ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE

1889

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VEN. ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

Onward:

A BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE,
AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXIV.—1889.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXIV.

Poetry.

Music.

NEW SERIAL TALE.

Our Jennie:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,

Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"WELL, I see nowt for it but letting th' lass go. I'm sore set agen it; but what can you do? You can't starve. Eh! but these is bad times. Things was much different when I was a lad. I'm fair bet about th' lass. What dost think, mother?" and William Stoneley lifted his honest but careworn face, and looked anxiously into that of his wife.

"Thou know'st, William, I'm as set agen her leaving th'old home as thou art; but, as thou sayest,—'What mun we do?' It's terrible work, and how we are to get through the winter is more than I can say, even if Jennie goes."

As she spoke the tears fell silently from the mother's eyes on to the curly head of the little one she was nursing.

William Stoneley had been a labourer on a farm in Deepdale in Yorkshire; the highest wages he had earned had never exceeded sixteen or eighteen shillings a week, and frequently less than that; but both he and his wife had been steady, hard-working, thrifty people, and had hitherto, by careful management, been able to meet the demands of their family, which consisted of the girl, Jennie, aged seventeen, two lads, aged respectively fourteen and eleven, and three younger girls, one a baby of little more than a year.

The little cottage in which they lived was as clean as hands could make it; Jane justly prided herself on her household management, and her husband had been heard to say that—"during the eighteen years of their married life, he had never come home to a dirty grate, or a scolding wife."

At the time our story commences, work had been very scarce for many months, and a severe frost setting in had put a stop to the little there was, and the family were reduced to great straits.

For the first time in his life, William had taken piece after piece of their pretty furniture and sold it; the last thing to go had been the baby's

cradle ; and bitter tears poor Jane had shed when she saw "this bit o' furniture," as the broker roughly called it, carried away by him.

They had parted now with everything that could be spared, and were almost in despair as to where the next meal was to come from, when Jane received a letter from an old fellow-servant of hers in London, telling her that if she liked, she could get her eldest girl a good situation as under-housemaid, at sixteen pounds a year.

The letter had remained in Jane's pocket for more than a week, and its contents had not been mentioned to Jennie ; but now when starvation stared them in the face how could they do otherwise than let her go?

"Mary, I've thowt mony a time as I made a great mistake in not going to New Zealand when our Ted went; he did uncommon well, I believe."

"Nay, William, I likes the old country in spite of all the trouble, and many's the long year since we've heard a word about your brother ; I guess he's dead. I wonder if he'd any children?"

"There was one girl, I think. I should like to have seen him once again, but I reckon I never shall now ; th' lass 'ud be about our Jennie's age if she's alive."

"Ye don't know, but ye may see him ; strange things happens now-a-days, and one o' the strangest seems us two, to be talking o' sending our Jennie to London. But there ! It ain't no use talking, she'll have to go; and sixteen pounds a year would be such a mighty help to us just now, it seems as though we must have it, there ain't no other way as I can see—but here she comes, let us see what she says hersen."

The door opened, and a bright, happy-looking girl entered the kitchen, her arms filled with fire-wood which she had gathered from the hedges and lanes. "There, mother," she said, "that will last us for a bit at any rate, and now give me baby and rest your arms for a bit; I reckon there ain't much tea to get."

"Eh, Jennie, lass, however will I do wi'out you, you're just my right hand in everything."

"Well, mother, who says I'm going to leave you; not me, I'm sure," and she smiled lovingly at her mother.

"Jennie, lass," her father said, "you know the straits as we're in, and yer mother's heerd from Sara Turner, and she says as how she could get you a situation in London, at some o' these big houses where you'd get sixteen pounds a year."

"Oh, father," exclaimed the girl, her face lighting up, "what a help it would be to us! I should send it all to you and mother—more than six shillings a week; just fancy that. It's too good to be true."

"Then you'd like to go and leave us all," her mother said.

"Oh, no, mother," the girl exclaimed, "I don't ever want to leave you and father, but I must not miss this chance."

"No, lass, you're right, it's only as I can't bear your leaving us; and then London I've heerd tell, is such a wicked place, and folks get wrong there afore they knows it. Eh ! Jennie, lass," her father said tremulously, "it would aboot breck my heart if owt was to happen thee, you're just the apple of my eye."

Jennie looked lovingly at her father and, as she did so, she felt what the children call "a lump in the throat," and said passionately,—"Don't you fret about me, father; why, I'd sooner die now, than ever cause you a moment's uneasiness ; a lass o' yourn could not go wrong."

"Ah, Jennie, thou little knows, many and many as good a wench as thou art has been led astray, almost afore she know'd it, you cannot be too careful; and above all, ask Him to keep you in all your ways ; them words o' King David's has always been great favourites o' mine, where he says, 'Commit thy ways unto the Lord,' and then something else about 'walking in His ways,' I can't exactly say it right, but you know it Jennie."

"I will, father," the girl answered thoughtfully.

The frugal meal was soon prepared and eaten, and Jennie was busy getting the younger children off to bed, when a gentle knock at the door was heard and the latch lifted, and a tall, well-made young fellow of two or three-and twenty entered the room. Jennie blushed to the roots of her hair as he came smilingly forward and laid a parcel on the table.

"Here, Mrs. Stoneley, mother's had a run of good luck, and she hopes you'll share it with her. Mrs. Ayrton from the Hall sent her down a couple of rabbits, some potatoes and cabbages, and pieces of broken bread, so she's sent you one rabbit and a cabbage."

"Just like her," said Mrs. Stoneley, "if she's anything given her, she must share it with some-one, but I don't like taking it from her, I'm sure you've need of it yourselves."

"Not so much need but we can spare you a taste, and ours will be all the sweeter when we think you are sharing it," glancing shyly to Jennie as he spoke.

Frank Marsden was a joiner, and lived about a mile and a-half from the Stoneleys; for more than a year he had secretly admired Jennie, but her own youth and his poor circumstances had prevented him from making any open declaration of his love.

After Frank had been chatting some time, the subject of Jennie's going to service was broached. At first he indignantly scouted the idea, saying that whatever came she must not be allowed to go, and that he would rather work night and day than such a thing should happen.

"Ah! Frank, lad, it's very fine to talk of working night and day, when ye canna get work for the day, let alone night. Look here, lad, I'm just as much agen our Jennie going as you are, and as soon as ever times mend, I shall have her back sharp; but it seems to mother and me as if there was nowt for it but her going now at any rate."

Frank looked gloomily across at Jennie and said: "It's hard enough to be willing to work, and not be able to get it, but it's harder still to think of you alone in London; I can't bear the idea, and that's truth."

"Now, Frank, you must just help us all you can to bear it, and make the best of it; we must have food and clothes for the children, and sixteen pounds a year will be a wonderful help just now, and Jennie's a good lass—" but here the mother's voice grew tremulous, and she turned her face away.

Frank touched by her emotion immediately replied:—

"And so I will, and please God we'll soon have better times, and Jennie amongst us again."

"Amen," solemnly responded William.

When Jennie went to the door to see Frank out, as was her custom, he took her hand, and drew her gently out of hearing of the rest of the family, closing the door behind them, and said:

"Now you're going away, Jennie, I mun say a word, but I think, somehow, you guess what it is, don't you?

Jennie hung her head, and did not reply.

"Well, lass, I just want to tell you, that I love you downright, and hope—you'll be—my wife. Will you, Jennie? Aye! it's long the time I've loved you, Jennie, dear; long, long—I can't think o' my life without you."

A long pause, after which Jennie looked up into his face and said simply:—

"I'll be your wife, Frank; for I love you too, and I couldn't bear to think o' *my* life without *you*."

As Jennie said these words Frank's arm stole quietly round her waist and he kissed her, saying:

"Oh! darling, I'm right glad you love me; I've been sore afraid at times as you didn't, and I daren't speak because I was so poor, and had no home to offer you, and if you hadn't been going to this dreadful London I shouldn't have dared to have done so now, but I couldn't bear the idea of you going alone there and not knowing as I cared for you more than all the world. I've nothing to give you, Jennie, to show as we're engaged, but will you just have my Sunday School hymn book, as I got for a prize when I were a lad of twelve; it's quite clean and new-looking, for I've kept it wrapped up in my best pocket-handkerchief, and I'll just write your name above mine—'Jennie, from her true lover;' will that do?"

"Very nicely, Frank; and I shall think of you every time I look at it, and many a time beside. And now, what must I give you to help you to remember me?" she added, looking up archly at him, for this bonnie Yorkshire lass was not without a sense of humour.

"Help *me* to remember *you*, Jennie! Why I shall just be thinking of you all day long, and all night too. Eh! but you don't half know how I love you," and he kissed her passionately.

"But I tell you what I should like better than anything else—a lock of this brown, curling hair. Will you cut me one before I come again?"

"I suppose I must if you want it."

"Of course I want it, very badly too."

After repeated protestations of unfailing love on each side, and the old, old, yet ever new, story whispered over and over again, they parted; Frank feeling as he walked home as though he trod on air, in spite of his poverty and the depression all around him.

"Well, Jennie, wherever hast been?" exclaimed her father, as the girl, her face all aglow with love and excitement entered the kitchen. "You've been gone nigh upon an hour."

"Oh! nay, father, it can't be; more likely ten minutes. It seemed so very short, I walked a bit of the way down the lane with Frank."

"Wonderful pleasant time you must have had out in the cold there. What's it all about? You've not begun a-courting yet, Jennie, surely; you're ower young, lass."

The girl thus appealed to threw her arms round her father's neck, exclaiming: "Oh! father, I'm so happy. Frank's told me he loves me, and has done for ever so long; and then you know I love him," she added with rustic simplicity, "and I know you and mother like him, don't you?"

"Yes; Frank's a very decent lad."

"Lad, father!" she exclaimed, indignantly; "why he's in his twenty-fourth year."

At this juncture Jennie's mother entered the room, and soon she was seated on a wooden stool at her feet, telling her how much Frank loved her, and how wonderfully happy they were. Happy the daughter who can pour unreservedly into her mother's ear the story of her first love; and as the mother listened and sympathised, Jennie laid her head upon her lap, as she used to do when a child, and thought what a patient, brave mother she had, despite the suffering and trouble. She found, as many another daughter has found, both in joy and sorrow, that—

> "This world affords no rest
> Like the safe covert of a parent's breast."

(To be continued)

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ALCOHOL FAMILY.

Old Port's Story.

By DR. J. JAMES RIDGE.

Physician to the London Temperance Hospital. Author of the "Temperance Pilgrim's Progress," &c.

CHAPTER I.

I AM getting old now—yes, very old—and from some remarks I heard the other day from the master of the house, I think it is very likely my end is not far off. So I mean to jot down a few things I happen to know about myself and my family connections—who we are, and what we have done and can do—so that after I am gone, some of those two-legged creatures that call themselves our masters may have their eyes opened, and learn that they don't know everything.

Let me say first who I am and how I happen to know so much. My real name—that is to say, the name of the greatest grandfather I ever had, or, at all events, ever heard of, which comes to much the same thing as far as I and other people are concerned—my real name is Oporto, and we came from a place of that name in Portugal; but, somehow or other, some lazy folk have chopped off our head and clipped off our tail, so that we go now by the name of "Port." They usually call me "Old Port," because I first came into being some time in the "twenties" of this century. I have lived down in this cellar some sixty years or more, and thousands upon thousands of my relations—rich and poor, young and old—have I had the opportunity of talking to at one time and another, so you may believe that I am well up in the family history, and have heard many an odd tale, many a merry, and many a sad one. And I have had news and information from other sources also, as you will hear in course of time.

I hear a good deal, too, from old Joe, the butler, with his blear eyes and red nose, who comes down here and spends a lot of time off and on, emptying the bottles, filling them, or moving them about, and tasting which is which, I suppose; and he talks to himself, and he talks to us, and sometimes he goes off to sleep and talks to somebody else.

Some time ago, I remember he came down early into the cellar, and I could hear him mumbling, "Grand affair; want a lot of stuff I suppose." So he began to take out one bottle after another very carefully—all sorts of wine—and as he emptied them out into the decanters he tasted every one, as though he would make sure it was all right. As there were a great many bottles opened it took a long time, and towards the end he got slower and slower, and I could see him nodding and blinking, till at last he sat down in a chair and in a minute or two was fast asleep, and snoring like thunder. Under the influence of the drink, he sat there asleep a very long time; and I was wondering when he would wake, when I heard the master's voice calling down the cellar stairs; "Joe, Joe, are you down there?"

No answer. Then I heard footsteps coming down, and then a banging at the door, which Joe always locked inside when he came in. Now, the gas had been burning all this time, for several hours, and the cellar had become very hot; so just as the knocking began at the door, a bottle of champagne burst in one of the bins with a loud bang. As luck would have it, one of the pieces of glass flew up and struck the tap of the gas-bracket and put out the light, while Joe's head was squirted all over. He started up in a terrible fright, and tipped up the table in the dark. Down fell the bottles and decanters on the table, and one or two fell to the ground and were smashed. Joe fumbled about, scarcely knowing where he was or what had happened; but at last he managed to undo the door. He was in terrible disgrace, and if he had not been such an old servant of the family, would, I think, have been discharged. He was a good deal more careful for a long time after this.

But perhaps you do not understand why that bottle burst, and why old Joe was so sleepy and stupid. If you like to try an experiment, I think you will soon know more about it. Get a bottle of some clear glass and put into it a tablespoonful of sugar, or half-a-dozen lumps of loaf sugar, and a quarter of a pint of water. Then add a very little yeast—German dried yeast will do. Put a cork in the bottle, but only lightly, mind; you must not cork it tightly. Then stand the bottle in a warm place—the mantelpiece of a room in which there is a daily fire. In a few hours you will see bubbles rising through the syrup and bursting at the top, or forming a foam there: more will rise if you shake the bottle gently. Now, if the cork is fixed in the neck so

that when these air bubbles, or gas bubbles, burst—the gas or air cannot get out of the bottle, it will collect inside, and press and squeeze until at last the cork is forced out with a grand "pop," or the bottle bursts. This gas or air, thus formed, is called "carbonic di-oxide," or sometimes "carbonic acid gas." It is called carbonic di-oxide, which means carbonic double oxide, because every little particle of it is made by two little particles of oxygen (a kind of gas) joining with one little particle of carbon (such as charcoal). Its name is often written thus—CO_2—that is, one atom of C(arbon) and two atoms of O(xygen). So whenever you see the letters CO_2, you know they mean carbonic di-oxide, or carbonic acid gas. This is the same gas that causes the ginger-beer and lemonade bottles to "pop" when they are opened. You can make it come, too, in another way: Dissolve a little carbonate of soda in half a tumbler of water, and then add a few drops of vinegar, or, better still, a crystal of tartaric acid or citric acid. Directly you add the acid, bubbles of carbonic di-oxide will spring up, and will collect in the tumbler.

If you have put a full teaspoonful of soda into the glass and a tablespoonful of vinegar, you will find that if you put a lighted match or a lighted piece of paper down into the tumbler it will go out before it touches the water. This is because wood or paper cannot burn without air, and the carbonic di-oxide has collected in the tumbler and has driven all the air out. If a mouse were in the tumbler it would die for the same reason—namely, that it would not have air to breathe. If it were big enough to hold you, you would not be able to breathe.

This is the gas, then, carbonic di-oxide, or carbonic acid, which cannot be breathed, that is made or produced when yeast causes thin syrup "to work." This "working" of the syrup, by which the carbonic di-oxide is formed is also called by a longer word, "fermentation," but it means the same thing, a bubbling or disturbing of the syrup. Something else is made besides carbonic di-oxide, called alcohol, about which I will tell you another time. I want to say a little more about this carbonic di-oxide gas. You cannot see it, but you are not so silly as to suppose there can be no such thing because of that. You cannot see the air you breathe, but you know it is there, and sometimes there are bad-smelling gases which mix with the air; you can't see them, but you can smell them: you know they are there by what they do. Precisely: and I can prove to you that there is such a thing as carbonic di-oxide.

Get a little lime-water, or make it by putting a small piece of builder's lime into a large bottle of water: let it remain there a few hours, shaking it occasionally, then let it stand all night and it will be clear in the morning and can be poured off for use. Take a tube a few inches long, of glass or india-rubber, or even a straw, and suck up some of the gas from the inside of a tumbler in which the soda and acid has been effervescing, as described above. Put the end of the tube immediately into the lime-water and blow the gas through it. The carbonic di-oxide and the lime dissolved in the water will join together and form chalk, which will make the water turn white.

By the same means you can prove that there is always some carbonic di-oxide in the breath you expire, that is, breathe out. Just blow down the tube into some fresh lime-water and in a short time you will see the same sort of white cloud in the water, though not so quickly as when you had first sucked in the carbonic di-oxide.

There now, I am almost afraid you will think I am getting prosy in my old age. But I wanted you to understand what made the champagne bottle burst. "Working" or fermentation had been going on in the sweet juice inside the bottle; the gas had collected and was trying to get out of its prison; the heat of the cellar caused the gas to swell and press more, just as a bladder of air will burst if you put it in front of a fire; the knocking at the door shook all the bottles a little, and then the bottle was not strong enough to hold it any longer: so poor old Joe had the benefit of it.

(To be continued.)

New Year Chimes.

By W. A. Eaton.

HARK, how they ring across the snow,
Like half-forgotten childish rhymes;
Or music heard, aye, long ago—
The cheering sound of New Year chimes.

The stars are shining clear and bright,
The old church windows glow like fire,
The moon shines clear this winter night,
While reels and rocks the old church spire.

What a glad rush of music swells—
Now rising high, now pealing soft—
As if some spirit moved the bells,
And bore the music up aloft.

Before the echo dies away,
Give the old year a parting tear;
And then in silence humbly pray,
That God will bless the glad New Year.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

By Mary M. Forrester.

THEY haste away from their cosy home
In the tender light of the New Year's day,
A child and mother in costly furs,
With faces bright and spirits gay.
What though the snows of winter fall?
How warmly clad is each dainty form.
What though the winds blow high and chill;
Why should they heed the passing storm?

How glad, how fair the world doth seem;
How full of joy to the beaming eyes
That sparkle and laugh, as the tiny flakes
Gather and dance in the winter skies.
They heed not the forms that hurry past—
Scantily clad, and with naked feet;
They heed not the beggars that wander on,
Hungry and cold through the city street.

The mother, clasping her darling's hand,
Softly smiles in her stately way;
While the child lisps forth, "Oh, mother dear,
How full of joy seems the world to-day."
And closer they draw their rich, warm robes,
With never a thought for the sad and poor,
The want and woe and the aching hearts
That are lying close to their very door.

* * * * * * *

They creep away from their squalid home
In the bitter cold of the New Year's day—
A mother and children in scanty rags,
Who shiver and weep as they steal away,
Hungry and weary, and, oh! so cold,
Past light and happiness, warmth and glow,
They wander along, their wistful eyes
Watching the gladness they may not know.

"Mamma," one childish voice wails forth,
"Have you no bread for little Joe?"
And the tearful eyes look sadly up
At the mother's face with its look of woe.
She lays her trembling, toil-stained hand
With a loving touch on the little head—
"Hush, darling!" she whispers, "Do not cry,
For mamma is going to beg for bread."

"To beg for bread," perchance in vain,
Here, where the corn is thickly spread,
Where we thank the Lord for His "Harvest good,"
A creature may vainly beg for bread.
What wonder, if angel eyes grow dim
As they sadly look from the star-lit sky,
And think of the lesson of "Charity" taught
On the blood-stained heights of Calvary.

Who will heed them this happy day?
They are only "beggars"—nothing more;
Why should they care—those haughty rich?
They are "too common," these wretched poor.
So they pass along—they beg in vain, [beat,
Till they pause with bosoms that burn and
Near the mother and child in the costly furs;
Thus, the children of wealth and poverty meet.

"A coin, sweet lady; only a coin,"
To buy my starving children bread!"
And she clasps more closely her sobbing babe
Upon her shoulder that pillows its head:
While the little one beside her knee,
Dreading a sneer or an angry frown,
Looks up a moment, then hides his face
In the ragged folds of his mother's gown.

Oh! common sight in this busy town—
Hunger and raggedness, pomp and pride,
Pleasure and misery close together,
Famine and fashion side by side.
Come forth, ye wealthy, with outstretched hand
And scatter charity on your way;
For your brothers and sisters starve and die
For want of food on this "New Year's Day."

A WORD TO WORKERS AND IDLERS.

The Legend of the Two Coins.

THERE is a legend in one of the Oriental sacred books which says that once two bright, new coins, of the same value, came fresh from the mint into the hands of a man who greatly admired their beauty; he marked them that he might know them if ever again they should come to him. One of them, on the very day of arrival, when being shown to a friend, dropped and rolled away so that it could not be found; the other passed on in exchange into many hands. Years fled away, and one day, during some alteration in the house, the lost coin was found, but it was so injured and discoloured by disuse that all its brightness was gone; and had it not been for the mark, it could hardly have been recognised. That same day the other coin came back again to its former owner—well-worn, but bright. It had lost nothing in its service. The idle coin which had been lost, might easily have been mistaken for a small piece of worthless metal. The well-used one everyone could see was current money.

So says the moral—it is better far to be in active use and service, then everybody knows your worth. But the lost coin's character will become stained and spoiled; the impress will be more dimmed by the dust and dirt of idleness than by hard work and constant wear.

Continual employment in a good cause is the chief known and best service for man. We are more spoiled by doing too little than by doing too much. It is better for all to wear out than to rust out. We may have much valuable goods stored away in heart and brain, but if we never bring them into use and put them out, we are no better than the lost coin. It is when we spend our most treasured gold that we enrich ourselves and others. The man who never spends his money might as well be without it.

What we need most to learn in life is how to spend ourselves, our time, our money, our talents, most wisely. Some one said lately nothing is more difficult than to give away charity wisely. To know how to help others for the best is a good lesson well learned. Much so-called charity is only increasing the very evil that is desired to be cured.

But here, in temperance work, time, money, and means of all kinds are well spent, being laid out in the prevention of pauperism, disease, and misery. Especially in the Band of Hope movement; for this brings the remedy to the fountain head, and so cures the sources of all the evil arising from intemperance. J. J.

A LIFE WITH THE GOOD AND THE BRAVE!

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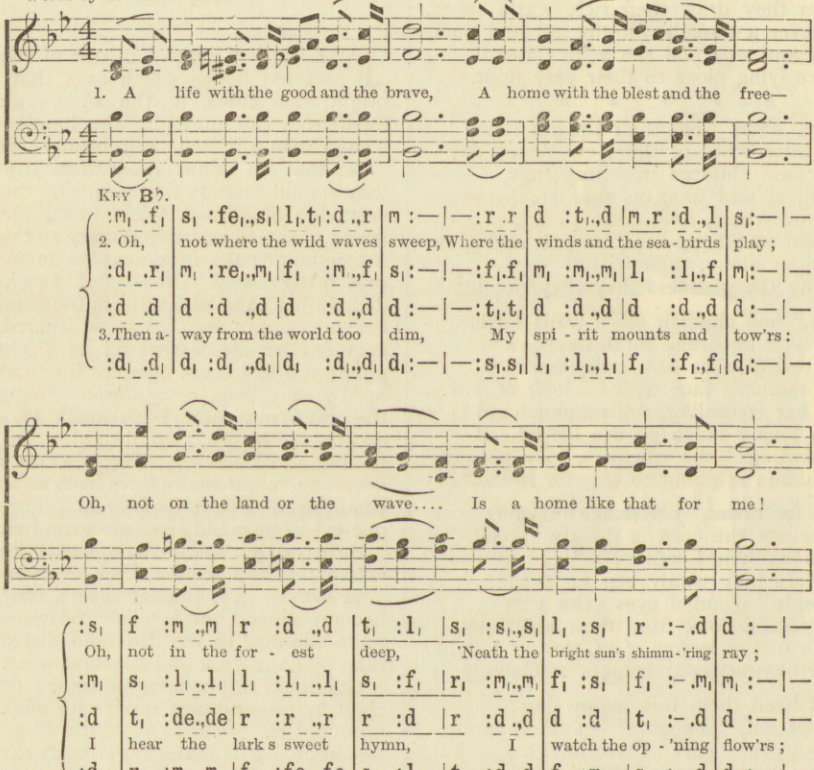
Words by E. PAXTON HOOD. *Music by* T. PALMER.



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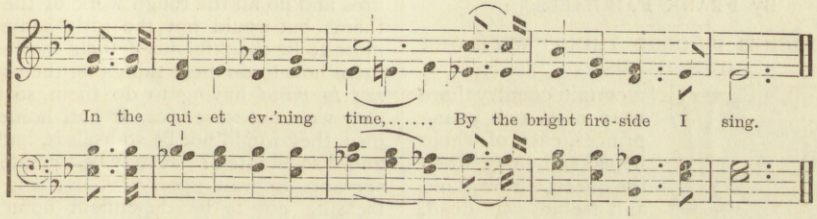

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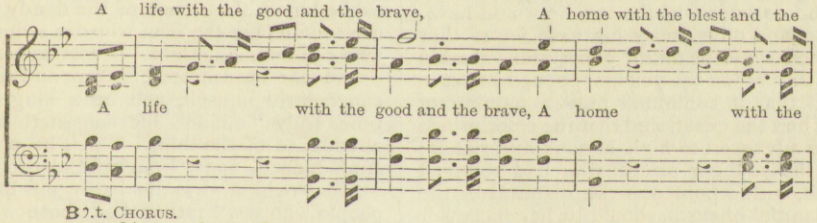

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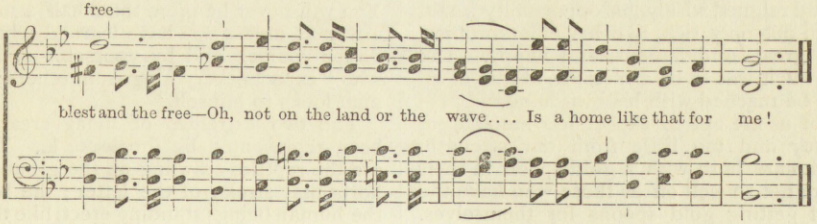
:s_1 d_1 .r_1	m_1 : |	:d .,d	t_1 :d .,d	t_1	:t_1	d : |	:l_1 .,l_1
A	life	with the		good and the brave, A		home	with the
:s_1 d .t_1	d : |	:d .,d	r :m .,m	r	:r	d : |	:l_1 .,l_1
:t_1 m_1 .r_1	d_1 : |	:d_1 .,d_1	s_1 :s_1 .,s_1	s_1	:s_1	d_1 : |	:f_1 .,f_1



m :— | — :m	f :m .,m	r :d .,d	t_1 :l_1 | s_1 :f .f	m :d	l_1 :t_1	d :— | —
free—						
se_1 :l_1 .,l_1 | se_1 :ta_1	l_1 :l_1 .,l_1	l_1 :l_1 .,l_1	s_1 :f_1 | r_1 :s_1 .s_1	s_1 :s_1	f_1 :f_1	m_1 :— | —
blest and the free—Oh,	not on the land or the		wave Is a		home like that for	me!	
t_1 :d .,d | t_1 :d	t_1 :de .,de	r :r .,r	r :d | r :t_1 .t_1	d :d	r :r	d :— | —
m_1 :m_1 .,m_1 | m_1 :d_1	r_1 :m .,m_1	f_1 :fe_1 .,fe_1	s_1 :l_1 | t_1 :s_1 .s_1	d :m_1	f_1 :s_1	d_1 :— | —

PROVERBS.

By FRANK FAIRHALL.

"GOD REACHES US GOOD THINGS WITH OUR OWN HANDS."

IN a certain country there were once two young princes, each of whom hoped some day, when the queen, who was old and feeble, was dead, to be king. So, to save dispute after she was gone, the queen one day called these princes, with the officers of state, to a meeting in the great room of the palace, and announced that she would then make each of the young men a valuable present. A pair of vases was placed on the table, and the elder prince was told to choose which of the two he would have. He did so, and on opening his vase found that it contained some beautiful gems and valuable ornaments. When the younger opened his vase he found that it contained only a handful of earth. Then the queen said that the elder prince was to be advanced to high honour and riches; but that the younger prince, who had received from God, with whom was the disposal of the lot, the handful of earth, should be her successor and have the kingdom. The one had for his gift a manufactured article, complete and ready to hand; it would never grow, and was worth as much then as ever it would be. The other had nothing complete and final, but only an OPPORTUNITY, of which the soil—the raw material—was an emblem. In itself that handful of earth was of little value; but if he used it rightly and reigned wisely, his opportunity would make him not only rich, like his elder brother, but also great, and famous, and happy. The blessing—if it was to be a blessing to him at all—was to be reached with his own hand.

Most of us are apt to expect too much from our money and too little from our strength. Those who are born with a gold spoon in their mouth are not so well off as those who have the power of getting gold spoons for themselves. The man who only has what is given him is very helpless. Let him be as rich as he likes, he is more to be pitied than the man who, even when he has lost a fortune, has still left a heart and head and hands with which to win it back again. It would be kind of some cunning musician to say, "I will come every day and play you some beautiful music;" but it would be kinder still to say, "I will come once a week and teach you to play for yourself." Mothers may think it is being very good to their girls to get up early to light the fires and do all the rough work of the house for them; but would not the girls some day have more to be thankful for if their mothers taught them how to do these things for themselves, and *not to mind* having to do them, so that when they went out to service, or had homes of their own, they would not be so useless, and helpless, and discontented? It may be a comfort to have servants to wait upon you, but it is a positive blessing not to be dependent upon servants. "The best servant I have ever had is myself; he always does what I like." So said General Gordon, the heroic soldier. And R.W. Emerson, the calm philosopher, said: "It is a low benefit to give me something; it is a high benefit to enable me to do somewhat of myself."

There are situations in life where what we *have* counts for little, and what we can *do*, or what we *are*, is everything. In a shipwreck, or at a fire or street accident, or in the midst of an excited mob, the riches of the dandy are of no use to him; but the man who can swim or climb, who can manage others—beasts as well as men—and who has trained his nerve and sinews, and can control himself, will be a king. At such times truly "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." And, indeed, apart from special occasions, the world would always be badly off but for the people who *work* rather than those who merely *possess*.

> "The workshop must be crowded
> That the palace may be bright;
> If the ploughman did not plough,
> The poet could not write."

And not only the world of other people amongst whom we live, but we ourselves also, must be badly off unless we stir up the gift that is in us and make what we can of our own selves. You will never be more than half a man or half a woman unless you have learned what you can do for yourself and by yourself. It is the fool who "expects everything from others; the wise man looks to himself."

The two extremes of living creatures have been represented by the letter L. The lowest are the reptiles crawling on the ground, like the horizontal stroke of the letter; the highest are the human beings standing erect, like the vertical stroke of the letter. "God hath made man upright." There is dignity in labour. There is nothing to be ashamed of in self-help—"the glorious privilege of being independent," as Robert Burns styled it. We are made not to creep and crawl and cringe, like snakes or beggars, but to "look the whole world in the face, and owe not any man." True, we are to bear one another's burdens; but that means that we are to help others, as well as to let others

help us. This is a "give-and-take world." The true man, the noble woman, will strive to have a share in the giving as well as the taking, by contributing something to the world's work and the world's virtue.

"It is the law in Yarmouth that every herring hang by its own head;" and it is a law of the universe that every man should bear his own burden. Thomas Carlyle wrote in his diary, "The labourer is worthy of his hire, and the idler of his also, namely, of starvation." You cannot really enjoy the good things, even if you have them, unless you reach them with your own hands. "Nothing to do and plenty to get," was (as Sam Weller remarked) what the soldier said, "when they ordered him three hundred lashes." Riches are a burden to the idle; and ease is a pain to those who have not earned their rest. "I have faith in labour," said a thoughtful man, "and I see the goodness of God in placing us in a world where labour alone can keep us alive." For God does not put His gifts ready-made and complete into our hands; He does not do for us what we may learn to do for ourselves. He gives us the raw material out of which we can produce happiness, not the manufactured article, pleasure. Even Eden was not made happy without work. The Lord God put the man into the garden "to dress it and to keep it." Jesus Christ laid the foundation of His kingdom, but did not hand over to the church a finished building. He made but few disciples Himself; and left the apostles to carry on the work. "Go *ye* into all the world and preach," He said. And while God gives us His Spirit to help us, He looks to us by stirring and struggling to give form and firmness to our character. We must strive in order to enter in at the strait gate, and labour in order to enter into rest; and we must work out our own salvation with fear and trembling. He first plants the garden, and then puts us in it "to dress it and to keep it."

Repentance of Stuart Flinders.

By Uncle Ben.

IN the sixth, or top, form in a certain school in the West of England the struggle for place and position was a very important one with the lads. The school was one of those large, well-conducted, private establishments, regulated as much as possible on the public school principle.

There were in this school two boys who were struggling for the first place in the Christmas examinations. Edward Pool was senior boy in age and conduct, of a fine, honourable character; industrious, but not clever. He was very anxious to take the top place, as he felt it to be a humiliation not being first in learning. He had worked hard all the term, and felt sure of being superior to most of the boys, and standing a good chance to be the winner of the first prize. His chief opponent and competitor was a very clever, idle boy, who never worked well, but had a good deal of ability that had kept him at the head of the school and made him the intellectual chief and captain.

This boy's name was Stuart Flinders. He had neglected the work during term time, and now that the examinations were coming on he felt himself to be so far behind that he feared he would not be able to compete successfully with his rival. He was very anxious to maintain his place as captain of the school, and began to apply himself to make up for lost time, but it was too late.

The first day of the examination was mathematics, and this was one of his strong points, but yet he found the paper very difficult; but he knew that Pool was very weak in this subject, so did not fear the result. It was in the next day's paper—Latin and Greek—that he felt sure Pool would get the advantage over him. He did his best at the Euclid and arithmetic, was almost the last boy to remain in the room before closing time; and when he took up his paper to the head master's desk he thought he saw him slip into his drawer what looked like the questions for the morrow's Latin.

In a moment the thought crossed his mind—"If I could only see that paper I should get the start of Pool, and then I might be safe." The idea grew into a strong temptation; an irresistable fascination seized him, and he determined on a plan which he hoped might be successful if good fortune favoured him. He knew no time was to be lost.

When the bell had rung for dinner, Stuart Flinders waited behind till all the boys had gone in. A fine was imposed on any being late for meals, unless permission had been gained. He resolved to pay the penalty. After all had entered the dining-room and the door was shut and the united "Amen" for the grace had sounded, he

went from the playground, where he had lingered, as quickly and quietly as he could back to the schoolroom, and up to the head master's desk, opened the drawer noiselessly, and there, to his great surprise, he saw a copy of most of the

examination papers. His excitement was almost too much to read them calmly, but he was able to see the passages to be translated in both the Latin and Greek papers; also he gathered some of the questions in history, geography, and English. He repeated over to himself some of the chief things; and the moments fled rapidly away. He felt he had been already too long, and had slipped the papers back again into the drawer, keeping his eye fixed on the door at the other side of the school, which was used by the masters, and which might be used by one if he should be late, when suddenly he heard the door used by the boys click and shut; he turned round, but could see nothing—the door was closed—he wondered if it were fancy, and still more if any one had opened the door.

The door had been opened in the meantime while Flinders was occupied and absorbed. Pool had been sent out of the dining-room by the second master for the daily paper, which he had left in the master's room, who told him if he saw Flinders and he did not know the bell had rung, to tell him dinner had begun. Pool got the *Daily News* and went into the playground and all round to search for the missing Flinders; just as he was returning to dinner he thought he would give one peep even in the most unlikely place, so he gently opened the schoolroom door and looked in, and saw Stuart Flinders standing at the head master's desk. He instantly guessed all, felt sure he had not been observed, and tried noiselessly to close the door. It was this click which had disturbed the culprit; arousing his guilty fears and making him hurry off into the dining-room.

"Where have you been?" asked the second master.

"At the bottom of the playground, and then up to the school; I have just come through the schoolroom now," replied Flinders.

With this the matter dropped. The examinations came and went; Stuart Flinders had seen enough of the questions to enable him to concentrate all his mind on such information as would best supply the answers. He worked hard. When the week was over, and the list was put up, although he had done badly in mathematics and chemistry, yet, on the whole, he had gained most marks, and, to the surprise of everyone, he was still the first in the school. Many of the boys fancied that there must be some favouritism, for all knew how comparatively inattentive he had been during the term. Even the head master was astonished; to all but Pool it was an unexpected triumph, but to him it was a great disappointment to find himself beaten again. He felt morally sure that it was by dishonest means, yet knew not what to do. He wished he had spoken to Flinders when he saw him at the master's desk, told him the bell had rang, and asked him what he was doing. Many times since it had been on his mind to say that he saw him, and yet he did not like to let Flinders think he suspected him capable of such dishonesty, when there might be a chance of a mistake perhaps; the head master might have sent him there, for, by a strange conjunction of circumstances, that day the head master was late, and came into the dining-hall soon after Flinders. He felt if he charged the culprit with this fault he had no proof that he had seen any one of the examination papers. If Flinders denied the accusation he had no witnesses to establish his case, and the circumstantial evidence might easily be explained away; so he determined to say nothing about it. If he could not speak to Flinders personally about it he made up his mind he would tell no one. "To sneak," even on your opponent, was as mean as "to crib" and gain place or prize by unfair means.

The prize-day came, and a public kind of breaking-up took place. The junior prizes were given first and the senior last. It seemed a long ordeal. The head master, in his report, said very little about the prize being gained by the same boy as last time, but hoped that another year the winner might be Pool, if he continued to do as well as he had done in the past term. Flinders went up to receive his ill-gotten gain with a very white face, and met with a poor reception from the boys; and looked more like one receiving a punishment than taking an honour.

The holidays came. Pool went home happy with the sympathy of all, who felt that he deserved the best the school could give him; that he had worked hard, and was all but first. Flinders felt most wretched; the burden of his secret shame grew worse. In fact, many times he hesitated about going to Pool and making a clean breast. But pride, cowardice, and selfishness prevented him. The joy and pleasure of the holidays was gone; he left school miserable, but dreaded to go back still more. He could not say good-bye to Pool, and hardly dared to speak to the masters, he felt himself to be a degraded thief; he knew he had stolen that prize. When he parted from the head master Dr. Clewer said to him:

"I must say I am surprised that you are going away with the first prize. I had felt almost sure Pool would have pulled it off. I feel I can hardly congratulate you as I ought, because I am so sorry for his disappointment."

Flinders coloured, and said: "He does deserve it; I do not."

The doctor waited and looked at him for a moment. It was a golden opportunity—so easy now to confess it all, and go home repentant; but no, the evil spirit once more became dominant, and the season of grace flew by; they shook hands and parted.

The holidays passed on, but in the meantime how different was the peace of mind enjoyed by these two boys. Pool knew some of the quiet strength and repose of heroes and martyrs. Flinders grew more and more unhappy. He knew his friends would despise him if they knew how he had won his prize; the whole school would hate him. But the evil spirit within kept whispering—No one knows; there is no one who can tell. Yet he felt afraid, and knew not how he could go back and face Pool and the masters.

At last the day came for return. On the arrival of the boys Pool was not among them.

At first this was a great relief to Flinders. But the next morning after school had been summoned, Dr. Clewer announced to all that Pool was not with them that morning, for he was dangerously ill, in fact, the head master said with faltering voice, "He may, I fear, be even dying." Prayers were gone through, and when the Lord's Prayer had concluded the usual service, Flinders walked straight up to the master's desk, and there where he had done the wrong, he stood up and fully confessed the whole of his sin before the masters and the boys, and said he would return the prize, and could no longer bear the shame and burden of his guilty conscience, particularly now he heard that Pool was so ill.

This produced a profound impression on all the school. Dr. Clewer said he could add little to what was said by Flinders, and though late, he trusted that the news of this confession would reach Pool before it was too late. Hence, on his own authority, he at once dismissed the wrong-doer to the bed-side of the sufferer, whose home was only a station or two beyond the town where the school was situated.

Flinders went to express his sorrow and receive forgiveness. Though Pool was dangerously ill, an interview was obtained, which cannot be described. But from that time Pool began to mend, and when Flinders returned to school it was with the joyful intelligence that there was "a change for the better"—words which, fortunately for both of them, had a real and lasting significance.

A TALK IN A TRAMCAR.

By JAMES SEAGER.

"WHAT'S up with Bob Brown?" The question was not put to me, but as I knew Bob Brown, and had heard more about him lately than I liked to hear, I listened for the answer; nor had I to play the eavesdropper either, for the man who asked the question had a loud voice, a flushed face, and an excited manner which did not belong to a perfectly sober man. His companion, who sat on the opposite side of the car, smelt beery and sounded beery as he replied: "Don't know; he's given us the cold shoulder lately."

"He's been pretty close with his money the last few days," resumed the first speaker, "and he used to be jolly free with it. Wouldn't go in for the Flyaway sweepstakes to-day."

"Served me just about the same on Monday night," said the beery man; "we wanted him to join us at threepenny nap, and he wouldn't. And when Jack Jenkins wanted to borrow a sov. he said he couldn't spare it; but I don't believe he's as hard up as all that."

So the boozy talk went on. I could not very well help over-hearing it; nor did I wish to shut my ears, for, as I told you, I knew Bob Brown—knew enough about him to be anxious on his account—and was very pleased to hear that he had given these fast gentlemen "the cold shoulder."

Would you like to know something more about him? You shall. Though he had not been married very long, he had been drawn away from his young wife and comfortable home to spend his evenings with a lively set, who were getting him into very expensive habits. One evening he went home and saw his wife had been crying. Now he did really love her, though his gay disposition sometimes led him to seek company where she would be out of place, and he could not rest till he had found out what was the matter. It came out at last. She was so dreadfully lonely in a new house and strange town. Next night he was home as soon as business was over, and the next, and the next, and several nexts after that? Presently he found out that two or three things that were wanted were not in the house; but they would cost more than he could afford just then. Yet he felt it would be mean not to try to meet his wife's wishes; so he gave up the expensive parties, the Flyaway sweepstakes, the threepenny nap, and came home early; and spent the money saved on something that pleased his wife and made home yet more pleasant.

"What was up with Bob Brown?" This—Love was teaching him a lesson in economy, and making him a manlier and a happier man. Yes! it was something *up* with him when he gave the cold shoulder to dangerous companions, and turned the full glow of his generous nature on the woman he had sworn to love and cherish. He had two rather startling reminders of this in less than five years; for one of the two men who were discussing him in the tram, failed through inattention to business and losses at the card table, while the other lost both situation and character through his meddling with horseracing. But he had many pleasant reminders, too, in those five years of happy home life, that he took an upward step when he renounced cards and sweepstakes for social evenings in which his wife could share his enjoyments. And after five years' experience he is in the habit of saying that a man need not go very often more than five yards from his own fireside to enjoy a jolly evening; and when he does it had better be among people who have nothing to do with publican's stuff nor gambling in any shape.

SAM'S EXCURSION, AND HOW HE SAVED BY IT.

SAM LEWITT and Mary Tuffnell were just engaged, but they agreed that it must be a long time before they were anything more than engaged; partly because they were too young to be married, and partly because they could not afford to set up housekeeping yet. Sam had just been taking Mary for a stroll in the park in one of our large northern towns. What they had seen and enjoyed led him to tell of a beautiful spot in Wales, whither he had been on an excursion a few weeks before. He soon found that she had never been there, and he thought that there was something of longing in her tone as she told him so. Nor was that very wonderful, seeing she was born and bred in one of the hilliest counties of England, and for months past had seen little beside level paved streets, dingy rows of houses, ugly mills and warehouses, and smoky chimneys.

"I'll take her there pretty soon," thought he to himself; "and that," thought he again, "will give her a chance of saying how she likes the new suit of clothes I have just ordered of the tailor." For Sam liked to be smart; and, if the truth must be told, had just a bit of vanity about him.

But stay; can he afford it? Ah! that new suit will just about take all his spare money. He began to wish he had not ordered it. What shall he do? keep the tailor waiting for his cash? That would not be quite the thing. Tell his old mother that he can't afford to send her anything this month?—No, that will never do! Just then he felt something in his pocket very like a purse which was not a purse. It made him think that he *would* like a smoke. A moment or so afterwards he came in sight of a refreshment bar where he had spent many a needless sixpence on intoxicating drink. "Here are two ways of saving," he mused. "I can pull in here; and I will, too. She shall have the holiday; and if anybody suffers it shall be the publicans and the tobacconist—not the tailor, nor the dear old mother."

Mary wondered why he stopped so short in his description of Welsh scenery, and walked the length of two streets almost in silence. She did not know till a long time afterwards how the excursion was planned which she enjoyed so much early in the next summer. She understood it, however, when she came back from another very pleasant holiday about two years later—that, is to say, their wedding trip—for then she was delighted to hear Sam declare that that first summer excursion they had taken together had saved him ten pounds at least; for he had pulled in thoroughly in the matter of cigars and alcohol—after it as well as before it—and with the money saved had bought most of the furniture in their cosy sitting-room. I cannot say just how much he has saved in this way since his marriage, but I know that both he and his wife think it worth while to pursue the pulling-in process in reference to drink and tobacco, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of the fine family that is growing up in their comfortable home.

J. S.

WINE OR WATER.

A LADY once asked a minister to take wine with her. When he declined on the ground that he was a total abstainer, she said: "Does not the Bible tell us, 'Every creature of God is good, and nothing to be refused if it be received with thanksgiving?' You are refusing a good creature of God."

The minister, pointing to the wine she held in her hand, said: "Pray, madam, who made that wine?"

She answered: "I suppose it was made by man."

"And pray," said he, "who made this water?"

"God," she replied.

"Then," said the minister, "have you not made a mistake in charging me with refusing a good creature of God when I refuse that which man made, and accept that which God made?"

The lady instantly saw that she was in the wrong, and frankly acknowledged her error.

As members of the Band of Hope, we thankfully accept God's precious gift of water, and we reject the poisonous productions of man—the wine, which is a "mocker," and strong drink, which is "raging."

Pebbles and Pearls.

A LITTLE girl once prevented two men from going into a public-house, by saying—"Don't."

EVERYONE take care of himself, as the jackass said when he was dancing among the chickens.

A STARTLING SENTENCE.—Every minute in the day as much as £120 are spent upon intoxicating liquors.

ACCORDING to the decision of a Kansas judge, both husband and wife are entitled to enter a place of amusement on a ticket reading "Admit one."

QUERY.—How many persons, during 1888, stepped over the boundary of Moderation into Drunkenness? and how many of them will go back to Moderation during 1889?

A NEW LOAN.—"I say, Jack," shouted a Smithfield drover the other day to his pal, "these 'ere sheep vont move in this weather,—lend us a bark of your dog, vill you?"

DON'T SWALLOW YOUR ENEMIES.—"Your enemy is drink," said a clergyman to one of his congregation who had, as usual taken too much. "Yes," said the toper, "but aren't we told in the Bible to love our enemies?" "Certainly," said the clergyman, "but *you are not told to swallow them.*"

"WHERE is my *Adviser?*" said young Hopeful, eight years old, meaning the temperance periodical of that name. "I can see two of your 'advisers,'" replied a friend, meaning his father and mother. "I take in three 'advisers' then," said he. "I think we have taken you in," said his father. "I'm '*Onward*,'" was his reply. It looks like it.

LIST of different Crimes and Outrages—*all induced by drunkenness*—gathered from twenty newspapers in one year:—

711 Brawls or violent ASSAULTS, including many cases of stabbing, cutting, and wounding.

294 ROBBERIES by or upon drunken persons.

237 Cases of *atrocious* CRUELTY upon wives or children.

166 Cases of *serious* ACCIDENT or striking bodily peril.

162 Actual or attempted SUICIDES.

520 *Premature* DEATHS, generally with horrible accessories.

121 MURDERS and MANSLAUGHTERS.

LIQUIDATION.—Alcoholic liquors cause *liquidation* in many cases.

THE jury brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." His lordship said admonishingly to the prisoner, "After this you ought to keep away from bad company." "Yes, your lordship, you will not see me here in a hurry."

THOUGHTS FOR BOYS.—Beware of walking on the edge of a precipice. You may escape falling, but the wiser plan is not to attempt it. Beware of walking too near the fire. You may escape the flames, but better not run the peril of contact. Beware of navigating too near the the rocks. You may carry your vessel through unscathed, but better not run the risk of making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience. Beware of worldly associates; those whose principles and fellowship are apt to act as drags on the wheels of the spiritual life, and to retard the soul's advancement, Godward and heavenward. —*Macduff.*

REVIEWS.

