he said, "Nay, wife, I do not think it will be quite necessary. I will promise you to be more careful in future; but recollect that no one suffers through my folly, or I would instantly leave it off."

Mrs. Compton was on the point of reminding him of what *she* had suffered the night previous, but she thought of Mrs. Lisle's advice, so she turned bright face

towards him and said, "But you won't have any objection to the children going to the temperance meeting, will you, William?"

"No, wife, no!" said her husband; let them go by all means, and if they want to sign the pledge, let them do so; but mind don't force them in any way: it must be done of their own free will."

Mrs. Compton promised, and felt repaid for all her trouble in gaining *this* concession.

For some time things went on pretty smoothly at Risdale Lodge. The children went to the next monthly temperance meeting, and there, in conjunction with their mother, they all three signed the pledge. Mrs. Lisle, who had driven over to the meeting, warmly congratulated them upon the step they had taken. Mr. Compton had been several times to Arlsford since the last occurrence we have narrated, but had always returned in a sober state, so that his wife once more began to place confidence in him.

The last one or two journeys he had performed on horseback with the new horse he had lately purchased—a fine animal, but rather ill-tempered at times; in fact, Mr. Compton had never yet placed him in a vehicle of any description. But one day, having occasion to go to Arlsford, he gave orders for the new horse to be placed in the trap, and for James to accompany him to Arlsford. Then bidding his wife and children an affectionate good-bye, they drove off at a rapid pace, and soon reached their destination, having met with no greater adventure upon the road than occasionally remonstrating with the horse for attempting to retrace his steps.

Having transacted his business, Mr. Compton was making his way towards the spot where James awaited him with the trap, when he was greeted by some old friends, who pressed him to take a glass.

He first refused, then hesitated, and at last—consented. The consequence was James had to wait some time longer, and when at last his master appeared it was getting dusk; but that did not prevent him from seeing that he had been drinking freely.

He began talking in a loud, angry tone, and hastily mounting the vehicle, he commenced to find fault with everything he saw; and at last, seizing the reins, he dashed off at a furious rate.

James soon perceived that Mr. Compton could not drive very steadily, so when they were clear of the town he begged his master to hand him the reins; but Mr. Compton, having had enough drink to make him unreasonably cross and obstinate, refused to do so.

James, however, finding the horse was really startled, and that the trap was swinging violently from side to side, leaned forward to take the reins from his master's hands, the horse at that moment swerving from its course, ran against a steep bank at the roadside; then came a crash, and the vehicle lay a shattered mass upon the ground, and the horse, freed from its incumbrance, sped down the road.

A moment after, and Mr. Compton, thoroughly sobered by the disaster, scrambled to his feet and looked around him; but where was the hapless James? Cold and still beneath the débris of the shattered vehicle. Mr. Compton hastily extricated him from the wreck, and with a pale and anxious face, he placed his hand upon the heart of the unfortunate man; for the fearful thought was within him, that he had caused his death. But, no, that at least was spared him, for he found the heart still beat. Laying him carefully down by the roadside, he looked anxiously round for assistance, when fortunately a tradesman's cart was seen approaching, and upon Mr. Compton stating his case, the man willingly stopped and gave his assistance. So between them they carefully hoisted James into the cart and slowly drove back to Arlsford, and stopped at the door of Mr. Lisle's residence.

The doctor, fortunately, was at home, and he had James immediately into the house where kind Mrs. Lisle, in the deepest distress at the occurrence, did her best to make him comfortable.

"Poor man!" she exclaimed, when she heard how the accident had happened; "to think he should come to such as this

through no fault of his own. Oh! dear, how I pity him."

How true Mrs. Lisle's words were, Mr. Compton knew too well, and he felt a lump rise in his throat as he gazed on the suffering man. What truth was there now in the boast "that his drinking propensities had caused no other person to suffer?" He was compelled most sorrowfully to own the fallacy of his argument.

In the meantime Dr. Lisle had carefully examined James, and his countenance beamed with satisfaction when he was enabled to announce that the leg, though broken, could be satisfactorily set.

"But," continued he, "it will probably be some weeks before he can get about his usual avocations."

"I would have forfeited almost anything rather than this should have happened," said Mr. Compton, regretfully.

"It need not have happened at all, that I can see," said Dr. Lisle, in his usual blunt manner. "If folk would only keep themselves sober and steady, as they ought, many a lamentable accident might be prevented."

Mr. Compton hung his head remorsefully, for his conscience told him the doctor was right.

Guessing the reason for his silence and the subject of his meditations, Dr. Lisle seized the favourable opportunity now presented, to urge the necessity of all, especially the weak, to practise total abstinence; and entering warmly into the subject, he succeeded so well with his arguments that he was at length rewarded by hearing Mr. Compton declare that he would give up the drink for ever, and at the doctor's wish, they both repaired to the bedside of the sufferer, and there before the unhappy results of his selfish habit, he vowed to keep the life pledge.

Overjoyed at this result, the worthy couple pressed him to stay awhile with them, but Mr. Compton declared he would not again give his wife so great an occasion for uneasiness, so he begged the loan of the doctor's horse, which was willingly granted, and started off at a rapid pace for home, which he reached a little before midnight.

His wife who had anxiously awaited his return, fearful of a repetition of his previous folly, was overjoyed to hear him come, but finding that he returned on horseback, and without James, she sought to know the reason of the change.

Mr. Compton truthfully told the whole circumstances relating to the accident; and when he had concluded, his wife shed bitter tears, as she exclaimed, "Oh! William, dear husband, what a sin is now laid at our door, and through your unhappy infatuation. How can you now say, that you have never caused any person an injury through your drinking habits? Oh! why not now abjure *that* which has caused us already so much sorrow and suffering?"

"*That*, at least, wife, I have already done," said Mr. Compton, with much emotion. "Though it cannot recall what has been done in the past, I have promised and signed, in the presence of Dr. Lisle and poor James, that I will never touch another drop as long as I live; nor will I, dear, if God gives me strength to keep my promise."

"*That* I am *sure* He will, dear William," said his wife, joyfully; "You have indeed made me happy, for oh! my husband, it has been with fear and trembling, that I have watched you gradually giving way to intemperate habits, feeling sure it would, in the end, bring great trouble and sorrow upon us. And has it not even now given us a glimpse of the terrible foe it might have been, had you continued in the path you were pursuing; but, now that you have abjured the glass, who can tell what years of happiness may yet be in store for us?"

"Ah! who can tell?" said Mr. Compton, as he drew his wife to his side, and kissed her.

* * * * *

Their hopes were fully realised, for Mr. and Mrs. Compton, lived many years to enjoy the blessings of total abstinence. James, who fully recovered from his accident, lived with them an honoured servant, and often drove them over to Arlsford, to pay friendly visits to Dr. and Mrs. Lisle, and attend the temperance

meetings in that place; for Mr. Compton proved himself a worthy advocate of the temperance cause. His children followed in their father's footsteps, and, marrying comfortably in life, settled in the neighbourhood of Arlsford; and when at last, the old couple were gathered to their final rest, Bertie succeeded his father to the presidency of the local temperance society, and to the occupancy of the revered family residence of Risdale Lodge.

SPRING.

DULL winter is gone, and once again
Glad spring has come in all its joys;
Once more we hear the lark's glad strain,
The laughter of the merry boys.

The flowers slowly raise their heads,
And once more breathe the pure fresh air,
Whilst Sol above his radiance sheds
Upon this earth so pure and fair.

The buttercups and daisies too,
In yonder fields look fresh and bright:
They sweetly sip the morning dew—
To us they seem a pleasant sight.

The gladsome birds high in the trees,
Trill out their songs in joyous strain:
What lessons can be gleaned from these,
As they re-echo once again.

The fields once more are decked in green—
Dame Nature now rules all supreme;
The merry schoolboy too is seen,
In raptures by the running stream.

Then let our hearts be light and free,
And let the woods in glad shouts ring!
Let every one, in joyous glee,
Once more bid welcome to the Spring.

H. H. ADAMS.

AN old miser bid his son observe what Solomon said, "Always keep a penny in your pocket," but his son answered that he did not remember that Solomon said any such thing. The miser replied, "Then Solomon was not so wise as I took him for."

THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

GOD reigns supreme in heaven on high,
His might is seen throughout the land;
He loveth all who trust in Him;
He giveth with a willing hand.

He made the sun, the moon, the stars,
And everything both great and small;
The rain, the snow, the heat, the cold,
Our bounteous Father sends them all.

At times He makes the storm to rage,
The lightning flash athwart the sky;
He makes the thunder loud to roll
From His omniscient seat on high.

But calm, which follows after storm,
Makes all on earth seem clear and bright:
The sun pours forth his brightest rays,
And charms us with a flood of light.

JOHN W. CLAY.

MAJOR-GENERAL GLYN, C.B., when inspecting the 78th Highlanders, at the Royal Barrack, during the past month (previous to their embarkation for India), after giving them praise for their general appearance and conduct, gave them a few words of advice, spoken from the experience of his own life. After telling them of the climate to which they were going, he says: —"*I served ten years there, and never was a day sick, and I attribute my good health to my abstinence from alcoholic drinks.*" And he went on to say, that his parting advice to them would be to adopt the total abstinence system on their arrival in that country. We are glad to have recurrences of such outspoken testimony of the value of the principle of total abstinence which we advocate. And as parting words often recur with pleasure to the minds of those to whom they were spoken, when far distant from those who spoke them, so we trust it will be with those gallant Highlanders, who have left their native homes to serve their Queen and country in a climate which severely tries the constitution and health of Europeans. We believe the words of the General were well and honestly meant for the good of the men, and trust they will adopt the practice recommended.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

A DREARY place would be this earth,
Were there no little people in it;
The song of life would lose its mirth,
Were there no children to begin it.

No little forms, like buds to grow,
And make the admiring heart surrender;
No little hands on breast and brow,
To keep the thrilling love-chords tender.

No babe within our arms to leap,
No little feet toward slumber tending;
No little knee in prayer to bend,
Our lips the loving, sweet words lending.

What would the mothers do for work,
Were there no coats or trousers tearing;
No tiny dresses to embroider;
No cradle for their watchful caring?

No rosy boys, at wintry morn,
With satchel to the school-house hasting;
No merry shouts as home they rush;
No precious morsel for their tasting.

Tall, grave, grown people at the door,
Tall, grave, grown people at the table;
The men on business all intent,
The dames lugubrious as they're able.

The sterner souls would get more stern,
Unfeeling natures more inhuman,
And man to stoic coldness turn,
And woman would be less than woman.

For in that clime toward which we reach,
Through Time's mysterious, dim unfolding,
The little ones, with cherub smile,
Are still our Father's face beholding.

So said His voice in whom we trust,
When in Judea's realm a Preacher,
He made a child confront the proud,
And be in simple guise their teacher.

Life's song, indeed, would lose its charm,
Were there no babies to begin it:
A doleful place this world would be,
Were there no little people in it.

OUT AT ELBOWS.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE ADULT MALES.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

Mr. Walters, a master ironworker.
John Jones, a drunken workman.
Tom Roberts, his friend, and a teetotaler.

PART I.

Mr. Walters (seated at a desk, writing). Enter *John Jones* (unwashed, and attired in seedy clothes, coat out at elbows, etc.).

Good evening, Mr. Walters. I heard this afternoon that you were in want of a foreman, and so I have called to see if you would engage me.

W. Engage you, indeed! I should think not.

J. But you might give me a trial, sir; please do, for I understand the work very well, I can assure you; and would do all in my power to give you satisfaction.

W. Oh, I don't dispute your knowledge or abilities in the least; but I am afraid that you would not give satisfaction, judging from what I hear about your habits.

J. My habits?

W. Yes, *your drinking habits;* and your appearance amply confirms the reports which I have heard of your conduct from time to time. Why, man, you are out at elbows, and your nose only too eloquently proclaims how industriously you have *painted* it; though I must say that it is very far from being an ornament to what was once a fine, open face.

J. Surely, Mr. Walters, you will not refuse me because I am poor and ill-looking.

W. I have far graver reasons for refusing you, I can assure you. Suppose, for the sake of argument, I was to engage you now as my foreman, and all the men in my employ were to follow your example, and spend half their time and all their energies in drinking—what would become of my business do you think? And, besides, it would be an insult to all the steady young men in my service to put such a rake as you are in authority over them.

J. Then you will not employ me?

W. No. I must have a steady, respectable man for my foreman. One who will attend to the business faithfully, and encourage my men by his example to do the same, and not a seedy, drunken fellow like you. I am sorry that I cannot engage you, but it is entirely your own fault, for if you had been a sober man I would gladly have given you the situation. I wish you good evening.

J. Good evening. (Exit.)

Mr. W. What a pity that a clever workman like Jones should be such a drunkard. These drinkshops are ruining some of our best craftsmen—I wish they were all shut up! My last foreman lost me two of my best customers. During my absence on business he began drinking, three or four of the men followed his example, the work was neglected, and my customers were disappointed and will not now trust me with a single order; so I shall be the loser by some hundreds of pounds every year through that one thing alone. Ah me! we may well have bad times if everybody's foremen are as worthless as mine have been. I saw a statement the other day, to the effect that the estimated loss to employers of labour annually through the drunkenness of work-people is something like £50,000,000.

It is high time something was done to remove the drinkshops which abound on every side, corrupting the morals and wasting the energies of our working population; and I for one am determined to use my influence against these licensed temptations to evil, for I believe them to be an unmitigated curse to the community.

(Exeunt.)

PART II.

Enter *Jones* (attired as before). I wonder whatever I must do! It seems as if nobody would give me a place again.

Enter *Roberts*.

Tom Roberts. Holloa, Jones! What's the matter, old fellow? Down in the dumps and out at elbows both at once, eh? Well, I think I can tell you how to get rid of both these troublesome things.

J. Can you, Tom? I wish you could; for at present I am going to the bad as fast as time can carry me.

T. If you will only follow my advice and do as I have done.

J. Oh, I suppose you mean signing teetotal, going to Sunday-school and chapel, and all that sort of thing?

T. Yes, I do, and you need not look so glum about my remedies either. You have tried drinking and Sabbath-breaking, and sin and folly long enough; and what have you gained? Nothing—worse than nothing. In fact, you are a great loser in every respect, for you have lost your health, time, money, situation, and character; and you have only a ragged coat and a shattered constitution left as set-off against these losses. Surely it is now high time for you to try total abstinence and religion, my friend; and if you will only try them fairly they will make a man of you yet—a good, honourable, useful man, and help you to live a worthy life, and fit you to die a happy death.

J. You seem to have great confidence in religion and teetotalism, Tom.

T. I speak from experience. I know that once I was as bad, or worse than you are. But one night a kind friend got hold of me, took me to his house, talked to me kindly and earnestly, and warned me against the habits which were blighting my life. He prayed with me before I left him, and that night I signed the pledge, and by the help of God I turned over a new leaf; and now I am a happy, and, I trust, a useful man; and I want to help you to be the same. Come along with me, and look at my teetotal home, and if you will only promise to sign the pledge, and honestly try to lead a better life, I will find you some better clothes, and try to put you into the way of getting another situation.

J. Thanks, old boy; but I do not deserve your kindness.

T. Kindness! did you say? Never mention it. Let me see! (Pauses and considers.) Mr. Walters was telling me only yesterday that he wanted a foreman. You are just the man for him.

J. Oh, but he will not employ me, for I have been to see him to-night, and he refused.

T. Because of your drunken habits. Well, well, we will see if he won't employ you because you are a teetotaler; but come along, you must have tea with me first.

(Exeunt.)

PART III.

Mr. Walters (seated, reading newspaper).

Enter *Tom Roberts*, with *Jones* (washed and respectably dressed).

Tom Roberts. Good evening, Mr. Walters; I have called to see if you have got a foreman yet.

Mr. W. Good evening, Mr. Roberts. (They shake hands.) Glad you have called. Have you heard of any one likely to suit?

T. Yes, sir; here is my friend Jones, who has just signed the pledge, and wishes to lead a new life. I think if you will only give him a trial you will never regret it.

W. Jones! did you say? Let me see. (Looks at Jones very closely.) Why, what a transformation! Wherever have you been since I saw you?

J. My good friend Tom has had me in hand, and I hope to be able to prove my gratitude to him for his kindness by trying to do better in the future than I have done in the past.

W. Well, I must say that I am delighted to find that you really desire to break away from your old habits, and in order to encourage you and give you a chance, I shall be glad to give you a month's trial, and if at the end of that time you still adhere to your pledge, and give satisfaction with your work, I will engage you as my foreman.

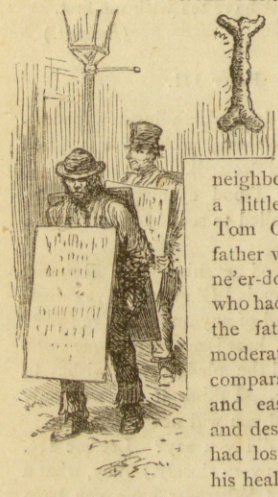
J. Thank you, sir! Thank you with all my heart.

T. That's right, Mr. Walters; I knew you would give him a chance. (To Jones.) And now, my friend, come to my house whenever you want company. Look to God for strength to overcome your old evil habits, stick to your pledge, hope on, and persevere. And you may be sure that while walking in the paths of sobriety and religion there is no danger of you being as, alas! you have only too often been in the past—

OUT AT ELBOWS.

TOM, THE ORPHAN BOY.

BY UNCLE BEN.



IN a small country town, surrounded by a large agricultural neighbourhood, lived a little boy called Tom Godard. His father was a drunken ne'er-do-well tailor, who had drifted down the fatal stream of moderation, from comparative comfort and ease, to misery and destitution. He had lost his friends, his health, his occupation, and finally disease took hold of his weakened constitution. After a long illness, he died in the midst of a bitter winter, leaving Tom and his mother to fight the battle of life as best they could. This proved too much for Mrs. Godard; she made a brave struggle, but the seeds of consumption, which had been fostered by her hard life and severe effort to keep her sick but drunken and dying husband from the workhouse, proved too much for her failing strength. Before the spring came she was too weak to do much work; the few remaining articles of furniture were parted with from the desolate home, and at last, with a heart almost broken by shame and grief, she was compelled to enter the workhouse. The care of doctor and nurse could do little for her. She lingered till the March east winds came, and then, as the days began to lengthen, in the twilight of a grey morning, Tom was called to kiss his mother for the last time, and before the daisies opened to the full light of day he was left alone, an orphan, without father or mother.

Tom had been very unhappy ever since he came to the workhouse. It seemed to him like prison; he did not get on with the other boys, they teased him and hurt him, and kicked him about because he didn't like their rough games. He often got away from his companions to cry all by himself; and when his mother died, it seemed as if his cup of misery and sorrow was full and that there was nothing left him but to die too. All he could do was to think of that last kiss of his mother, and some words she then said that he did not understand, about, "When father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take thee up." He did not know exactly what it meant, associating it with the only idea familiar to him, of a policeman's work. He wondered if he did anything very wrong, if God would take him up now he had no father or mother to look after him. The words came and went in the child's mind; often he would say them over, "Then the Lord will take me up." Sometimes he was very much afraid of them. But when he remembered his mother, and that these were the last words that fell from her lips, he thought they must mean something beautiful; and then he would recall how when he was a smaller boy she would "take him up" upon her knee and say he was "much too big a boy to be nursed," and yet rock him gently backwards and forwards until he fell asleep. He would think of this in the dark, and wonder if God would ever take him up as his mother used to do; then he would fall asleep and dream about his mother, and wake up to find himself in the workhouse, as before.

I must tell you, that every Wednesday there came to the workhouse a number of gentlemen who are called Guardians of the Poor, who came from the different parishes in the Union district. One of these gentlemen was a kind-hearted farmer named Hunt, who had known Tom's father and mother when they had been better off. And now, when he heard that both had died, and that Tom was left alone in the world without friends to care for him, he spoke to his wife about taking the boy and bringing him to the farm to live with them; and as they had no children of their own, if he turned out to be a decent lad, to adopt him as their child. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt talked the matter well over, and they resolved to have the little fellow for a

month; at any rate, the change would do the boy no harm, and if the worst came to the worst, he could but go back to the Union. So the next Board-day that the Guardians met, Mr. Hunt made the suggestion that, with permission of the authorities, he would take Tom to his farm for a month, and if all turned out well he would keep him and bring him up. Permission was readily given to this proposal. Mr. Hunt had a long talk with the schoolmaster about the boy, and the result was, that the schoolmaster said he had never seen any vice in him, and if he never was allowed to touch the drink, he thought Tom, with care and good training, would grow up to be a good and steady man.

When Tom heard the news he was delighted at the thought of going away from the workhouse, even though it might only be for a month. At first he was a little frightened when he saw Farmer Hunt, but his kind way of speaking to the lad soon reassured him. He told him all about the kind plan, and urged him to be obedient, truthful, and honest; and while speaking gently to the child about his father and mother, said, above all things he must never touch that which had been his father's ruin: and to prevent all temptation coming in his way, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had resolved to become teetotalers.

At last the much wished-for day arrived; Tom said good-bye, as he hoped, to the workhouse for ever, and was placed by Mr. Hunt's side, in his old-fashioned cart, which was drawn by a grey horse. When they really drove off Tom felt so delighted that he could scarcely speak. But before they left the country town, Mr. Hunt pulled up at a shop, and got down with Tom and bought him a new suit of clothes. So he took off the regimental uniform of the Union—the corduroys and brass buttons—which were sent back to the workhouse. When Tom mounted the cart again, he felt himself quite a man; he had never been such a "swell" before, and as they drove off again, he thought every one was looking at him. By-and-by they got clear of the town, and drove along the beautiful open country until they reached the farmhouse. It was not a grand house, but a comfortable old-fashioned rustic place, that nestled in a dell among the fields and trees. Mrs. Hunt welcomed Tom with a pleasant smile and hearty kiss, as if she had known him all his life, and in the kitchen was spread, on a snow-white cloth, such a tea as Tom had never seen the like before. They did not give him too much to eat in the workhouse, so he had brought a good appetite, and Mr Hunt laughed to see how he enjoyed his tea. Before he went to bed that night, he felt so happy and so much at home, that when Mrs. Hunt took him up to bed, he said to her, "Please, ma'm, do you think the Lord has taken me up?" The tears came into her eyes as she said, "Yes," she "hoped so, and if he were good, he would be quite sure about it some day."

The days passed quickly and pleasantly enough, and Tom was as happy as the days were long; he had the run of the farm, and soon knew all the horses and cows about the place. All would have gone well had it not been for an unlooked-for event. Mr. Hunt had a chronic cough, that came on every now and then, and in order to relieve these occasional fits of coughing he always

carried about with him some cough-drops, or lozenges, in his waistcoat pocket. Many times had Tom noticed these unaccountable attacks of coughing, which were generally concluded by the application of a cough-drop; and he had often wished he had a little cough on his own account, that it might be cured by so pleasant a remedy. On several occasions Mrs. Hunt had noticed the longing gaze of Tom's eyes directed toward the waistcoat pocket whenever one of the coughing fits came on. As these paroxysms came on in the night, as well as in the day, Mr. Hunt generally kept a little screw of these sweets on a table by his bedside, to use if required during the night. One night, after Tom had been about three weeks in the house, Mr. Hunt, being taken with a slight coughing-fit, which had disturbed his rest, put his hand out to take his pleasant medicine, and found the screw of paper there, but no sweets. It had been full, he remembered, the night before and now was empty, and then he recollected that just of late those sweets had begun to disappear rather fast. So in the morning he spoke to Mrs. Hunt about it, said he felt sure Tom had been helping himself; and at breakfast-time, when he saw Tom, he told him never to touch them again, spoke kindly to the boy, and said he did not mind him having the sweets, but that he could not allow him to steal them, and that it was deceitful and wrong of Tom to take them without asking. Tom coloured up, and trembling, denied having taken them; this brought down a very severe reproof, and upon Tom maintaining he had never touched one, was ordered up to bed to stay till he confessed his fault. Tom burst into tears, and went upstairs, looking, as Mr. Hunt thought, as guilty as could be. In the course of the day, Mrs. Hunt went to Tom and urged him to confess his fault, talked to him of the sin of lying as kindly as if she had been his own mother, but nothing could bring from him any sign of repentance. Mr. and Mrs. Hunt talked the matter over again and again. There was no one else in the house who could have taken them, and the evidence was so clear against him that Mr. Hunt resolved, if he did not make a clean breast of it in three days, he would send him back to the workhouse. Every means was used to give Tom a chance, but he would only stick to the same thing, that he had never touched one. The third day came, Tom still persisted in being, as Mr. Hunt said, "an obstinate and ungrateful liar." Back he went to the Union. It was indeed a dark day for the poor boy; he cried as if his heart would break. His new clothes were removed; everybody looked on him as incorrigibly bad; and when the night came, and he thought of the happy home he had left, he knew not what to do, but still said, "Oh, Lord, take me up."

The home at the farm seemed very desolate to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt. They had grown to love Tom, and now that they heard no more his merry laugh, and saw not his face, they were very sad. However, Mrs. Hunt said, "Maybe it'll come all right; if ever he confesses, we'll take him back and make him our son, and it will all come right at last." That night, after they had been in bed some time, Mrs. Hunt was lying awake, thinking of poor Tom in the workhouse, when she thought she heard a low rustle, then all was still; again she heard the noise, then all was quiet; by-and-by she heard it again, and woke Mr. Hunt; and then all was silent as the grave, and Mr. Hunt said, "Nonsense, nonsense, there's nothing." But just as he was dozing off he unmistakably heard the sound; up he jumped, struck a light and lit the candle, but could see nobody and could find no cause for this curious noise; and as he was going to put the light out, the cough came on, and to his utter surprise he found only five sweets left in the paper, which had been lately filled. "Well," said he, "this is odd; it beats all I have seen or heard! What can have become of those sweets?" In a minute more he exclaimed: "I know now who did it; I know the thief; it is not Tom, it's the mice; now we'll put these five sweets out, and if they are gone in the morning it will prove who took the others. And sure enough, when the morning came the mice had taken the lot. So the first thing Farmer Hunt did was to drive over to the Union, and bring back Tom in triumph.

I need not tell what a joyful journey and what a happy welcome there was for the orphan boy, and how, at the end of the month, Tom became their adopted son. And as the days and years rolled on, Tom grew to be an honest, truthful, temperance man, and learnt the full meaning of those never-forgotten words: "When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

FICTION AND FACT.

In a little book which we notice in our Review column, under the title of "Nuts to Crack," there appears a very striking and suggestive statement of the delusive fictions with regard to drinking, and the real facts of the case. From the pages of this little work we quote the following :—

The *fiction* about drink is that it strengthens the body.

The *fact* is that it weakens the action of the heart.

The *fiction* about drink is that it is food and nourishment to the system.

The *fact* is that it is injurious to the nerves, and a brain poison.

Some have said that those who use "hair washes" injure their brain; others have observed that those who do use them have no brains to injure. If this is true, how much more does it apply to those who indulge freely in alcohol?

The *fiction* is that drink helps digestion.

The *fact* is that it causes indigestion, and dyspepsia into the bargain.

The *fiction* is that it warms the body.

The *fact* is that it cools it, lowers the temperature of the body, and makes us more susceptible to cold.

The *fiction* is that it is the token of hospitality and good cheer.

The *fact* is it dissevers friendships and breaks up homes.

The *fiction* about the social aspect of the drink is that it is the sign of liberality and generosity.

The *fact* is that it is the pledge of extravagance and waste.

The *fiction* is that the drink is a fruitful source of revenue to the State.

The *fact* is that while the revenue is colossal from this legalised tempter, and is received with one hand by the State, with the other it is paid away for prisons, workhouses, lunatic asylums, police force, magistracy, law courts, and a vast indirect expenditure which is beyond all calculation.

We might continue to mutiply in many ways the false conventional estimate of the liquor traffic—how society has looked on beer as the poor man's friend, while it has been his greatest foe, and thought of wine as the rich man's medicine, when it has too often been his deadly poison. Men have been so far deluded as to think that they have drank each other's good health in it when they have been drinking to each other's ruin. But perhaps the most fatal of all fictions has been this, that it is "God's good creature," when in solemn fact it has become the Devil's worst curse that has ever fallen on Englishmen and English homes.

A SUMMER SKETCH.

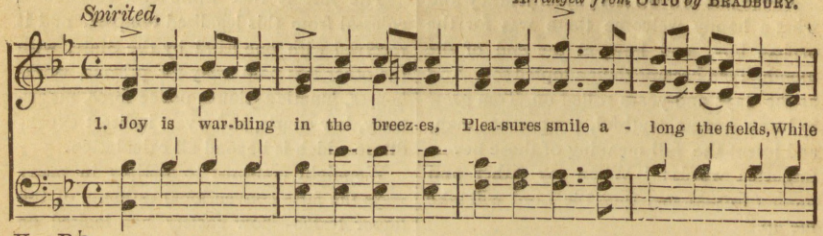
Beneath tall, spreading trees I pause and dream;
Above me stretches heaven's wide arch of blue,
High distant mountains rise and bound my view;
Anon I hear the gurgling of the stream,
Which shimmers past yon hedge, where roses teem
In wild luxuriance, and woodbine floats
Its sweet perfume. The cuckoo's mellow notes
Ring through the vale; the keen-edged scythe's agleam,
In meadows where the ripening grass doth seem
To bow expectant of the reaper's stroke.
Earth hath put on her sweetest, loveliest cloak;
With summer joy her face is all abeam,
Upturned to God in gladsome thankfulness,
For that He doth with beauty plenty bless.

David Lawton.

PICNIC GLEE.

Arranged from OTTO *by* BRADBURY.

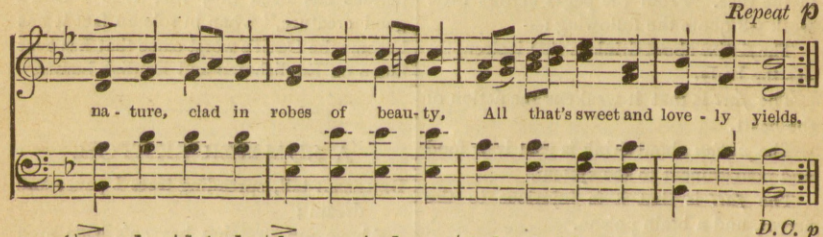
Spirited.



KEY B♭.

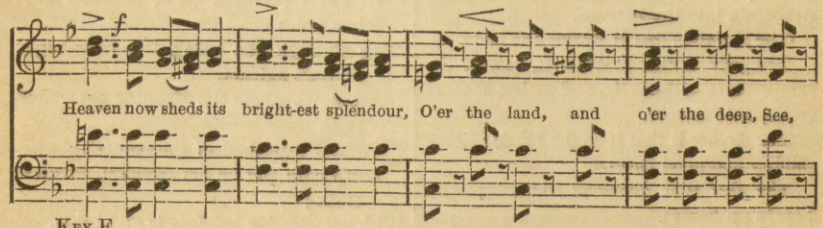
s, :d | d.t, :d	l, :r | r.de :r	t, :r | s :-.f	m.f :m.r | d :s,
2. Humming bees and	sail-ing swal-lows,	Gai-ly tell the	live - ly glee, Which
m, :m, | m, :m,	f, :l, | l, :l,	s, :s, | s, :-.s,	s,.l, :s,.f, | m, :m,
d :d | d :d	d :f | f :f	r :t, | t, :-.t,	d :d | d :d
3. Blooming flowers their	sweets ex-hal - ing,	Join to make the	charming scene Ap -
d, :d | d :d	f, :f, | f, :f,	s, :s, | s, :-.s,	d :d | d :d

Repeat p



D.C. p

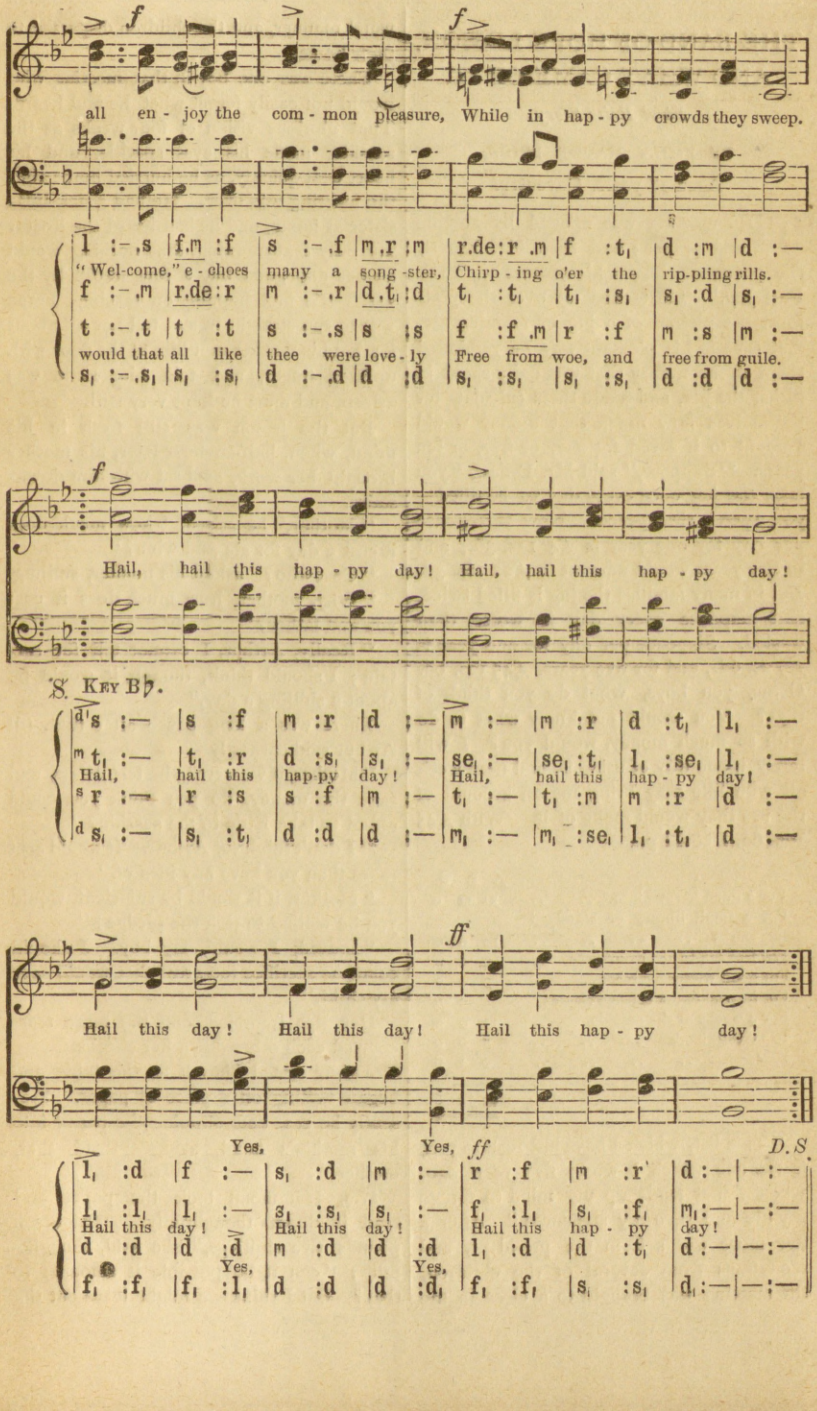
s, :d | d.t, :d	l, :r | r.de :r	t, .d :r .m | f :t,	d :m | d :—
na - ture now is	kind-ly shed-ding	O - ver all the	eye can see.
m, :s, | s, :s,	f, :l, | l, :l,	s, .l, :t, .d | r :s,	m, :s, | m, :—
d :m | m :m	d :f | f :f	r :r | t, :r	d :d | d :—
pear still more like	hap-py E - den	Ere the blight of	hu-man sin.
d, :d | d :d	f, :f, | f, :f,	s, :s, | s, :s,	d, :d | d, :—



KEY F.

m l :-.s | f.m :f	s :-.f | m.r :m	r. :m. | f. :fe.	s. :d'. | t. :l.
"Welcome," says the	flock that's feed-ing	On the ver - dant,	gras-sy hills, And
d f :-.m | r.de :r	m :-.r | d.t, :d	t, :d. | r. :re.	m. :m. | r. :d.
fe t :-.t | t :t	s :-.s | s :s	s. :s. | s. :s.	s. :s. | s. :d'.
Glad we hail thee,	love-ly spring-time,	Tru - ly wel - come	is thy smile, Oh,
r, s, :-.s, | s, :s,	d :-.d | d :d	s, :s. | s, :s.	d. :d. | d. :d.

PICNIC GLEE.—*Continued.*



THE BAND OF HOPE LESSON, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

First Prize Story.

BY EMILY MAUDE PRICE,

Aged 18 years, Coventry.

THE meeting was opened by singing and prayer; and then Mr. Ernest, the president, began his address on "The Pint Jug." He tacked up over the platform the picture of a jug of foaming ale, and then in his pleasant way he reminded them of the money that was daily spent in filling the jug, and made them calculate for themselves how much that money would amount to if saved for one, or five, or ten years. "Suppose," said Mr. Ernest, "you take the jug once every day to be filled—you spend threepence. Now threepence per day for one year is £4 11s. 3d., and in five years would amount to £22 16s. 3d. But in many families the jug is filled twice, and sixpence every day is worse than wasted. Sixpence per day for one year is £9 2s. 6d., and for five years, £45 12s. 6d. Come, you boys, what do you think of that? You would not know what to do with so much money, would you? I will tell you one way of using it, and next week all who like may bring me an account of the use they would make of it. With £45 12s. 6d. I could pay—

	£	s.	d.
For a good harmonium	11	11	0
For a small library of standard works	10	0	0
For free tea to 100 drunkards ..	3	0	0
For good winter overcoat	3	0	0
For instruction at science classes	1	0	0
For 4 weeks at the seaside ..	12	0	0
In savings bank	5	0	0
Extras	0	1	6
Total	£45	12	6

"This list, which I have just read to you, is the one which I wrote five years ago, when I first made up my mind to forego my ale and save my sixpences." After a few more words from the president, and recitations from several of the children, the meeting was brought to a close in the usual manner, and the children dispersed to their homes.

