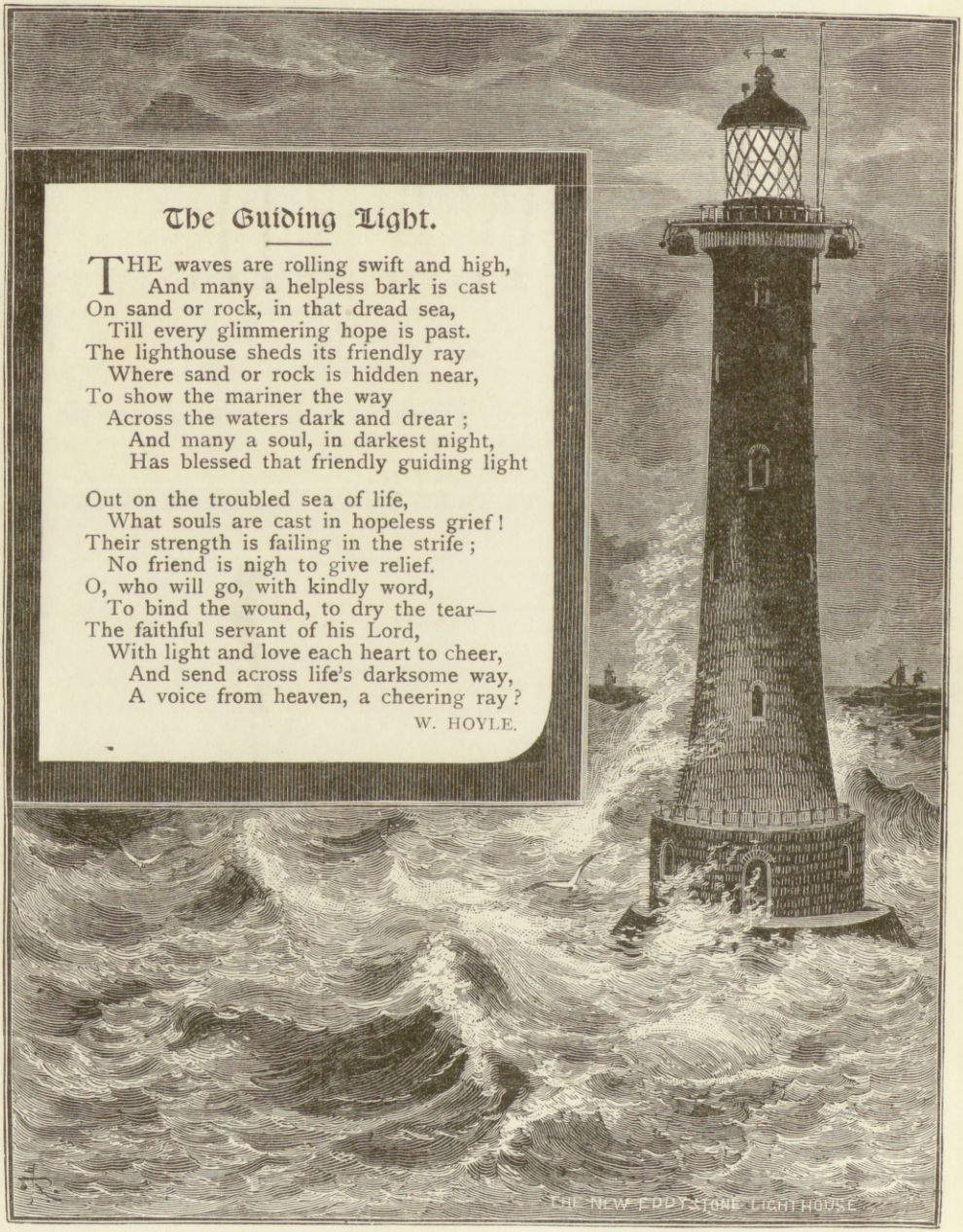
ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE

1887



The Guiding Light.

THE waves are rolling swift and high,
And many a helpless bark is cast
On sand or rock, in that dread sea,
Till every glimmering hope is past.
The lighthouse sheds its friendly ray
Where sand or rock is hidden near,
To show the mariner the way
Across the waters dark and drear;
And many a soul, in darkest night,
Has blessed that friendly guiding light

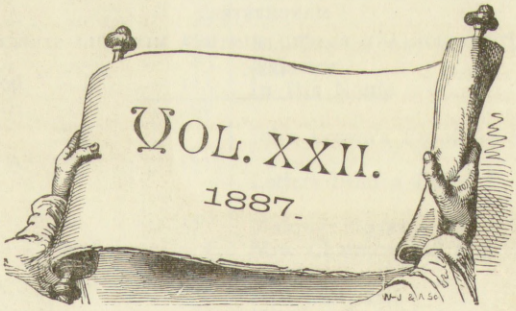
Out on the troubled sea of life,
What souls are cast in hopeless grief!
Their strength is failing in the strife;
No friend is nigh to give relief.
O, who will go, with kindly word,
To bind the wound, to dry the tear—
The faithful servant of his Lord,
With light and love each heart to cheer,
And send across life's darksome way,
A voice from heaven, a cheering ray?

W. HOYLE.

THE NEW EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE

ONWARD:

A Band of Hope, Temperance and Family Magazine.



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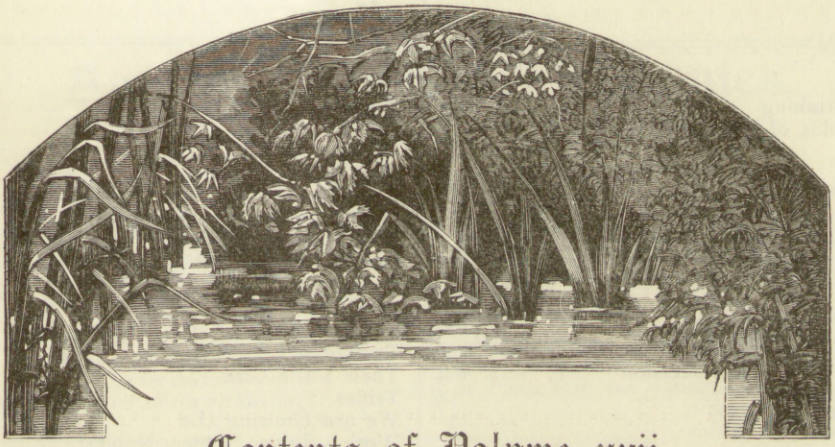


Contents of Volume xxii.

Poetry.

Music.

NEW SERIAL TALE.

Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK, *Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.*

CHAPTER I.—Without a Certificate.

"Fair hope is dead, and light
Is quenched in night.
What sound can break the silence of despair?
Oh, doubting heart!
The sky is overcast,
Yet stars shall rise at last,
Brighter for darkness past,
And angels' silver voices stir the air."

OUR tale opens at the time when what has been aptly termed the "great educational revival" commenced its onward course. The fashion was set fair for "certificated" masters and mistresses, and many good men and women, who had spent long years in the laborious work of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," were conveniently dismissed by persons having authority, the reason of the discharge being,—"We must keep pace with the times. We have no fault whatever to find with either yourself or your wife, but we must have a 'certificated' master and mistress for our schools, and it is, of course, too late for you to go into training for a certificate."

So it was that many faithful public servants were turned adrift, and had to vacate the "schoolmaster's house" in which they had lived ten, fifteen, or twenty years, and break from the hallowed associations which clustered round the home where all their children had been born, including the little pets who had been carried to their long sleep under the churchyard yews.

Of the families thus evicted, few were more deserving than the Brentwoods. Thomas Brentwood and his wife Emily, had been master and mistress of Calverley National Schools for three-and-twenty years. Let us take a peep at them in their cosy home.

Calverley is a quiet

hamlet in an out-of-the-way corner of Cheshire. The squire, the rector, the doctor, with a retired admiral, and a retired Manchester manufacturer, comprised the resident gentry. The villagers chiefly found occupation on the land of these worthies; while two farms, and a good old-fashioned windmill four miles from Calverley, gave employment to some of the men and the lads.

The green was bordered on one side by the venerable church, which dated from the time of Stephen, and which contained a goodly collection of monumental brasses and old glass, dear to the antiquarians and archæologists who used often to swoop down on the village in the summer months, to the delight, yes, and profit too, of the inhabitants. For, once let it be noised abroad that a party were viewing "th' owd church," or were coming to do so, and up would go the greasy, well-worn cards in nearly every cottage window—"Ham and Eggs. Hot Water for Visitors."

Facing the church was the national school, substantially built of rough flints, with ornamental stone buttresses supporting the large windows of many tiny panes. Adjoining the school was the master's house, with a neatly kept garden in front, and jessamine climbing over the trellised porch. Here, as we have said, Thomas and Emily Brentwood had been located for three-and-twenty years. Here their five children had been born. Two, George and Frank, had flown from the parent nest to make their way in the great city; one, little Bessie, had only lived long enough to be fondly loved and ever mourned by the mother, who still dated every event from the time "when poor Bessy was taken,"—and two, Mary and Charlie, were still at home; the former a winsome girl of fifteen, the latter a bright little fellow of twelve.

There had been a meeting of the rector, the squire, the doctor, and the admiral, at the rectory, and Mr. and Mrs. Brentwood had been under discussion. Mr. Brentwood only had been requested to attend, and for an hour-and-a-quarter he had been kept in the study waiting the will of the school committee, which sat in the rector's dining room. At length he was called in. The man who had grown grey in their service, and whose eyesight was the worse for wear from long usage, was told in a few words that he must accept three months' notice. There was no complaint of any kind against him. The committee had come to the conclusion to appoint a "certificated" master and mistress, and if Mr. Brentwood would, therefore, please look out for a fresh field of labour, it would be well.

The poor fellow was completly crushed by the unexpected blow. For a moment he looked appealingly from one to the other, but each member of the committee seemed intent on studying the pattern of the rich carpet under his feet. Then Brentwood, steadying himself by the table, broke the silence in a voice choked with emotion.

"Gentlemen,—This has come upon me so much by surprise that I—I—I—"

"You have three months to look round in," said the doctor.

"But, sirs, is your decision really final? Must I really leave Calverley?"

"We have well considered the position," chimed in the squire, "and it will, therefore, be better not to argue the point."

"But, gentlemen, think of my poor wife. She *can't* leave this place; she *must* stop here," added Brentwood, with some asperity of manner.

"Now, now, Brentwood," said the rector gently. "You come and see me to-morrow, Saturday. There will be no school then, and we will have a quiet talk and see what can be done."

"Thank you, rector, but I really"—his speech was checked by the rector taking his arm and leading him out into the hall, where his feelings completely gained the mastery, and he sobbed like a child.

No need to say that he returned home with a sad heart. No need to tell that his wife at once discerned that something was the matter. Mary and Charlie, too, guessed that there had been trouble at the committee, and the frugal supper of milk and porridge was by no means the usual cheerful repast. There was little conversation until after the children had gone to bed. Then the wife, drawing her chair alongside that of her husband, who sat moodily looking into the flickering firelight, gently stroked his hands, and said in a low tone: "Come, father, tell me what the trouble is. Come, father, do." They always addressed each other as "father" and "mother."

"Oh, mother, don't ask me," was the reply. "It's something dreadful; I cannot believe it."

"What is it? Are not the boys all right?" for the heart of the good little woman was ever with her sons in London town, and she at once jumped to the conclusion that some calamity had overtaken them.

"No, no, mother dear. The lads are all right, if it please God. It is I who am all wrong; and what will become of us, He alone knows." Then, turning round and looking full into the face of his wife, he said: "It has happened at last. I knew it would come. The committee want a certificated master and mistress, and we shall have to clear out of Calverley at Christmas."

"Leave Calverley! Who says so?" demanded the wife; and, without waiting for an answer, she asked again, "Who says so?"

"The rector says so; the squire says so; the admiral says so; the doctor says so—they all say it, and go we must."

"Go," repeated the poor woman, as if speaking to herself; "go, and whither, pray?"

"God knows, mother dear. I am too bewildered to think. To-morrow morning, however, I am to go to the rectory to talk matters over with the rector, and then perhaps we shall hear more."

"Let me go with you, for I am sure I can persuade the rector to let us stay on. He has always been so kind to us, and is so pleasant when he sees Mary and Charlie; we will take them with us, too."

"No, no, that would never do. I must go alone as arranged."

"But surely in a matter like this, which concerns us all, we might all go!" pleaded the wife.

"No, it is best as it is. I will go alone."

Then they talked on as to the future, wondering what would be the best course to pursue if they really had to leave Calverley. A score or more different projects were discussed, but they always came round to the one point—that they would not go after all.

* * * * * *

The interview with the rector was a painful one. When Brentwood saw that it was useless to expect any alteration from the three months' notice, he allowed his feelings to get the mastery. He told the rector that he considered his removal from Calverley a cruel act, and, indeed, said so much that, after he had gone home, the rector in reporting the interview to the doctor, remarked that Brentwood had been so impertinent he could not think of allowing the notice to be withdrawn, even if the other members of the committee were agreeable.

The news that the schoolmaster and mistress were to leave Calverley at Christmas was soon the talk of the villagers. Who was the first to give out the information no one could tell; but when once the gossip started it did not take many hours for it to reach the ears of everybody in the village. Little Charlie Brentwood was rushing across the green to catch the postman at the corner, with two letters which his father had given him, when Bob Davies, the blacksmith's son, a boy of his own age, called after him—"Charlie, you'll soon be running away for good!" Charlie didn't stop, as he knew the importance of not missing the letter carrier; but when he had popped the letters into the old man's bag, he hurried back to where Bob Davies was playing marbles with a few companions, and excitedly called out: "Now, what's that you say, Bob, about my running away?"

"I say, you'll soon be running away for good."

"Running away! Who will?"

"You will. Everybody knows. You ain't going to stop here. Your father can't teach good enough for Calverley, can he?" appealing to the other lads, who replied in chorus, "No, he ain't good enough for Calverley!"

"He's good enough for any of you," replied Charlie, loudly.

"Give him a punch, Bob," said Joe Draggles, a big hulking lad who was always getting up fights, though much too careful of himself ever to be a combatant.

"If Bob does, he'll get a punch back," retorted Charlie. This was enough. Of course Charlie got a punch, and of course he gave more than one back: indeed, in a few minutes there was a regular fight, and the schoolmaster's lad got the worst of it, although he pluckily stood his ground until the cry of "Squire! Squire!" raised by one of the lads, caused a pell mell flight of the little crowd.

(To be continued.)

CHARITY.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

ONE of the greatest virtues a young person can cultivate is charity. Without it, says the great Apostle of the Gentiles, we are but tinkling brass and sounding cymbals; we are but empty sounds, and have no genuine foundation of goodness in our hearts. The word charity has a wide meaning; it embraces a great many of those good feelings which help to make our own lives, and the lives of others, happy. There are some persons who imagine that a person exercising the virtue of charity must also be indifferent, and careless of his own honour; that he will allow others to trample upon him, and do him all kinds of mischief. But this is not the case; the really charitable person, while quite willing to forgive, is also jealous of his own honour.

To quote St. Paul again. When he and his friend Silas were—being Romans—wrongfully placed in gaol without trial, and when he was requested to leave the gaol quietly, he stood upon his dignity and said: "Nay, but let them come and fetch us out!"

St. Paul's charity did not make him indifferent to his own claims to be treated with justice.

The exercise of charity enables us to see that our own individual selves are not to be considered first in all our actions in life. To some, every department in public and private life must give way to their own selfish ends. Acts of Parliament, rules and regulations, must all be made for their particular benefit; but charity enables us to see that, at times, we must give way, even if we individually suffer.

We say that the drinking of intoxicating liquors is a great hindrance to the prosperity of

the nation. We believe that the individuals who comprise the nation would be vastly benefited if they abstained ; but there are many persons who, while acknowledging the mischief done to the nation by the drink, cannot see that the small quantity of alcoholic liquors they drink does them any harm individually. To such, it is an act of charity to abstain for the good of the common weal, and many are influenced by this consideration who could not be touched by any other. Charity is the continuous action of doing good to others; the looking out for, and the seeking to redress the sorrows of those around us. At times, we feel our hearts touched by the sight of a blind or crippled beggar in the streets. To relieve our feelings we drop a coin in the outstretched hand, but such an action cannot usually be called genuine charity ; our chief motive is not so much to relieve the sufferer as to give a sop to our own feelings. True charity bids us look out for the suffering even when it is hidden from our sight. We are to go about doing good, visiting the sick and imprisoned ; to leave home and friends like Miss Florence Nightingale, for the relief of the sick and the suffering ; or, like John Howard, to make great sacrifices for those who are in need of consolation and help. How beautifully Goldsmith pictures the truly charitable man :—

" His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wand'rings, but relieved their pain;
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending, swept his aged breast."

To do all this quietly, without ostentation or pride; letting not the right hand know what the left hand doeth. As Pope says :—

" Do good by stealth, and blush to find it shame."

Charity is forgiveness ; a real genuine pardoning of offences ; a bringing over of the one who has offended us to our hearts again, without stint of our affection. It is the killing of the fatted calf for the prodigal who has despised our kindness and squandered our substance.

This power to forgive is one that we should exercise on all proper occasions; it is a greater weapon, at times, for good than punishment. This was wonderfully shown some years ago in the case of a soldier, whom no kind of punishment could subdue into good behaviour. Brought again before the court martial, the presiding officer looked upon him in great sorrow and said : " I am at a loss to know what kind of punishment I can inflict upon you to keep you from your follies." An officer asked : " Have you ever tried forgiveness?" " No, but I will. Prisoner, you are forgiven ; go back to your duty."

This unexpected generosity broke down the evil spirit in the man's heart. He went back to his duty weeping, and the manner of his life afterwards proved the value of forgiveness.

" To have the power to forgive,
Is empire and prerogative ;
And 'tis a crown of nobler gem,
To grant a pardon than condemn."

Charity demands that we should forgive and forget thoroughly. "When a man," says Latimer, "but half forgives his enemy, it is like leaving a bag of rusty nails to interpose between them." We must act the Good Samaritan to the man who would despise us if he were not needing our help. To forgive a foe for whom we may have cherished feelings of hatred, and to go to the help of such a one is true charity. Shakspeare says :—

" My very enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire."

Charity asks us to feel kindly towards those who differ from us in opinion. Very often we feel our tempers rising, because we cannot persuade others to see just the same as we see ourselves. We think that we must be right, and that every one else must be wrong. In our own particular work of Temperance, we shall do great injury to our cause if we exhibit any kind of temper towards those who differ from us. Father Mathew, the great apostle of Temperance in Ireland, was a man who exercised a wonderful influence over thousands, because of his kind manner of asking them to take the pledge. He would often say, "A pint of oil is worth a gallon of vinegar;" and his own success proved the value of the proverb.

If we think on this matter we shall see how truly charitable is the work of Temperance. It takes hold of the young, the inexperienced, and the helpless, and it seeks to place around them a hedge of safety. To prevent an evil is even a greater charity than to seek the rescue of those who have fallen into the snare. He who puts out his hand to save the man who is on the point of falling down the precipice, is certainly more charitable than the one who seeks to relieve the pains of the wounded man who has fallen.

Our Band of Hope work is true charity. What a noble task is the gathering of the young in one great band, to oppose the use of that drink which, as the late Prince Leopold said, "is the only enemy that England has to fear!"

The Temperance work is also a rescue work; it endeavours to save those who are fallen, to lift up the sad and the suffering, and to point forward to brighter and happier days. We cannot exercise charity in a more effectual manner than by seeking to help on this noble undertaking; for if we save but one soul we are covering a multitude of sins, and bringing glory to God and honour to ourselves.

OFF THE LINE.

By UNCLE BEN.

HENRY PELHAM GORDON was a young man in what is called a "good position" of life, but where the real moral goodness lay it would be difficult to say. His parents were rich, and he was second cashier in a branch bank in a country town, of which his father was a director of the company in the old cathedral city.

His "good position" did not shield him from temptation, nor did it help to establish his

character. He had been well educated, but turned it to no valuable account. He was fond of society and amusement, had few principles, and still fewer convictions. He did not care for politics ; was neither a Liberal or Tory ; said party politics were vulgar ; he avoided all extremes except that of being extremely particular about his own personal appearance. He made a point of agreeing with everybody as far as possible ; and tried to find the happy medium in everything. His endeavour was to make the best of both worlds ; nothing was bad that was pleasant ; religion was a good thing in its way, therefore he went to church once on Sunday to show he was neither an atheist or socialist. He had an uncle in the church and a cousin in the army ; he was proud of these connections ; he thought they lent tone to his family. He belonged to a club which did no one of its members any good ; here it was thought that young men could meet to drink and play billiards without the low surrounding of the public-house. He was a player of "the Eden" Lawn Tennis Society. He never drank anything weaker than sherry, and never read anything stronger than a novel if he could help it.

Everyone said "he was a nice fellow," but, perhaps, "is too easily led," "so pleasant," and "so kind-hearted ;" "gets on well with anybody."

"The Eden" had been the means of introducing him to many families and the best-dressed young ladies in Eaton Market, and among them was a Miss Amelia Burdock, who had made a great impression on Henry Pelham Gordon's imagination and heart ; for, like all other young men, both wise and foolish, good and bad, rich and poor, he could fall in love, because, as Mr. Spurgeon has said, "though everybody hasn't got a head we all have hearts ;" and the one that beat beneath the well-cut coat and vest of the young cashier was not heroic, but it was very large and soft, and capable of taking a great impression. Slowly and surely he had been drawn into the way all human flesh seems to go, and was really deeply in love with the adorable Amelia. Many times had he gone to play lawn tennis, having primed himself with a nip of whisky to enable him to speak to Miss Burdock on the subject of his attachment, but no favourable opportunity occurred for some time. At length, when both of them least expected it, the occasion arrived. In a very awkward and nervous way poor Mr. Gordon described his feeling, and was met very coolly by Miss Burdock saying if he meant seriously all he was saying he would have to change in a good many ways.

He blushed and stammered, and wished to know what did not please her. She frankly told him that she often thought he did not know his own mind, and never seemed to have any convictions of his own, and only appeared to live for his own amusement, and concluded by telling him she could give him no answer, but must first speak to her mother and father. So the interview ended very abruptly with Mr. Henry Pelham Gordon feeling unspeakably small and uncomfortable, and Miss Burdock very nearly shedding tears, and hoping if this was love-making she might have done with it for some time, if not for life.

A day or two elapsed, and Mr. Gordon had been turning over in his mind these remarks of Miss Burdock that had gone home to his conscience. He was really more deeply attached to her than he knew. He was intending to go and see her father, but dreaded the ordeal more than words could say. He was greatly relieved by receiving a letter from Mr. Burdock informing him that Amelia had mentioned their interview, and that he would be glad to see him on the subject if he would do him the honour to call.

Mr. Gordon wrote a polite letter in reply, saying he would come up to-morrow evening ; and accordingly he went. Often had he walked up the road where the pretty house called "The Grange," the residence of Amelia Burdock, was situated ; but never before had he experienced such sensations as he now underwent as he made his way towards the house, with beating heart and trembling step, in a lovely summer evening.

On arriving he was shown into a pleasant little drawing-room that looked on to the gay gardens, then bright with bloom. Almost immediately Mr. Burdock entered the room, and took his hand most kindly, and welcomed him quite heartily, and said at once :

"Please to set your mind at rest as much as possible. I can remember the day when I felt very much as you feel."

They did not begin about the weather, or talk of anything else, but Mr. Gordon said, without delay :

"I thank you, sir. I am really very much attached to your daughter, and am only sorry I am so unworthy a suitor, for she's a noble girl."

"Yes," said her father, "and it is because we love her, and think so highly of her, that I thought I would ask you up to talk over matters. I need hardly say our dear Amelia does return your feelings of attachment, and says many kind things about you, which is but natural."

"Oh !" gasped our hero, "then she never told her people that I am one of the softest, silliest, do-no-good-to-anyone fellows that walk the solid earth. That girl is a brick," reflected Henry Pelham, in humility.

"I *had* heard," continued Mr. Burdock, seriously, "that you had been paying her some attention, and I thought I would make all inquiries about you, and what I heard did not

much prepossess me or my wife in your favour, so we felt we could do nothing to encourage the matter; and, trusting to the guidance of One above, who watches over the sparrows, we must leave our way in His hands. Then when our daughter came home and said you had spoken definitely to her, I felt it my duty to say what is in my mind before the thing goes too far."

"By all means," said Mr. Gordon, feeling he did not know what to do with his hands.

"First, I must tell you that all through life I have felt that vital godliness and character are the two most important principles in home and duty, and without them all else is nothing—that wealth and position are of no worth except as means of usefulness. As a young man, I was put in much temptation; but, to a large extent, I owe the making of my life to one strong conviction concerning total abstinence. Before the days when the Blue Ribbon had made it fashionable in some quarters, I resolved I never would touch intoxicating drink. It was many, many years ago. I was not given to intemperance, but one day when the railway was in formation I met a navvy, who, though not incapable, was drunk. He asked me a question—the nearest way to a certain public-house. I told him he had better go home, and keep as far from there as possible. He was a little rough in his language, but apologised a good deal after the mixed fashion of a man with too much beer. He persisted in walking along with me and keeping up the conversation. He kept on repeating the phrase, 'I am just *off the line* a little bit.'

"I told him people did not get so without a cause. I said the cause was very plain—he had had too much. 'No,' he said; he had not had enough, and meant to have some more. He said that he had a home, with wife and children, and generally he was steady and sober; but every now and then friends tempted him, and he got off the line, and had one or two bad times. I talked with him, reasoned with him, and finally did what I had never done before—urged him to give up all intoxicating drink. He asked me if I were such a fool, and I replied, 'I knew when I had enough.' 'So do I,' answered my poor, staggering companion, and added, 'I'll have enough before I've done this time, if I be a bit off the lines,' and with that we parted, never to meet again.

"Every time I drank anything my talk with the navvy came to me. My conscience gave me no rest. I drank less and less, but did not become a total abstainer until an interval of some months had elasped. I was coming up the Midland line one dark, foggy night, by an express train. After a long delay between two stations, at last we learnt that there had been an accident—a train off the line we were told, and this was the reason of our stopping. We could gather no more information, so there was nothing to do but wait. After an hour or so we moved slowly on till we came to a deep cutting, where large bon-fires were burning, and there, in the fog and wet, I beheld such a sight that if I live a hundred years I hope I may never see the like again. A large crowd of people were about, a break-down gang of navvies at work. Strange and dim, in the flicker and smoke of the fires and the grey fog, looked the whole scene. The light showed the engine half buried in the embankment, two carriages entirely splintered, three or four more wrecked. The horrors of the detail were veiled from us by the darkness as we slowly moved by. But it was a train 'off the line.' The words came back to me in awful reality, and next morning the papers said many were injured and two were killed. That was the terrible end to the sad accident. How it happened was never, if I remember rightly, cleared up. But I seem to see what might be the end of being 'off the line.' I realised what the words could signify, and I determined to take warning in time, so from that time I have never tasted strong drink.

"You have heard my story; but the application has to come. Mrs. Burdock and myself, with the full knowledge of Amelia, have always said we never would give our consent to her marrying anyone who might go 'off the line' and wreck the home."

"I know," continued Mr. Burdock, "that you are just in the stream of many temptations, and for your sake, as well as her happiness and our comfort"——

"You need not complete your appeal, sir, if this is one of the conditions for Amelia's hand; it is granted at once. I am in the midst of a set who drink a great deal more than is good; it might easily become a snare to me. I will gladly, for Amelia's sake, give you my word of honour henceforth to abstain, as I, too, might go 'off the line.'"

"Thank you. There are many other conditions upon which we can only part with our only daughter, but this is so important a one, with which you have complied so readily, that I feel I must set that dear girl's mind at rest, and perhaps she might name some of the other conditions herself."

With this the old gentleman rose and sent his daughter into the room. What followed we need not relate. Finally, all conditions were complied with.

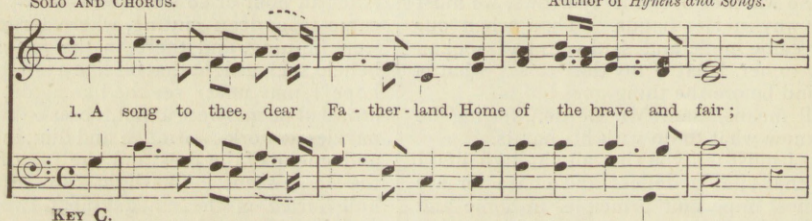
. . . . . .

They were married in due time. She was the making of him, and they lived happily and usefully ever after.

TO THEE, DEAR FATHERLAND!

PART-SONG, OR SOLO AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by WILLIAM HOYLE, Author of *Hymns and Songs.*



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3. Heaven	pros	-	per	thee, dear	Fa	-	therland!	Peace	be	up	-	on	thy	shore;					
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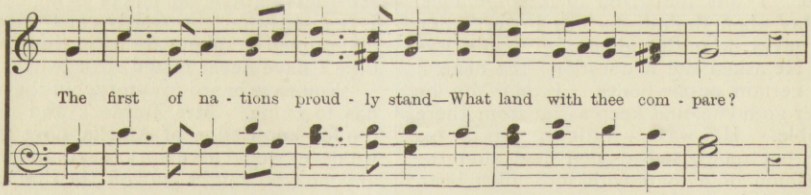

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:s	d'	:-.s	l	:r'	r'	:-.r'	r'	:d'	r'	:m'	r'	:d'	t	:—					
While	in	thee	dwells	a	no	-	ble	band, Let	ty	-	rants	fear	thy	power:					
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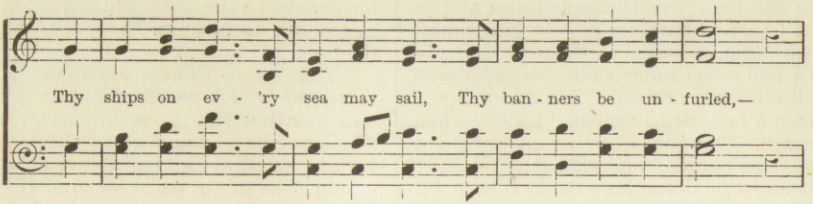

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Still	back-ward		yearns	each	loy	- al	heart,	Tho'	dis	- tant	they	may	roam;						
:s	s	:s	s	:-.t,	d	:f	m	:-.m	f	:f	f	:m	f	:—					
:s	t	:r'	f'	:-.s	s	:l.t	d'	:-.d'	d'	:r'	r'	:d'	t	:—					
Be -	fore	all	lands,	in	east	or	west,	Thy	val	- leys	fair	I	prize;						
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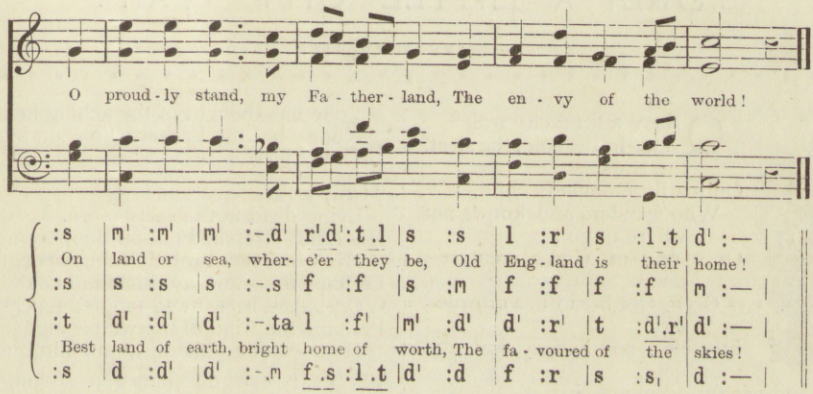
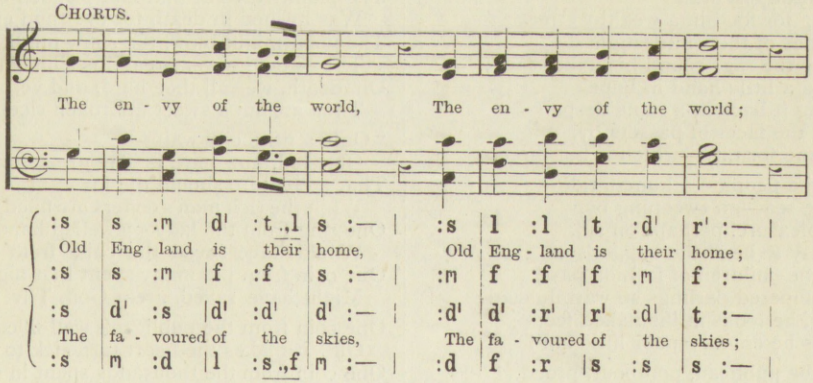
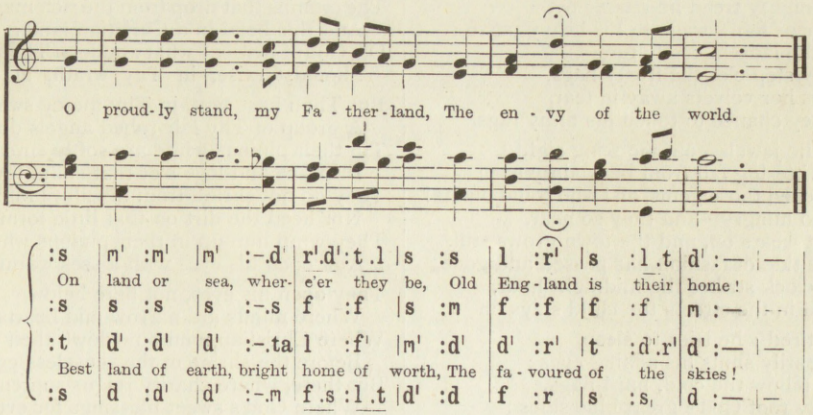
TO THEE, DEAR FATHERLAND!







Only a Little City Waif.

By MARY FORRESTER.

"ONLY a little city waif"
Out in the cold, the sleet, the snow ;
Only a little helpless child,
Who wanders and knows not where to go ;
Only one of God's creatures, poor,
Crying for bread in a crowded city ;
Homeless and hungry, wan and cold,
Weary and wistful—seeking pity.

"Only a little city waif"
Begging for food in a wealthy street ;
Bitter winds of the winter night
Blowing the rags round his naked feet ;
Stretching a little hand in hope—
Drawing it back in a mute despair—
Scanning the faces of passers-by,
Searching for pity—which is not there.

He sees the people—a human tide—
A living sea—go sweeping by,
Bent on pleasure, perhaps on sin,
Too busy to heed the beggar's cry ;
He sees the children of fashion pass,
The pampered darlings so warmly clad ;
Shivering, he looks at his naked feet—
Perhaps he envies—poor little lad !

He sees the publican, pompous, proud,
That dealer in man's most awful curse,
With a haughty tread he passes by,
Some poor fool's wage in his heavy purse ;
He sees the lady in costly furs
Daintily step o'er the frosty flags,
She draws her velvets away in fear,
Lest they chance to touch his filthy rags.

He sees the jewels—oh, mocking sight !—
That glittering fall from her dainty ear ;
If he snatched those gems, ah ! who could blame?
He is so hungry—and they so near.
The night wears on, and the town grows still,
For the tide of fashion has passed and gone,
The city clock strikes the midnight hour,
But still in the streets the child stays on—

He is so tired ; he tries to sleep,
And wearily shuts his aching eyes ;
His only pillow the cold, hard flags,
His only roof God's great blue skies ;—
No one has heeded the out-stretched hand,
The world so cruel has passed him by ;
No one has thought of the aching heart,
None—but the Father who is on high.

* * * * *

"Only a little city waif"
Lying dead in the early morn,
His limbs stretched out on the pavement cold,
His white face turned to the sweet grey dawn ;
Perhaps the snow lay thick and cold
On naked breast and tangled hair,
Perhaps the wind of the winter night
Had scattered his rags, and laid him bare !

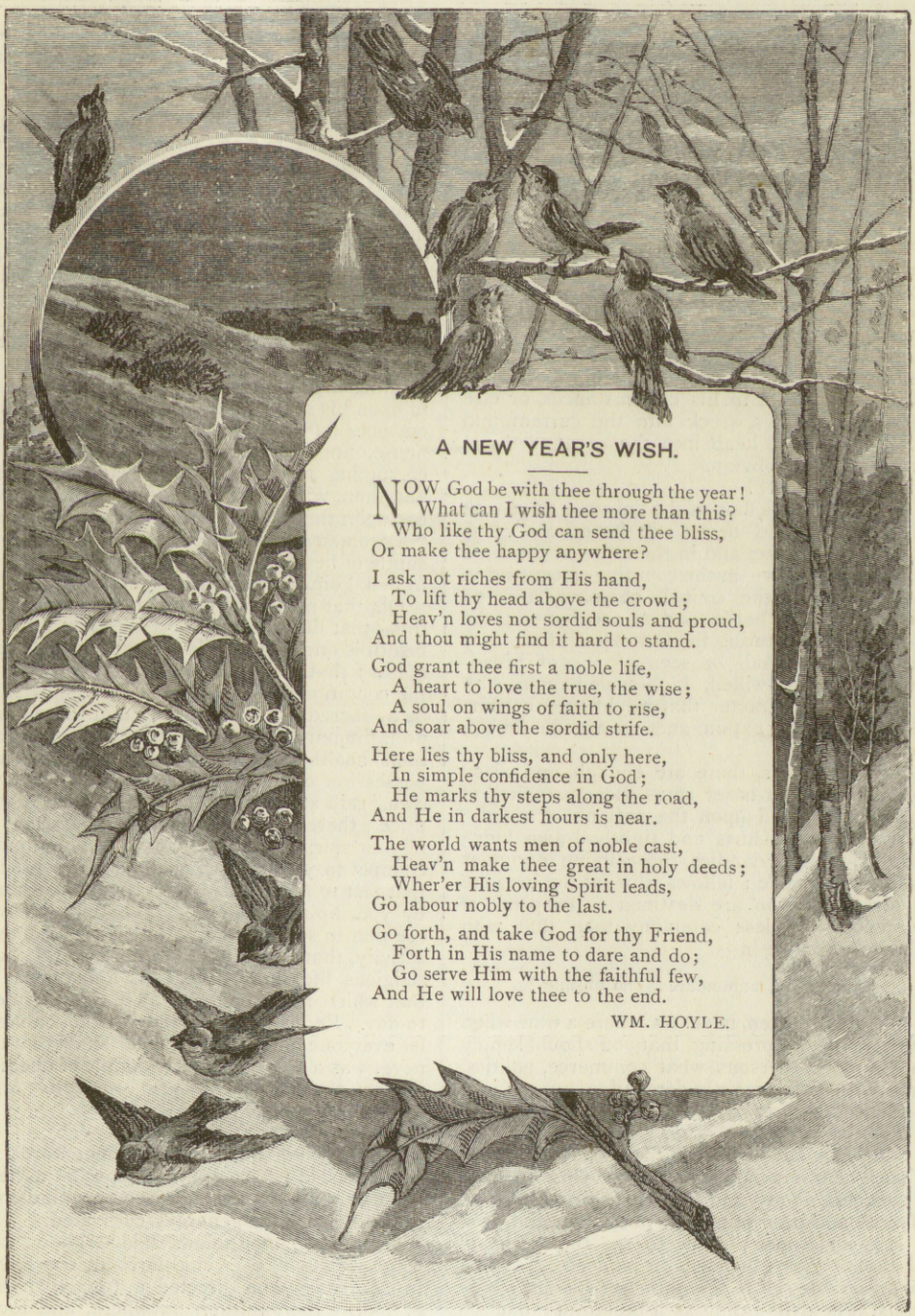
The weary eyes that had wept so long
Were softly closed, to open—never !
The plaintive voice that had pleaded oft
Was hushed in death for ever and ever ;
The wind might blow, the snow might fall,
They would never break his slumber deep—
Oh, death, we call thee hard, and yet
Thou art but a sweet unbroken sleep !

"Only a little city waif"—
Oh, God, how hard is Thy great fair world,
That a creature should die for want of bread,
While the rich man's coffers are filled with gold;
One ring from the lady's jewelled hand [strife ;
Would have saved the child from want and
One coin from the many spent that night [life !
Might have saved, great God, Thy creature's

One coin from the publican's well-filled purse—
Oh ! it makes the heart turn sick to think—
One coin from the thousands spent in sin,
One from the millions spent in drink ;
The crumbs that drop from the rich man's board ;
And this befel in a Christian land ?
Oh, God of Justice ! what wonder if Thou [hand !
Shouldst raise, in Thy wrath, an avenging

But Thou hast sent, in Thy mercy sweet,
A group of Thy fair-robed angels down
Till their pinions white are softly spread
In peace and love o'er that sinful town ;
They do not shrink from his filthy rags,
Nor heed the dirt on that little form—
They wrap him up in their pinions white,
And open his eyes with kisses warm ;

They open his eyes, not here below,
Where minds are narrow and hearts are cold,
Where Christian men bow down their souls
Before the shrine of the senseless gold—
But there, where charity reigns supreme,
Where God's sweet blessings for ever fall,
Where the angels sing, and sweet harps ring,
And the face of Christ shines over all.



A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

NOW God be with thee through the year!
What can I wish thee more than this?
Who like thy God can send thee bliss,
Or make thee happy anywhere?

I ask not riches from His hand,
To lift thy head above the crowd;
Heav'n loves not sordid souls and proud,
And thou might find it hard to stand.

God grant thee first a noble life,
A heart to love the true, the wise;
A soul on wings of faith to rise,
And soar above the sordid strife.

Here lies thy bliss, and only here,
In simple confidence in God;
He marks thy steps along the road,
And He in darkest hours is near.

The world wants men of noble cast,
Heav'n make thee great in holy deeds;
Wher'er His loving Spirit leads,
Go labour nobly to the last.

Go forth, and take God for thy Friend,
Forth in His name to dare and do;
Go serve Him with the faithful few,
And He will love thee to the end.

WM. HOYLE.

Thoughts for Young Men.

By OLD CORNISH.

Aye, the times have changed. The old calm, complacent spirit of a century ago has been worked up into a very frenzy of excitement. The old jog-trot pace of our great-grandfathers has increased into almost lightning rapidity; and messages that once took months in their transit are now flashed in a moment. And that man is a fool who, feigning ignorance or indifference, fancies he can do as those did a hundred years ago. No! he must be in sympathy with his surroundings—he must assimilate himself to his circumstances, or else he will be swept a wreck into the current, and hurled a helpless heap into the great seething, surging sea of oblivion.

Wanted—MEN!

The great workshop of the universe rings with the demand, and never will its echoes cease until in the market and in the mill—at the forge and in the furrow—in the counting-house and in the closet—in the council chamber and on 'change—on the bench and at the bar—in the court and constituting the buttresses of the very throne—there shall be seen a race of broad-chested, strong-willed, high-souled men, with a nobility of character that might well become the envy of the nation and the wonder of the world.

Heaven knows, there are enough, and, alas! too many, of the baser sort—those parasites of society who feed upon the nation's strength; things in frilled shirts and tightly-drawn kids; daintily-dressed dandies, those living dummies in the tailor trade; fellows who eat the bread of idleness, and who are destined to drop out of existence with less ceremony than that with which they came in—

"Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

Oh, my brethren, never was there a time when duty was more pressing, that you should supply in your own persons what commerce, politics, and religion so urgently demand.

Hence, my first remark is—

Take care of your health.

They that have tried health and sickness know what a help it is in every work of God to have a healthful body and cheerful spirits, and an alacrity and promptitude to obey the mind.

It is sometimes pitiable to see the victim of disease, either inherited or induced, dragging his miserable self to the duties of his daily life; whilst it is invigorating as a breath of mountain air to watch the elastic step and vigorous grip of a healthy man. And health is much a matter of a man's own make. And why on earth men should be so unmindful of the laws that regulate their life, when they are so concerned about the spring that regulates their watch, I do not know.

Young men, in God's name I beseech you take care of your health. Next in importance to your soul is the human frame. That brain so subtle, that eye so piercing, that ear so keen, that hand so strong, and that foot so fleet—all demand your most watchful attention, and anything that would paralyse the powers you so plentifully possess should be shunned and scorned. Oh, how my soul sickens when I see a young man, capable of serving God, prostrating himself at the miserable shrine of sensuality and sin; opening the flood-gates of affection and sluicing in upon his soul as filthy a stream as ever cursed our poor fallen humanity; resorting to the ale-house, and there maddening his brain and corrupting his blood with the accursed drink; and then, with passions set on fire of hell, going out upon the streets, where he falls a victim to "a woman with the attire of an harlot and subtle of heart," and whose "house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death."

Oh, that men were wise that they understood this—that life is God's most excellent gift; that health is one of heaven's most precious endowments; that society has the right to insist that the conditions on which these are held should be as sacred as the soul; and that there shall be no infringement of the prerogative which claims their health and strength as the inalienable possession of their Lord's. "Ye are not your own," said an apostle, "for ye are bought with a price; therefore, glorify God in your *body* and in your spirit, which are God's." Then, put the trumpet to your lips, young men, and proclaim that fact to the world. By precept and example, by your lip and in your life, let the wide world see that in social condition, that in commercial activity, that in political enterprise, and that in religious life, there never was a finer race than that which is to be seen in the young men of to-day. Reducing into practice what you preach, let everyone of you in particular show that there never was a more splendid example of obedience to the words: "*Flee also youthful lusts!*" "*Keep thyself* PURE!"

Then cultivate your mind.

John Ruskin never uttered finer words than when he said: "As our bodies, to be in health, must be generally exercised, so our minds, to be in health, must be generally cultivated."

"In a disciplined mind," said another, "knowledge exists like a vital force in the physical frame, ready to be directed to tongue, or hand, or foot, hither, thither, anywhere, and for any use desired."

Young men, that knowledge it is yours to get. And it is refreshing to find how attainable it is. Halls of science that have long been restricted to the use of a few are now accessible to the million. Universities that have long been the resort of a privileged class are now throwing open their doors to the community at large. Education has at length forced its way to the front, and from the great heart of the nation has gone forth the cry of the three R's for all.

Yes, mind is marching to the front, and man is no longer looked upon as a mere lumbering lump of humanity. The boy who cannot read is at a discount now ; the youth that cannot write has but scant chance of advancement ; and the man who can neither read nor write is altogether out of the track of promotion. Steam, electricity, and the mighty movements of machinery have reversed the old order of things, and the demand for *skilled* workmen is repeated and loud. Physical labour is reduced to a minimum, and mind is at a premium in the market now ; and if from the very lowest social condition men are rising to the very highest official position, then it's to the shame of any young man to remain a dunce or a drone. If Jeremy Taylor, from a poor butcher's son, became a distinguished divine ; if Hugh Miller, from a plain stone-mason, became a geologist and a companion of savans ; and if Dr. Livingstone, from a plain factory lad, became the great African explorer ; then there is no reason upon earth why the young men of to-day should not also excel. By pluck and push, by sweat of hand and brain, by a plod which shall never grow weary, and by a determination that nothing shall daunt, they may rise until it shall be seen that there is no position in the land they may not fill. Then brace yourselves up for the exercise, and cheer your daily task with song :

" Work, brothers, work ! work, hand and brain,
We'll win the golden age again,
And love's millenial morn shall rise
In happy hearts and blessed eyes ;
We will, we will, brave champions be
In this the lordlier chivalry."

And then last, but not least—
Attend to your religious life.

The greatest boon that could be conferred upon the world would be a race of religious men. See how commerce would revive, and how pure politics would become, and how, from one end of the land to the other, honesty and integrity would lift up their heads and smile, that not a vagabond could be found. Why, the very things that blot the fair face of creation would be removed. Not a drink-shop in the land ; not a cassino in the streets ; not a theatre or a gambling house to be found ; not a gaol or a workhouse to be seen ; but righteousness, sobriety, and truth walking arm-in-arm through a redeemed and regenerated world. And what a saving to society there would be. How commercial men would rejoice that the need no longer existed of employing a third person to check the other two ; and how trust, and confidence, and joy would take the place of doubt, suspicion, and sorrow.

Oh, brothers, religion may possibly be at a discount now, but it will certainly be at a premium then ; and as sure as there is a God in heaven the time will come when trickery, and fraud, and lying, and violence shall hide their diminished heads, and honesty, and uprightness, and truthfulness, and virtue shall everywhere be seen. Already there is a turn in the tide of affairs, and religion, so long under the ban, is rising into prominence and power. Employers of souls are looking out for employés in whom they can trust—men on whose word they can rely, and whose conduct is as consistent when their back is turned as when they are watched by the master's eye.

"Which one do you want?" said a master to a man who had asked for Dick Travers, employed by the firm. "We have two of that name: is it the *religious* one you require?"

Ah! yes ; true religion always makes its mark, and a discriminating tradesman takes stock not only of materials but of men.

Then up, brave spirits, up, and quit yourselves like men. With a heart as warm as a winter's fire, with an intellect as clear as the summer skies, and with a conduct as consistent as the cloudless sun, let your religion be as radiant as the smile of God. From seats of learning and from academic chairs, from the market and the mill, from the warehouse and the shop—there comes an oft-repeated cry for honest, upright, God-fearing men. Be it yours to supply the great and ever growing demand. With your Bible before breakfast—principle before policy—communion with God before intercourse with men—you shall prove yourselves equal to the most exciting emergency, and going forth into life with the prayer upon your lips: "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me," there shall be confirmed in your experience what the sceptic shall not dare to doubt—that "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

" Perish policy and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light ;
Whether losing, whether winning,
Trust in God and do the right.

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight ;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right."

COUNSEL TO GIRLS.

By M. A. PAULL RIPLEY,

Author of "Pretty Pink's Purpose," "The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

FIRST PAPER.—"CARELESS GIRLS."

GIRLS! What a wide word it is, and what a large significance it has! There are some words which are like key-notes; they are suggestive, not only directly, but indirectly; not only of a single sound, but of melodies and harmonies innumerable; and such a word is "girls."

If I were asked to divide the great world of girls into sections for our consideration, I should take first, as by far the largest section of the girl community, those who are "careless girls." By "careless," you must not think is meant *always* heartlessness, or the carelessness that is intentionally criminal because arising from evil purpose.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

Your bright eyes gleam, I know, as you read this, a little pout crosses some red lips, a few heads shake ominously, and from others come the girlish words, "Well, I never! what *would* people have us to be? I suppose they never were young themselves;" but the most of you are determined to read on, and discover whether you belong to the great crowd of careless girls.

Why should not girls be careless, now in the bright spring-time of life? What else can be expected of them while birds are singing, flowers blooming, the sun shining, and the life within them vibrating in joy through every pulse? Is it not wrong to censure them for the carelessness which is as natural to them as it is to all the youth of the world? As well expect a kitten in its soft beauty and grace to be careful, as our saucy, merry, mischievous girls; as well tell a young lamb as it vaults lightly into the air, to be careful not to break its legs in the descent, as teach carefulness to the cherished lambs of our household flocks. Let them do as they like and say what they like, if it does seem unkind and ungrateful sometimes to those who have to bear and listen. Why, bless you, they don't mean any harm, and what's the use of taking any notice? There are thousands of such loving kindly apologies made by fond fathers and mothers for careless girls every day in every year. Petty troubles which careless daughters strew like pebbles in the way of their weary, busy mothers' footsteps are surmounted, uncomplainingly, in very many instances, but they make her footsore all the same; they increase her difficulties; and by-and-bye they will make sad memories for the careless girls themselves, when life writes its hard lessons for their own womanhood to learn.

Careless girls often look upon their fathers and mothers as dear people, whose chief employment in this world is to arrange an agreeable life for them, and to take off the burdens and cares that might otherwise press upon their light-hearted children. If their father looks serious and perplexed, weighted perchance by the constantly increasing expenditure of his girls and his own limited income, these little human butterflies glance about him impatiently, and if they cannot coax from him accustomed smiles, they vote him "grumpy" or "disagreeable," and retreat to the charming little sanctuaries which his love, his care, his thought have enabled his daughters to own.

What a number of careless girls I have known amongst my school-fellows, and those whom I have taught! I recall one of the former as I write; she was a brilliant blonde, with carmine cheeks and golden hair, and eyes blue as the sky on summer days. Her coral lips were ever ready with a smile and a laugh. She was good at games, good at stories, good at gossip; but oh! *so* careless of study. What trouble she gave to our conscientious, clever schoolmistress; kind words, stern words, rebukes, punishments, seemed alike powerless to make any impression on her. She was determined not to take any trouble, and her whole school career for years was utterly unsatisfactory to her teachers. In after life, how much she must have missed by her self-imposed ignorance of what she ought to have known. The young servant girl who takes a "place," and is utterly careless of fulfilling her duties, makes precisely the same mistake which my school-fellow did. She enters the house of her mistress only to earn the stipulated wages, determined to do as little as possible of the work allotted to her. Her carelessness brings blame and discomfort. She learns nothing, and therefore she does not become worth more to her employers. She is ever heaping up against herself long arrears of neglected work, that she can never overtake. Instead of insuring the kindly interest of her mistress and family, by her "patient continuance in well-doing," and becoming such a proficient in her duties that she can soon command higher wages for her services, her carelessness keeps her down in every sense, and life becomes, as she grows older, a miserable struggle against what she calls cruel fate, but what if she spoke the truth, she would call instead, her careless neglect of the chances of an honourable and respected career. "It doesn't matter;" "What's the good of trying?" "There's plenty of time for us to alter;" "Who cares?" These are some of the remarks which the careless girls

utter if they are remonstrated with, and they go on their way as heedlessly as ever.

The girl apprenticed to a milliner is quite determined not to trouble herself about learning her work, indeed she has chosen this business because she regarded the employment as easy. Anyone can trim a bonnet or a hat. So she pays little heed to the instruction she receives, and sits whispering and giggling and telling silly stories with the other girls in the work-room whenever she gets the chance, doing as little as possible, and that as carelessly. Of course she is blamed by the forewoman, and occasionally by the principal, which blame she, and others as careless as herself, regards as "horrid," and "unjust," and "mean." Her apprenticeship over, her disappointed parents, finding she has not learnt her trade, complain to the mistress of the establishment; and she, naturally annoyed, declares that her apprentice would not learn, and that, as every teacher of every kind knows from experience, it is impossible to teach those who will not learn.

Careless girls do not remember, that when they are sent to school and do not make a good use of their opportunities of education, it is unavoidable that many people should suffer; the teachers, whose capacity to teach is called in question; the parents, who pay money and receive no due value in return; and the careless girls themselves, who will by-and-bye understand that they have but a defective knowledge of those things they ought to know. Those who have tried honestly to make the best of their chances of learning, never feel that their acquisitions are more than they require. What, then, must be the experience of the careless girls, who are handicapped in life's race by the self-imposed burden of ignorance, and who see others pass them, though less gifted and less privileged, and attain the coveted goal?

Though the careless girls may have easy times as long as they are sheltered by loving parents and pleasant homes—as long as excuses are made for them, and they retain their youth; the whole aspect of life changes for them if their carelessness has become so much the habit of their lives, that they carry it with them into a more advanced stage of existence. Quite a different thing will now be expected of them, and they will be blamed if they remain careless. The sparkle of youth will be off their bloom; and folly will no longer be forgiven them. The cold shadows of death surround the gay home of childhood, and the loving voices that were so ready to shield them from blame, are silenced on earth for ever. Dear girls, will you not try to realise how much better it would be, not only for yourselves, but for others, if you put a limit to your thoughtless habits? Careless girls are not of much value in philanthropic and benevolent affairs. Their interest is spasmodic and their action variable. When tea meetings are to be held, or entertainments arranged, or a bazaar is in view, or anything out of which some amusement and fun are to be expected, they exhibit a lively desire to be associated with the cause on behalf of which such preparations are being made. They will sing in the concert, or serve at the tea table, or flit from stall to stall at the bazaar with articles as ephemeral as themselves, which they coax the doubtful customers to buy. But when the patient, persevering work is to be done, that can alone ensure success, the careless girls are nowhere to be found. Dry details, steady effort, find no response in these young hearts.

In our great and grand Temperance reformation, careless girls can bear no important part. Generals do not entrust the standards of the army to ensigns who are unmindful of the privilege; but to those who, through the thick fire of the enemy, and the trampling of the hosts, have the resolution to hold fast to the trust committed to them, and to cling heroically, even in death, to the colours which they prize.

In Temperance homes, the careless girls will probably be teetotalers through the force of circumstances, but they are dangerously liable to temptation if they become associated with those who drink; since there exists no reason in their minds to guard them from error, and it is so much easier for careless girls to acquiesce than to resist. The careless girls who have never been taught to abstain, are in far greater danger. They take the drink carelessly, lightly, gaily, and its presence in their giddy natures throws them still more off their guard. Under its influence they are more excitable, more rash, more reckless of consequences; and of them it is especially true, that "when the wine is in, the wit is out."

Around our careless girls, of all classes, there is especial need to draw the restraining cordon of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, lest use should thoughtlessly be exchanged for excess, and the beauty and brightness of innocent youth be thus for ever clouded and despoiled.

Careless girls! Bright, light-hearted. We watch you flitting by us with songs upon your lips, or your merry laughter echoing in our ears; we smile in hearty sympathy with your drollery and fun; we rejoice in your gladsomeness and mirth; we only long that you may pause to remember how golden and precious is this time of your life; how sweet its memory will be if you cease to be selfishly careless, and henceforth consecrate your young fresh powers of heart and brain to the service of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Pebbles and Pearls.

A Poor Irishman, passing through a village near Chester, saw a crowd of people approaching, which made him inquire what was the matter. He was answered, "A man was *going* to be buried." "Oh," replied he, "I'll stop to see that, for we *carry* them in our country."

A School-boy, going into the village without leave, one of his masters called after him, "Where are you going, sir?" "I am going to buy a ha'porth of nails." "What do you want a ha'porth of nails for?" "For a half-penny," replied the urchin.

Vulgar.

If I had a donkey as would'nt go,
Do you think I'd wollop him?—no! no! no!
I'd give him some corn, and cry, gee wo!
Gee up, Neddy.

Refined.

If I had an animal averse to speed,
Do you think I'd chastise him?—no, indeed!
I'd give him some oats, and cry, proceed.
Go on, Edward!

In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board, with this inscription: "Take notice, that when the water is over this board, the road is impassable."

"Ned has run away with your wife," said a tattling chandler to one of his customers. "*Poor fellow*," replied the forlorn husband.

"Why did Adam bite the apple?" said a schoolmaster to a country lad. "Because he had no knife," said the urchin.

The word wine occurs 261 times in the Bible, of which number 121 are warnings, 71 warnings and reproofs, 12 pronounce it poisonous and venomous, and 5 totally prohibit it.

Every moderate drinker *could* abandon the intoxicating cup if he *would;* and every drunkard *would* if he *could.—J. B. Gough.*

No man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—*Ruskin.*

There are in the Old and New Testaments together, 3,566,480 letters. The money spent in one year on strong drinks would enable us to place *forty* sovereigns upon every one of the letters in the Bible.

Sorrows like babies grow bigger by nursing.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

Reviews.

"Bear and Forbear," by Sarah Pitt, with illustrations. This book appears in the Golden Mottoes series, published by Cassell and Company. Price two shillings. It is a most admirable story for boys, well told, in which a noble character is finely unfolded. It is by one of the best writers for boys that modern literature knows.

"The National Temperance Mirror" is a nice prize volume, which is not less interesting than in former years; and the same may be said of "The National Temperance Reader," also from the N.T.P. Depôt, 337, Strand, London. The same firm has issued the valuable work which gives us in permanent form the work of the British and Colonial Temperance Congress, which met in London last year, and herein we have a complete view of the great question in all the possessions of this mighty Empire.

Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.

CHAPTER II.—"OUR CHARLIE."

"In his face you spy
No trace of a ferocious air,
Nor ever was a cloudless sky
So steady or so fair."—*Wordsworth.*

POOR Charlie was left alone, and picking up his cap he leisurely made for home, and was speedily overtaken by the squire, who took him by the jacket and said: "So, you young scoundrel, you have been fighting, have you? The schoolmaster's son too! A nice example this for the parish. I'll go with you straight to your father, at once, and see that he gives you a thorough trouncing. What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Please, squire, let me go home by myself. I don't mind a beating. I don't mind father knowing, but please don't let mother know, for she's full of trouble enough already."

"A deal you think of your mother to go and misconduct yourself like this, you young rascal. Here" (tossing a pocket handkerchief to him), "wipe that blood off your mouth."

Charlie obeyed.

"You'll have as fine a trouncing for this as ever you've had in your life, my lad. If your father doesn't give it you I'll do it myself. Come along, sir!"

They entered the little garden, and, as was his manner, the old squire opened the door and walked straight into the parlour. Mr. Brentwood and his wife and Emily were having tea, and Charlie's cup was set ready for him.

"Here, Brentwood," said the squire, peremptorily, "oblige me by giving your precious son the most thorough trouncing he has ever had in his life. I caught him myself, sir, the ringleader of a regular gang of young ruffians having a stand-up fight on the green. Disgraceful to all concerned, sir; disgraceful to all, sir."

"Why, squire, he only left here a few minutes ago to take two letters to the postman," interposed Mrs. Brentwood.

"A few minutes, my good woman; a few minutes! Don't trifle with me! Why, he must have been fighting for hours! Look at his face, just look at his face."

"Have you been fighting, Charlie?" interposed Mr. Brentwood.

"Yes, father."

"Who with?"

"Bob Davies."

"What for?"

"I can't tell you that, father."

"There!" said the squire, triumphantly; "there! That's a nice specimen of training, isn't it? He can't tell his own father why he's been fighting."

The taunt was bitterly felt by the schoolmaster, and, vainly striving to hide his vexation, he replied: "That boy shall be punished, squire, and punished well for this."

"I leave him to you," said the squire, haughtily. "Remember, if you spare the rod you spoil the child, and it strikes me that that lad of yours has been over-spoilt years ago."

Without more ado he left the room, and noisily closed the outer door after him. The schoolmaster was not a man to put off anything. "Procrastination is the thief of time" was a copybook heading he had written out scores of times, and even in this matter of punishing his own son he didn't believe in delay.

"Go to your room, Charlie."

Turning with a pitiful look towards his mother and sister, who were both in tears, the poor lad went upstairs.

"Don't punish him till you hear what he has to say," pleaded the mother. And Emily joined in the entreaty, sobbing as if her heart would break; "I'm sure it's not Charlie's fault, father."

"You know nothing about it, Emily. I would not have had it happen at this time for anything. And the squire to see it above all others. That lad is always in mischief, always."

He followed upstairs, and in a few minutes mother and daughter heard enough to let them know that poor Charlie was having the thorough good trouncing which the squire had so sternly ordered.

The schoolmaster had asked his lad again what the fight had been about, without getting any reply, except, "I cannot tell you." When he came downstairs he put on his hat, and said, "I shall go and hunt up that Davies, and find out what it's all about."

Making his way across the green to the old smithy, which, with its fine carved timbered front, had often attracted the attention of artists, and had thus made many appearances in notable paintings, Mr. Brentwood surprised Bob and his companions, who were telling the blacksmith, for the twentieth time, how the Squire had appeared on the scene in the middle of the fight, and what a terrible whacking Bob had given the schoolmaster's son.

When Mr. Brentwood popped his head in at the half-open door there was a sudden stoppage of the tall talk; even Joe Draggles, who, as

usual, had the most to say—"'cos I was theer from the vary fust"—ceased to wag his noisy tongue.

The blacksmith was a hearty, good-tempered man, on the best of terms with himself and all mankind, except "them French," whom he despised and loathed ever since he had been paid with a foreign coin, which he had not been able to pass, for shoeing a horse ten years ago.

"Good day, schoolmaster," said he, "good day. It seems thy lad and mine's bin and lost their heads, and Squire's caught thine!"

"Yes. What is it all about? Here, Bob, just tell me, like a man. I expect it's a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other; but I want to get at the bottom of it," replied Mr. Brentwood.

"Please, sir, we had a bit of a fight about nothing! I——"

"Sir, I'll tell you all about it. I was theer from the vary fust. I seed it all begin," interposed Draggles, jumping at a chance of making himself very important. And he continued, with much excitement: "You see, sir, your Charlie came straight over to us when we wern't a-doing anything, and he says, 'My father's a-going to leave Calverley, and I'm a-going to kill everyone on you,' and he——" This outrageous account of the quarrel was too much for the lads, and Bob Davies promptly said, "Please, sir, them's all lies."

"You don't know nought about it," impudently clamoured Draggles; "I was theer from the vary fust. I seed——"

"Here, get out of this," said the blacksmith, taking him by the collar, "you cut along home;" and Draggles, much crest-fallen, was put out of the smithy, amidst the smothered laughter of the lads, who were not sorry to see the bully taken down a peg.

"I may tell you, Davies," resumed Mr. Brentwood, "that I have given my lad a good trouncing."

"Well, it's a shame," interposed little Alfy Stubbs; "it's a great shame, for it worn't all his fault."

"Now, Bob, you tell out plump and plain what it were all about," said the blacksmith, "for you shall have just the same as the schoolmaster's lad anyhow," a hint which brought the tears into Bob's eyes, although he made a good show of keeping them back, while he told what had really happened.

When Bob's father had learnt that Bob had given the first blow he angrily told him to "go straight into the house. I'll be after thee in a minute, my hearty!" The other lads sneaked away, and the schoolmaster made for home, only calling out to the blacksmith: "Let Bob off as easily as you can, for he has told the truth, remember."

Meanwhile, the moment Mr. Brentwood had left the house his wife and Emily had rushed upstairs, and found poor Charlie in tears on his bed. They comforted him as well as they could, and persuaded him to have the cup of tea and piece of bread and butter. By degrees he was so far calmed down as to be able to talk to them.

"Never mind, mother; if father only knew what I had been fighting for, he wouldn't have caned me."

"What was it, Charlie? Tell me, tell mother, do."

"No, you mustn't know. None of you must know."

"Is it very bad?" asked Emily.

"No, it's not bad at all," said Charlie, "and I'll fight him again, as soon as ever I get the chance, if he says it again."

"What has he been saying? You must tell me. You ought, you know, to tell your mother everything."

"So I do. Everything but this," answered Charlie.

"Hark! there's father back. I'm sure it is," said Emily, excitedly. There was a footstep on the stairs, and there could be no mistake, father had returned and was coming up. He entered the room very quietly, and seating himself at the foot of the bed said, in a serious tone: "Charlie, my boy, why didn't you tell father what you had been fighting about?"

"Because I couldn't. It's not for you to know about."

"But I *do* know."

"Oh, no, father, I'm sure you don't."

"I tell you, Charlie, I *do* know. I have been to Bob Davies, and he has told me all about it, and he is very sorry that he vexed you."

"I'll make him sorry yet."

"Now, now, no threats. I shouldn't have caned you, even for a dozen squires, if you had told me what it was all about. Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because I didn't wish you to know, and I am very sorry Bob has told you."

We need hardly say that Charlie's mother and sister insisted upon knowing what the fight had been about, and when they were told they felt more proud of "our Charlie" than they had ever done before.

(To be continued.)

A TERRIBLE CALCULATION.

THERE are in the Old and New Testaments together 3,566,480 letters. The money spent yearly in the United Kingdom on strong drinks would enable us to place *thirty-six sovereigns* upon every one of the letters in the Bible.

INDIFFERENCE MAY BE GUILT.

By "UNCLE BEN."

IT was a dark and stormy night in midwinter when Alfred Mosley returned from the little market country town of Dunhurst, after the business of the day was done. He lived at a small hamlet called Sherley, a distance of some seven or eight miles. He had got about half way toward home across country lanes and bye-roads, with rain pelting hard into his face, and

the horse keeping up a steady trot on the sloppy road, when he heard the voice of a man shouting. At first he did not take any notice, being anxious to get back home as fast as he could. However, he slackened the horse's pace, and listened as he caught the prolonged sound, "Help, he-lp!"

When he fully realised the words he pulled up his horse. It was a lonely part of the road; the farms and tenements were, in that district, widely scattered. He wondered what to do—whether to turn back to where some cross roads met not far behind from where the shout came, or to wait, or to drive on fast and leave the voice behind. But before he had time to decide a man came running up, in almost breathless haste, saying, "Fire! fire! Stop! stop! Fire!" and by the light of the dog-cart lamp he saw the frightened, eager look of the panting man on the off side.

"Where is it?" enquired Mr. Mosley.

"At Fuzy Farm; Mr. Dolland's stables be burning," said the man.

"My good fellow, you don't expect me to put it out. I am very sorry, but I can't help it; this rain will do more good than I can do."

"The fire-engine," shouted the man, who had not got breath enough for much talk.

"Well, the nearest fire-engine is at Dunhurst."

"Yes," said the man, "I know it, and for heaven's sake drive me there."

"But I have just come from there; beside, you had better get a horse that is fresh and ride over, man."

"The horses are wild with terror and by this time are all over the farm, it might be an hour's job to get one."

"What's the nearest place to get one?"

"More than a mile from here, and while we are talking the place is burning, in half-an-hour with your horse we could be in the town. If you drive fast I am sure the house might be saved, and perhaps some ricks. If you don't go the whole place may be burnt down with such a wind as is blowing now."

The pleading tone of this prayer changed Mr. Mosley's mind. He decided in a moment.

"Jump up my man, I'll go back."

In an instant the man was up beside him, the horse was round, and when they turned, there was no mistake it looked like a big fire, the dark night was aglow with the rising flames. With all the speed the horse could go they dashed back to the market town.

On the way, Mr. Mosley asked what particulars the man could give. He knew there was a farmer of the name of Dolland, that he attended the same market, and was generally respected, but the more he learnt from the man the more thankful he felt that he had undertaken this service of help. It appeared, that almost all the men about the farm lived at some distance off, with the exception of the man beside him, and a carter whose duty it was to see to the horses the last thing at night, and the first in the morning. This carter was sometimes in the habit of getting "a drop of beer," and coming back rather the worse for drink. To-day he had taken a drop too much, and coming into the stables with the lantern, he had lain down on some straw, and gone off into a heavy sleep; whether the lantern fell down, or by some act of carelessness, it was open, and too near the dry straw, was never known; but suddenly the drunken man awoke to find the stables all in a blaze, and the terrified horses neighing and plunging at their halters. He rushed out from his sleep bewildered, to give the alarm, to find the dismayed farmer and his family coming out of the house to see the occasion of the noise among the horses.

The opening of the stable door sent the flames forth, and in an instance, the terrible reality was too evident. At once, the farmer dispatched the only other man for help, saying: "Bring the engine from Dunhurst as soon as possible."

Away the servant went, scarcely knowing what to do, or where to go, for the surest way of getting sufficient aid; as he ran down to the lane which led into the road, he saw the lights of the dog cart pass in the opposite direction from the town, but he hailed it in hope and despair.

The result was, in less than half-an-hour, they were clattering through the streets of the town, across the stone Market Place to the police station, and the alarm was given. In a few minutes the fire-bell was going ding, dong; a crowd soon collected, the engine was out, the horses put in, and away they galloped.

Mr. Mosley's horse was so spent by the pace that it had come, that he was obliged to put it up in the town for the night, and say that he would send for it the next day; he going back by the last train, and having to walk three miles from the nearest station. He found his wife much alarmed at his long delay, but when he told her the cause, she was glad.

"But," said Mr. Mosley, "it may be all for no purpose, and I never spoke to the man in my life; and such a night, too; I think I am rather a fool to have knocked up Bob, he won't be right for a week. He's never gone like he did last night, I can tell you. I don't believe I should have cared whether Dolland's place blazed to ashes, only for that nonsense you are always talking about—indifference being guilt. Beside, that blessed sermon of the parson's the other Sunday was sticking in my gizard, about Paul consenting to the death of Stephen, not because he did the stoning of him, but stood by looking on, and not trying to prevent it."

The next day, Mr. Dolland came over to see Mr. Mosley, just as he and his wife were going to dinner. Mr. Dolland said, after shaking hands, that he should not apologise for coming, because he owed to Mr. Mosley a debt of gratitude he could never repay, and with a voice full of emotion, he thanked Mr. Mosley for his kindly aid. The engine came in time to save the house and £10,000 worth of property, for the place was not half insured. "But for you, sir," he concluded, "I should have been a homeless, and a ruined man to-day; my loss is now covered; but any longer delay, and there would not have been a stick to call my own."

When the visitor was gone, Mrs. Mosley fairly cried for joy, and said: "Just think if you had been indifferent, and come home, how fearful would have been the consequences. Not to do all we can to prevent evil and ruin, is to be consenting to the misery and loss of others."

. . . . . .

Why should I try to stem the spread of intemperance? My efforts may be of little aid. Why should I not? Because I may be consenting to the ruin of some, and my indifference may be guilt.

ALCOHOL AND THE COLD.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

EACH season of the year brings its excuse for drinking. One of the most powerful is that constantly expressed in the winter time—"Just a drop to keep out the cold." Many a kind-hearted friend thinks he is only acting the part of a good host, when his guests are on the point of leaving the warm room, for a walk over the snow or the slippery ice, he offers them the steaming glass of whisky and water, with the kindly but mistaken injunction: "Drink that, my boy, and you may defy all the Jack Frosts in the universe." All science and experience prove that Jack Frost is not to be conquered by such weapons; indeed, to use such precautions is only to make ourselves fall into his clutches. It must, however, be borne in mind that the sensation produced by the drinking of hot, intoxicating drinks does produce a sensation of warmth, which, to an inexperienced mind, might easily be mistaken for animal heat.

Immediately on the reception of the liquor into the body a warm glow is felt in every part; the face and the fingers seem to burn with fervent heat, and the drinker congratulates himself that he has so raised the temperature of his body that he may now safely defy the frost and the snow. This feeling of warmth is not a raising of the natural heat; it is only the production of a false heat, which, instead of making the body warmer, is only an evidence of the warmth passing out of the body. The same delusive sensations are felt on other occasions. After a game at snowballs the fingers tingle with heat; the hands are burning; the player is suffering from "hot ache." When placed under any unexpected excitement the face becomes flushed, and beads of perspiration make themselves felt and seen on the forehead.

Under all these circumstances heat is felt, and yet, no one would be so unwise as to recommend such practices as a means of producing warmth. What is it that carries heat to all parts of the body? It is the blood. Wherever the blood goes it carries warmth with it. Prevent the blood from reaching a certain part of the body, and that part becomes dead and cold, like the severed branch of a tree that cannot receive the life-giving sap from the parent stem. When the blood is rich in nutritive materials, then the body feels warm; so, after a good dinner, we feel our great coats to be a burden; but when the food in the blood is used up, we are glad to wrap up again. Food, then, is necessary to enable the blood to carry this nutritive material to the various parts of the body—this food being constantly destroyed by the action of combustion. This is the fire burning within us without flame or smoke, and which the oxygen of the air enables us to keep going. The blood is distributed over the body just as water is distributed over a city; there is a central pumping station, large mains, and small pipes. So we have the beat of the heart, which is the pump; the arteries and veins, which are the mains; and the capillaries, which are the pipes. These capillaries are very small—the very word signifying a hair—so that the vast number of pipes along which the blood flows are finer than the hairs on our heads. These pipes are all over the body, except in the nails, the substance of the teeth, the hair, and the cartilages. They are very numerous in the skin, and along them blood corpuscles are running a race, in some parts much faster than we imagine. Just as at the pumping station there are means of regulating the supply of water to the mains, so in our bodies there is an excellent means by which the supply of blood can be cut off or increased. The nerves perform this important duty. When we are excited and blush, this blushing is produced by the rushing of the blood to the face, and where there is an excess of blood there is an excess of heat. The nerves lose this power of control, and more blood rushes to the face than is necessary. It is exactly in the same manner that alcohol acts upon the nerves. Under its influence the nerves become weakened; the blood rushes into the capillaries

of the skin, and the drinker feels warm. The warmth felt by the man who takes his glass of hot whisky and water on a cold night, is nothing but the blood rushing to the surface of the body; it hurries from those parts of the body where it could be more profitably employed, and, stretching to the utmost the elastic capillaries, produces that glow which is mistaken by many for an increase in the temperature of the body. It should also be remembered that alcohol makes the heart beat very rapidly, and consequently, the friction caused by the blood rushing quickly through the blood-vessels produces an amount of false heat.

Alcoholic liquors cannot give real heat, because they contain no heat-giving materials. Neither malt liquors or spirits contain a particle of fat: whereas, milk, which gives real heat, contains a large quantity of fat.

We must remember that alcoholic liquors—far from being producers of heat—are actually the cause of heat passing out of the body. The blood, it has been stated, forces its way into the capillaries in a much larger quantity than it naturally should. What is the consequence? The blood rapidly loses its heat and becomes cold. The blood is spread over a larger surface, and the heat rapidly passes away; the spirit drinker soon needs another glass to keep up the false heat, and if this is not supplied, he soon suffers greatly.

This is not all. The effect of alcohol upon the nerves is such that it sends them to sleep; they soon get off duty. Thus, when a drunken man goes out into the cold air, not feeling the cold, he does not take proper precautions, and Jack Frost, who is no respecter of persons, quietly does him some injury. A man under the influence of drink will sleep quietly on an iceberg; but it is only the sleep of death.

If we required any further proof of the value of total abstinence in cold weather we have but to turn to the experience of those brave men who have spent severe winters in the Arctic Seas without the aid of a drop of alcohol.

Sir John Ross, who had great experience in the Arctic Seas, writing of his expedition in 1830, remarks—"I was the only person who drank no spirits, and was the only person who had not inflamed eyes. I represented that the use of the grog was the cause, and, therefore, proposed that they should abandon this indulgence, showing further that, though I was very much the oldest of the party, I bore fatigue better than any of them." Dr. John Rae found from experience that alcohol is unable to keep out the cold, and the trappers in the Hudson's Bay territory abstain while on their journeys. They know if they take alcohol they will probably never return alive. The experience gained during the expedition of the Alert and the Discovery, which left England in 1875, substantiates these claims. The teetotal sailors did not suffer from scurvy, and were able to perform the hardest work.

If we are asked what will best promote animal warmth in the winter, common sense gives us the answer—warm clothing, good food containing plenty of fat; exercise in the open air, such as skating, sliding, football, and walking. All those promote the healthy circulation of the blood, and, if indulged in properly, leave no unpleasant results afterwards.

PLAYING PUBLIC HOUSE.

A TEMPERANCE story is going the round of the American papers, but so suggestive is it that it might be re-told for British readers:—

A man who kept drink shop and [illegible] at a private house some distance from where he made his money, returning early one day, found his wife out and his three small boys playing in the orchard. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were amusing themselves at "keeping shop." He noticed that they were drinking and acted being tipsy. The youngest was behind the bar with a towel tied round his waist, and was dispensing drink freely from a pail under the counter. The whole scene was very complete of its kind.

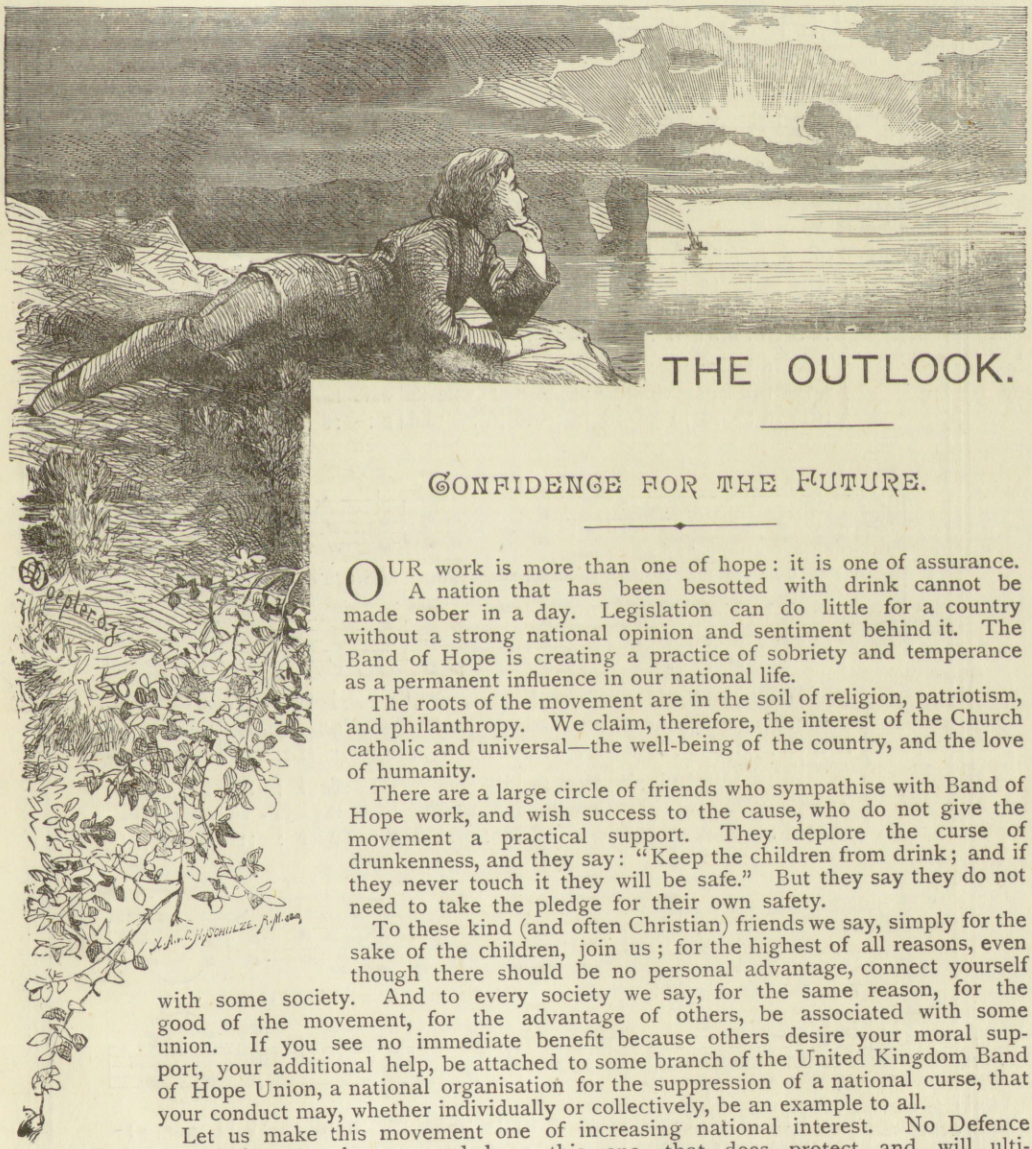
The father walked up closer to inspect this amateur business, and found, to his horror, it was beer the lads were drinking, and that two of his own boys were staggering about, through having taken too much, and a neighbour's child lay fast asleep under a tree from the effect the drink had upon him.

"My boys," said the frightened father, when he saw how matters were, "you must not drink that stuff."

"We are only playing at selling it like you do father," said the little six-year-old behind the bar.

The play closed, the beer was poured on to the ground, the drunken boy carried to his own friends, and his own lads were taken in and put to bed.

When the wife and mother returned, she found her husband in tears; but that night he resolved to give up the business and never to sell another drop of intoxicating liquor.



THE OUTLOOK.

CONFIDENCE FOR THE FUTURE.