"ALL FOR NUMBER ONE," a story for boys and girls, by Henry Johnson. Published by the Religious Tract Society. This work, of nearly three hundred pages, is well got up, illustrated, and printed. The story is one of the author's best books, with much variety of incident, a good moral set in many scenes, which will both interest and please young people. Sky Lark is a very bright character, and will leave a happy memory wherever she goes.

"IRISH PICTURES" by Richard Lovett, M.A. The Religious Tract Society. The book is most admirably illustrated with a hundred and thirty-three pictures from photographs and sketches. The letterpress is full of interest. Anything about Ireland now is of value, but these pictures of the country and life in the Emerald Isle are especially useful because there is no political bias in the writing. The chief worth of the volume is the large amount of information afforded the reader and the charming way it is set before him.

OUR JENNIE:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,
Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER II.

IN a luxurious drawing-room, in one of the large houses in the West End of London, four ladies sat chatting over their four o'clock tea. The firelight danced and flickered, and threw a ruddy glow over everything, for it was the time between the lights.

The room was artistically furnished, and touches of a dainty woman's hand were plainly perceptible; all looked bright and cheerful. The oldest of the ladies was a tall, handsome woman between fifty and sixty years of age. Seated near to her was a lady in outdoor costume, with a decidedly interesting face, and her plain, but becoming dress suited her exactly. The other two were younger, one being the daughter of the elder lady, a bright-looking girl of three-and-twenty, and the other a Mrs. Kendal, a friend of hers, a year or two older. Playing at her side was a beautiful boy of three or four years of age, whose chief anxiety seemed to be to knock his mother's cup out of her hand.

"Well, Agatha," the elder lady said, sipping her tea meanwhile with evident relish, "I cannot see things as you do at all; there always must be evil in the world, and there always will."

"Yes, dear Mrs. Lyon, but is it not our duty to try and stop the evil, and do all in our power to prevent it? 'prevention is better than cure,' as the old proverb says," she added, smilingly.

"It is all very well for people who are not married like you, Agatha," said Mrs. Kendal, "to do what you can to help these poor girls, but I think we who are married should think of our children and not engage in such work."

"Oh! no, Mrs. Kendal," replied Agatha, in her clear, sweet voice, "I think mothers who have children and love them, would do all in their power to save and help the children of other mothers. You know all these poor girls who have such a struggle to keep right, and those who fall, too, are 'somebody's daughters,' and many an one has told me, with the scalding tears running down her cheeks, how her mother loved her, and how she had broken that mother's heart."

There was a momentary silence, during which the click of the spoons on the delicate china, and the ticking of the timepiece were distinctly heard.

Mrs. Lyon broke in rather hesitatingly: "Of course somebody should try and help them, and ladies whose time is not taken up with social duties like mine might assist; at any rate, their names might be given as patrons to any good scheme that was proposed."

"Oh! no, that is not what we want," interrupted Agatha eagerly, "what we want is not patronage, but personal power, personal influence, and personal dealing; and above all, a real and true sympathy for and with these oftentimes despairing girls."

"That sounds very nice, Agatha, but I do not think we are called on to sympathise with wrong-doing."

"Not with the wrong-doing, certainly, but our Saviour showed sympathy for the wrong-doer, for did not He say, 'Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more?' Do you not think that to be of any real use to people, we must let them feel that we feel for them in their sin and wretchedness? It is no use to stand aloof on our own pedestal of purity; what we want them to realise is that they have a friend who really cares for their welfare, someone who enters into and understands the misery and suffering caused by sin, not one who will excuse or condone the sin. Sin must always be condemned, but oh! I think we have no idea how sorely and sadly some of these poor girls are tempted, and how often they resist; we who are so shielded and guarded cannot realise it."

"Perhaps so," said Mrs. Kendal, "but the girls themselves are often very much to blame on account of their forwardness."

"That may be," replied Mrs. Lyon, "still we must remember their wretched bringing up; training they have none, for that does mean some sort of discipline."

"That is just it," said Agatha, earnestly; "they are handicapped, so to speak, from the very beginning; they have not a fair start."

"I agree with you, Miss Newthern, that they have not a fair start, and if mother will let me, I should so like to come and read to your girls

some evening," and Maud Lyon's bright face showed she was in earnest.

Hitherto she had lived a semi-idle, fashionable life, but it had not satisfied the longings of her nature, and many a time she had said to herself how empty it all was, and she wearied of the perpetual round of balls, theatre-going, and parties.

There are many girls like Maude Lyon, tired of the worldly life they lead, and such only need a guiding hand to help them to a life of nobler and better purpose. Agatha looked with pleasure at the bright, eager face, and turned smilingly to Mrs. Lyon, saying:

"I am sure you will let her come, will you not, dear Mrs. Lyon?"

"I should not mind her helping you, Agatha, only I should not like her to be out at night alone."

"Oh! I will undertake to see her safely home, and I am sure Maude will get quite interested in some of the girls."

At this juncture the door opened, and a tall, fine-looking young fellow of six or seven-and-twenty entered the room. After shaking hands with Mrs. Kendal and Agatha, he went across the room and kissed his mother, saying jokingly:

"What scandal are you ladies talking now, mother?"

"None, Mr. Herbert, we are wondering how we can brighten the lives of those around us, and I have succeeded in enlisting your sister's services."

"Just like you, Miss Newthern, to try and brighten the lives of others. I must own your religion is a practical one, and if I ever become religious I should like my life to be after your style; but then you know I don't believe in that sort of thing as a rule."

Miss Newthern coloured slightly, but she merely said, "Some day I trust you will recognise in all true religion, the foundation of all that is noble and good."

In Agatha's life, love and sorrow combined had helped to mould and beautify her character, and she had learned to wait patiently for results.

One truly says: "Sorrow rightly borne, and noble joy rightly worn, should elevate, not degrade; there is no escaping this law for those who have any soul at all." So it had been in Agatha's case, the joy had been rightly worn and the sorrow rightly borne.

After a little more conversation on indifferent subjects, the ladies rose to go, Agatha telling Maude she would let her know when she would want her help.

"What are you going to do, Maude?" enquired her brother, when they were left alone.

"Oh, I am going to help with some evening classes for shop and warehouse girls," replied Maude.

"Well, then I think you had much better let such work alone; it is quite right for Miss Newthern, and you know I think a lot of her, but you are too young for such work, and you do not know what sorts of characters you may meet with."

"All the more reason for me to try and help them to be better," replied Maude warmly. "I get sick of this empty, useless, kind of life, and I long to be of some use in the world."

Her brother shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, my! are we going to be religious?" Maude vouchsafed no reply, and Herbert left the room.

As soon as he was gone her mother said: "I wish, dear, you would go and see if our new housemaid has come, and put her in the way of her duties; she will be very ignorant never having been out before, but if she is only honest and steady, we must try and teach her; the servants we have had lately have been most trying; what girls are coming to, I cannot think, they seem so reckless."

"But don't you think, mother, there is something to be said on their side? If a little more care and thought were shown for these girls when first they go into service, and someone took a little interest in them, many of them would not be what they are."

"Perhaps not, love, but run and see if Jane has come."

Mrs. Lyon's reflections when left alone were not the happiest ones; she thought of the early days of her girlhood, and how anxious she had been then to live a truly Christian life, but how the glitter of gold, and a good social position had deadened her conscience, and now, in spite of all that the world could give her, she, like her daughter, was dissatisfied, and in her heart of hearts cried out for a nobler and a truer life.

How different had Agatha's life been! In her young days she had given her all unreservedly to her Saviour, and her reward had been a blessed one; and in her daily life she strove to carry out the precepts of the Saviour whom she so dearly loved. She entered her own home with a quick step and a sunny smile, and the little maid-of-all-work came running forward to take off her mistress's shoes and bring her slippers, when she heard the door open, for "Sally"—as she had been popularly called before she entered Miss Newthern's service—thought there was no one in the world like her mistress.

"Why, who'd a took me and made me into the respectable servant I am but Miss Newthern, I'd like to know? she's just parfect, so she is!"

It was in this manner Sara Timmings spoke of her mistress.

"It is a cold night, Sara. I hope you have a bright fire in the dining-room, and your master's slippers and coat warming."

"Oh, yes, ma'am, and I've brought your fur cloak down, and got it airing like by the kitchen fire. I thought as how you'd want it now the weather's changed when you went to the class to-night."

"Thank you, Sara, it is just the very thing I shall want; it is nice to have someone who thinks about my comfort."

"Deed ma'am; I only wish I could do more bits o' comfortin' things for you. I can never half repay you for your goodness to me—never," she added, emphatically.

"Well, we won't talk about that now, Sara; I am very glad you are so happy."

A quarter-of-an-hour afterwards, just as Agatha was giving the finishing touches to the tea-table, and re-arranging a flower here and there, her father entered.

He was a tall, well-made man, with a face that showed signs of power, rather stern when in repose, but redeemed entirely from sternness by the peculiarly pleasant smile which played constantly about the mouth.

He greeted Agatha with his usual cheery, "Well, my darling!" and, sitting down in the arm-chair, looked like a man well content to be at home.

During tea there was not much conversation—there is no surer sign that people thoroughly understand one another than when they can be quite silent one with the other, without the slightest feeling of awkwardness, making no attempt at conversation.

Suddenly Mr. Newthern looked up and said: "Agatha, do you remember me talking to you about an old friend I had years ago—Harry Foster—and how much he had been in my thoughts lately?"

"Yes, father, perfectly well."

"Well, strange to say, I met a young man in the street to-day, not far from here, who was the very image of my early manhood's friend; I could scarcely believe it was not he, quite forgetting for the moment that time must have been busy with him, as well as with me, changing the colour of his hair and wrinkling his brow."

"Perhaps it was his son," suggested Agatha, laughingly.

"Not very likely; and yet, dear me, it was so like him. He went abroad soon after I was married, and we kept up a sort of desultory correspondence for a year or two, and then it ceased altogether, and I have never heard of him since."

"This young man seems to have made an impression on your mind, father."

"He has, and more so for this reason: the last month or two I have been thinking so much of my old friend, and longing to hear something of him; I even wrote to a firm of solicitors, who used to transact business for him, to enquire if they could tell me anything of him or his whereabouts, but the old partners in the firm were dead and gone, and the new young ones had never even heard the name."

"Poor father! boyhood's friends are not easily traced; but I do think as you have been thinking so much of him lately, you will be hearing in some indirect way about him. I am rather a believer in 'coming events casting their shadows,'" she added, laughingly.

"I wish you may be right, Agatha; as one gets older one has a strange longing at times to talk over old times with the friends of one's youth."

"Describe the young man to me, father."

Her father did so.

"Yes, I think I know him, but when I last saw him, I thought he looked as though he had been drinking."

"Ah, you thought so too! the very same idea struck me to-day."

After another silence, Mr. Newthern said:

"I have asked Dr. Williams in for supper to-night, and quite forgot it was your girls' class."

"Oh, I shall be back at half-past eight, and really, Sara is getting so thoughtful, and such a nice little cook, that I am not afraid to leave things with her."

"You've transformed that girl in a most marvellous manner, Agatha; it is only about eighteen months since you brought her home, that pouring wet night, and asked me if I should object to her having a bed. I must confess I felt a little horrified when I saw her large black eyes peeping from under that dilapidated black hat, and her ragged, dripping garments; she looked quite uncanny."

Agatha laughed merrily.

"You are quite right, father, she really did; but has not my scheme been a grand success?"

"More than a success, my child, it has been a blessing, not only to Sara, but to you and me."

"Yes, my father, but I could have done very little if you had not been so ready with your kind help and sympathy, as you always are, dearest and best of fathers; but I am sure when people are passing through a terrible heart sorrow, there is nothing helps one so much to bear it, as trying to help others."

"That is true, and that is why I say Sara has been a blessing to us, by taking us out of ourselves; and you have helped me, my daughter, by your sweet, unselfish life. The influence of it has gone with me when I went away in the morning, and remained with me through the day."

"Oh! father, it is unspeakably sweet for me to have helped you who have always been my ideal in everything, it seems too good to realise; but I must away or my girls will be waiting." And with a kiss and a smile she left the room.

Agatha and her father were left alone in the world. It was scarcely three years since they had stood by the grave-side of an only brother and son, whose early manhood gave promise of all that was noble and good; but God said, "Come up higher," and they strove to submit to His will.

A few months after his death there was laid in the same grave the tenderly-loved wife and mother. She had been a great sufferer for more than two years, but it was to "mother's room" Agatha and her father carried all their perplexities and troubles, and it was into her ever-ready and sympathising ear all joys and griefs were poured. The last few days of her life had been peculiarly endeared to her loved ones by her playful manner and beautiful acquiescence in God's will. Turning to her husband one day she said:

"You always said, love, that I should go triumphantly into Heaven, but I shall not, I shall just walk quietly in." At another time she said: "It is all the merits of Jesus, no goodness of my own."

It was thus that Agatha's mother had walked quietly into that home, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

Shortly after Mrs. Newthern's death, another heavy trial came upon father and daughter. Mr. Newthern was an engineer, and a large firm with whom he had done business for years, failed in his debt to the extent of some thousands. Their beautiful home had to be sold, and a small house taken on the outskirts of the town; the servants kindly dismissed, and the renowned Sally engaged soon afterwards.

Many times Mr. Newthern had said to Agatha: "Thank God, no one is one penny the worse for my loss. I am so thankful that by selling our home and reducing our expenses I can pay every penny I owe."

And so he did; and nobly and bravely these two faced the world on a small income, and in a small house; and many a luxury to which Agatha had been accustomed from girlhood she quietly renounced, fearing lest her father, who was ever mindful of her comfort, should deny himself something for her sake. In the small, as well as the great things of life, we may "live unto Him and not unto ourselves," and many a sacrifice is made that no human eye notices, but which will earn at the last the Master's "Well done."

(To be continued.)

The Battles of the Longford Schoolboys.

By Uncle Ben.

IT was a bitter cold winter, and there had been a severe and heavy fall of snow; but with the boys at Longford School, in America, it was a time of great rejoicing. The boarders were busy at work, and erected a snow giant, which they intended to show with pride to the day-boys when they should arrive.

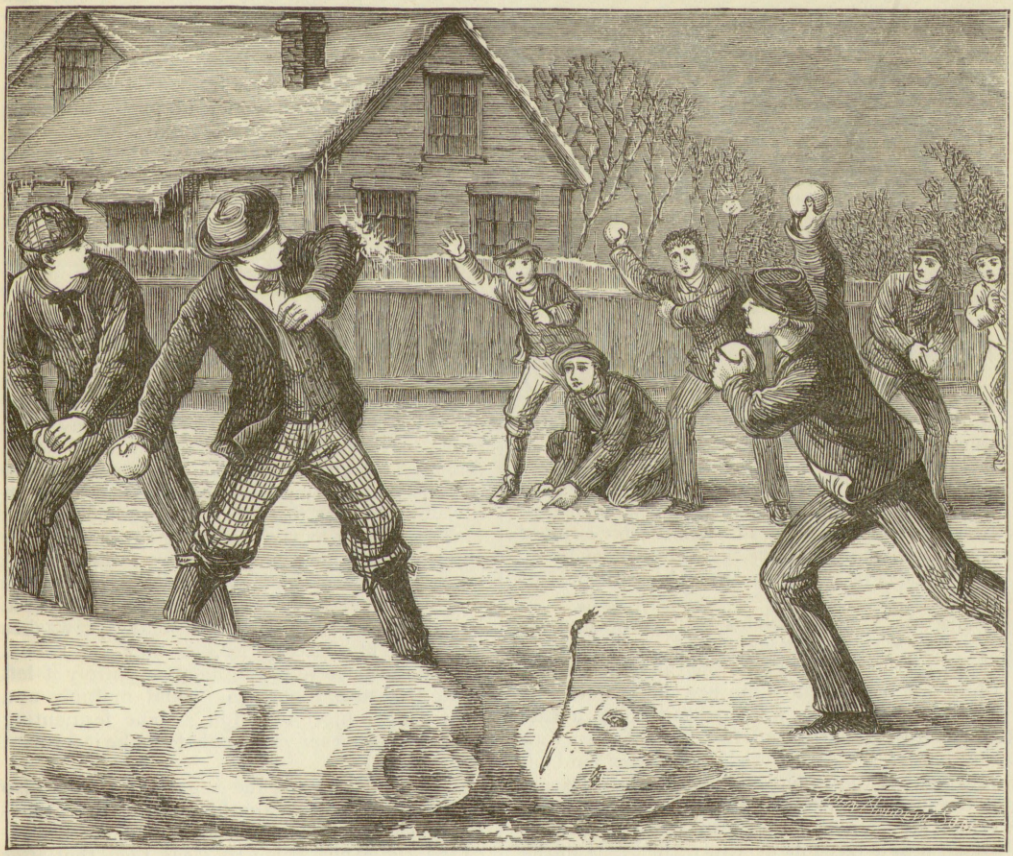
The moment breakfast was over the boarders went out to finish the giant; and hardly was the work accomplished before the day-boys began to arrive. They had no sooner collected a sufficient force than they attacked the snow image, and soon the prostrate form was lying in the snow. The boarders did the best they could to defend the labour of their hands, and gathered boldly round the fallen and broken figure and drove back the assailants; but all to no purpose, for almost every minute the day-boys were reinforced by fresh-comers until they were far more numerous than the boarders. Then the former slowly and steadily drove the latter from the position, and with shoutings of great victory and rejoicing kicked and trampled the snow image to pieces.

Before the defenders were scattered, in fact, while they were rallying for another rush in the

vain hope of re-capturing their lost ground and fallen image, the bell rang for school, and the warriors on both sides the conflict had to forsake the playground for the pursuit of learning. This fighting became memorable in the annals of the Longford School as the "Battle of the Great Snow Image," fought in the early morning of a winter's day. The day was made more memorable by the fact that some years after, two boys who had met on the snow battlefield may remember the 'Battle of the Great Snow Image,' when I led the victorious band of day-boys against the brave boarders; but the times are altered now."

Little could be done to change the circumstances and conditions of events just then, but the war soon closed, and among the first of the liberated prisoners was the Longford schoolfellow.

Time passed on; peace was restored, and the Southern slaves were made free. In a temper-



met again during the American war; one was for the North and the other for the South.

It was in a skirmish that the Southerner was taken prisoner with a small company of companions, who were marched off to be questioned by a superior officer. During the interview the Northerner said to one of the prisoners: "Your face seems familiar, and your voice I ought to know; have we met before?"

To which the reply came: "I think I recollect you as one of the boys of Longford School. You

ance convention the two soldiers met again; both now fighting the same foe. The recognition in this third battlefield was one of gratitude and pleasure. The old friendship was renewed—the past warfare forgotten. In this moral conflict their hearts were united; they were together on the same side doing battle with the giant evil of strong drink. And in the struggle against intemperance a higher patriotism was called out, for they were on the Lord's side, contending for righteousness, freedom, and peace.

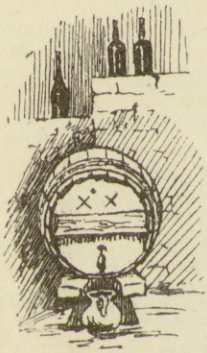
THE CHRONICLES OF THE ALCOHOL FAMILY.

Old Port's Story.

By DR. J. JAMES RIDGE.

Physician to the London Temperance Hospital. Author of the "Temperance Pilgrim's Progress," &c.

CHAPTER II.



I HAD almost forgotten to tell you where I was born and how it came about. I shall have to take you back to Oporto, and up the river Douro a good many miles. Then you must land and strike across the country and ask for the farm of Miguel Gonsalez—at least that was the name of the man who held the farm then; but as that is more than sixty years ago, most likely someone else looks after the vineyards now. There you will find thousands of vines on the side of some high hills—not growing in hot-houses, or trained up against walls, but in fields, and on ledges of rock where the earth has been carried up in baskets before the vines could grow at all. On these vines you would find, at the end of the summer, numberless bunches of purple grapes about the size of small marbles.

One day Miguel and his men came into his vineyard with big baskets, and as the grapes were ripe they began gathering the bunches and filling one basket after another, and as soon as they were filled they were carried off to a cart to which were harnessed two patient oxen with long horns. The cart was soon laden, and off they went to the wine-press at the farm; some of the luscious juice dripping out as they went. When they reached the farm the grapes were tossed into a big tub or vat, with a hole in the side close to the bottom. Two men took off their boots, just as they were, and jumped in with naked feet and legs to squeeze and smash and press the grapes; and the foaming juice began to run out of the hole at the bottom. What colour do you think it was? I fancy I hear you say: "Red, of course." You say that because you know that port wine is red; but you make a great mistake. Next time you have some black grapes you will find that the juice is just as white as that from white grapes.

So the juice squeezed out by these sturdy, merry Portuguese—laughing and singing all the time—was white, or, rather, of a yellowish colour. As the empty grape skins and stalks settled down more were put in at the top until it was quite full of the pressed grapes. Some people do not have their grapes trodden, but squeezed with a screw; and this is a much cleaner way, as the men do not wash their feet in the juice. As the rich liquid ran out of the tub or wine-press it was caught in vessels and put in a big tub in another room; and presently they brought the skins and the stalks and tumbled them into it. Then someone put a little scum of fermenting wine from another tub into the sweet grape juice, which, up to this time was unfermented and not at all intoxicating.

The ferment thus put in is a kind of yeast; and as it found such a quantity of good food in the juice it began at once to grow and multiply and feed on the sugar in the juice. This sugar is very much like the sugar from the sugar cane and from beetroot, which you have in your tea or bread and milk; but there is a little difference so that the germs can feed on it better. As they do so the sugar really *putrefies*, and is destroyed, becoming changed chiefly into two other things, namely—alcohol, which is a liquid, and carbonic dioxide (CO_2), the gas or fixed air of which I told you before. If the tiny little living particles, millions upon millions of which make up the yeast, or ferment, are not put into the unfermented juice, or if they do not float in invisibly through the air, or get in somehow, the juice would not putrefy, but remain in the same state. It is impossible, however, to keep them out. There are some of them clinging to the outside of every grape, and when the skin bursts and the juice runs out it always washes off some of these germs, as they are called. Hence the juice would ferment or putrefy if left alone, because the germs would multiply and grow; the object of adding some fermenting wine from another vat is only to make it ferment more quickly.

Besides destroying the sugar the germs also feed on and destroy another part of the grape-juice—the part which is able to make flesh—called *albumen*. It is very clear, then, that after these germs have done feeding on the grape-juice the best part is gone and there is not much goodness left in it. The wine may look very good, but its nourishment is only the shadow of that which was present in the grape-juice. Have you heard how the mice once found a whole cheese, and sent out invitations to their cousins, the rats, to come and feast on it? But the cunning little animals gnawed a hole right into the middle of it, and then ate all the inside out, so that when the rats came, although it

looked a fine cheese there was nothing left but the rind! That is about the case with the grape-juice when the germs have done with it; there is very little nourishment left in it.

I told you that the germs produce alcohol. It was when this was forming that I first began to know where I was. I could feel the alcohol running all through me; and soon I found myself getting redder and redder. The reason why my juice changed from white to red was because the alcohol, or spirit of wine, which was not present before, began to attack the black skins of the grapes, and to dissolve, or soak out, the dark red colour that was in them. This colouring matter will dissolve in alcohol, or in alcohol and water, but will not dissolve in water alone. Hence the red colour coming showed that alcohol was present. You can understand now what Solomon meant when he said: "Look not upon the wine when it is *red;* when it giveth its colour in the cup." If it were red it would be intoxicating, and, therefore, not to be touched. But you must not suppose that if wine is white it must be all right and free from alcohol. Since Solomon's time some *white grapes* have been discovered, and have been used for making white wine, like my cousins, Sherry, Hock, Champagne, and others. These wines were not known in Solomon's time.

And, on the other hand, it is possible to have a wine which is *red*, and yet does not contain alcohol; because there has been found one sort of grape which has red juice inside instead of white, and from this a red wine can be squeezed and used to colour other white juice.

So I became gradually stronger and redder as the days went by; more alcohol forming, until at last there were nearly seventeen parts of spirit in every hundred parts of wine.

Then Miguel told someone to strain me off from the skins and stalks, and to put me into another tub and cork me up tightly from the air. This was done so that I might become clear and bright, which took many days. At last I was let out, and was very glad of it; but while I was boasting of my pure blood as I foamed into a new cask, I was suddenly stopped and almost choked by a lot of fiery alcohol which was mixed with me. I was very angry but had to put up with it; if I had only known where this had come from I should have been more angry and disgusted still. But I could not help myself, and at last I heard Miguel say: "There, that's enough; that will suit them." I did not understand what he meant then, but I have found out since.

They call this addition of spirit or alcohol to the wine "fortifying" it, that is, making it stronger. It was done for two reasons. First, because they were going to send me to England, and the people who drink port wine in England like to have it strong of alcohol. Second, because I should soon turn sour when I get out of the bottle without the addition of the alcohol.

But I must finish my story. I was bumped along in the new cask over a rough road and sold to a merchant in Oporto. Soon after that I found myself hoisted into a big ship, and was brought over the sea and landed in London, and was put into a great room with hundreds of other barrels, waiting there a long time until someone came to pay "duty," that is money to the Government, so much for every gallon of wine.

One day while I was there I saw one of the men who came in sometimes to move the barrels and take some away get behind some of them and make a hole in the top of one with a gimlet. Through the hole he put in a straw and began to suck up some of the wine. Then he closed up the hole with a little bit of wood, and went away. I frequently saw him doing this; but he did it once too often. For he seemed longer than usual that day, and I suppose he must have tapped a cask of stronger wine, because he could not walk straight afterwards. The policemen at the door saw he was tipsy, and so they arrested him and searched him, and found the gimlet and the straw. I never saw him come back again, so I suppose he was put in prison or sent away.

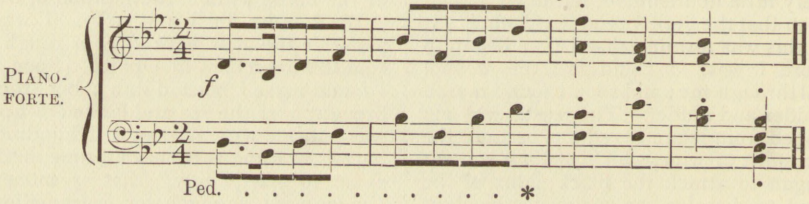
I remained in the "bonded warehouse" a long time; but at last I was taken out and brought through the streets to another warehouse belonging to a wine merchant. After a time he told his men to put all the wine in the cask into bottles. So I was corked up and sealed over and laid on my side with a great splash of whitewash on the upper half. Not long afterwards I was bought by my master's father, and stowed away in this cellar with my brothers and sisters by the butler who was here before Joe. And here I have been ever since, getting dusty and cobwebby. Thousands of bottles have come and gone, containing all sorts of wine from all parts of the world, and all my brothers and sisters have departed one by one, and I am the oldest of all now. My master seems to be loth to part with me, or to let me out; and I think Old Joe would sooner pull out all the rest of his teeth (he has not many left) than pull out my cork.

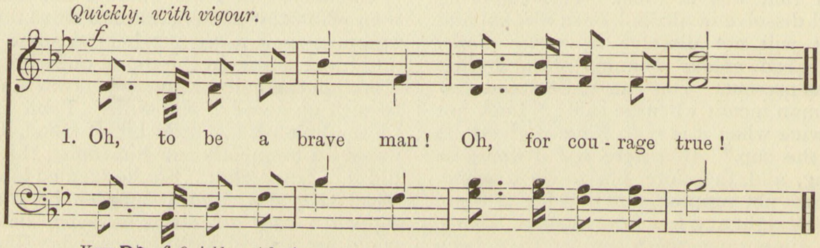
(To be continued.)

IN its truest meaning Temperance is the *avoidance* of selfish, sinful, and wasteful indulgences of all kinds, which are not only harmful to the body, but are degrading to the mental and moral senses.

OH, TO BE A BRAVE MAN!*

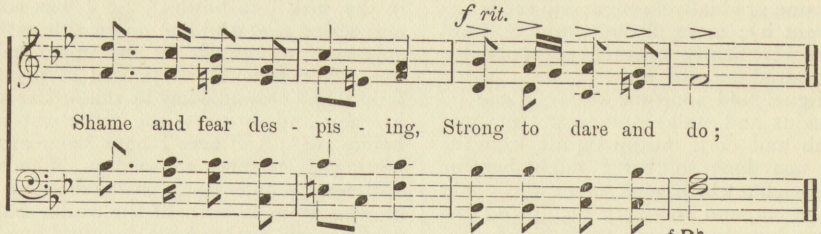
Words by ROBERT WALMSLEY. *Music by* REV. CAREY BONNER.





KEY B♭. *f Quickly, with vigour.*

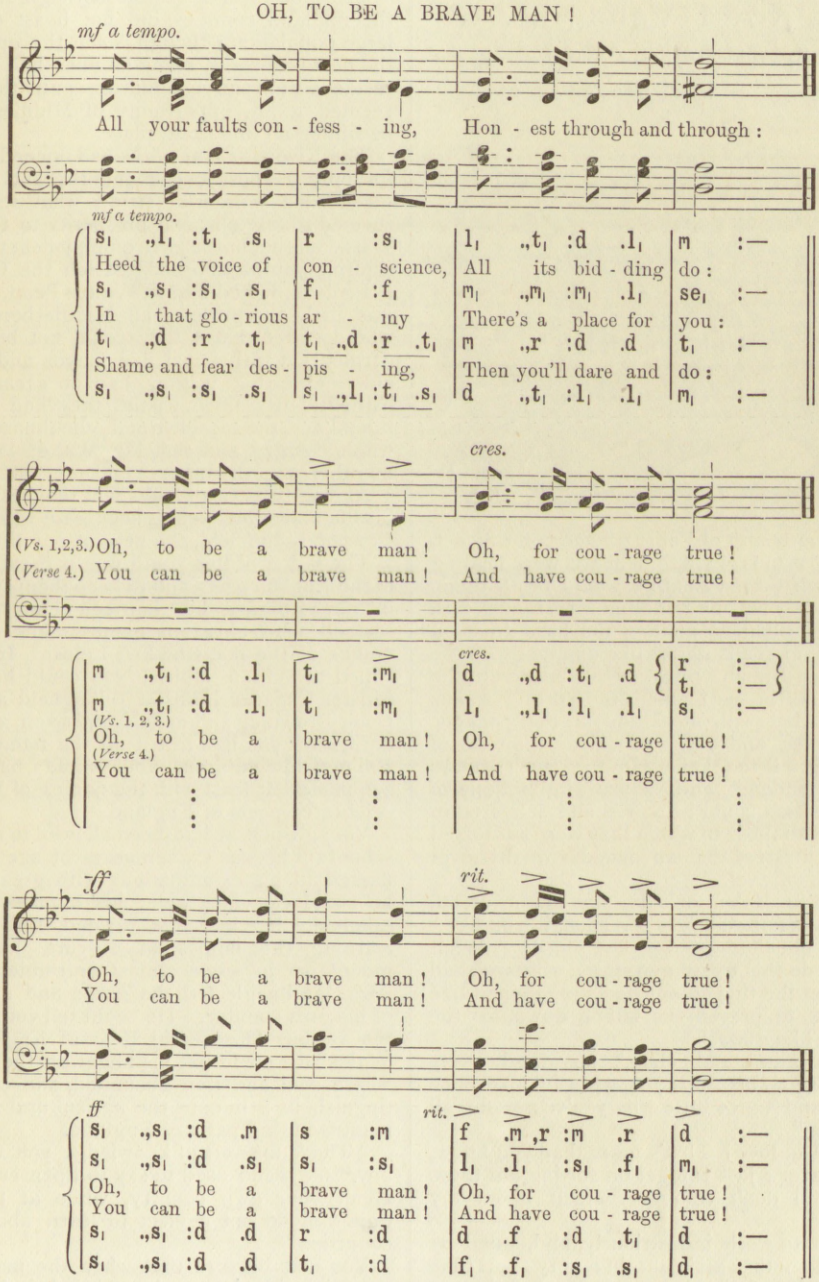
			F.t.
m, .,d, :m, .s,	d :s,	d .,d :r .s,	m l :—
2. Pride will loud-ly	tell you, "	Nev - er own you're	wrong!"
m, .,d, :m, .s,	d :s,	m, .,m, :s, .s,	s,d :—
3. All the a - ges	wit - ness	How the great and	good—
m, .,d, :m, .s,	d :s,	d .,d :t, .t,	df :—
4. Christ, of men the	grand - est,	Calls you to His	side;
m, .,d, :m, .s,	d :s,	l, .,l, :s, .s,	df :—



		f rit.	f.B♭.
l .,s :f .r	s :m	f .m ,r :m .r	ds, :—
Bet - ter voi - ces	whis - per, "	On - ly truth is	strong."
d .,d :t, .t,	r .t, :d	l, .l, :s, .t,	ds, :—
Threaten'd, scorn'd, or	tempt - ed—	Staunch and firm have	stood;
f .,s :s .s	s :s	f .f :d .f	mt, :—
Fight be - neath His	ban - ner,	Aye with Him a -	bide!
f .,m :r .s,	t, .s, :d	f, .f, :s, .s,	ds, :—

* This Piece is taken, by permission, from the new Service of Song, entitled, "DIBS," published at 18, Mount Street, Manchester. Price Fourpence.

OH, TO BE A BRAVE MAN!



A Novel Valentine.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

Author of "Snatched from Death," &c.

THE fourteenth of February had come at last. Thousands of youthful hearts were beating to know what St. Valentine would bring them. It was a lovely morning, the sun was shining with a strange brilliancy, making the hard frost on the trees and roads glitter like diamonds on the breast of an Indian prince. How busy were the postmen at the post office: the sorting rooms were crowded with all kinds of big packets, letters, boxes, and every conceivable means of forwarding a love token. However such a mass of correspondence and delicate intimations of secret affection could be sorted and delivered in a few hours to those to whom they were addressed seemed a mystery that an outsider would never attempt to unravel.

"I wish St. Valentine's day was in the moon, or in some of the planets—Wenus, if you like," grumbled old Potts at the post office. "What are we to do this frosty morning; why, we shall have to get the tips on our boots roughened like the horses, to prevent us falling down, for the roads are like glass."

"Never mind, old chap," answered lively young Cox; "cheer up; you were in love once yourself, and a nice little wife you've got for all your pains."

"Was I in love? That's more than you know, young shaver; just you get on sorting out these things, and don't trouble yourself about my affairs."

Cox set to work industriously, and, aided by Potts and another assistant, in a very short time the mass of confusion became order, and the two men, Potts and Cox, were ready to start on their delivery.

The little town of Middlesborough, situated in the midland counties, did not boast of a very large population; though, since the opening of the new ironworks, many families had come to reside within its boundaries, and there now seemed a fair opportunity of Middlesborough becoming an important place.

The Riverside Ironworks had opened its doors for only a short twelve months, and yet had made such wonderful strides that its advent seemed to foretell great prosperity to the town.

Its counting house gave employment to several aspiring youths who had just left the Grammar School conducted by Mr. Walter Penn, and who was justly the pride of all Middlesboroughites, who declared that if they could not boast of a corporation with a real live mayor and smiling aldermen; that if they had no great ancient cathedral or ruined castles, they had the best school and the most learned schoolmaster in the whole country, and that Mr. Walter Penn, and no other, was the man.

Among those who had spent the best part of his life under Mr. Penn's keen gaze was Spenser Cowper Billingfield, the hero of our little story.

The father of this youth was a great admirer of the English poets, and to keep them constantly in remembrance his fourteen children were blessed with christian names taken from the names of the poets he loved most. If you had called at Wilton House, you could have seen Master Chaucer Johnson Billingfield and Miss Cook Browning Billingfield, and so on, and so on, until, once you had heard all the names of the Billingfield children, you would have been acquainted at least with the names of the most celebrated poets of England.

Young Spenser had been allowed to remain at school till he was sixteen years of age; he had passed all his examinations with great credit; he could calculate well; his handwriting was excellent—he had not wasted his time in learning the names of obscure rivers and mountains in some almost untrodden part of Africa and neglected the rivers and mountains of his own country. He could tell you all about the various Ouses and Bens of England and Wales; he could put his finger on the counties where coal and iron abounded, and could distinguish in a minute the agricultural from the manufacturing parts of England.

"That's the sort of knowledge you want, my boy," old Penn used to say to Spenser; "learn about your own country, while at the same time you do not neglect to learn about other countries."

You may be sure that when the manager of the Riverside Ironworks applied to Mr. Penn for a junior clerk, he was not slow in recommending young Billingfield.

Mr. Billingfield's interview with Mr. Maybrick, the manager of the ironworks, was so far satisfactory; the situation was a good one with regard to salary and prospects; Spenser might rise to an important position, if he had intelligence and industry. The father accepted the situation for his son, though he was afraid that the manager of the ironworks had very little poetry in his soul; and here he was right, for if Mr. Maybrick had tried, he couldn't have made a dozen rhymes to save his life.

A sincere friendship soon sprung up between the manager and the junior clerk; young Billingfield was often invited to the manager's house, and among all the members of the family, he was received as a welcome guest.

The eldest child of the Maybrick family was Louie, as nice a young lass as you will meet in any English county. She was thoroughly well educated; she could make a pudding, darn a stocking, read her French and German Bible, paint a picture, and did not object, if there were any need for it, to polish stoves and clean boots.

She was only sixteen, and was not yet out of short frocks, her hair hung down her back in two lovely plaits, and her dress was so neat, and her face so full of smiles, that it was no wonder she had many admirers.

When young Billingfield went home after his first evening with the Maybrick family, there was a sort of sensation in his heart that he couldn't make out at all; he had never felt it before; it had come upon him all of a sudden, and he seemed to have no power to control it. To one fact he was quite alive, he could only think of one person. All the way home this one followed him, he tried to whistle away the idea, but it was no good. All night long in his sleep the same form was before his eyes, he turned and twisted about, opened his eyes, and shut them again, but there was the same face, with the same pair of laughing eyes looking at him.

The next morning his eyes looked as if he had been at a party all night, and strange to say he had lost his appetite. How disgusted he felt when his thoughtful mother recommended a little Epsom salts, or a blue pill and a black draught, to put him right. Ah! she little knew what new sensations were tormenting him.

All day long at the office there was the same figure hovering about the desk, following him into the manager's room, going after him when he went into the works, sitting down with him at dinner, and going out with him into the streets. Poor boy! he couldn't cast the columns of figures, that were usually so easy, he made the most ridiculous mistakes; instead of directing a letter to a Miss Lowdon, he directed it to Miss Louie, and on the blotting pad he found that he had written the name of Louie over and over again. Oh, dear! he was so fearfully afraid that the manager would see it, and ask him what it all meant.

The fact of it was, young Billingfield was in love, and the object of his affections was the much-admired Louie Maybrick.

Spenser being a conscientious young fellow, at first began to think he had committed some sin; it was wrong of him, he thought, to admire the daughter of his own manager; then he considered that he really had no control over his own feelings—he couldn't help falling into love; and he was convinced that Louie had no objection to be loved either.

He loved like most youths do, with a rashness over which he had no control; he felt that no earthly power could take from his heart the heavenly flame that Cupid had lit, for does not Scott tell tell us—

> "In peace, love tunes the shepherd's reed,
> In war he mounts the warrior's steed;
> In halls in gay attire is seen,
> In hamlets dances on the green;
> And men below, and saints above,
> For love is heaven, and heaven is love."

Twelve months had passed away, and Spenser had gone through a varied experience; overcome with his undeclared affection, his friends thought he was going into a consumption, and as a remedy advised the taking of cod liver oil and other pleasant dishes. At times his mother thought he was melancholy mad, till at last, with tears in his eyes, he confessed his love, and Cupid, ever kind, settled the matter. Louie loved as well; and the worthy manager had no objection, he said, to their taking a walk together, but there must be no regular engagement till they knew each other better, and were old enough to settle their own fate themselves.

"A little billing and cooing won't do them any harm; the best way to keep a young fellow good is to find him a pure-hearted girl to love; only mind this—no marriage till there's money to maintain a wife and family. None of that nonsense about love in a two-roomed cottage; love won't provide bread and butter, or settle the bills of the butcher and the coal merchant."

How happily the days passed with Spenser. The prospect of, in the future, enjoying a home with the one he sincerely loved, inspired him to the utmost diligence in his business, and to the greatest economy in his expenditure; while this ambition kept his heart pure and his soul innocent.

At the manager's house he was a constant visitor. Mr. Maybrick loved him as a son; and never felt more delighted than when Spenser came in for an evening at whist or chess.

Heaven had begun below with Spenser. To be allowed to walk out with Louie; to receive loving

letters from her, breathing such sensible affection; to be allowed to sit with her in church; to have the happy prospect in the future of calling her his "own little wifey;" this was as much as any mortal man need want to enjoy.

But in all our enjoyment there is sure to be some element of danger, against which we have need to watch with the greatest carefulness; there are snakes among the most charming foliage, and thorns amongst the sweetest roses.

Mr. Maybrick believed in a glass of sherry or a tumbler of hot whisky and water when he enjoyed his game at whist or chess; he thought it right on a Sunday afternoon to drink three or four glasses of port with his walnuts and grapes. Why not? He had done so all his life, and he did not seem to get any harm.

What was more natural than he should invite his young friend Spenser to have a glass at the same time, and what more natural also that Spenser should accept the kind offer, seeing that he wanted to make himself agreeable to the Maybrick family, and especially to Louie's father?

Spenser had not been so well seasoned as Mr. Maybrick—a small glass of spirits to him was like a spark to gunpowder. It unnerved him; it destroyed those good resolutions that had been growing in his heart for many years.

Louie observed all this, and the fact was like a dagger in her heart. That Spenser should become a drunkard; that he should lose that purity and steadiness for which he had been famous. Poor girl! she could not endure the thought. Alas! when they parted at the gate Spenser was not now so gentlemanly as he used to be; he did not speak like Spenser Billingfield; he was sinking to a lower level—and alcohol was the cause.

With a determination quite heroic she made up her mind never to marry Spenser till he had given up the drink entirely. To speak to Spenser on the subject was at present out of the question; she might offend both him and her father. In her great anxiety she did not know what to do.

A brilliant idea came to her rescue. The great day for lovers was near; St. Valentine should carry a message from her to Spenser, calling upon him to give up the drink, as she had done many years ago. If he loved her he would resign the intoxicating cup cheerfully for her sake; if not, she would resign him—never would she be the wife of a drunkard.

She set to work and drew an elaborate design for an original pledge card; in the centre were the words of the pledge, with a line for the signature, all around were flowers, chubby Cupids, and celestial beings.

When complete, the whole presented a magnificent picture, worthy of preservation even in an academy of painting. Along with the card she determined to forward a few lines, which would explain to Spenser that she intended him to sign the card, or else she would have to resign his affections.

It was old Potts who delivered the card at Milton House, and he did so with a very bad grace, for his back was aching in consequence of the load he had been carrying. All the way on his round he had been sending lovers anywhere but to the right place, and wishing the Postmaster-General and all the other officials, various kinds of punishment for not obtaining extra assistance on St. Valentine's day.

Spenser made his way home early on the 14th of February, a little anxious to see what Louie had sent him. He opened the packet with trembling fingers, but who can picture his blushing face, or imagine the loud throbbing of his heart, when he found what the picture contained? The pledge card was magnificent, the lines were pretty; but the load of shame he now felt was beyond endurance; how guilty he felt himself that he should give pain to the one who loved him so dearly. To be told by Louie—

> "That lips which taste of rosy wine,
> Can never be my valentine."

How could he resist the appeal?

> "Come, love, I pray you, quickly sign,
> And you shall be my valentine."

He did not take long to make up his mind; the card was soon signed and returned to Louie, who received it with thankful tears.

"Louie, my darling," said Spenser, the next time they were alone, "I thank you very much; you have saved me from a world of trouble; how I wish all young ladies would exercise the influence they have for the same good purpose."

Spenser was pleasantly surprised when he found that Mr. Maybrick had no objection to his future son-in-law having a cup of coffee at whist instead of whisky; he found it a delicious drink, for had not Louie made it with her own hands? and the knowledge of this added to its aroma. And to Spenser's great delight, Mr. Maybrick himself occasionally put aside the whisky and partook of the coffee cup.

Spenser and Louie have now been married about six months. If you are ever in the little town of Middlesborough, and will call at No. 20, King Street, you will find hanging in the best place in the drawing-room the identical card that saved Spenser.

"We won't be ashamed of our principles," said Louie; "we will let everyone know that we are on the side of temperance. We will not be afraid of this determination."

I should think not. Why should they be? Do you think they should, reader?

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

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

I SEE them coming from the school,
With cheerful song and merry play,
Released from every tiresome rule,
To spend a joyful holiday.
Away they bound, I see them pass,
I long to mingle in their mirth;
But days and years have fled, alas!
I sit an old man on the hearth.

I cannot join them in their fun,
Their merry games I cannot share;
My limbs are stiff, I cannot run,
My brow is furrowed deep with care.
I once had spirits light as they,
My childhood's heart no sorrow knew;
But now my locks have turned to grey,
My cheeks have lost their rosy hue.

My heart grows sad as here I sit,
And muse upon the years long past;
The scenes of life before me flit—
They rise and fade like visions fast.
As year by year rolls o'er my head,
My friends are passing one by one;
And I shall soon be with the dead,
So soon forgotten and unknown.

Stay! stay, old man, for is it not
The height of human folly,
To fret and pine about our lot,
And look so melancholy?
We can but live through life's short span,
A life of many ages,
From childhood up to sturdy man,
And on through all its stages.

We cannot live our life again;
Then let us make it longer
By nobler deeds, while we are men,
With mind and muscle stronger.
Let old age come like wintry blast—
All desolate and hoary—
Across the stream we march at last
To scenes of greater glory.

A SEASIDE PICTURE, AND WHAT IT TAUGHT.

BY M. A. PAULL (MRS. JNO. RIPLEY).

Author of "Tim's Troubles," "Vermont Hall," &c.

IN the northern part of the large county of Norfolk, facing directly on the German Ocean, is the quaint little seaside town of Cromer, with its fine, great church, round which its streets and houses cluster; and at an easy distance from Cromer is the hamlet of Runton, a fishing village, just as Cromer itself is a fishing town. The houses of Runton are perched on the top of the sandy cliffs, and the boats lie high and dry, when not at sea, in a narrow gorge of the cliffs that leads down to the water. It is a charming walk from Cromer to Runton, either along the top of the headland or beside the ocean, along the sands and pebbly beach, with the long, long line of waves flowing or ebbing, as the case may be, beside you. Only at high tide the water shuts off the path altogether, and so it is prudent to learn the state of the tide before commencing the walk.

My husband and I set off from Cromer on a dull but mild and pleasant November morning, for this walk along the beach. We were accompanied by a friendly little dog, the colour of the sand over which he gambolled, and something like a fox in shape, but with a pretty head, affectionate eyes, and a gentle, pleasant little face. He met us on the sea-wall at our starting point, and having received some slight caress, showed unmistakably that whether we invited him or not, he had determined to go our way, and a very agreeable little companion we found him, full of eagerness, and with an evident appreciation of everything that could possibly interest or amuse him, ready to play with bits of sea-weed, to make frantic dashes at anything or nothing, to start back from the possibility of wetting his feet in the advancing waves, and by-and-by, when he was somewhat tired, to linger and meditate in a very pretty fashion.

At Cromer we had seen that many of the fishing-boats had gone out, and when we reached Runton the beach had quite an animated appearance. The stalwart fishermen—tall, fine-looking men, dressed differently, and quite of a different type to our Devon and Cornish fishermen—were all busy. In their great sea-boots and tan-coloured canvas jackets over their jerseys, their large sou'-westers and their overalls of nearly the same hue, they looked like men in uniform going out to do battle with the great deep. Some were busy with spades and canvas bags, shovelling in a supply of pebbles for ballast; others were bringing down the baited fishing lines from their storehouse and cottages above; others were lifting and bearing along the masts and sails; and yet others were setting the oars in their places in the sides of the boats, preparatory to launching them. There was little talking; almost in silence, as if they were fulfilling the great purpose of their lives, did these stalwart "toilers of the sea" perform these preparatory labours. And when they got their shoulders beside their boats, six or eight men to each, and by using their utmost strength, bore it along with measured tread, it was like the sound of

tramping soldiers, as regular and as solemn, over the pebbly beach; and then they slowly and deliberately rested it where the advancing waves could bear it outward to the mighty deep.