There was one boy in that meeting who would not easily forget what he had heard. That glorious vision of four weeks at the seaside, made his eyes sparkle, and his heart beat quickly, as he hurried home after the meeting was over. He had a sick little sister at home, and he had heard the doctor say only that morning, that nothing would do her any good but a few weeks by the sea. His first impulse on reaching home was to run straight in and tell her all about it; but his mother met him at the door with uplifted finger, and told him Ettie was asleep, and must be kept very still.

But the lesson was still fresh in his mind, when, half-an-hour later, his mother brought her work, and sat with him downstairs.

"Mother," he asked, "how much does it cost a day for ale and wine?"

"Cost who?" asked his mother, smiling.

"Why, mother, how much does it cost you and father?"

"Really, Arthur, I cannot tell for certain; I should think, though, it would be about a shilling a day."

There was a long pause after that, till Arthur said earnestly—

"Mother, if we were to be teetotalers, and save the money, do you think you could afford to take Ettie to the seaside?"

"I don't think so, Arthur. It would cost more than you have any idea of."

"Mother, if it would be sufficient, would you be willing to sign the pledge?"

"Indeed, I would, my boy. I should count no sacrifice too great that would save my child."

Her lips trembled, and the large tears coursed each other down her cheeks.

Arthur seated himself at the table and began writing on a piece of paper. Presently he rose and, slipping the paper into his mother's hand, said, "Read that, mother."

Mrs. Hammond took the paper and read it down thoughtfully. "Eighteen pounds five shillings," she said, thoughtfully; "can it be possible it amounts to that? But I think we might leave out the

dresses and overcoat, and allow another week at the seaside."

Now this is what Arthur had written:

	£	s.	d.
Dresses for mother and Ettie ..	2	0	0
Overcoat for father	2	10	0
A few good books	2	0	0
Subscription to Temperance Hospital	2	2	0
Delicacies for Ettie	0	13	0
Two weeks at the seaside	6	0	0
In savings bank	3	0	0
Total	18	5	0

"And if we leave out the books as well, mother, she might stay for a month. Oh, mother, do you think father will agree?"

"I hope so, Arthur." Mrs. Hammond could say no more. Her heart was full. Was not this the thing she had been praying for all the day, that the way might be opened for the carrying out of the doctor's prescription? She had said then that she would do anything, and she had meant it.

"You may go and sit with your sister for a time, Arthur, but do not say anything about this yet," said his mother presently.

Ettie was wide awake, and seemed delighted to see him. She took his hand and drew him down on the bed beside her, and there he sat telling her tales and singing her favourite hymns for more than an hour. He heard his father come in, and he guessed by the busy hum of voices what they were talking about, but he stifled his impatience and sang and talked till Ettie grew quite cheerful.

At last the little girl fell asleep, and then Arthur stole downstairs softly to find his mother alone.

"What does father say?" he asked, eagerly:

"He says that he has drunk his last glass of intoxicating liquor, and that if it is like cutting off his right arm he will do it."

When a few weeks after they were all at the seaside together (Mr. Hammond having run over for a day or two), and were talking about the Band of Hope, Mr. Hammond said earnestly, "Arthur will never have to beg again to be allowed to attend a Band of Hope meeting; we have all of us good reason to be thankful for the lesson he learnt at the last."

LOST.

"HERE goes another five shillings!" indignantly observed Tom, dropping a letter into the pillar-box; "I had to get the order myself."

"And there went ten not a fortnight ago," added I. "And every sixpence goes for brandy; I told the governor so this morning."

"What did he say?"

"'It was more blessed to give than to receive'; he might give other people a chance of being blessed," grumbled Tom.

The said letter was directed, "David Paul"; it was one of a series that had extended over many months. He was a pensioner of our father's, and a very disreputable one we young Pharisees considered him—yet we could dimly remember the time when mathematical professor at one of the Irish universities, and our father's earliest school friend, his name had been our household word for wisdom and learning. We could remember the respectful awe that filled our childish minds, when he came to stay with us for a time once—awe that speedily deepened into profound admiration of his handsome face and pleasant ways, and yet it was to this man that to-day we were reluctantly posting the five shillings.

It was the old story. Blinded by drink, he had let his chances slip one by one from his grasp, till almost the only person who retained any belief in his past, or faith in his future, was our father.

* * * *

"Will you present my compliments to your father, and I should be glad to see him for a few moments after the service, if he is at liberty?"

We did not like to look too closely at the seedy, shabby-looking stranger, but some tone of natural dignity in his manner wakened a gloomy foreboding that this was the man we had once delighted to honour, and that henceforth, instead of a distant he was going to be a very present and visible thorn in the flesh to us, and our reception was by no means cordial. Not so with our father: he greeted him as though they still met on equal ground, clothed and sheltered him, and before a week had passed was full of enthusiastic plans for reinstating him in his former position.

And for a little time it seemed as if he would be successful; and as the cloud lifted, something of our old admiration for him came back, something of our father's faith in the great name he would yet make for himself.

It was not to be: the craving for drink had been indulged too long and gained too deep a hold to be lightly broken. There was a year of effort, disappointment, and failure, a year of dreary drifting from one hospital or charity to another; and then we came out of church one sunny afternoon in September, to find a little crowd gathered round a man on the curbstone.

"Run over by a 'bus; half-screwed," explained a bystander as we paused. No need to ask who it was; our father's face changed suddenly as he bent over him—our sometime hero.

It was a never-to-be-forgotten lesson for two of us standing by; the contrast between the two who had set out together, with the same high hopes and fair future: one raised and refined by years of faithful work and loving deeds, the other degraded, dishonoured, dying, and the beginning and end of the difference—drink!

The time had gone by for help now; a few minutes later, clinging to the last to the hands that had never turned from his need, perhaps dimly understanding through them something of an infinitely higher love—a closer friend—the lost life drifted out.

"But the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost," I heard my father say softly to himself, as he stood on the deck of the ferry-boat looking thoughtfully at the distant ships in the track of the setting sun, on his way home from that last parting.

And after that he spoke of it no more, for the matter had passed out of his hands into the Great Seeker's.

SUMMER TIME.

Boys and girls in summer time
Love to ramble far away,
Up the sunny hills to climb,
By the running brooks to stray,
Where the notes of singing bird
Fill the air with gladsome sound,
And each merry voice is heard
Waking echoes all around.
Sweet the scent of new mown-hay,
Sweet the perfume of the flowers,

Nature, keeping holiday,
Calls us to her sunny bowers.
Pours the sun a golden flood,
Painting with refulgent beams
Every flower in field and wood—
Vale and hill resplendent seems.
Hither come, ye merry boys,
And ye gentle girls, away!
Leave your books and leave your toys,
Ramble in the fields to-day.

W. HOYLE.

DRAG OF THE UNDERTOW.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

FRANK MEDAIRY had a dull headache. He had received a case of champagne the day before, and he and his friends had made a night of it. Hence the headache and general out-of-sorts feeling.

A young lawyer of more than ordinary promise, Medairy had already made a name by his successful management of two or three cases; and was looked upon as a rising man at the bar.

"I don't like this," he said to himself, on seeing his hand shake a little as he raised a cup of coffee to his lips; "these champagne suppers ruin a fellow's nerves."

He tried to eat, but had no appetite. He must get toned up before he was fit for anything. So he left the table and went to the bar.

"That's your sort!" he said to himself, as he felt the exhilaration creeping over his nerves. "Nothing like a little good brandy."

At the billiard-room he met one or two friends. After a few games they went to the bar for "drinks," drawn thither by an appetite which was beginning to act with a steady but unregarded force.

"Have you seen anything of Bradford this morning?" asked Medairy, addressing a friend, whose name was Henderson.

"No; I called at Congress Hall, but he hadn't put in an appearance yet. His head isn't as strong as it might be."

"I'm a little afraid of Bradford," Medairy answered, gravely.

"Why?" asked Henderson. "A man should know himself just how much he can bear."

"Yes; that's so." But there was no heartiness in the response.

"What's the matter, Dick?" said Medairy. "You look as serious as an old judge."

"Do I?" said the young man, with a forced laugh.

"I'm afraid champagne suppers don't agree with you."

"Why not?" Henderson asked, a little annoyed.

"You're so dull and moody next morning."

"Am I?" He smiled, and made an effort to rally himself.

"Speaking of Bradford," said Medairy, "I'm really anxious about him. He's a splendid fellow; but he has no head for champagne."

"As you said, a man should know himself just what he can bear," put in the third member of the party, a young man named Millwood, who had not before spoken. "This is Bradford's trouble, I'm afraid; and if he doesn't take care the undertow will catch him."

At this speech Henderson and Medairy looked at each other. Each saw a startled expression in the other's eyes. They had both felt the undertow more than once.

* * * * * *

"The tide is coming up, and there's going to be a splendid surf," said one of the young men, as they strolled down to the beach.

"Who's going in?" asked Henderson.

"I am," replied Medairy. "A dip in the sea gives me new life. It refreshes me like wine."

"And like wine it has an undertow," said Millwood; "and both are treacherous."

To this remark neither Medairy nor Henderson made any reply.

The day was brilliant, the water warm, the breeze fresh, and the tide came rolling in with its great waves that broke and seethed along the shore. Hundreds of bathers were in the sea. Medairy, in his bathing dress, walked slowly across the beach. There was a thoughtful shade upon his face.

The fact was, the remark of Millwood about the undertow had taken an unpleasant hold of him. Twice during his visit to the seaside this season he had while bathing been nearly dragged from his feet by the undercurrent, and the danger was magnifying itself in his thoughts. A resolution to be on guard would have proved sufficient to remove the concern that was troubling him, if it had not been that the fear of another and more dangerous undertow had found a lodgment in his mind—a fear which he was trying to shake off; but the more he tried the more closely it clung, and the more it magnified itself. He paused as his feet touched the water, and an inflowing wave lifted itself half-way to his knees. But the returning drift was scarcely perceived, and he moved forward until he reached the line where the surf combed and broke.

As wave after wave struck and went over him, Medairy felt his wonted exhilaration coming back. It was not long before he found himself a little beyond the breakers; but being a good swimmer a few strokes brought him nearer shore, and within the line of safety. He felt such a vigour in his arms—such pride in his strength and manhood. Fear! A sense of danger! These were for weaker men! So, disporting now amid the breakers, and now venturing beyond them, Medairy spent nearly half an hour.

Suddenly, as he was struggling in a surf that broke unexpectedly over him, while further from the shore than any of the prudent bathers had ventured, he felt his strength depart, and at the same moment the reflex movement of the undertow struck him with unusual force, and bore him out from the land. By the time he was able to recover his self-possession, and to bring into action his skill as a swimmer, he found himself drifting steadily from the shore, and unable to make any head against the out-running current. He threw up his hands in sign of distress, and called loudly for help; but so long a time passed before

the life-boat could reach him, that he lost consciousness, and sank twice below the surface. As his white face came gleaming up through the dark water a second time, a strong hand grasped him. But life was apparently extinct.

* * * * * *

"It was that cursed and treacherous undertow!"

Medairy's friends, Henderson, Bradford, and Millwood, were sitting round his bed, discussing the accident and its well-nigh fatal termination. It was Millwood who made the remark.

"Cursed and treacherous! You may well say so," answered Medairy, whose memory held a vivid impression of that brief struggle in the surf when the breakers threw him from his feet and he found himself helpless in the grasp of the undertow, which seemed to spring upon him treacherously in the moment of his weakness. "You see," he added, "I stayed in too long. I ought to have known that it was only the excitement of the bathing, and not my reserve of strength, that was keeping me up, and that could not last for ever."

"There is," said Millwood, speaking with great sobriety of manner, "an undertow more treacherous and fatal than the one which came so near dragging our friend Medairy to a watery grave. Some of us have felt it, I for one; and it has come near tripping me on more than one occasion. To-day I have the strength to stand against it. But is there not danger, if I remain too long amid the rush and excitement of the breakers, that it may fail in some stronger sweep of the undertow, and that I may float out seaward, helpless, and drown? Such things happen every day, and we know it. There is in every glass of champagne, or brandy, or beer that we drink, an undertow as surely as in the wave that strikes the shore and draws itself back again into the sea. And besides, we see almost daily one and another drifting out rom the shore and drowning, while we stand looking on unable to rescue. A thousand are lost every year in the drag of this undertow to one in that from which Medairy has just escaped. There, I've said my say. If the other side wants to speak, the floor is vacant. I'll listen and weigh the arguments."

But no one answered him.

"I think," said Medairy, turning to Henderson, and speaking in a lighter tone, yet still seriously, "that I shall have to beg off from your champagne supper to-morrow night. I want to study up this undertow business. It hasn't a good look."

"All right; I'll excuse you. And, what's more, if the rest don't care, I'll telegraph Steel not to send the wine I wrote for yesterday. I don't like the idea of that undertow of Millwood's at all. I never thought of it before. And, to tell the truth, it has given me several warning pulls in the last few months."

There was present the young man Bradford, referred to in the beginning. He had not spoken during this conversation. He had been at Medairy's supper on the night before, and this was not the first time that a morning's shame and repentance had followed upon a night's excess.

"Telegraph!" he said, as Henderson ceased speaking, and with an emphasis that drew all eyes upon him. There was no mistaking the signs in his face. He had been in the grip of the undertow as surely as his friend who lay weak and exhausted upon the bed, and was in almost as much danger of drifting out to sea and drowning as his friend had been a few hours before.

"Then we're all agreed," said Henderson, rising. "I'll go at once and telegraph Steel not to send the champagne. You can study the undertow question, and let me know the result when I come back."

What the conclusion was we are not informed; but it will do the reader no harm to study the question for himself, and he will find that the undertow of an indulged appetite sets harder against a man than anything else, and comes, sooner or later, to act with an almost resistless force.

A HARLEQUIN said one day, "It is asserted that a glass of wine gives strength; I have been drinking forty, and I can scarcely stand upon my legs."

WHAT THE BISHOPS SAY.

COMPILED BY W. P. BUXTON.

DRINK is the best stalking-horse the devil has got. He gets within reach of many a soul by the help of drink that he would not be able to bring to ruin in any other way."—*Archbishop of York.*

"If all the money spent last year on drink had been thrown into the sea, it would have been better for the country."—*Dr. Vaughan, Bishop of Salford.*

"I am quite sure that there is nothing which the rulers of this ancient University have more at heart than the welfare of its younger members, and there is no greater hindrance to the fulfilment of their desire and their hope, than the prevalence of habits of intemperance amongst her students."—*Bishop of Oxford.*

"Gentlemen,—You may not all adopt the plan I have adopted—total abstinence; you may not all adopt that, but, in God's name, either adopt that or find a better one."—*Bishop of Rochester.*

"The sin of drunkenness lies at the root of the whole family of sins."—*Bishop of Ely.*

"Sunday drinking is the ruin of the working man."—*Bishop of Kilmore.*

"I think it is time we heard the last of the stereotyped cry, "You can't make men sober by Act of Parliament." We have made men inebriates by Act of Parliament, and therefore we are bound to take a retrograde step."—*Bishop of Guildford.*

"If we persevere, it is possible that by-and-by we shall be able to convince the Legislature that everywhere it will be their duty so to provide, that if a man wishes this pleasure, he must go and seek it; that he shall not have it thrust into his face, and made a perpetual temptation to his weakness."—*Bishop of Exeter.*

"Is not prevention better than cure? What about the rising generation? How about our children? Are there not such things as Bands of Hope? Thank God! there are. 'Bend the bough when it is young.' Is not that good? Is it not worth while being a total abstainer that we may encourage these little ones in Christ never to begin to touch?"—*Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.*

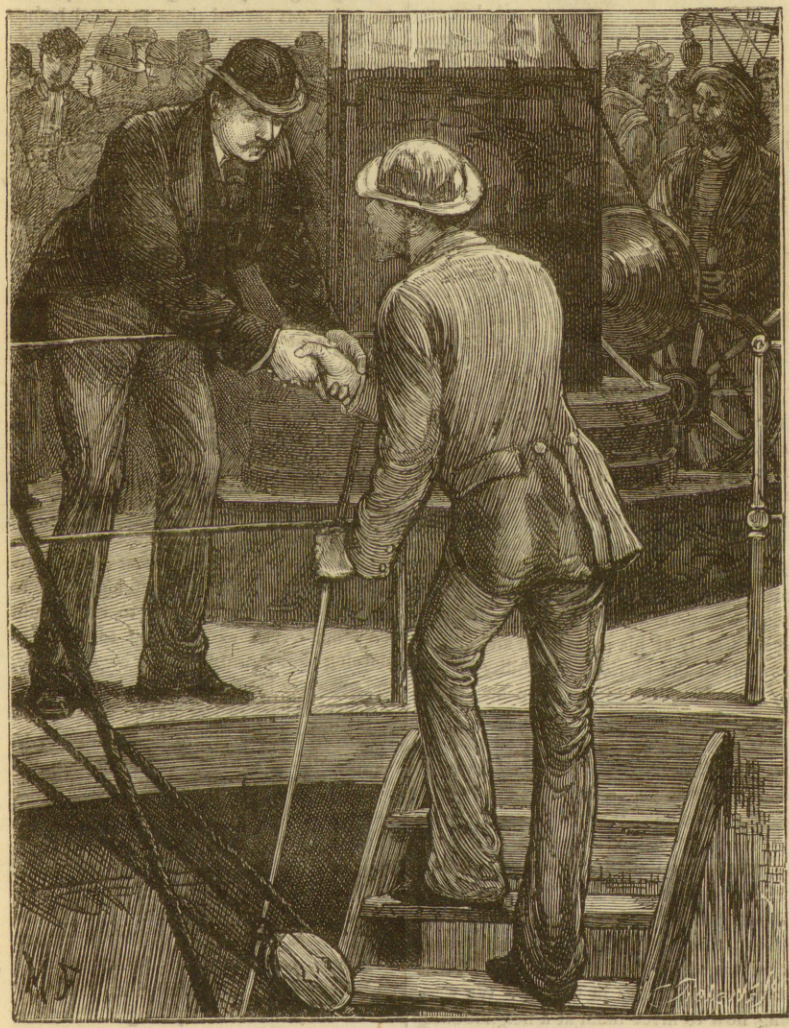
"At the present moment, intemperance is considered the great evil which is corrupting the masses. It is undoubtedly one of the greatest evils with which we have to contend, but it is important to consider how we should deal with it. Should we approach it as a social question or in a political way, or should we deal with it as a sin in the sight of God? I am convinced that if a man be a drunkard the only way to cure him is to make him a total abstainer. We have to look at it as a sin in the sight of God, and as doing evil in the Church and the land."—*Bishop of Sodor and Man.*

"There is only one stage from intemperance to crime."—*Bishop of Manchester.*

"I agree with the statement, that the great curse which withers our people, that the pestilence which is devouring them, is drunkenness."—*Cardinal Manning.*

"Let Christian men think of what has been done by that burning water, as the North American Indians call it—that drink of death which the white man has administered to his dark brethren, which has sowed the seed of discord and misery, and sent them still further wandering from that God whom they might all have sought after and found."—*Bishop Wilberforce.*

"SAY, Pomp, whar you get dat new hat?" "Why, at de shop, of course." "What is de price of sich an article as dat dar?" "I don't know, Sam—I don't know: de shopman wasn't dar."



"On the crowded deck of the emigrant ship we said good-bye."—p. 99.

MY HERO.

HE was twenty and I was eighteen, he tall and dignified, I short and stumpy; he the junior clerk, I the message boy; he Mr. Maurice to the general public, I "Little Ginger." The managers and partners were suns too bright for my small horizon. Maurice consulted me upon the fits of his coats, and the quality of his pomatum, and even allowed me to walk home beside him at times, and so he naturally became my hero, and I his follower.

He called to me as he stood in the doorway one late summer evening, and we went down the dingy staircase together. For a street or two we walked in silence, I glancing reverently at his moustache and speculating upon the glorious possibility of one day possessing one like it, then he looked round suddenly.

"'Ginger,' I've got a piece of news for you. Look here;" and he opened a blue, business envelope, and showed me five sovereigns inside. "What do you think of that, my boy! All cleared since last Monday, and lots more where it came from."

He was quite satisfied with the interest and admiration flaming in my countenance, and explained that he had made two new acquaintances—splendid fellows, who could put no end of things in his way. We were going now to meet them at a neighbouring bar, and I was to go with him that he might have some one to talk it over with after.

Such a mark of confidence quite swept away my scruples about the place of meeting, and I followed him through the swing-door into a stifling bar parlour. Two overdressed young men at a side-table greeted us, and we sat down beside them.

They began by calling for brandy, and the order was several times repeated before we left. I have a very vague idea of the conversation. They spoke at first about Maurice's prospects and duties at the office, evincing great contempt for regular work. Afterwards, stakes and odds figured largely in it. It was all a strange tongue to me, and I sipped my tumbler silently, and tried to feel that this was seeing life in earnest.

Finally, Maurice went away with them, and I stood in the street alone, with a racking headache born of the stifling air and powerful decoctions inside, and worse, a first faint doubt about my hero in my heart.

That was his first visit, but before many weeks had passed it had grown into a habit. He took me in with him no more. I think his new friends objected, and night after night I left him at the swing-door. He wore a glittering ring upon his little finger as an earnest of his coming greatness, and confided to me often with strictest injunctions to secrecy that he was on the high road to fortune. "The high road to ruin," said the other clerks as he came to business morning after morning with a haggard face, and unsteady hands.

September set in wet and cold that year, and towards the end of it I contrived to catch a violent cold that kept me from the office for a week. A sudden sense of something wrong fell upon me the first morning when I went back again. Instead of being at their desks, the clerks were standing talking together in little groups, Maurice was nowhere visible. Two or three glanced at me curiously and shrugged their shoulders. Presently, one more considerate or more curious than the others called me to him.

"Have you heard anything of this nice young scamp?"

"What scamp?" I gasped.

"Young Maurice, he has absconded with £800. By the way, you were always prowling off together—you must have known something about it."

I went away without one word and sat down on the dingy staircase outside, with my head against the banister. I don't know how long I stayed there, the sound of coming feet drove me away at last, and by a sort of impulse I went straight to his lodgings. He was not gone, and for an instant my heart leaped up, only to die down the next at the sight of his miserable face on the bed.

"I didn't mean it, 'Ginger —I didn't mean it," he moaned, "I was taking it to the bank when they met me, and we played for it; they said I should double it in an hour or two, but I had had so much brandy I couldn't understand things properly, and I never met them but at public places—I don't know where to look for them now."

It would have been of little use if he had, the money and his character were gone. His father made up the deficiency, and the partners agreed to take no proceedings against him; but they were just men, and for the sake of the other clerks he must leave the country at once, coming back to it no more, until he had redeemed his lost name, and proved himself worthy of a claim to men's confidence again.

And so he went. He asked me to see him off; it was the only comfort that came to me in that weary time, we went down to Liverpool together one grey October afternoon, and on the noisy, crowded deck of the big emigrant ship we said good-bye.

The years have come and gone since then. I sit upon a higher stool than even Maurice's. News comes at intervals of his progresss—slow and difficult, necessarily, beginning, as he had to, from the lowest rung, but still a progress. Old faiths are hard to forget, and in a remote corner of my desk I still keep in respectful remembrance a dusty pomatum pot and a tarnished ring. My early dream of a moustache I know now will never be realized, the hope of it has died, with some other fair visions, in these dusty years; and as I note the fading ginger on my scanty locks, I begin to fear that we may be old old men before the long consequences of that sin and weakness have worn away, and I see my boyish Hero again.

IN MEMORIAM.

ELIHU BURRITT.

He held no sceptre in his hand,
No diadem was on his head,
No courtiers waited his command—
But though uncrowned, a king is dead.
And brightly on the roll of fame
Shall shine Elihu Burritt's name,
Acknowledged by the deeds he wrought,
A monarch in the realms of thought;
Who dreamed—when in his boyhood's days—
He sat a cottage-hearth beside,
Tha men would watch his words and ways,
Two nations miss him when he died.
The man who strove with gifted mind,
With all his ardent soul to bind,
Peoples of diverse creeds and blood
In one great bond of brotherhood.
The sparks which from that anvil flew
Shall kindle yet undying fires:
Enlightening lands whose tongues he knew,
Inspiring hearts with pure desires.
We marvel at the mighty brain,
Which could such varied lore contain:
We wonder at that hand of skill,
Obedient to a giant will.
The olive leaves he scattered wide,
Possessed an influence that shall last;
Though still rolls on war's bloody tide
As in benighted ages past.
But he has gone—the man of peace—
Where war and strife for ever cease:
To where the Prince of Peace doth reign,
In that bright land of "no more pain."

IVY.

It is possible for a man to be very much the worse for drink—as the phrase is,—both in a moral and physical sense, without showing it in his gait or speech, and even to be all but a confirmed drunkard without himself being more than faintly aware of the peril in which he stands.—*Saturday Review.*

In 1,000 grains of beef there are 207½ grains of nourishment. In 1,000 grains of wine there are only 1½ grains of nourishment. The raw flesh of beef contains 156 times more nourishment than wine.—*The Lancet.*

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

BY UNCLE BEN.

SOME years ago I happened to be in Glasgow at the "Fair time"—a time when the most terrible drunkenness prevails. One night as I was returning rather late to our hotel, when most of the public-houses were closing and their inmates or drink consumers were being turned out into the street, we passed one near a theatre that was evidently kept opened by special license. Here, for a time, seemed concentrated the dreadful traffic; the glass doors were kept constantly on the swing by streams

of degraded people going in or coming out.

It was a calm, clear night; the day had been hot, the moon was almost full, and in its sweet light the gas-lamps of streets looked bleared and yellow. We stayed a moment or two watching the sad scene: every time the doors swung to and fro the lurid gas light poured out on the pavement, and hoarse roars as of demon voices blended strangely in the soft atmosphere of that summer night. Several loiterers, most of them more or less drunk, were standing near; and just as we were about to pass on our attention was arrested by seeing a little girl, about ten years old, standing, or rather leaning up against a lamp-post that stood outside the doorway which she was wearily watching. She was a very pretty child with a clean white pinafore on, and though she had neither hat nor shoes and stockings on she looked dainty and refined. It was a sad, strange contrast, the quiet moon and the silent watching sky above, and this poor little child below; this dark and sinful city around us, and this foul den of vice and drink beside us. Just as I was debating in my mind whether to speak to the child or pass on, the story of her presence there at that time of night was told without inquiry; for suddenly there reeled and staggered out

from the blaze of that crowded bar a man, more drunk than most we had seen—if *man* he can be called, for a more besotted, haggard, and degraded piece of humanity never crossed the threshold of a gin-palace or a gaol. He felt his way by the side of the door for an instant, and then stumbled across the pavement; but before he reached the lamp-post the child had darted forth, then a little hand went up, and I heard a little voice say, "Father." And down the long avenue of gas lamps went that drunken father and that little child. We watched them till they passed to where the lights

were faint against the sky, and they were lost to us for ever in that summer night. My friend, now one of the worthiest ministers I know, turned to me, and said, "Is it thus in these days that the grand old prophecy is fulfilled, and 'a little child shall lead them?'"

We cannot unfold the story of that picture; the sin and suffering, the shame and pain behind that scene: the sorrow of that home to which the spotless little maid led that victim of the evil spirit. Think of all that brought about that worse than orphan childhood, and that worse than dishonoured manhood, and let us ask ourselves if we shall do nothing to cure this evil, and destroy the cause of all this misery. Shall not our Band of Hope work fulfil the spirit of this exalted poetry, which says, "A little child shall lead them?" Yes; the children shall tame the fierce passions, the fevered thirst, the sensual lusts; they may help to hold in check the world of brute force and animal tempers, and guide the uncontrolled wills into ways of purity, temperance, and peace. As surely as that night in Glasgow when I felt as if an angel's presence dwelt in that silent night air, and was made visible in sweetest human form, leading *home* that utterly lost wanderer, so surely does God give little children work to do for Him, and work which only can be done in His Kingdom by the child's heart and the child's hand. And to every little girl is given this sacred power, and every little maiden in our Bands of Hope has some little share in this blessed service. So in our midst today, by example and influence, by the love, faith, and prayer of a little child, shall the basest and vilest of the sinful race be brought to sobriety and virtue, and led back to God. Nor will the children's work be done until drunkenness and sin be no more, and the lost wanderer be led home.

A COUNTRY CORNER.

ADOWN a shaded lane in Kent
A wayside spring I found,
Majestic oaks a shelter lent—
The daisies clustered round.

The sweet wild brier, the graceful fern,
The rose, adorn'd the spot,
And in a nook, one might discern
The meek forget-me-not.

By many a songster of the grove
That spring is held full dear,
Oft to its coolnesses they rove
When summer days appear.

The thrush, the chaffinch, crested wren,
The swallow—come to sip;
These soon are satisfied, and then
The blackbird takes a dip.

And round and round they flit about—
While hopping to and fro
In buoyant glee—now in, now out—
How jubilant they grow!

Glad songs of thanks to ONE all kind
Float sweetly on the breeze,
As happy birds take wing to find
Their homes among the trees.

FREDK. SHERLOCK.

DIALOGUES ON TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

Author of "Our National Resources and how they are wasted."

No. I.—HARD TIMES.

Characters—THOMAS MELLOR, HENRY JONES, and ROBERT JACKSON.

Henry.—Halloa! Thomas. Where are you off to?

Thomas.—Off to? I'm going down to Mill Lane School.

H.—What is there up there?

T.—Don't you know? They're distributing soup at one o'clock.

H.—I'm very sorry to hear that!

T.—I suppose you are not going?

H.—Me going! I think not; I'd rather have my soup at home, at my own fireside.

T.—So would I, if I could get it. But these hard times people can't get it.

H.—If they've money they can get it.

T.—Of course they can, but what must they do if they haven't got money.

H.—Why, then they must work and get some.

T.—But if a man cannot get work, what then?

H.—In that case, Tom, I admit he's in a difficulty.

T.—I think so. And when a fellow's pockets are to let, and his stomach is empty, this cold weather he'll be glad to go to Mill Lane School, or anywhere else, to get a bit of something to eat.

H.—I don't want to pain you, Tom, but I'm surprised to hear you talk of pockets to let.

T.—I'm sorry to say that it is so, though. If I was like folks say you are, Henry—had got £70 or £80 in the savings'-bank, I shouldn't need to talk of pockets to let either, nor yet go to Mill Lane School to get a basin of soup.

H.—But you've been getting as good wages as I have, Tom, and yet, whilst you say that I have £70 or £80 in the savings-bank, you have pockets to let. How does this come about?

Tom is silent.

H.—(Proceeding) —I can tell you how it comes about. I have taken my money to the savings'-bank, but you have taken yours to the losings'-bank.

T.—What do you mean by that?

H.—I mean you have taken your money to the public-house.

T.—Well, I've taken some there to be sure; I've had a few glasses on a Saturday, and sometimes on a Sunday.

H.—Yes, I dare say that you have. Now, have you not spent some five shillings per week during the last half-dozen years?

T.—Probably I have.

H.—I'm pretty sure you have, Tom; for you know that, formerly, sometimes I used to join you, but six years ago I gave up drinking, ceased to bank with the publican, and put my five shillings a week in the savings'-bank, and now I have got £80 saved, and though times are hard, yet I can look on without any fear of coming to want, and I can get my soup at my own fireside.

T.—I only wish I had £80 too—that's all I've got to say.

H.—But you know you can't have the money and pour it down your throat in the shape of drink as well. If you eat the barley, you get good food, and you get strength to work; but, when you drink the beer or swallow the spirits or the wine, you get neither, for you know yourself that on a Monday morning, after the Saturday and Sunday's drinking, you are less fit for work than any other day in the week. Now, is it not so?

T.—Well, there's a great deal of truth in what you say.

H.—Yes, its all true, and nobody knows it better than you do, Tom.

T.—But if I could only get work, I shouldn't be in this mess.

H.—Yes. So long as you can get work, and are able to work, Tom, you get along; but you see this is dependent upon two "ifs"—the first "if" is, if you can get work; and the second "if" is, if you are able to work.

T.—You are right, Henry ; and the first "if" has broken down now.

H.—Yes, and perhaps by-and-by when work is to be had you may then be laid aside by sickness ; or, if you live long enough, you will become an old man, and instead of going to Mill Lane School for soup, you will then have to go to the parish, or perhaps end your days in the workhouse.

T.—What fools we are to be sure !

H.—You tell true, Tom, for you cut the ground from under you in two ways. First, by your wasteful habits you destroy the means which should uphold the trade and commerce of the country, and then you are thrown out of work ; and secondly, by your drinking habits you injure your health, and often render yourselves unfitted for work.

T.—It is very much as you say, Henry.

At this point Robert joins the conversation.

H.—Good morning, Robert.

T.—Good morning, Robert.

R.—Good morning to you both.

H.—We've just been having a chat about these hard times.

R.—They're bad enough, to be sure. And when they'll mend heaven knows—I don't think that anybody on earth does.

H.—Hard times don't come by chance, though.

R.—How do they come ?

T.—Henry's been trying to show that they come through people spending so much money on drink.

R.—Yes. Some people put everything to the credit of drink.

T.—I am quite of Henry's opinion, though, that if people spent less on drink, times would not be so hard.

R.—Well, perhaps not ; it may have something to do with it, but not a quarter as much as the people say.

H.—What is it that makes times be hard with folks ?

R.—Times are hard with people because they haven't got enough to live on.

H.—Yes ; and how comes it that people haven't enough to live on ?

T.—This can only happen from one of two reasons. First, either people don't produce enough, or else they waste it when it is produced.

H.—You have hit the nail on the head exactly this time, Tom.

R.—But how does that apply to the drink ?

H.—In half-a-dozen ways.

R.—It's very soon said, is that ; but assertions are not proofs.

H.—Well, now—

R.—Stop, Henry. I've an engagement at one o'clock, and you see it only wants about two minutes.

T.—And I want to be off to Mill Lane School to get my basin of soup.

H.—Well, when can we meet again and have time to go into the case fully ?

T.—I should like to hear the whole thing discussed.

H.—Can you come to my house to-night ? —bad as times are, I will try to find you both a cup of tea.

T.—That would be welcome, certainly.

R.—Agreed. What time do you have tea ?

H.—Any time—say six o'clock.

R.—All right. Good bye for the present.

T.—Good bye, and thank you for your invitation to tea.

(To be continued.)

SEVEN hundred and thirty gallons of the best Bavarian beer contain exactly as much nourishment as a five pound loaf or three pounds of beef.—*Baron Liebig.*

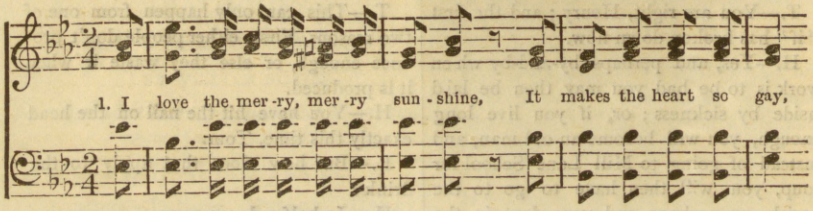
BEER contains but one per cent. of nutritive matter, and is, therefore, not a thing to be taken for nutrition at all.—*Dr. Lankester.*

IF you mind nothing but the body, you lose body and soul too. If you mind nothing but earth, you lose earth and heaven too.

IT is in vain to think we can take any delight in being with Christ hereafter if we care not how little we are in His company here.

I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE.

H. R. PALMER.



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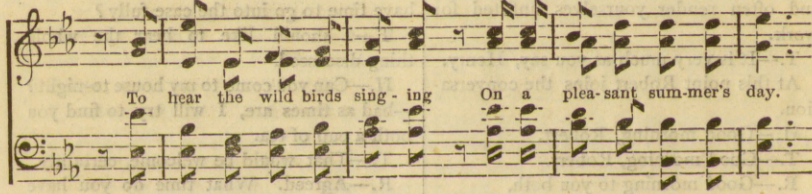

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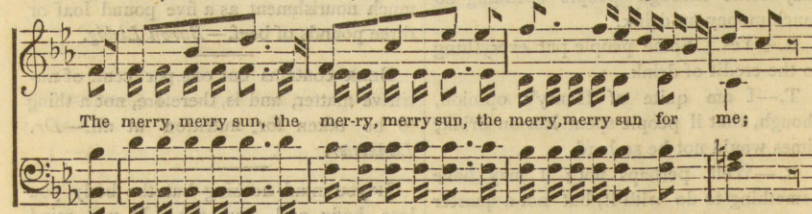
: .m	d	.d	:d	.d	d	.f	:	.f	,f	f	.f	:f	.f	m	:-				
	Its	ro-sy	smiles	ad-	vanc-ing,			Like a		beau-ty		from her		bowers.					
: .d'	s	.m	:f	.s	l	.d'	:	.d'	,d'	t	.s	:s	.s	s	:-				
: .d	d	.d	:d	.d	f	.f	:	.f	,f	s	.s	:s_1	.s_1	d	:-				

CHORUS.

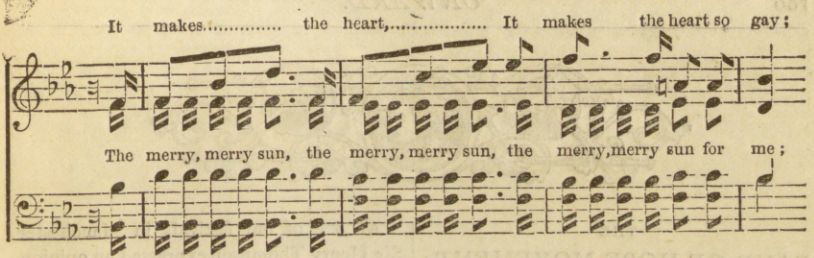
I love,..... I love,..... I love the merry, merry sunshine,



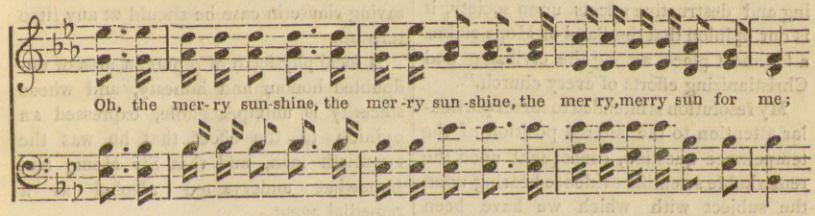
CHORUS.