OUR work is more than one of hope: it is one of assurance. A nation that has been besotted with drink cannot be made sober in a day. Legislation can do little for a country without a strong national opinion and sentiment behind it. The Band of Hope is creating a practice of sobriety and temperance as a permanent influence in our national life.

The roots of the movement are in the soil of religion, patriotism, and philanthropy. We claim, therefore, the interest of the Church catholic and universal—the well-being of the country, and the love of humanity.

There are a large circle of friends who sympathise with Band of Hope work, and wish success to the cause, who do not give the movement a practical support. They deplore the curse of drunkenness, and they say: "Keep the children from drink; and if they never touch it they will be safe." But they say they do not need to take the pledge for their own safety.

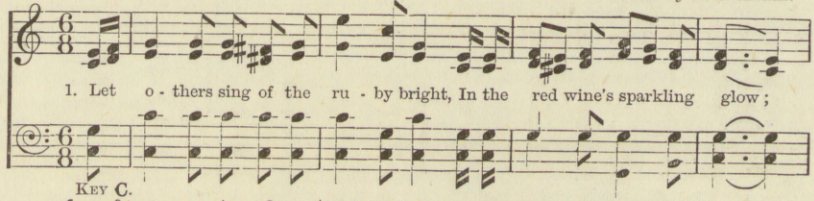
To these kind (and often Christian) friends we say, simply for the sake of the children, join us; for the highest of all reasons, even though there should be no personal advantage, connect yourself with some society. And to every society we say, for the same reason, for the good of the movement, for the advantage of others, be associated with some union. If you see no immediate benefit because others desire your moral support, your additional help, be attached to some branch of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, a national organisation for the suppression of a national curse, that your conduct may, whether individually or collectively, be an example to all.

Let us make this movement one of increasing national interest. No Defence Association can be so needed as this one, that does protect, and will ultimately cure, England's greatest foe and curse. No volunteer force could be so effective to build up and preserve the true prosperity of our country as that which is composed of abstainers.

We constantly pray for the Divine Blessing to rest upon our land. Sunday by Sunday do we all unite in prayer for true progress to come, and for God's will to be done on earth as it is done in heaven; but there is no way in which we should find a surer answer than by the universal reign of temperance. And this can be only realised through individual abstinence.

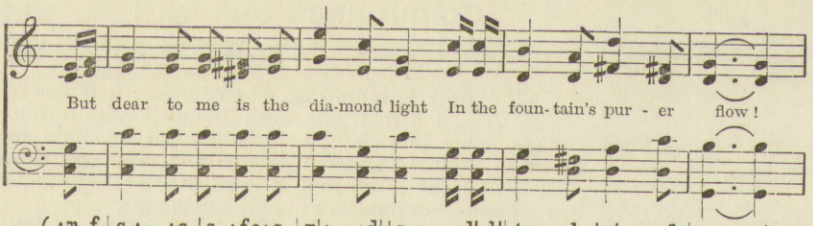
LET OTHERS SING OF RUBY WINE.

Words by GEO. W. BETHUNE. *Music by* D. S. HAKES.

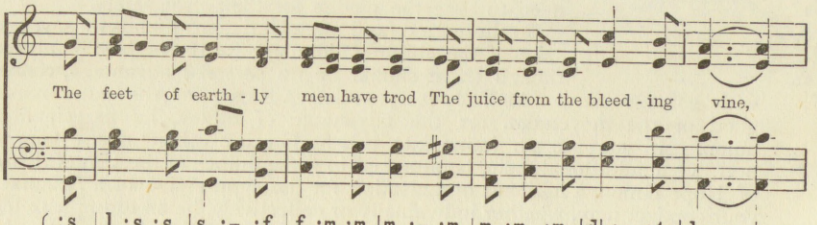


KEY C.

:m.f	s :- :s | s :fe:s	m':- :d' | s :- :m.m	f :m :f | l :s :f	f:-:-|m:-
2. The	dew - drop lies in the	flow'ret's cup, And how	rich its per - fume	now!
:d.r	m :- :m | m :re:m	s :- :m | m :- :d.d	r :de:r | f :m :r	r:-:-|d:-
:s	d':- :d' | d' :d' :d'	d':- :s | d':- :s.s	s :- :s | s :- :s	s:-:-|-:-
3. The	lark springs up with a	lighter strain, When the	wave has washed her	wing;
:d	d :- :d | d :d :d	d :- :d | d :- :d.d	s :- :s | s_1 :- :t_1	d:-:-|-:-

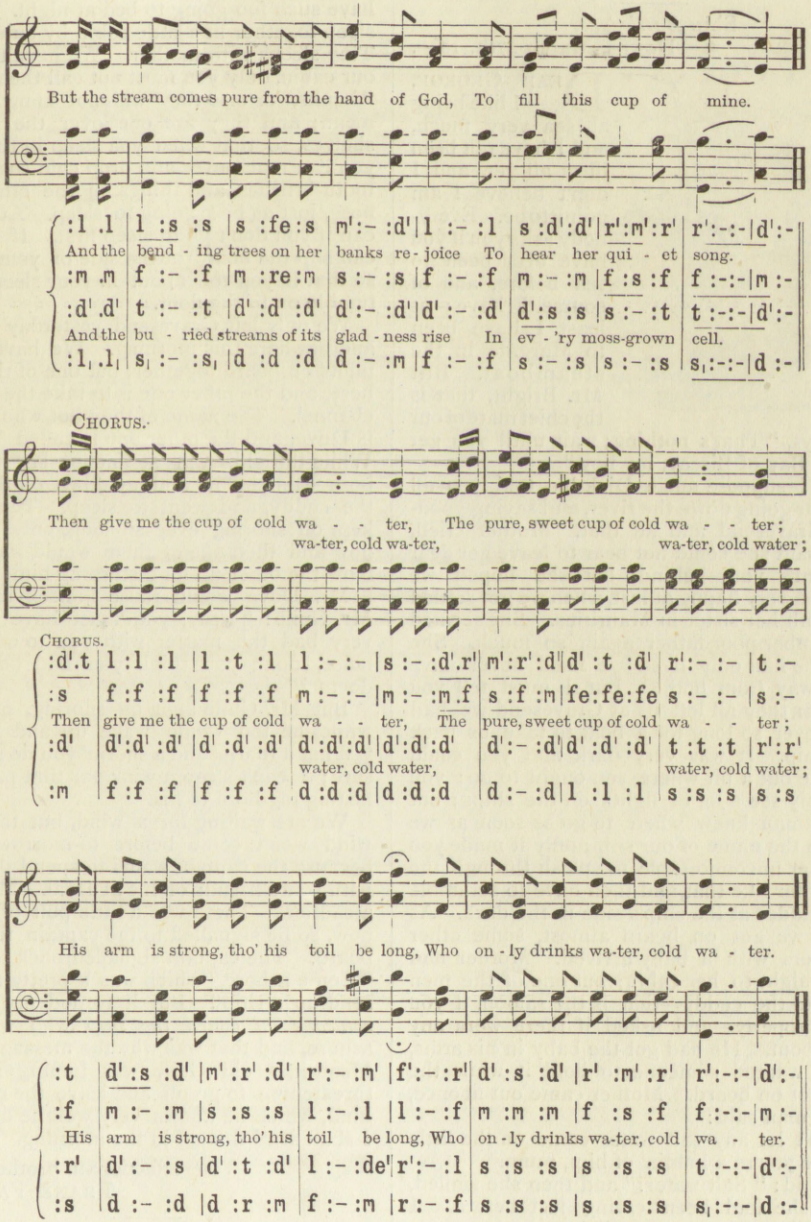


:m.f	s :- :s | s :fe:s	m' :- :d' | s :- :d'.d'	t :- :l | r' :- :fe	s :-:-|-:-
And	thirs - ty nature with	joy looks up, When the	rain falls on her	brow:
:d.r	m :- :m | m :re:m	s :- :m | m :- :m.m	r :- :r | fe:- :r	r :-:-|-:-
:s	d':- :d' | d' :d' :d'	d':- :s | d' :- :s.s	s :- :fe | l :- :d'	t :-:-|-:-
The	steed flings backward his	flow - ing mane, When he	leaves the crys - tal	spring.
:d	d :- :d | d :d :d	d :- :d | d :- :d.d	r :- :r | r :- :r	s_1:-:-|-:-



:s	l :s :s | s :- :f	f :m :m | m :- :m	m :m :m | d' :- :t	l :-:-|-:-
The	brook goes forth with	cheer - ful voice, To	gladden the vale a -	long:
:s	f :- :f | m :- :r	r :d :d | d :- :r	d :d :d | m :- :m	m :-:-|-:-
:t	t :- :t | d' :s :s	s :- :s | s :- :se	l :l :l | l :- :r'	d':-:-|-:-
This	was the cup of	Pa - ra - dise, Ere	blight on its beau - ty	fell;
:s_1	s :- :s | s_1 :- :t_1	d :- :d | d :- :t_1	l_1 :d :m | m :- :m	l_1:-:-|-:-

LET OTHERS SING OF RUBY WINE.



LETTERS FROM A BOY.

Ship *Battledore*,
Downs, March 27th, 18—.

DEAR GEORGE,—I like being at sea very much, and I have not been ill at all yet, and I don't believe I am going to be. Everybody asks you if you have ever been to sea before, and of course I have; at least I have been to Margate in the steamboat. But Mr. Bright, that is the chief mate of our ship, says, "That's nothing; wait until you get into the Bay of Biscay, my boy."

Well, I suppose uncle Dick has told you all about our going down the river, and saying good-bye at Gravesend and all that. Mother cried, for she said she could not bear to leave her dear boy—that's you—behind; but she hoped we should be very happy at last, when we got settled down with her sister in Mauritius. She seemed to remember poor father again so much. She said if he had only lived we need never have come away from home. But I must tell you that after they all left us at Gravesend we had to wait ever so long for a boat to take us back to the ship. It was very dark and you could not make out a bit where you ought to go; you could only see a lot of lights on the ships; but the boatman knew where to go as soon as we told him the name of our ship; only it made you feel rather uncomfortable to splash through the black water like that, and then have to scramble up the ladder at the ship's side in the dark. As soon as we got on board almost, some other passengers with a baby arrived. Mother had gone straight to her cabin; but one of the men came into the cuddy—that is the saloon, if you call it properly—and asked if there were any ladies about. He had got the baby in his arms, and he wanted someone to hold it while the others got on board. Mother came out at once, and the man said:

"Don't let any salt water come on the little 'un while you're a holdin' of him, mum."

She said: "Salt water?" and then she smiled, though she had been crying just before. I don't believe the man really wanted anyone to help him, only he knew it would do mother good to nurse the baby a little while. And so it did. But wasn't it thoughtful of him? His name is Painter, and he comes from Plymouth, and is the second mate of this ship. We have such fun going to bed at night. Alf. and I sleep together in a little cabin by ourselves, and Tiny sleeps with mother. We have two beds in our cabin, only you must not call them beds, but "bunks," or else they will not know what you mean; and they are one over the other, like shelves, so that when you sleep in the top one you can reach over and drop cold soap and wet tooth-brushes and things on the other fellow's nose, just as he's going to sleep. At least you can if you don't go to sleep first. If you do, he can slip the board at the side of your bunk out, so that if you roll about in your sleep you will tumble on to the floor.

We only left Gravesend yesterday afternoon, and got here this morning. We have had two pilots on board together; but one of them left us here, and the other one is to take the ship down channel. The name of the pilot who has left us is Dove, and the other one is called Mr. Guile. While the ship was at anchor last night they both came below and lay down on the seats in the cuddy, and went to sleep. The two men kept on snoring ever so long, only that every now and then one of them would wake up and blow the other up for disturbing him.

Mr. Dove would rouse himself and say to Mr. Guile: "I say, you must have something very bad the matter with you to make such a noise, don't you think you had better see a doctor?"

But Mr. Guile kept on snoring, only after a while he too would wake up and shout out: "What a roarin' and a snorin' you do make, to be sure; I can't sleep a wink for that patent everlasting fog-horn of his."

We are waiting for a wind, but they say the wind won't come before to-morrow morning, because the captain wants to spend this evening with some friends of his at Deal. Mr. Guile is a caution. There was a little puff of wind just now, so he signalled to the captain to come on board. The captain signalled back to the ship: "Come ashore," which was a pretty message to send to a ship! But it turned out there was *someone on board the ship* who was wanted ashore, and that was why the message was sent. Meantime old Guile was fuming about and threatening to go off and leave the captain behind, which he knows very well he dare not do. I shall send this off in the morning. Good-bye!

Your affectionate brother,
FRANK FAIRHALL.

English Channel, March 28.—What a sell! We stole away from the Downs yesterday before anybody was up, and so my letter never went;

I must send it by Mr. Guile when he goes. To-day is Sunday, but it does not feel very much like it. As we passed Folkestone we were so close that we could see the people walking on The Lees, and we could hear the bells ringing for church. Of course it's awfully jolly to be at sea, and all that, but it would have been rather nice if we could have gone ashore for a walk, and if we could have gone to a service somewhere. We had no church to-day because the ship is not yet in charge of the captain, and everything is in confusion; but mother took us boys and Tiny into her cabin this morning, and we read a chapter together, and she explained it to us. It was the Sunday School lesson for this afternoon, and mother told me to tell you that we would always read that every Sunday, and also the "Bible-reading Association" passages every night, so that you would be able to read with us like. We wanted to sing, but mother said we had better not until she had been able to find out whether the captain and the other passengers would mind. She says that "Religion is the most gentlemanly thing in the world," and that it would not be gentlemanly to annoy people even for the sake of praising God. Mother says, too, that when we took our passage we agreed to obey the rules of the ship; and God would be more pleased that we kept our word than that we sang hymns to Him. But next Sunday, all the same, she hopes it wi l be different.

I forgot to tell you before that this is what is called a "teetotal" ship. That means that all the crew, when they signed articles at the shipping-office to go in the *Battledore*, agreed not to have the usual allowance of grog. Instead of it they have cocoa and better food. Of course the passengers did not agree to anything of the kind, and in the saloon there is beer and wine for them, and for the captain and officers if they want it; but Captain Holton—that is *our* captain—is a *real* teetotaler, and drinks the healths of the passengers at dinner in lemonade or water. Mr. Bright, the chief mate, is not a teetotaler, but he says he very seldom takes anything at sea, and he always likes to sail in teetotal ships best, because the steadiest men go in them, and they work better, and there are no rows.

We passed Dungeness yesterday, and saw the white cliffs near Brighton, and then the Isle of Wight, and this morning we could see Portland Bill. Presently we shall put Mr. Guile on board a fishing boat in Tor Bay to take him ashore, and then good-bye to England, for we shall have begun the voyage in earnest. There are a lot of trawlers—that is boats that go out trawling—just ahead of us now. Mr. Painter says he has often been out in them before he took to the sea. They have a beam over the stern of the boat, and the net is fastened to the beam and dragged along the ground behind the boat. The beam makes the mouth of the net wide, but the other end is very narrow. In fact, he says, it is like a public-house; easy to get into, but hard to get out of.

We are coming up with some more trawlers now, so I must get my letter finished. I don't think I could write much more any way, for the table seems to rock so, and the cuddy is so close it makes my head feel queer. I did not eat much dinner, and I don't like being at sea—not when the ship moves about like this—so much as I did.

Mother has written to you and so has Alf.; and Tiny is going to send you a letter if she gets on with her writing pretty well. But they all send their love in this letter as well. Don't I wish I could be with you this evening. After all there's no place like old England.

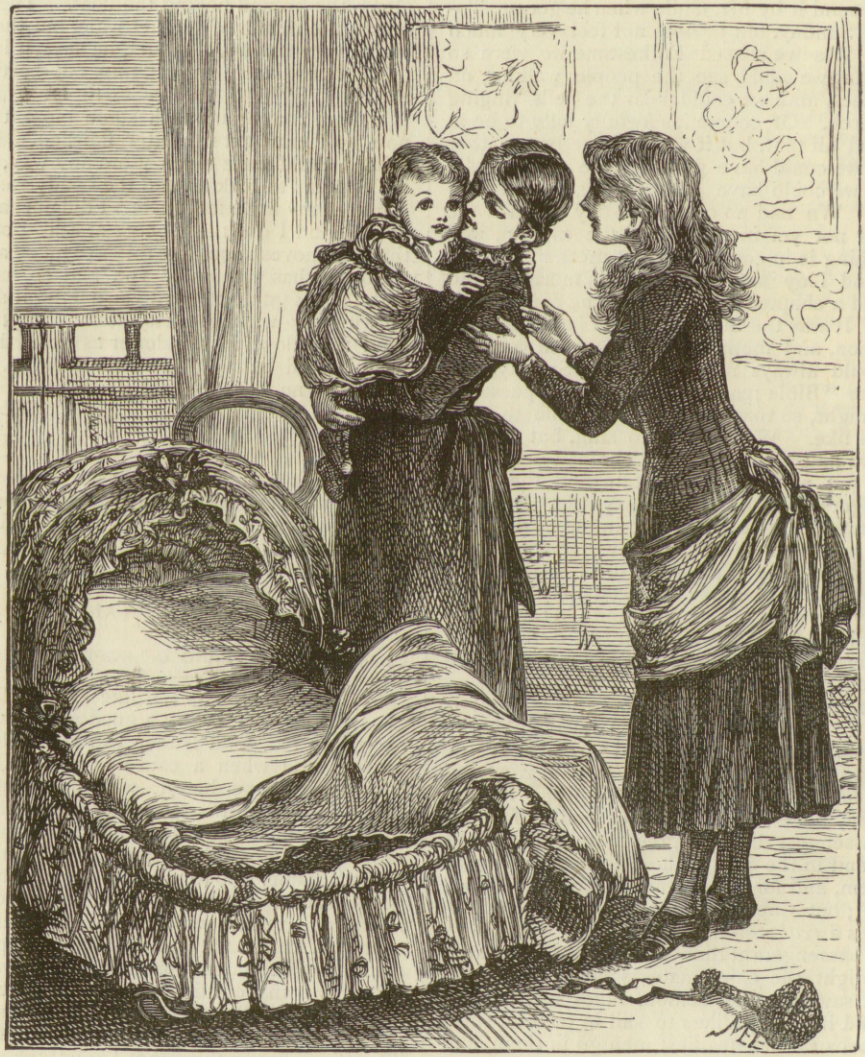
Your loving brother,
FRANK.

P.S.— Don't tell; but I should not much mind if I was going off with old Guile. I believe I am going to be sea-sick! Oh!—F.F.

In His Name.

A WORD TO BAND OF HOPE WORKERS.

In His name. Ah! I like that. There is nothing like having a good name over your shop door; a good leader will strengthen any cause. And when a cause is good in itself, it becomes all the better, we might say quite invincible, when it is put under the banner of a worthy captain. In this Band of Hope work we are working for others' good, and working in Christ's name, who went about doing good. He is our leader. But this work among the children is not only a cause which is good in itself, and a cause put under the glorious leadership of the Captain of our salvation, but it is His own cause, His very own from first to last. It is the cause of the weak, of the fallen, of the helpless, of the young, and is not Jesus the friend of all these? There is only one thing that I can think of which is more Christ-like than raising the fallen, and that is keeping them from falling, exactly the thing we are doing in our Band of Hope work. And when we do it in the spirit which ought to animate us we can truly say that we do it *in Christ's name.*



BABY MAY.

By MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

SWEET, so sweet is my baby May,
And her sweetness breathes from every part,
Like the tender rose of a summer's day,
That casts its perfume upon the way,
And is sweet and pure to its very heart.

Gay, so gay is my little May,
With her sunny smile and her dancing feet,
With her song that ripples the live-long day,
Like the silvery music of streams that play,
Through the tangled weeds and wild flowers sweet.

Fair, so fair is my little May,
With her golden hair and her sunny eyes,
That look at the world in an innocent way,
And ever and always seem to say—
"We come, we come from the great blue skies!"

Bright, so bright is my little May,
Without a sorrow, without a care;
O'er the blackest shadow she casts a ray,
And she brings a light to the darkest day,
For she carries the sunbeams everywhere!

Shy, so shy is my little May,
With her modest blush and her timid ways;
Like the flower that hides 'neath the sun's fierce ray,
My sweet, shy blossom shrinks away,
And droops her head 'neath the idle gaze.

Pure, so pure is my little May,
Spotless and white as God's falling snow;
Her virtue shines like a clear, fair ray,
And sin and shame all shrink away,
From the life the angels have guarded so!

True, so true is my little May,
She loves me well through the sunny hours;
And when shadows gather upon my way,
Still by my side she'll bravely stay,
To share my thorns as she shared my flowers.

Dear, so dear is my little May,
That this heart can forget her never—never;
Though out of my path her feet may stray,
And to kindred spirits she hastens away,
My heart must love her for ever and ever!

TRIFLES.

By MAY SMITH.

WHAT will it matter in a little while,
That for a day
We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile,
Upon the way?

What will it matter whether hearts were brave,
And lives were true;
That you gave me the sympathy I crave
As I gave you?

These trifles! Can it be they make or mar
Human life?
Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are
By love or strife?

Yea, yea! a look the fainting heart may break,
Or make it whole;
And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake,
May save a soul!

"DRUNK AS A BEAST."

By REV. J. SEAGER.

HOW often one hears the phrase. Where does the saying come from? The idea is certainly old; for three hundred years ago Shakspere made Cassio say to Iago, after a fit of drunkenness: "O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial. . . . O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, revel, pleasure and applause, transform ourselves into beasts."

It is to be remembered that Cassio is made to say this just after waking out of the drunken slumber into which the wicked Iago had contrived to beguile him. If Shakspere had represented him as just coming in from a walk in the country, or from work in the farmyard, I dare say he would have put some other comparison into his lips. For beasts do not get drunk; and so drunkenness is not bestial.

We are by no means true to nature if we say, when we see a drunken man, "He is drunk as a beast!" It is a great injustice to all the members of the brute creation to speak as if they furnished the most striking illustration of the drunkard's degradation. Such a comparison is a libel on all the four-legged animals that scamper over hill and valley; on all the birds that fill the fields and woods with melody; on the reptiles that creep about on the business that God has given them to do; on the fishes that swim about in the wide ocean and sparkling brook; on the insects that contentedly fill their tiny place in the great universe. These are all water-drinkers! I have never seen one of them tipsy. I venture to say, you never have. And if one here and there has seen such a strange sight, I am sure that some one belonging to the human race has to answer for it. No brute creature would get into that condition of its own accord.

So that, if any of these creatures could hear us saying of fellow-men and fellow-women, "They get drunk as beasts;" or, "They are beastly drunk;" the beasts would have a perfect right to reply: "No, no! Mr. Man, don't say so. We don't get drunk. Say, 'Drunk as men;' or, 'Drunk as lords;' or, 'Drunk as fools;' but don't say, 'Drunk as beasts;' for drunkenness is not a failing among us."

Instead of illustrating the vice of drunkenness, all orders of the brute creation set us an example of abstinence from alcohol. Four-

footed beasts and flying fowl, the fish of the sea, and the rest of the creatures which we include in the general term—"the *ir*-rational creation"—are rational enough to fight shy of intoxicating liquors, and to keep to water. Whoever heard of a brewery to supply beer to four-footed beasts; or of a distillery for the fishes; or of a public-house for the use of the birds; or of a grog-shop for the reptiles; or of a drinking club or off-licence for the convenience of thirsty insects? Why, there is not a donkey to be found stupid enough to set up in the drink trade; nor has the goose yet been discovered that is silly enough to become his customer if he did. No, no! they leave that sort of thing to the bipeds. They are wise enough to quench their thirst with that pure, God-given beverage that—

"Streams from the hills,
And descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
In the dew and the rain."

Remember that the creatures which are so useful to man, and which do so much to fill the world with beauty and song, are water-drinkers. And if we want to be happy and useful, as I am sure we do, we had better determine, in God's strength, to be water-drinkers, too, all our days.

"This was the drink of Paradise,
Ere blight on her beauty fell;
And the buried streams of her gladness rise
In every moss-grown well."

Some years ago, a coal-heaver in London, named John Godfrey, had a dog which used to go with him to the public-house, and had learnt to drink beer. One evening a companion said: "Let us make the dog drunk." This they did, and had great sport, especially when they went home to Godfrey's lodgings; for the dog was so fuddled with the drink that had been forced upon him that he could not get up the stairs. As often as he got up a little way, down he rolled again—much to the delight of the coal-heaver and his companion. The fun was considered so good that they tried to repeat the entertainment; but the dog firmly refused to play the fool for them a second time. Never again could he be persuaded to taste beer; but always snarled and showed his teeth whenever a publican's pot was shown to him.

It is a pity that his example was lost upon his master, who went on drinking, and died in a workhouse. And it was for a time lost upon his companion, whose wife used sometimes to say to her drunken husband: "You have not half the sense of Jack Godfrey's dog; that poor beast would not touch the filthy stuff after once feeling its ill-effects." But at length he signed the pledge, and was for many years a Christian man, and a Band of Hope worker.

Here is another story about a Welshman and a goat. The man was given to drink, and the goat, which was a favourite, one day followed him to the public-house. After much coaxing, the goat was induced to drink some liquor, and presently was in a state of intoxication. It frisked, and kicked, and tumbled, and played such a variety of funny tricks, that the tipplers roared with laughter, and wanted "Nanny" to be brought the next evening for more "fun."

Next night the master went off as usual to the drink-shop, and called the goat to follow him. "Nanny" obeyed till she got to the door of the beer-house, where she stopped, and nothing would induce her to go inside. Persuasion and force, kind words and blows, were all to no purpose. The landlord came to the door, offering her oat-cake; but no, she was not to be caught again in the publican's trap. Outside she meant to stay, and did stay. And so did her master! He was wise enough to listen to the lesson his goat taught him. He became an abstainer, and was afterwards an eminent Temperance lecturer.

There is one more story about a monkey; it is told by a companion of Jack's master:—"We always took him out on our chestnut parties. He shook off all our chestnuts for us, and when he could not shake them off, he would go to the very end of the limb and knock them off with his fist. One day we stopped at a tavern, and drank freely. About half a glass of whisky was left, and Jack took the glass, and drank it all up. Soon he was merry, skipped, hopped, and danced, and set us all in a roar of laughter; Jack was drunk. We all agreed—six of us—that we would come to the tavern next day and get Jack drunk again, and have sport all day. I called at my friend's house next morning, and we went out for Jack. Instead of being as usual on his box, he was not to be seen. We looked inside, and he was crouched up in a heap. 'Come out here,' said his master. Jack came out on three legs; his fore-paw was upon his head. Jack had headache; I knew what was the matter with him. He felt just as I felt many a morning. Jack was sick, and couldn't go. So we waited three days. We then went, and, while drinking, a glass was provided for Jack. But where was he? Skulking behind the chairs. 'Come here, Jack, and drink,' said his master, holding out the glass to him. Jack retreated, and as the door was opened, stepped out, and in a moment was on the top of the house. His master went out to call him down, but he would not come. He got a cow-skin and shook it at him. Jack sat on the ridge-pole, and refused to obey. His

master got a gun, and pointed it at him. A monkey is much afraid of a gun. Jack stepped over to the back side of the house. His master then got two guns, and had one pointed each side of the house, when the monkey, seeing his bad predicament, at once whipped up on the chimney and got down in one of the flues, holding on by his fore-paws! The master was beaten. The man kept that monkey twelve years, but could never persuade him to taste another drop of whisky. The beast had more sense than a man, who has an immortal soul, and thinks himself the first and best of God's creatures on earth."

Don't say, then, "Drunk as a beast." And still more important, determine that all your lives you will follow the example set by the brute creation; who neither make, buy, nor use beer, wine, or spirits; and if once caught, are wise enough to have nothing more to do with the poisonous stuff.

*The Royal Jubilee.

By W. HOYLE, *Author of "Hymns and Songs."*

THESE fifty years Victoria
The nation's pride has been;
The noblest of illustrious line,
Our well-beloved Queen!
The good times in her gracious reign
Will long remembered be;
Then let us greet Victoria,
Our noble Queen Victoria,
With Royal Jubilee!

Over her wide domain,
Long may Victoria reign!
Long may she reign!
Empress and Queen Victoria!
May God preserve Victoria,
And bless her Jubilee!

What nation can we find on earth
So favoured and so blest;
Our commerce spreads the wide world o'er,
Our arts through east and west!
Our good Queen reigns! her peaceful sway
Extends from sea to sea;
With pride we hail Victoria,
Our noble Queen Victoria,
And keep her Jubilee!

Through many years still may she rule
O'er stalwart sons and brave,
Who nobly bear the British flag
On distant land or wave!
From loyal hearts, through all the land,
Her people's prayer shall be:
Defend, O Lord, Victoria,
Our noble Queen Victoria,
And bless her Jubilee!

* "The Royal Jubilee," published as part-song or solo and chorus; price one penny. London: Partridge & Co., 9, Paternoster Row. Manchester: ONWARD Office, 18, Mount Street.

WHO OWNS THE CORN-FIELD?

THE tall stalks in the corn-field, like the rank and file of a noble army, had been nodding and waving their plumes in the sunshine all the summer through; and in autumn they were bending under the weight of the golden grain.

How many batches of bread were hidden there!

How many hungry mouths will be fed from it!

Every day Farmer Jones looked over the stone wall, and talked and thought about "*my* corn," as he called it.

"How much of it was yours, Farmer Jones?"

"*I* planted it," he would say: "I hoed it; I——"

But where did you get the first little kernel? God made it.

In whose earth did you bury it? God's earth. *He* is the great Landowner.

Who cracked the hard kernel and brought out the living sprout? God.

Who fed it? God.

Who watered it? God.

Who watched it? God.

Whose sunshine warmed it? God's.

Who sprinkled it with nightly dews? God.

Who pumped up its juices, and taught them to manufacture leaves in one place and cobs in another, and set the corn in the cob, and wove soft silk to wrap around the tender fruit, and strong swaths to protect it from blighting frost and scorching heats? God.

Who saved it from mildew, and rust, and worm? God.

Who then is the rightful owner? God. He will indeed pay you your wages; but how small a part is your *due*.

"And I have harvested and used it as *mine*," said Farmer Jones. "I never thanked God for it, or took it as from His hand. I never used it for His service. I never thought of His having anything to do with it. I have robbed God of His due."

Farmer Jones never thought of himself in the light of a robber before. Had his neighbours called him so, how angry would he have been! He passed as an honest and just man; but now he asked himself, "Am I not a robber?" and, pricked in his conscience he fell on his knees, confessed his sin, and prayed for forgiveness. The great Landowner allowed him to keep what He had given him; but every day afterwards the farmer thanked *God* for His daily bread, and many a bushel was wheeled away to feed God's poor, and evermore, as he looked over the stone wall, he saw God's hand at work in the corn-field, and his heart said humbly, "*Thine*, not mine, O God."—*H. S. B.*

Pebbles and Pearls.

Inebriate to policeman: "Which is t'other side of the road?" Policeman (pointing across the road): "Why that, you stupid." Inebriate: "But, *hic*, they tell me on that side, that this is."

Speaking without thinking, is shooting without taking aim.

The rosy custom of moderate drinking is the wicket-gate through which all the myriads that have been drowned in this dead sea of destruction first set their souls on the swift rushing stream.

At a recent examination of girls in Cheshire for the rite of confirmation, in answer to the question, "What is the outward and visible sign and form in baptism?" the reply was, "The baby, sir?"

"When I was in Egypt, looking after a factory there, there was a dinner presided over by the Governor of the place, to which some twenty-five or thirty persons sat down. The Governor sent word to me to say, 'My religion will not allow me to offer wine.' 'Oh!' was the reply made, "Mr. Whitworth never takes wine.' 'And is he a Christian?' exclaimed the Governor in astonishment."—*Mr. Benjamin Whitworth, M.P.*

A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired: "Well Mary, where do you live now?" "Please ma'am, I don't *live now*," replied the girl, "I'm married."

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

One of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

"Pray, Mr. Abernethy, what is the cure for gout?" asked an indolent and luxurious citizen. "Live upon sixpence a day, and earn it?" was the pithy answer.

Puzzling Announcement.—A handbill has been put forth, in a town in the south of England, headed, "Wanted, a few *healthy members* to complete a *sick society!*"

Life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely, and give a helping hand to those around them.

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares, as a help either to forget or overcome them; but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind is to cure melancholy by madness.

A graveyard in County Cork has the following notice over its entrance gate: "Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here."

REVIEWS.

"Untrue to His Trust;" or, Plotters and Patriots. A story of life and adventure in Charles II.'s time. By Henry Johnson. Published by the Religious Tract Society.—A thrilling historical narrative, full of incident. We have an interesting picture of the times given us, with a good introduction to Baxter, and many memorable scenes graphically told.

Through Storm to Sunshine. By W. J. Lacey. Published by Nelson and Sons.—The one hundred pounds prize tale illustrative of Temperance in its relation to the young, given by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. Under such auspices it needs no commendation, and is sure of a good sale.

The National Temperance League's Annual for 1887, by Robert Rae, is more than usually worth having, because of the large amount of information from our British colonies and dependencies, on the progress of Temperance.

Evans's Temperance Annual, 337, Strand, W.C., contains a variety from grave to gay that cannot fail to please and profit many readers. Price Sixpence.

Norah Lang, the Mine Girl. A story of village life. By Miss Salome Hocking. Published by A. Crombie, Salisbury Square, Fleet St.—This is the third story from Miss Hocking's ready pen, and will add to her reputation; the story of Cornish village life is told with affection and sympathy, and records scenes of love and sorrow in vivid reality.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—Scottish Temperance League Journal—Temperance Record—Rechabite Magazine—Reformer—Western Temperance Herald—Bond of Union—Irish Temperance League Journal—Church of England Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Talent Finder—Graham's Temperance Worker, &c.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters for the Editor must be addressed—Editors of Onward, 18, Mount Street, Manchester. Business communications must be addressed to the Secretary.

Received with thanks: Rev. E. Hayton, A. J. Glasspool, Mary Magdalen Forrester.

Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.

CHAPTER III.

"Then do not look disheartened
O'er the work you have to do,
And say that such a mighty task
You never can get through;
But just endeavour day by day
Another point to gain,
And soon the mountain which you feared
Will prove to be a plain."—*Anon.*

A COMMITTEE—be it good, bad, or indifferent—generally has its way, and it was so in the case of the Calverley School Committee. As we have already seen, this particular committee decided that Mr. Brentwood and his wife should leave at Christmas, and leave they did.

Unknown to her husband, Mrs. Brentwood had seen each member of the committee in turn, and earnestly pleaded that the notice might be withdrawn; but had gained nothing for her pains, beyond the gift of a five-pound note from the rector.

Within four weeks of the expiration of the quarter's notice, the schoolmaster and his wife were quite undecided as to the place in which to begin their new home. To stay at Calverley was not to be thought of; for there was no opening for a shop of any kind, even if they had the means of setting up in business, and it was, of course, hopeless to think of commencing a private school in so small a village.

It is often the case that in the great troubles and perplexities of life, relief comes from what we unthinkingly call "little" things. How true it is that the little things are often the infinitely great. We so often forget that—

"There is a Divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will."

Saturday regularly brought to the Brentwoods the *Cheshire County Observer*, a large newspaper, which gave almost sufficient reading to last a week. On a certain Saturday, looking over the news with less interest than usual, for his mind was too full of his own troubles to think much of the affairs of other people, Mr. Brentwood's eye caught the following paragraph:—

"Black Country Extravagance.

"The revival of trade has given rise to unusual scenes of dissipation and extravagance in the coal and iron districts. Some of the colliers are now earning as much as £5 and £6 per week, and it was stated by Dr. Brodie, who gave evidence in a manslaughter case at Flipton last week, that the pitmen were squandering their earnings with a recklessness which surpasses anything in his experience of twenty-five years' residence amongst them. The doctor stated that he knew a collier who fed his dog on mutton-chops, and he added that champagne suppers, similar to the one at which the deceased lost his life, were by no means uncommon entertainments on Saturday nights. The coroner, in committing the prisoner for trial for manslaughter, said that if this wasteful high living, with all the wickedness which it brought, resulted from the high wages, the sooner we had a return of the hard times, the better would it be for many homes."

"What do you think of this, mother?" said Mr. Brentwood, addressing his wife. Then he slowly read the paragraph given above.

"How very sad! What a disgraceful thing!" was her remark, when her husband finished reading. Then she added: "But you have surely made some mistake. You said £5 to £6 a week wages; you meant to say a *month*—didn't you, dear?"

"No, no; there's no mistake. Five to six pounds a week it is. Here's the paper—look for yourself!" and she did look, and could only say:

"Well, well; if we had that much, or even the half of it, coming in regularly, how happy we should be, and how comfortably we could live."

Brentwood said nothing. He sat thinking, and must have remained silent for fully twenty minutes. Then he startled his wife by rising from his seat, and walking excitedly up and down the room, while he exclaimed:

"Yes, that's it. I have hit on the right idea at last. I'm sure I'm right; quite right. There are better days in store for us, old girl; better days in store!"

Then speaking with greater deliberation, he said: "Now, look here, mother dear. I see all before us as plainly as if I were looking at a map of England. Flipton is *the* place for us. The colliers earn good wages; they spend their money freely—very freely; and whatever we do, the first thing is to get to a spot where money-making is going along. Flipton is the very place, and we will feed Charlie and Emily on some of the mutton-chops which the colliers give to their dogs!"

"Yes, but ——," interposed Mrs. Brentwood.

"No, there are no 'buts' about it," replied the schoolmaster. "Now that we know where we are going, the rest will be plain-sailing. Only keep up a brave heart, old girl, and let us pull together, and we shall soon come to look upon the day when we left Calverley as one of the happiest days of our life."

As the days went by, the schoolmaster saw nothing to induce him to change his opinion. The next week, and the next, he eargerly read the newspaper, with the view of hearing more about the good times in the black country; nor was he disappointed. The report of the coroner's remarks in the manslaughter case had been commented upon by several journals, and strong confirmation was given of the wasteful expenditure of wages in the mining districts. Of course Brentwood made the most of the news when talking over affairs with his wife, who was by no means pleased with the prospect of leaving the quietude of Calverley for the bustle of a manufacturing town.

The breaking-up at the schools took place four days before Christmas. In previous years the committee had always attended on the breaking-up day; and after the rector had given a speech, and announced how long the holidays would last, the custom was to have a march past of the whole school, the girls making curtesys and the boys bobbing bows as they went by the rector, the squire, the admiral, and the doctor.

This time, however, none of the committee put in an appearance. The chairs were placed as usual, and the children—the girls especially—were, apparently, more awed by the empty chairs, than they would have been by the presence of the four gentlemen who formed Calverley School Committee.

After waiting for a full half-hour, the schoolmaster rang the bell calling for silence, as a good deal of whispering was going on. Then he quietly said:—

"Now, children, we break up to-day for the Christmas holidays. You all know that we are leaving you. I connot tell you what day the schools will re-open, but, no doubt, you will hear this from the rector, in church. I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a happy new year—("The same to you, sir! The same to you, mam!" came in a great shout from the children)—I shall often think of you and the dear old place, and——"

"Please, sir, look at the mistress! the mistress is very ill!" called out one of the girls in alarm. Mrs. Brentwood was fainting. The pain of parting, and the thought that her last hours in Calverley were very near, having proved too much for her highly-strung nerves.

Hastening to her side, the schoolmaster said: "Run, Charlie, quickly, for a glass of water!" The lad dashed out of the room and was back again almost instantly, bringing a glass of water. Emily followed in a state of great alarm bringing a jug. Meanwhile, some of the children were in tears, others were standing on the forms, and others were clustered round the schoolmaster as he supported his wife in his arms. The sprinkling of the cold water on her face revived her, and then Mr. Brentwood said: "Children, you may go. Go out as orderly as you can, please." And they did go out very quietly, but the greater number of them lingered in the playground, and excitedly talked about the alarming incident which they had witnessed.

The news was soon the topic of the villagers, and a great deal of sympathy was expressed for the schoolmistress, who was a general favourite.

When the Brentwoods were going to remove was not known to anyone in Calverley but Mr. Watson at the mill. All his lads (there were five of them) had been taught by Mr. Brentwood, and they were all very sorry to hear of his dismissal. Mr. Watson had walked over to the schoolhouse one day to ask if the news was true. There and then he had said, "As it is true, and if you really do go, Mr. Brentwood, mind this, I will send a wagon to carry your goods to Thurlsby station at any hour of the day or night you like! Give me a few hours notice, that's all!"

The miller had good notice. He knew that the Brentwoods intended to remove on the day before Christmas eve; and he quite agreed with the schoolmaster, that it would be a good plan to get Mrs. Brentwood away before Christmas Day. "She will be less downhearted if she spends Christmas in a strange place, surrounded by fresh faces," said Brentwood; and he was right.

The miller sent a wagon by six o'clock in the morning, and two of his men did the loading up so cheerfully and well under his own direction, that by a quarter-to-eight they were ready to start. Early as it was, a small crowd had gathered, and when, at last, a start was made some of the lads set up a hearty cheer. Charlie and Emily were loaded up with the things, and the schoolmaster and his wife walked arm-in-arm behind the wagon. Here and there they had to stop to say "Good-bye" to some old friends. As the wagon passed the smithy, the blacksmith's wife came out with a basket which she handed up to Emily.

"That's a few eatables to help you on the way, my dear—God bless you! Give me a kiss, dear, for good-bye."

Then the blacksmith came out and there was plenty of hand-shaking all round. So the wagon rumbled on, and as it turned the corner by the rectory, Bob, the blacksmith's son came running in great haste, and called out: "Here Charlie, here's a Christmas box for you," offering a small paper parcel.

"No, thank you, Bob, I'd rather not take it."

"Yes, but you must, I'm giving it you myself. I want to part friends, you know."

"Oh, that's all right enough, of course we are friends; but never you mind giving me anything."

"Ah, but I must. You must have it!"

"Well, tell me what it is then?"

"Oh, you'll see all in good time—don't open the parcel till you get at your journey's end. Good-bye, and a merry Christmas, Emily, and the same to you, Charlie;" and with this Bob hurried back as fast as his legs could carry him, evidently afraid that if he stayed until the parcel were opened, it might be given back.

Mr. and Mrs. Brentwood called at the rectory to the great surprise of the rector, who had no idea that they intended to leave so quickly, and was, therefore, much embarassed when the schoolmaster said: "I've brought you the keys, rector. Good morning!"

"The keys! But you are not leaving to-day, surely?"

"Yes, we are. The furniture has just turned the corner."

"Oh, nonsense! Mrs. Brentwood tell me, do. I quite meant to come down yesterday, to have a talk with you about the future."

"Well, sir," interrupted Brentwood, "it's too late now, we have all our work before us to get to Thurlsby in time. Good morning, sir!

"Oh, but really! Does the squire know? Does the Admiral know? Does the doctor know?

"I cannot say. They don't know from us!"

"Oh, come, this will never do," replied the rector. "Here, I'll get my hat and walk with you." Putting on his hat, the rector accompanied them into the high road, and there a good pace a-head they saw the wagon of furniture slowly mounting the hill.

He walked with them about a mile, and he was clearly more concerned than he cared to let them know, when he learnt that they were going they hardly knew whither; to do, they knew not what. His parting words were, "I shall confidently hope to receive your address when you are settled, for, although this separation has been an unpleasant business, I really wish to be your friend;" and we shall see as our story progresses, that the words were as sincere as any ever spoken.

(To be continued.)

Alcohol and Strength.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

MANY years ago, it was the custom of the tradesmen of London to employ a number of men to carry goods from one part of the city to another. Relics of this mode of transit still exist in the few remaining spots where provision is made for the men to rest their loads for a time. One only recently removed from Farringdon Street had upon it the significant words: "Rest, but do not loiter." These men were accustomed to refresh themselves with malt liquor, and since the men were called porters, the beverage, of which they imbibed no small quantity, was also called porter.

Hard work and alcoholic liquors have thus become closely associated; in the minds of many persons, one cannot be undertaken without the assistance of the other. It is then a matter worthy of our most serious consideration whether alcoholic liquors are essential to the strength necessary for the performance of hard work; and if we can arrive at the conclusion that they are not necessary, we shall learn to avoid a habit which may lead us into much anxiety and misery.

Upon the threshold of this enquiry, it is wise to ask whether the maltster, in the preparation of malt, improves the strength-giving qualities of the barley, or whether the brewer, in the brewing of beer, has any intention of providing for his customers a nourishing beverage, or simply a drink that shall stimulate and intoxicate.

If we watch carefully the process of malting and brewing, we shall discover that the chief object of the maltster is to provide sugar for the brewer, and the chief object of the brewer is to convert that sugar by the chemical process of fermentation into alcohol. If we bite a grain of barley, and immediately after do the same to a grain of malt, we shall find that the malt tastes much sweeter than the barley; in fact, the malt contains three times as much sugar as the barley.

In the process of malting, the grain is first steeped in water, then it is spread over a large floor; it begins to grow, a little rootlet growing out of each end of the barley; while growing, a substance called diastase is formed, this acts upon the starch in the grain and changes part of it into sugar. When the grain has been dried, and perhaps browned over the malt-kiln, it is no longer called barley, it is now malt. Now barley contains but five parts of sugar, while malt contains fifteen; in barley there are thirty-two parts of starch, in malt there are fifty-six, and this large quantity of starch during the process of brewing is changed into sugar. In brewing, the brewer places the ground malt in

a large tub or tun, in which there is found a quantity of warm water; the brewer is very careful that the water shall not be at a boiling temperature, for if the malt were placed in boiling water, the particles of the malt would get locked up in the particles of the water, and the brewer would make a nutritious barley-porridge, instead of a stimulating and intoxicating beverage. The chief object of the brewer is to obtain as much sugar as possible from the malt, because from that sugar he desires to create alcohol. The liquor is allowed to run into large copper boilers, where the hops are added; after this it is placed in the fermenting tuns, yeast is thrown in, and the chemical action called fermentation takes place. The sugar in the liquor—or sweet wort—is changed into carbonic acid gas and alcohol. A chemical change is not very difficult to understand; when you have a dirty face, you rub some soap and water upon it, and the dirt forthwith comes off; this is a chemical change.

If you sow some mustard seed on a piece of flannel, it will soon begin to grow. It does not get its nourishment from the flannel, it obtains it from the small quantity of carbonic acid gas in the air.

A chemical change has taken place, inasmuch as the carbon of the air is now seen in the growing mustard plant. In brewing, then, the brewer does not seek to make a drink that can give nourishment, the really nutritious part of the malt—the grains—are taken away to feed the pigs and the cows. The beer-drinker gives his money for the liquor in which the grains have been steeped.

Now if we carefully analyse a glass of beer, we shall find that it contains a very small quantity of flesh-forming materials, or, as it is called, nitrogenous matter; and, if we compare a glass of beer with a glass of milk, we shall see how little the artificial drink will compare with the natural drink in really good qualities.

Both milk and beer contain eighty-six parts of water; of mineral matter for building up the skeleton, there is one whole part in milk; in beer, there is only 0·5, or $\frac{5}{200}$; that is if we divide this one part in one hundred parts, there will be five of these to be found in the beer; of sugar there are five parts in the milk; in beer, the sugar, gum, &c., make six parts; of nitrogenous or flesh-forming matter, there are four parts in milk, in beer there is only 0·2, or $\frac{2}{100}$, that is one-fifth of one part out of a hundred; of fat, there are four parts in milk, not any in beer; of alcohol, seven parts in beer, not any in milk.

It will be easily seen from this that malt liquors are deficient in all those qualities necessary for the building up of the body, and consequently of providing strength to perform our daily work. When we come to analyse spirituous liquors, we find that they are still more deficient; they contain no caseine, fat, albumen, or fibrine, in fact, they have no power whatever to nourish the body.

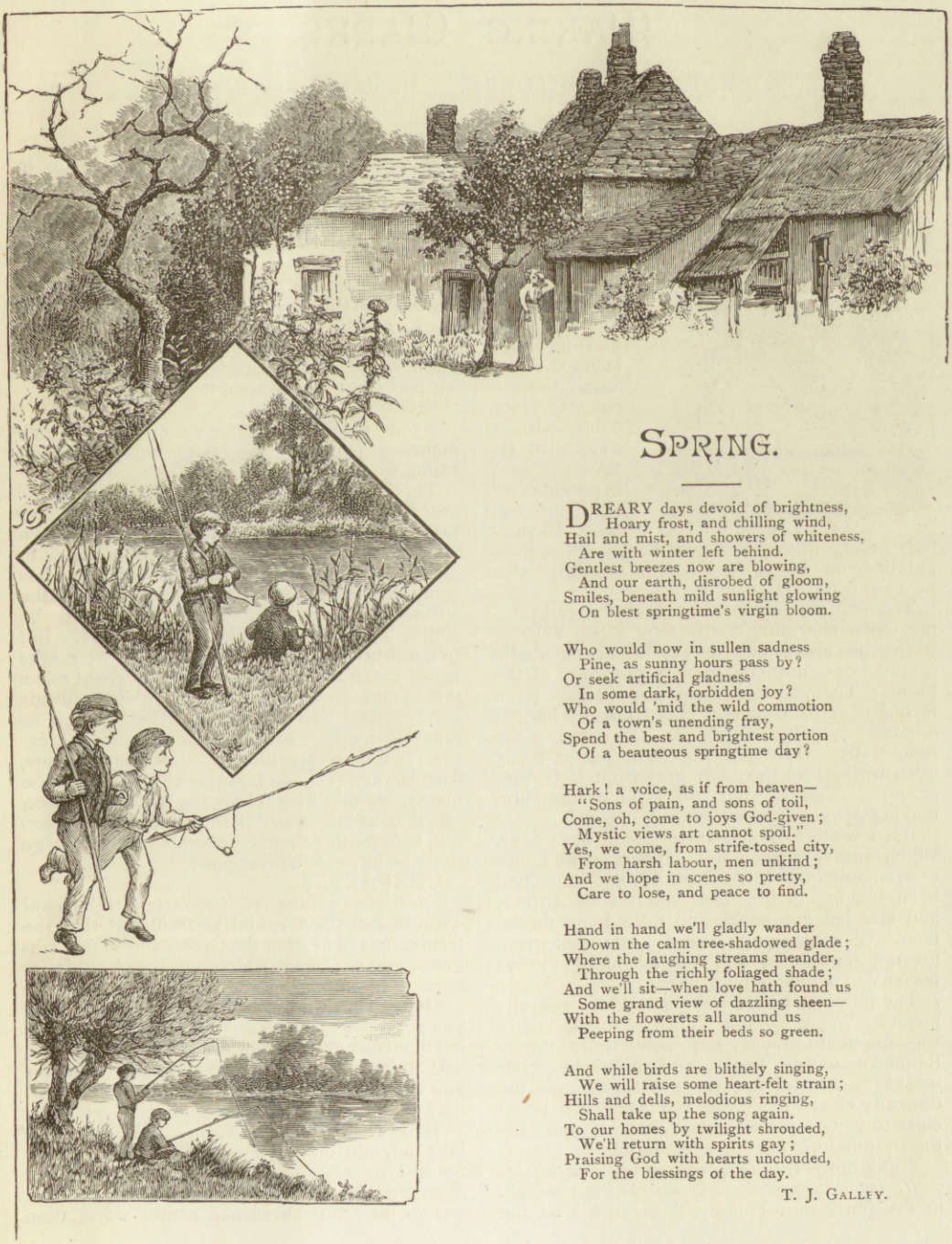
Alcoholic liquors are not only deficient in those qualities essential to strength, but the alcohol they contain has the power of robbing the muscles of their natural powers. It has been proved by experiments on the lower animals that muscular contraction is seriously injured when alcohol is taken into the system. Let us consider one of these experiments. Two dogs were taken—one of them was forced to drink a certain quantity of alcohol; both dogs were then killed, and from them both, exactly the same muscle was extracted. The muscles were held up, a small weight attached to them, and an electric shock sent through them. The muscle out of the dog who had taken the alcohol would not contract; the muscle out of the dog who had not taken the alcohol contracted, and lifted up the weight. The reason why so many persons believe in the power of alcohol to give strength is because they cannot discriminate between stimulation and strength. If we stick a pin in a friend's body, or bring a whip down upon the back of a horse, if gives stimulation, but it does not provide strength.

There are many other proofs that might be mentioned. It should be known that nearly all good trainers forbid the use of alcohol while men are under training for feats of strength.

It should be remembered that many great travellers and others have performed the most marvellous feats of strength without alcohol. Dr. Livingstone travelling through Africa; John Howard travelling through Europe; Weston walking from John o' Groats to the Land's End. Only recently Messrs. T. R. Marriot and A. F. Bird cycled from Derby to Holyhead, a distance of 180 miles, in less than twenty-four hours, and all these have declared they have had no assistance from alcohol.

Young abstainers should never listen for one moment to those unwise people who advise them to take alcohol to give strength; let them take proper food, exercise and rest, they will need no other assistance; certainly in times of weakness the publican is the worst doctor to whom they can apply. If they hold fast to the pledge, in a green old age they may be able to say in the words of one of Shakspere's characters;

"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;
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo,
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as lusty winter—
Frosty, but kindly."



SPRING.

DREARY days devoid of brightness,
Hoary frost, and chilling wind,
Hail and mist, and showers of whiteness,
Are with winter left behind.
Gentlest breezes now are blowing,
And our earth, disrobed of gloom,
Smiles, beneath mild sunlight glowing
On blest springtime's virgin bloom.

Who would now in sullen sadness
Pine, as sunny hours pass by?
Or seek artificial gladness
In some dark, forbidden joy?
Who would 'mid the wild commotion
Of a town's unending fray,
Spend the best and brightest portion
Of a beauteous springtime day?

Hark! a voice, as if from heaven—
"Sons of pain, and sons of toil,
Come, oh, come to joys God-given;
Mystic views art cannot spoil."
Yes, we come, from strife-tossed city,
From harsh labour, men unkind;
And we hope in scenes so pretty,
Care to lose, and peace to find.

Hand in hand we'll gladly wander
Down the calm tree-shadowed glade;
Where the laughing streams meander,
Through the richly foliaged shade;
And we'll sit—when love hath found us
Some grand view of dazzling sheen—
With the flowerets all around us
Peeping from their beds so green.

And while birds are blithely singing,
We will raise some heart-felt strain;
Hills and dells, melodious ringing,
Shall take up the song again.
To our homes by twilight shrouded,
We'll return with spirits gay;
Praising God with hearts unclouded,
For the blessings of the day.

T. J. GALLEY.

MAKING MARKS.

A CHAT WITH CHILDREN. BY REV. CAREY BONNER.

THIS was how it happened. Mrs. Turtle had the painters in the house, and little Tommy T. trotted into a room they had just finished, and found there a pot of white paint with a brush in it. "A clear case of providence" thought he; and, thankfully taking what was provided, he did a little painting on his own account, certainly with novel and startling effects.

The wall-paper was crimson, and after bringing out a charming contrast by a few dabs of white, he proceeded to execute a decidedly original design on the panels and legs of the piano. Then, with an easy conscience and a feeling of self-satisfaction at having discharged a painful duty, he decamped. On entering the room a little while after with Mrs. Turtle, I was not surprised to hear her groan out, "O that *dreadful* Tommy! what *can* I do to stop him making *his mark* on everything like that?"

But I heard a similar saying a few days later, which rather puzzled me. It was at the house of Mrs. Salmon. Little Sophonisba Salmon had been playing in the room where I was sitting, and had left her books and dolls lying on the floor. When her mother came in, she apologised for the untidiness, and said: "Sophy always leaves *her marks* behind her."

The phrase set me thinking. What could she mean? Young Tommy Turtle's "marks" there was no doubt about; but how could Sophy Salmon's untidy books and dolls be "her marks?" A moment's thought soon made the difficulty clear to me, and I think it will be as clear to you who read this "chat," if you take the trouble to follow my explanation.

Think now—*children, and grown-up folk as well, are always "making marks,"* not simply in the sense that Tommy T. made his on the piano, but marks of another kind, made in different ways, and upon things of a different nature.

The clock was just striking the hour. "Mother," asked Willie, "what are the bells saying?" "GONE! Gone! *Gone!*" was his mother's reply—spoken in rhythm with the last three "*booms*" of the Church bell—"Hours that God has given us to use, *gone*, my boy!"

Yes, they are sent to us, every hour like to a clean white sheet of paper, and as each goes we leave our marks upon it.

"How so?" you ask.

By our words and actions, every one of which makes a mark on the hourly records of life which we have to fill up.

Think further—*the marks when put together make up something else, and are full of meaning to those who can truly read them.* Write down your name and address, and show the paper to an African or some foreigner who does not understand our language. What meaning would the writing have to him? None. It would be simply a number of marks, nothing more. But to one who understood the language, the marks would mean letters, and the letters would make the names and places. So with your deeds and words. You may think of them simply as separate marks, having no meaning or connection; but there are those around you—parents, friends, and acquaintances—who look on the marks, see that they follow one after the other, see that each one shews something about *yourself*, and, putting them together, find that they go to make up—what, think you?

CHARACTER.

For what does the word "Character" itself mean? Turn to a dictionary, and you will find that the term comes to us from the Greek, and in that language means: "That which is *marked*, cut in, or engraved."

So by every word you speak, and every deed you do, you are, as it were, "*marking*" or "carving out" your own character on the records of the hours, and the people around you and the God above you will read what you write. And what queer, ugly words are those which some children write.

There was Dick Darby, for instance. A chubby, jolly lad, and quite a nice fellow in many ways. Some boys called him "Dick Dumpling-face," others dubbed him, "Tichborne," because he was so fat. But he earned names worse than

these. The very first day he went to the village school, he was called up to the master's desk and scolded, because his boots were unpolished, and his boot-laces untied and hanging down. The next day he got something more than a scolding, for his boots were in as bad a plight as before, and, in addition, his hands were by no means clean, and his finger-nails were in deep mourning. The master was a man who could put two and two together, and, reading the marks which Dickey made, he stored them up in his memory-box, thinking: "Ah! I shall have some more letters to add yet, and I can tell pretty certainly what words they will make."

He was right. Dick supplied the marks quickly and unmistakably. His copy-books were soon all blotted and smeared, his spelling-books dog-eared and daubed, and other finishing touches were in time added.

One morning, in a rash moment, his mother yielded to his earnest entreaty to wash *himself;* and oh! what a figure he cut when he arrived at school! Such grimy hands! Such patchy eyes! and cheeks so streaky that they looked like mottled soap! Such a fine high-water mark also round the neck! Poor Dick, as the master looked at him, in a double sense, he saw the marks. Now they came together with the others that had previously been made. They took the form of letters—letters of a word—and that word describing the character of the boy before him. First a big "*D*," then up skipped a little "*i*," which was quickly joined by an "*r*," then came a "*t*," to whose tail "*y*" was hanging; and behind this word were the shadowed forms of another, which became clearer in after days—L-A-Z-Y.

The master read rightly, and somehow the schoolboys managed also to read as he had done. "Dumpling-face" and "Tichborne" were forgotten, and "Dirty Dick," or "Lazy Dick," were the favourite names then, and always after.

Take another example. Polly Perkins was a bright and pretty lassie. Looking at her, you would think that she could say or do nothing but what was nice and pleasant. But Polly has made a great many marks that are not at all beautiful.

She had a splendid new prize book through which she was looking.

"O, do please let me look too!" exclaimed one of her girl companions.

"Shan't," was Polly's snappish reply, as she grasped the covers tightly with both hands.

A deep-cut "mark" that! crooked and ugly!

Then again: At the Band of Hope Excursion her little brother and sister were put in her charge by their mother, with express injunctions that she should not let them go out of her sight. No sooner had the children all reached the forest, than Polly rushed off to the swings and the skipping and quite forgot the little ones. Poor dots! they were found wandering alone, sobbing as if their hearts would break, crying out for Polly. When someone went to tell her, she was so bent on her own enjoyment that she said:

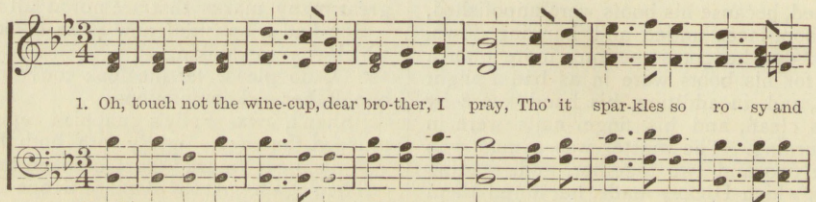
"O, bother 'em! can't they take care of themselves! I've got something else to do beside following about after them all day!"

Another crooked mark, that! She has made many more like it; and, very reluctantly, those who know her are putting them together, and grieve to find that they spell—S-e-l-f-i-s-h—as the character of the little lass.

More terrible than these things are the illustrations which Drink yields. Story after story might be told from real life of the "little drop," then "the glass," the many glasses, the frequenting of gin palaces, then the chains and slavery of *habit*, the degradation and ruin of the being whom God made—"man;" but who has blotted over God's character, and written in its place the awful name—"D-r-u-n-k-a-r-d." That name is never written at once; but mark by mark, letter by letter. May each of you keep away altogether from drink, so that your hand shall never even begin to inscribe the marks which will make a character so fearful.

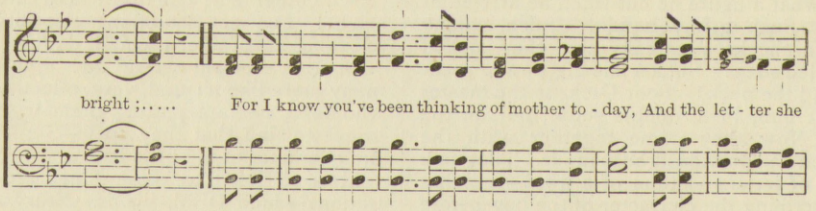
(To be concluded in our next.)

OH, TOUCH NOT THE WINE-CUP!

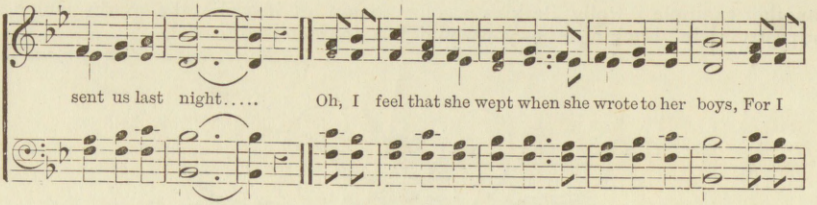


KEY B♭

:s,	s, :m, :s,	m :-.r :d	s, :l, :t,	d :— :r.m	f :-.s :f	m :-.t, :d	
2. Re -	member our	fa-ther, who	fell in the	strife, When the	bat - tle was	rag - ing so	
:m,	m, :m, :m,	s, :-.f, :m,	m, :f, :f,	m, :— :s,.s,	s, :-.s, :s,	s, :-.s, :fe,	
:d	d :s, :d	d :-.s, :s,	d :t, :r	d :— :t,.d	r :-.m :r	d :-.d :d	
3. Oh,	touch not the	wine-cup, dear	bro-ther, I	pray, Tho' it	gleams in the	crys - tal so	
:d,	d, :d, :d,	d, :-.d, :d,	s, :s, :s,	d, :— :s,.s,	s, :-.s, :s,	d, :-.r, :r,	

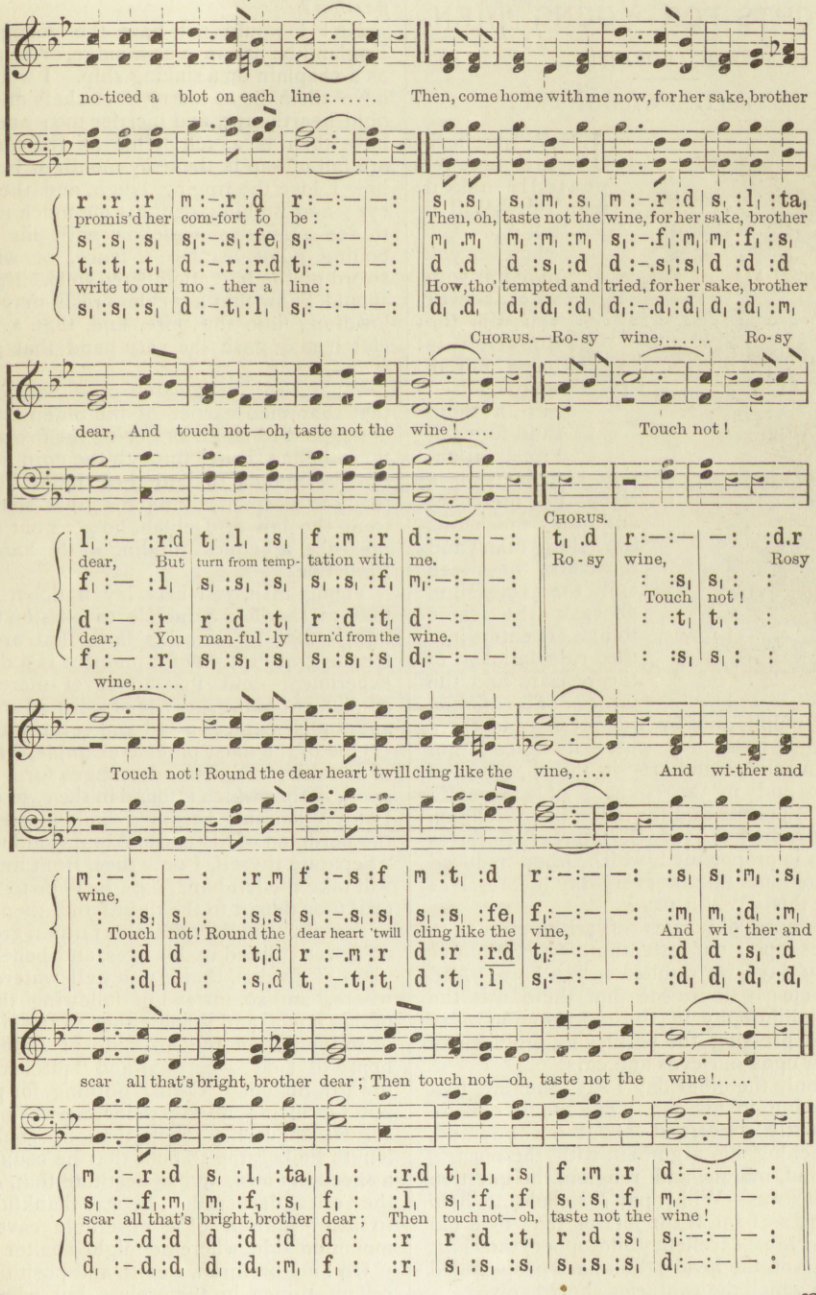


r :—:—	— :	s, .s,	s, :m, :s,	m :-.r :d	s, :l, :ta,	l, :—:r .d	t, :l, :s,
strong ;		For the	last words he	utter'd were,	"God bless my	wife, And pro-	tect my young
s, :—:—	— :	m, .m,	m, :m, :m,	s, :-.f, :m,	m, :f, :s,	f, :—:l, .l,	s, :s, :s,
t, :—:—	— :	d .d	d :s, :d	d :-.s, :s,	d :d :d	d :—:r .r	r :d :t,
cold ;		Like a	fire it will	burn to your	heart-strings, and	blight All your	good re - so-
s, :—:—	— :	d, .d,	d, :d, :d,	d, :-.d, :d,	d, :d, :m,	f, :—:r, .r,	s, :s, :s,



s, :l, :t,	d :—:—	— :	t, .d	r :t, :s,	s, :l :-.s	s, :l, :t,	d :— :t, .d
sons from all	wrong."		How our dear mother		clung to us	then in her	grief, As we
f, :f, :f,	m, :—:—	— :	s, .s,	s, :s, :f,	m, :f, :-.f,	f, :f, :f,	m, :— :s, .s,
t, :d :r	d :—:—	— :	r .d	t, :r :t,	d :d :-.t,	t, :d :r	d :— :r .d
lu - tions of	old.		Dash it	down! 'tis a	thing to be	dreaded and	shunn'd; Then go
s, :s, :s,	d, :—:—	— :	s, .s,	s, :s, :s,	s, :s, :-.s,	s, :s, :s,	d, :— :s, .s,

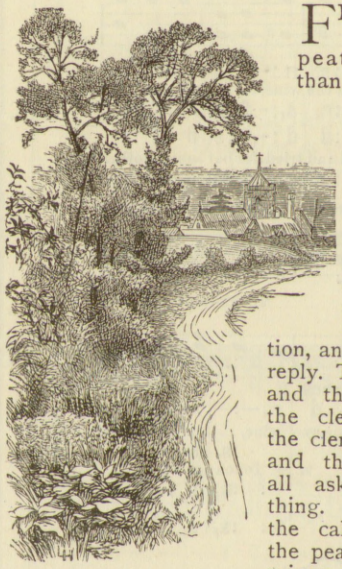
OH, TOUCH NOT THE WINE-CUP!



THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

By OLD CORNISH.

CHAPTER II.—WILL IT PAY?



FEW questions are more repeatedly asked than this—Will it pay? Go wherever you may, mix with whomsoever you will, the question is being raised. Shaping itself into a thousand forms, it arrests attention, and demands a reply. The merchant and the mechanic, the clergyman and the clerk, the sweep and the sovereign, all ask the same thing. It enters into the calculations of the peasant and the prince—it is enforced from the pulpit and by the press—and there is not a spot in society where its voice is not heard. In science and art—in the chambers of commerce and in the councils of war—amid the strife of politics and the amenities of religion—aye, and even in the very Scriptures themselves a problem is propounded which, when reduced into the common talk of every-day life, resolves itself into this—Will it pay?

Hence those old rules of arithmetic force themselves upon our attention, which in our school-boy days we dubbed such a bore. And now, how clearly do we see that there was the soundest philosophy in the old common sense practice of pressing the perplexing problems of proportion upon our eyes and ears.

It was only the other day I sat listening to a father talking to his son. The sedate old sire was evidently concerned about his boy and, when clenching his argument with the remark, that in mind, morals, and religion, the question of questions was—Will it pay? I could not help exclaiming, as I sat at the feet of that dear old Gamaliel: "Most excellent philosopher! thou hast hit the nail on the head; thou hast propounded a problem which the centuries should solve."

Yes, will it pay? Aye, that is the question of the hour. *Will it pay to sacrifice principle to passion?*

No! I would not have the young men of England be as grave as a judge, or be as solemn as a chaplain on a sinking ship. I would rather have them be as merry as crickets on a household hearth, aye, and merrier too; and I would have them be as full of life as the forest trees are full of sap in the leafy month of June. Oh, how I love the ringing laugh, and the flashing eye; and nothing delights me much more than to see a fine young fellow with his blood at boiling point leaping a fence, or wielding a sword of the best attempered steel. But then he should know that a reckless rush may hurl him headlong into the mire, and that a clownish clutch may gash the very hand that grips the sword.

What a sorry simpleton poor Samson was—that champion carrier of the olden time! One is tempted to laugh as freeing the foxes he sends them helter-skelter through the corn-fields with the fire-brands tied to their tails; but one is ready to weep, as, lifting his great shaven head from the lap of Delilah, he goes out from her presence, a helpless hireling in the hands of the Philistine.

Young men, you may lay it down as a fact that to sacrifice principle to passion is a risky thing—that to set aside laws that are eternal for the gratification of a moment is a dangerous experiment—and that to covet mere worldly emolument to the sacrifice of spiritual and eternal aggrandisement, is a sad and certain loss.

One of the most pitiable examples of the folly of forsaking religious advantages for a temporal good, is that which is found in the case of farmer Lot. When his herdmen had quarrelled with the herdmen of his uncle, Abram said unto Lot: "Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me; if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right, or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." But the miserable farmer, greedy only of grass, "lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the plain of Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere," and so, instead of following the advice of his uncle, and going either to the right hand or to the left on the hill side of Bethel—"the house of God"—he went and "pitched his tent toward Sodom." Caring nothing for principle, but sacrificing all to passion, he was more concerned about his sheep than his soul, until at length he became so poor that he could not call a sheep his own, and so destitute that, driven to the veriest desperation, he was thankful enough to avail himself of a miserable cave on the mountain side, where he might shelter and rest.

Oh! my brethren, wealth and position are excellent things in themselves, but when a man, forgetful of self-respect, creeps into position by

the aid of a dirty deed; or when, making his boast that money he will have—honestly if he can—he reaches a condition of affluence and ease, then they are but a poor and paltry prize. Yes, splendid equipage—exalted position—aye, the very woolsack itself, are estimable enough in their way—but when they are obtained at the cost of integrity and truth, then they become a soiled splendour and a cankered care. Give me the position of an honest, upright, though imprisoned, Daniel, rather than that of the pilfering, plundering Belshazzar, who from the midst of his wines and his wives, his conquerors and his concubines, was hurled from a kingdom and a throne into the very depths of oblivion, with no record of his end but this—"In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Young men, lay it down as a principle that the lowliest condition in society, with honesty and truth, is better than the proudest position in the world, with honour and integrity bedraggled in the dust.

It is said of the late Lord Iddesleigh, whose loss the nation mourns, that the "noble features of his exalted career were truthfulness, single-mindedness, honesty of purpose and self-denial, and that he never allowed himself to be deflected from the straightest path of political rectitude."

I beseech you my brothers, emulate that splendid example, and so

"Wear the white flower of a blameless life."

Never sacrifice principle to passion, even though an empire awaits your acceptance. Better a mouldy crust with contentment, than the most sumptuous spread with deception. Better, in fact, the workhouse, with a conscience void of offence, than the most magnificent mansion, where the stones cry out of the wall and the beams out of the timber, that the so-called splendour is nothing less than ill-gotten gain.

"I ask not of your lineage,
I ask not of your name,
If manliness be in your heart,
You noble birth may claim.
The palace, or the hovel,
Where first your life began,
I seek not of—but answer this,
Are you an *honest* man?"

Now this question of *principle* enters so largely into all the relationships of life, especially into *commercial* transactions, that there is not a young man in England who dare treat it with indifference.

The fact is, that this question is forcing itself upon our attention, and the very conscience of the nation is being aroused on the subject. I speak the words of soberness and truth when I say that our commercial prosperity is very closely allied to our commercial morality, and that if you young men will but pledge yourselves to honesty of thought and integrity of action, to be as concerned about materials as you are about men, then England shall prove herself to be in merchants as in merchandise, the rival of the world.

Speaking on China a short time since, a noble lord, who had exceptional means of obtaining trustworthy information, says, "not only that the competition between English and Russian goods is keen, but that from reports that had reached him it appears that the Russians are beating us out of the markets owing to the inferior character of the English goods sent out."

What! has it come to this, that our old rival in the field is beating us on the farm—that she whom we conquered on the bloody peaks of Alma, is now surpassing us in the nobler arts of peace? Then, for heaven's sake, I say with the Earl: "Let us send out materials that are honest and good!"

O ye that go forth to guide the plough or to wield the pen, to spin in the factory, or to swelter at the forge, put soul into your action, throw heart into your work, and again the products of the nation shall command the markets of the world.

And then last, but not least—

Will it pay to secularise the sabbath or to sacrifice the sanctuary?

Daniel Webster once said: "The longer I live, the more highly do I estimate the Christian sabbath, and the more grateful do I feel towards those who impress its importance on the community."

Dr. Farre, an eminent medical man, gave this testimony: "Although the night apparently equalises the circulation well, yet it does not sufficiently restore its balance for the attainment of a long life. Hence one day in seven, by the bounty of providence, is thrown in as a day of compensation, to perfect, by its repose, the animal system."

Sir Robert Peel affirmed: "I never knew a man to escape failure in either mind or body who works seven days in a week."

Mr. Gladstone remarked: "Believing in the authority of the Lord's Day as a religious institution, I must, as a matter of course, desire the recognition of that authority by others. But over and above this, I have myself, in the course of a laborious life, signally experienced both its mental and physical benefits."

The late Earl of Beaconsfield, when Prime Minister of England, exclaimed: "Of all divine institutions, I maintain the most divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. It is the corner stone of all civilization."

And in a passage of great beauty the eloquent Macaulay says of the sabbath: "That day

is not lost. While industry is suspended, while the plough lies in the furrow, while the Exchange is silent, while no smoke ascends from the factory, a process is going on quite as important to the wealth of the nation as any process which is performed on more busy days. Man, the machine of machines, is repairing and winding up, so that he returns to his labours on Monday with clearer intellect, with livelier spirits, with renewed corporeal vigour."

After testimonies like these, it would seem almost like a piece of impertinence to add that of my own. But as one who has made it the rule of my life to reverence both the sabbath and the sanctuary, I would say in the words of Judge Hale: "The observance of this day"—the sabbath—"hath ever joined to it a blessing on the rest of my time."

O young men, as one anxiously concerned about your highest and eternal interest, I beseech you reverence both the sabbath and the sanctuary. At a time when in and out of Parliament, desperate attempts are being made to secularise the one, and to set up counter attractions to the other, it becomes your solemn and most imperative duty to stand by the faith once delivered to the saints. Therefore make your resolve—let it be the ruling principle of your life—that the sabbath shall be as sacred as life, and the sanctuary as attractive as the light—and that no power upon earth shall make you submit to the slavery of secularism, which would grind the very soul out of a man if there be but the veriest chance of getting so much as a grain of gold in the process.

Young men! ye who are standing upon the very threshold of commerce—ye who are looking out upon the great seething sea of humanity—ye who are about to fling yourselves into society, and to become one with the nation whose great palpitating heart is heard throbbing amid the very roar of business—stand still for a moment, I beseech you, and lifting the right hand to heaven, swear, that on no consideration whatever will you sanction the sabbath or the sanctuary being touched, and that you will hand them on to your children as two of the most precious jewels that God has ever committed to the care of his creature, man.

"Hail, sacred day! like golden rays out-gleaming
Twixt tempest-storms, thy sun-lit hours appear;
The glory-beams from Salem's temple streaming,
Gilding this shadowy sphere.

Hail, sacred day! emblem and earnest given
Of the sweet rest o'er "Jordan's swelling flood,"
The everlasting sabbath kept in heaven
With angels and with God."

Evening Worship.

By Rev. EDWARD HAYTON.

HOLY is the solemn calm
Stealing down upon us here,
As we sing our evening psalm,
To Thy footstool drawing near.

We would in Thy presence wait,
King of Glory, and adore;
Praise Thee for Thy love so great,
Love enduring evermore.

As a fortress, and a tower,
Thou art to the troubled mind;
'Neath the shadow of Thy power
We a refuge still would find.

While this tender light remains,
When the light is wholly gone,
When the night o'er all things reigns,
Shine Thou on us, Holy One.

Give to us the peaceful sleep
Of Thy saints, supremely blest,
And in Thine own keeping, keep
Us through an unbroken rest.

NED MORRIS.

By Rev. EDWARD HAYTON.

'NOW I think that sort of thing rather shabby,' said Jim Roland.

'Very likely it may appear so to you, and I have no objection to you thinking so if you choose to,' replied Ned Morris, his shopmate.

'But the money is nothing that you need refuse—so paltry a sum cannot harm you,' pleaded Jim Roland.

'No, that may be; but I have a good reason for not giving, and that is sufficient,' replied Ned Morris.

'And that is all you care about seeing a shopmate get on in the world a little,' continued Roland.

'A remark of that kind would have put me out of temper at once,' said Ned Morris; 'and

I question whether you would have been quite brave enough to make it if I had been as I once was. I think you would not. You know the time when those fists were rather more dreaded than they are now.'

'Well, you are free to give or not to give, of course,' said Roland, 'as you like; but we made up our minds to help Turner a little to set up house, and begin business respectable.'

'My opinion is you are helping him to his ruin,' said Morris.

'How so?' inquired Roland.

'Who does any good in the beer and spirit trade, I wonder?' said Morris.

'Oh, that is where you are, is it?' said Roland, sarcastically; 'I have you then. What have you to say about Tom Leconfield? He made money in the business—and a lot too. You don't deny that he succeeded, do you?'

'Yes I do, certainly,' said Morris. 'I admit that he made money; but you know well that both his sons and daughters went to the bad.'

'Yes, but that was their look-out, and not his, you must bear in mind,' parried Roland.

'Indeed,' said Ned Morris, 'I think differently. Every father is responsible for doing his best to train his children. And a good deal depends in every case as to what a child hears and sees, and the kind of influences it is surrounded by. Do you think a father—any father—can put round about his child such associations as belong to life in a public-house without running great risk, to say the least, of doing his child harm? I do not think so.'

'Teetotal may be all well enough,' said Roland; 'but when it interferes with a fellow in little things of this kind, it is more a humbug than anything else, I say.'

'I don't think them little things,' replied Morris, 'and there lies the difference. It is not a little thing to save a child from destruction. And there is, in all conscience, plenty of temptation outside of our homes over which we have no coutrol, and which our sons and daughters must meet, whether we will or no. It is my principle to help them to resist these temptations, as far as I can, by the help of God.'

'Well, well,' said Roland, 'all right. We will do the thing without you.' And so ended their talk.

A few of Tom Turner's shopmates had formed themselves into a committee, and were resolved to collect among themselves and their friends a sum of money, and present it to him as soon as he became the landlord of the "Darby Arms," which he was to enter upon in a month's time from that day. They had taken up the matter with a good deal of interest, and rather liked the idea of having a house kept by one of themselves, where they could gather and enjoy themselves after leaving work.

Tom Turner was a great man for sport, and went in for betting, and had been a kind of leader amongst his shopmates for years. They had confidence in his judgment; and when he gave an opinion, they were disposed to pay attention to what he said, and act accordingly. It was a wonder to many that he kept so clear of the drink as he did, being so much amongst it. He never lost any work by it—even when his closest companions lost a great deal. The truth of it was, he was far more occupied in his mind with winning a bet than indulging in drink. His whole soul went out in this direction, and left nothing of the man for anything else.

The subscription list was growing apace, and they became more earnest in consequence of their success. When their enthusiasm was just at its highest point, however, it was announced in the newspapers that the "Darby Arms" would be sold in less than a month by its present occupier and owner. This announcement brought the collectors to a sudden standstill; for it was reported that a wealthy lady in the neighbourhood, who was known to be a strong opponent of the drink traffic, had made up her mind to buy the property, and close the house as a public-house.

This report was the common subject of conversation amongst Tom Turner's friends, and they were quite put out. But in due time an end was put to their suspense, for this lady bought the property privately, and the "Darby Arms" was no longer to be a place for the public sale of intoxicating drinks, but to be turned into a temperance hotel, where working men might gather, and enjoy themselves in a rational way.

Miss Bradwardine paid a high price for the "Darby Arms" and the adjoining property, but was bent upon having it, and so was in the end quite satisfied with her purchase.

About a week after she had bought it, Mr. Williams, a friend of hers, said:

'I think, Miss Bradwardine, I know a man who will be the very person to manage a house such as you propose to make the old "Darby Arms" into.'

'Indeed! I shall be very glad to have your assistance in the selection of a man who can be relied upon. I want a man who will be in every way a sound teetotaler, and a working man I would very much prefer. The chief difficulty, I fear, will be to get one with a wife who will be suitable. It would be of no use putting any sort of a woman into the place.'