And when once the boat was off, how they scrambled aboard, how they filled her with the bags of ballast, how they rowed with all their might, how they braved danger, and even death, in order to do their simple duty. That is the lesson I learned as I watched them—the grandeur of fearlessly facing difficulties in the path of right.

Boys, are your daily tasks at school or at work hard ones? Do you attempt to make them lighter by shirking them? Will you not henceforth remember the fishermen of Runton, and how grandly they face their difficulties?

Girls, is it hard to give up pleasure, in order to help your toiling mothers, with your younger brothers and sisters? Can you not see that the path of duty means facing difficulties and discomforts with unhesitating determination?

The tramp of these heroes of labour still sounds in my ears. The picture of the scene on Runton beach is engraven on my mind; but it will be better still if you and I learn from the Norfolk fishermen to face difficulties bravely when duty demands it.

Does duty demand that we should wholly abstain from intoxicating liquors? Then let no temptation make us yield to the power of King Alcohol.

Does duty call us to work for the promotion of total abstinence principles in our homes, amongst our friends, amongst our companions, many of whom are not favourable to temperance? Then let us be brave to face our difficulties, as firmly as the fishermen faced theirs. So shall the seaside picture on the Norfolk coast be a constant help to us in life's journey; and in the fishermen we may see faint types of One who faced the great difficulty of life for us all, and who, when we come to Him and put our hands in His for guidance, will assuredly make us "more than conquerors."

Sweet Pity.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

SHE comes along the city street—
A maiden, young and slender,
With dainty hands and tiny feet,
And face like wild flowers tender.
And he—the little cripple lad—
Smiles brightly to behold her;
A wondrous radiance, warm and glad,
Seems ever to enfold her.

How beautiful the girlish face!
How full of tender pity;
As in her sweet, unstudied grace
She walks the sinful city.
A sunbeam on the gloomy way,
A flower most pure and holy;
Bringing a warm and cheering ray
Unto the sad and lonely.

Oh! Charity; how doth thou dress
The poor and plainest creature?
And what a glow of loveliness
Thou lendest to each feature;
Shining through eyes until they seem
To light the way before them,
Hanging on lips until they gleam
Like flowers from regions o'er them.

And so she comes unto the boy—
The waif of want and sadness—
Bringing a gleam of tender joy,
A glow of wondrous gladness.
Her little hand, like timid bird,
Around his basket flutters;
He bends his head to hear each word
She softly, sweetly utters.

With gentle eyes a little while
Beside the boy she lingers,
Dropping a coin, with tender smile,
Into his poor, thin fingers.
His heart beats high with happiness,
The world looks bright before him;
His quivering lips essay to bless
The creature bending o'er him.

A flower-boy, he, in scanty rags—
An Arab of the city—
Whose bed is often on the flags,
Yet so unused to pity,
That when he sees her soft, bright eyes,
Like love-stars o'er him beaming,
He lifts his own in mute surprise,
And wonders is he dreaming.

They part—she happier by the thought
That to a heart so weary,
One gleam of sunlight she has brought,
Making that day less dreary;
And he goes on from place to place,
But, lo! his pain seems lighter,
For, dreaming of her sweet, bright face,
The world grows bright and brighter.

Pebbles and Pearls.

IN casting the Lancaster shot in Woolwich none could endure the fatigue but total abstainers. —*Dr. Conquest.*

AUNT—"Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?" Bobby (suffering from parental discipline)—"An orphan."

THE moon, like some men, is the brightest when it is full; but, like them again, it soon begins to lose its lustre.

IT is one of the marvels of the time that drinking goes on to the extent it does, and all sorts of miseries come of it, and yet the Church, in all its branches, never breaks its heart over it.

AN Irishman fresh from the country wanted to cross from Dublin to Holyhead. "What is my fare?" he inquired. "Seven shillings." "What is the fare for a pig?" he inquired again. "Three shillings." "Then book me for a pig."

JOHNNY'S mother, who has been reading to him about Africa—"It is dreadful to think that there are benighted tribes who do not know what soap is, and who do not wash from one year's end to the other." Johnny—"I wish I was a 'nighted tribe."

CURIOUS NOTIONS OF TEMPERANCE.—A temperance society, about the time of Elizabeth, had for its law of admission a pledge that none of its members should drink more than *fourteen glasses of wine in a day*, and a general ordered that no officer who dined at the mess table should exceed *two bottles of wine.*

TEMPERANCE means *self-control*, by which I ought to make myself think, say, and *do* what I know to be *right*, and by which I ought to *resist temptation* to sin.

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.—*Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P.*

HARD TIMES.

WE say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are 'tis true!
But, drinkers, to your wives and babes
They're harder made by you.

The drunkard's tax is self-imposed,
Like every other sin;
The taxes altogether cost
Not half so much as gin.

HANNAH MORE.

FIRST Tramp—"I say, have you taken a bath?" Second Tramp (anxiously)—"No! Is there one missing?"

SPIRITUOUS liquors are called by savages—"Firewater," "Children of the Devil;" but by Christians—"Good creatures of God."—*Gough.*

"Yes," said Quiggles, "I have a good deal on my hands just now." "So I perceive," replied Fogg. "Why don't you try a little soap and water?"

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—A clergyman having been inducted into a living in Kent, took occasion during his first sermon to introduce the word "optics." At the conclusion a farmer thanked him for his discourse, but intimated that he had made a small mistake in one word; "Yet," said he, "we all knew very well, sir, what you meant." On the clergyman making further inquiries about this word, the farmer replied: "What you call hopsticks, in this part of the country we call hop-poles."

REVIEWS.

"AVONDALE PRIORY; or, She hath done what she could," by Mrs. Lucas Shadwell. Published by the National Temperance Depot. A pleasant story, simply told; suitable for young people, and full of Christian influence.

"A PREY TO THE ENEMY; or, A Story from Real Life," by Mrs. Zillah Dugdale, is another illustrated tale from the same firm, giving a sad record of true incidents from a wasted life, when drink was the cause of ruin. Its lesson is one of warning.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE'S ANNUAL FOR 1889, by Robert Rae, from the same publishers. This admirable companion and directory for all temperance workers cannot be praised too highly. Its information is as valuable as is the admirable care with which it is compiled.

"FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION; or, The Rise and Progress of Temperance," told in a story by Emily Foster. This history is well set in the tale, and is full of sound teaching.

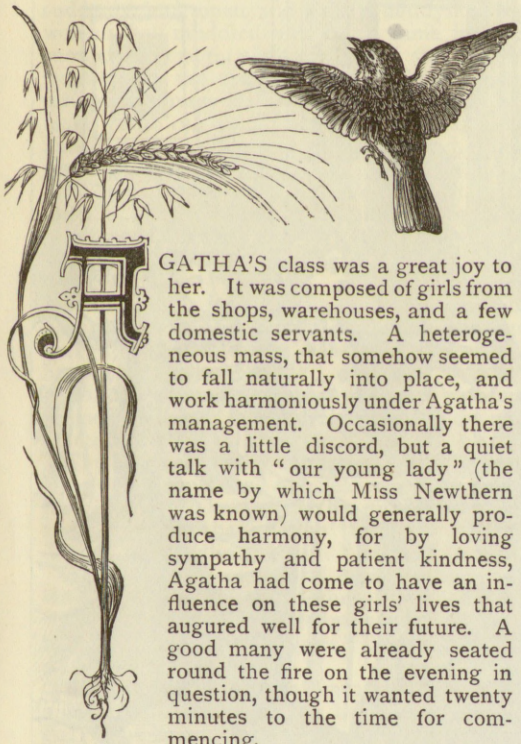
OUR JENNIE:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,

Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER III.



AGATHA'S class was a great joy to her. It was composed of girls from the shops, warehouses, and a few domestic servants. A heterogeneous mass, that somehow seemed to fall naturally into place, and work harmoniously under Agatha's management. Occasionally there was a little discord, but a quiet talk with "our young lady" (the name by which Miss Newthern was known) would generally produce harmony, for by loving sympathy and patient kindness, Agatha had come to have an influence on these girls' lives that augured well for their future. A good many were already seated round the fire on the evening in question, though it wanted twenty minutes to the time for commencing.

Some were knitting, some sewing, and others mending and patching.

Suddenly a tall girl said: "Did any of you do as Miss Newthern asked us last week about pledge signing?"

"Yes, I did," replied a delicate-looking girl, "but my! it's been hard work what with one and another of 'em at yer, I 'most gave it up second day; then I thought how it 'ud grieve Miss Newthern if I did, so I persevered, and now at the dinner hour the girls don't chaff half so much, so I means to stick by it."

"I tried, but I gave it up," said another; "besides, our forewoman says she couldn't get through her work without it, and she's sure girls want something to strengthen 'em, and do 'em good."

"How do you *know* it does you good?"

"Oh! because I always feel cheerfuller like after it."

"And duller some time after you've taken it, an' a sort o' wanting it again to make yer cheerful." This from a bright, intelligent-looking girl.

"Exactly, Martha, that's just it, but how do you know when you never takes it," said the first speaker.

"Oh!" she replied with a laugh, "I'm always cheerful and never have the dull feeling, just because I never do take it. I wouldn't be at the mercy of a glass of wine or beer to make me cheerful for all I possess, though it ain't much; why, folks as takes it have most uncertain tempers—one day pleasant, and next as cross as yer please."

"I think we shouldn't take drink for the sake of others," said a quiet, gentle-looking girl. "Miss Newthern has made me see things quite different since I came to her class, and when I decided to live for Christ, it came quite natural like amongst the doubtful things to be given up, and oh! it's worth all the self-denial."

"Rebecca's right; but I can't get that pious to give up for the sake of others, and yet it does seem to make folks happy; there's a girl works by my side in the folding room, I never saw such a change in anyone in my life. She's got converted, and now she'll give any of us a helping hand, and she's turned teetotal 'cause she can be a better Christian wi'out it, and she used to laugh at all such like things."

"Yes, life's quite different if you're trying to serve Jesus," said a girl who had not spoken before. "It was Miss Newthern first taught me the happiness there is in it; it's so good to think that all the common things of life may be service for Him. Before I knew her, I used to put as few stitches in my work as I could so long as it held together, and I got paid for it, but I couldn't do that now; I just try and do it the very best I can, because it's work for Him. It isn't grand work, only making bags for the warehouses, but Miss Newthern showed me it was the work God had given me to do, and was as important in His sight as some great things."

"That text she gave us to learn for our motto this year helped me," said another: "'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.'"

Here, the entrance of the lady herself put an end to further conversation, and her pleasant "Good evening, girls," seemed to bring an added cheerfulness into the room.

The meeting commenced with a hymn, followed by prayer, after which it often took a very varied form.

Sometimes it was a Bible lesson, another time a quiet homely talk about the trials and difficulties of their lives, and again, she would read them a story bearing on Christian living, and frequently she would bring her pledge-book, and have a regular temperance talk.

She knew, as everyone does whose work lies amongst young girls, what a safeguard it was if they only signed and *kept* the total abstinence pledge, from how many temptations they were saved, and how much less likely they were to fall from virtue. In this department of her work she had met with much success, but she had the full share of discouragement which falls to the lot of all earnest Christian workers, and many of whom she had cherished bright hopes had miserably disappointed her.

In many ways the class had proved a great blessing to both teacher and learner, and Agatha looked forward to it as much as the girls.

This evening the talk on Temperance was resumed, and Miss Newthern spoke especially on the health side of the question.

Much interest was aroused when she told them that a penny loaf of bread contained more nourishment than a gallon of ale, and that a glass of wine contains less food than can be put upon a threepenny piece. She also told them of the mistaken notion people have that alcohol warms the body, whereas, in reality it lowers the temperature and renders it more susceptible to cold. As a proof of this, she instanced the arctic explorer, who went nearer the North Pole than any of his comrades, and whilst others were frost-bitten or attacked by scurvy—the sole cause being too frequently rum drinking—he, a total abstainer, enjoyed good health.

As she was in the middle of some incident, a slight noise was heard at the door, and turning round she saw a girl peeping timidly in ; a wild-looking creature, with staring black eyes, peeping from under a head of hair more like a mop than anything else.

She rose and asked the girl to come in.

"I don't know but what I will ; yer seems sort o' warm and cosy like here. Be it a prayer meeting ?" she asked, quite unabashed by the appearance she presented. Her skirts were short, and being in tatters, the various colours of the scanty garments presented the appearance of a Joseph's fringe ; stockings she had none, and

her shoes were a battered and worn pair, whose original owner had evidently belonged to the opposite sex.

The girls gazed at her in open-eyed amazement, and a suppressed titter went round the room.

"No, this is not a prayer meeting, but a class for girls," explained Miss Newthern ; "would you like to stay ?"

"May be I will, I'll just warm mysel' a bit anyhow. Do yer give feeds? 'cause I shouldn't mind bein' in at one o' them at all."

"We have a tea twice a year."

"Oh, my! is that all? why t'aint worth joining for that; but t'aint so bad by this fire after all, yer can go on wi' yer preaching,"—with a condescending nod at Miss Newthern—"I knows manners, I shan't interfare wi' yer; yer needn't be afraid."

But any more talk or work that night seemed out of the question, for again the door was suddenly flung open, and a dirty, untidy-looking woman, half muddled with drink, came in. As soon as she caught sight of the girl standing in front of the fire she exclaimed: "So yer good-for-nothing hussy it's here as yer are, is it? I'll teach yer to run away from me, I will," and she aimed a savage blow at the girl's head which was dexterously avoided.

"*You* can walk out o' here, t'aint no fit place for the likes of *you*, yer drunken, dirty-face blackguard," replied the girl, turning upon the woman a look of intensest hatred.

"Yer dare ——"

"Hush, this moment," firmly interrupted Miss Newthern, "I cannot allow any such language here, I will dismiss my class, and then I will have a little talk to you."

For the first time the poor, besotted creature seemed conscious of the presence of a lady, and quietened down a little.

The hymn chosen for the evening was—"Jesu, lover of my soul," and the clear, sweet voices of the girls acted like a charm on girl and woman, and during the benediction the latter was indulging in maudlin sobs.

The girls, full of natural curiosity, lingered, but a look from Miss Newthern, and a kindly, "I think you had better go, girls, perhaps I may have to enlist your services," left her in undisturbed possession.

The woman had in the meantime fallen into a doze, and Agatha put her hand kindly on the girl's arm, saying: "How can I best help you, my poor girl?"

"Yer can't help me much while I has to live wi' the likes o' her; she's not my mother, no, by ——" using an oath, "but she takes a sight more on her an' if she was. I runned away from her to-night, but yer see she's cotched me, so t'aint no use."

"Where do you live? and how is it you are living with this woman?"

"I ain't got no father or mother, and she says, as they left me in her charge, and as she can do as she likes wi' me, an' if I don't behave she'll put me in the workhouse, an' if I don' fetch her drink when she wants. We lives in Paradise Row, No. 2."

Agatha felt utterly at a loss how to proceed or what to do for the best, and put up a silent prayer for guidance.

"I think, dear, that you had better go with her to-night. What is your name?"

"Eh, name? they calls me Tantrums in the row, but I were christened Grace."

"Well, Grace, I will go with you, and see this poor thing safely home."

"Yer needn't do that, Miss, I does it reglar, least ways every night whilst the money lasts, then when it's done, she stays in a bit."

"Where does the money come from?"

"I canna say, some o' the neighbours says it's what ought to keep me, and as she has no business with it, but I don't know, she tells me she keeps me out o' charity. Umph!"—contemptuously—"I'd rather be deaden nor kept in such a fashion."

"Have you any idea where you were born, or where your parents lived?"

"Furrin parts—Australi or New Zebra, or something as sounds like that."

"Indeed! then I'm afraid we cannot find out very much, but I will see what I can do. When is the next money due?"

"Not for three weeks, it comes every month, and by the first week she's about done it all, and then we has a clemming time till it comes again; *then*, we has a blow out."

"Poor, poor child! I trust brighter days are in store for you," said Miss Newthern, as she locked the class-room door and bid the girl a friendly "good-night."

(To be continued.)

PROVERBS.

By Frank Fairhall.

"GEMS MUST NOT BE VALUED BY WHAT THEY ARE SET IN."

AS a rule gems and gold go together. Pinchbeck jewellery is not fitted with real jewels; and precious stones are set in precious metals. So, too, a good man keeps good company. He does not walk in the counsel of the ungodly, or stand in the way of sinners, or sit in the seat of the scornful; for evil companionships corrupt good morals.

But gold and gems do not *always* go together. Some jewels have a most unworthy setting. Charity, to say nothing of justice, forbids us to reckon people up by their surroundings. Being

born in a stable does not make a man a horse. Ruth, "meek ancestress" of David, whose name is mentioned in Matthew's genealogy of Jesus, was descended from the hated race of Moab. Out of Galilee, notorious for its wickedness, came most of the twelve apostles. Out of Nazareth, the most wicked city of Galilee, came the Christ. Manaen, the prophet and teacher of Antioch, had been "brought up with Herod." Nature's gentlemen are sometimes found clad in fustian and living in a hut. There are scholars who never wore a square cap, heroes who have no medals, saints whose homes are pervaded by every odour but that of sanctity. The rough setting may be no guide to the brightness of the gem within.

There are those, too, who are not so black within as without; and not even so black outside as they seem. They look like negroes, but they are only sweeps; and, unlike the Ethiopian, they can change their skin.

"Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below."

Those gushing parents who are always hugging and kissing their children, and talking about how they love the little darlings, are not always the best. The stern father who always will be obeyed, and sometimes uses the rod—a kind of home-ruler who goes in for coercion—may have the deeper and more self-denying love, in spite of his firmness and frowns. Pearls are found in oyster-shells and diamonds in dirt. If we could see "beneath the crust of iron moods" which cover the gruff old bachelor, we should very likely find a most kindly soul. The "iron mood" is the shield, not the man; the shell, not the pearl.

And if I were you, girls and boys, I would not call even a drunkard a beast; no, not even when he behaves like one. Hard words will not mend matters; and the drunkard is not a pig, though he wallows in the mire, and feeds on the husks which the swine do eat. He may be debased, yet not past praying for. He may have lost self-respect, but, unlike the beasts, he has a soul to be saved. He has fallen, but not perished; and he lies there a wreck of humanity—a grand ruin—like "an angel with draggled feathers," or "a sapphire set in tin." Thank God the drunkard may be lifted up again! and Band of Hope boys and Band of Hope girls may help to lift him up. But not by being rude. Rather should "you have compassion on the ignorant, and them that are out of the way." For if you did but know it, even the drunkard may be a gem, only he wants re-setting.

But if real gems want re-setting, sham gems want re-setting also, only more so. As a sapphire may be set in tin, so paste may be tricked out with gold. Fine feathers make fine birds; but dress does not make a lady, or heavy jewellery a gentleman. "It is nobler to be shabby and honest, than to do things handsomely in debt." A gem unmounted is simply beauty without a foil; but a bead in a gold ring not only looks ridiculous itself, but makes the ring look ridiculous also.

"Worth makes the man, the want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella."

In a celebrated trial a witness was asked about the character of a certain person. "I always thought him a respectable person," he said. "What do you mean by respectable?" asked the counsel. "He kept a gig," was the reply. Carlyle got hold of this story, and used to talk and write about "gigmanity" and "gigmania"—*i.e.*, judging of the gem by its setting, of people by their wealth, or clothes, or surroundings: by whether they "kept a gig" or not. "Say I am a man," were his words, "and you say all; whether king or tinker is a mere appendix." More than 2,000 years before, the sage of Athens had forestalled the sage of Chelsea by the remark that "a horse is not known by his trappings, but by his qualities. So men are to be esteemed for virtue, not wealth."

Empty compliments are a kind of imitation gems that want re-setting. Pictures of silver should be matched with apples of gold: silvery speech should frame only golden truth. Telling lies to please people is not kindness. The pleasure of hearing the flattery to-day is lost in the pain of discovering the bitter reality to-morrow. A plain gold band is setting enough for a fine diamond; and truth can dispense with flowery phrases.

"Where hearts are true,
Few words will do."

Don't be led astray by the two-faced fellow whose words are smoother than butter and softer than oil; for war is in his heart and drawn swords are behind his lips. Weigh his arguments and test his promises before you put yourself in his power. A fair face may hide a foul heart; and what now looks like "a noble soap-bell," may presently be only "a drop of sour suds."

And at all times and in all matters remember that the gem is the kernel, the setting only the husk. Get to the heart of things. Learn the truth itself rather than the mere phrases in which it is half uttered, half concealed, and more than half held captive. Beware, too, of the glittering outside of sin; even Satan can look like an angel of light. Gilded vice is not virtue; and you may buy even gold too dear. Value not gems by what they are set in. Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

The Wild Sea Waves.

By W. HOYLE.

Author of "Hymns and Songs."

I LINGER by the wild sea waves,
I hear the billows roll;
And scenes of far-off ages
Steal softly o'er my soul.
The darkness gathers round me,
The waves roll mountains high;
Far out upon the angry deep
A tiny craft I spy.

Now carried up a giddy height,
Now dashed beneath the wave;
A crew of simple fishermen—
Each fears a watery grave.
"What led you out in such a night,
With such an angry sea,
O band of simple fishermen,
On the lake of Galilee?

"What dear ones have you left behind—
Your little ones and wives;
O, say what will become of them
If you should lose your lives?"
Then spake one bolder than the rest
From out this simple band—
"The Master bade us take the ship;
We sail at His command.

"He fed us in the desert place
At the closing of the day;
He bade us take the ship while He
Sent the multitude away.
But where He went we cannot tell
Or whether He draws near;
He fed five thousand with the loaves—
O! can He save us here?

"All have we left to follow Him—
We count not dear our lives;
We left our friends and all we love,
Our children and our wives.
We took the ship at His command
To cross this angry sea;
O! will He leave us thus to drown
On the lake of Galilee?"

It is the fourth watch of the night,
All hope seems past and gone,
When lo! upon the stormy waves
The Saviour walks alone.
Far out upon the stormy waves
He hears their plaintive cry,
And comes to show His wondrous power
In their extremity.

It is a spirit!" each one cries—
Their hearts are filled with fear;
In loving tones the Master speaks,
And unto them draws near.

"Be of good cheer, be not afraid,
Within your souls be peace!"
Then looking o'er the troubled waves
He bids the storm to cease.

O, wondrous power! the Saviour speaks,
The waters hear His voice;
And on the sea of Galilee
His disciples now rejoice.
Their dying faith new life receives,
Touched with affliction's rod;
With grateful hearts they all confess—
"Thou art the Son of God!"

WHAT IS MODERATION.

WHAT a great deal of nonsense some people talk about moderation in drinking, as if it was right to drink, but to do it moderately. And yet, though they talk so much about it, they cannot tell what moderation is; they cannot lay down any rule that can be of use in keeping people from drinking to excess, they cannot say what a moderate quantity is. What one man would say was a very moderate quantity would make another man drunk. One man takes a glass and says he is drinking moderately, another takes three and says he is drinking moderately; and another man takes a whole bottle at a time, and yet maintains that *he*, also, is drinking moderately. And many, alas! go on drinking and think they are drinking moderately, till they awake too late to find they are already confirmed drunkards! No, no; old Samuel Johnson was right when he said—"Everybody knows what total abstinence is; but what moderation is nobody can define." Moderation, to a great many people, is an apprenticeship to drunkenness.

Mr. John B. Gough defines moderation thus: "A moderate drinker can stop, but won't. A drunkard is one who would stop, but can't. The grace of God alone can help him."

The fact is, that moderation is not only difficult to define, but even if you give a definition and lay down a rule, it is a rule that, as we see, has not kept, and therefore we may be sure never will keep people from going on in multitudes of cases to drunkenness.

Moderation is like the Highlander's horse—which he said had only two faults—first, it was difficult to catch; and second, it wasn't worth anything when it was caught.

But total abstinence!—everybody knows what that is. And total abstinence is not only a safe rule for ourselves, but a safe rule and a safe example for all others to follow. So I say, "Total abstinence for ever."

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ALCOHOL FAMILY.

Old Port's Story.

By DR. J. JAMES RIDGE,

Physician to the London Temperance Hospital. Author of the "Temperance Pilgrim's Progress," &c.

CHAPTER III.

HAVING been here so many years, and, as I said, being the oldest bottle, one day all the rest elected me King of the Cellar. In consequence of my office I am often called on to decide disputes. One day there was a great rumpus. The origin of it was a mere trifle, like that of most quarrels. There was a cask of ale in one corner of the cellar—a good large cask, holding thirty-six gallons. From this cask old Joe used to draw off several large jugfuls every day; and he always tried it first to see if it was all right. Well, one of these casks must have been about half empty, and Joe came down as usual to draw some ale. I should have told you it was the custom to call the barrels of ale, which were often being changed, Double X. That day the ale would not run freely out of the tap, so Joe took out the spigot—that is, the little wooden plug which stops up a hole in the barrel—in order to see if it would run better when the air could get in more freely. Joe forgot to put it in again; the consequence was that plenty of air got into the cask and the ale began to turn sour. When Joe tasted it a day or two afterwards it was becoming quite sour and unpleasant, and Joe said so and made a fine fuss. Now there was a bottle of common claret not far off, and she (rude thing!) giggled, and when Joe was gone began calling Double X names, such as "Vinegar" and "Screw-eyes" and other things I won't repeat. Double X became very angry, and sputtered away all round the spigot, as though she would like to fight the vulgar Miss Claret.

"What if I have turned sour?" said Double X, "I'm none the worse for that."

"All the better," chimed in the Water Bottle, from which Joe used to mix water with the brandy or the whisky, when he came in for spirits.

"What do you mean?" retorted Double X, rather fiercely.

"Only that if you have turned sour you won't be so intoxicating," replied Water Bottle; "for in the first place people won't drink so much of you, and in the next place some of your alcohol has been destroyed or decomposed, and become acetic acid, which is not intoxicating."

"Who told you so?" asked Double X.

"Oh! I've heard all about it from Vinegar Bottle, a cousin of mine, whom I often meet on the table upstairs."

"Told you so!" sneered Miss Claret.

"You need not say much," replied Water Bottle; "for you are just as likely to turn sour as Double X is; and Vinegar Bottle has told me that sometimes he has malt vinegar inside him and sometimes wine vinegar."

Hereupon there was a great commotion among the wine bottles. Some cried "Ugh," others, "W-r-r-r-r," others, "Turn him out," "Put a cork in his throat," and other expressions I need not repeat; so I was forced to interfere.

"Why make all this noise, my friends?" said I.

"He shouldn't say such disgraceful things," shouted several; "he actually says that we, with pure wine-blood running all through us, are no better than this common Double X?"

"Don't be in too great a hurry," said I, and I could hardly help laughing, as I knew what would come, and that these young, ignorant, and puffed-up bottles were making a very great mistake. But I felt it to be necessary to calm them, so I said: "I have a proposal to make. Water Bottle has made certain statements about Double X and about Miss Claret; and these statements have given great offence. Now I propose that we form ourselves into a court and call upon Water Bottle to prove what he says under pain of being smashed to pieces."

"Agreed," said several; and Double X also consented.

"Yes," said Water Bottle, "if you will allow me to put any question I like to both parties, and to conduct the case in my own way."

"Certainly," I replied. "If we are to arrive at the truth there must be no concealment, but a complete and searching inquiry."

"Very good!" said Water Bottle. "Then first of all I must ask Double X certain questions as to what he is made of and how he lives. Now, Double X, who were your parents?"

"My father was a very respectable man," said Double X; "his name was Mr. Brewer, but now

he is Sir Destructive Brewer, Bart. I was made of malt and hops—"

"Stuff and rubbish!" cried Miss Claret, "I don't believe there's a particle of malt in him."

"What do you know about malt, I should like to know?" replied Double X.

"I know it's made from barley," said Miss Claret. "They soak it in water for from thirty to fifty hours, then drain off the water and leave it for twenty-four hours more, which is called couching it; then they spread it out on the floor of the malthouse several inches deep, and leave it there to get warm and sprout; and they turn it over every day, so that it may be all alike. While it grows a kind of ferment called *diastase* is formed, which changes starch into sugar, just as saliva or spittle does."

"Ho! ho! that's good," laughed Double X; "how do you know that?"

"Never mind how I know it," replied Miss Claret; "if you don't believe it, just ask Joe to boil some starch, or make some flour paste. When it is nearly cool and quite thick, if he spits into it three or four times and stirs it up, you will find it will become quite thin by the action of the spittle on the starch—a very little will change a great deal of starch. So it is with the diastase. The starch of seeds is always changed to sugar by degrees when they begin to grow; that's why sprouting potatoes taste sweet. When the shoots of the barley have grown about half-an-inch long, they kill the seeds by roasting them over a fire; and then they crush the malted grains and rub off the sprouts or 'malt coombs.' They sift these out, and then put the crushed malt into a mashing tub with warm water; the diastase immediately acts on the starch, and the sugar that is formed dissolves in the water, forming 'sweet wort.' There now! you see I do know something about it."

"So she does," said Water Bottle; "and I can tell you that a good deal of ale and beer is not made from malt at all. I once met with some water from a well that supplies one of these big breweries, and I heard for a fact that a good deal of sweet wort is made from sugar, either altogether, or mixed with malt; and they can make this sugar from old rags."

"You don't say so!" cried a whole chorus of bottles.

"I did say so," said Water Bottle; "and I meant it."

"Just what I said," chimed in Miss Claret.

"Stop!" said I, "we shall never get to an end like this. Do not interrupt, but let Water Bottle finish his questions."

"Very well, your majesty," said Water Bottle. "I suppose, Double X, you admit the truth of what Claret has said about malt and sweet wort?"

"Yes," said Double X.

"Very good. Then pray, what happened next?"

"The sweet wort was strained off from the 'grains,' which were sold to a cowkeeper to feed his cows with. Then the sweet wort was boiled with hops, partly to flavour it and partly to make it keep better by getting rid of albuminous matter. After this it was cooled; and when it was cool enough some yeast was thrown in and it was left to 'work' or ferment. A scum rose to the top with countless bubbles of carbonic acid gas, and alcohol gradually formed. At length the brewer's foreman said it had gone on long enough; the scum was skimmed off, and I was run off into a settling tank looking very thick and muddy. Some liquid was added made from the skins of soles and plaice, which fishmongers take off and sell for the purpose. This is called 'fining,' and it clears the ale. Some more yeast and scum rose to the top and some dirty stuff settled down; then I was run off into this cask and brought here."

"Did you ever see in the brewery any ale as sour as you are now?" asked Water Bottle.

"Of course, I have; plenty of it," replied Double X. "The brewer's draymen bring in caskfuls of it every day; and the brewer empties them all together into a big vat, then he adds some chalk and other chemicals and some fresh ale, and after it has settled he puts it into fresh casks and sends them out again to the public-houses."

"There! your majesty," said Water Bottle; "Double X has admitted the charge, as far as he is concerned. He is sour, as many of his companions have been before."

"That has nothing to do with us," shouted several wine bottles.

"Wait a moment," continued Water Bottle; "you admit that you contain alcohol?"

"Of course we do!" they replied.

"Then you contain the same stuff as Double X. His alcohol changes to acetic acid, and so would yours if——"

"This dispute must now be stopped, at all events for the present," said I; as there was such a commotion among the bottles I was afraid of a general smash. "I shall call on Water Bottle to explain his meaning to-morrow."

(To be continued.)

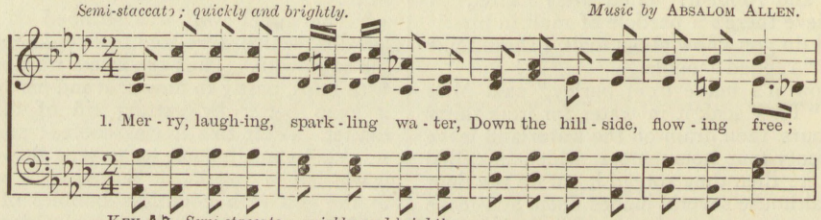
NOT long ago in a public school examination, an eccentric examiner demanded, "What views would King Alfred take of universal suffrage and printed books, if he were living now?" The ingenious pupil wrote an answer, "If King Alfred was still alive, he would be too old to take any interest in anything."

MERRY, LAUGHING WATER!

Words by MRS. VAN ALSTYNE.

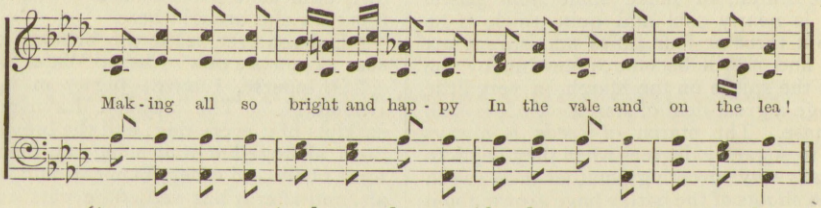
Semi-staccato; quickly and brightly.

Music by ABSALOM ALLEN.



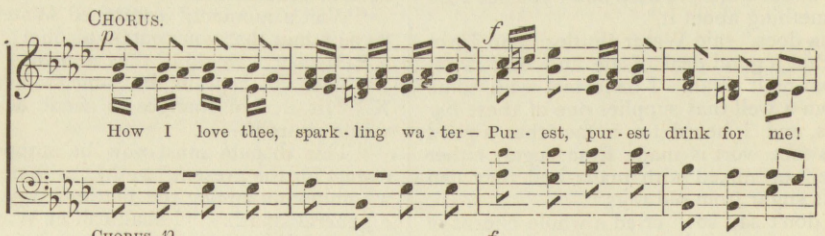
KEY A♭. *Semi-staccato; quickly and brightly.*

s,	.m	:m	.m	r ,de.r ,m	:d	.s,	l,	.d	:s,	.m	r	.r	:r
2. Who would drain the				flow - ing		gob - let,				Run-ning o'er with			ru - by		wine?
m,	.s,	:s,	.s,	f ,m, .f ,s,	:m,	.m,	f,	.l,	:s,	.s,	s,	.fe,	:s,	.f,
3. See the bird his				pin - ions		lav - ing				In thy stream so			glad and		free;
d	.d	:d	.d	t,	.t,	:d	.d	d	.d	:d	.d	t,	.d	:t,
4. From the riv-er				or	the	foun-tain,				From the brooklet			or	the	rill,
d,	.d,	:d,	.d,	s,	.s,	:d,	.d,	f,	.f,	:m,	.d,	r,	.r,	:s,



s,	.m	:m	.m	r ,de.r ,m	:d	.s,	l,	.d	:s,	.m	r	.r	d
Bet - ter			far to	pledge of		friendship				In those cool - ing			drops of		thine.
m,	.s,	:s,	.s,	f ,m, .f ,s,	:m,	.m,	f,	.f,	:m,	.s,	l,	.s,	f,	:m,
Tho' he			fills the	air	with	mu - sic,				He would lan - guish			but for		thee.
d	.d	:d	.d	t,	.t,	:d	.d	d	.d	:d	.d	d	.t,	:d
Mer - ry,			laugh-ing,	spark - ling		wa - ter—				Thou art			wel - come,		wel - come still!
d	.d,	:d,	.d,	s,	.s,	:d	.d,	f,	.l,	:d	.d,	f,	.s,	:d,

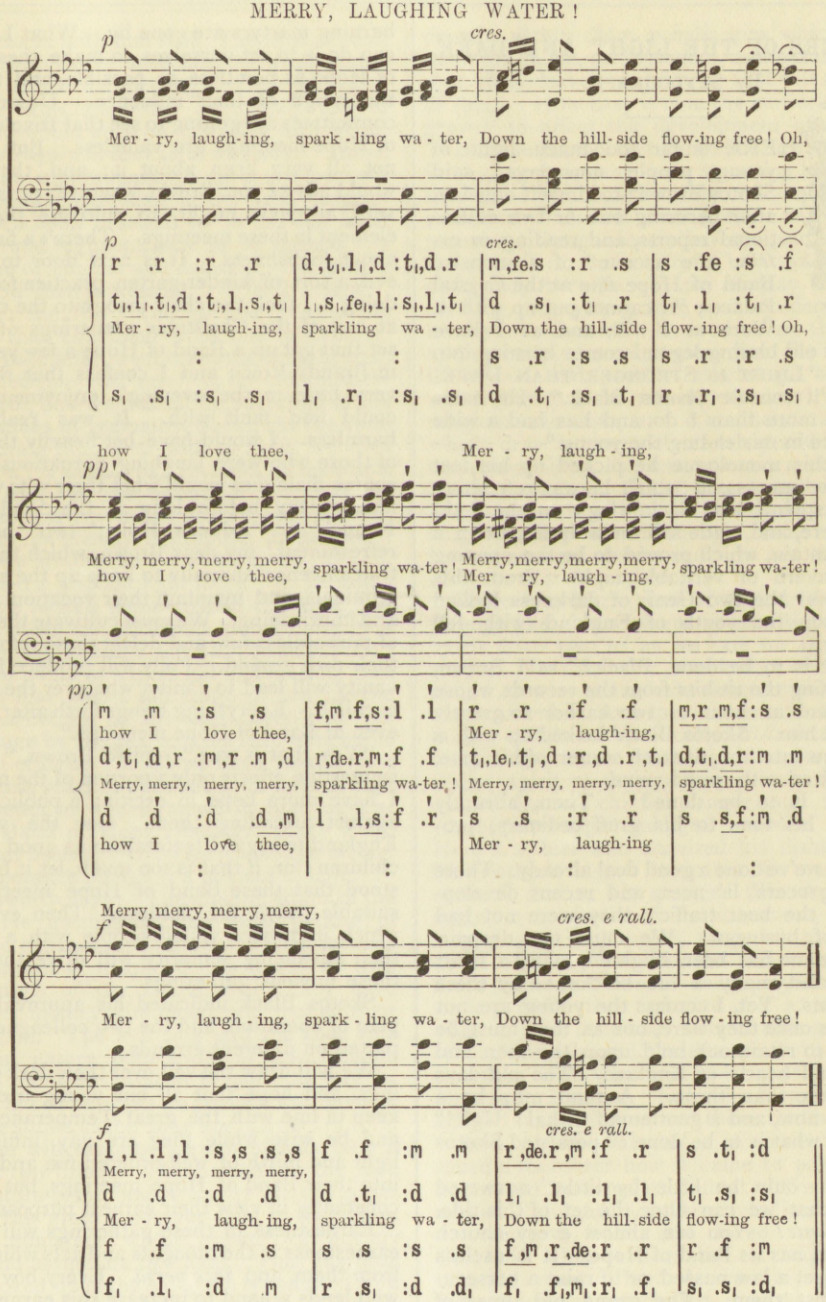
CHORUS.



CHORUS. *p*

r	.r	:r	.r	d ,t, .l, ,d	:t, ,d	.r				*f* m ,fe.s	:t, ,d	.r	d	.l,	:l,	.s,
t, ,l, .t, ,d	:t, ,l,	s, ,t,		l, ,s, .fe, ,l,	:s, ,l,	.t,		d	.r	:s, ,l,	.t,	l,	.fe,	:fe,	.s,
How I			love thee,	sparkling		wa - ter—				Pur - est,	pur - est		drink for me!			
	:				:			s	.s	:s	.s	r	.d	:d	.t,
s,	.s,	:s,	.s,	l,	.r,	:s,	.s,	d	.t,	:r	.r	r,	.r,	:s,	

MERRY, LAUGHING WATER!



PIONEERS OF THE LIGHT AND DARK.

By STYLOGRAPH.

"THERE is far too much light in young people nowadays," said Skotos Brown* to himself one day, after perusing one or two educational reports, and reading *in extenso* the account of a monstre Band of Hope fête at the Crystal Palace; "I cannot put up with it. Work as I will, and as I have done, the old blazing legend comes burning into my soul—'LIGHT IS STRONGER THAN DARKNESS.' I'll consult Skotos Black.* He hates the light more than I do, and has had a wide experience in misleading the young."

With this monologue he picked up his feet out of the morass in which he was refreshing himself, spread his black wings on the fetid atmosphere, and made sail for a dark spot in a lofty mountain, which proved to be the opening into a cavern of veritable night. From this watch-tower the two Genii of darkness looked down upon the youth of England with fell malignity.

"What is to be done, Black?" said Brown, after reciting the tit-bits from the records whose perusal had an hour or two earlier so greatly disgusted him. Skotos Black looked up with a grim stare into the darkest corner of his cave, and repeated with raised voice—

"What is to be done?" Then, abruptly dropping his tone to his gruff ordinary, proceeded:

"Well, we've done a good deal already. There are the grocers' licences, and recent developments of the beer traffic; they were not bad strokes of business. We must not despair. Many a home has been blighted, many a heart smitten, and many a life blackened by these instruments. Yet, I confess the young are not with us as once they were, nor as they must be if we are to retain our hold upon the men and women and hearts of England. The old days were better than these. A man may be a teetotaler now, and a gentleman withal! Ugh!"

"Well, what is to be done?" persisted Skotos Brown.

"It can only be little by little," answered Black, "that we can alter the set of this tide. *Festina lente!* You see almost every church and chapel has its Band of Hope. It is useless trying to get a law passed or to raise a persecution against them. The grand old times of burning martyrs are gone by. What I think we can do is to set ourselves to make these Bands of Hope as pointless as possible, and to lessen the range of their influence. Unfortunately, committees are getting to see that frivolous Band of Hope meetings are valueless. But they are not all very keen about it; and, therefore, I would advise you, Brown, wherever possible, and with all your might, to cultivate the foolish element in these meetings. There's a fine smack about foolishness. It is next door to positive evil, a sort of kinder-garten practice for wrong-doing. I took the chair incognito the other day at one of the Christmas gatherings of a stupid set that got up a Band of Hope a few years back in Brandy Row; and I confess that there was very little in the evening's enjoyment that I could find fault with. It was really quite harmless. I would have bet heavily that some of those who were laughing uproariously at the coarse dialogues would whet their wits with beer and whisky before long at the 'Jolly Dogs' Kennel,' or 'Adder's Hole;' two 'houses of refreshment,' my dear Brown, which the magistrates license annually to keep up the supply of criminals, and maintain their vocation of fining and imprisoning. We must cultivate the element of purposeless fun, and defeat these reformers on their own ground. Folly will produce folly, and vanity will lead to vanity, whatever the meeting is called. Everything brings forth after its kind, even at Band of Hope meetings."

"Yes, that is true," replied Brown, "but your suggestion affects only a portion of the meetings. I have more hope in exciting a public opinion against attending them. Get the youth of England to regard teetotalism as good *only* for children; or, if that is too much, let it be understood that these Band of Hope meetings are suitable *chiefly* for children. Then everything which impresses young people with a sense of their advancing seniority will drive them from these noxious gatherings."

Skotos Black indicated his approval of this plan of operation, and the two colleagues in evil parted on different errands.

We will draw the veil over their dark proceedings, and hope that all our young friends will keep in line with the great Temperance Army, and be wise while they are gay, infusing the light and mirth of well-ordered fun and humour into their Band of Hope meetings, but keeping constantly in view their earnest purpose.

Earnestness in these gatherings will produce earnestness in the thoughts and acts which follow from them, and *vice versâ*. Every boy and girl who lends a hand to increase this earnestness is pioneering towards the light.

It is five-and-thirty years since the writer attended his first Band of Hope meeting; but

* The family of the Skotoses, contrary to the English custom, put their surname first, which they derived from a Greek word of the same spelling, signifying darkness.

it is all present with him still. The little schoolroom, the impressive speeches, the lively young people, to whom that meeting was the first of its kind, the expectancy that something was to follow, and would keep on following throughout life, all live again at the call of memory. There, beneath the superintendent's desk, are the well-known good men standing at the little table, on which lies a book destined to be the roll book of the teetotal regiment, now to be formed. It was a time of conflict and decision ; conscience urging and fear repressing. "Shall I sign?" "Will you sign?" "You go first!" were the whispers that circulated from one to another. What an oscillation went on in the little hearts! But the decision was reached, the nervousness was overgot, and we walked up surprised at the manifestations of sympathy, which, like the swell of a favouring tide, went with us : and we took the pledge. That act had its effect on the whole life. It was like the fisherman who, ere he stepped aboard his smack for a night's fishing, went up to his homely lighthouse, as he called the topmost window of his dwelling on the cliff, and kindled a brilliant light there. As he sailed out his eye looked homeward to the light, and from it a silver line glistened across the waters and gave him courage for his perilous quest ; and, when hours of expert toil and waiting had rewarded him with a full cargo of fish for the inland market, he set his sails cheerily for the little cottage by the sea, and his ship rode home on a path of light. So, as we have looked back over diverse years to childhood, we have always felt the better for the light we lit that night at our first Band of Hope meeting. Many a life voyage has been lighted by such a pledge-taking. The temperance pledge is a pioneer of light.

Wordsworth says: "The child is father of the man." He means that the little pattern of childhood expands, upon the same lines, into the larger pattern of manhood. Is it not so with all the parts of our characters? They have each their infancy, childhood, and manhood or womanhood. The evil side and the good side of human nature both grow in this fashion. Traits of childish character prepare the way for what we are to be when we are men and women.

Nature shows us the same law in a field of corn. If anyone will examine a grain of oats, he will find in it two things. Number one is the food of the future plant, and forms by far the larger part of the grain ; number two is that plant itself in miniature, whose growth will quickly eat up and assimilate that food. That tiny little plant packed up in the oat-grain is endowed with embryo root, stem, and leaves; and is, in Wordsworth's sense, father of the future plant, which will from it derive its form and qualities. In the same way the tiny seeds of plants and trees contain within them peculiarities which determine the shape, arrangement, and nature of the root, stem, leaves, and flowers that will grow out of them. How easy it is in the earlier stages of growth to affect the development of a plant! This is the reason that gardeners are so careful in treating the young buds, sprouting leaves, and rootlets of seedlings, lest they create a deformity or defect which will grow greater as the plant matures. But gardeners have no plants in their flower-beds or conservatories half so lovely as a child may become. Plants display beauty of clothing, but young men and maidens reveal beauty of character. How much are their buds and sproutings more precious than the flower's! Childhood and youth's imaginings are buds which blossom in subsequent acts; reading, religious exercises, and other habits are roots which draw in stores of tendency and life; and companionships, like leaves, cause a circulation of energy within. But all these may be good or bad. Hence it will not be safe to disregard the smallest things even in thought, since they may lead to outward deeds, and turn out the secret of success or desolation.

There is a black river of ruined life flowing through the slums of our great cities; many a wreck floats past us as we gaze on the deathly waters. This and that wreck was once a good ship. At what point in its structure did it spring the fatal leak? At a spot in character weakened during childhood by so-called *little* acts or mere imaginings. There floats to perdition a murderer whose spirit of destructiveness was developed out of fits of childish anger and spells of youthful revenge indulged without restraint. Here is a thief who acquired his dishonesty at his mother's sugar basin, in his neighbour's orchard, and at his master's till. And there, again, is a wreck of licentiousness, who, by indulging evil thoughts, prepared himself for deeds of vice. Yet over the infant features of these men and women once played a baby's smile ; while their parents fell a wondering whether their little ones were catching glimpses of God's angels, and, therefore smiled so. Alas! cloudless infancy has given place to clouded age. How so? Because "little sins" were endured and led on to greater, and these to the greatest.

In a condemned cell a prison-visitor once asked a murderer how it came to pass that he became so hardened a criminal. "Sir," the man replied, "you are right in reminding me that I was once a babe and loved my mother. Yes, and what is a matter of tragic importance, I obeyed her. It was my fall from that obedience which led me out to crime. How sharply my first act of deliberate disobedience to her stands out before me. It was the turning-point. My pride hardened me

against repentance and seeking forgiveness, and I went on down the inclined plane until I reached murder, and the clock struck '*Ruin.*'"

There is a story told of Dr. Spencer, about an apple sapling which was once his boyish property and pride. Shortly after it was grafted, a calf broke into the orchard during the night and broke the graft. The damage was repaired and forgotten, for year by year a goodly crop of apples was gathered from the tree. But with the lapse of time came another night, and a wild thunderstorm crashed over the orchard. The apple-tree was struck and gave way at its weak point—Where?—At the point at which the calf had broken it when a sapling. So do evil deeds and habits of thought in youth weaken the heart for the crimes of manhood.