.r	r	.s	:t	.,r	r	.l	:d'	.d'	r'	.,r'	:d'	,t	.l	,s	t.	l	:		
I	love,.....			I	love,.....			I	love the merry, merry						sunshine,				
.r	r	,r	.r	,r	:r	.,r	d	,d	.d	,d	:d	.,d	t_1	,t_1	.t_1	,t_1	:t_1	.t_1	l_1	:	
The	merry, merry sun, the						merry, merry sun, the						merry, merry sun for					me;	
.s	t	,t	.t	,t	:t	.,t	l	,l	.l	,l	:l	.,l	s	,s	.s	,s	:s	.s	fe	:	
.s_1	s_1	,s_1	.s_1	,s_1	:s_1	.,s_1	r	,r	.r	,r	:r	.,r	r	,r	.r	,r	:r	.r	r	:	

I LOVE THE MERRY SUNSHINE—(*continued*).



,r	r .s :t ,r	r .l :d' .d'	r' ,r' :fe .fe	s
It	makes..... the	heart,..... It	makes the heart so	gay;
,r	r ,r .r ,r :r ,r	d ,d .d ,d :d .d	t_1 ,t_1 .t_1 ,t_1 :d .d	t_1
The	merry, merry sun, the	merry, merry sun, the	merry, merry sun for	me;
,s	t ,t .t ,t :t ,t	l ,l .l ,l :l ,l	s ,s .s ,s :l .l	s
,s_1	s_1,s_1.s_1,s_1 :s_1 ,s_1	r ,r .r ,r :r ,r	r ,r .r ,r :r .r	s



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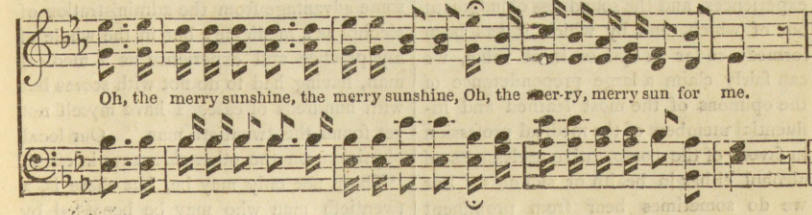
:m ,m	f ,f .f :f ,f	m ,m .m :m ,m	d ,d .d ,d :t_1 .d	t_1
Oh, the	merry sunshine, the	merry sun-shine, the	merry, merry sun for	me;
:s ,s	s ,s .s :s ,s	s ,s .d' :d' ,d'	d',d' .d',d' :s .s	s
:d ,d	s ,s .s :s ,s	d ,d .d :d ,d	f ,f .m ,m :r .d	s_1



:d' ,d'	t ,t .t :t ,t	d',d' .s :s .d',s	l ,s .f ,m :r .s	d : .
:m ,m	f ,f .f :f ,f	m ,m .m :m .m ,d	d ,d .d ,d :t_1 .t_1	d : .
Oh, the	merry sunshine, the	merry sunshine, Oh, the	merry, merry sun for	me.
:s ,s	s ,s .s :s ,s	s ,s .d' :d' .s ,s	d',d' .l ,l :s .f	m : .
:d ,d	s ,s .s :s ,s	d ,d .d :d .d ,m	f ,f .f ,f :s .s_1	d : .

THE

BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT:

ITS PLACE IN CHURCH WORK.*

THE resolution which is embodied in the paper is as follows :—

"That, in view of the scientific evidence on the comparative uselessness of alcohol as a sustainer of life or a restorer to health, and in view of the evidence of our own observation and experience of its demoralizing and destructive effects upon society, it is our opinion that the Band of Hope claims a foremost place among the civilizing and Christianizing efforts of every church."

My resolution is intended to direct particular attention to the altered position of the temperance question, consequent upon the remarkable scientific evidence bearing upon the subject with which we have been favoured of late years—evidence, the result of patient and independent investigation and experiment.

I wish you distinctly to bear in mind that there is a difference between the expression of an opinion, and the statement of a clearly defined scientific fact. So far as opinion is of value—and we know that it is valuable in proportion to the varied experiences, and the soundness of judgment out of which, and by which it has been formed—so far as opinion is of value, we can fairly claim a large preponderance of the opinions of the most learned and influential members of the medical profession in favour of the comparative uselessness of alcohol either in health or sickness. But we do sometimes hear from prominent members of the profession opinions which contradict this view so far as certain special cases are concerned. I may cite a case in point.

At one of our festivals in Manchester Sir Henry Thompson expressed an opinion something to this effect—that nineteen out of every twenty men would be better by entire abstinence from alcohol, either in health or sickness, than by even a moderate use of it under any circumstances. He would not say that in the case of the twentieth man it was valuable or injurious ; he put in the twentieth man, however, not because he had found him, but as a sort of saving clause in case he should at any time turn up.

A local physician of repute, a man of undoubted honour and honesty, and whose sincerity is unimpeachable, expressed an opinion to the effect that he was the twentieth man, and that Sir Henry had somewhat undervalued alcohol as a remedial agent.

Here we had before us a clear case in which two medical men of high standing in the profession differed in their opinion as to the comparative value of alcohol. As a matter of fact, the difference was very slight, and it may be formulated thus :—on our side, Sir Henry Thompson says in effect "There may be one man in twenty who under certain circumstances might derive some advantage from the administration of alcohol as a medicine ; but in the whole of my practice and experience as a medical man, having had to do not with scores but with hundreds of cases, I have myself not yet found this twentieth man." Our local physician, on the other side, says in effect, "There not only may be, but there is, a twentieth man who may be benefited by alcohol and I know him." The difference in fact, as I said, is very slight ; but the difference in principle is very great, involving as it does the whole question of the value of alcohol as a medicine. In plain English, Sir Henry Thompson's statement amounts to this—"So far as my experience

* A paper read by Mr. Bateman, of Manchester, at Glossop, before the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union Conference, April, 1879.

has enabled me to form an opinion on the subject, my opinion is that alcohol has *no medicinal value.*" In plain English, our local physician says—"So far as my experience has enabled me to form an opinion on the subject, that opinion is that alcohol has a medicinal value."

I take these two gentlemen as representing the opposite views of the medical profession on this subject, and you will observe that the terms of my resolution recognise the claims of the opposition, so to speak, since they do clearly assume that alcohol *has a value.* But although my resolution assumes that alcohol has a use, it very distinctly affirms that it is *comparatively useless.* And it will be necessary for me, in justice to this much-lauded, much-abused food, drink, and physic, to say that the fewness of the cases in which it is asserted to be of value is not in itself sufficient to justify us in pronouncing it *comparatively valueless.*

There are various drugs which are not administered to one person in a hundred possibly, and which yet justly claim a place among the most valuable known, because they have a specific action upon certain organs of the body when in a diseased condition; and in certain cases they are the only, or at any rate the best and most reliable agents known to science.

It is not enough to say that alcohol is highly dangerous, and may if administered produce most serious consequences; because there are other medicines of acknowledged value which cannot be employed without risk of serious consequences. A doctor may see that his patient has passed beyond the reach of ordinary remedies; there is yet another chance, but it is a desperate one. As he is, the patient *must* die; while the employment of a dangerous agent cannot make the case worse, but may in one case out of six or ten effect a cure. Of such a medicine it could not justly be said to be comparatively valueless.

What, then, are the grounds upon which we base the assertion that alcohol is comparatively valueless as a sustainer of life or a restorer to health? It is not a specific remedy for any known disease. There is not a single form of disease, or any condition of the body known to science in which alcohol as an active agent has any discovered value. So far as its action on the various tissues and organs of the body has been subjected to close scrutiny, the result has invariably shown that it is in no case beneficial, and in but few cases harmless. Those apparent effects which follow its use, and form the foundation of the favourable opinion of some medical men are shown when scientifically examined to be entirely delusive.

While medical opinion on the subject is divided, every new discovery supplies additional evidence against it. While Dr. Richardson and others, who, like him have made alcohol a subject of special examination and experiment, clearly show that its supposed benefits are dangerous popular delusions, their conclusions have never been disproved by those who still persist in administering it. Those who claim for alcohol the position of great merit in certain cases, at the same time admit that it is injurious and dangerous in many if not in most cases.

Upon these grounds, then, amongst others, we venture to pronounce alcohol comparatively valueless. I would recommend those who have not already done so, to read Dr. Richardson's lectures on alcohol, delivered, if I mistake not, before the Society of Arts in Cambridge University.

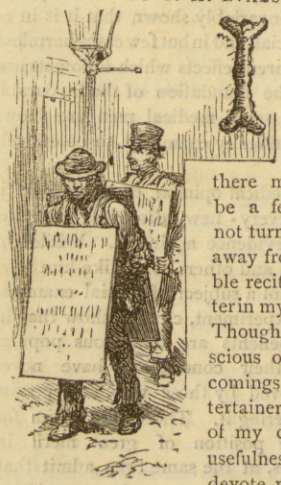
(To be continued.)

THE uncle of a Welsh minister being sorely offended, declared that he should never forgive the offender. The minister asked him if he knew what the Bible said. "No," said he; "what does it say?" "'Anger resteth in the bosom of fools.'" "Well, Thomas," said he, "go instantly and tell the man that I forgive him all. I will not be a fool to please him or anybody else."

"NOTHING can work me damage but myself," said St. Bernard; "the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault."

A TEAR FROM THE EYE OF A NEEDLE; OR, "WHAT HAS THAT TO DO WITH US?"

BY T. H. EVANS.



INSIGNIFICANT as I am—for my name is not "Cleopatra"—there may, perhaps, be a few who will not turn impatiently away from this humble recital of a chapter in my own history. Though fully conscious of my shortcomings as an "entertainer," I am proud of my character for usefulness, for I ever devote myself to the task assigned me with a *single eye* to duty, and I am proud to confess that I have often been the sole means of support to a mother and her sorrowing little ones. But there—I have thrown myself upon your lenient consideration, so, without more ado, I will proceed at once with my story, weaving into the *thread* of the narrative a few reflections of my own from time to time.

It is the old tale of disease and want through drink. The husband of a patient and industrious wife spending all his earnings n dissipation. One pleasant summer evening the poor wife whose bread I helped to earn, having assured herself that her child was asleep, dropped her work, and thrusting me into the bosom of her tattered dress, went forth to seek her worthless, liquor-loving husband, thinking that if she could induce him to return home before all his money was spent, she might be able to coax him into buying something nice for their poor sick child, who was ill with fever. A very few minutes brought her to the door of her husband's favourite haunt. But the glaring light of the glittering gin palace, and the noisy voices within, made her heart sink within her, for she was a frail and meek-spirited creature; so, after waiting and watching, and furtively peeping in at the half-open door, without even catching a glimpse of him, she turned away with a heavy heart, and slowly wandered homewards. On she went like one in a dream. Not noticing, and apparently not caring whither she went, she unconsciously took the wrong turning, yet on she went, till a sudden feeling of dizziness brought her to a standstill against the garden gate of a wealthy resident of the district just outside the town from which she had so listlessly sauntered. Heart-sick and weary for want of proper rest and sufficient food, she felt too faint to go any further, so clung to the gate for support. The house and grounds adjacent were entirely sheltered from observation by the thick foliage of the hedge and trees that surrounded it; and in the quiet seclusion of their front garden the lady of the house and her only daughter, a child of ten years, were seated, and the poor weary wife clutching the gate post became an unintentional listener to the following conversation.

"No, Nelly; I certainly cannot allow you to go to this—what did you call it—'Band of Hope meeting'? I have no doubt there are no well-bred persons ever seen in any such a place; only common working people and low, vulgar children."

"But, mamma dear, I should be so glad to go, for the children sing such pretty songs."

"You cannot know anything about it, my child, for you have never been," said the lady.

"No, mamma, but I spoke to one of the little Band of Hope girls one evening at the church door. Governess left me a moment while she ran back for something. I asked her to come in, but she said she did not like to because she was not tidy enough, for her mother was too poor to buy her any Sunday clothes, but she told me that she went to the Band of Hope meeting every week, and asked me to go too."

"Oh, Nelly! it is perfectly dreadful to think that you should condescend to mix with such low, vulgar children as that; I'm ashamed of you. But go on—what else did the horrid little thing say?"

"Oh, mamma, how you talk so! I'm sure she seemed a very nice little girl, and I told her I would go to the meeting if you would only let me. Do you know, ma, I liked the little girl so much, I felt as if I must give her something; but I had nothing in my pocket except a Christmas card that grandma sent me—you know, the one with the angel leading the little child—so I gave her that, and she was so pleased, and wanted me to have her Band of Hope hymn-book, which she said was the only thing she had got in the world. She said her name was Fanny, and I told her mine was Nelly. Just then governess came back, so I said, 'Good bye; I shall see you again some day,' and left her standing at the gate."

"No, my dear, that you never shall," was the emphatic reply—"at least, not with *my* consent. You must remember that you are not simply a child, but a little *lady*. I cannot, therefore, allow you to have anything to say to common children."

"But, ma dear, governess said that Bands of Hope were doing a deal of good amongst the poor, so don't you think we ought to try and help them?"

"Certainly not, Nelly," said the haughty mother. "What has that to do with us? If people will be so wicked and ignorant as to get tipsy, they must expect to be poor and badly off. It is no business of ours. But come, dear, let us hasten indoors, it is getting late."

I heard no more; but the conversation had deeply interested me, for my affections and sympathies have ever been more strongly inclined towards the poor than the rich, for I could give instances of patience under affliction, self-denial for the sake of others, and heroic fortitude and endurance under the most trying circumstances, that put to shame the luxurious self-indulgence and apathetic indifference to others so often found amongst the wealthy. Just as we reached the door of our miserable dwelling, a young woman accosted us.

"Do you know a Miss Layson, a dressmaker, living near here?"

"I never heard the name," said the poor weak creature addressed.

"Oh dear! I don't know whatever I shall do if I can't find her, for I have some needlework for her to do that is rather important, for it must be sent home to-morrow. I have already so much in hand I cannot possibly do it, so I thought I would get her to help me."

"Can I be of any service to you, miss? I understand all kinds of needlework, and can do it at once if you will let me."

"Well, I don't mind, but you see I—I—" she hesitated to complete the sentence, but the poor seamstress, who saw what was passing in her mind, hastened to assure her that although very poor she was trustworthy and industrious, as the baker a few doors off could testify.

To the baker therefore she went, and the result was so far satisfactory that the work was entrusted to her with the strict injunction to have it ready by ten the next morning.

The poor mother ascended to her room with a lighter heart than she had known for many a day, for the work she had so fortunately obtained would enable her to purchase a few necessaries for little Fanny. She forgot everything in that one thought of, how pleased the little dear would be to have a few of those aids to recovery of which she stood in need. But alas! all her hopes fled when she gazed upon the death-stricken face of the poor little sufferer, whose appearance betokened symptoms of the most serious kind.

Every hour all through that weary night seemed to confirm the conviction that her little life on earth would soon be at an end. But that cruel work had to be done; so the poor worn-out mother kept bravely on, working and watching, hoping and praying, all through the cheerless night. "Mother," said the patient little creature, opening her large blue eyes, "where is the pretty card that young lady gave me? Let me keep it in my hand to look at, I have seen some one just like the angel on that card. Perhaps it was Jesus. I shall not be here much longer, mother dear; Jesus is waiting for me." The busy hand that held me was stayed for a few moments, and those poor wasted cheeks were once more wet with tears, as the broken-hearted mother leant over that flickering little human lamp, destined so soon to leap its last and go right out. "Don't weep, mother, for I'm so happy; I don't want for anything now. Yes, yes—there is just one little wish—I should like to see that little girl once more; I told her I should, but it is too late now. Can't you see that angel coming to fetch me? Good bye, mother, I'm going now." Throwing the little frock that she was making down on the bed, she caressed the dying child, imploring God to spare her; but the little head fell on one side, the card dropped from the wasted little fingers, then all was still. Fanny was dead. When the grey morning light streamed into that comfortless room, I was still toiling away, and, true to promise, at the appointed hour my task was done. With a sigh of relief the poor woman, hardly knowing what she did, fastened me into the frock, but what had become of the card which that poor mother treasured so much for her little one's sake? The most careful search failed to find it. I happened to have my eye just within peeping distance of a certain little pocket, so knew all about it, but did not betray the secret. My presence in the finished garment was quite forgotten, so, much to my surprise, I became the uninvited spectator of the last scene in this sad story, the particulars of which I will now relate.

The day following my arrival in my new home was a grand time of rejoicing. It was the tenth birthday of a rich man's only daughter, and judge of my surprise when I found that the wearer of the little dress that I had helped to make was none other than the little girl who spoke to Fanny at the church gate. I longed to tell her that the poor timid little waif of humanity who, from a sense of her own unworthiness, feared to enter into the earthly house of God had already found a welcome amongst the angels in that "house not made with hands," in a world where pain and want are never known. But did that petted and gaily-dressed child, amidst all the festivities of the day, bestow a single thought upon

that tattered little being who had never had life's commonest necessaries? Yes; for when the fun and mirth was at its highest, out fell the lost card from Nellie's pocket as she drew forth her dainty little handkerchief. Unnoticed by all, off she flew to the nursery, and snatching up her favourite doll, she pressed it to her breast, then dropping into a little seat in the corner, burst into tears. Presently her sobs subsided, and she began to talk to the silent little playmate in her arms, for when very pleased or very sad she always told all her heart to Dolly.

"However did this get into my pocket? Poor little Fanny! Oh, Dolly! I feel so unhappy. I know it's very wicked of me to complain when I have such a kind papa and mamma, who give me everything I want, but that is just the very thing that makes me miserable. It doesn't seem right for me to have so much and poor little Fanny nothing at all. Oh, Dolly see how nicely you are dressed—quite like a lady,—but poor Fanny has hardly enough things to cover her, and they looked so—so—you know, Dolly—not at all bright and nice, like what we wear. And I'm certain she does not have enough to eat. Oh, it is wicked of me to have so much, when I know another little girl who has not near enough. I wish mamma would let me take her something nice to eat, and let me give her some of my clothes. I shall never be happy any more if she doesn't." And once again the little maiden sobbed as if her heart would break.

Just then, in came the governess in search of her.

"What a strange child!" said her mother, as she received her with a loving kiss; for she was her only child, so the proud and haughty woman loved her with all the fondness of which her selfish nature was capable. She stroked the beautiful tresses of her child, and kissed her anxious-looking little face with more than usual tenderness, for there was a flushed appearance about her face that slightly alarmed her. Little Nelly never recovered the wonted gaiety of her manner, much to the sorrow of all the guests, for she was loved by all who knew her, for her kind and amiable disposition; but a change seemed to have come over her, so the birthday party came to an abrupt and somewhat cheerless close. There was no mistaking the fact that Nelly was really very poorly, so her mamma insisted upon her going to bed early, which ended the day's pleasure in a manner no one had anticipated. The next morning found Nelly dangerously ill. After lingering for a few days the doctor shook his head, which said more plainly than the words he feared to speak, that he could do no more for her.

The fever that had carried off the poor little child of the drunkard was lurking in that fatal garment, and though love and money did their utmost to save her, another little grave had to be dug in the churchyard. Yes, before another week had passed away, two little glorified spirits were lovingly walking hand in hand in that "upper and better world" where there are neither rich nor poor, and where vanity and selfishness can never come.

And as the proud and wealthy woman, whose riches could not bribe away death, entered the *silent* nursery that could never again re-echo with the merry, silvery laugh of her only child—as she gazed till blind with tears at that little *empty* bed, o'er which she never more could bend to bless and kiss her Nelly's face, she found in the awful silence of her desolate heart and home an answer to the heartless question of her own unfeeling nature—

"*What has that to do with us?*"

WHAT THE POETS SAY.

COMPILED BY W. P. BUXTON.

"OH thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no other name to be known by, let us call thee DEVIL! Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!"

"Honest water never left any man in the mire."

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood."
Shakespeare.

"Drink not the poison, which thou canst not tame
When once it is within thee, but before
Mayest rule it as thou list, and pour the shame
Which it would pour on thee upon the floor." *George Herbert.*

"Late hours and wine, Castiglione—these
Will ruin thee! Thou art already altered—
Thy looks are haggard. Nothing so wears away
The constitution as late hours and wine." *Edgar A. Poe.*

"When against reason riot shuts the door,
And gaiety supplies the place of sense,
Then foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance."
Edward Young.

"There is no disease, bodily or mental, which the adoption of vegetable diet and pure water has not infallibly mitigated, wherever the experiment has been fairly tried." *P. B. Shelley.*

"In all the towns and countries in which I have been, I never saw a city or village yet, whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public houses."
Oliver Goldsmith.

"Men might live healthfully and happily without intoxicating liquors."

"O madness! to think the use of strongest wines
And strongest drink our chief supports of health." *John Milton.*

"Is man, then, only for his torment placed
In th' centre of delights he may not taste?
No, wrangler—destitute of shame and sense!
The precept that enjoins his abstinence
Forbids him none but the licentious joy
Whose fruit, though fair, tempts only to destroy." *William Cowper.*

"Be ye sober! Cheeks grow haggard,
Eyes turn dim, and pulse-tide blood
Runs too fast, or crawleth laggard
When there's poison in the flood."
Eliza Cook.

"To the sewers and sinks with all such drinks,
And after them tumble the mixer;
For a poison malign is such Borgia wine,
Or at best but a Devil's Elixir."
H. W. Longfellow.

"All habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas." *Dryden.*

"Wine often turns the good-natured man into an idiot, and the choleric into an assassin." *Addison.*

"Those who make a mistress of the bottle often cling to her mouth till they draw her whole spirit through it."
Tennyson.

"Here I abjure the bane whose power
Holds countless souls in shameful thrall;
Aroused to reason, from this hour
I shun, scorn, loathe it, once for all!"
J. Critchley Prince.

"Man yields to custom, as he bows to fate,
In all things ruled—mind, body, and estate;
In pain, in sickness, we for cure apply
To them we know not, and we know not why." *Crabbe.*

"There is a terrible evil in England—the number, to wit, of tippling houses, where the labourer, as a matter of course, spends the overplus of his earnings."
Sir Walter Scott.

BEER contains but one per cent. of nutritive matter, and is, therefore, not a thing to be taken for nutrition at all.—*Dr. Lankester.*

"Where the white fall settled into still, dark pools."—p. 114.

ONE SUMMER'S DAY.

"I HOLD that there is no such thing as neutral ground in this movement—he that is not for us is against us, and responsible for the consequences of the side he has identified himself with," quoted Will, flourishing a stray "Banner of Temperance," that had somehow been brought up among the morning papers.

"That is the worst of those temperance fellows," commented Jack, crumpling the said "Banner" into a ball, and carefully depositing it in a deep crevice—"once get hold of a hobby they ride it to death; I certainly don't consider myself responsible for every reprobate that chooses to get screwed and batter his wife. Hallo! what is coming now?"

We three were lounging in more or less elegant positions on the grassy side of one of the loveliest Westmoreland "scars." On the left wound away a deep, shady glen, where the white fall settled into still, dark pools, over which we generally hovered through the long sunny mornings, watching hopefully and earnestly for fish we never caught; the path to the right skirted round the lake to the railway station. It was early in June; we had had the fall almost entirely to ourselves for three weeks, and after the hospitable custom of our country, had come to regard it as our exclusive right, and all newcomers as intruders and interlopers. Consequently there was great indignation when Jack, descending from the rock whence he had been taking a review, announced that there was a whole Sunday-school advancing upon us, flags, teachers, and scholars in full force.

We hurriedly retreated to our little cottage, where after an hour or two of dignified seclusion the sense of injury evaporated, and by noon we found ourselves taking a very lively interest in the strangers, and breathlessly speculating upon the result of their cricket matches.

Some of the elder ones were rowing about the lake, and, after the match was decided, we sat down on the bank to criticize their extraordinary method of navigation. Very few seemed to have any clear idea which end of the boat ought to go first, and involuntarily we heaved a thankful sigh as each freight was safely dragged in, or pushed out, by the sturdy boatman.

One little party of three attracted our attention for a minute or two—a refined, gentlemanly boy, apparently a clerk, and two tall young men, not quite as sober as they might have been, judging by their loud voices and reckless way of plunging about the boat; we heard the man trying to dissuade them, and it crossed our minds that the "Banner" might possibly have found a mission here and waved a warning, if we had not condemned it so summarily to the crevice. Then the boat shot away, right end foremost, and we forgot them, till an hour later we caught a glimpse of it trying to turn sharply round just where we knew, by our three weeks' experience, that the undercurrents ran strongest, and they were standing up to change oars; it tilted up—over—and then a sudden shrill cry of terror rang out across the summer air.

It's not easy to talk afterwards of a time like that; there was a confused noise of hurrying crowds, and boats putting out from all sides of the lake, but the shadows were lengthening before they brought them back—three white faces that had gone out flushed with health and vigour, and now no summer sun would ever warm them into life any more.

"It's that cursed drink," said one of the boatmen, wringing out his dripping sleeves. "I told them as it was dangerous, they wasn't fit, but they wouldn't hearken; and the third seemed steady enough, poor laddie."

"That he was," answered an older man, whom we had taken for the superintendent; "the steadiest, finest boy we had. All those young men," he went on bitterly, "had given their word to take nothing intoxicating this one day for the sake of example to the younger ones, and this is how they kept it—the lad has been sacrificed to their selfish folly, and," he added, breaking unconsciously into the old pathos of the Bible story "he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow."

* * * * * *

"I don't believe that temperance fellow was so far out, after all," remarked Jack thoughtfully that night, as we stood at our cottage gate watching the starlight glimmer on the deep still waters where the three young lives had found a grave.

And in that quiet darkness I think we first came to understand something of the lesson, a lesson we are learning every day more clearly, that in this world no man can stand or fall alone; that in a greater or lesser degree every one of us *is* his brother's keeper. E. K. O.

A FRAGMENT.

I LIKE to hear of good deeds done,
I like to hear of victories won,
By those who love the right.
To see a foolish man grow wise,
To see a fallen brother rise,
Doth give me much delight.

Honour to those who turn aside
And leave the pathway, dark and wide,
That leads to sin and woe!
Honour to those who strive their best
To aid the wretched and opprest
While in this world below!

JOHN W. CLAY.

OLD JACK.

I KNEW an old hawker,
Jack Dennis by name;
A wonderful talker
He was when he came

With his basket of dishes
And crock'ry for sale;
For, knowing my wishes,
Whilst supping our ale

He'd tell me such stories
About the wide sea;
Of war and its glories—
The life of the free.

And oh, how I listened!
Believing each word,
My boyish eyes glistened.
However absurd

The things he related,
I took them to be
All true as he stated—
They seemed true to me.

And often he boasted
Of how much he drank
Whenever he toasted
A person of rank.

Of course he was loyal,
As all sailors are;
On all birthdays royal
He drank like a tar,

So deeply that often
His reason he lost:
His hot brain would soften,
And then to his cost

He found, when recovered,
His money all spent,
But never discovered
The way that it went.

Full well I remember
The death of Old Jack;
One night in November
He took a wrong tack.

As homeward he staggered
And reeled through the street,
He blustered and swaggered,
Then fell in the sleet.

At daylight they found him
All stiffened and cold;
The people stood round him,
And sadly they told

Each other that drinking
Had killed him at last;
This set me a-thinking
About his strange past.

For now of his revels
I saw the sad fruits:
Dram-drinking e'er levels—
Makes men worse than brute.

Thus Old Jack's sad ending
First led me to think
Of danger attending
The use of strong drink.

From him I took warning,
Resolved to abstain;
And spite of all scorning,
I sober remain.

DAVID LAWTON.

GEESE IN GENERAL,

AND ONE GOOSE IN PARTICULAR.

BY UNCLE BEN.

I NEVER could quite understand why a goose has been the feathered representative of folly or stupidity. But since it has been proverbially considered an unwise bird by the learned, I will not dispute the wisdom of this opinion, lest, by my ignorance, I prove my resemblance to the bird in question, but take it for granted that the goose is less wise than other birds. Now, if the goose is a silly bird, it is not the only silly animal in creation; and of this I am sure, that if the goose with all its big white feathers, and its fine waddle, and its proud hiss, is not so wise as some birds are, then for any one to be afraid of a goose, or any number of geese, is to be more silly than a whole flock of foolish geese put together.

There are a great many people that are always afraid of the people in this world who wear the fine feathers, and walk with a big swagger, and cackle or hiss at anything that either pleases or displeases them. *Conventional opinion* is a very foolish thing, but it frightens a great many very silly people. If the big goose of conventional opinion says "Wine and beer are good things to drink and are capital stimulants," then all the silly people are afraid to say, "No, they are bad things to drink at all, they are more or less an evil to any who touch them." This big goose of conventional opinion—and by that I mean the opinion of society that does not rest on reason and on evidence, but on custom and prejudice—is the worst foe of temperance,

and one of the greatest friends and helpers of intemperance. It has frightened many away from sobriety because it has said, "Oh! the proper thing to do whenever you meet a friend is to have a drink." Some people never pay a bill but what they want a glass of something over it. Others never scarcely do any business but what they "must wet it with a drop." And if I have said any word of reproof on the subject to such people, they say, "Oh, but if you were in our line you would have to do it—you must do it in our trade." *Must do it!* Why? I hope I would sooner see myself turned into a real goose stuffed and roasted, before I would be crammed with such rubbish as that and call myself a man.

The big goose of conventional opinion will always frighten little-minded people if it can. It will spread and flap its wings, and make a great noise, and it will drive them into a corner, so that they are almost afraid to do anything lest it should hurt them. But if they will only turn and face it, it will show its white feathers and fly from them. "Now, boys," said a teacher, "quadruped and biped are two kinds of animals. A quadruped is an animal with four legs—such as a cow, horse, or elephant. A biped is an animal with two legs—such as—well—yes, there's a biped," pointing to a picture of a goose on the wall, "and I am a biped, and you are all bipeds. Now, boys, what am I?" A short pause ensued, then one bright little lad answered—"A goose, please sir."

Yes, reader and fellow-biped, you too are a goose—or a gander, as the case may be—though you may be wise in some things, if you are afraid of what foolish people think and say about you.

If we are afraid to sign the pledge because other people will laugh at us, then we are more silly than the goose. And however foolish the goose may be, no one has ever seen one drunk. Therefore I ask, of these two bipeds which is the goose—the one who fears to become a drunkard, or the other who fears to sign the pledge? And I think we may say that the silliest goose of all is the one who lives in fear of other silly geese.

DIALOGUES ON TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE,

Author of "Our National Resources, and how they are wasted," &c.

No. II.—HARD TIMES, AND HOW THEY ARE CAUSED.

Characters—THOMAS MELLOR, HENRY JONES, ROBERT JACKSON, and WALTER MORRIS.

Henry.—Good evening to you both.

Robert.—Good evening, Henry.

Thomas.—Good evening.

H.—Allow me to introduce to you my friend, Walter Morris. I've taken the liberty to ask him to join us to-night.

Walter.—Mr. Jones told me of the chat you had this morning, and that you were going to continue it to-night; so I said I should very much like to join you.

R.—We are very glad to have your company, and we shall be still better pleased to hear your views on the topics which may come up.

W.—I suppose the subject of your conversation is to be, "Hard Times, and how they are caused."

R.—Yes; but more especially with reference to the influence of the drinking customs of the country thereon. Henry says it is the drinking habits of the people that is the main cause of the present distress; but I don't think so.

H.—Come forward and sit down; the tea is quite ready, and we can finish the chat after we've replenished the inner man. You must make yourselves quite at home.

T.—We'll do that, thank you, Henry. It's quite a treat to get to a table where one can replenish his inner man.

H.—I hope you'll do it now, Tom.

R.—How is the distress to-day?

T.—Why, I think it's worse and worse; there have been more people applying for relief than ever!

W.—I'm sure that those who can get to the bottom of this distress, and show the cause which is producing it, will render good service to the nation.

T.—But those who can apply a remedy will do still better service.

H.—But it's not an easy task to remove an evil until you know the cause of it, Tom.

T.—No more it is, Henry.

R.—Some of the greatest writers of the day, and some of our great statesmen, say that the present bad times and distress arise from overproduction.

T. (Ironically.)—And they're right, too; that's what makes so many folks clamouring and starving—because there's been so much stuff produced! You might as well say that the reason why it's dark to-night is because there is too much light produced!

H.—You've hit the nail on the head again, Tom. When we were talking this morning, Robert said that times were hard because people had not enough to live upon; but, according to these philosophers, times are hard because people have got too much to live upon.

W.—Or, as Tom said, it's dark because there's too much light.

R.—You are disposed to indulge in a little pleasantry, I see; but facts are stubborn things, and when we see warehouses crowded with goods, and manufacturers and shopkeepers burdened with stocks, there's no gainsaying such facts;—there must be overproduction.

T.—I wish, Robert, that you had gone with me at noon to-day, when I went for my soup.

R.—What makes you wish that, Tom?

T.—Because you would have seen hundreds of people with bare backs and empty bellies, and nothing to take either.

R.—No doubt it is as you say, Tom, but what of that?

T.—Well, I couldn't but think, when you were talking about over-stocked warehouses, &c., that it would have been better if these folks' bellies and backs and homes had been over-stocked.

H.—You've hit the nail on the head again, Tom.

W.—It is indeed the height of folly to talk of overproduction in the midst of universal distress.

R.—But it is so, nevertheless; there are heavy stocks of goods in the warehouses, and there is almost any quantity of grain in the granaries of the country.

T.—Yes; and there are any quantity of bare backs and hungry bellies calling out for the goods that are in the warehouses, and for the food that is in the granaries.

W.—And this brings us to the real question.

H.—What is that, Walter?

W.—It is this—How is it that the goods in the warehouses, and the food in the granaries, where they are not wanted, don't find their way to the backs and homes of the people, where they are wanted?

T.—Your question, Mr. Walter, goes straight to the point, and it covers the whole matter.

H.—I dare say, Tom, you can tell us how it is that the goods and the food don't find their way to your house?

T.—The reason of that is plain enough; it's because we've got no money to buy them with.

H.—And how does it come to pass that you've no money?

Tom is silent.

H.—I don't want to hurt your feelings, Tom, but I think that we shall do well to learn the lesson that these hard times teach us.

T.—You know, Henry, as well as I

know, it's because I have been so silly as to take my money to the public-house instead of taking care of it and spending it properly.

H.—I think you admitted that you had spent about five shillings per week for the last half-dozen years?

T.—I dare say it will have been that.

W.—That would be thirteen pounds a year, or seventy-eight pounds for the six years.

H.—But then, I suppose sometimes that you have neglected your work?

T.—Sometimes I have.

H.—Well, then, we may reckon the loss at eighty pounds at the least.

R.—But you are not going to assume that the five shillings spent weekly is wasted, are you?

H.—Certainly it is—nay, worse than wasted.

R.—That cannot be, for Tom paid the money to the publican, and the publican paid it to the maltster, and the maltster paid it in wages to his workmen, and they circulate it through the country. The money is not wasted.

H.—Then you maintain that because the money is circulated through the country that therefore it is not wasted?

R.—Of course I do!

H.—Well, suppose that, instead of going to the public-house to spend his five shillings, Tom had gone to the grocer, and with his five shillings had bought thirty pounds of flour, and supposing further that he had taken the flour and thrown it into the sea—would you not have blamed him for such wicked waste?

R.—Most certainly I should!

W.—But then, Robert, according to your argument, there is no waste, for he paid his money to the grocer, and the grocer paid it to the miller, and the miller paid it to his workmen, and it thus got circulated through the country, therefore there is no waste.

R.—But then, Tom should have had thirty pounds of flour.

H.—Yes, Robert, there's the point—the buyer should have value received as well as the seller.

R.—He gets value received in the drink he gets.

H.—If so, Tom will be a great deal better than he would have been if he'd kept off the drink.

T.—But I'm a great deal worse! I should have been a better man to-day by far if I'd been like you, Henry, the last six years.

W.—When a man's spent his money on drink and is worse for it instead of better, then that money, as you said, Henry, is worse than wasted.

H.—Supposing that as I walked down the street I came to the sign of the Blue Boar, I then put my hand into my pocket, and taking out a handful of coppers, threw them into the gutter; I then go on, and coming to the Red Lion, throw another handful in; I then come to the Bull's Head, and another handful goes—what would people think of me?

R.—They would very properly say that you were a madman.

H.—But supposing that Tom there followed me, and, instead of throwing his coppers into the gutter, he goes inside, throws it into the till of the publican, swallows his liquor, and then comes out and throws himself into the gutter—which of us would be the maddest?

T.—I should; but I've done it many a time nevertheless.

R.—Yes, but that is going to excess.

H.—Yes, and most of the drinking that takes place is of that kind, so that even if it could be shown that drink, when taken in what is called moderation, was good, it would not affect my present argument. But when it is proved that drink is bad in its nature, that any quantity of it is hurtful to persons in health, the argument then applies to the whole lot.

R.—Henry, you are going too fast. You had better prove what you are now saying before proceeding further.

H.—Well, when we meet again we will begin our conversation there, and we shall see how far the truth lies on the side of the abstainers.