'Well I feel pretty sure the man and his wife are most suitable persons in every respect. I have known them long. Mrs. Morris was an

old servant of ours, indeed, and we never had a better—never one so thoroughly active and competent, I fancy. And her husband is head and shoulders above working men in general, in intelligence and breadth of information. Just a capital fellow, I think.'

'I am quite pleased with your account of them, and as I do not wish to be in haste about letting the house until some necessary repairs and alterations are completed, I shall have time to see them, and think the matter over. You might, however, break the matter to him, and find out what he thinks of the undertaking. It is not a large house, and might be easily carried on by him and his wife, if they are as good as you say. The business will be little at first, but I will make the rent easy, so that they may have a chance to make it succeed.'

'I believe they will make it succeed,' said Mr. Williams, confidently.

Miss Bradwardine came into immediate possession of the property, and the house was closed. When the sign had been taken down, and the place was quite empty, it had a very desolate and gloomy appearance—as if it had been sitting in sackcloth and ashes for its sin. The wild and boisterous mirth which had filled its rooms night after night was hushed for ever in death-like silence. What a history the old house had, if it could only have been written.

After a while the house was ready, and its new tenant was fairly committed to the work of conducting the house, with a view to making it a force in that part of the town where it stood, for the direct counteraction of those evils from which the people suffered. He felt that a grave responsibility rested upon himself and his wife, but had confidence in the power of God to supply them with every blessing they needed; and in this spirit the house was opened.

Five years after it was opened it had become a draw-house, and evening resort for everyone of the men who served upon Tom Turner's committee. They had, mainly through Ned Morris' influence, become abstainers, and had turned over a new leaf in life, to their own very great advantage, and the good of their families.

Tom Turner remained a determined gambler, and grew hardened against all approaches to do him good. The habit of betting seemed to have got the upper-hand in his case, so that he cared for little else.

The christian influence which Ned Morris exercised over his shopmates, with this one exception, was marked and indisputable. They knew him well, and found in his actions an all-round consistency which spoke for itself, and only made them desire to be like him.

HOW NETTIE WAS SACRIFICED.

NETTIE PRICE lay sick of a fever. Her soft, velvety skin was parched and burning, and her little thin hands grasped the bed clothes tightly.

Nettie was a bright and beautiful child (although but the daughter of a washerwoman), and very dear to her mother's heart.

"The fever will turn, I think, to-night at twelve o'clock," said good Doctor Brown as he went out. "Everything depends on her being kept quiet at that time—life or death."

Oh! what a quiet room. No sound except the stifled sobs of the poor mother and the low, quick breathing of the delirious child. Even the clock had been stopped, the little clock on the bare mantelpiece.

"I do hope her father won't come in drunk," whispered Mrs. Price to her anxious heart; and then she watched the sweet face, rocking herself to and fro, until the clock in the steeple of St. George struck *twelve!* "Thank God, I hear the doctor's footsteps," sighed she, as she saw a change coming over the face of her child, and the light of reason shining in the blue eyes.

Slowly, slowly, the heavy footsteps ascended the rickety stairs.

"Father's coming in drunk, mother, and he'll beat us! oh! he'll beat us!" cried the excited child, remembering but too well how many times he had done so.

When the door opened and the staggering form of her father reeled into the room, poor Nettie, screamed, and sank back insensible.

The die was cast!

"She can never recover," said good Dr. Brown an hour afterwards. "This relapse is fatal! Oh! if her father could but realise what he has done—sent his angel child out of the world, for she never will be conscious again here. Perfect quiet until her reason had been fully restored would have been her salvation."

The poor heart-broken mother knelt at the foot of the humble bed until all was over with the child. No mortal eye but that of the good doctor took in the sadness of that scene, where a beautiful child was sacrificed on the altar of Rum.—*M. A. Kidder.*

How to be Useful.

A CHAPTER FOR GIRLS.

By Mrs. M. A. PAULL-RIPLEY.

WEALTH is not essential in ministering to others. It is often a great trial to the young when they long to do something for the poor, and their supply of money is almost *nil*. They feel as if gold and silver were the only sesames to open the doors of usefulness, and that, as their purses are empty, they must of necessity be useless. Do not trouble on this account. The gold and silver belong to God, and if He sees they *are* necessary for you, you will have them; meanwhile you can show that you have had committed to you, a portion of the true riches. It is certainly much easier, apparently, to do good when you can supply the means wherewith to buy much-needed food and raiment, when you can slip into the palm of the poor the rent that they have not the present means of paying, and for want of which they fear to be cast out and homeless. But when these alleviations of distress are out of your power, instead of feeling hopeless and helpless in your aspirations, ask yourselves what it is, notwithstanding, possible for you to accomplish, and be assured the light *will* shine for you. You may, if money be really essential to your usefulness, be enabled to touch the hearts of those who possess it, by the simple honest recital of your case, and you may be able to assist the poor quite as much by personal aid. This kind of aid is much less frequently given, and involves very much more of the true spirit of ministration than the unclasping of a portemonnaie, and the placing of a few coins in the hands of the needy.

Let me show you exactly what I mean, by supposing a case. Emily, a young lady of much refinement of feeling, but of very limited means, is the child of a professional gentleman, who lives in a style rather above his income, and of whom his children can never expect more than their clothes and food, for the very sufficient reason that he has no surplus whatever. Emily has lately become a professed Christian, and her love to Christ is genuine, as evinced by her loving conduct at home, and her desire to help those who are so much less happy than herself in their personal surroundings. She becomes interested in some worthy, respectable neighbours of hers, who are in indigent circumstances, and she longs to do them good. The one family are in deep poverty through the drunken habits of the father; the other, through the long protracted sickness of the mother. Emily's first idea, a very natural one, is, that money is essential for the comfort of both these families. Fortunately, about this time her mind is led to entertain the subject of total abstinence: she adopts it as a principle of her own life, and the consideration of this, leads to a right conclusion in regard to the state of the drunkard's destitute family. Money from herself is not needed in this case, but her ministration must take the form of trying to convince the bread-winner that he is "wasting his substance" in his "riotous living," and that he has no right to expect others to maintain his family, while he maintains the family of the publican, and indulges his gross and morbid appetite, and she never rests till she has persuaded him to take the pledge. But, in the case of the other family, Emily by careful investigation ascertains two facts, the one that the money which the steady husband and father earns and brings home punctually, is often made a poor use of through the inexperience of the children by whom it is spent, and that it seems to dwindle away in procuring the little things needed for the sick woman; instead of sufficing, in some degree, for the wants of all. Emily herself has not so much idea as a young woman ought to have, of the capacities of money to procure the requirements of our lives, but with the true sense of a ministering girl, she determines to discover what she does not already know, and with that view consults the cook in her father's house, and her mother, and the list of market prices in the newspapers. Thus equipped, she is prepared to give sound advice to the children of the sick woman, and to suggest what they may obtain for their money. The poor husband, who has hitherto been almost bewildered by the muddle in his once comfortable home, is more than delighted at the change; his happier looks have a favourable effect upon his ailing wife, and Emily has the satisfaction to know that she has aided these two families infinitely more, than if she had given them the contents of her purse. For such relief must have been only transient, whereas the drunkard's reclamation has led to abiding results of comfort and prosperity, and the transformation of his whole nature, so that he is now bent upon making his home thoroughly comfortable, and upon raising the position of his wife and family. And where she taught the children to spend their father's earnings wisely, Emily has the pleasure of knowing that her own ministrations are now reflected in these little girls, and that they are eager to do all they possibly can for the comfort of their parents.

Pebbles and Pearls.

It is roughly estimated that in the United Kingdom at the present time, there are 4,863,000 children above seven years of age, the great proportion of whom attend elementary schools. The number of juvenile members of Temperance Societies is 1,546,000. That leaves about 3,317,000 children over seven years of age who are growing up unconnected with any Band of Hope.

An Oxford don, speaking the other day of an unsuccessful undergraduate who had been plucked at his examination, said—"He was not surprised, because what time he could spare from the neglect of duty he devoted to the adornment of his person."

A gentleman was asked the other day if he belonged to the Salvation Army. He politely replied, that he had not yet left the *civil* service.

There are about 3,000 churches throughout the country in which unfermented wine is used at the Communion.

Poor Broth.—A 36-gallon cask of ale weighs 360 lbs.; 320 lbs. at least of this is water, which could be got for nothing.

A teacher in one of the Sunday Schools was lecturing a class of little girls on the influence of pious instructions in the formation of youthful character. "Ah, Miss Caroline," said he to one of the class, "what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?" "I suppose, sir," answered Miss Caroline, "I should have been an orphan."

The Difference.—"I wish you would not smoke cigars," said a plump little black-eyed girl to her lover. "Why not I smoke, as well as your chimney?" "Because chimneys don't smoke when they are in good order."

A Bill.—A grave-digger who had buried a Mr. Button, sent the following curious bill to his widow:—To making a Button-hole, 2s.

In a summer, when the month of July was extremely wet and cold, some person asked Quin whether he ever remembered such a summer. "Yes," replied the wag, very seriously, "last winter."

"Father, ain't you opposed to monopoly?" shouted a little fellow, as his parent took up the brandy-bottle. "Yes, my boy." "Then give me a drink too." The father broke the bottle on the floor, and since then has not tasted liquor.

Latin for Cold.—A Schoolmaster asked one of his boys, on a sharp wintry morning, what was Latin for cold. The boy hesitated a little. "What, sirrah," said he, "cannot you tell?" "Yes, yes," replied the boy, "I have it at my finger's ends."

A farmer was thus accosted by his landlord: "John I am going to raise your rent." John replied: "Sir, I am very much obliged to you, for I cannot *raise* it myself."

Grand Temperance Fete at the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, Manchester.—A Monstrè Temperance Fête is to be held at the Royal Jubilee Exhibition, Manchester, on Saturday, July 2nd.

The Temperance Organisations in the North of England, including the Church of England Temperance Society, the various Adult and Juvenile Temperance Organisations, have combined for the purpose of carrying one of the most complete, and largest Temperance Fêtes ever organised.

The initiative was taken by the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, whose Secretary, Mr. W. P. Ingham, 18, Mount Street, Manchester, has been elected Secretary to the Fête Committee.

Arrangements have been completed under which the Committee of the Exhibition have undertaken to prohibit the sale of all intoxicants in any of the buildings or grounds connected with the Exhibition. In addition to the ordinary attractions of the Exhibition, the programme of the day's proceedings will be of unusual interest and variety.

Special attractions are being arranged as follows:—Adult and Juvenile Choral Concerts, Temperance Choir Competitions, Temperance Brass, and Fife and Drum Band Contests, Monstrè Temperance Meeting, Juvenile Temperance Meeting, Women's Temperance Meeting, Organ Recitals, &c., &c. Excursion Trains will be run from all the towns in the North of England, and all friends of Temperance should make a point of being present, as Saturday, July 2nd, will be a "field day" for the Temperance movement in the whole of the Northern Counties, and it is important that all our friends should make a note of this date, and show to the country at large, an adequate representation of the strength of the movement.

Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

"Too long the clear December night,
When storm-clouds shroud the beacon-light,
And o'er the deep the wild winds moan,
Sounding their dreary monotone.
Yet joyous Spring shall come at last."—*S. D. Clarke.*

TO appreciate Flipton, one essential is necessary—you must be born there. Natives are proud of its open market place; proud of its narrow High street; proud of its forges; proud of its coal pits; proud of its old ruined castle; proud of its solitary great man, "the Dasher"—a man who had carried off prizes at all the athletic sports for fifty miles round as the champion pedestrian, To strangers, however—to people like the Brentwoods, who came into the town for the first time late on a December day, and in a drizzling rain which drove the smoke down into their faces; it must be confessed that Flipton was almost depressing.

The railway station is a little way out of the town. Hard by stands the Railway Hotel, and a few minutes walk down the Station-road brings you to the Railway Arms; a little further on you find the Railway Tavern; and, then, the first house in the row, which really commences the High-street, is called the Railway Eating House. It is an old fashioned-place, and has two bay windows, which awkwardly project over the footpath in a way which the Flipton town surveyor would not tolerate for one moment in a new house.

In the window nearest the station a large boiled ham on a big dish, gaily decorated with pink paper, caught Charlie Brentwood's attention, and caused him to exclaim: "Oh, mother! what a great big ham! Just look here! and then look what the card says: 'Good beds.' What a funny thing to stick on a ham!"

It was a funny thing, to be sure, but Charlie didn't know that Mrs. Bird, who kept the Railway Eating House, was a very funny person, nor did he know that that card was put in position

by Mrs. Bird herself; nor was he aware, that when she did so, she had said: "If travellers don't see the card there, they won't see it nowheres!"

"A big ham and good beds," said Mr. Brentwood, "why they will just suit us. Let us turn in here at once, out of the rain; we don't want to go farther and fare worse!" So in they went, down two steps, and then their way was blocked by a glass door which they could not open. A sharp "rat-tat" with Mr. Brentwood's umbrella brought Mrs. Bird herself. She was a sharp-featured woman of about fifty, with a pointed nose which you could not help noticing, owing to an unpleasant habit which the owner had contracted, of snorting—for all the world as if a small boiler forever letting off steam, was at work in her head.

"Come in, friends, and welcome to Liberty Hall."

"And what can Liberty Hall give its friends to eat?" said Mr. Brentwood, as the whole party turned into the cosy little room which owned the window with the ham.

"What would you like, sir?"

"Steak."

"No, sir; I'm very sorry, but I haven't any steaks in the house to-day, Thursday; I never have steaks on Thursdays!"

"Well, chops will do nicely," said Mrs. Brentwood.

"Now, I'm downright sorry, but I cooked my last chop at dinner-time for one of my pack gentlemen!"

"Bring in some cold meat then."

"Cold meat, sir! Bless your heart, it's easy seeing you're a perfect stranger to Flipton ways! Whoever would think of eating cold meat in Flipton, I should like to know? No, sir; Flipton folk are mighty particular about having their joints served up hot!"

"Father, there's the big ham in the window," chimed in Charlie.

"Cut my beautiful ham, dear! Why, that's been specially boiled to make my window look nice all through the Christmas holidays. No, I could not cut up the ham, you could not expect me to, could you, ma'am? You know the hours it takes to cook a ham like that, and it's a beauty, isn't it?"

"Well, my good woman, we must have something. We have come a long journey, and are well nigh famished!"

"Something! of course you shall; you leave that to me!" Then she poked up the fire, lit a second jet of gas, and banged out of the room to return in an instant to say—"I'll be back again, presently;" and away she vanished again.

There was something so comical in the whole performance that even Mrs. Brentwood, sad and wearied at heart as she was, could not help laughing, while, as for Emily and Charlie they fairly roared again.

"What a funny woman," said Emily, "I wonder how ever she makes a living at all if she has nothing to sell."

It was quite half-an-hour before Mrs. Bird came back again, but when she did return, she was followed by a gawky girl, of about sixteen, bearing a tray laden with crockery.

"Yes, you shall have a beautiful tea, ma'am; as nice a tea as ever you've had in Flipton," said Mrs. Bird; which, in truth, was not much of a promise, seeing that the Brentwoods had been in the town only a little over half-an-hour. "Now, Ann Jane, look alive! Bring in the bread and things." And Ann Jane shambled off, followed by her mistress. In a few minutes they returned, and the bread and things included a dish of fried ham and eggs.

"Ah, this is something like," said Mr. Brentwood, "now, just get me a pint of beer, and then we shall manage comfortably."

"Beer!" said Mrs. Bird in a tone of much surprise. "Beer, sir! This is a temperance house!"

"Oh, is it? Well, at any rate, if you don't sell it, you can let the girl go out and bring it in for me, can't you?"

"No, indeed, sir! I don't hold with that fashion, as I often used to say to my man, who is dead and gone, what's the use of having principles unless you stick to them"

"Oh, yes, that's all right enough; but as you haven't to drink the beer, or the girl either, it won't hurt you to let the girl bring it in."

"'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' is my rule, sir, and no beer will come into this house while Nancy Bird is the missis!"

"Very well, very well. I shall not press you, only I'm sure you are standing in the way of making the house pay by being so strongly teetotal."

"You're right enough in that, sir, but I've my own reasons for keeping the drink out of the house, and even if I hadn't, there's plenty of drinking going on in Flipton all the year round, without any need of a helping-hand from me;" with which little speech, Mrs. Bird withdrew.

"She's an odd creature, certainly," said Mr. Brentwood.

"Perhaps she's had some trouble through the drink," was his wife's reply. "She looks as if she has had trouble in her time."

Then they gathered round the table and were soon in the hearty enjoyment of a comfortable meal. Emily remembered that they had not opened the basket which the blacksmith's wife had given them before leaving Calverley in the morning, so they determined to do so at once, and found a beautiful home-made pork pie, a plum cake, and half a dozen oranges. There was also a small flask of brandy.

"My word, Emily, you have got us into a nice pickle by opening the basket. If our tee-

total landlady comes in and finds that we have brought the drink into the house, she will bundle us all out into the street at once. Put the bottle back into the basket at once," said Mr. Brentwood.

"Oh, never mind her whims, father ; I'm sure a little drop of brandy will revive you after the fatiguing day. Give me the bottle, Emily," said Mrs. Bentwood, holding her hand out for the flask.

"No, mother, dear, I won't have it on my conscience to go against the rules of this house ! Stow it away, Emily, and we will cut into the pie."

"I wonder what it was Bob Davies gave to me," said Charlie. "Where's my brown paper parcel ? Perhaps his Christmas box is something to eat too ; I may as well see."

"Oh, don't bother now, boy, wait till after tea ; but I put the parcel in father's black bag," said the mother.

"I may as well just look, it won't take a minute, hardly," said Charlie ; and he opened the bag and found the small brown paper parcel. It was tied up very securely, and after vainly endeavouring to unloose the knot with his fingers, he cut the string with a knife. There were three wrappings of brown paper, then a white paper, which enclosed a red woollen muffler.

There was a loud laugh at Charlie's expense.

"Hungry as you are, you cannot eat a muffler," said the father.

"Never mind, it's a jolly good one," was Charlie's comment, and he lifted it up to put on when something dropped on the floor.

"Hallo ! what's that ? A purse ! A purse !" said Charlie, excitedly. A small leathern purse containing four-and-ninepence, in silver, with a scrap of paper on which was written, "From Bob to Charlie."

"Now, I know what this is," said Charlie, "It's what Bob has been saving up. He told me, a long while ago, that he had three shillings put by, and this is that three shillings and what he has saved since."

"Are you going to keep it," asked Emily.

"Of course I am," replied Charlie.

"Don't be too sure," said the father ; "perhaps I may ask you to send it back."

After making a capital tea they drew round the fire and began to talk about the Calverley folks. Charlie was strong in the opinion that the Davies' were the best of the lot. "I should never have had that fight with Bob if Joe Draggles hadn't have egged us on."

"Poor Joe," said the father, "you would have laughed, could you have seen the way in which he was turned out of the smithy."

"Murder ! Murder ! Oh, don't ! don't ! You'll kill me, Bill !" came in shrill shrieks of a woman's voice, and there was the sound of a fall in the passage, followed by a confused din of several people crowding in.

"There's something dreadful the matter. Don't leave us, father," said Mrs. Brentwood piteously, in alarm, as her husband hurried to the door.

"I must see what it is !"

Meanwhile, Mrs. Bird's voice was heard calling out : "Ann Jane, run for the police ! It's murder on our own door-steps.

On opening the glass door, Mr. Brentwood found a crowd of people gathered round a poor bedraggled creature who was bleeding from a wound on the forehead. 'Bring her in, poor thing," said Mrs. Bird. "It's the drink again ! I told you there was plenty of drinking in Flipton all the year round, and now you see a specimen of it !"

TEMPERANCE.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

DRUNKENNESS is not the only form of intemperance ; and many persons who are quite free from the sin of drinking too much intoxicating liquors, are often guilty of other forms of intemperance. Against every form of intemperance we must be on our guard. What is temperance ?

Temperance implies that we are moderate in the manner in which we enjoy all lawful indulgences. Cicero says : "Temperance is the unyielding control of reason, over all wrong tendencies of the mind." We sometimes feel ourselves inclined to extravagance, it may be in speech, in dress, or in pleasure ; temperance steps in to hold us from going too far ; we must never allow our reason to be overcome by our passion. Our temperance will save us from many snares. There can be no temperance with regard to actions that are in themselves unlawful. No one can advocate temperance in swearing, lying, or dishonesty ; these habits are wrong, whether we perform them much or little ; we have no option but to condemn them at once.

Even in actions that we must all applaud, we must exercise temperance. It is a good sign when we are polite to each other ; but if we carry our politeness to extremes, and never raise our voices against that which is certainly wrong, by our silence we may be assisting in oppression and injustice. Contentment is a good frame of mind, but if we are too much contented, we may become slothful ; we may be so contented with our present condition in life, that we may become careless, and our very virtue may be the cause of our ruin. We must always keep from extremes. There are some persons like the Epicureans of old, who would enjoy all kinds of pleasure ; there are others like the Stoics, who would deny all pleasure, and would have us go through life without knowing any of its enjoyments. We must avoid both parties, and so arrange our life,

that we may enjoy the present, so as not to imperil our moral character in this world, or our future happiness in the next.

Some travellers delight to explore the Arctic regions, and among the ice of Baffin's Bay, or on the track of Sir John Franklin, they find great adventures; others like to follow the footsteps of Livingstone, Moffat, and Stanley, and to search the tropics for fresh geographical discoveries, or wild sports; but whether in the frigid or in the torrid zones, there are great difficulties to be found in the extremes of heat and cold. It is in the temperate zone where the traveller may go on his journey, without any of these inconveniences, for here they have temperance in climate, and no extremes of heat or cold. Just so we shall find, that the exercise of temperance will always bring us the greatest amount of happiness.

There are many ways in which we should be careful to exercise temperance. Space will only admit of two being mentioned, and they shall be, SPEECH and DRESS.

Let us be guarded in the manner we talk. How easily we fall into the snare of saying things that convey a very different idea to the real truth.

Exaggeration is one of the great sins of modern days; it is quite a common event to hear people declare that they are "Awfully hot," or "Awfully cold," or that the party was "Awfully slow," or "Awfully jolly;" others in describing an event, associated with the character of some other persons, will give such an account of it, that if it were detailed to them again, they would never recognise it. So common is this error, that even those who profess to be exceedingly careful, fall into the habit. A story is told of an old quaker, who received a letter from a gentleman with whom he was not very friendly. He noticed that he was addressed as "Dear Sir." He threw the letter down on the table, and said: "Dear Sir, indeed! from a man for whom I have no respect; how dare he address me in this way!" Then sitting down, he wrote his reply, and addressed his correspondent as "Dear Friend." Let us beware how we use our tongues, we may say things in joke that others may take in real earnest. We may produce an amount of misery, both for ourselves and others by a single expression. We may say words at improper times, and with such voice and accent as may really give to our hearers quite the opposite meaning to that which we intend to convey. Let our speech be "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay," so that none may misunderstand us.

Everyone should exercise temperance in dress. "Fine feathers make fine birds," and "The tailor makes the man," are proverbs much quoted and much believed in. It would appear from the manner in which many young people dress, that their whole prospect in life depended upon the fashion and fineness of their apparel. It is a pity to see a young woman wasting the best part of her income on a fine dress or a grand hat; how sad to see the children spending all they have in finery, while their poor mother is obliged to be content with the plainest dress, and when walking out with her children—if indeed they will consent to walk out with her—appears more like the charwoman than the mother.

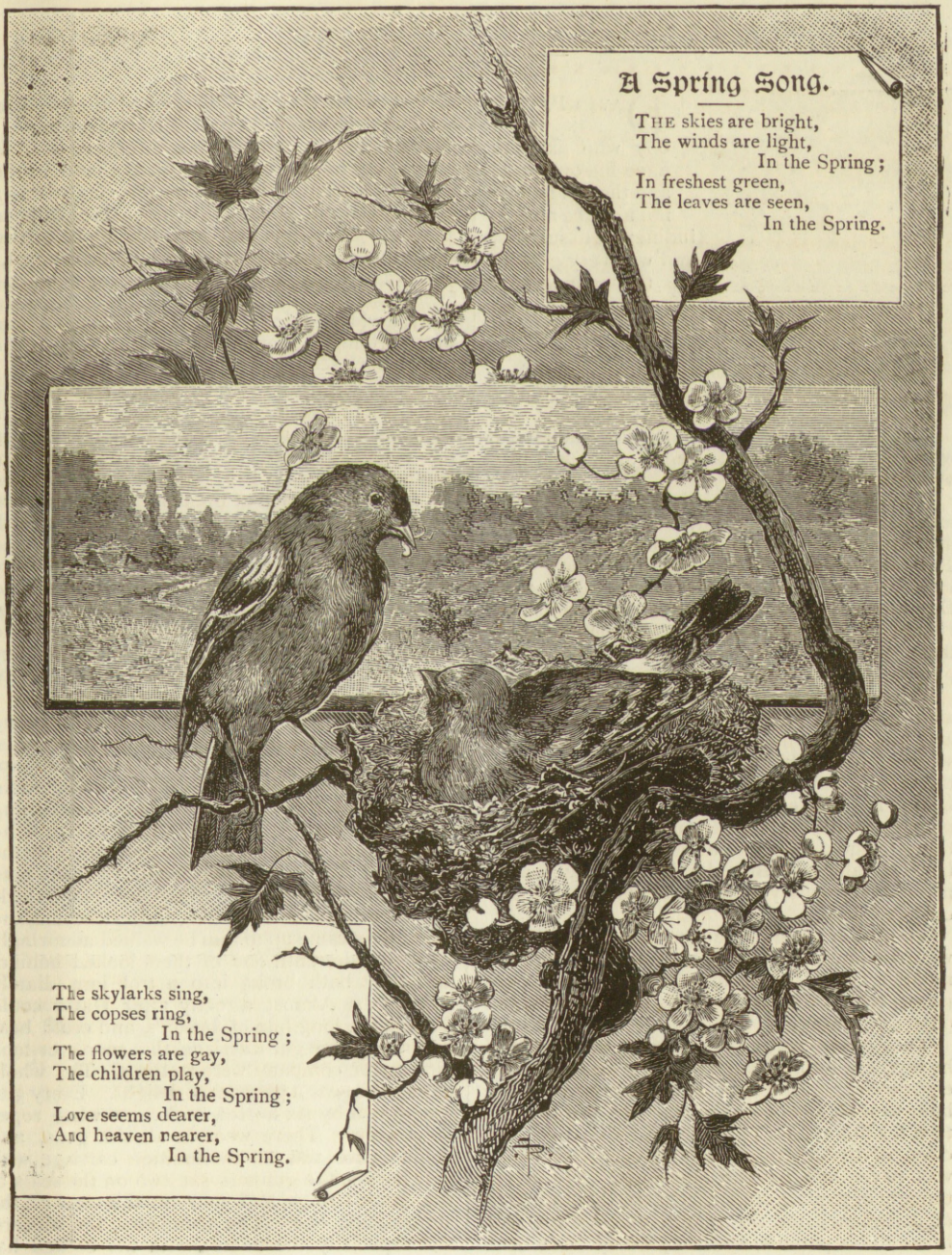
There are many whose bodies are starved to provide for their backs. How much better it would be to consider first our mental and physical education; for the money squandered in velvets, silks, and feathers, might be more profitably spent in educational classes, or the purchase of a good library.

These remarks about temperance may lead some of our readers to consider why we do not advocate the same principles in the use of alcoholic liquors. Why not advise the use, and not the abuse of beer and wine? Because we believe that alcohol is an enemy to the human race, and that it can never prove itself a friend. The manufacture of intoxicating liquors causes an immense waste of human food, and those who abstain are better in health and pocket, than those who drink moderately.

The moderate use of alcoholic liquors, has a decided tendency to immoderation; so that long experience has proved, that the only way to save the rising race from drunkenness, is to make them total abstainers. Moderation has been tried, and it has shamefully failed. This failure has been brought about by many causes. First, it is difficult to define moderation. We are told of a temperance society established in the sixteenth century, which laid it down as one of its laws, that no member should drink more than fourteen glasses of wine daily. What is moderation to one, may prove excess to another. Societies were first established against the use of spirits, wines and malt liquors being allowed. It was soon discoverd that such a rule did not prevent drunkenness. When Father Mathew was carrying on his crusade, many of his converts got drunk on cordials, such as peppermint and shrub. The great Apostle of temperance found that there must be entire and complete abstinence. A teetotaler is one who abstains wholly or entirely from all that intoxicates. We hold no parley with alcohol, we know nothing about temperance in its use. Shakspere says:

> "Every inordinate cup is unblessed,
> And the ingredient is a devil."

This is true; but we believe that every cup, whether ordinary or extraordinary, is unwise and calculated to do harm, and therefore we advise total abstinence from all that intoxicates.


A Spring Song.
THE skies are bright,
The winds are light,
In the Spring;
In freshest green,
The leaves are seen,
In the Spring.
The skylarks sing,
The copses ring,
In the Spring;
The flowers are gay,
The children play,
In the Spring;
Love seems dearer,
And heaven nearer,
In the Spring.

Too Late.

By UNCLE BEN.

DAVID PATERSON was a boy who liked to have his own way, and though he was not a dunce nor yet indifferent to success, and was very glad to be the winner of a prize, he was still very loth to make the daily and constant sacrifice which ensured a large reward. He was a lad of good resolutions, and after any failure he was generally filled with regret, thus learning by his mistakes.

He lived in a farming district and was the son of a small tenant farmer, who cultivated some thirty or forty acres chiefly by his own industry. The old-fashioned house where Mr. and Mrs. Paterson lived with two daughters older than David, was situated two miles from the little village of Rycroft, where was to be found the three parochial institutions—the school, the public house, and the church.

The school was the one place of education for all the parish, the shop-keepers, small farmers, and labourers sons and daughters, all being instructed together in the elementary sphere of the three R's. The school and the master was held in high esteem by many, and the few country people who lived in the neighbourhood did something to show their zeal and faith in the much-boasted value of National Education, by offering prizes every half year for attendance and efficiency.

The attendance prize was open to all who were punctual with two exceptions in the six months. It was to be the winner of one of these prizes, that David had set his heart upon as an object of ambition.

They were always early risers at the farm, and he was sent off generally, if not invariably, about eight o'clock in the morning, giving him a whole hour to walk the two miles in. He did not return for dinner, but remained all day until the close of the afternoon school, consequently he was never late for the afternoon. He never thought of playing truant, because the statement of attendance for the month was always sent home to his parents, and they would have been very severe if they had discovered the boy had been absent, which they were certain to do.

The only temptation that ever offered itself to David was to play or linger on the road in the morning too long; in all other respects, it was a matter of ease to be always in time. He had been at school some time and had taken one or two small books for "progress" and "good conduct," and was at last fired with zeal never to be late for a whole half year. Month after month passed away, and he got into the habit of going to school well, arriving in plenty of time for a play in the yard before school began.

It was within six weeks of the close of the term when, one morning while on the road to school, as he neared the main road that led in the village, and then beyond into the West of England, he saw several people looking down the road in the direction of the nearest county town, where he was told a battery of artillery with their officers, horses and men, had been quartered for the night, and were expected now to have left and would soon be passing down the road toward Rycroft. David when he heard this, thought he was fortunate, for the soldiers would be going the same way as himself, and if they were soon coming he would be able to accompany them on the way to the village school.

So he lingered and dawdled along, often looking back and waiting, sometimes walking backwards, expecting every minute the soldiers would appear. He became absorbed in this expectation, and did not think how the time was slipping away. At last, just as he began to think he should have to hurry on to school, he saw the advanced guard of the two mounted artillery men appear and, in response, he was obliged to go a little way to meet these two distinguished troopers, and when they came up to him he walked admiringly by their side, until one of them looked behind, and they both broke into a trot immediately afterward. Almost directly after David could discern the long line of busbies, and could hear the rattle of the gun-carriages that soon over-took him, as the company were trotting. The whole procession was a pageant of delight. Every gun was drawn by six horses, with nice white ropes for traces. There were in all six guns, and behind each was an ammunition carriage with four horses, the gunners sat two on the seats of the gun-carriage, and four on the seats of the ammunition one. The trumpeter, the officers and especially the doctor, with his cocked hat

and feathers, took David's fancy until he was entirely swallowed up in this military cavalcade. The soldiers trotted by much faster than David could walk. He ran along beside them, feeling what a lucky chap he was, and quite fully persuaded that he was henceforth bound to serve Her Majesty in the capacity of a gunner or driver in the Royal Artillery, directly he was his own master, until he reached the branch road that, on entering the village, led to the school. He was surprised to see none of his schoolfellows, but only wondered what a lot he would have to tell them, and how sorry they would be that they knew nothing of the sight.

At this turn on the road he watched the soldiers out of view, and then, leaving the small dissolving crowd of spectators, ran with all speed to the school. As he drew near, their was no sign of the boys at play; no shouting and laughter. He hurried on, fearing about the time. He rushed up to the school door, and then he saw the dreaded words—"*Too Late*," which hung outside during the time of the opening of the school. The words seemed to strike him as they had never done before. He had often seen them; but now they seemed to be such earnest words of warning. He had never dreamed when setting out for school he should have been so tempted to be late, and if this unpunctuality should happen again as it had done to-day, the prize would be lost.

Those two brief words taught him a lesson that he never forgot. He was most careful to the end of the term. He had many temptations, but was enabled to say "Nay," and bravely he kept his resolve, carrying off his prize triumphantly.

He made many good uses of these words. He used to say, years afterwards, that "they helped to make him punctual to set out always on the right side to be in time for trains, meetings, and engagements; for it is better to be five minutes too soon than a second too late. Therefore, take things in time."

Those are commonplace, but wise words of common sense. It is very easy to be wise when it is too late. We often bolt the door when the horse has fled. The great lesson written over many a life might be put into these two solemn words—*Too Late.*

How many might have done well, but somehow they have made shipwreck and failure of life, because they did not take heed to their ways till it was *too late.*

In regard to one important step in life, we cannot decide too soon; for as with religion, so it is with temperance. We cannot begin too early for such influences to become life's habits.

"The earlier the easier,
The longer the stronger."

ENGLAND'S JUBILEE.

By WILLIAM GRANT.

HARK! the silver trumpet soundeth
Over England's fair domain;
Hark! the shouts of myriad voices
Swell the loud victorious strain
Onward! as a flood it rolleth—
Surging like the restless sea;
Till, in one grand mighty chorus—
Bursts the song of Jubilee!

Louder blow the silver trumpet!
Sound it forth from pole to pole,
Over all the Queen's dominions
Let the Jubilation roll.
O'er the broad expansive ocean,
Island, continent, and main,—
Till the echoes back returning
Swell once more the loud refrain.

Hail! VICTORIA! Queen of England!
Joy of every loyal heart;
In the years now gone for ever
Nobly hast thou done thy part.
Now, with joyful acclamation
We, thy Jubilee proclaim;
Handing down to future ages
Queen VICTORIA'S honoured name.

Fifty years! How many changes
Mark the retrospective scene;
Daughter, loving wife, and mother,
And, alas! a widowed Queen.
Still as loving—still as gentle—
Now these years have rolled away,
As when first she swayed the sceptre
On her Coronation day.

Over all this mighty Empire
Long may Queen VICTORIA reign;
And by faithful men surrounded,
Good and righteous laws maintain.
Round our sea-girt island ever,
May prosperity abound;
And within her peaceful borders
Happy hearths and homes be found.

Bless our Empress Queen, God bless her,
With Thy new best name of love;
And when life's brief day is over,
Take her to Thy home above.
Thrones! Dominions! these shall perish,
Crowns and coronets decay;
Then! Oh Queen! be thine—the Kingdom
That shall never fade away.

This music may also be had with "Royal Jubilee" words, and is very suitable for Jubilee Demonstrations. Price 1d., or 1s. per dozen, post free.—"Onward" Office, 18, Mount Street, Manchester.

STRIKE, STRIKE THE BLOW!

SOLO AND CHORUS. *Words and Music by* W. HOYLE, *Author of* "Hymns and Songs," &c.

mf With vigour.

KEY D.

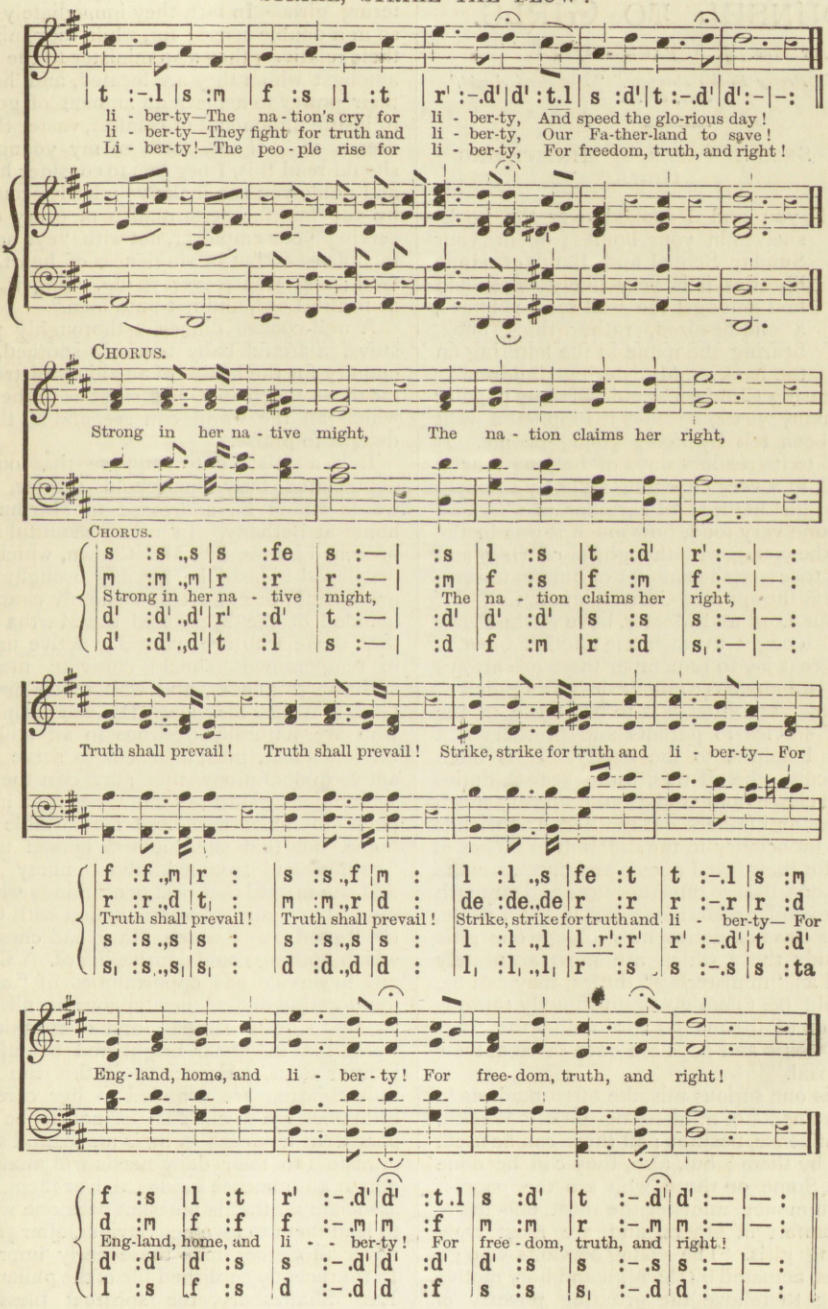
s :m .,r	d :s	d' :t .,l	s :m	f :l	s :-.f	m :—	:m
1. Strike, strike the blow for		li - ber - ty,	In deeds of	fear -	less	might!	Let
2. Long had we borne the		ty - rant's yoke	In weak-ness	and	des -	pair;	The
3. Strike, strike the blow—a -		rise, a - rise!	Ye brave, ye	fear -	less	band;	The

m :r	s :l	t :-.d'	r' :s	fe :d'	t :-.l	s :—	:s
all the peo - ple		loud pro-claim	For jus -	tice,	truth,	and right!	They
drink-plague en - tered		ev - 'ry home,	Sad wail -	ing	filled	the air;—	Till
time is come—the		glo - rious time!—To	save our	Fa -	ther -	land.	Who

f

s :l	f :f	f :s	m :d'	t :r	f :l	s :—	:s	fe :fe	s :l
come from ci - ty,		village, town,	No power their course shall			stay:		For heaven shall grant them	
up-ward rose a		no - ble band,	Un-daunt-ed, true, and			brave;		Their cause, a	na - tion's
dare as - sail,	while heaven doth lead	Our	ar-mies forth to			fight?		Our song, our watchword,	

STRIKE, STRIKE THE BLOW!



COUNSEL TO GIRLS.

BY MRS. M. A. PAULL-RIPLEY.

Author of "Pretty Pink's Purpose," "The Bird Angel," &c., &c.

SECOND PAPER.—"MINISTERING GIRLS."

IF you and I looked over the book-shelves in your homes; or in your Sunday School and Band of Hope libraries, it is very likely we should find amongst the well-read volumes, a middle-sized, rather thick book, bearing the name in the lettering on the back—"Ministering Children." "Ministering Children" was deservedly popular for very many years, because it supplied a want that has been felt by many young people. It suggested to its readers ways of helping others. It showed, in a very charming style, by the help of boy and girl heroes and heroines, of whom we soon became very fond, how much it was in the power of the young, with thoughtful courtesy and kindness, to lessen the amount of human misery, and to fulfil the spirit of Christ's injunction—"If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet."

It is a great joy to remember there are always girls who are anxious to be "ministering girls;" whose sweet ambition it is to be of use in the home; of service to parents and brothers and sisters, and helpful to the needy. It is often very difficult to be all this, while school duties press, and classes and studies take up very much of the time, and fathers and mothers and friends all covet proficiency in the different branches of learning for their loved ones; and success in the examinations, that so often tax time and strength almost beyond endurance. But if, for a while, this other class of duties may oblige our girls to lay aside those which are most accurately described as "ministering" duties, they can be, and should be, taken up again directly there is a relaxation of the mental strain, and the fragments of hours and days are once more at their own disposal.

There is one serious mistake often made as to the requirements of ministering girls. Wealth, beauty, influence, position; all these can be used, it is true, by them; but, also, they can be done without. Some of those who are the poorest girls, as to money, minister the most effectually to the comfort of others, and are most truly ministering girls. The young servants who go into places, actuated by the high and holy motive of helping to relieve the grinding poverty of their homes, and adding to the comfort of their mothers by their small earnings, are true ministering girls. In fact, they immediately become so in a double sense; for, while they minister to their relatives, they also minister to the families amongst whom they are located, and have it in their power to achieve an amount of good, and to insure an amount of comfort, vaster than they dream of. If any such of my young sisters should read this, I beg you to consider how pure and noble you can make your lowly occupations, by the faithful performance of every duty, by serving your employer, not with "eye service as menpleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God; and whatsoever ye do, doing it heartily as to the Lord, and not unto men."

A well-cooked dinner, a thoroughly polished stove, a fretful baby tenderly soothed, a kind enquiry for the health of an ailing mistress, may mean as much in God's sight as an heroic act, which all the world can see, and all the world delight to praise.

It is a mistake to suppose that our Lord depreciated busy household service, in the words which he addressed to Martha in her home at Bethany. In a very beautiful sermon, preached by the late Mr. Chown, which I was privileged to hear, he forcibly brought out this great truth, that the true womanly character is blended of the Mary and the Martha nature; that those who are naturally active and busy in temperament, should cultivate meditation and thoughtfulness, and wait much upon their God, that they may learn His will; while those who are naturally desirous to sit still at the Saviour's feet, must also seek to serve Him by active ministrations, that may cost them more self-denial. Martha's fault was not in taking pains to make her Lord comfortable in her home, but that she suffered herself to be so "careful and troubled about many things," that she missed that best of all things which she might have enjoyed—communion with Christ—the "good part" which Mary had chosen, and which nothing could deprive her of. A Christian girl in service has opportunities of "adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things," hardly to be surpassed; and of speaking seed words that may bear bright and beautiful fruit in after days. Especially is this the case, if little children are confided to her care. Few little ones are so churlish as not to be won by persistent kindness in their nurse, and she who ministers to their daily needs will unavoidably obtain an immense influence over them. If they associate all that is pleasant with one who tries to lead them to love her Saviour, after years can never altogether undo these early impressions. In the recently published life of the philanthropic Earl Shaftesbury, the spiritual blessing he received from his nurse is gratefully acknowledged

in his own testimony concerning her, and through her teachings in his childhood, thousands were helped by him in after years. It is very difficult for "ministering girls" to keep from growing weary in the paths of their ministrations. When their own health is not robust, when their natures are like sensitive plants, so acutely alive to the influences around them, when their kindest efforts are accepted without thanks as a matter of course, then, unless their purposes are founded on principles, they will lose courage, and fail in the race they had begun to run so diligently.

You will all agree with me that the very first place in which you should minister, is your own home, and that only when you have done all in your power to make that dear place the more attractive, and the happier for your loving influence, ought you to turn your attention, and time, and thought, to the dwelling-places of others. There are far too many girls ministering in the homes of the poor, and sitting on committees, undertaking tract distribution, and Sunday School work, who might be better employed aiding their over-worked mothers and fathers, and in caring for their younger brothers and sisters. The tendency of this generation of girls is to be busied in public occupations, rather than in private ones; in open, rather than in secret acts of benevolence. There is little need to suggest to you that you should take up ministering work that will call you *from* home, there may be much need to advise you not to neglect the ministering work *at* home. Those of you who have aged grandparents or other relatives advanced far on the journey of life, have an especial field of ministration. Ill health, deprivation of the full use of their senses, a feeling of loneliness caused by the loss of almost all their companions in early and mature life, may often tend to make aged people just a little querulous and difficult to please. But in the majority of aged Christians, it is obviously true that "the path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day," and it is as truly a privilege, as a sweet duty, for our ministering girls to take tender care of their aged relatives. By none will little kindnesses be more appreciated, to none will they be more welcome, and no memories you can gather into your hearts, a store for future days, will be more treasured by you, than the knowledge that you have been the joy and solace of many lonely hours to those who had every claim upon you, and who loved you with such tender affection.

If time could but unroll for you its closely written pages, you might see the record of the watchfulness and care exercised by these dear grandparents over your parents in their infancy, and often over your own dawning intelligence; and the least you can do to show your gratitude, is to study their comfort and their happiness in these, their latter and declining days.

Father and mother—how much, how continually they need and should have the attentive thought and kindly deeds of ministering girls! Father and mother! Why *we* need *them*, you say, and not they us. Our parents have to take care of us, they stand as a hedge about us, shielding us, enclosing us, a background of defence for our inexperienced youth. Beyond loving them, and respecting their wishes in a general way, what could we do for them, even if we were disposed?

Only open your eyes, and you will see how very, very much you can minister to the necessities of your parents, you can lessen your mother's cares, and soothe your father's anxieties. "But," you tell me, "mamma does not want me to take her place in the least, she would feel quite hurt if I did. She would not like me to preside at the breakfast tray, or to do any of those things which she is accustomed to do herself. I should appear to wish to put her aside, and grieve her very much if I were to propose it." Of course you would, and you must not think of such a thing. But is there no arduous duty, no disagreeable task which you can relieve her of, for which she will bless your thoughtfulness? How about that great basket of mending, which sits like an incubus over her otherwise possible relaxation with her husband, on his Saturday half-holiday? Dear, ministering girls, you don't like mending, and as for darning socks and stockings, it is simply your abomination. And your father and your brothers, those dear, tiresome, careless boys, make worse holes in their socks than any other boys ever did, would, could, or should. Well then, greater and nobler will your self-denial be, if when Saturday comes round, and the weather is fair and golden, tempting you to a delightful stroll with some chosen companion, you send out your dear mother instead, for a prized ramble with your father, and take the mending basket into your own private and particular jurisdiction. And when you see them coming back, fresh and gay, with re-invigorated minds and bodies, made so happy by the loving care you have shown for them, oh! it will be worth any self-sacrifice; and those great holes you have filled up, and the little rents you have stitched together, will be bright with love, and studded with contentment.

Next come the brothers and siste
their undoubted claims upon you, which they are often very swift to assert, and which, not unfrequently, try your temper most of all. You are quite willing to minister to them, but

they make a point of requiring your ministrations at inconvenient moments, when you cannot bear to be disturbed, and when they really *should* know better than to come to you for anything. When you open a charming book after you have done your fair share of daily duties, that bold, saucy, daring boy Tom, is certain to come with some request for your assistance; hardly so much a request either, as a demand; or Polly begins unceremoniously to "practice" in the same room, and to remind you that it is your duty to listen to her, and detect any mistake she may make while playing over her lesson for her music-master.

I can only help you here by reminding you of Him, who never blamed any one for coming to Him and claiming his help; whom the faithlessness of His disciples interrupted continually, and who was patient under weariness, and sleeplessness, and pain, and hunger; and even—most difficult of all, perhaps—under ingratitude.

Next to your brothers and sisters, are the servants in your home. A kindly, friendly interest in their circumstances, an insight into their characters, a sympathy with their especial temptations, will, in most cases, soon be helpful both to them and to you, and after these are gained, your ministrations and theirs will become mutual and blessed.

I have only space to suggest a few plans, by which ministering girls might accomplish great good at little cost. If their own means are too limited to admit of carrying out these schemes, they may well undertake to obtain the money from their richer neighbours. Sickness is, of necessity, a heavy burden to the poor, and during its visitations, the loan of a bag, containing bed linen, and a few of the ordinary comforts of the sick-room, would be an invaluable boon. Scent, sponge, soft handkerchiefs, linen rag, curd soap, old towels, a small tray on which to place medicines or food; all these, and whereever possible a few pillows and cushions, and an easy chair, would form a group of treasures in a poor man's home during sickness, the loan of which would relieve many an hour of weariness and pain.

A collection of simple toys, puzzles, and picture books for sick children might beguile the tedium of poor little sufferers, especially in villages and small towns, where children's hospitals are unknown. To any, or all of these suggestions, you, my dear readers, will easily add others for yourselves, and if only the smallest acts of ministration seem within the reach of some of you, rest assured that nothing will be overlooked by our loving Saviour, if it is rendered for His sake, and that His sweet praise will fall on your ears also: "She hath done what she could."

We are Growing Old.

By MARY M. FORRESTER.

We were children all together,
In the beautiful long ago—
We laughed through the summer weather,
And danced through the winter's snow.
We were children all, gay girls and boys;
With sunny hopes and sinless joys,
But the hopes are gone, the joys are cold—
We are growing old.

Your voice once full of sweetness
Is broken, and faint, and low;
My step, once full of fleetness,
Is weary, and weak, and slow—
There are streaks of white in Mary's hair;
On Robin's brow there are lines of care;
And Tom's bright curls have lost their gold—
We are growing old.

The hills where oft we gambolled,
And the dear old hawthorn tree;
The lanes where oft we rambled,
Are just as they used to be,
Though the fragrant fields where we used to play,
Are covered o'er with the lilac May;
And the gate still stands, where our tales we told—
We are growing old.

With its tall and quaint old steeple,
Still stands the little church;
And still the village people
Flock in at the rustic porch;
But the feet that trod it long ago,
Where are they now? Ah, who can know!
They have wandered far o'er the changing world—
They are growing old.

We have had our hours of gladness,
When our hearts were warm within;
But now we are worn with sadness,
And our souls are stained with sin.
We have had our dreams, but the dreams are fled,
We have had our joys, but the joys are dead;
For the wheels of time across them rolled—
We are growing old.

The Outlook.

SUNDAY CLOSING.

ONCE more we have to ask all friends of temperance to continue and increase their efforts for the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday.

The facts that make the much-desired end known to be a real blessing are with us wherever it has been tried.

In Scotland, where the question has been proved for more than twenty-five years, taking two years before the Act in Edinburgh—1852-3—when the population was 158,015, with seventeen after the Act—1870-86—when the population was 228,190—we find in the former period, the convictions were 6,047 ; and for the long period after, 2,433. There is a decrease of 3,614.

In Ireland, where seven-eights of the public-houses are closed, the sale of liquor has decreased over a million-and-a-quarter gallons of spirits ; and punishable drunkenness has declined from 110,903 cases in 1877, to 87,133, leaving a decrease of 23,770.

In Wales, the number of persons convicted for drunkenness in the Principality during the year ending 29th of September, 1886, was 313, or one for every 4,346 of the inhabitants. This includes, of course, cases in which the travellers' privilege is abused ; and also the cases in which Welshmen travel over the English border for their Sunday drink. Moreover, it includes the towns of Cardiff and Swansea, where the population is largely foreign ; and where surreptitious modes of obtaining drink are often resorted to by sailors and others. If we exclude Glamorganshire from the calculation, it will be found that there is only one conviction in the fifty-two Sundays in the year, for every 16,000 of the inhabitants. This proves beyond all question that the Act for Wales is not a failure, but a great success ; and shows plainly the greater need for England to share in the advantages now enjoyed by the other portions of Great Britain.

And it is earnestly to be hoped that the prayer to the Houses of Parliament, of more than a million petitioners, and more than seven-eights of the householders in upwards of 650 places of England, will be speedily heard and granted, that an Act may be passed which shall close the public-houses throughout the whole country, for the entire day. No greater boon could be conferred that should commemorate this Jubilee Year, than one which should rescue this sacred day of rest from the curse of drink.

A movement is on foot among the members of the Liverpool Ladies' Temperance Association, for presenting the Queen with a Women's National Jubilee memorial, asking her Majesty to use her influence to bring into force a Bill for the Sunday closing of public-houses. The Queen has intimated that she will have much pleasure in receiving the memorial.

SURFEITS destroy more than the sword

SPIRIT DRINKING.

By Dr. ISRAEL RENSHAW.

THE liver is a most important part of the human body. It is subject to many diseases peculiar to itself, which cause much suffering, and sometimes great agony, to the unfortunate person who is so unhappy as to be made aware by pain, that something is very much wrong inside. It is sad enough to endure the suffering which so frequently comes upon us without any fault of our own ; but when laid aside by some dreadful disease which can be traced to our own wilful carelessness, that suffering becomes much more intense, and becomes much harder to bear, in consequence of the "loud-voiced conscience" which all of us possess.

When any of the preparations of alcohol are taken into the stomach, they are very quickly removed by being absorbed into the blood-vessels which convey blood from the stomach to the liver. It is not a great distance to travel ; so it comes to pass that the alcohol is not very much more diluted when it reaches the liver, than when it was taken into the stomach. This, to some extent, explains its action upon the liver. Here the blood vessels are arranged so as to allow the blood to come very intimately into contact with all parts, even the most minute of that gland. The result is that the alcohol contained in this blood, causes a part of the liver to grow more than it ought to do. This part might be said to hold the other parts together, being a sort of supporting and enveloping material. After an uncertain length of time, much dependent upon the patient's resisting power, this material takes upon itself unnatural growth, soon followed by a stoppage of that growth, and then by a kind of hardening and contracting process. Now this material is arranged all about the blood vessels, so that when it begins to contract, the consequences become very serious indeed. The blood is prevented from passing through the vessels as it ought to do, and the time comes when the liver cannot do its work properly at all. Then comes a terrible condition of ill-health, from which there is *no escape*, and for which there is *no cure*. Dropsy sets in, for which it is very difficult indeed to give any help ; vomiting of blood in large quantities sometimes follows, and many other dreadful symptoms, with great pain and terrible discomforts. Only nurses and doctors who see the last days, agonizing and awful, which the unhappy victim spends upon earth, can know the full meaning of the words : a "Gin Drinker's Liver."

Making Marks.

A CHAT WITH CHILDREN. By Rev. Carey Bonner.

(Concluded from last month.)

LET us be thankful, however, that this truth of "marks" and "character" has its pleasant side as well, and is constantly finding fulfilment in the kind sayings and doings of those around us. It is to me a joy to think and believe that although not in every case beheld by our human eyes, yet it finds as frequent illustration on the pleasant side as on the other. Examples of this may be found amongst the worst classes of society. Everywhere the spirit of goodness—which is the spirit of *God*—is working ; even in the lives of the low and bad, now and again guiding their weak and trembling hands to write something which is good and true. The letters shew faintly. They are ill-formed. *But they are there.* The character even of the worst is not *wholly* wicked.

There could be a very great book made recording the "marks" of little acts of goodness done by men and women *in secret*, unseen by their fellow creatures. It would tell of the marvellous self-sacrifices which mother-love has prompted—of man's endurance of poverty and woe for the sake of others—of true bravery in sticking to the right, when "right" meant persecution and hardship. These would be recorded besides a thousand other things.

And not least amongst the writings of this book of secret goodness would be the marks made by tiny hands:—the small deeds of kindness—the words of cheer—the kisses of comfort—the giving up of pleasure amongst brothers, sisters, and child companions.

This is a beautiful belief to cherish about you children. Thank God that it is not a mere fancy. You can each make it more and more a reality.

Away in the dark nooks and corners of life, little fingers are hour by hour inscribing marks, most fair to see, which form words of more than earthly meaning and beauty. By men these are unseen and unnoticed. But there are those who see and know all that children do. "Their angels who do always behold the face of their Father in heaven" also behold the "marks" made by "these little ones" to whom they minister, and, beholding, they rejoice.

Things done in secret and hidden from men, are beheld too by our "Father who seeth in secret." Marks, dull and dark on earth, have the light of heaven flashed upon them, and the darkness becomes as the noonday. Marks whose shape and meaning men could not see, shine out clear and glorious, and are like to letters of bright and burnished gold. O that we could see as God sees! How much less harshly we should judge of our fellow men! "Lord, open our eyes" we pray.

Who of you reading these lines will strive so to live that no hour shall pass away without leaving at least *one* mark which shall help to make up a "character" such as God shall approve? It will not be easy to do so. We, all of us, fall into such sad blunders. But it is possible thus to do if the heart be set upon it. Let this rule of life be ever before you:—"On the record of every hour I will try at least to make one *good* mark."

I did not mean to put in this bit of "sermon," but it came, and I couldn't help writing it. I hope you won't think it too "dry" to read and remember.

We need to think about these truths, because when once a mark is made, nothing can change it or blot it out. However hideous, it is there, *graven in*, and has its meaning which no power can alter. Our only safety, then, is in being careful *before* the mark is made. When we find ourselves about to say an angry word or do a wrong deed, let each of us think—"No! that will make an ugly mark. I will try and write only that which is good and beautiful."

Never let Dick Darby's be *your* character. DIRTINESS and wretchedness are always associated with those who have much to do with the Drink; but cleanliness and temperance should ever go hand in hand. IDLENESS, too, befits the drunken loafer; but the temperance man should, of all men, be "over head and ears" in WORK, because he is a co-worker and a fellow-server with that divine "Servant of men," who came on the high and holy mission of "seeking and saving the lost."

Again, SELFISHNESS should never be the character of a young abstainer. If we are teetotalers from true motives, then we abstain *for the sake of others*. But we shall be of no use amongst men, unless that same thought for those around us is shewn in *other things* besides temperance—in our dealings with brothers and sisters, companions and friends. It should be shewn by our speaking the "kind words" that "never die;" and by our doing the little acts of loving care. These will make marks most beauteous. These will help us in some small degree to have real influence for good.

The secret of the power of Him who has influenced men more mightily than any other, was largely this—He "*pleased not Himself.*"

Thus in all things may we be so helped, that, by watchfulness and care, the marks we make and the characters we write, shall be CLEAR—BOLD—and TRUE.

And added to, and united with these three things, may "the *beauty* of the Lord our God be upon us," and upon everything we say and do.

A RAINY DAY.

SOMETHING of Divine Providence, and of the true secret of religion, is illustrated by the not uncommon foresight and care of a good mother who holds back and keeps back some extra toys and treasures to come out on a rainy day, when the children cannot go out and play. Sure enough the summer passes, the rainy days come, the leaves fall, winter, with the fog, is here, and all is gloomy without. What will the children do? Fret their hours away, pining for the lost sunshine?

Mother unlocks the mysteries of her cupboard or wardrobe, and, behold, there is the miracle of love and sacrifice: old toys, long lost, are as new; forgotten pictures are fresh again; to which are added new wonders of delight never before seen by the eager eyes. It is still true the leaf fades and the flowers are sodden and wither—decay is over all; but there is abundance of peace in the children's home.

Then, when evening closes, and the little ones are going to rest for the night, one tiny voice says—

"Mother, I don't mind a rainy day at all, for you have always something *extra* to give us."

Is it not just so with God, when the rainy day comes, there is a store laid by of help and peace? We need not meet our troubles half way; but to be prepared for the rainy days, with something laid up "where moth doth not come nor rust corrupt," is to find contentment where others only know complaint.

Pebbles and Pearls.

It is much easier to suppress a first desire, than to satisfy those that follow.

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.

Small geniuses are hurt by small events: great geniuses see through them and despise them.

'Tis easy good to be; but to appear so, such a strain and misery.

When our hatred is violent, it sinks us even below those we hate.

The reason why lovers are never weary of one another is this—they are always talking of themselves.

Sententious.

"What is the man charged with?" asked the judge. "With whisky, your honor," replied the sententious policeman.

He who is master of the fittest moment to crush his enemy, and magnanimously neglects it, is born to be a conqueror.

In matters of conscience, first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence, last thoughts are best.

Avoid the eye that discovers with rapidity the bad, and is slow to see the good.

"Conscience and wealth are not always neighbours."

"Now, spos'n you was to be turned into an animal," said Jem, "what would you like to be, Bill?" "Oh, I'd like to be a lion," replied Bill, "because he's so——" "Oh no, don't be a lion, Bill," interrupted little Tom, who has had some recent painful experience at school, "be a wasp, and then you can sting the schoolmaster."

Drink in Belgium.—Forty-five per cent. of the deaths in the hospital at Antwerp, are stated to have occurred through *delirium tremens*. The published reports of the hospitals at Brussels, attribute eighty per cent. of the deaths there to drink, and is it any wonder when there are drink shops at the rate of one for forty-one inhabitants throughout the country.

In London there are seventy miles of public houses.

He who imagines he can do without the world, deceives himself much; but he who fancies the world cannot do without him, is still more mistaken.

The abstaining section of the population of the United Kingdom is generally estimated a 5,000,000.

Two Towns—A Contrast.—Vineyard, New Jersey, has a population of ten thousand; there is a clause in every deed forbidding the sale of liquor. During six months no citizen required any assistance from the overseers of the poor. During one year there was one indictment, and that for a little fight between two coloured persons; there were but three fires, and only one house burned; the taxes are only one per cent., and there is no debt. The police expenses are seventy-five dollars a year. A little town in New England, of less than ten thousand inhabitants, maintains forty grog shops; a police judge, city marshal, assistant marshal, four night watchmen, and six policemen are necessary for the protection of the peace of the town. Four fire companies of forty men each, costing 3,000 dollars a year, are called out on an average every other week; it costs 2,500 dollars a year to support the poor, and the township owes 120,000 dollars.

Hunger and conversation are the best sauce for dinner.

"What is a Bazaar?" once enquired a little child of his father. "It is," replied the parent, "an institution in which you pay one shilling to go in, and for which you would gladly pay two pounds to get out of."

Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things.

REVIEWS.

"Temperance, as taught by the Revised Bible." Price one shilling. By Rev. J. Compston. Published by the N.T. League, 337, Strand. The book forms a complete abstract of what the Bible says, directly or indirectly, on strong drink, with special reference to the New Version. The work is very carefully and thoroughly done. The critical and expository notes are additional features of interest.

Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK, *Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.*

CHAPTER V.

"A dim-remembered story,
Of the old time entombed."—*Poe.*

TWO-AND-A-HALF miles from Flipton town lies a cluster of colliery villages, known by the names of Upper Dornton, Lower Dornton and Dornton Wood. Dull, monotonous places at the best of times most people would say, and at the period of which we write, certainly much less interesting than now, when a considerably increased population has materially improved the general appearance of the three Dorntons, and, indeed, imparted to them the semblance of important activity.

Dornton Wood must not be supposed to be a pleasant, umbrageous retreat, oft visited by the artist in search of the picturesque, or much frequented by the ardent field-naturalist in pursuit of his agreeable botanical studies; for we have to confess that although Dornton is to some extent "in the country," the "wood" is quite as much a myth as are the "groves," "gardens," and "lanes," which Corporation authorities tack on to the names of collections of bricks and mortar, in the miserable, dirty, narrow, grimy streets of our over-crowded cities.

Such an address as "No. 5, Primrose Grove, Elm Tree Lane, Hatton Garden," brings to the imagination thoughts of rural delights and arcadian innocence, and if Tom Brinks' friends would only be content with the assurance that he lives in such a charmingly labelled spot, without awkwardly "dropping in to see you at home, old boy," it would haply be better for poor Tom's social reputation, and possibly more convenient for his slender pocket, too.

However, it is neither with Dornton Wood, nor with Lower Dornton, that we now have to do, but with Upper Dornton. Not that we can say that there is anything intensely interesting about it; although, like many other villages, it has, or had, a haunted house—this, too, in the main street, hard by the Parish Church.

Now, all "properly" constituted haunted houses are large family mansions, surrounded by gloomy, forbidding walls, and bearing unmistakable traces of by-past glory and splendour, totally unlike the unpretentious bay-windowed shop which did duty as the haunted house of Upper Dornton.

Then again, this humble shrine of the mournful spirits was poverty stricken—utterly poverty-stricken, too, in its story. It could not proudly claim to have been once inhabited by the lovely and good, who had been tragically sacrificed for the sake of her beauty and riches; for, alas! its only tale was that of a luckless cobbler, ill-naturedly discontented with the amount of patronage which he received, who disagreeably hanged himself on the stair banister one day, leaving Mr. Bumble the pleasurable duty of conducting the funeral arrangements; and, as that important functionary expressed it: "The unpleasurable dooty of ministering to his state, which there ain't nothing for to take to but the bills wot he owes!"

But what was all this to the villagers? If the "spirits" stupidly elected to haunt No. 28, High Street, what could the Dorntonites do but recognise the fact? And to do them justice, it must be candidly owned that from toddling infant to ancient patriarch they discharged their obligations in this respect with a devoted earnestness of purpose worthy of a nobler cause.

Any stranger who happened to pass that way—any of the "wife's relations" who honoured Upper Dornton with a flying visit—any new folks who came to take up their residence in the neighbourhood, were promptly shown the "haunted house."

Rebellious children were often brought under subjection by the, to them, terrible threat, "I'll put thee into the haunted house;" and every true Dorntonite, worthy of his birth-place, solemnly crossed over to the other side of the way, if business or pleasure necessitated his passing along the High Street after dark.

Was it not told with bated breath how old Jonathan Edwards, the worthy parish clerk, had been fairly scarified one winter's night by hearing a deep voice exclaim from the recesses of No. 28, "Amen! amen! amen!" three times over, as he was coming to see whether the communion plate was all right in the vestry? No

matter that wiser men than Jonathan gravely shook their heads, and sagely observed that "young Peter Brown, although the most mischievous lad in the parish, was not a 'spirit' anyhow!" no matter that other knowing ones said "the communion plate was not in the keeping of the landlady of the 'Crown and Anchor' leastways, nor was her snug parlour the Church Vestry either!"

For all this, no gibes, no jeers, no sneers, could shake that general faith in the belief that No. 28, High Street, *was* haunted, and most people would have said that nothing could intensify the interest which the Dorntonites, one and all, felt in that long-closed bay-windowed shop! But most people would have been wrong, for on the particular January afternoon of which we write, just as the colliers were wending their way homewards from the pits, and the puddlers were leaving the forges intent on the same errand, a cart well laden with furniture drew up to the door of the haunted house.

Whilst the carter busied himself in helping a girl and boy to alight, a middle-aged man, dressed in a rusty suit of black, took a key from his breast pocket, and deliberately unlocked the door, subsequently motioning to the woman by whom he was accompanied to enter. Two children, who had quickly run up the three steps, fearlessly went into the shop, followed by the man and woman.

By this time a small crowd of gossips had gathered round the doorway, watching with eager interest every movement of the carter as he rapidly unloaded the furniture, and carried it up the steps. Now and again some article would call forth the suppressed admiration of the group, who would give vent to their feeling in long drawn "ahs," or some such phrase—"What a bonny table," or, "I say, lad, wouldn't them chairs suit our Betty grandly?"

When the long clock-case had to be moved from the cart it was easily seen that its weight was too much for the carter, and the aid, good-naturedly offered by a collier lad standing by, was gladly accepted, although the kind-hearted fellow manifestly winced, when a shrill voice called out as he mounted the top step, "All right, Ted Burrows! won't thy Jenny give thee 'what for' for going in theer when she knows, and that's all!"

In a short time everything was housed, the carter dismissed, and the door of twenty-eight closed.

The crowd then felt quite at liberty to go home too, there to discuss the whole question of the mystery of the new comers, as to whom they were, whence they came, and what they wanted; not forgetting to foretell the dreadful punishment which must assuredly overtake them, for their outrageous folly in daring to invade a house which was the abode of evil spirits.

The new comers were only our friends the Brentwoods. After one or two days' search round about Flipton, Mr. Brentwood had fixed upon Upper Dornton as a very likely, nay, the most likely place in which to commence his new start in life.

The opening of a new shop is at all times an interesting event; for while it is obviously a source of grave concern and anxious thought to those who are building their hopes upon the new venture, it likewise provides talking material for the busybodies of its immediate vicinity.

How much the more is this the case, when the vicinity happens to be a village like Upper Dornton, not over-burdened with the shop-keeping fraternity; to say nothing of the gruesome legend which served to impart such peculiar significance to the particular shop with which our story has to do.

For two days after their arrival in their new home, the Brentwoods kept closed doors. No one passing along the street would have known that the "haunted house" was new tenanted, unless their eyes had wandered to the upper windows, which Mrs. Brentwood had promptly beautified by the addition of clean muslin curtains.

The deadness of the shop's exterior, was however in strong contrast with the scenes of bustling activity which had characterised those two days within doors.

Brentwood had decided to open the place as a book-shop. With a show of wisdom he thus put the case to his wife:—"You see, my dear, we have the shop, and it must be opened in *some* line. We have no funds to purchase a stock with, or else I would start in the drug business.* Now there are plenty of my books with which we can make a very good show indeed, and as there is no bookseller nearer than Flipton, we have not the slightest rivalry to fear, and shall be certain to gain the whole trade of the neighbourhood."

Mrs. Brentwood quietly offered the shrewd comment, "But perhaps, dear, there is no trade."

"No trade! all the better, then. We shall make it. We know these collier chaps have heaps of money—heaps of money; and you'll see our shop will make a real hit—a real hit, my dear. I never was so confident about anything in my life. Never!"

In truth there were a goodly number of books of one kind or another, but they were a medley lot, educational and theological books predominating. First one box was unpacked, and then another. How eagerly young Charlie entered

*This was before the time when chemists and druggists had to qualify by examination.

into the work. It is true he could not do very much except dust them, but this was good help in its way, and if he was unable to sort the various volumes into their respective departments of literature, which was the work his father first wished to complete, Charlie's ingenuity surmounted the difficulty, to his own satisfaction at least, and led him to do what he considered to be the best thing under the circumstances—namely, to laboriously sort the books according to their various sizes and colours.

A whole morning was spent in the work, and it was with no little pride that Charlie summoned his parents to survey the piles of books, remarking with a laudable pride, "I have sorted them all. These are all the big ones, and in that row are all the little ones. And look, mother, all by the counter are the nice gold-edged ones by themselves, all the blue-backs are stacked together, and all the yellow-backs are over yonder."

Great was his reward when his mother stooped down and gave him a kiss, and his father encouragingly said, "Charlie will make a first-rate shopman by-and-bye. You've helped me wonderfully already, my boy; and perhaps I'll get you to hand them up to me to-morrow when I pack them on the shelves."

Little by little everything was put to rights, and after much consideration and careful planning the window was dressed to the entire satisfaction of the whole family, although Mrs. Brentwood was "afraid the shop would look dreadfully empty in the daylight."

This awkward foreboding was quickly dispelled by Charlie's happy thought: "Look here, father; look here! I'll tell you what to do. Let's open a lot of the big books, father; then they will take up more room in the window, and we shall be able to take some out and put them on the shelves."

This bright suggestion was improved upon by Emily, whose eyes sparkled with delight as she said: "Yes; and I think, father, if we look in the books for the picture pages, and open the picture pages, it will be certain to make people stop and look in at the window. I know I should." Both hints were promptly acted upon, the result being a great apparent enlargement of the stock, and a much prettier-looking window than would otherwise have been the case.

Tired out as they all were, it must be confessed that the Brentwood's took little sleep that night, and on the next morning (Saturday) they were all astir very early to witness the important ceremony of taking down the long closed shutters, an act which Mr. Brentwood performed just as the old church clock chimed eight.

(To be continued.)

INDUSTRY.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

TO be really industrious is to be engaged in something that is really useful; no man can be considered an industrious man, no matter how incessantly he may be occupied, if that occupation is of a frivolous nature. Louis XVI. spent much of his time in learning the business of a locksmith, but he cannot be considered an industrious man on that account, for his work was unproductive of good either to himself or to his people; it was an occupation unsuited to the position of a king, and diverted his mind from his genuine duties. An industrious person has no belief in "luck," he believes that he must win his own way in the world, and to achieve any responsible position in life he must have determination and industry.

There are undoubtedly some whose very physique seems to fit them to fight life's battles, more than others less blessed in this direction. Some have more power of endurance and perseverance, but, after all, we shall find that whether a man is industrious or indolent depends not so much on his strength of body or the circumstances of his life, as upon the habits he has cultivated, and the company he has kept. James Watts was a lad of weak constitution, but he cultivated the habit of observation and thought, he was remarkably industrious, and has, consequently, sent his name down to posterity as one of the great benefactors of the race.

If our industry is to be of any practical value it must be continuous.

Some persons are industrious by fits and starts: at times they seem to wake up from their indolent sleep and make desperate efforts to redeem lost time, but it is all to no purpose; wasted time can never be bought back again, no matter how earnestly we may labour for it; the truly industrious go on plodding year after year, always at their posts, and generally, like the slow tortoise in the fable, winning the race,

while others, like the fleet and indolent hare, are left in the rear.

An idle man is constantly exposed to danger. He is like a soldier without his weapons, or an ancient knight robbed of his armour; the danger comes and he is not prepared to meet it. The indolent man soon falls into temptation. It is said that Satan has various baits to suit various dispositions. For the idle man he need not take any trouble; he falls into the snare so easily that Satan has only to lower his hook, when he will eagerly bite at it, though it contains never a bait at all.

Benjamin Franklin was one of the most industrious men that ever lived. When he started in business his neighbours remarked that the light was shining in his window when they went to bed at night, and it was still burning when they got up in the morning. An extract from Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanack" on this subject will show us what his opinions were on this important characteristic of life :—

"Industry need not wish; and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands for I have no lands, and if I have they are smartly taxed. He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honour; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling followed, or neither the estate or the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for at the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them."

An industrious person is usually an early riser. When others are asleep he is at his books or his business. You can usually find out the industrious one by discovering the hour at which he rises. If he be out of bed just in time to eat a hasty breakfast before he must start for business, then you may be sure he has not yet found out the wonderful gift of industry. The industrious person is always trying to discover some means of utilising spare moments. He has some study on hand which he can pursue, if only for a few minutes, and which provides him a useful recreation from the ordinary monotony of business. If he be waiting at a railway station, instead of reading the advertisements to pass away the time, he is reading some useful book, or repeating to himself some task in preparation for some class which he is attending. When business is over he is never found standing at the corner of the street, his hands in his pocket, and a cigarette in his mouth. He has always something to do—some iron in the fire; some study or useful recreation to occupy his mind.

To be really industrious means that we are occupied at the right moment with the right kind of occupation, and that while so occupied we concentrate our whole attention upon it. If we are learning a language, let us conscientiously apply ourselves to master its grammar, and to overcome every difficulty. In this respect many young students fall into grave errors. To-day they are industriously occupied in studying physiology; to-morrow they have changed the subject for chemistry; if you see them shortly after they are trying to master the mysteries of shorthand. If they are attending evening classes at some college, they wander, session by session, from one class to another, generally in the interval forgetting all they have learned.

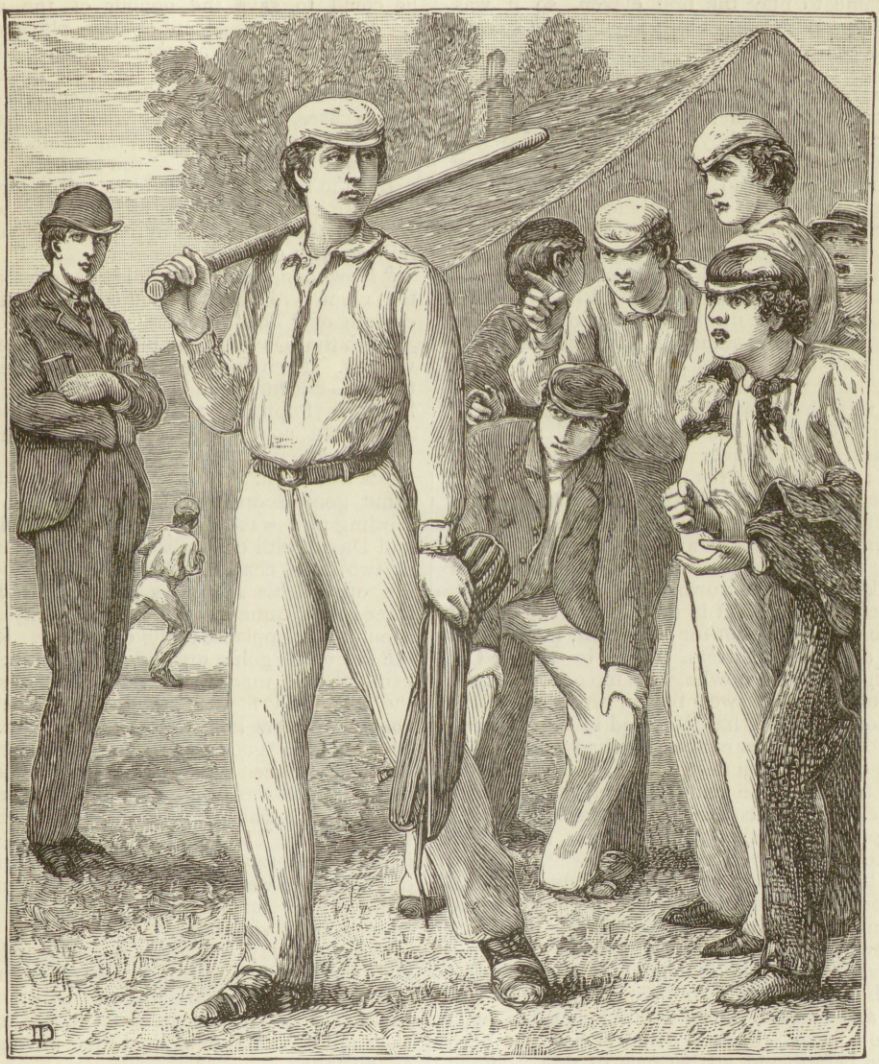
True industry is finding out what we have the best ability to perform, and exercising every power we possess to master what we undertake. There is a Chinese proverb which says: "Time and patience change the mulberry leaf into the silkworm." Industry without patience is of little use, we must do as Longfellow advises,

"Learn to labour and to wait."

We must remember in connection with our temperance crusade that the expenditure of labour in the manufacture of intoxicating drinks cannot be considered a useful industry. We know that the malt-houses, the breweries, and the distilleries, to say nothing of the beer shops and public houses, give employment to a large number of men. But what is the result of it all? When the drink is made what does it provide for those who buy it? Not a nutritious food, not even a refreshing beverage, the best we can say of it is, that it is an extravagant luxury. We know, however, that to the man who drinks moderately it takes money which might be otherwise better employed; to the man who drinks immoderately it is the sure forerunner of disease to the body and the mind, and how often it leads to moral ruin, and death to all prospects of advancement in life. If the same amount of money as is now expended in intoxicating drinks were spent in other departments of labour, in the purchase of clothes, books, houses, &c., a large amount of useful labour would be the result, and, instead of a few persons obtaining large fortunes, a great number of industrious men would obtain a comfortable living.

One of the great evils of the drink traffic is that the money expended provides profit only for a few, while other departments of labour provide work and profit for a much larger number of persons.

Neither the manufacture of the drink, nor the retailing of it to the public, can be considered an industrious occupation, no matter how industriously those engaged in it may labour.



THE CRICKET MATCH.

By 'UNCLE BEN.'

IT was a cool, summer day, toward the end of the term, when the match of the season was played—the Present *versus* the Past—between the scholars of a large and influential school in the South of England. This was the opportunity for many of the old boys to meet, and a time of great excitement among the school, especially with the lads who had the pleasure of defending the honour of Dr. Grimshaw's establishment of learning in the matter of cricket.

Some of the "Old Boys," as they were invariably called, would come down with a great deal of bounce and swagger, and boast of their doings "in town," now they were out in life, and talk large of cigars, bets, billiards, and beer, to the envy and admiration of some of the smaller fry, who were green enough to think this a symptom of being men.

The boys at school were determined not to be out-done in these matters by the big fellows,

who came to play the first eleven, so it was secretly proposed that there should be a sweepstake got up, anyone putting down a penny or twopence; and then the one who got the top score should pocket the lot, on the understanding he should stand something.

One of the senior boys named David Dawson, who had been nobly trained in a good home by a grand woman, who was his mother, had the courage sternly to set his face against this foolish movement, and his influence helped some of the weaker boys to say "no" to this temptation. He had come to school as a Band of Hope boy, and had kept his membership faithfully. This had been a good discipline, it had given him courage to make a stand against other evils.

He was often called "Holy David," "Old Piety," and "Parson Dawson." But he did not care what he was called, he could stand any amount of chaff. He was a general favourite, because he was never known to do anything mean; his conduct was the very soul of honour.

The eventful day for the match had come. Out of the eleven boys in the team, ten had been silly enough to put down threepence for a sweepstake, among themselves, so that the winner would have half-a-crown.

The strangers went in first, and to the delight of the boys were out for sixty runs, in about an hour and three-quarters. Then in went "The Present," but the bowling was too good. There was found to be a swell bowler from one of the London clubs who had not used to be anything at cricket a few years ago, but had this season come out as a most destructive and swift underhand bowler. The balls came up sharp to the crease, with a nasty twist, so that the instant they pitched, whether to left or right, they broke into the wicket at once.

In less than forty minutes the boys were all out for twenty-eight runs, so that they had the ignominy of following their innings. It is true the stumps did not go down quite so fast in the second innings, but it looked as if the grand match would all be over before dinner time at 1.30, and that the school would be beaten by a single innings. Such a disgrace had not been known before, and all because of this "demon bowler," as the boys called him. In this second innings, the captain, Tom Popham, had made a brave stand, and was playing very steadily and well. Most of the lads were nervous, and did very badly, in spite of much exhortation and good advice. The whole school were getting wild with excitement, as the score stood twenty-eight, and the last man but one to go in was called. David Dawson was the last, because he would not go in for the sweepstake. The game seemed all up as David picked up a pad to be ready to take his turn and do what he could to save the honour of the school. As he passed a group of the players who were consoling one another in their bad luck, and who were accounting for their duck eggs and their fallen wickets, with innumerable causes and excuses, Scrub, the boy who had just gone in, had made a good hit, and the whole field was shouting, "Run again!" "run again!"