The same law of development holds good on the bright side of character. The honourable spirit of boyhood, for instance, foreshadows the integrity of the man. One business of education is to establish and develop out of the minor exercises of good the stronger and fuller ones. Obedience to parents, punctuality in discharge of duties, purity of language and thought, undeviating truthfulness, temperance, and self-control are habits which grow with our growth, if encouraged, and build up a manly and useful character; but, if slighted, these qualities dwindle and die away, leaving the man or woman miserably feeble in all that claims respect.

"Character is destiny," and true self-culture is the best omen of success. It would have to be a very foolish child that would throw away the buds from the rosebush or trample down the sprouts of the corn because it could not yet see any blossoms or harvest in them. And they are also very foolish who throw away the buds of sweet or useful promise in their character because they cannot yet appreciate their result. Rather let them cultivate them until the Master of the garden comes down and gathers flowers and reaps corn to feed and brighten other hearts. If he, Jesus, be admitted into the heart, and His grace received and obeyed, so that His will is done there, then in every stage of life from childhood's play-hours to ripest age there will be seemly growth, and in growth flowers and fruits, and the flowers will be everlastings, and the fruits will keep for ever.

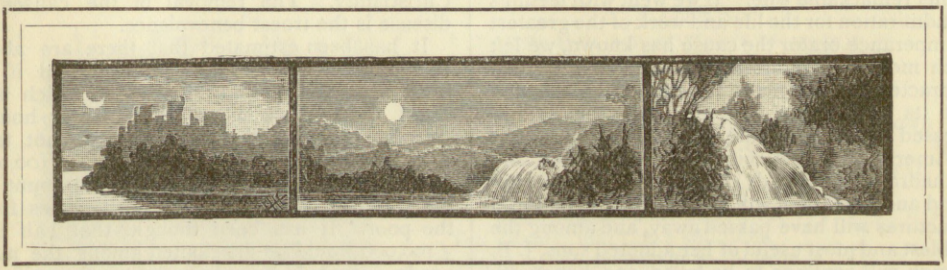
A Visit to the House of J. B. Gough.

By J. Johnson.

AMONG some of the most pleasant and memorable events of a teetotaler's tour to America is the visit paid to the home of the late J. B. Gough. We left Boston by the cars about mid-day, and arrived at Worcester early in the afternoon. The rain that had been threatening began to fall as we reached the station or depôt. Immediately we had alighted we enquired for Mrs. Gough's team, and this we soon discovered to be a delightful buggy, which contained two of Mrs. Gough's charming nieces. After a brief introduction, we two travellers found ourselves comfortably seated by these young ladies one acting as driver and the other as companion for the traveller, who modestly took the back seat.

We soon left the large manufacturing city of Worcester, with its 75,000 inhabitants, and were out in the open country. We were driven for six miles through pleasant scenery and well cultivated undulating land, growing more picturesque as the long sweep of woodland stretched away on gentle slopes. We passed the workhouse for this great city and its surrounding district, and on inquiry found that it contained only six inhabitants, and all of these were not absolutely paupers, some being supported by friends and relations. Practically there is no such class as the destitute poor in the United States; there is plenty of work for all to do, and good wages. Hence there is no great number of people hungry and homeless. Drink works its ruin and desolation, but even this curse does not bring so universal a retribution. The innocent do suffer, but not to the same extent they do in the large towns and cities in England.

Although it rained all the time, yet we greatly enjoyed the drive, the way being beguiled by



pleasant talk and interesting surroundings. Within the hour we arrived at the now famous home of the great orator, and in spite of the wet we were dry. The house stands in its own park-like grounds, beautiful for situation and convenience, with a lovely view of country for miles on either side. Adjacent to the well-built home is the farm of 100 acres, which was the business and the recreation of the temperance advocate in his leisure time, the lecturing campaign beginning early in the autumn and lasting late into the spring.

From Mrs. Gough and the other niece we received a most cordial welcome, and were made to feel quite at home by the genial spirit that lives still under the roof, and seems to pervade every room. Mrs. Gough showed us round the study, or library, with its magnificent collection of books, all sumptuously bound, for Gough maintained with Ruskin that if a book is worth having and reading it is worth the greatest care, and it is only fitting for good books to be well bound. The art treasures are many and curious, but the most interesting of all is a carefully-preserved collection of more than a thousand of Cruikshank's drawings, sketches, and engravings, some of them being originals from the hand of the artist himself. Gough's estimate of Hogarth and Cruikshank was very high. Their delineation of human life and character, the satire, the humour, the great sympathy and understanding they showed of "all sorts and conditions," with the great moral lessons they left on record, found true response and echo in the heart and mind of the word-painter. Many pleasant stories were told us of Gough's friendship with Cruikshank, and some of the references to his life and influence were most touching.

Then followed a farmhouse tea in the dining-room, in which, like all the other rooms in the house, some portraits or paintings of the master of the house hung on the walls. We talked during the evening meal—supper it is called—on the spread and fluctuations of the temperance movement in America and England, as well as on other general topics.

After the repast was over and family prayers said, we returned to inspect some of the scrap-books and photographs, gathered from many sources and places, and beautifully pasted into well-bound volumes. The remainder of the evening passed rapidly away, and we retired for the night. The quiet and unbroken stillness was only disturbed by raindrops falling almost noiselessly on the window pane. It rained all night, and continued to pour in the morning. It was pleasant to feel one's self so near to all that was dear to Gough, and yet sad only to find his spirit and his influence over all. Perhaps his life was more enshrined in the home than his physical presence could have been.

When breakfast was over we went "around" with one of the nieces and got what view we could of the general "location." We visited the beautifully fitted up skittle alley, where Gough amused himself and did most of his scrap work arranging and pasting. Every place and every thing was as sweet and as clean as Paradise. About ten o'clock we were obliged to say good-bye to catch a train back to Boston to fulfil an engagement. But as we had breakfast at 7.30 we were not hurried, and after our inspection out of doors we had time to sit in the drawing-room and look over the shells which had been gathered by husband and wife on their holidays and travels, and talk with Mrs. Gough about "the one gone." Her speech about him was full of beautiful, pathetic reverence; but sorrow did not cast its gloom over the family; we had much fun and many laughs, especially at the tale we were told of an old lady whose locks were getting thin, and who said—"If the hairs of our heads were all numbered, she would like to have some of the back numbers."

After saying good-bye with many regards and much gratitude for most generous and memorable hospitality, we were again driven by the young ladies to the station in the wet with the old white horse that was Gough's special favourite.

We left this place of historic interest feeling glad to have seen the home in which Gough had lived and died, and to have made the acquaintance

of his remarkable wife. If we went with feelings of admiration for the life and work of the greatest Temperance orator the cause has known, we left with more than admiration for the many sided character that had made the beautiful home, and left its personality so deeply and vividly impressed on all he came across.

America has few ruins ; no old castles and cathedrals, but already the names of some of her good and great men will live when these material structures will have passed away, and among the noblest and most useful of her adopted sons, J. B. Gough will continue to be loved and honoured.

RELIEF IN LONDON.

By J. J.

IT is estimated by the Charity Organisation Society that in London the sum annually spent under the head of relief, not including educational or trade and friendly societies, is over two millions, the main sources of which are the city companies and the city parochial charities, which afford over £100,000. Then the endowed charities for the metropolis in Middlesex, Surrey, and Kent supply nearly another £100,000 ; the voluntary parochial charities in the 365 parishes or ecclesiastic districts something over £54,000 ; add to this the 657 Nonconformist churches and chapels, Jewish, Roman Catholic, and all sections of the Christian community, the estimate is £30,000. The main income is derived from the various voluntary institutions and agencies for benevolent and philanthropic purposes, which is over five millions and a-half. After making all deductions for bible, book, and missionary societies and educational purposes, more than two millions appear to come under the head of relief, making a grand total of £2,400,000. To this may be added private personal distribution of gifts and magistrates' poor boxes.

The public administration of poor relief in London amounts to £2,250,000. These sums are spent yearly in the great city, where poverty, misery, and wretchedness abound. The relief does not seem as a drop in the bucket. It hardly stays effectually distress in any form. The tide, or rather the flood, of evil rolls on, and the efforts of all the charities in the land cannot stop the results. The curse is not in the poverty, or the number of people, but in the sin of drunkenness. While breweries and gin palaces are swelling their returns, and shares are eagerly sought for in the companies, nothing charity can do will stay the plague.

The best relief work for London is temperance work ; the only remedial cure is sobriety and Christianity. The removal of the causes of disease is the truest benevolence.

It has been estimated that there are about 10,000 public-houses in London ; and if on Sunday each one only took £10, which is a small average, as many of the larger houses consider it a poor day when they do not take £50, this would give a weekly sum of £100,000, which would be the saving of a vast amount by the poor themselves, as much of it comes from the poor. It has been thought that half this £100,000 would be distributed among the most needy. It would be considered most munificent generosity for any one individual to give £50,000 a-week to the poor of the East End, but this money could be kept for the relief of the needy by the most poor themselves if they would abstain from strong drink. But we cannot preach to them the lesson of economy unless we practise it ourselves. The best teachers of wisdom are those who live wisely, as the noblest advocates of Christianity are those who in life and spirit are most like Jesus Christ.

THE OUTLOOK.

LEGAL PROTECTION OF CHILDREN.

A BILL in Parliament is being promoted for the better protection of young children, and for the prevention of cruelty, especially for those under fourteen years of age, the intention being to bring to justice those who, by exposure and neglect, incur suffering and injury to children. To prohibit the employment of children under fourteen in begging or performing in public, and to make it illegal for such either to sing or play in any place licensed for entertainment, between the hours of 9 p.m. and 7 a.m. ; and to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors to any child under ten years ; and the administration of spirituous drink to all under the age of sixteen, except for medicinal purposes.

This Bill has not been promoted by the Band of Hope Society, nevertheless it is of great value as an independent expression of opinion to the necessity of restricting the perils and dangers to which the children are exposed ; and it will be warmly and eagerly supported by all friends of temperance. Would that all those interested in the welfare and education of children would show as much zeal in aid of the Band of Hope ; then a very effectual work would be accomplished.

This is the best protection for the young ; and all those who join the movement are helping the children to help themselves. Legislation may do something, but the moral influence of personal and practical abstinence is the surest way of preventing and curing cruelty to children.

LINES.

Written on a Welsh Mountain.

By the late JAMES EDDY.

THE winds swept down on the mountain brown
With angry sough and ominous whirr,
And the dark clouds hang, like a bad man's frown,
O'er byrn and cwm, and furzy down,
Their shadows stretching far.
Yet, beauty 'mid these solitudes,
Like a strong mountain eagle broods
O'er dingle, slope, and heathery hill—
Kissing the singing rivulets,
Playing among the violets,
And gilding the noisy rill.
This beauty is the sunshine
Which travelled o'er the ocean's brine,
And past the city towers,
To beautify the bleak hill-side,
To woo out all the valley's pride,
And wanton with the flowers.
Here I would gladly linger long,
To weave a lay, or frame a song,
In these nymph-haunted bowers.
But, I must on! where duty calls,
Past the shining waterfalls;
To improve the shining hours,
That I, when all my work is done,
May hear the Master say—"Well done!"
"Enter into thy rest."
And there such beauty thou shalt see,
As ne'er was seen on land or sea,
In the heaven of perfect rest.

YOU HAVE HAD ENOUGH.

WHEN a man has drank up his farm, his house, his furniture; when he has ruined his wife, beggared his children and lost his home; when he is too dissipated to find employment, too worthless to obtain a situation; when no one can trust him; when credit is gone and the last copper is spent; when no man is willing to treat him or give him a penny with which he can obtain drink; when every other resource has failed, and life has become a curse, and he stands before the liquor-dealer's bar and begs for a drink to quench his raging thirst and quiet for an hour the hell of torment that rages within him, then the time has come; and, as the liquor-dealer shoves him out into the cold and darkness, he says to him, "You have had enough." He may plead, he may expostulate, but in vain. "You have had enough!" So long as he had in his pocket a sixpence, he had *not* "had enough;" but when he had spent all, and comes for charity to the man who has robbed and ruined him, he makes this stereotyped answer, "You have had enough." While his money lasts he may drink as he will; *but when money is gone and all is gone*, he has "had enough."

Young man, entering upon a course of dissipation, you may not know when you have "had enough." When you are a poor broken-down, penniless wretch the drink-seller will give you the information. He informs you, "you have had enough," and you can then crawl into your grave in the Potter's Field; "you have had enough." Perhaps you will prefer to determine for yourself when you have "had enough," and if you will take the advice of a friend, you will say, "I have had enough now to last me as long as I live; I drink no more."

Pebbles and Pearls.

STRONG drink has drowned more than the sea.

GOOD food does the work; drink only talks about it.

THE error of a moment may be the sorrow of a life.

THE best throw of the dice is to throw them away; and the best cut of the cards is to cut them altogether.

THE next best thing to being right is to own ourselves wrong. Those who are good at excuses are seldom good at anything else.

A LITTLE city boy, who had just returned from his first visit on a farm, gave this description of butter-making: "You ought to just see how auntie makes butter with a barrel and a broom-stick!"

SIR NATHANIEL BARNABY, the eminent naval constructor, has been a total abstainer for nearly fifty years. He believes that for a lad to maintain his Band of Hope pledge is of more value to him than a present of £20,000.

DR. MCGREGOR ROBERTSON, of Glasgow University, says one penny spent on oatmeal will furnish twenty times the nourishment that it would if spent on lean beef. In oatmeal and cow's milk we have nearly the due proportions of nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous substances required for the body. Tea and coffee have no place as foods, but only as stimulants. Cocoa, however, is a food.

FIRE-WATER.—"Let Christian men think what has been done by that burning water, as the North American Indians call it—that drink of death which the white man has administered to his dark brethren, which has sowed the seeds of discord and misery, and sent them still further wandering from that God whom they might all have sought after and found."—*Bishop Wilberforce*, 1879.

THE late Mr. George Dodds went on a deputation once with a Scotch minister to Eyemouth, to a temperance meeting, at which the latter advocated the use of alcohol as a food. They missed their way back, and the minister, tired out, lay down by the roadside to rest. Dodds saw a hedgehog near, wrapped it in a handkerchief, and brought it to his friend for a pillow. The "points" soon made themselves felt. "What in the worl' is that?" asked the minister. "It's a good creature of God's," solemnly replied Dodds, parodying the minister's arguments for moderation.

A LIE has no legs, it cannot stand.

PRAYERS are better than promises, and God's strength is better than our own.

DO nothing in a fury, it is like putting out to sea in a storm.

A TRUE Christian may fall into sin, but he will not lie down in it.

A BOY was asked to define a common and a proper noun. He wrote, "William is a proper noun, and Billy is a common noun."

A—"What are you reading?" B—"It is a very useful book for those who don't know how to swim." A—"How so?" B—"If you fall overboard all you have to do is to turn to page 57, read the directions, and you are safe."

A CAB was called recently to the door of a hotel in Edinburgh at a very late hour. Three "gents" were helped out of the hotel into the cab, all pretty much the worse for liquor. "Boots" explained to cabby that the one getting on the front seat was to be set down at No. so-and-so in such a street, and the other two were to be left at other given addresses. Away drove cabby, but in a short time the hotel bell was rung, and the driver presented himself in a state of perplexity. The "three gents," he explained, "you gave me have all tumbled down in the bottom of the cab and got mixed, and I want you to come out and put a ticket on them."

OUR JENNIE:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,

Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

A FEW days after the events recorded found Agatha Newthern down at the wretched place where the woman and girl lived.

If anything wanted doing, Agatha was not the one to put it off; "prompt action" was her motto, if possible.

By degrees, and very reluctantly, she drew from the woman a great part of her own and the girl's history. The poor creature, like the soothsayers of old, knew that in revealing the girl's story the hope of her gains would be gone. Briefly, it was as follows:

The girl's parents had been very respectable people, in fact, the father had, by industry and perseverance, saved enough to stock a farm, and he and his young wife had gone out when newly married to try their fortune in New Zealand, where, by their united efforts, in a comparatively short time, they had managed to save a nice sum of money. This they wisely invested, and the rate of interest being so much higher than in England, they had been enabled to re-invest to great advantage.

They had been married six or seven years when a girl was born to them. Oh! the joy of this baby girl. How they talked about the way she should be brought up, and how well she should be educated, &c.

Truly man proposes, and God disposes!

Soon after the child's birth the father died from inflammation of the lungs, and the young mother only survived him a year; so the poor little girl of two years old was left to the tender mercies of the world.

Before the mother died, she left written directions to the only relative that she knew the child had in England, her husband's brother, but not knowing his whereabouts, or even the town in which he lived, they were of very little use.

The woman who now had charge of the girl was at that time an industrious, clever young dressmaker, who had been a friend of her mother, and it was to her care the dying mother solemnly committed her child.

For two or three years she fulfilled the trust reposed in her; the money, about £40 per annum, was paid regularly to her, and she frequently put some of the quarterly instalments on one side for "a rainy day." When the child was about five years old she began to take wine and beer "to strengthen her," and the habit grew insidiously upon her, as alas! it has done upon hundreds and thousands of others.

Fearing the lawyers might refuse to pay the money, if they heard anything to her discredit, she resolved to sail for England, under pretext of finding the girl's relatives. Before leaving, she promised the minister, who had taken great interest both in her and the child, that she would become an abstainer, and for some months after she landed she kept her promise; but alas! alas! for good intentions made in our own feeble strength.

She had made arrangements for the money to be paid through an English bank, and the quarterly sum coming regularly without any effort on her part, proved a great temptation, and she gave way to her besetting sin. The old, old story of frequent repentances, and as frequent outbreaks, then fewer repentances, and more constant falls, until slowly, but surely, she became a complete wreck in mind and body.

She made little or no effort to find the girl's relations, knowing that if she did so, they would insist on removing the child from under her care.

This was the story in substance, told with many tears and excuses to Agatha.

She felt exceedingly puzzled what to do for the best, but she saw at once that the girl must be taken away from the influences which surrounded her; there was no question about that.

Promising to call again soon, and asking the girl to come and see her in her own home the following evening, she left the wretched room, anxious and troubled.

Before leaving, she had insisted on the woman giving her all the papers that in any way related to the girl, and on arriving at home, after a patient and careful study of them, she found that her name was Grace Stoneley, and that her uncle was a labourer in some Yorkshire village, and if living would be a man between fifty and sixty years of age. To discover any trace of

him seemed almost impossible, and even if found, Agatha knew he would be able to do very little for the girl; and yet the name, Stoneley, seemed familiar to her: where could she have heard it? She thought for some time, but no recollection came to her, until she went over the names of the girls in her class, and then remembering that Maud Lyon had promised to help her with the class brought their new housemaid to her mind, and her name, Jane Stoneley, flashed upon her all in a minute; thus one chain of thought leads to another. Still, it was not very likely there was any relationship there; most unlikely, she concluded, and dismissed the idea.

Next day, as she sat puzzling over her difficulty, with her work on her lap, a rap, which brought the colour to her face, was heard at the door, and Sara announced "Dr. Williams, if you please, mum."

"In a brown study, Miss Newthern? A penny for your thoughts," he added, detaining her hand a moment or two longer than was necessary.

"Oh! you shall have them without paying a penny," she answered, smilingly. "I am so perplexed what to do about a girl who strayed into my class the other night;" and Agatha briefly related what had taken place, and the story that had been told to her.

"A very difficult problem to solve; but I fancy I know a lady who may help you as regards the girl; she has a 'home' for girls, where she has them taught all sorts of useful things, and if this poor creature has a little money, it may prove a great help if she will spend some of it on improving herself. At any rate I will see Mrs. Dakin to-morrow, and let you know what can be done."

"Oh! thank you, how good of you to trouble when your time is so precious; I know your life is such a busy one."

"To do anything for you is no trouble, Miss Newthern, but a joy; if in any way, or at any time, I can be of the slightest service, do not hesitate to let me know."

Agatha looked up with words of thanks on her lips; but what was it she saw in Dr. Williams's eyes that caused the words to remain unspoken, and her own eyes to fall before his?

She took up her work quickly and commenced busily to ply her knitting needles; and as the good doctor watched and listened to the click, click of the needles,—like to the Puritan of old when helping Priscilla to wind her yarn,—the electricity communicated itself to him, and "sent electric thrills through every part of his body."

Life—and love? Two momentous words in their relation one to the other, for what would life be without love?

There was silence for a moment, in which the ticking of the time-piece was distinctly heard, which Agatha broke rather abruptly by asking him if he would examine the woman with whom the girl had lived, as she felt sure that she could not last long, her constitution being so thoroughly ruined by drink.

The silence broken, Agatha took care that the conversation should remain in matter-of-fact channels, and her father coming in almost immediately, Dr. Williams took his leave, promising to do all he could for both woman and girl.

How marvellous is the power of influence. Even the two or three times that poor lost Grace had seen Miss Newthern, had had an effect upon her, and unconsciously the girl had combed her hair and washed her face, and even made some little attempt to mend her rags. She felt instinctively that in the presence of Miss Newthern such things were not becoming.

Influence—none can measure it, for evil or good it is untold. As the circle made by the stone thrown into the water enlarges and widens, until it seems to touch the shore, so the influence of a good or bad life on those surrounding it, slowly, but surely, in some wonderful way touches them all.

A day or two afterwards, Dr. Williams again called on Miss Newthern to tell her that he had made all arrangements for the poor woman to be conveyed to the hospital, for which he was one of the honorary physicians, and that his friend, Mrs. Dakin, would gladly take the girl into her home, and have private instruction for her, to be paid for out of her own money.

"So your mountains have become as molehills in respect of this matter, I hope," he said.

"Indeed they have, thanks over and over again to you."

After a few more words about these two beings, the burden of whose life seemed suddenly, as it were, thrust upon Agatha's shoulders, the doctor took his departure, and Agatha felt she could hardly praise God sufficiently for the way in which she had been helped out of what at first appeared such a difficulty. Next day she accompanied the girl to her new home; the poor creature was glad to go anywhere to get away from the woman whose influence should have been so different, and Agatha left her feeling very hopeful about the future. The woman was too ill to make much objection to being moved; so within a fortnight of her acquaintance with them, through Agatha's instrumentality, a home had been procured for one, and a resting place for the other.

(To be continued.)

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ALCOHOL FAMILY.

Old Port's Story.

By DR. J. JAMES RIDGE,

Physician to the London Temperance Hospital. Author of the "Temperance Pilgrim's Progress," &c.

CHAPTER IV.

NEXT day I called on Water Bottle to continue his case, whereupon he said—"May it please your majesty, I should prefer to wait till old Joe has opened a bottle in Miss Claret's bin."

"He wants to get out of it," sneered Claret.

"Not a bit of it," returned Water Bottle, "I only want to give you full proof, beyond a shadow of doubt. Double X became sour because the air was able to get at it, and so will Miss Claret if the cork comes out of her throat."

"I consider it very reasonable," said I, "that this time should be allowed, so that Water Bottle may prove his case; but he can no doubt explain to us now how he expects to do so."

"Your Majesty," said Water Bottle, "I have been told that besides the yeast cells which float in the air and produce alcoholic fermentation, there are many other germs of different kinds. One day when I was on the table at a dinner party there was a learned professor present who was giving an account to another gentleman of some experiments he had been making. One of the things he said was that if a raw potato were cut in half with a knife and the two halves were exposed to the air for a short time and then covered over with a glass cover, or even a tumbler, in two or three days a good many spots of mould would be seen to be growing in different parts. Some of these might be black, some yellow, some white, some red—the kind would vary at different times, and also the number of spots or colonies. Any one of these could be cultivated by washing a potato with boiling water, cutting it through with a knife dipped in the boiling water, and then touching one of the spots with a needle, which should then be drawn across the surface of the fresh-cut potato, which must be covered over directly. The particular sort of mould thus sown would grow, and no other, unless some other sort had got in accidentally. He explained, also, how many other different kinds of germs could be cultivated in glass tubes containing gelatine and water. Then he went on to tell that all kinds of decomposition depend on the presence and multiplication of these invisible germs, just as fermentation is caused by the germs of yeast. All sorts of germs fall into all sorts of places, but some will grow in one place and others in other places; it depends upon whether they find food which suits them or not. The yeast germ will not grow unless it finds sugar in a liquid—not too thin, not too thick, not too hot and not too cold: if it finds the syrup to suit its constitution it makes the sugar decompose or putrefy, and produces alcohol and carbonic acid gas. But when this process of putrefaction is finished the alcohol is just the kind of food that another sort of germ likes—the vinegar-making germ—and that germ doesn't mind where the alcohol has come from, whether from malt sugar or from grape sugar. The germs come settling down, and if they find alcohol there they say, 'Hurrah! this is just what we like.' So they begin to grow and divide into two others, and these divide into two more, and so on until there are millions of them; and the alcohol turns into acetic acid by joining with some of the oxygen of the air. If it cannot get that oxygen it cannot change, so the air must be able to get to the liquid if the alcohol is to become acetic acid."

"Is that how vinegar is made?" asked some one.

"Yes," replied Water Bottle; "one way is to have a number of faggots arranged so that the weak wine can trickle over them into a vessel below; and these faggots become covered with a fungus which they call 'mother of vinegar.' The wine, as it runs over the faggots, is thoroughly exposed to the air and becomes vinegar."

"I consider," said I, "that Water Bottle has given us a very clear and interesting account, and, therefore, I am sure we shall all await the result of his proposed experiment with great interest."

"Hear! hear!" said several bottles; but Miss Claret and her friends kept silent and did not seem very comfortable.

We did not have to wait long. A few days afterwards Old Joe came down and began to fill several decanters with different sorts of wine, and among the rest he opened some of the Claret family. As luck would have it the decanter he was filling would not quite hold all the last bottle, and though Joe tasted it he did not drink much, for he pulled a wry face, and said:

"Poor stuff! might as well drink ink and water;" and some other expressions having reference to his inside more forcible than polite. So he put the half-emptied bottle down without putting in the cork again, and soon after left the cellar.

"Now then," said Water Bottle, as soon as the door was shut, "we shall see if Miss Claret won't turn sour as easily as Double X."

Miss Claret did not reply, though we could all see that she was very red in the face. But there was no escape for her; and we all watched to see what would happen. In a few hours it was evident that some change was going on; and if anyone spoke to her she was as sour as a crab-apple, and gave a tart reply. Three or four days after old Joe came in and spied the bottle where he had put it before.

"Ah! I forgot you," said he, and put it to his lips; but it was very soon down again, and he spluttered and spit all about the place.

"Enough to send a pig into a fit," said he; "it's as sour as sour." No doubt that meant very sour indeed; but then old Joe did not always talk good grammar, and did not use the most elegant language.

When he had gone I thought it was my duty to call on Miss Claret to make an explanation, if she had any, but if not, to apologise to Water Bottle and Double X for her rude remarks; but she was obstinate and wouldn't speak.

"It is very clear," said I, "that you can turn sour and that you have turned sour; and, therefore, you are not on the same level with us, and must mind your manners."

"Don't you ever turn sour?" said an impudent soda water bottle.

No king could stand such impertinence as that, and I gave him a bit of my mind; but then he was always a poor, mean thing, that couldn't stand upright if he tried. Water Bottle gave him a lecture, and told him he ought to know that Old Port, Sherry, Madeira, and some other wines were fortified by the addition of alcohol, which was strong enough, in their case, to kill all the vinegar germs which might happen to fall in; and so they did not turn sour even when exposed to the air; but I should not have explained it to him myself.

Thus ended this troublesome quarrel; for Miss Claret never ventured to make any more remarks. Her pride was about to be humbled still more, as I will tell in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

"IT would require a being capable of counting the leaves of the forest and the sands upon the seashore to sum up all the misery strong drink is producing in so-called Christian England."—*Archdeacon Farrar.*

GLEN REST.

BY STYLOGRAPH.

ONE bright summer afternoon, in the little town of Carnchester, the bill-sticker was busy with paste-box and brush putting up his bills. Two kinds of placards he had to display, which, for him, was a rare event, and gave him a temporary notoriety in the eyes of the somewhat sluggish inhabitants. It was evident, from the importance of his manner, that he fully appreciated his distinction. It was, therefore, with some pride that he found himself closely observed, not by the usual crowd of noisy children (who were now confined to school), but by a lady and gentleman, strangers to the place, and manifestly of great respectability.

These strangers were Mr. and Mrs. Mervil, from London, who were passing through the town from one station to another, thereby securing the most picturesque route to Highcliffe-on-Sea, where they intended to spend their summer holidays with their family.

The young people had been left behind at Carnchester Station, to await the arrival of Aunt Jane, who was coming from Hidsfield by the up-train to join them, and who had selected Highcliffe for their holidays, and found a furnished house for them therein.

In three-quarters of an hour the vehicles bearing her, with the children, the servants, and luggage, were expected to overtake Mr. and Mrs. Mervil, and to carry all on together to the point of departure.

While they were waiting for the vehicles they lighted upon the billsticker, and became deeply interested in his placards. Across the top of one of them was pasted a narrow slip, bearing, in red ink, a startling "TO-NIGHT."

It announced a Temperance meeting to be held in the Public Hall, and to be addressed by Mr. Calamy, a Temperance agent, accompanied by Mr. Lyvan Lettlive, a commercial traveller.

It was the red "TO-NIGHT" which arrested the attention of the visitors from London, and that gratified Mr. Tozer, the billsticker. The matter of the bill pleased him but little. He was *not* a Temperance advocate.

"Hows'ever," said he, at the tap of the "Coachman," to a group of bibulous Carncestrians, "the party as paid him did it handsomely. He wur a downright Englishman, and as generous a gen'elman as if he'd been brought up on the finest old port. If teetotalers were a-goin' on that tack, Tozer had said his last word agin 'em. Let 'em

mix up a little more human nature with their philanthropy, body and soul like, both together, an' he'd be arter joining them himself. That Lettlive's face an' his honest hand, and the money he was so free with, an' the kindly shake he gave a fellow, wur a main good argyment to his thinking. He'd put his bills up better 'an well, he had. An' he'd spoke to Swyll, the reporter chap; an' they'd see best part of a column of Lettlive's speech in the Oracle on Saturday; an' Joseph Tozer meant to read it."

This bill announcing the Temperance meeting was read with marked interest by Mr. and Mrs. Mervil. The former evinced that kind of approval with which seamen regard a handy life-belt—"the right sort of thing in a dangerous sea." Mr. Mervil's own private opinion was that, in the eddies of city life, he might have gone to the bottom more than once if he had not worn the Temperance life-belt.

Mrs. Mervil's satisfaction, on the other hand, was more like that of a lifeboat crew looking upon a well-built craft, in which they have rescued some precious lives, and hope to save more.

These thoughts were the occupation of a moment only. The lights of their mind had barely time to gleam out these wholesome truths, when Tozer's second bill, like a magician's wand, changed the entire out-look.

This was an ambitious poster, full of telling phrases and effective printing. Nothing but the red "TO-NIGHT" saved the Temperance announcement from oblivion, by the side of such a monster. It was the announcement of a sale by auction, and was headed—"Choice and Rare Opportunity."

It proceeded to set forth that a well-kept estate, of great natural beauty, &c., to which belonged the extraordinary attraction of including the far-famed Glen Rest, together with certain perpetual rights of shooting, fishing, &c., was to be sold by auction to the highest bidder that day fortnight, at the Curfew Hotel, Glebe Street, London, by Messrs. Statute and Fish, with power reserved to the auctioneers to divide the estate, for the convenience of purchasers, into a limited number of specified lots, one of which would comprise Glen Rest and its surroundings. It was this part of the placard that interested Mr. and Mrs. Mervil.

The gray hairs were beginning to show over both their foreheads, and long stress of town-life made them crave some diminution of the life-long toil. In addition, the laborious and prudent business career of Mr. Mervil had produced a handsome fortune, and had reached a stage at which it was possible for him to relax somewhat his constant labours, while retaining control in his own hands, and thereby securing to his three sons undisputed succession to the fruits of his energies and enterprise.

No wonder this attractive sale touched a like spring in each heart. Without a word they scanned the main points of the bill, and then turned one upon the other a meaningful look of thankful hope, but practical uncertainty.

"So!" said Mrs. Mervil, with a sigh of astonishment and inquiry, not knowing whether to indulge the hope that this might possibly be for them.

"So!" responded her husband, with a deliberate tone of inquiry, which asked, "If all is right as a matter of business, will it be heart's content to you, to our children, and to ALL—earthly and heavenly?"

It was to them one of those moments when the everlasting breathes on us, and takes man's span of time in the hollow of its hand as part of itself; when the material and spiritual and moral fuse into one divine—human; and when time and eternity eke out one landscape, wherein time, as its lowlands, forms the foreground, and eternity, as its mountains, is seen as near—no matter how distant.

On this they looked, asking, "Will it be right and well for us to reside there? as children of our Heavenly Father? as parents of His boys and girls? as brothers of our fellow-men?" They express to each other this question, and, in order to answer it in all its bearings, material and spiritual, decide that they must see the spot, and make, there, full inquiries.

Mr. Mervil drew from his pocket a "Bradshaw," and discovered that Glen Rest was far more conveniently reached from Carnchester than Highcliffe; and, acting with that decision and despatch to which he owed so large a part of his success in life, resolved, after a word with his wife, that they would see Glen Rest before they saw Highcliffe.

So greatly had this placard affected them that the billsticker, all unconsciously to himself, seemed almost to have become a personal friend; and walking across the square Mr. Mervil accosted him, and dropping a helpful coin into his hand and some cheery words of counsel into his ear, bade him for the time farewell.

The sound of wheels and of trotting horses now fell on the ear, and was followed almost immediately by the flutter of Aunt Jane's white handkerchief, which recalled them to the necessity of re-arranging matters for the night.

There was barely time for Mrs. Mervil to settle plans with her husband when the horses were halted at their side, and the party alighted for tea. A quiet conclave followed, embracing Mrs. Mervil and Aunt Jane, and it was arranged that the latter should take all on to Highcliffe, except

Tom, the eldest son, who preferred to remain the night with his parents at Carnchester, and would follow in the morning.

Late in that quiet evening the sea-breeze and sweeter sea-smile of peace greeted the young faces and hearts as they reached their pleasant quarters at Highcliffe. At the same hour solemn thoughts were knitting up into strong and humble resolves in Tom's heart in the Carnchester Public Hall. Winning words from both speakers commended Temperance not only to children, but to youths and their seniors. "Childhood," said the commercial traveller, "is like maturity in many things, but the risks of the latter are generally the greater. If we need Temperance to enable us to carry safely the precious vessel of childhood, much more do we need it to enable us to carry the vessel of manhood and womanhood, which contains the charge of children and the charge of our own much tempted lives also."

Tom left the Hall with a new view of life. He had entered it a teetotaler from boyhood; he left it a teetotaler for manhood. Looking back on his school life, it seemed like rowing over river courses. Looking forward to the conflict with the world, it seemed like encountering ocean billows; and, like a wise youth, he fastened more resolutely to him the temperance life-belt.

As he sat at supper with his parents, so reverend and yet so companionable to him, his heart filled with admiration for the skill of love with which they had led him in temperance ways, as if of his own sweet will. New views of a parent's heart and worth dawned on him; and his "Good night, father," and "Good night, mother," meant more of loving confidence and desire to requite their tenderness than ever before.

That evening the important question before them was discussed by his parents on all sides. Every child was thought of, its education, future life and business; their own lives; Sunday, and the House of God; usefulness to men; with social and material requirements, and much besides.

By noon next day their early visitation of the Glen Rest neighbourhood had fairly solved these questionings to their satisfaction, and the question was narrowed to the merits of the Glen itself.

At length Mr. and Mrs. Mervil reached the spot. No other human being shared with them the lovely solitude. It was, indeed, a beautiful bit of nature; for the glen curved like a river, forming a number of distinct yet continuous portions, now contracted to a crevice in the hills, and again widening into a broad valley, with a peep at the distant sea. Rich in wood, and rock, and outline; decked with flowers and climbing plants; alive with the song-bird's music, the hum of insects, and the gambols of the rabbit and the squirrel—it seemed a very Paradise regained. It afforded, moreover, an ample and ideal site for a mansion and extensive grounds.

The decision was come to. Glen Rest fell to the bid of Mr. Mervil; and in due time the home of the Mervils was established therein, and proved in a very true sense a place of rest.

Yet there was here no craving for lethargic inactivity. True rest circles around the fellowship with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ, whose life is ever active, ever doing good. On that pattern, if health and strength be given, true unselfish rest is fashioned. Give rest to others; so shalt thou have rest thyself.

From Glen Rest went forth many an embassy of help. Within its hospitable walls, ofttimes, toilworn workers found repose and renewal, and sometimes "a forlorn and shipwrecked brother" . . . . "took heart again" therein.

As for the young folk of the Mervil family, there were endless philanthropic missions unaffectedly discharged by them; and nature itself seemed to take them in hand; and, unlocking its secrets in flower and insect life, in rock, and fern, and wild-bird, with the countless treasures of the wood, both instructed and refined them; and conspired, with gracious influences to bring them nearer to God and man.

Do You Want to Know?

By B. W. Richardson, M.D.

DO you want common experience to tell you which can bear up best against extremest of extreme cold, the man who abstains from alcohol, or the man who seeks succour in it? Knock at the door of the late Arctic expedition, and ask the question. Inquire within for the seaman named Adam Ayles, and form your own judgment!

Do you want to know from common experience who can bear up against extremes of tropical heat, against sunstroke, against apoplexy, against liver disease? Look to those who have lived in our Indian empire, who have travelled, laboured, fought there, and form your own judgment!

Do you want to know from common experience who can bear most physical fatigue, those who abstain from alcohol or those who seek strength in it? Put the question to the men who do the great feats of strength—not altogether wisely,

perchance, but still who do them—and form your own judgment; or,

Do you want to know how long men can survive on water alone under sleepless anxiety and persistent unrest? Go to that Welsh mine, where for days upon days, and nights on nights, men were entombed, with water and without alcohol, and form your own judgment.

Do you want to know from common experience whose vital tissues are best conserved, the tissues of those who abstain from alcohol, or of those who try to live with it? Turn to the records of the Registrar-General, and from them inquire of the sellers of alcohol why they die at the rate of one hundred and thirty-eight to one hundred of the whole of the population. Or turn to the records of life value in insurance, and inquire what it means that those who take alcohol show a mortality of seven per cent under the theoretically-calculated value of life, and those who abstain, a mortality of twenty-four per cent. below the average, and then on both points form your own judgment.

Do you want to know from common experience whether those who use alcohol as a food or those who do not use it suffer most from nervous injury? Knock at the doors of our great hospitals for the nervously afflicted, and ask how many of the paralyzed there have been total abstainers from alcohol, how many are merely the victims, not more nor less, of that food? Knock, inquire, learn, and form your own judgment!

Lastly, *do you want to know* from common experience whether those who use alcohol or those who abstain from it, are most subject to mental destruction? Then to the asylum go, look at the forty per cent. directly and indirectly sent there by the necessity of life, as some call alcohol, and form your own conclusions there! When all is done you will, I think, if you are honest in your desire to arrive at truth, arrive at the only possible conclusion, that scientific learning and common experience in this case stand side by side, and declare that alcohol is not necessary for the wants of man, nor of any other thing that lives.

From these studies rise you all, ready still to fight to the death this enemy of mankind; and as you wage the war, fail not to declare the beauty of your cause. Sing of Temperance as she is to you, a something divinely hopeful, divinely holy. Declare of her, as the greatest of all wise men declare of wisdom:—"Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left, riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

LET our lives be as pure as the snow-fields, where our foot leaves a mark, but not a stain.

Bands of Hope and Sunday Closing.

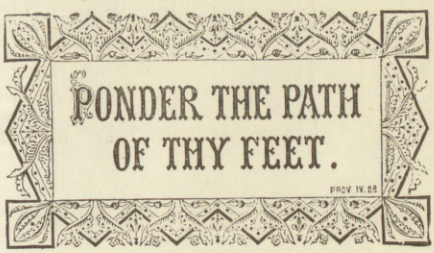
THE other day someone suggested that the Bands of Hope should take up this question; because no class of people suffer more from the opening of public houses on Sunday than do the children. They suffer from the harm done by the people who drink, and from the bad example set by the trading and traffic carried on during the Lord's Day, especially because they are so often sent to buy the Sunday's beer.

Now since the Band of Hope movement is the best organised it does give facilities for action which no other section of the temperance cause offers. This is seen in all our large towns where Local Unions exist.

One cause of the long delay in legislation upon Sunday Closing is the alleged difficulty of London; and because that vast city has not expressed its opinion in favour of closing the enemy says London is not ready for action.

In reply to this it has again and again been asserted that where public opinion has been taken and canvasses made, the majority in favour is not less than in other parts of the country; in fact, the results are most encouraging. A few parishes and districts have been tested and this is the statement of the figures:—For Sunday Closing, 10,454; against, 2,133; neutral, 1,345; so out of nearly 14,000 householders there is a majority in favour of more than seven to one.

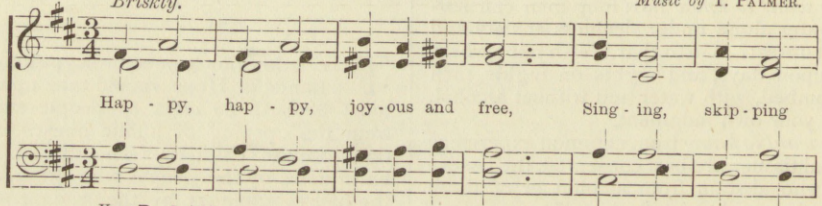
If the London Bands of Hope could only take the matter up, and secure that each of the Unions were thoroughly in earnest and a complete canvass made over all the Metropolis, such a concensus of public opinion would be gained that would effectually silence opposition and force the Bill through the House without any exemption, giving us the freedom from the sale of drink for the whole country on the whole day.



JOYOUS AND FREE.

(Waltz Song.)

Briskly. *Music by* T. PALMER.



KEY D. *Briskly.*

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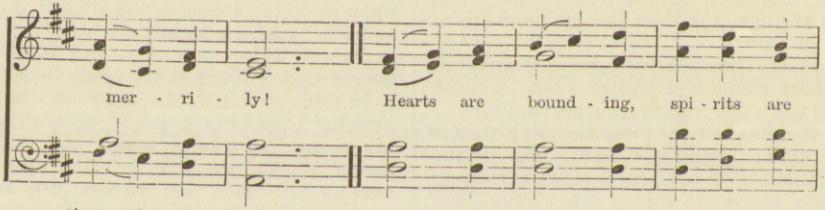

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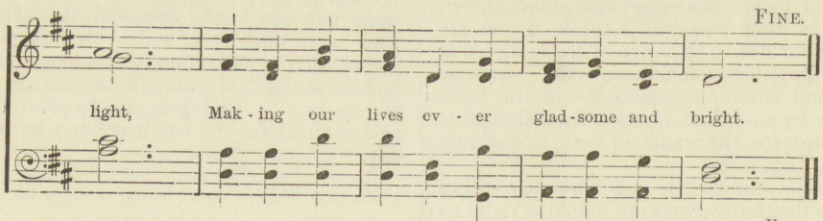

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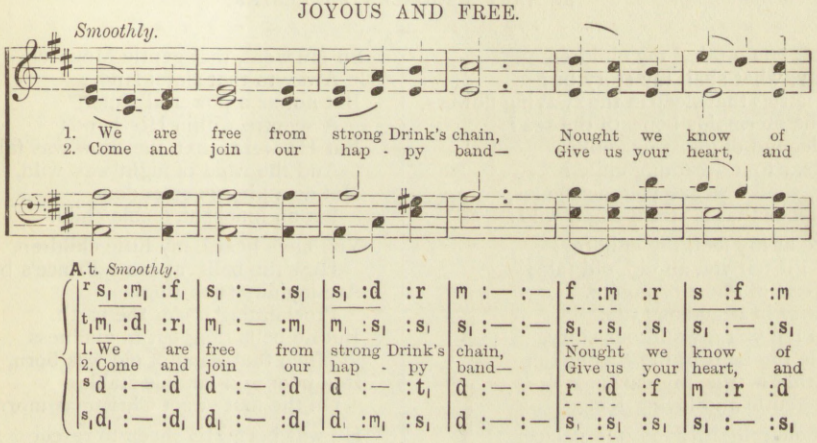
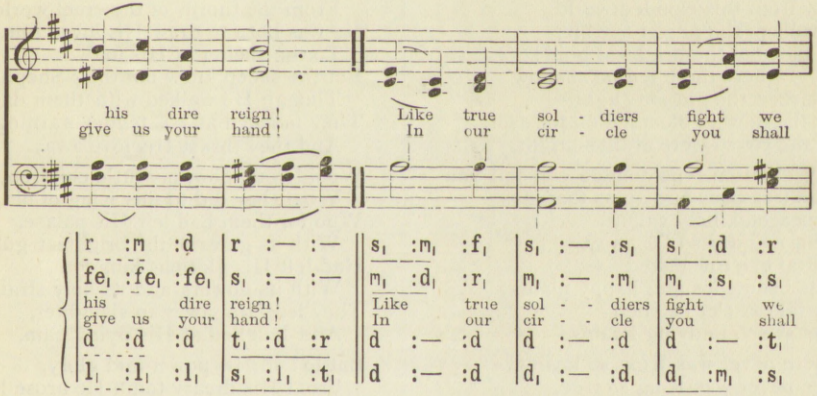
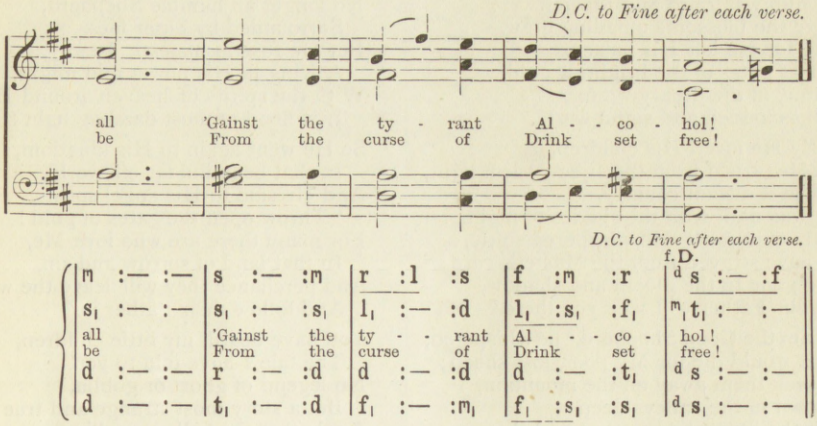
JOYOUS AND FREE.

Smoothly.





D.C. to Fine after each verse.



An Old Easter Story.

By MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

"TELL you a tale," my children—
Say, what shall my story be?
Of the fairies that sleep in the swaying flowers,
Or the mermaids beneath the sea?
Some legend of ghost or goblin,
So dear to a dreaming child?
Or say, shall I weave you, dear ones,
Romance that is strange and wild?

Sit here at my feet, my children,
And I'll tell you an old, old tale;
No legend of ghost or goblin,
Or fairy in beauteous vale.
But I'll tell you a wondrous story,
While the bells of the Easter ring—
A tale that is true, my darlings,
Of a gentle and loving King.

This Monarch He lived in a palace,
Away from this clouded world,
With walls of the purest marble,
And gates of the brightest gold;
In a land where there fell no shadow
To darken the glorious light—
Where the flowers bloomed on for ever,
And the rivers were always bright.

Oh, my children! no tongue can tell you
Of the treasures and gems that lay
In the peaceful, holy valleys
Of this country so far away.
No mortal eye e'er rested
On its beauteous and happy plains;
No mortal ear e'er listened
To its sweet, undying strains.

And there never was King so loving,
There never was King so true,
As He who was Lord and Master
Where the blossoms unfading grew.
Ah, no! for He left His palace,
With its gates of the brightest gold,
And came, in the dreary winter,
To this clouded and sinful world.

So dearly He loved His children,
That He turned from the sweet, warm light,
To look at a distant country,
That was dark with the shades of night.
"Oh, my children!" He whispered softly,
"Ye have strayed from the Master's care;
Ye have gone to the gloom and shadow,
But your Father will seek you there."