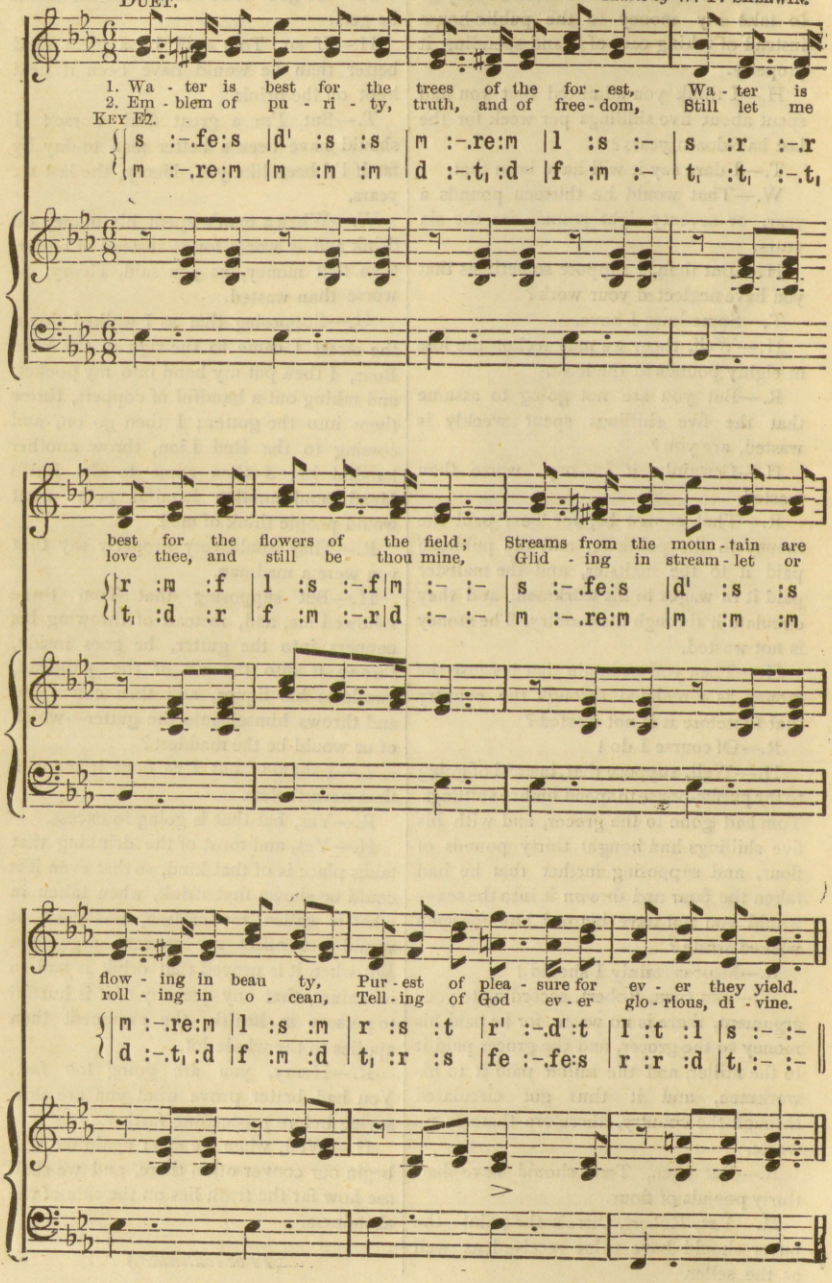
(*To be continued.*)

WATER IS BEST.

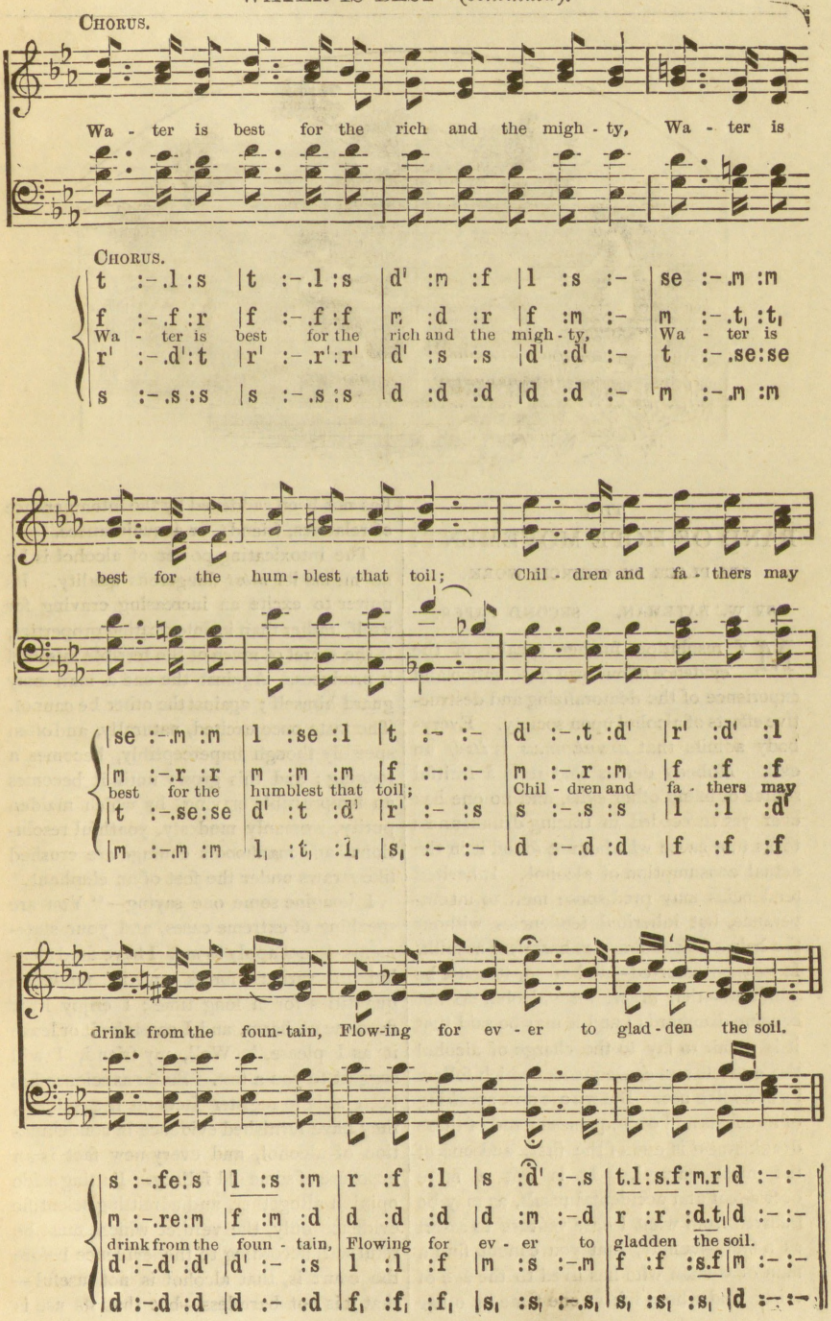
Words by W. HOYLE.

DUET.

Music by W. F. SHERWIN.



WATER IS BEST—(*continued*).



THE

BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT:

ITS PLACE IN CHURCH WORK.

BY W. BATEMAN. SECOND PAPER.

MY resolution further speaks of the evidence of our own observation and experience of the demoralizing and destructive effects of alcohol upon society. Everybody admits that *drunkenness* is *itself* an evil. Nobody denies that it is a fruitful source of many other evils, and no one has ever yet succeeded in tracing drunkenness to its first cause who has not found it in the actual consumption of alcohol. Inherited tendencies may predispose men to intemperance, but inherited tendencies without the help of alcohol are as harmless as milk. It may be asserted—and if so, it must be admitted—that *all* who use alcohol do not become drunkards; and it may be said that it is unfair to lay to the charge of alcohol those effects and consequences which follow its excessive use. But we are now speaking of its effects and consequences; and of these drunkenness is one of the first, and one of the most natural. It is not a mere occasional and accidental result, as may be inferred from what I dare venture to assert as a fact—namely, that you cannot find a man or woman who has lived to the age of thirty, and whose life at one time or other has not been saddened by the intemperance of relatives, friends, or acquaintances.

The intoxicating power of alcohol is by no means its *most* dangerous quality. Its power to excite an increasing craving for itself, rather than its intoxicating properties, is the secret of much of the terrible mischief it produces. Against the one a man may guard himself; against the other he cannot. The taste once excited, naturally, and often speedily though imperceptibly, becomes a longing; and this grows until it becomes an irrepressible craving, by which maiden purity, womanly modesty, youthful resolutions, and manhood's courage are crushed like straws under the feet of an elephant.

I imagine some one saying—"You are speaking of extreme cases, and your statements do not apply to me. I have used alcohol in various forms and in moderate quantities for a long time; I enjoy it, it does me no harm, and I can take it or leave it as I please." Well, my friend, I will suggest to you a test. So far as science has been able to register facts on the subject, they have furnished evidence in condemnation of alcohol, and every new fact is an exposure of some old fallacy. Putting aside opinion altogether, and admitting scientific evidence only, the verdict which must be returned according to the evidence before the court is, that alcohol is not useful—that it is not harmless—but that its use is

an indulgence which always exacts a penalty in one form or another. Now, seeing that you cannot be injured, but may be benefited by the experiment, the test I propose to you is, that you should at once discontinue its use. If it has no power over you, it will be no inconvenience to you to do so. On the other hand, if it has already planted in you that liking for itself which makes you look for it at the accustomed time, and makes you uncomfortable if you do not get it, it is all the greater reason why you should check the longing before it becomes an ungovernable passion.

I do not ask you to appeal to history or tradition for evidence of the destructive or demoralizing effects of alcohol. I refer you to the evidence of your own observation and experience on the subject. You have seen the comfortable home of the industrious and hard-working couple, barely furnished, but enriched with mutual esteem and love, degraded to a wretched hovel, in which hate and cruelty daily contend with hunger and misery, and from which love, and virtue, and gladness have gone for ever. You have seen the stately mansion, the luxurious home of the wealthy, receiving the newly-married pair, who enter it with all things favourable to a life of peace, and plenty, and happiness; and you have seen them slowly but surely change, until at last, in the very prime of manhood, the husband has found refuge from a shameful life in a dishonoured grave; and the wife, once cradled in luxury, has starved in a garret, with a bed of straw for a resting-place, and only rags to protect her from a pitiless winter—her heart crushed almost to breaking, and only saved from breaking by those strange motherly instincts which give her almost unnatural strength to live for the protection of her babe. You have seen the young man, quick-witted, intelligent, and brimful of humour, the life and soul of his circle, develop into the boisterous blackguard and the shameless profligate, who has by his evil deeds robbed his father's life of all its light of hope. You have seen the fair young lady, whose beauty, amiability, and worth have exacted the tribute of admiration and love from acquaintance and friend, sinking into utter degradation and wretchedness, a shame to her sex, an object of pity to the thoughtful, and of scorn and loathing to the thoughtless—a pest and a pestilence in the city—whose fair and lovely form has changed to the wretched carcase of a brute, and whose amiable and loving nature has been usurped by the spirit of a devil. You have seen the loving husband turned to a murderous demon, and the affectionate wife becoming the very incarnation of heartlessness and hate. You have seen the once tender father with every fatherly instinct in his nature destroyed; and the doting mother strangely changed into an unnatural monster. You have seen the philosopher, a far-sighted man, and a deep thinker, sunk to utter imbecility—a drivelling idiot. You have seen the Christian minister—the man of high attainments, unblemished reputation, and many virtues—his mind destroyed, his character ruined, his past good name and his acknowledged virtues helping to make him the laughing-stock of fools. You have seen helpless infants, and hunger-bitten children, huddling in rags. You have seen the murderer taken red-handed, and the suicide weltering in blood shed by his own hand. You have seen once promising sons and daughters lost to all sense of honour, and dead to every emotion of shame, and fathers and mothers weeping over their ruin with hearts bursting and breaking with the struggling emotions of love and grief. You have seen the young man, flushed with the pride of conscious manhood, leading to God's altar, and thence to his home, the lady of his heart's choice, and you have seen that fair lady, wasted and wan, flying in terror from the face of a fury, and glad to find safety and shelter in the cold and darkness of a winter's night.

I ask you, What is the cause of all this misery and ruin? and a hundred voices reply, "Drunkenness," and I venture to say that such an answer is erroneous and misleading. It is not drunkenness, it is *the drink*. Drunkenness—is itself an effect, and it becomes the secondary cause of many evils, but their first cause is the drink;

and as we face its appalling evils from day to day we cry out in mingled anger and horror, in the words of the poor befooled Cassius, "Thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, I will call thee devil;" or with poor simple-minded, deluded Marguerite, in Faust, substituting alcohol for Mephistopheles, we may say, "'Tis written on his brow: he feels no love for any living soul."

But is there not another side to the question? We are not talking of drunkenness, but drink. Drunkenness has no apologist. But we have laid to the charge of *drink* all the evils of drunkenness, drunkenness itself included, and can nothing be said in favour of drink? Are there no lives which have been made happier by its use? Is there no young man you know whose character has been improved by his visits to the drink-shop and the taking of an occasional glass? Is there no young lady you have known who has become more amiable, more attractive, more loving and loveable, by the occasional use of wine? Is there no instance to be found in which alcohol has elevated into dignified manhood some wretched thing which without it was neither man or brute? Are there no well-clothed happy-faced children to be found who can stand up and say "Our home is improved, our comforts are increased, our life is more gladsome since father took to drink"? Are there no hospitals crowded with accident cases which are the results of temperance? no asylums whose wretched inmates are the victims of total abstinence?—no workhouses where the records testify to the pauperizing power of teetotalism?

It is useless to appeal for an answer to those interested in the manufacture and sale of drink, since on all such questions they wisely follow the example of the immortal Falstaff in refusing a reason to Prince Henry: "Give a reason on compulsion! If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion." But have we not come across such cases in our own experience? If we have, let us as honest people, in dealing with this resolution, give to drink, in full measure, all the merit it can justly claim.

LIONS THAT NEVER ROAR.

A BAND OF HOPE LESSON.

BY T. H. EVANS.

THE temptations of life assume a great variety of forms.

We commonly speak of Satan, the great tempter of mankind, as a roaring lion, ever going about seeking whom he may devour. But we wish to warn you, dear young friends, against even another enemy, a wild beast that never roars, namely, strong drink.

When a lion roars we have notice of his approach, and make for a place of safety at once. But the one great danger ever connected with that rapacious monster, drink, is its apparent harmlessness. Unlike the roaring lion of Southern Africa, it never comes to us in a way calculated to excite fear, but, on the contrary, appears before us in the most friendly and inviting form possible.

Herein lies its chief power to mislead and ensnare. Foes that wear the appearance of friends are the worst kind of enemies that can beset our path.

The wild beasts in king Alcohol's kingdom fascinate and entice all who come within the reach of their alluring influence.

The king of wild beasts is the lion; the king of evil is drink: the king of wild

beasts is a lion that roars; strong drink, the king of evil, is full of the sport and playfulness of a kitten, and tries to appear as harmless. He has not the honesty of the shaggy monsters that roam the forests of far-off lands, for they roar out their approach before advancing upon their prey: they never by any deception or disguise profess to be the friends or companions of man. But that wild beast, strong drink, has a deceptive and ensnaring manner suited to every occasion and circumstance of life, and would have you believe that he is the greatest friend to health and happiness that man can ever know.

He is food to the weak, health to the sick, joy to the sorrowing, and rest to the weary, that is, if his word is worthy of belief, which it is not, for it would be difficult to tell from whence poverty, sickness, and sorrow could come, if this great disturber of the world's peace could be banished from our midst.

We have chosen to call the two chief imps of alcohol, that is, wine and beer, *Wild Beasts*, the better to warn you against them. Let us take each letter of which those two words are composed, and see if they do not utter a warning note respecting these two roarless lions, that roam so freely in among us.

W ine	B eer
I s	E xcites.
L iquid	A dds
D eath.	S trength
	T o
	S in.

Will you try to remember that little arrangement of the two words. We want you all to consider that wine and beer, and in fact all other kinds of intoxicating drink, are worse than wild beasts, that is to say, they are more dangerous, and therefore to be avoided, and this is not imagination merely. They may well be called *wild*, for they have made many become so: yes, wild with that unbearable despair that ends in self-destruction, wild with that frenzy of passion which transforms the peaceable citizen into the maddened assassin, wild with that frantic delirium of the brain that racks the mind with imaginary terrors of the most appalling kind. And they may well be called *beasts*, for they drag down those who use them to a more degraded level than that of the dumb animals that perish, investing them with all the worst and lowest features of the brute creation, without any of their redeeming attributes.

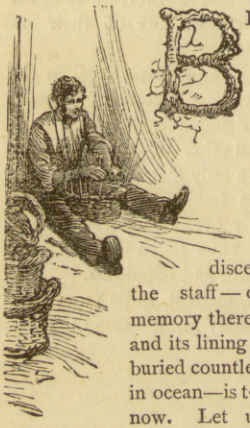
Strong Drink is the greatest deceiver the world has ever known. People of all ranks and all ages are deluded by it, at the wedding feast, and all other times of social festivity. If you can only make sure of avoiding these bad but fascinating companions, which you can by ever being true to your pledge, you will have taken the first great step towards health and happiness.

The evil spirit, alcohol, in its purest and therefore most deadly form, wears the pure,

white garb of innocent, life-giving water. Then beware of it, for it has not the honesty of an open enemy, but will come upon you at unexpected times as you journey through life, not like a "roaring lion," but arrayed as an angel of light.

A WALKING-STICK WITH GOLDEN LINING.

BY REV. BENJAMIN SMITH.



BEFORE we look at this stick which was so exceedingly valuable, it may be necessary to moralize a little in order that we may discern to what use the staff—or rather the memory thereof, for the stick and its lining have been long buried countless fathoms deep in ocean—is to be applied just now. Let us, then, place distinctly before our minds that a man may be ruined, body and soul, in this life and in the unseen life, by one vice. In many other respects the man may appear for a season to be worthy of commendation. But if he yield to one evil propensity, he may eventually sink into utter shame and wretchedness. If passionate, indolent, heedless, pilfering, unchaste, or intemperate, it will be utterly in vain that he has been a cheerful associate with many, and the benefactor of a few—the man may have to spend the close of life in destitution, disgrace, or even penal servitude; and enter into the unseen world unprepared to meet the All-knowing and Almighty Judge.

During the lamentable war between the Northern and Southern States of America the troops of General Jackson were greatly prized by their friends, both for their courage and vigour. Many of them possessed considerable strength, and were quite ready to use that, and risk their lives as well as their property in what they regarded as a righteous cause. Among these, however, there was one man who had come from Mississippi, who was conspicuous because of his great height and strength. He was really a giant in dimensions, yet exceedingly active. In Homeric ages he would have been admired beyond measure by his comrades, and have been the terror of his foes. But his career as a soldier was very brief. A newspaper correspondent had been much impressed by the stalwart hero's appearance. Wearing a vest of bearskin, he looked like some giant of pre-historic times. With a club of suitable size he might have belaboured his foes, Trojans or Grecians, as though men of ordinary size were but pigmies. But soon after the writer joined that portion of the army there was a fierce conflict, and many were killed or wounded. The war correspondent walked the next morning across the fatal fields that he might narrate what had occurred. There he saw the bearskin vest. Its wearer lay motionless and dead! At the first glance it seemed as though the stalwart man must only be asleep, resting after the toils of the preceding day. His limbs appeared uninjured, and his features had no mark of a wound. But the man was dead! On careful examination the occasion of death might be seen. There was in that bearskin vest one small hole, concealed by the fur. Through that hole a bullet had entered the man's breast. That one bullet, though the aperture it made in the vest could scarcely be found, made an end of the man's energy, daring, and life. Thus one evil propensity, if yielded to, will ruin a man in soul, body, and estate.

The reference we are about to make to the golden-lined walking-stick is intended to illustrate a kindred lesson. When, unhappily, any person has so far indulged an evil propensity that an inveterate habit has been formed, the evil must be got rid of at any price. It will not in such a case be wise to stand on terms or count the cost. There are cases in which, for instance, a confirmed drunkard must resolve that, by the grace of God, he will never taste strong drink again. It is nothing to him that others declare that they use it safely and advantageously. It is not enough in his case that a medical man affirm that a glass of port wine, or of bitter beer, or a little brandy-and-water is essential to his health. The man will, most likely, if he adhere to his pledge, prove that such stimulant was

not essential. But he had better even remain in feeble health than sink once again into the horrible drunkenness from which he has emerged. Indeed, there are cases in which it is so clear that the man or woman must either be a total abstainer or a drunkard, that if the doctor asserted, "You will die if you do not drink some sort of alcoholic liquor," it would be wise for the man to reply, "Then I will die!"

A ship was on its way to America. Among the emigrant passengers was one man who seemed a little peculiar. He did not associate much with his fellow-passengers. When on deck, he sometimes carried a walking-stick of extraordinary thickness. He could scarcely have thus armed himself from fear of an assault while on board. Possibly he had had perilous journeys in former days, or anticipated such in the country to which they were voyaging. The real state of the case was this: The man trusted himself more than he trusted in bank remittances or fellow-passengers. He had saved up money with which to enter trade or buy a farm in America. To keep the money safe, he had ingeniously hollowed the thick staff and filled it with sovereigns. This he seldom lost sight of. Unfortunately a storm arose. The ship sprung a leak, and all efforts at the pumps proved insufficient. The ship would certainly founder. By the time the last boat was ready the vessel was on the point of going down. The passengers got in quickly. Some called to him, "Jump in—it's your last chance!" He replied, "I'm coming; but I must have my staff." Few knew why he so prized the stick. The sailors shouted, "We must cast off this moment, or we shall all go down together. Jump!" He, however, hurried down to his berth. Those in the boat cast off, and only just in time. They felt the eddy as the ship went down; and saw the unhappy man on the deck, holding the gold-lined stick in his hand!

DR. CARPENTER says, out of the 1,500 annual London inquests more than half are through drink.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A SPIRIT merchant in Dublin announced in an Irish paper that he had a small quantity of the whisky on hand which was drunk by George IV. when in Dublin.

"GENERAL," said an American mayor, "I always observe that those persons who have a great deal to say about being ready to shed their last drop of blood, are amazing partic'lar about the first drop."

"BREDREN," said a darkey, "I feels if I could talk more good in five minutes than I could *do* in a year."

"JAMES," said a clergyman in announcing his text, in an earnest and affectionate tone of voice, as he looked across to the gallery where the Sunday-school children sat—"James five and thirteen." To which a ready youth instantly responded, "Eighteen, sir."

A NON-ABSTAINER was urging to a temperance friend the advantage of the enormous revenue from the liquor traffic, because it was such an easy way of paying for our wars and national expenditure. "Ah! but," replied the ready abstainer, "if you only *liquefy* enough you will be sure to *liquidate* in time;" and this is true of states as well as of individuals.

IN William Ball's "Slight Memorials of Hannah More" is this remark:—"I dined last week at the Bishop of Chester's; Dr. Johnson was there. In the middle of dinner I urged Dr. Johnson to take a *little* wine; he replied, 'I can't drink a *little*, child, therefore I never touch it. Abstinence is as easy to me as temperance would be difficult.'"

POWER, fame, wealth—these are not success. There is a success which abides, and one which vanishes; a success which contributes to manhood, and one which only gilds its shell. To blow brilliant bubbles that burst at the first breath of death, this is not success. He only succeeds who leaves the world in some sense richer, wiser, better, or happier than he found it.—*American.*

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

IN the Royal Academy this year there is a striking picture by Mr. A. Dixon, which is cleverly drawn and certainly very suggestive.

There is a well-furnished and handsome dining-room, on the rich carpet of which lies a well-dressed man, drunk; and beside him sits, on the floor, a noble mastiff dog. The dignity and power of the fine large animal forms a strong contrast to the degraded and disgraceful position of the man. The dog is an intelligent creature, watching his unworthy master with a magnificent air of surprise; and there is the human being, endowed with reason, surrounded by every comfort and even luxury—evidently when sober accustomed to move in highly respectable, if not the most refined society—but there he is, below the position of the animal creation, sunk morally to a lower level than the very brutes. The painting tells its own story; our readers can easily tell which is the beauty of the picture and which the beast.

We welcome this temperance lesson on the walls of the Royal Academy, and rejoice to see art dealing faithfully with the question of intemperance. For the wine-cup has been too often praised both by poets and painters. In fact, a halo of artistic glory has been flung around scenes of revelry that has tended to glorify vice instead of revealing it in the true light and exposing its corruption and its sin.

"Handsome is as handsome does," is a wise and true saying, and those who are most beautiful in character are the most beautiful in life. It is not artificial flowers and many-coloured ribbons, or "the latest thing in hats or bonnets," that make young women beautiful and beloved; nor is it Madame Rachel's "aids to complexion," or S. A. Allen's "hair restorer" that will keep them fresh, fair, and lovely. The only beauty that can last is that which is real and natural, that is not put on and therefore cannot be taken off. A kind heart, a pure mind, makes the life good and sweet to all. I have known many girls with turn-up noses, or a squint, or with red hair, far more loved and cared for than many dressed-up dolls who have thought themselves quite beauties.

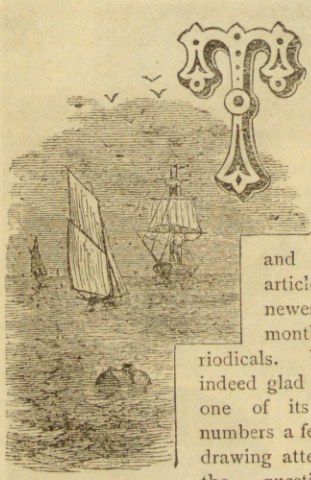
The other day I saw a little girl, not grandly dressed, with a very old, worn-out dolly, walking along a dirty road, and I heard the child say, "No! dolly mustn't walk, she'll get her feet so wet." And I once saw a well-dressed, grown-up woman giving a little baby in her arms some gin out of a bottle, saying, "There, you young varmint—that'll keep you quiet," and soon after that little baby went off into a drunken sleep. Why! was not that mother worse than a brute? Was there not far more motherly care and tenderness with the little girl and her doll than with that grown woman and her living, loving baby? The one picture was so beautiful that it made me glad and happy as I went along life's journey; the other so sad and wicked that it made my heart ache and my blood boil.

Beauty is as beauty does. Do beautiful deeds and your life will be beautiful for ever; do bad things and you will spoil the best home and the prettiest face. It is not handsome features, good figures, and fine dressing wherein true beauty is, either with children or with men and women; but in the character we have, the life we live, and the work we do. "Even a child is known by his doings;" if we do beautiful acts we are beautiful, but if we do evil and ugly actions we are evil and ugly in spite of silks and satins.

God has given us all, young and old, a life to make beautiful for Him, and He will help us if we try; and the more beautiful things are the more easily do we see ugly spots or that which soils and mars their beauty. The best picture could be spoiled by a smear, and the cleanest copy defaced by a blot. So one sin may mar a beautiful life; one act of folly ruin a successful career. Many a fair fame has been stained with the evil and curse of drink; many a beautiful life has been dragged down below the level of the beasts. By it honour and happiness have been debased and degraded, and lives of beauty have become worse than beastly.

"Miss Lucy May, Miss Lucy May,
How very diligent you look."—p. 133.

MR. GOUGH IN "TIME."



THE well-known orator has written a very able, *timely*, and striking article in the newest of our monthly periodicals. We are indeed glad to see in one of its earliest numbers a few pages drawing attention to the question of "Drunkenness in England," by John B. Gough.

The writer puts very forcibly this fact, that while drunkenness may be said to be decreasing in the "so-called upper classes (and this to some great extent because drink so rapidly drags down men and women from the highest to lowest position), yet after every ameliorating circumstance has been taken into account, drunkenness is still the curse of England, and the cause of the curse is the drink. Therefore the great curse of England is the drink. And the sole and only cure for this gigantic evil is in total abstinence. The theory is that the only way to remove the evil is to remove its cause. We do not wage war against moderate drinkers nor against any class or condition of men, but simply against the thing itself.

"Last year there was drunk in England 72,000,000 gallons of pure alcohol at a cost of 120 millions of money. Probably half this money is spent by the working classes. If the working people have spent £60,000,000 in a cheap form of intoxicating drink they have got more for their money, and as far as quantity is concerned they may be debited with 50,000,000 gallons out of the entire 72,000,000 of the year.

Mr. Gough's appeal is then made, especially to the principle of the *moderate drinker*. He says:—"If none drank but sots, it would not take long to close the drink-shops in England. Only cut off the supply of moderate drinkers, and the drunkard would soon vanish. It is the example of moderation which is so harmful, but we do not even seek to deprive them of the drink, we seek chiefly to induce them to give it up of themselves. It is a question of influence.

"The influence of the brewing interest is enormous. Beer is said to be king here, just as they used to say in America, cotton is king, and bid us keep our hands off the divine institution of human slavery, or we should ruin the country. Well, what happened? Slavery is dead, and I say the time will come when Great Britain will be free from the slavery of drink."

Speaking of the influence that emanates from beer, he says:—"Burton-on-Trent is a town almost wholly given up to the manufacture of beer. The big beer-mills of Bass cover a hundred acres of ground, and use two or three hundred quarters of malt a day, and every year the hops grown on some two thousand acres of English land. The result of this is that nearly a million barrels of beer are rolled forth to the public from this one business. Mr. Bass owns five miles of private railway in Burton, and pays out £2,000 every week in wages. It is impossible to underrate the influence and power these facts bespeak."

In closing, Mr. Gough draws attention to the Beer Act of 1830, which was said would decrease the consumption of spirit and lessen intemperance. What was the result? An increase of the sale of spirit, plus an enormous increase in beer. Sydney Smith wrote thus:—"The new Beer Bill has begun its operations. Everybody is drunk. Those who are not singing are sprawling. The sovereign people are in a beastly state." The lesson is this: Increase the facilities for drinking, and drunkenness will be sure to increase; lessen the opportunity to drink, and drunkenness decreases.

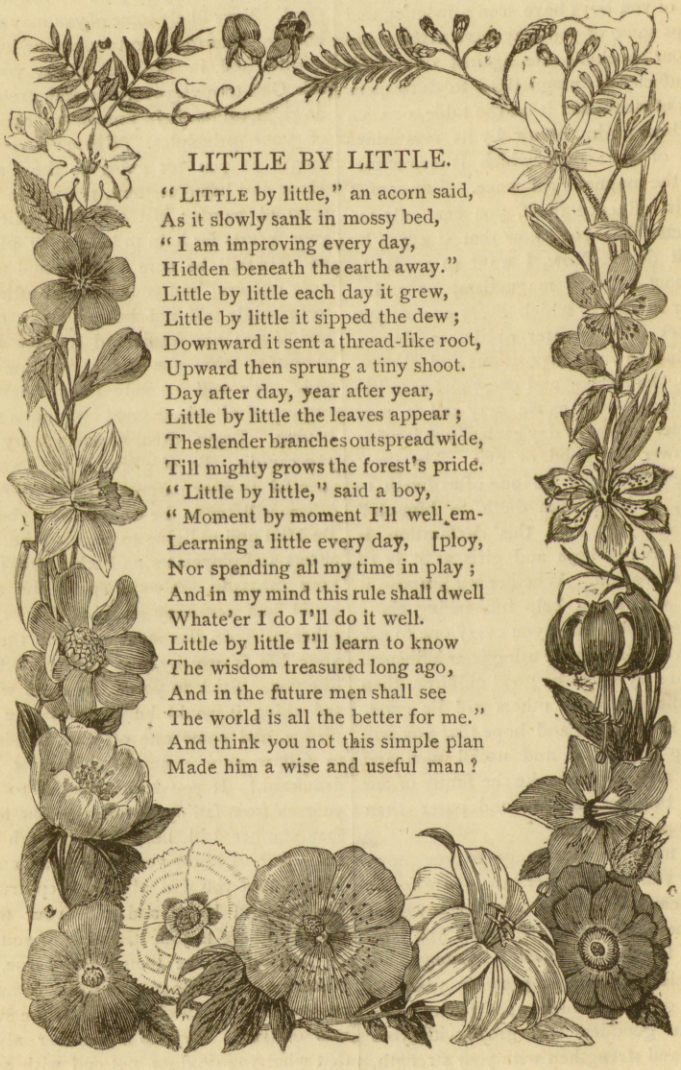
INFLUENCE.

BAND OF HOPE ADDRESS.

BY DAVID LAWTON.

DEAR CHILDREN,—I daresay many of you boys have seen a magnet, and perhaps some of you may have managed to rub your pocket-knife against one till it was sufficiently magnetized to draw pens or bits of steel after it on the table, or even hold them up in the air by its mysterious power of attraction, which is sometimes called the magnetic influence. You cannot see this influence itself, you can only see its effects; but you know that it exists by what it does. Now, I want to speak to you about another magnetism, or rather another influence, which every one of you possesses in a greater or lesser degree, according to your dispositions and circumstances. Every boy and every girl exercises a drawing power, as we may call it, over some one, and every day each of you is using this power for good or evil. The great Apostle Paul says: "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself" (Rom. xiv. 7). And this declaration is quite as true of boys and girls as it is of men and women. Whether we purpose it or not, we cannot help influencing those about us, and I want you every one to ask yourselves how you are using your influence. If you are trying to be good children, then your influence upon others will be good, and we may expect and hope that you will grow up into good and useful men and women, and help to make the future of our country brighter, better, and purer than ever the past has been.

This may sound strange to you now. Perhaps you may wonder how you who are so little can ever be able to make any great difference to the place in which you live. But in a few years you will be quite grown-up people, and as you grow in years, so you will grow in influence; if you are good now, your goodness will grow with your growth, and strengthen with your strength, till your influence will be felt by all who are brought into contact with you—in fact, you will all be living sermons seen and read of men, and therefore it is very important that you should begin at once to try to make your lives good and beautiful, not only for your own sake, but for the sake of all whom you may be able to influence for good. Very likely some of you may wonder how you are to begin to use your influence aright; and, in the first place, you must ask God to give you grace and strength to do right, and to help you not to be ashamed of your principles. Whenever anybody laughs at you for going to the Band of Hope and being teetotal, never mind their scornful words; just ask God quietly in your hearts for help to keep your pledges, and He will be sure to hear and answer your prayers; and your steadfast adherence to principle will not be lost upon others, and if you are frank and fearless in the avowal of what you feel and know to be right, you will be sure to command the respect of all whose good opinion is worth having. Begin, then, at once to try what you can do. Be obedient, loving, and respectful to your parents and teachers, and others will try to be so because you are. Be kind and obliging to your brothers and sisters and playmates, and others will follow your example. Always speak the truth, avoid bad company and bad habits, and others will do the same, because they see your life is worthy, and they wish to be like you. Stick to your pledge, for what a sad thing it would be if you broke your pledge, and some one of your friends was to follow your example and grow up a drunkard! If you had managed to keep yourself from falling, would you like to feel that another had been lost through your example? I know you would not, and so I hope that you will always keep true to the Band of Hope, and endeavour to influence others to join it, and thus you will be helping on the temperance cause, and hastening the glorious time when drunkenness with all its untold woes shall be swept into oblivion. Try to remember always that what you do does not end with yourself, whether it be good or bad—some one will follow your example; and endeavour so to live that all who know you shall be made better for your INFLUENCE.



LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"LITTLE by little," an acorn said,
As it slowly sank in mossy bed,
"I am improving every day,
Hidden beneath the earth away."
Little by little each day it grew,
Little by little it sipped the dew;
Downward it sent a thread-like root,
Upward then sprung a tiny shoot.
Day after day, year after year,
Little by little the leaves appear;
The slender branches outspread wide,
Till mighty grows the forest's pride.
"Little by little," said a boy,
"Moment by moment I'll well employ,
Learning a little every day,
Nor spending all my time in play;
And in my mind this rule shall dwell
Whate'er I do I'll do it well.
Little by little I'll learn to know
The wisdom treasured long ago,
And in the future men shall see
The world is all the better for me."
And think you not this simple plan
Made him a wise and useful man?

STRONG DRINK.

I SAW a little girl,
With half-uncovered form,
And wondered why she wandered thus,
Amid the winter's storm;
They said her mother drank of that
Which took her sense away,
And so she let her children go
Hungry and cold all day.

I saw them lead a man
To prison for his crime,
Where solitude, and punishment,
And toil divide the time;
And as they forced him through its gate
Unwillingly along,
They told me 'twas intemperance
That made him do the wrong.

I saw a woman weep
As if her heart would break;
They said her husband drank too much
Of what he should not take.
I saw an unfrequented mound,
Where weeds and brambles wave;
They said no tear had fallen there—
It was a drunkard's grave.

They said these were not all
The risks the intemperate run,
For there was danger lest the soul
Be fearfully undone.
Since water, then, is pure and sweet,
And beautiful to see,
And since it cannot do us harm,
It is the drink for me!

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

LUCY MAY.

MISS Lucy May, Miss Lucy May,
How very diligent you look,
Within your home this summer-day,
So busy at your copy-book!

If I were you I'd skip about,
And gather roses in the lane;
I'm sure 'tis better to be out,
Than sitting near a window-pane.

The birds are singing songs of joy,
The bees are humming as they pass;
They seem to say to girl and boy—
Come out and play upon the grass.

W. HOYLE.

DIALOGUES ON TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

Author of "Our National Resources, and How they are Wasted," &c.

No. III.—HARD TIMES, AND EXCESS.

Characters—THOMAS MELLOR, HENRY JONES, ROBERT JACKSON, and WALTER MORRIS.

Henry.—Good evening to you all. I suppose to-night we are to have a chat about excess?

Walter.—Yes. There are people who say that large as the drink bill is, it is not excessive when we take into account the number of the population who are at the drinking of it.

H.—And thus they try to prove that there is no waste!

Robert.—On the other hand, a lot of your people jump to the conclusion that because the drink bill is such a big one, it must be waste. You never look at the number of people among whom it is divided. This is very poor logic, though.

W.—What is waste?

H.—I call a thing wasted in proportion as it fails to yield a return equal to the sum which it itself costs.

Thomas.—That is, if a man spends his money on anything, and is no better for it, that money is wasted.

H.—Exactly so.