But the ball was well fielded, and before anyone anticipated, it was up and into the wicket-keeper's hands, the bails were off, and Scrub was retiring with one run.

"Now then, you boys, send in your last infant; the game's all over," shouted the victorious captain of "The Past."

With that David put on his pad and went to the wickets. Then followed some unexpected play that was not forgotten in the annals of the school history. Popham had got his "eye well in," and could now play the bowling with ease. Dawson knew that the school would not expect much from him, although at times he had made some good scores against difficulties. The bowling now was not so good as it had been, and David, with quietly waiting, soon found one or two good chances which he did not lose. He opened his shoulders and made a hit for three; then came several two's; and by-and-by a four, to the applause of the onlookers. Rapidly the score was going up, and before dinner time came he had made sixty runs himself, so that the telegraph figures stood 111. These two champions went in again in the afternoon. The spell of their good play seemed broken, but they made fifteen runs more between them, and then Dawson was caught, having made seventy-one runs. The ovation that followed was tremendous. The sum total of the boys second innings was 126. The old lads went in, but did not do so well as their first effort, and the last was out for fifty-four, leaving the school triumphantly victorious.

When the day was over the boys who had gone in for the sweepstake determined to offer the reward of their gambling to David Dawson, because they said he deserved it, and it would shut him up in future against their having other sweepstakes.

At first David would have nothing to do with it, but at last said he would accept it if he might do what he liked with the two-and-sixpence. The boys, of course, granted him this, and then he took it, and said he could not keep it, but must do one of two things; either give it to some charity and say how he came by the money, or else every one must take his three-pence back from him with the promise never to gamble again.

The boys were not long deciding which of these two courses should be adopted. They feared exposure and punishment if their little venture

became known to the master, so they gladly received their three-pence back again, and promised that it should be the last time they risked any money.

Nothing is more wasteful, few things more cruel, than to win money and give back nothing —to gain only at others' loss. Many begin by easy stages, with penny bets and little ventures, a way that too often leads to misery and ruin.

THE OUTLOOK,

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE Drink Bill for 1886 was £122,905,785. Ten years ago the total expenditure was £147,288,759, or £4 9s. a head. The population has been increasing for the last ten years, and yet there is £25,000,000 per annum less spent in intoxicating drink.

These facts are bright specks on the dark outlook; while at the same time they shew us how much more remains to be done.

Abroad we are doing great mischief. The government of Bombay have put up to auction the right to sell drink in districts; thus forcing on the natives the sale of intoxicants in order to fill the public exchequer with this ill-gotten gain. This is a burning shame that Christian England should go to India and find her sober, and must now compel her to receive the greatest curse that this powerful country can bestow. To such an extent is this evil influence carried, that if the native priests stand at the grog-shop doors to warn the people not to enter them, they are put into prison. This has been done under the protection of the British Flag.

The Rev. J. G. Gregson says that in Kolaba drink was unknown until the auction was forced on the people; now the shops are in full swing with all their demoralising effects. But we have only to withdraw our license and support, and the natives will make short work of the traffic.

In Africa the sale of liquor has raised such indignation among the natives, that they have appealed to the missionaries to beseech this country to stay the fatal consequences by removing the cause.

Surely Christian England cannot be deaf to this bitter cry!

Truly this has been called a murderous trade. On the Gold Coast we are told 25,000 cases of gin and rum were landed to supply two factories only. In South Africa the Hottentots have been absolutely extinguished, and that mainly by drink. Nothing can save these districts infected with the fire-spirit poison from total ruin but total prohibition.

THE MUSIC OF MAY.

By WM. HOYLE, *Author of "Hymns and Songs."*

O WELCOME earth's freshness and beauty,
Thrice welcome the sweet voice of spring;
The winter seemed never abating—
My heart had grown weary with waiting
To hear the birds sing.

The north winds were howling and freezing,
The snow on the earth's bosom lay;
I wandered alone through the meadows—
I heard not among the deep shadows
The music of May.

O, May fills the earth with sweet music,
May wakes every woodland and grove;
It calls forth each leaflet and flower—
It whispers in many a bower
Affection and love.

May comes like a kind benefactor,
With blessings to aged and poor;
While winter's rude blast swept each dwelling,
Earth's mourners their sad tales were telling
At many a door.

O, the freshness and beauty of spring-time!
It fills life with hope's cheering ray;
I pity his sorrowful living,
Who can't find a psalm of thanksgiving
In beautiful May.

The valleys in verdure are smiling,
The fleecy clouds dance on their way,
The birds sweetest carols are singing,
While brooklets are rippling and bringing
New pleasures for May.

O, the freshness and beauty of spring-time,
Let us keep it as long as we can;
Each season our hearts may grow lighter—
The world will look fairer and brighter
Through life's little span.

Let us sing with the birds in the woodlands,
Or dance with the rippling of brooks;
When life wears an aspect of sadness,
There's nought like the music of gladness
To give us good looks.

God sendeth the birds and the flowers,
The sunshine His goodness hath given,
The spring is His tenderest pleading,
Inspiring the children, and leading
Their steps unto heaven.

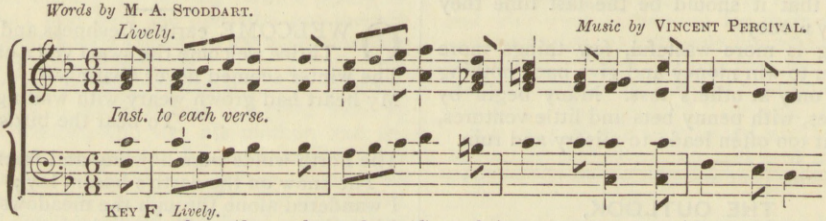
O, the new life and freshness of nature,
The music in woodland and grove;
God calls forth the spring in her beauty,
To teach us new lessons of duty,
And fill us with love.

HURRAH FOR ENGLAND!*

Words by M. A. STODDART.

Lively.

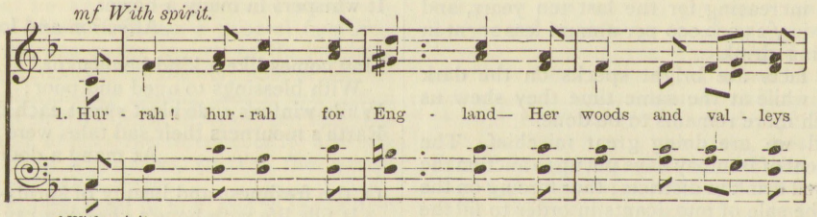
Music by VINCENT PERCIVAL.



KEY F. *Lively.*

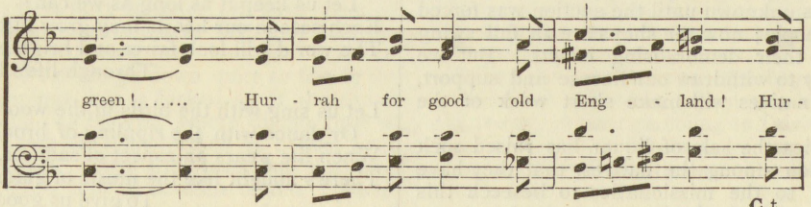
:m | m :f :s | l :- :l | s :l :t | d' :- :l | s :- :m | r :- :s | d :- :t, | l, :-

mf With spirit.



mf With spirit.

:s,	d :- :m	s :- :s	l :- :-	s :- :m	d :- :d | d :r :m
2.Strong	ships be on	her	wa - -	ters, Firm	friends up - on her
:s,	d :- :d	d :- :m	re:- :-	m :- :d	d :- :d | d :t, :d
3. Right	joy - ous - ly	we're	sing - -	ing— We're	glad to make it
:s,	d :- :s	m :- :s	fe:- :-	s :- :s	s :- :s | s :- :s
4. Hur -	rah for mer -	ry	Eng - -	land! And	may we still be
:s,	d :- :d	d :- :d	d :- :-	d :- :d	m :- :m | m :r :d



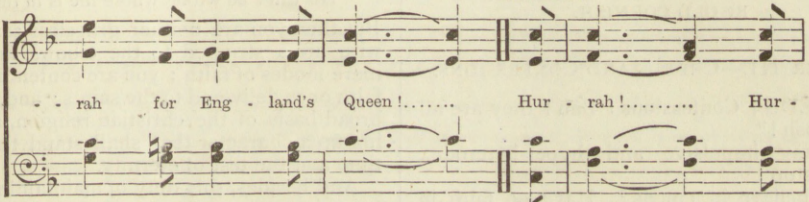
C.t.

r :- :- |- :- :r.r	f :- :f	m :- :m	s :- :-	fe:- :fet.t
shores, Sweet	peace	with-in her	bor - -	ders, And
t, :- :- |- :- :t,.t,	t, :d	:r | d :- :m	de:r :m	|r :- :rs.s
known— That we	love	the land we	live	in, And our
s :- :- |- :- :s.s	s :- :s	|s :- :s	l :- :-	|l :- :lr'.r'
seen True	to	our own dear	coun - -	try, And
s, :- :- |- :- :s,.s,	s, :l,	:t, |d :- :ta,	l, :t, :de	|r :- :rs.s

* By permission of Messrs. HART & Co., 22, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

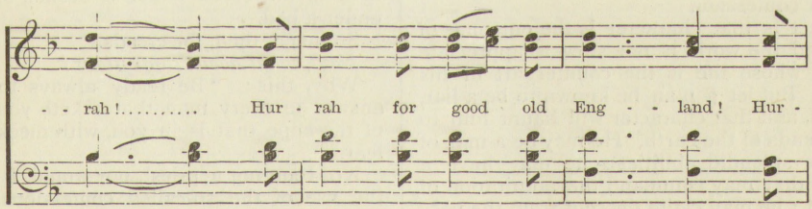
HURRAH FOR ENGLAND!

REFRAIN.

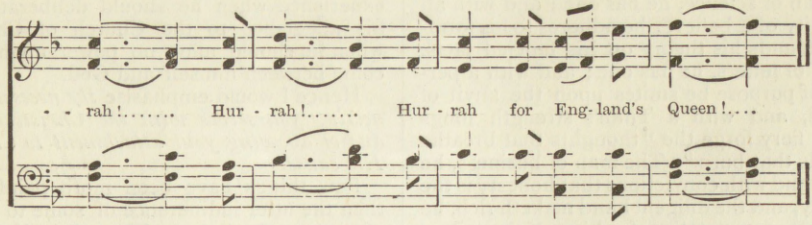


f. F. REFRAIN.

m' :-	:r'	|s :-	:r'	d's :-	:- |-	:-	s	s :-	:- |m :-	:s
plen -	ty in	her	stores!												
s :-	:f |f :-	:f	mt$_1$:-	:- |-	:-	t$_1$	d :-	:- |-	:-	:d
Queen	up - on	her	throne!						Hur -	rah!			Hur-		
d' :-	:t |t :-	:t	d's :-	:- |-	:-	s	m :-	:- |s :-	:m
loy -	- al	to	our	Queen!											
s :-	:s |s :-	:s	d's :-	:- |-	:-	s$_1$	d :-	:- |-	:-	:d



l :-	:- |f :-	:f	l :-	:l	l :t	:l	l :-	:- |s :-	:s
d :-	:- |- :-	:d	f :-	:f	f :s	:f	f :-	:- |m :-	:d
rah!		Hur-	rah	for	good	old	Eng -	- land!	Hur-						
f :-	:- |l :-	:l	d' :-	:d'	d' :-	:d'	d' :-	:- |d' :-	:m
f :-	:- |- :-	:f	f :-	:f	f :-	:f	d :-	:- |d :-	:d



s :-	:- |m :-	:s	l :-	:- |f :-	:l	s :-	:s	s :l	:t	d' :-	:- |-	:-
d :-	:- |- :-	:d	d :-	:- |- :-	:d	t$_1$:-	:t$_1$	t$_1$:d	:r	d :-	:- |-	:-
rah!		Hur-	rah!		Hur-	rah	for	Eng -	land's	Queen!					
m :-	:- |s :-	:m	f :-	:- |l :-	:f	s :-	:s	s :-	:s	m :-	:- |-	:-
d :-	:- |- :-	:d	f :-	:- |- :-	:f	s :-	:s	s$_1$:-	:s$_1$	d :-	:- |-	:-

Thoughts for Young Men.

By OLD CORNISH.

Chapter III.—Creeds and Confessions.

"Creeds! Confessions! Bah! they are all bosh!"

Stop, my impulsive and hyper-heterodox brother, stop!

Don't believe in creeds? Have no faith in confessions? Then why upon earth do you expect to win the love of a pure-minded girl if *for* her you have no kind of affection, and if *to* her you will make no sort of confession.

Yes, you may well blush at your hasty and ill-timed remark, and vow that henceforth you will never be guilty of repeating such a foolish assertion. And beside all this, add to your faith virtue, and put a league between you and the man who makes his boast of having neither creed nor confession.

The fact is that character is the outcome of creed; and the world is not slow to appreciate the man whose life is the counterpart of his religion. But let a man be known to be a liar, or a thief, and that character will haunt him to the very ends of the earth. He may be a man of the most splendid abilities; he may have a physique that may command the admiration of the world; he may claim descent from the very highest in the land; but let the secret be but whispered that he is a rake, a perjurer, dishonest, and that whisper will swell into a whirlwind that shall smite him to the dust.

Now a word or two about creeds.

For every man has a creed, expressed or understood. Formulated into words, or fashioned into forms, it is seen in the life of every man, without an exception.

The man of science, he has one; and with all the tenacity of a believer he adheres to his formula, and founds his theory on his fancied facts. The man of letters, he has one; and with a pertinacity of purpose he smites upon the anvil of his mind, and with a Titan's strength flings from his fiery forge the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The man of business, he has one; and with convictions that honesty is the best policy, and the diligent hand maketh rich, he establisheth a reputation for himself that silver cannot buy. Aye, and the very atheist himself has one; a creed as cold as death and as cruel as the grave, and he does not hesitate to flaunt it defiantly in the face of a wondering world. And there can be no excuse for the young men of to-day if, with the eternal verities of religion, they hesitate to avow themselves believers in God, Christ, sin, and eternal salvation.

Yes, Pope has said:

> "For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
> His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

But then you are neither graceless zealots, nor, with arms stripped to the elbows, fighting for mere modes of faith; you are contending for the faith once delivered to the saints; and, upon the broad basis of the christian religion, are building up a character that shall stand the rush of time and the test of eternity.

And besides, this duty of maintaining a creed is a debt you owe to society. And if men of business do not hesitate to state the conditions on which they continue their commercial transactions; if the politician harangues his political principles in the hearing of an excited crowd; if the philanthropist assigns his prayerful persistency in his work to the purest and most persistent of motives; then surely, of all men upon earth, the Christian young man should be the last to claim exemption from duty, or attempt to hide his creed under a bushel, or place it under a bed.

So much, then, for creeds.

Now, what about confessions?

Why, this: "Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear."

No, I am not a priest, nor would I plead for the use of the so-called confessional; but if young men are wise they will be found allied with some section of the Christian community, and avow their attachment to the Church of their choice.

No, I am not fond of the flaunting of the phylacteries, or the street-corner cry,

> "The temples of the Lord are we,
> And heathen all beside;"

But there comes a time in every young man's experience when he should deliberately assert his allegiance to the Church of Christ, and when he should allow no power upon earth to come between himself and God.

Hence I would emphasise *the necessity of connecting yourselves with the Christian Church, and of avowing your attachment to Christ and His cause.*

Few things have been more painful to me than the utter indifference of some to the cause of Christ and religion. They act as if these were beneath their concern; and the eagerness with which they connect themselves with cricket and football clubs, and throw themselves into all the athletic sports of the day, present a painful contrast to the indifference they display on the all-important subject of Christ and salvation.

Now, don't misunderstand me. I would not deprive any man of innocent enjoyment, of

healthy recreation ; but I do most unhesitatingly assert that nothing on God's globe should be allowed to interfere with man's eternal salvation.

Join the Church ! say some ; why should we ? We are not immoral. We are not in danger of going astray. And besides, why should we connect ourselves with a few psalm-singing folk, and doom ourselves to the drudgery of a so-called devotion.

My brother, nothing ennobles so much as the religion of Jesus. Look at its initial step, and you will find that no sooner does a man become the subject of God's grace than there is a change in the whole of his life. No matter how low in the scale of social being he is found, the very moment he experiences the converting power of God's grace, that very moment he begins to rise in the social scale. Tastes, appetites, ambitions, desires—all that were low and grovelling are now high and aspiring ; in fact, heavenward his every wish aspires, and you might as well attempt to check the winds in their flight as attempt to stop the upward tendencies of him whose life is hid with Christ in God.

Young men, never be ashamed of identifying yourselves with the poorest and most despised portion of the Christian community. If you have allied yourselves to any one of the sects, don't put your head into a sack and confess it there ; but look the world full in the face and tell it to them.

"I say, Sam," said a lot of rollicking barristers to a wearer of the wig and gown, "wasn't thy father a Methody parson ?"

"To be sure he was," said the witty wearer of silk ; "and I should have been one, too, but I hadn't brains enough, and so they sent me to keep company with you blubbering barristers at the bar !"

Bravo ! thou son of thy sire.

And if you young men will but copy that brilliant example—will but avow your attachment to the Church of your choice—you shall command the admiration of men, and secure the benediction of God.

Yes, it is comparatively easy, I know, to avow your attachment to the Church ; but to assert your allegiance to Christ requires an amount of moral courage which the grace of God alone can supply. It is not always true that the finest exhibitions of religion are on the Sabbath, or in the sanctuary; for away out in the great workshop of the world—in amid the multitudes as they throng on 'change—down amid the masses where virtue grapples with vice—where integrity is as resistless as the rock—and where temptations are hurled back as defiantly as the billows that thunder on our shores—and where integrity and uprightness are as bright and beautiful as the noonday sun—there are to be witnessed some of the noblest specimens of religion that the world has ever seen.

Young men, take your stand—form your resolve—and though called face to face with the faggot and the flame, exclaim, in the spirit of grand old Luther : "Here I am—I can do no more—God help me—Amen !" and by your very attitude you shall silence the sceptic and put to shame the taunts of sinful men.

Oh ! when I see young men truckling to the times—weak-kneed that they will bow to any image that may be set up—how I long for a sight of those three young Hebrew heroes who preferred to suffer rather than to sin, and who passed through the pathway of the flames to the very highest and most honourable position.

What ! silenced by a sneer ! What ! escape responsibility by inattention to duty ! No word of reproof when the character of Christ is being maligned ! Never such a thing as a protest when integrity is at stake—when honesty is sacrificed at the shrine of gain—when truthfulness is bartered for a bit of gold—and when Demas and Judas and all of that guilty gang are allied in their purposes of deceit and blood ! What ! silence then ! and allowing the very act of crucifixion to go by default ! For God's sake, no ! Oh, my brothers, I beseech you have done with this silence—never think of sacrificing zeal to a so-called discretion—fling defiance in the very face of the devil, and cost you what it may be true to the name and nature of the Christian religion.

Once upon a time a young lady, the daughter of a member of Parliament, was sitting in a steamer's saloon in the presence of two gentlemen who were talking upon political subjects. Presently they rudely remarked on a name which aroused her attention and excited her displeasure. So walking up with a grieved and dignified expression, she exclaimed : "Gentlemen, excuse me, but the person of whom you speak is my father." It was enough. In a moment they were silenced, and in another moment gone.

Now, that was confession. And that is the kind of thing that is demanded of you—a bold, open, frank avowal of your allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ; for "whosoever shall confess Me before men," said Jesus, "him will I confess before my Father who is in Heaven."

Yes, the benefits of consistency may be clearly seen ; the value of character is palpable to all. Nothing pays like religion. There is no safer investment under the sun than the entrusting of one's cause to Christ. Call up the men who have adorned the history of the past —Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Daniel, Peter and Paul from their prison house, and John from banishment on his sea-girt isle—yes, call them

up, and you have some of the grandest testimonies to the gain of godliness that the world has ever heard or seen.

Yes, the world has sometimes sneered at religion ; and the wicked have done their very utmost to disqualify the Christian in the estimation of his fellows. From the olden time until now, that course has been pursued. Haman attempted it, but miserably failed ; the sons of Jacob thought they had done with the dreamer, when for "twenty pieces of silver" they sold him to the Midianitish band; Daniel's compeers anticipated an end of the man and his prayers, when they secured a decree that he should be cast into a den of lions; and the very enemies of Christ themselves gloated with a blood-thirsty pride, when the vacillating Pilate handed him to be crucified. But—

"Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?"

Mordecai, the object of Haman's jealousy and hate, becomes "the man whom the King delighteth to honour." Joseph, the envy of his brethren, is set "over all the land of Egypt," and only in the throne was Pharaoh greater than he. Daniel, despised because of his integrity, is promoted in the "province of Babylon." Whilst Christ, the man whom Jewish hatred consigned to death, even the death of the cross, is exalted high over all principalities and powers, and is destined to wield His sceptre over a redeemed and regenerated world.

And thus shall it ever be. And if you young men will but set yourselves to *keep the faith*, and will but resolutely resolve to *confess Christ* before men, there is no power upon earth that shall keep you down. Hark! ringing through the ages comes this everlasting gospel of assurance,

"I WILL SET HIM ON HIGH!"

Aye, as high as heaven itself, where the archer's bow cannot carry ; where the darts of the wicked one can never reach ; where the angels swell their psalmody, and the saints perpetuate their praise ; and where, amid the ecstacy that thrills heaven's courts with gladness, you shall ascribe your salvation to God and the Lamb. Then, in confidence of that, ring out your gratitude in song :—

"He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend ;
I shall on eagle's wings upborne,
To Heaven ascend :
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore."

COUNSEL TO GIRLS.

BY MRS. M. A. PAULL-RIPLEY,

Author of "Pretty Pink's Purpose," "The Bird Angel," etc., etc.

THIRD PAPER.
"FASHIONABLE GIRLS."

WE are accustomed to make fun of the unconquerable proclivity in monkeys to imitation of the acts they see performed by mankind ; but the tendencies of the followers of fashion are closely akin to the feats of Jacko, and without any more reasonable excuse. How many girls would have the courage to be altogether antagonistic to fashion? It is followed as perseveringly and implicitly by the bulk of English womanhood—as if she were worthy of adoration, instead of a capricious power, opposed to so much that is noblest in our natures. Our costumes, our houses, our tables, our libraries, our jewellery, our amusements, even our pets, are under her tyrannical jurisdiction ; and contempt of her involves also the contempt of her million votaries.

Yet obedience to fashion involves much heart-burning, and very often much injustice.

Many of my dear young readers have been brought up in homes, where good sense rules, rather than fashion, yet frequently, even such girls, when thrown amongst fashionable companions, become impressed with the creed that we might as well live out of the world altogether as live unfashionably. The vagaries of fashion in dress are almost endless, and if you wish to trace them in olden times, a work called "Pictorial England" will enable you to do so ; while the volumes of almost any illustrated magazine will give you pictures of later costumes. And you will then discover that fashion has limits to her variety, revives old styles when her talent is exhausted,

and sets young ladies wild about novelties that are in reality as old as their remote ancestors. The tricks she makes them play with their persons would be comical, if they were not generally so ugly. Now it is a lump of artificial matter on the head, over or on which the hair is mounted ; anon, the excresence descends to the back, and our girls become akin to dromedaries or ostriches in their figures. Now ladies must spoil their pretty pink and white complexions with small black patches, as if troubled with some unsightly disorder ; then they are enjoined to shorten and torture their front locks, till they hide the index to their brains, with hair that reminds you of a poodle. Let Dame Fashion tell the girls to look as much like a man as they can, and they unhesitatingly obey, enwrapping themselves in driving coats, surmounting their boyish short hair by jockey caps, and twirling in their hands shepherd's crooks or canes.

Wide garments, narrow garments, much trimmed, little trimmed, of stuff or of silk, of lace or of linen, you must not allow your own taste, your own convenience, or your own circumstances to have any voice but dress precisely alike ; as if your Creator had made you all of one size, one figure, one countenance ; and had not, by the wonderful diversity in these characteristics of your being, suggested the beauty of difference, the grace of variety.

As well might we ask that every flower should be yellow, every leaf serrated, every bird a sparrow, every insect a grasshopper, as pretend to see beauty in blind adherence to fashion.

Laura is the daughter of a banker, Janet of a lawyer ; their allowance of money is precisely the same ; forty pounds a year. This sum must suffice in each case for their clothes and personal expenses. They are each twenty years of age, agreeable, attractive, and possess a large circle of personal friends and acquaintances.

But while Laura is one of a fashionable set, Janet laughingly deprecates the idea of being fashionable. Consequently, Laura's "set" look upon Janet's dress and style, with contemptuous disapproval. Laura spends her whole income upon self, and has great difficulty in making it suffice. The frequent change of fashion prevents her ever having a penny to spare. No sooner has she purchased one costume and arranged gloves, buttons, laces, ribbons, and flowers to suit the fashionable tint and materials, than a fresh season varies the style, and the whole has to be gone over again. Her purse, consequently, becomes so light that she cannot pay for all, and she accepts the favour of credit from her tradespeople, till the time comes for her father to replenish her purse. Then a ball, or a lawn tennis match, or a bazaar in antique style, involving a mediæval dress, necessitates outlay, and she sinks hopelessly into debt. It is the utmost she can do for others to put an occasional threepenny piece into collections, or to make a few articles for a bazaar when she has coaxed her mother to supply her with materials. The extra demands upon her purse, for selfish purposes which fashion declares to be necessary, are absolutely heavy. Her bedroom was voted utterly unfit when the æsthetic fashion came in, and she had no rest till her walls were painted with dadoes, and articles of vertu, dictated by Mrs. Grundy, found their way into her chamber, while huge sun-flowers blazed in ornamental pots upon the balcony, and were worked in silks upon the cushions of her couch.

Laura was called upon to make even greater sacrifices than that of her income to her merciless tyrant, fashion. A gentlemanly young man in a good business, was rash enough to choose her as the recipient of his affection, and Laura, believing him to belong to the professional status, allowed herself to be pleased with his attentions. But no sooner did her "set" discover that the young man was in "trade" than they made the matter known to Laura, and if she encouraged such a lover, she would put herself out of the pale of their society. A tradesman, however polite and cultivated, personally, could not be admitted into the circle of the families of professional men, and she must dismiss him or forego their company.

Laura could not make up her mind to descend in the social scale, and reluctantly sacrificed her future prospects of happiness to the approval of fashion.

Janet's allowance enables her to be a veritable Lady Bountiful, and to institute so many admirable modes of helping those less fortunate than herself, that she is made happy by the blessings of those who, but for her, might have been "ready to perish."

She allows less than half her income for personal expenses, as she never troubles about fashion ; she is always tastefully and neatly dressed, so that all may know she is a lady, in her attire, as in her courtesy and bearing. Her garments, of excellent material, cost comparatively little in making through the year.

The twenty pounds thus left at her disposal Janet spends most wisely. She is a regular subscriber to several useful institutions, and helps half-a-dozen poor and aged widows, by giving them easy employment, and supplementing their small earnings with regular allowances. She has also a reserve fund, to which she applies, when special calls are made on her bounty.

Consider how very little fashion can do to make anyone happy. Fashion is never on the side of right till right has forced its way into prominence, and then, sometimes, fashion discreetly joins hands with right. It is always a difficult and dangerous time for right, when fashion adopts it.

It is well for us to realise this fact. The religion of our Saviour was a despised and rejected religion by the fashionable people, during the life of Christ, and for many years afterwards. The apostles were persecuted and contemptuously described as those who had "turned the world upside down," in the early years of the church; and even for centuries, those who professed Christianity were liable to persecution, some of their number became martyrs, and they were "unfashionable." Then an Emperor, Constantine declared himself a convert to the Christian religion. Courtiers deemed it politic to adopt the religion of their master. Christianity was patronised by fashion, and it was no longer difficult to acknowledge yourself to be a follower of Jesus. Fifty years ago, when the principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors was proclaimed as a duty, by the seven men of Preston, the idea was utterly unfashionable. Mrs. Grundy laughed and sneered at it, and declared that men of sense were against it. In spite of her, this grand reform marched on with bold, unwavering steps; till so many became convinced of its truth, and such noble men and women adopted it, that fashion grew fearful, and determined to act wisely, and express sympathy with it, lest she should be forgotten and the common people have it all their own way. *Now* the difficulty regarding teetotalism is this: lest many should adopt the principle, simply from a desire to follow a prevailing fashion, and not from the fact that they are convinced it is a solemn duty to abstain from all intoxicating liquors.

Yet, because it is so very much better that fashion's hand should point in the right, than in the wrong direction, every old teetotaler welcomes the change, and cares not how soon Mrs. Grundy proclaims that her children must not drink spirits, and wine, and beer.

Fashionable girls, at this critical juncture, may do very much for the temperance cause; determine that it *shall* be unfashionable to drink, or to invite others to drink, and you may save many from the temptation to excess, and rescue terribly tempted men from the path of ruin. If fashion will make laws against drinking, and smoking, and gambling, and swearing, in all degrees, and for both sexes; then moral reformers will rejoice at the good effected, and use every effort to bind fashion so fast to habit and moral principle, that she may never again free herself.

Fashionable girls! you are influenced by the thought of what people will say of your attire; who are so willing to sacrifice comfort to fashion that you will walk on high heels, or mince along upon your toes, or deform your feet or your bodies rather than fail to be fashionable, do help to set the tide of fashion utterly against strong drink, so that a gentleman who takes a glass of wine may be ostracised from your society, as truly as if he appeared at an evening party in morning attire, or fails to lift his hat when he encountered you in the street. Let drinking and smoking habits in a suitor be as formidable a barrier to your union, as "trade" was to fashionable Laura.

Fashion works still more lamentably amongst those whose incomes are extremely limited, and the very poor. Its tendency is to make girls intensely selfish. Young servants often are entirely spoiled when they get amongst silly girls, who tell them it is absolutely necessary that their garments should be fashionable and gay, instead of only neat and clean. Then, alas! the wages that were such a boon to their poor over-taxed mothers, and for which they had blessed their kind, industrious little daughters, are wasted in the purchase of flimsy finery—gaudy jewellery—which these young creatures are taught to regard as essential, but which they could so very well do without. When we look at tasteful finery in shop windows—"loves of bonnets and hats," and dazzling brooches, and bracelets, and rings, we may ask not, "Which should I like to have?" but "What can I do very well without?"

When adherence to fashion involves selfishness, leads to debt, or draws us away from nobler duties and higher purposes, it must of necessity produce the deterioration of our characters as Christians. Girls may take comfort from the thought that they need not give up dressing prettily; they will, indeed, be much more likely to be admired for tasteful costumes, if they renounce blind adherence to senseless customs. Thomas Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus" reminds us, in his racy, forcible language, that the man is inside his clothes, and that a beggarly spirit is not made an imperial one because he wears the garb of an emperor; neither can a noble mind be beggared by a beggar's costume.

It is very certain that modest neatness and elegance of attire can never be surpassed by mere fashion, and were our fashionable girls wise they would never condescend to be made laughing stocks for sensible people, at the imperious will of an unseen power.

WORK—NOBLE, NOBLER, NOBLEST.

By T. J. GALLEY.

"I WOULD a hero be, and on fame's scroll
Inscribe a name, which shall outlive secure
Time's changes now, and through the years to roll
Retain a dazzling gleam of honour pure."

Then, go to life's stern field; still can be won
The victor's guerdon, and the people's voice
May still be heard applauding deeds well-done
By those who make alluring fame their choice.
The trumpet-blast of duty sounds to-day;
From slothful solitude it is a call
To hasten to the scenes of prize-crowned fray,
And tells you brave hearts win, but cowards fall.
Yes, go my brother, purpose-firm; possess
The trophy many seek, but few can know;
Your aim achieved when wondering throngs confess
How noble, manly, was your work below."

"I would a patriot be; for Fatherland
I'd be as fervent as were they of old,
Whose love-warmed hearts swayed men of steady hand
To wield the sword, and freedom's flag unfold."

O noble choice! for nobler far are they
Who live for right, than they who die for fame;
But peace provides a new and surer way,
Than through a sea of blood to patriot's name;
For still triumphant wrong infests our shore;
Now crime and pain are bound in closest link;
Now law and custom gives to rich and poor
The grim temptations of the curse of drink.
O do you love your land? then strive to stay
The hellish streams, that still with ruthless flow
Sweep on to ruin's sea, fair, pure and gay:—
Then will your work a patriot's be below.

"I would be nobler than the hero brave,
Or patriot true, and in some toil engage
That shall be thankless on earth-side the grave,
But which shall place my name on Heaven's page."

Go, then, my brother, to the darkest den
Of some foul street, where shameful sins abound;
Go, speak kind words of love to vicious men;
Go where the curse and obscene jestings sound;
Go where the harlot trips with guilty tread;
Go where the starvelings press the cruel stones;
Go, stand beside the fever-haunted bed,
And tell of Love that for dark sin atones.
Man's benediction shall not bless this toil;
But you in Heaven shall glorious trophies show;
And angel-bands shall see your Father smile,
And crown you, for your Christ-like work below.

Pebbles and Pearls.

A Census has lately been taken in what is known as "Smaller London," with a population of about four millions. Of the morning and evening attendances in places of worship, the result of which shews 460,000 morning, and 410,000 in the evening. At Liverpool, the morning attendance was 63,500, out of a population of 550,000. At Sheffield, the total attendance for the two services, was 87,700, out of a population of 284,400.

There was a court-martial held on a young officer who had gone on a spree and had a fight in a bar-room. The bar proprietor was brought before the court and put in the witness box. The prisoner was placed in full view. "Witness, do you recognise the prisoner?" "Yes, your honour, *and* most of the court."

Christ when on earth cured many a spot, especially of leprosy; but never smoothed any wrinkles, never made any old man young again.

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does change "a bit." If you take off another you have a "bit" left. If you take off another the whole of "it" remains. If you remove another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a bad habit you must throw it off altogether.

Surfeits destroy more than the sword.

Would'st thou first pause to thank thy God for every pleasure; for mourning over griefs, thou would'st not find the leisure.

Fashionable lady: "Don't you think, doctor, that my husband ought to send me to some fashionable watering-place for my health?" Doctor: "Why, madam, you have a phenomenally robust physique." Fashionable lady: "I *knew* there was something the matter with me. Where have I to go to get rid of it?"

Man's chief wisdom consists in knowing his follies.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an Irish lawyer, "it will be for you to decide whether the defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with a cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pockets with impunity."

It is one of the beautiful compensations of this life that no one can sincerely try to help another without helping himself.

Moral Courage.—We all understand the general difference between physical and moral courage; the one belonging rather to the bodily temperament, the other to the mind—the one to the animal, the other to the man; physical courage opposing itself to dangers which threaten the person or the life; moral courage the opposite of weakness, and proof against ridicule, false shame, the fashion of the day. And it is often to be noted that those who abound in physical courage, never appalled by dangers, or even courting them, are deficient in moral courage, afraid of their companions, easily seduced to evil, shrinking before a laugh or a sneer.—*Dr. Hawkins.*

Scholastic Item.—A Texas teacher was calling the roll. Just as he called out "Robert Smith," Robert himself rushed in out of breath, and answered, "Here, sir!" "Robert, next time you must not answer to your name unless you are here." "Yes, sir, I'll try not to."

On Liquor Sellers.

"The drones of the community; they feed
On the mechanics' labour; the starved hind
For them compells the stubborn glebe to yield
Its unshared harvest; and yon squalid form
Drags out in labour a protracted death
To glut their grandeur."—*Shelley.*

"What is a pessimist, papa?" asked a hotel-keeper's son. "A pessimist, my boy, is a man who would find fault with Heaven, if he ever got there," replied the experienced Boniface.

A man who endeavours to impress others with a sense of his own importance is rarely a man of ability, because men of ability don't care much what people think about them.

We value little that which costs us no trouble to maintain.

"How can a worthy young man get a start in life?" This oft-repeated question wearies us. We are able to think of nothing at present that gets away with the old-fashioned bent pin.

Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK,
Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

"'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue :
It pays our hopes with something still that's new."

MRS. BRENTWOOD'S dreary anticipations as to the book-buying propensities of the Dorntonites unhappily proved to be too true, and it must be owned that the stock-in-trade of No. 28 was not over rich in saleable books.

The whole of the first morning of the opening day passed over without a solitary person venturing to test the business capabilities of the proprietors of the new shop.

Young Charlie was honoured with the post of watchman, and Brentwood and his wife sat in the little room at the rear of the shop, anxiously talking over their affairs. In the midst of their conversation, when their hearts were getting very sad, Charlie rushed to say: "Father, be quick! There's a customer coming in!"

With much nervous trepidation, which he vainly laboured to conceal, Mr. Brentwood hastened into the shop, only to be disappointedly saluted by a slatternly girl with the message: "Mother says can you change sixpence!"

"Certainly, with pleasure," was the reply, in a somewhat melancholy tone, backed up, however, by Charlie saying on his own account: "Would you please tell your mother we've some beautiful books to sell."

"Books ain't no good down here," said the girl as she gathered up the coppers, "for none of us can't read down here; at least not many of us."

"Can't read!" repeated Charlie in astonishment. "Can't read! Then you'd best come here pretty often and father'll soon teach you. Won't you father?"

"Oh, we shall see," replied he. "You make haste home, my girl. I daresay your mother is in a hurry."

When this first customer had retired, Charlie was told that he had better not interfere when his father was serving anyone, as it might lead to their taking offence. Four other "customers" called during the day—one, an old woman to "know if they sold thread;" another, a young lad to ask "what's o'clock;" the third, a woman from the general shop lower down the street, "to borrow the pen and ink," she said, but in reality she came to spy out the land; and the last, just as they were closing at ten o'clock, a young woman in tattered dress, to enquire the "nearest way to Flipton."

The next day, the Day of Rest, was really a day of rest and gladness for the Brentwoods. The shop was, of course, closed, and they were thus spared the anguish of a second day's disappointment, consequent upon the absence of any real customers. They went to church morning and evening, and, although the congregations were very small, there was a calming consolation in the comforting words of the good old Book, and a soothing influence in the music, which rapidly found a welcome in the wearied hearts of Brentwood and his wife, and which to some extent lulled the anxious fears of the latter who almost felt happy when she heard the sweet voices of Emily and Charlie joining in the verse—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee :
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing."

* * * * * * *

If there is one thing which more than another characterises the unsuccessful men of business it is their fertility in new ideas. It would seem as if these masters of no-trades were really Jacks of all!

Mr. Brentwood, at anyrate, was of a most inventive turn of mind. On Monday, he felt firmly convinced that the proper thing to bring the much-needed custom to the shop would be to commence a school in the room overhead. Accordingly, a sheet of foolscap was brought into requisition, and upon it he carefully wrote in a bold round-hand the following notice :—

"KNOWLEDGE IS POWER."

"The inhabitants of Upper Dornton and its vicinity are respectfully informed that a Select Day School is held in the room over this shop. The subjects taught include—

READING.
WRITING.
ARITHMETIC.
ENGLISH GRAMMAR.
HISTORY.
GEOGRAPHY.
LATIN.
MATHEMATICS, &c., &c.

For terms apply within to
THOMAS BRENTWOOD, Principal,
who has over a quarter of a century's experience."

The paper was given a prominent place in the window, and its author earnestly assured his wife that he felt quite certain that it would draw.

The attraction proved quite unavailing until the Wednesday afternoon, when a woman who was overflowing with a desire to give her son

"a good scholarship, cost what it might," spent half-an-hour or more in making various eccentric enquiries as to the terms, course of study, and so forth, returning later on with a boy aged six, who screamed and kicked as he was dragged into the shop, and who eventually retired without any agreement being come to, the fond mother covering up his passion with the effusive apology: "Dear me, sir, I do hope you will excuse him. He is so terribly affectionate, he really cannot bear to be separated from me!"

Another day, Brentwood started a notion which was eagerly caught at by his wife.

"You're a very good cook, dear, a very good cook, and I daresay that if you make a few tarts and pies, and put them in the window, they would sell! What do you think?"

"Well, we can but try," was the reply. "In any case there is not much risk in the matter, for if they don't sell we can eat them up ourselves!"

So it came about that this unique feature of the book trade was added to the attractions of the shop, and, alas! the Dorntonites were still not to be won over.

Thus the days went by without any business being done. Then Mrs. Bridgman, the vicar's wife, called, and after a pleasant sympathetic chat out of pure kindness, made a most cruel purchase. She espied in the window a neat little volume bound in blue cloth and entitled, "What to Do, and How to Do It." Picking it up and carelessly turning the leaves over, she asked the price.

"Eighteenpence!"

"I will take it. It will come in for somebody." And she paid the money, and was gratefully thanked by Brentwood as she wished him much prosperity and cheerfully bade him good-day.

Charlie beat a hasty retreat from the shop, and when his father went into the little room to tell his wife about the good sale, he found the lad with his head lying in his mother's lap, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"What is the matter? What is all this fuss about?"

"Why, the vicar's wife has bought Charlie's book!"

"Oh, is that all! Never mind, Charlie! Look here, eighteenpence! It's a splendid start."

"Oh, yes, father," said Charley, bravely trying to keep back the rush of tears. "I'm very, very glad, but she might just as well have bought some other book; and I didn't ever want to part with that one. You know it was the only prize I have ever had."

And then the lad brightened up, and, boy like, got as much satisfaction as he could out of the event.

"After all," said he, "there's one good thing about it, anyway, mother, mine's the first book we've sold, and perhaps it may be the beginning of a lot of business."

By degrees Brentwood came to the conclusion that it was labour in vain to think of making a living by selling books to the Dornton folks. "It isn't that money cannot be made by book selling," said he, in talking over the matter with his wife for the fiftieth time. "No, where I have made the mistake is, there are not enough people living round about here. If there were only more people I am sure we should soon find plenty of custom for the books, and I tell you what I think will be the very best thing to do—take a good stock of them into Flipton, and stand market with them on Saturday! You remember how crowded that Market Place was the day we were there, and how busy all the folks were—serving customers as fast as ever they could!"

Mrs. Brentwood did not at all like the notion, and said so, but before the next Saturday came round her husband had talked her objections away, and the plan was put to a practical test.

Early in the morning, Mr. Brentwood and Charlie stepped out into the quiet street, one carrying a large parcel and the other pluckily struggling with a parcel almost as big as himself. The talk which passed between the two as they walked the couple of miles between Upper Dornton and Flipton was of a most hopeful character.

"We could not have had better weather, Charlie. It seems quite likely to be a fine day."

"Oh, yes, I think so; whatever should we do if it came on wet?"

"Oh, it'll not be wet."

Upon nearing the town they found themselves overtaking other traders, all hurrying along to the market—some with bundles, others pushing handcarts, a few with wheelbarrows, and not a few jogging along with donkey carts and pony carts well laden with goods.

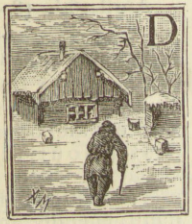
More than once they overheard their own personal appearance and probable business freely criticised, some of the remarks being anything but complimentary.

It was impossible for Charlie to hide his astonishment as they passed into the great Market Place. Stands of all sizes and shapes were being rapidly put together for the noisy business of the day. Even at this early hour many were already laid out with tempting displays, and, as no system of classification was observed in the arrangement of the stalls, butchers, cheesemongers, fishmongers, boots and shoes, hardware, old clothes, vegetables, and scores of odds and ends successively standing side by side, the scene was about as picturesque as can well be imagined.

(To be continued.)

Alcohol and Heat.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.



DRINKERS of intoxicating liquors are never in want of an excuse for drinking; in the winter they drink to "keep out the cold;" in the summer, for the very opposite reason, to "keep out the heat."

Now abstainers believe that they are better able to endure the extremes of climate than even moderate drinkers; whether they are on the Arctic seas, or in the untrodden paths of the tropics, they are able to do without alcohol. Travellers, like Ross and Livingstone, are living examples of this belief.

In our own country, the few months of summer, should it prove to be at all hot, drives very many abstemious men to imbibe large quantities of drink; and yet, these very same men are constantly complaining of suffering from thirst. The desire for drink is perfectly natural, and nature has provided for all our wants; the natural drinks, water and milk, and the juices of fruits, supplying all that is necessary in this respect.

Those who voluntarily abstain, and those who live in countries where religious teaching and custom are opposed to the drinking of alcoholic liquors, find no difficulty in quenching their thirst. Those who refuse to drink water little know how great a part water plays in the economy of the human frame. Water is as much a necessity of life as food; indeed, we may go a considerable time without solid food, if we can only obtain sufficient water; death, from want of water is more rapid and distressing than death from starvation. Taking the whole body together it contains 75 to 80 per cent. of water, and in the various organs and secretions there is a large proportion of water; out of every thousand parts of the blood 780 are water; in the muscles there are 725; in the saliva 983; in the gastric juice 984. If we but think for a moment we shall see how necessary is this large quantity of water, for water is the instrument by which all the chemical changes of the body take place, and so it is absolutely necessary that it should accompany the food materials of the body.

We find, therefore, that in all our foods there is a very large proportion of water; in a pound of potatoes there are twelve ounces of water; in the same weight of onions nearly fifteen ounces; in cabbage there are fourteen ounces; a cucumber is nearly all water, for it has only one ounce of solid matter, fifteen ounces out of every pound are water. Watercress bears out its name well, for it is all water except a little over one ounce. The same may be said of fruits; apples have thirteen ounces of water to the pound; pears thirteen and a half; even fresh walnuts have seven ounces of water in every pound.

The various functions of the body constantly demand water, and nature provides in our food all that is necessary to supply that want.

There is no danger in drinking water. Those who imagine that water does them harm make a great mistake, for water enables the solid food to become fitted for its reception into the blood, and it acts as a wonderful cleanser of the inside, as well as the outside of the body.

Water will alone properly quench thirst. Alcoholic liquors, instead of quenching thirst, have a large tendency to increase thirst, and to produce that most awful complaint, "Alcoholic thirst."

We can easily imagine why it is that drinkers of alcoholic liquors continually suffer from thirst. The moment the fiery liquid is placed in the mouth it is mixed with the saliva; this, as we know, is largely composed of water.

The alcohol demands the water, and it will have it. At once it appropriates the water to itself in order to destroy the burning properties of the spirit.

As it passes through the body, it continues to make the demand everywhere, robbing the body of this life-giving and necessary water; consequently, a most painful craving for drink is set up, and the drinker, to satisfy this appetite, continues to drink again and again.

When the drinker has indulged in a night's drinking, the next morning his mouth is dry and parched. If he would only consider for a short time the cause of this, he would discover that alcohol has wasted or destroyed a large quantity of the necessary water in his system.

On awaking from his drunken sleep he craves for more drink. If he drink malt liquors, the water it contains will, for a time, satisfy his thirst.

Now, drinkers of beer are often very loud in their protestations against drinking water; but the fact is they drink more water than the abstainer. The artificial thirst, created by drinking alcohol, causes them to drink large quantities of malt liquors, and, consequently, immense quantities of water; and water taken in this form and quantity does more harm than good.

Thus, by taking alcohol into our systems to satisfy thirst, it is like pouring oil upon a fire

with the object of putting it out, or like throwing dust into the eyes of a half-blinded man with the intention of curing him. It is the nature of alcohol to demand the water of the human system, and it will have it. It creates the very thirst the drinker is trying to appease, and thus by seeking to cure one evil, we call many others into existence.

If it be asked, what is the best drink to quench thirst in summer time, many replies may be given to such a question. It is best, perhaps, to drink as little liquid as possible, and, in its place, the eating of ripe fruit and vegetables is strongly recommended. To some, however, such a practice is inconvenient, if not impossible.

A refreshing and nourishing drink can be prepared by placing a full tea-spoonful of fine oatmeal in a tumbler, in which is placed a small quantity of lime or lemon juice; let the water from the filter tap run in upon the oatmeal, the liquid will froth a little, and drink all the better for it. The drink has been used in the harvest field, and found nourishing and refreshing ; the oatmeal makes up for the waste, which is continually going on when the body perspires freely, and the lemon and water refresh the throat and stomach. Cocoa is a refreshing beverage, for though it makes the body warm on first drinking, it afterwards produces a feeling of great coolness.

An ordinary abstainer finds no difficulty as to what he shall drink in the summer time, and consequently he makes little alteration in his ordinary methods of living ; when out for his annual holiday he will walk from fifteen to twenty miles a day without making any special preparation to supply his needs in quenching his thirst. On his journey he will call at some friendly farmhouse, and drink his innocent glass of milk ; with his dinner he will take his ordinary glass of water, and in the afternoon his cup of tea or cocoa. When travelling on the mountains he has no consideration of the quantity of brandy he shall take with him ; he drinks a full draught of the clear stream flowing down the mountain side, and rejoices that he can have it without stint and without cost. Perhaps as he drinks it he thinks of the following lines by Eliza Cook :—

"Wine, wine, thy power and praise,
Has ever been echo'd in minstrel lays;
But water I deem hath a mightier claim,
To fill up a niche in the tangle of fame.
Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell,
What treasures exist in the cold, deep well;
Sink in despair on the red, parched earth,
And then ye may reckon what water is worth."

True temperance is the proper use of good things, and total abstinence from bad things.

LETTERS FROM A BOY. No. 2.

Ship *Battledore*,
Lat. 7.34 N. Long. 25.10 W.
April 16th, 18—.

DEAR GEORGE, —We are getting near the "Doldrums," which is the part of the ocean just about the Equator. There is precious little wind there generally, and so ships drift along and get awfully close together sometimes. Then they "speak" one another, *i.e.*, they signal with flags, or send off boats with messages and letters. We hope to speak some homeward-bound ships in the Doldrums, and send letters to England. We did signal one a few days ago ; but though she passed quite close, and sailed right under our stern, the captain would not take any notice of our flags. But then she was a French ship, and of course you can't expect the politest nation in the world to take their politeness to sea with them. It's far too delicate an article to be exposed to the strain of a sea voyage.

But I must tell you about ourselves. After Mr. Guile left us in Tor Bay, most of us got frightfully bad with sea-sickness. If the ship had only kept going on as she did on the way down Channel, I don't believe I should have been ill. It was all that horrid swell from the "rollers" in the Bay of Biscay. But Mr. Blight said there was nothing the matter with the sea : it was "as smooth as oil." There was something the matter with *us* though, for Alf and I took an hour and a half to get dressed the first day, we had so many interruptions. I'll tell you a dodge though, if ever you go to sea. If you feel a little bad overnight, don't undress, and then you can get up in the morning and go straight to the deck. Then don't lie down and make an invalid of yourself, but walk about and learn to balance your body with the heaving of the ship. That is what they call "finding your sea-legs," and if you keep on the trot you will soon tumble to it. Lying on your back and sipping brandy and water all day is just rot. All the passengers who did that were ill longer than the rest. I think mother was rather queer at first, only she would not give way to it. She said that in sea-sickness the nerves were affected, and that she

believed that for nervousness there was no medicine like plenty of fresh air and exercise. So she kept pacing the deck like a sentry at Whitehall, and made the best of it.

We have had a splendid run so far, with a fine breeze nearly aft, and all sails set. There is an awning on the upper deck where we spend most of the day. It is very hot—so hot that Tiny thinks we shall be sunburnt, and then, she says, we shall have scarlet fever. In the middle of the day we can't do much but read and play quiet games. For an hour we read French with mother, and I am trying to pick up some Creole French from one of the men, who belongs to Mauritius. Is it not odd that Mauritius should be a British Colony, and yet that nearly everybody should speak French there?

In the evening we have games at touch-wood, blind-man's buff, and deck-quoits—if you know what they are. There is a board divided into squares, and numbered like this :—

60	B	50
40	100	30
15	10	20

Two or three can play at it, and they each have eight rings of twisted rope, which they throw one by one on to the board. The number your ring falls on counts for so many, and the game is to get 500, or 1000, first. Of course everybody tries for the 100 square, and most likely gets into B instead, and loses all he has got. The other passengers are jolly good-natured, so we have had some proper larks sometimes. Mother thinks I had better say that we have had nothing to do, and so have got into mischief. But it was not anything very bad, though one day we got the watch changed twenty minutes before time. You know the whole of the crew and officers are divided into two parts, or watches, and they take it in turns to go on duty for four hours at a time. The ship's bell is rung every half-hour, like this :—At twelve o'clock it is eight bells (that is, eight *strokes* on the bell); at half-past twelve, it is one bell; at one o'clock, two bells; and so on until four o'clock, when it is eight bells again. The watch is always changed at eight bells; but one day it came off nearer half-past three than four, and all because the ribbons from a young lady's hair got round the clapper of the bell, and made it ring when she got up from her seat.

But the best game we have had was not a lark, though we got great fun out of it. It was taken from a book of Mr. Ruskin's, and we call it "Crystallization." The book is fearfully clever, and all that sort of thing, you know; and I can't quite make out what some of it means. But the game is a lively one. It is to shew the way the atoms come together to form crystals. You chalk out a figure on the deck—a diamond, or a square, or a cross—and divide it into sixteen diamonds or squares, numbered from one to sixteen. There are sixteen players, each with a number, and they go and stand over their places in the figure. The captain stood a little way off, and when he said "Scatter," the crystal dissolved into its elements—or rather the players separated into different directions, but kept the same distance apart. When the captain said "Crystallize," they all came together again, like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. At least they ought to, but they did not; and that was where the fun of the thing came in. It looks easy enough; but it is very hard to go straight in and get just to the right spot without being behindhand, and without touching another player, until you are wedged into your proper place. If you do, you have to pay a forfeit. One of the passengers is a stout old lady, who cannot get along very fast. When she sees she can't get in soon enough, she begins to laugh and roll about, and generally jostles somebody. Then she has to cash up. One of the passengers has Mr. Ruskin's book, and he has also some crystals, which he has shewn us. I think we understand better how beautifully and wonderfully they are created from the trouble we have to form ourselves in this game; and that is why I like it so much. Captain Holton says that if we once can crystallize without making a boss, he will give us a treat—we shall have the jolly-boat out for a row the very first day we are becalmed. And the stout old lady thinks she won't be able to play next time. Isn't it good of her? Hurrah!

April 21st. We have not had a chance to send any letters off yet; but we have managed to crystallize, and we have been becalmed, so we have had the jolly-boat out, and a jolly boat she is too. We have had high old times, and caught lots of fish. They are very pretty—a lovely mauve and pink colour—and sail along on the top of the water like a nautilus. The men call them Portuguese men-of-war. But they look best in the water.

We crossed the line yesterday. There is generally a performance then; but it is rather rough on somebody, and so we did not have much of it. Besides, it rained hard all day. They used to take some poor apprentice who had never crossed the line before, and shave him. Only they would use tar for soap, and an

old iron hoop for a razor. After that, they would stuff soap pills, as big as cherries, into his mouth, and duck him in a sail filled with water, and held out at the four corners. We did not do that, but we were collecting rain water and filling the tanks all day, and we ducked one another. As we were wet through with the rain it did not matter. But the night before we had a little ceremony. One of the men hid in the chains over the side of the ship, and when it was quite dark, he climbed over the bulwarks on to the poop-deck, and said he was Father Neptune. He had on a paper crown, a long white beard made of wool, a telescope under his arm, and a trident in his hand. He handed in a letter to say that as the next day we should cross the line, he should expect all those who had never been in his dominions before to pay tribute. This we understood to mean that a collection would be made from the passengers. Then the men filled an old tub with tar and tallow, lighted it, and sent it adrift over the ship's side. We watched it a long while, floating away in the darkness, and wondered what the big fish thought of it.

While I have been writing here on the deck, we have been watching a sail drift nearer and nearer to us. At last Captain Holton has given orders for the life-boat to be got out, and he is going to send Mr. Blight to see if this ship, which looks like an English one, will take letters for us. It will take a good while to do this, so I shall just have time to finish my letter first.

I want to tell you about our Sundays. On Saturdays there is a great washing of decks and general clear-up, like a spring cleaning. Then on Sunday there is no more work than is obliged to be done, and at eleven o'clock, all the men who like, except the officer on watch, the look-out, and the man at the wheel, come into the saloon, when the Captain reads prayers. There is a piano there; the men are all provided with hymn-books and prayer-books, and we have a very pleasant hour. We always begin with "Eternal Father, strong to save," and we actually manage Jackson's "Te Deum" very decently, considering what a scratch lot we are in the singing line. In the evening we have another short service, when Mr. Rowlands, one of the passengers, who is a minister, preaches. I like him very much—like to hear him preach, and like him to talk to me, as he does sometimes, though, of course, not quite so well as mother. Last Sunday night he told us what he had been thinking about one day when he was out in the boat with us, and was so silent. Sometimes, he said, during the voyage, when the ship had rocked about a good deal, he had begun to wonder whether we should all get safely to Mauritius. There seemed to be only a few planks between us and the waves; and the ship seemed such a helpless, fragile thing, compared to the sweeping billows and the great waste of ocean all around her. But that day out in the boat, it was the boat that seemed the little and fragile thing, and the ship great and strong. And he thought, suppose a mist should come down and hide the ship, so that we were lost and could not find our way back again; or suppose a sudden squall should get up, and she were carried away from us before we could get on board—how helpless and hopeless we should be! And then he thought of how he had sometimes wondered if Christ could really save him, and bring him through the voyage of life to the desired haven. It seemed such a wonderful thing, that One whom he had never seen, and knew only by such a mysterious means as faith, should be his one Hope for ever and ever.

But then he thought also of what it would be to have *no* Christ, and of how helpless and hopeless he would be if any mists of doubt or storms of trial caught him away from his Saviour. And when he thought of that he saw how strong and sure his hope was. He felt that Christ was his ark—a sure refuge from the storm; that all other trust was slender and fragile, and this was great and eternal; since nothing can separate us from the love of Christ. And he felt more than ever that as Christ would never leave nor forsake him, so he would never want to leave nor forsake Christ. And George, dear, though perhaps I could not speak it, I can write it in a letter, which mother will read before it goes, *I felt so too.*

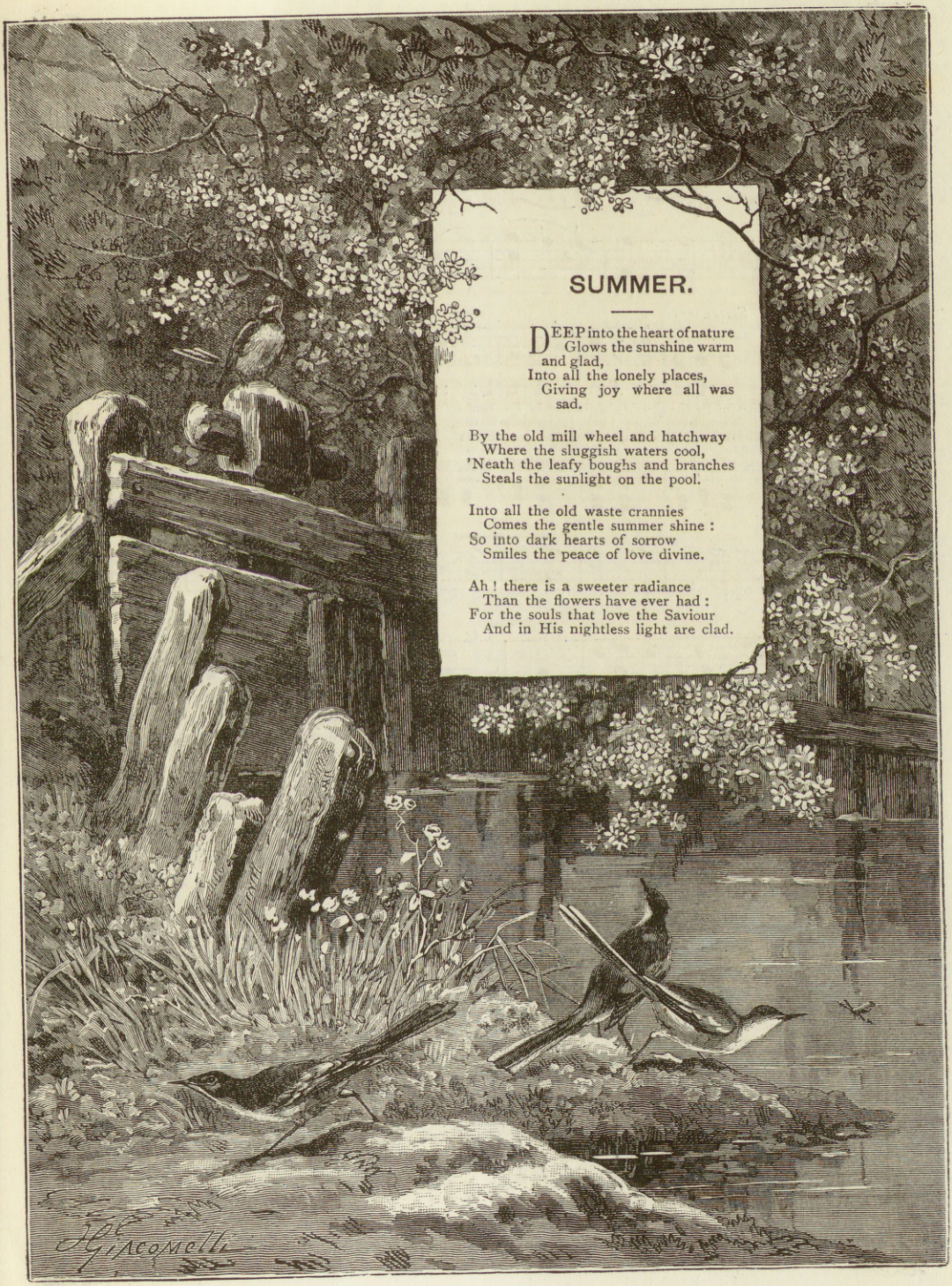
But the boat has gone off, and will soon be back again, so I must leave off writing and get the mail ready. I wish I could see you for just five minutes, for now I feel nearer to you than ever, though every day takes us many miles further away.—Your affectionate brother,

FRANK FAIRHALL.

THE mortality among publicans has been illustrated by the Scottish Amicable Life Assurance Society. In comparing the mortality of other occupations with liquor selling, it was found that between 45 and 50 years of age there died annually out of every

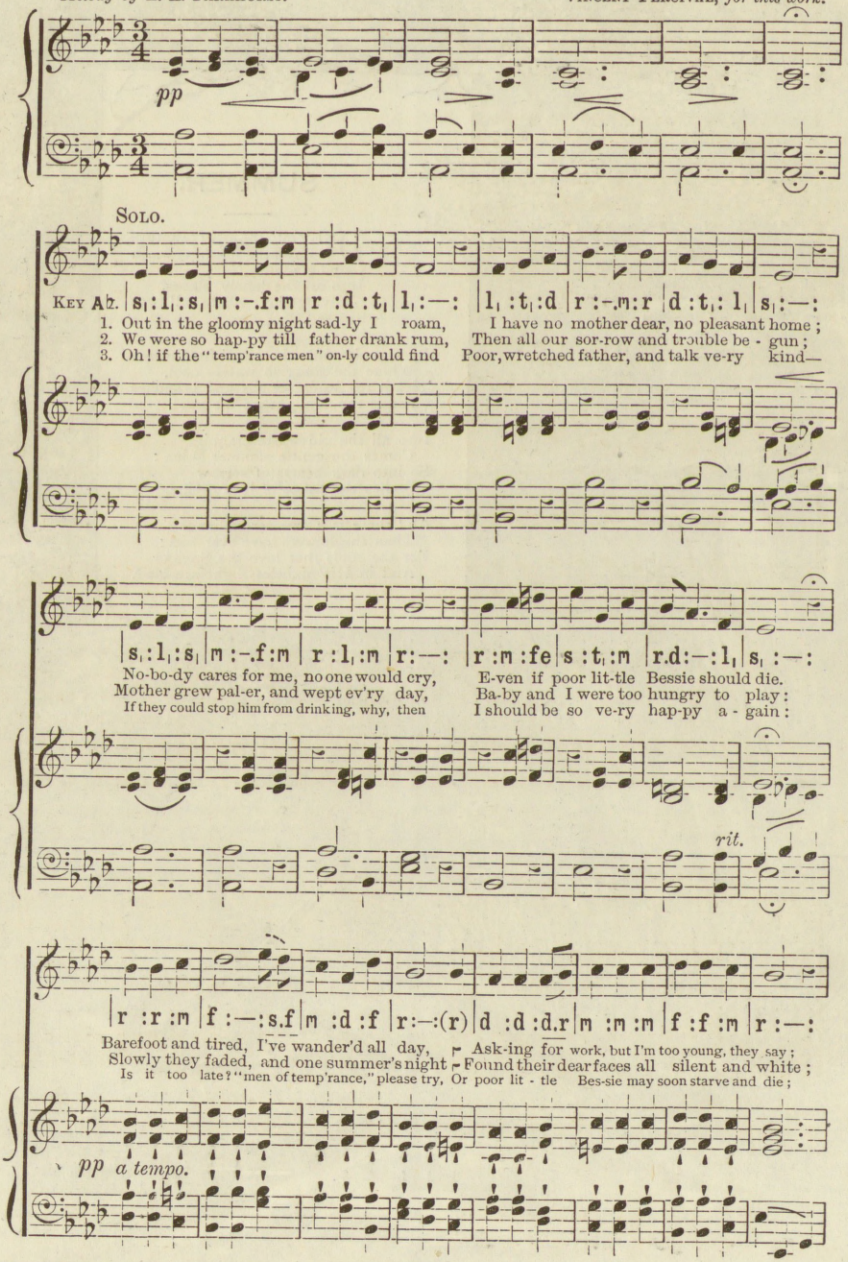
1,000	Farmers	12
,,	Shoemakers	15
,,	Grocers	16
,,	Miners	20
,,	Publicans	28

The mean number of deaths in all other occupations was 68, of persons directly engaged in the liquor traffic it was 102, an excess of 34. The managers have accordingly been constrained to impose an extra £1 per cent. per annum on all policies of publicans to cover the greater risks.


SUMMER.
DEEP into the heart of nature
Glows the sunshine warm
and glad,
Into all the lonely places,
Giving joy where all was
sad.
By the old mill wheel and hatchway
Where the sluggish waters cool,
'Neath the leafy boughs and branches
Steals the sunlight on the pool.
Into all the old waste crannies
Comes the gentle summer shine :
So into dark hearts of sorrow
Smiles the peace of love divine.
Ah ! there is a sweeter radiance
Than the flowers have ever had :
For the souls that love the Saviour
And in His nightless light are clad.
H. G. Giacomelli

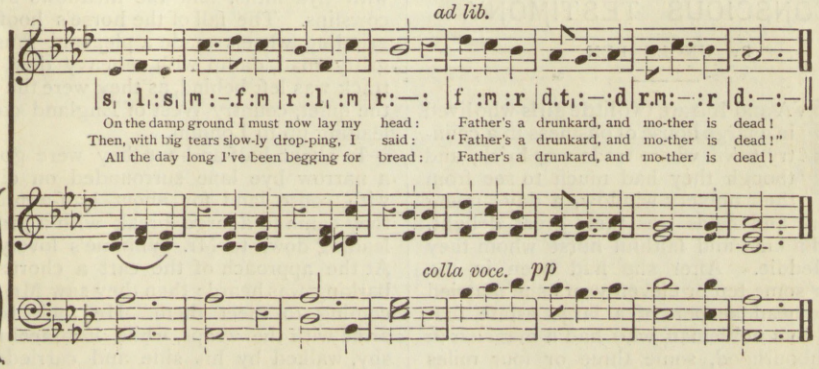
FATHER'S A DRUNKARD!

Melody by E. A. PARKHURST. *(Arrangement Copyright.)* *Arranged and Harmonized by* VINCENT PERCIVAL, *for this work.*



FATHER'S A DRUNKARD!

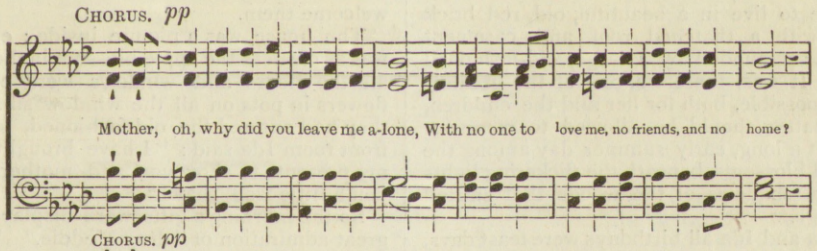
ad lib.



On the damp ground I must now lay my head: Father's a drunkard, and mo-ther is dead!
Then, with big tears slow-ly drop-ping, I said: "Father's a drunkard, and mo-ther is dead!"
All the day long I've been begging for bread: Father's a drunkard, and mo-ther is dead!

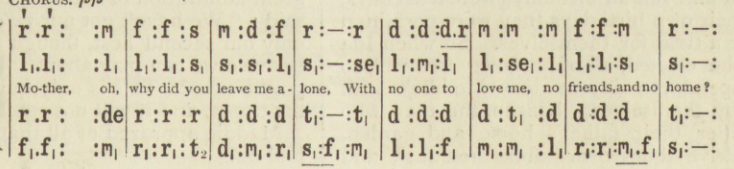
colla voce. *pp*

CHORUS. *pp*



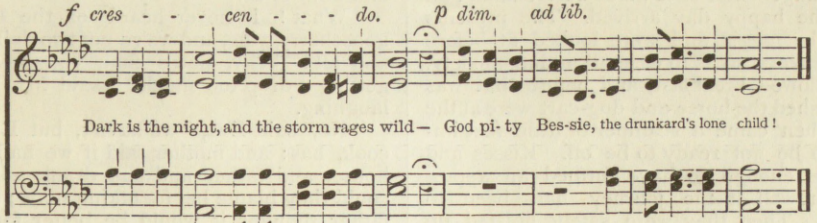
Mother, oh, why did you leave me a-lone, With no one to love me, no friends, and no home?

CHORUS. *pp*



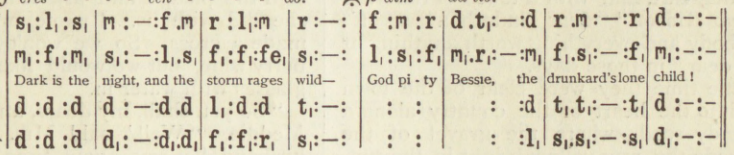
Mo-ther, oh, why did you leave me a- lone, With no one to love me, no friends, and no home?

f cres - - - cen - - - do. *p dim.* *ad lib.*



Dark is the night, and the storm rages wild— God pi- ty Bes-sie, the drunkard's lone child!

f cres - - - - cen - - - - do. *p dim* *ad lib.*



Dark is the night, and the storm rages wild— God pi - ty Bessie, the drunkard's lone child!

UNCONSCIOUS TESTIMONY.

By UNCLE BEN.

EVA and Ida are two little girls who lived in a large house of business in a country town where trade was brisk, and though they had much to see from their nursery window, a day among the flowers and fields was their great delight. They had a kind and faithful nurse whom they called Meddie. After she had been in the family for some ten or eleven years she married one of the head keepers of a large estate that belonged to a nobleman who had a mansion in the neighbourhood, some three or four miles distant. Since "dear Meddie," as the children always called her, had married Mr. Whinnie she had gone to live in a beautiful, old, red brick cottage with a thatched roof and casement windows, surrounded by a large, old-fashioned garden. It was, therefore, one of the greatest delights possible, both for her and the children, that the latter should be allowed to come out and spent a long, early summer day among the birds and blossoms, beneath the flickering lights and green shadows of the woods that skirted the cottage.

To Eva and Ida all birthdays were feast days, and on their own birthdays they were permitted to choose a treat for themselves. So when Ida was six she elected, all of her own free will, to go and spend the day at dear Meddie's with Eva, all by themselves. Kinson, the man who looked after their father's horse and garden, was to drive them over after breakfast, and perhaps father and mother would come for them in the evening.

All arrangements were made beforehand, and at last the happy day arrived. The presents came as by magic, and were looked at before family prayers so as to ease all undue anxiety. Then followed breakfast, and before that was quite finished the horse and dog-cart were at the door. Then came a scamper of little feet impatient to be got ready to be off. Kisses and good-byes enough to have formed an appropriate farewell if the journey had been to America. Then they were safely hoisted up into the dog-cart, and with a touch of the whip from "dear Kinson" "dear Tinderbox" was off; for everybody and everything worth anything at all was "dear" in those days.

In a little time they were clear of the town and out into the heart of the country along a level, sandy road, where the gravel of the district made the way yellow-bright in the sunshine. It was just the right day to be out in. The world was white with May, the woods blue with hyacinths, and the meadows sweet with cowslips. The fall of the horse's hoofs and the grinding wheels made a pleasant music on the gritty road, damp with a heavy dew, so that a track was left behind, as they were the first upon the quiet, country West of England coach road leading up to London.

In about half-an-hour they were going down a narrow bye lane surrounded on either side with copse land for about half-a-mile. Then they came to a large break with a grass track, leading down to Mr. Whinnie's lovely cottage. At the approach of the cart a chorus of dogs barking was heard; then they saw Mr. Whinney coming to meet them. He took Ida in his arms with the wraps, while Eva, feeling a little shy, walked by his side and carried the bag. The cart was driven back, and as the children entered the garden "dear Meddie" came to welcome them.

The house was a picture inside; everything was as clean as the apple blossom in the garden; all the doors and windows were open, and flowers in pots on all the window sills. When they had entered the old-fashioned, low-roofed front room Ida said: "I have brought some of my presents to show you, and mother has sent you a little wool shawl."

So the morning's gifts were displayed, to the great admiration of "dear Meddie." Then Ida said: "We havn't got our *velly* best things on, only our second best, though it is my birthday, because we can play about. Do you like these grey frocks? This is only quilted ribbon round my tippet, and it will not spoil soon."

Meddie approved of all that her little charge had on.

Eva said: "There is one thing we must tell you: we are all teetotal now—father and mother and both of us."

"What! I never heard of the like. No gooseberry wine, and we've got two dolly glasses and all! Why, how's that, you havn't been getting a drop too much?" said Mr. Whinney, laughing.

"No," said Eva, "we havn't, but Emma, the cook, has: and mother said if we had it in the house, and father and she drank a little, how could they blame her for taking some; therefore, father thought it would be better for us all to sign the pledge and ask Emma to do so, and she did with us. I wrote my name, and Ida made a cross. So we won't have any gooseberry wine, but we would like to have the little glasses with water in."

"So you shall, my dears, and bless you," said Meddie. "Well," said Mrs. Whinney to her husband, "it was about time that Emma did," with a significant look.

They went out to see all the coops and broods of game, for the cottage was surrounded by wire fencing and numberless little pens and hen coops with tiny birds running about. The morning passed with fulness of joy for the little girls. Then came an early dinner in the cleanest of clean kitchens, where several guns were hung up against the wall.

"They won't go off, will they?" said Eva, who had a dreadful fear of fire-arms.

"Oh, no, we don't keep 'em loaded indoors lest an accident should happen some day. It's best to be on the safe side, Missie," replied Mr. Whinney.

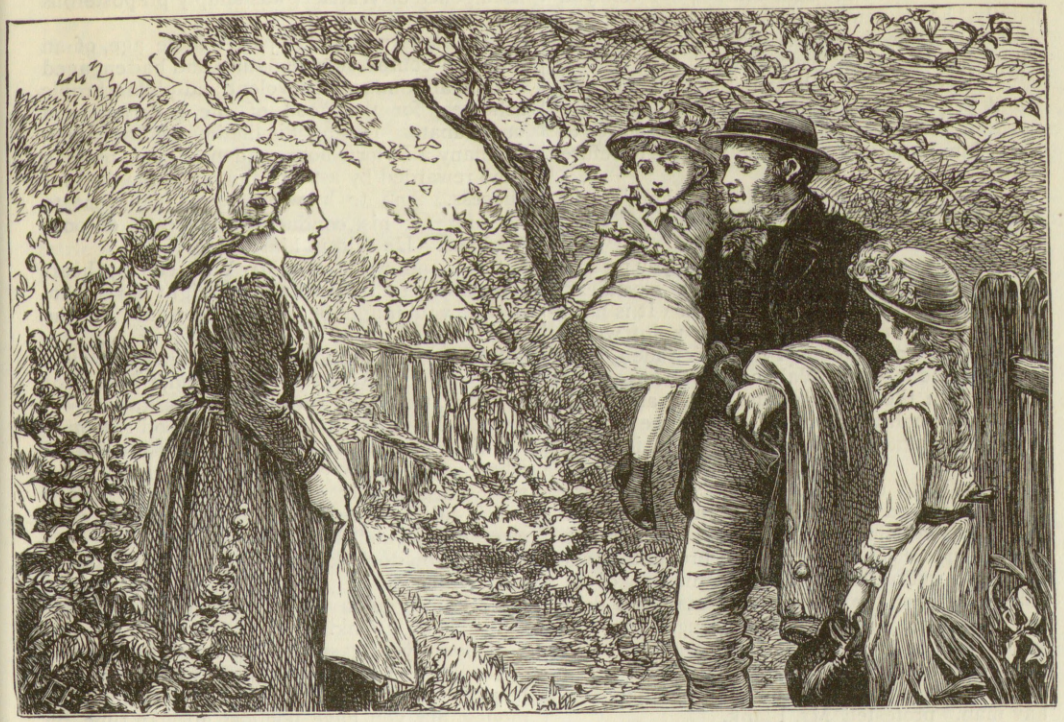
"That's what father says about beer," seeing Mr. Whinney drinking from a foaming mug.

"Why don't you be a teetotaler?" asked Eva, looking at Mrs. Whinney.

"I don't know that I ever thought very much about it, but after what you all have done at High Street for Emma's sake, it makes me wonder if I'm quite right in taking my half-pint."

When the things were all cleared away and washed up, Eva and Ida both helping, they went out in the woods to see the squirrels and pick the flowers, and Meddie enjoyed it quite as much as the children. On coming back there was tea to get, which was to be had on a little round table carried out into the garden. There, among the bees and the blossoms in the warm afternoon, they had the sweetest bread and butter with the thickest cream (so thick it had to be helped out of the "dear little jug" with a spoon) in the fresh open air.

As the shadows were beginning to grow long, and the dogs were fed for their supper, and the hens gone to roost, father and mother drove up to fetch home the small visitors. Back went the happy pair in the glow of sunset to the last song of the thrush and blackbird and the first notes of the nightingale, beneath the increasing light of stars, little to dream that their example and testimony had been like good seed sown on good soil.



Next time they went "dear Meddie" was a teetotaler also, and said: "I think by the time you come again master will be one too; only he needs a deal of persuading, but if he should it'll be you and them guns that has done it."

ALL BUT RUINED.

By Rev. EDWARD HAYTON.

"POOR WALLACE—I think he would have done better, if he had just taken the trouble to think a moment. He cannot have forgotten wholly, that I stood by him as his friend, when no one else cared enough about him to befriend him," said Mr. Blank.

"No," said Russel, "I tell you plainly, he remembered well this very thing. And yet in the face of it did what he did, and said what he said."

"I am very sorry to hear it," said Mr. Blank, "and yet, do you know, I feel that if he were needing a friend to-day, and I had the power to assist him in any way, I would not like to refuse him."

"Very likely you would assist him," said Russel, with a sarcastic curl upon his lip. "He is a worthless fellow, that I know."

"Yes, I suppose he is in the sense you mean," said Mr. Blank, "but not wholly worthless, perhaps, as another might see him. It is hard to decide when any man is at the point where recovery is impossible. I have seen men quite as bad as he is—poor Wallace !—who have been saved from the power of the drink, and have broken through their bad habits, in time getting back again almost to the point from which they had fallen."

"How is it," enquired Russel, "that you are always disposed to treat such scoundrels kindly? If there be a fellow who has fairly merited the displeasure of everybody, and brought down upon his guilty head the condemnation of all who know him, that is the very man you deal tenderly with, and stick to through fire and water."

"By all that is good, I declare that I deserve no such praise at your hands, nor the hands of any man," protested Mr. Blank.

"You mistake me, sir," interrupted Russel, "I do not praise you in this at all—but I condemn you."

"I am sorry to have misunderstood you. You will forgive me, I know," said Mr. Blank, but without in the least losing his temper.

Wallace had spent a fortune, and almost broken his wife's heart in doing so; and in common thought and speech, would certainly be dealt with as a worthless and dissipated man. For there could be no dispute about the point, that he had sunk very low indeed. He had never in the secret exhibitions of his rage, when made mad with the drink, quite lifted his hand to his suffering and enduring wife. But there is a cruelty which is quite as destructive of life and happiness, as vulgar blows. His wife had suffered without a doubt, and sorely, however unintentionally on his part the suffering might be caused. This, Russel, her youngest brother, very well knew, and because he sympathised with her as a brother might be expected to do, he spoke of his unfortunate brother-in-law as he did. There were other reasons besides—he was still young, and of limited experience. Moreover, he was a man of strict habits and discipline, and rigid self-control. And to him, the wasteful indulgence of Wallace, was simply preposterous and irrational.

Mr. Blank was a man past middle age, of an intensely compassionate nature, and had engaged long in all kinds of benevolent and philanthropic schemes, for the good of the suffering and unfortunate. During his lifetime he had taken up many a forlorn hope, and had been many a time rewarded by astonishing, and unlooked-for success. And to know him was sufficient to account for his conduct in the case of poor Wallace. He said to him:

"It is sad work this, Mr. Wallace, my heart bleeds when I think of all you might have been, of all you might be yet, if you would let the drink alone."

"My wife's friends hate me, and they will drive me to destruction in the end," said poor Wallace, trembling with rage and agitation.

"But have you not given them good reason to be displeased? And then you must think of what you owe to your wife. She loves you, whoever else may choose to hate you. Oh, if you would but be a man again, as you once were, every good thing would be possible."

"Ah, you don't know how far I have fallen," said Wallace.

"I know you have not fallen too far for this," replied Mr. Blank. "Why should it be impossible in your case? It is not impossible, I tell you—it is not even doubtful, if you will become an abstainer. I know you have lost money, but you have not lost all. In time, by the blessing of God upon steady effort, you may recover all the ground you have lost."

"I will recover it then, to the confusion of my enemies," said Wallace, almost fiercely.

"Ah, Mr. Wallace, be careful about your motive. There is a battle before you," said Mr. Blank, "that cannot be won on lower ground than the *very highest.* If you begin the conflict in humble dependence upon God, then everything is possible, but with any lower motive than He could sanction, you would fail."

"I will recover my lost position then by His help alone," said Wallace, with calm determination.

"Now I have confidence that you will not fail," said Mr. Blank. "No man ever yet failed whose trust was in the living God."

Poor Wallace was no stranger to such words as were now being uttered in his hearing. He had had a Christian training, and had been taught by his now sainted mother, many a scripture text in his childhood, which was destined after lying long in the unfruitful ground of his unregenerate heart, to spring up and bear fruit, even an hundred-fold.

He gave up the drink that very day, and bade farewell to his dissipated associates for ever. They were amazed at the suddenness of this change, as perhaps well they might, when all things are considered. He said to one of them:—

"Broadbent, look you here, I have all but brought myself to ruin and beggary, and if my wife had not been a woman of a thousand, she would have been dead in consequence of my senseless and wicked behaviour. I have acted like a madman, and I can never forgive myself; but I am resolved to do what can be done to retrieve my lost position. I have signed the pledge, and I will keep it by the help of God."