"For I am the Good Shepherd," he whispered,
"That would die for My poor, lost sheep;
So I'll seek them away on the mountain,
Or down in the valleys deep.
Though the way may be steep and thorny,
And the wind be bitter cold,
My sheep, that have strayed to the hillside,
Must come back to their Shepherd's fold."

So He went, that gentle Monarch,
Away to that sinful land,
But not as a powerful Ruler,
A sceptre within His hand;
But He went when the snow was falling,
And the wind of night was wild,
Not as a king in splendour,
But an innocent, feeble child.

You have heard, my little children,
How the bells, at some Prince's birth,
Are joyfully set a-ringing,
Proclaiming it o'er the earth.
But no bells rang out in gladness
When that King of old was born,
In a poor and humble stable,
On the first sweet Christmas morn.

He was born His sheep to rescue
From the thorns of the cruel world;
He was born to draw His loved ones
To the shelter of His fold.
But the sheep knew not their Shepherd,
Though He walked with them day by day
They mocked at His tender warnings,
And they thrust His love away.

Would you know, my little children,
What they did to this King of old,
Who for them had left His palace,
With its gates of the brightest gold—
Had left His glorious kingdom,
With its flowers and its holy strain?
They led Him away to slaughter,
And laughed at His dying pain.

But lo! in His power and glory,
From His dreary tomb He arose!
No longer an humble Shepherd,
Surrounded by bitter foes.
But He rose in majestic beauty,
A King in His power and might,
With the spirits of heaven around Him,
In a flood of most dazzling light!

So He went again to His kingdom,
In that beautiful far-off world,
And He said to His angel spirits,
"Throw open the gates of gold!
For many there are who love Me,
In that land of sorrow and sin,
And perchance they will leave the wayside,
And follow their Father in."

You have heard, my little children,
The tale I have told to you,
No legend of ghost or goblin,
But a story most strange and true;
A tale that the bells are telling,
As they ring o'er the sunlit way—
or know you, my little children,
The King has arisen to-day!

THE APRIL FOOL'S STORY.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.

Author of "Snatched from Death," &c.

NOW the rain came down! It was not your gentle shower, which often falls on an April day, to be followed by the bright sunshine completing the good work begun by the shower; it was not your heavy shower, which comes pelting down accompanied with hailstones, dancing on the pavement as if they were mad with joy. No, it was a steady, determined outpour; all the day long the rain had been descending, and there seemed as little chance as ever of it giving over. Besides this, although it was the first of April, there was a fog which hung over the land and the sea; for the incident we are about to relate occurred at the little town of D——, on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, not much more than fifty miles from the great Metropolis. The streets were deserted—only those compelled to brave the storm ventured to do so. The gas lights cast a peculiar shadow on the pavements, and made the shining mackintoshes and the umbrellas look the more miserable, as their owners moved about in the fog. All along the High Street, and in the little side streets leading to the sea, there was hardly a person to be seen, except a few red-coats from the neighbouring barracks, who, dressed in their heavy greatcoats, seemed to bid defiance to the rain.

Could any London visitor have suddenly dropped down like Baldwin from the clouds, they would have discovered D—— to be the most miserable never-to-be-visited, always-to-be-avoided resort they had ever known; so different does a place look when we visit it in the rain, fog, and cold, to when we see its dashing waves and feel its invigorating breeze when the bright sun is shining.

There was one spot, however, which was exceedingly cheerful, this was the common room of the *Havelock*—a coffee tavern which had been recently opened, chiefly for the benefit of the many fishermen who generally contrived to get rid of a considerable portion of their earnings at the numerous taverns, whose source of income was mostly from the fishermen's pockets.

The *Havelock* was none of your dirty, badly-lighted places, where the floor is covered with dirty sawdust, and the tea and coffee more like ditch water than what they profess to be. It was a commodious building, with plenty of light and air; the public room especially was a picture

of neatness and comfort—a bright-patterned kaptulicon, with numerous mats, covered the floor and gave the room a cosy appearance; the walls were covered with excellent steel engravings —copies chiefly of pictures by Sir Edwin Landseer—while several cases of stuffed fish and birds assisted to give the place a very homely look.

A large fire was burning in the grate, and made the room warm and comfortable.

Around the fire were seated about a dozen fishermen, most of them fine, strong, handsome men, with faces and hands like mahogany, with sparkling eyes, and teeth very much stained with the juice of tobacco.

At the table close by there were several little parties playing at dominoes, chess, and draughts, making merry over their gains and losses; it was a pleasant sight, and would have cheered the heart of any true temperance reformer.

The party round the fire were engaged chiefly in conversing on the events of the day, for it being the first of April, a considerable amount of fun had been going on among the fishermen, who are always ready to make sport, even to the personal discomfort of the one upon whom the joke is played.

"We had a fine game with young Barker," said Ben Bouncer, laughing. "Ha! ha! we sent him to the Priory with a note, and when it was opened it was found to say, '*Tell the bearer he is an April fool!*' but the best of the joke was, Mary, the housemaid—that's the girl he's sweet on—had to give him his reply, so you may be sure there was plenty of giggling at poor Barker's expense."

The ball having been set rolling, nearly every one had something to tell of the part they had taken in the day's sport.

One had dispatched Obadiah Smithson, the son of old Smithson, the owner of the *May Queen*, to a dairy for a pennyworth of pigeon's milk; while another had enjoyed the fun he got by sending his own boy to a bootmaker for half-a-pound of strap grease, the result being that the boy came back with tears in his eyes, for the strap had been laid rather heavily on his back.

There were roars of laughter at these various narrations; laughter such as would have done the heart good to be heard on such a stormy night.

Jack Bartlett was just in the middle of one of his yarns of his numerous adventures in the Sandwich Islands, when the door opened and a strange-looking figure presented itself to the gaze of the astonished fishermen.

The new-comer appeared to be about forty years of age, but looked prematurely old, for his face was haggard, and in his deep black hair there were traces of grey. His dress was not ragged, but decidedly shabby, threadbare, and shining. His old greatcoat was saturated with water; and from his beard the rain dripped on to the floor.

Instinctively everyone in the room knew him to be a gentleman; those around the fire moved to give him the warmest corner, the players at the table stopped their play for an instant to gaze upon the new visitor; and a feeling of wonder and curiosity was aroused in every breast.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the stranger in a silvery voice, "it's pleasanter here than in the storm outside; such a night I have not experienced for many a year."

"Good evening, sir," replied almost everyone in the room, at once attracted by the sweetness of the stranger's voice and the amiability of his manner.

When the new-comer had taken off his great-coat, and had seated himself by the fire, the landlady of the *Havelock* brought him a pair of slippers, and soon afterwards some steaming cocoa and a substantial supper. The stranger partook of these in silence; now and then looking into the fire most intently as if he could see pictures in the burning coals that riveted his attention. At this moment some of the lads at the table who were playing at chess appeared to be very excited, as the game was coming to a conclusion. One was heard to say in a loud voice: "Two to one on Johnson."

No sooner were the words uttered than the stranger seemed roused from his dream; looking towards the lad who had uttered the words, he said: "Is gambling allowed here? if so, I must not stay."

"No," replied Ben Bouncer, who seemed to be a kind of head man at the *Havelock;* "no, sir, gambling is not allowed; look at the notice over the mantelshelf."

The stranger turned his eyes in the direction mentioned, and saw the words, in large letters—

NO GAMBLING ALLOWED.

"You seem to dislike gambling very much, friend," remarked Jack Bartlett.

"I have reason to dislike it; I have reason to hate it," replied the man, firmly.

"It's the curse of many, and the ruin of not a few," said Bouncer.

"You are right, friend; drinking and gambling have been my ruin. If I had abstained from these evil practices I should have been to-night a respectable, wealthy man, instead of an outcast and a beggar."

"Can you spin us a yarn?" asked Jack Bartlett; "maybe if you've come to trouble in that way, the telling of how it came about would do our young friends good here; and, indeed, we might all get a bit of profit from the story."

The stranger pressed his hand to his forehead for a few minutes, as if recalling the past, then, clearing his voice, he said: "If you have a mind to listen I will tell you my story."

"We will listen," answered Ben for all in the room.

Ben cast his eyes over to the table as if to command attention; the players put down their dominoes, the chess men and draughts ceased to move, and all gathered round the table in eager expectation of the traveller's story.

After a few moment's silence the stranger began: "My name is Alexander Donnithorne; I was born at Liverpool, where my father was a successful merchant. I was twenty-one years of age when he died and left me a considerable fortune and a prosperous business. My father had brought me up well. He had bestowed upon me the best of educations, he had given me both moral and physical training—the best that could be obtained for money. At that early age I had travelled over the best part of Europe, and I had visited the United States of America. My knowledge was great; there seemed nothing but prosperity and happiness before me—a seat in the town council, and even in Parliament, I could have easily obtained.

"My father had unfortunately taught me those terrible vices, drinking and gambling. I copied his example, but, alas! I could not stop where he did; for he seemed to gain but little harm from these dangerous practices. With me betting and various kinds of gambling soon became a terrible passion. I was never happy but when I was indulging in some game of chance; but so long as I was free from the curse of alcohol I did not overstep the boundary. On my way from Australia I became acquainted with a gang of sharpers, and under their instruction and influence I became an expert gambler and a slave to the intoxicating cup."

Here the story-teller stopped a moment; he pressed his hand to his forehead as if suffering fearful mental torture; at the same time Ben Bouncer winked his eye at Jack Bartlett, a sort of communication which seemed to convey a vast amount of intelligence to each other.

"Well, now," resumed Mr. Donnithorne, "it would weary you to go into all the details of my misfortunes; a love of alcohol soon introduced me into the vilest company, my business was neglected, my companions seemed to have me so completely in their power that I obeyed them like a child. Gradually I found myself in fearful debt, until it was quite impossible for me to escape from the awful slavery in which I was bound. A few years passed with only a remnant of my former extensive business. Alas! in an evil hour, when under the influence of the drink, I was induced to sign away the little I possessed, and I thus became a beggar without a home and without a friend. Five years ago, on this very day, I made the biggest April Fool of myself that ever lived. I signed a document which gave to my enemies my all, who then turned upon me and abused me for my folly. Ah! my friends, you little know what *I* feel on this anniversary day. Since that time I have wandered the earth an outcast, now and then getting a little work, but still having the old passion upon me for drinking and the dice box." Then, turning to the younger portion of those present, he said, with fearful emphasis—"My young friends, for your own soul's peace, for your happiness in this world and in the future give up these games of chance and touch not the poison alcohol."

"Friend," said Ben Bouncer, with great emotion, "you have, I hope, given up these fearful habits now?"

"Yes, thank God; twelve months ago I broke away from the snares. I have been struggling ever since. I tremble when I see anyone gambling; I fly from the drink as from a roaring lion. I am happy to say that day by day the old habits are becoming weaker; I shall conquer in the end I trust."

"May the Lord help you to struggle bravely till you become quite emancipated." This was Jack Bartlett's fervent prayer.

These words had hardly escaped his lips when the sound of a cannon was heard, followed by the loud ringing of a bell.

If a red-hot shot had fallen in their midst it could not have created greater confusion among the little company. Ben and Jack started from their seats in alarm—indeed everyone present was soon aroused, even the stranger seemed to catch the contagion.

"A ship in distress!" said Bouncer.

"The lifeboat bell!" ejaculated Bartlett.

"Come, mates, let us all to our posts," shouted Bouncer, his eyes sparkling with fire, for he was the coxswain of the lifeboat, and never felt more at home than when he was hastening to the rescue of those in danger.

Five minutes had not elapsed before the stranger was left quite alone in the *Havelock*. Bouncer, Bartlett and his companions hastened towards the lifeboat house, on their way meeting with other members of the crew all hastening to the same spot.

"A brig on a sandbank," cried Bouncer. "Now, boys, let us work with a will and get the boat out speedily."

It was not long before every man was dressed in his cork jacket, his oilskin covering his portly frame, some hauling the ropes and others getting the sails ready as only experienced men can do.

The lifeboat carriage was soon dragged down to the shore, and the boat successfully launched, the gathered crowd gave a hearty cheer, and the boat was soon out of sight.

Meanwhile Mr. Donnithorne was left to his thoughts at the *Havelock*, for the landlord having heard part of the story of the unhappy man politely left him alone.

He walked up and down the room as if unable to control his emotion.

"I was the biggest April Fool that ever lived," he said to himself, "to sign away all I had to thieves and thus to leave myself a beggar. May God forgive me for my folly and sin."

* * * * * * * *

Some hours after the lifeboat returned, bearing a precious burden of lives saved from the wreck. These were brought to the *Havelock*, the stranger kindly assisting to relieve their sufferings.

He was engaged in this good office when he uttered a fearful scream and fell down in a fainting condition. When he was restored he was heard to say, "Take me away, take me away, my enemies follow me wherever I go."

The next morning when the rescued men were seated in the common room of the *Havelock* the stranger stood at the bar, his face haggard, as if he had passed a most miserable night.

As he stood sipping his coffee a hand touched him on the shoulder and a trembling voice said :—

"Pardon me, Mr. Donnithorne, pardon me. Years past I did you a great wrong, but I have repented of my sins. I have sought you far and wide for many a day. Some time since I resolved to pay back all in my power that money which I partly was instrumental in taking from you."

"Midwinter, are you sincere?" asked Donnithorne, solemnly.

"My conduct shall prove my sincerity ; all that I have I will give you to make amends for the past." Then taking from his pocket a banker's pass book he said, "Here in this book you will find the evidence that I have placed to your account a sum of money which will in part repay you of that you were robbed, the rest shall come in the future if my life be spared."

Donnithorne examined the book carefully and then said :—

"This is more than ever I expected ; we have to thank the drink and our love of gambling for what we have suffered. I forgive you from my heart ; let us be friends."

A few hours after Midwinter rewarded the lifeboat men handsomely, and then left the tavern with his long-sought friend, Donnithorne.

THE CUCKOO.

By Uncle Ben.

TROTTIE and Sallie were two nice little girls, well brought up by kind and good parents. Once a year they paid a visit to their grandfather, who lived in a beautiful house not far from the Thames, some twenty miles from London. This annual visit was one of great importance, was always looked forward to with high expectation, and was usually taken in August, but on one occasion they went in the early spring. The packing-up and going away with new frocks was an event of deepest interest ; and the arrival, welcome, and general inspection of things old and new afforded much delight.

One of the special features about the place was the Wilderness, a beautiful, old, wild continuation of the garden—half garden and orchard, half shrubbery, and a little park with winding paths and open glades, and here and there trees that looked as if they once had belonged to some mighty forest.

One fresh, sweet spring morning Trottie and Sallie wandered into the Wilderness. Trottie had gathered a few flowers, and they were just going to make an excursion into the dell when their attention was arrested by hearing the Cuckoo for the first time that year. The first time it is heard in the spring it is a welcome sound, but its note for children is especially pleasing; it announces itself so distinctly, introduces itself to our notice so emphatically, and with such egotistical personality, that there can be no mistake as to who is singing to us. He seems to say by his persistent song : "I am not ashamed of myself ; I wish to let everybody know I am here and who I am. I am the Cuck-coo, and there's no mistake about it. Cuck-coo, Cuck-coo."

Now that very same evening, after the girl's had had children's tea, they were dressed up in their best and brought down stairs into the brilliantly lighted dining-room, where some very fine ladies and gentlemen in evening dress, guests of grandpapa's, were having dessert. They were handed round and talked to, asked their names, given grapes and fruit, and then offered some wine, to which the youngest said, "No, thank you."

But one gentlemen said: "Oh, you must, you can't refuse to take a sip out of my glass."

"No, thank you ; I would rather not," came the answer.

"Oh, but that's all nonsense ; I am sure you would like it—come now," he said, offering the glass to her.

The child hesitated, coloured, and stammered, "No, no," and then began to cry.

"Why, what's the matter?" said grandpapa.

"Only this little lady does not know what's nice," replied the gentleman.

"Oh," said grandpapa, "why these children have signed the pledge; isn't that it?" looking to the mother of the girls.

"Yes," replied she, "they are both teetotalers."

"I don't wonder there are tears," rejoined the gentleman with a laugh. "I think I should nearly cry if I couldn't be allowed to take a glass of wine."

"I should think," said one lady, "that the little girl is more likely to cry for the sorrow caused to many by taking wine."

"That is only where and when people take too much," responded the gentleman.

"Everybody should do as I do, enjoy a glass of wine and know when one has had enough."

"Perhaps that doctrine may do, Captain," said the lady, "when all the world is as infallible as you are."

"That's good, Mrs. Herbert, hit the Captain hard, he deserves it; and I must say, though I am not an abstainer, I think my little grandchild sets the world a better example than do I or the Captain."

With that the matter passed over, but afterwards, when the two girls were alone with their mother, Trottie said to Sallie, "Why did you cry when the Captain asked you to drink the wine?"

"Because I was afraid to say I was a teetotaler and had signed the pledge, and thought they would laugh at me."

"But we must not mind being laughed at when we do what is right, and people are more likely to laugh at us when they think we are ashamed of our principles," said the mother.

"I don't mind saying I am a teetotaler when everybody else is one also, but I do not like to seem different to other people," replied the child.

"It is just then we need courage to confess what we really are; it is always best to be quite open and sincere, and in the long run people despise those who are ashamed of their opinions more than those who confess their convictions."

"Next time," said Trottie, "I will boldly say, 'No, thank you, because I am a teetotaler and have signed the pledge.'"

"And so will I," said Sallie; "I'll be like the Cuckoo and tell people plainly what I am."

"That's right," said her mother, smiling. "If you are pledged abstainers do not fear to say so, and just as the Cuckoo with its well-known little song is a herald of spring, so the Band of Hope children who are true and faithful to their pledge, and not ashamed of letting the world know it, are heralds of another spring-time when the darkness and curse of strong drink shall vanish from our land."

Pebbles and Pearls.

DO not look upon the vessel, but upon that which it contains.—*Hebrew Proverb.*

"OUR dangers and delights are near allies;
From the same stem the rose and prickle rise."

ALL habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
—*Dryden.*

"PUBLIC-HOUSES are just so many allurements and ambushments, traps and pitfalls, in the path of the working men."—*Earl Cairns.*

"LIQUOR-SELLING is one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money ever adopted by the bravos of any age or country."—*Mr. Ruskin.*

"I tell you," said Poots, "there's an indescribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and ringing the bell for one's valet." "You got a valet!" exclaimed Poots's friend. "No," replied Poots, "but I've got a bell!"

A LADY once went, late at night, to her dressmaker and ordered a jacket, elaborately trimmed, to be made for her and sent home not later than two o'clock the next day, *because she was going to attend a meeting of the Early-Closing Association.*

THE SMILES OF JESUS.—It was a very pretty reply made by a little girl to a statement made that our Saviour was never seen to smile: "Didn't He say, 'Suffer little children to come unto Me?' and they would not have come unless He had smiled."

WHEN the late Horace Greeley, who was a staunch adherent to temperance principles, was once pressed by an Irish waiter to take some brandy-and-water, he met the importunity by saying, "Well, Pat, I'll take half that to oblige you. Give me the water, and take the brandy somewhere else."

The candidates for positions on the police are examined in regard to their medical knowledge. "Suppose you find a man lying on the pavement in a comatose condition, what would you do?" asked the sergeant at the desk. "Sure, sir, I'd ask him where he got his whiskey," replied the would-be policeman.

"WOULD you take the bread out of our mouths?" cried the fat publican, indignantly. "Yes," said I, pointing to the shivering, ill-clad forms of three little children just entering the bar with their can and broken-nosed jugs, "yes, and put it into the mouths of those starving children, to whom it rightfully belongs."

CAN he be really wicked who loves the colours of the flowers and the song of the birds? There was a boy in a counting-house not long ago who was seen to make a point of getting a flower-bud every day, not to wear in his button-hole by way of ornament, but to lay it beside him on the city desk at which he worked. He never told any one, not even his father, why he did it, but he did it as a help against temptation.

THERE is growing in Africa a thorn called "stop-awhile." If a person once gets caught in it, it is with difficulty he escapes with his clothes on his back, for every attempt to loosen one part of his dress only hooks more firmly another part. The man who gets caught by this thorn is in a pitiable plight ere he gets loose. You would not like, would you, boys, to be caught in this thorn? And yet many are being caught by a worse thorn than "stop-awhile."

"OF late," says Mr. W. J. Gordon, in *The Leisure Hour*, "there has been a great increase in London milkmen owing to a greatly increased consumption of milk. And there has been a great increase of business among the larger firms, one company, for instance, making as many as 11,000 calls a day at customer's houses." In the same paper it is calculated that London takes 125,000 gallons of milk per day, or 875,000 per week, and that 87,500 cows are needed to furnish the supply.

OUR JENNIE:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,

Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER V.

E must now return to Jennie Stoneley, the heroine of our story.

She had written and accepted the situation that had been offered to her which no doubt the reader has found out was Mrs. Lyon's.

On doing so, she had received a kind letter from Miss Lyon, enclosing her railway and cab fare, and full directions how she was to reach her destination.

Jennie and her mother both thought the letter very kind, and poor Mrs. Stoneley was quite comforted, "as there was someone in the house where her Jennie was going as could write such a feeling letter."

"She must be nice," she said, when telling a neighbour of it, "or she never could have wrote such a letter; an' I'm glad my girl's got such a young lady to be over her, for she says as she'll superintend her new duties, and she hopes as she'll soon feel settled and at home."

How thankful Jennie was now that she had gone so often to the hall to help when they had visitors, and that she had learnt to wait so nicely. Many times her mother had said, "Learn all you can, Jennie, you never know when you may want it." And so it had proved.

When it became known amongst the villagers that Jennie was going into service, and to London, of all places, many of the simple folks lifted up their hands in astonishment, and "hoped that William Stoneley's trouble had not sent him out of his mind; it looked uncommon like it, sending that bonnie lass of his to such a wicked place." With the poor's proverbial kindness to the poor, the neighbours that could afford to help in any way towards getting Jennie "ready for service," did so. Many a one lent a shilling which was to be repaid out of her first quarter's wages; and many another helped to make the necessary clothes, so that poor Jennie felt almost overwhelmed by the kindness shown, and the regret expressed at her leaving the village, during the last week at home.

The last night came at length, as all last nights do come, however far off they seem at one time, and Jennie and her mother were giving the finishing touches to the packing.

Her luggage was very modest, merely consisting of a bonnet box, and a rather small wooden one; but the new print dresses, neatly-made caps, and starched muslin aprons required a lot of careful packing not to crush, at least, so Mrs. Stoneley thought.

"I shouldn't like 'em to look as if they'd come out of a clothes bag, Jennie, first time as you put 'em on, after all my pains, 'cause they really is got up beautiful, and looks as nice as can be. There'll be many servants as 'll have grander things, but none 'll be more suitable than yours, my child, poor as we are."

"Oh, mother! whatever shall I do without you?" and Jennie, who had kept up very bravely until now, burst into tears.

Her mother did not speak for a little while, but quietly went on folding and arranging the things, knowing that it would do her child good to have a cry and relieve her pent-up feelings. Then, too, her own poor heart was very full, for parting with her first-born was a sore trial. Presently, when Jennie's sobs were less violent, she put her two hands on her shoulders and said: "Eh! my lass, what we shall do without each other only Him above knows; but oh! Jennie, be sure of all things that you ask His help and guidance, don't think anything too small to take to Him, my child. I know by experience He does help in time of trouble, and I cannot but think that this offer for you to go to service just now, when we hardly know which way to turn, comes in answer to prayer."

"Yes, mother, perhaps it has, only it's harder than I thought for, now it's really come to."

"I know all about it, Jennie; I had to leave my home when I was a girl and get my own living, but it's astonishing what kind friends I found. The first lady I lived with was a Quaker; she was a Christian and no mistake, and so kind, she taught me no end; and I'm in hopes as your going to have a very nice place, Jennie, so cheer up my lass and do your duty whatever the other servants do, never mind being laughed at. You're sure to be a bit awkward at first,

and mayhap come in for some sharp words, but it never mends matters for a maid to answer the mistress back; never do that, Jennie."

Would that all girls going into service at the present time had the same wholesome advice given them; and if they followed it how much more harmonious the relationship would become between mistress and maid.

"I'll try to do my duty in every way for your dear sake, mother," she replied.

"That's like my Jennie," said her mother, kissing her fondly, "and now then I'll just fold this last gown, and put this soft paper over the top, then you can lock up the box for to-morrow morning, and all will be ready. Your father'll be calling out for his supper directly; not as there's much to give him," she added sadly. "And someone else'll be wanting you a bit I'm thinking; is he coming to-night?"

The quick blush mounted to Jennie's cheeks as she told her mother that Frank was to meet her at the stile at eight o'clock, and they were to have a walk round by the old farm for the last time.

"Nay, not the last time by a good many, my child, I hope."

The younger children all made a great fuss of Jennie when she came downstairs, and it was with some difficulty she could get off for her "tryst," but "where there is a will there is a way," and Jennie had the will so she found the way.

Frank was at the stile half-an-hour before the time, and the minutes had seemed very long ones until Jennie arrived. Then all the waiting was forgotten in the long, long kiss; and for a moment or two no words were spoken, only the silent ecstacy of love.

Occasionally down here we get faint glimpses of the heavenly paradise vouchsafed to us by the exquisite touches of true, pure, earthly love. This meeting of soul to soul, is it not the one little bit that has escaped the fall?

After a while Jennie said: "Frank, I want you to make me two promises before I leave you."

'What are they, Jennie? I'm ready to promise you a'most any mortal thing."

"First, then, I want you always to wear your bit of blue, and be true to your temperance pledge; and, second, I want you to take that class in the Sunday school the minister asked you to."

"I'll do the first, love; but I don't know what to say about the second. I've thought a deal about what that lady said as had the mission here, since I decided to follow Christ; I mean about working for Him."

"That's just it, Frank, and so have I; and now I'm going to service I mean to let the other servants see I'm trying to serve Jesus."

"Eh! I wish I was half as good as you, Jennie."

"Now, Frank, don't you say so, you're a deal better; and I just think the way you've stood teetotal against all the shop, and borne to be laughed at, is grand. If I could write a book I should put you in as my hero."

"Should you really now, Jennie, think me grand enough for that?"

"I should, indeed, Frank, there's real grit in you; and I'm so proud of you, darling," and Jennie looked up fondly into the honest brown eyes that were filled with love and tenderness for her.

"It was all along thinking how grieved *you'd* be, Jennie," he continued, "if I broke my pledge helped me to stand. Many's the time I've had the pint mug to my lips, when I've been so set on by the shop I could scarcely stand it, and then the thought of the look on your face when you knew as I'd broken has stopped me, and I've set it down again."

What an influence girls exercise, far beyond their ken! Let me beseech all to use it aright. It may be easy for a girl to keep straight, and not so easy for her brother, or the young men of her acquaintance; they are daily exposed to temptations such as never could beset her.

Then by example—which now as of old is much better than precept—let each one use all the influence she possesses on the side of righteousness and truth, and never by so much as a look or a half smile weaken anyone's resolution for the right. The influence for good a pure, true woman may have is unbounded. God help all to use it aright.

"I'm very thankful if I've helped you, Frank; and now you've got the worst over," replied Jennie, "have you not?"

"I don't know about that; they don't get tired o' teasing in a hurry at our shop."

"Well, never mind, they know by now you mean to stick to it as you've stuck to it so long, Frank."

"Yes, I think they've a notion I mean to keep it; and there's another lad has joined lately, and he says it's all along o' me sticking to it so, and he means to do same."

"Is that Joe Jenkins?"

"Yes."

"Ah! poor lad, his father's a sad drunkard. I wish someone could influence him; you must have a try, Frank. But I'm forgetting about the class, you will take it, won't you? I want to think of you on a Sunday afternoon with those little boys all sitting round you and looking up into your face."

"I'll try, Jennie; I can't say no more."

"And God will help you, love."

A good deal more talk passed between the lovers which they would not care for us to hear,

but the time seemed all too short for them to say all they wanted.

Frank gave her the hymn book, and had written her name above his own, and she gave him the brown lock of hair. Such were the simple love tokens that passed between these two.

"You'll write to me now, Jennie, as often as you can."

"Of course I shall, Frank. I shall be always thinking of you, except when I'm asleep."

"And then I hope you'll dream of me, as I know I shall of you, my promised wife."

So with vows of eternal fidelity on either side, Frank and Jennie parted—she to face London and its temptations; he to his work as a joiner in the little village, but beset also with temptations, for nowhere are we free from evil, and our daily prayer has need to be :—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

(To be continued.)

WOMAN: Her Place and Power in the Temperance Movement.

Substance of an Address by Mrs. Ramsay (of Manchester), in the Manchester Town Hall, before the Annual Assembly of Delegates of Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, Saturday, March 9th, 1889.

MR. MAYOR AND DEAR FRIENDS,—No more striking indication of the vitality of our movement could be given, it seems to me, than such a meeting as this, at such an hour, in such a place. I am diffident in addressing this audience, because I cannot hope to add anything to its sum of knowledge on the subject, or to present to my co-workers any novelty in the treatment of the time-tested truths of our belief. I may try, however, to concentrate your thoughts for a few minutes on one particular view of the situation, and obtain for it an attention not hitherto accorded to it.

It may be taken for granted that we have all varieties of temperance organisation represented here—differing in the details of our work, yet having a common ideal; our aim being to promote the virtue, dignity, happiness and well-being of our fellows, that they and we may together glorify God. And I apprehend we have all reached our present position by the logic of facts. For, from whatever point of the philanthropic compass we may have started, from whatever part of the Master's labour-field we may have set out in pursuance of this mission, we shortly arrive at a *dead wall*, built by the traffic in strong drink—an obstacle head and shoulders above every other impediment to the progress of the common weal. We find ourselves fronted by a huge national vice and a grave national danger; and I venture to assert that whatever differences may distinguish us, we look upon this drink traffic as the arch-enemy of the race; and that, depending upon Divine aid, we have resolved to close with the foe and keep up the conflict till the death of one or other divide us.

We require no new facts for the conversion of the country to our views, only a proper appreciation of the old ones. Can any indictment be stronger than that which has been brought against the use of alcohol? That it slays directly its 60,000 victims yearly; that where it does not slay directly it lays the foundation of diseases peculiar to itself, and developes other diseases to a distressing and destructive extent; that it produces a third of the madness, three-fourths of the crime, and the major portion of the pauperism in our country; that it paralyses our industries, and is potently destructive of the home-life of thousands upon thousands whom statistics never touch. If this be true, and we all know that it is within the facts, then it is fit that we should meet and examine whether our faith, our courage, our enthusiasm are doing all they can for the purpose we have in view. Whether the "broad, bright, unambiguous impress of divinity" is written on our methods; and whether our ingenuity, enlightened by the spirit of love, may devise fresh plans for reaching the fallen, reclaiming the erring, winning the weak, and bringing comfort and salvation to the seemingly lost.

The history of the temperance movement is allied to that of every other reform. It has had to struggle with difficulty, to reduce obstacles, to fight its way through "clenched antagonisms" to its present position. Many giants have been slain by the way; and, though their powers of resuscitation are great, "the cause" is now one of the burning "questions" of the day. And, parallel with this, has been another "question," yearly coming more and more to the front, namely, the destinies of woman. I hold these to be two of the deepest controversies of the day, and I submit that they are both problems which demand for their solution more than mere statesmen's wit. The glory of man and that of woman are distinct—"two opposite poles of the sphere of humanity." Before Christ, the masculine virtues—courage, wisdom, truth, strength—were those held in honour. In His life and cross He revealed quite a new order of heroism—meekness, obedience, affection, purity, endurance, longsuffering. How feminine these qualities are we see when we attempt to pourtray the true woman, whose essential characteristics are unselfish thought, consideration for others, whose gentle tact, discriminating tenderness, and power transfigures the coarse, common, and sensual of our average life. Submissiveness is

her glory. "The vocation of obedience pronounced as a curse, has been transmuted like that of labour into a blessing." It seems to me that no woman, however high-minded, if she be also right-minded and thoughtful, need feel anything derogatory in a lot that links her with the divinest man. The place, then, that I claim for my sex is that for which nature has fitted us.

The primary sphere of the woman's operations is of course in the home. How much our practical living-out of our views tells upon the children even antecedent to birth, let doctors and physiologists declare. But who can gauge the power of the mother's influence? Blessed is he to whom is given the recollection of a pure-minded, abstaining mother: he possesses a talisman which will carry him triumphantly through many a temptation. "Faith in all things high beats with his blood"; and however devious his pathway in life may become, a light shines from his home that nothing can quench. Ruskin has said that "the last worst thing that can be said of a nation is that it makes the children sad and weary," and by this terrible traffic there are thousands of children made sad, a burden to themselves, and a source of weakness and danger to the nation. Burdened with this awful weight of drink heredity, they are launched on the sea of life fore-doomed to destruction unless embarked in our Total Abstinence Life-Boat. It is quite true that if ever we are to have the Garden of Eden again we must push the Temperance cause amongst the children. Into their minds must be instilled from earliest years, by consistent mothers, the latest teachings of science that alcohol is not a food; that it is not a body-warmer; that its stimulation is bought at the cost of the vital force itself; that its use in medicine is limited, and can mostly, if not altogether, be supplied by other agents. *So*, a natural public opinion may he formed by means of the children. "And if," as Henry Ward Beecher says, "misled and tempted in the ascending years, the child breaks away from family influence and goes down step by step into disgrace and misery, and at last, afar off, sends the word—'Mother, may I come home to die?' there is no word of reproach; the one word that rings out like an angel's trumpet is—'O my child, come home!'" Then the mother's knee to that sacred prodigal is the most sacred place this side the feet of Jesus Christ. Woman's place and power with the children cannot be gainsaid.

Then to us also is the ministry given of spreading, amongst the poor and the illiterate, the knowledge we have received; to iterate and reiterate and re-reiterate the testimonies of science with the added force of our own experimental confirmation thereof, and all done in the spirit of love. And not content with taking this Gospel to the poor, we are bound to step into the friendly circle—nursery and drawing-room alike feeling our influence. The call for its exercise is urgent; and no part of the work calls for more decision, firmness, and sympathy than this. Alcohol, in some form or other, has grown to be an essential in the popular mind to all enjoyment; a necessary adjunct to every undertaking; an indispensable rite of hospitality. And this is a weak point with many excellent abstaining women. Our *young* women can come in here with great effectiveness. It is of no use saying the men don't mind what we think. They do; they cannot help themselves. Many young men would be glad of the support of their young lady friends, for many begin their drinking habits from weakness and cowardice and following of fashion.

We must come in with a consistent, persistent, firm assertion of the truth—forbearing threatening—avoiding spasmodic violence of words, but expressing our deep conviction—that, at the very best that can be said of it, indulgence in alcohol is a luxury; that the present distress calls for "simpler manners" as well as "purer laws"; that as a promoter of genuine cheerfulness and genial mirth wine is still a "mocker"; and that we take up this position because where women are careless men will be corrupt.

We want to convince the understanding, to stir the heart, to rouse the conscience. And yet I cannot but feel that the time is ripe for the application of the outer force of a coercive law; for, while we are engaged making converts by units, "the trade" is making victims by hundreds. Here, of course, woman's power is of a secondary and passive character. But I would use the opportunity of to-day to "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance" that your principles may be plainly shown at the polling-booth; that you may consider that "on one side are ranged the interests of a great monopoly; on the other are ranged the welfare of the people of the United Kingdom, the sobriety of the race, the order and well-being of our homes, without which no commonwealth can long endure; for the political order rests upon the social order, and the social order upon the home life of men." May God gird you for trying this great issue against the shamelessly-increasing drink trade, on behalf of the life and homes of the people, and when you shall have gone up and secured the safety of the commonwealth, may it be said of us women—"She did what she could"; so "they that remain at home shall divide the spoil," rejoicing in a country redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of our Christianised abstinence.

A Song for May.

By Mary M. Forrester.

O'ER the hoary mountains
Joyous May doth dance,
Ling'ring where the fountains
In her sunlight glance;
Chasing every shadow
With her golden ray,
O'er the verdant meadow
Comes the laughing May.

Where the river rushes
Through its grassy bed,
Where the hawthorn blushes
Into rosy red;
Where the wild birds twitter
In the budding spray,
With a glow and glitter
Comes the laughing May.

Where, like golden vessels,
Buttercups are seen,
Where the primrose nestles
In its bed of green;
Where, in wood and wimple,
Rustic maidens stray,
Where bright faces dimple,
Comes the laughing May.

Summer coming after,
Chasing her along
With her rippling laughter
And her joyous song.
Golden-hearted daisies
Smile upon her way,
Breezes sing the praises
Of the laughing May.

In secluded places
Wild flowers ope their buds,
Sweet as baby faces,
In their emerald hoods;
With her wooing kisses,
With her happy lay,
With a thousand blisses
Comes the laughing May.

Love-light she will sprinkle
On the hearts grown cold,
Smoothing every wrinkle
From the brows grown old;
Lifting clouds of sadness,
Shedding sunbeams gay,
Full of love and gladness,
Comes the laughing May.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ALCOHOL FAMILY.

Old Port's Story.

By DR. J. JAMES RIDGE,

Physician to the London Temperance Hospital. Author of the "Temperance Pilgrim's Progress," &c.

CHAPTER V.

THE following day old Joe brought down a white box and put it on the table. Then with a hammer and screw driver he took off the lid and began to take out some bottles with gaudy green-and-gold labels, and to put them on a shelf. When he had gone out of the cellar there was a great hubbub. Everyone was asking his neighbour who these gorgeous new-comers might be. Some were filled with awe at the gold and tinsel on the label, and thought that these were of some royal race come to dispute the throne with me.

As the new bottles lay quiet and made no sign I did not consider it consistent with my dignity to put any question; but someone else did, and asked who they were.

"Orange Wine," was the reply. So they were further asked where they came from. To this they replied that they had been born in England, along with a number of brothers and sisters; and they told us some of their names, for instance, Ginger Wine, Currant Wine, Cowslip Wine, Elderberry Wine, and a few more; all these belonged to the family of British Wine.

When they heard this, several of the old wines turned up their noses in silent contempt. Lady Champagne, in particular, was very indignant that such common bottles should be brought into our company, and be labelled in such a gorgeous way as though they were more valuable than any.

"They have no business to call themselves wine at all," said she. "How dare they come here?"

This rather riled Mr. Orange Wine, who was quite able to stand up for himself.

"Let me tell you," said he, "that we have just as good a title to our name as you have to yours. If you took us to a chemist he would boil us and collect the steam and vapour that passes off; this he would condense in a tube kept cold by water; and it would consist of a mixture of alcohol and water. That alcohol is just the same stuff that Lady Champagne has under her skin. And where has it come from? It has come from the fermentation of sugar; and that is just where Lady Champagne's alcohol has come from. We have come from the fermentation of the juice of the fruit of the orange tree; she has come from the fermentation of the juice of the fruit of the vine. Where is the difference? We have not the same flavour, it is true; but she has not the same flavour as you, O, king!" That he said to me, Old Port; and I could see by that he did not mean to raise a rebellion against me.

This dispute went on for some time; but it was very clear that Lady Champagne, and those who sided with her, were only full of prejudice, and had no sound argument on their side. So at last I put an end to it by declaring that Orange Wine was one of us, and entitled to be called wine along with all the rest of the family of British Wines, and for these reasons among others—(1) That they were all fermented beverages containing alcohol, though in various quantities; (2) that they were mostly produced from fruits of many kinds, in a very similar way to that by which all other wines are produced; (3) that they are very useful in creating a desire for other and stronger wines among the young and those who will not take stronger drinks. (This, of course, is the way I, Old Port, look at it; I know the teetotalers would say this was just the opposite of being useful, and whether they are right or not I must leave my readers to decide).

They all agreed to my decision, and so peace once more reigned among us.

In order to divert their thoughts I asked a decanter, whom Old Joe had chanced to leave down in the cellar, to tell us a tale. I knew he could, because he was one who had seen much of the world—been out and about for forty or fifty years, on all sorts of tables and sideboards, where he could see and hear all that was going on, and not shut up, like me, in a dark cellar.

Decanter was quite willing, and so, loosening his stopper a little, he proceeded to tell us the

STORY OF THE TIPSY GHOST.

"I was once the property of a family in the West End of London. They were rich people, and consisted of the father, mother, and four

children, one of whom was a girl about fourteen or fifteen years of age. One night this young lady had gone to bed and was settling off to sleep, when she was startled by a noise she had never heard before. It was something like a groan, but no human being ever uttered such a sound. She was very frightened, and could not think what it could be. Presently she heard it again; and then she was just going to get out of bed and run out of the room to her mother, when she saw, by the dim light which came in through the window, something white moving slowly across the floor. She screamed out and hid herself under the clothes. Her father and mother heard her scream, and came running in; they soon got a light and looked about, but the ghost had gone. However, on looking under the bed, they found a rough, white dog, which they at once recognised as belonging to the people in the next house. They called it but it would not come out at first; and growled savagely as they tried to poke it out with a stick. When they had got it out the dog seemed ill; and they found it had been very sick under the bed, making the whole room smell strongly of gin. It was too late to take it home that night, but I heard them say that they sent it back the next morning. But the strange thing about it was how the dog had got into the wrong house, and up into the young lady's bedroom. You will hardly believe me when I say that this beautiful white dog was a regular drunkard. *He had been taught to drink.* Some of the boys in the next house had opened his mouth by force and poured down a few drops of wine, just 'for fun,' as they said. At first the poor dog had resisted, but he was a very docile and gentle dog, and so they had no difficulty in repeating this wicked trick. But very soon the dog began to like the wine, and would come and beg for it every day. As they were very fond of the dog they gave him some to drink. Before long he seemed to be always on the look-out for wine; and then he tasted beer and spirits, and got a liking for them also. He would follow the butler into the cellar and lick up any drops or dregs he could get. He was a tippling dog.

"On the day he was acting the ghost, a bottle of gin had been dropped in the cellar by the butler, and the dog had rushed to lick up all he could. The result was that he was quite tipsy. He had wandered out, and went back to the wrong house, evidently quite muddled in his brain."

"What a dreadful thing," said Water Bottle; "I can scarcely believe it."

"Why not?" said Decanter. "I heard the people talk about it a great deal; and the gentleman said he had heard of several cases of animals who had a strong liking for drink. One was a dog who who would run into publichouses, go behind the bar, and lick up any drink he could find in the sink or elsewhere. Another was a horse who would drink ale, and stop at a publichouse to get it; nothing could get him past until it was given him. In all these cases the animals did not need the drink, and were none the better for it; but they had been taught or forced to take it at first, and then got a liking for it."

Water Bottle could hardly wait for Decanter to finish, and said at once: "There now; I wish those two-legged animals who call themselves men could hear this, and then they would understand that their liking for strong drink is only the result of being taught to take it; and that they do not need it any more than the dogs or the horses, and had better not take it at all."

(To be continued.)

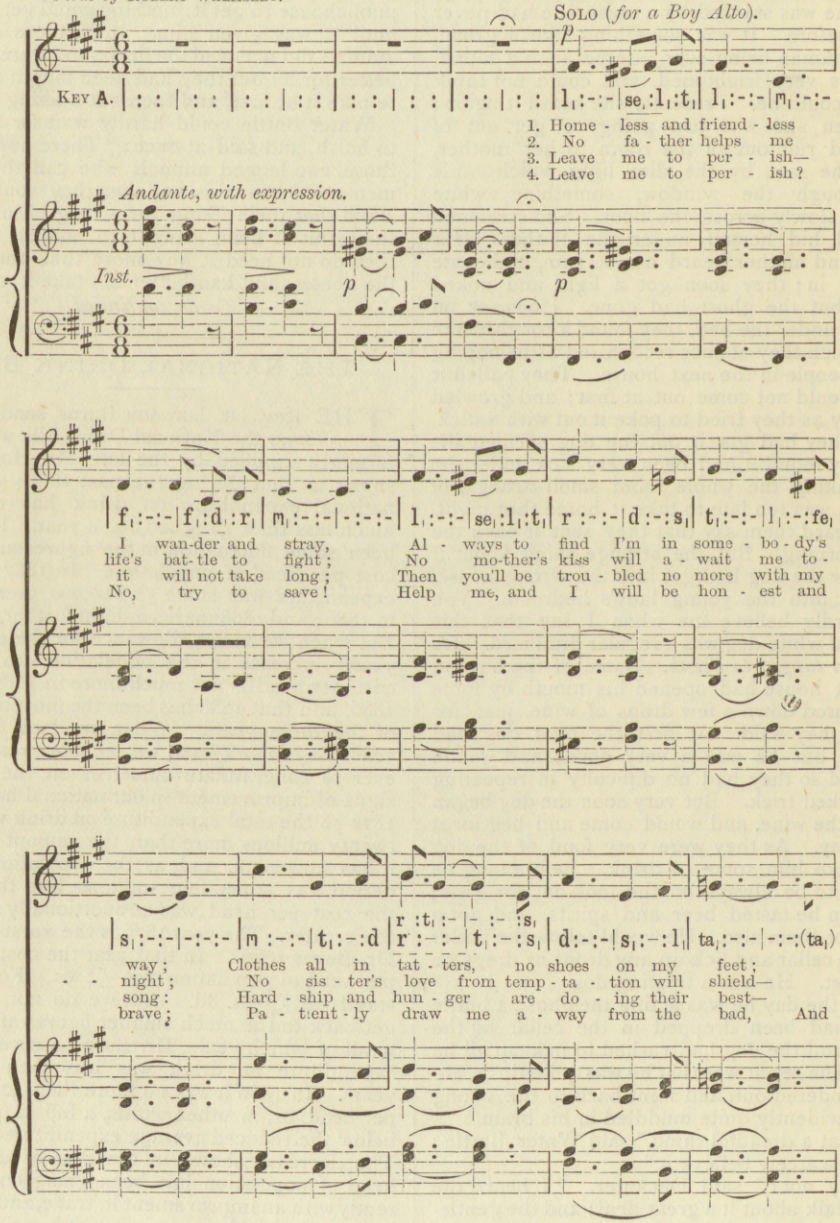
THE NATIONAL DRINK BILL.

THE Rev. Dr. Dawson Burns sends to *The Times* the National Drink Bill, which was formerly supplied by the late Mr. Hoyle. He shows us that during the past three years the national expenditure on drink has not been much less than £125,000,000 a year. There has been some fluctuation in the figures and in the cost per head of population. In 1887 the total expenditure was some £2,000,000 greater than in 1886; and 1888 marks a slight further advance. But when we make allowance for the estimated yearly increase in the population, we find the cost per head is not much more in 1887 than in 1886, and that 1888 has been the most temperate of the three years. When we look back ten years (says *The Times*) we see more reason than ever to congratulate ourselves on the marked signs of improvement in our national habits. In 1876-78 the total expenditure on drink was some twenty millions more than the amount to which it has now sunk, and, as the population at that period was some four millions less than now, the cost per head was proportionally so much the greater. The year 1876 is the worst to which Dr. Burns refers. In that year the cost of drink per head of population was £4 9s. For 1888 it stands at £3 6s. 8d. But we do not, even so, get back to the much smaller figures of 1850-60, in all of which years, Dr. Burns assures us, the expenditure on drink was less than in later years. In 1860 it was no more than £2 18s. 6d. per head, or, in other words, a full 12 per cent. below the reduced average expenditure for 1888. The decrease shown in the cost of drink per head of population has been going on concurrently with an improvement in trade, and with the increased spending powers which an improvement in trade brings. Our sobriety therefore, such as it is, has been of a more voluntary kind.

A WAIF OF THE STREET.