T.—And what do you call it when he is the worse for what he spends?

H.—Why, then, that money would be worse than wasted.

W.—But a very large number of those who spend their money in drink are worse than they would be if they did not buy the drink.

T.—You are right, Walter, and, therefore, their money is not simply wasted—it is worse than wasted.

H.—If these drinks be good, they must be good for something. What is it that they are good for?

R.—They are good because they afford nourishment, and impart warmth to the

body ; they also quench thirst, and promote digestion.

T.—I don't know as to quenching thirst, Robert ; it's not so with me. They always make me more thirsty.

W.—Your experience is the same as other people's, Tom. These drinks inflame the appetite, and create thirst instead of quenching it.

H.—So it is. What Robert says is entirely contrary both to science and experience ; for nothing can nourish the body which does not contain the elements or substances needed to build up the same.

W.—That is plain enough, Henry ; if nourishment is not in, it cannot be got out.

H.—Well, chemists universally assert that in alcohol there is not a particle of nourishment. You might drink a sea of it, and you would not get the size of a pea ; indeed, you would not get a grain.

R.—I did not say that alcohol contained nourishment, but that alcoholic drinks did.

H.—You are greatly in error in that statement, Robert. Of all kinds of intoxicating liquors, beer is the one which contains the most nourishment ; and yet the great German chemist, Baron Liebig, states that if a man drinks a gallon of Bavarian beer daily, for twelve months, he will get no more nutriment from it in the course of the year than he would from a four-pound loaf of bread.

W.—I suppose he would have to pay about £37 for the beer, whilst he might have the bread for ninepence.

T.—If that be not waste, I do not know what is.

H.—If time permitted, I might go on to prove that alcohol does not give heat to the body, but diminishes it; that it does not promote digestion, but retards it : and that its influence is to injure the body, and not to benefit it.

T.—If a man pays money for that which is no use to him, that money is wasted.

W.—But if a man pays money for what does him harm, his money is worse than wasted.

H.—Sir William Gull, Sir Henry Thompson, Dr. Richardson, and others, who recently gave evidence before the House of Lords' Committee upon Intemperance, stated that even the moderate use of intoxicating liquors were calculated to be hurtful.

R.—But other medical men state the contrary.

H.—There is scarcely a medical man of position in the country who does not admit that people in health can live as well, or better, without alcoholic drinks, as they can with them.

W.—And, of course, if they can, to pay £140,000,000 a-year for what the nation can do without, is waste.

H.—But, then, whilst people can do better without these drinks, even when used in moderation, when they come to be used in excess they are very mischievous, for they rob man of his senses, and lead to accidents, disease, and premature death.

W.—Dr. Richardson states that if the people of this country universally abstained from alcoholic liquors, the length of their lives would be increased by one-third.

H.—And then there is all the pauperism, crime, social and domestic misery, immorality, political corruption, &c., which flows from it.

T.—Nobody can tell the misery resulting from drinking, except those who have endured it.

H.—It is sad ! and the misfortune is, that the innocent suffer with the guilty—poor little children, innocent wives, and, indeed, all the friends and relatives of those who are addicted to drink.

W.—Yes, and all who live near them, and all who pay taxes—which means everybody !

H.—'Tis true all suffer !

W.—And we pay £140,000,000 per annum for the suffering.

T.—You may well say that the money is worse than wasted.

H.—But even if drink were as good as some people believe it to be, no one can deny that there is fearful excess ; at least £100,000,000 a year is spent in simple tippling, which even you, Robert, must admit to be bad.

R.—No one can deny that there is a great deal of tippling, all of which is bad.

W.—I think we are all agreed as to the waste.

T.—I think so, Walter.

W.—I should like to have a chat as to the influence of this wasteful expenditure upon trade!

H.—We will take up this point in our next conversation. [*Exeunt.*

WHAT EMINENT MEN SAY.

COMPILED BY W. P. BUXTON.

WINE is neither food nor drink, but a stimulant.—*Dr. Abernethy.*

If all men could be persuaded from the use of intoxicating drinks, the office of judge would be a sinecure.—*Judge Alderson.*

Above all things known to mankind, wine is the most powerful and efficient agent in stirring up and inflaming passions of every kind, and it is of the nature of a common fuel to sensuous desires.—*Bacon.*

Albeit there is in every town and district in England some tough dram-drinker set up as the devil's decoy to draw on proselytes. —*Bishop Berkeley.*

In new colonies the Spaniards begin by building a church, the French a ball-room, and the English a tavern.—*Chateaubriand.*

Wine produces disorder of mind, and where it does not cause drunkenness, it destroys the energies and relaxes the faculties of the soul.—*Chrysostom.*

I admire those who desire no other beverage than water, avoiding wine as they would fire. Hence arise irregular desires and licentious conduct. The circulation is hastened. The body inflames the soul.—*Clement of Alexandria* (A.D. 180).

To compliment vice is but one remove from worshipping the devil.—*Collier.*

It is remarkable that all the diseases that spring from drinking spirituous and malt liquors are liable to become hereditary even to the third generation, gradually increasing if the cause be continued, till the cause becomes extinct.—*Dr. Darwin, F.R.S.*

Temperance puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the back, and vigour in the body.—*Dr. Franklin.*

I kept an account of the causes of disease for twelve months. Nearly three-fourths were found to be strictly attributable to intoxicating drinks. After every possible allowance had been made the result was sixty-five per cent. upon some thousands. —*Dr. Gordon, Physician to the London Hospital:* DISEASE.

I impeach intemperance; and I accuse it of the murder of millions of souls.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Beer contains but one per cent. of nutritive matter, and is therefore not a thing to be taken for nutrition at all.—*Dr. Lankester.*

I have prayed to God that he might destroy the whole beer-brewery business; and the first beer-brewer I have often cursed. There is enough barley destroyed in the breweries to feed all Germany.—*Martin Luther.*

Physical health is the harmonious action of every member according to its natural law; and religion is the true health of our whole being—the sanctification of body, soul, and spirit.—*Hugh Macmillan.*

It is a mistaken notion that ale, wine, or spirits communicate strength; and it is disgraceful to see medical men propagate the error. Intoxicating liquors are neither necessary nor useful as a beverage.—*Dr. O'Sullivan: The Medical Times,* vol. x. p. 280.

Profligacy, vice, and immorality are not thundering at our gates, like a besieging army; but they are undermining the very ground on which we stand.—*Lord Palmerston.*

It takes 1,666 parts of ordinary beer or porter to obtain *one* part of nourishing matter.—*Dr. L. Playfair.*

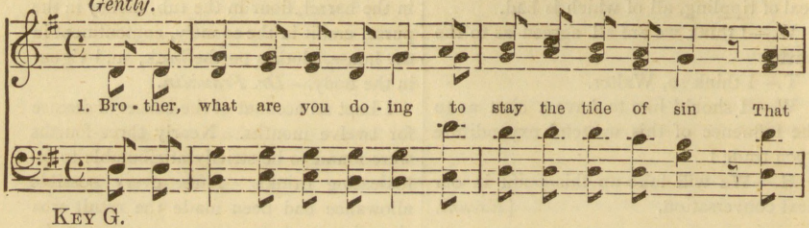
The first duty of the nation is to get the nation sober.—*Gerritt Smith.*

Gin may be thought the best friend I have; it causes me to hold annually 1,000 inquests more than I should otherwise hold.—*Mr. Wakley, when Coroner in Middlesex.*

BROTHER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

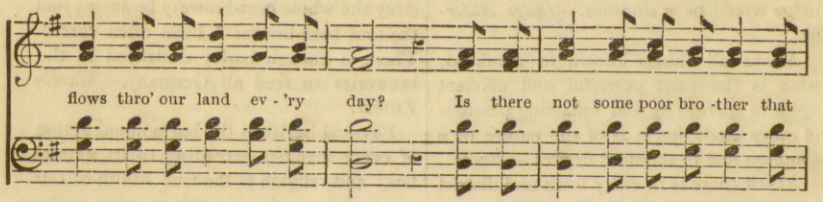
Words and Music by W. HOYLE.

Gently.

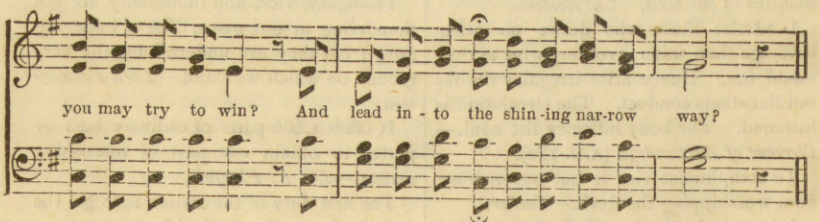


KEY G.

:s, .s,	d	:d .d	|d .d	:- .r	|m .f	:m .r	|d	: .r															
2. Bro-ther,	are	you still drinking		the	drunkard's cup—oh, say,				Though														
:s, .s,	s,	:l, .l,	|s, .d	:- .d	|d .r	:d .t,	|d	: .t,															
:s, .s,	d	:d .d	|d .d	:- .l	|s .s	:s .f	|m	: .s															
3. Bro-ther,	why	are you wait-ing?		the	Master	on you calls,			"Go														
:s, .s,	m,	:f, .f,	|m, .m,	:- .f,	|s, .s,	:s, .s,	|d	: .s,															

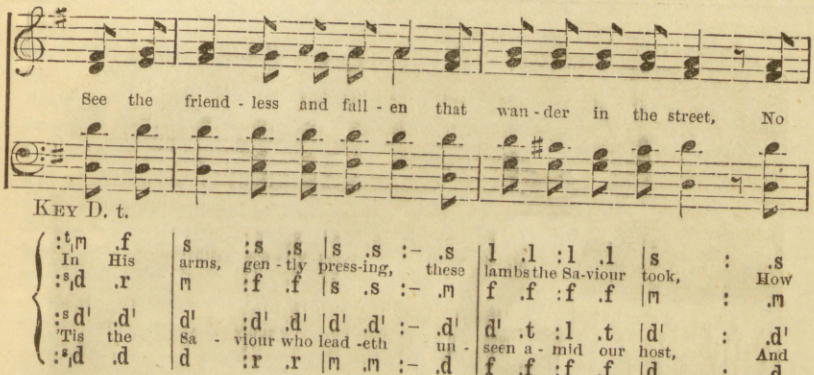


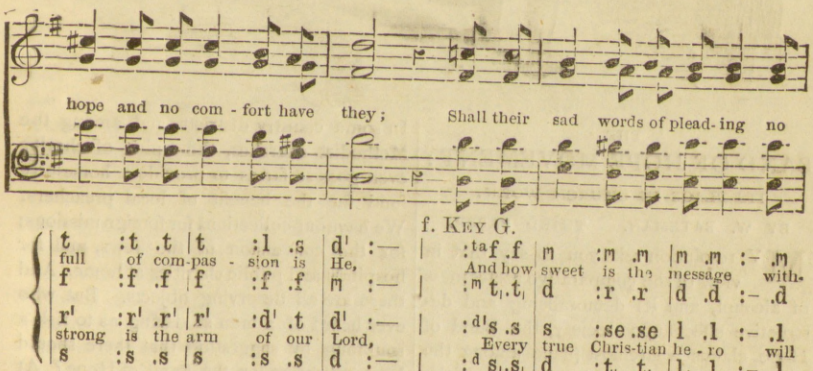
m	:m .m	|s	:s .m	r	:—	|	:r .r	f	:f .f	|m .m	:- .m												
you	may be fear	- less and		strong,			Shall the	power of ex - am - ple			lead												
d	:d .d	|d	:d .d	t,	:—	|	:t, .t,	r	:r .r	|d .d	:- .d												
s	:s .s	|s	:s .s	s	:—	|	:s .s	s	:s .s	|s .s	:- .s												
work	in my vine	- yard to-		day;"			Would you	la - bour for	Je - sus		till												
d	:d .d	|m	:m .d	s,	:—	|	:s, .s,	s,	:l, .t,	|d .d	:- .d												

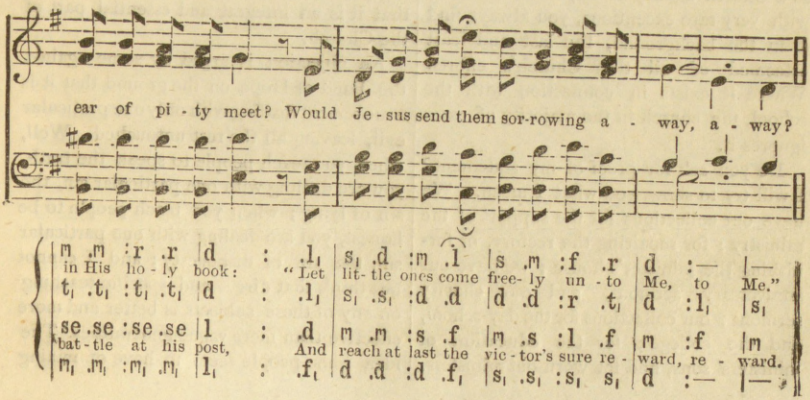


m .r	:r .d	|l,	: .l,	s, .d	:m .l	|s .m	:f .r	|d	:—	|													
lit - tle ones	a - stray?—		Have	pi - ty	on the	help-less	and the	young.															
l, .l,	:l, .l,	|l,	: .l,	s, .s,	:d .d	|d .d	:r .t,	|d	:—	|													
f .f	:f .f	|f	: .f	m .m	:s .f	|m .s	:l .f	|m	:—	|													
Sa-tan's kingdom	falls?		Then	help us	now to	cast the	drink a -	-way.															
f, .f,	:f, .f,	|f,	: .f,	d .d	:d .f,	|s, .s,	:s, .s,	|d	:—	|													

BROTHER, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?—(*continued.*)







THE

BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT:

ITS PLACE IN CHURCH WORK.

BY W. BATEMAN. THIRD PAPER.

MY resolution asks you to say that in view of the comparative uselessness of alcohol, and its demoralising and destructive effects upon society, the Band of Hope claims a foremost place among the civilising and Christianising agencies of the Church. It is but recently that the Band of Hope has come to be fairly recognised as a Church agency at all, and even now, with very rare exceptions, you always find it in the background, the last and least esteemed of all the Church's efforts. Where it exists in connection with the school, the church in the majority of cases ignores it.

Do you ask for proof of my statement? I will try to show you what I mean. We have our collections for the support of the ministry; for repairing the rectory, or furnishing the minister's house; we have our anniversary sermons, and our charity sermons; our collections for the day-school, and the college; for the education of ministers' sons, and for worn-out ministers. In some country districts, and among the Methodist churches, the spirit of charity even goes so far as to provide a horse-hire fund for the benefit of local preachers. We have our collections for foreign missions; for the conversion of the Jews, and for hospitals and public charities at home. And these are all deserving objects. But who ever heard of a man so daring as to risk a snubbing by suggesting that there should be a collection for the Band of Hope? At the best, all the Band of Hope can say is, that it has the sympathies of the Church; instead of which it ought to be able to say that it is an integral and essential part of the Church.

An objection is urged by some against the Band of Hope on the ground that it is a movement dealing with only one particular evil, leaving all the rest untouched. Well, when you teach people to speak the truth, you are dealing with one particular sin, the sin of lying; when you teach people to be honest, you are dealing with one particular sin, the sin of dishonesty; and I cannot but think that direct and specific teaching on any of these subjects is better and more effective than mere vague generalities. The idea some people seem to have of mixing

every form of evil together, and dealing with them in the lump, reminds me of what one of my young friends, the son of an African chief, tells me about his father. He has all sorts of medicine sent out from England to cure all sorts of diseases ; but as he has no means of knowing which is the right medicine for any particular ailment, he mixes them all together, and doses all his patients alike, for he says they are all sure then to get some of the right stuff.

I claim for the Band of Hope a foremost place among the agencies and efforts of the Church, because it is our first duty to protect and to guard from danger those who are nearest to us. The members of our families, the scholars of our Sabbath-schools, the youthful portion of our congregation, have the first claim upon our thought, solicitude, and endeavour. I would not say one word to lessen your zeal in any work for the benefit or others, however far removed from us they may be, or however slender comparatively may be the ties which bind them to us. But I should like to impress upon you the importance of caring for those of our own households, and those whom we can reach by our own individual efforts. It is in harmony with the natural instincts which God has implanted within us, that our children, and friends, and daily companions should be nearer to us, and objects of greater solicitude to us than Jews or heathens.

The voice of the Church has been heard crying out against those cruel practices of heathen worship which give so many victims to Juggernaut. And is it not time that the voice of the Church should be heard against those cruel customs of society which give so many victims to Bacchus? It is to the Church that we look for those moral influences which are necessary to check the growth of evil in all its forms ; and if the Church neglects to bring her influence to bear upon that form of evil which is most ruinous to the bodies and souls of men, is she fulfilling her mission, do you think? If the Church is pre-eminently the guardian and shepherd of the lambs of Christ's fold, is she not called upon to put forth every effort to prevent them from falling into the cruel fangs of that one blood-thirsty brute of the wilderness which is mangling and destroying day by day in our very midst some of the fairest and best and most promising of the fold ?

It may be said, as it has already often been said before, that on this temperance question some of us have gone off our heads and are mad. Let me, in reply to that, quote you, as my concluding words, a sentiment from one of the grand old Greek philosophers of twenty-two centuries ago : "There are two kinds of madness—one arising from human diseases, the other from an inspired deviation from established customs."

STOP THE TAP.

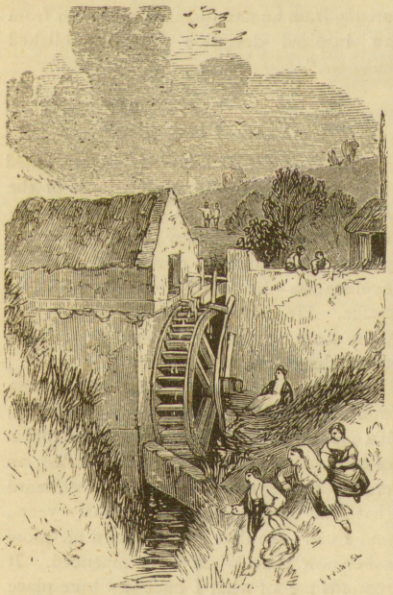
SIR WILFRID LAWSON contributed an article to the March issue of the *Nineteenth Century*. In it he praises the work of the Irish Sunday Closers, and explains, what after all, does not need much explanation—his attitude towards the liquor traffic. He concludes the article with this pithy story of a Northern meeting, at which three clergymen were present :—

"They set up Timothy as their model man morally, lauding and magnifying sobriety, but commending the temperate consumption of alcohol. When they had concluded, an elderly farmer rose and said : 'I've heard that kind of talk for the last forty years, and I can't see that people are a bit more sober now than when it commenced. It reminds me of what I once saw take place at a retreat for imbeciles. It is the custom there, after the patients have been in residence for a certain time, to put them to a kind of test to see whether they are fit to leave the asylum or not. They are taken to a trough full of water with a small pipe continually running into it and supplying it. They are given a ladle and told to empty it. Those who have not regained their senses keep ladling away, while the water flows in as fast as they ladle out, but them as *isn't* idiots *stop the tap*.'"

Please note the moral.

OUR HOLIDAY.

ROUND and round with a rumbling sound
Merrily goes the wheel around;
The waters sparkle in the sun,
And tumble and toss as if in fun,
Then hasten on their winding way
Beneath our feet as we sit at play;
Up these sunny slopes we go,
For now's our holiday time, you know.
Our lessons and books aside are laid,
And we to this lovely spot have strayed,
Like this bright mill-stream glad and free,
As wind from off the summer's sea.



And while we here ourselves enjoy,
We think of many a girl and boy
In yonder wicked town away,
Who might have been with us to-day
But for the drink which mars their life,
And fills their homes with woe and strife.
And we in our young hearts rejoice
That temperance is our parent's choice;
Fain would we help those lost ones' need:
To this we each and all agreed—
Some drunkard's child we'll bring away
Next time we have our holiday.

DAVID LAWTON.

GOOD MAXIMS.

NEVER be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Keep good company or none. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Never listen to loose or idle conversation. You had better be poisoned in your blood than in your principles. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so virtuous that none will believe him. Drink no intoxicating liquors. Ever live, misfortune excepted, within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have done during the day. Never speak lightly of religion. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear that you may not withstand it. Earn your money before you spend it. Owe no man anything. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Be just before you are generous. Read some portion of the Bible every day. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness.

ROBERT NICOLL, in a letter to his mother, says:—"I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle and to work, that he may be made humble and pure-hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is a gate. . . . If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ill of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and Mammon-worship on earth than there is. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man."

JOSH BILLINGS ON BEER.

I HAV finally cum to the conclusion that lager beer, as a beverage, is not intoxicating.

I have been told by a German, who said he had drunk it all nite long, just to try the experiment, and was obliged to go home entirely sober in the morning. I have seen this man drink eighteen glasses, and if he was drunk it was in German, an' nobody could understand it.

It is proper enuff to state that this man kept a lager-beer saloon, and could have no object in stating what was not strictly true.

I believe him to the full extent of my ability. I never drank but three glasses of lager in my life, and that made my head ontwist as though it was hung on the end of a string; but I was told that it was owing to my bile being out of place; and I guess that it was so, for I never biled over wus than I did when I got home that nite. My wife thot I was going to die, and I was afraid that I shouldn't, for it seemed as tho' everything I had ever eaten in my life was coming to the surface. O, how sick I was, fourteen years ago! I never had such experience in so short a time.

If any man shud tell me that lager beer was not intoxicating, I shud believe him; but if he should tell me that I wasn't drunk that nite, but that my stummick was out of order, I shud ask him to state over a few words just how a man felt and acted when he was set up.

If I warn't drunk that nite, I had some ov the most natural simtums that a man ever had and kept sober.

In the first place it was about eighty rods from where I drank the lager beer to mi house, and I was jest over two hours on the road, and a hole busted through each one of my pantaloon neez, and didn't hav any hat, and tried to open the door by the bell-pull, and saw everything in the room trying to get round on the back side of me, and, when I wuz going round, I set down too soon and missed the chair, and couldn't get up soon enough to take the next one that come along; and that ain't awl, my wife said I waz as drunk as a beest, and, as I sed before, I began to spin up things freely.

If lager beer is not intoxicating, it used me most mighty mean, that I know.—*American Paper.*

THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT.

THE committee of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union have just announced the result of a competitive examination of Band of Hope members, which took place some time since, and in connection with which about £150 will be awarded by the parent society and its various branches. The examination took place at 217 different places in various parts of England, Ireland, and Wales, and was participated in by 2,959 young people from nine to twenty-one years of age. The questions, which were founded on a work entitled "The Worship of Bacchus a Great Delusion," by Mr. Ebenezer Clarke, F.S.S., had not been previously seen by the competitors, and it appears that the answers exhibit a high degree of merit. 207 prizes have been awarded, and honourable mention made of 247 additional competitors. A handsome certificate has been presented to each deserving competitor. The object sought by the committee in arranging for this examination has been largely attained—viz., the imparting of sound temperance teaching to young people. We are informed that throughout the United Kingdom there are now nearly 4,000 Bands of Hope, or juvenile temperance societies, with an estimated membership of nearly half a million of persons from seven to twenty-one years of age.

THE LITTLE SHOES DID IT.

A YOUNG man, who had been reclaimed from the vice of intemperance, was called upon to tell how he was led to give up drinking. He arose, but looked for a moment very confused. All he could say was, "The little shoes, they did it." With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and at length some thoughtless young people began to titter. The man, in all his embarrassment, heard this sound, and rallied at once. The light came into his eyes with a flash; he drew himself up and addressed the audience; the choking went from his throat.

"Yes, friends," he said, in a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell, "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth—the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool; strong drink had made me both, and starved me into the bargain. I suffered—I deserved to suffer; but I did not suffer alone—no man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worst share. But I am no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes I saw one night when I was all but done for—the saloon-keeper's child holding out her feet to her father to look at her fine new shoes. It was a simple thing, but, my friends, no fist ever struck me such a blow as those little new shoes. They kicked reason into me. What reason had I to clothe others with fineries, and provide not even coarse clothing for my own, but let them go bare? And there outside was my shivering wife, and blue, chilled child on a bitter cold night. I took hold of my little one with a grip and saw her feet! Men! fathers! if the little shoes smote me, how must the feet have smote me? I put them, cold as ice, to my breast; they pierced me through. Yes, the little feet walked right into my heart, and away walked my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf of bread, and then a pair of shoes. I never tasted anything but a bit of bread all the Sabbath day, and went to work like mad on Monday, and from that day I have spent no more money at the public-house. That's all I've got to say—it was the little shoes that did it!"

THE DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

ERNEST GILMORE, before he left home for a distant city where he was to enter in business with his uncle, made a parting call on good old Dr. Howitt. He found him as usual in his library, where Ernest had spent so many happy hours reading the books which the doctor had so kindly placed at his disposal.

Ernest and the doctor were strong friends, and this last talk Ernest always remembered. The doctor urged him to seek at once some good church, and also identify himself with Sabbath-school work, which Ernest readily promised to do. He also warned him against the bad habits so many young men form, of keeping late hours, drinking, and theatre-going.

"I know they will do me no good," said Ernest, "and I shall try to remember all your good advice; but I shall hardly expect to look as hale and hearty as you do if I live to be your age. Tell me the secret—is it because you have always been such a decided temperance man?"

Said the doctor: "I am a temperance man because I have seen and felt the need of it. If I had lived as many literary men do—kept late hours, passed evening after evening in hot, crowded rooms, sat over the bottle at late suppers—in short, had 'jollified,' as they call it, I should have been dead long ago. For my part, seeing the victims to 'fast life' daily falling around me, I willingly abandoned the temporary advantages of such a life, preferring the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, and the blessings of a quiet domestic life.

"I am now nearly seventy years old, and cannot indeed say I have reached this period, active and vigorous as I am, without the aid of doctors. I have the constant attendance of these four famous ones: *temperance*, *exercise*, *good air*, and *good hours*. Often in early years I have laboured with my pen for sixteen hours a day. I never omit walking three or four miles or more, in all weathers, and I work considerably in my garden. During my two years in Australia, when I was about sixty, I walked, under a burning sun of one hundred and thirty degrees at noon, my twenty miles a day for days and weeks together; worked at digging gold, in great heat and against young, active men, my twelve hours a day, sometimes standing in a brook. I waded through rivers—for neither man nor nature had made any bridges—and let my clothes dry on my back; washed my own linen, and made and baked my own bread; slept occasionally under a forest-tree; and through it all was as hearty as a roach. And how did I manage all this, not only with ease, but with enjoyment? Simply because I avoided alcoholic liquors as I would avoid the poison of an asp. The horrors I saw there from the drinking of spirits were enough to make a man of the least sense an abstainer for the rest of his life.

"So you see I have a right to recommend total abstinence from all intoxicants. They are all poisoners of the blood, they are all destroyers of the bottom of the pocket, and—what is worse—destroyers of the peace of families and the constitutions of men. They strip those who take them of health, clothes, morals, and mind—they convert them into madmen. The great bulk of the crimes and calamities of society flow from the *tap* and the *spigot*."

"I believe you," said Ernest; "and I mean always to be just as decided on this point as you are."

IT is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come from caring much about our own narrow pleasures.—*George Eliot.*

NELL AND GRANDMA.

THEY stand upon the two extremes of life—grandma is eighty and Nell is eight years old. All grandma's life has been spent in good works, and now, when she expects soon to leave this world, she desires to do one work more, in which Nell may have a share. So grandma has furnished a pretty little room, and has bought a little library, and has subscribed for "Banners," and has made a flag and some badges, and put a little fund in the bank, that expenses may be met, and two or three pleasant talkers may come each year with temperance speeches; and she has sent for pledges, and Nell has been around to talk the matter over with her friends and to get members, boys and girls, for the new temperance society. The subject now under discussion is, the *baby*, the only brother; Nell wants him to sign the pledge and be in the society.

"Only six months old!" laughs grandma. "He is too little—you know he cannot sign."

"But, grandma, I can sign for him, and take his little hand to make his mark. And I will see to it that he keeps his pledge, and when he can go to the meetings I will lead him there, and I will tell him stories and talk to him until he gets real old,—as old as I am!"

Grandma at that laughs softly—old at eight! She is eighty.

"And *then*, grandma," says Nell, "I shall say to baby—'Billy, you are so big now I cannot be you any longer; you must be you now, Billy; and if you want to be a temperance boy you must write a pledge all in your own hand, Billy,'—for *then*, grandma, Billy will know how to write."

"I think," said grandma, "we must let baby belong to the society."

And so grandma, ending her life-work, and Nell beginning, stand both at the same place.

DR. RICHARDSON says if drink were not known, it would save us 230,000 lives per annum.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

Is there any deed of darkness to be done; only let a man swallow a portion of ardent spirits, and he is as well prepared to do it as if he had swallowed a legion of devils.—*John Wesley.*

ALCOHOL will clean silver? Yes, it has cleaned the silver out of many a pocket, and even dissolved the plate out of many a rich man's mansion.

CICERO, who lived between the years 106 and 43 B.C., in speaking of temperance, says:—"Temperance is the unyielding control of reason over lust, and over all wrong tendencies of the mind. Frugality is not so extensive as temperance. Temperance means not only frugality, but also modesty and self-government. It means abstinence from all things not good, and entire innocence of character."

JONES' friends visited the artist to see Jones' portrait. They were welcome; but the artist said, "Don't touch it; it ain't dry." "No use looking at it, then," replied an old gentleman; "it can't be Jones."

I DO not like to decline bearing my share of the odium, thinking that what many men call "caution" in such matters is too often merely a selfish fear of getting oneself into trouble or ill-will. I am quite sure that I would never gratuitously court odium or controversy, but I must beware also of too much dreading it; and the love of ease is likely to be a more growing temptation than the love of notoriety or the pleasure of argument.—*Dr. Arnold.*

BRAIN-WORK costs more food than hand-work. According to careful estimates and analyses of the secretions, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a a whole day of severe physical labour. Another evidence of the cost of brain-work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body, it receives about one-fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain-workers, therefore, require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual labourers.

IN a Devonshire village, during service, on a recent Sabbath morning, the pastor's little girl, of nearly three summers, became somewhat wearied at the extreme length of the sermon, and in rather a low tone of voice, but very earnestly, to the great amusement of those who sat near her, said—"Come, papa, that's enough; let's go home."

A MAN who had lost a valuable rooster, went to a neighbour's to ask if the fowl had been seen in that quarter. "No," said the neighbour; "I never had a rooster on my premises." Just then the rooster gave a rousing crow. "Why, there he is now!" exclaimed his owner. "Oh, well," indignantly responded the neighbour, "if you choose to take the crow of a rooster against my word, it's time our acquaintance came to an end!" And it did.

IF the revenue returns do not prove bad trade, the returns of the bankrupts during the year certainly do. Two thousand one hundred and seventy-two wholesale houses went in 1877, 2,643 went in 1878; 8,850 retailers were bankrupt in 1877, 12,416 were bankrupt in 1878.

ONE fact is remarkable in our history, that no great agitation has proved successful unless founded on a good cause, and then backed by a Parliamentary party and by a large measure of public opinion.—*The Times.*

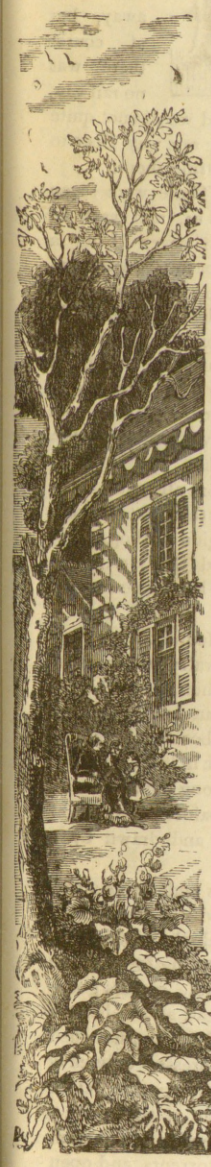
THEY, therefore, make a miserable compromise between their interests and their consciences, and put aside sanitary [or temperance] reform as a thing of which it is not safe to think too much lest it should compel them to say something which might be "personal" and "offensive" to those of their respectable hearers whose incomes are derived from the filth, disease, and brutality of the lower classes.—*Chas. Kingsley.*

THE total gross proceeds to the revenue from the liquor traffic for the past five years is as follows:—1874, £32,299,062; 1875, £33,252,568; 1876, £33,712,964; 1877, £33,447,282; 1878, £33,044,323.

A VICTIM OF INTEMPERANCE;

OR, THE STORY OF A GREAT MUSICIAN.

By UNCLE BEN.



ENGLAND is the great stage where strong drink plays the drama of most fearful tragedies. Comparatively speaking, there is little or no drunkenness on the Continent. And it seems a most terrible thing, when people from sober and temperate communities come to our country, and learn in Christian England habits that lead to drunkenness and to madness or ruin.

If England has been notorious for intemperance, Germany has been famous for its musicians. And sad indeed have been the baneful influences that this land has exercised over the members of the musical profession whichhavebeendrawn hither. With her gold and fame England has wooed and won to her shores the men of genius and skill in art and culture, and then beset them with her national vice, and too often they have been unable to withstand her many temptations, and have gone down the vortex of intemperance to dishonoured graves.

One of these victims to drink was the German composer, Gluck. He was almost the first of a great school of musicians that have filled the world with sweet sounds; he was the founder of the German opera. His father was a gamekeeper in the service of a prince. In the summer of 1714 he first saw the light and heard the sounds of this world. As a boy he learnt choir-singing and to play the organ, and at the age of eighteen left the Jesuit college where he had received his education with a proficient knowledge of music. He went to Prague, and then, to complete his musical training under the great masters, to Vienna The prince did not forget his gamekeeper's son, and gave him a helping hand before success began to crown his efforts. At eighteen he began composing, and at twenty-two he was called to London; there he met with Handel, by whom he was humbled but inspired. His aim in music was to express feeling in sound; or, as he said, his purpose was to minister to the expression of emotion. He travelled much and composed largely, learning from all sources, and gathering knowledge and help from England, France, Germany and Italy.

When he was forty-two, circumstances helped his genius and industry, and he rose rapidly to great fame. In Paris he became very popular, he was a favourite in the Court and with the people; admirers followed him in the streets and at public assemblies; the people shouted when they saw him. But his triumph caused rivality, and public opinion became divided.

The wheel of fortune seemed to stand still; then reverses set in, and disappointments fell thick. So fickle is the smile of this world's favour that the most gifted cannot depend on it. Old age began to come on, and the evil habit of drinking grew stronger. He sought to drown his fretful grief, but to no purpose. He had amassed great wealth, but this could give him no happiness. A nervous malady, aggravated if not caused by his love of the wine-cup, rapidly grew worse. With his fast-failing health he took to drinking spirits; he relinquished work, but could find no rest for his distracted life. It was a sad and terrible thing to see reason and moral power and genius give way before the appetite for drink. "His wife, who was always on the watch, succeeded," we are told, "in keeping stimulants away from him for weeks together. But it was kept in the house, and given to others. One day a friend came to dine. After dinner, coffee was handed round, and spirits were placed on the table. The temptation was too strong—Gluck seized the bottle of brandy, and before his wife could stop him, he had drained its contents. That night he fell down in a fit of apoplexy and died." There is no need to comment on this story. In many a life has genius and beauty, education and culture bowed itself down to degradation and death upon the shrine that desecrates our fair land.

Reader, what will you do that England may be a power to save and bless, and not a spell to lure and curse the noble sons and daughters of other climes, whose blood some day may be upon our heads?

PRIDE is one of the seven deadly sins, but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues, Faith and Hope.—*Charles Dickens.*

EVERY man in every condition is great: a man is great as a man. The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution.—*H. W. E. Canning.*

A QUIET WATERING-PLACE.

IT was only ten miles away, but of course there was no railway, and we did not quite see our way clear to getting there.

There were seven of us, and each of the seven held a separate theory on the subject, all more or less feasible, chiefly more. It was an easy matter to hold them up to scorn and derision, but a whole cabstand would not have conveyed the pyramid of luggage that was steadily collecting in the hall from all parts of the house—town, indeed—for this quiet watering place was beyond the region of shops, provision or otherwise, and the wants of a family of seven are apt to be of an extensive character.

It was our father who found the way out of the difficulty—he generally acted whilst we theorized. In one of his rambles he discovered and chartered an ancient, roomy travelling chariot that boasted a rumble behind and a hammer-cloth in front, a coat of arms on the door, and a long flight of stairs up to it; the whole painted a cheerful yellow, lined with drab, and drawn by a pair of piebald horses.

The pyramid of trunks and baskets was transferred to the roof and tied in position; and into the venerable vehicle we ascended one showery afternoon, trying to feel like the ancient and honourable owners going down to their country seat, and to believe that the faces of the neighbours, flattened against the windows, expressed only envy and admiration. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." We were no exception. The rain presently descended in torrents, and open

umbrellas had to be inserted over the more perishable portions of the baggage, whence they were constantly detaching themselves and having to be recaptured from neighbouring fields and gardens. Every mile or two some fugitive basket contrived to elude the vigilance of its keeper, and discharge its contents in the deepest puddle, and indeed the progress generally was one series of losses and misfortunes.

It ended at last, and the chariot lumbered slowly up the one tiny street with the pump at one end and the public-house at the other, up to two old-fashioned, grey stone houses facing the rainy sea. One gate admitted to both, and as we drew up before it a clergyman came down the walk from the second house. We looked at him with much interest; he was the only stranger we saw for nearly a week.