"Then you have done a very silly thing, I must tell you. Could you not take a little when you require it, or a glass with a friend?"

"No, Broadbent," interrupted Wallace, "I know my own weakness, believe me it is in my case either abstinence, or drunkenness and destruction."

"It is all nonsense, I tell you, you are in the blues,'" answered Broadbent.

"Hear me, once for all. That hand which has, as you see, been palsied by the drink, shall never lift another glass of brandy to my lips. I will show you that I am man enough still to stand to my word. I know what I am saying, and I have some idea of what all this may cost me, but—"

Here his heart filled, and he did not complete the sentence. He and his old companion separated, each with his own (how different) feelings, and to take widely different ways.

Wallace held on to his purpose. And the black prophecies that were uttered by the publicans, and some of his companions about his failure, did not come true. He began to enjoy something like health, and by great care and economical living, things of a financial nature began to right themselves. A new light came into the eyes of his wife, and a new life into her heart. Something like the old bloom came again into her cheeks, and her voice regained its old tone. She was, in short, a new woman, and their home was once more a place of brightness and comfort.

Wallace is now old, but there are few happier men than he is. And his ripe experience he devotes to the good of others.

NOTHING LEFT UNDONE.

By ANNIE FRANCES PERRAM.

"IT'S quite true, ma'am, I've been a drinker; but I've given it up, and if you'll give me a chance of redeeming my character you shan't ever regret it."

The lady who was thus addressed looked up from the letter to which she had been referring, and made a few mental notes of the speaker. She was a woman not much past her early youth, red-faced and coarse-featured, but bearing, in her honest grey eyes and set mouth, witness to the purpose which her words had indicated.

"But you lost your last situation through indulgence in drink," said Mrs. Reston.

"Yes, ma'am, I did. I had got into the habit, and nothing was kept locked up, and I couldn't help taking it when the longing came on."

The woman was singularly frank Mrs. Reston thought; and, after a little conversation, it was decided that she should enter her service, in the capacity of cook, for a month's trial.

"You will find no temptation to drink here. I keep all intoxicants under lock and key, and the housemaid does not take anything of the kind. So you see, if you really wish to reform, you have a good chance," said Mrs. Reston, kindly.

The woman's voice was husky as she thanked her future mistress, and then left the house.

"Really, Edmund, I was so struck by her intense desire to lead a new life, and, as in every other respect her character was unimpeachable, I thought it was a fine opportunity of putting the golden rule into practice," replied Mrs. Reston to her husband's remonstrance upon the rashness of her proceeding.

"What a woman you are! You know that such an argument is unanswerable, and I must retreat vanquished from the field," laughingly retorted Mr. Reston, after which the matter dropped.

"Now, Jarvis," said Mrs. Reston, when a few mornings later she had given her orders to the new cook, "I daresay you will miss your usual beverage for some time, and in its stead you are quite at liberty to make yourself coffee or cocoa whenever you wish, and if there is any other way in which you may be helped to fight against your besetment let me know, for I want you to look upon me as your friend."

Jarvis stammered something unintelligible, and, somewhat surprised at her agitation, Mrs. Reston left the kitchen.

"If this don't beat everything! Nothing but lectures and black looks have I ever had before, and now to think of a real lady speaking so kind, and wanting to be my friend!"

And in the excess of astonishment and emotion Jarvis stood and watched the milk for a pudding boil over, and then mechanically emptied what remained into the coffee dregs which were yet standing on the breakfast table.

Weeks passed away and Mr. Reston ceased to tease his wife about her latest philanthropic effort, and Mrs. Reston forgot to watch the cook's movements with anxiety, and dismissed all misgivings as to the prudence of the step she had taken.

"Breakfast not ready yet! How's this?" asked Mr. Reston one morning entering the dining-room at the usual time, to find the housemaid just commencing to lay the cloth, and his wife looking disturbed.

"It can't be helped, dear. Symonds has been single-handed this morning, for Jarvis is not down yet," replied Mrs. Reston.

Her husband raised his eyebrows and coughed significantly, as he sat down and took up his newspaper.

"What's the matter with your paragon, my dear?" he asked, after Symonds had left the room.

"I havn't enquired yet," drily answered his wife.

Mr. Reston thought it best not to pursue the subject, and relapsed into silence. After he had gone to business, Mrs. Reston examined the contents of the cellaret, and sadly came to the conclusion that Jarvis had been helping herself, in large quantities, from the stores of wines and spirits kept there. She had been out visiting with her husband the previous evening, and the housemaid had been sent into the town, thus leaving every opportunity for Jarvis to indulge in her mistress's stimulants. Mrs. Reston remembered that on returning home she had found the key of the cellaret, which she had missed, on the floor close to the sideboard, and the door locked as usual. Then Symonds had come in alone to prayers, saying that cook had gone to bed with a bad headache

"Send Jarvis to me as soon as she comes down," said Mrs. Reston as the housemaid answered her summons.

"It's too disappointing," she soliloquised. "I felt assured that Jarvis would do well, but now my efforts to help her have all been in vain. I'm sure there's nothing I have left undone to aid her in her attempts to reform."

Kind, good, Mrs. Reston, there is just one thing you have 'left undone,' but even when, before another hour has passed, you learn how you have failed, will you have Christian love and courage sufficient to enable you to remedy the past by doing all in your power to save a soul from perishing in its sin?

There was a knock at the door, and Jarvis entered with swollen, downcast eyes, and face redder than usual.

"Well, Jarvis," said Mrs. Reston after a moment's silence.

"I've got nothing to say, ma'am. I can go as soon as you like," sullenly replied the woman.

Mrs. Reston sighed deeply. Was it any use to give her another trial, or should she send her away at once? She looked at Jarvis as she stood with half-averted face and nervous fingers that were busily folding and unfolding her apron hem, and with a wave of pity surging in her heart for the sinning, suffering creature before her, said quickly and almost tenderly:

"But I don't want you to go, Jarvis; I want to save you if you will let me. Come, tell me what else I can do for you."

Jarvis looked up, half doubting the evidence of her senses.

"Ma'am," she gasped, between heavy, choking sobs, "do you mean to say you care about saving such an ungrateful, miserable wretch as me?"

"Why, Jarvis, of course I do. I will do anything to save you."

"Would you, oh, would you, ma'am?"

Again Mrs. Reston repeated the assurance.

Battling with her emotion, Jarvis said: "I'm ashamed to ask such a favour at your hands, ma'am, but I believe there's only one thing under heaven that would be the saving of me."

"What is that, Jarvis?"

There was a long pause, and then Jarvis blurted out: "I've never signed the pledge, ma'am, but if you'd draw up some kind of a promise to keep from drink, and put your own name to it and me sign after, it would be the saving of me."

"What a strange thing to ask, Jarvis. What good could it do you to know that I, who am always moderate in my use of intoxicants, had given them up?"

"Oh, ma'am, it would make me feel that somebody in this wide world cared enough for me to give up something for my sake. I've never had a soul to care for me since my mother died, when I was a little child. Long ago I made up my mind that I would be independent of everyone and look out for myself, and when I felt dull I turned to drink, until I got into the habit of taking too much. When I came here you were so kind to me that I couldn't help feeling you were different to my other mistresses, who only cared how much they could get out of me; and I've been that grateful, ma'am, I would have done anything for you. But last night I got low, and the craving for drink took me, and something whispered: 'There's your mistress, for all her kind words, she's none so different to

the rest of them, only she's got another way with her. You're a good cook, and suit her well while you keep from the drink, and she thinks if she speaks fair she'll manage you well enough.' And then, ma'am, I thought of your beautiful wines which you could take without any harm to yourself, while my beer had done such cruel work for me, and suddenly the thought came: 'Why, your mistress cares more for those luxuries, which she takes every day, far more than she does for you, you poor thing. She wouldn't give them up to save you from filling a drunkard's grave.' Then I grew desperate and came in here to see if there was anything left about, and the key was in the sideboard, and—and—"

"Yes, I know, my poor girl," said Mrs. Reston, whose tears were falling. After a minute's pause she spoke again. "Jarvis, I care for you a thousand times more than for the luxuries you speak of, and to prove it I promise never to touch them again. Do you understand, Jarvis?" for the woman was looking stupefied.

Suddenly she fell at her mistress's feet, and seizing her hand covered it with kisses and tears. "Oh, ma'am, you've saved me, you've saved me," she reiterated.

Yes, Jarvis was saved. From that time she steadily fought against her deadly besetment till its power was broken, and in years of devoted service proved her gratitude to the one who, by her self-sacrificing efforts, had rescued her from the depths of despair and ultimate ruin.

HOW GIRLS HAVE HELPED.

By M. A. PAULL-RIPLEY

WHEN teetotalism was first proclaimed as a rule of life, and a principle to be everywhere adopted and carried into practice, there were hundreds of earnest-hearted girls able to realise that it was precisely what was wanted to save their beloved ones who were in danger through the infatuating destructive tendency of intoxicating liquors, and prevent them from going further astray. These threw their youthful energies into the temperance movement with the happiest results. While giddy girls only took part with teetotalers when there was any amusement to be had out of a temperance gathering, and while fashionable girls still sipped their wine and simpered that they thought teetotalers "dreadful people," and teetotalism "horrid," these others subscribed their names to the total abstinence pledge, and gave their attention to the matter in a manner which went far to alter public opinion. They gathered the children together, directly the Band of Hope movement was set on foot; and now in one way, now in another, as fresh plans suggested themselves to their thoughtful consideration, they advanced the good cause. And at this stage of the temperance reformation, as at every other, feminine influence materially helped it forward. The present wave of fashion in favour of teetotalism, can be saved from becoming merely a fashionable whim, by bringing scientific knowledge and philanthropic experience and the practice of home life to bear in support of this great and good principle.

And what is true of temperance, is true of all other social reforms. When the good and learned Elihu Burritt, the American blacksmith, devised his beautiful and poetical scheme of olive leaf circles, to bind together the women of England, both old and young, to work for the promotion of peace principles, he looked to youthful womanhood to help him in carrying it out; and it was greatly due to the enthusiasm of young girls and their persevering labours, that such a wave of interest in that subject swept over the land. And surely the blessing that rests upon the peacemakers dwelt sweetly in the hearts of many of the workers then, and lingers in them yet, now that they are no longer young.

Only a few years ago Queen Margaret of Italy put an end to the cruel method of riderless horse-racing, practised in Rome; and our dear Princess of Wales vetoed the barbarous destruction of pigeons at Hurlingham. The good Baroness Burdett Coutts has spent her life in kind thoughtfulness for her fellow creatures caring for thirsty animals and thirsty children by her drinking fountains, and devising many other admirable methods.

Young girls who have not the great influence of any of these ladies, can yet imitate them all in being on the side of "whatsoever things are pure; whatsoever things are lovely; whatsoever things are of good report."

All girls may cultivate the highest and noblest thoughts, may set before them as their pattern the Lord Jesus Christ, and dedicate their young lives to Him. Every girl whose aims are consecrated by religion, and whose actions are guided by a spiritually enlightened conscience, is a blessing to the community in which she dwells, an inspiration and a help to all whom her influence touches, and a joy and comfort in a girl's truest sphere of usefulness—her home!

BY persuading others, we convince ourselves.

A CHILD'S HYMN.

SIX HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

GUARD, my child, thy tongue,
That it speak no wrong!
Let no evil word pass o'er it;
Set the watch of truth before it,
That it speak no wrong—
Guard, my child, thy tongue.

Guard, my child, thine eyes;
Prying is not wise;
Let them look on what is right;
From all evil turn their sight;
Prying is not wise—
Guard, my child, thine eyes.

Guard, my child, thine ear;
Wicked words will sear;
Let no evil word come in
That may cause the soul to sin;
Wicked words will sear—
Guard, my child, thine ear.

Ear, and eye, and tongue,
Guard while thou art young;
For, alas! these busy three
Can unruly members be;
Guard, while thou art young,
Ear, and eye, and tongue.

NO man ever arrived suddenly at the summit of vice.

IF you want to be unhappy commence fretting about the future.

VIOLENCE and harshness make men disgusted and close up their hearts.

I TAKE it that nothing is worth reading that does not require an alert mind.

BE not familiar with the idea of wrong, for sin in fancy mothers many an ugly fact.—*Theo. Parker.*

THE bad traits in character are passed down from generation to generation with as much care as the good ones.

THE surest sign of wisdom is charity; and the best charity is that which never ostensibly parades itself as a charity.—*Lord Lytton.*

A MAN who can preach wisdom to his neighbour at the rate of one hundred words a minute, is very often a fool himself, in practice, at all events.

IF plants refused to grow in spring, sceptical people would begin to mend their faith, and yet the regularities of nature are the finger-posts which point to Heaven.

TO see and listen to the wicked is already the beginning of wickedness.

"WE have girdled the world with a zone of drink."—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

A PUN.—Why is teetotalism a bar to friendship? Because it prevents the *shaking of hands.*

THE smallest hair casts a shadow; the most trifling act has its consequences, if not *here*, at least hereafter.

THE devil himself would be but a contemptible adversary were he not sure of a correspondent in our own breasts.

NO man who looks at this temperance question over the rim of a wine glass is likely to see clearly and judge impartially.

"I NEVER saw a town or village yet whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public houses."—*Oliver Goldsmith.*

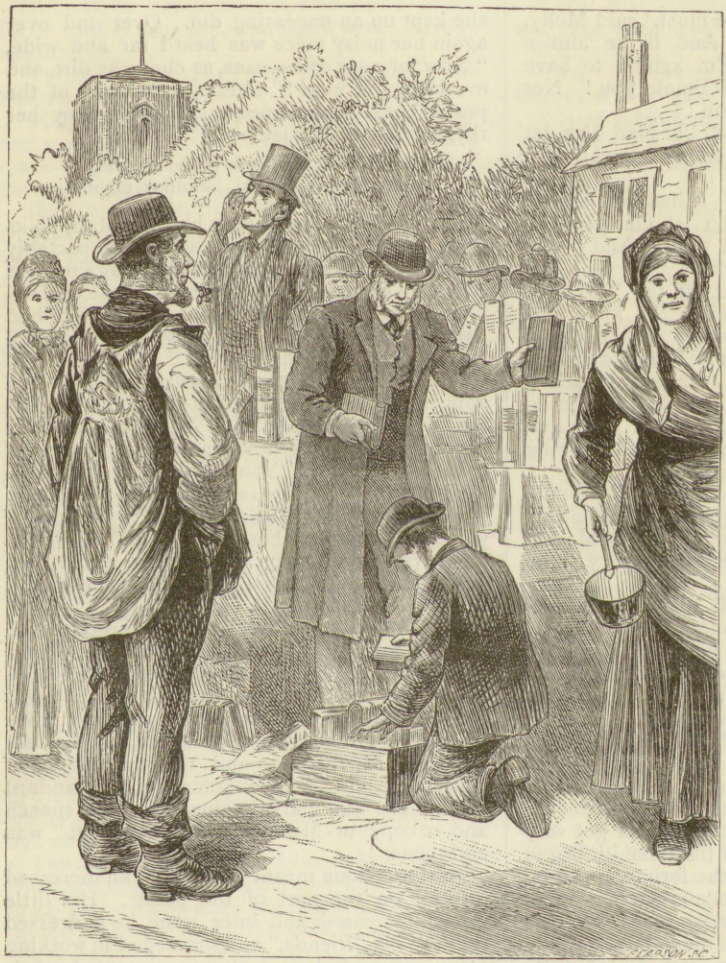
I WOULD not be as those who spend the day in complaining of headache, and the night in drinking the wine that causes the headache.

"I WONDER what makes these buttons burst off so?" Dora petulantly exclaimed. David looked at her tight dress. "Force of habit, I think," he said softly.

SIR WILLIAM BROWN, the physician, said there were two kinds of gout—freehold and copyhold; the one hereditary; the other, where a person *took it up* by his own act.

REVIEWS.

"THE ROYAL JUBILEE." A collection of sacred and secular compositions commemorative of Her Majesty's Jubilee. Price 3d. "THE GARLAND OF NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC." Price 4d. Both these music books are issued under the able Editorship of the Rev. Carey Bonner; and published by Hart & Co., London. They are well got up, and deserve to be widely appreciated. There is an amount of freshness and tunefulness throughout these compositions which will give them a hearty welcome and a long life.



Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

"The busy haunts of men."—*Mrs. Hemans.*

WENDING their way to a small hut, placed in one corner of the irregular square, under the friendly shadow of the "Old Hen and Chickens" Hotel, Brentwood negotiated with the market officials for the use of a stall, and paid eighteenpence as a ground-rent for the day.

That's my What-to-do-and-how-to-do-it eighteenpence, thought Charlie, as he heard his father making the arrangement.

One of the market constables showed them the vacant stand which was to be theirs for the day. It was bordered on one side by a cadaverous-looking medicine vendor, and on the other by a burly loud-voiced woman who dealt in tin-ware.

Brentwood and his son were soon busy enough unpacking their books, and it took them some time to arrange them so as to make the best possible display.

It was well, indeed, that they were so occupied, as it prevented them from noticing the half-suspicious curiosity with which their every movement was followed by their more experienced neighbours.

After a time, however, "Dr." Thornton (for such was the professional title of the herb seller), familiarly tapped Brentwood on the shoulder, and said, in a hoarse whisper: "Old chap, you had better come across the road and drink success to the day's venture." In any other place, and under any other circumstances, Brentwood would have scornfully rejected the proffered hospitality of such a person as the "Dr.;" but at this moment he felt so utterly ill at ease, now that his stock was settled and arranged for the day, that he had no hesitation in accepting the invitation, particularly as he thought it might prove the means of ensuring the friendship of his neighbour for the day at least. So away they went, and "Big Molly," as the female tinker was styled, called after them, "I'll be after you in a minute or two," a promise which she faithfully kept, not forgetting to take with her two or three cronies, each of whom heartily drank to "the success of the bookstall," and as heartily left it to Brentwood to pay for the lot.

"You know you must pay the score," said the "Dr.," with a smirk. "You must pay, or you'd have no luck—no luck at all."

"Must pay! in course he must," said Molly, "or he's no gentleman! And if he 'aint a gentleman, do you think I'm agoing to have him alongside o' me! No thank you! Not for this lady to-day, thank you!"

"Of course I'll pay; and I'm glad I've got the money to do it with," interposed Brentwood, sharply.

"Now don't be waspy," called out one of Molly's friends, "or we shan't let you have the privilege of paying, so mind that! And if you don't pay, you'll have no luck!"

As the money was counted out, the "Dr.," in a patronising tone, exclaimed: "I knew the gentleman would pay. I could see he was a real gentleman from the first! I know a gentleman when I see him, and can always tell a genuine article! And look here, if the gentleman has a good day's luck, I feel sure and certain he'll come in here punctual before going home to give us all a parting glass."

At this there was a general laugh all round; but Brentwood was inwardly resolving that his visit to the "Old Hen and Chickens Market Bar" would not be repeated in a hurry if he could help himself.

On returning to the stall his decision was strengthened by the anxious look of Charlie.

"Have you sold anything yet, lad?"

"No; two or three folk have stopped to look, but nobody has offered to buy or asked any questions. Father, I hope you won't go away again. I don't like to be left by myself with all these things!"

"Oh, it's all right; I shall be here now for the rest of the day; besides, I wasn't many minutes!"

"No, but it did seem a very long time to me."

As the morning wore on, the market got very crowded, and the doctor and the tinsmith began to take money fast; indeed, the former appeared to be rewarded with a continuous succession of customers, due more, perhaps, to his voluble tongue than the virtue of his medicines. Again and again he poured forth his oratory, eloquently challenging anyone to impeach the efficacy of his remedies, and heroically defying anyone to prove the inaccuracy of his testimonials—a whole bundle of which were ostentatiously suspended from the upper cross bar of his stall. The leading point in the doctor's oration was the origin of his wonderful medicine. "I was blind, deaf, dumb, and paralysed in *Injia*, and I was cured with half a bottle of the wonderful elixir, which I now offer to the British public." Nor must we omit to mention that the doctor was most scrupulously polite to all his customers. "Friend, I think you gave me a sixpenny piece? Thank you kindly! There's a threepenny piece change."

Old Molly, too, was very demonstrative all day long. By vigorously using two tin dishes, she kept up an unceasing din. Over and over again her noisy voice was heard far and wide, "Now for your coffee cans, as cheap as dirt, and everlasting in wear!" although the point of the proud boast was somewhat weakened by her rhyming announcement—

> "If you don't find 'em sound and tight,
> Bring 'em back next Saturday night."

The bookstall fared very badly. Many folks came up and stared hard at the respectably dressed stall keepers, and now and again some curiously examined the books, but none seemed inclined to purchase. Not one penny piece had Brentwood taken all day long, and now the market clock was chiming six.

Old Molly had noticed Brentwood's dejected appearance, and she stepped aside to give him the friendly hint—"Look here, master, you cannot sell anything down in these parts without using your tongue. You must say something—say something!" she repeated with emphasis, "no matter what it is, and pretty quick too, if you mean to do any business! The best of the day is travelling away very fast, so you'd best pull yourself together as sharp as you can, and say something!"

He felt the force of the rebuke, and reproached himself for not having called out his wares earlier in the day. After a little hesitation he seized the fact of some three or four loiterers being round the stall to address them as, "My friends." He nervously enlarged on the importance of reading, and the advantage of cultivating an acquaintance with standard literature. The market value of his little speech and a copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost" was eightpence!

Business done meant at any rate an increased interest on the part of the public. His little crowd increased, and once more he addressed them as his "friends," and succeeded in working off a rather forlorn looking copy of Locke's Essay for fourpence. Sundry other sales were subsequently made, and by eight o'clock there was nearly three shillings in hand as a result of the sales.

Meanwhile, Charlie became very anxious to add something to the takings by his own personal exertions. After much coaxing he succeeded in persuading his father to let him have three small books to go in amongst the crowd with, to try and sell them himself.

He soon rambled away from the stall, asking first one and then another to "please buy one of these books," but all to no purpose. Determined not to be beaten, his attention was arrested by the bright light which streamed from a chemist's shop, and he boldly resolved to make a try there.

In he went. The chemist, who had a houseful of lads of his own, was taken with Charlie's appearance.

"What are you doing with the books? Who has put you up to this?"

"Oh, please sir, nobody! We—that's father and me—have a stand in the market, and have done so badly. I'm trying to sell these few! Do please buy one!"

The earnestness of the entreaty, and the transparent truthfulness of the lad, quite won the heart of the chemist, who cheerfully paid a shilling for Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, and felt that he had something more than a bargain when Charlie gratefully looked up into his face, and exclaimed: "Oh, thank you, sir, I am so glad! This will please mother, I can tell you!"

He ran quickly out of the shop, and almost instantaneously there was a piercing shriek. Poor Charlie, in his eagerness to get back with his good news to his father, had rushed into the roadway almost without looking where he was going, and was knocked down by a cart, the wheels of which went over his legs.

He was carried back to the chemist's. A surgeon was sent for, and one of the crowd rushed into the market place, at Mr. Bowen's request, to look for Charlie's father.

Brentwood was in the middle of a speech, talking up Shakspere, and did not seek to control his annoyance when a man excitedly elbowed his way to the front of the crowd, and peremptorily called upon him to stop. It was the work of a moment to explain matters, and Brentwood hurriedly rushed from the stall, much to the bewilderment of the spectators, many of whom excitedly ran after the two men to find out what had happened.

The little sufferer had been taken into the chemist's sitting room, where he lay on a couch in an unconscious state, his throbbing head supported by Mrs. Bowen, the chemist's wife.

Presently a surgeon arrived, and at once exerted his best abilities to relieve the pains of the poor lad. He very soon pronounced that one leg was broken and the other much bruised. Brentwood was greatly moved by the sad accident, and could not keep back the tears when the surgeon opened Charlie's firmly clasped hand and showed the silver shilling.

Mrs. Bowen insisted that Charlie should remain in their keeping for the night.

"Oh no, not at all! I must take him home! I dare not face his mother without him!"

"You really must not think of moving him, unless we take him up to the Infirmary, which is very full just now," said the surgeon.

"Just you keep a quiet mind, and let him stay with us, at least for one night," was Mr. Bowen's kind-hearted plea.

"No! No! I really must get some conveyance and take him home."

"How far is it?" asked the surgeon.

"To Upper Dornton," was the reply; "and that's not far," said Brentwood, anxiously.

"Now listen to me like a good man," was the response. "You don't want to go against the lad's recovery, do you?"

"No! No! But—"

"Well then, leave him here. I tell you it would be very dangerous to remove him. Leave him here! Mrs. Bowen is an old friend of mine; you could not have the boy in better hands, and ought to be very thankful that he is where he is, under the circumstances!"

So Brentwood allowed himself to be persuaded that this was the best arrangement.

"I must go and break the news at home as best as I can, and will come back here as quickly as possible, for you must let me watch with him through the night."

"Come back and welcome, and bring your wife too, if she won't be pacified without the poor dear," said Mrs. Bowen.

Then the distressed father went back to his stall, and old Molly immediately offered to pack up his stock and take every care of it. She was full of sympathy, and so was Thornton, too. "Poor little fellow! Poor little fellow! And to think that it has all happened in a few minutes! Such is life!"

(To be continued.)

JOHN BROWN'S FURNITURE SHOP.

By Rev. EDWARD HAYTON.

MR. CARLTON was a man of property and influence, and his earliest impressions were all against temperance, and temperance work. And these early impressions strengthened with his years.

But John Brown, in spite of his master's views and prejudices, became a teetotaler. At this untoward event, his master was much displeased, and called his servant to account. Said he:

"John, I hear you have signed the pledge, and become a teetotaler. You have certainly not been so foolish!"

"Well, sir, I have signed the pledge; but whether I have acted foolishly or not in doing so, is a question."

"No question at all. There is certainly good reason why you should not have done so. I do not like the thing myself, and I very strongly object to any of my servants going amongst a rabble of men, who intend no good, but are bent on mischief."

"They mean no harm, sir, I can assure you, but are trying to save men from the curse of drunkenness. And already they have saved many families from ruin by their efforts."

"It is all stuff, John, I don't believe a word of it. I advise you to go no more among them, and give up this foolish piece of business."

"I shall do no such thing, sir, as give it up," said John Brown. "I believe I am right in signing the pledge, for what is to hinder me becoming a drunkard, if I take the drink?"

"Why, take it in moderation, man, as I do, and don't talk nonsense."

John saw that his master was getting angry, and wisely refrained from answering him further.

Mr. Carlton was annoyed, and resolved to humble John. It was his custom to have ale for dinner, from the "Carlton Arms," except on Sundays. Now, he decided to have it on that day also. This arrangement he made known to John on the Saturday forenoon. John thought very seriously about it all day, and in the evening told his master—not a little to his master's surprise—that he would not do it, and that he would rather leave his service than do it.

"Well, John, if you are so foolish, I am sorry for you; but I am your master, and must in this case be obeyed. Have you thought what the loss of your place may cost you?"

"I shall be sorry to leave your service, sir, after so long; but I must keep my conscience clear, even if I suffer want in consequence."

"Well, you know best about your conscience: only, if you are my servant, you must obey my orders, and bring me the ale, as I wish you."

"If that be so, sir, I refuse to bring the ale, and will take the consequences."

The result of this conversation only increased Mr. Carlton's displeasure, and the consequence was, that John and his master separated. Some of his neighbours sympathised with him, and there were others who thought him very foolish and headstrong. He had, however, acted in the way his conscience bade him, and could do no other than he had done.

John was out of work a long while, and things began to look rather dark; but when they were at the darkest, it so fell out, that there was a small furniture shop and business to dispose of, near to where he lived. The owner of the shop and business knew John well, and suggested to him of his own accord one day—

"John, I think my business would be the very thing for you and your wife. It has done well for me. What do you say about trying it?"

"I should like well enough to try it, sir, but I have not enough money to take the business."

"Oh, I can make it easy for you, I dare say; and if that be the only difficulty in your way, it is no difficulty at all, and you may have it at once. Go, and talk the matter over with your wife, and then come and tell me your decision."

John made haste home to carry the news to his wife, and on arriving at home, said:

"Mary, what do you think, I have had an offer from Mr. Bowden of his shop and business, just as it stands."

"Dear me, John, how you do talk—as if any such thing were possible in our case. It will take money you must remember, and we have but little, as you well know."

"But, Mary, see here. Mr. Bowden says he will make it all easy for us, and we can pay him for the business and furniture in stock by instalments. I don't see anything in the way of trying it, myself."

"Well, John, you are better able to judge than I am, only let us not go into this business and break, and bring disgrace, both upon ourselves and other people."

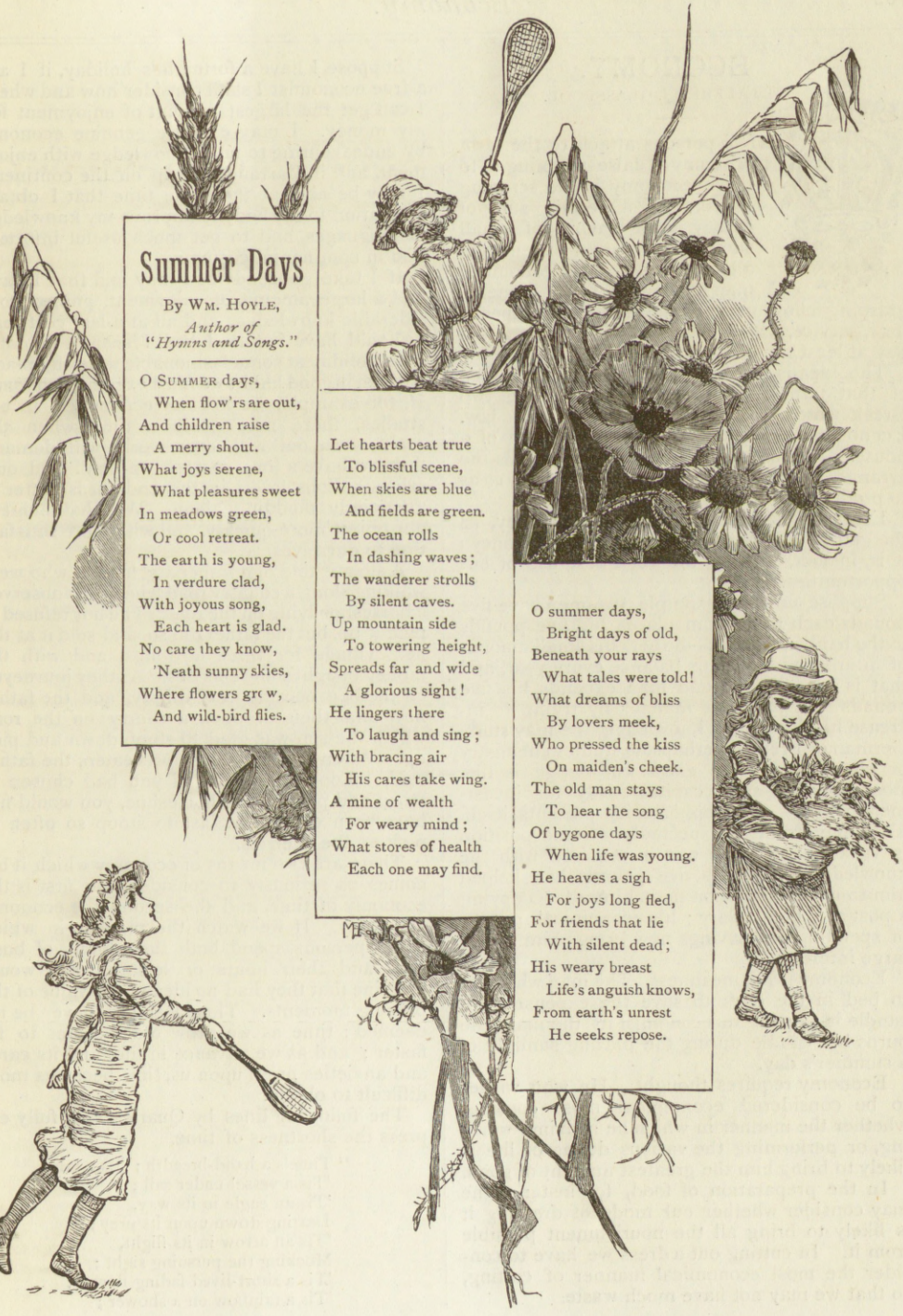
John and his wife Mary talked this matter over very seriously between themselves, for it was a great affair to them. But they finally resolved they would take the business and do their best. The result was, they were soon installed in their new quarters, and busy in the midst of entirely new associations.

In a little time they knew they were succeeding. John's old master was greatly mortified, that he had been defeated in his purpose to subdue him, and make him do his bidding. But we will let Mr. Bowden tell the rest.

"The men who supplied him with goods, found him to be scrupulously exact in the payment of his bills, and the fulfilment of his word. Thus he went on prospering for years. And during these years, Mr. Carlton had known sad reverses. He had become a drunkard, and by gambling and other vices, had brought himself to ruin. He was in every sense a wreck. His house—the house where his father had lived, and others of the family, for at least a hundred years, was to be sold. It was old, but it was roomy, and stood in the centre of the town. It went cheap; and, to the surprise of everyone, John Brown was declared to be the purchaser.

"In less than three months from the day of sale, John had transformed his old master's house into one big establishment, consisting of, at least, ten splendidly furnished showrooms.

"He had gained influence among his fellow-townsmen, and the whole of his influence was made to tell in favour of the temperance cause. It lay near to his heart, for he saw right well that the sin of drunkenness was the great hindrance in the way of all progress and religion. He held it as a sacred duty indeed, to do what he could to remove this hindrance."



Summer Days

By Wm. Hoyle,
Author of
"Hymns and Songs."

O Summer days,
When flow'rs are out,
And children raise
A merry shout.
What joys serene,
What pleasures sweet
In meadows green,
Or cool retreat.
The earth is young,
In verdure clad,
With joyous song,
Each heart is glad.
No care they know,
'Neath sunny skies,
Where flowers grow,
And wild-bird flies.

Let hearts beat true
To blissful scene,
When skies are blue
And fields are green.
The ocean rolls
In dashing waves;
The wanderer strolls
By silent caves.
Up mountain side
To towering height,
Spreads far and wide
A glorious sight!
He lingers there
To laugh and sing;
With bracing air
His cares take wing.
A mine of wealth
For weary mind;
What stores of health
Each one may find.

O summer days,
Bright days of old,
Beneath your rays
What tales were told!
What dreams of bliss
By lovers meek,
Who pressed the kiss
On maiden's cheek.
The old man stays
To hear the song
Of bygone days
When life was young.
He heaves a sigh
For joys long fled,
For friends that lie
With silent dead;
His weary breast
Life's anguish knows,
From earth's unrest
He seeks repose.

ECONOMY.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

MANY persons attach to the term economy a false meaning; to these economy is the scraping together of a certain sum of money — the saving of small sums by cutting off expenses in all directions. An economical man is thought to be a mean, grasping fellow, never paying more than sixpence for a service, where if he were liberal he would pay at least double that sum.

This idea is far from giving us the real idea of that term. The word is derived from two Greek words, *oikos*, house, and *vomos*, a law. Economy, then, is the law or management of a house. In a broader sense economy means the arrangement of time, health, and strength, so as to produce the best possible results.

Economy is not so much saving money, as the getting all we possibly can for our money; it is, in fact, making the very best use of our opportunities.

Suppose now, for example, two men save five pounds each; one man places his five pounds in the bank at interest—he gets his small amount of interest added to his balance every year, and that is all. The second man expends his five pounds in a judicious manner by trying to increase his amount of knowledge—he may study German or French; perhaps he studies chemistry or electricity. This extra knowledge is like stock-in-trade—it is capital ready for investment when a good opportunity presents itself. This may come unexpectedly. Some position is vacant, and some one is required with the knowledge which his five pounds has helped him to gain. He soon finds himself occupying a post at a high salary; his economical manner of spending his savings now brings him a very large interest.

Economy is not meanness. The man who goes to bed in the dark to save the expense of a candle is as poor an economist as the man who burns his candle during the blazing sunlight of a summer's day.

Economy requires thought. He who wishes to be considered economical must consider whether the manner in which he is living, working, or performing the various duties of life is likely to bring him the greatest amount of good.

In the preparation of food, for instance, he may consider whether our mode of dressing it is likely to bring all the nourishment possible from it. In cutting out a dress we have to consider the most economical manner of cutting, so that we may not have much waste.

Suppose I have a fortnight's holiday, if I am a true economist I shall consider how and where I can get the largest amount of enjoyment for my money. I may exercise genuine economy by endeavouring to unite knowledge with enjoyment, and if I arrange a trip on the continent, I may be able at the same time that I obtain recreation to my body to improve my knowledge of languages, and to get much useful information in continental customs.

If I take good advice I may find that I have had a large amount of enjoyment, gained considerable knowledge, and all at a less cost than I should have incurred had I spent a monotonous holiday at some fashionable watering place.

Even in good habits we must exercise economy. If, for example, we are not economical in our studies, there may come a time when the brain, worn out with over work, will demand that we have a long rest, so we shall find ourselves serious losers in the end; it is better to go quietly plodding along. We shall achieve our object more quickly, and with more satisfaction to ourselves.

A story is told of a father and his son who were walking along a country road when they observed a horseshoe lying on the road. The boy refused to pick it up, but the father did so, and sold it at the next village for three farthings, and with the money bought some cherries. As they journeyed on the boy became very thirsty, and the father now and then dropped a cherry on the road which the son was glad to stoop down and pick up. When the last cherry was eaten, the father said, "Look! my son! if you had chosen to stoop and pick up the horseshoe, you would not have been obliged at last to stoop so often to pick up the cherries."

There are two means of economy which it becomes us seriously to consider—the first is the economy of time, and the second the economy of money. If we watch the manner in which many persons spend both their hours of business and their hours of leisure, one would imagine that they had no idea of the value of the passing moments. Time lost can never be redeemed; time as we grow older seems to fly faster; and as we advance in life, and its cares and anxieties press upon us, time becomes more difficult to obtain.

The following lines by Quarles very fully express the shortness of time.

"Time's a hand-breadth; 'tis a tale;
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis an eagle in its way,
Darting down upon its prey;
'Tis an arrow in its flight,
Mocking the pursuing sight;
'Tis a short-lived fading flower;
'Tis a rainbow on a shower;

'Tis a momentary ray
Smiling on a winter's day ;
'Tis a torrent's rapid stream ;
'Tis a shadow ; 'tis a dream ;
'Tis the closing watch of night,
Dying at the rising light ;
'Tis a battle ; 'tis a sigh ;
Be prepared, O man, to die."

How often we hear the complaint, "I have no time," especially when any kind of study is in the question, though the same persons will have plenty of time for fun and pleasure.

If these lazy persons would only rise a little earlier in the morning they would find they had plenty of time on their hands.

Let us see how easily this can be done. We will suppose a young man is due at business at nine o'clock; instead of rising at eight he rises at six—this will be no hardship ; for it will assist him in good habits, and help him to obtain good health—he is now two hours a day richer ; this is fourteen hours a week, or 728 hours in a year. Now if we estimate eight hours as an ordinary working day, our student will have ninety-one working days at his disposal ; at this rate, if we call six days a week, he will have fifteen weeks for study every year without reckoning the time in the evening, and the odd moments which every careful student is sure to find every day.

Let no one after this give utterance to the excuse that they have no time, rather let them say they have no inclination.

As abstainers, we are particularly interested in the economy of money. We believe that it is not economical to purchase intoxicating drinks because the drinker gets no adequate return for his money. A gallon of ale for two shillings does not represent that amount of nutritious food. It is as true now as when Benjamin Franklin uttered it to his fellow-workmen, that there is as much nourishment in a penny loaf as in a gallon of ale ; and he who buys the ale not only wastes his money but exposes himself to great danger and temptation. It is well that we should consider how large a sum is soon expended if we are continually spending small amounts.

Let us take the case of a small moderate drinking family : the father, we will suppose, drinks half-a-pint of beer for lunch, a pint for dinner, and another half-pint for supper, this will cost fourpence ; the mother just half the amount ; suppose three growing sons spend another sixpence per day between them—this will make one shilling per day in a useless beverage. In a year this will amount to £18 5s. ; if this amount had been saved, and 5 per cent. added, at the end of ten years they would have standing to their credit the sum of £229 11s. ; in twenty years it will amount to £603 9s. This says nothing of the casual amounts spent in occasional treats, or the bottles of spirits bought at Christmas, and other festive occasions.

This £603 would purchase a good annuity for the old people, or it might buy a couple of small houses. There are thousands of poor men and women in our workhouses obliged to wear the dress of paupers because they have been extravagant in early life.

THE OUTLOOK.

REMARKABLE SUCCESS OF TEMPERANCE PUBLIC HOUSES.

IN the busy town of Bradford, for the last nine years, coffee taverns have been paying well. The first was opened in 1878. Since then twenty-seven houses have followed, all giving satisfaction both to shareholders and to the public.

The endeavour has been to meet the necessities of all classes—from high, first-class cafés to the more moderate and second-class eating-house, where a dinner of three courses will be provided at one shilling a head, and then cheap taverns in the industrial part of the town. These are homely and comfortable places, with all the accommodation the beershop affords.

Here, at some of the houses, "a free-and-easy" is held on Saturday evenings, and friends of temperance draw up the programme and arrange the speaking.

Side by side with this prosperous business—with its 10 per cent. dividend—there is a reduction of over two hundred licences in the town during the last four years. The charges for drunkenness have steadily declined ; in fact, during the last ten years they have decreased more than 50 per cent. This is a very encouraging report, and plainly shows that every means must be used to fight the evils of strong drink. The direct method of total abstinence is the most powerful ; but where we cannot get people to adopt it, do not let us think that nothing can be done for them.

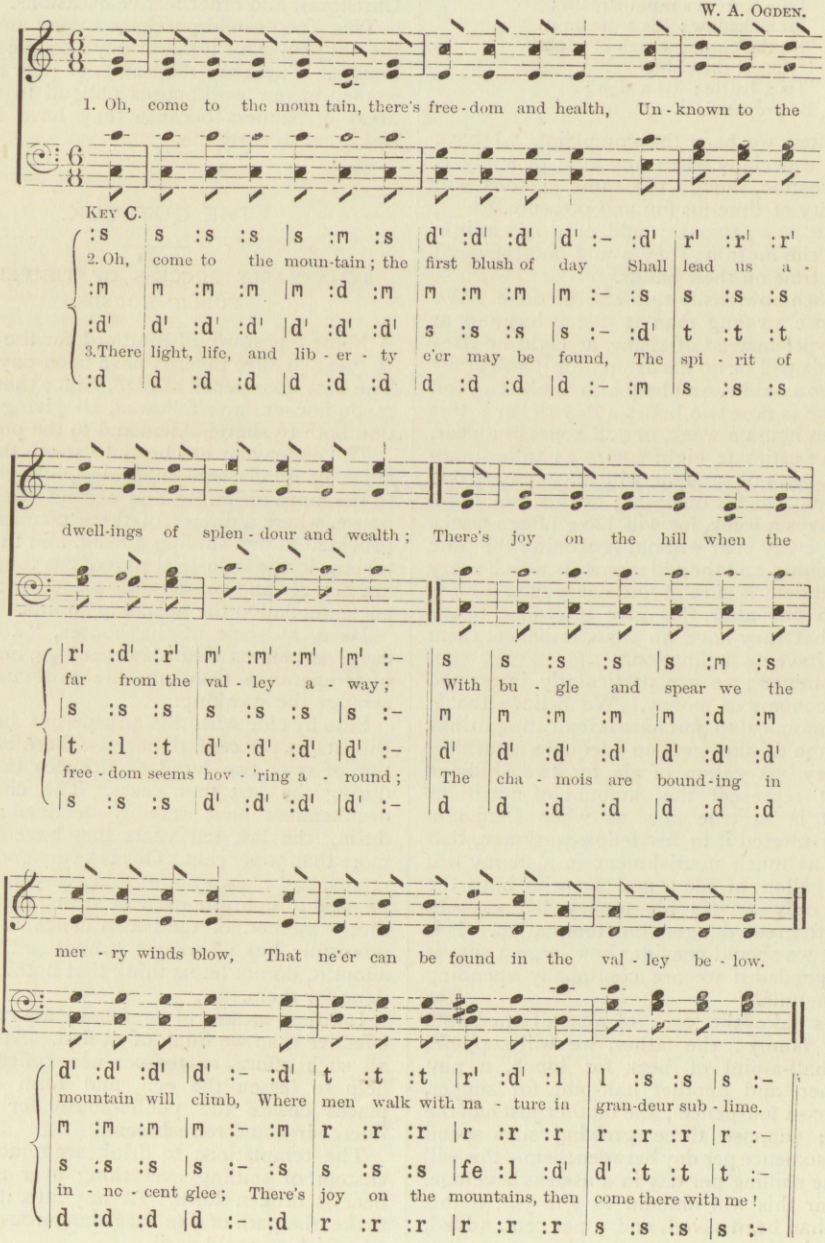
Indirect means of usefulness are often more effective than we think of at first. At any rate, all such efforts as temperance coffee taverns help to lessen the evil, and form attractive places beside the public-house for business intercourse and refreshment.

The temptations to drink are removed ; the custom of settling everything over a glass of beer is broken down. At any rate, it tends to make the path of life less dangerous for those who wish to avoid peril.

If Bradford has solved this difficulty, she has done good work in a noble cause.

COME TO THE MOUNTAIN.

W. A. Ogden.



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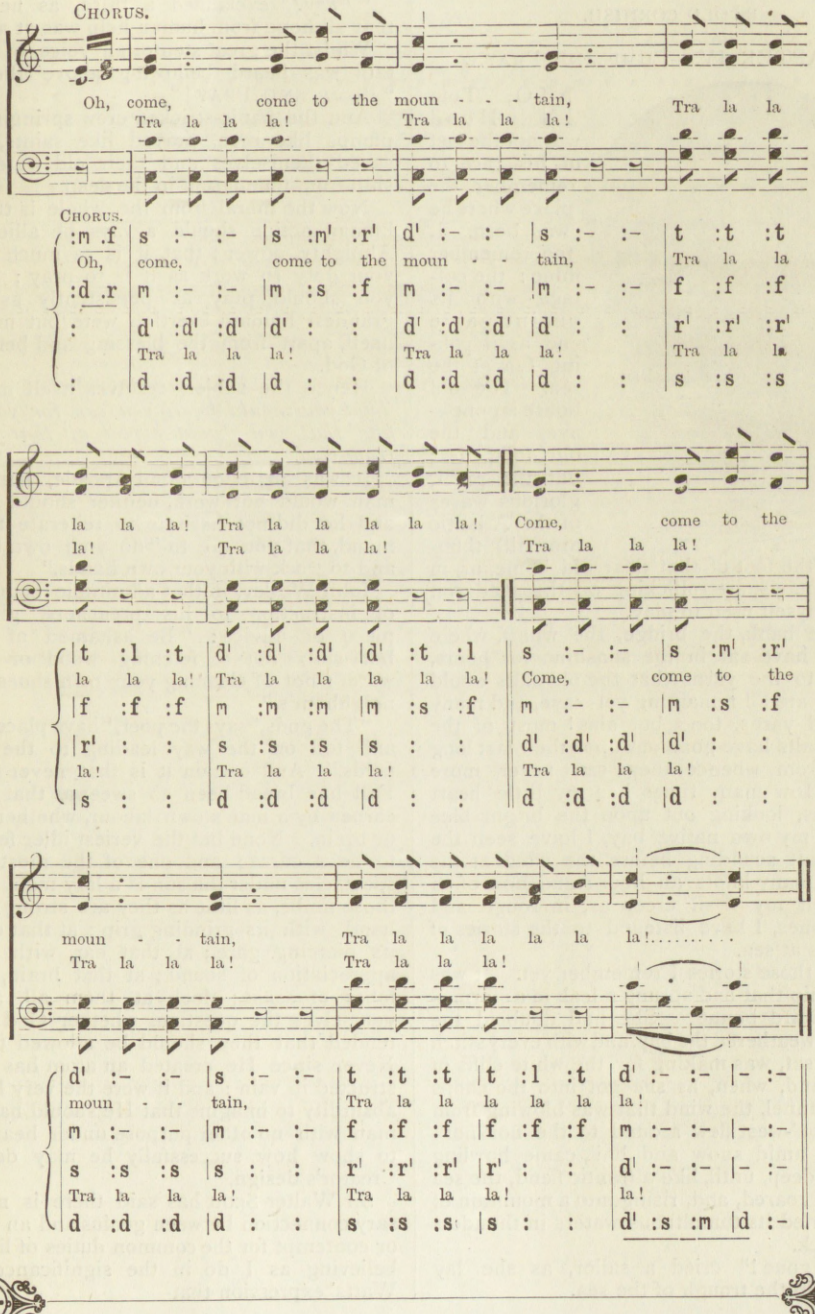


Thoughts for Young Men.

By OLD CORNISH.

CHAPTER IV.—Pump and Pray.

NO, Tom Hood was not the last of his race to remember the place where he was born. I, too, remember mine: the cottage with its quaint gable end, as if poking fun at the sea. The old house is gone—aye, and the old folk, too; but the great, glorious waves of the Atlantic are still thundering at the foot of that dear old home, or, in happier moods, are rollicking on the sands on which I myself used to play.

Yes, the bank, the bridge, the wharf, where as a lad I have sat in the sunshine for hours, listening to the yarns that the old salts would spin, they are all remaining yet—aye, and many of the old yarns, too; but alas! most of the dear old salts have gone out upon their last long voyage, from whence they can never more return. How many times has my little heart danced, as, looking out upon the bright blue waters of my own native bay, I have seen the stately craft scudding before the wind at the rate of so many knots an hour; and how often have I felt my flesh creep as, in rough and rugged tones, I have listened to the stories of hurricanes at sea.

One of those stories I remember yet. It was about a ship that had sprung a leak in a storm—a "homeward bound." She had doubled the Cape, had weathered the bay, and with every stitch of canvas set, was making for the white cliffs of old England, when, as she got into the chops of the Channel, the wind that was blowing from the sou'-sou'-west flew around to the nor'-nor'-east, and, amid snow and hail, came howling along the deep, until, like a frantic fiend, the sea raved and roared, and, rising into a mountain of wrath, hurled its tumultuous waters in thunders on her deck.

"She's gone!" cried a sailor, as she lay trembling in the trough of the sea.

"Man the pumps!" shouted another, as she rose again upon the crest of the wave.

"*Pray!*" exclaimed a third, as he fancied that all hope from human help was at an end.

Whilst the great stentorian voice of the captain was heard bellowing above the blast: "Pump and Pray!"

And the panic-stricken crew springing to the pumps like men, prayed like saints, and so saved themselves and their old water-logged ship from foundering in the deep.

Now the moral from the whole is this: that human action should always be allied to an Almighty power; that it is as much a part of your duty to work as it is to pray; and that you should pray as persistently as if the grandest human exertion were but impotence itself, apart from the blessing and benediction of God.

Hence the subject resolves itself into this: *That you should do all you can for yourselves, and that you should expect all that you dare from God.*

It was an axiom of an Apostle, that "if any man would not work, neither should he eat;" and he did not hesitate to reiterate the command, that you are to "do your own business, and to work with your own hands."

John Wesley, in that admirable compendium of instruction to his preachers, gives this piece of advice: "Be ashamed of nothing but sin; not of fetching wood or drawing water; not of cleaning your own shoes or your neighbour's."

"The gods," says the poet, "have placed labour and toil on the way leading to the Elysian fields." And certain it is that never since the Fall has bread been so sweet as that which is earned by a man's own labour, whether of body or brain. None but the veriest idler feels work to be a curse; and one of the most pitiable spectacles under the sun is a lazy man. Look at those limbs, as lithe as they are strong; at that hand, with its grinding grip; at that eye, with its piercing gaze; at that ear, with its keen appreciation of sound; at that brain, with its lobes of sense;—look at them all, and ask yourselves the question, whether God ever intended that they should be allowed to waste. Never since He created an atom has He constructed in vain; and it were the very height of absurdity to imagine that He should have made man with no other purpose under heaven than to show how successfully he may defeat his Creator's design.

Sir Walter Scott has said there is no necessary connection between genius and an aversion or contempt for the common duties of life. And believing as I do in the significance of Dr. Watts' expression that—

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do;"

there is not a youth amongst the young men of to-day—whether high or low, whether rich or poor, whether learned or illiterate—whom I would not urge to a life of incessant activity. If you are so fortunate as to have escaped the peril of being born with a silver spoon in your mouth, then turn up your sleeves like a man, and, out of the roughest piece of wood you can find, carve a porridge spoon of your own. Shun the shameful experience of expecting God to do for you what you can very well do for yourselves. For of all the miserable miscreants upon earth, the most miserable is the man who, like a certain Mr. Micawber, is everlastingly waiting for something to turn up. I would rather a thousand times see a man with the rudest spade under the sun than the daintiest dandy in creation, with no other kind of employment than the carrying of a silver-headed cane to keep away the dogs.

"Work away!
For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us; still upon us
Night and day;
Work away.
Keep the busy fingers plying;
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not dash or clatter round us,
Sound of whirring wheels confound us;
Steady hand! Let woof be strong
And firm that has to last so long!
Work away!"

And passing from things secular to things *sacred*, never was there a greater need for an earnest and aggressive Christianity than there is to-day. In that best of all books, the Bible, the duty is most emphatically urged: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and there is not a young man with the slightest pretence to religion but should regard it as his most imperative duty to extend the kingdom and cause of his Redeemer. That contemptible spirit which is contracted to the consideration of self, and takes no notice of the poor fallen neighbour on the other side of the road, may be a faithful enough representative of a Jew, but surely not of a Christian.

I pity the youth who, claiming connection with the Christian Church, has yet the hardihood to say he has nothing to do. Nothing to do! What! with the unsaved millions of humanity around! With the haggard, hungry looks of teeming thousands in our streets! With the drivelling drunkards at our doors, more like demons than like men! And with the bitter, burning cry that, amid the roar of business, keeps surging up from the crowd as from a seething sea of hell! What! nothing to do amid such scenes as these! God forbid! Why, they have engaged the energy of the Almighty, and have monopolised the very charity of heaven. And for any young man to say that he has nothing to do, when God Himself is soliciting submission in the great work of salvation, were a libel upon the very name of religion. Yes, you may pray until the eyes start from their sockets, and the tongue cleaves to the roof of your mouth; you may preach until the very lips are motionless, and the heart is still; but unless you practice what you preach, and perform what you pray, you might as well mouth your message to the winds, or sow your seeds upon the sands of the sea.

Oh, my brethren, free yourselves from the charge of indifference, I beseech you; and here, and now, vow that from henceforth and for ever you will strain every nerve, if haply you may remove the sin and the sorrows that, like a nightmare, press upon the great heart of our poor suffering humanity.

Yes, I prize the ordinances of religion; I appreciate a regular attendance on the means of grace; I extol the conduct of the man who leaves no stone unturned that he may be in his seat in the sanctuary; but these are not the end-all of religion. There is an authority which says: "It is more blessed to *give* than to receive;" and when I see a man going from the sanctuary to the slums, that with renewed strength he may carry some message of mercy to the most miserable of men; then I see that he is giving the grandest proof of the genuineness of his religion, and I bless God for what he does, even more than for what he feels.

Young men! Connected with the Christian Church find the centre of your happiness in work. In school, in sanctuary, in the distribution of tracts, in the visitation of the sick, in the Bands of Hope, and in Temperance organisations—in fact, in whatever way you can reach a sinner, or redeem a soul—find your sphere of employment, and by the beautiful consistency of a Christian life, confirm the statement of your lips: "I delight to do Thy will, O my God."

"Work away!
For the Father's eye is on us,
Never off us; still upon us,
Night and day,
Work and pray!
Pray! and work will be completer;
Work! and prayer will be the sweeter;
Live! and prayer and work the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way!"

And then when you have done all you can for yourselves and for others—

EXPECT ALL YOU DARE FROM GOD.

Lay it down as a fact that everything that is of interest to you is a matter of concern to Him. Never think of limiting the Almighty either in your thoughts or expressions.

"My God," said the Apostle, "shall supply all your need;" and "in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God."

Why, even classical heathendom had the highest estimate of prayer.

"Pericles, Cornelius, Scipio, Plato, and others, all commenced important affairs with prayer. Prayer was made to preface transactions in the Senate and in military affairs; while orations, the beginning of the year, meals, and even games and wagers, were accompanied with prayer."

Young men, engaged in lawful pursuits as you are, pursuing business on legitimate lines, guard against the idea that the closet is the only spot for devotion, and the sanctuary the only place for prayer. Every morning ask for the Guiding Hand; at noon look for the prospering smile; and at eventide you shall be crowned with the blessing and benediction of God.

So in the realm of the spiritual, cultivate the largest faith and the most liberal petition.

"Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring."

For yourselves, as well as for others, expect great things from God. Be definite in your petitions, and press them with a persistency that has the promise of success.

"There was once a coloured woman who used to sit in one corner of the gallery on the Sabbath, and single out some young man as he came in at the door, and pray for him till she saw him come forward to join the Church. Then she dropped him, and singled out another, and prayed for him in like manner, till she witnessed a similar result. Then she dropped him and took a third, and so on, till at the end of twenty years she had seen twenty young men join themselves to the Lord."

Oh! my dear brothers, pray like that, and though you be allied to the smallest and most insignificant of the sects, your prayers shall have power with God, and through your instrumentality there shall be large accessions to the Church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Could a memento," said James Hamilton, "be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer has passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find *Jehovah-Shammah*—'the Lord hath been here'—inscribed on many a cottage hearth and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud temple, David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage by the brink in Gennesareth, and in the upper chamber where Pentecost began. And whether it be the field where Isaac went to meditate, or the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Israel wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on the hungry lions and the lions gazed on him, or the hill sides where the Man of Sorrows prayed all night, we should still discern the print of the ladder's feet let down from heaven, the landing place of mercies, because the starting point of prayer."

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day:
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend!
For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

By UNCLE BEN.

SOPHIE and Ewart Longsdale were brother and sister. Both having had the measles, they remained away from school for a whole term. To help their restoration to health Mrs. Longsdale had taken them to the seaside; to one of the smaller watering places on the south coast, where Mr. Longsdale could come down on Saturday afternoon and return to London on Monday morning. He had brought them down one Saturday early in July, and had gone back to town for the week, leaving his wife and two children delighted with the lodgings, with the prospect of fine weather, and the endless sources of amusement the seaside affords to the romantic imagination of youth. Before going away, Mr. Longsdale promised he would try and come down early on the following Saturday afternoon and take them for a sail on the sea.

The days passed pleasantly enough; the two children made several friends—one lad especially Ewart took to very warmly, named Sandford Hart, who was the only son of an invalid mother, staying in one of the houses in the same terrace. Mrs. Longsdale, seeing that this boy was well-behaved, and seemed lonely, being without brothers or sisters, invited him to go with them on the following Saturday.

This promised sail filled the children with much joyful anticipation. If they had been going to take a voyage round the whole of Great Britain they could hardly have thought more about it. After much consultation, they decided

on a boat for the Saturday's excursion, after being duly assailed every time they came down to the beach with appeals from boatmen, fishermen, and sailors—"Try a sail to-day?" "Nice day for a row!" "Take a boat?" "Pleasant breeze: just right for fishing."

The young people looked at all the sailing boats over and over again, but the "Fairyland" was the one that took their fancy most. So, after much discussion, the "Fairyland" was selected, chiefly because the man who owned her seemed such a jolly sort of a sailor. The tide was just going out, and when they came on the beach she was looking magnificent, riding at anchor a little way from the shore.

"The Funny Tar said he would take her round to the pier if we liked, but we thought we would rather go aboard in the dingy; it seemed more like a real embarkation," said Ewart.

"Your Funny Tar is some time coming," said Mr. Longsdale, as they sauntered up and down.

"He'll be here directly," said Sophie, "I feel sure he's only just finishing his dinner. You

two boys called him the Funny Tar, for he almost always had some joke to crack or odd saying, and a yarn for those who had time to listen.

At the earnest request of the children, Mrs. Longsdale engaged the "Fairyland" and its owner for a sail on Saturday, weather permitting. Ewart wrote his father a full description of the transaction.

The day of great expectation arrived. The brother and sister went to meet their father, who came safely by the fast train from London, and told him all the events of the week. Then, after a hurried lunch, the whole party, including Sandford, set out to join the "Fairyland." The see he's made all ready. He said he should run up the flag."

They waited for some length of time. Sandford and Ewart both went to look, but could see nothing of the boatman. Mr. Longsdale said: "If he does not come soon, the water will be too low for his boat to get out to-day."

There were not many people about of whom to ask, for it was everybody's dinner time, and the beach was almost deserted; besides, it being a fairly smooth day, all the sailing boats had been engaged, and most of them were far out from the shore.

Mr. Longsdale asked if they were quite sure

about the arrangements with the man. After some difficulty, he learned where he lived. Leaving the basket of provisions for the substantial evening meal to the care of Mrs. Longsdale, and telling the boys to keep a watch, he would go off to the man's house, and give him a blowing-up for not being punctual.

It was some distance to the cottage, and when he got there he only found the wife in, who said she did not know where her husband was, and seemed very sorry for the delay.

"Can you tell me where I am likely to find him?" he enquired.

"After some hesitation, the woman said: "You might find him at the 'Royal George' tap-room; he do have a drop of beer there sometimes, and they might know where he was."

The remark concluded the interview. Then Mr. Longsdale called at the tap room of the "Royal George," and asked if Joe Watson of the "Fairyland" was there. "No, he wasn't," was all he could get at first.

Then he asked if he had been there, and he learned that he had during the morning, but left before noon, saying he had a party to look after. Mr. Longsdale, finding he could gather nothing more, went back again to the shore, but noticed that the men in the tap room did not look much concerned at the missing Joseph, and fancied he detected a grin on one or two of the faces as he passed out.

When he returned to the shore it was to find no further tidings of the Funny Tar, but to observe Mrs. Longsdale quite anxious as to what could have become of the man, and to see that the three young people were thoroughly disappointed. Mr. Longsdale felt really very much annoyed about this, though he tried to laugh it off, and said that they must have all put their heads together and concocted this by way of a joke, and bribed the boatman to disappear in this mysterious way.

Sophie assured him that it was no joke, but a great sell, and begged her father to go off and try to get another boat. Mrs. Longsdale went to one of the iron seats on the promenade. Mr. Longsdale told Sophie to go and get her spade and bucket to do the best she could while he went off to hire another sailing vessel if he could get one. The boys settled themselves down behind an old boat turned the wrong side up, the keel end towards the sky. Sophie set to work to build a sand mountain, and discussed with the boys the extraordinary disappearance of the sailor in broad daylight.

Sandford was watching as well as talking, and suddenly exclaimed: "The dingy's high and dry; there's no water now hardly round the 'Fairyland,' the tide has almost left her; she's tipped up a little on one side."

The retreating sea soon left the craft stranded on the sands. Then the boys went off to inspect the ship. Not being able to go to sea in her, they proposed to clamber on board her, and take possession of her till the Funny Tar should turn up. It was not an easy assault to make, as she drew some five or six feet of water. But, after some efforts, Ewart, with the help of his friend, managed to pull himself up by the gunwale, and look over into the boat. Directly he did so, he dropped down again, as if he had been shot, exclaiming—

"What can be the matter with the Funny Tar? He's asleep in the bows on the sails."

"He's drunk I expect," said Sandford, who had seen the Funny Tar more than "three sheets in wind" on other occasions.

The boys saw Mr. Longsdale coming. They ran to meet him, and told him, in breathless haste, that they had found Watson fast asleep in his own ship.

Mr. Longsdale said he would come and see, and informed the boys that there was not another sailing boat to be had, all were engaged and out this fine afternoon, and they must bear their disappointment as best they could.

When the three returned to the "Fairyland," they found Watson waking up from his drunken sleep, and very apologetic, but all to no purpose, it was too late then to think of going. The "Fairyland" would not float again till the return of the tide.

Mr. Longsdale administered a sharp word of reproof, but found he was not sober enough to know much what he was saying, though he was very droll in his excuses for his sleep, saying it was the strong air and an unusually early dinner about eleven o'clock, and *a drop* of beer beforehand, on rather an empty stomach.

The event made a great impression on the children. They knew they had lost their sail by this man being drunk. Mr. and Mrs. Longsdale felt thankful that they had not gone out with him, as the evening changed to be rough and squally. When the rain came on, even the boys said, "Well, perhaps it's a good thing we were disappointed; it wouldn't have been nice to be out at sea with a half-drunken sailor, in bad weather like this."

To which Mrs. Longsdale rejoined, "Oh boys take warning in time; drink is a peril and a curse on both land and sea."

RETIRED SOLDIERS.—Many a daring soldier, who has helped to fight his country's battles on far-off frontiers, having, in the wild fortune of war, escaped sword and bayonet and ball, comes home and gets killed there—with a "ball" of whisky.

The Strongholds of Success.

(A word to Band of Hope Conductors.)

THAT Band of Hope work is successful, cannot be denied; but that it is as successful as it might be, considering all the labour bestowed upon it cannot be asserted by any one who has had any practical experience. Success can only be claimed when our members remain faithful to the pledge, and a fair proportion of them are willing to undertake the duty of continuing the work. In all departments of life there are certain objects at which we must aim if we desire success; in Band of Hope work there are three which stand out most prominently. The first is KNOWLEDGE. Ignorance is the great friend of drunkenness and of all sin. That our members need more teaching is a sad fact; any one asking a dozen simple questions at any ordinary meeting, will soon become convinced of this. The absurdities of the replies are not with regard to physiology; this science is fairly well taught now, but with regard to the effect of alcohol upon the human system. We have at the present moment a splendid opportunity, the children possess the skeleton, the outline as it were, we must clothe this framework with living facts, presenting the truth so clearly to the youthful mind that it shall never be forgotten.

We do not grudge labour or expense for a social meeting, an excursion, an entertainment. Why should we grudge it for this, the foundation of all the success of our labours? The stones of which this foundation rock is composed are many; let us glance at some of these essential truths that we ought to teach. That intoxicating drinks instead of being foods, cause the destruction of foods; that the only natural and necessary drinks are water and milk; that alcohol is an enemy to the body, injuring the nervous and muscular systems, making the life's blood impure, and preparing the way for disease and death. That whole communities of people live happily without intoxicating liquors, and that under all conditions of climates, have men been well, strong and prosperous, without alcohol—these facts ought, and must be, taught to our members. To allow them to go out into the world without this knowledge, is to send them out to sea in a leaky craft, with the almost certainty of shipwreck, moral and spiritual. Temperance educational works are now abundant; we must not only encourage our members to read them, but we must see that they understand the truths they teach. Knowledge must be accompanied by WORK. A man cannot well be disloyal if he undertake to bear arms in support of the throne; and a young person cannot easily become disloyal to the pledge while engaged in enlisting recruits.

We must work with the *pen* and the *voice*, in reporting addresses, in the preparation of essays, in the answering of questions at the annual examination, and in the composition of articles for the press. The preparation for such work as this will involve additional reading, it will unlock the knowledge in our minds; for a mind full of knowledge, and with the inability to give it out to others, is like a well-stocked bookcase, with its door locked against all comers, as little use to its owner as to others.

We must encourage our members to work with the voice in recitation, speaking, and singing. Argument deepens impressions, and binds one to the principles advocated.

We may speak or even sing ourselves into faithfulness; a man must be hardened indeed, if he act against that which he voluntarily advocates. We should multiply offices in our societies, so that many may have a share in the work and its responsibilities; an officer is necessarily more careful of his conduct than a single member of the rank and file. The conductor of a large Band of Hope said recently: "How could I break my pledge? The four hundred members of my society were watching me with their eight hundred eyes. I was surrounded with influences, from which I could not escape." It is the idle members that fall away; the industrious members are safe, they are surrounded by an invisible armour, which protects them from the shots of the enemy. While we lead our members in the pathway of knowledge, and put their hands upon work they can do, we must impress upon them the necessity of CONSECRATION. The work of the Band of Hope is not essentially a religious work, but it requires the fire and power of religion to make its work effectual.

An ordinary schoolmaster may have no love to children, and yet be a good teacher; yet how much more effectual will his teaching become, if he have sympathy with, and love to the young he is teaching. Intelligence, tact, industry, increased by the power of religion, will overcome innumerable obstacles. Peter's prison doors opened at the sight of the angel, and doors that now seem to have unpickable locks will open at one glance, if we have the love of the Saviour in our hearts.

Should we not seek to infuse this spirit into the hearts of our members? The hatred to that which is base and low; the love and admiration to that which is good and right. Here, then, are the strongholds of success, a trinity of power, knowledge of what we are doing, industry in our labours, consecration to our Master—all are important, but the last should be first.

A. J. G

Pebbles and Pearls.

Life is but a short day; but it is a working day.

He who rejoices over another's fall, rejoices in the devil's victory.

The most expensive luxuries are not always the most pleasant.

How to make your coat last.—Make your trousers and waistcoat first.

Epictetus said all philosophy lay in two words—"Sustain and Abstain."

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

The chains of habit are generally too small to be felt until they are too strong to be broken.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

Demonax, being asked if philosophers might drink wine—"Surely," said he, "you do not think that nature made grapes only for fools."

Muhammed, the learned priest of Gasala, being asked how he had acquired so much science, answered—"I never was ashamed to ask and learn what I did not know."

A countryman sowing his ground, and two young fellows riding that way, one of them called to him, with an insolent air—"Well, honest fellow," said he, "it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the countryman replied—"It is very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp."

A Good Choice.—I admire those who have chosen an austere life, and desire no other beverage than water, the medicine of a wise temperance, avoiding wine as they would fire. Young men and maidens should (especially) abstain from this medicament totally, for hence arise irregular desires and licentious conduct. The circulation is quickened, and the whole system excited, by the action of wine. The body inflames the soul."—*Clement of Alexandria*, A.D. 180.

The Drunkard's Character.

From a volume of pamphlets, lettered "Miscellaneous Sheets," presented by George III. to the British Museum (the date is 1646):—"A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the trouble of civility; the spoil of wealth; the distraction of reason. He is the only brewer's agent; the tavern and ale-house benefactor; the beggar's companion; the constable's trouble. He is his wife's woe; his children's sorrow; his own shame. In summer he is a tub of swill, a spirit of sleep, a picture of a beast, and a monster of a man."

The smallest hair casts a shadow; the most trifling act has its consequences, if not *here*, at least hereafter.

The bad traits in character are passed down from generation to generation with as much care as the good ones.

The surest sign of wisdom is charity; and the best charity is that which never ostensibly parades itself as a charity.

A man who can preach wisdom to his neighbours at the rate of one hundred words a minute, is very often a fool himself, in practice, at all events.

"I wonder what makes these buttons burst off so?" Dora petulantly exclaimed. David looked at her tight dress. "Force of habit, I think," he said, softly.

If plants refused to grow in spring, sceptical people would begin to mend their faith, and yet the regularities of nature are the finger-posts which point to Heaven.

Sir William Brown, the physician, said there were two kinds of gout—freehold and copyhold; the one, hereditary; the other, where a person *took it up* by his own act.

"Illustrated with cuts," said a young urchin, as he drew his pocket knife across the leaves of his grammar. "Illustrated with cuts," exclaimed the schoolmaster, as he drew the cane across the back of the youngster.

REVIEW.

We have received a parcel of Messrs. Pickering's preparations, and have had them submitted to a trial. We are able to report that the specialities are quite equal in every respect to what is said of them in the advertisement. We can specially recommend the Brunswick Black as a much superior article to others we have tried. The Furniture Polish is also of excellent quality.

ALCOHOL AND WASTE OF FOOD.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

IT is at this season of the year, that we rejoice at the glorious appearance the country presents to our eyes. Our holiday not only improves our health, sending us back home with invigorated brains and strengthened bodies, but the sights we witness open our hearts and inspire our souls with feelings of love and gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts. We rejoice as we look upon the golden harvest—the waving corn, the bearded barley, the trees bending under their load of fruit, and on every hand indications of prosperity and happiness, and our hearts burst out in a song of thanksgiving: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness; Thy paths drop fatness."

In the midst of all this rejoicing, there comes over the mind of the thoughtful a feeling of great sorrow. It is the knowledge that so much that is good will be used in the manufacture of those drinks which, it is admitted on all hands, are the cause of immense misery. That barley should be changed into malt, and the malt made into beer; that apples should be changed into cider; grapes into wine; pears into perry; wheat and juniper berries into gin; and the sugar-cane into rum—surely the thought of all this will make a provident man grieve.

Abstainers look upon the manufacture of intoxicating liquors as the wholesale destruction of good food; for the articles used in their production can be used as food for men; instead of which, when made into intoxicating drink, they are the cause of a thousand-and-one evils.

This is not the case with other articles used for daily beverages. If we use the tea plant, and make tea, or if we make cocoa, or coffee, we are making beverages, the use of which has never yet produced murder, poverty, and ignorance.

How can we do anything else but grieve as we see the barley carted away to the maltster? and we know by the process of malting a fifth of it will be destroyed, and its nutritive qualities weakened.

It was a wise question that one soldier asked another, as they rolled a barrel of rum into the camp: "How many court martials are there in this barrel of rum?" We may ask the question: "How many quartern loaves are represented by the barrels of beer we see going along our streets?"

Surely this idea of the waste of food is one of the most serious questions of the day; it has been said that the man who makes two blades of grass to grow where formerly only one blade grew is a benefactor to the human race, then surely he who destroys this one blade must be quite the opposite. We know how we feel towards those who waste food. The beggars who knock at our doors, and throw away the bread we give them, deserve the greatest punishment. Surely, then, it is time we stopped and considered carefully whether the food now used in the production of intoxicating liquors could not be put to more useful purposes.

He who fed the multitude with five barley loaves and a few small fishes, was yet careful to gather up the fragments that nothing might be lost, and surely we should learn from this, that all kinds of waste are displeasing in His sight.

The manna fell daily in the Wilderness. The man who gathered more than he needed for his family, was worse off than the man who had only gathered enough. The Israelites were thus taught to depend daily on the benevolence of the Creator; and in that model of all prayers we are taught to ask for our daily bread, that is the bread for to-day, and no more. He who tramples upon a bit of bread, seems to be guilty of destroying one of God's best gifts, and therefore we must be right in asking that good food shall be put to good purposes.

The late Mr. William Hoyle has estimated that if the amount of grain every year destroyed in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors were converted into flour, and baked into loaves, it would

make 1,200,000,000 4lb. loaves; that if they were all baked in one bakery, and 500 men were to be employed ten hours every day, it would take over 750 years before the loaves were all baked.

An acre of good barley is estimated to yield about thirty-eight bushels of barley; if this be so, then to grow the grain necessary to manufacture the quantity of intoxicating liquor now usually consumed, it would require a cornfield more than 2,000,000 acres in extent, or it would cover the entire counties of Kent, Surrey, Middlesex and Berkshire.

It is said that the amount of grain used in the manufacture of intoxicating liquors every year, would make enough bread to maintain the population of the United Kingdom for four months every year.

These are facts that we must learn and remember, for the knowledge of them gives us strength to remain faithful to our temperance principles.

We need not be downhearted if we find our work hard and difficult; we are fighting against a habit which even those who encourage it deplore when they behold the moral shipwrecks it causes. The custom of using grain for the manufacture of drink is a very ancient one. Herodotus, who lived 450 B.C., tells us that "The Egyptians being without vines, made wine from corn;" and Archilochus, 700 B.C., says: "The Greeks of his day were acquainted with the art of brewing;" Sophocles, 420 B.C., remarks: "The Greeks employed barley-wine or beer at every festive meeting."

In the reign of Henry II. the monks of England were the brewers, and they were celebrated for the strength and purity of their ales. A document dated 1295 states that Nicholas de Shobea had re-leased to the abbot and convent of Burton-on-Trent certain tenements within and without the town, for which re-leases they granted him for life two white loaves and two gallons of conventual beer.

These historical facts show how much the habit of making and selling intoxicating drink had become part of our life in England. We must, therefore, try by our example and persuasion to change the customs of our country, and we shall soon find that many who can't see with us at present will be influenced by our example and moderation, and we hope help on the good work, till not a particle of good food shall be changed into an intoxicating drink.

IN 1,000 grains of beef there are 207½ grains of nourishment. In 1,000 grains of wine there are only 1⅓ grains of nourishment. The raw flesh of beef contains 156 times more nourishment than wine.—*The Lancet.*

Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Oh, Hesperus, thou bringest all good things
Home to the weary . . ."—*Byron.*

WITH a sorrowful heart, and many sad thoughts concerning the continuous series of misfortunes which had marked the past six months of his life, Brentwood eagerly hurried along the crowded thoroughfare. Turning the corner of the Old Road, he accidentally tumbled against a man, who roughly exclaimed: "Why can't you mind where you're going to, governor! Look before you, or I'll very soon make you, if you jolt up to me again!"

"I beg your pardon; I really didn't see!"

"Why it's the bookman for sure and certain! Say no more! You know me well enough—Ned Burrows, the collier lad who helped the chap to unload the furniture and carry 'em into the haunted house! Give me your hand, man; give me your hand!"

"Oh, Ned, I'm in sad trouble; my poor lad may be dead before now!"

"Dead! that bonny little chap who made himself so busy!"

"Yes, indeed; he's been too busy to-day, poor fellow—too busy to-day!"

Then Brentwood told what happened, and Ned expressed much sympathy. What was more—he promptly offered to go up to Bowen's, the chemist, and wait there until Brentwood's return, to see if he could be of any use.

The offer was warmly accepted, and then he said: "Now, I'll show you a quicker way home than along the high-road. You can cut straight across the fields when you come to Five Lane Ends, at the bottom of this road, and you'll save better than three-quarters of a mile!"

"That will be splendid! If I can only find my way!"

"Oh, it's straight enough when once you get into the footpath. The only thing is to keep your eyes well about you, and keep well away from 'Pickering's Old Shaft' when you come into the third field!"

Then Brentwood, trudging along the road, suddenly remembered that he had arranged before starting out in the morning that if the weather kept fine his wife and Emily should come over to Flipton in the evening, and the whole party could return together. Perhaps they will have started before this. What should

he do ! He was half inclined to turn back. Then he thought he would keep close to the high-road, the way which he knew; then he wavered again as to the nearest cut across the fields. To save three-quarters of a mile was a great deal; and if he ran he would still, perhaps, get home before they started. This settled the matter, and he made off at once for the road over the fields.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Brentwood and Emily were trudging along the road. The little girl thought it was a fine thing to be going to market with her mother.

"It was a pity they couldn't carry more books, mother, don't you think?"

"My dear child, they had far more with them than there was any hope of selling."

"Those few!"

"Well, we shall soon be there, and then we shall know all about it."

On reaching the market-place they went first along one side, and then down the other, without finding any bookstall. Twice they made the whole journey round the square without being successful, and on going round the third time, which Mrs. Brentwood mentally resolved should be their last search, Emily recognised the large bag lying underneath an empty stall.

"There, mother! Look there, mother! I'm sure that's father's bag!"

Mrs. Brentwood looked and looked again. Then she timidly ventured to speak to Old Molly, who was still rattling away with her tins.

"Can you tell me where the man is who owns the bag under this empty stall?"

"Yes, indeed, I can," said Molly. "He's gone home! Gone in a great hurry, poor soul, full of trouble!"

"Trouble!" almost screamed Mrs. Brentwood. "Do tell me what is the matter, for I am his wife!"

"Then God in Heaven help you, poor dear!" was Molly's fervent reply.

Little Emily began to cry, and Molly patted her on the back and tried to soothe her. "Be quiet, child, and try and comfort mother!"

"What is the matter! I must know!" pleaded Mrs. Brentwood.

"Yes, yes, dear. He's gone home to tell you. There's been a bit of an accident, but it will be all right."

"It's Charlie! oh, it's Charlie! my poor, poor boy!" sobbed Mrs. Brentwood. "My poor boy is dead! Oh, take me to him!"

A crowd quickly clustered round, and Molly as quickly tried to order them off.

"Go away, do; it's no business of any of you, gaping at a poor body in trouble like that. I'm ashamed of you."

Then she got hold of Mrs. Brentwood by the arm, bade Emily come and take her hand, and calling out to some companion: "Sarah, you give an eye to my things; I'll be back presently," walked her charges across to the chemist's.

The shutters were up, but the shop-door was still open, and Mr. Bowen was behind the counter.

"It's the boy's mother," was Molly's introduction. "How is the dear lad now?"

"Oh, he's a trifle easier, I think."

"Thank God for that much," said Molly.

"Come in this way, Mrs.——," but he hadn't heard the name, so he stopped short. "Come in: my wife will tell you all about it. It might be much worse, although I am sure you will think it quite bad enough as it is."

Mrs. Bowen broke the news as gently as she could, and gave the cheering word, that Charlie was more easy. "He has called out mother once or twice; and if you are very quiet and brave you shall go in at once, although I think he is dozing."

"Let me see him! please let me see him! Oh, how thankful I am that he still lives!"

"Now, don't excite yourself, there's a dear," was Mrs. Bowen's gentle admonition as she opened the bedroom door.

True to his trust, there was Ned Burrows sitting by the bedside. He held up his finger, motioning them to be quiet. Charlie was dozing. They had sponged his face, and there was a small bandage across his forehead. He lay quite still, and no one spoke. In a few minutes Mr. Bowen came in with a nice cup of tea, which Mrs. Brentwood gratefully accepted. Then in a little time they all withdrew except Ned, who sat quite still on his chair by the bedside, watching the face of the sufferer very earnestly.

"Who is that young man?" was Mrs. Brentwood's question as they went down stairs into the little sitting room.

"Don't you know him?" said Mr. Bowen. "He knows you. He came with a message—well, not exactly a message from your husband. As nearly as I can make out, he had met your husband hurrying home to fetch you, and came along here to see if he could be any help. He says he must wait till your husband comes back, and as he much wanted to see the lad, we let him upstairs, and he's been there ever since!"

Then, so far as he could, Mr. Bowen related how the accident had happened, and comforted the poor mother with the assurance that the surgeon was a very skilful man, and had done the very best he could, and that he would be sure to be in again very soon, late as it was.

The surgeon did return, and once more the comforting words were used, "He will get along nicely if he is kept quiet, for he is a healthy lad, but must not be excited!"

They all went upstairs again together, and Mrs. Brentwood had the joy of seeing her poor boy open his eyes and recognise her.

"Where am I? Where's father, mother?"

"He'll be here presently, now keep quite quiet dear," and almost as soon as she had spoken the words the tired eyes closed again.

But what had become of Brentwood? Why was he so long in returning?

The fields—the London fields as they were called—contained three or four old coal pits, the shafts of which were left very much exposed, and as there was no regular roadway, the journey was a dangerous one to make at night-time; more particularly was it a dangerous journey for a stranger to take alone.