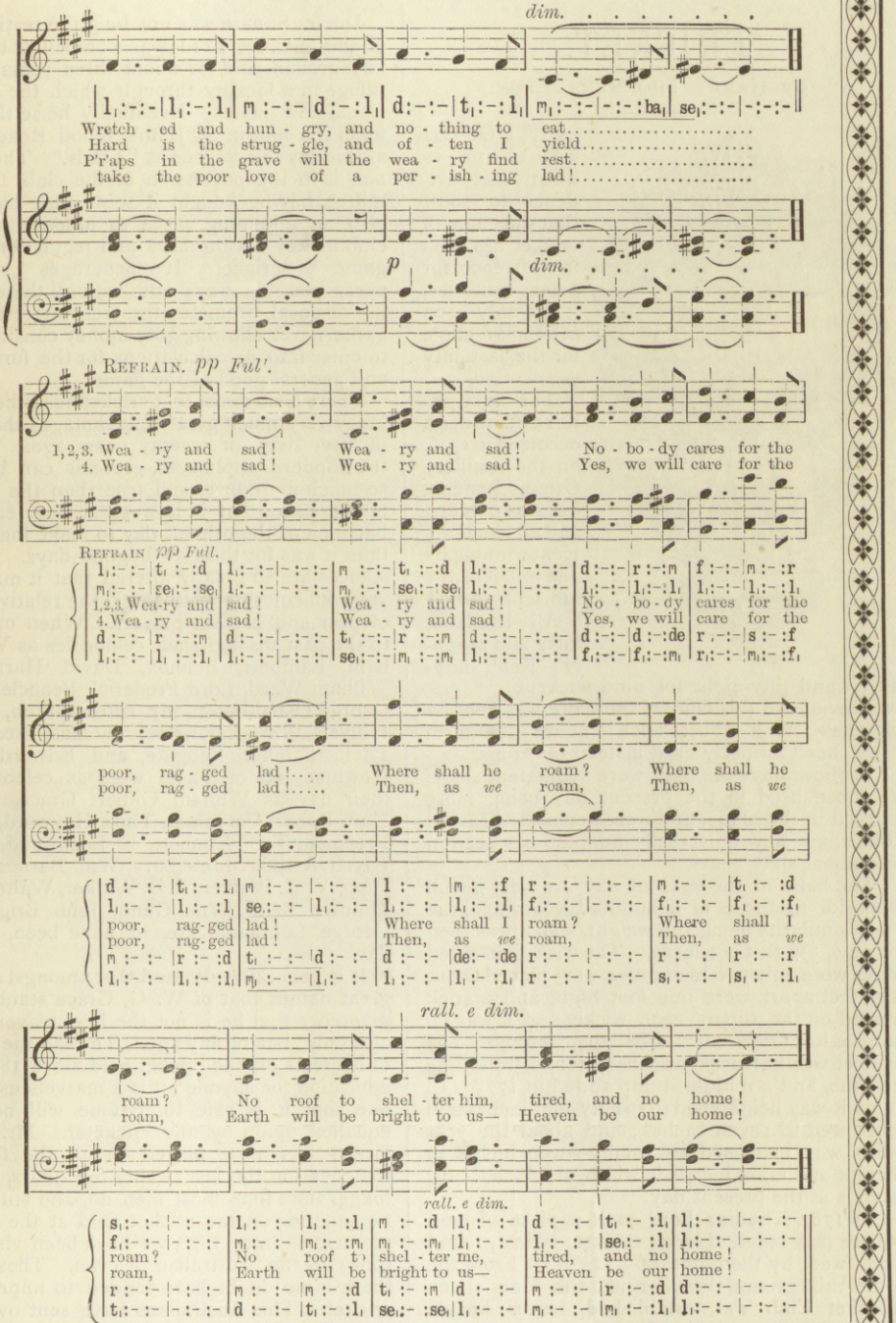
Solo and Refrain (*with Accompaniment for Harmonium or Organ*).

Words by ROBERT WALMSLEY. *Music by* CAREY BONNER.*



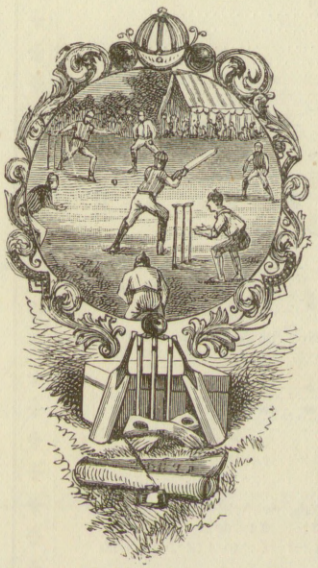
* Inserted here (by permission) from Service of Song, "DIBS," published at 18, Mount Street, Manchester. Price Fourpence, in either Notation.

A WAIF OF THE STREET.



CRICKET.

By HARRY THORNBER, ESQ.



ALTHOUGH there is abundant evidence to show that the game of cricket has been in existence for a few centuries, it has only been a popular game for the last fifty years or so.

The first recorded match occurred in 1746, on the Artillery Ground, London, between Kent and all England, Kent winning by one wicket; the full scores being —All England, forty and seventy; Kent, fifty-three and fifty-eight for nine wickets.

Previous to this contest the score was kept by notches on a short stick; hence the term "notches" formerly used instead of "runs."

In those days the bats were a different shape to those used in the present day, being more curved in the blade, and were generally heavier. The shape now universally adopted has been in use about sixty years.

The balls of the present day are very much superior to those of a hundred years ago, the only similarity being the weight, which was then as now, 5½ to 5¾ ounces. The wickets in olden days were only two in number, were placed about two feet apart, were one foot high, and a stick rested on the top of each wicket; so it was no unusual occurrence for the ball to go through. The wicket was narrowed and heightened from time to time, and a middle stump added in 1775. In 1798 it was heightened to twenty-four inches and narrowed to seven inches; and about the year 1817 was increased to twenty-seven inches in height and eight inches in width, at which it now stands at the present day.

In 1787, Thomas Lord took a piece of land where now stands Dorset Square, which ground soon went by the name of "Lords." From the time this ground was formed, the Marylebone Cricket Club was established, better known under the name of the M.C.C.

Dorset Square was not long the resting-place of the M.C.C. Lord was compelled to seek a new ground, and for about three years he took refuge in a locality through which the Regent's Canal now passes. Eventually he settled down upon the spot in St. John's Wood Road, known at this day to everyone as "Lords." The ground now is in the possession of the club, the committee having bought it some time back; and also an adjoining piece to practise on. The club makes all the laws and regulations of the game of cricket. It encourages cricket in every possible way; and with all the means at its disposal promotes the true interests of the game, never allowing gate-money considerations to enter into its calculations for the furtherance and general good of the game.

There is no doubt that cricketers at the present enjoy very much greater advantages than those of fifty, sixty, or seventy years ago. With all the modern appliances, grounds can be made so much more level and true than the grounds of the past, that it is a great deal easier for batsmen of the present day to make long scores than it was for those of bygone days. Circumstances are so greatly altered that it makes it a very difficult matter to gauge the relative merits of past and present players. When one looks to the past we find such celebrities as W. Beldham, Lambert, Fennox, David Harris, Mr. William Ward, Lord Frederick Beauclerck, Mr. George Osbaldeston, Mr. Alfred Mynn, William Hillyer, Wm. Lillywhite, Thomas Box, Fuller Pilch, Samuel Redgate, and Edward Gower Newman, all of whom were as celebrated in their day as William Gilbert Grace, Richard Daft, Robert Carpenter, Thos. Hayward, George Freeman, Tom Emmett, E. Lockwood, George Ulyett, Arthur Shrewsbury, Wm. Barnes, Henry Jupp, V. E. Walker, I. D. Walker, Walter Read, Maurice Read, Wm. Gunn, John Briggs, and George Lohmann, are, or have been, in their day.

It is generally admitted that amongst all these great names that of W. G. Grace stands *facile princeps;* that he is not the best player of this age only, but of any age. To read the records of his feats on the cricket field since 1864 is an education for anyone ; it is a marvellous record, one that it is safe to assume will never be equalled again by any cricketer. Mr. W. G. Grace has now played in all the foremost matches for the last twenty-five years, a much longer time than most men do, and still he has no superior on the cricket field at the present moment. Since 1878, we have been visited six times by an Australian Eleven. These visits there is no doubt have tended to improve our cricket. The Australians have sent over with their elevens some magnificent bowlers, such as

Spofforth, Allan, Garrett, Palmer, Boyle, Turner, and Ferris ; some splendid batsmen—Murdoch, Horan, M'Donnell, Massie, C. Bannerman, T. A. Bannerman, Bonner, Trott, and S. P. Jones. They have had one of the finest wicket-keepers with them each time, viz., Blackham. They have been splendid fielders—altogether very formidable elevens, and as such have put the Englishmen on their mettle; and the result has been the improvement of English cricket.

Cricket is not only a physical but an intellectual game. It is a game which brings forth man's best qualities, both of head and heart. There are many times when a cricketer thinks his captain is in the wrong, and is doing him an injustice, either putting him in too late to bat, or in the wrong place to field, but if his heart is in the right place, he will make allowances and not sulk as a good many do, and by so doing spoil the game. He will cheerfully do as he is bid, and obey; and in the long run both himself and his side will benefit by his concession. When a man plays, his first thought should be of his side, and not of himself. Of course it is very pleasant to be successful individually, either with the bat or ball, but the one who is of most use to his side is the one who never thinks of his own average, but conscientiously devotes his energies to winning the match. Nowadays there is rather too much time devoted to batting, instead of bowling or fielding—two departments of the game which are suffering in consequence. This requires altering. The player should remember that it is distinctly to his own advantage to perfect himself in fielding or in bowling, as a catch missed may be and often is the means of an opponent running up a long score, and thereby winning the match, when it would have been otherwise. A player must be persevering, painstaking, and strictly temperate in his habits. Many a first-rate player has lost his skill in the manly game by indulging in intoxicating drink. If a man be a staunch teetotaler, he will feel all the better by drinking as little as possible during the progress of a match.

Forced into Charity.

By Uncle Ben.

IT was one bright May day two little ragged children were playing in one of the pleasant parks in a large town. They had picked some daisies off the central grass plat, with here and there a buttercup and some groundsel from a bank; and did not know what to do with their flowers when gathered.

"What shall us do with these here?" exclaimed the boy.

"I shall lay mine up in a heap and take 'em back with me and make a daisy chain," replied the girl.

"What for?" enquired the lad.

"To play with and to wear."

"But I can't play with mine, or wear 'em either."

"Oh, yes; you can have 'em in a buttonhole."

"I aint got a buttonhole, though I've a good many other holes."

"You can wear them there," said the girl, fixing some in the buckle of his one brace that supported his nether garments; "and you'll be quite a swell."

"But I can't put 'em all there; and they'll fall out the first time I "turn over" on the pavement by the 'bus. Couldn't you tie 'em up, and then we might sell 'em?"

This was a bright idea that seemed to promise well in theory, but where was the cotton or wire to come from to tie them up? The boy had turned many "wheels" beside the omnibus that day, but to no purpose; spare coppers were rare.

"Well," rejoined the girl, "I might go back and get some cotton from some one if you'd stay and pick all you can."

With that she sped off to beg or borrow some thread. She was long gone; and as the evening was beginning to advance the chance of much business seemed very frail. At last she came back to find the poor little daisies in an afflicted and weak condition; they were so limp that even when tied up they seemed in dying circumstances. The children tried their best, but all in vain. They went out into the busy street where the passers-by were thick; but the one thing everybody did not want was a halfpenny bunch of daisies. So these little traders rushed after customers in vain. At last a policeman frightened them by saying he should lock them up for begging if they did not clear right off.

Then they held a consultation, and decided as no one would buy their daisies they had better give them away and go back to the wretched place unworthy the name of home, where drink had wrecked and ruined everything that goes to make bricks and mortar into the home.

They ran at several persons to give the flowers to them, but the people, thinking that money was expected, refused the gift; such is the world's way. At last a little girl, with glee and thankfulness, received the bunch as a present and told her mother. After a moment's pause, when the mother was sure it was an act of generosity by the immediate departure of the givers, with only these words—"There, that's for you," the little girl and her mother hastened back to thank the shoeless children, and left them overflowing with joy at a threepenny bit, as the receiver exclaimed, "It's silver, Bob!" and the givers said: "Good night, and thank you."

The Bible and Food.

THE kingdom of God is not meat and drink; nevertheless meat and drink have something to do with the kingdom. The first commandment God ever gave to man was about food. "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it."

When He set apart one family to form a nation for Himself, God gave them minute directions as to what they might touch and what they must avoid; and lest they should have a difficulty in getting the right kind of meat and drink in the desert, He Himself specially provided it for them. "He satisfied them with the bread of heaven; He opened the rock and the waters gushed out."

Some of the rules as laid down in the book of Leviticus are rather strange reading to us to-day. We wonder that any people should need to be told not to eat bats and vultures, weasels and ferrets, moles and mice, snails and chameleons. But to people who were wandering in a solitary way they were not needless cautions. Hungry and thirsty, their soul fainted in them; and they might be tempted to swallow anything, however bad or nasty, that they could lay their hands upon. When shipwrecked sailors have been starving they have even eaten one another, and become cannibals; and in their raging thirst they have sometimes drunk sea-water, and become mad. God's commands to the Israelites show us that it were better to starve than taste forbidden food, and better to die of thirst than touch dangerous drinks. In some eating-houses all the water-bottles and tumblers are carefully kept out of sight, so as to make it more difficult for customers not to order something "for the good of the house." And there are weak-minded, feeble-kneed young men who fall into this trap and drink beer, not so much because they care for it, as because they are afraid of the waiter and ashamed to ask for water. Forbidden drinks are forbidden still, even when you are in a dry and thirsty land where no water is.

But perhaps some of the prohibitions in Leviticus are strange to us for another reason. They may seem too harsh and strict. Some creatures are there called an "abomination" that we should consider delicious. We do not abstain from the flesh of the hare, for instance, because though she chews the cud, she "divideth not the hoof;" nor from the flesh of swine because, though they divide the hoof, they do not chew the cud. Neither do we refuse shell-fish because they are among those that "have not fins and scales in the seas." But, although our habits and prejudices incline us to wonder at these prohibitions, there was a sound reason for every one of them. For it has been found that in the act of chewing the cud a large portion of the poison in any noxious weeds the animal may have eaten passes away in saliva; that when feeding in marshy, fœtid places, a large quantity of the impurity that has been absorbed is got rid of by means of the cleft in the hoofs; and that the fins and scales of the fish are the means provided by Providence for perspiration to pass away. Without this provision of fins and scales unwholesome humours would be generated: the moisture within the fish's body would distil venom. To such a vast number of people, undergoing the toils of a desert journey, and in an unaccustomed climate, rich and savoury food would have been like a poison; and the most careful dieting was needful to prevent the outbreak of a disease that might easily have grown into a pestilence. Something very like this seems actually to have occurred when the mixed multitude "fell a lusting" and "the Lord smote them with a great plague." Accordingly certain kinds of food were forbidden.

At other times also, when God had special work for His servants to do, they were prepared for it by special diet. Before Elijah's ordeal on Carmel, he lived only on what the ravens and the brook brought to him, or on the frugal meals he shared with the widow of Zarephath. And the meat and drink in the strength of which he afterwards went forty days and nights, was set before him by an angel's hand. Daniel was trained for his future responsibilities, not upon strong meat, but a vegetarian and teetotal course. John the Baptist girded himself for his mission with locusts and wild honey. Mind should ever rule matter; but when people unfit themselves for work by indulgence at the table, the order is reversed, and matter rules mind. The clear head is muddled by the full stomach, and the outward man is so much renewed that the inward man perisheth. The digestive organs are overworked and draw upon the strength required for the mental organs. In England, at least, there must be many more deaths every year from excess in eating and drinking than from want and starvation. "A man may dig his grave with his teeth."

Food, too, affects the unity of a nation. It both binds it together in one, and detaches it from other nations. An Englishman abroad will soon

become familiar with a foreign language, but it will be long before he ceases to complain that he "can't get on with the living." And yet the English cannot be said to excel in cookery. When the Jews came to their own land and had the Canaanites all round them, they kept themselves distinct because of their different food. If they went among those other people, their visits had to be short—only so long, in fact, as the food they took with them held out. Even to this day the Jews in London have a "quarter" of their own, with butchers of their own to dress the meat in a particular way; and thus to some extent they preserve their separateness as a nation. In the same way the Rechabites were kept distinct, partly, at least, by their abstinence from wine.

How often we see friendships based on similar tastes in food, and other friendships weakened because of the absence of social intercourse. A common meal is a bond of union: Jesus Christ evidently meant the Lord's Supper to be so: and a common liking for certain kinds of indulgence brings together strangely opposite characters. They meet in the public-house, not because they are all so fond of one another (for indeed they often quarrel), but because they are all so fond of their mutual friends, the bottle and the glass. Or they visit at one another's houses because of a common love of whisky. Sometimes there is no other bond of union between them but this; and they meet, as it were, to keep one another in countenance.

It is well to remember the bearing of this on ourselves. If you like good dinners and go after them, you will be brought into the set of people who like free living. If you drink, it will throw you into the company of those who drink. And if you do not drink, should not even your abstinence bind you closer to the great brotherhood of abstainers of all ages? According to your tastes in regard to food and drink you are united to some or separated from others. Which brotherhood most attracts you?

But, say some, Jesus Christ came eating and drinking. He was even called gluttonous and a wine-bibber. He was not that, of course; but He went about to feasts, and evidently felt it was right to do so.

But if Jesus Christ went to feasts, we hear nothing about what He ate or drank, but a good deal about what He said. He went not to enjoy Himself, but to do good. He cared nothing about indulging His appetite, but much about feeding others. "I have meat to eat that ye know not of" He once said when He was "weary" and the disciples wanted Him to take some food. He commended prayer *and fasting* when necessary. In the little home at Bethany, it was not Martha, worryingly anxious about giving Him a good supper, who pleased Him so much as Mary, who chose the better part of sitting at His feet to learn of Him. His friends—His intimate, chosen companions—were not the men who fared sumptuously every day, but the hardy peasants who, when they were hungry, made a rustic meal of the rubbed ears they plucked in passing through a cornfield. And His prayer for us, like His prayer for them, would be that while we are in the world we may not be of it, and that the Father should not take us out of the world, but take the world, with its lust of the flesh, out of us.

IN MEMORIAM.

John Bright.

BY the death of John Bright the temperance cause has lost one of its most faithful friends. From the time that he became a householder, Mr. Bright said that he had not bought any wine or spirituous liquors whatever; and from 1839 had had no decanters or wine glasses in the house. This course of action he had never regretted during his public career.

John Bright was born in 1811, and during the early part of his life, before he became famous as a great political orator, he had spoken for temperance, and done much to aid the cause in the days of its rebuke and scorn. His sympathy was most strongly in favour of moral suasion. In the House of Commons he once remarked: "I believe there are two modes of remedy for the evil arising from strong drink, the first of which is the improvement of the people, and the second, the special legislation of this House. Now I am one of those who look rather to the improvement and education of the people for a permanent remedy; and I think that it is quite conclusive that that must be the sheet anchor as it were of this question."

Again he said: "It is a fact that no Government, that no administration, that no laws, and that no amount of industry or of commerce can give prosperity and solid comfort in the homes of the people unless there be in these homes economy, temperance, and the practice of virtue. If we could subtract from among us the ignorance, the poverty, the suffering, the sickness, and the crime which are caused by one single, but the most prevalent, habit or vice of drinking needlessly, which destroys the body, the mind, the home, and the family, do we not all feel that

this country would be so changed, and so changed for the better that it would be almost impossible for us to know it. It is by a combination of a wise Government and virtuous people, and not otherwise, that we may hope to make some steps towards that blessed time when there shall be no longer complaining in our streets, and when our garners shall be full, affording all manner of stores."

John Bright lived the doctrines he preached, and personally set the example of being a virtuous citizen and simple abstainer; and did all in his power to help to make the government of this country both wise and beneficial. He was one of the most sincere and earnest patriots this century has produced; he lent his powerful influence and wonderful gift of speech to further every good national cause. He was deeply religious, and all his conduct was actuated by a Christian spirit. The greatest moments of his life were not those when 30,000 of his fellow-countrymen hung breathlessly on his eloquence, and a vast sea of upturned human faces broke into a mighty roar of applause, like the thunder of the waves on the shore in a gale of wind; but when from the chamber of death, in heart-broken grief, the light of his home being extinguished by the loss of his wife, he dedicated all his spare time and all his talents to the good of his country in the work for the repeal of the corn laws; and again, when in heroic conviction and fidelity to conscience, he preached the gospel of peace on earth, and denounced our useless and wasteful wars as a crime against humanity, until he was stoned and pelted in the streets of Manchester.

His name will live, not because he rose from comparative obscurity to great prominence in the land by reason of great powers of oratory, but because he led a blameless life of stainless honour; fearing God and loving man in every opportunity of daily duty; and never lent the genius given him by the Most High, except to further the cause of truth and liberty, and to build up this great nation by the eternal principles of righteousness and peace.

Our Pauper Children.

THERE are more than 50,000 children in England who are cast upon the rates for support, most of whom are brought to this state of destitution by the results of drink on their parents. Many of these are orphans; some worse than orphans, and cursed with the hereditary appetite.

Miss Preusser has done a noble work by an endeavour to establish homes for the boarding out of some of these pauper children, placing them in families, or several living together under the care of some foster father and mother where they can be sent to school, and by more favourable circumstances of health and influence, train them for useful places in society, the girls especially to be domestic servants. Already more than 1,000 children in different parts of the country have been removed from the barrack life of the workhouse and brought into more genial and hopeful surroundings. Many boarding-out committees have been established in connection with the poor law unions, and most of the large towns have made some effort to secure the services of ladies who will undertake the supervision of this excellent work.

Wherever it is possible this good ministry should be carried on, and might be instituted by some of the benevolent ladies in connection with temperance work in those districts where nothing of the kind exists at present.

In London there are 15,900 children in the poor houses. In Lancashire there are 6,114, according to the last blue book report; and in the county of Cheshire some 1,180, making a total of some 7,300. Many of these are sick and ill; in Lancashire, ninety-nine are insane, and in Cheshire, sixteen. In Lancashire there are thirty poor law districts, and in Cheshire twelve. Now it should be the duty of the Band of Hope Union in these two counties and in all the other counties in England to give special care to the instruction of temperance among the inmates of the workhouses, and the formation of Bands of Hope in connection with them. Much has been done in this direction, but a more general and systematic interest in these unfortunate children should be taken by all temperance friends.

They are the witnesses to the havoc drink creates; and many of them go out into the world wholly unfit to meet with its temptations and snares. When the restraints of the workhouse rules are removed, and they are free from the semi-prison life they have led, they easily fall into the old habits of their dissolute parents.

If regular Bands of Hope could be established and worked in each Poor-house, then a boy or girl leaving the house could be transferred to some Band of Hope near to their future sphere of labour, and so be protected and helped by the Christian guardian care they would be sure to find.

At any rate each workhouse might be placed under the care of the nearest local Union of the Bands of Hope to do what was possible to further temperance work among the inmates, both old and young.

Pebbles and Pearls.

THREE GREAT VICES.—A legend says that the devil gave a hermit the choice of three great vices, one of which was drunkenness. The hermit chose this as being the least sinful. He became drunk and committed the other two.

A MODEL INSECT.—Admirable as a wasp may be in his humble capacity as an insect, there seems to be no legitimate reason for a young woman's modelling herself upon his figure.

A SCHOOLBOY, being asked by the teacher how he should flog him, replied: "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system—the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light."

"IF the temptation were diminished, the drinking would also be diminished."—*Right Hon. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Bart., M.P.*

COMPENSATION.—When the Queen of Madagascar shut up the saloons in her kingdom, and the ex-saloon keepers asked her for compensation, she replied, "Compensate those you have wronged, and I will pay the difference."

"WATER, in addition to properly selected articles of solid food, would constitute all that the wants of the system can ordinarily require. And there is abundant evidence that the most vigorous health may be maintained even under trying circumstances without any other beverage. This is demonstrated not merely by the experience in individuals amongst civilized communities, who have purposely abstained from every other kind of drink, but by the condition of nations previously to their acquaintance with fermented liquors."—*Dr. Carpenter.*

CULINARY WISDOM.—It is stated that a cook in a clergyman's family has recently come into possession of a legacy of £300,000. On her mistress remarking that now she would be able to have a cook of her own, she promptly replied, "Not if I know it." The wise decision thus enunciated is evidently a fresh commentary on the old saying *experientia docet.*

"YOU will reap more than you sow."—*Boardman.*

"TO succeed, be ready when opportunity comes."—*Disraeli.*

"I SAY, Bill," said a worthy fellow, "do you know that Jones said you were not fit to clean his shoes?" "Did he?" was the reply; "I hope you defended me." "Yes, that I did." "Well, how did you do it?" "I said you were."

AN old Quaker went into a book store, and an impertinent salesman, wishing to have some sport at his expense, said to him: "You are from the country, aren't you?" "Yes," quietly answered the Quaker. "Then here's just the thing for you," responded the clerk, holding up a book. "What is it?" asked the Quaker. "It's an 'Essay on the rearing of calves.'" "Friend, said the Quaker, "thee had better present that to thy mother."

I WONDER many times that ever a child of God should have a sad heart, considering what the Lord is preparing for him.

VENTILATION.—An old writer says: "When men lived in houses of reeds, they had constitutions of oak; when they live in houses of oak, they have constitutions of reeds. Evidently the truth inculcated is that the better the air and more bountiful its supply, the healthier is the inmate of a house, be it a palace or cottage.

SMITH—"I say, Jones, can your wife cook?" Jones—"Oh, yes, she can cook; the only trouble is that I can't eat what she cooks."

COLERIDGE was a remarkably awkward horseman, so much so as to generally attract notice. He was once riding along a turnpike road, when a wag approaching noticed his peculiarity, and thought the rider a subject for a little sport. As he drew near, he thus accosted the poet: "I say, young man, did you meet a tailor on the road?" "Yes," replied Coleridge, "and he told me if I went a little further I should meet with his goose."

OUR JENNIE:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,

Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE train that bore Jennie Stoneley away from her home arrived duly at St. Pancras. The journey had been marked by no incident of importance. The parting had been keenly felt by all her home circle; but each one, for the sake of the other, had tried to keep up, and Jennie had felt that *she* of all persons must not break down. So outwardly it had been "got over," as her mother expressed it, better than they had anticipated.

The noise and bustle of the station almost frightened her, and for a few moments she stood on the platform looking wonderingly about; then recollecting that one of her father's last injunctions was never to stand or stare about in London lest she might get spoken to, she looked at her paper of written directions sent by Miss Lyon, and found she was to take a cab to her destination, somewhere close to Hyde Park. She showed the cabman her paper, and he, seeing she was a stranger, and being the father of girls himself, said he would set her down safe at the place, and she need have no fear, which poor bewildered Jennie thought very kind.

On her arrival the cook came out to meet her, and greeted her kindly, saying she supposed she was the new house-maid from Yorkshire, and she hoped she'd soon settle all right; to which Jennie replied, rather dubiously, she hoped she should.

"I'll put you a bit in the way of your duties," continued cook kindly; "but Miss Maude will come and speak to you after the ladies has left as are having four o'clock tea in the drawing room, and she'll tell you what to do; you'll like her."

After a time Maude made her appearance, and was much pleased with Jennie's bright, fresh face, and respectful manners.

"I must try and make her feel at home," she thought; she's sure to feel dull leaving home for the first time." So she spoke kindly to the lonely girl, and asked her about her parents, and sisters, and brothers; so that when Jennie wrote to her mother, to tell of her safe arrival, she said:

"I couldn't have believed it—I didn't feel half shy—Miss Maude has such a nice way with her, so pleasant like, and she asked a lot about you and the children."

Ah! it was the kindly interest shown in those who were so dear to her Jennie that won her heart. Can any ever measure the far-reaching influence of a kind word?

The weeks rolled by, and Jennie had now been in Mrs. Lyon's service three months, and had the untold pleasure of sending home her first quarter's wages. It was indeed a joy when she posted the letter containing a post office order for four pounds to her mother. The idea of keeping a shilling for herself never entered her head. When she received her mother's letter of thanks, telling her of all the nice things they would buy with the money, she experienced the truth, to its fullest extent, that "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

She was by this time getting nicely into the way of her duties, and Mrs. Lyon had not found her as awkward as she had expected; and Maude on the whole thought her a promising servant, so that Jennie's letters, both to Frank and her mother, were of a cheerful character. Mrs. Lyon had allowed her to go to Miss Newthern's class once a fortnight, and to this evening Jennie looked forward with great pleasure.

Already she had begun to love Miss Newthern, and felt that in her she had a friend to whom she could confide any difficulty or trouble. She was beginning too to feel less of a stranger in the big city, and knew her way about to the nearest shops and places of interest in the neighbourhood.

One foggy night—fogs such as only London and Manchester can boast—she lost her way returning from the Post-office, taking the wrong turning, and before she was aware of it, she was nearly a mile from home. All her efforts to retrace her steps only took her further away, and she was in despair what to do, when a gentleman spoke to her, and asked her if she had lost her way.

"Indeed, I have, sir," quickly replied Jennie. "Could you direct me which turn to take for Westbourne Terrace?"

"I am going that way, and shall be very happy to take you there," he answered.

"Oh! thank you, sir, I'd rather not trouble you, I can easily find my way if you'll show me the street to turn into?"

"Well! I couldn't just direct you in the fog, and besides," he added, looking down admiringly into her face, "you are too pretty to be out alone at night. Are you not one of the servants at 140?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jennie, flushing at his words.

"Ah! I thought so, I don't live a hundred yards away, and I've often noticed you sweeping the steps and cleaning the front door brasses, and wondered where you came from? not London, I am sure by the bright colour in your cheeks. Where is your home?"

"Deepdale, in Yorkshire, sir."

"Ahem! a long way from here; are you not sometimes very lonely?

"Yes sir, but then—" here she paused, thinking it best not to say more to a stranger.

"But what?" he asked, looking into her face in an insinuating manner.

"I had to come to service, times were so bad, and I wanted to earn something for father and mother and the younger ones."

"Oh! I see; have you a night out?"

"No, sir."

"Have you not? then, you ought to have; you get your mistress to let you have a night out sometimes, and I will show you some of the sights of London."

To this Jennie did not reply. A vague feeling that he had no right to be talking to her in this way, made her silent, and yet,—how handsome he was, and how nice in his manners!

They were soon in sight of Westbourne Terrace, and he, thinking it prudent not to be seen in the vicinity, left her, telling her, "he hoped to see her again before long."

When Jennie entered the house and came to reflect, she wished she had not entered into conversation at all with the gentleman; she knew he had no right to speak to her in the way he had done, and she resolved if they met again, she would take no notice of him.

"When Frank tells me I'm pretty, it's different somehow; he doesn't look at me like that; oh! I wish *he'd* been with me in the fog," she thought.

Poor Jennie! she felt very heart-lonely that night, and had a good cry before going to sleep, and when she knelt down, she prayed a special prayer to be kept from evil. For several days she saw nothing of the young man; but one day returning from an errand he met her, and offered to accompany her home. Jennie firmly declined his doing so, telling him that it was not the thing for him to be walking with her, a servant.

The heightened colour with which she said this added to her charms, and rather increased his desire, than otherwise, to make further progress in the acquaintance. So he laughed and said, "he would rather walk with her than lots of fine ladies he knew, and that he would like to be a friend to her," and much more in the same strain.

Jennie felt very uncomfortable, for in spite of all she could say, he would persist in walking by her side; still—it was rather nice, after all, to have him looking down at her with such evident admiration in his eyes, and she wished there had been nothing wrong in it.

"What harm can there be?" whispered the tempter; "surely none, in just having a walk and a little pleasant talk with anyone, and certainly it is not your fault; you have done your best to get rid of him."

But better and truer thoughts came to Jennie, as a vision of her mother and Frank rose before her eyes, and she put up a silent prayer as she walked along, and asked for help to say and do the right thing.

"I am sure, sir," she said, "you would not wish to injure me, but I might lose my situation if I were seen talking with you; and if I did, I don't know what would become of me."

"Ah! then you would be glad to come under my protection;" and he laughed.

Jennie stopped suddenly, and turning her indignant eyes full upon him, said, "I am only a poor girl, but if I am, you shall not insult me; so please leave me."

Just at this juncture, Mrs. Lyon drove past in her carriage, and the look on her face, when she saw Jennie evidently in earnest conversation with a gentleman, was one not only of amazement, but intense disgust. Mistress's and maid's eyes met, and then in an instant the carriage had driven by, and Jennie was standing faint and white on the pavement.

"Have you seen a ghost, or what ails you?" enquired her companion.

"That's my Mistress in that carriage," gasped Jennie.

"Is it? then it's time for me to take my departure; but, bless me! you need not be so frightened; just tell her I stopped to ask you where some street was."

"I cannot tell a lie, not even to save my place."

"Can't you? you'll think differently after you've been in London a while longer. Good morning," and raising his hat in a half mocking sort of way he left her.

"Whatever shall I do?" sobbed the girl; "they'll never believe I did not want to walk

with him ; oh ! if they turn me away, where am I to go? Oh ! dear, dear ! how I wish I had never spoken to him, or let him show me the way that foggy night."

As soon as Mrs. Lyon returned, she enquired at once for her housemaid, and trembling and nervous Jennie went to her room.

"I suppose you know why I have sent for you, Jane ; my words will be few," said Mrs. Lyon, coldly. "When I engaged you, I thought you were a steady, modest girl, and before you have been in my house four months, I see you talking in a most free and confidential manner with a gentleman ; now this cannot be the first time you have seen or spoken to him, or you never could have been as familiar and free as you were this morning."

"Yes ma'am, I have spoken to him before, but——"

"That is quite sufficient, you need say no more ; a girl who takes every opportunity when sent on an errand to talk to gentlemen, is not the sort of girl I want for a housemaid, so you had better take a month's notice ; I am very sorry, for you have suited me fairly well, and were improving."

"Oh ! please ma'am, indeed I've only spoken to him two or three times, and it was not my fault, indeed it was not, he——"

"Nonsense, Jane ; girls can always prevent a gentleman speaking to them if they like ; you must be forward to have allowed it. I am sorry to have been so deceived in you ; you can leave the room."

Jennie felt too stunned and miserable to try and defend herself any more, so she left the room with the big tears ready to fall, and her heart almost bursting.

(To be continued.)

GRIM.

BY UNCLE BEN.

"YOU wished to hear the story of our disobedient cat," I said to a young friend who had nearly bothered my life out to tell a tale. "In the hope that I may have a little peace afterwards, I'll tell it you just once, on the condition that the moment I have finished you do not ask me to repeat it."

The bargain was struck ; so I began. Once upon a time a little kitten was born in the house of Mina, who was a big girl with a great love for dumb animals. The kitten was called Grim, because, although it was very pretty and kitten-like in all its ways, it used to scratch and claw like a young tiger. It was a great pet of Mina's. She used to carry it about on her shoulder, and pet it wherever she went.

Her father said he would not have another cat about the place, and now it was getting beyond being a little kit, Mina must give it away, or else he would have it drowned. So as their minister was without a cat, Mina thought it would be nice for the kitten to have the advantages of being brought up in a clergyman's family, she was sure they would be very kind to it ; and the little girl would be very pleased to have it as a new plaything.

Hence Grim was destined to be placed in a small cardboard box, with many holes made in it for light and ventilation, surrounded with hay, and sent off to the pastor's house as a testimonial of esteem and affection from Mina, who very much felt parting from her little pussy, but consoled herself that she would often see her favourite again, and tried to be glad that she had sent her to a place where she would enjoy such exceptional privileges, and where she would grow to be a happy and useful cat, and become a credit to her earliest friend.

But though Grim safely arrived at the home of blessing and peace, and met with a very kind reception from every member of the family, also a warm welcome from the minister's little daughter, her character did not develop along the lines of the saints. She did not profit by the good example that was set her, but soon showed signs of a very depraved disposition.

Grim grew to be a very handsome cat ; her conduct, however, was anything but becoming ; she had plenty of plain food, but she took to picking and stealing till at last she became a confirmed thief. She early formed bad companions, her friends did her no good, she stayed out late, and took to wild and disobedient ways ; nevertheless she was treated with the greatest forbearance, but she showed a most ungrateful spirit, even to her best friends, and when Mina came to enquire after her welfare she seemed to have quite forgotten the debt of gratitude she owed to her.

In the minister's house there was a lovely canary that sang beautifully, and was the delight of all who dwelt beneath the roof. One day after Sims Reeves (for that was the bird's name) had been having his bath the cage was not hung up but was left on the table with the door open, when in came the wicked Grim, and although she had just had a good breakfast, she was so greedy as to wish to have a little bird before lunch. Hence, without a moment's pause or hesitation, Grim crouched on one of the chairs for an instant and made a sudden spring at the cage ; then climbed up on to it, to reach the poor frightened bird ; turned the cage over, and caught the alarmed Sims Reeves. In a moment

the sweet singer lay slain, with its feathers all torn and scattered about.

The noise attracted attention, but no help came till too late; there was this satisfaction, however, that the cruel Grim was not able to eat its victim. After the choicest feathers were saved, Sims Reeves was decently interred by the two junior members of the minister's family in a deep and retired spot in the garden.

After this murderous conduct, Pussy was in disgrace for some time, but she was neither brought to justice, nor boycotted by her best friends, but she continued her dissipated life, and her conduct and habits became worse and worse.

At length it seemed desirable for the minister's family to go into a larger house, and it was resolved that a change should be made. With many regrets they left the old home, but could not persuade Grim to accompany them to the new house which was not far away. Nothing would induce the wicked Grim to forsake the place where she had now resided for some years. There in the empty house she would remain. Again and again they called for her, and even took her to the new house, but she would not stay; back again she always went to the old place. Everything was done to keep her away from the former house, but all to no purpose; she only got more savage and wild. She became so fierce that no one liked to go near her. She lived up the chimney, always taking shelter their when any one came near.

The minister at last told the gardener to drown the wretched Grim; so, with much difficulty, one day Miss Grim was caught and put into a fish basket, with a variety of heavy stones; the basket was then carefully sown up and taken down to the river, and cast in by the gardener.

He returned from this effort with the report that he had safely drowned Grim. The next morning, to his astonishment, he heard that the cat was back in the old empty house.

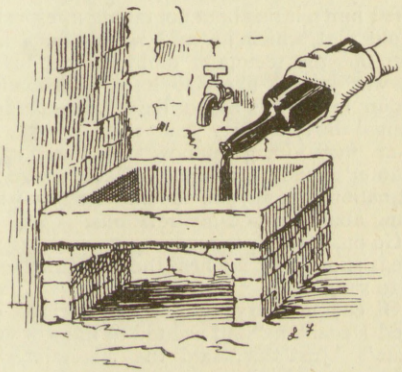
Puss had, by some means, managed to get out of the basket, escaped drowning, and fled to her old haunts. Grim now became so wild and fierce, that the minister was afraid she would fly at people who might go and see the house; and he decided that she must be poisoned. By means of food as a decoy, she was captured and taken to the veterinary surgeon, and there poison was administered to this self-willed and unmanageable cat, Grim.

Her conduct made her career a monument of ingratitude, so that her name was a by-word, and her memory is a warning to all who knew her. She is always spoken of as Grim the disobedient cat who came to a bad end, and that's the whole of my story to-day."

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ALCOHOL FAMILY.

Old Port's Story.—CHAPTER VI.

By DR. J. JAMES RIDGE.



ONCE upon a time I was very much excited by a report I heard. This is how it came about. There was to be a special dinner party at my master's house, and old Joe had strict orders to provide the very best wines he had in the cellar. He was very busy, and took great pains to get everything right; among the wines he actually took two bottles of port that had been lying in the same bin with me for several years and belonged to the blood royal. I need hardly say that these were vastly superior to anything else to be found in the cellar, or, indeed, I am confident, in any cellar in the kingdom. All the preparations were made and the eventful evening came. When it was nearly over old Joe came down into the cellar, and evidently there was something wrong. In fact I never saw him in such a rage. He banged the things about, and muttered and growled so that all the bottles shuddered. None of us could understand what he meant, though he looked at me and shook his fist, and said, "Madman! I'd like to ——," but did not finish.

When he had gone we all puzzled our brains as to what it could all be about, but no one could explain it satisfactorily. Next day he brought down one of the decanters which had been filled with wine for the dinner party, and as soon as ever he left the cellar and shut the door, we all began to ask Decanter if he could explain why old Joe had been in such a rage. But so many were asking questions that Decanter became quite confused, and I had to insist on silence and put the question myself.

"I suppose," said Decanter, "it must have been on account of what was said at the dinner

table about the wine, because I noticed that old Joe looked daggers, though, of course, he did not speak." "What was it about?" said I.

"There was a gentleman there," replied Decanter, "who did not take any wine—they called him a teetotaler—and one of the party, after they had had three or four glasses of wine, chaffed him a little about not taking it, especially the old port, which he said was fit for a king. Upon this the teetotaler told him that his old port was just as likely to have been made in London last week as to have been made in Portugal thirty or forty years ago."

You may imagine how this account of Decanter's made my blood boil with rage and indignation that anyone should dare to say such a thing about me and my relations.

"Go on," said I, restraining my feelings with a great effort, "let me hear the worst this fellow had to say."

"Of course everyone stopped talking," continued Decanter, "and wanted to know what he meant." 'Just this,' said the teetotaler, 'you think you are drinking port wine: well, you may be for aught I know; but it is quite possible that the wine has never been near a grape in its life, and has been concocted of other materials altogether.' 'Rubbish!' replied the other, 'do you think I could be deceived? Look at the colour, man; see how it clings to the glass! and what a delicious bouquet and mellow flavour! No, no! that's genuine old port, and no mistake.' 'Well,' said the teetotaler, 'I can tell you that wine just like that is made every day, and those who know most what real wine is would not know the difference. Don't you believe me?' 'Never,' said the other, rather rudely, but he was a good deal excited. However the teetotaler did not notice the rudeness, but continued: 'I can give you a proof of it, and this is a fact which I had from the good doctor himself, a gentleman of honour and ability, who is dead now, but was well known for his skill to many of us, Dr. Collenette, of Guernsey. He once had a dispute with some people about this very thing, and he issued a challenge that he would undertake to make publicly before an audience a bottle of wine that the most experienced wine drinkers could not distinguish from genuine old crusted port. His challenge was accepted, and a considerable number of people assembled to see it done. He prepared the various materials before their eyes, mixed them, and made the wine the right colour; then he put the mixture into a wine bottle, which he corked with a stained cork, covered the cork with sealing-wax, and then dusted the bottle over with cobwebs, so that it looked as if it had been in a cellar for many years. Some very clever fellows had been selected, who were thought to know all about wine, and when all was ready, a bottle of real port was opened and the newly-made bottle, and the judges had to taste both without being told which was which. The verdict was that the wine which Dr. Collenette had just made was the genuine article, and the real wine was thought to be artificial. This shows that the wisest of you may be deceived, and no doubt you often are.'

"What did they say to this?" I asked.

"Of course," replied Decanter, "they could not deny it, and there is no doubt that the teetotaler had the best of the argument; but I could see that they didn't like the idea, and old Joe, as I said, looked daggers. But the teetotal gentleman didn't stop there. He said, 'It is a well-known fact that the district in France where real champagne is made does not produce nearly as much champagne as is drunk in England alone, leaving out all the other countries in which it is used! So a very great deal of the champagne must be made of something else: gooseberry wine, and I don't know what. Half the claret which doctors sometimes recommend as being so very beneficial is no more claret than Epsom salts is. I have been told that there is more roguery and deception in the wine trade than in any you could mention.' They did not seem to like this plain speaking, but the teetotaler seemed determined to let them have it, as they had attacked and laughed at him. 'Look at Hamburg sherry,' said he, 'and not only wines but spirits as well. The publicans have a book which can only be seen by those who are in the trade, and in this book there are full directions how to make gin, or brandy, or rum, or whatever may be wanted, so as to suit the taste of the neighbourhood. There you will find how to make cream gin with a beautiful bead or oily appearance, and all sorts of other dodges to deceive the customers. One of the chief plans is to take real spirits, add a lot of water to make them go farther and bring in more money, and at the same time to add various things, so that people shall not know what has been done.' I could see very well," continued Decanter, "that this produced a great impression, and that they did not enjoy their tipple quite so much as before; but just then I was laid hold of by old Joe, who carried me out of the room and drank up all that was left of the port wine I contained, as much as to say that he would not let me be insulted any longer."

I did not know what to say to all this. I felt ready to crack my sides with vexation, and have never been quite the same since. If these teetotalers could have their way, I believe they would turn me inside out and send all my blood down the sink! What is the world coming to?

DIXON'S ALLEY.

By MARY M. FORRESTER.

IT is dark in Dixon's Alley—
Sombre night has settled down,
Spreading out her dusky pinions,
O'er the busy, noisy town;
And though prayer, like sweetest incense,
Through the gathering gloom doth rise,
Awful deeds, most black and hideous,
She doth hide from mortal eyes—

It is dark in Dixon's Alley,
With a gloom more deep than night,
For the men are still and silent;
And the women scared and white,
Even sunny, happy children
Whisper now beneath their breath,
For they're standing in the shadow,
Not of night alone, but—death!

Death, not as it comes when gently
O'er the feeble heart it creeps;
Closing eyes, grown dim and weary,
Till the languid body sleeps.
Death—not as it comes to children,
With a holy angel kiss,
Speaking with its solemn beauty,
Of a life's unending bliss.

But that death, which comes so sudden,
That the soul is unprepared,
And, with all its sins unpardoned,
To the eyes of God is bared.
Fearful death! that in one moment
Snaps the life of man in twain—
Leaving him with eyes still open,
And with lips apart in pain.

That is how to Dixon's Alley
Death has come with sudden blow;
That is why the children whisper,
Why the women tremble so;
Why strong men are white and silent
As they gather here and there;
They can feel that awful presence
Hanging in the very air.

Would you know the fearful story,
With its horror and its woe?
Two men stood within this alley
But a little hour ago;
They were brothers, once as gentle
As that infant lying there,
Sleeping on its mother's bosom—
Pure and holy, sweet and fair.

They were brothers—oh! how often,
In their childhood gay and sweet,
They had knelt in prayer together
At their gentle mother's feet.
They were brothers, but the drink-fiend,
Which can kill the strongest love,
Blotted out the heart's affection
Planted there by God above.

So they came to Dixon's Alley
But a little hour ago,
Every tender feeling banished,
Every spark of love laid low.
They were brothers, but the drink-fiend
Claimed their reasons for his own;
And how weak the bonds most sacred
When God's greatest gift is flown.

From the tongues once taught to utter
Words of love or earnest prayer,
Oaths and words of wildest anger
Flew like poison through the air;
And before their souls no vision
Of their vanished boyhood rose
As those oaths were swiftly smothered
In a storm of mad'ning blows.

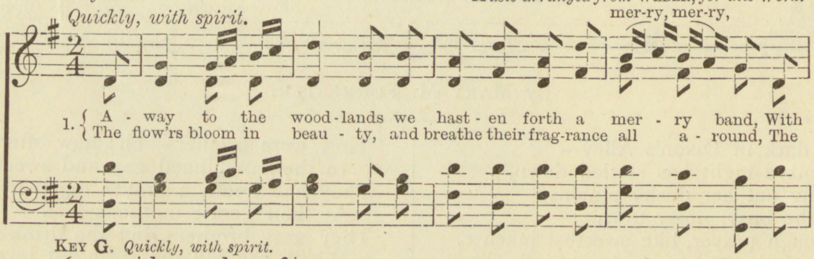
Closer, fiercer grew the struggle,
Each hand clasping, now, a knife;
White and deadly, sick, and thirsting
Each man for his brother's life.
Closer, fiercer, till it ended
In a sudden flash and groan—
One lay stretched upon the pavement,
And the other stood—alone!

Stood alone! but from his fingers
Dripped his brother's crimson blood,
While around his feet it gurgled
In a fearful, sick'ning flood.
Stood alone! ah! yes, no brother
Faced him now with flashing eyes,
For those eyes are dim and vacant,
Staring up into the skies.

It is dark in Dixon's Alley—
They have seen the awful sight,
That is why the men are silent,
And the women scared and white.
But the story is so common,
That this fear will pass away,
For the drink-fiend makes such records,
In our cities every day.

AWAY TO THE WOODLANDS!