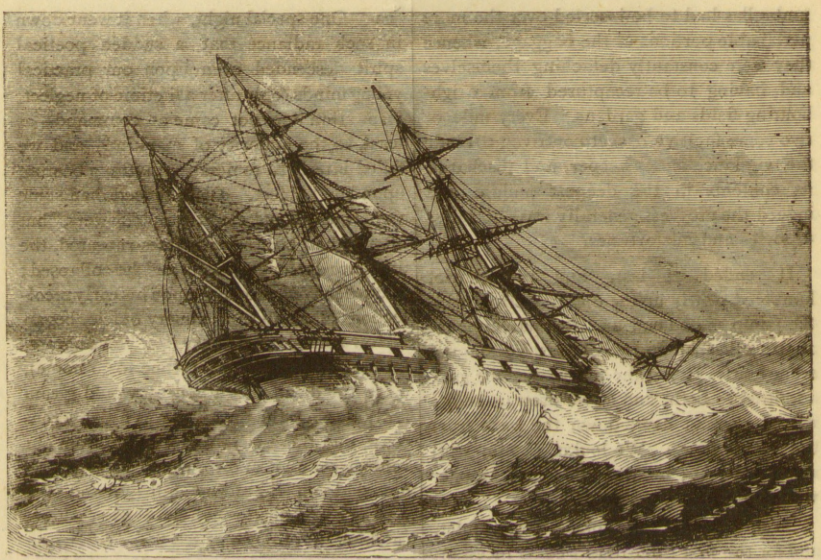
Truly it was a quiet place—very quiet, and for the first three days we had incessant rain, with a sense of damp chilliness pervading everything. The third evening it cleared up a little, and Will, who was prowling about the garden, cheerfully announced that there was some excitement going on in the village—he had seen two men talking at the door of the public-house, towards which, even in that quiet place, all the inhabitants seemed to gravitate. We laughed a little about it then—we see it in a different light now.

The dwellers in the next house came out and introduced themselves: a clergyman—the same we had seen the night of our arrival, his wife, son and daughter; they gave us some valuable local information and in return we lent them yesterday's papers. We learned that there was a croquet set attached to the house, and looking it up, diligently applied ourselves to attaining perfection in that line. Morning, noon and night the balls were rolling, till our very dreams were haunted by the sound.

It was a happy time—we shall remember and talk of it long after busier, more fashionable places have been forgotten. Still summer evenings, when we climbed to the top of the one hill to watch the sunset over the sea. One special night, when it went down in such radiance that a sudden poetical spirit descended even upon our practical young minds (only after a lifetime of neglect, inspiration does not come at command—at least, to the majority of mankind—and we failed utterly to remember anything bearing upon the subject. Dick, indeed, had some vague idea about "cloud-capp'd towers," but after it had been several times repeated, the audience demanded more, and he collapsed; and when Will, drawing upon his early recollections of an ancient nursery oracle, began "How doth the little busy bee," his ungrateful hearers decided it was time to go home). Then the distant lighthouses would gleam redly through the dusk—it was a dangerous coast, and there were three visible from our vantage-ground, and we would walk quietly home, down the ferny hillside and the waving cornfield, through the garden where, catching a glimpse of a stray mallet, the opposing armies were generally unable to resist the temptation to take a last skirmish.

And the Sundays—the services in the little old-fashioned church, with the sound of the plashing waves outside running like an undercurrent through them; the stray sheep in the churchyard placidly nibbling the grass round the green graves that told, so many of them, the same story—wrecked at sea, men from all lands, nameless many, who had sailed the wide seas in safety and died in sight of home. We saw two waifs laid amongst them one sunny afternoon—two that the waves had drifted up after one stormy night, two that mothers or wives would watch for in vain through the long years, never, perhaps, to know if in any corner of God's green earth they had found a resting-place. And the hymn for those in peril on the sea has had a sadder meaning for us since.

At our quiet watering-place we had one adventure—only one; it befell on this wise. Passing the little inn one afternoon, a stalwart fisherman, who was sitting on a bench before the door, proffered the use of his boat to take us for a fishing excursion, and we instantly and joyfully accepted it without even delaying to go home and announce



our intentions. The man went on to suggest that we ought to have a supply of whisky with us—"fishing was dry work without." We agreed to that also, and a few minutes later we and the fishing-smack were scudding round the point with the breeze, congratulating ourselves upon the good time we were going to have.

And we had it for the first two hours; then a dark suspicion began to grow upon us that our fisherman was fast becoming incapable of managing the boat. He must have taken far more than he should before we started, and afterwards, in the excitement of our first mackerel, the whisky had been left entirely at his discretion. We were driving faster and faster out to sea in the freshening wind, and he obstinately refused to alter the sail or to allow us—though if he had, not one of us knew how to do it.

Even now I don't like to think of that evening—the sick terror that crept over us as the September twilight darkened down. The man seemed to have taken complete leave of his senses, and we, shivering under the drenching spray, crouched at the other end and watched him fearfully. We could do nothing else in that frail boat, where one lurch meant death. A struggle would have been madness. As the hours went by we lost all count of time, but it must have been near midnight when the tiller slipped at last from his grasp and he rolled to our feet in a heavy drunken sleep, still clutching that fatal stone jar.

The danger did not end then, but it was comparative peace and happiness; we drifted up and down the tossing waves till daybreak, and then help came. A passing schooner took us on board, where, I remember, some of us broke down and sobbed like little children.

We reached home late that night, haggard and weary, with a general sense of having come back from the gates of death, and of seeing all things in a new light from that standpoint. It was the first time the drink question had ever come so closely home to us, and gathering round the blazing fireside that we had never thought to see again, we talked of it long and earnestly. By a little chance, indeed, we had been saved, but thinking of the many who have "gone down at sea" long before their appointed time for that same cause; of the desolate homes and aching hearts, of the lost lives and broken hopes, we resolved,

as far as in us lay, to stand by the temperance flag for all the days to come.

And the next day, our visit being ended and the lesson learned, we quitted that quiet watering-place and went home.

E. K. O.

DIALOGUES ON TEMPERANCE.

BY WILLIAM HOYLE.

Author of "Our National Resources, and How they are Wasted," &c.

No. IV.—HARD TIMES CAUSED BY DRINKING.

Characters—THOMAS MELLOR, HENRY JONES, ROBERT JACKSON, and WALTER MORRIS.

Henry.—Good evening to you all, again.

All.—Good evening.

H.—How is trade with you yet, Tom?

Thomas.—Trade! There is no trade. I have not had a stroke of work this year, yet.

Walter.—People say that trade's to be better soon.

Robert.—On what grounds did they base their opinion?

W.—Why, they say that it's so bad that if it alters at all it must be better.

T.—That's very poor consolation for somebody that's been out of work three or four months.

W.—It is; but it's all the consolation there is.

R.—Trade ought to be better.

T.—What makes you say that, Robert?

R.—I say it because all the economic conditions are in existence which lead to good trade.

W.—What are those conditions?

R.—Well, we've cheap food, cheap money, and, until very lately, people have been getting good wages. These are the three things which lead to good trade.

H.—And yet we never had trade so bad as it is now.

R.—That's the puzzle.

H.—I don't think there's much puzzle about it.

R.—How do you come to that conclusion?

H.—Because it's not the amount of money which people get, but the way they spend it which makes trade good or bad.

T.—That is perfectly true, Henry. If I spend 10s. a week on drink, I cannot have it also to buy my family clothing, &c.; some of them have to go short.

W.—And the shopkeeper has 10s. less of demand for his goods than he should have.

H.—Yes; and so has the manufacturer.

W.—In an article which was published in the *Economist* newspaper a short time ago, the editor showed that the bad trade arose from the fact that the means of consumers from some cause had become lessened.

H.—And what is there so much lessens the means of the people as habits of drinking?

W.—As Tom has just said, people cannot both spend their money in drink and have it to buy goods with also.

H.—Hence, when we as a nation spend £142,000,000 in drink, we rob the trade of the country to that extent.

R.—You support the publican's trade?

W.—Yes; but that trade, as we have seen, is all loss.

H.—And worse than loss; that has been clearly shown.

T.—And you say that there is £142,000,000 spent every year?

H.—There has been more than that the last three years.

W.—And then there is the taxation which results from the drink traffic, at least another £20,000,000 a year.

H.—And there is the loss of labour, the deterioration of the workman, the trouble to the employer through habits of intemperance, losses through sickness and premature death, losses through accidents when people are intoxicated; indeed, it is impossible to tell where the mischief of drinking ends.

W.—I have heard people say that the cost and loss resulting from drinking is as great as the cost of the drink itself.

T.—That is, double £140,000,000, or £280,000,000.

W.—Yes.

H.—And so I believe it is. But if we knock off the odd £80,000,000 for revenue, &c., it still leaves us £200,000,000 as the yearly cost to us of our habits of drinking.

R.—What was the total value of our foreign trade last year? Do you remember?

H.—The total value of all the goods which we exported to foreign countries in 1878 was exactly £192,804,334; or in round numbers, say, £193,000,000.

W.—So that, directly or indirectly, we wasted more money through our drinking habits than the entire value of all our foreign trade.

H.—Yes, and £7,000,000 more at the least.

R.—It's enough to make one vow that they will never touch another drop.

H.—That is what you ought to do.

W.—But to come to the question of trade again. Here we are, hunting up markets all the world over—in Africa, in China, in South America, and yet we are wasting in drink more than all our trade with all the world.

T.—And we are wondering how it is that trade is so bad.

W.—Exactly so, Tom.

T.—What fools we are!

W.—At the present time great efforts are being made to form a company to open up Africa. It is said that in a dozen years or so we could have £20,000,000 worth of trade from Africa if it were done.

H.—Why, if we gave up the drinking at home, in twelve months we should have about ten times £20,000,000 of a home trade.

T.—That would open itself up.

W.—Yes, and there would be none of the risks and uncertainties which there would be about the other.

H.—And then, too, we should get rid of nearly all the pauperism, crime, and social misery that exists.

R.—That would be worth a decent sum.

H.—Yes, but instead of paying we should get the £200,000,000.

W.—What happiness, peace, and plenty there would be; there would be plenty of work, and good wages for all!

T.—Don't you think it would help wages to keep up?

W.—No doubt of it.

H.—Shall we have a chat about wages when we meet again?

T.—I should like.

H.—Agreed. Good night all.

All.—Good night.

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."

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.

"THAT'LL DO!"

BY THE REV. F. WAGSTAFF, F.R.H.S.

HOW often do we hear this foolish speech. And that not merely from children who do not know any better, but also from older people. "That'll do!" they say, when they have anything to do and want to get it done quickly, without caring whether it is done well or not. Remember, that if a thing is not done well, it is not done at all.

Young people need above most things to learn the lesson of thoroughness; and one of the lessons of the Band of Hope is, that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. Many a man of great pretensions in the world has been thought little of because, while putting his hands to many things, he has been able to do nothing thoroughly. "A Jack-of-all-trades is master of none," was a common saying when I was a boy; and somehow I believe it is as true now as it was then. It may be a capital thing for one to be able to turn his hand to any useful thing that may be required of him, but it is far better to be thorough master of some one pursuit—to have a calling, and to know it well. There was once a goose who boasted that she was more favoured than either beast, bird, or fish, since she could either walk, fly, or swim. "True," said some one who heard the foolish boast; "but you are only a dabbler at either."

> "That man a vain babbler
> Will always be thought,
> Who, in all things a dabbler,
> Is skilful in nought."

Some one has well said that the best and quickest way for any man to get out of a lowly position into something higher, is to display surpassing excellence in the post he at present fills. "I knew you when you blacked my father's shoes!" was the contemptuous remark of a purse-proud man to one who had raised himself to a position of influence by the blessing of God on a life of industry and integrity. "And didn't I black them well?" was the brief but telling retort. The old rhymester must have had some such feeling when he penned those lines—

> "If I were a cobbler, I'd make it my pride
> The best of all cobblers to be;
> If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
> Should mend an old kettle like me."

The boys of our Band of Hope are I hope, learning a great many things besides temperance. They have taken the pledge, and they mean to stick to it, as they say sometimes, "like bricks." But if I understand it aright, a "brick" is a fellow who throws his whole heart into anything—one who is thorough and earnest. You have to learn your trade as an apprentice—learn it thoroughly. You have to sweep out the shop as errand-boy, or carry parcels—do your work thoroughly. *Sweep the corners.* Don't scamp your work, or shuffle over it as fast as you can, and then try to excuse yourself by saying, "Oh! that'll do." I tell you, my boy, with all seriousness—"That'll *not* do!"

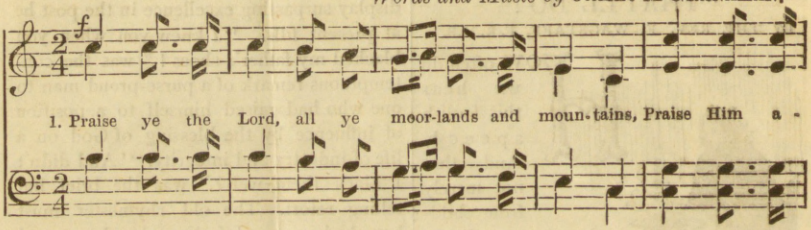
THE WINE-CUP.

WELL might the thoughtful race of old
With ivy twine the head
Of him they hailed their god of wine—
Thank God! the lie is dead.
For ivy climbs the crumbling hall
To decorate decay;
And spreads its dark, deceitful pall
To hide what wastes away.
And wine will circle round the brain,
As ivy o'er the brow,
Till what could once see far as stars
Is dark as Death's eye now.
Then dash the cup down! 'tis not worth
A soul's great sacrifice;
The wine will sink into the earth,
The soul, the soul must rise.

BAILEY.

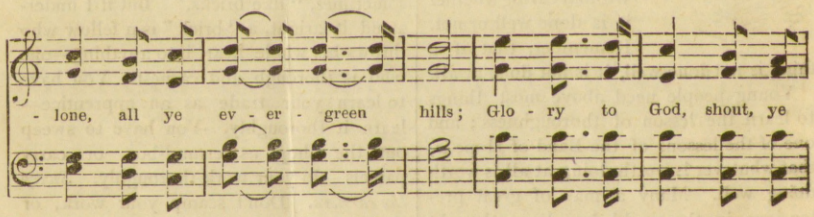
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Words and Music by JAMES M'GRANAHAN.

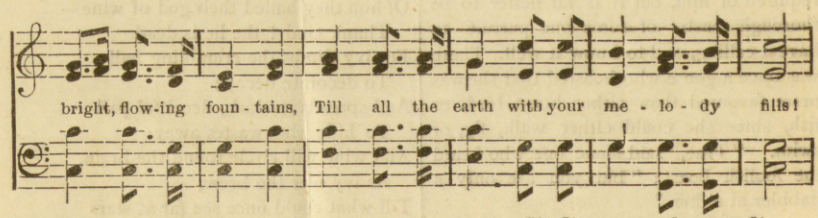


KEY C. *f*

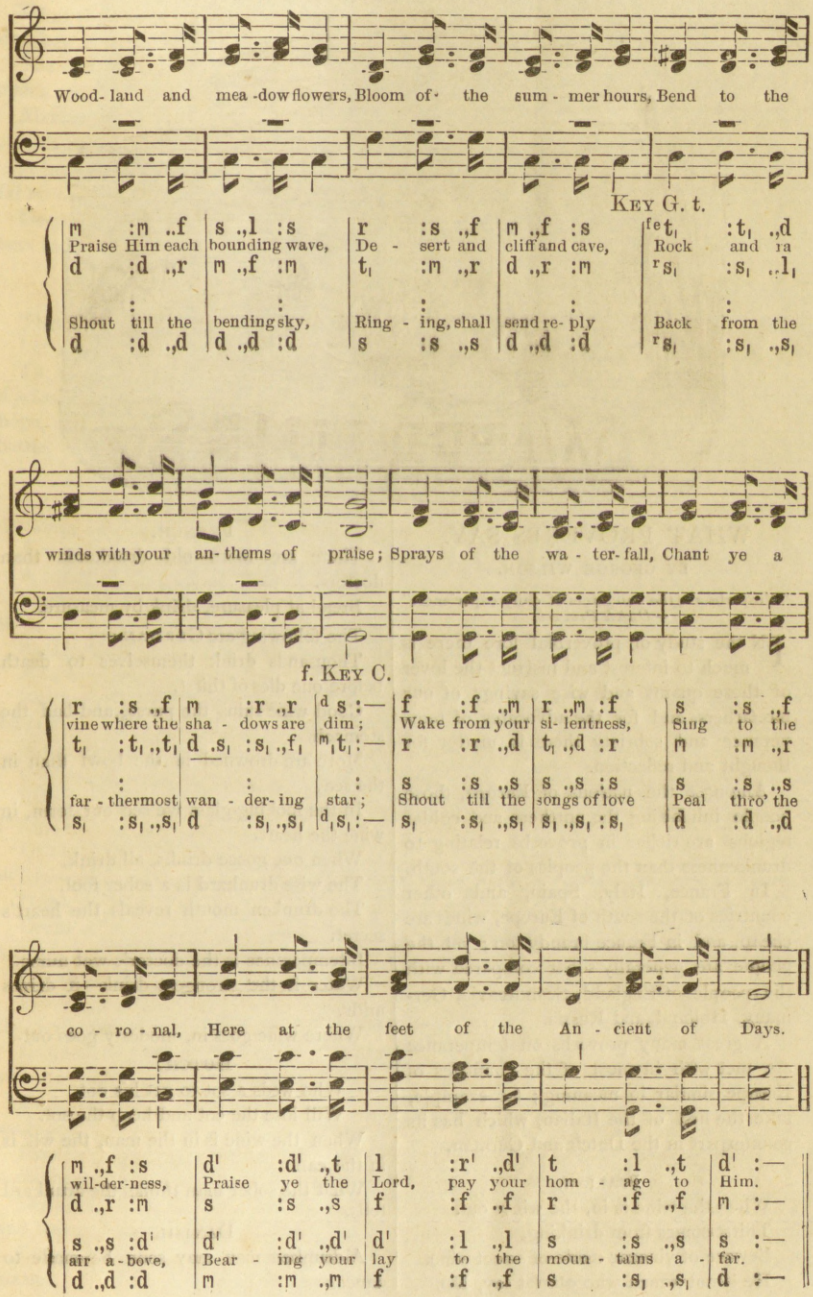
d'	:d'	.,d'	d'	:t	.l	s	.,l	:s	.,f	m	:d	d'	:d'	.,d'
2. Praise ye the			Lord,	all	ye	winds	of	the		cor-ners,		Up	from	the
d'	:d'	.,d'	d'	:t	.l	s	.,l	:s	.,f	m	:d	m	:m	.,m
d'	:d'	.,d'	d'	:t	.l	s	.,l	:s	.,f	m	:d	s	:s	.,s
3. Sing to the			Lord,	all	ye	kin-dred		and		na-tions,		Tribes	and	do-
d'	:d'	.,d'	d'	:t	.l	s	.,l	:s	.,f	m	:d	d	:d	.,d



d'	:t	.d'	r'	.r'	:r'	.,r'	r'	:—	m'	:m'	.,r'	d'	:t	.l
glen	peal the		notes		of	your	song;		Praise	Him	who		cheer-eth		the
s	:f	.m	s	.s	:s	.,s	s	:—	s	:s	.,f	m	:f	.f
s	:s	.s	t	.t	:t	.,t	t	:—	d'	:d'	.,d'	d'	:d'	.d'
min-ions	that		peo-		ple	the	world;		Wher-e'er		the	sun	sheds		his
m	:r	.d	s	.s	:s	.,s	s	:—	d	:d	.,d	d	:d	.d



s	.,l	:s	.,f	m	:s	l	:l	.,l	s	:d'	.d'	t	:l	.,t	d'	:—
hearts	of	earth's		mourners,		Sing	to	the	Lord,	in	His	praise	be	ye	strong!	
m	.,f	:m	.,r	d	:m	f	:f	.,f	s	:m	.m	r	:f	.,f	m	:—
d'	:d'	.,s	s	:d'		d'	:d'	.,d'	d'	:s	.s	s	:s	.,s	s	:—
glow	-ing	car-	na-	tions		There	let	your	stan-	dards	of	praise	be	un-	furled.	
d	:d	.,d	d	:d		f	:f	.,f	m	:d	.d	s	:s,	.,s,	d	:—


Wood- land and mea -dow flowers, Bloom of· the sum - mer hours, Bend to the
KEY G. t.
Praise Him each bounding wave, De - sert and cliff and cave, Rock and ra
Shout till the bending sky, Ring - ing, shall send re- ply Back from the
winds with your an- thems of praise; Sprays of the wa - ter- fall, Chant ye a
f. KEY C.
vine where the sha - dows are dim; Wake from your si- lentness, Sing to the
far - thermost wan - der- ing star; Shout till the songs of love Peal thro' the
co - ro - nal, Here at the feet of the An - cient of Days.
wil-der-ness, Praise ye the Lord, pay your hom - age to Him.
air a-bove, Bear - ing your lay to the moun - tains a - far.

WHAT PROVERBS SAY.

BY GEORGE WILSON.

"Proverbs are the daughters of daily experience."
—*Dutch Proverb.*

IN the study of proverbial lore there is much to interest and instruct the lover of those quaint and wise sayings of our forefathers, and for the advocates of temperance and sobriety there is matter for thought and reflection.

Amongst the nations of Europe, those people inhabiting the northern and colder regions are richer in proverbs relating to drunkenness than the peoples of the south.

In France, Italy, Spain, and other countries of the south of Europe, wines are cheap, and in France brandy too; yet the people are generally sober compared with the people of England, Scandinavia, Germany, Holland, and Russia.

A great many proverbs on temperance are met with in most of the countries of Europe similar in meaning; for example, take the first of the Italian, which has its counterpart in the Dutch and German.

ITALIAN.

When the wine is in, the wit is out.

Thirst comes from drinking.

Beware of vinegar made of sweet wine.

He is not a man who cannot say, No.

FRENCH.

There are more old drunkards than doctors.

Bread at pleasure, drink by measure.

The following are GERMAN:—

Thousands drink themselves to death before one dies of thirst.

Good wine ruins the purse, and bad the stomach.

More are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.

In the looking-glass we see our form, in wine the heart.

When one goose drinks, all drink.

The wise drunkard is a sober fool.

The drunken mouth reveals the heart's secret.

Intemperance is the doctor's wet-nurse.

Water is the strongest drink—it drives mills.

Where wine goes in, modesty goes out.

DUTCH.

Who weds a sot to get his cot,
Will lose the cot and keep the sot.

When the wine is in the man, the wit is in the can.

What the sober man thinks the drunkard tells.

DANISH.

A drunken man may soon be made to dance.

What the sober man has in his heart, the drunken man has on his lips.

The drunken man's joy is often the sober man's sorrow.

Abstinence and fasting cure many a complaint.

A joyous evening often leads to a sorrowful morning.

Deep draughts and long morning slumbers soon make a man poor.

LATIN.

There is truth in wine.

Let the appetite obey reason.

To what does inebriety not point? It discloses every secret—it ratifies every hope, and pushes even the unarmed man to battle.

ENGLISH.

A drunken night makes a cloudy morning.

A mad beast must have a sober driver.

A sober man, a soft answer.

As drunk as a beggar. As drunk as a lord.

As drunk as a tinker.

As I brew so I must drink.

Bacchus hath drowned more men than Neptune.

Better gude sale nor gude ale.

Counsel over cups is crazy.

Drink washes off the daub, and discovers the man.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.

Drinking kindness is drunken friendship.

Drunkards have a fool's tongue and a knave's heart.

Drunken wife gat ay the drunken penny.

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

Drunkenness is an egg from which all vices are hatched.

Drunkenness is nothing but voluntary madness.

Drunkenness makes some men fools, some beasts, and some devils.

Drunkenness turns a man out of himself and leaves a beast in his room.

Every one hath a penny for a new ale-house.

He is not drunk gratis who pays his reason for his shot.

He that drinks and is not dry shall want money as well as I.

If you make Bacchus your god, Apollo will not keep you company.

In settling an island, the first building erected by a Spaniard would be a church; by a Frenchman, a fort; by a Dutchman, a warehouse; and by an Englishman, an ale-house.

Laith to the drink, laith frae 't.

Let the drunkard alone, and he will fall of himself.

No relying on wine, women, and fortune.

Sir John Barleycorn's the strongest knight.

Temperance is the best phys'c.

The ass that carrieth wine drinketh water.

The drunkard continually assaults his own life.

The smaller the drink the cooler the blood and the clearer the head.

What soberness conceals, drunkenness reveals.

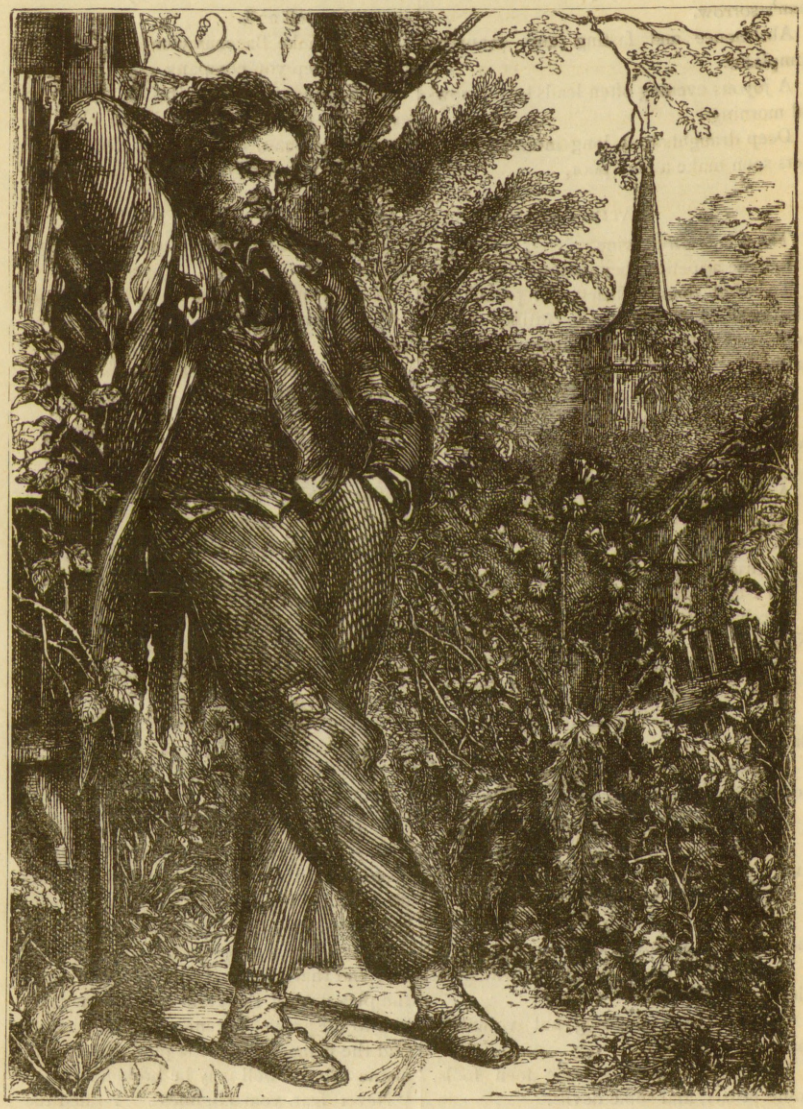
What you do when you are drunk you must pay for when you are sober.

When wine sinks words swim.

Wine is a turncoat; first a friend then an enemy.

Wine neither keeps secrets nor fulfils promises.

A CERTAIN Dutch statesman, who drank deeply, was nevertheless very attentive to business, and always the first at the Council board. The Prince of Orange, who esteemed him very highly, said to him one day, that excess of every kind was dangerous, and that he feared that over-work and the pleasures of the table would soon carry him to the grave. "Remember, my friend," said the prince, "that the pitcher that goes oftenest to the well may be broken at last." "Never fear, your Highness," replied the other, "there is no risk; my pitcher never goes to the *well*, but only to the wine cask." "Then," responded the ready Prince, "I fear you will go to the *bad*."



"The sun shone on Smith, but it blinded his eyes.

MAY'S MISSION.

"Good day, Mr. Smith," said bright little May,
Looking over the gate on her way to the school;
But Smith was too surly to answer to-day,
Though he liked little May very much as a rule.

Little May went to school as bright as a bee,
And forgot surly Smith—much the best thing to do.
The sun shone so clearly, the birds sang so free,
The bells rang for church, and her lesson she knew.

The sun shone on Smith, but it blinded his eyes;
He went in the shade, but the wind blew too cold;
He goes in the house, and the newspaper tries,
But it makes his head ache and there's no one to scold.

No one to scold but yourself, Mr. Smith,
And no one but you, Mr. Smith, is to blame;
For your headache this morning you well might expect,
When you think how last night home you staggering came.

You say it is jolly to meet with your friends
At the old "Pig and Whistle," or some other name;
But is it so jolly this morning to feel
Your pockets all empty, your heart full of shame?

The text that May learnt this morning at school
Was, "God is not mocked; what man sows shall he reap."
Learn the lesson, too, Smith, while you've strength to say
That the pledge you will take and the pledge you will keep.

Then the Sunday shall come as freshly to you
As to bright little May on her way to the school;
And experience will tell you 'tis nobler to be
A self-controlled *man* instead of a fool.

O. A. R. S.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude, with us a common crime,
Through which the good we have we little heed,
Paint darkly in distrust our coming time,
And murmur most when least of all we need.
Some fancied good we long for and pursue,
And if we fail to gain it, we repine;
When, were we to our God and manhood true,
We cheerfully the object should resign.
But, like some thoughtless, spoilt, and fretful child,
Which in its passion throws its toys away,
Because its parent, with compulsion mild,
In love restrains it from some dangerous play,
We let ingratitude our bosoms fill,
Rebel against our Parent's wiser will.

Forget we in our folly that our lot
Is wisely ordered by a loving Friend,
Whose heart is e'er the same, and changes not—
Whose hand will keep us safely to the end.
Oh, if we kept the good we have in sight,
Unselfishly enjoyed it as we ought,
Instead of mourning on from morn till night,
And counting all our greatest blessings nought,
We cheerfully should sing our song of praise
To God for all His mercies and His care—
With thankful hearts our gladsome voices raise,
Well pleased that He our worthless lives should spare—
Resolve to love Him more in coming time,
And count our past ingratitude a crime.

David Lawton.

TIM AND THE TEMPERANCE GIRLS.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

ONCE there were three little girls who signed the total abstinence pledge. But they did something more—they promised to do their best to help along the cause of temperance. One day, as they were going home from school, they saw coming towards them, with crooked steps, poor Tim, the worst drunkard in the village. They were afraid and hid themselves in a corner of the fence. But the tallest little girl of the three said to the others, "It don't seem right to do this way, for we promised to try to help people like Tim." In a minute she said again, "Let's sing him some of our temperance songs." So they took hold of hands, and stood up and sang—

"Sparkling and bright
In its liquid light
Is the water in our glasses;
'Twill give you health,
'Twill give you wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses."

Well, Tim thought it was very queer. He knew they meant him, no matter whom they sang about, and he stopped and leaned up against a tree, and listened and liked the little song. So, when they had finished, he looked down at them and said, "Girls, sing—sing some more for a fellow."

And the next time they chose the nice old song about—

"The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well."

It was pretty long, but they knew it all, and their fresh, sweet voices were very pleasant to the ears of Tim. The words touched his heart greatly, for they made him remember the old well at his dear boyhood's home, and he wished more than words can tell that he had never tasted anything stronger than good cold water; so, when the little girls finished, he said again, and this time with a voice full of earnestness—

"Won't you sing me another?"

They sang "Father don't drink any now," and his tears began to fall. You see they were regular little temperance lecturers, though they didn't dream of such a thing. After the third song, the oldest girl said—

"Mr. Brown, we wanted to please you, and so when you asked us to keep on singing, we did. Now we want you to do just one thing to please us—won't you?"

"Well," he said, "that seems sort o' fair. I guess I'll have to—what is it?"

"Why," said she, speaking very fast, and frightened at her own boldness, "won't you please sign the pledge?"

Tim was astonished. He did not answer for a minute, and then he said—

"But there han't been no temperance meetin'; no reformed man has told his experience; there's no pledge here, even if I wanted to sign."

But the little girl wasn't a bit set back by this droll reply. What do you think she did? Why, she took off her little straw hat, and on its round, white, paper lining she wrote, with her stub of a school pencil, the iron-clad pledge; and going up to Tim, she offered the pledge and the pencil, with her primary geography to write upon. What could he do when she was so kind and bright—what but sign the pledge then and there? And when he had done this the three little girls wrote down their names as witnesses. Tim started off towards home. He was almost sober now, so much had happened to help bring him to his senses. He went into his house and handed the little pledge on the round piece of paper to his wife.

"Oh, Tim! to think you've signed the pledge," she said, and began to cry. So

did Tim's little children, who heard and understood what their mother had said. "Let us ask God to give you strength to keep it," she added in a moment, taking both his great hands in hers. So they all knelt, and the poor man prayed to God with strong crying and tears.

The dear little school-girls had not laboured in vain. From that day Tim was a sober man, and his home was bright and his wife and children happy. Every time he prays he thanks our Father in heaven that the little temperance girls remembered their promise, and tried to "help the cause."

Children who read this story, is there nobody you can help? Ask God to make you willing, if you are not already.

AN HONEST PUBLICAN'S ADVERTISEMENT.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS,—Grateful for the liberal encouragement received from you, and having supplied my shop and tavern with a new and ample stock of choice wines, spirits, and malt liquors, I thankfully inform you that I continue to make drunkards, paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious, and respectable community to support. My liquors may excite you to riot, robbery, and blood, and will certainly diminish your comforts, augment your expenses, and shorten your lives. I confidently recommend them as sure to multiply fatal accidents and distressing diseases, and likely to render these incurable. They will agreeably deprive some of life, some of reason, many of character, and all of peace—will make fathers fiends, wives widows, mothers cruel, children orphans, and all poor. I will train the young to ignorance, dissipation, infidelity, lewdness, and every vice; corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the Gospel, defile the church, and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can.

I will thus "accommodate the public." I have a family to support—the trade pays, and the public encourage it. I have a character from my minister, and a license from the magistrate; my traffic is lawful; CHRISTIANS COUNTENANCE it; and if I do not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will. I know the Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill," pronounces a "woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink," and enjoins me not to "put a stumbling-block in a brother's way." I also read that "no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God," and I cannot expect the drunkard-maker, without repentance, to share a better fate; but I wish a lazy living, and have deliberately resolved to gather the wages of iniquity, and fatten on the ruin of my species. I shall therefore carry on my trade with energy, and do my best to diminish the wealth of the nation, impair the health of the people, and endanger the safety of the State. As my traffic flourishes in proportion to your ignorance and sensuality, I will do my utmost to prevent your intellectual elevation, moral purity, social happiness, and eternal welfare.

Should you doubt my ability, I refer you to the pawn-shop, the poor-house, the police-office, the hospital, the gaol, and the gallows, where so many of my customers have gone. The sight of them will satisfy you that I do what I promise.

JUDAS HEARTLESS.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

BIRDS are singing blithe and gay,
Lambs are frolicking at play,
Ploughmen whistle o'er the lea—
Every one is gay but me.
I've an aching heart and brain,
I've a sense of ceaseless pain.
Here I cry in my despair,
"'Tis a weary world of care!"
I care not to see the sky,
And the white-flecked clouds that fly.
Songs of birds in vain I hear;
No relief to me they bear.
I am tired of all around,
For my heart is 'neath the mound
Where my little darling lies,
With no love-light in her eyes.
Ah! my darling's voice is gone,
She is singing near the throne;
Soon my pilgrimage shall end,
Then I shall to her ascend.

W. A. EATON.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"THE old superstition that grog is a good thing for men before, during, or after a march, has been proved by the scientific men of all nations to be a fallacy, and is still only mantained by men who mistake the cravings arising solely from habit for the prompting of nature herself. Our armies in Kaffraria had no spirits issued to them, as a rule, and no army in the field was ever more healthy (if ever any other was as free from sickness). Our experience in the Indian Mutiny also carries out this theory. For months, in some places, our men were entirely cut off from all liquor, and they were healthier than when it was subsequently issued to them as a ration. No men have ever done harder work than was performed by the men employed upon the Red River Expedition. No spirits of any sort were issued to them, but they had practically as much good tea as they could drink. Illness was, I may say, unknown amongst them."—*Sir Garnet Wolseley.*

THE fact that strong drink is not necessary in the endurance of hard work or intense cold is well illustrated in the life of a lumberman. There cannot be much harder work than his, the cutting down of giant trees in the far distant forests, and hewing and sawing them into shape for the market. Cold work, too; for the men who engage in it are hired in the fall of the year, and go up in strong squads hundreds of miles away to spend the winter in the woods; and the snows and frosts of a winter in Canada, which furnishes so large a supply of the lumber trade, are generally very severe.

Their only shelter is the log-houses which they build. Their food must be the best and most strengthening. No strong drink is allowed, nor is within reach of the men. With no grog-shop near, sobriety is an enforced virtue, and so much is this considered by the masters and understood by the men, that very little contraband work is done in the way of taking spirits to them,—a prohibitory law enforced, the reason for which speaks for itself.—*N. T. A.*

ONE shilling a week—not a very large sum, only twopence a day without Sunday. Take the money regularly to the savings bank, and in ten years you will have saved £30.