Anxious, oh so anxious to make haste home, Brentwood had turned out of the high road into the fields. He hurriedly hastened along, now stumbling in a hollow, now tripping at a stone, and many times perplexed when he wandered a little bit off the beaten path. Once or twice he came to a dead standstill, and once he actually started to go back, and then he felt that it was stupid, not to say cowardly, when he had got so far not to face the rest of the distance.

What a gracious relief it would have been had he met anyone. He stood still and listened, but there was not a footfall to be heard. Again he rushed along, and then he suddenly knocked up against a stout railing.

"This," thought he, "must be that old shaft which the collier said I must mind. What a providence indeed that it is fenced round so well."

Then he saw by the pale light of the moon that the footpath turned off a little to the left, and getting upon the track he once more hurried along. The path was narrower, and it became increasingly difficult to keep on the beaten road. It was nothing like so broad as the path in which he had walked before he came to the fence. He wondered whether he was right. Oh, how he wished that he had never come into the fields at all! "Had I only kept to the road which I did know I should have been home by this."

Then his heart beat quicker, and he wondered whether Charlie still lived. Perhaps while he was lost in the field the poor lad was dying. The agonising thought made him stand still again, and he fell on his knees and put up such a fervent prayer:

"Let the boy live, oh, my Father, and give my dear, dear wife grace sufficient for her need in this night of trouble. Oh God, this punishment is too heavy for me. Lift off the load which presses me sore, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

And the prayer calmed him a little. He looked ahead and there in the distance he saw the glad lights of a cluster of cottages, and knew that he must be nearing home.

Quickening his step, and becoming more excited he began to run. He would make straight for the lights at all hazards. He knew he was not on the footpath, but he thought he would make a still shorter cut for Upper Dornton. Those must be the lights of the first of the Dornton cottages. The memory of Ned Burrow's warning counsel was forgotten, and he rushed along until he tripped over some kind of an obstacle. Not troubling to find out what, he eagerly pressed forward, and stepping on the first of the frail planks which guarded "Pickering's old Shaft," in an instant he heard a crackling under his feet, and before he could recover himself the treacherous protection gave way beneath his weight, and he was instantaneously hurled headlong down the old mine.

(To be continued.)

A FAMOUS CITIZEN.

By W. HOYLE,

Author of "Hymns and Songs."

THERE was a famous citizen,
A man of high degree;
His warehouse was a costly pile,
A business man was he.
From morn till night among his wares
This wary man would be.

He watched with ever-cautious eye
The ebb and flow of trade;
With ready cash he wisely bought,
And many a bargain made.
And thus, by earnest toil and skill,
A princely fortune laid.

From year to year his business grew,
He got above his share;
The furrows on his manly face
Showed many a line of care.
And he became a sickly man,
With body lean and spare.

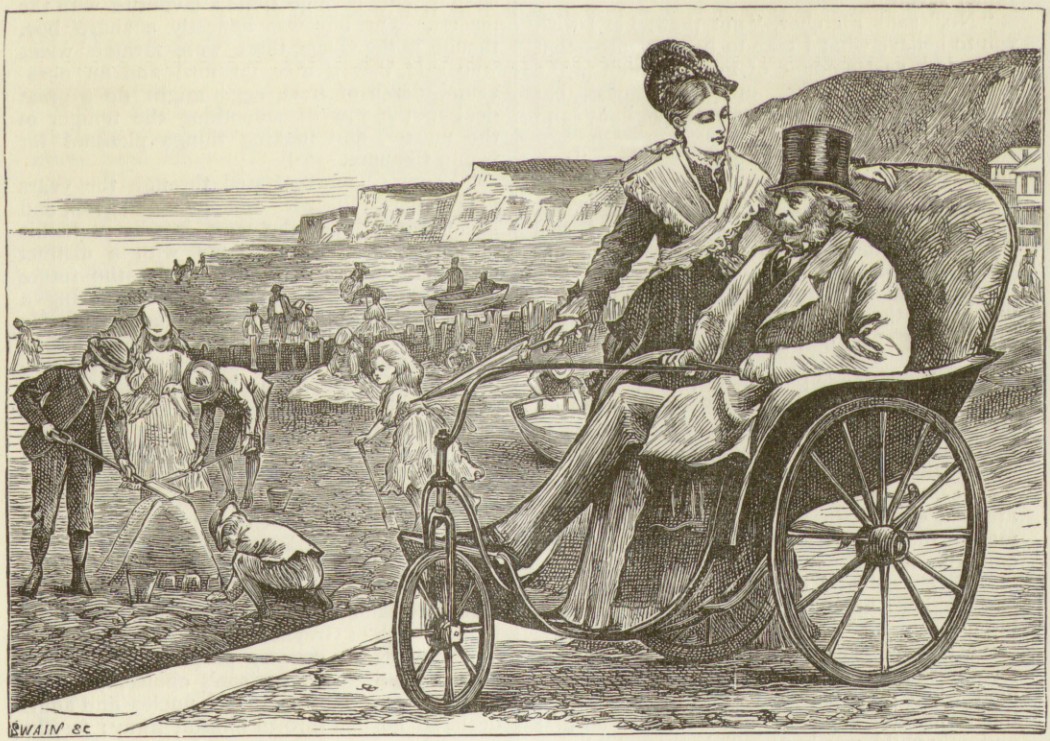
His wife—the comfort of his days—
A wise and faithful mate,
Observing his disquietude,
His weakly, nervous state,
Suggested rest from business care,
His ailments to abate.

The doctor came with solemn air
His good advice to give;
He told this famous citizen
(Which made him fret and grieve)
Unless he changed his course of life
He had not long to live.

His course of life at length he changed,
He bid his friends adieu;
With weary breast and aching limb,
He told them to be true,
While he would seek for sweet repose
In fields and pastures new.

In vain he tried his strength to gain—
The change was made too late;
"Ah me!" quoth he, "I plainly see
My melancholy fate!"
The lawyer came to make his will,
And settle his estate.

He rested on his soft greensward,
Close by the briny wave,
And when the summer days were gone,
The sexton dug his grave;
They sung his praise, and buried him
In state, like warrior brave.



Away upon the western coast
He bought a piece of land,
The site would give a pleasant view
O'er ocean's golden strand,
Where children in the summer days
Made castles on the sand.

He saw his spacious mansion rise
In beauty day by day;
He rested by the ocean side,
He watched the children play;
And often, in dejected mood,
He wiped the tears away.

His kind relations gathered round,
With manners soft and bland;
His will was read and each received
A tidy sum to hand;
And soon his riches disappeared
Like castles on the sand.

So passed this wearied son of toil
Away from haunts of men;
The story of his life was told
By many a voice and pen;
He was a leader of his kind—
A famous citizen.

Mrs. Chaunce and Son.

By Rev. EDWARD HAYTON.

WE know but little of the harm that is being done every year by strong drink in the homes of the people. A good deal of the evil may come to the surface, I admit; but there is much more that lies hidden below the surface, and is never seen at all by the public."

"Do you wish me to believe that the temperance party are slow to report all that is going on?" said Harris to his friend Fletcher, rather severely.

"No," said Fletcher, "not that; but I wish you to believe what I take to be the truth—that there is a vast amount of misery which is the direct result of drinking, and drunkenness, that no temperance party, however vigilant and industrious, can get at."

"I am afraid," said Harris, smiling, "you speak strongly, because you feel strongly, on the subject."

"Well," said Fletcher, in reply, "I feel strongly on the subject, that is certain; but whether I speak too strongly is a question."

"I have always thought," said Harris, "that one-half of the stories about drink and its doings are all nonsense, and greatly calculated to mislead."

"But," contended Fletcher, "Temperance men are not the only people who tell fearful stories about the drink. Every newspaper in the land registers facts which prove beyond all dispute the very things that I maintain to be true."

"Yes, they report facts," said Harris, "which are sad enough in all conscience; but a fact may be made half a falsehood by the heightened colouring alone."

"Well," replied Fletcher, "I will tell you a story which I know to be strictly true in every important point."

"Mrs. Chaunce was a widow, and rented a farm in the village of Greyfield. Her husband died when they had been just three years on the farm, and eighteen months after their first and only child was born. This only child was a son, and, like many other only sons, was treated with very great consideration. I have heard it said by ladies of large domestic experience that one is a bad number, and is pretty sure to be spoiled in the end.

"Young Chaunce, from his birth right onward, was, beyond all doubt, the most important personage about Hollowriggs farm. If he was well and right, it mattered not who was otherwise. In time this treatment told. He began to show a strength of will in wrong directions which was wholly out of proportion with his years. Mrs. Chaunce was not disposed to use the rod herself, and had not sufficient confidence in anyone else to hand over to them the young rebel to be corrected. The result was, he was left over, uncorrected, until he grew older and got more wisdom.

"The abundance of eggs, oatmeal, and new milk, of which his daily diet consisted, was, in one sense, certainly not put into an ill skin; for the boy grew, and was a wonder in the eyes of one fond woman at least, however looked upon by others. The time came when young Chaunce must go to school. And what was rather remarkable, he liked it. He was quick at his lessons, and became quite a favourite with the master. The boy was honestly a sharp boy, though in the village there were farmers' wives who said that a nice fat fowl and an occasional dozen of fresh eggs might do a great deal in the way of smoothing the temper of the master, and making things pleasant for young Chaunce.

"Young Chaunce passed through the years of his school life with honour to himself, and satisfaction to all who were interested in his progress. He was educated with a distinct understanding that he was to be the future master at Hollowriggs farm. And being a smart lad, he stepped into that office early. He had uncles and aunts, and friends of his father, who looked on with interest as he was, little by little, initiated into the art of farming. And not a few were really anxious that he should do well. Mrs. Chaunce had the farm at a low rent, and being not a stranger to the principles and practice of thrift, she saved money. Besides, she had cottage property left to her by her father, situate in the parish of Greyfield, which brought in as rent not less than eighty pounds a year.

"At five-and-twenty, young Chaunce married one of the under-housemaids then living at Sir Dan Beersheba's, the only gentleman residing in the parish of Greyfield. She was considered a beauty by the country people, but frivolous and vain. She was her son's choice, and Mrs. Chaunce was satisfied. His uncles and aunts declared he had thrown himself away; for she was as ignorant of the art of butter-making as the blacks in Africa. When they had been one year married, Mrs. Chaunce handed over to her son the farm as it stood—stock, crop, with husbandry implements, &c.—and he became from that time sole manager and owner. The landlord was very willing to accept him as a tenant. The farm was kept in good condition, and the crops were abundant. He had a pride in seeing things look well and tidy. The Chaunces were reckoned amongst the respectable people in the district.

"By the time he had been for ten years sole manager of Hollowriggs farm things had greatly

changed. A railway had been made connecting the east and west of the county, and this line of railway passed directly through the village of Greyfield, opening up the country for miles. The rent of Hollowriggs was too low. But this notice was given when Mr. Chaunce was the worse for liquor, and he felt independent. He hastily gave up the farm, and resolved to go to the White Hart Inn, he had recently bought in Greyfield.

"It was considered to be a mad step by his friends. And they were right in this; for he had not been long at the White Hart before it was clearly seen that the drink was getting to be his master. The temptations by which he was every day surrounded were against him. He sank rapidly into drunkenness.

"The house did a roaring trade, and the landlady grew increasingly popular. It had never been known to do as much business as now. There was Farmer Settle, of Greyfield Hall, and the young Sinclairs, of Padington Lees, Captain Firmast, and Grocer Undale—every one of them heavy drinkers, and in no way short of money as yet. The evenings were far too short by their showing. Mr. Chaunce, as a rule, soon drank himself into a helpless condition, and had to be put to bed. The village doctor had given him his last warning in these startling words :—

"'You are all but a dead man, and yet you trifle with your health just as if you possessed one of the soundest of constitutions. Brandy is killing you as certainly as prussic acid would kill you. You are dying by your own hand. Give up the drink and get out of this house, for you are on the very verge of destruction. No medicine I have can save you.'

"Things went on for a year or more in their usual way, until, after one evening's carousal, he was put to bed for the last time. At midnight the doctor was called in haste. He found him gasping in an agony of delirium. He gave it as his opinion that he had not sufficient strength to pass through this crisis. And so it turned out to be. At the end of three days he died, and the last hours of his life were frightful. He gnashed his teeth in rage, and uttered, as he passed out of life, words that must not be written."

This history is simple fact, without one extravagant word from beginning to end. And how is the multiplication of such histories to be prevented, but by stopping the public sale of these drinks? There is no hope for the safety of the Queen's subjects but in the destruction of the drink traffic, as it now stands. Let us see to it, that we labour untiringly for this most desirable end.

HOW TO TEACH TEMPERANCE.

By Dr. B. W. RICHARDSON, F.R.S.

THE strong position which temperance holds to-day is largely due to the fact that the early reformers began at the very root of the matter.

The thought that over a million and a-half of children belong to Bands of Hope is almost overwhelming; and if our Bands increase in size, strength and utility in equal progression, the evil against which we fight will soon cease to be.

What we have to consider is, *how to teach the children* upon this question.

Children often come to us with various erroneous ideas they have gathered from their parents, or other elder relations. For instance, they are told that alcoholic drink is a food. We may in most beautiful lessons combat this idea by describing how animals, from the elephant to the pretty little marmorest; how fishes, from the whale to the minnow; and how the birds of the air are all water-drinkers, only man using alcohol.

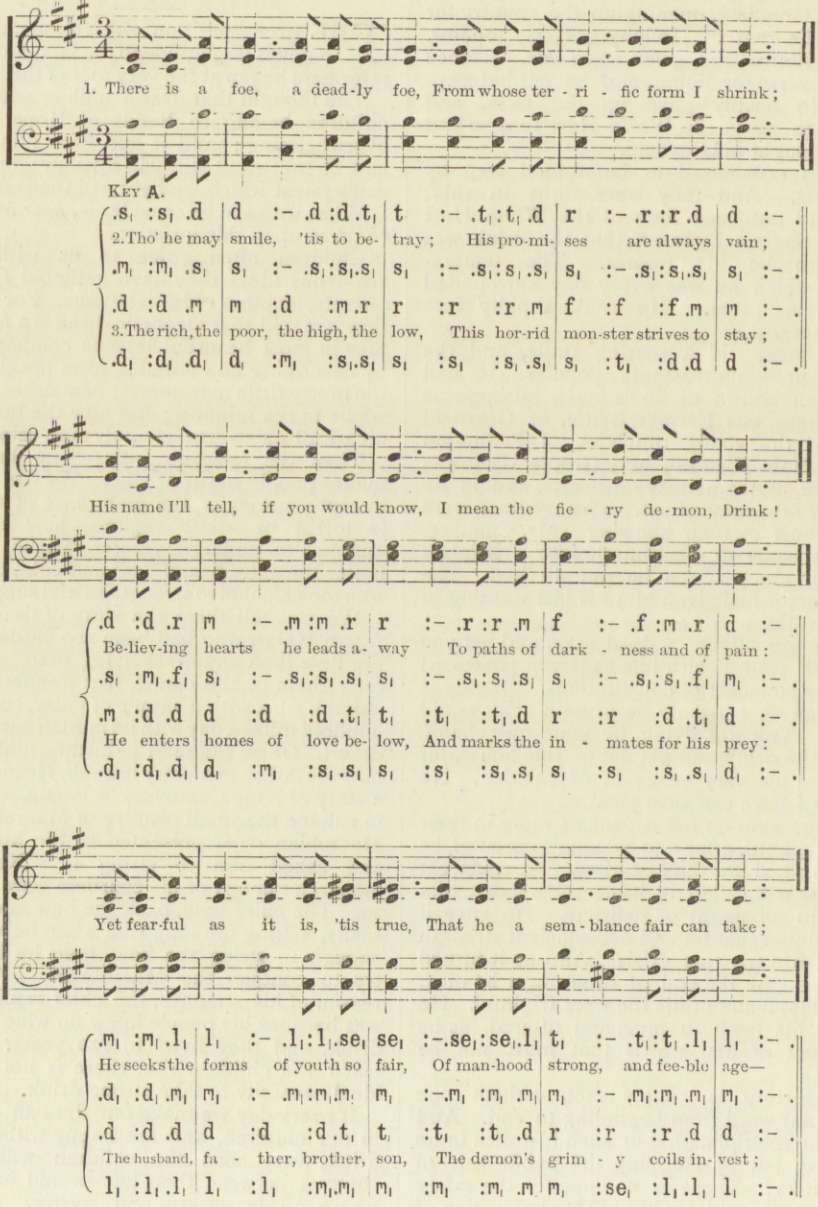
Then the children will tell us that alcohol makes people warm or cool. We can tell them, in reply, stories of the endurance of abstainers in torrid or arctic regions—how they were enabled to undergo greater fatigue, and bear better the extremes of heat and cold, than those who took alcohol to strengthen and support them.

We can tell them the story of the abstainer, Adam Hales, who had been 400 yards nearer to the Pole than any other living man. We could refer them to the camel, that wonderful, strong animal, who, with a supply of water, could walk a hundred miles a day with its burden across the hot desert. Or we can refer to history, and tell them how the father of history himself, Herodotus, told a story of King Cambyses of Persia, who wanted to subdue the small country of Macrobia. The Macrobian chief presented to the king a bow, and asked him to string it. Neither the monarch nor any of his courtiers were able to do so. The chief took back the bow and strung it easily, telling the king that when he was strong enough to string the bow, then he had better try to conquer the Macrobians. Asked the reason of his strength, the chief replied that it was because his people knew no wine or strong drink, and they lived to 120 years. We can teach the children that there is not even any ideal necessity to take strong drink.

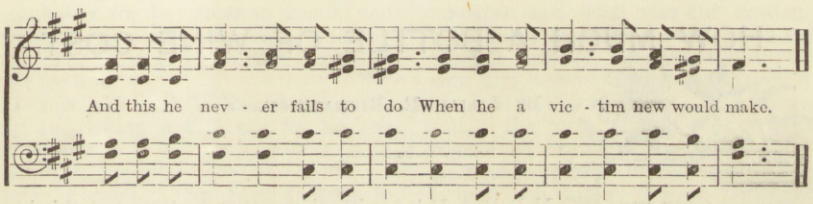
If every day we make our lives an open book to our children, and are happy without strong drink, very soon the children will strike a contrast between their homes and some homes where all is misery and sorrow. More can be learnt by the children from the book of our lives, than from any other book that can be put before them.

THERE IS A FOE.

Words by E. R. LATTA. *Music by* J. H. LESLIE.



THERE IS A FOE.



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By night and	day, and ev-'ry-	where, Pursues the	vic - tims of his	rage.
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And pangs of	kin - dred hearts un-	done, Can nev-er,	nev - er be ex-	pressed.
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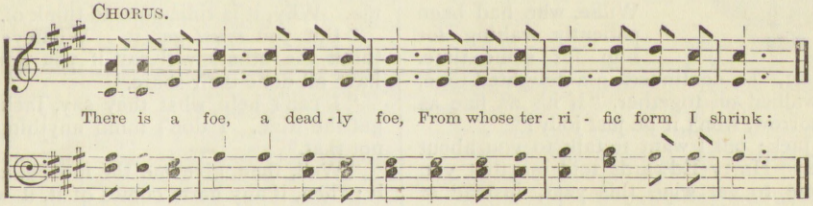
CHORUS.



CHORUS.

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There is a	foe, a dead-ly	foe, From whose ter-	ri - fic form I	shrink;
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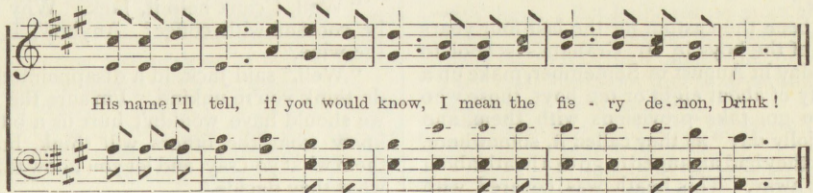

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His name I'll	tell, if you would	know, I mean the	fie - ry demon,	Drink!
.d :d .r	m :m :r .r	r :s :s .s	s :s :s .f	m :- .
.d :d .d	d :d :s₁ .s₁	s₁ :s₁ :s₁ .s₁	s₁ :s₁ :s₁ .s₁	d₁ :- .

HOW MUCH A BOTTLE OF WINE COST.

By Lilian E. Richardson.

"HURRAH! Willie! here I am at last; guess you're pretty near tired of waiting;" and Jack Peters shut the school door with a bang, and ran out to his friend Willie, who had been patiently waiting for him for some time. "But, I say," he continued in a delighted tone, as they walked on together, "if it's as fine as this to-morrow, won't it be just jolly?"

"Yes, Jack; but I want to talk to you about it a little. Harry Edwards told me that you wanted me to get wine this year, instead of coffee; is it true?"

"True—yes, of course it is! you don't mean to say you haven't got it yet?"

"I do, though. Why, Jack, you never meant it, surely? I couldn't believe him."

"Well, you might have, then. What's wrong about it? All the fellows think it would be nicer; why, those two new boys say they always used to have it on such days at the school they came from, and wouldn't care a bit for coffee."

It had been the custom for the last four years for some of the boys in Dr. Graham's school to choose a day in August or September, make up a little party of about eight or ten boys, those who wished to go, take provisions with them, and have a "jolly day" as they called it, somewhere. This year they had arranged to go to a heath about two miles away. This heath was covered with blackberry bushes, and all round about it was a splendid place for nutting. Each boy was supposed to provide something, and Willie always took the coffee or tea, which they heated on a little gipsy stove belonging to Jack. But wine! Willie and his father and mother were staunch teetotalers. It was bad enough, Willie thought, to see other people drinking it when he could not stop them; but to give it himself for them to drink,—no, he would never do that. He knew very well it was the two new boys of whom Jack had spoken who were to go with them, that had started this idea; and he was angry with them for it. He knew Jack could be led into anything very easily by a little chaffing, for he was a careless and good-natured boy, and Willie was determined to try and show him the danger of having wine.

"Jack," he said earnestly, "you mustn't have it; really you mustn't. You don't know what harm it does. I wouldn't get it for anything, even if I could, and I'm sure father wouldn't let me. Why, it is ridiculous to think of."

"But you *must* get it. Whatever do you think the others will say if you don't. They have all done their share."

"I can't help what they say, Jack; I shan't get the wine. I don't mind anything else, but not that."

"Well, then, give me the money, and I'll get it; then, if any harm comes of it, it will be my fault, not yours."

"No, Jack, I might as well get it myself as let you; besides, do you know how much it costs?"

"Oh, bother the cost!" said Jack impatiently. "You know very well you can afford it better than any of us. We shan't want much. Why, I don't suppose the others would think it fair for you to go if you don't get something, and everything else beside that has been got."

"Well, I can't help it, Jack. Why can't they be content with coffee? Anyhow, I shan't get the wine."

"Well," said Jack, in a disappointed tone, "I do think you're unkind. I'm sure the little drop we should have wouldn't hurt us a bit. I don't know what the others will think, but I'll tell them what you say, and let you know this evening what they decide."

"Yes, do," said Willie, eagerly, "and tell them the little stove will be no good if they have wine, and it would not be half the fun without that."

In the evening as Willie was sitting alone in the parlour amusing himself with a book, for his father and mother were out, there came a knock at the door. Willie ran to open it, and saw Jack. "Oh, Jack," he said, "I'm so glad you've come. Well, what do they say," he asked eagerly, as he drew his friend into the cosy little room.

"Oh, Willie, they say unless you will get the wine you cannot go, for they mean to have it; and if you don't they will make a subscription among themselves. They are going to take the stove, though, just for fun."

"Then I can't go," said Willie, shutting his lips tightly and trying not to cry, for he was deeply disappointed.

"Oh, Willie, do get it."

"No, Jack, I can't. I've been talking to mother about it, and she says that if they took wine with them, no matter if they would let me go, she would not. She says it is very dangerous for boys. She would not have let me go last year. She hardly liked me to go without any grown-up person, but she did not want me to be bad friends with them; and she would not let me go on any account if they took wine with them. She does not like those two new boys at all. Good-night, Jack." And Willie went away quickly to hide his tears. "Oh, dear, it is hard when I've been looking forward to it for so long. Just because I'm going to do right," he said aloud; "but never mind;" and he stood up bravely, "they shan't make me do it. I'll show them they can't laugh or scold me into it."

The next day was bright and clear, though rather windy. As it was a holiday, Willie had nothing particular to do, but he tried to be cheerful, and not think about the nice time the others were having, by playing with and amusing his little brother; but he could not altogether succeed.

The boys started early for their picnic—Jack, Harry, Bob and Tom Lewis, the two new boys, and two others with their baskets or bags for the nuts and blackberries, in which they put all the things they had decided to take. It was a pretty walk, after about the first half-mile, through fields and country lanes, and much laughing and merriment went on. Jack was a little quiet at first for thinking of Willie, but he soon became as merry as any of them.

At about twelve o'clock they reached the Heath. It was a very quiet place, so they put all their things down by a tree, and after resting for a little while and having something to eat, they began to gather the nuts with the help of some hooked sticks. When they had got a good supply, they amused themselves by exploring all round, till Harry declared it was tea time. Then they lit their stove behind a bush, as a protection from the wind, and sat all round it. The wine was divided out and they chatted merrily over their meal. Jack did not like drinking the wine at first, but, afraid of being laughed at, he drank what was given him as quickly as he could. He had never tasted any before, and it made him feel very strange and giddy, but he did not want it to be seen, so he made an excuse to go away. Bob Lewis, however, saw what was the matter, and slyly gave him a little push. He could not keep his balance, and fell, knocking the stove over on its side, and before anyone could pick it up it had set light to the dry grass—in another instant it caught the bush in front. They all sprang up, frightened and dismayed, and began madly stamping upon it to put it out, but the wind fanned the flames higher, and they spread rapidly. Jack seemed utterly stupefied; and, unable to stand up, he fell down again, and this time, partly on the burning part. Harry dragged him away, hardly knowing what he was doing. "Oh, run for somebody; do, some of you—quick! Oh, what shall we do?" he cried despairingly, looking round in vain for help.

CHAPTER II.

"WILLIE—Willie—tum and loot, here's a fire tart tomin.'"

Willie put down the book he was reading and ran to the window, where he saw a fire-engine dashing along the street. He ran to the door just as it whizzed by. "Where's the fire," he asked a boy who was running along in the crowd.

"At Sutton Heath," he answered, breathlessly, and ran on.

Willie's first impulse was to run along with them, but he remembered his little brother left in his charge, and went in again. "In Sutton—Sutton Heath," he mused; "oh, won't they have a splendid sight of it. Oh, I wish I could go. I suppose it's one of the cottages round. I've never seen a real big fire in my life. Oh, if I'd only been with the others."

It never occurred to him that it could be anything to do with the boys, only that they would have a fine view of it, and regretting he was not with them. But he heard no more about it that night. He rather wondered that Jack did not come in to tell him about the picnic; but he went early to school the next morning that he might hear all about it.

"Where's Jack Peters," he asked Tom Lewis, after a vain search for Jack.

"He's not coming," Tom answered, abruptly.

"Not coming; why not?"

"Oh, find out," he said, crossly, turning away.

No more information than this could Jack get from him; so, very much puzzled, he went to Harry Edwards.

"Harry, why isn't Jack coming to school this morning?"

"Oh bother; he's hurt himself; go and ask him."

"Hurt himself; what *do* you mean? Did you see anything of the fire?"

"Yes—there, I shan't tell you anything more about anything; you'd better go and see Jack yourself."

Willie was more and more puzzled at their conduct. He did not know that neither of them wanted to be the one to tell him how truly he had spoken when he said how dangerous it was for them to take the wine with them.

Directly after school Willie hurried home, and after a very hasty dinner, ran off to see Jack. He was directed upstairs to his bedroom, and found Jack alone and in bed.

"Why, Jack, what's the matter with you? Why didn't you come round last night to tell me all about it? I can't make it all out; the others wouldn't tell me anything. Did you see the fire?"

Jack sat up in bed; his face was white, and he looked really ill.

"Yes, Willie," he answered; "I did—and I felt it, too," he added, putting out his right arm so that Willie could see it was all bound up in cotton wool. Then he told him from beginning to end all about it.

"I never thought we'd have had an engine come, though," he said, in conclusion; "but it spread so. I can't remember much, that wine made me so giddy. It was through that I fell down and got burnt. My neck and one of my legs are burnt, too. Oh, it does pain so. I don't know how long it will be before I get better, I'm sure; and Willie, someone took all our names and addresses, and father says there will be a fine for a few pounds, he's sure; and nearly all the boys will have to pay it themselves out of their pocket money. Father said at first I should have to, but then he thought I had been punished enough. I did not know till afterwards that Tom and Bob's father did not know they were going at all, and he was very angry with them."

"Poor Jack, I wish I could make the pain easier for you," said Willie, sorrowfully.

"Never mind, Willie; you can't help it. If I'd only stayed at home like you, instead of going, it would never have happened. I knew I was wrong all the time."

Willie went nearly every day to see Jack, and talk or read to him to make him feel less lonely, for he had no brothers or sisters; but he could not bear the pain for him, and Jack often felt as if he could hardly endure the constant burning pain. At last he got better. The burns healed, and he was able to go to school again. He was welcomed among the others again very heartily, for his lively, merry ways made him a general favourite. As Jack's father had foretold, there was a fine of £5 brought against them, which the boys had to pay between them, which made a lasting impression on their minds as well as on their pocket money. A day or two after Jack's first appearance in school Willie found him sitting alone in the school garden, under a tree, busy with paper and pencil.

"Whatever are you doing," he asked, in a surprised tone; for it was a very unusual thing to see Jack employed thus.

"Doing a sum," he answered, with great seriousness.

"A sum?"

"Yes, Willie; I'm just reckoning up how much that bottle of wine cost us."

"Reckoning it up?—why, I thought it cost three shillings exactly?"

"Oh, yes; but look here, Jack," he said, holding up his paper; "that isn't all"—and Willie read aloud:—Wine, 3s.; clothes, 10s.; doctor's bill, 7s. 6d.; fine, £5; total, £6 0s. 6d.

"You see," explained Jack, "it all came from the wine; for if I hadn't drunk that I shouldn't have fallen over and burnt my clothes, or myself either; and that was the doctor's bill. Fancy, £6 0s. 6d. I say, Willie, that's the dearest bottle of wine I ever had a hand in buying."

"Right, old boy; and it shall be the last, shan't it, dear or not dear?"

"Yes, Willie, I've made up my mind to that. If ever I drink any more it shall be when I'm asleep."

And Jack faithfully kept his word.

Harvest Song.

ONCE more the song of harvest
Has filled the land with praise;
But sadness with the glory
The reapers had always.

Once more the golden harvest
Has crowned another year;
But many are the changes
That bring us hope and fear.

Yet faith is ever with us,
From seed to harvest time;
The proof of God's own favour
Is found in every clime.

When the sower's toil is ended,
And the reaper's day is done,
When the whitened fields lie open
To the autumn sky and sun;

When the gleaner's hands have gathered
The last single ear of corn,
When the sheaves are safely garnered
Ere the winter's winds are born;

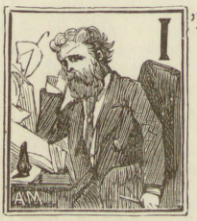
When in the final harvest
God shall reap upon the earth,
When the angels bend the sickle
And bind the shocks of worth—

May we be with the blessed,
In the harvest home above;
Where all the good are gathered
In the paradise of love.


SPRING
WHILE
the Earth remaineth,
Seedtime and Harvest,
AND
Cold and Heat,
AND
Summer and Winter,
and Day and Night,
shall not cease
GEN. VIII. 22.
SUMMER
AUTUMN
WINTER

THE OFFENDING RIGHT HAND.

By ANNIE FRANCES PERRAM.



"I'D part with my right hand, mother, if I could give it up, but I'm bound to the set, and must do as they do," said Charles Lucas to his widowed mother, as he left the room to hurry away to the hospital where he was a student.

Wisely trained and sheltered in his childhood, he had entered upon his self-chosen profession with every prospect of fulfilling the fond hopes of his surviving parent and his own dreams of success and future fame.

But two or three of the most reckless of his fellow-students had drawn him into their society, and together they spent their evenings in dissipation and excess. In vain his mother pleaded with him and reminded him of his father's noble example, her own sufferings, and the ruin he was working out for himself. At first he was ready to promise amendment, and made many attempts to free himself from the chains which were being forged about him. Yet, while despising himself for his moral cowardice, he was led further and further from the paths of rectitude. On the previous evening he had been helped home by one of his so-called friends, much the worse for liquor, a proceeding which had become by no means unusual.

Mrs. Lucas had seen him to his room, and then returned to her own where, till daybreak, she remained in supplication for her erring son. At the breakfast table she had once more besought him to give up his sinful companions, and though he had not replied, as he so often did, with scorn and insolence, his bitter despair had been scarcely less hard to hear. Long after he had left the house his mother sat bearing her load of heavy sorrow.

"Please, ma'am, Mrs. Ward can't come to wash to-day. Her little girl's come round to say she's burned her hand, and had to go to the hospital to have it dressed," said the maid of all work, putting her head in at the door.

"Poor thing!" said Mrs. Lucas, rousing herself, "I had better go round to see her."

"I wouldn't trouble if I was you, ma'am; she ain't to be pitied, for her girl says she was drunk all yesterday," said the maid, with contempt in her tones.

"Why, I thought Mrs. Ward was a good, decent woman. I know she attends the Mission Hall, and sends her children to Sunday school."

"That may be, ma'am; but you haven't known her so long, and there's no telling what she was in days gone by. A thorough old tippler, likely enough, and now can't keep from her drops." And Susan disappeared, much incensed that her work should have been increased by the absence of the woman of whom she had expressed so decided, though not particularly kindly, an opinion.

Later in the day, Mrs. Lucas entered the court where Mrs. Ward lived. Up flights of broken stairs, past rooms, revealing glimpses of misery and want, she went, until she reached Mrs. Ward's door. Entering in response to the woman's "Come in," she found her sitting crouched upon the floor, swaying from side to side in bodily anguish. She seemed surprised that her employer should have come on an errand of pure kindness, and yielding to Mrs. Lucas' tender sympathy, little by little she poured a pitiful story into her ear. If the woman had sinned, she had suffered, and had testified to the reality of her penitence in a startling, unprecedented manner. Wondering at the strength of purpose and the heroism which her ignorant sister had manifested, Mrs. Lucas returned to her home.

"A frightful case at the hospital, to-day!" said her son across the tea table.

"An amputation, I suppose?" inquired Mrs. Lucas, shuddering.

"No; I'd rather have helped with anything of that sort than do the job I had to this morning. A poor woman came in whose hand had been burned from wrist to finger tips. I'm afraid she'll lose the use of some of her fingers; and she's a washerwoman, too, she told me."

"Why, it must have been our woman who could not come to-day on account of a burned hand. I went to see her this morning," said Mrs. Lucas.

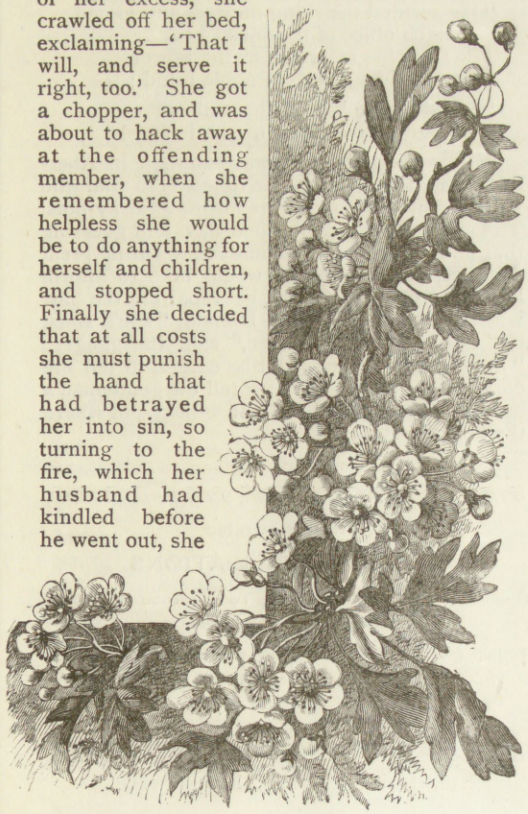
"The same, doubtless; but I can't make out how she burned herself at that rate. I told her she must have been dead drunk at the time, and she said, no, she had been drunk before, but was sober enough when her hand was burned; how, she wouldn't tell me."

"She told me, Charles, and such a pathetic tale of combined weakness and strength I never listened to."

"I should like to hear it. The woman's obstinate silence upon the subject irritated me, I confess," said Charles.

"She first began by telling me how she formed the habit of taking too much. The ladies she worked for always seemed to think she could only get through her arduous work quickly by partaking freely of stimulant. She grew to like it, and then to crave for it, and so sank lower and lower. By-and-by the people from the Mission Hall persuaded her to sign the pledge, and watched over her carefully. At last she

felt that a new life had begun for her. Last Sunday evening she was sitting in the Hall, listening to an exhortation on the passage: 'If thy hand offend thee, cut it off.' Possibly the explanation was not sufficiently clear, or being very ignorant, she failed to comprehend it, for she went home impressed with the thought that if her hand was guilty of wrong-doing, it was her bounden duty to actually 'cut it off.' Yesterday, she went in to a neighbour whose child was dying, and was begged to partake of the beer which was being passed round to others who had dropped in to render sympathy and aid. She stoutly refused at first, but was finally persuaded to take a glass. The slumbering appetite woke into fearful force, and the rest of the day she spent in drinking. Early this morning she became fully conscious of all that had happened. Her future, and that of her little ones, the disappointment of her kind friends, and all she must lose, seemed to break upon her overwhelmingly, when suddenly the words: 'If thy hand offend thee, cut it off,' flashed into her mind, and, sick and giddy with the effects of her excess, she crawled off her bed, exclaiming—'That I will, and serve it right, too.' She got a chopper, and was about to hack away at the offending member, when she remembered how helpless she would be to do anything for herself and children, and stopped short. Finally she decided that at all costs she must punish the hand that had betrayed her into sin, so turning to the fire, which her husband had kindled before he went out, she thrust it into the flames* and *held it there* till it was burned as you saw it, Charles. She finished her recital by saying, 'And if that isn't enough to teach it better, ma'am, off it'll have to come.' Of course, I showed her what a mis——"



Mrs. Lucas came to a sudden stop, for, at that juncture Charles, who had risen some time since, and stood with his back to her, abruptly left the room.

An hour after, he returned with unmistakable purpose in his movements, and resolution written on his face. Stooping over his mother, he kissed her and said: "Mother, forgive me, I've been a brute to you, but, God helping me, I will break from my companions, and follow in my father's footsteps. If that poor, untaught creature is willing to suffer as she has, to break from an evil habit, surely I, with such influences as have been thrown round me, may forego the poor enjoyment of indulgences for which I must pay in loss of reputation, health and success here, and happiness hereafter."

Charles Lucas kept his promise, and whenever he was sorely tried by stinging sarcasm and cruel taunt, the vision of a woman's scorched, quivering hand would rise before his mental view, and strength and courage to resolutely pursue the narrow path he had chosen would be his.

Years after, when crowned with well-deserved honour and fame, he was in the habit of saying: "I owe all I am to my mother's washerwoman;" and many a time was the tale, to which his mother had listened, re-told with telling effect.

THE CALL TO WORK.

By Rev. EDWARD HAYTON.

HUMAN life is but a span,
And the work we have to do
As God's servants, and for man,
Should fill up our days so few
With divine activity.
Noble thoughts, and noble deeds,
For the world so void of faith—
For the world so full of death,
Our untiring effort needs.
Oh, my brothers! one are we;
Let us work on patiently.

What we do with heart sincere,
And appointed by His will
Whom we love, but do not fear,
Can not influence man for ill;
But shall through the years remain,
And shall play some humble part
In the struggle and the strife,
And the victories of life;
Startling many a slumb'ring heart,
Bursting many a captive's chain:—
Think not that we toil in vain.

* A fact.

Pebbles and Pearls.

Buckskin is proverbially deer.

The lover sows his wild dotes.

Thrift is the fuel of magnificence.

Virtue has many preachers, but few martyrs.

Epitaph for El Mahdi—"No prophet, no loss."

Love and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

The more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God.

A Parisian drink-shop was recently named by its proprietor "Hell Tavern." Over the entrance is the famous inscription from Dante, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here." The tables are shaped like coffins, the drinking-vessels are mimic skulls, and the waitresses dress in winding-sheets.

Another Lock-out.—Editor's wife, from second storey window: "You can't get in this house at any such hour of the morning as this." Editor, appealingly: "But, my dear, I was necessarily detained at the office. You see we had late news of a tremendous big lock-out, and——" Wife: "All right, you've got news of another now," slamming down the window.

The gilded chambers built by wrong invite the rust.

Publicans and Public-Houses.—Chief Justice Platt for thirty years kept written notes respecting several hundreds who had engaged in the manufacture or sale of alcoholic liquors, and of them he could truly say that twenty-four out of twenty-five had become drunkards, or some of their families had; and twenty-seven out of twenty-eight had lost money by the business, most of whom had made themselves bankrupt in character and fortune. "Is not God's curse on the business? Who encourages it? The moderate drinker principally. What is the amount of the responsibility of every one of these? Eternity alone can tell!"

When She was a Girl.—"Sally," said a good old grandmother to a young girl who was busily engaged whitening her complexion and arranging her hair. "What is it, grandma?" "You girls think of nothing else but trying to improve on nature." "We are compelled to do a great deal of decorating now-a-days, in order to present a handsomer appearance." "Yes, my child, but when I was a young lady we girls used to decorate our hearts as well, and there wasn't an old maid in our county; but now the woods are full of them."

Vice stings us in our pleasures; but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

Pleasure admitted in undue degree enslaves the will.

Most powerful is he who has himself in power.

Who is to Blame?—"Now, words spoken from this place must be spoken with caution and care, and I say without much fear of contradiction, that those who make their living by placing the temptation to drink unduly in the way of poor men are not altogether free from blame for the consequence of so doing."—*Justice Kay to Grand Jury at Liverpool.*

If you would be a gentleman, be generous, be equitable, be refined, genial, just in the interpretation of motives, prompt to forbear and forgive, patient, humane, tender, courteous. If thou dost seek to realise the loftiest excellencies of the Christian character and humbly strivest to imitate the Master's charity, patience, endurance and self-sacrifice, then shall it be said of thee, as Tennyson has said of his friend, Arthur Hallam:

"He seemed the thing he was, and joined
Each office of the social hour
To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind;

"And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman!"

When illicit distilling was common in Aberdeenshire, there was at one time an old man who went about the country repairing whisky-pots. The gauger meeting him one day, and guessing that he had been doing some repairs at no great distance, asked what he would take to inform him (the gauger) where he repaired the last whisky-pot. "Och," said Donald, "she'll shust tak' half-a-croon.' "Done," said the gauger; "here is your money; but be careful to tell me correctly." "Och, she'll no' tell the gentleman a lee. I shust mended the last whisky-pot where the hole was."

Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK,
Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

"Stand where we will, cling as we like,
There's none but God can be our stay.
It's only by our hold on Him
We keep a hold on those who pass
Out of our sight across the seas,
Or underneath the churchyard grass."

"HE'S a long time coming back—a long time coming back," sighed Mrs. Brentwood, as the clock struck two. "What can have detained him?"

"Don't worry o'er him; he'll be all right, ma'am," replied Ned Burrows, in a whisper.

The two were left alone watching Charlie, whose sleep was feverish. Every now and then his lips moved, as if he wanted to say something; and once or twice "Mother!" seemed to be the word which he faintly murmured.

Three o'clock chimed, and still Mr. Brentwood had not returned.

"I think I shall just go and see if I can find him. With all the shops being shut and the market empty, the place 'll look very different, and maybe he has forgotten the look of this house." And Ned rose from his seat, and buttoning his jacket tightly at the throat, prepared to go.

"I am sure I don't know what to think," said the poor woman.

"Don't you think anything at all, ma'am. Just you watch the lad, and I'll get back as soon as ever I can;" and away he went as noiselessly as he could down the stairs. When he got into the street there was no one about, and he hurried along as quickly as he could, taking the nearest cut through the bye-lanes.

"Hallo, there!" It was a policeman who spoke.

"Morning," said Ned. "Morning officer. I suppose you haven't seen a tallish old man walking about these parts?"

"No, indeed; there's nobody about. What's the matter?"

"Well, I'm half afraid he's missed his road. He's a stranger to the town, and was standing market to-day. His wee lad was knocked down."

"Oh! I know," interrupted the policeman, "and he was carried into Bowen's drug shop."

"Yes; that's where the lad is now. But the old man went off in a hurry to Upper Dornton to fetch the wife, and he has not come back; so I'm off on the trot there after him."

"Good success to you!"

"Thanks. If you see him, just put him to Bowen's door, will you, and tell him Ned Burrows—that's me—has gone to look for him, will you?"

"All right!" was the reply, and Ned hurried along, and was soon at the point in which he was to decide whether to keep to the road or take to the fields. He hesitated for a moment, and then decided for the road, but quickened his pace. He got over the ground at a great rate, and was soon standing on the steps of No. 28.

He knocked at the door and rattled at the shutters, but there was no response. He stepped down into the middle of the road, and surveyed the house from top to bottom; then once more knocked and kicked loudly at the door. What is that? There was the rattle of a window opening, but it was at the next-door house.

"What's all the noise about at this early hour?"

"I'm very sorry, but it's your neighbour I'm trying to knock up. Have you seen anything of him?"

"No! they went marketing!"

"Oh! yes, I know that; but hasn't he come back? Well, I must find him somehow. There's a misfortune happened his lad, and the wife is breaking her heart!"

"Wait a bit; I'll come down!" and in a very few minutes the man was down at his own front door, listening to Ned's story.

A quiet, sympathetic man was George Smart—quick to give what help he could, and now fairly roused into enthusiasm in an earnest desire to do something to clear up what looked very like a mystery.

"I tell you what! Over our back wall we can get into their bit of a yard, and perhaps find a door opened, and so make way into the house, and see if he has got home. But he's none there, I believe, or we should have heard him. I was up very late myself."

"We can but try, that's certain. He must be found," said Ned, determinedly.

So they passed through Smart's house, and over the back wall of No. 28. They did find the door open, and went in.

"Is anybody in?" called out Smart, loudly; but there was no response. Striking a match, they made their way into the little parlour, where the supper-table was laid. A small loaf and piece of cheese, with the clean cups and saucers and plates, made a neat spread; but it was clear that nothing had been touched.

"That's quite enough to tell me," said Ned, "that he's not been home. Nobody has been here since the missis and the girl started off to fetch the man and the lad home!"

"I dare say you are right; but we had better search through the place while we are here. It 'll be more satisfying. You stop here, and I 'll get a candle!"

He went back to his own house, and returned in a few minutes with a couple of candles. The search was over in less than ten minutes, and that there was no one in the place but themselves was quite certain.

"This is going to be a terrible business," said Burrows, when they had completed the search, "and I'm the one that's done it! It's all my fault—all my fault! Oh, my God, how will it end? How will it end?"

And then he told Smart how Brentwood and he had tumbled against each other, and how he had directed him to make his way over the fields. "I specially told him to look out for Pickering's Old Shaft. Oh, what a fool I was to send him that way!"

"Well, you did it for the best, and he may be all right yet. Perhaps he has turned back, and gone to the lad again!"

"No, no! I came straight from Bowen's as fast as ever I could, and have been a very little time on the road, I can tell you."

"You come along with me. We 'll take to the fields ourselves, and maybe we shall soon come across him!"

"You are a good sort to offer like that!"

"Not at all; you'd do the very same for me, I know!"

Without further parleying they hurried out of the house, and were soon in the lane which led straight into the fields.

"Let's begin at the worst," said Ned; "this suspense is dreadful. Let's go straight to the old shaft first!"

"Just as you like; but you'll find that'll be all right. He's turned back I'll be bound, and we'll find him safe enough over at Flipton, at Bowen's shop."

A quarter of an hour's quick walking through the fields brought them to the old shaft.

"He's been here! He's been here!" said Burrows, excitedly. "Look there! There's a footmark! Yes, it's making straight for the shaft, I knew it—I knew it! Oh, what a wretch I was to send him here!"

"Keep yourself calm! What is the use of blaming yourself when you don't know that anything has happened!"

"Look there! Don't I know! You see the planks have gone! That's where he is! Oh, Father of Mercy, save him—save him for the lad's sake! Save him! save him!" cried Burrows, who had worked himself up into a perfect frenzy of despair.

Meanwhile Smart diligently searched round about, in the evident hope of finding footprints in another direction; but his scrutiny was fruitless. Then the two men went as close as they could to the edge of the shaft, and found that where the boards had given way there was a hole certainly large enough for a man to have fallen through.

They tried to penetrate the darkness of the shaft, but in vain; they could only see a very few yards down, and then all was black as night.

"Pull yourself together, man—pull yourself together! counselled Smart, for Ned was fretfully reproaching himself with great bitterness. "However could I have sent him this way! What will become of me?" and then he prayed earnestly for forgiveness.

"Now, look here, Ted. If we're going to be of any use in this affair, we must act like men, and not like a couple of distracted children! Listen to me. You're to go as quick as you can to Flipton, to see if the old man has gone back there. If you meet any folks on the way, ask if they've seen anyone answering to him. Get along quick, and come back as soon as ever you can. I shall cut across home again, and bring a lantern, and see if I can get some fellows to come and give a hand in letting daylight into this mystery!"

There was so much good sense in this decision, and such firmness in Smart's tone, that Burrows willingly obeyed, and the two friends went in opposite directions, both as eagerly bent in doing their best to find Brentwood.

* * * *

On the following Saturday afternoon there was such a gathering in Upper Dornton as had not been known since the terrible explosion fifteen years before, by which eighty-seven lives had been lost at Pickering Shaft. The folks had trooped in from all the villages round to see Brentwood buried. The search party, after working far through the Sunday in fitting up a windlass over the shaft, were at last in a position to say: "We can lower two men down. Who will volunteer?" and Burrows and Smart eagerly offered. The mangled remains of the

poor schoolmaster were thus recovered, and, as we have said, crowds gathered from far and near and joined in his funeral procession to the cemetery.

It was a solemn scene when a table covered with a white cloth was brought out into the street before the house door, and the plain coffin was carried out and laid there, in the sight of all the people. The Vicar, in his surplice, stood on the steps, and gave out the hymn: "O God of Bethel, by whose hand," which was sung to the old familiar strain, "Dundee." Rather faint at first, but gathering in volume at every line, the pathetic music seemed to come from the hearts of the people. Hardly had they reached the last line before the bearers had shouldered their burden, and following the clergyman, they slowly paced up the hill to the new cemetery, which lay at the bend of the road on the way to Flipton. Mrs. Brentwood and little Emily, supported on either side by George Smart and Ted Burrows, followed, and then the crowd, as if moved by some common impulse, arrayed themselves four and five abreast, and some one started "Here we suffer grief and pain," the Sunday School hymn which was always a great favourite with the Dornton folk. Often and often the children in Calverley School had sung those words at the bidding of the schoolmaster, and there seemed a solemn fitness in their being heard again from so many voices when he was carried to his burial.

The tragic end of their new neighbour had made a deep impression on the villagers. Of course the one uppermost remark was—"Haunted house had done it." Over and over again the wise folks declared that it was nothing more than they expected. They knew something had happened to everybody who had anything to do with the place, and were not in the least surprised by what had now occurred. Burrows, of course, was blamed for sending a stranger across the fields on a winter's night; but the misery of the poor fellow, and his courage in volunteering to descend the shaft, gained him many sympathisers, and, besides, Smart made it known far and wide that the widow felt most grateful to Burrows for his kindness in watching the sick lad, and never for one moment reproached him in the least.

(To be continued.)

"I AM glad," said the Rev. Dr. Young to the chief of the Little Ottawas, "that you do not drink whisky; but it grieves me to find that your people use so much of it." "Ah! yes," replied the chief, and he fixed an expressive eye upon the doctor, which communicated the reproof before he uttered it, "we Indians use a great deal of whisky, but we do not make it."

TRUTHFULNESS.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

THE love of truth is one of the brightest features in the life of a child, and yet how soon contact with the world may cool this love. A youth who would not dare to steal a penny, will not blush at hiding a fault by what he may call "a prevarication," which rightly can only be classified by the plainer term, "a lie;" and the one who adopts this method of screening himself from blame is undoubtedly a liar.

The sin of lying should be carefully avoided; it is the beginning of great evils, and he who indulges in it will not scruple to commit sins of a still more fearful character.

"What is truth?" was the question put by Pilate to the Saviour, and although on many disputed points we cannot arrive at a positive decision, yet in all the ordinary business of life we may very quickly decide the truth for ourselves. Our own consciences will decide the matter for us—at once, without any discussion, we can decide whether we are speaking the truth or a lie. There is a difference between veracity and truth. A veracious man speaks what he believes to be true; and, though what he is stating may not be the exact truth, yet, having no intention to deceive, he is guilty of no crime.

Suppose, for example, I point out a certain planet shining in the heavens, and call it Venus, although all the time it be Jupiter; if I honestly believe it to be Venus, I am veracious, though not truthful.

A deaf and dumb boy was asked "What is truth?"—a straight line on his slate was the reply; and "Now, what is a lie?" said his questioner—a crooked zigzag line was the answer. Truth is undeviating adherence to what has actually happened; a statement of what has really taken place. A lie is uncertain, it goes wandering about, it has no resting-place, and as it goes along it increases in volume, and adds sin to sin, till the one who created it would hardly recognise it again.

A lie need not always be expressed by the tongue or the pen; a lie may be expressed by a look, it may be acted in deeds, and in this respect may prove more effectual than the most craftily contrived speech.

Suppose a young fellow leaves the house at the usual time on Sunday morning, as the bells are ringing for church, he takes his books, and to all appearance he is going to church. Suppose, however, instead of going to church he goes for a row on the river. He might, if charged with deceit, say that he had never said he was going to church, and this would be perfectly true; but he acted in such a manner as to

make others believe he was going to church, and thus he has earned the name of liar, and his excuse only makes his deceit the blacker, and shows how incapable he is of acting rightly. A lie may be expressed by a single tone of voice. A and B are speaking of C; A says, in a disparaging tone of voice, of C: "Yes, I know what has become of him;" he says no more, he does not say that C has gone to the bad, but his manner of speech leaves that impression upon the mind of B, for he immediately sets out to tell others what has happened to C, and all that he tells about the bad conduct of C he has learned from the tone of voice of A. When the matter is looked into, it is discovered that poor C has not prospered so well as he might, but there is nothing at all bad attached to his character; so that all this evil report about him has come from the manner of speech of A, and the lie so artfully expressed, like most lies, is long-lived, and cannot be overtaken.

Many persons comfort themselves when telling lies that the matter is of very small importance, and of very common occurrence, and so they need not make themselves uncomfortable about it. "White lies," as they call them, are a necessity in business; they cannot always speak the whole truth about the article they are selling, or the bargain they are making.

In a really truthful mind there can be no such excuse. A lie cannot lose its character whatever be its name or its object; we must speak the truth on all occasions, no matter what may be the result.

Those who fancy that a lie can be told and never leave a stain behind it, have little knowledge of the fearful influence lying has upon those who practice it—like the love of intoxicating drinks, it makes its victim a perfect slave; at times he fancies he has conquered the habit—it rises up again, only to hold him more firmly in its grasp, until the victim has hardly the power to distinguish truth from falsehood.

Surely against such a habit we should struggle; surely we should make it a very serious consideration not to take the first step in such a downward course.

Liars suffer a fearful punishment. They become a terror to themselves and to those around them; the time arrives when no one will believe a word they say, and, like the boy who cried "Wolf, wolf," too often, they find themselves disbelieved even when really speaking the truth, and protesting they are doing so.

"A liar we can never trust,
Although he speak the thing that's true;
And he who tells one lie at first,
Will lie again and make it two."

Liars lay traps for themselves. If they have not excellent memories they say the thing to-morrow which they deny to-day. They are quickly discovered, and shunned by all respectable society.

He who pretends to be what he is not in reality, is a liar. If I am pretending to be an abstainer, and outside the Band of Hope, or when absent from my friends, I forget my pledge, then I am a liar, and deserve no kind of sympathy. If I act as if I were a drinker, and, though not actually drinking, lead my friends to believe that I am a drinker, I am still a liar; for lying is not so much what we say, or what we do, as it is the impression we leave on the minds of those around us.

Let us seek to be like Him who is the way, the *truth*, and the life; in Him was no guile and no deceit—no man could charge Him with double-dealing; and to condemn Him perjured witnesses had to be bribed. Let us constantly seek His help, and when tempted we shall have power to overcome the temptation.

THEIR LITTLE GIRLS.

"I HAVE a little girl," one mother said;
"And oh, my child is beautiful and fair;
See! where the sunlight falls to gild her head,
Turning to gold the ripples of her hair—
Her bonnie hair, that like the yellow sheaves,
Gleams in the glory of the noon-day bright;
Now she is 'neath the trees—see, how the leaves
Cast down a faint brown shadow on their light.

"Hark to the patter of her tiny feet,
Dancing away the pleasant summer hours—
Chasing the bee across the clover sweet.
Now, with her dimpled hands she plucks the flowers;
Now she is singing 'neath the lilac trees;
Hear you her song? Say have you ever heard
A sweeter voice? as soft as softest breeze,
And yet as high and clear as warbling bird.

"My little girl is joyous. Bright and glad
Is her young heart. No cloud of care or strife
Has ever touched her. Nothing cold or sad
Shadows the sunshine of her happy life.
The earth to her is all a fairy bower,
There's joy and pleasure in each passing day;
And she is mine, to cheer my every hour,
And shed sweet gleams of light upon my way."

* * * *

"I have a little girl," one mother said,
"And every day I lead her by the hand
To where fair Nature's gems are richly spread
In sweet wild beauty on the emerald land.
But, oh! my darling cannot see the flowers
That droop their petals 'neath her tiny feet;
Dark to her eyes are summer's brightest hours,
With all their sunshine and their blossoms sweet.

"With her companions she can never play;
Helpless and weak, she only clings to me.
She cannot see the streamlet on its way
To the broad bosom of the distant sea;
The graceful boughs may droop to kiss her hair,
The brightest bird above her head may fly,
But she can never see the wild-bird there,
Nor the rich leaves that on her tresses lie.

"Never, oh, never, have my darling's eyes
Beheld the stars that smile on her at night,
Or watched the cloudlets sailing o'er the skies
Like angel spirits clothed in purest white.
She cannot see the roses softly stir
In the faint breath of every passing wind,
The world's great beauty is all dark to her,
Dark as the night—my little girl is blind."

* * * *

"I had a little girl," one mother cries;
"But, oh! my darling is so cold and pale."
The mother's trembling lips and tearful eyes,
Grown dim with weeping, tell a bitter tale.
"Tread lightly, now, across the boarded floor!
Lightly and softly up the creaking stair!
Open, with gentle hand, yon fast-closed door,
For, oh! my little girl is lying there.

"See! how the sunlight through the window now,
Falls on the dimpled cheek, so cold and white,
Kissing the hair upon the baby brow,
Wandering across the eyes, once full of light,
Lingering awhile upon the silent lips
That once were sweet as summer's sweetest rose—
Pouting, and crimson as a daisy's tips—
Say! will they never, never more unclose?

"They dressed my little girl in spotless white,
And laid upon her heart the wild-flowers sweet;
They closed the eyes, once beautiful and bright,
Cross'd the small hands, and stretched the little feet.
See! through the window, still the sunbeams creep,
Falling in glory round her golden head;
But, ah! they cannot wake her from her sleep,
She heeds them not—my little girl is dead."

MARY M. FORRESTER.

A RICH INHERITANCE.

By UNCLE BEN.

IT was a warm, bright afternoon at the end of the summer holidays when Mrs. Dicett called her nephew into the pleasant little drawing-room of Albion House, situated in a Surrey suburb of London, and said she had something important to say to him.

"Harold," she said, when they were seated by the window, "your uncle, to-day, is arranging for your first start in life. Matters are so far nearly settled that he wished me, before his return, to talk to you and prepare you for the future. But I will begin by telling you something about your past. I always wished you to know all about your parents, but your uncle, for many reasons, desired that as little as possible should be said to you until you had left school. And his chief reason was that you should be educated in a first-class school where only gentlemen's sons are taken. You were born a gentleman, because your mother was one of the truest, purest, and noblest of women; and your father had one of the gentlest and most generous natures that ever lived. Their circumstances were hard; it was a severe struggle to keep hunger from the door and pay the rent. Your father was a wood carver, and when work was scarce, which it often was, he did any odd job at carpentering or joinery for bread. After you were born your mother grew weak and then weaker; no one seemed to notice the change until it was too late; suddenly she was taken ill, broke a blood-vessel, and died. The shock was so great to your father that he never got over it. His affection for his wife was remarkable. I never knew two souls so perfectly united. The loss was more than he could bear; he literally pined away—died, many said, of a broken heart; and before you were twelve months old you were left a penniless orphan with only the workhouse for a home. But at the same time, with the greatest inheritance that can be bequeathed—a legacy of prayers to be answered in the years to come—in fact, I may say, you have a wealth you will never be able to run through. Besides this, your parents hand on to you a blameless name, a double character of stainless honour. One sacred trust they commit to your care, and that is a pledge card for total abstinence which your father signed for you the day you were born, in the earnest hope that when you were able to think for yourself you would do so in your own name."

Here Mrs. Dicett, who had an old album on her knees, opened at the place where the likenesses

of Harold's father and mother faced each other. Looking at them as she took them out, she said: "To-day I shall give you these photographs, with this pledge card. You know you have never been allowed to take anything intoxicating here, because of this wish expressed by both parents; and I trust for their sakes you will be faithful to the trust from lips that loved you, but ask no further service of you."

Harold listened; he was moved, and his chin quivered. He made no reply, but registered a new vow in his heart that he would fulfil his parents' wish.

"Of course," continued Mrs. Dicett, "I could not think of you, my sister's boy, going to the parish, so my husband wished that you should come and be brought up just as if you were our child, but with the distinct understanding that after he had given you the best education he could afford, and provided a fair start in life, you should know that you must work for your living, and be independent of any further money help.

He wishes you to know that at our death his property all goes to your cousin George, because the money was so left, he only having an interest in it while he lived. To provide for me in case of his death he has insured his life heavily in the way of an annuity for the rest of my life ; but while this will give me a handsome income, I shall have nothing to leave. So, although you have been brought up in ease, and what many people would call luxury, you will have nothing in the future but what your own hands and brain provide. I am most anxious you should, therefore, understand the full value of the blessings you inherit from your parents. For many generations, on both sides, you have a noble line of pious, pure, noble parentage ; poor our ancestors have been, but they have given to their children the wealth of precious influence, the treasures of virtue, the uncorrupted gold of goodness. This is your capital in life, a possession above silver and rubies, a source of riches that shall be a help and strength when and where money can do little. Keep the good name sacred from all defilement, and when temptation comes in any form think of your sainted mother and your honoured father, and ask : 'Would this shame their memory or bring any grief to them ?'"

Mrs. Dicett and Harold sat on talking for a long time ; his aunt telling him many things about his parents he had never heard. In the evening Mr. Dicett returned with the news that all was settled, and that Harold was to go to a house of business in the West of England, to work his way up from being office boy to any post of authority and responsibility that he might show himself worthy of and prove himself capable of taking. It was a good opening, but all the progress depended upon his character and conduct. He was to begin at the lowest place ; and, just as he proved faithful in the few things, he would be made ruler over more.

This day became a red-letter day in his after life, for two reasons : chiefly because he always used to say that then it was he came into possession of his fortune, finding out for the first time how great an inheritance of goodness had come to him from father and mother ; and on this day he obeyed their wish and signed the pledge for himself, going forth into business, not so much to make a famous name or a fortune as to do his duty and keep a good name unspotted from the world, seeking to accumulate more moral capital to leave for the help of others. He has not yet finished his career, but so far he has been faithful to the trust given him, and has already earned the confidence which will bring greater trust by-and-by.

TEMPERANCE SONG.

By J. SCARFFE.

TUNE—"*Moscow*," or "*National Anthem.*"

GOD of all power and grace,
We humbly seek thy face ;
Hear us we pray.
Our hearts from sin set free,
And may we ever be
Obedient, Lord, to Thee,
Throughout life's day.

From heaven's boundless store
Into each heart now pour
Love's living flame,
To set us all aglow,
Constraining us to go
And rescue souls from woe,
From endless shame.

The cause of temp'rance bless,
Vouchsafe enlarged success
In arduous toil
Who earnestly contend,
And on Thy help depend,
Shall make the drink fiend bend,
Its purpose foil.

Against the deadly foe
To battle we would go,
In strength divine.
The monster we'll repel,
Its prey our ranks shall swell,
Though all the powers of hell
And earth combine.

Strong in Thy strength may we
Go forth, and strive to free
Poor drink-bound slaves.
From error's pathway guide
Close to the Saviour's side,
So shall they safely glide
O'er life's rough waves.

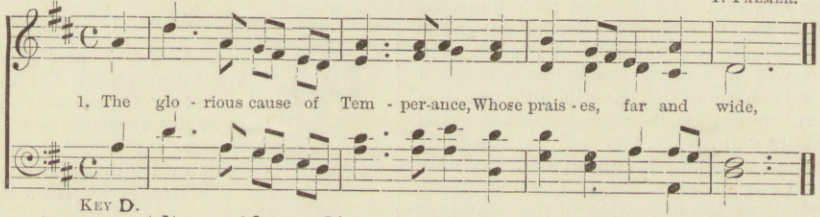
To hearts o'erwhelmed with grief
Shall we not swift relief
And solace bring ;
Seek those who cause them pain,
Whom Drink doth now enchain,
And free them once again
Through God our King ?

Hasten, O Lord, we pray,
The bright and happy day
When sin's dark night
With all its evil train
Shall ne'er afflict again ;
And we shall hail the reign
Of endless light.

"THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE."

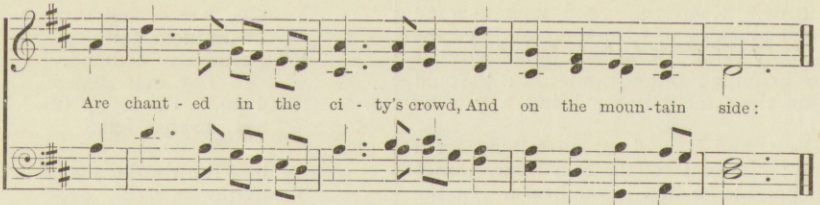
(*Copyright.*)

T. PALMER.

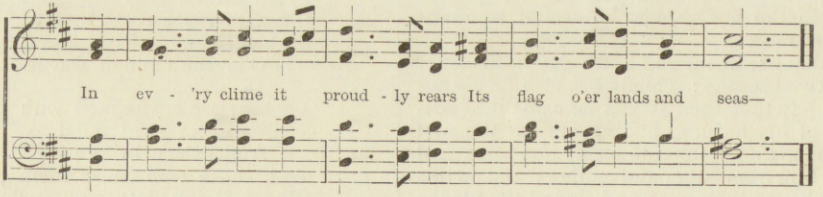


KEY D.

:s	d' :-.s | f.m :r.d	s :-.s | s :s	l :f.m | r :s	d :—:—
2. Its	foes may treat it	with dis-dain, Or	vent their dir - est	spleen,
:s	d' :-.s | f.m :r.d	r :-.m | f :m	d :d | d :t_1	d :—:—
:s	d' :-.s | f.m :r.d	t :-.d' | r' :d'	d' :f | s :s.f	m :—:—
3. Its	power shall purge the	drunkard's name, No	mat - ter how de -	filed,
:s	d' :-.s | f.m :r.d	s :-.s | s :d	f :r | s :s_1	d :—:—

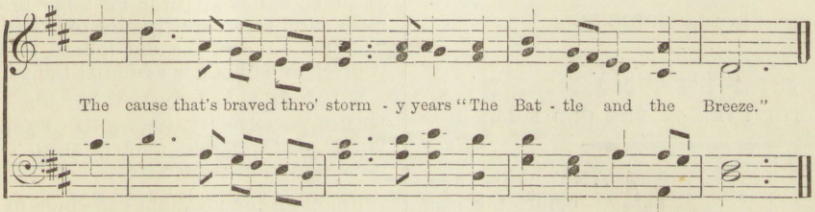


:s	d' :-.s | f.m :r.d	s :-.s | s :d'	f :m | r :r	d :—|—
But	firm - ly fixed it	shall re - main, As	it has ev - er	been!
:s	d' :-.s | f.m :r.d	t_1 :-.d | r :d	t_1 :d | d :t_1	d :—|—
:s	d' :-.s | f.m :r.d	s :-.l | t :s	s :s | l :s.f	m :—|—
And	bright - en up his	home of shame, And	bless his cheer - less	child!
:s	d' :-.s | f.m :r.d	s :-.s | s.f :m	r :d | f_1 :s_1	d :—|—

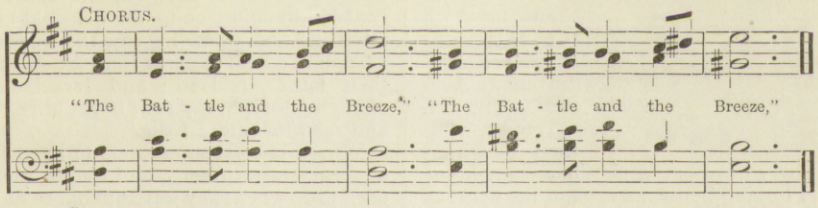


:s	s :-.l | t :l.t	d' :-.s | s :se	l :-.t | d' :l	t :—|—
Then,	cou - rage, friends! A -	way your fears! And	let your minds have	ease;
:m	f :-.f | f :f	m :-.r | d :m	m :-.r | d :f	m :—|—
:s	t :-.d' | r' :r'	d' :-.t | d' :t	d' :-.t | l :l	se:—|—
His	grate - ful wife, with	streaming tears, Shall	pray on bend - ed	knees
:d	s :-.s | s :s	d :-.r | m :m	l :-.se | l :l	m :—|—

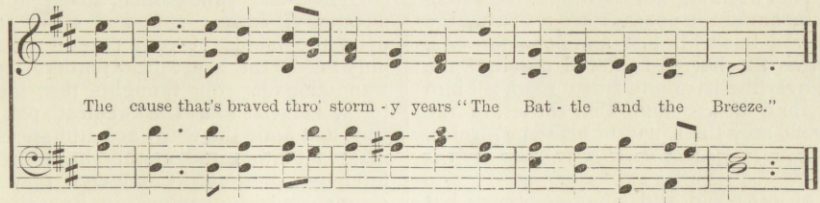
"THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE."



:t .t | d' :-.s | f.m :r.d | s :-.s | s :s | l :f.m | r :s | d :— | —
Our cause will brave thro' storm - y years "The Bat - tle and the Breeze."
:t .t | d' :-.s | f.m :r.d | r :-.m | f :m | f :d | d :t, | d :— | —
:t .t | d' :-.s | f.m :r.d | t :-.d' | r' :d' | d' :f | s :s.f | m :— | —
For the cause that's braved thro' storm - y years "The Bat - tle and the Breeze."
:t .t | d' :-.s | f.m :r.d | s :-.s | s :d | f :r | s :s, | d :— | —



CHORUS.
:s | s :-.s | s :l.t | d' :— | — :l | l :-.l | l :t.de' | r' :— | —
:m | r :-.m | f :f | m :— | — :fe | m :-.fe | s :s | fe :— | —
"The Bat - tle and the Breeze," "The Bat - tle and the Breeze,"
:s | t :-.d' | r' :s | s :— | — :r' | de' :-.r' | m' :l | l :— | —
:d | s :-.s | s :s | d :— | — :r | l :-.l | l :l | r :— | —



:r' | m' :-.r' | d' :t.l | s :f | m :d' | f :m | r :r | d :— | —
:s | s :-.f | m :d.f | m :r | d :d | t, :d | d :t, | d :— | —
The cause that's braved thro' stormy years "The Bat - tle and the Breeze."
:t | d' :-.d' | s :s.d' | d' :t | d' :s | s :s | l :s.f | m :— | —
:s | d :-.d | d :m.f | s :se | l :m | r :d | f, :s, | d :— | —

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.

By OLD CORNISH.

CHAPTER V.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE OLD FOLKS.

MANY years ago, before the iron horse had driven the coaches off the road, there might have been seen standing at the door of an Inn on a village green, a group of four — father — mother — sister — and brother; the latter of whom was emigrating to Australia; and the old folks, with their daughter, had come to see him off. Flinging her arms around his neck, as the coach swept up the semi-circular path, the mother said: "God bless thee, lad! *God bless thee!*" And the old man, gripping the son's hand between his own, exclaimed: "Good-bye, lad! *Good-bye!*" Whilst the sister, sobbing as if her very heart would break, imprinted a few warm kisses on his bronzed but beardless cheek, and with a voice tremulous with emotion, said: "Jem, lad, *remember! for the sake of the old folks!*" And assuring her he would, the young emigrant mounted the coach, took a seat by the driver, waved back his last and long farewell, and then, as the horses cantered out into the lane, and over the hard and frosty road, fell into a reverie, and heard amid the clatter of the horses hoofs, only the sound of his sister's voice, saying: "*Jem, lad, remember! for the sake of the old folks!*"

Aye, that was a sad and singular scene; but out of the hidden meaning of that sister's words there leaped this truth—that he who, leaving home, *goeth forth with the memory of his mother, and respect and reverence for his father, goes twice armed into the battle of life, and with two of the mightiest motives under the sun.*

Ah, yes! there comes a time in the life of every young man, when he will be leaving the old nest —going from the old home—saying good-bye to all the dear ones of the dwelling—when there will come the saddening sense that seldom, if ever, will he make one of the family circle again, and then but as a visitor for a few brief days at most; and so, in anticipation of that, I pray you, "for the sake of the old folks," to familiarize yourselves with a few essential things.

FIRST—KEEP A WARM PLACE IN YOUR MEMORY AND HEART, AND ENSHRINE IN YOUR SOUL'S DEEPEST AFFECTION, THE NAMES OF FATHER AND MOTHER.

For of all the joys that can come to a parent's heart, none can surpass the sense of his children's love.

How happy old Jacob must have felt when he received the delightful intelligence that Joseph was "yet alive," and that through all those years of enforced absence from home, and amid the splendours of Egyptian courts, he had never once forgot the quiet farmstead in the land of Canaan; and that amid the responsibilities of his new and exalted position, his heart had ever beat kindly and true to the dear old farmer, his father; "and when he saw the waggons which Joseph had sent to carry him, the spirit of Jacob, their father, revived; and Israel said: It is enough; Joseph, my son, is yet alive; I will go and see him before I die."

Why, I have seen mothers fall upon the necks of great, stalwart sons, and fondle them as they used to do when they were but babes on the knee; and I have seen fathers, old and grey-headed men, stroke the heads of their daughters, women with great, grown-up sons of their own, and chucking them under the chin, speak to them in the old familiar terms, as—"my child" or "my girl."

Ah! what would some of us give for a touch of "the vanished hand, and for a sound of the voice that is still!"

O, my dear young men, foster a feeling of affection I entreat you, and strive to impress upon the minds of your parents that absence only makes the heart grow fonder. In all your wanderings let your thoughts turn instinctively to the homestead as the sweetest spot under the sun; and amid the many acquaintances you may make, let father and mother have the first and foremost position. Commerce may have its claims, and companionship its calls, but the command: "Honour thy father and thy mother," is one of the most sacred obligations of life.

"I should have been," said the late John Randolph, "a staunch atheist if it had not been for *one recollection*, and that was when my departed mother used to take my little hand in hers, and cause me on my knees to say: 'Our Father, which art in heaven.'"

Yes, memories of childhood are among some of the most pleasant recollections of life; and he

who keeps his heart tender, calls up the past with gratitude and joy, revels in the recollection of how much he owes to his parents, and strives to repay them by a thousand kindly deeds, he that doeth these things shall prosper, and like Samuel of old it shall be said of him that he "Grew on, and was in favour both with the Lord and also with men.'"

"There is in life no blessing like affection;
It soothes, it hallows, elevates, subdues,
And bringeth down to earth its native heaven."

SECONDLY—PEN YOUR PARENTS A LETTER AS OFTEN AS YOU CAN.

In these days of cheap postage and frequent communication, there can be no excuse for any young man who habitually neglects correspondence with his friends, and especially his parents. Oh, how my heart has sometimes bled, as I have seen the anxiety, the agony of parents, as day after day, and week after week have passed, bringing them no intelligence of their absent son. How many times have I heard the expression: "What can the matter be? Is he ill? Surely he isn't dead!" And when at length the rat-tat-tat of the postman is heard, and the long-looked-for little missive has been read, oh, how my heart has gladdened as I have watched the shadows pass away from the brow, and seen the sunlight stream again over the face, and heard the old familiar expression, with the old accustomed ring; "Thank God, the child is yet alive—and well."

Ah, young men! you will never know a parent's anxiety until you yourselves stand in that sacred and responsible position. Surrounded as you are with the excitements of business and the pressing claims of commercial life, a letter may seem a small and insignificant thing to you; but it's all the world to them—"the old folks at home"—who, perhaps, in the cosy cottage in the quiet glen, are awaiting with a feverish kind of anxiety the arrival of the post. To them you are still the child; and with that fondness of affection which, possibly, gave rise to the old and well-known expression that "love is blind," they think not of the years that are gone, but of the boy they rocked in the cradle and romped upon the floor. You may be conscious of manhood; but they think of you as the child. You may boast of the years you have seen—of the lithesomeness that has come to the limb—of the strength that has thewed the sinews of the arm—but in spite of fleeting years, and growing strength, they picture you only as the boy, at best, the son, and no power upon earth can compel them to merge the child into the man. Oh, foster those feelings. Write to them as often and as lengthily as you can. Let your letters be like little caskets of jewels, which, on opening, shall reflect the state of your heart. Tell them how much you love them; and let them see at a glance that the hard hand of finance has not rendered you incapable of wielding an affectionate pen. Let the old boyish spirit rattle and ring along the lines; and adding thus to the happiness of your parents, the joy shall return a thousand fold into your bosom when you are the future fathers of your distant sons.

Some time since I was away out upon the hills, glad enough to escape from the sultry heat of the city. Away up in the heavens, the sun shone like a mirror in a sky of cloudless blue; whilst right away down at my feet, like a silver thread, the river meandered through a plain of richest green. As far as the eye could reach, mountain rose above mountain, peak above peak, all flashing in the glory of that summer's sun; and as my soul was bathing itself in the blessedness of that mid-summer's day and I was in the act of exclaiming: "All Thy works praise Thee, O God!" just then, a little bird, small enough to be held in the palm of my hand, rose warbling from its nest on the ground, and pouring out such a stream of liquid music, made me forget mountain and river, and peak and plain, and sea and sward; and I listened, thrilled into ecstacies with the little songster as he sang the praises of God. Up and up it soared, and still higher up, until at length, from a distant speck, it vanished wholly from view; and long after it had gone I found myself revelling in the rich, rippling music of that lark's sweet song.

Young men, your life may be like that. You were once the joy of the household—your presence was the sunshine of the home—and the music of your voice the one sweet melody that put joy and gladness into your parents hearts; and now that you are gone, and, like the little lark in the summer's sky, passed out of sight, I beseech you, "for the sake of the old folks," keep up the song—let the music be perpetuated—*let the letters come*—and then of you it shall be said, and truly, too: "And lo! thou art unto them as a very lovely song."

Oh, my dear young friends, did you but know how a word of yours is prized—how a sentence of yours drops like honey on a parent's heart—how your letters are read and re-read, preserved and prized, folded and fondled, gazed upon and gloried in—you would no longer hesitate about a letter, but would send a thousand where you now send one.

So quick with your pen, lads, and write with a will,
A letter of love to the old folks at home;
'Twill heighten their pleasure, 'twill make their hearts thrill,
To know they're remember'd whereever you roam.

THIRDLY—PAY YOUR PARENTS A VISIT AS OFTEN AS YOU CAN.

And in these days of rapid railway communication, and cheap, inexpensive fares, there can be little or no excuse for prolonged absence from home. When in about four-and-twenty hours, and for little more than a pound or two, you can go from Land's End to John O'Groat's House, that young man must be greatly lacking in affection who can begrudge the cost in cash or time. Yes, both work and wage are little enough I admit, and there is an everlasting rush to make both ends meet, but as a jolly Jack tar once said: "Ay, sir, I would go without my grog to see my dear old dad!"

The fact is, that "where there's a will there's a way," as Brunel said to the mountain which blocked the passage of a train; and straightway he drilled a hole through the granite, which, in the form of a tunnel let him out on the distant side of the range. And if to the pluck and push you young men are known to possess, you add that strength of affection which is your inalienable right, you will need no greater ingenuity to shape your course and obtain your end.

Away down on the westernmost point of this tight little island, there lived, in the happy days of old, an aged, grey-headed woman, whose eldest son was abroad. He had left her when a youth, just out of his teens; and the dear old creature would sit in the sunshine and talk of him by the hour. And away in the sunny land of the south, that son, then a man, would sit and dream both of mother and home! Poor enough, in all conscience he was, and hard driven for time, but ever and anon he would remark: "*Home! I must indeed go home, if it's only for mother's sake!*" In winter and summer, by road and rail, in the loneliness of the bush and amid the excitements of the town, there would rise ever before him the vision of *home*. Go where he would, and do what he might, the one thought present to his mind was *Mother* and *Home!* That thought framed itself into a feeling—that feeling grew into a resolve—that resolve shaped itself into action—and by dint of hard and determined work he earned enough for his purpose; and leaving wife and children behind, embarked upon his voyage, and landed on the shores of old England, saying as he did so, with a strange sensation in his throat: "And this is HOME!" And never shall I forget the joy, the rapture of that hour, when rushing out of her cottage, that mother met him in the street, and falling on his neck, exclaimed: "MY CHILD! MY BOY!"

Aye, call it sentiment if you like—name it the weakest thing in the world if you will—but give me the gushing, glowing affection of the son, who, hazarding his life, crossed sea and land that he might fall upon her neck, and whisper in her ear once more: "My mother;" and hear from her own dear lips again the welcome, thrilling, all-transporting sound: "My child! My boy!" Aye, give me that man, I say, rather than the cold, callous, calculating youth, who, niggardly in the use of time and cash, and more niggardly still of affection, will not spare so much as a copper or an hour to take him home.

Young men, in God's name I beseech you, fulfil the obligations of a child; and esteem it your highest privilege upon earth to add to the happiness of your parents. Say not that they are old and exacting in their ways; why, they have a heart as warm as a summer's sunshine for you, and a spirit that would sacrifice the costliest thing in the world for your good. Say not that the demands of business are such that you really have not the time to attend to your parents requirements; why, they have rendered you assistance a thousand times more valuable than you can ever give them in return. Oh, by all that is sacred, I entreat, I implore you, reverence and respect the claims both of father and mother. The time may come, and perhaps sooner than you may expect, when the sad intelligence shall be flashed along the wires, that one or other of them has passed away; and then, in that, the saddest and, perhaps, the most solemn moment of your life, you shall have the sweetest satisfaction that you have rendered your parents all the attention and help in your power. Aye, it is worth the world's weight in gold to have and to hold the affectionate heart of a child; and it will certainly add to your enjoyment of the happiness of heaven to remember that you have been to your parents a faithful and affectionate son.