Words by T. P. *(Inserted by permission.)* *Music arranged from* WEBER, *for this Work.*



KEY G. *Quickly, with spirit.*

.s,	d :d,r .m,f	s :m .m	r .s :r .s	m ,f .m ,r :d .s,
				merry, merry,
.s,	s, :s, .s,	s, :s, .s,	s, .t, :s, .t,	d .t, :d .s,
2. { The / The	stream skips and / sun joins the	dan - ces a - / frol - ic and	long its rough and / peeps and hides in	rock - y bed, And / play - ful mood, Then
.s	m :m,f .d,r	m :d .m	s .s :s .s	s .f :m .s
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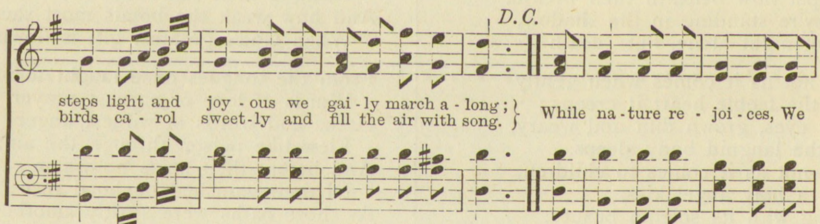

			D.C.			
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o'er ferns and / pours from his	moss - es it / storehouse a	tosses out its / flood of golden	spray; / ray. }	While	na - ture re-	joi - ces, We
s :s .s	s :s .s	s .s :s .fe	s :- .	.s	s :s .s	m :m .m
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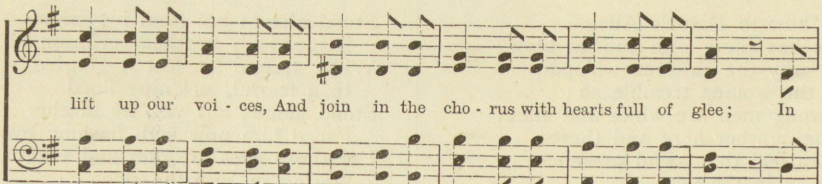

f :f .f	r :r .r	m :m .m	d :d .d	f :f .f	r : .s,
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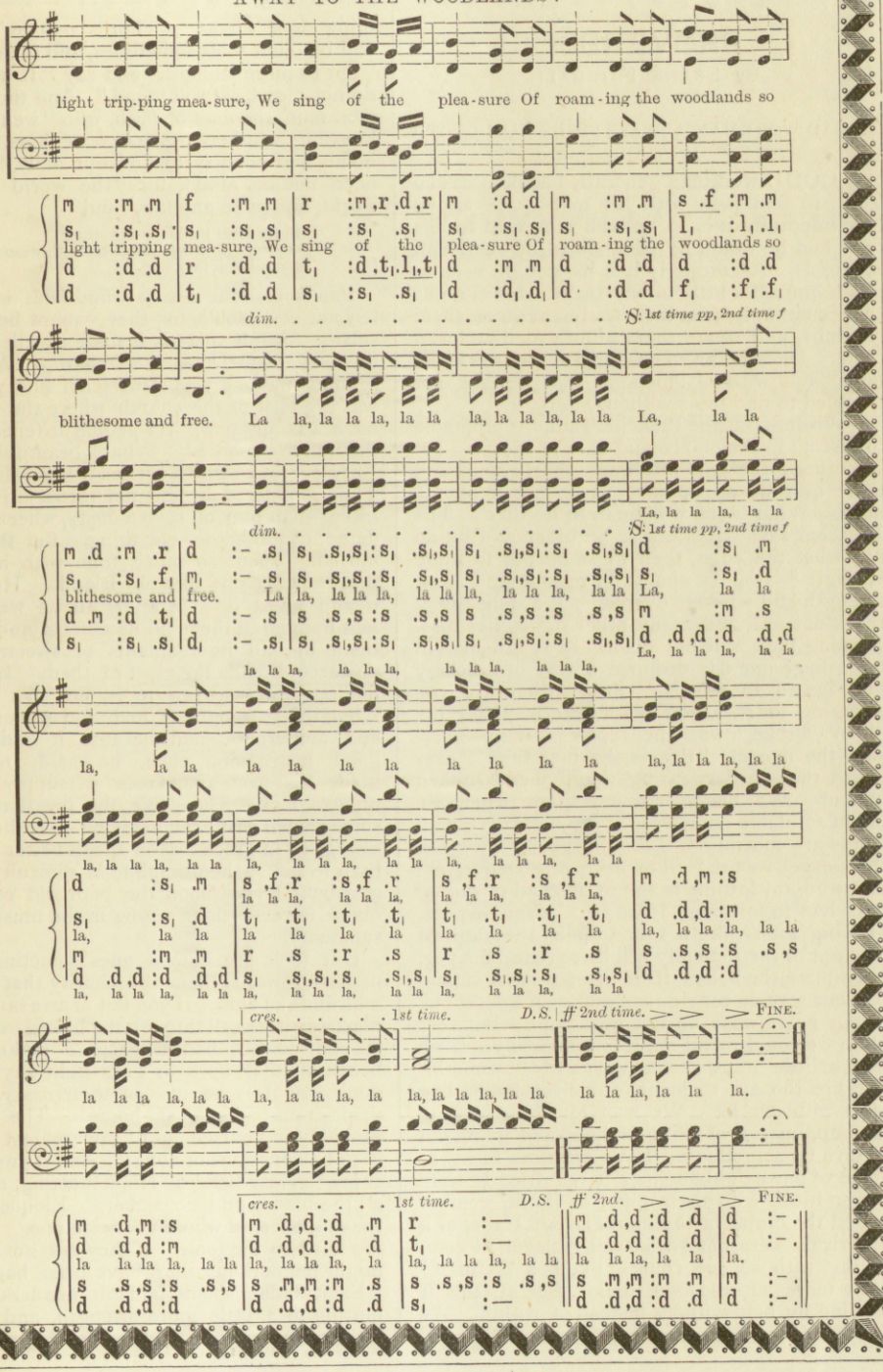
lift up our	voi - ces, And	join in the	cho - rus with	hearts full of	glee; In
r :r .r	t, :t, .t,	t, :t, .m	m :m .m	r :r .r	t, : .s,
f, :f, .f,	s, :s, .f,	m, :m, .m,	l, :l, .l,	r, :r, .r,	s, : .s,

AWAY TO THE WOODLANDS!



PROVERBS.

By FRANK FAIRHALL.

"A BAD WORKMAN ALWAYS FINDS FAULT WITH HIS TOOLS."

A GOOD workman generally has no occasion to find fault with his tools. He knows how important it is to be well equipped for his task, and he would be ashamed to be seen with bad tools. Accordingly it is his delight even to pinch himself a little to buy them. He chooses them cunningly, uses them fairly, preserves them carefully, and treats them almost as if he loved them. One reason, then, why a bad workman finds fault with his tools is that he has not troubled to find tools without faults.

"Wisdom," as the Preacher said, "is profitable to direct" in the choice and care of the axe ; but sometimes the axe will want sharpening, and there may be no opportunity to put it on the hone. What is the woodman to do then ? The Preacher says "if the iron be blunt and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength." Vigour and skill, muscle and *nous*, strength and wisdom overcome the difficulty of the blunt axe, and many other difficulties also. Finding fault will not do it. A rough man in our village one day dropped a tray of crockery and began to swear. "Stop! what are you swearing for?" asked his master. "'Coz the china's broke," was the reply. "Well, well," said the master, "this is the first time I ever heard that hard swearing would mend broken china." We blame circumstances when we ought to blame ourselves. "To a crazy ship all winds are contrary." Like the young lawyer in the Gospel, we are "willing to justify" ourselves; and we want fortune to suit us, instead of suiting ourselves to fortune. If we are like square pegs, and our lot is like a round hole, the shortest way out of the difficulty will be to round the peg, not square the hole. If we are poor and cannot pay our way or provide for our own household, it may not always be our own fault. But very often we could mend matters for ourselves if we had a little more "wisdom" and "strength." We are too apt to justify ourselves by finding fault with our lot. We wait for something to turn up, instead of rising betimes and going out to turn up something. If we were as lucky as some of our neighbours, or if our friends were not so mean with their gifts, or if the weather suited the crops, or the markets our trade, or if our rivals were not so hatefully clever in competing with us, we could "make a do of it" with more success, we think. But all this is looking for help without instead of within. We have not been placed in the world to find everything done for us. "Thorns remain." There will be blunt tools sometimes, and then we must "put to more strength" and say "If the *times* do not mend, *we* will mend." And though, like Abraham, the man of faith, who "went out, not knowing whither he went," we have to leave home and country to find our daily bread, we need not be afraid, for "the world is God's world, and wide and fair," and

> "Still He loves the brave and strong
> Who scorn to starve, and strive with wrong
> To mend it, if they may."

Poor tools ! It is easy to find fault with them, but not very noble, for they cannot help themselves. Surely there is a more excellent way—the way of meekness and charity. And that reminds me of a young musician who years ago was organist of the church where the Fairhalls have a family pew. As people listened to him they often remarked, "What a beautiful organ!" But clever men who had tried it knew differently. They wondered he did not throw up his post rather than play on such a dusty, wheezy, dilapidated, cantankerous old thing. But the young musician spent so much time with his organ that they became like old friends. He studied it and loved it. He knew all its weaknesses and humoured them, all its defects and covered them up, all its remnants of sweetness and power and made the most of them. Instead of finding fault with his tools, he "put to more strength"—strength of love and patience, tact and tenderness—and because it had been a good instrument once, he said, reverently made his own abundance a supply for the organ's lack. Thus, like the ivy that clothes some ruined castle, while giving grace he himself also grew in grace. How much better that was than to refuse the discipline of difficulty, and to go about laying upon the poor old organ the blame for everything wrong in the music of the sanctuary.

Our tools are human ones sometimes. Let us have towards them the charity that covers a multitude of sins. If you fail in an examination, don't say it was all through the horrid examiners. If you do not find it easy to make friends because other boys or girls fight shy of you, don't say it is because of their nasty, spiteful disposition. Look at home. The fault is probably in yourself, and "the greatest of faults is to be conscious of none." And if you did not enjoy the last Band of Hope meeting, don't put all the blame on the speakers. Eloquence is in the audience, of whom you were one. Don't be too hard on the tools. If they are not all they might be, perhaps they have been badly used. "Fault-finders should be fault-menders," and by putting to a little more strength, and using a little more wisdom to direct, perhaps you can,

like my old friend the young musician, cover a multitude of sins in your tools.

Then, too, there are those who never can put the blame for their besetting sins in the right place. They are willing to justify themselves by such excuses as these : "I was born so, and can't help it;" "Others do the same, and when I am at Rome, I must do as Rome does ;" "I should have been all right, only I was persuaded and led astray by others." They put the blame everywhere but on themselves : always on the tools, never on the workman. But I have observed that people who throw stones generally live in glass houses. These fault-finders who are not fault-menders remind one of the gentlemen who come home late after dining out and have a difficulty with their latch-key, or make what jewellers call "drunken scratches" on their watch-case. It is never their love of wine that makes them so helpless. It is always the cucumber, or the bread, or the fresh air, or the silly old key-hole that would keep wobbling about. Or if they get mad drunk and kill their wives, they invariably had a sunstroke in India some years before, which made them—under certain circumstances—quite unaccountable for their actions. It is never their self-indulgence that led them to commit murder. They have the charity that covers a multitude of sins—in themselves.

When the queen in Sir Walter Scott's story was in peril, she called on all the saints she could remember, and offered rare presents to each—a golden candlestick to this one, a silver shrine to that, an embroidered pall to the other. But one of her ladies cried out to the queen to save herself. "Up, up, madam, call on the saints an' you list, but be your own best saint." For even in this, as in other matters, God helps those who help themselves. We may cast all our care—our anxious care—upon Him, but not our responsibility. Every man shall bear his own burden. Only when we are willing to work out our own salvation does God work in us. Religion is to us what fertilization is to the soil. It puts the best into us that it may bring the best out of us. God fights for us by enabling us to fight for ourselves. Success is not won in the absence of difficulty, but in spite of it. Be your own best saint. Put to more strength; and if you meet with ill-success, find fault with yourself, not your tools.

I WONDER if you have seen him too—
The boy who is not too big
For a morning kiss from mother and sis;
But gentle and strong, and the whole day long
As happy as happy can be—
A gentleman, dears, in the coming years,
And at present the boy for me?

THE BREAKFAST-TABLE AT THE FARM.

BY STYLOGRAPH.

"SNOW! snow!" said little Mabel Brown, as she trotted down stairs to the breakfast room, and got a glimpse of a grand white world through the staircase window; while the hall clock chimed a quarter to eight in the morning. A concert of jubilation followed from merry voices, older and younger, male and female. There were proposals for snow fights, and snow men, and snow castles, and skating, and other Arctic revelries, and then came a diversion to the boys and girls at school—for the younger Browns were now home for Christmas. And James fell a-wondering what the Asquiths were doing, and Isabel whether Leila and Irene Costaine would stick through merry Yuletide to the temperance pledge, which she had persuaded them to take last term. And jokes were passed from one to another about the people who drank brandy in winter because they were cold, and brandy-and-soda in summer because they were warm ; and all agreed that they could not hear of any Christmas brighter than theirs, at the dear old Grange Farm, where neither wine nor whisky nor any other member of "the long firm" (as they call the drink family) was to be found.

Rose was just remarking that no one could say that he had taken his first step towards drunkenness at their parties ; and what a nice thing that was ! when the conversation was abruptly turned by Robert, junior, or "Bob" as he was called, striding in to tell the youngsters that they would have a visitor to breakfast, for father had brought in some gentleman last night late, who had been thrown from a trap just outside the railway station, and could not proceed to his hotel at Raylingstone, five miles off, in the blinding storm ; and that "random Sam," who boasted that he could always drive better

after a good "liquor up," had illustrated his remarkable powers by wrecking the said trap and breaking some of his own bones to boot. All this was said in a breath; but further progress in the story was prevented by the rapid nearing of a strange voice mingling with those of the father and mother, to the latter of whom the visitor was being introduced.

After all had got seated round the table, and the necessary introductions had taken place, inquiry was more particularly made as to whether their guest had suffered from his immersion in the snow and exposure to wet and cold. With a cheery laugh Mr. Rallt (for that was the visitor's name) replied that he thought he was on the whole a vast deal better for it. For, if he had gone to his hotel, he would have taken a night-cap of Scotch whisky, and waked up none the better for that; whereas, after the hot drink his host had administered, which he understood was known as *Mrs. Brown's Cordial*, he felt as right as a trivet.

"And," continued he, "although I was never drunk in my life, I begin to feel a kindlier side to the teetotal system. And if I may give the opinion of an outsider, I would just say that of the helps to temperance likely to influence practical men of a work-a-day type, I don't think anything could be better than to widely make known the temperance preventives and remedies for colds and other common ailments, for which alcoholic drinks are so often resorted to. However, Mrs. Brown," said the visitor, turning deferentially to his hostess, "it is quite possible that your Bands of Hope, and handbills, and lecturers are universally diffusing such useful knowledge."

"I fear not," said Mrs. Brown. "I shall bring your hint before our next Ladies' Temperance Committee, and see if an illustrated card cannot be printed to hang up in our Temperance Hall exhibiting the alcoholic remedies and the non-alcoholic, side by side, with pictorial displays of their respective effects."

The talk now reverted to "random Sam," who had upset the conveyance after drinking jovially in the "Railway Arms," while waiting for the train which had brought Mr. Rallt and Mr. Brown.

"Poor fellow!" said the farmer; "he looked badly. It was fortunate that Dr. Dyson was in the train and came up just at the right time."

"I don't know what would have become of me," chimed in the visitor, "if your phaeton had not brought your hospitable self to my side with a cool, teetotal head on the look-out to avoid running over me. Your temperance doctor, Dyson, did the bone-setting splendidly. And how tenderly he spoke to the publican; yet every word was a lance."

"Yes," said Mr. Brown, "the landlord promised, with tears in his eyes, to see that no more drivers should get drunk in *his* house."

"Ay," rejoined the stranger, "and Dr. Dyson added 'Every man is a driver either to heaven or hell; and he may drive more than himself along with him.' I think that shaft penetrated the innkeeper's heart. After all it was worth the risk of a broken bone to be brought, as I have been within the last twelve hours, into real acquaintance with the Temperance Crusade."

"I think," said Farmer Brown, "we might do worse than drive to the inn after breakfast, and see how poor Sam is getting on."

"Certainly," echoed Mrs. Brown, "and if he can be moved, might we not nurse him up here? Who knows but we might be the means of saving a soul from death, while we attend to his bodily sufferings."

A ripple of approving looks and ejaculations greeted this remark, and died away in sympathetic silence.

At length Bob pleasantly inquired of the guest, what his name was, for he had not fully heard it when he was introduced."

"My name?" said the stranger. "Alter Rallt. My father, Frater Rallt, so called me to remind me to live for my fellow, and to impress upon me that I was my brother's counterpart, and he mine."

"And how does your name do that?" inquired Isabel.

"Your brothers will put me right if I am wrong; I understand that *Alter* in Latin means "the other of two." Everybody I meet is number one, and I am his number two. I try to go through life answering to my label, and, when I meet number one in trouble, I try, like a true number two, to help him."

"Capital," broke in Cecil, "just the lesson of the Good Samaritan, isn't it? Question: Who is my neighbour? Answer: Every one. Claim your Kinship by acting a neighbour's part to him."

"My father taught me," pursued Alter Rallt with a loving smile from his sun-browned face, "that the only life fit for a human being to live, was to copy Him who 'came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' and thus to be a true servant to all. I feel that your teetotalism claims me, therefore; and I should like to add, as explaining my separation from it, that my protracted residence in foreign parts has carried me far away from the teetotal enterprise. I regret it, but the atmosphere of your home has made me feel the throb of its loving heart, and I must become one of your army. I have come in my time, upon many a camp of good-doers; and the sentry on duty, like your excellent father, has often challenged me with his 'Who goes

there?' I have always answered 'Friend.' And then has followed the invitation, 'Pass on, friend, and give the watchword." I have found one watchword stand good all the world over—'Love and self denial.' So I report myself, please, a teetotaler from to-day. And now may I turn the subject by asking what means that illuminated motto or question in the circlet of evergreens, which lies in the centre of the table?"

"Oh, yes!" said little Mabel, "that is our breakfast-talk subject; and we shan't have any time left for it, if we don't begin at once. I read it out, because I can't say much about it; so they let me read it as my share of the talk. It is this:—*What is the best spirit to wear well throughout the day?*"

"My verdict is for an ardent spirit," began Charlie, who generally opened the ball with what Cecil called a vile pun, in order to break the ice; "an ardent spirit, but not whisky, or rum, or gin, or brandy. One should get on fire with some good purpose; add fuel by acting it out; and so, like a prairie fire, burn our way from hour to hour, till the day dies in the sleep of the just."

"Beautiful, if we could do it, but a little feverish," said Rose. "I was thinking the simpler our object the better. I get lost among many things. I want to have one thing to believe in and follow, *like a child*."

"Ah," said critical but sterling Cecil, "one can't always conjure up the child-spirit."

"I don't want to conjure it up," interposed Rose; "I should distrust it, if I could. If it would only come down to me, and hold me always——"

"Right as usual," murmured Cecil. "The child-spirit is the true one. It looks up to the Master, always believes Him right and good, and bows implicitly. And it does not want to know too soon what is hidden; doth not behave itself unseemly. God will be sure to carry that spirit through the day."

"Well," said Bob, "I think we are on the right tack. A haughty spirit comes before a fall, and a child's spirit will keep clear of that. We ought not to want to do anything wonderful, and it's very stupid to think we have done anything wonderful. If I begin to think myself a fine fellow, I generally come down on all fours. If we have anything good we can do, let us do it for some one, and not think any more about it. It's a bad thing to chew the end of one's own goodness. We never do any real good while that's going on."

"What say you, Mr. Rallt?" said the host.

"I was thinking," he replied, "that, when the little children were brought to Jesus, He took them up in His arms; and it's safe in the arms of Jesus. Oh! to have the spirit of a child! One would go well through the day in the arms of Jesus."

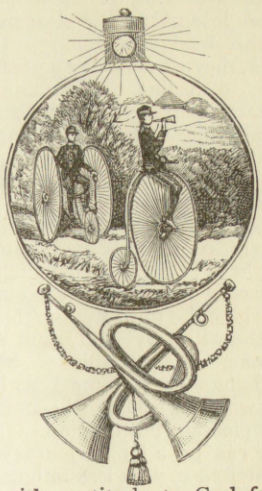
"It seems to me," said the mother, "that if there is a spirit that will wear through the day, it must be just the Spirit of Jesus. He was always ready for the twelve hours of His day; and that is our pattern. We have to seek and study and develop that spirit. Jesus pleased not Himself; He did His Father's will. That is the soul of everything really strong and gentle in life, and can only be got by continually believing in Jesus."

All turned now to the head of the house, and he said:—

"The child-spirit and the Spirit of Jesus are one. God gives that Spirit to them that ask Him. It is the Holy Spirit, who was given to Jesus without measure. 'Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts.' Just so far as your faith in Christ and your self-devotion are simple and thorough, you will realise it. It helps me sometimes to remember when I begin my day that Jesus was up watching while I slept—He sleeps not—and that He is going before me all the day. I hope to think so to-day, whether I am, as now, going to see 'random Sam,' or addressing a temperance meeting, or doing the more secular things. Thus I copy Him, and am ashamed to find I do it so badly; but He is near, and forgives me, and helps me, as fathers do to children; and I go on again."

So the breakfast-talk ended.

Out For A Spin.



OF all the amusements of the present day none is more pleasant or more really recreative than that of cycling. In the long summer evenings, on a Saturday afternoon, or on a Bank Holiday, to go out for a spin on a bicycle, or a tricycle improves the digestion, rubs away the cobwebs which have gathered around us during the hours of business, and sends us back to our work with our lungs filled with fresh air, and our hearts bursting with gratitude to God for the glorious scenes

we have visited. Some prefer the steadier tricycle, which others contemptuously call "bone-shaker," thinking that there is no pleasure like that of cutting through the air on a well-constructed bicycle. Certainly those who have tried both are generally in favour of the two wheels, for a greater stretch of country may be covered by a bicycle than by a tricycle, and if it be a high machine a vast expanse of country may be enjoyed as the country roads are passed.

The sensible cyclist will not consider himself bound to wear out his machine with the single object of going so many miles in a given space of time, he will determine while he is obtaining pleasure, so to arrange his visits that he may obtain knowledge at the same time. From London the cyclist can spin along on a half-holiday to the famous Hampton Court or Kew Gardens, and while he is obtaining rest he will open his eyes, fill his note-book and his mind with useful information.

Sometimes long journeys are undertaken by cyclists, a journey from John o' Groats to Land's End is now not an unusual event. If time will allow during the coming holidays, a run through France on a machine *en route* to the Paris Exhibition, would enable the rider to learn more French in a week than he would from books in a year, while he would gain genuine information of the life and habits of the people he was visiting. That cycling is hard work, especially to a beginner must be admitted on all hands ; good muscular strength is required as well as well-balanced nerves.

Some inexperienced persons might imagine that total abstainers were in this respect at a disadvantage, nay, might think that because an abstainer cannot take any kind of alcoholic liquor he must therefore lose part of the pleasure to be derived from this kind of travelling. If anyone should so think, they would make a great mistake. The fact is, in cycling the abstainer shows himself to a great advantage. All cyclists will admit that any kind of immoderate drinking is altogether in opposition to success in cycling, for any rider unable to maintain his balance could not guide his machine for five minutes.

No doubt this is one of the reasons why Dr. Richardson so strongly recommends cycling. When a man who has been in the habit of taking several glasses of alcoholic liquor when out walking, mounts a machine, he must give up this indulgence at once ; he will very likely find a little difficulty in doing so, probably if he continues in his old habits he will meet with some serious accident, when his cycling will come to a sudden and an unpleasant termination.

The total abstainer can go a longer journey, he can ride with greater ease, with less fatigue, and less liability to accident, than a drinker.

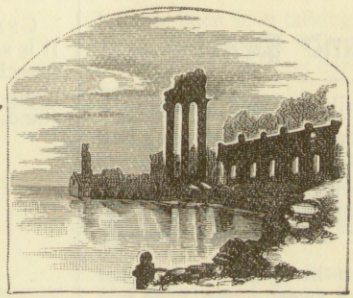
We have the testimony of some of the best cyclists to this effect ; that of Mr. W. A. Rowe, America's champion bicyclist, and who claims to be the champion of the world, is worthy of consideration.

When questioned on this matter, Mr. Rowe said : "I have never tasted a drop of alcoholic liquors, nor have I ever used tobacco in any form." Being further questioned as to what he took when training, he replied : "I eat oatmeal, beef, mutton chops, and eggs, plenty of them with hot tea to drink, limiting myself to one cup per meal, and never drinking anything between meals."

When asked if he thought he would have been successful if he had taken beer and smoked tobacco, he gave the following satisfactory information : "I have consulted the finest doctors and physicians in the United States, and they tell me that the greater part of my success is due to my abstinence. I feel that it is so, and for this reason, I am as good one day as another. I never have an off day, whereas people who take stimulants are good to-day, and nothing the next day. It sometimes takes them a fortnight to get back into good order. Brother professionals have admitted as much to me. When I rode my greatest distance in the hour, I had not done any work on my bicycle for a week, on account of bad weather, and though I thought I should not be in condition, yet when I came to ride, I found I accomplished the greatest performance ever yet done in the world, and all on tea."

The question as to what a cyclist should drink must not be overlooked. Many practical men advise cold tea, as a refreshing and nourishing beverage. The following remarks by Mr. Ralph Temple of the American team will be useful : "I would advise total abstinence from all alcoholic liquors whatever. I have found pure buttermilk to be the best drink to allay the thirst, but do not advise drinking in quantity. Soda and milk is another good drink. Cyclists should be careful not to drink anything that contains gases. It is not the stomach that is thirsty but the throat, consequently cleaning the throat with clear cool water is as good as anything. Drink as little as possible. Smokers will find more trouble in this respect than those who do not indulge." From this we learn that the perfect cyclist must give up tobacco as well as beer. We hope our cyclist readers will have many a good spin this summer, but may we give this parting advice, always to let their machines rest on Sunday.

STRONG drink degrades the "lord of creation" into the "king of *beasts*."



Christian Duty.

ARE there brambles in thy pathway?
Lift them up with patient care;
Underneath, perhaps, are hidden
Flowers most delicate and fair.
Thou wilt marvel at their beauty,
Doing this, thy Christian duty.

Are the winds of life contrary?
Little things annoy and pain;
Meet them with a quiet patience,
Overcome them, nor complain.
Look at His calm life of beauty,
Do it, 'tis thy Christian duty.

Is it grand to take a city,
To present it to a king?
Grander far to rule the temper
'Ere we do a wicked thing.
'Tis an act of noble beauty—
Do it, 'tis thy Christian duty.

Do the world's vain pleasures lure thee?
Empty is their fleeting mirth,
Bringing nought but after sorrow
That will far outweigh their worth.
Turn from their deceitful beauty—
Do it, 'tis thy Christian duty.

Are the poor around thee sighing—
Shivering in the winter air?
Help them, strive to raise the fallen;
Thou may'st find a jewel there,
In thy crown to gleam in beauty—
Do it, 'tis thy Christian duty.

Say you that the path is rugged,
Wounding oft thy trembling feet?
If 'twas rougher for the Master,
Sure 'tis for the servant meet.
Soon thou'lt see thy King in beauty—
Rest comes after Christian duty.

ELIZA WEBB.

Pebbles and Pearls.

THE right time to strike a wrong is now.

THE great bar to progress is the drinking bar.

THERE is nothing like whisky in this world for preserving a man when he is dead. But it is one of the worst things in the world for preserving a man when he is living.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

YOUNG THORNE (to his girl)—"And your name is Rose? What a sweet name Rose is!" Rose—"I am glad you like it. But—but—but I do not want to be a rose without a Thorne." What could a fellow say after that?

IN its truest meaning, Temperance is the *avoidance* of selfish, sinful, and wasteful indulgences of all kinds, which are not only harmful to the body, but are degrading to the mental or moral senses.

ON AN EPICURE.

AT length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er,
I've eat sufficient—I can drink no more;
My night is come—I've spent a jovial day;
'Tis time to part—but, oh! what is to pay?

EPITAPH—ALL SAINTS CHURCH, NORTHAMPTON.—Here lies John Bailes, born in this town. He was *about* 126 years old, and had hearing, sight, and memory to ye last. He lived in three centuries; and was buried ye 14 April, 1706. It is said, however, that he lived to 128 years and six months; his drink was water, milk, and small beer. According to his own statement, the whole population had been buried, with three or four exceptions, many times over; and the old man declared—"Strong drink kills 'em all."

CONSIDERATE EMPLOYERS.—The North Eastern Railway Company have opened a workmen's breakfast and dining-room at their New Shildon works. There are seats for 180 persons, each being numbered, and the places balloted for. Each man, therefore, knows his place, and goes to it without confusion. A large mug is also provided, and numbered to correspond with the seat. At first the men brought their own tea or coffee, but after consultation they resolved to have it fresh made, two large urns having been provided; and 115 of them are now supplied with tea or coffee, with sugar and milk, for 2d. or 3d. per week, according as one meal per day is taken or two; and to illustrate the advantages of co-operation, it is found that this sum meets expenses and leaves a balance. If this system were more generally followed, there would be little excuse for men taking their meals at the public-house.

GREAT BARRISTERS AND THEIR DRINKS.—It is said that Sir Charles Russell made his great speech last month at the Special Commission upon cocoa. The Attorney-General, we understand, prefers milk.

ALL ALONG THE LINE.

MANLY men are wanted
All along the line—
Men who for the Saviour
Will most brightly shine;
Men whose zeal and courage
Scoffers cannot daunt,
"Out and out" for Jesus,
Such are men we want.

Loving hearts are wanted
All along the line—
Hearts true, brave, and earnest,
Filled with love divine;
Hearts that feel for others,
And will do their best
To lead them to Jesus
That they may be blessed.

Willing lips are wanted
All along the line—
Lips that will at all times
Say, "Lord, I am thine;"
Lips that will most gladly
For Christ speak a word,
And 'mid persecution
Witness for their Lord.

To the Lord united
All along the line,
"I am with you alway,"
Comforter divine.
And when warfare's ended,
Sweet will be the rest
In our home up yonder,
There for ever blest.

Sandown, I.W. J. DURRANT.

OUR JENNIE:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,

Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

AGATHA NEWTHERN returned from her class one evening in evident perplexity and trouble. Dr. Williams had come in for an hour, after his consulting hours were over; he seemed to find the pretty, cosy room and cheery fire very attractive.

Dr. Williams was a man of thirty-two or three years of age, and, strange to say, he had never been really in love in the best and truest sense of the word. He had had passing fancies, and a good many harmless flirtations, but the depths that were in his heart had never been really stirred. Naturally he was a reserved man, and was not one to fall easily in love; but, before he was aware of it, the thought of Agatha had mingled with his daily life, and during those long rounds he was ofttimes surprised to find how much of his thoughts she had occupied.

"Well, Agatha," said her father, as she entered the room, "what is troubling you? There is something on your mind, I can see by your face."

"You are almost too sharp, father," she replied, smiling.

"Ah!" interposed Dr. Williams, "he has the quick eye of love."

Agatha laughed, and coloured slightly, an expression in the doctor's face causing her to do so.

"You are right though, father; I am rather troubled about a new girl who has come to my class recently, Jane Stoneley, the housemaid at Mrs. Lyon's, and I am afraid they are not going to keep her, on account of her having been seen talking to a so-called gentleman," said Agatha, with some scorn in her voice.

"Has she told you her version of the story?" asked her father.

"She has, and as far as I can make out, the girl is not to blame; but unfortunately, Mrs. Lyon saw her herself, and Jane is sure she will never believe the truth of the case."

"But my dear, how came she to be talking to a gentleman at all? Very imprudent to say the least of it."

"Ah! poor girl, there she was wrong; but she has come straight from the country, and I do not think for one moment she realised what it would mean in the eyes of the world. She lost her way in that heavy fog that we had six or seven weeks since and he showed her the

road home, and ever since then he has taken every opportunity he could, both of paying her foolish compliments and talking to her. The girl told me to-night, with tears in her eyes, that she had begged him to leave her, and not walk with her, and just as she was doing so, Mrs. Lyon passed in her carriage and saw her, and naturally thinks that Jane must have encouraged him, and has given her notice to leave. The girl has a lover, evidently a straightforward manly young fellow, and she says it would drive him wild if he heard that she had been dismissed for talking to a gentleman, and that his faith in her would be gone, and much more to the same effect. She has not dared to write home and tell them a word about it, for her father said, when he was warning her against temptation, she was the apple of his eye, and that it would break his heart were she to be led astray."

"A very sad case," said Agatha's father; "had you not better see Mrs. Lyon, and tell her yourself what the girl says, if you really believe her statement."

"I have thought of doing so; still, I am afraid she will only say that the girl is an entire stranger to me, how can I know whether she is speaking the truth, and that I am always ready to believe these girls' statements. But I am not; experience has taught me something, and I can pretty generally tell if their story be true or false."

"The only thing, but I fear very impracticable," said Dr. Williams, who had not yet spoken, "is to find out the young man, and get him to tell the whole truth; but in London that seems an utter impossibility. I wish, with all my heart, I could help you, Miss Newthern. In the course of my practice I am frequently coming across cases that raise all my indignation against my own sex, and fill me with pity for the poor girls."

"Oh! it is indeed sad to think how they suffer; but it is something to have the proffered help and real sympathy of one's friends."

At this point of the conversation a noise was heard outside, a confused babel of tongues, and the shouting and screaming of women. Mr. Newthern and Dr. Williams ran to the door, and found that a gentleman had been knocked down by a passing cab, and that one of the wheels had gone completely over his body. Dr. Williams immediately gave what assistance he could, and Mr. Newthern offered a temporary shelter until they could tell the extent of his injuries. So he was brought in and laid upon the couch in the dining-room, and Dr. Williams tenderly and gently examined him, whilst Agatha and her father rendered every assistance in their power.

Mutually and instantaneously they recognised the young man as the one Mr. Newthern had thought so like his old friend. A glance of quick sympathy passed between them, but neither of them said a word, feeling that the moment was one for action, and not for expressions of surprise. Unfortunately the young man was partly stupefied by drink, as well as the effects of his accident, so that it made it more difficult to tell if the injuries were serious. After a careful examination, the doctor turned a perplexed face to Mr. Newthern, and said: "I don't know what is to be done; he is not at all in a fit state to be moved, in fact, he might die during the moving, and yet I do not see how you can do with him here."

"If it is a case of life and death, we *must* do with him," said Agatha, quickly; "we cannot turn a helpless man out to die; the question is—where had he be best laid?"

Dr. Williams looked at Agatha admiringly, and it is not to be wondered that the first thought which entered his head was—"What a splendid woman for a doctor's wife; so ready in an emergency, and so cool;" but he only said: "Miss Newthern, you are a brave woman. Is there a room down-stairs you can spare?"

"There is the little room at the back, which we call father's study; there is not much furniture in it; I think I could make up a temporary bed there."

"Thank you very much. Then if you will as soon as possible, please; every minute is of importance; I trust he may be able to be moved in a few days."

Seeing that she was willing for the sacrifice, the doctor, like a sensible man, took her at her word without any more ado, and accepted it. Much waste of time, waste of words, and frequently waste of energy and temper might be saved if we dealt more simply and directly one with the other, and let our yea mean *yea*, and our nay, *nay*. Sara and her mistress, with Mr. Newthern's help, soon had the temporary bed set up in the study, and, within a very few minutes of the accident, the young man was laid there. Another medical man, a friend of Dr. Williams, hearing what had occurred, came to render what aid he could, so that, in a comparatively short space of time, all that could be done for the sufferer had been accomplished.

"Oh! this drink," said Dr. Williams; "what a curse it is; there is no doubt at all that this accident would never have happened if this young man had been perfectly sober; and he has every appearance of a gentleman too."

"Yes, it is always the same tale," said Mr. Newthern, sadly; "it is at the root of so much of the misery that is daily occurring, and yet people will not see it; new places for its sale and consumption are licensed nearly every day, and Christian professors go on taking their glass of wine, because *they* do not suffer from the con-

sequences, and the weak brother and sister, following their example, fall; can they ever think of the words—'No man liveth to himself?' It seems to me they cannot."

"It cannot be that they do not see it, but it is their *indifference* to the misery of others, and indifference before God will be accounted guilt; of that I feel sure," said Dr. Williams, solemnly.

"I think so too," said Mr. Newthern.

"May we keep our skirts clear."

"Amen," replied Mr. Newthern.

After the doctor had left, Agatha and her father talked long over the fire of all that had happened in so short a time.

"To think he should be the very one about whom we have been talking lately; I do call it a strange coincidence, father."

"It is my dear, but I cannot but think God has sent him here on purpose that we may be the means of helping him to a better life. We need not say much, but we can let our example and influence be felt by him; a silent example is often a more powerful agent in bringing a sinner to the Saviour than a lot of talk."

"We will try father, dear," replied his daughter; "but does it not seem strange that there should be no clue to his identity, no letters or address cards in his pockets; suppose he should be related to your old friend, it would be quite romantic."

The hospital nurse that Dr. Williams had promised to send here arrived, so, after a little talk with Agatha about the patient, they all settled down for the night, each one more or less tired and excited by the events of the day.

TEMPERANCE WORK AMONG OUR SEAMEN.

IN the temperance field no more important work is being done than that among the sailors. Miss Weston's good work in the royal navy finds the efforts of the Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society doing an equally noble service to the seamen, fishermen, and bargemen in our own and foreign ports. The record of this mission to seamen is exceedingly useful and hopeful. No class of men need to be helped to sobriety more than sailors; and to none are the evils of strong drink more perilous and disastrous. There are lives enough lost annually by the waves and winds, without increasing the number through the use of intoxicating drink.

After being on board ship for two months with a teetotal captain and crew, the value of temperance was taught to the writer. And on another voyage, where officers and men were not allowed intoxicants during passage from port to port, it became evident that if the crew had taken drink as the passengers did, the probability was that the vessel would never have reached its destination.

A sober navy, both royal and commercial, would be one of the greatest blessings England could give the world. It would do much to spread the gospel, and be at the same time a great witness to the power of Christianity at home and abroad, as well as an incalculable means of doing practical good.

In the last ten years over 70,000 pledges have been taken by the Seamen's Mission; over 7,900 new names were added last year. Bristol has been the most successful port in this movement; last year 1,329 abstainers were enrolled. For the last ten years the numbers have there steadily increased to an average of about 1,000 annually; during the same period twenty-three public-houses frequented by fishermen have been closed. The Mersey Mission pledged 611 sailors last year.

Abroad, we learn that at Bilboa, in Spain, 519 British seamen were enrolled; and at Hong Kong, in China, the number reached 418. The direct result of this accession to the temperance cause is very useful in the increased safety of the ships, and general good behaviour of the men. But, indirectly, the influence for blessing is far beyond all that can be tabulated. The teetotaler, be he seaman or bargeman, captain or cabin-boy, is changed for the better. He becomes separated from evil companions, and from the public-house association; and is willing to join with those who seek for improved associations with higher recreations, and is open to the influences of religion.

The moral claim to help and support all these institutions becomes growingly great. Our national responsibilities are magnified by the advance of civilisation. With the development of wealth and privilege comes the increase of obligation; and England's debt to her world-wide customers will never be paid till her sailors and seamen become her missionaries and evangelists.

A Game on the Lawn.

THERE are some games into which men and lads can alone enter. At cricket and football, the men enjoy the fun while the ladies look on, and admire or criticise. Lawn Tennis is a modern game into which both sexes can heartily enter, and which, since it does not demand such a strain upon the muscles as football or cricket, almost every person can enjoy.

More than this, it has the advantage of being a perfectly safe game. There is little or no risk from the india-rubber balls ; while, unlike the dead game of croquet, it gives an amount of activity which is really beneficial to the body and stimulating to the mental powers. Running after the balls, stooping to pick them up, especially if you have to help the ladies, provides a good amount of muscular exertion, while the counting of the scores keeps the mental faculties alive.

There is no prettier sight than to see a number of young people playing at Lawn Tennis. The grass neatly trimmed, the birds singing in the trees, the youthful players looking so cool and so happy, the ladies in their pretty costumes, the gentlemen in their white flannels ; and add to this the lively talk, the pleasant banter, and perhaps a little flirtation, and you have the very essence of a social game, in which brother and sisters, cousins and sweethearts can all find a place.

Whilst Robert is out with his club, miles away on his bicycle ; Richard on the river practising for the next race ; Alfred wading knee deep in some lake or river, trying to induce some of the finny tribe to bite ; Archibald and Norman are enjoying themselves on the lawn with Kate and Emily. Lawn Tennis is then an excellent illustration of a social family game.

It has another advantage which to us abstainers is not unimportant. It is seldom or ever that a refreshment tent is seen in connection with the game. A piece of nice springing turf, the grass recently cut and rolled, the courts marked out neatly, the net stretched in the centre, some good balls, a tennis bat for each player, and you have all that is necessary. At cricket, it is not unfrequent that in the tent is provided bottles of beer, and maybe even drinks of a stronger nature. Lawn Tennis and alcohol are seldom associated.

Let us imagine that we have been pleasantly occupied for an hour or so at the Lawn Tennis ground, and we are making our way home, each one with plenty to say, laughing and talking as only young people can. On our way home we pass one of those public-houses resorted to by that large body of persons who seem utterly unable to enjoy any kind of pleasure without alcohol. This place has also its open-air enjoyments, but they are restricted to quoits, skittles and bowls, and men alone are able to enter into the sport.

The publican's object is not so much to provide healthy, invigorating amusement for his customers, as it is to dispense his beer and spirits among them ; consequently we find that the players are well provided with all kinds of drinks. Constant "pulls at the pewter," as it is called, soon reduces the money in the player's pockets, and they have only to thank the exercise in the fresh air, that they do not leave the place in a disgusting state of intoxication.

Inside the public house we find billiards, bagatelle, and pyramids, games which lead on to the terrible vice of gambling. The young abstainer will not indulge in these games in these places, because they are associated with the drink, and if he is wise he will abstain from them on all occasions.

One of the arguments constantly used against the practice of total abstainers is that it is wanting in sociability—that it separates men ; interfering with those social customs which bind men together.

Examples are, however, not wanting of men holding the highest position in society entertaining many hundreds of persons in the most costly manner without the aid of the sparkling champagne or the deceitful punch.

Thousands of teetotal families can testify that they engage in all the social enjoyments of life, and need no alcohol to add to their pleasures. Dr. Johnson's opinion on this subject is worthy of consideration. He says : "Wine gives no light, ideal hilarity, but tumultuous, noisy, clamorous merriment.

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."

An abstainer can enjoy all the pleasures of life, entering into all its pastimes, and obtaining all possible enjoyment without ever having a desire even to taste any kind of alcoholic drinks. When we are asked to take the "social glass," let us reply—

> "Oh! yes, we love the social glass,
> But it must be filled with water;
> Wisdom says, be temperate now,
> To every son and daughter."

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ALCOHOL FAMILY.

Old Port's Story.

By DR. J. JAMES RIDGE.

Physician to the London Temperance Hospital. Author of the "Temperance Pilgrim's Progress," &c.

CHAPTER VII.

PERHAPS it would be well for me to give an account of the wonderful adventures of some drops of alcohol. Old Joe one day came down into the cellar, and after working about a little he sat down and went to sleep. As his head was very close to the table his breath came out against a bottle that stood on it, and as he had been drinking some wine in the course of the day some of the alcohol in his breath condensed in small drops on the cold bottle. I was quite surprised to hear a tiny voice all on a sudden say: "O king Port, I am so glad to have escaped from the dismal caverns and dark channels and rolling streams in which I have been plunging about all day long."

"Where have you been?" said I.

"I have been imprisoned in the body of this man here," replied Droplet, for that is what I shall call the speaker, "ever since this morning, when I was swallowed with hundreds of other little beings like myself."

"We shall all be glad to have an account of your experiences," said I in a gracious manner, "do not be afraid to speak up."

"Very well, your majesty, replied Droplet, "then you must know that I and my companions had been reposing peacefully in one of the black bottles near you for a long time till two days ago. Then the bottle was seized by Old Joe here, and we were all poured out into a decanter and taken upstairs to the dining-room. A good many of my companions were poured out and disappeared, but I and a good many more were left behind till to-day when suddenly we were poured out into a crystal glass, and then tossed violently out into a dark cavern that opened underneath Old Joe's nose. Inside this cavern the floor was smooth and rather slimy and moved about, scattering us in all directions."

"That was his tongue," said I.

"Whatever it was," replied Droplet, "I was glad to get away from it, but before doing so, I knocked up against some of the hairy fibres which covered the surface like a forest, and made them quiver and shake. I heard afterwards that these quiverings were telegraphed to the brain inside Old Joe's skull, and caused him a very agreeable sensation or taste. But I did not stay there long. With a gurgling noise I was hurried on down a long dark slimy passage without time to think until I found myself suddenly in a large and roomy cavern, the walls of which were soft and velvety. The little hole through which we came closed up behind us so that when I was thrown up against it soon after I could not get by. But at first I was hurried along in the stream and plunged into a quantity of half liquid, half solid stuff that was being splashed about by the movements of the walls of this cavern."

"If you do not know the name of this cavern let me tell you," said I; "that was Old Joe's stomach."

"Ah! so some of them said," continued Droplet, "but it was a very queer place. I thought I was going to be squeezed out at the other end, but when I got there I found the hole tightly closed, and so I was hurried back again, round and round, over and over, until I was quite sick of it, and wondered how I should get out. I found that there was a sort of fight going on between the food which had been swallowed and certain fluids which ooze out of tiny holes or bags in the walls of the cavern. The lumps of food which had previously come

down the same dark passage as I had were being broken up, some more quickly than others, and were evidently getting the worst of the battle. So I and my friends did all we could to help them partly, by making them harder and more able to resist the attacks of the fluid out of the walls of the cavern."

"The two-legged creatures like Joe call that fluid gastric juice," said I.

"Very well," continued Droplet, "and then some of us attacked the gastric juice and the little particles of altered food which it was carrying off in triumph and made it surrender some of them, and weakened it so that it could not fight so well. We also dashed up against the sides of the cavern, which you say is called a stomach, and some of us got inside some of the holes and crannies in the walls. Now in these walls there are multitudes of pipes, forming a network through which there is always flowing a stream of red water."

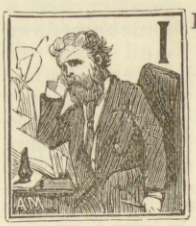
"Ah!" said I, "that's the blood of these beings, and as it is like me in colour, they call me the 'blood of the grape.'"

"These pipes," said Droplet, "I found were not made of cast-iron, but are soft and wavy, and all but the very smallest have fleshy rings round them which sometimes squeeze the pipes and make them smaller, sometimes open and allow the pipes to get larger and more of the red water to rush through them. Some of us attacked all these parts in the walls of the cavern and they did not seem to like it. The fleshy rings opened and the red water rushed through and filled the pipes until they were almost ready to burst. I might just say here that though the fluid in the pipes looked as red as port wine, I could see that the water itself was not red; that was white, but there were floating in it millions of tiny specks of soft reddish jelly, which so crowded together that the fluid looked quite red. Well, some of the whitish water in which these specks of jelly floated oozed out through the walls of the pipes and fed other little particles which grew on the sides and in the holes of the cavern. These particles burst when they got big, just as a ripe gooseberry does, and from some of them came the liquid for gastric juice, which attacked and broke up the food, and from others came a lot of slimy stuff which kept some of us away from the walls, and protected them for some time. This 'secretion' as they call it, also hindered the breaking up of the food for awhile. It was horrible to see the change in the walls of the cavern through the irritation which we caused; in some parts the secreting particles seemed all burst and stripped off, leaving the wall red and bare, in others it was thickly coated with this thick secretion like the white of an egg, so that it looked quite inflamed and blotchy. While I was in this cavern tossed about from one place to another, I noticed that after awhile some of the liquid part of its contents were gradually removed. At first I did not understand where it had gone; but at last I found out that some managed to slip through the hole at the end of the cavern opposite to that by which we had come in. This seemed to be getting tired of keeping tightly closed, so that some of the liquid got past. But if any little lumps came up and wanted to pass it was of no use. They knocked up against the wall and immediately the hole closed up and would not let them pass: they had to turn back to be attacked again by the gastric juice. But some of the liquid got out in another way. It was a long time before I could understand it. I missed many of my companions and could not think what had become of them. At last it was my turn. I had wandered close up to the wall of the cavern and got into one of the little holes in it; at the side there was one of those pipes of roaring, rushing, red water, of which I have spoken. I got close to this pipe and could see some of the fluid oozing through little holes or pores in it, which would be quite invisible to those two-legged people called men, even if magnified many times. I got mixed up and floated along in the current; but now I felt it was setting back again through the pores of the pipe; I could not resist it; I was dragged and pulled by an invisible power through the wall of the pipe, with a force which nearly squeezed me to death. But I got through at last and found myself hurried along in the current of the red water you called blood. But what befell me next I must tell you another time."