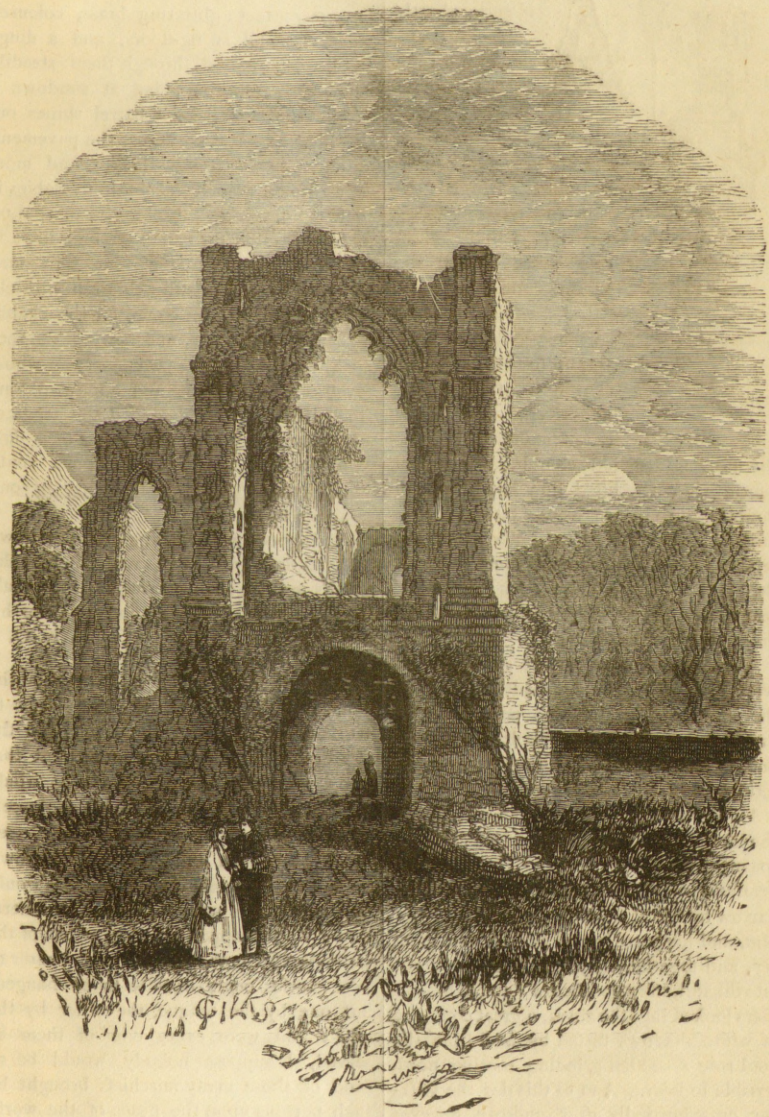
Many a mechanic earning twenty-five or thirty shillings a week can readily save five. Put five shillings a week in the savings bank from the time you are twenty years of age till you are fifty, and you will have saved £626. If a young man of eighteen saves two shillings per week, he will be worth at sixty years of age the sum of £400.

The following table will show the very important results that follow upon small savings :—

Weekly Deposits of	5 Years	10 Years
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1s.	13 19 5	30 4 5
2s.	27 19 2	60 7 2
3s.	41 18 11	90 11 6
	20 Years	30 Years.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1s.	70 16 2	125 6 10
2s.	141 9 6	250 9 11
3s.	212 6 0	375 17 4

"I HAVE just lately come from several months' travel through the State of Maine. There is no such temptation there as is exposed to the people of England, where a man, if he be of weak mind and weak resolution, can go into one public-house after another, spending sixpence here and a shilling there, until he goes out of the last one either to sleep in a kennel or die in a ditch."—*The late Bishop of Lichfield.*

IN Liverpool, the number of drunken cases has risen from 15,763 in 1877, to 16,859 in 1878. An analysis of the returns shows that the greatest amount of intoxication takes place on Saturdays, Sundays, and Mondays, and the least on Fridays. Among the persons apprehended for drunkenness were one clergyman, eleven surgeons, nine artists, four architects, and eighteen musicians.



"The old abbey church."—p. 162.

THE DEVIL'S MILL.

N eerie, ghostly place it is, grinding rocks under a deep churning pool, shut in among steep black cliffs where the sunshine never reaches. Generation after generation have crossed the narrow bridge and gazed fearfully into the seething gulf on their way up to the old abbey church on the heights above, and the legend told among them was of two brothers: one the prior of the old church, a wise and gentle man, who lifted holy hands without doubting to God in heaven; the other a knight, a man of rapine, bloodshed and cruelty, and always when he came that way the good prior gathered his frightened people into the abbey to protect them from his brother's violence.

One bitter winter day at sundown, the wicked knight came by stealth and found the gates undefended, and entering in he dragged them all forth and drowned them one by one in the Devil's Pool between the setting and rising of the sun.

Henceforth he abode in the abbey, and the sacred walls echoed to the clash of spears and mocking laughter. But just one year and a day after, as he rode across the narrow bridge at sundown, something met him, and his horse leaped aside with a great cry, and together they went crashing down into the still, inky pool below; and as his soldiers looked into the abyss, a great company of white shadows flitted by, and from the pool rose a sudden grinding roaring noise terrible to hear. And to this day the villagers cross hurriedly after sundown, for ever since, in storm or shine, summer or winter, the rocks grind on, and they say with bated breath that it is a doorway into his kingdom.

. . . . . .

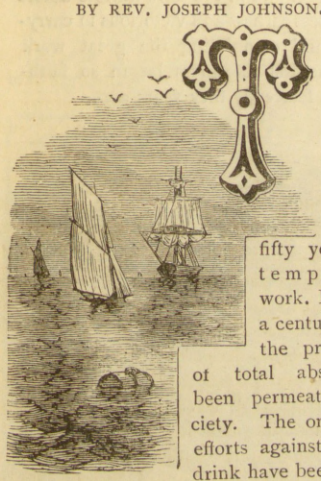
An imposing building at the corner of a busy city street: glittering brass, coloured windows, and swing-doors, and a dingy stream has passed through them steadily since early morning; but at sundown it wakens up, the lighted barrel shines out bravely, the gas flares across the pavement, and the crowd grows thicker and more eager—men, women and children. Babies in their mothers' arms, drinking in the poison with their milk, for whom the only hope in this life seems to be that they may slip out of it babies still; children with old and young faces, watching for the chance of somebody's dregs, and sowing the seed for a woeful harvest; women from whose loveless faces all heart and hope had long since died out; men degraded and haggard, still bearing some of the traces of a lost "might have been," of a bygone youth bright with promise—all ended in one common ruin.

And good men looking pitifully down into the dark gulf say sorrowfully that the devil's mill is grinding surely, and that truly it is a doorway, a wide doorway, into his kingdom. E. K. O.

As there is a parity of guilt between the thief and the receiver, so there seems to be the like between the teller and the hearer of a malicious report; and that upon very great reason. For who would knock where he despaired of entrance? or what husbandman would cast his seed but into an open and a prepared furrow? so it is most certain that ill tongues would be idle if ill ears were not open. And therefore it was an apposite saying of one of the ancients that both the teller and hearer of false stories ought equally to be hanged, but one by the tongue, the other by the ears; and were every one of them so served, I suppose nobody would be so fond of those many mischiefs brought by such persons upon the peace of the world as to be concerned to cut them down, unless, perhaps, by cutting off the forementioned parts by which they hung.—*Dr. South.*

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

BY REV. JOSEPH JOHNSON.



THE autumn of this year commemorates fifty years of temperance work. For half a century have the principles of total abstinence been permeating society. The organised efforts against strong drink have been twofold—first to restore the drunkard and heal those already injured by the evil, and also to prevent the mischief and cure the cause. And foremost among the preventive corps stand the Band of Hope companies. Reclaimed drunkards by hundreds bring honours to this year of jubilee, but the uninjured thousands, together with the hosts of little children daily swelling the unwavering ranks of abstainers, are the truest glories which crown this year of jubilee with the laurels of immortal service.

It must be borne in mind that it is not the origin of the principles that is commemorated now, because that runs back to the most ancient Jewish times; nor yet the beginning of temperance organisations, for such methods of doing good existed in Germany in the seventeenth century, and in America much earlier in the beginning of the present century—but the rise and commencements of temperance societies in the United Kingdom.

Ireland has the distinguished honour of being the first to practically begin the good work, for on August 20th, 1829, by the Rev. G. W. Carr, in conjunction with Mr. Edgar, the first society was founded at New Ross, in County Wexford. Almost simultaneously Scotland took up the cause under the active influence of John Dunlop. The ladies were ready at once to co-operate, and on October 1st a female anti-spirit society was formed by Miss Allen and Miss Graham at Maryhill, where the Dunlops were "superiors of the manor."

Mr. Collins, an elder in Dr. Chalmers' church, a friend and fellow-helper of Mr. Dunlop's, was the first to introduce the subject into England. He started giving publicity to the movement by lecturing and writing. To his addresses the inaugural society at Bradford owes its birth. He made speeches at the first meetings held in Liverpool and Manchester. The formation of the first English temperance society took place in Bradford, February 2nd, 1830, under the superintendence of Henry Forbes. In June of the same year the *Temperance Record* was issued from the press, under the care of Mr. Collins, who was the father of the present Lord Provost of Glasgow. Before the end of the year the initial work had been established by wonderful energy and labour. Not only was the spark kindled but the fire was lighted and the influence was felt far and wide. The following year the "London Temperance Society" developed into the "British and Foreign Temperance Society." In 1832 Joseph Livesey and his friends at Preston signed the total abstinence pledge, and the word "Teetotal" came into existence. In 1834 no less than 18,000 youths in Preston were enrolled as abstainers for one year. From that year the movement spread rapidly, gaining in strength and usefulness.

We have neither time nor space to trace the development of the work in detail until the Band of Hope Union was formed in 1855. But we cannot look over these past fifty years without feelings of reverent gratitude and affection for those heroic men who so bravely and well laid the foundation of the temperance reformation in the days of sore rebuke and scorn.

Great as are the evils of strong drink today, these bygone efforts have been crowned with glorious success. When we think of the hundreds that have been rescued, together with the thousands that

have been saved and prevented from falling into the snares of drink, our hearts should be filled with praise. We ought indeed, as we review the past and watch the humble and obscure rise, and follow the growing and glowing history up to the present time, to take fresh heart and courage, that we in the coming year and in the days that lie before us be no less earnest and victorious in carrying on and completing the great work which the first reformers began so faithfully and fearlessly fifty years ago.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

AUTUMN hath painted the woodlands brown,
Made sober the tints of the meadows wide:
The faded leaves come fluttering down
And gather in heaps on every side;
And as they crackle beneath my feet,
Or whisper softly over my head,
They seem to ask me if I am meet
To mingle, as they do, with the dead.

I pause and listen to what they say;
I know that no idle words they speak—
"We have done our work, and sink away
To rest on the earth so bare and bleak.
We have helped to purify the air, bright,
We have nursed the buds and blossoms
The fruits have had our sheltering care
From the chilly winds and frosts of night.

"And now they are safely gathered in,
And we have answered a useful end;
To live for nothing, we think, is sin,
And in death new life to earth we send.
So gladly we pass to our decay
Since e'en in that we are useful still;
Our one desire is to obey
Our wise and loving Maker's will.

"Oh! life is a sweet and precious loan,
To be wisely used, and rightly spent;
It has heights and depths of joy unknown,
When made to answer its high intent:
And no truer bliss we here may know
Than the joy which a task completed gives.
And now away on the winds we go—
We die, as everything else that lives."

Wisely and well ye speak, oh leaves—
Your words are a strong reproach to me:
The lessons you give my heart receives
And longingly prays, like you to be
Content with work God hath assigned,
With which He giveth His peaceful rest;
And at last, like you, oh! may I find
My labours with goodly fruitage blest.

DAVID LAWTON.

BLACKBOARD LESSON.

BY W. P. W. BUXTON.

[*At the close of the lesson the blackboard will appear as under.*]

SAND.

S TRONG DRINK IS INJURIOUS. IT
A CTUATES MEN TO EVIL.
N ATIONS SUFFER FROM ITS USE. IT
D ECOYS MEN TO DESTRUCTION.

I HAVE no doubt many of you have been to the sea-side on a fine summer day, and seen numbers of young people with spades and buckets working in good earnest at building castles in the sand. You may have been struck with the beauty of some of those sand castles, but the tide has come up slowly, just a little wave at a time, and those castles have crumbled away and vanished from sight. If you look at the board you will see that I have written the word SAND as the subject of our present lesson. Now what does that word teach?

Our first letter is **S**, which reminds us that STRONG DRINK IS INJURIOUS.—It is injurious to the individual, for it contains no nourishment, it impedes the action of the heart, prevents the proper circulation of the blood, and is a more fruitful source of pauperism, disease and crime than any other known evil. It is injurious to the social happiness of the community, and only God knows the number of widows and orphans it has made. The man who drinks what should be spent in food and clothing is selfish in the extreme. A pint a-day at threepence is £4 11s. 3d. a-year; and three pints a-day, which some would consider a moderate dose, would amount in twenty years, without interest, to £273 15s., or sufficient to buy a good freehold house. The drink is injurious to the moral nature, as the rec rds of our police and assize-courts abundantly testify; and it is no wonder with the home influence which the drunkard exerts, that his children should grow up in every species of vice and trickery. Drink is also injurious to the spiritual nature. It is a monster stumblingblock in the way of all good, and yet many defend this soul-destroying agent by misquoting Scripture to serve their own ends. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" therefore, "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Our next letter is **A**.—Drink ACTUATES MEN TO EVIL, by leading them to desecrate the Sabbath, which God commands shall be kept holy. The judges of our land, too, declare that nine-tenths of our prisons might be closed but for drink, which robs the man of his character, and binds him in a slavery of sin and evil habit. It makes him vicious, indolent and deceitful. A foreman once said to his master, "I've got a suitable boy for you, sir." "I'm glad of that," replied the master. "Who is he?" The man told the boy's name. "Don't want *him*," said the master; "he has got a black mark!" "A black mark, sir?" "Yes, he smokes and he drinks, and I don't want such a boy as that, the world is too full already." Glass by glass, and habit by habit, the links in the chain of ruin and death are forged. Drink sinks humanity lower and lower day by day, but total abstinence lifts it up; fills the breast with truth, love and purity. Strong drink brutalises the body, debases the mind, and corrupts the heart. It leads not only to evil but to drunkenness, and the Bible declares, "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven."

We now come to the letter **N**.—NATIONS SUFFER FROM ITS USE—the use of strong drink. Babylon, Persia, Greece and Rome fell because of the licentiousness and selfishness of their peoples. Our own nation must need beware, for to-day the liquor traffic is sapping our national life and destroying our commercial vitality. We spend about 150 millions a-year on drink, and what loss and misery we get in return neither tongue can tell nor figures compute.

We must, by vote, speech and pen, daily strive to stamp out this vile demon—this great traffic in human flesh and blood; and if we do our duty it must and shall fall, notwithstanding its colossal wealth and myriads of supporters. "Every one who wishes to preserve our national status," says Mr. Hoyle, "will be anxious to help all efforts for redeeming the country from the foul blot of intemperance, which paralyses its trade, corrupts its morals, and degrades the population beyond conception."

We now come to the letter **D.**—Drink Decoys Men to Destruction.—We destroy eighty millions of bushels of grain every year to produce the drink for Britain alone. Strong drink leads to a fabulous destruction of property and home-happiness. Like a decoy-duck, it lures men to destruction just as stealthily as the will-o'-the-wisp lures the unsuspecting traveller into the marshy bog. It is calculated that there are no less than six hundred thousand drunkards in our land at the present moment, and that about one hundred thousand are annually slain through drink. The more we look at this drink question the more gigantic and terrible it appears. Is it not our duty to assist in crushing this great evil? It is hard work to reform an old toper, but we can train and prune the younger saplings in our Bands of Hope and Juvenile Temples by teaching them to abstain, and thus save future generations from the poverty, misery and crime engendered by the use of strong drink. May we each be faithful to the vows we have taken, and "The Lord will give grace and glory, and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." They that hope to build up the body on strong drink are like those who build castles in the sand, for the tide of death will speedily come to prove that "wine is a mocker" indeed. Ever let your motto be, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

"Our doubts are traitors
And make us lose the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt it."—*Shakespeare.*

UNFERMENTED WINE.

BY REV. J. G. D. STEARNS.

We are sometimes told that all the wine ever known to the ancients was fermented and therefore intoxicating wine. The use which is made of this opinion is so adverse to the temperance cause that the truth on this subject ought to be often and fully presented. There is good and conclusive evidence that there were two kinds of wine, fermented and unfermented. This truth is well maintained in the writings of the advocates of temperance. Some testimony of eminent scholars, well versed in Hebrew, Greek, and Roman antiquities, will here be adduced in proof of the existence in ancient times of unfermented wine.

E. A. Andrews, in his "Latin-English Lexicon," founded on the larger "Latin-German Lexicon" of Dr. William Freund, defines *mustum*, *new* or *unfermented wine*, *must*. Some of his examples in illustration of this definition are selected from the writings of Cato and Virgil on agriculture, which indicate a common use of unfermented wine.

In Dr. William Smith's "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," third American edition, by Charles Anthon, LL.D., he says: "The sweet, unfermented juice of the grape was termed *gleukos* by the Greeks, and *mustum* by the Romans, the latter word being properly an adjective, signifying *new*, or *fresh*. Of this there were several kinds, distinguished according to the manner in which each was originally obtained and subsequently treated" (p. 1051).

F. P. Leverett, in his "Lexicon of the Latin Language," after defining the adjective *mustum*, *fresh*, *new*, quotes the expression *mustum vinum* from Latin authors, and defines it *must*, *new wine*, *gleukos*. The word *vinum* was thus sometimes applied by Latin writers to the unfermented juice of the grape.

In Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible," edited by Prof. H. B. Hackett, under the

article "Wine," the writer says: "The Hebrew terms translated 'wine' refer occasionally to an unfermented liquor." He adds: "Fermented liquors were also in common use." He says the "sweet wine," *gleukos*, in Acts ii. 13, "might have been applied just as *mustum* was by the Romans —to wine that had been preserved for about a year in an unfermented state."

Unfermented wine was in common use as a beverage in Palestine and other Oriental countries. It was prepared by boiling and in other ways, and preserved with care for this purpose.

Smith, in his "Greek and Roman Antiquities," says: "A portion of the must was used at once, being drunk fresh, after it had been clarified with vinegar. When it was desired to preserve a quantity in the sweet state, an amphora was taken and coated with pitch within and without; it was filled with *mustum lixivium*, and corked so as to be perfectly air-tight. It was then immersed in a tank of cold, fresh water, or buried in wet sand, and allowed to remain for six weeks or two months. The contents after this process were found to remain unchanged for a year. . . . . A considerable quantity of must from the oldest and best vines was inspissated by boiling, being then distinguished by various terms by the Greeks and by the Latin writers" (p. 1051).

Cato the elder, born 234 B.C., in his treatise on agriculture ("De Re Rusticâ"), speaks of the wine as preserved a year in an unfermented state.

The Greek word *oinos*, as well as the corresponding Latin word *vinum*, was sometimes applied to the unfermented juice of the grape. In Isa. xxiv. 7, Judges ix. 13—where the Hebrew word is *tirosh*, evidently denoting unfermented wine—the Septuagint uses the Greek word *oinos*. The Septuagint employs the word *oinos* in composition to denote the office of the chief butler (one who pours out wine). The wine was the fresh juice of the grape which the chief butler pressed into Pharaoh's cup. Bishop Lowth, speaking of this, says that "the fresh juice pressed from the grapes was called *oinos ampelinos*—*i.e.*, wine of the vineyards."

In Matt. xi. 19, Luke vii. 34, the word *oinos* is used in composition in the term of reproach, "wine-bibber," which the Jews applied to our Saviour. Dr. J. J. Owen, in his commentary on Matthew, p. 128, says:

"This charge was false and malicious. . . . . As wine was a common beverage in that land of vineyards in its unfermented state, our Lord most likely drank it; but that He did so in its intoxicating forms was a false and malicious libel upon His character."

In his comment on the miracle at the marriage in Cana, Dr. Owen says:

"On such occasions the wines of the country, which, as we have before remarked, were wholly free from the alcoholic stimulant which forms an ingredient of our imported wines, were freely and harmlessly drunk. Their wine, which was the pure juice of the grape, had failed." To supply this failure our Saviour wrought the miracle. There is no reason for the opinion that the wine made by our Lord on this occasion was intoxicating. We have good and sufficient reasons for rejecting this opinion. Having proved that unfermented wine was in common use as a beverage, we have every reason to believe that the wine on this occasion was not fermented. It is *incredible* and *unreasonable* to suppose that the wine which Jesus made was alcoholic and intoxicating. There were two kinds of wine. Of one of these, the unfermented, the Bible speaks in terms of approval; of the other it speaks in terms of disapproval and condemnation.

UNWISE and unpatriotic are any who would rather have a few prime scholars sitting about the wells of learning than see those fountains flow freely for the poor, who are yet the strength of the country. It is better to have many upon the high road of learning than a few even at its goal, if that were possible.—*From "Sir Gibbie," by George Macdonald.*

THE LITTLE CRIPPLE.

Words and Music by G. F. Root.

Recitando.

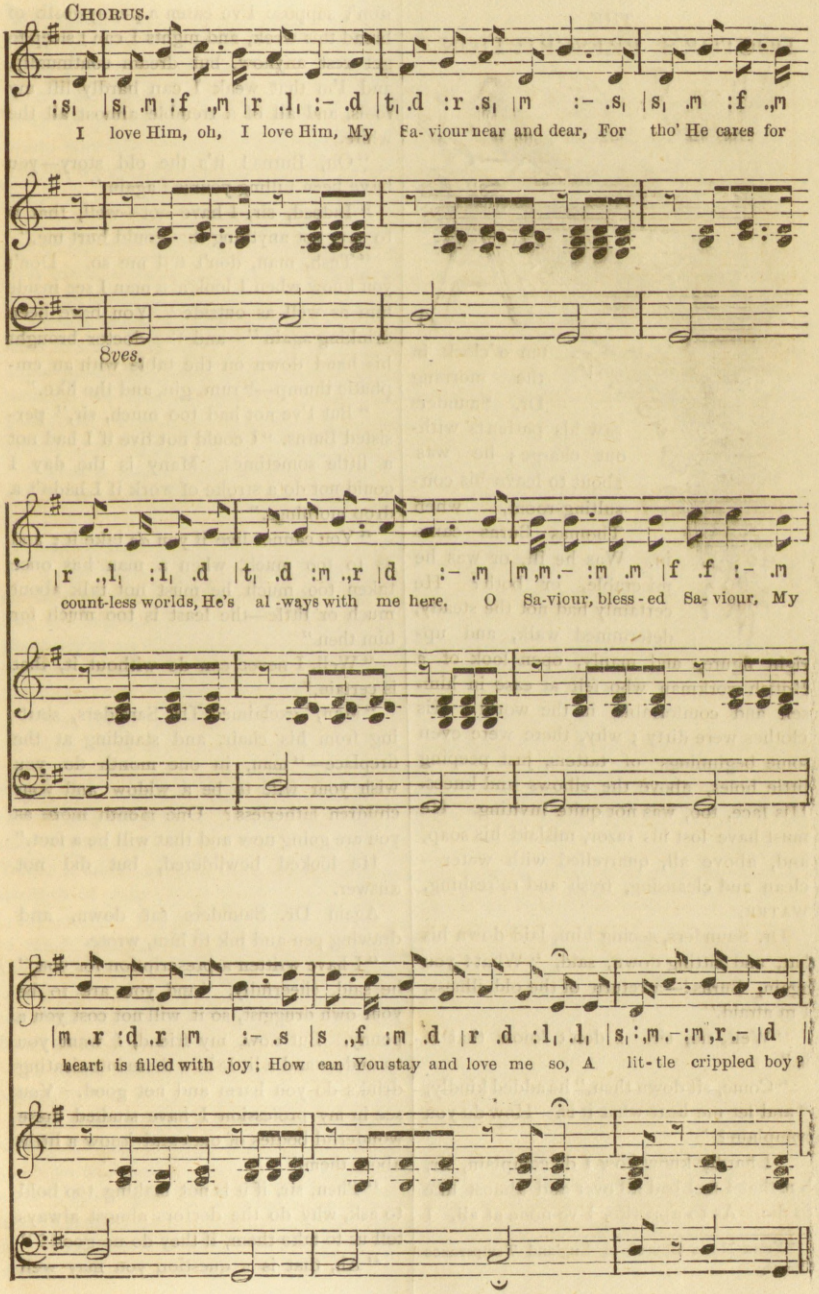
1. We passed poor Johnny's cab - in, The ev'-ning sun was low, And
2. His old and well-worn Bi - ble Was close be-side his bed, The
3. But when we came to leave him, And held his slen- der hand, We

thro' the lit - tle win-dow It sent its part-ing glow; His pa- tient eyes were rest-ing Up -
gold - en hues of sun- set Were play-ing round his head; A radiance more than earthly Beamed
knew he had a com-fort We could not un- derstand; And as be-neath the ma- ple We

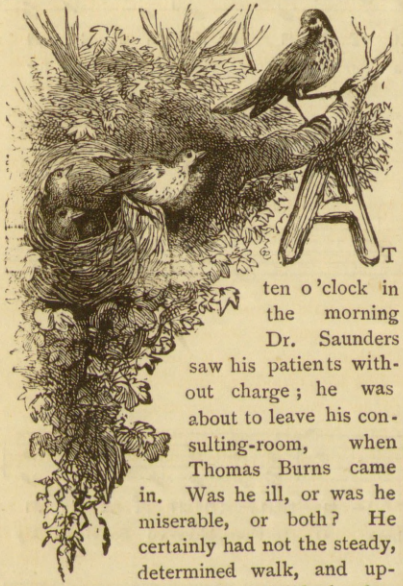
ritard.

on the o - pen door, And, while we lis-tened, sweetly came This bur- den o'er and o'er:
from his fea - tures thin— We paused to hear his song a - gain, Be - fore we en - tered in.
stopped a- gain to hear, There seemed a sound of an- gels in The song so heavenly clear.

ritard.


Chorus.
;s, |s, .m :f .,m |r .l, :- .d |t, .d :r .s, |m :- .s, |s, .m :f .,m
I love Him, oh, I love Him, My Sa- viour near and dear, For tho' He cares for
8ves.
|r .,l, :l, .d |t, .d :m .,r |d :- .m |m,m.- :m .m |f .f :- .m
count-less worlds, He's al -ways with me here, O Sa-viour, bless - ed Sa- viour, My
|m .r :d .r |m :- .s |s .,f :m .d |r .d :l, .l, |s, :.m.-:m,r.- |d
heart is filled with joy; How can You stay and love me so, A lit-tle crippled boy?

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.*



T ten o'clock in the morning Dr. Saunders saw his patients without charge; he was about to leave his consulting-room, when Thomas Burns came in. Was he ill, or was he miserable, or both? He certainly had not the steady, determined walk, and upright figure, and manly, open look of a British workman who felt at ease in himself and comfortable in the world. His clothes were dirty; why, there were even some beginnings of tatters, just peeping little holes, above the elbows and knees. His face, too, was not quite inviting. He must have lost his razor, mislaid his soap, and, above all, quarrelled with water—clean and cleansing, fresh and refreshing, WATER.

Dr. Saunders, seeing him, laid down his hat, and sitting down, said, "What! you again, Burns!—a return of the old illness, I'm afraid."

"Well, no, sir. I don't know that it is."

"Come, sit down then," he added kindly, "and let me hear what it is. How do you complain?"

"I hardly know how I do complain, sir, but that I feel bad all over and almost like to die. As to appetite, I've none at all. I don't suppose I've eaten a pennyworth of bread this week, and nights I can't sleep to get rest anyhow, but dream continually, and I'm that weak I can hardly lift my tools, and all of a tremble almost all the while."

"Oh, Burns! it's the old story—you have been killing yourself again."

"Indeed, sir, I have not—well, that is to say, not anything that could hurt me."

"Tush, man, don't tell me so. Don't you know when I look at a man I see inside him as well as outside? You have been drinking again"—and the doctor brought his hand down on the table with an emphatic thump—"rum, gin, and the like."

"But I've not had too much, sir," persisted Burns. "I could not live if I had not a little sometimes. Many is the day I could not do a stroke of work if I hadn't a drop mornings."

"You cannot live if you *do* take it; and as to too much, when a man has once taken too much he must not talk about much or little—the least is too much for him then."

"Well, I never can do without it, that is certain."

"Man," exclaimed Dr. Saunders, starting from his chair, and standing at the fireplace—"man, in one month do you wish your wife to be a widow and your children fatherless? One month more as you are going now and that will be a fact."

He looked bewildered, but did not answer.

Again Dr. Saunders sat down, and drawing pen and ink to him, wrote.

"I have written a prescription for you," he said, cheerfully, "and you are to be your own druggist, so it will not cost you a penny. But now, my friend, I want you to understand a little how these intoxicating drinks do you harm and not good. You see in my profession I have studied these wonderful bodies of ours and know a little about them."

"Then, sir, if it is not making too bold to ask, why do the doctors almost always tell us to take them, if they do no good?"

"Ah, that is a question you may well

* From No. 2 Church of England Temperance Tracts.

ask, though it is hard for me to answer it. You see the idea has taken hold of everybody that these drinks give strength, and somehow we medical men have fallen in with the popular idea, though it is certainly quite contrary to our knowledge of their effects, which are those of narcotic poisoning. I suppose we sucked it with our mother's milk. Now sit down there, opposite, and I'll look into you and tell you what is going on. You had a dram this morning—poured it down as if your body was made to be a spirit bottle. Well, first it went into your stomach and made some inflamed places there, rendering it unfit to do its proper work of digesting your food. Then you get a foul tongue, no appetite, and grow lean."

"That is what I do, true enough."

"Next, this fiery spirit is in such hot haste that it cannot wait like food in the stomach to be digested, but makes its way out on all sides through the stomach into the blood at once. And now it goes away like an express train through the blood-pipes, right up for your head, and when it has reached that terminus you know it, don't you?"

"Yes, times enough I've felt it there."

"And what does it do there? First it makes you sing and shout and feel merry, forget your cares—not lose one whit of them—only forget, mind that. Well, this may be pleasant enough. But what more? While it adds to your mirth, it lessens the strength of your will. Now a man's will is his power. Lessen this power, and you so much exactly lessen his self-control. That is the reason why when you go in for only a pint and mean to come home sober, you cannot stop at the pint, and come home drunk instead."

"I never understood the reason of that before."

"And as you go on drinking, and the brain gets fuller of it, it acts next on your spine, on which the lower part of the brain rests. Then your nerves tremble, your muscles grow weak, your limbs get unsteady under you, and next you are down in the gutter."

"I *have* been there, but for the last time I hope, sir."

"Again, this fiery spirit finds its way in the blood to your lungs; what does it do there? I must explain a little to you first. Your heart is the fountain of the blood, which it sends into and receives back again from all parts of the body at every beat, or on an average seventy times in a minute; thus, it goes out of the right side of the heart by the blood-pipes, which are called arteries, to all parts of the body, mending and replacing the muscle and nerve which you wear away at your work. The man whose hands work most wears away most muscle, and he whose head works most, thinking, wears away most nerve. Now, when the blood has done this useful work for us, what then? It returns back to the heart by other blood-pipes, called veins. But it does not come alone; it brings back along with it all the waste, worn-out muscle and nerve. Laden with this burden it enters the heart, from whence it is conveyed by another set of blood-pipes into the lungs. You know we are constantly drawing fresh air into the lungs as we breathe. What does this air do? A certain part of it, called oxygen, consumes or burns up the waste muscle in the blood, and in doing so helps to warm us, as you burn your waste chips and get heat from them. Now this spirit, that has also travelled to the lungs in the blood, is consumed much faster than the waste, and so the waste remains in the blood and is carried back to the heart, and goes out again by the arteries, the blood being thus rendered impure and quite unfit for its work of repairing the used-up muscle and nerve; and this waste with which it is loaded it is apt to deposit in the body, so producing in some persons the unhealthy fat which the advocates of strong drink ignorantly covet; while others, and more particularly spirit drinkers, grow lean.

"I have only told you now a part of the harm it does. It has a great love for the liver as well as the brain, and hinders it in its proper work of pouring out bile, which mixes with the food as it passes out of the stomach and helps to fit it for going into

the blood, to keep up a supply of food of a good quality. I could tell you much more if I had time; but enough to show you that this spirit, which is in all intoxicating drinks, in beer as well as in brandy —the same thing, only differing in quantity—does you harm and not good."

"Indeed, sir, you have. I know a little more than I did when I came in this morning, and I am thankful to you for it."

"And now I must be off to my patients. Here, my good man, take my prescription and mind you follow it; and let me see you again this day month and hear how it has agreed with you."

The prescription was as follows:—

"*Take* NOT
Ale, Porter, Cider, Brandy, Gin, Rum;
BUT TAKE
A sufficient quantity of water, tea, milk, or other UN*intoxicating drink when necessary.*"

Burns folded his doctor's prescription, and putting it in his pocket, walked away, a more resolute and a happier man.

That evening as he was returning from work, Bill Myers met him. "I say, Burns, let us turn in and have a pint together."

"No, I thank you. I am going home."

"Oh! come along, man; don't be unsocial."

"No, not to-night. I've been ailing rather lately, and I'm going to try if I'm better without it."

"Better without it! Why you'll get as weak as a robin, and as thin as a lamp-post."

"And the doctor says I shall die with it —told me so only this morning; so of two evils I mean to choose the *lesser*." And away he walked.

Yes, he was resolute. Still, it had been a hard struggle, but he had his reward in a quiet night and fewer dreams. Next morning the struggle was harder still. He craved his accustomed dram; but he took out his prescription and read it, and then Dr. Saunders's prayer with him the day before came into his mind, and he thought, why should not I pray too? Why, what an atheist I must be, living as if there were no God! for I've never bowed my knee in prayer these many years; and so kneeling down, he tried to pray, but no words came. What ought he to pray for? He did not know. He half wished his wife was awake and would come down. He knew she prayed; perhaps she could help him; and yet he would not like for her to find him on his knees. It seemed strange to him to be kneeling down for such a purpose. And then again there came over him the raging thirst for his usual dram, and he groaned aloud. And now this thought rose in his heart, Why should not I ask God for just what I want now? If He is God, and if He hears when I speak, He is able to do it for me, and perhaps He will. "He will have mercy"—yes, I remember those are the very words. "O God! take away from me this accursed thirst, and have mercy on my soul." And again he prayed it; and this time the words came more earnestly, and the thirst for mercy and help seemed to become stronger than his evil thirst. His heart felt lighter, and rising up, he opened the door and went away to his work.

He got on comfortably till eleven o'clock. Then came a rub. All the men, twenty in number, at the carpenter's shop where he worked, adjourned every day at this hour for ten minutes to the public-house near for a pint. He went along with them. It would look so remarkable to remain back. Ah, Burns, beware! In this world we must often be content to be alone in doing what is right. Walking with the many is oftentimes walking to destruction; still, he kept behind, hoping to avoid going in. He had just, however, reached the door of the "Man of Mischief," when who should come up but his friend, Dr. Saunders.

"Burns, Burns, man! where is my prescription? Out of sight, out of mind, I perceive—go back, go back. God says, 'Look not thou upon it.'"

When his shopmates returned they found Burns there before them, quietly at work, and it began to be whispered that he had not gone in with them.

But at the dinner-hour the whisper rose

to positive certainty. He was actually going to drink nothing better than water! He had turned teetotaler for certain, that he had, and no teetotaler should work in that shop. They would soon teach him better manners than to come water-drinking amongst them. All this was very hard to bear, and yet Burns felt happier than he had done a long time, and he certainly had a better appetite for his dinner. For the rest of the day his fellow-workmen avoided speaking to him, only now and then raising a laugh at his expense.

Directly work was over, he went home. Johnny, the youngest, spied him coming, and ran in to tell mother, who could hardly believe such good news, for she had long left off looking for the comfort of his company in the evening. However, she made haste now to give him such a smiling welcome as made him feel there was something in home after all, and during the evening there came into his heart a feeling of rest and shelter there after the toils and jeers of the day. As for his supper, he thought it the best his wife had ever cooked, and she thought he did justice to it.

Next morning he was going away to work, his hand was on the door, when a voice seemed to say, "Don't live without God in the world—pray." And he knelt down at the same place as yesterday. And again with a lighter heart he set off.

But soon his troubles began. If he was to be sober—and this, unless he abstained totally, past experience had taught him he could not be—he would have to fight every inch of his way. Bob Sawyer sometimes swore at him, sometimes jeered. On one occasion he found one of his most expensive tools so injured that he could not use it, and was thereby prevented finishing the work he had in hand at the time his master expected it. He told his master the simple truth.

"Hold on as you have begun, Burns, he replied; "I have noticed it all. I only wish all my men were of your mind." This was quite a word in season to him, and cheered him greatly.

We cannot stay to follow him every day.

The month soon passed by, and on the appointed morning he presented himself in Dr. Saunders's consulting-room. Look close; where are those little elbow-holes? They have all disappeared in a new suit of clothes. Instead of swallowing his money he has put it on him. What a fine manly face! It does one good to look at it. The quarrel between it and water has evidently been made up too.

"Why, Burns, what's the matter? How changed you look! Has my prescription been a failure?"

"Indeed, sir, I can never thank you

enough for what you did for me that morning. I am not the same man."

"So I see. Now tell me a little about it."

"Well, sir, I am ready for my day's work with any man now, and I sleep without so much as a turn at night, and as to appetite, I am as hungry for my meals as even the children are; I have paid up my rent I had fallen behind with, and now this week my wife is getting new boots for Bob, and next week Jim is to have them also."

"Then I suppose your wife does not quarrel with my prescription?" asked the doctor.

"She blesses God that you ever gave it me, sir; and for that matter we have begun family prayer, and Sundays I could not stay away from church—it's like music from heaven all the while there. Oh, sir, I do hope, by God's grace, I shall henceforth live like a man who has found his Saviour."

"Amen, God grant it! And now go, Burns, and tell others what a precious Saviour you have found."

"I do try, sir. I signed the pledge last night, and mean to try and get others to sign it; for I know well myself that there is no greater hindrance to seeking Him than the love of strong drink."

"Ay, that is right. It may be if we roll this stone away, the voice of the Lord Jesus will sound in the depths of their sepulchre, and bid some of the dead souls 'come forth' to a new life."

"Good morning, sir, and I shall ever have reason to thank you for your prescription." E. A.

HOW PETER BECAME ONE.

BY KRUNA.