"This life has many joys; and they have had their share, [bear;
Though troubles often came, and sorrows hard to
But together they have met them, and said 'It is His will,' [still.
Clouds may obscure the sky, but the sun is shining

They have climbed the hill together; now they have reached the top,
May their lamps be trimmed and burning when God shall call to stop.
May the love-light of their youth shine bright upon their way,
As they descend the hill-side to meet the close of day.

Their journey's almost over, their work is almost done;
May they never more be parted till heaven they have won.
They have loved each other dearly, and if it is God's will,
When they have crossed the river, they will love each other still."

A BAND OF HOPE SECRETARY.

A BAND OF HOPE SECRETARY may be a great power for good by rendering more than routine services. Any secretary should be the animating spirit of the cause he serves, seeking in every possible way, in season and out of season, to further the enterprise in which he is a leader. Of course he will keep minutes correctly, attend to correspondence punctually, supply any needed information, and be punctual in keeping all appointments. Beyond this, a Band of Hope secretary should keep a watchful eye on the register of membership, not only or mainly to keep it correct, but also and chiefly to visit or to arrange for others to visit, any young friends who may have grown lukewarm or ceased to attend meetings. No one should be allowed to drop out of the ranks without repeated efforts to retain them. Should a member unhappily fall away and break his pledge, his recovery should be made an object of special solicitude.

A secretary should be punctual in all his engagements. He should be the first to be present at all meetings, whether of the committee or the society. Nothing acts more injuriously against a Band of Hope, consisting as it does of young people, than an unpunctual officer; his evil example has a baneful influence upon every one, and the meetings consequently are scenes of commotion and confused programmes.

A secretary should never leave till to-morrow what he ought to do to-day. All the resolutions and instructions of the committee should be acted upon at once, and sub-committees or individuals set to work immediately. This duty, faithfully carried out, would save a secretary considerable anxiety, and produce less friction in the working of the society.

A secretary should be thorough. He should strive to surpass his predecessors in the quality of the work done, and show to all around him that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well." The *best* work *lives* the *longest* and produces the largest returns. A great painter was once asked why he painted so slowly and carefully, and in reply said "I paint for eternity." Thoroughness in a secretary is contagious, others feel the influence and are compelled to follow suit, and thus increased help is afforded him. It also earns respect. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, said, respecting one of his pupils who attended to all his duties conscientiously and faithfully, "I could stand hat in hand to that boy."

"Who does the best his circumstance allows
Does well, acts nobly, angels could no more."

GEORGE JEVONS.

By REV. EDWARD HAYTON.

MR. and Mrs. Brooksby were on their way to King's Lynn, from the north, and at one of the stations, while the train was standing there came walking along the platform a man about thirty years of age. Mrs. Brooksby noticed him, and called the attention of her husband to him, saying, as she did so—

"How like he is to George Jevons."

"It must be him," said Mr. Brooksby, "and yet he is so seedy and broken-down that I can hardly fancy it possible. How long is it since we saw him?"

"Why, it must be seven years quite since we met him at Mr. Threeton's," answered Mrs. Brooksby.

"I should say it is," said her husband. "Ah, well, he has had time enough to do a good deal of harm to himself during the lapse of six or seven years. It runs in my mind, though I have no distinct impression about it, that he did badly in business. How I came by the impression I could not say, but it strikes me I must have heard so, in some way."

"I had my fears when we were at Mr. Threeton's," said Mrs. Brooksby, "that he drank a little too freely for a young man of his years."

"Mr. Jevons drank rather freely himself, and pooh-poohed any suggestion as to danger on that head," said Mr. Brooksby.

"Well, people cannot be too careful in these matters. One knows enough to be very sure of that, however. It is painful to think of how many there have been, that we remember, who have ruined themselves by their own wilfulness and folly," said the good lady.

The train started, and they settled down for their journey, taking refuge in the thought that it was more likely to be somebody else than their old acquaintance, George Jevons.

At the next station, an elderly gentleman got into the compartment, where they had been hitherto by themselves. As he sat down, he called their attention to a person who was just then speaking in rather an excited way to the station-master, on the platform. They saw at once the same young man they had thought to be George Jevons. Mr. Brooksby said:

"Do you know him at all?"

"Yes, I know him well, his name is Jevons; and in five years, or thereabouts, he has, by gambling and dissipation, and, I suppose, consequent mistakes in business, spent something like forty thousand pounds. At his father's

death he came into possession of a large business and fortune, but seemed utterly unable to control himself, or to manage it. He had been a good deal indulged by his parents, and, being an only son, they were no doubt a little over-indulgent. It is not every young fellow that can stand that sort of thing. In nine cases out of every ten, the results are not satisfactory at all. In his case, it has turned out wofully bad."

"Do you know what he is doing?"

"Yes, he travels for a kind of third-rate house in the spirit trade—about the worst kind of thing for him that could be. He lives in the very midst of temptation, and I don't see what is to save him from complete ruin."

"Is he married, do you know?"

"Yes, and that is the worst of it. His wife's friends are connected with the trade, and it was through their influence that he was pushed into this place. They, of course, do not see the danger he is exposed to. It will require almost a miracle to save him."

They were now at the end of their journey, and, leaving the carriage, they bade the stranger good day.

"How sad to think," said Mrs. Brooksby to her husband, "that poor George Jevons is such a wreck. His poor mother, had she been living to-day, would have been broken-hearted."

"It is difficult to say," answered Mr. Brooksby, "in these cases where the blame really lies. His father was to blame, I believe, but I have an impression that he was not wholly to blame. Mrs. Jevons was blinded by her fondness for George, as to the danger of letting a young man have his own way, almost without remark. It is, at least, necessary to caution the young against too free a use of intoxicants."

"Quite so; but I thought the father was chiefly to blame, for he seemed on several occasions to encourage him, rather than anything else; I thought his conduct was most unwise. It is well that his poor mother died, for it would have been a dreadful trial to her to see him as he is to-day."

"Yes; we grieve over that, sometimes, which is really a blessing in itself. And we are slow to learn the lessons that such things teach."

Mr. and Mrs. Brooksby visited New York, and from thence went with some friends to Melbourne. And, after spending about two years in the Colonies, they returned again to London. George Jevons had faded from their thoughts, and they no longer wondered what had or would become of him. One Sunday evening, when they had been about a week in London, they were on their way to church, but, being overtaken by a sudden hailstorm, they turned into a mission hall which had been newly opened, and in which an address was to be delivered by a gentleman of some notoriety, and who was making an impression upon crowds of working men, who gathered to hear him.

The hall had filled rapidly after they had entered, and now they waited for the speaker. He made his appearance, and, had they not known that George Jevons was a drunkard, and an utter wreck, they would have said that the gentleman before them was none other than he.

They were right in their conclusions, for the man who, in a clear and well-controlled voice, spoke to them of the anguish and misery of a life of disobedience, dissipation, and sin; and the wisdom and happiness of serving the Lord Christ, was in truth their old acquaintance. George Jevons had become a Christian..

One night he had been at the theatre, and returned home late. He let himself in by a latch key, and to his horror, on obtaining a light, found his wife dead, sitting in her chair. A brandy bottle stood on the table, and she held a glass in her hand, as if it had been grasped in a sudden spasm of pain, and remained.

The death of his wife made such an impression upon his mind, that he had no rest by day nor by night, until, with a broken and contrite spirit, he bowed before God, and experienced the forgiveness of his sins through faith in Christ, the once crucified, but now risen and ascended, Saviour of men.

He resolved to spend his life in telling, in his own way, the good tidings of the Gospel, to such as were, in some measure, as he himself had once been.

He met her in the Garden

By W. HOYLE, *Author of "Hymns and Songs."*

He met her in the garden,
The sun was o'er the hill,
The pretty birds were singing
To the ripple of the rill.
And every flower was charming,
Within the peaceful shade,
But the rose that looked the fairest
Was that young blushing maid.

They lingered in the garden;
It was the parting hour,
And she, the child of innocence,
Stood playing with a flower.
He talked about the state of trade
The news from France or Spain,
And all the latest little jokes
He heard upon the train.

At last he whispered something,
It really was absurd,
But it came so sweet and softly,
She understood each word.
It flew straight as an arrow,
It filled her soul with bliss;
She could not, oh! she could not,
Refuse the parting kiss.

* * * *

He met her in the garden,
The pair were man and wife;
And all his pleasant little jokes
Were laid aside for life.
He talked about his loving pals,
His billiards and champagne:
The blushes left his wife's sweet face,
And ne'er came back again.

He never begged for kisses,
But he often wanted cash,
To keep the nightly revel;
He was dissolute and rash.
And one day when his prudence fell,
His vanity had risen;
He carried off his master's gold,
For which he went to prison.

His poor wife sought her father's home,
A baby on her breast;
She lingered broken-hearted,
And never seemed to rest.
Their furniture was sold for debt,
No wonder she lost courage;
She found a mighty difference
A few months after marriage.

Pebbles and Pearls.

A few vices are sufficient to darken many virtues.

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Constantly choose rather to want less than to have more.

Our remedies often in ourselves do lie, which we ascribe to heaven.

No man can answer for his courage who has never been in danger.

Charity is the salt of riches, without which they corrupt themselves.

Aristotle being reproached for giving to a bad man, answered: "I did not give to the man; I gave to humanity."

A young Aberdonian, on taking up a newspaper lately, turned to the column of births and said: "I wonder if there is anybody born that I ken."

A German physician defines the main difference in the effects of whisky and beer to be: "Visky makes you kill somebody else; mit beer you only kills yourself."

An Athenian who wanted eloquence, but was very brave, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great affairs, got up and said: "Men of Athens, all that he has said, I will do."

"I wish I was a public-house," said a loving woman to her husband. "Why?" he inquired with some degree of surprise. "Oh, because you would run in eighteen or twenty times a day to see me."

Reckless and Venturesome.—Mr. Glyn, of the North Western Railway, says: "It is not when a man is drunk upon the train that he does the mischief, for he is seen and taken off; but it is when he gets a glass in his head that he becomes reckless and venturesome."

A Laudable Undertaking.—When Curran, the Irish orator, visited Burns' birthplace in 1810, he found it converted into a public-house, and the landlord in a state of intemperance. "There," said the drunken fellow, pointing to a corner on one side of the fire, "there is the very spot where Robert Burns was born." "The genius and the fate of the man," says Curran, "were already heavy on my heart; but the drunken laugh of the landlord gave me such a view of the rock on which he had foundered, that I could not stand it, but burst into tears."

The Pressure of the Hand.—The silent pressure of the hand is often of more vital good than a whole volume of good counsel; and one tear, one kiss, one bright encouraging smile, can help the broken heart, the sinking spirit, where words of advice would fall unheeded, or be an aggravation of present pain.

Ruskin on Drink, etc.—"It has been shown by Professor Kirk that out of the hundred and fifty-six millions of pounds which you prove your prosperity by spending annually on beer and tobacco, you pay a hundred millions to the rich middle men, and thirty millions to the middling middle men; and for every two shillings you pay, get three-halfpennyworth of beer to swallow!"

Results of Temperance.—Captain Cook, the great navigator, says that in his voyages he came to an island inhabited by savages whose state of health was of such a description as to excite the attention of himself and his crew. They had no appearance of being subject to any skin diseases, nor of any complaint whatever. Their old people were not decrepid; even when bald and toothless, they had the fullest use of every faculty and were in perfect health. None had ever tasted intoxicating liquors.

Keep Faith with Children.—The child's trust is generally a fair index of the parent's truthfulness. When a child accepts at once a parent's word, and leans upon it as one would lean upon a word of the living God, there, be sure, the parent's truthfulness has been a sacred thing, not profaned by idle words or unkept promises. But where a child listens to the promise of a parent, and attaches no more value to it than the passing wind, it is almost equally certain that the trust of the child has been destroyed by the untruth of the parent. There is hardly a deadlier injury that a parent could do to a child than that; for there is no heavier loss to which a child could be subject than the loss of trust. How great the crime, then, when the hand that robs the child of that priceless treasure is the hand of a parent.

Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK,
Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.

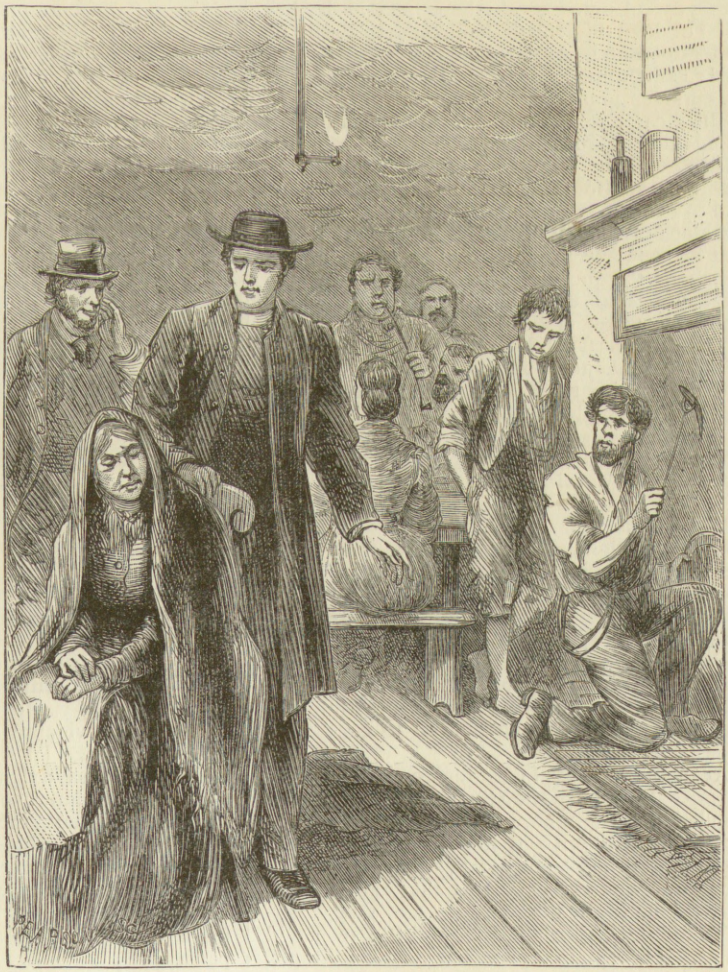
CHAPTER X.

"A lady . . . . shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."—*Longfellow.*

IT is a winter night. A drizzling rain is falling, and, as the remains of the great snowstorm have not yet been cleared away, getting along is anything but easy. It is a night when few people are about, even in the great city, and those few are mainly bent upon finding shelter anywhere they can out of the biting cold. The main thoroughfares look deserted and wretched enough; but what of the slums? Dismal and forbidding at the best, such a night as this fills up their cup of misery. Still, there are bright spots even in the very heart of what has been miscalled "Outcast London," but what the good Earl of Shaftesbury promptly said should be named "Sought-out London."

One such bright spot is the district parish of St. Peter and St. Paul, Spitalfields. It is hard, very hard, for the stranger to find it. It has no fine streets, no railway station, nothing of outside interest to the general public, and is so wedged in between Whitechapel and Shoreditch in the oddest of odd corners that even when one really sets out with the steady purpose of going to St. Peter and St. Paul, Spitalfields, it is not always quite certain that the goal will be reached.

The fact is, the grimy old church of St. Peter and St. Paul stands in a very narrow lane which only has dwelling houses and courts on the one side, the over-the-way being the towering warehouses of a great sugar factory, while at the top of the lane—Dwerryhouse Lane, as it is called—stands a large brewery; so vast indeed, that it has enlarged its borders by travelling to both sides of the roadway, a connecting bridge high above the houses serving as a link between the two departments.



Ask for the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, even at the end of the lane, and the chances are that no one will be able to tell you its whereabouts. Of late years, however, the grimy and

long forsaken edifice has been greatly brightened up. On Sundays—particularly Sunday nights, when there are two services, one at half-past six followed by another of a missionary and evangelistic type at half-past eight—the church is often crowded. But to the majority of these regular attenders the church is not that of St. Peter and St. Paul—the proper title is indeed rarely given to it—to them it is Mr. Brentwood's church.

Everybody knows him in the parish, and out of it he is known to very few. He is now in his fifth year of active work there, and as he has not yet kept his thirtieth birthday, it will be understood he is still a young clergyman.

He came to the parish on his ordination, and for eighteen months worked under the direction of the vicar, a good old man, whose health had failed after a sixteen years' residence in the parish. Then Mr. Mozley went down to Hastings, and for seven months the young curate had to keep affairs going. He did so with such a zealous consecration of his energies to the work that he soon had the reward of larger congregations, and the encouragement of offers of help in Sunday School work and the other agencies which he started one by one.

Then the vicar died, and some of the people went as a deputation to the Bishop of Bedford and asked him to make the curate their new vicar. The good Bishop, whose devoted labours have been so blessed to East London, was not long in coming to a decision ; and thus it was that the Rev. Charles Brentwood became vicar of St. Peter and St. Paul, Spitalfields.

We will take a peep at him in the vicarage on this wintry night. In a moderate sized room, furnished as a kind of study and dining room in one, he is busily occupied at the desk, writing away as if for very life. Now and then he looks across to the cosy corner where an old lady with a snowy cap is quietly resting in a comfortable arm chair. She is his mother. There is a serene calmness in her face, and a happy, restful look, which a painter would have loved to copy were it possible.

At the other side of the fireplace is a younger person. Very busy she seems to be, knitting a woollen shawl. A happy family, indeed ; each living for the other, and all so thoroughly given up to the work of "our parish" that beyond the four weeks' holiday in August they rarely travel very far out of the district.

To-night they are talking a little over old times. It is the mother who has started the topic.

"I daresay you haven't remembered what to-day calls to mind, Emily?" said the old lady.

"Now, mother, you are going to bring up something out of the long past."

"Perhaps I am. Do you remember, Charlie?"

"Well, it cannot be November the fifth, for that is past and over! and we shall hear no more of Guy till next year!"

"Do be sensible for once, there's a good fellow," was the quiet remonstrance.

"Nay, I'll try and be sensible for always ; but really I cannot tell what you are thinking about," replied Charlie gravely.

"No, no ; we soon forget. Soon forget. It was this day, eighteen years ago to the very day, that we left Calverley. I can see it all as clearly as if it were but yesterday. You and Emily riding on the cart of furniture, and poor dear father and I calling at the rectory to give up the keys. I shall never forget Mr. Aspinall's parting words, that if ever we wanted anything we were to ask him ; and he has nobly redeemed his promise."

"Nobly, indeed," said Charlie. "Under God's blessing I owe all in life to the splendid start which he has given me. Oh, what father would have given could he have been spared to see me as a clergyman!"

Then there was a break in the conversation, followed presently by Charlie's rising and kissing his mother and sister, telling them not to wait up for him, as he was going round the lodging houses, and might not be back till late.

There are seven large registered lodging houses in the parish, giving sleeping accommodation to over four hundred people, in addition to which most of the houses are occupied by more than one family ; and so it is that although the parish is only small in size, the population is very dense.

"Ratchett's" was one of the most frequented of the lodging houses, and to it the young clergyman now bent his steps. It was only five doors from the vicarage, and there was nothing in its outward appearance to show that it was a lodging house. The street door, however, was apparently always left open. Going up the three steps, one entered a passage which was blocked by a glass door.

The Vicar evidently knew the run of the place, for he lifted the latch and passed in. At the end of the passage there was a small room with a casement window, something like a bar. Here sat Mrs. Ratchett, the landlady of the house. She was a stout, showily dressed woman, who seemed to want for nothing. She was known as a woman who stuck very closely to business, and her solitary recreation appeared to be the reading of the newspapers and a plentiful supply of periodicals.

"Cold night, Mrs. Ratchett."

"I suppose it is, sir, out of doors."

"'Tis indeed. Many in the kitchen?"

"Yes, we're rather full ; the weather seems to drive them in these times."

"I'll just step down there!"

"And very welcome, sir!"

Keeping along the passage to the left, and then turning down the stairs, he pushed open a door which opened into the kitchen, a narrow but long room, which formed the basement of the house, and had been extended some feet under the back yard. There were two large open grates, one at each end, in which were roaring fires. These also helped to light up the apartment, and it was well they did, for there was only one gas bracket in the centre; and, as many of the men sitting at the table which ran the full length of the kitchen were smoking, the atmosphere had something of the thickness of a November fog.

Thirty-three people were then in the kitchen,—men, women, and a few lads and girls, but no little children. The wide fireplaces were the centres of attracion. Three or four different suppers were in process of cooking, and there were as many more waiting for their turns to use the fire.

It was a medley crowd on which the young clergyman looked. Every face seemed lined with care, and spoke of the desperate struggle for existence which its owner had to make.

"Good evening, all," said Mr. Brentwood pleasantly.

There were a few "Evening, sir's," in response; but in the main little notice was taken.

"Ah, Mary, you're home rather early," he said, addressing a poor old woman, who looked a picture of wretchedness.

She turned sharply round, and answered: "There's no place like home; you know that! You don't want no old gal to teach you that;" and she laughed at her own wit.

"We don't want no parson here," snarled a man who was toasting a herring over the fire. "Why can't we be left alone? Parsons are not for the likes of we;" a speech which brought a chorus of "Hear! hears!"

"Dry up, Clucky. You know nothing about it. If all parsons were of his sort, some of us wouldn't be here!" broke in a middle-aged man, with hollow cheeks but bright penetrating eyes, which seemed to look straight through one.

"And you're back at your old line, Greeky. You're preacher too. Pity you didn't stick to the business; but then, lor' bless us, you weren't one of the right sort, even by your own showing, or you wouldn't have been here; and that's where I have you straight!"

There was a roar of laughter at this reply; but the man with the bright eyes—Greeky, as they called him—said slowly, as if speaking more to himself than the rest—

"No; that's the plain truth. The plain truth. I was not one of the right sort; more's the pity, more's the pity! Had I been so, then indeed I should not have been here!"

Meanwhile, Mr. Brentwood moved about, speaking quietly to any whom he recognised, and having something to say to nearly all of them. Then he took his stand at the head of the table, and, without any introduction, commenced a little sermon lasting, at the outset, not more than five minutes. He did not announce it as a text, but, for all that, began with the text, "His banner over me was Love." A few seemed to listen, but the majority went on with their cooking, and talking, and eating, apparently quite unconcerned. Meanwhile the preacher, in a few earnest sentences, spoke of banners and emblems of national glory. "How many times," said he, "has the standard of old England floated as the Queen's message to our soldiers on the battle-field!"

This was more than Clucky could stand, for he prided himself on being dead against all authority, and a red republican!

"The Queen! Who cares for the Queen? We all hates kings and queens here. We're all the greatest enemies the Queen has got!"

"No, no!" said the preacher, in calm, firm tones.

"We are, I tell you. The greatest enemies the Queen has got are here!" defiantly exclaimed Clucky, in still louder tones.

"I tell you no!" said the preacher, with greater deliberation, and, slightly raising his voice, he added: "You may call yourselves the greatest enemies of the Queen; you may even think yourselves the greatest enemies of the Queen; but I say you are not. The greatest enemies the Queen has are Dirt, Disease, and Drink; and I call upon you, in the Name of the Queen's Master, to fight against these three foes of the Queen! Every blow you strike against these three great enemies of the Queen will bless yourselves! Every stroke against these three enemies of the Queen will hasten the day when you shall be free to take up your abodes in some place sweeter, and purer, and holier than Ratchett's! Fight, then; fight, I say, against the Queen's Enemies!"

(To be continued.)

CRICKETING.—Mr. W. G. Grace, who has obtained more runs, and stood at his wicket longer, perhaps, than any man in the United Kingdom, says:—"As a rule, all intoxicating drinks are quite unnecessary, and only make you more thirsty than you were before you took them. I have played many long innings without taking anything to drink. Beer is a very bad thing for cricket, and so also is smoking."

Counsel to Girls.

By Mrs. M. A. PAULL-RIPLEY,

Author of "Pretty Pink's Purpose," "The Bird Angel," etc.

Fourth Paper.

"Thoughtful Girls."

"WE have not the least trouble with Marion; our only thought has to be—how to keep her from her books. If she had her way, I believe she would be studying from morning till night. Her father often says she deserves that he should send her to Girton or Newnham, only he really can't afford it. But she will make her way somehow, we feel sure of that; and if she doesn't gain a scholarship, she will have so many certificates that she will easily obtain a first-class situation. *Her* future is assured; and I only wish all the others were as thoughtful." So says the gratified mother to her visitor, as the youthful Marion's figure is seen in a nook of the adjoining room, through the folding doors, bending over some abstruse book of science, or hunting for a derivation in some modern dictionary.

In another home, grandmamma descants, in even more glowing terms, on the capabilities and industry of Grace:

"She hardly seems like a mere girl, she is so wonderfully thoughtful. I can trust everything to her. She will dust my precious old china just as daintily as I could do it myself, in my very best days. And her cooking; it is quite a marvel to me. She tells me she has had a few lessons from these wonderful ladies who go about teaching girls to cook; but, then, they have all appliances ready to their hand, of the newest and best, while my little Gracie will perform miracles of cookery with only my ordinary supply of saucepans and pipkins, and the little old gridiron I have had for years. I do like to see a girl put thought into her work."

Grandmamma is right; and every thoughtful girl is so prized that it is surely much to be wondered at, that girls do not study to become so, and thereby to find themselves everywhere in request. Affection, you think as you read this, may have had something to do with the opinions expressed respecting Marion and Grace; but just listen to Mr. Carrey, the branch postmaster of Pike's Foot, and hear what he has to say of his young lady assistant. And Mr. Carrey has not been easy to please in the past. He had had so many assistants in one year, that he declared there never was a time when girls were so troublesome and thoughtless as now, and complained that he had to spend his life in correcting the blunders of those whom he paid to assist him. But when Miss Grey came—an unpretentious, quiet, modest little creature, with positively no style or fashion about her, the old man suddenly found out that thoughtful girls were not quite obsolete, and, day by day, he became more pleased with her management, her method, her despatch, and her orderliness, which nothing seemed to disturb. Her knowledge of the different systems of telegraphy amazed him, and, what perhaps pleased him most of all, was her patience with the perplexed and stupid people who were by no means infrequent visitors at the Pike's Foot post-office.

"For months, ma'am," says Mr. Carrey, "and years would be nearer the truth, if you'll believe me, I had no peace because of the way in which my young ladies went on. I began to believe there wasn't such a thing as a thoughtful girl to be found in all creation. And then, just as I had become sceptical as to my ever meeting with a young woman whom I could even tolerate in my business, much less trust, Miss Grey answered my advertisement in a capital business hand; and, in a sort of despair, I told her she might come and try, for I had no hope whatever that she would be of the least use to me. But, instead of that, no sooner had she entered the house than I found quite another atmosphere entered with her. She got things into such first-class order, in next to no time, that I could hardly believe my eyes; and she pleases every one of my customers into the bargain, so that my sales increase every month. I am only dreading that somebody may find out before long what a treasure a thoughtful girl like Miss Grey is, and be taking her away to a house of her own."

While we sympathise heartily with Mr. Carrey as we listen, we can but acknowledge that if young men are sensible, his prediction is exceedingly likely to be true, and that his fears are well founded.

In whatsoever station of life our thoughtful girls exist, they are sure to be welcomed.

Mrs. Gentle is a lady of very delicate health, and fond as she is of her dear little children, she cannot bear to have them with her so often as she would like; or to superintend them so minutely as a tender mother always desires to do. But in the person of Biddy, a young Irish girl whom she has trained from a mere child, she finds the thoughtful nurse for her babies, that her circumstances make so invaluable to her. Biddy is a plain, homely looking girl, with no advantage of beauty, or even comeliness, to recommend her; yet her smile is sweet, and her blue-grey eyes are unusually full of expression.

"I wouldn't be without Biddy," Mrs. Gentle is often heard to say, "for the world. She is a gem of a girl! You may laugh at my enthusiasm about her, but if you knew her thoughtfulness, her loving care of me and mine, you would not wonder at it."

"Ah! but," says the listener, "think how much Biddy has to thank you for; she was a raw, heedless, ignorant girl; you, yourself, have made her what she is. It would be dreadfully ungrateful of Biddy, after all you have done for her, if she did *not* serve you well."

Mrs. Gentle smiles.

"I have done just as much, if you call it much, for half-a-dozen other girls, as I have for Biddy," she says; "but they have never repaid me, they have shown no attachment to me, they have been altogether different. I cannot allow any one to depreciate Biddy, for she is a treasure. A servant who saves you time, and trouble, and expense, who exercises her powers of thought to assist the family in which she lives, is a true friend. Thoughtful girls are worth their weight in gold."

Mrs. Gentle is right about Biddy, just as Mr. Carrey was right about Miss Grey, and as the loving grandmamma and fond mother were right about Grace and Marion. The careless girls may be very tenderly loved; but they cannot be the comforters of their relations and friends, they cannot lessen the cares and anxieties of all those connected with them, as the thoughtful girls do. Thoughtful girls are so helpful in the business burdens of life. There are girls who have acted as clever lawyers' clerks to struggling men engaged in the legal profession, becoming quite *au fait* in legal terms, as they pored over title-deeds, and copied leases, and read through conveyances. And others have been of real use to young doctor brothers, who are working up a practice, and cannot afford any other assistance. They have carefully studied the simple, yet all important, rules given for their guidance, and lent a hand in many an operation requiring a delicate touch, and a quick eye.

Life is no unmeaning thing to any thoughtful girl; in whatever direction her steps may tend, her earnest nature makes the path full of interest. As I heard it beautifully said the other Sabbath, by the preacher to whom I listened—There is a destiny for us all: not a blind fatality, but for each of us a little groove in which we ought to walk, in which we can best do our Master's work; and this groove is made for us by Himself. The preacher also said he thought it would make young men and maidens more interested in life, and more likely to make the very best use of life, if they realised this fact, that there was this special path in which each one of us ought to tread, something for each of us to do in the world that was actually appointed to us by God.

The most thoughtful natures who have achieved the most lasting actions in the world's history have been so influenced. To the thoughtful girls whom I address, I need only name Luther, Columbus, Elizabeth Fry, William Lloyd Garrison, Joseph Livesey, and Garibaldi, who in very various ways have done very important work in the world, to make this point plain.

The temptations of thoughtful girls lie in a very different direction to those of careless girls, or of fashionable girls, and particularly when the aim which their thoughtfulness takes, is that of study. To be lost to everything but literary pursuits; to strive for distinction in the knowledge of languages, of some particular science, of music, of drawing and painting, is a far nobler ambition than to have your clothes made in the most fashionable style, and of the most fashionable materials; but it is, nevertheless, selfish, unless the purpose of all such study is beyond its mere attainment, even beyond the personal pleasure which the acquisition of all knowledge is sure to give. Learning should be a means to an end, and when our thoughtful girls are so buried in their books and papers; so absorbed in lexicons and examination questions, that they fail to be observant of the sweet home duties of life, and of the claims which others have a right to make upon them, there is need of reform.

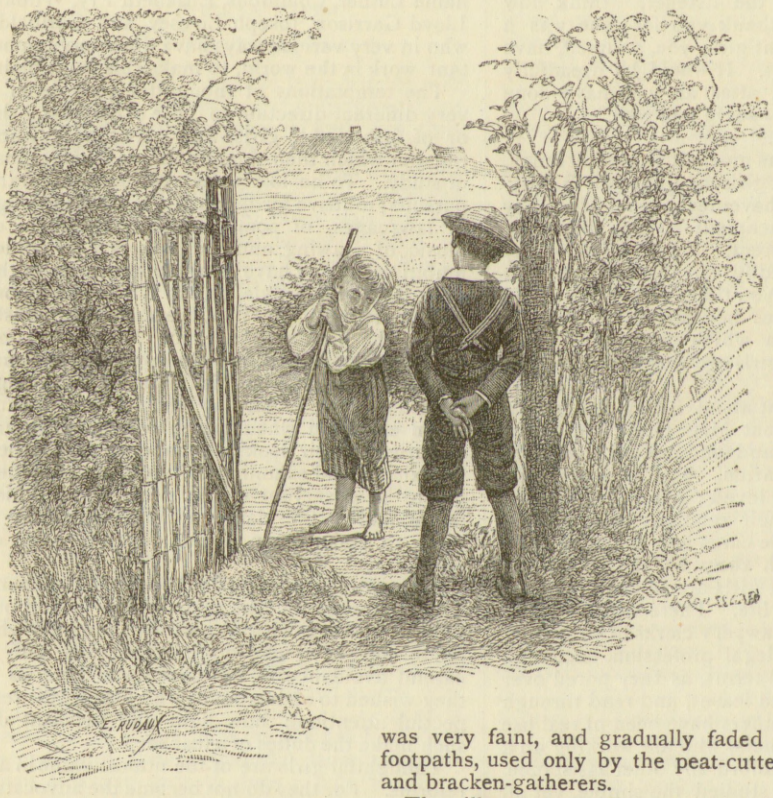
Thoughtful girls are a delight to their teachers. The girls who will take real trouble to find out difficult passages in a translation; the girls who recite correctly; who do their exercises with a careful avoidance of mistakes; who read as if they wished to understand; who listen with respectful attention; how light and pleasant do such make the duties of a teacher!

Thoughtful girls are of the utmost value in all reforms. For they do not become the advocates of any scheme of philanthropy merely from the casual motives which influence the careless girls, or the fashionable girls. Their judgment entertains the subject before they adopt it, and, when once convinced of its rectitude, they are amongst the very firmest and most influential of its supporters. The temperance reformation has received an immense impetus from the quiet advocacy of thoughtful women; not so much by pen and tongue in public, as by the loving talk, the silent example, the winning entreaty, the tender remonstrance, the earnest, able reasoning, and the powerful though secret prayer of those, of whom it may often be truly said:

> "Methinks the rulers of the state,
> Alas! too seldom know
> The debt of gratitude which they
> To England's daughters owe."

CHANGED PLACES.

By UNCLE BEN.



IN the same little country village of Linfield, whose few houses skirted one of those long stretches of heath through which the hedgeless turnpike road ran like a broad, white arrow, narrowing to a point at the horizon, there lived two boys—Ruben Doyle, the son of very poor parents, and Spencer Pigott, the child of people who were well off.

The Pigotts lived in a large house, with a fine garden; and behind an orchard that opened out on to a broad path, or rough cart track, that led across the heath. This sandy road was chiefly used by those who came and went for gravel at a large pit some distance off; beyond this, the track was very faint, and gradually faded away into indefinite footpaths, used only by the peat-cutters, the gamekeepers, and bracken-gatherers.

The village was small; so that everybody knew everybody, and the boys, of course, were not excluded from this general knowledge. As a rule, Spencer was not allowed to play with the boys of the village; although he knew them all by name, and mixed with them whenever opportunity occurred. He was a proud, selfish, wayward lad, who considered himself better than the others, only because he wore better clothes and his father happened to have more money. Silly Spencer; he did not know what made people equal in life, or gave to boys or men the true place of superiority.

Why, little Ruben, who was the junior by two years, was as much above him in position in real life as gold is more valuable than copper. Little Ruben was very nearly as good as he was high; every inch of him was genuine. He had a mother; she was worth her weight in gold, and might, if she had lived in Catholic days, have been made a saint of when she died. She had known almost every suffering and wrong that woman can know, through having had a drunken husband, yet she had endured it all in patience, and in trust on God. She had the spirit of which martyrs and heroes are made, for she said—"affliction never made her doubt God's goodness, it only made her know more of it."

Even in this world, she said, God made up to her for all her woes and poverty in the blessing little Ruben was. Now, Ruben had his mother's soul and spirit richly imparted to him, and the sturdy little chap was just one solid block of niceness.

One day, as he passed the Beckerley gate, where the Pigotts lived in comfortable purse-proud style, Spencer stood at the back gate. It was in the broad bright glow of a warm summer's evening. Ruben had gone to the heath to get a bundle of bracken and furze for the fire. His mother had taught him how to pick up all the sticks, and bind them with heath and fern into a small faggot which he carried over his shoulder by means of an old broom handle. On his return he saw Spencer, who, after greeting, said in rather a rude, insolent way: "How is it, Ruby, you don't wear shoes and hat like other people?"

"Because I don't need 'em," was the philosophic answer.

"I expect you would like to have them if you had any money."

"No, I shouldn't," was the stout reply. "If I had any money I should give it to mother."

"How is it you're so poor? I've heard it's because your father gets drunk. He should do as my father does, and I mean to do when I am a man, take plenty and never get drunk."

"That's the way to get poor. But I ain't poor; mother says no one's poor who pays their way and wants for nothing," replied Ruben. And the little bare-footed rustic went on his way as undisturbed as a lark by the remarks of Master Pigott.

The neighbours parted. The events of life drifted them far from each other. As young men they took different ways. Ruben struggled up, giving his mother all his money. Her blessing fell on him, and slowly he made his way. A neighbouring gentleman farmer took the boy on his estate, out of respect to Mrs. Doyle. He watched him from shepherd-boy doing his duty, step by step as he was raised, until the post of bailiff became vacant. Then Esquire Douglas put Ruben into it, and he was made a man for life.

Years passed on. Spencer Pigott went away. All sorts of stories were afloat about him. The blacksmith's son who had enlisted declared that when the 14th Cavalry were at Aldershot he had seen him. This was the last report, and nothing more was heard until quarter sessions were held in the county town, through which the white road passed, having been the highway for communication to London in the coaching days. Ruben was summoned for the jury; he was called among the twelve for the first day on the criminal side. After one or two cases had been taken, a dissolute, wretched looking man stepped into the dock, and answered to the name of Spencer Pigott. He was charged with robbery at the neighbouring races.

When Ruben Doyle heard the indictment he could hardly believe his eyes and ears; but there stood the man who had lived in Beckerley House, and now, how changed were their places.

The police had the case well in hand. It appeared the accused had formerly left a good situation with a ruined character, and then, when all means of a livelihood failed, had entered the 14th Hussars, and had left the service with a bad record for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. After leaving the army, he picked up a living as cardsharper and billiard-marker, or anything that would bring money—whether it was honest or dishonest. He had come down into the neighbourhood of his old house, to work the races of the county town, and also to see if he could sponge upon some of his father's old guests and acquaintances by telling a tale of woe, his parents having died and left him penniless. The evidence for the robbery was taken, and proved. Beyond all doubt he was guilty; the jury had little need for consultation. On their return, the foreman said they found the prisoner guilty, but from one of them there was a strong recommendation for mercy. The condemned man looked up anxiously into the faces of the twelve who had delivered their verdict, but could recognise no one who would think of saying a good word for him. The judge saw no reason for leniency; he was of opinion it was an aggravated case of crime of a well-educated young man, of once good position, with no excuse to offer because of early disadvantages—these privileges heightened the guilt of wrong doing. It was one of those sad instances where love of drink and fast life had been the sole cause of ruin. He made one or two brief moral observations, taken down by all the reporters—that drink had been the reason in one way or another of all the crime before him on this circuit, and what a warning it was to all. Then he sentenced Spencer Pigott to seven years, and rose for lunch, where he expressed the opinion that old dry sherry was infinitely better to the taste than sour light wines with no body and little spirit.

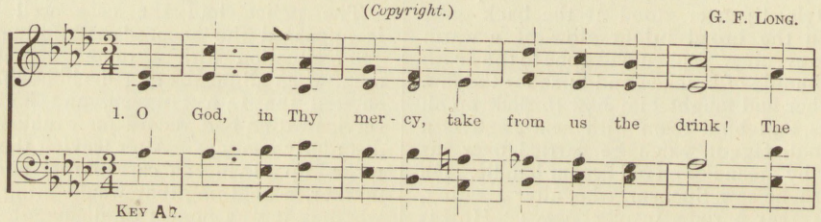
The prisoner went back to his cell wishing the judge and he could change places; in that case "My Lud" would have fourteen years, if not penal servitude for life.

Ruben Doyle went home that evening meditating on the fact that the judgments of this world are hard on evil-doers; but on the reason of half the misery and crime in Christian England, public opinion is indifferent. It is the consequences of sin, not the cause, that troubles most people.

TERRIBLE WASTE.—The strong drinks we consume involve a waste equal to more than one-fifth of the whole grain crop of the kingdom, and a cost of eighteen million sovereigns.

TAKE FROM US THE DRINK!

G. F. LONG.



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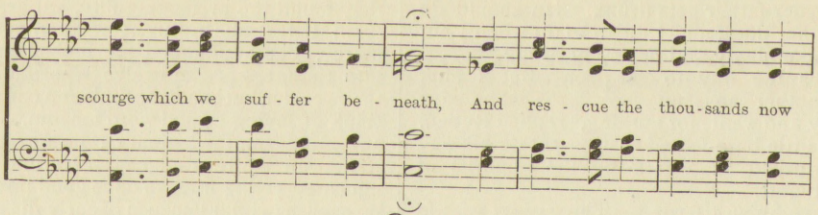

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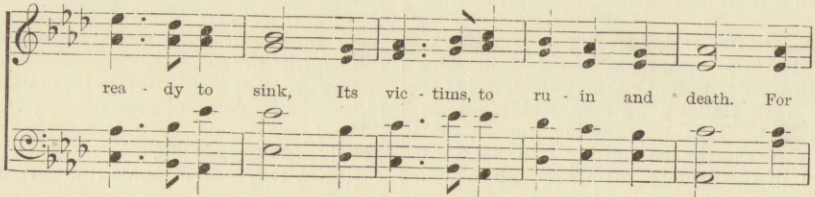

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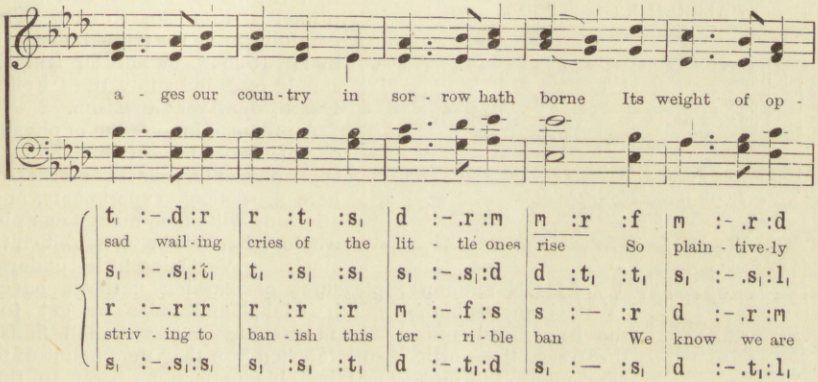
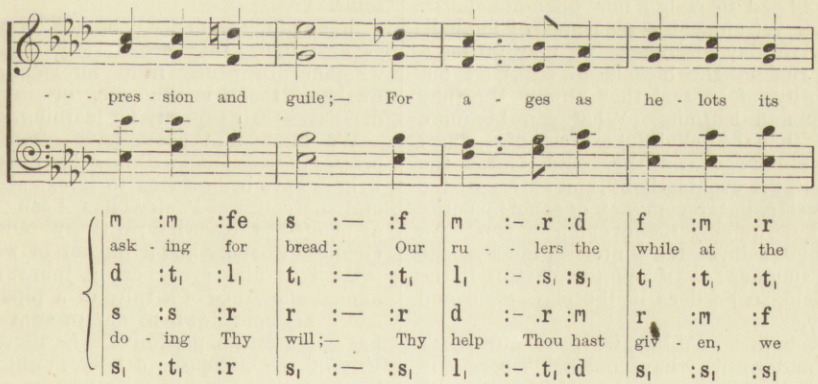
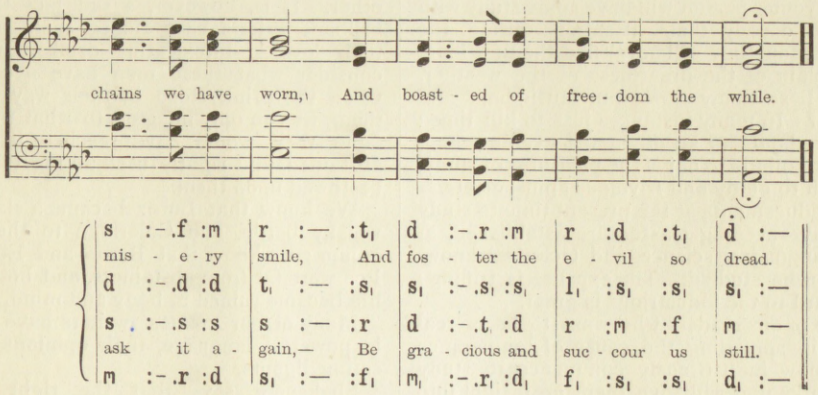
TAKE FROM US THE DRINK!

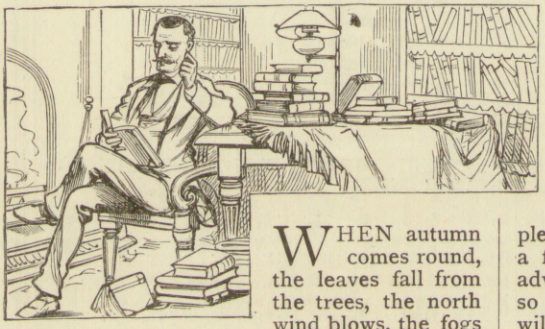






Alcohol and Study.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.



When autumn comes round, the leaves fall from the trees, the north wind blows, the fogs blind our eyes, and we are obliged to resign our open-air sports. Some may yet enjoy the pleasures of football, and on Saturday afternoons we may go for a pleasant run on the bicycle or tricycle; but the majority of us feel that now is the time for study and learning. What can be more enjoyable than the delightful exercise of reading? When we have drawn the blind, closed the shutters, lit the evening lamp, and sitting by the warm fireside, in the company of some favourite author, how quickly the evening passes. An intelligent lad loves the winter as much as he does the summer; for if he finds pleasure in the cricket field, so he does in the class-room and the study.

In Westminster Abbey we have our poet's corner; and we may have our poet's corner in our own houses, were we may make friends with Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, Burns, and Scott. If every young person will have some study with which to occupy their attention during the winter season, they will never find the time long, or complain of the dreariness of the weather. Why is it so many crowd our music halls and theatres? In many instances just to kill time; they have hours to spend in the evening, and, having no minds to enjoy the pleasures of study, they rush to giddy and frivolous amusements.

The inducements at the present time to study are many—evening classes are established, at which languages, science, and technical knowledge can be studied. The expense is trifling; the reward to the industrious is great.

Those of our readers who want to be of real service in spreading the cause of temperance should now industriously commence to study those works that will give them an insight into those subjects suited to the great question of tota abstinence. They should especially study physiology and chemistry. They may study with great advantage the physiology primer by Dr. Michael Foster, and the chemistry primer by Professor Roscoe. They should carefully study the temperance lesson books by Dr. Richardson and Dr. Ridge, and they should read and study the "Foundation of Death," by Axel Gustafson.

A practical knowledge of physiology and chemistry can be best obtained by attending some elementary classes on these subjects: here dissections, experiments, and demonstrations will make many facts plain which would otherwise be most difficult to understand. We but little understand the pleasures of learning until we have given it a fair trial; and once we get to see the advantages of study, we shall find ourselves so interested in it that no amount of temptation will be able to lead us away to those giddy amusements which often lead to the ruin of our souls.

Some of my readers will be wondering whether as abstainers, they are at any disadvantage, whether abstinence from intoxicating drinks weakens their intelligence, or in any way decreases their capacity for learning.

We know that poets have often sung the praises of wine; and we know that many brilliant writers have been slaves to intoxicating liquors and narcotics. Poetry has been especially associated with wine; history tells us that Geoffery Chaucer had a pitcher of wine appropriated to him every day; Johnson had an annual allowance of a third of a pipe of wine; and every poet down to our present Tennyson has had a certain portion of wine allotted to him. From these circumstances we might be led to imagine that wine and poetry are necessarily associated; that one cannot exist without the other. It is, however, a sad fact that many brilliant writers have ruined their powers by their love of intoxicating drinks. When we consider what these men have accomplished when the drink stood in their way to oppose them, we can only imagine to what pinnacle of fame they would have reached if they had abstained, and rightly used all the talents God bestowed upon them.

We know that Burns became a slave to the whisky bottle, and Coleridge to the narcotic opium; we know that Byron and Edgar Allan Poe were far from abstainers, and both early in life became ruined in body and mind.

Many of our greatest writers have expressed in powerful language, their opinions of intoxicating liquors.

Shakspere says that the right name for alcohol is "devil;" and he correctly describes it as stealing away the brains. In "Othello" we

shall find many strong expressions against the use of intoxicating liquors; and throughout the many plays of the Bard of Avon there are numerous things said in favour of total abstinence. Milton was a personal abstainer. Speaking of Samson, he says—

"Oh, madness to think the use of strongest wines,
And strongest drinks our chief support of health;
When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above compare,
Whose drink was only from the limpid brook."

Cowper, the author of many beautiful poems and hymns, has given us, in powerful language, his opinion of public-houses. He says—

"Pass where we may, through city or through town,
Village, or hamlet of this merry land;
Though lean and beggared, every twentieth pace
Conducts the unguarded nose to such a whiff
Of stale debauch, forth issuing from the styes
That law has licensed, as makes temperance reel.
'Tis here they learn
The road that leads from competence and peace
To indigence and rapine; till at last
Society, grown weary of the load,
Shakes her encumber'd lap, and casts them out."

Addison says: "Wine throws a man out of himself, and infuses qualities into the mind which she is a stranger to in her sober moments."

Dr. Johnson, who found himself much better in health on abstaining, has expressed in the following language, his opinion of wine: "Wine makes a man better pleased with himself; but the danger is that while a man grows better pleased with himself, he may be growing less pleasing to others. Wine gives a man nothing, it neither gives him knowledge or wit; it only animates a man and enables him to bring out what a dread of company has repressed. A man should cultivate his mind so as to have that confidence and readiness without wine, which wine gives."

Intoxicating liquors have no power to increase the mental faculties; if we are over-worked with study, we may possibly find relief in a dose of alcohol in the same manner as we may find relief from the use of any other drug, but in the end we shall have less powers of endurance, and accomplish less work. We are no losers by abstinence; we are, in fact, great gainers; for it has been proved by long experience that work, whether mental or physical, can be better performed without alcohol than with it.

WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.—"If the 142 millions now spent in drink were expended on manufactured goods, instead of employing 250,000—including publicans—it would employ from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 people. No wonder so many are out of work."—*W. Hoyle.*

LETTERS FROM A BOY.—No. 3.

Ship *Battledore*,
South Atlantic Ocean,
May 3rd, 18—.

DEAR GEORGE,—We had a most lovely boat-trip to take the letters on board the *Grafty Green*—the ship that was drifting towards us when I last wrote. She was bound from Hong Kong to New York, but she belonged to England, or at least to Scotland; and the captain promised to post our letters for us from New York.

The *Grafty Green* is a bigger ship than the *Battledore*, and is loaded with tea. Every nook and corner has tea-chests in it. The cabins are crammed with it. The gangways are blocked with it. The whole place is scented with it. But tea is light stuff; so that though the ship was full, she stood high up out of the water, and it was a case of touch-and-go to get on board at all. There was just a short ladder, with rope sides and wooden rungs, dangling from the bulwarks. But, like Tiny's last year's frocks, which she is wearing out at sea, it was too short, and did not nearly reach to the water's edge. So we had to stand on the seat of the boat, and when the swell heaved her up, make a jump for it and catch hold of anything that came handy, until we could climb higher. If you missed your jump, flop you must go into the sea. But we didn't miss it; we mastered it.

The captain was a brick, and was awfully civil. He showed us over the ship, took us into the saloon for refreshments, and then sent us back with a jar of preserved ginger, a lot of fresh eggs, and—best of all—a pile of magazines to read; all in exchange for a hamper of potatoes we brought him from Captain Holton. But it did seem such a rum start to make a fellow's acquaintance, slap in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean. Tiny said she was frightened when she saw us go; because how did we know he was not a pirate, or an "enemy," or a what-d'you-call it—a smuggler—who would make us prisoners or kill us when he got us on board his ship? We should not have cared very much if he had been; for we were only too glad to go anywhere after being cooped up in the *Battledore* so long.

We have seen the Southern Cross, but we think rather small beer of it after Charles's Wain. One of the passengers calls it "a fraud," which is too bad, for it never cracked itself up. It is composed of four stars ; but one of them is rather faint, and a little out of the straight. In the early part of the evening the cross seems to be lying on its side, and looks broader than it is long ; but gradually the whole concern slews round until it gets upright, and then it looks like this ⁂ (the little beggar on the right is not a mistake, but the faint one). A line drawn from the top star to the bottom one would point to the South Pole. The stars here do not seem so plentiful as in the north, but the planets are brighter. The sunsets are gorgeous. We watch them every evening ; and you can't think how fine they are—crimson, and amber, and gold, and pale olive, and green, and violet, and ultramine, and grey, all melting into one another and getting more beautiful and more peaceful to the very last. Mr. Rowlands spoke about them on Sunday evening. His text was : "If I dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me." And we sang that hymn which ends—

"Thou who has given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere."

And then we went up on deck to have another look at "this sight so fair."

May 9th. We have had an adventure. Yesterday week we sighted the island of Trinidad: not the island of the same name in the West Indies, but another in the South Atlantic Ocean, and quite uninhabited. You will find it in maps of South America about lat. 21° S., long. 30 W.

We had been worrying Captain Holton for days to try and "make" the island and let us land ; but he would not promise for fear of delaying the ship. Then at last we drifted slowly down all night until we came in sight of Trinidad, and early in the morning we were all called up to have a look at it. At first it only seemed like a dark cloud brooding on the edge of the horizon. Then, as we drew nearer, the tint deepened, and it looked like an immense lead-coloured mountain, with a sharp peak, rising out of a black, sluggish sea. But behind it presently—we were on the West side, you see—the first gleams of the rising sun were struggling up through the mist, giving the crest of the mountain a brilliant edging of transparent gold. We stopped looking at "this sight so fair," until the captain said that, as there was no wind, we might as well try to land. Upon that we scattered and finished dressing in a jiffy.

The boat would only safely take eight people altogether. We had the second mate (Mr. Painter), the sailmaker ("Sails"), with a man and a boy, to row ; the captain steered, and Mr. Rowlands and I and a young fellow whom we call Bismarck, because he is half a German, were the passengers. It took a tremendous time to get to the island, and when we did get there we had to coast up and down a long while to find a landing place. The beach was sandy ; but there were a great many ugly rocks just off the shore, and there was a tidy sea running. We had to go to work gingerly ; but at last we spotted the right kind of place—a sort of natural pier of rock. The waves dashed over it sometimes, and we—or, at least, the captain—had to dodge in and out among sunken rocks to get in at all. The way we did was to let the waves carry the boat, stern foremost, to within a yard of this pier ; then one of us would be standing on the stern-seat, and as soon as we got near enough made a spring for it and scrambled on to the slippery rock, drenched with sea water and almost carried over the other side by the waves. At the same moment the four rowers had to pull like young horses to save the boat from coming any nearer and being dashed against the pier. We took it in turns to jump off like this until all four had landed ; and then the crew stayed in the boat and rowed about at a safe distance from the shore, waiting for us.

The captain and "Bizzy" went one way, and Mr. Rowlands and I went another, to look for fresh water ; for we had read that there was a stream somewhere. The land began to slope upwards from very near the shore to the huge volcanic mountain in the centre. We knew we should not have time to get to the top—it would have taken us more than a whole day—but we made for a ledge of rock part of the way up where we could see hundreds of white birds, about the size of pigeons, sitting very quietly. It was precious rough work walking, for there was no firm foot-hold. The soil was black dust—lava from the old volcano, Mr. Rowlands said ; but it was almost hidden by a kind of coarse pea and another straggling plant, with a thick, prickly stem, trailing along upon the ground, which kept catching our feet, and scratching us, and tripping us up. We saw lots of yellow land-crabs crawling about underneath, and what other living creatures may have been there we could not tell. Nothing to bite us anyway. At last we got clear, and clambered on hands and feet over the rocks—big, bare, steep, and slippery—to the birds' resting-place. We collared a few, and then went on, using hands and feet still, to another rock higher up, where we saw a brownish bird sitting on a slovenly nest of prickly eggs—a regular bed of thorns.

Mr. Rowlands thought it was the bird called the "Booby," because it is so stupid that it will let you come right up to it, and take hold of it, and even knock it down, without trying to save itself. And sure enough we did get up to it, and I put my hand on it before it woke up. It seemed either asleep or stupid; and the egg it was sitting on was addled.

By this time we were jolly hungry, for it was about eleven o'clock, and we had had no breakfast. We had two or three lunch biscuits in our pockets, but there was nothing to drink, and the sun was tremendously hot. So we turned back, hoping to find Bismarck and the captain and news of the stream, and, if there was time, to go and get a drink before embarking again. While we were waiting for them we saw, in the pools by the shore, lots of crabs and limpets and sea-hedgehogs, and some lovely little fish of an intense blue colour. We also saw some sponge growing on the rocks under water (a black jelly sort of stuff), and a sea-snake (buff, with dark rings), and tried to catch and bottle him. But he showed fight; and as the bite is said to be venomous, we let him alone. At last the captain and Prince Bismarck turned up. They had not found any fresh water, and poor Bismarck was dreadfully punished with thirst. But he had taken a small bottle of brandy with him, to preserve beetles and spiders and other insects in. It was about full of brandy and half-full of corpses. But he was thirsty; so he pulled out the cork, shut his eyes, set his teeth tight together, and had a good pull. He offered Captain Holton a drink also; but the captain said he would rather be thirsty than drink brandy at any time; and as to *beetles* and brandy—well, the liquor had too much "body" in it for him.

It was now about two in the afternoon, and the captain was in a hurry to get on board, lest a breeze should spring up. So we hailed the boat, and hoisted a signal with a flag at the end of the boat-hook, in order that Mr. Bright, who was in charge of the *Battledore*, now five or six miles away, and who was to keep a "Bright" look-out for us, might stand in nearer to the shore and take us on board. Just as we had done this, and before our signal was answered from the ship, a bit of a squall, with thick mist, came up and hid the ship from sight. So we waited. The squall lasted an hour or so, and soaked us to the skin, if not to the bones. When it was over, we thought we would make a start; but lo! and behold—*the ship was gone!* Hour after hour passed by, and at last it began to grow dark; so we made up our minds for at least a night of it. So we hauled the boat right up on the beach; then we collected a little fresh water left by the shower in the hollows of the rocks. Bismarck had some matches—rather damp—and we made a spluttering fire with some rotten wood we found about. With this we cooked—or rather frizzled—the birds we had caught in the morning. They were rather fishy, and only half done; but hunger is good sauce, and we felt a little better even for such a meal. After that, with the boat hoisted up edgeways, and a bit of sailcloth stretched from the gunwale to the ground, we made a little shelter. I expect we all felt rather down in the mouth, but nobody showed the white feather, and Mr. Rowlands helped to keep our spirits up. He said the forty-sixth Psalm from memory, and prayed for us—and *with* us, too, I am sure—and for our anxious friends on board the *Battledore;* and then all, except Captain Holton and "Sails," who kept watch, crowded under the canvas and tried to go to sleep. We could not do much in that line, though. So we asked riddles and told stories, and wondered whether we should ever get off the island, and tried to feel that God was even in that strange, deserted spot; and, of course, we "wished for the day." As soon as it was light we all turned out, and by the time we could see the sun above the top of the mountain, there was the ship slowly creeping towards the island from the south. Up went the signal, and to work we got to haul the boat down to the water; and in a couple of hours more we were on board the *Battledore*, tired, hungry, and excited with our trip to Trinidad.

It turned out that the squall the day before came on before our signal was seen; and this squall not only hid the signal, but carried the ship a long way to the south-east. When it was over, Mr. Bright had to tack with a very light wind to make the west side of the island again. Before he could get there it was dark; and as he dare not keep the ship near a rocky and unknown coast all night, with the chance of a squall and a mist coming on again, he had to bear away once more, and then work back in the morning and fetch us off, which, fortunately, he had no difficulty in doing. Captain Holton was very thankful to be on board once more, but he said it would be a lesson to him never to attempt such an adventure again. They were all very anxious about us; but didn't mother and Tiny hug me tight when I got on deck. It was the worst—no, I mean the best—part about it.

The next time I sit down to write will be in Mauritius, I hope; but I will send this off when the pilot comes on board. We none of us forget you, old fellow. How I wish you could have been with me at Trinidad! It was proper.—Lovingly yours,

FRANK FAIRHALL.

THE CRUSHED CRADLE.

CHAPTER I.

ONE cold, wintry evening in the month of November, two men might have been seen standing in the warm, well-lighted tap-room of the Red Cow, Leeston, a place not at the best of times a prepossessing one; but on the night on which our story opens it wore an exceptionally dreary look, for the rain was coming down silently and steadily, and the dark, lowering clouds overhead made the tap-room, with its huge fire and flaring gas jets, look even more cosy and inviting than usual.

George Smith, the elder of the two men, had made several excursions to the door to look at the weather. To the casual observer the streets seemed entirely deserted save for the solitary policeman, whose measured tread announced his approach even before his burly form and bright bull's-eye came in view. Occasionally he stopped in front of some door-step possessing the advantage of being less exposed to the rain than others, from the obscurity of which, after much querulous expostulation at being disturbed, there would emerge some wretched being whose rags seemed only held together by the filth which covered them. When aroused from its temporary resting place, the unfortunate creature would shamble along a few yards in response to the constable's grim order to "move on," only to sink down as soon as possible and slumber until its place of retreat should be again discovered, and the dreary scene of dislodgment gone through once more.

Nothing could look more cheerless and wretched than the sloppy street, with its row of sickly-looking gas jets, serving only to make the gloom and squalor more apparent. Such, evidently, was Smith's opinion; and each time, after hesitating a moment on the step, he had turned from the chill street to the warm, well-lit room within.

"Let's have another pint, Bill," he said, turning to the barman, who was lounging by the door; "may as well be wet both inside and out;" and shaking off the thought of a hard-worked wife at home, whose worn, pinched face would, he well knew, be growing weary with watching, Smith seated himself on a wooden settle, and stared stupidly about the room.

George Smith was an engineer in the employment of a Mr. Hemsworth, the proprietor of a large iron works in the the neighbourhood, who resided in a large solid mansion called Wayland Hall, not far from the works in question. Many of the men employed in them had began as boys under the present owner's father; the more reliable rising slowly but surely to those places of trust which require steadiness and sobriety, the others remaining persistently at the foot of the ladder. George Smith was one of the latter. His father had been a foreman, and during his lifetime his son had kept fairly steady, and had climbed one or two of the steps of the ladder which his father had gone up before him.

Young Smith had never been deemed a steady lad, though his character was rather weak than bad; and he loved well the pretty, modest wife whom he had brought home during his father's lifetime. But with the old man's death a change came; and Ann Smith found that neither wife nor child could keep her husband from drink, when, after receiving their wages for the week, most of the men trooped into the Red Cow. He had at first made a strong effort to walk in the narrow way which his father had sturdily trod throughout his life, but the jeers and laughter of his mates were too much for him. One or two of them had even hinted that meanness was his only reason for refusing to join them in a friendly glass; and this insinuation, touching his pride to the quick, caused him to enter the downward path and then to traverse it with long and rapid strides.

Before his father had been twelve months in his grave, George Smith's once happy home was terribly changed. There had been moments when the miserable man had made convulsive efforts to shake off his old companions, as though he saw looming in the distance the dismal goal towards which he was hurrying; but a jeering laugh, a hint that he was afraid of his wife, or was "too hard up," as the men termed it, easily sufficed to upset the resolution he had made; and at the time when we make his acquaintance he was going rapidly from bad to worse.

"Thee's got a cheerful face, thee has, George Smith," observed a heavy-browed, surly-looking man as Smith again took his seat among them.

"The missus ain't been orkard, eh?" enquired another.

"Where'd thee get that scratched face from?"

"I reckon old Smith's wife's been combing him," joined in a man from the other end of the room.

Smith glared angrily at them as these sallies were made; but the men only laughed the louder at his savage look, and continued their banter.

The party remained until the time for locking up came, when, with much grumbling and many oaths, they emerged from the smoky, reeking room into the chill night air. The rain had ceased to fall, but the road was covered with thick, black mud; the streets, too, seemed to have suddenly become narrower, and the road more uneven, as Smith, with unsteady steps, made his way towards Richard Street and thrust open the door which led to his once neat dwelling. He slammed the door angrily behind him; stumbling along the dark passage which led to the kitchen. As he did so he heard his wife calling him from upstairs.

In his half-drunken state this only served to irritate him and call to mind the sneers of his late companions. Taking a hasty step into the room his feet struck against something which had been placed beside the remains of a scanty fire, and he reeled forward as he met this obstacle, clutching at where, in his drunkenness, he thought to find the mantlepiece, and fell heavily to the ground. The fall only served to increase his anger, and staggering to his feet, he aimed a savage kick at the obstruction.

A low wail arose from the babe in the cradle as his father's heavy boot crashed through the frail wickerwork; and the mother, startled by the noise of the fall and the cry which followed it, came hastily downstairs, and caught up the child which was moaning feebly.

With loving care, yet scared face and bated breath, she passed her hands over the soft limbs of the babe, though they appeared to shrink from even her tender touch. Nothing that she might do could check the low moans which from time to time broke from the sufferer; and the livelong night the mother sat rocking it to and fro, while her tears fell hot and fast on the tiny face which looked so strangely drawn; and when morning broke, the same wailing sound was heard re-echoing through the still, bare room.

George Smith had stumbled upstairs, partially sobered by his fall, and half-ashamed to meet his wife's tearful gaze. He little thought when, in his half-drunken stupor, he flung himself across the bed, that he should wake to find his boy a helpless cripple.

Yet such was the case. The shutters of the dispensary had scarcely been taken down when Ann Smith, her infant in her arms, presented herself at the door. She had not long to wait. With tender hands the grey-haired old doctor examined the child as it lay silent from exhaustion in the mother's arms. There was no use raising false hopes; still he broke the news gently. A broad blue mark was conspicuous across the soft, white back; and the spine had already contracted a strange curve which the doctor knew was beyond his power to cure.

It was a sad trio that sat down to breakfast that morning. Smith's eyes wandered in a dejected manner round the desolate room, carefully avoiding meeting those of his wife. No word of anger had escaped her lips; yet the piteous "Oh, George!" and the mute agony in her eyes after her visit to the doctor, went deeper into his heart than the bitterest reproach. Indeed he would have preferred anything to the look of silent misery on the faces of both his wife and his daughter, Polly. His scanty meal was soon finished, and he started off to the works with his head bent and a sorrowful look that caused some of the workmen whom he met on the road to stare at him in amazement.

"Smith aint got over his drink yet," he heard one of them remark; although the words were not intended for his ear. Would he ever get over the effects of that dreadful night, and banish from his mind the sad look of his wife or his child's cry of agony?

When he reached the works it wanted five minutes of the appointed time for the gates to be opened. The men were standing in groups, earnestly discussing something; and he thought they eyed him curiously when he joined them. Perhaps they did; and with some reason. He had risen that morning and started for work without a thought of last night's mud on his clothes; and his face wore a scared, hunted look that made his companions chary of questioning him.

"They have heard all about it, I suppose," he said to himself, noting the silence which fell on the group at his approach; "I wonder what a man feels like when he's done a murder; he can't feel worse than I do, any way;" and he loosened still more the disordered scarf round his neck, as if its folds were choking him. The men, however, had heard nothing of what had occurred, they were simply discussing the advent of a new manager, who was to take charge for the first time that morning, and whom they had seen the previous day in company with Mr. Hemsworth, inspecting the scene of his new labours. The general concensus of opinion was in his favour, although one or two of the more discerning expressed their idea that he did not look the sort of man to trifle with.

They soon had an opportunity of observing him more closely, for as the large gates were swung open and the men trooped in, Mr. Hilton was seen standing in conversation with the chief foreman.

The day's work proceeded as usual, the new manager seeming to have an eye for everything, and soon showing a sufficiently practical know-

ledge of his business to set right the best man among them, a fact which raised him considerably in their estimation. One little incident served to confirm this impression. A number of men were engaged in moving a heavy mass of iron by means of a steam crane; and a couple of men with long crowbars stood almost beneath it in order to swing it into position as it descended. Joe Williams, who was in charge of the engine, had been one of Smith's companions of the previous night, and his hand and nerves were still unsteady. Twice had the men below sung out sharply, "Steady, Joe," as Williams, in place of slightly moving the lever which controlled the machine, had started the huge mass of iron on its downward course at what seemed a perilous rate. The manager noticed the man's trembling hand; and, without a word, stepped on to the platform, and taking the lever in his steady grasp, lowered the casting slowly to the bed prepared for it. The action was a simple one, but it satisfied the men that the manager knew his work and was not above doing it; and their respect for him increased accordingly.

"Come to the office after work," said Mr. Hilton to Williams before leaving the platform; and his tone, if kind, was grave.

Williams' face wore an anxious look as he entered the office that evening and asked for the manager. He thought of the aged mother at home, and his heart sank as he wondered where he should find food or shelter for her if dismissed from his present employment.

Mr. Hilton was busy at his desk when Williams entered, but he looked up kindly and said: "Ah! Williams, is that you? I want to have a little talk with you; sit down." Williams clutched his hat nervously in both hands and sat down on the extreme edge of a chair. "I have got a report here from the foreman," and Mr. Hilton touched a closely-written sheet of paper as he spoke, "as to the character of all those men who have been any time in the works; and he speaks of you as being a good and steady workman; but after what I've seen to-day, I am afraid you are not fit to be trusted in a position where your companions' lives may depend on your steadiness." Williams only replied by a deprecatory cough to this unpromising commencement; and Mr. Hilton continued: "I'm not going to preach to you, Williams; but you must either give up drink or else your place."

He now rose from his seat, and placing his hand kindly on the man's shoulder said suddenly, as if the thought had just struck him, although there was a twinkle in his gray eyes, "Look here, Williams; why not make a good resolution now at once, and take the pledge? it's only the first struggle that's hard; now what do you say?"

(To be continued.)

Pebbles and Pearls.

Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity. —*S. Augustine.*

Nature, wise, fair, and good, is ever at hand to re-introduce us to our better selves.

The pleasures of getting drunk are dearly paid for by the pangs of getting sober.

Temperance is reason's guide and passion's bridle, the strength of the soul and the foundation of virtue.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

How common it is for men to throw dirt in the face of religion, and then persuade themselves it is its natural complexion.

An ingenious woman with an intemperate husband persuaded him to use bottles of whisky as weights for the clock. The oftener he took a drink the slower the clock went, and the longer he had to wait for his meals.

Very Dear Broth.—Six lbs. of barley (worth 6*d.*) are used to make one gallon of ale. Of this, 1 lb. at least is lost in malting, 3¾ lbs. in brewing, ¾ lb. in fining, leaving less than ½ lb. for the drinker, which, in the form of a gallon of ale, costs 2*s.*—*John W. Kirton.*

Thoughtlessness of Youth.—In general I have no patience with people who talk about the "thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age and the indulgence due to *that.* When a man has done his work, and nothing can be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune depends on the chances or the passions of an hour? A youth thoughtless—when his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every thought a foundation of life or death? Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now; though indeed there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should be left to be done there.

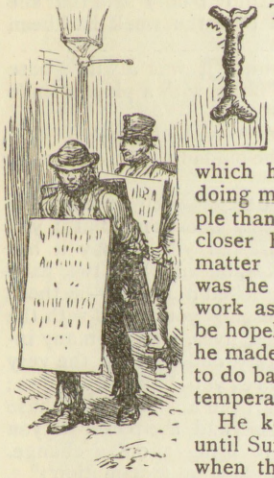
Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

"Do not look on life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again."—*A. A. Protor.*



IT was no new thought to which the young preacher had given expression. The idea had long been simmering in his brain that the three D's to which he had referred were doing more harm to the people than anything else. The closer he looked into the matter the more convinced was he of the fact that his work as a clergyman would be hopelessly blocked, unless he made a determined effort to do battle as a sanitary and temperance reformer.

He kept his own counsel until Sunday night, and then, when the day's engagements were over, and he was alone with his mother and sister, he described to them his experiences at Ratchett's on the Friday night. They were, of course, deeply interested, Emily especially.

"You must take me in with you sometime, Charlie. You know you never will let me go to the lodging-houses!"

"Quite right, too," said the mother; "they are not fit places for you; indeed, I do not like Charlie to go there. Some of those characters are so desperate they wouldn't mind what they did!"

"Oh, you need never fear on that score, mother; they would not harm me. One thing is quite certain, I shall have to do something for them. I cannot bear to go there and see women as old as you—God-forsaken I was going to say; but I will say forsaken, by almost everyone—living from hand to hand, and crowding down into that cellar-kitchen with all sorts of men and women. 'Tis fearful."

"I cannot think how it is that people sink so very low."

"Well, of course, there are exceptions; but, as a rule, mother, I believe in my heart that the drink is at the bottom of the mischief."

"Well, I can't say that I agree with you,' said Emily. "If people are poor, there is no need for them to be dirty too; they might keep themselves clean. I am sure when I have been to those houses in Brunker's Row, here at the back of the church, I have felt as if I could have asked for a bucket of water myself, and washed the floors down and tidied the rooms up—they look so filthy and unclean."

"Don't you see that dirt and drink hang closely together. If the women spend their time in the public-houses, and get muddled with drink, it stands to sense that they are not likely to be house-proud. A dirty room is quite as comfortable to a drinking woman as a clean one."

"Oh, Charlie! you should not speak so bitterly!" said the mother.

"Well, I'm sure you're quite wrong—quite wrong," repeated Emily. "Just tell me this now: If dirt and drink are so closely tied together, how is it that the public-houses are so beautifully bright and clean? I am sure that you must admit that the public-houses are the best kept places in all the parish; and you know you have said yourself that Trollope's Brewery, at the top of this very street, is a perfect model of cleanliness!"

"Very cleverly put, Emily; very cleverly put! Yet you don't seem to be able to look further than your nose! I will grant, of course, that the brewery is a model of cleanliness, and I will grant, too, that the public-houses are beautifully kept also; but I will put a little practical work before you for this week. You know you are always asking me to give you something really practical to do!"

"What is it? What is it? I shall be quite ready to tackle it!"

"Don't be so sure!"

"Oh, but I give you my word!"

"Nay; wait a little until I tell you what it is! You shall go with me to Ratchett's and all the other lodging-houses in the parish, and we will try and find out if there are any of the lodgers who are total abstainers—any who don't indulge in drink whenever they can. We will go, too, to Brunker's Row, and make the same inquiries in every one of those dirty rooms which have distressed you so, and then—well then, perhaps then, we may be able to do something to make those rooms more like public-houses for cleanliness."

"Agreed. Agreed to all except the last! We will make the visits, but we need not live too fast! We need not sit down here to-night planning out something more in the shape of work, for I am sure nearly every hour in the day is now blocked with its own work, and we can hardly get through with all our engagements as it is!"

Then the mother interposed, and objected to any such "wild goose chase" as Charlie had suggested. "No possible good can come of it; and you are really working yourself to death as it is. I am quite anxious about you at times—I really am!"

Charlie's usual way of closing a conversation which was ruffling the temper was here called into play.

"Just look at the clock! I had no idea it was so late! A quarter-past ten already!" He touched the bell and the maid appeared, and with the family prayer and praise, the Sunday ended.

Emily was secretly well pleased at the turn affairs had taken. She had longed for an opportunity to visit the lodging-houses, and now her wish was to be gratified.

The visits were duly paid night after night; for a week they went the rounds. There was a dead level of wretchedness in them all. They were able, by the exercise of a little tact, to get into conversation with most of the inmates at different times, and were terribly pained by some of the stories which they heard. One of the most repulsive-looking of the women in Crinkleby's stated that she was a clergyman's daughter; and on following up some of the particulars which she gave, Emily found that the statement was quite true. Her first step, then, was to bring her to the vicarage for the night. There was a spare room; and after an earnest discussion with her mother, Emily persuaded her to allow the poor thing to be made comfortable for one night at the vicarage, before sending her off by train to a little place near Lancaster where some of her relatives resided, who were willing to receive her back.

The poor fellow, too, who answered to the name of Greeky was brought in one evening to supper. He was a pitiable object to look at. Half starved, and so emaciated that his bones seemed almost breaking through his skin. And yet the manners of a well-bred gentleman still stuck to him like a garment. He told, unsolicited, fragments of his own story. One of his brothers was a baronet, another was a popular member of Parliament, and he had been educated at Eton, taken high honours at Oxford, and, after entering the sacred ministry of the Church, had fallen a victim to the sin of intemperance, and had been turned away from his living. He had a wife and three children whom he had not seen for eight years. In response to Emily's question—"And how do you manage to live now?" he replied: "Oh, I stand in Fleet Street selling penny bottles of gum; but it is a hard struggle, I can tell you; and were it not for the little drop of gin, I should be unable to keep life in me at all!"

In the visits to Brunker's Row, Emily and Charlie felt more freedom than in the lodging-houses. They had little difficulty in getting the women to talk about their habits of life; and without always putting the question point blank: "Are you and your husband abstainers?" generally managed to ascertain what they specially wished to know on the matter. It was, indeed, a wearying, sickening week's work, and yet, in truth, there was something splendid about it all; and when next Sunday evening came round, and the usual family council was held in the vicarage, Emily boldly said that she was very glad indeed that the week had been spent as it had.

"And you don't think it was a wild goose chase, Emily?" said Charlie, with a playful smile across at his mother.

"No, indeed, I don't!" replied Emily.

"Well, I do," said the old lady, with emphasis.

"Why?"

"Why?" she repeated. "Well, it isn't like you, Charlie, to ask silly questions; but if you ask me 'Why?' I must tell you. I say it has been a wild goose chase, because you two have spent a whole week—wasted it, in fact—in those horrible places—distressing yourselves with the sad tales of the wasted lives, and, in many instances, perhaps entirely deceived by the very persons whose narratives you have wept over; and besides all, it has been a wild goose chase because it is utterly beyond the power of you two to do anything to bring about a change. Those people are quite beyond reclamation!"

"Oh, mother," interposed Charlie, gravely, "please do not say that. You are forgetting that He came to seek and to save that which was lost."

"And, at any rate, mother," earnestly pleaded Emily, "if we cannot reclaim—for I am sure it must be terribly hard work—we can, at least, try to do some of the easier work—prevention!"

"Well, of course I cannot tell what schemes you two have in your minds. I only know this, that neither of you are very strong, and that if Charlie attends to all his services, and keeps going what he already has in hand, it will be as much as ever he can do well!" and the old lady rose, and kissing them both, went to her room.

Then there was a long conversation between Emily and Charlie, and the result of it was to greatly perplex Emily.

Charlie explained that he was quite sure the first thing they would have to tackle was the drink difficulty. It was impossible to do much either against dirt or disease while the intemperate habits of the people prospered. Step by step he led his sister to acknowledge this, and to see that his proposal to make a beginning with a Temperance Society would be the very best line to take. Then, however, a most

formidable obstacle was laid bare. The partners in Trollope's Brewery were the best supporters of the parish charities. "If aggressive temperance work is commenced," said Charlie, anxiously, "perhaps these annual subscriptions to the parish will be withdrawn, and then my other work would be stranded; for it is no easy task to get subscriptions for an out-of-the-way parish like this, especially sufficient to replace the large amounts now provided by the brewery."

And so they talked and planned, and planned and talked. In the end they came to the very common-sense conclusion that it was no use to meet troubles half-way. One thing was quite certain: With the knowledge they had personally gained, they felt that it would be cowardly not to buckle on their armour; and perhaps it was hardly by chance that Charlie chose for their evening hymn that night—

"Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on!
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son."

(To be continued.)

HONESTY.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

"AN honest man," says Pope, "is the noblest work of God;" and surely, if we can lay our hands on our hearts and say that we have never wilfully wronged any man, we may be thankful that God's mercy has so preserved us.

Honesty is usually supposed to be a determination not to steal or to take from any man anything by fraud or force, and that it is the mere carrying of this determination into practice; but, in reality, honesty means much more than this. To be honest is not simply to abstain from thieving; but it is to be faithful to what we profess and what we believe. Thus, if a man never stole so much as a pin, and yet professed certain principles which he disbelieved in his heart and did not practice in his life, then he is as much a dishonest man as the thief who puts his hand into your pocket and steals your purse.

Upon the very lowest grounds honesty should be the guiding star of our lives. How can a master promote his servants if he have doubts concerning their honesty? Honesty will be our friend, and provide us a good character, which will certainly bring us peace and happiness, if not a high position in society. This, however, is a very low reason why we are honest. Archbishop Whately says: "Honesty is the best policy; but he who acts upon this principle is not an honest man." We must be honest, not because honesty will improve our position, or get us a good name, but because it is right to be honest under any circumstances, whether we get good from it or not.

A slave boy was put up for auction; a kind-hearted man, pitying his condition, and wishing to save him from a miserable existence with a cruel master, said to him: "If I buy you, will you be honest?"

The boy, with a look on his face beyond description, replied, "I will be honest whether you buy me or not."

This should be our motive power, to be honest for good or evil; we have only to do right, and not to consider results.

"Some will love thee, some will hate thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
Trust in God and do the right."

Some servants are only honest when the master's eye is upon them. In school how often a boy will skip his lessons or crib the answers to his sums from another, because the teacher's attention is not directed personally to him. Such an action is a species of great dishonesty; it gives you an advantage you do not deserve, and makes you appear superior to others who are, in fact, better than yourself.

A lady was one day teaching a class of little children. Asking the scholars to spell a rather difficult word, a little fellow, as the teacher thought, spelt it correctly, and, consequently, took his place at the top of the class. But when the teacher came to write the word on the blackboard the little fellow noticed that it was spelt with an *i*, and he had spelt it with an *e*. Happily he had well learned the lesson of honesty. On discovering that he had made a mistake, he would not take advantage of the teacher's error; immediately he left his place at the head of the class and took his place at the bottom, saying as he did so: "I spelt it with an *i*, and you write it with an *e*; I must be wrong." This was sterling honesty, for he might have retained his position and no one would have been the wiser.

A man went into a shop to make a purchase; he said to the assistant behind the counter: "Your master is out, John; you must give me good measure."

"My MASTER is always in," was the quick reply.

We should more often act honestly if we remembered the words, "The eyes of the Lord are in *every place*, beholding the evil and the good."

Excuses for dishonesty make our sin worse. In these days of great trade competition many tricks of trade are carried out. Goods are stamped with trade marks which tell a lying tale; and many articles manufactured in foreign countries, by their mark, pass as if they were of genuine English make. When making purchases it is

difficult to tell whether you are buying the article you require ; and many times one is compelled to doubt the recommendation given by the seller. Those who thus act dishonestly, calm their consciences by saying : "It is the custom of the trade and cannot be helped." This excuse is not worthy even of mentioning ; there may be difficulties, and employers expect their servants to act deceitfully, but this cannot absolve us from the sin ; we have only to act openly and honestly and to leave the results alone. Straightforward conduct and genuine honesty are prompted by true religious feelings ; he who feels that his deeds are registered in heaven will walk with the fear of God before him, and will shudder at the least thought of deceit.

We must remember the lines of Burns—

"A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he manna fa' that."

How we should like to see the honest times of good King Alfred back again ; history tells us that in his reign you might have hung bracelets of gold on the hedges, and the passers-by were so honest they would not have touched them.

There is one feature of dishonesty of which many persons are unintentionally guilty ; it is that of speaking of others in such a way as to rob them of their good character. Without telling a direct falsehood, we are not honest if we are guilty of spreading evil reports for which we have not good foundation ; even if we have the best evidence of the truth of our report, it is best not to repeat it. If we slander another, we are robbing him of that precious gift of good character which he may never be able to get back. If we rob another of his money, he may recover the loss ; indeed, like Job, we may lose all we have and yet recover our prosperity—but if our character is gone, how shall we gain it back?

As abstainers we should endeavour to maintain this character of honesty. It is not honest to take alcohol to cure every little ailment of life. Those abstainers who are in the habit of taking alcohol for toothache or some such other little pain, cannot be considered honest. It is true that we only promise to abstain from alcohol as a beverage ; but then we are only honest when we drink alcohol like any other drug, by the doctor's orders ; and not even then can we be considered honest if we have not informed the doctor of our promise, and asked him to prescribe some less dangerous medicine.

Those who drink slyly are, of course, quite out of the pale of honesty ; they deserve every exposure, for they do the greatest harm to themselves and the noble cause of temperance. Let us endeavour to earn the honourable distinction of being honest in thought and deed.

Thoughts for Young Men.

By OLD CORNISH.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT DECISION.

OH, what a luxury is life ! To me it is a real happiness to live. Let those say who dare, that this world is a vast howling wilderness, I never will. Why, it is the nearest approach to heaven I know. When all our springs are in God, and the great heart of humanity throbs in harmony with the claims of Christ, there is not a lovelier or more entrancing sight to be seen.

What ! cry the world down ! No ! as long as God lends me breath I will sing aloud in its praise ; and I crave no higher happiness upon earth, than to be a source of inspiration to thousands, who shall say :

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
'Life is but an empty dream !'
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.
Life is real ! Life is earnest !
And the grave is not its goal ;
'Dust thou art, to dust returnest,'
Was not spoken of the soul."

Yes, this has been my object from the first. Ever since I commenced addressing these "Thoughts to Young Men," I have had this one thing in view. And now that the end is near, and we must part ; you to go your way, *up* the hill of life, and I mine, *down*, *down* to the valley at the foot, where I trust one day to rest in peace ; I would just like to emphasise the fact that of all the gifts you should covet, there is nothing to surpass the grace of God in the heart, the love of Christ in the soul.

HENCE THE IMPORTANCE OF HAVING RELIGION AT THE START.

Once upon a time, three splendid fellows resolved upon a sail ; and so, stepping into a boat, they hoisted the mainsail to the wind, and prepared to go.

"Stop, my hearties !" said a sailor, "there's a spanking breeze off the headland, and you need a little more ballast to keep the boat on her keel." But they pooh-poohed the sailor ; and went on their way rejoicing. "Ha ! ha !" they exclaimed, as the frail little vessel danced before the wind, "this is fine !" But they had no sooner rounded the headland, than they were caught and capsized in a squall ; and the sad story only became known when—

"Three corpses lay out in the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down."

Ah, how often have we heard the remark: "A fine young fellow that; but alas, he is not steady! He wants a little more ballast!" And how many times have we seen fine promising young men swept away as in a moment, leaving nothing to remind us of the grandeur of their former selves but the miserable wreck of what they once had been.

Look! there is one leaning against the lamp-post across the street. As fine a young fellow as you could cast eyes upon, was that veritable man. Had you seen him in his youth—had you marked his pluck, his push, you would never have thought he would have come to such a plight. His home, a palace; his parents, two of the finest specimens of humanity the world could produce. His was a splendid start. All that wealth could buy; all that wisdom could suggest; all that foresight could provide—all these he had. As a business man he was keen: the shrewdest man on 'Change, they said. Step by step he rose, until the highest social position was within his reach. But one thing he lacked: the grace of God in the heart; and so, yielding to temptation, he fell—fell, awfully fell; until you see him now an outcast, a drunkard, a vagabond, and a sot; whilst away in the mansion of his home sits, with her reason gone, the white-haired mother of that miserable man, murmuring to herself, as she sways to and fro—

"Oh, where is my wandering boy to-night?"

Do you say this is a picture? Would to God it were nothing more. Do you say it is fiction? Nay, brothers, nay, it is a sad and solemn fact; and to you and to me there comes a lesson of the very highest and most solemn significance: "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

"Young man," said a minister to an old friend of mine, "you are commencing business to-day. Now, promise me one thing: that you will give God your heart, and join yourself at once to the Christian Church." "I will," said the man; and straightway he commenced a career which so affected the whole of his relationships in life, that the secular became sacred, and the full round of business became permeated with a sense of the divine presence and blessing; and when he died, the poor felt that they had lost in him a father, and the rich a friend.

Yes, young men, be assured of the fact, that if religion is worth having, it is worth having *now*. It will help, not hinder you in your work. It will sanctify, not sour your relationships in life. It will give an impetus to the commencement, and a crown to the close of your career, that shall warrant the appropriateness of the expression: "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

And, having made God your choice,

SEE THAT YOU CONTINUE IN THE WORK OF WELL-DOING.

It is said of Sir Peter Lely, that so careful was he of his character as a painter, and so eager to excel in his profession, that he would not so much as suffer himself to look at a bad picture, lest his pencil should catch the taint.

Splendid specimen of devotedness to art! and a brilliant example to every young man, who, in the higher realm of the spiritual, is fashioning his character for eternity and Heaven.

Oh, my brothers, make the language of the Apostle the motto of your life—"This one thing I do!" Let your thoughts and affections be centred upon Christ; and then your religion, like the sun, shall permeate all with light and life. Business and pleasure; work and worship; things temporal, and things spiritual; all shall partake of its blessedness—and in the rounded fulness of an experience that shall be rich with the graces of the Spirit, there shall be a uniform and consistent testimony to the priceless value of a Christ-devoted life.

Oh, if the world could but see the necessity of this, what a change would take place! Think of every godly tradesman pursuing his business in a fervent spirit. Think of every converted citizen moving up and down among his fellow-men like a flaming beacon. Think of every pious parent breathing around him the atmosphere of heaven. Think of every Christian minister discharging the duties of his sacred calling as cognisant of the eye of God. Aye, think of all fulfilling the great purpose of their being, and challenging the scrutinizing eye of God; and you have one of the most perfect pictures of humanity the world has ever seen.

Young men, lay it down as a fact that nothing repays like religion. To know, as you go forth to the duties of life, that God is with you—to feel, amid the worries of business, that He keeps you in perfect peace—to have the assurance that all things shall work together for your good—why, it is the most blessed experience you can possibly enjoy.

Think of Joseph, the man of unblemished reputation, who, from a shepherd lad upon the mountains, rose to be a prince and a saviour in the land of the Pharaoh's. Think of Daniel, the uncompromising exile, who, amid the base licentiousness of Belshazzar's court, maintained a character that slander could not soil; and who, from a lions' den, found his way to the very footsteps of a throne. Think of the Hebrew three, whom no coercing could bribe, nor threatening shake; and who stood unmoved and erect

amid the prostrate thousands of Babylon. Think of Paul the Apostle—one of the grandest heroes the world has ever seen ; the man who stood as defiantly before a bloodthirsty Nero, as he stood calm in the presence of the saints at Jerusalem or Rome ; and who, from amid the tempest of a troubled life, went up to grasp and wear a crown. Aye, brethren, think of these—men who stood firm in the hour of temptation—unshaken amid the upheavings of public opinion—undaunted amid the convulsions that threatened them with immediate death—men with a faith as firm as the pillars of heaven—with a love as pure as the very sun-lit skies—and with a hope as buoyant as the very breeze ; and who exclaimed, amidst the veriest hurricane of opposition : "I shall never be moved !" and as you catch their spirit, and emulate their glorious example, let your conviction swell and rise to heaven.

"Should I from Thee, my God, remove,
Life could no lasting bliss afford ;
My joy, the sense of pardoning love,
My guard, the presence of my Lord."

When dear old Dr. Coke was asked for what purpose he was going to India, he confidently replied: "To convert the heathen." "Oh!" said his rather sceptical friend, "and do you really expect to accomplish that?" "By the blessing of God," said the pure-minded Doctor, "I hope to do." "Ah!" said the conscience-stricken cynic, "if you bring God into the matter, the thing will be done."

Bring God into the matter! Dare anybody leave Him out? Sirs, I beseech you never think of engaging in an enterprise, or of undertaking a duty, in which you cannot ask for the presence and blessing of Almighty God. "In all thy ways acknowledge him"—in commerce, in politics, in religion—"and He shall direct thy paths."

Why, history is full of proofs of the presence and power of God with His people. Look at Job, that grand old patriarch, whom God had so strongly hedged in with His presence that even Satan was compelled to confess that he could not be touched. Look at those noble and undaunted three, careless about consequences, saying unto the angry and excited king: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter." Look at Daniel, who, with a conscience void of offence, exclaimed from the lion's den: "My God hath sent His angel, and hath shut the lions' mouths." Look at these, and hushed for ever be your questions about the presence and protection of God; for, "as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear Him."

My brothers! this God is your God, and He will be your guide even unto death. Then let your gratitude reiterate itself in song. Ring it out, clear and strong. Let the enemy hear it in the camp, and let the angels catch it in the crowded courts of heaven:

"I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And fill the circle of my days."

And now brethren, farewell. My task is done. These "Thoughts," which, in the words of rare old Bunyan—

"Came from mine own heart, so to my head,
And thence into my fingers trickled"—

I commend to you. Very pleasant has been our intercourse in the past, and exceedingly inspiriting is the hope that we may renew our acquaintance in the future—if not on earth, in heaven.

Yes, fling yourselves into business, I beseech you. Never let it be said that religion unfits you for social intercourse, or political aggrandisement. "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's;" and set yourselves to convince a pre-eminently practical world that the highest qualifications for life is the grandest preparation for death, and that for you "to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

Heirs of both worlds! what an inheritance is yours! Why, ye have a heritage that is kingly, and a home that is eternal in the heavens. Already it looms upon you from afar. Its breezes fan you, its odours are wafted to you, its music breaks upon your ear, and its spirit breathes into your heart. My brothers, oh my brothers! why, there is Beulah land in view! Look! how it glistens in the sunshine. Hark! how its music comes sweeping through the gates. See! how its inhabitants throng about the battlements, and cleave the welkin with their shouts. The end is not yet, but it is near. The gates are not thrown widely open, but, thank God, they are ajar. Out from its dazzling throne, down through its golden streets, and away past its pearly gates—meeting us as we travel to that better land—there streams a splendour that is eternal, and a glory that glistens as the face of God.

"I sit and think, when the sunset's gold
Is flushing river, and tide, and shore,
I shall one day stand by the water cold,
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;
I shall catch a gleam of the flapping sail ;
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand ;
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,
To the better shore of the Spirit land ;
I shall know the loved that have gone before ;
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,
When over the river—the peaceful river—
The Angel of Death will carry me."

My Golden Dream.

GOD'S hammers of frost, and air, and light,
Did beat the rock into finest dust,
For an end that was only half in sight.
Said a voice—"Oh, rock, the end will be right,
It is yours to wait, and trust."

Torrents of rain fell, washing it down
Into the distant valleys afar;
Three thousand years pass'd—it was a brown
Rich soil, but only the life of a stone
Was in it as yet—no more.

Later, the trees of the forest grew,
Nurs'd by that beaten dust so fine;
Then on the earth thin leaves they threw,
And these did rot in the rain and dew,
And then came flowers—and the vine.

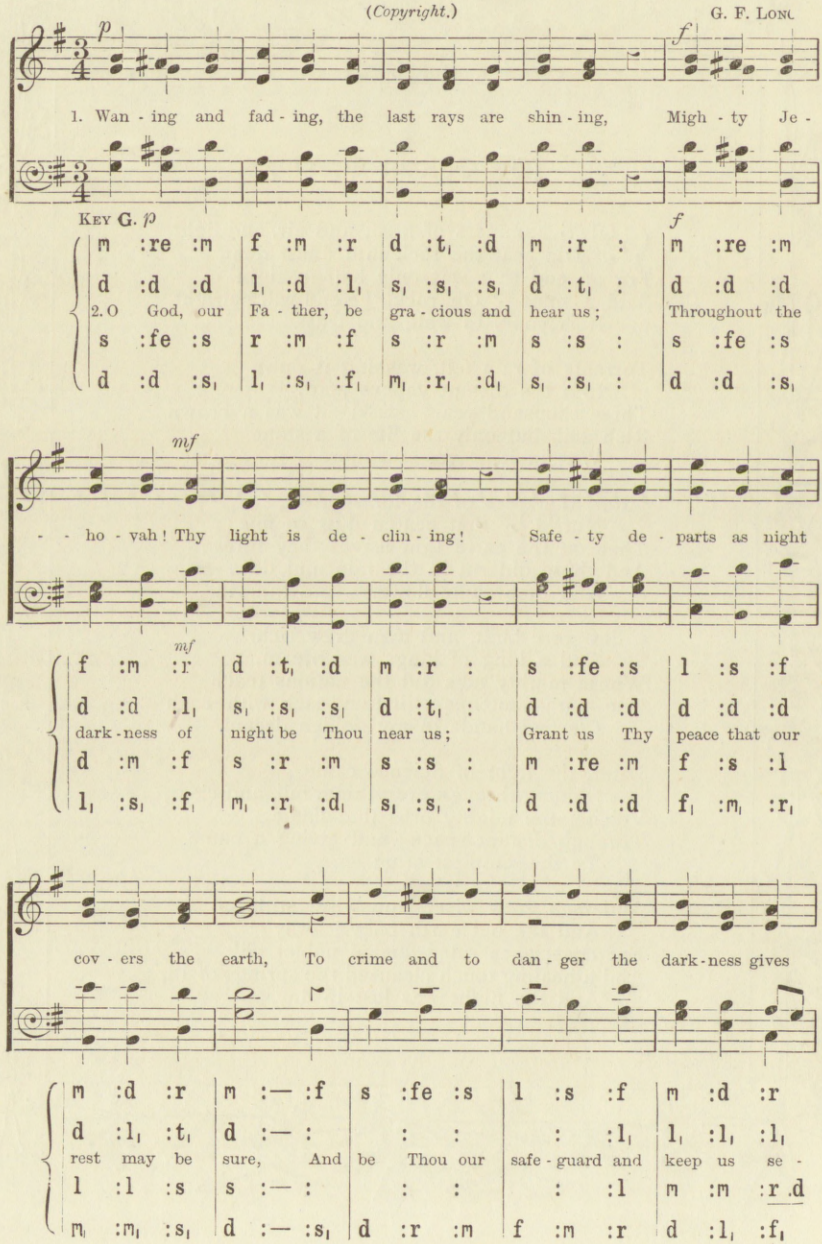
Cities were built, and men grew rich,
And a king of kings was Steam,
Whose mighty acts did the nations teach
One truth—but one—till they each with each
Clasped hands in my golden dream.

Later, the light of Science came,
Shining through everything, full, and clear,
Voicing the mighty orbs that flame
Through distant space—and giving a name
To the simplest atom here.

And men grew wiser, and wiser still,
And the old earth pass'd away;
For conscience ruled, and a nobler will,
And a healing touch cleansed the springs of ill,
And the night was lost in day.

THE LAST RAYS ARE SHINING.

G. F. Long



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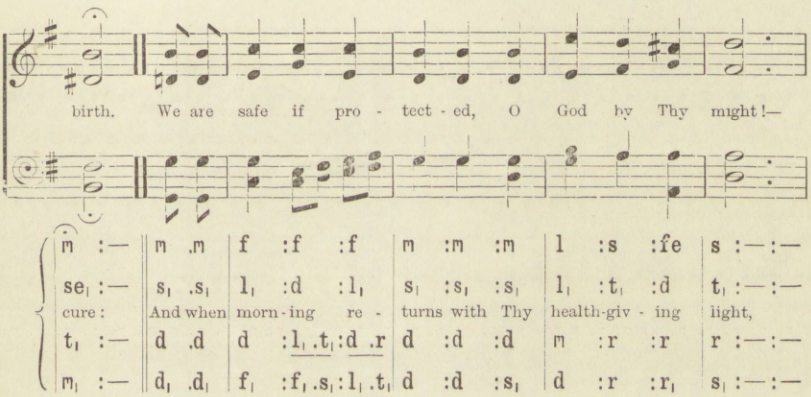
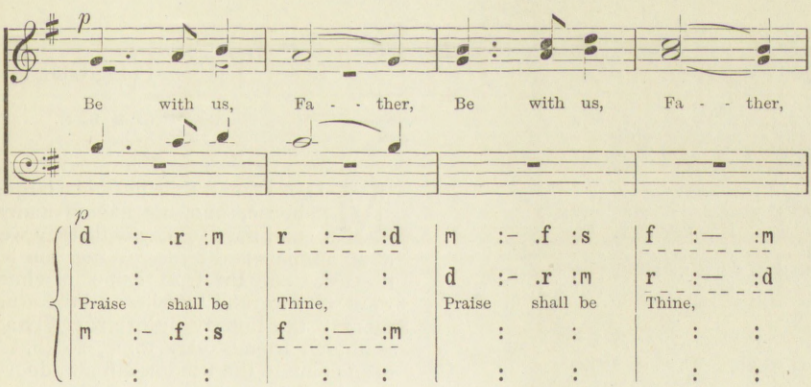
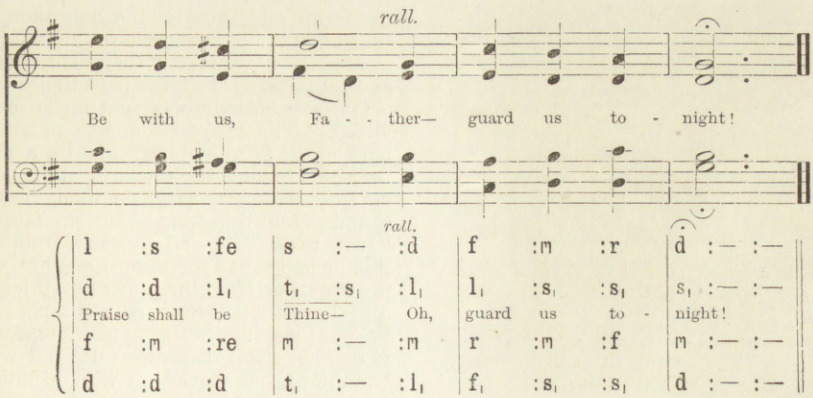






The Rescue.

By UNCLE BEN.

MINNIE and Effie lived in a large, lonely farm house, and not having many little girls and boys to play with, they were very fond of all animals and birds. When the leaves fell off the trees and the frost came in winter-time they were very careful to collect all the crumbs to give them to the hungry little birds. This made their feathered friends very tame, so that they would even come to the window-sill and door-step to pick them up.

There were many boys and men employed upon the farm, and some of the lads thought and felt very differently about the birds; in winter-time they would take advantage of their hunger and tameness and set traps to catch the poor things in.

One day, Minnie was sent on an errand to the village. The nearest way was to go out by the back of the farm buildings and by a path through the fields behind the orchard. She had not gone far from the house when she thought she heard the sound of a bird making a curious faint noise; the "twit, tweet" seemed to come from the ground. She looked round for some time, not seeing where the cry came from, then she saw a brick-trap behind a bush, and felt sure there was a poor little bird a prisoner inside. So, being near home, she ran back to call her sister Effie, who did not wait to put on her things, but rushed off with Minnie to help to rescue the poor bird.

They had often heard of the cruel things done to these gentle creatures, but could hardly believe the

stories, and had never seen a trap set for them. When Minnie showed her sister the prison-house little Effie nearly cried for shame and sorrow. Then Minnie stooped down and lifted up the big middle brick and found there was a thrush inside the dungeon, and evidently very much hurt—one of its wings had been crushed or injured by the fall of the brick.

"Oh, poor Dick," said Effie, when she saw the bird.

"I'm afraid he's too hurt to fly," exclaimed Minnie.

"What shall we do?" rejoined Effie.

"I think you must take him home, and mother will tell us," said Minnie.

"How shall I carry him?" asked Effie.

"You mustn't squeeze him, poor chap. I'll take him up very gently and put him in your pinny, and he'll lie best there; but if he flutters you mustn't let him out. Take him back as quick as you can, and I'll go on to the village and come back soon, for I'll run nearly all the way."

"I shan't run lest I shake him; and I'll ask mother to take him out of my pinny when I get in. She'll cure him I expect," said Effie.

Minnie hastened on to the village to fulfil her errand, with her heart full of compassion for the released captive. Effie went slowly back to the house, carrying the afflicted thrush with tender care. On arrival she called immediately for mother, who came at once and took the sufferer out of Effie's pinafore; and all that thoughtful kindness could do was done for the poor bird.

When Minnie returned she found Dick lying in quite a comfortable nest of wadding, in an old wicker cage, formerly the habitation of an old magpie, who had departed this life some time ago, after a very honourable career in the kitchen.

The little girls sadly wanted to nurse the thrush by turns in their laps by the fire; but mother said "No," for it was evident his leg was broken as well as his wing injured. It would be best, therefore, to let him be and rest all he could; only giving him plenty of food to keep up his strength while he was laid aside.

In a day or two this simple treatment seemed to be doing him good; his spirits revived, and he made sweet sounds like a true-born thrush. In a few more days he recovered rapidly, but he was lame for life; he could go hopping about only on one leg. In time he got to do this very well; and he would stand on his perch on his one leg quite proudly; and Effie said he looked as if he would say: "See what a clever bird I am, though my leg has been broken by cruel boys; I can do without a crutch, and sing just as well as ever."

They kept him through the winter; but when the spring came mother thought it would be kindest to take him out and open the cage door and see if he would like to go away on his own account. After much debate, and many sad regrets at parting, it was done, as mother always knew best. When the door was opened he didn't seem in any hurry to go, and took plenty of time to make his departure; at last he hopped out, and seemed of two minds, as if he didn't know whether to go back or not, then tried a little flutter, then another, as though he had nearly forgotten how to fly; but by-and-by he got up on to a bough of a tree, and there sang as if he might have been king of all the thrushes for song.

After this, mother called him Sims Reeves; for she felt sure he had a most superior voice even for a thrush. They kept the cage hung up outside on a clothes prop, that he might come back if he wished; and put in all sorts of tempting things for him to eat, but mother said he was a wise bird and very likely had gone away to get married, because, although he was lame, he wouldn't have difficulty in getting some nice lady to have him, since he had such a lovely voice and was so contented in trouble and had such a nice spirit.

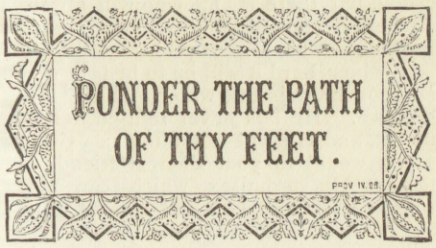
So on St. Valentine's day they wished him much happiness and hoped he'd have a beautiful nest of his own not so very far away, and by-and-by some little thrushes; and teach them how to sing sweetly.

When winter came once more they again put out the crumbs; and the birds came and picked them up, at first, shyly, then more tamely.

One bitter cold frosty morning Effie was watching them; suddenly she shouted out: "Oh, Minnie! oh, mother! do come; here's a lame bird, I'm sure it must be Sims Reeves."

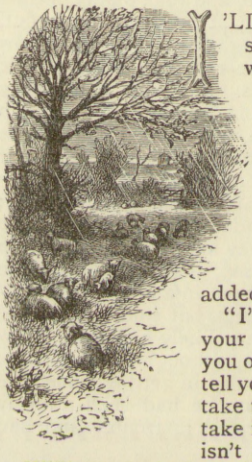
"Yes," said Minnie, "it must be our old friend; and look! he's brought two friends with him. Mother, don't you think they may be his children, they look so very like him!"

Mother said she couldn't tell. But we always felt thankful he had been "rescued from the snare of the fowler," and that a year afterward he seemed so well and happy. Mother told us she hoped when we grew up to be women we would carry on a nobler rescue work among the drunken and the fallen.



THE CRUSHED CRADLE.

CHAPTER II.—*(Conclusion.)*



"I'LL never keep it, I know, sir; and that will be worse than not taking it. I never broke my word yet; and if I take the pledge and break it I'll be worse than before. My mates knows my word's good even if I do take a drop too much," Williams added, somewhat sullenly.

"I'm sure you will keep your promise, Williams, if you once make it. Now I'll tell you what I'll do; if you'll take the pledge to-night I'll take it with you; that's fair, isn't it?"

Williams looked up in astonishment at this unlooked-for proof of his manager's interest in him; and a smile began to spread over his tanned face as he cast about him in his mind for a way out of this dilemma.

"Well, is it a bargain, Williams?"

"It is, sir. I'll have a good square try, anyhow."

"Come along, then," and Mr. Hilton put on his hat as he spoke.

Williams followed the manager out of the room, and the pair set out for the office of the Temperance secretary.

On the way Mr. Hilton chatted cheerfully about the men at the works, and managed to set Williams so completely at his ease that by the time they reached the secretary's house all his doubts had vanished.

"There, that's settled," said the manager, as they stepped into the open air after the short ceremony was over. "One word more, Williams, before saying good-night. Remember you have made a solemn promise, which, as an upright man, you are bound to keep. You may find it difficult at first, but there is One who will always give you help if you ask for it. Your companions may laugh at you—most probably they will, and I know how hard it will be to bear at first; but you know there is One who has said: 'No cross, no crown.' He has never refused to help anyone yet, and He will not fail you. Go to Him as you would to your dearest friend, and remember His promises, which can never be broken: 'Ask and ye shall receive,' and 'My strength is sufficient for you.'"

Shaking Williams heartily by the hand when he had finished, and with a benevolent "God bless you, my man," Mr. Hilton turned his face homewards. Williams looked after him for a moment, his thoughts were full of his late companion, and his hand still felt the warm pressure of his parting grip.

The idea of a manager taking any personal interest in the workmen under his charge was a novel one to Williams, and one which occupied his mind for some time. There was one point, however, on which he felt quite satisfied—he was not to be dismissed, as he at first feared when summoned to Mr. Hilton's presence; and the knowledge coming on top of his forebodings had seemed like a fresh lease of life.

In his lightness of heart, he resolved to have a drink "to wet his luck," as he termed it to himself at not having been dismissed, and he felt in his pocket for some money. The first thing his fingers touched, however, was the card he had just received, and a comic look of dismay came into his face at the recollection that he must now find some other means of "celebrating the occasion."

Mr. Hilton's first attempt at reform proved a decided success, and so quietly did he go to work that none suspected how much influence for good he was acquiring over the men.

It was not many days before he noticed George Smith, and determined to gain his confidence; but for a long time he made little progress. However, no worker so earnest as Mr. Hilton can fail in the long run, and Smith at last unburdened himself in the manager's ear. Mr. Hilton was deeply shocked at the tale, and endeavoured to afford the sorrow-stricken man the consolation of sympathy.

"Why not give up drink altogether, Smith?" he asked.

"Too late now, sir," was the apathetic reply. "It will do no good; my boy will live to curse his father;" and Smith's voice shook as he spoke.

For a long time Mr. Hilton's arguments fell on deaf ears; yet they prevailed at last, and Smith entered his squalid dwelling with a lighter heart than he well knew how to account for. Surely the signing his name and Mr. Hilton's friendly handshake could not have made all that difference.

Smith had laughed at first when Williams told him he had taken the pledge; but later on he swore bitterly, when he thought his old friend—the one man who knew all his little weaknesses, and who had often shared his mug of beer—was trying to avoid him.

Supper was ready when he entered the house, and the room, in spite of its barrenness, looked positively cheerful, brightened as it was by a tiny fire that burned on the neatly swept hearth.

Even baby Willie seemed pleased, and thrust out his tiny fists in welcome to his father.

The meal was a scanty one for three grown-up people, but an earthenware jug of beer stood in its accustomed place on the table.

Smith sat down, and, for the first time since he began his evil courses, noticed the barrenness of the room, and every vacant spot from which some well-remembered article of furniture or ornament had vanished seemed trying to draw him back from his newly-found happiness. But more bitter than all these was the sight of the tiny cradle, with its crushed and torn side. For a few minutes he stared sadly at it; then taking it on his knees, endeavoured, with the help of some string which he drew from his pocket, to mend the crushed and broken wicker-work, while his wife and daughter looked on in wondering silence. He felt their eyes were upon him, and but that his head was bent over the cradle, his wife would have seen the hot flush of shame upon his face as the degradation of the life he was leading gradually forced itself upon him. His fingers trembled so that he could hardly hold the string, and his wife seeing his difficulty, came to his assistance. It was the first time for many a day that their hands had met, and their touch roused in Smith the same thrill of joy as he had felt in the old days, nineteen long years ago, when he brought her, a bonnie, bright-eyed lass, to her new home.

He could see again the trustful, loving look with which she placed her hand in his on the morning of their wedding day, when he had sworn to love and cherish her. And *this* was how he had kept his promise!

At last, when the task was done, he raised his head and looked sadly at the cradle. It was mended again, but not by himself alone. Would the rents in his past life be mended as easily!

He wished he had the courage to ask aid from the same hands to enable him to retrieve his past life. They were rough and coarse now from years of toil, yet at that moment he knew he would have given all he possessed to feel their loving clasp round his neck once more.

When they had finished, his wife placed some food before him, and raised the jug to fill the pewter pot from which he usually drank. The sight of that which had been the cause of all his troubles recalled his wandering thoughts, and a low groan escaped him.

Smith glanced at his wife in a shame-faced way as he stayed her hand, and said: "Take it away, Ann; I've done with that now."

Mrs. Smith started at the tone (so different from his usual surly manner) in which her husband spoke; but unheeding her bewilderment, he continued, hurriedly: "Yes, I've took the pledge, lass, though that ain't much good now, I'm afeard."

Mother and daughter looked joyfully, yet doubtingly, at each other as Smith jerked out the news, and could hardly believe their ears.

"Is it really true, George?" Ann asked, in a broken voice, and her eyes full of tears.

"Aye, 'tis so, lass. The manager chap druv me in a corner, and I gave in;" and Smith raised his head proudly at the recollection, and for the first time ventured to look his wife fully in the face.

Ann gave a low cry of joy, something between a laugh and a sob; and without waiting to hear another word, seized the beer jug and hurried into the little kitchen at the back. Another moment and a splash, followed by a gurgling sound, announced that the contents were finding their way down the sink. This sound was followed by another; then she re-appeared, her eyes shining with happiness, though the tears were wet on her cheeks.

"It's gone, George!" she said, triumphantly, as she re-entered the room; "but I've broken the jug, my hands shook so I couldn't hold it;" and her tears broke out again, but this time they were tears of joy.

"Thee hasn't ought to cry about," said her husband, unconsciously lapsing into his old manner, and angered for the moment at the loss of the liquor. "Thee hasn't tuck it."

"No; but, please God, I will to-morrow," answered Ann; "thee'll come with me, George?"

"Aye, if thee likes," answered the husband, mollified by the appeal.

George Smith was as good as his word; and as time wore on, well-remembered objects began to find their way back from the pawnbroker to their old quarters, and seemed doubly dear from their temporary absence.

But the cradle yet stood in its old corner by the fire; and more than once had Ann surprised her husband gazing sorrowfully at it.

"I made a poor job of mending it," he one day remarked in a desponding voice, in answer to his wife's enquiring look; "it shows the break all round; we'd best get a new one and burn this."

"Burn the cradle, George," said Ann with a bright smile, "why I wouldn't part with it for a mint of money now;" and then the smile changed into a gentle laugh at the absurdity of anyone giving a mint of money for a battered old cradle, mended with scraps of string. "Why it shows it must have been made of good stuff or it wouldn't have stood the mending; it's stronger than ever, now."

"That's all very well of a cradle, lass," he said after a pause, "but a man's conscience is none

so easy to mend; leastways, mine will take a heap of patching."

"I like patches," Ann replied promptly, with a spice of mischief in her tone.

"Bless thee, my lass," said her husband in a husky voice, at the same time taking her hands in his own, "I'd have been a better man this day if I'd listened to thee before."

Ann spoke a few words of comfort to him and then the couple sat in silence for a time, each happy in viewing the bright future which seemed opening before them, until the voice of the baby, clamouring loudly for its mother, recalled their wandering thoughts.

At last the winter was over. The sun shone out bright and warm, lighting up the corners of the narrow streets, and making even the dingy cottages look positively cheerful; so, at least, thought Joe Williams as he sauntered round one evening to Smith's house, "just to see how the young 'un was getting on," as he put it.

The excuse was too palpable to deceive Mrs. Smith, who was wont to smile sagely when her husband commented on the regularity of Joe's visits.

"The little chap do take to Joe uncommon," said Smith one evening, between the intervals of puffing at his pipe and spelling out the newspaper.

"He does, bless him," demurely answered his wife, trying hard not to laugh at her husband's simplicity; "but he don't seem so interested, after all, unless Polly is the nurse," she continued, after a pause, as if the thought had just struck her.

"Ah!" replied Smith. "Well, maybe he don't; I dunno as I ever noticed it, though."

It will be seen that since the advent of the new manager, Joe Williams had become a pretty constant visitor in Richard Street; and having been among the first to follow Mr. Hilton's principles, tended to draw them still more closely together. Joe's friendship with Smith was of long standing, and his seeming neglect of his old chum had been quite unintentional.

There were not many decent places of amusement in Leeston, save those which were beyond the reach of Joe's purse; so it came to be a recognised thing for him, as soon as he had removed the traces of his day's work, to stroll round to Smith's house for the evening.

It was a happy little party which sat in the neat, cosy room. Grave contentment was on Smith's rugged face as he watched his wife bending lovingly over little Willie, who lay crowing merrily in Polly's lap. As for Joe Williams, he wished for nothing better than to sit watching the girl's dimpled cheeks and soft brown eyes, which were now and again turned shyly upon him. Whether Polly suspected how interesting she was to the visitor perhaps Mrs. Smith could guess; but the father was ignorant of the whole matter.

Smith did not show the surprise his wife expected when she told her suspicions more plainly, and the good woman began to doubt whether her husband had not been tacitly conniving at Joe's intended robbery of her daughter, and said she believed he had seen it all along.

"He's a good enough chap, Ann," urged Smith, loth to confess his blindness; "and if he loves the lass, and she him, why shouldn't they marry?"

"I haven't anything to say against Joe, but I want Polly myself."

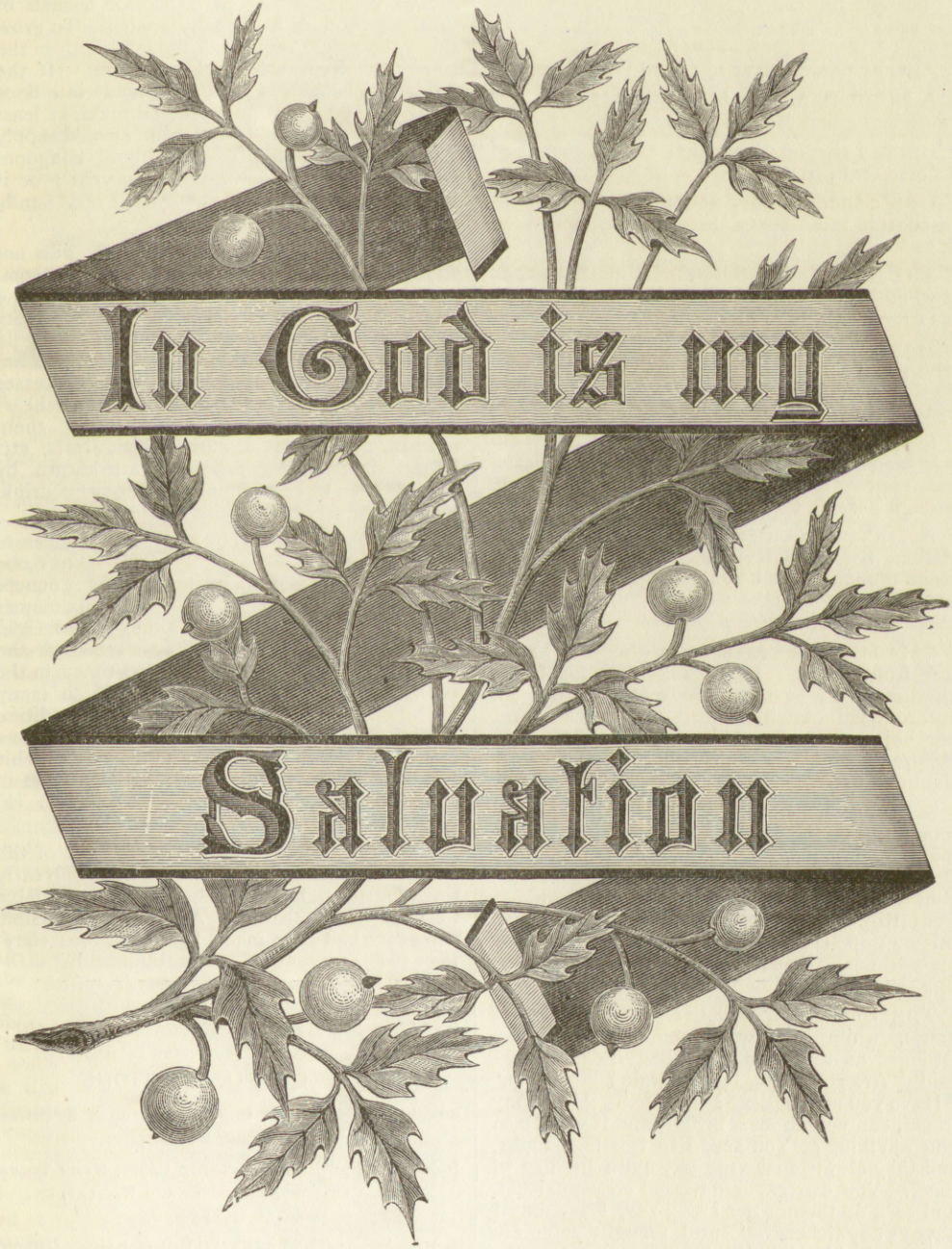
"I suspect that's just how it is with Joe, my girl, and I'm inclined to think he'll get her;" and Mrs. Smith was obliged to allow, with something like a sigh, that her husband was probably right.

There was another reason, too, which had great weight with both husband and wife. Baby Willie they knew would never have strength to fight the world as his father had done; and Smith and his wife had resolved to save what money they could, and give the boy, if spared, an education that should fit him to help himself. To do this they were both making many little sacrifices unknown to each other, and Mrs. Smith felt that even one mouth less to feed would be a help towards increasing the little store in the savings bank.

It was well Polly's parents had taken time by the forelock and settled the matter in their own minds, for the very next day Joe Williams screwed up his courage, and, with something very like a blush on his tanned, honest face, asked Smith for his daughter. To his great delight Smith told him to settle it with Polly; and he immediately disappeared into the kitchen, where that young damsel was preparing supper.

In spite of her father's teasing, it was never known exactly what Polly's answer was. It could not have been "No," or she would not have entered the room with her hair very tumbled, and a colour in her cheeks that was too bright to have been caused by the fire; nor would Joe have held her by the hand as if she were a newly-found treasure which he was afraid of losing.

Mrs. Smith made no opposition when she found her daughter's happiness was really in question; and on a bright morning in June—the same month and day on which her father and mother had taken each other for better or worse, just nineteen years ago—Polly followed her husband to her new home, where, with hearts full of love and hope, we will leave them to fight the battle of life together.


In God is my
Salvation

Pebbles and Pearls

A WISE man changes his mind ; a fool, never.

A PRUDENT man is like a pin, his head prevents him going too far.

BETTER ride on an ass that carries me, than a horse that throws me.

ONE chapter a day, and the Bible is read through in three years, three months, and three days.

THE greatest mental effort that a masher makes is when he has to determine whether to take out his cane or his umbrella.

DIOGENES walking along, was struck with a long piece of timber which a fellow carried, who then said—"Take care." "What!" said the cynic, "do you mean to strike me again?"

SOCRATES, upon being admonished that he had prepared too frugal a dinner for some guests, answered—"If they be good men, there is enough ; if not, there is more than enough.

A NICE CHARACTER.—"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.*

"MADAME," he began, as he lifted his hat at the front door, "I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged, and rude children like those at your gate, and our object is——" "Sir, those are my own children," and the front door was violently slammed to.

A CORONER'S BEST FRIEND.—"Gin may be thought to be the best friend I have. It causes me to hold annually 1,000 inquests more than I should otherwise hold. (1,500 was the average.) But, besides these, I have reason to believe that from 10,000 to 15,000 persons die annually in this metropolis from the effects of gin drinking upon whom no inquests are held."—*Mr. Wakley, late Coroner.*

THE commercial traveller of a Manchester house, while in Cumberland, approached a stranger as the train was about to start, and said, "Are you going by this train?" "I am." "Have you any luggage?" "No." "Well, my friend, can you do me a favour, and it won't cost you anything? You see, I've two big trunks, and they always make me pay extra for one of them. You can get one passed on your ticket, and we'll do them. See?" "Yes, I see, but I haven't any ticket." "But I thought you were going by this train?" "So I am ; I'm the guard." "Oh!" He paid extra fare as usual.

SAD WASTE.—"About 80,000,000 bushels of grain or produce is annually wasted. To grow this grain would require all the land both in the county of Kent and of Devonshire. If the 80,000,000 bushels of grain were made into flour and baked into bread, they would make at least 1,100,000,000 of 4-lb. loaves, which would supply the entire population of the United Kingdom with bread during one-third of the year ; or it would give 170 loaves annually to every family in the country.—*W. Hoyle.*

HOW DRINK KILLS.—Drunkenness kills not so much by sudden death as by exciting comparatively slow processes of disease and degeneration, which appear in the mortality records under various names, but generally in no immediate association with the alcoholism which has largely caused them. Such processes are some forms of Bright's disease, of heart disease, of liver disease, of dropsy, of rheumatism, of vascular disease, of paralysis, etc. These degenerative processes are known by medical men to be common in men who drink, but are scarcely ever drunk.—*Lancet.*

HEARTBREAKING WORK.—"Two ounces of brandy increase the beating of the heart 6,000 times in the twenty-four hours ; four ounces increase the beating 12,000 times ; six ounces between 18,000 and 19,000 times ; and eight ounces, nearly 24,000 times The stroke of the heart of an adult man is 100,000 times in the twenty-four hours, and the work which many give the heart to perform over 24,000 in addition —a strength equivalent to lifting 115 tons one foot high. Even the moderate drinker, with his two ounces a day, wastes a strength capable of lifting seven tons for one foot."—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

A SAD RECORD.—"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.*

Among the Queen's Enemies.

By FREDK. SHERLOCK,

Author of "More than Conquerors," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

"To live a life of love in Christ,
And learn the lesson He hath taught,
That we may break the barriers down
Of evil thoughts that drive afar
The souls for whom our Lord hath died,
That nought our unity may mar."
—*Godfrey Thring.*

TO commence temperance work in such a parish was, indeed, no easy task. Very many of the men and lads were employed in the brewery, and some of the Sunday School teachers were so engaged. To begin with the young, was felt by Charlie and his sister to be the most judicious step; and, accordingly, it was announced in church on a certain Sunday that a meeting would be held on the following Thursday to start a Band of Hope. All children were invited; and, in his sermon, the vicar briefly referred to the subject, and strongly urged the parents to send their children.

When Thursday arrived some fifty to sixty children attended, and three of the Sunday School teachers put in an appearance. After singing and prayer, the vicar gave a short address, more by way of questions, leaving the children to supply the answers, which they did very promptly, and with great delight. Sometimes the replies showed only too plainly that drunkenness was no stranger to the homes of the little ones. For example: When the vicar remarked, "I daresay some of you have seen a drunkard," the reply came, "Yes, sir, my father!" from one little fellow; and later on, when the vicar called for a show of hands as to how many wished to join the Band of Hope, and a number of hands were held up, he pointed to a little girl, and put the question, "Why do you want to join, Mary?" "Please, sir, because mother gets drunk," was the all-sufficient reply.

Bit by bit the work became thoroughly established.

The Sunday School teachers, who objected to the work on principle as they said, kept away from the meetings.

Meanwhile the number of members steadily increased, and in some way or other all kinds of auxiliaries were attached to the Band of Hope.

It was soon seen that the Band of Hope was exercising a real influence in the parish; and when the summer came round, and other departments of labour were wound up—to be resumed again in the winter—it was felt that the temperance work must be kept going. "It will be time enough for us to close the Band of Hope in the summer months," said the Vicar, "when the public-houses set the example of 'shutting up shop' in the summer."

Few temperance societies are maintained with greater vigour all the year round, than the Band of Hope attached to the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Spitalfields. Here, indeed, is a kind of rough outline of the plan of work.

Every Sunday morning, from eight to nine o'clock, a Prayer Meeting. This is very well attended. Even in the depth of winter as many as thirty and forty young people will turn out to this service of prayer and praise; and Mr. Brentwood declares that he believes the measure of success, which has attended the Band of Hope, is largely due to the good influence exercised by this regular devotional meeting.

Every Monday night, from seven to nine, there is the Band of Hope Singing Class. Emily takes charge of this, and the large attendances show that the effort is much appreciated by the children. One good result is, that at the public meetings of the Band of Hope there is no lack of music—the Band of Hope chorus, yes, and the Band of Hope soloists too, serving to brighten up the meetings immensely.

But, of course, there are some children whose voices are not musical; their sense of tune is so deficient that they cannot enjoy the singing classes, much less help the Band of Hope Choir practically. In some cases these children were led to take an interest in reciting, and besides them, there were numbers of others who thought they would like to learn to speak pieces. So a dozen of *Onward Reciters* was purchased, and from these a selection of suitable pieces was made and distributed amongst those willing to have a try, and so the Wednesday night Band of Hope Elocution Class was set on foot.

On Thursday the regular weekly meeting is held, from seven o'clock until nine. The programme is mainly provided by the members themselves, whose songs, and choruses, duets, solos, trios, recitations, and readings give ample variety. A fifteen minutes' speech—sometimes by the Vicar, and sometimes by a stranger from the Church of England Temperance Society, or Band of Hope Union—completes the night's programme. Many of the parents come in to the meetings at eight o'clock, and especially is this the case when it is known that some of the boys and girls are going to sing songs by themselves. Occasionally, too, there are striking instrumental performances, for tin whistles, flutes, violins, and concertinas have at times made very creditable appearances.

On Friday, the regular distribution of Tracts takes place. A band of boys go from house to

house, all round the parish, leaving tracts; and in this way there is a regular dissemination of temperance teaching in the homes. A Lending Library has also been opened, well-stocked with temperance books. For one penny a month, as a subscription, any child is allowed to take a book home; and there can be no doubt this is a means of creating further interest in the temperance work.

On Saturday night, the Temperance Penny Bank is open from six to eight o'clock. "It would be an exaggeration," says the Vicar in the last report, "to say that the whole of the £127 saved up in the Bank last year, is saved from the liquor traffic, but there can be no doubt a considerable sum would have been spent in drink had we not taken care of it in our Bank."

Such then is the regular weekly round of temperance work, but there are one or two other special features which deserve to be mentioned.

For instance, it was found at the commencement that many of the children came to the meetings very dirty. For two or three nights the Vicar spoke plainly about the value of cold water outside as well as inside, but this kind of beating round the bush did not seem to effect any change. Accordingly he started a system of marking. He announced one night, that for the future he intended to give a mark for cleanliness, and at the end of the quarter six prizes would be given—three for boys and three for girls—to those who had gained the highest marks for cleanliness and neatness. The plan worked admirably, and there is no doubt, too, that the struggle after cleanliness amongst the children indirectly helped cleanliness in the homes. The mothers became interested, and didn't see why if Mary kept herself so neat and clean on Band of Hope nights, she shouldn't do so on every night, and Tommy and George also into the bargain.

To help the lads to value cleanliness, a Swimming Club was started. Every Monday and Friday mornings, the Vicar volunteered to take to the Baths any lads who would come, and to give them lessons in swimming. This, too, has been a great success, and there can be no doubt has done a good stroke in the battle of Cleanliness against Dirt.

A Window Gardening Exhibition has also been a popular feature, and a great promoter of cleanliness. A large supply of plants was obtained through the help of the head gardener at Finsbury Park, and these were distributed freely—not more than two plants to a family—to any willing to try and grow them for the Show. As the 12th of July came round, the day of the Show, it was a delightful thing to go up and down the streets of the parish in the evening time and see the men gathered round the different windows discussing the merits of geraniums, fuschias, mignonette, and other flowers in training for the Show.

"Look how the flowers have made the people clean their windows," said Emily one day. "I am sure no amount of talking at the Mothers' Meetings would have effected the change which these plants have made in the windows!"

The success of the Summer Flower Show, made the Band of Hope members very anxious to have something in the form of an Exhibition in the winter, so an Industrial Exhibition was proposed, and for three years it has been held in January with very great success indeed.

Then, too, a form of recreation which has been very popular deserves to be mentioned. From May to September such of the members as are disposed are invited to "rise before their breakfasts," and meet the vicar and his sister, who take them to Victoria Park, where football, cricket, battledore and shuttlecock, skipping, and other outdoor amusements are engaged in from six till eight.

Is the work telling upon the parish? Yes, most certainly; telling, too, in a way that has its drawbacks. For example, during the last twelve months several families have removed. The children have been drawn in to the Band of Hope, fathers and mothers have become interested, and taken the pledge, (for a pledge book for adults is kept at all the meetings). Then some fine day the news comes, generally through the children, "Please, Miss Brentwood, we are going to leave!"

"What for? I am so sorry!"

"'Cause father has taken a nice house further out, he says we can't live down here any longer."

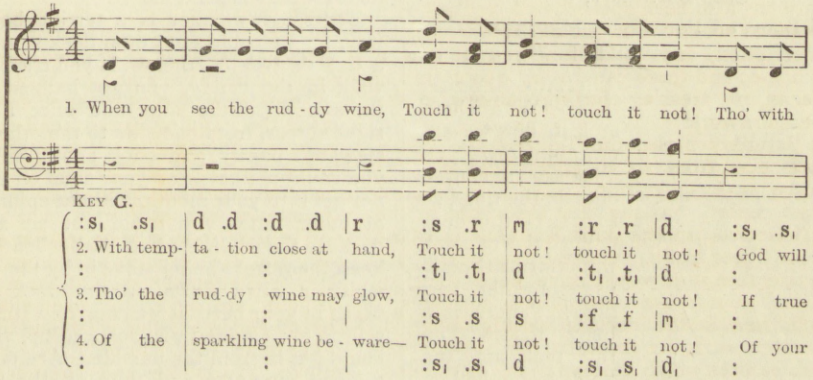
Over and over again this has been the case. It is certainly hard on Emily and Charlie, but then as the latter bravely says, "It has its encouraging side too. It shows that our work is making the people feel that these slums are no place in which to bring up children!" And so they go on working away at high pressure, resolved that having once put their hands to the plough, they will not now look back.

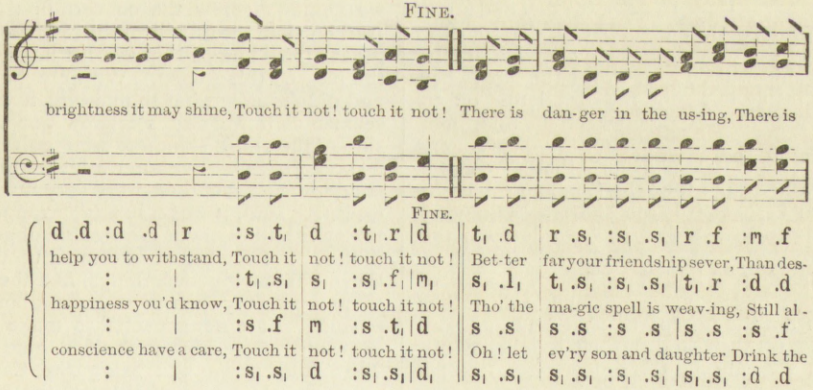
The latest addition to the parochial agencies has been a small dispensary. Emily has been taking lessons in ambulance work, and one of the staff of the London Hospital has volunteered an hour two nights a week to the dispensary work.

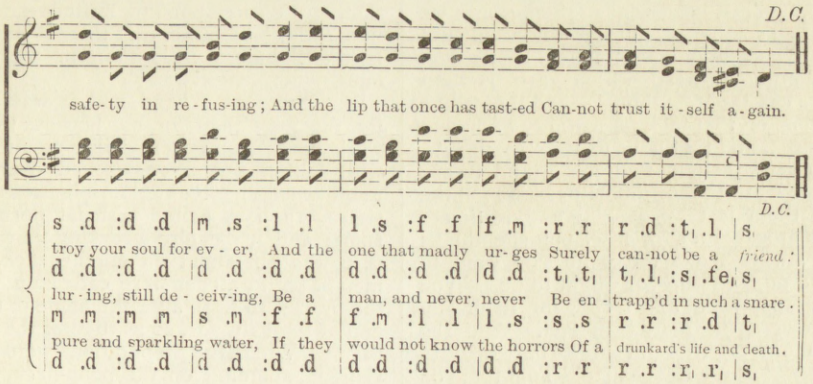
Dirt, disease and drink, in so far as they can be fought against, are now being put to the rout in the parish of St. Peter and St. Paul, Spitalfields, and as national health is national wealth, Charlie and Emily Brentwood are showing themselves loyal subjects and servants of the Queen, by the very noble fight which they are unceasingly waging amongst the Queen's Enemies in this squalid quarter of London town.

THE END.

WHEN YOU SEE THE RUDDY WINE.







LETTERS FROM A BOY.—No. 4.

Ship *Battledore*,
Bell Buoy, off Port Louis, Mauritius.
June 21st, 18—.

DEAR GEORGE,—We are here at last, but we are not quite *there* yet. We are anchored outside the door, so to speak—the door being a reef of coral, which forms a breakwater for the harbour. There is a buoy moored on this reef, and the buoy has a bell on it which clangs away day and night to give warning of the danger ahead. To-morrow morning we are to weigh anchor, and at high-water the ship will be towed over the bar to her moorings inside. I sent my last letter off to catch the mail this afternoon when the pilot-boat came alongside, and some of the passengers managed to get taken ashore then; so as we shall be rather quiet to-night (the longest night in the year here, as it is the shortest with you) I am going to write a few last words from the *Battledore*.

After leaving Trinidad we began a kind of second part of the voyage, which was rather different from the first part. We had had fine weather up till then, and the wind (when there was any) was always the right way. But for the last six weeks we have had it pretty rough, and have had to do no end of a sight of beating up against head-winds. Sometimes we wanted to go south-east, but the wind would not let us. We could only do the next best thing. We could go south-west—which gave us what the sailors call the "southing"—and then when we had gone on that tack for a while, we had to go north-east, and that gave us the "easting."

Mother says, though, that it's grand to see how sailors learn to face difficulties, and get the better of them just by pegging away. Sometimes it's at rather a slow rate, but she thinks you can always make the point you want to reach, and do the thing you ought to do, if you keep on aiming at it, and trying for it—if you "press toward the mark," in fact. And she showed me that little bit in "Tom Brown's School-days," where East had told Tom that you can only "drive a nail where it'll go," and Tom fired up and replied, "that it'll always go where you want, if you only stick to it and hit hard enough." Certainly, we should never have got here if we had only gone where the wind tried its level best to send us.

The rough weather is a terrific bore in one way, for we could not go on deck sometimes for a day or two together. If you tried to take a walk in the cuddy, you got banged about by the lurching of the ship, and once I was shot right across, from one side to the other, into the steward's pantry, and back again. At dinner you could neither keep your soup on your plate, nor get it to your mouth, without spilling it; and at other times you could not sit and read, because the skylights had to be boarded up to keep them from being stove in by the big waves which crashed down on the deck. And at night in your berth it was horribly stuffy, for the scuttle (or window) was screwed up, and no air could get in from the outside. At first, we used to open ours now and then on the Q. T. and steal a puff of wind when there was a lull; but we couldn't screw the concern up tight again. And once, in the middle of the night, a whopping great billow bumped up against it, and banged the blessed thing open. We were both asleep, and didn't know what to make of it at first; it seemed as if we had somehow got the wrong side of the ship's skin, and were going down to "Davy Jones." But after a bit we took in the situation, and found we were very much at sea, or, as Alf said, it was a handy arrangement for taking a bath without the trouble of getting out of bed. Of course, we had to sit up the rest of the night drying our things, and the next day there was very nearly a row about it—for passengers are not expected to make a leak in the ship, especially in half a gale of wind. Then, too, as we got below the Cape it was precious cold, and we felt it all the more after just coming out of the tropics. It is colder there than at the corresponding latitude north of the line, owing to the fact that there is more water in the Southern Seas than in the Northern ones.

But it was not *all* bad, and it was far worse for the men than for us, because they had to work harder, and were liable to be smashed with falling spars, or washed overboard, in rough weather. Fishing for albatross over the stern with lines baited with fat pork was fine sport; and it was also a rousing time when the ship was put about on another tack. All the men of both watches were called up to pull at the braces, so as to alter the angle of the yards; and at the halyards, so as to alter the height of them. When the preparations were done, the Captain, standing on the poop-deck, sung out, "Are you ready, there?" and the officer answered, "Aye, aye, sir." Then, in a thundering big voice, the captain shouted, "'Bout ship." The

wheel flew round, the braces were let go, the sails flapped, and soon the *Battledore* was brought up to the wind, and then sent scudding along on the opposite tack as if she were not a battledore at all, but only a shuttlecock. While the men were pulling at the halyards they would sing, and in fact, they seem to have kept their songs until the busy time and the bad weather came. One of them would sing a line by himself, and then came a line of chorus, when they all joined in. In the chorus, the men beat time—or rather, pulled time—by hauling at the ropes, resting during the solo. They all knew the chorus, and sang it with a tremendous swing; but the man softer than a tenpenny nail with a hammer after it could ever get through it." Then he had no end of coats on; and outside everything a mackintosh of his own make, which was peculiar. To keep it from being blown over his head he tied it round his waist with a bit of rope-yarn—a "soul and body lashin'," he called it—and for a golden crown he had a huge yellow sou'-wester. He was so jolly good-natured that he did not mind a bit our laughing at him; and I believe he used to show himself all rigged up in this fashion because he knew it was dull for us on these bad nights, and he wanted to do something to amuse us.

who sang the solo part used to make up some of it as he went along. One of the songs was all about whiskey—a nice topic for a teetotal ship!

Poor fellows! I'm afraid compelling them to be abstainers for three months at a stretch, doesn't make them get over the love of drink. "Our chaplain," as we call Mr. Rowlands, says "moral suasion is better than law, and 'force is no remedy.'" Some of them, too, are really steady fellows, and he has got two of them to sign the pledge during the voyage, and to promise to write to him afterwards, about how they get on.

It was quite a joke, too, to see our second mate, Mr. Painter, on "dirty" nights, when he looked in before taking his watch on deck. He is a short man, and rather thick; and when he was got up for the occasion in what he called "full dress," he looked very full indeed, and very nearly as broad as he was long. He wore big, baggy trousers, made of some stout, whitey-brown, Devonshire stuff, that was not exactly cloth and not exactly cast-iron, but something between the two, and called *fear not;* "Because," he said, "you need 'fear not' that anything

But I am getting sleepy after being up the best part of two nights watching for the first sight of Mauritius, so I must hurry up and finish off. We sighted the island yesterday morning, and we have been all excitement ever since. The wind was light, and we were a long while working our way up to the island and round it; so we had a capital view of many places in it. It was most delightful, at last, to see the green plantations—"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood stand dressed in living green," mother said—and the white houses, and busy fishing boats, and such like signs of life—"Other worlds than ours," said the chaplain—after being so long with only ourselves to talk to, and the ship for our little world. Off the north-east corner of Mauritius there are some tiny islets; and our course lay between two of these. One of them is called Gunner's Quoin; it is a curious shape. About half of it is flat, and the rest slopes upwards to a lofty height, and then ends in a precipice running straight down to the sea. The other is called Flat Island, because it is flat, no doubt. There is a lighthouse here and a signal station.

We had got the house-signal—a black ball—showing what line our ship belonged to, hoisted up on the truck of the mainmast; and the flags, indicating the number, from which, by looking in a book, they could tell the name of the ship, were flying at the mizzen-peak. So when we got to Flat Island they signalled across the island by semaphores to Port Louis that we had arrived so far. We hoped to have got right in this afternoon, but the wind was awkward, and we had to keep on tacking about to get in a proper line with the mouth of the harbour; and after all could not do it in time. The doctor came out to us, though, and after he had found that we had a clean bill of health, he gave us "pratique," without which no one could have left the ship. Then the pilot came, and with him came some letters, which we have all read over and over again, and are already longing for another mail to arrive.

We have had a most happy day, except for one thing. You know that nice girl who was sitting by herself on deck, when you came to see us off—Miss Bensted. She had been to England to be educated, and was coming back to Mauritius in charge of the Captain. When the pilot came on board he brought word that her only sister had died four months ago. Captain Holton could not leave the deck, so he had to send for Miss Bensted. She came up all flushed and smiling at the thought of the joyful meeting close at hand, for she was not like us—a stranger there—she was going *home*, she said. The captain put his hand on her shoulder and said, "Katie, my dear, your papa is quite well, and your mamma is quite well, but . . . ." Captain Holton is as kind as kind can be, but it seemed as if he was almost brutal when he had to tell her that. It was like striking her a blow, and she reeled and fell—right into mother's arms. I believe the Mater was waiting for her, though.

Champs de Lort, Port Louis, June 22nd.—Hurrah! landed at last, and staying here in uncle's house—at least, for the present. The tug that ought to have fetched us in did not turn up, so we signalled for another, and two of them had a race for the job. It was grand! They nearly smashed into one another twice, and one of them—the *Puffing Billy*—was almost blown up; the other one—the *Prying Polly*—won by a head, took our hawser, and in a couple of hours we were moored between two other ships of the same line as ours—the *Mehalah* and the *King Arthur*—and the voyage was over. The view, as we came into the harbour, was better than any panorama. It kept changing every few minutes as we drew nearer. The range of mountains in front of us, with Pieter Both and the Pouce, their highest peaks, keeping sentinel over them, formed the background; below were the green slopes of the gardens, and the red-tiled roofs of the houses in the suburbs of the town. Then by degrees, the public buildings, the solemn-looking wharves, the tree-lined streets, and the vehicles and foot-passengers moving along them, began to appear. Signal Mountain was all the time looking proudly down upon us, from a tremendous height, on the right, and the plain of La Grande Rivière, all fresh and bright with verdure, spread itself out on our left, while around us, and close in front, was the harbour itself, with its fleet of ships, its dancing wavelets, and a swarm of boats, flitting about everywhere—a place of life, and under the bright sunshine of that pleasant morning, a place of beauty, too.

Mother will tell you all about the meetings and the greetings and what we think of doing; and as to the partings, well, you can't think how hard it was to say good-bye to the ship—the last link with England—and the captain and passengers and crew. We have been so very close together all these three months, that we can't but be sad at breaking up all the old life, glad as we are to be here. I suppose it will be so always. Only in the great voyage of all it surely can't be so, because the new life is going to cut out—I mean eclipse—the old altogether; and sighing, as well as sorrow, will flee away. I know *you* won't laugh at me, old boy, for writing in this serious way sometimes. I am not much older than when we last shook hands; but three months on board the *Battledore* has made me think and feel in many ways as I never did before.

I will write you all about Mauritius another day; only promise you won't put any more of my boyish letters in print.—Your affectionate brother,

FRANK FAIRHALL.

EVA'S KISS.

A CHRISTMAS FANCY.

THEY are hanging up the holly,
On the humble cottage wall;
Father's fingers, rough with toiling,
Nellie's fingers, white and small.
Even winsome baby Eva,
With her pretty flower-like face,
Helps to spread the scarlet berries,
Making bright the little place.

Now, above the homely pictures,
Graceful wreaths fair Nellie weaves;
While her fingers gleam like snowflakes
In and out the dark-hued leaves;
Though so poor, so small, so lowly,
Brighter home was never seen,
Than this peaceful, humble cottage,
With its boughs of red and green.

"Now," the father whispers lowly,
"Take the leaves most bright and fair,
Softly hang them, Nellie darling,
O'er your mother's picture there!
Let the glossy, glowing berries,
In their graceful beauty fall
O'er the eyes that seem to watch us
From their place upon the wall!"

Tearful grow the eyes now gazing
On that gentle pictured face,
While a tiny sob doth flutter,
For a moment round the place;
Till the father whispers softly,
"Hush, my darlings, it is best,
For your mother spends her Christmas,
In a world of love and rest."

Slowly fades the little shadow,
Once again the faces glow,
As with blushes, smiles, and dimples,
Nellie takes the mistletoe;
And with tiny hands that tremble,
Hangs it o'er the doorway, where
Brown-hair'd Robin soon will enter,
To be caught beneath the snare.

How the waxy berries flutter,
To behold the sinless bliss,
When the lips of youth and maiden,
Closely meet in love's first kiss.
Oh! the happy, happy laughter!
And the pure unsullied mirth;
That the "Merry Christmas" brings us,
Making beautiful the earth.

Bonny Eva! pretty Eva!
Sitting at her father's feet;
Sees the tender kisses given,
Hears the laughter, high and sweet,
And with lips like breeze-stirr'd roses,
Whispers, "Dada, let me go,
For me wants to tiss my mamma,
Underneath the mistletoe!"

Silent grow the merry voices
While the father strokes her head,
Pats her dimpled cheek, and murmurs,
"Hush, my darling! she is dead."
But the shade of sadness passes
From the glad hearts beating here,
For a joyous Christmas carol
On the night air rises clear.

And they hear the sweet bells ringing
In wild beauty o'er the earth;
And those silvery youthful voices
Telling of a Saviour's birth.
So with jest, and song, and story,
Dawns the blessed Christmas day,
While amidst the joy and laughter,
Little Eva steals away.

On she rushes, through the village,
In its robe of spotless snow;
Clasping in her little fingers
Just one sprig of mistletoe;
Smiling brightly as she hurries,
Never once she looks behind,
And her curls, like golden blossoms,
Glitter in the passing wind.

O'er the wide and silent meadows,
Past the lofty towering hill,
To the little solemn churchyard
That is, oh! so white and still.
Not a sound to break the silence,
But the sobbing of the breeze;
As it shakes a snowy cover
O'er the lonely, naked trees.

To one quiet grave she hurries,
Kneeling on the sacred spot—
"Mamma, they fordet to tiss you,
But me neber once fordot."
Now, with eyes that brightly glisten,
She doth raise the mistletoe;
Flings a kiss with trembling fingers
To the sleeper down below.

"Me has tissed you now, my mamma,
You must tiss me back! see there!"
And she holds the shining berries
O'er her pretty golden hair.
"Tum and tiss me, mamma darling!"
And she lifts her crimson lips,
While a snowflake, out of heaven,
Falls upon their smiling tips.

And the touch so cool and gentle,
Fills her soul with tender bliss,
For it feels unto her fancy,
Like a holy spirit kiss.
"Tiss me, once aden," she whispers,
Once again with kiss of love,
To her mouth a little snowflake,
Flutters softly from above.

* * * * * *

Back she hurries through the village,
Back unto her father's feet;
And her eyes are full of gladness,
And her mouth is dewy sweet.
"Dada dear, me felt my mamma"—
Joyous is the voice, though low—
"For she came from heaven to tiss me,
Underneath the mistletoe."

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

EVER remember, in thy youth,
That he who firmly tries
To conquer and to rule himself,
Is noble, brave, and wise.—*Eliza Cook.*

CHRISTMAS AND ALCOHOL.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

ONCE more we welcome bright, happy Christmas; listen, then, sad heart to the merry bells as they ring out the glad message of salvation. Surely all will stop for a little time and listen to the sweet music. The sick one on the bed of pain, the weary toiler in the tumult of the world's strife, even the prisoner in his cell shall rejoice, as he hears the bells announcing the birth of Him who shall lead captivity captive. The Saviour long-promised has come, the angels announce the glorious tidings to the watchful shepherds; and the divine Infant, in His humble cradle, smiles upon a sad world and promises joy and salvation.

Christmas is a time of charity, of pity for the sad and the suffering; a time of giving gifts to the poor, of filling the stockings of children with good things, of fun and merry-making all around.

Is it not a pity that Christmas should be so much associated with the drinking of intoxicating liquors? Why should men and women lay themselves out to celebrate the birthday of the Saviour by drinking an extra quantity of alcohol? Several weeks before Christmas the windows of the public-houses are filled with bottles of gin, rum, and brandy; and a large number of working men are subscribing their shilling a week for the fat goose, which is generally accompanied with a quantity of fiery spirit. On Christmas Eve, and Boxing Day especially, many drunken men and women are seen in our streets; even little children are expected to take a glass of wine, while the poor and the ignorant seem to imagine that no joy or happiness can be found without the assistance of alcohol.

Old Christmas customs are largely associated with the drinking of spirits and strong ale. Scott, in his Marmion, tells us—

"'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year."

In olden times, when Christmas was associated with much more boisterous merriment than we now experience, the habit of taking intoxicating liquors largely prevailed. It was then the guests were called upon to—

"Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here—
For while the meal is a shredding;
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a-kneading."

The Christmas party could never be celebrated without a large quantity of spirits. It was then that the brandy and the plums were put into the bowl; and when the spirit was ablaze and snap-dragon was brought in, it was welcomed with the song—

"Here he comes with flaming bowl,
Don't he mean to take his toll?
Snip! Snap! Dragon!
Take care you do not take too much,
Be not greedy in your clutch,
Snip! Snap! Dragon!"

Even some of the Christmas carols contained many references to the custom of drinking; here is part of one of the thirteenth century—

"Lordlings, Christmas loves good drinking—
Wines of Gascogne, France, and Angou,
English ale that drives out thinking,
Prince of liquors old or new.
Every neighbour shares the bowl,
Drinks of the spicy liquor deep;
Drinks his fill without control,
Till he drowns his care in sleep."

It is a blessing that many of the foolish customs of our forefathers have passed away. We still love to see the yule log burning, the holly and the mistletoe decorating our homes; and our hearts are moved and our eyes fill with tears as we hear the sweet voices of the choristers singing a true Christmas hymn. In thousands of families the drink has been banished from the Christmas board; the merriest games are played, the most joyful laughter heard, and all is untainted by the unpleasant results which intoxicating liquors often produce. Christmas is a time of great temptation to young abstainers; they are called upon to be social, just to drink a glass to wish their friends a merry Christmas. And for this purpose many ignorant persons provide British wines, which they assure their young friends contain not a drop of alcohol.

All this is very deceiving, it is as much as to say that no one can be social, or have a kindly wish towards one another without the aid of alcohol.

We all know that abstainers are warm-hearted and as joyful as other people, indeed they ought to be still more, for, not having to spend their money in alcohol, they have the means to be really sympathetic and to provide for their friends and families what is really for their good and happiness.

Dr. Johnson, speaking of the effects of wine upon the spirits, says: "Wine gives no light, gay, ideal hilarity; but tumultuous, noisy, clamorous merriment. I admit that the spirits are raised by drinking, as by the common participation of any pleasure. Cock-fighting or bear-baiting will raise the spirits of a company as drinking does; though surely they will not improve the conversation."

Young abstainers be on your guard about those so-called British wines; in some instances

they contain a very large proportion of alcohol. If anyone will test a small quantity of Stone's British port, they will be astonished to find what a large quantity of alcohol it contains. No abstainer can touch these drinks and remain faithful to the pledge. By drinking British wines we violate our pledge just as much as if we drank a glass of gin or brandy.

We must resolutely refuse to take alcohol in any form, no matter how deceitfully it is presented to us. Politeness in refusing, and kindly charity towards those who drink, will always gain us kindness in return. A kind host or hostess will always respect our principles ; and we shall be on the right way to make converts by our gentlemanly behaviour.

Let us remember, above all, that Christmas is the time for warming our hearts in the love of the Saviour who came to visit us at Christmas time ; we cannot show this love in a better way than by deeds of charity to the sick and suffering.

The following beautiful lines by Alfred Crowquill, well represent how we should act :—

"Amidst the freezing sleet and snow
The timid robin comes ;
In pity drive him not away,
But scatter out your crumbs.

"And leave your door upon the latch
For whosoever comes ;
The poorer they, more welcome give,
And scatter out your crumbs.

"All have to spare, none are too poor,
When want with winter comes ;
The loaf is never all your own,
Then scatter out your crumbs.

"Soon winter falls upon your life,
The day of reckoning comes ;
Against your sins, by high decree,
Are weighed those scattered crumbs."

FRIENDSHIP.

By Rev. J. JOHNSON.

GOOD friendships are sanctifying means of education. They enlarge our hearts, and train us to be unselfish, to think of others with more true regard. The best ministry of life grows with them. Even when those to whom our hearts have been knit have passed away, new sources of inspiration for pity and affection are created.

A true friendship is a fountain of charity; because by it we are possessed of rich and secret blessing. Nothing sweetens and hallows manhood more than the memory of fine affection in early days. Early friendships should never be forgotten, but cherished as we do our best and most sacred treasures. The friends we made in youth are often our warmest and worthiest—(circumstances make close friends more difficult in adults)—affection is more easily given; there is a susceptibility to soul-union then that is seldom possible afterward, except to the most child-like and Christ-like spirits. When we make near and dear friendships let us cling to them, for we cannot tell at the time how precious and how beautiful they may be. When in the hard battle of life, with its stern struggle and worldly tendency, that friendship of long ago will be like an oasis in the desert; by its well of water and sheltering palms refreshment will always be found, and life will be the kindlier and truer.

We must remember that the privileges of friendship bring obligations, and that these are permanent; time makes no difference to them—they go on while life shall last. The law of kindness, that has its root in love and fellowship of soul, needs no written commandment. In true hearts it requires no injunctions to be obeyed. It becomes its own monitor—its most natural impulse will instruct us aright how to act.

We can decide what kind of friends we will be; whether we will be true as steel, or false as shams; whether we will confer lasting good to the men and women we take to our fellowship, or whether we shall bring them shame and sorrow—regret that they once knew us, and gave us their plighted troth, or the common trust of acquaintance.

Be loyal to the friend who has gone from sight, also to his belongings; neither despise them because they may be poor and ignorant. There is much in the old saying, "Love me, love my dog." Be not unfaithful even to outside claims. Seek opportunities for showing kindness even to a friend's friend. It is always beautiful to do a gracious deed for the sweet constraint of love for another. Do not withhold good from those who cannot repay.

We are always in love's debt; do what we will we can never repay the account. After friendship comes gratitude, not in order of merit, but of necessary sequence, and gratitude never seeks to be requited.

"A man is known by his friends"—true words indeed. Therefore, remember thy friend's character is in thy keeping—to bless or curse, to make noble or to soil.

Let all friends and friendships be a school to teach and illustrate the meaning of the best Friend and highest friendship—who is Friend of friends, and "Friend of sinners." Seek Him ; find Him; keep Him, for He will sanctify all else. Be grateful to Him, for He has first loved thee. Be faithful to Him for having loved thee; He will love thee to the end; but thou wilt discover that for yourself which no genius of language can convey—

"The love of Jesus, *what it is*
None but his loved ones know."

Pebbles and Pearls.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing.

Judge of a jest when you have done laughing.

The heart which cannot be broken by blows may be melted by sunbeams.

No cord or cable can draw so forcibly, or bind so fast as love can do with only a single thread.

Wise sayings often fall to the ground, but a kind word is never thrown away.

If there is any person to whom you feel dislike, that is the person against or of whom you ought never to speak.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance and an irregular life do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.—*Sherlock.*

On his return from India, Brown was asked how he liked tiger-hunting. "It is very good sport as long as you hunt the tiger," he replied, "but if hard pressed, he sometimes takes it into his head to hunt you; then it has its drawbacks."

Equality.—Some one was praising our public schools to Charles Lamb, and said: "All our best men were public school men. Look at our poets. There's Byron, he was a Harrow boy—" "Yes," interrupted Charles, "and there's Burns—he was a *ploughboy*."

A goose that sees another drink will do the same, though he is not thirsty. The custom of drinking for company, when drinking is dispensable and prejudicial, seems to be a case of the same kind, and to put a man, feathers only excepted, upon a footing with a goose.

A Sad Record.—"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.*

A Great Superstition.—"There is a general belief that alcoholic liquors tend to give greater bodily vitality, but I do not believe that there is a greater superstition than to suppose that these liquors can give men a greater capacity for bodily or mental exertion; and in this I am supported by the highest medical testimony.—*Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*

AN OLD FABLE.

A FABLE has lately been told in the *Jewish Herald* which is worth a wide circulation. The moral of it is so plain and simple, that all will be able to read the lesson, by which we may see how wise it is to work while it is called day; to be industrious while opportunity lasts; and to store up in the bright sunshine knowledge, experience, and wealth for the days to come.

A grasshopper, half starved with cold and hunger, came to a well-stored bee-hive at the approach of winter, and humbly begged the bees to relieve his wants with a few drops of honey.

One of the bees asked him how he had spent his time all the summer, and why he had not laid up a store of food like them?

"Truly," said he, "I spent my time very merrily in drinking, and dancing, and singing, and never once thought about the winter."

"Our plan is very different," said the bee. "We work hard in the summer, to lay by a store of food against the season when we foresee we shall want it; but those who do nothing but drink, and dance, and sing, in the summer, must expect to starve in the winter."

Who does not see that this most admirable fable applies not only to the summer and winter of the year, but also to the summer and winter of life?

REVIEW.

"Dibs," a Story of Young London Life. By Rev. J. Johnson, London Religious Tract Society. This is a charming story for boys, and a most enjoyable book for all classes of readers. The author displays a masterly acquaintance with his subject; every incident is unfolded with a force and vividness that makes us unwilling to lay aside the volume until we have read it through. We predict for it a wide circulation.

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No.
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56 Marry no Man if he Drinks..2 m. & 2 f.
176 Master and Men: how drinking injures both....4 males & 3 females
3 Merry Christmas, A.2 females & 1 ma.
36 Model Colony ..4 males & 1 female
26 Moderation v. Abstinence...7 males
*58 Most Useful Machine, The..2 females
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34 National Beverage, A.....2 males
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64 Pillars of Drunkenness, The.4 males
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*133 Pothouse Politicians..5 ma. & 5 fe.
114 Power of Example, The....4 males
*129 Professor Bareup's Troubles.8 males
*132 Professor Gregory's Academy.9 ma.
*136 Professor Parker and his Wonderful Wax Models.....10 males
148 Publican s Dream, The.1 ma. & 3 fe.
153 Publican's Noble Wife, The.1 m.&4 f.
113 Puffing Billy.....2 males
22 Reformed Wife, The.....2 females
*88 Respectable and Lawful....3 males
41 Riches—Real and Unreal..6 females
69 Right Change, The .....2 males
117 Right Road, The.....2 males

No.
*47 Roundabout Way of Telling Bad News.....2 males
191 Safe Path, The..2 males & 3 females
118 Saving and Losing.....4 males
190 Scholastic Chat on Temperance, A.3m
39 Sense v. Nonsense..3 males & 1 fem.
*147 Settling the Question.....12 males
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128 Sketches from Life.4 males & 4 femal.
177 Sole Heiress, The.....9 females
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6 Starting a New Settlement..8 males
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*89 Two Madmen, The.....2 males
108 Two Reformers, The.....2 males
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*7 Wanted, a Young Man.....4 males
21 Warning to Young Men, A.4 males
70 Water is Best.....2 males
112 Wedding Anniversary, The.2 m.&4 f.
164 What changed Sam.5 males & 2 fem.
30 What is Moderation?.....2 males
76 What to Teach.....2 males
165 What we mean to do.5 males & 5 fem.
102 Where Happiness dwells..3 females
182 Who Bids for the Children..3 m. & 8 f.
160 Whose fault is it?.....2 females
31 Why not Sign?.....2 females
140 Why they failed.....5 males
166 Will Talkwell's "Condenser" and how it worked.....2 males
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144 Wine, a Mocker.....3 females
188 "Wine is a Mocker".....6 females
*130 Women's Rights.4 males & 2 females
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No.
27 Hail, to the Lord's anointed; Hark, the temperance trumpet; Round the spring; Dear fatherland; Rescue the perishing.
28 Temperance is our theme; The deadly Upas tree; The brooklet; Meet me at the fountain; Hear the call; Lift him up.
29 Look not upon the wine; Dash it down; Beautiful spring; Safe and strong; The gushing rill.
30 The temperance banner; Merry farmer's boy; Cry out and shout (anthem).
31 Take back the bowl (solo aud chorus); Fill your glasses; May morning; Praise ye the Lord (anthem).
32 Before the brewers; I have seen the gilded palace (solo & chorus); Star of peace; Down where the bluebells grow.
33 Hallelujah, marching on; Father, won't you try (solo and chorus); No surrender; Drink from the crystal fountain.
34 Don't fret; Day is dying; The world is moving on (solo & chorus); Stand firmly stand; The open air.
35 Hold fast; The children; Victory! victory;; God made all nations free; Winter glee.
36 Gentle words; Open the door for the children; The herdboy's song; Freedom's land.
37 In the olden time; Lift up the temperance banner; Shun the tempting snare; Fatherland.
38 Save the Boy (solo & chorus); Answer them, No!; Praise Him (harvest anthem).
39 Poor Thomas Brown; Ringing cheerily; The skylark's song.
40 A foe in the land; Lead on the cause; The temperance army; It pays the best.
41 Song of the gipsies; Where is my boy to-night; Come silent evening.

No.
42 Hurrah for water; Ere the sun goes down; Praise ye the Father.
43 I will praise the Lord; Speed thy cause; Break it gently; Lift the royal standard high.
44 Come and see the panorama; Where are the reapers; Assembled here; Ribbon of blue; Ye sons of our nation.
45 The ship intemperance; I'm hiding; But please, sir, don't tell; Keep the temperance banner waving; Breakers ahead.
46 Soldiers of Christ, arise; Wandering to-night; Have courage, my boy; Go feel what I have felt; No, not I.
47 Stop the drinking trade; Offer unto God thanksgiving; Temperance battle song; Song of the fountain.
48 Raise a merry shout; The prodigal coming home; Brother, go.
49 Praise the Lord; Moonlight song of the fairies; With thankfulness.
50 Come brothers all.
51 I drink with birds and flowers (song with vocal accompaniment); With laugh and song; How great th' Almighty's goodness; 'Tis evening's peaceful close.
52 When you see the ruddy wine; Oh! touch not the wine cup; The children's cry; Wait a little while; What I'd like.
53 Strike, strike the blow; Vespers.
54 Hurrah for England; Not there, my child ('The better land,' with solo); The crying song (solo and chorus).
55 The carnovale; Aldiboronti; Father's a drunkard (solo and chorus, new arrangement.)
56 Away to the west; Angel of temperance (solo, with vocal accompaniment.)
57 Roland's march; To thee, dear fatherland; Hold the light.

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