OLD Peter Vogle almost idolized his little four-year-old Pauline, and yet Peter was awfully cruel to her. How could that be? Because Peter was two men—at least, two in *mind;* and we were told long ago that "double-minded men are unstable in all their ways." When he was Peter Vogle (sober), he had a warm, big, loving heart, and all its kind words and generous acts were showered on Pauline; and a double share often fell upon her because of the mother of Pauline, whom, too, Peter had loved and killed. When he was Peter Vogle (drunk), it was quite another story. Often the neighbours, seeing Peter (drunk) coming home, would slip away Pauline and keep her till he was his other self again. But one bitter, stormy day the neighbours had enough to do to look after their own children and firesides, and nobody knew poor little Pauline had been enticed by the promise of a peppermint kiss to stay alone while Peter went for it to the nearest candy-shop; and nobody heard her crying at the little dim window-pane when it grew late, and she was tired of watching and wondering. And *she* would never have watched and wondered any more if good Silas Bennett had not noticed a little, still bundle in his path, on his way home from work that piercing day. "Little Pauline, as I'm alive!" he exclaimed, as he caught up the stiffening child, who had at last started out to meet its father, and been bewildered and overcome in the storm. A warm fire and a good rubbing made Pauline ready at last for a bowl of bread and milk, and she was too sleepy to cry long for her father after Silas Bennett's warm-hearted wife had put her into comfortable blankets in the little trundle-bed.

"I wish she was *ours*," she said, as she stroked the brown curly hair, after Pauline was sound asleep.

"Peter will never part with Pauline," said Silas; "but we may be able to give him a little fright if we can coax the child and keep her out of sight a few days."

But Pauline was not to be "coaxed," or "kept." Next morning her father was "Peter, sober," and before her eyes were opened he had been to two or three houses, and now came to Silas Bennett's.

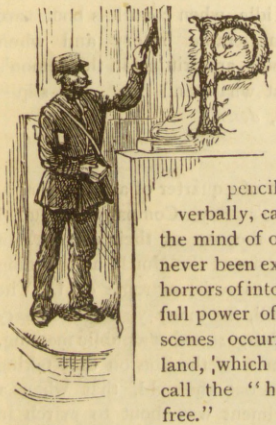
"You can have her alive or *dead*," said Silas, "for it was I that brought her in."

Peter eyed Silas keenly. "I'll have her *alive*," he said; "and if I *do*, God helping me, I'll be a father to her *all* days after this."

And *that* is how Peter became *one* man. —*National Temperance Almanac.*

"WEGE."

BY ERNEST GILMORE.



PROBABLY no description, however vivid, whether of pencil or given verbally, can convey to the mind of one who has never been exposed to the horrors of intoxication the full power of the terrible scenes occurring in our land, which we proudly call the "home of the free."

Home of the free! Oh! what mockery when we sit down calmly and think of the great demon of drink, who rules with strong and cruel power, causing "men, created in God's image," to fall like brutes in the streets of seething cities, to drag on a weary and disgusting existence in cavernous, filthy, unventilated tenements, packed like cattle in a car, to reel and fight, and curse and swear in alleys reeking with the atmosphere of pestilence, and to bruise, beat, and starve, as well as clothe in rags, their trembling, helpless little ones, and their pale, broken-hearted wives.

I must tell the story of a little street waif, perhaps not unlike hundreds of other despairing, ill-used little ones, wandering forlornly about city docks, searching for fuel to put in the dilapidated baskets on their arms to carry to their wretched places of abode.

Louise Cameron my little waif had been named; but that was six years ago, when she had been a smiling, plump baby girl, clad in snowy white dress and pink kid baby shoes—when "ole Bill Cam'ron" had been "Mr. William Cameron," a respectable, industrious man, loving his wife and doting on his blue-eyed girl, the only one who had ever lisped in baby, winning tones, "papa."

And well it was that no more branches grew from such a hideous tree, for the moderate glass had speedily changed into the immoderate one, and the blued-eyed, clinging, broken-hearted wife had closed her weary eyes in a bare, cold room, up wearisome flights of stairs, far away from Louise's birthplace, the sweet cottage home where the roses and lilies had bloomed, the many-hued birds chanted and trilled, and the gladdening sunshine bathed them in warmth and cheeriness.

"Wege" the little one was called now, and perhaps it was just as well, for "Louise Cameron" would have sounded inappropriate if attached to the pinched, white-faced child, whose dress was a filthy rag, and whose red, bruised, and aching toes peeped forth from toeless shoes.

It was a cold, dreary night in November when Wege built up a faint, flickering fire in the wheezy old stove in their one close room, from bits of chips and cinders which she had picked up on the docks. She was trying to warm her little aching feet when her father came stumbling in.

"Gi'e me some grub, Wege," he growled.

"I can't, father. I haven't had a crust to-day." And the wistful old face of the little six-year-old looked up into the bloated, savage face looming over her. But her sad, white face provoked anger, not sympathy, and, with the words "Take that, then," the grimy big hand descended with a thud upon the defenceless head of one of Christ's little ones, and then pushed the helpless form out of doors, with the words, "Never let me see you again."

Wege fell outside by the door, and, being stunned, she lay unconscious for hours in the cold and darkness, while her drunken father within lay outstretched before the fire which the blue, thin hands outside had kindled.

Wege awoke with a look of terror, shivering with cold and fright, and with a queer, dreadful feeling in her head just where the cruel hand had hit her. Still the words of her father pierced her injured brain like a sharp sword-thrust—"*Never*

let me see you again—never let me see you again."

What should she do—her mother in heaven, and she, poor little thing, discarded by her father? She dared not go into any of the neighbouring tenement rooms, for well she knew that the demon Drink ruled over that horrible house, that oaths and quarrels and fights were continually going on. So, with noiseless feet and cold, blue hand held pitifully upon her aching head, she went down the rickety stairs and out into the alley.

Her heavy eyes peered into the darkness—no light to be seen; and then the weary baby knees dropped down, the little hands clasped, the poor little face looked up, looked up, and oh! what joy—there was a light way up where the tottering old tenement roofs seemed almost to meet, and the light was a star—a bright and gleaming star.

It seemed to the desolate child as if it was God's eye, and, still looking up, she murmured the only prayer her baby lips had ever learned, the beautiful prayer her loving, beautiful young mother had taught her—

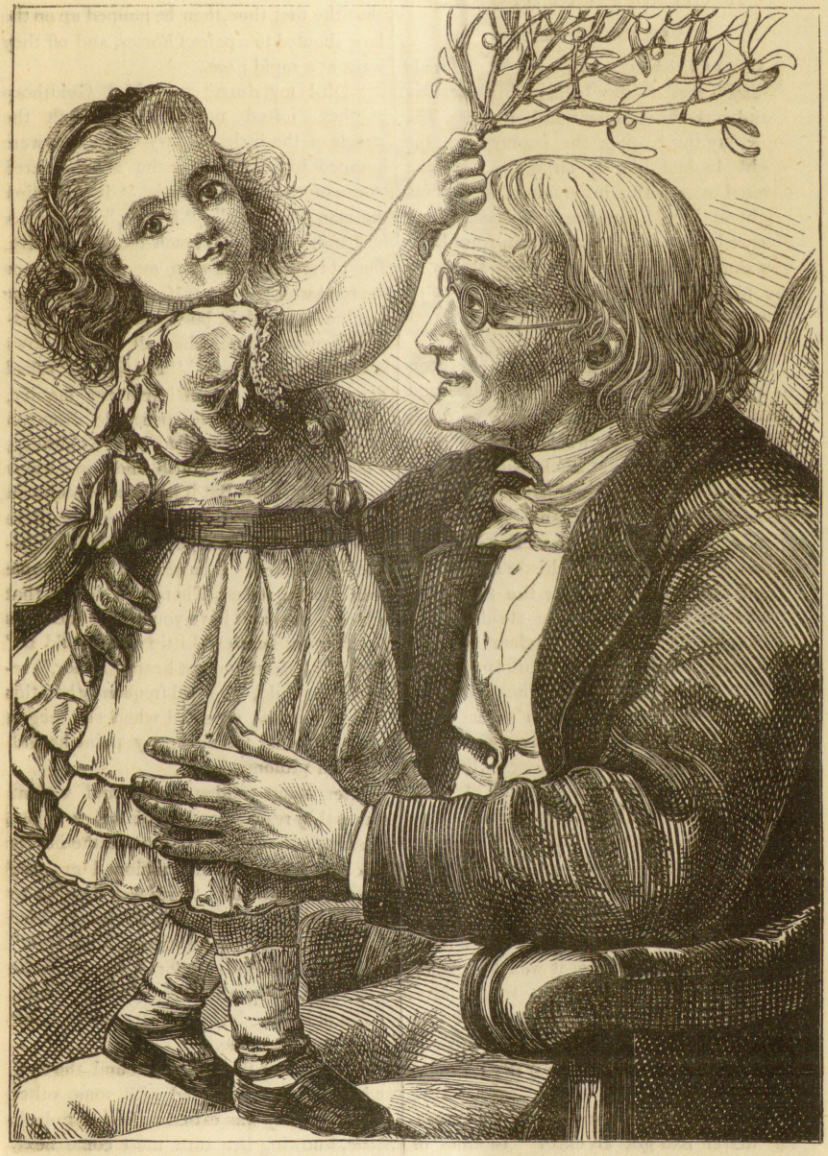
> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take."

The little head grew drowsy, the eyes would close, and down in the mud little Wege rested. The cold winds blew over her, the rags fluttered unheeded, the blue hands grew white, the pale little face grew more ghastly, and the weary little life had passed away, while up in heaven's book another soul found record.

Out of her shadowed life of pain and sorrow into the Saviour's loving bosom went little Wege; and yet the child was murdered. The father's hand dealt the death-blow to the baby girl, his only child. And still the murders are continued. Little eyes close in their long, last sleep; little lips close and tell no tales. The vile traffic goes on night and day; and still look about and see the mighty hosts standing idle outside of the temperance vineyard. Idle, when there is a great work waiting to be done; idle, when great hearts are longing for encouragement and true sympathy; idle, when wails and broken hearts are on every side; idle, when countless bodies are suffering unutterable misery and when countless souls are drifting in the demon's current, past wharf and boat, and slip—*down, down, down!*

UPWARDS of a quarter of a century ago, the Hudson's Bay Company excluded spirits from the use of their *employés* in the fur countries of the North, as lessening their power to resist extreme cold. The Rev. R. Knill, for many years missionary at St. Petersburg, stated at a public meeting, with reference to the illusion that taking spirits keeps out the cold, that when a Russian regiment was about to march in the winter, "orders were issued over-night that no spirits were to be taken on the following morning; and to ascertain as far as possible that the order had been complied with, it was the practice of their officials—answering to our corporals—carefully to smell the breath of every man when assembled in the morning before marching." Those who had taken spirits were sent on next day, it being found that men who had taken spirits were peculiarly liable to be frostbitten and otherwise injured by the cold. Dr. J. D. Hooker, medical officer in Sir James Ross's Antarctic expedition, says of a dose of spirit in the winter of such regions, that "the spirit does harm, for then you are colder or more fatigued a quarter of an hour after it, than you would have been without it."

IN the newspapers of about two years since, a report was published of a temperance meeting held at Portsmouth, at which three sailors, teetotalers, were present, who were described as the only men (common sailors) of those who were employed on active service in the fearful and now celebrated sledge journey of the last Arctic expedition who were not attacked by scurvy.



"Grandp›pa, if I give you a kiss under the mistletoe, will you tell me a story?"—p. 179.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY UNCLE BEN.

IT was Christmas again—at least, I should say it was the day before Christmas day—and grand fine winter weather it was. The snow lay thinly over the country, all the world looked like a large twelfth cake covered over with white sugar; the air was bright and cold, and the sun was shining gloriously on the snow as a train from London shut off steam and drew up slowly to the platform of the station of a country town some fifty miles away from the great metropolis.

It was towards the close of the afternoon as Mr. and Mrs. Goldthorp, with Sissie and Fred, stepped out from the railway carriage, and after a great deal of bother and fussing the luggage was all got safely out. The little station was crowded and busy with passengers going and coming, and many more friends and relatives to meet them or see them off. With a shrill whistle and a slow "puff, puff" of the engine the train vanished from the station as the steady clouds of smoke rose against the clear sky and died away, leaving the children staring with delight and wonder by the heap of luggage. Sissie had her mother's black box wherein was kept her mother's white cap, which she always wore indoors when her bonnet was off; and Fred—a youth of nearly four winters, but was still so fat and chubby that he had only four little holes in each hand where his knuckles ought to be, and wrinkles where his wrist and ankle are—by this time had only his father's walking-stick to take care of, and this was as much as he could manage, for to him it was a prancing horse that did not like the train. Mrs. Goldthorp stood near, waiting until the father returned to say the fly was all ready and waiting. The things were safely placed either inside or on the box, the four people were warmly packed away under wraps and rugs, the driver had got an extra "toothful of gin to keep the cold out," as he said, touched his hat, slammed the door—now on Mrs. Goldthorp's dress and again very nearly on Sissie's fingers, who leaned forward to know why the naughty door wouldn't shut the first time, then he jumped up on the box, shouted to a pair of horses, and off they went at a rapid pace.

"Oh! my dear," said Mrs. Goldthorp as they jolted noiselessly through the streets of the little country town and were bumped in silence over the snow-covered stones of the market-place, "do you think the man is sober?" "I hope," replied her husband, "we shall reach the farm safely. The horses and the man most likely know the road well, and I fear if we were to change coachmen we might be worse off, as Christmas Eve is a time when all these fellows get a drop too much." "But, father," asked Sissie, with an air of important inquiry, "why do people have one single drop too much?" "Oh," replied Mr. Goldthorp, "because they are foolish and don't know when to leave off. But it isn't only coachmen who have a drop too much, because there must be a lot of other people who do so, besides coachmen. I have often seen people drunk in the streets. There now, Sissie, that will do. We can't have you asking questions all the way; besides, 'Little girls should be' what?" "'Seen and not heard,' father," rejoined the child, who had frequently had this domestic axiom repeated when she began questioning her father on any point he did not wish prolonged.

After many sudden turns and violent shakes they reached grandpapa's farm at last, all safe and sound. Then came the hearty welcome and good old-fashioned greeting and running about. Sissie was thought to be grown ever so tall, and the infant Fred was said to be "quite a man, bless him." And Mrs. Goldthorp—for it was her father they came to spend Christmas with—said, "The old home looks brighter and cheerier every year we come."

After tea, as they all sat round the fire, and the children played with some other cousin, Freddy was called to be put to bed. Sissie, knowing her turn must come next, ran away to get a piece of mistletoe to kiss grandpapa under before going to bed. Now if there was one thing this little maid liked beyond another, it was sitting up later than

usual. So, when she had climbed on grandpapa's knees, she said, "Grandpapa, dear, if I give you a kiss under the mistletoe, will you tell me a beautiful story before I go to bed, as it's Christmas Eve?"

"Well, let me see what time it is," said the old gentleman. "Oh! no, dear grandpapa, just for once—we will all be so good. Do tell us a lovely fairy story that begins, 'Once upon a time,' and ends up, 'they lived happily ever afterwards.'" "Done, my little maid," said grandpapa, and the bargain was struck.

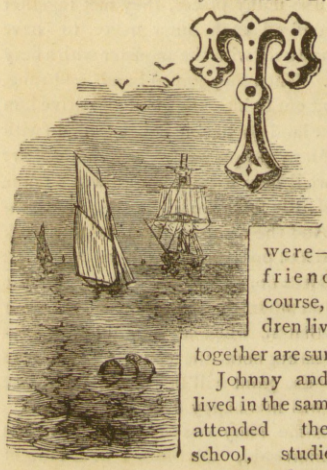
"Once upon a time there was a great big giant, and his name was Drink. Some people said he had an evil spirit in him; one thing was very clear, that he had a strong spirit and never did any good. He used to go about the country far and wide. Few people knew what a terrible monster he really was, but the children never liked him. He had a strange habit of meeting folks when they were thirsty, then he would offer them something from a black bottle, and the stuff he gave them did not look and taste so nasty as it really was in its effect. In this way he got people into his power; he sometimes made them silly, and robbed them of money and character and all that was good. He caused more accidents, more deaths, more murders than all the other bad influences in the country. Though he made so much misery, poverty, and distress, yet still he managed to charm his poor deluded victims: the people made but few efforts to drive him out of their land. When anything very terrible happened as the result of one of his visits, a few good people would cry out 'Shame!' and say amongst themselves, 'Something must be done to rid us of this evil monster; it is worse than a plague or famine.' Then one or two here and there said they would have nothing to do with him or his black bottle, they would drive him from their homes if ever he came near. Well, like most big giant evils this Giant Drink was found to be a great coward, and if the people would have nothing to do with him he fled from them and they and their homes were left in peace. When the boys and girls found out this, and saw and heard the harm the giant was doing in so many places, they met together and promised each other never to have anything to do with the monster with a fiery tongue. Then they joined hands and sang, and went out to hunt the giant and drive him from the land by having nothing to do with him. Many people said, 'The children are right, we'll help to hunt him down. These bands of little folks are the hope of the country.' And the children are doing the work that soldiers, police, and magistrates couldn't or wouldn't do. They are busy all over the land, and when they have quite done their work—that is, when all the children everywhere throughout the country shall have joined—the giant will be no more, and the people will live happy ever afterwards."

When the story was done and the kiss given, Sissie said, "Oh! how I wish I might join with the other children and help to drive out the giant." Then grandpapa told her the meaning of the story and all about the Bands of Hope. The old man had long been impressed with the evils of strong drink, and for the children's sake, in these his last days, with his face towards the light of the Father's house and the children's home, he had joined hands with the little ones to do the Master's service in the world. Sissie went to bed to dream of Santa Claus and Christmas boxes, and rose on Christmas to be a lifelong member of the Band of Hope; and before another Christmas came round, father, mother and little Fred had joined her too, but grandpapa had gone to keep his Christmas with the angels.

A COMMON TRUTH.—A peasant going to consult an oculist found him at the dinner-table eating and drinking as hard as he could. "What shall I do for my eyes?" he asked. "Abstain from wine," replied the oculist. "But," said the peasant, drawing himself a little closer to the table, "as far as I can see, your eyes are in no better state than mine, and yet you drink?" "Perfectly true; but that is simply because I would rather drink than cure my eyes."

JOHNNY AND JAMIE.

BY MRS. E. J. RICHMOND.



TWO bright, rosy-cheeked, wide awake little fellows they were—great friends, of course, as children living near together are sure to be.

Johnny and Jamie lived in the same block, attended the same school, studied the same branches, played ball together, went skating and coasting together—in short, were "as like as two peas," so the *big boys* said.

But, looking and living so near alike, each boy entered upon a life-path, the one leading upward and the other leading downward, though nobody saw it.

"O Jamie! I have heard such bad news of you," said Johnny, one morning, as they went on their way to school.

"What is it?" said Jamie, innocently.

"They say you've gone and joined the Juvenile Temple—but you haven't, I know."

"Well, I have—no whiskey, tobacco, or profanity for me," said Jamie, proudly. "I mean to be a clean boy and a real live man."

"But, Jamie, I've just bought a nice lot of cigarettes, and you shall have half; and we've got some of the nicest cider. O Jamie! don't go to making a muff of yourself. You'll be a perfect slave."

"No, I won't—I'll be a free man. Look at old Muggins. He smokes all the time, and drinks cider awfully, and he smells like an old tobacco-pipe all the time. I know, 'cos he comes into our house every day to read the paper. His tobacco and cider cost so much that he can't afford one himself."

"Pshaw! Muggins is an old bloat, any way. I mean to be a gentleman."

"Then, Johnny, come join the Temple of Honour with me, and you'll be sure of it. Do—there's a darling."

"Not any for me, I thank you," said Johnny, as he entered the school-room door. So Johnny went into the road that leads downward, and somehow the two friends drifted farther and farther apart each day.

From smoking cigarettes, to cigars was an easy and natural step. Pipes came next, and young John Dunlap rivalled old Muggins in his devotion to tobacco. This was not the worst of it. Smoking led to bad company. The saloon and bar-room—where everybody smoked—were favourite haunts. Cider gave place to wine and beer, and from that to brandy was as easy as the alphabet.

At fifteen, poor Mrs. Dunlap said to her friend and neighbour, Mrs. Brown—

"It seems but a few days since Johnny and Jamie were school-boys together, 'as like as two peas,' and now my boy is ruined, I fear. He cares more to loaf around saloons than to try to do anything or be anybody. What makes the difference, I wonder? Your Jamie is so noble and manly—and the boys were such friends."

"Shall I tell you frankly, Mrs. Dunlap?"

"Yes, do. My heart aches for my boy."

"Well, I thank the Juvenile Temple in the first place. The young Templars are safe and pleasant associates. The pledge has been a safeguard to my boy. He has chosen good, true men for his patterns, and I am a glad and thankful mother."

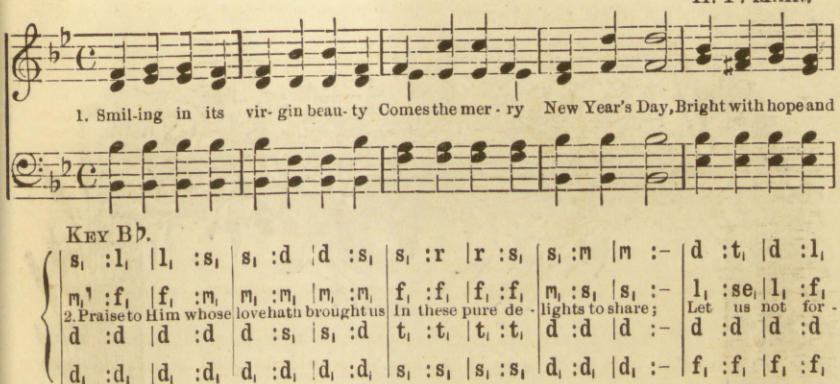
"But who would believe that just that little pledge would have made such a difference!"

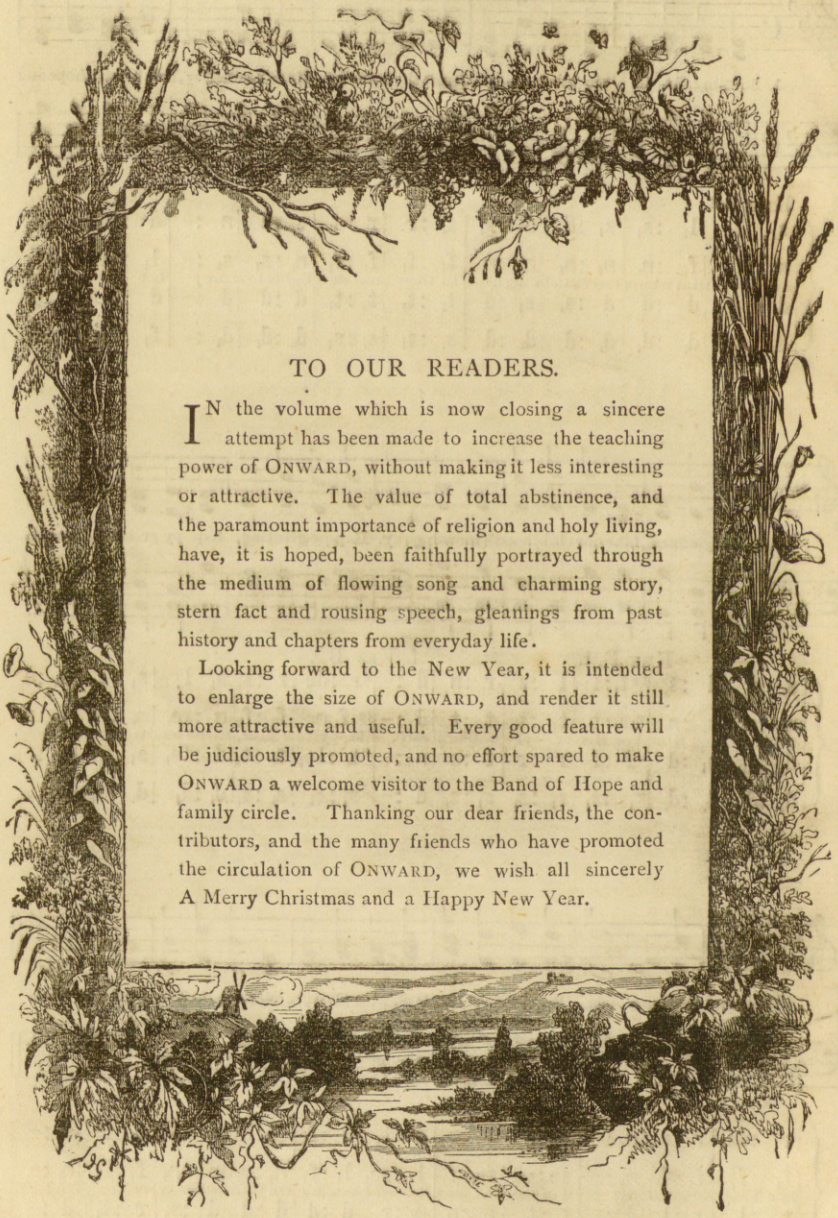
"If a boy does not *start* in the downward path, he is safe," said Jamie's mother.

"Yes, yes—I see," said Mrs. Dunlap. "The pledge is better far than a life insurance, for it saves the boy. How heartily I wish that Johnny had done as Jamie did! Yes, there is everything in beginning right."

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

H. P. MAIN.



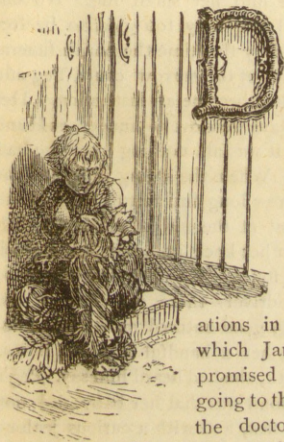


TO OUR READERS.

IN the volume which is now closing a sincere attempt has been made to increase the teaching power of ONWARD, without making it less interesting or attractive. The value of total abstinence, and the paramount importance of religion and holy living, have, it is hoped, been faithfully portrayed through the medium of flowing song and charming story, stern fact and rousing speech, gleanings from past history and chapters from everyday life.

Looking forward to the New Year, it is intended to enlarge the size of ONWARD, and render it still more attractive and useful. Every good feature will be judiciously promoted, and no effort spared to make ONWARD a welcome visitor to the Band of Hope and family circle. Thanking our dear friends, the contributors, and the many friends who have promoted the circulation of ONWARD, we wish all sincerely A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

ONLY A LITTLE ALE.



DR. BARKER one morning called to see James Mason, the carpenter, and requested him to attend to some alterations in his house, which James readily promised to do. On going to the door with the doctor, he was surprised at his saying, "Ah! James, I am sorry to see you in such danger."

"In danger of what, sir? What do you mean?"

"This," said the doctor, pointing with his cane to a mug of ale which stood on the work-bench. "If you don't look out you'll get in trouble."

"Oh!" said James, "that is only a little ale. I always want some in the morning. But I see you don't approve of it, sir."

"No, I don't," said the doctor.

"But why? It is a harmless drink, and made from good barley. It certainly is nutritious."

"Not as harmless as you suppose, James; and as for nutrition, I can prove to you that there is more nutriment in as much flour as can be laid on the point of a table-knife than there is in two gallons of the best beer. But you don't drink it on account of the barley, you like it because of the alcohol in it."

"Ah! doctor, there you mistake. You can't call me a drinking man, because I never take anything as strong as brandy, whisky, or the like. I'm down on all such."

"I don't know how long you will be, James, as long as you make a friend of this. I know all about it, and once thought as you do. When I was a student I was foolish enough to follow the example of my chums, and take a glass of beer every day at dinner. My one glass soon grew to three, and sometimes four or five, every day. I grew fleshy, and people said, 'How fat you are getting!' It was not good, solid flesh, though—it was beer-bloat. It worried my good old mother, and especially when others asked her if I did not drink. Some said they would never employ a doctor who drank any liquor whatever; and finally, to please her, I promised to leave off my beer. I thought I could easily do it, but found it pretty hard work for a while; and looking back now, I can see I was in great danger. Of course, the more beer I drank the more alcohol I drank, and I would soon have wanted something stronger. How is it with you, James?—do you drink any more now than you did six months ago?"

"Why, yes, I must confess I do."

"How about your head—does that trouble you?"

"Yes; it aches a good deal—feels heavy."

"All on account of the beer, James. My head is a good deal clearer than it was when I used the stuff, and, in fact, I feel better every way. Do I look very weak, James?"

"Far from it, sir. There's not a healthier-looking man anywhere around here; but that is because you're a doctor and know how to take care of yourself."

"You may think so, James; but one very strong reason is, because I have not for many years taken anything which has alcohol in it. Take my advice and do the same."

"Doctors ought to know," said James. "Guess I'll take your advice." O. M.

CARDINAL DE FLEURY had the reputation of giving very meagre repasts to his friends. One day he asked a courtier who had been dining with him whether he would take any coffee. "No," said the audacious wit, "I never take it except when I have dined."

PEG'S BABY.

PEG herself had always cherished a sort of conviction—that is, since she was old enough to have a conviction at all—that she was a peg without a hole—no one ever seemed to want her or her wares. It was specially borne in upon her mind one stormy Christmas Eve as she soberly trudged home in the darkening twilight with her handful of matchboxes; it had been a long cold weary day, and she had only sold three.

"I couldn't help it," she muttered defiantly under her breath as she turned up the dingy court. "But oh! I do wonder what I was born for."

"Hi, Peg," a rough, boyish voice broke in upon her reflections—"hurry up, there's something up at your place."

Peg did "hurry up" to a miserable tenement at the opposite end, where an unwonted glimmer of firelight shone through the half-open door. Two or three women were standing by the hearth; on the bed in the corner her stepmother was lying asleep, and Peg's old-young eyes somehow understood that that slumber was too deep for any awaking. In a basket on the floor lay the new-comer—Peg's baby.

She slipped silently in and knelt down beside it, a tiny shrivelled sad-faced mite, that looked as if the cares of a lifetime had been crowded into its four hours of existence. It was crying, a feeble little cry, and one of the women looked round—

"So you've come, Peg. Your stepmother's gone, my lass, and I guess you've no reason to be sorry."

"When did she go?" queried Peg without lifting her eyes.

"'Bout twelve, and that child's been crying ever since. I don't know what it's come for—nobody wanted it."

"I'll want it," abruptly announced Peg, a sudden thrill of sympathy welling up in the desolate child's heart. She hadn't been wanted either; there was one common link between them already, and she took it up in her arms and tried to comfort it.

Peg had had no experience of Christmas presents—never heard about them indeed—but she took this as one, the only one that ever came into her small life. No one objected, being only too glad to be free from it, and by the time the parish funeral had filed out of the narrow court, Peg and her baby had become an institution. Her sorrowful days were over—hunger, cold and weariness, it was all nothing now she had her baby. When the spring came and the evenings grew long and warm, it was bliss indeed to sit at the end of the court with her mite on her knee and plan out a glorious future for it. She intended him to be an engine-driver—there was one in the court, a big, good-natured man, who sometimes gave her a handful of nuts; it was healthy work, she had heard him say. Peg's one little cloud was that her baby did not thrive very fast, and with a curious jealous pride she would take advice only from people who had no babies to contrast hers with.

"But, engine-driver or no, I'll tell you one thing—*my* baby'll not take to drink," wound up Peg at one of her conversations, glancing scornfully at her remaining parent, who was unsteadily supporting himself against a distant lamp-post. Almost the only communication she had with him was on Saturday nights at six, when his week's work at the docks being over, she waylaid him at his favourite public-house and received a small portion of his wages—very small indeed sometimes, Peg often wondered how she kept soul and body together upon it, eked out though it was by the proceeds of her own profession.

The summer and autumn were comparatively easy, it was when the frost and snow came that her anxieties increased; some of her matronly acquaintances had informed her that the first winter was always the trial for babies, and Peg counted each day left behind as clear gain.

Christmas Eve was halfway over, and she felt like holding a thanksgiving for it if she had known how. Coming home later than usual that night from her round at the docks, she sat down to rest on the steps of one of the great city churches, and tired out they must have fallen asleep there. The crash-

ing bells and the sound of music inside first roused Peg to a sense of her discomfort. She gathered herself up to listen, then with a sudden impulse she flitted up the steps to the great door. No one was visible, a lamp burned dimly and a crimson curtain hung in front; she lifted up one corner cautiously and crept in.

Peg's bringing up had not been of a favourable kind for the expression of exalted feeling, so she did not exclaim as happier children might, but she crouched down in the shadow of the curtain holding her baby tight, and looked and listened with bated breath. It mixed itself up somehow with her few vague ideas of heaven—the white-robed choristers were veritable troups of angels, and the lights and shining evergreens a fit surrounding for them. She slipped out softly when the people began to move, and spoke of it to no one. She never found the church open again, but whenever she was tired or cold it came back to her like a beautiful confused vision, and to the end of her days Peg believed that she had in very deed found the way into heaven that night and been there.

Spring came and lengthened into summer, and Peg's pride and passionate delight in her treasure only strengthened; he was her own, and not to be criticised by ordinary rules. Against comparisons with other people's babies Peg obstinately set her face—it was nothing to her if the M'Carthy baby had walked at one year old, or the O'Connor baby had talked at one and a half; when her baby reached that stage he should outstrip them all, till then she could wait: he should not be hurried. And truly the baby seemed to have adopted his nurse's views, he made not the smallest attempt at progression on his own account. Sometimes, with carefully closed door, Peg would try to teach him to stand alone, but it always ended in the tiny helpless limbs doubling forward in her arms, and Peg, though she would not have owned it to any one, as the months went by came to shrink strangely from putting it to the test, and to jealously hide the little vacant face against her shoulder when strangers glanced at them.

The second winter set in early and severely, and all Peg's resources were taxed to keep her baby from the biting cold. For herself she had lost all care—a perfect little scarecrow she was at this time, with her sharp face, thin body, and racking cough; but with a family to provide for, Peg could not afford to neglect her calling, and wet or fine she was generally abroad all day, with her watercresses or matches—*and* her baby.

Christmas Eve fell on Saturday that year, and six o'clock found the pair *en route* for the usual corner. Baby was two to-day, and Peg shortened the distance by conversing with him on the subject; if her father was not very tipsy, she told him, it being Christmas he was sure to give her some money, perhaps a lot, and then great possibilities lay before them: wouldn't she buy him something splendid, "splendider than he had ever seen—except that night in the church," concluded Peg with a profoundly sage nod as they arrived at the last crossing.

And in the middle of it Peg for once lost her presence of mind—perhaps it was that cold and hunger had worn her out, perhaps it was some driver's carelessness, or perhaps it was only that the Great Father wanted one of the helpless sparrows—the big drays and waggons seemed to hem them in on all sides, and there was a red mist before her eyes. When it cleared off, she was lying in a little crowd on the curbstone, her arms empty—Peg's family cares were ended.

She went home alone an hour or two later, leaving the little body in the hospital among pitiful faces till morning; for herself she declined all offers of help or companionship. A knot of her neighbours were standing at the entrance to the court discussing the matter; Peg turned into their midst—

"You all said my baby hadn't his senses, that he couldn't learn to do things. Perhaps God wouldn't let him have the trouble of it, 'cause He knew all along he wouldn't need it."

She began with a sort of triumph, but

her sharp voice broke a little at the end, then she went in and shut to the door defiantly.

Two women went in early the next morning with some hot tea. The snow had drifted up against the window and shrouded the room in twilight; in the corner lay Peg, her face turned to the wall. One of the women stooped down and touched her gently, then rose up hastily and set down the cup—

"It's not needed now," she said;—"Peg's got her baby again." E. K. O.

ONLY A GLASS.

FROM A TALE BY J. B. GOUGH.

T'WAS Christmas eve: the snow fell fast,
Transforming all things as it fell,
Clothing in beauty e'en the ground
As thick it lay o'er hill and dell.

A cottage with its roof of thatch
And glossy ivy mantling o'er,
With rustic porch, now white with snow
Standing around its ample door.

Within that cot so clean and bright,
In the warm firelight's ruddy gleam,
With busy hands and footsteps light
An aged woman might be seen.

Her face, though marked by many a sorrow,
Was now all lighted up with joy,
Thinking with gladness that to-morrow
Would bring them back their only boy.

A year ago he left his home—
With many prayers they let him go—
That other scenes might help him break
The love of drink that bound him so.

As once again he came to them—
Quite banished now were all their fears—
No more the slave of drink, to be
The stay of their declining years.

* * * *

Hard by the green the alehouse stood,
And as the coach came in that night
With smiles the landlord might be seen
Watching the passengers alight.

A young man with a hurried step
In vain to pass unnoticed tried.
"What! John, have you come back again?"
With beaming smile the landlord cried.

"I'm glad to see you; step inside,
And just to warm you, have a drop."
Once more to pass the young man tried:
"Mother will wait—I cannot stop."

"Not drink with me?" the landlord said;
"You'll never treat an old friend so."
He paused, with shame hung down his head—
"Well, just one glass, and then I'll go."

One glass he drank, but it awoke
The slumbering power of drink again;
Like mountain torrent rushing on,
To stay its course 'twere all in vain.

His old companions gathered round—
A noisy, drunken, reckless crew;
Glass after glass with them he drank—
Ah! loving mother, if you knew!

At last, quite drunk, they laid him down
Helpless within an outer shed.
Colder and colder grew the night—
The dawn of Christmas found him dead.

His mother broken-hearted died—
Her boy had filled a drunkard's grave.
Oh! landlord, had you known the curse
Of that one glass of drink you gave!

His father lived, his reason gone,
And passers-by would hear him say,
Seated outside each sunny morn,
"My boy comes home again to-day."

"IT is no small matter that the common voice of the medical profession has been raised against the ordinary and habitual use of alcoholic stimulants. Alcohol is declared to be neither food nor a medicine, but a poison, capable like other poisons of serving an occasional use, but this not frequently; while in the majority of cases it is absolutely and entirely mischievous."—*Times*, June 27, 1878.

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