(To be continued.)

TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

E. DAWSON KING.



I HAD just taken my seat in a railway carriage one day, when a young working man and a woman carrying a baby, came up to the train, as if they were going to travel by it, and I opened the carriage door to admit them, as there was plenty of room in the compartment.

The young woman got in and the young man (who was her husband) handed her the baby, and placed her basket and parcel alongside her on the seat. After saying that he "hoped she would get on all-right" he kissed her and the

baby, and got out of the carriage, but stood at the door to talk to her through the open window. Just as the train was about to move, she said, "Now, John, you'll see that the windows are fastened, and the doors locked; be careful that nothing gets on fire and *do take care of yourself, John.*" He said: "All right, I'll see to it." The whistle blew, and the train started, and as the mother, the child, and I were the only occupants of the carriage, we soon became friendly, especially as the little one seemed to take to me; and the woman, mother-like, I suppose, considered her baby a good judge of character, as I was quite safe if the baby thought so.

The woman, of her own free will, soon let me know that she was going to her mother's for a day or two, and she said she felt sure that she would enjoy herself so much if John would only take care of himself.

I naturally inquired if he followed a very dangerous occupation. "Oh! no, it is not that, sir," she answered, "but I'm a bit anxious, because he now and then get's a drop too much; but he's not drunken, he's a good husband, only he sometimes gets over the line."

In the conversation that followed I tried to show her that he had a drop too much if he took any intoxicating drink at all.

This for a time she could not understand, but before we parted I had managed to make it clear to her that John, even as a moderate drinker was over the line of safety, and his health, life, and her happiness were always in peril while he used intoxicating drinks, and, moderate drinker though he was, according to her statement, yet she could not leave home even for a few days without feeling some anxiety, because of her intuitive knowledge that, "Where there's drink there's danger."

After I had left the train, I could not help thinking of this very common injunction—"Take care of yourself." It is uttered by fathers and mothers to sons and daughters, husbands to wives, and wives to husbands, and it strikes me, that if one could look into the heart of the person who says it, one would see that, while there are many dangers threatening our loved ones, the drink danger is the greatest and is mentally recognised as such, though that fact is not always acknowledged. But though some people will not admit the evil of "moderate drinking," as it is called, yet it is cheering to observe that the logic of facts has convinced a great many that those who use drink are not so capable of taking care of themselves as they would be were they abstainers. Many insurance societies offer a decided advantage to teetotalers. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company for instance, insures travellers at ten per cent. less if they be abstainers, because experience has proved that the use of drink unfits men to obey the first law of animal life, the instinct of self-preservation, and while we have no data to prove how far drink is the cause of railway and other accidents, yet we are bound to believe that it plays a terribly important part.

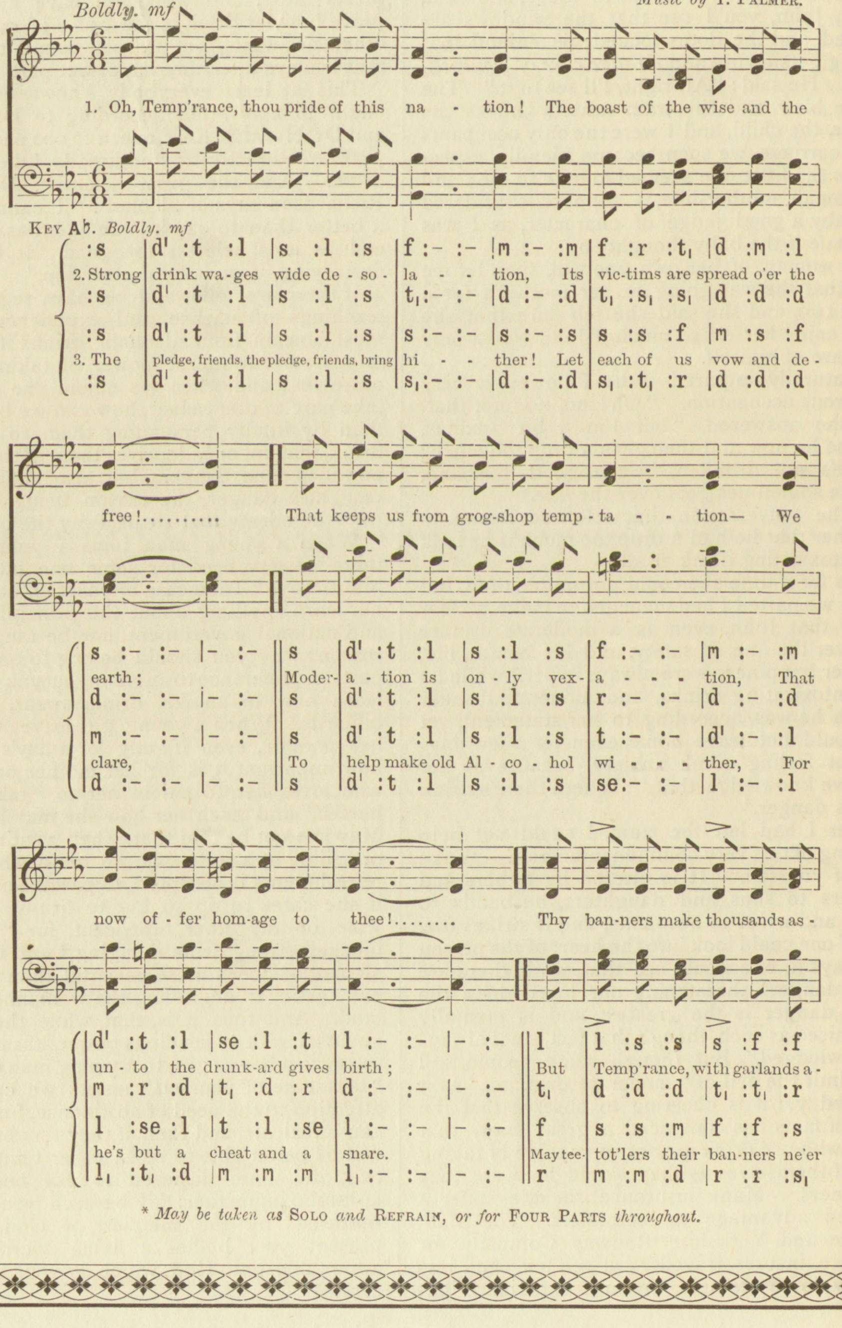
This at least everybody knows, or at least ought to know, that according to Dr. Morton and Dr. Norman Kerr, over 120,000 people every year are directly and indirectly killed by the drink. And the great scientist, Dr. W. B. Richardson says of alcohol: "I cannot define it better than to say it is an agent as potent for evil as it is helpless for good. It begins by destroying, it ends by destruction."

It therefore follows, if we have regard to the teachings of science and experience that we must abstain from alcoholic drinks if we want to possess our fullest power of taking care of ourselves: and when we enjoin our friends to take care of themselves, how can we better do it than by kindly persuading them to avoid the drink, that not only deprives them of the physical power to shun dangers, but also unfits them to recognise danger, the reason being dethroned by "the enemy that steals away the brains."

When a young man joins a political club, there is every need for some one interested in him to say, "Take care of yourself," or you will not learn anything about the principles of local and national government, nor be taught sound reasons why you should belong to one political party in preference to another; but you will simply learn how to smoke, drink, swear, and play billiards. When a young girl leaves the roof of her parents, even if only for a day's pleasure, how important it is for her mother or someone who loves her, to enjoin her to "take care of herself," and teach her how she may best do so. May she not be told that, when visiting friends, or calling at a restaurant, to mind what sort of refreshments is accepted, to partake of the cake, if she cares to do so, but to firmly refuse the wine, or any other intoxicant, for "wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging," and the demon alcohol has been more powerful than any other evil agency in degrading the womanhood of our land. And thus it is, that while the drink is about us, with its insidious power, it is insufficient to say to a boy or girl, to a young man or maiden, "take care of yourself," unless we call special attention to the need of abstinence, from all that can intoxicate, and then, if they do abstain, they will be better able to resist other temptations to evil, and more disposed to pay heed to the apostolic injunction: "I beseech you therefore brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

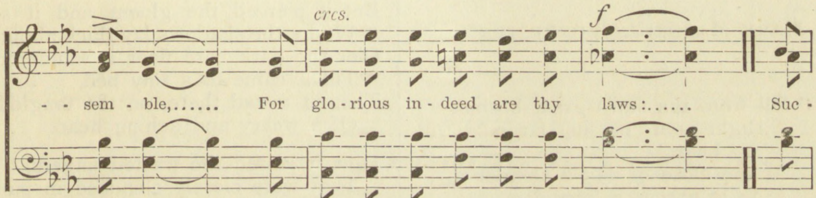
OH, TEMPERANCE ! *

Words by E. WHITBY. (*Copyright.*) *Music by* T. PALMER.

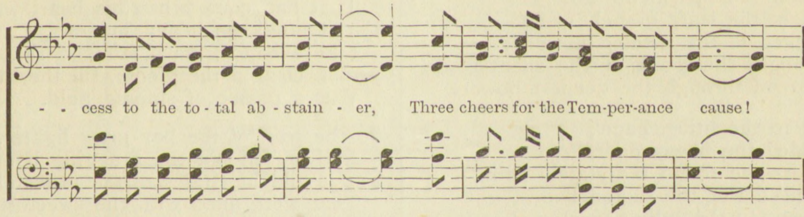

Boldly. mf
1. Oh, Temp'rance, thou pride of this na - tion! The boast of the wise and the
KEY A♭. Boldly. mf
2. Strong drink wa-ges wide de - so - la - - tion, Its vic-tims are spread o'er the
3. The pledge, friends, the pledge, friends, bring hi - - ther! Let each of us vow and de -
free!.......... That keeps us from grog-shop temp - ta - tion— We
earth; Moder- a - tion is on - ly vex- a - - - tion, That
clare, To help make old Al - co - hol wi - - - ther, For
now of - fer hom-age to thee!......... Thy ban-ners make thousands as -
un - to the drunk-ard gives birth; But Temp'rance, with garlands a -
he's but a cheat and a snare. May tee- tot'lers their ban-ners ne'er

* *May be taken as* SOLO *and* REFRAIN, *or for* FOUR PARTS *throughout.*

OH, TEMPERANCE!

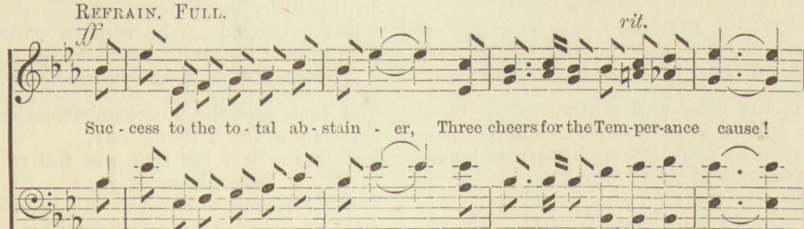


> f :m :- |- :- :m | d' :d' :d' |d' :t :d' | r' :- :- |- :- || s
> round her, Doth | give, with tri - umph - ant ap - | plause, | Suc -
> r :d :- |- :- :d | m :m :m |fe :fe :fe | f :- :- |- :- | f
> s :s :- |- :- :s | l :l :l |l :l :l | t :- :- |- :- | t
> sev - er; May | drunkards sub- scribe to their | laws: | Suc -
> d :d :- |- :- :d | l, :l, :l, |r :r :r | s :- :- |- :- | s



> d' :d :r |m :f :l | s :d' :- |- :- :l | s :-.l :s |f :m :r | m :- :- |- :-
> cess to the to - tal ab - | stainer, Three | cheers for the Temperance | cause!
> m :d :d |d :t, :t, | d :d :- |- :- :d | m :-.f :m |r :d :t, | d :- :- |- :-
> d' :m :f |s :s :s | s :s :- |- :- :d' | s :-.s :s |s :s :s | s :- :- |- :-
> cess to the to - tal ab - | stainer, Three | cheers for the Temperance | cause!
> d :d :d |d :r :f | m :m :- |- :- :f | s :-.s :s |s, :s, :s, | d :- :- |- :-

Refrain. Full.



Refrain. Full. *ff* *rit.*

> :s | d' :d :r |m :f :l | s :d' :- |- :- :l | s :-.l :s |s :l :t | d' :- :- |- :-
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The Sunbeam's Mission.

By MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

IT fell from the sun's great bosom,
Right out of its large warm heart,
At the close of day a slender ray,
As bright as a fairy-dart.
It spread o'er the flower-decked meadow,
In waves and in ripples bright;
And it scattered gold o'er the smiling world,
Till the heart of man grew light.

It flowed with the shining river,
And it gilded the ripples there—
Then away it flew, where the daisies grew,
With their red lips in the air.
It swayed in the leafy branches,
And rocked in the scented flowers;
Then it sought the shade of the silent glade,
And pierced through the deepest bowers.

It strayed to the little chapel,
And gilded the heavy door,
It wound its fire round the stately spire,
And danced o'er the sacred floor.
Then it went to the little churchyard,
And a gleam o'er the white stones spread,
While a kiss it gave to each quiet grave,
In that home of the peaceful dead.

On the brow of the hill it glittered,
As bright as a monarch's crown;
And it lingered there, 'mid the heather fair,
Then wandered in wavelets down.
At the foot of the hill it rested,
To smile on the prat'ling rill,
Then it danced away through the valley gay,
To break on the ruined mill.

But tired of the glow and glitter,
And the trill of the wild-bird's song,
Over grassy plains and through narrow lanes,
It fluttered and gleamed along—
Till the hill and the valley vanished,
And the sky had a cloudy frown;
Then it paused awhile, with a sunny smile,
In the street of a busy town.

Then it flew to a narrow alley,
And wandered along the flags,
While it gaily danced and it brightly glanced,
In the little children's rags;
So it lay like a tender blessing,
On the hovels so mean and small,
Where it trailed its gold o'er the roofings old,
And climbed up the dull brick wall.

It peeped through a little window,
Though the dust would have shut it out,
But it pierced the gloom, and it sought the
Where the shadows lay thick about. [room,
O'er the dark bare floor it wandered,
Till it came to a tiny bed,
Then it rested there, on the tangled hair,
Of a weary and aching head.

How it kissed the wasted fingers,
That were closely clenched in pain!
How it stole to rest on the ice-cold breast,
That would never be warm again.
Then it touched the clammy forehead,
And it opened the great sad eyes,
Till they met the beam with a sudden gleam
And a smile of glad surprise.

How softly the sick boy whispered,
A welcome so warm and glad,
To the little guest from the far-off west,
That had come when his heart was sad;
For it lifted the heavy shadows,
Like a hand from a fairer world,
And it cleared the gloom, till the little room,
Was a palace of shining gold.

So the pain of the boy grew lighter,
And he felt not the dragging hours,
For it told him tales of the peaceful vales,
That were filled with the sweetest flowers;
Till his bed seemed a bower of beauty,
Surrounded by singing streams;
As it touched his face, with a warm embrace—
Then left him unto his dreams.

For the eve was growing deeper,
And the sun in the radiant west,
With a smile of love, was calling above,
Her children unto her breast.
So the little beam departed,
But it paused at the window pane,
And it told the child as he sadly smiled,
It would come in the morn again.

And such was the sunbeam's mission,
To shine for a dying boy,
And to touch a life that was full of strife,
With a little gleam of joy;
For it lingered not mid'st the beauteous,
Or in homes where the wealthy trod,
For that little dart from the sun's great heart,
Was working the will of God.

Oh, glory more bright than sunshine,
That we can to the earth impart!
If every one, like the great fair sun,
Sheds a radiance from out his heart.
A kind word in mercy spoken,
A smile to the weary given,
And we scatter gold o'er the gloomy world,
Like the sunbeam that fell from heaven.

Temperance and Contentment.

By Uncle Ben.

James Dawson was a young man of good position. His father placed him in partnership in what after due investigation seemed like a flourishing country business. He began his career with high hopes, with a happy home, and many bright prospects for a successful future. The partner kept the books, while Mr. Dawson did most of the buying and selling, he was, therefore, away from home very often, and trusted all the office work entirely to his partner. All things went very well for a time, the returns increased, and both appeared well satisfied. A few friends gave Dawson a hint that all was not right, and that his friend speculated and had some money on horses, but as he was a man in a very respectable position in the town, and he believed his credit stood high, Dawson did not trouble himself much about these reports.

Once Dawson returned to find his partner, who was generally pleasant and agreeable, decidedly the worse for drink, and quite violent in temper. However, the next day an ample apology was made, and the matter passed over. Suddenly, about two years after their engagement had been entered into, James Dawson woke to find himself a ruined man. His partner had made false balance sheets, and had in fact drank and gambled away all his own substance and his innocent partner's as well. How this was done it was impossible to tell. Dawson had been the victim of a clever, cruel, unscrupulous man, who, while keeping a fair appearance before the world, had secretly been leading a wicked and dishonest life. Bankruptcy and disgrace followed, and, although Dawson was morally guiltless and the worst sufferer of all the injured, yet much of the dishonour of his partner's sin and the discredit of the failure was put on him. Everything was sold, and all their household goods to meet the claim of the creditors, and almost penniless Dawson had to begin life over again. His young wife went back to her father and mother for a little time and he went over to America, where he took a situation at a few dollars a week. But he left his native land, having learnt one lesson, that the cause of his misfortune was the love of drink and money.

Dawson started in the new country with the determination to avoid strong drink as he would poison, and he resolved to be content with poverty and honesty, which would be better than any affluence won by ill-gotten gains. He saw in America many instances that the love of money was a root of evil, and brought with it misery, only second to that of the love of drink. He learned to know that in all selfish dealings for profits to the injury of others lies the gambling spirit, which will bring its own inevitable curse.

It was a hard struggle with Dawson for a long time. His wife soon resolved to come and share his trials with him, and with her baby came out to him to the States. There he toiled on, keeping his eyes open and gradually improving his condition until he was enabled to take the management of a dry goods store, and secure for himself a pleasant "frame house" in the neighbourhood of a flourishing New England town, where in time he was enabled to keep a horse and buggy, and to procure a nice plot of land surrounding the wooden house which they called "The Park."

As the years passed on, Dawson was able to pay his share to the creditors in full, and quite re-established his good name in the town where he had been ruined; but his partner, had gone from bad to worse, sinking lower and lower, until he became a blackleg of the race-course, and a drunken tramp continually up before the magistrates.

Thus a gulf wider than the great Atlantic Ocean sundered these two men that had once been side by side and partners in the same firm. Dawson continued to prosper as slowly as his old partner went swiftly down to the lowest depth of degradation and vice. He lived in great simplicity, gathering true knowledge by experience, learning that temperance and virtue bring greater riches and more lasting peace than the wealth of this world can give.

A great artist has painted a picture in one of the London galleries this season teaching the same truth, called "The Wife of Plutus." It is the picture of a woman who shares partnership with the god of wealth, and may claim all his gold, but can find no peace. There is abundance, "and yet the soul is not filled." Her hand may grasp jewels of countless worth, but hunger is in her eyes. Satiety and unrest are her portion and her doom.

LADY HENRY SOMERSET told lately a few ugly facts about London life. She stated that 500 children during last year were taken up dead drunk, all of whom were under ten years of age; that 1,500 more were under fourteen, and 2,000 under twenty-one.

LESSONS FROM THE DEAD.

THREE men of note have lately passed away who might all possibly have reached the foremost rank of modern society had it not been for the ruin of the fatal cup; men of remarkable ability, whose natural gifts might have placed them high in the temple of fame.

Richard Jefferies (a man of letters, a prose poet whose knowledge and love of nature has hardly been surpassed among writers of the present day) had the power of seeing into the very heart of nature, and telling us the beautiful pictures of his visions with singular grace. But he ruined himself by his outbreaks of drink. What he might have been could he have kept sober is one of the saddest reflections as we think over his loss.

In the life of the famous Irish mathematician, Sir William Ronan Hamilton, the same dreadful poison was at work. He was a man of fine culture and high Christian character, was of a warm, loving nature, as well as a genius in figures. Before his marriage it would seem the evil habit had no hold on him. His wife was delicate and "required stimulants." He acquired the taste through her influence until he became mastered by the restless craving for intoxicants. After having publicly disgraced himself at one of the Geographical Society's meetings, he became a teetotaler for two years. After nine months of abstinence he wrote, saying: "I have, thank God, been able to adhere rigidly to a resolution; and feel more firmly settled in health, and drink with relish a mug of new milk every morning." All went well with him while this course of conduct lasted; but one day, after two years' victory, he was cruelly challenged by Airy, then the English Astronomer Royal, to drink some champagne, and in a moment of irreparable weakness yielded, and "lost for ever his precious safeguard."

James Thomson, the author of the "City of Dreadful Night," an ill-starred poet that at one time attracted notice from Froude, George Elliott, and George Meredith, was the son of a dipsomaniac father of humble life. He was an army schoolmaster at first, and then took to literature. His early works, letters, poems, and articles are light and cheerful, although he sorely suffered from poverty in his struggle for fame and bread. During this period he took to the use of alcohol. The deadly thirst was aroused, and from periods of melancholy he passed to excessive seasons of eating and drinking. He had acute sympathy with suffering, and tender love of children, which found

invariable return. Once he came back home so disfigured by drink that his own children did not know him, and would not let him into the house. At last these attacks of abandoned surrender to alcohol increased, and after one terrible fit of weeks of drunkenness, he fled to the lodgings of Philip Marston, the blind poet, and there burst a blood vessel. He was removed to the London Hospital, and died from sheer exhaustion—a genius wrecked and a life slain by drink.

In contrast to these three stories of tragedy and blighted hopes and unfulfilled promises, we may look with admiration and thankfulness to the career of Mr. S. C. Hall, who lately passed away at the advanced age of 88, having spent a long and useful life that leaves behind it an abiding influence for good.

This veteran teetotaler was of a good family of Devonshire extraction. His father was Colonel of the 89th Regiment, and while stationed at Waterford, in Ireland, this famous son was born, May 9, 1800. He soon showed signs of uncommon ability, and before he was twenty-one published his first literary work. In 1822 he came to London, and was for some time newspaper reporter in the House of Commons. Then he entered the legal profession, was called to the bar in 1824, and married a lady of great literary talent and industry. The special branch of literature that absorbed Mr. Hall's attention was that of Art, and in 1839 he founded the *Art Journal*; which was known as the *Art Union* for many years. He retained the editorship of this important periodical, which has done so much to make the best art popular in England, for nearly forty years, and did not relinquish his care of it until he was eighty. Mr. Hall was a man of wide sympathy and refined tastes, and gifted with an extraordinary power of work. The list of books written and edited by himself and his wife together amount to 360. His last work was a book of memories of great men and women of the age, in which he gives his recollections of the many literary celebrities he had become acquainted with from 1815 to 1872.

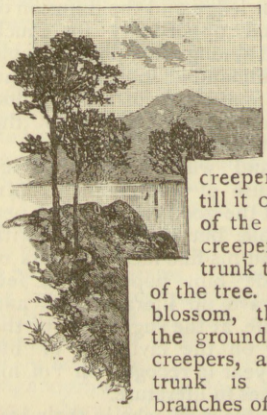
Mr. Hall did not devote all his time to the gathering of knowledge and the diffusion of learning. He found opportunity for much benevolent work, and among other philanthropic institutions that commanded his interest and purse, he helped to found one of the London Hospitals for Consumption, and also the Governesses' Institution.

Both husband and wife were strenuous advocates of the cause of Temperance. Mr. Hall not only helped the good cause by his pen and personal example, but would speak with great earnestness, and his fine face and gifts of speech always made him popular. A few months before he gave up literary work and retired into private life, at the suggestion of the Queen he was put on the civil list of life pensions for £150 a year in recognition "of his long and great services to literature."

Two other remarkable men, who in their less prominent positions have been true and good abstainers, have lately gone from us. Cooper, the reformer, chartist, and defender of Christianity, who lived a noble life, and found friendship among some of the best men of the day—especially with F. D. Maurice, and Kingsley. Those who heard Cooper speak will never forget the man's strong personality and the powerful influence he exercised for every good cause among working men.

In Mr. Swan, the curator of the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield, one met the beau-ideal of an English working-man—gifted and skilful in his own line as an engraver and delicate draughtsman, gentle and simple in manner, devoted to every good and Christian influence for raising others to a higher and better appreciation of all that is true and beautiful in nature and art. Such men are the salt of English life, and should not be allowed to pass away without recognition of their worth. J. J.

The Murderer Tree of Brazil.



THERE is a species of tree growing in Brazil which has the unhappy name of the MURDERER TREE. It spreads its creepers along the ground till it comes to some giant of the forest, and then the creepers twine around the trunk till they reach the top of the tree. When the creepers blossom, the seeds fall into the ground, and produce other creepers, and soon the great trunk is covered with the branches of the creepers, and in time the tree gives way to the enemy and becomes nothing but a dead trunk.

How like the murderer tree is the habit of drinking intoxicating drinks! Who could suppose that a few single creepers would have the power to kill a great tree? Who could foretell that in the future these creepers would increase so greatly that they would have the power to do so great a harm?

The single glass of beer at dinner, the apparently innocent glass of wine at the party, who could imagine that these would bring about ruin to the body and soul of a human being?

And yet it is a solemn fact which must be borne in mind that all drunkenness has its origin in the first drinking of a glass of alcoholic liquors, and that the taste thus created grows and grows till the drinker is unable to master the habit.

A story is told of a father who was in the habit of taking every night a glass of whisky and water. Sometimes he took a piece of sugar out of the liquor and gave it to his little son with the words: "Here, Jack, have a bit of sugar, boy." The boy took it willingly, and though at first the taste of the whisky was unpleasant, he soon overcame this, and began to like its flavour, till at last the father was persuaded by the boy to give him a sip out of the glass. One evening a sister of the boy was standing by when the father offered her a piece of sugar from his glass. Fortunately at this moment the mother entered and said: "No, stop; whatever you give to the boy I cannot allow you to give it to the girl, she shall not learn to taste of intoxicating drinks."

Many years had passed away, and the father had grown old and bent, when he was called upon to perform a most unpleasant duty.

He had to visit his son in prison. How changed was the once bright happy boy, his face haggard, his eyes sunken, dressed in the meagre dress of the convict—he was led out to see his father. He did not welcome him, but looked at him angrily. "Ah," he said, "you see me in my shame and punishment; you think me a bad son, but remember it was *your fault* that I am thus placed; the sips out of your glass led me to love drink, and that love has been the cause of my crime; I am here because I was taught by you to become a drunkard." The father felt the truth of what the son said, it was an arrow that pierced his heart, he hung his head in sorrow, he had no reply. Surely we should take warning and shun the beginning of evil. How truly the poet has spoken:—

> "Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
> As brooks run rivers, rivers run to seas."

THE EFFICIENCY OF OUR BANDS OF HOPE.

BY JOSEPH JOHNSON.

EVERY Band of Hope should try to discover the cause of weakness in its society. Does the weakness come from the officers or the want of good management; or does it lie with the general members? Then every effort should be made to alter and improve the condition of things.

The great question all workers are asking is: "How can we retain our present members?" especially our elder ones. The first thing is to attach them to the principle and cause of total abstinence: to help them to fidelity by personal example, inspiration and influence, and also to secure them to be workers as soon as possible. When they have something to do and have an active share in the enterprise their interest is more fully awakened, and their co-operation and sympathy roused. Hence they are connected to the movement in a way that nothing else can unite them. Our greatest work is to make good workers. Young and old are more likely to feel an interest in those things in which they take some definite part. The greater the stake people have in any concern the more will their regard become fixed and permanent. Officers much more seldom desert than the rank and file, because their stake and share in the army is much larger than that of a private soldier.

All members of a society should feel that they are individually responsible for the success of the meetings; and should come to them not because they have nothing better to do, but because as members of a great movement—soldiers in a great army fighting for a good cause—it is their duty to be present as volunteers in the parade of the corps. The main question every individual should put to themselves is not what can I get, but what can I do?

Concerning the character of the meetings it is well to observe two things—1st, the end for which we work, namely, to make abstainers; and 2nd, that the method and means of bringing about the good end of temperance should be as worthy of respect as we can make them.

Two features should be observed, usefulness and attractiveness. *Usefulness* is the main thing and must never be lost sight of, it is that to which all else must be subordinate. Therefore, the advocacy of our principles on the Band of Hope platform is of the utmost importance. The *attractiveness* of the programme should be adapted to the audience; all should be chosen with a view to bear as much as possible on the main teaching, and nothing inconsistent with that should be introduced. A good programme will make a good advertisement, and go a long way towards making progress and advance with the outsiders. The people will not come unless the meetings are interesting and the programme well provided for. We need many new departures to be continually drawing in fresh people.

Religion should always have the first place, and all should be in harmony with the spirit of praise and prayer to the Almighty. Many other things bearing on the subject may be introduced. Studies from biography, short stories, sketches from history, simple science, notes from natural history, and chemistry. The Bands of Hope should educate their members in the great political and social questions of the day, and prepare them to understand what their duty as citizens, by-and-by, will be.

We should endeavour to make the Bands of Hope practical points of contact between the churches and the Sunday schools during the week. We want more influence with and on our scholars within the six days' gap from Sunday to Sunday. As religious teachers we need to be more in touch with the daily life of our young people, and for this service the Bands of Hope afford a common ground.

All this requires that those who are engaged in the work should have strong convictions, patient earnestness, and persistent enthusiasm, a more liberal policy, the perfect bond of charity, with unvarying zeal in the cause. We must be always adapting our work to the people and to the needs around us, and this must be done without pocketing our principles, or compromising our fidelity, without lowering our standard or altering our position as temperance reformers and leaders in philanthropy, foremost in the advance of social science, active in every good word and work. Then shall we grow in love to Christ, and increase our service to humanity.

One Thing at a Time.

SOMETIMES there is seen in the streets a man who endeavours to play several musical instruments at the same time. On his head, fastened to a brass rod, are a number of small bells; in front of him a big drum; on the top of the drum a pair of cymbals; by the side of the cymbals a triangle; and in the man's hands an accordion. The man is a moving orchestra. When he moves his head the bells ring; with one foot he makes the cymbals bang; with the other the triangle twangs; and fastened to his elbows are the drum sticks, with which he can thump the sides of the drum. There is a good deal of sound, but little music or harmony. The man works hard enough, but for all his trouble only produces a volume of sound which pleases nobody but the little children, who seem greatly amazed at this curious performance. Now let us imagine the man taking off the bells, divesting himself of the other instruments, and then, after much study, playing us a sweet melody on the cornet or flute. How much better shall we find the *one* thing done *well* than the many things done badly. This is a lesson we cannot learn too early.

No man can expect to excel in all departments of life. If I want to be a good clerk, I had better study shorthand and continental languages rather than spend all my leisure time in learning the pianoforte and the violin.

Many fail in life because they have not the power to persevere in one particular object. To-day they are tampering at chemistry; to-morrow they have the palette and brush in hand. They consequently make a failure in all, and cut a sorry figure in the end. Men of science and art have succeeded because they have persevered in one idea and have lived down opposition. Columbus, in discovering America; George Stephenson, the founder of railways; Rowland Hill, the inventor of the penny post;—all these had to fight against great difficulties and fearful opponents. So with great reformers: George Wilberforce and the freedom of the slaves; John Howard and the amelioration of the sufferings of prisoners; Richard Cobden and John Bright in the removal of obnoxious taxes.

We shall find that the principle of total abstinence will be a great advantage in this direction. Abstainers do not want to be amused so much as drinkers, their heads are clearer, their minds are freer to work; they can concentrate thought and action on one particular subject. They are usually in the mood for work, and are able when necessary to work for a long time without intermission. For these reasons we should faithfully maintain our principles.

Pebbles and Pearls.

WHEN the mosquito tried to sting the alligator he wasted his time.—*Creole Proverb.*

MR. M. MACINNESS, M.P., says he became an abstainer in order to enforce freedom of appetite. At a dinner party everybody said, "You *must* take some," and he revolted.

"SO you were at Mrs. Marrable's dinner yesterday. What sort of a *menu* did they give you?" "I really can't tell you, for I didn't take any. It's a thing I seldom touch."

"I BELIEVE a policy which would diminish the death-rate of a great nation, is a feat as considerable as any of those decisive battles of the world which generally decide nothing."—*The Earl of Beaconsfield.*

A HEALTHFUL FRUIT.—A lazy dyspeptic was bewailing his own misfortune, and speaking with a friend on the latter's healthy appearance:—"What do you do to make you so strong and healthy?" inquired the dyspeptic. "Live on fruit alone," answered his friend. "What kind of fruit?" "The fruit of industry; and I am never troubled with indigestion."

MR. GEORGE WHITE, Sheriff of Norwich:—"We have had more than a thousand parents summoned before the magistrates in the city of Norwich for not sending their children to school, and not one of these cases have been from a teetotal family."

THE man who raced a mule and won in remarkably quick time understood mule nature. He kept tugging at the reins and shouting: "Back, back, you brute!" all the way round the course, and the mule went ahead for all he was worth.

"WHAT a wonderful painter Rubens was!" remarked Merritt at the art gallery. "Yes," assented Cora. "It is said of him that he could change a laughing face by a single stroke." "Why," spoke up little Johnny in disgust, "my school teacher can do that."

Water, in addition to properly selected articles of solid food, would constitute all that the wants of the system can ordinarily require. And there is abundant evidence that the most vigorous health may be maintained even under trying circumstances without any other beverage. This is demonstrated not merely by the experience in individuals amongst civilised communities, who have purposely abstained from every other kind of drink, but by the condition of nations previously to their acquaintance with fermented liquors.

WHEN a man has not a good reason for doing a thing he has one good reason for letting it alone.

TEETOTAL TRAVELLERS.—Dr. Peck has stated that a caravan of eighty-two crossed the great African desert from Algeria to Timbuctoo; sixty-seven drank liquors and wines to ward off disease. Arriving at Timbuctoo, all were taken sick, sixty-six of the sixty-seven died, while every one of the fifteen total abstainers survived.

HOW TO RAISE THE PEOPLE.—"Of all the instruments I know of for raising the moral condition of the people, there is none that will compare with that of teaching them to abstain from what is their greatest temptation, and, in the majority of cases, the real source of all their misery. If there is any work in the world which particularly deserves the name of the work of the devil, it is the hindrance which men sometimes put in the path which their fellow-creatures are called by God to walk in. Of all the temptations which surround us in this world, the most difficult, in almost all cases, to deal with, are those which our fellow-men cast in our way."—*Right Rev. Dr. Temple, Bishop of London.*

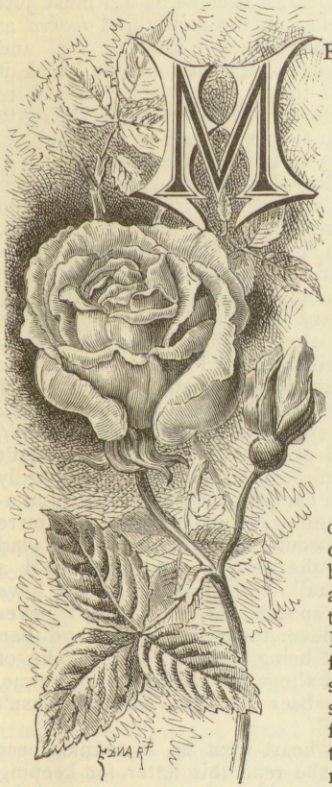
"IF YOU DO, YOU WILL DIE!"—"Before I became an abstainer, I was very much subject to fainting fits. I even fainted in the pulpit, and my life was a burden, and when I made up my mind to abstain my medical man came from London and said, 'If you do, you will probably die. You want the "whip" for your constitution.' I didn't believe him, and said, 'Very well, doctor, then I'll die; and there's an end of it.' But I have not died. And when I met that medical man in London three days since, I said, 'Now, doctor, what do you think of it?' He said, 'You beat me altogether. I never was more mistaken in any case in my life. And now let me tell you that if there was no such thing as alcohol, I should have to put up my shutters.'"—*Rev. Canon Wilberforce.*

OUR JENNIE:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,
Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER VIII.



MEANWHILE Jennie was going about her work with a heavy heart. Her faith was being sorely tried, and the future looked very dark; still, she did not lose her trust in God.

Maude was exceedingly distressed when her mother told her all she had seen, and how little Jennie could say in self-defence. She begged to be allowed to speak to the girl, but Mrs. Lyon refused, saying, she had rather she did not interfere in the matter. So there was no one to hold out a helping hand to the girl, who felt as a stranger in a strange land.

One morning she received a letter from Frank, telling her his master had given him the second place under the foreman; and consequently his wages had been raised, and the men in the workshop were going to give him a supper in honour of the event. Somehow Jennie's heart misgave her when she read this letter, full as it was of love and devotion to herself. She did not like these suppers; there was generally so much drinking at them, but she resolved to pray very earnestly that Frank might be kept from temptation. But she had not much time for brooding over things, for Mrs. Lyon became seriously ill with congestion of the lungs; and Jennie was in constant attendance in the sick room; where, by her quick, silent movements and deft ways, she soon rendered herself almost indispensable.

Her unselfish life, and her willingness to oblige, were not lost upon the other servants; and one night as they were getting into bed, the cook said to her, "I say, Jane, what is it as makes you so pleasant and willing-like always? I don't think as all the four months as you've been here I've ever seen you put out, and you've done me many a thing as you needn't have done. I've generally found the girls trying to do as little as ever they could before, they'd never do a bit extra, but you are quite different."

The tears came into Jennie's eyes as she answered, "I am trying to please another Master as well as an earthly one."

"Oh! I see, you mean God."

"Yes, and if you think when you do things, or are asked to do them and would rather not, it is for Him, and it's the work He has given you, it's astonishing how much easier it makes it, because you love him and are trying to serve Him."

"But you don't like doing things as you do."

"No, indeed I don't, but then that's just where we can serve the Saviour, by being willing to do what we don't like. Miss Newthern says at our class that all our daily life may be service, and that if we do our duty, the work God has given us to do, as well as ever we can in His sight, He looks at it as work done for Him."

"You bring back thoughts of a teacher I had in Sunday school many years ago, when I was quite a little girl; she used to think and talk in the same way. Eh! but I was different in them days," sighed poor cook.

"Were you. How?"

"Oh! I used to pray and believed I'd get answers to my prayers."

"And don't you now?"

"Not I. Why, I haven't prayed for about six years, never since I lived with them *agnes nostums* folks. The master used to say as we couldn't really know for certain anything, so what was the use of praying, and little by little I slipped into their ways; not as I didn't believe in a God, but I just grew careless like, till somehow I felt as though I couldn't pray, that's about it."

"Should we kneel down together to-night, cook, and just tell the Saviour all about it? I mean the hard feeling and like that, you know."

"Well, I don't mind; not as it'll make much difference, one way or another, I don't suppose, but there'll be no harm in it. Can you pray up? 'cause if you can you might as well pray for me a bit."

"I never have done, but I'll try," replied Jennie. "I can't make much of a prayer, but then God don't want fine words."

So the two knelt down side by side, and Jennie prayed thus :

"Oh ! dear Saviour, Thou seest cook and me kneeling here, and we both want Thy help ; she says she feels hard as if she couldn't pray, but Thou knowest all about it without us telling Thee, but just make her feel *soft* and as if she *could pray* to Thee again. We're both sorry for the past, we've done so badly to what we might have done"—(here an interruption from cook under her breath, "Indeed you haven't, Jennie, you've done real well,")—"but with Thy help we mean to do better. Make us very willing to do anything that comes in our way, and may we feel that scrubbing, and cleaning, and cooking are all part of our work for Thee, then they'll seem quite grand like, and we shall feel as if it was real good to be doing 'em. O Lord ! help us in all our troubles, cook has one kind and me another ; but just help us both, and make us very wishful to please Thee. Amen." As they rose from their knees cook put her hands on Jennie's shoulders, and with tears in her eyes said, "You've made me feel more like I did when I was a little girl at Sunday school, than ever I've done since I left off going. Do you know I think them *agnes nothings*, or whatever they call theirselves, is all wrong ; 'cause it's best to pray, even if there ain't a God, it makes one happier."

"Of course it does," replied Jennie, "besides there *is* a God, we know that, and there's no occasion for us to be bothering and wondering about things as don't concern us, it seems to me it need be no concern of ours, as long as we can *feel* He's here."

Oh ! for more of Jennie's simple faith in this age of science and doubts. Has not He said, "Thou shalt know hereafter." Can we not trust Him thus far ?

From that night there was a decided change in cook, not that she professed to become a Christian all at once, nothing of the kind ; but by slow degrees she crept to the feet of the Master, and learnt that she could do nothing, He must do it all, and she must believe in His atonement for *her* sin. Poor cook ! naturally of a hot, fiery temper, she often found it up-hill work, and many times she was tempted to give it all up, but Jennie was always ready with help and encouraging words, so she persevered on the narrow road, and in the end became "more than conqueror," "and all along of you, Jane Stoneley," she would say.

Mrs. Lyon's illness proved a long one, and in consequence nothing was said about Jennie leaving ; in fact, she herself had begun to depend upon the girl far more than she imagined, and during the weeks which followed, mistress and maid came to understand each other better.

One day Jennie received a letter from Frank telling her about the supper that the men had given in his honour,—but we will quote some part of his letter.

"Well, Jennie, they began a-sayin as it would never do for me not to have a drink, as it was *me* as the supper was given in honour of, and it would be most mean if I didn't. Then one chap next me poured out a foaming, frothy glass of beer, and oh ! Jennie, it did look so tempting and clear, it seemed as if I must just taste it, so I held it in my hands and *looked* at it, and then they began a-chaffing me, and saying as I daren't and a lot more, so I took it up and held it to my lips, when I seemed to hear your voice as plain as possible saying to me, 'I want you always to wear your bit of blue, and be true to your temperance pledge.'

"Jennie, darling, I *didn't taste*, but I just put the glass down as if it had burnt me, and turned to my mates and said : 'I canna touch it lads, and I'll tell you for why. Some on you know as me and Jennie Stoneley is keeping company, and there aint another such lass to my thinking the whole country round, and the night afore she went to service she asked me to be true to my pledge, and I promised her I would, (here I felt a sort o' lump come in my throat, like) and oh ! I feel it would be terrible mean of me to break that promise, besides—*I love her so I couldn't*, 'cause it would grieve her. There lads, that's why I can't drink.' Well, Jennie, I could hardly believe my own ears, for they actually begun a-clapping me, and some of 'em says : 'You're right Frank, it would be awful mean, I'm glad you've told us the reason,' and then we'd a reg'lar teetotal talk, and I think as I must have made quite a speech like, I'm sure I never meant to, and never thought I could ; and then we talked about being teetotal for the sake of other folks, and altogether we'd a real nice time, and half the beer as was ordered wasn't drunk."

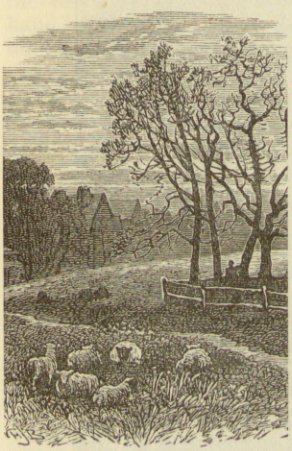
How Jennie's heart went up in thankfulness to God, when she read this letter, for keeping her Frank in the midst of temptation, and the trial through which she was passing seemed almost as nothing. Owing to Mrs. Lyon's illness, she had not been able to get to Miss Newthern's week-night class for some time, and consequently Agatha knew nothing of how matters were progressing, but she felt very anxious about the girl, and had it not been for the accident that had occurred, and given her so much to do and see after, she would have called to see her, but she resolved if she were not at the class the next time it met, she would make an effort and call the next day.

(To be continued.)

A MESSAGE FROM THE FLOWERS.

By UNCLE BEN.

"Oh! these flowers of summer, angel-like are they,
Listen to the message which they bring to-day."



"OH! mother, do let's go into the woods to-day—it is so lovely out," said little Pet, the youngest in a family of four girls.

"If Elsie and Maud can get their lessons done, you may; for I am sure it will do Pattie good. She has looked as if she wanted a great deal of fresh air; the roses have been sadly fading from her cheeks. So if she and the two girls like to have an early tea, you may all go flower-gathering in the woods, and spend a long evening, calling for your cousins on the way, as I am sure they would like to join you."

"You are a dear, good, kind mother, and I will go and tell Pattie at once."

"I am always a dear, good, kind mother when I let you do what you like; but I show my real love for you most when I deny you things you wish for that are not best."

With this Pet sped away to find Pattie, the eldest girl, and the adored heroine of little Pet, who looked up to her sister with the uttermost devotion. In fact, there was a wonderful bond of union between the first and last in this small family; for Elsie and Maud being more of an age, found each other's companionship and play all sufficient. This left Pet wholly dependent on Pattie for all her joys, and it was to her she turned for sympathy in every childish sorrow; so that these two hearts were strangely woven together. Pattie was discovered by Pet in the midst of her domestic duties in the kitchen, engaged in making some jelly. Pet told her news with great glee, and begged to stay and watch the process of the jelly manufacturing. While this work was going on, Pet knelt on a chair, and gave her undivided attention to follow every action. At one time she reached forward to embrace a large black bottle that stood on the dresser, asking—"What is this for?"

"Don't touch it, darling Pet," said Pattie, with an earnestness that quite startled the child.

"I won't," said little Pet, drawing back in awe at her sister's tone; "but what is it?" she still inquired.

"In there is some kind of spirit called 'Alcohol,' which does more harm, and works more ruin and disgrace, than any other one thing around us."

"Then why do we have it?" persisted the little one.

"Well, I am thankful to say, little is taken in this house. Mother and father like it in cooking, and they don't see the danger there is in a little. I wish that we had not a drop in the place; I can scarcely bear the sight or smell of it."

Such a troubled look came into Pattie's face that little Pet stood up on the chair, and put her arms round her sister's neck, and gave her one of her fondest hugs.

However, Pattie listened to the proposal for an evening in the woods with joy, and showed every interest in Pet's glad anticipation.

Before the kitchen duties were completed, the second delivery of the post arrived. At the sound of the bell, Pattie stopped and listened, as if in anxious expectation. The servant soon came in, bearing a letter for her. The colour went and came as she took the missive, looked at it a moment with tears of anguish in her eyes, finished her immediate duty, set Pet a small domestic service to fulfil, and fled upstairs. When she returned again her face was very pale, and her eyes were red; but she had her sweetest smile and most cheerful way.

Elsie and Maud had gone and informed their cousins of their plans; so that directly after an early and hasty tea, all were ready to set out on the expedition. The white, dusty road was left behind, and the way led through pleasant fields, where the harvest was ripening and the poppies burnt and glowed in pomp and splendour, fluttering and waving with grace in the undulations of the wind-swept corn.

When the party arrived in the woods, decked with light and shade, the moving leaves making quivering shadows, the sunshine flittering through the network of underwood and foliage made a dim semi-green atmosphere, in which butterflies floated and insects lazily hovered, the group paired—one of the cousins with Maud and the other with Elsie, while Pattie and Pet were left to their own fellowship.

There were several tracks through the wood, which all converged at the centre. These avenues were for shooting, as much game was preserved. A footpath ran right through; but when the centre was reached, it was almost impossible not to wander up and down the glades, if time permitted. This was to be the place of rendezvous before returning. The flower-gatherers dispersed, each intending to

bring back a nosegay of one particular flower. Pet resolved on Solomon's seals, one chose campions, another foxgloves; Maud selected meadow sweet, Pattie violets, and Elsie said if she could not find any orchids she should bring as many different kinds of white flowers as she could find.

Pattie soon made up a little bunch of dog-violets, and helped little Pet. It was a day not to be forgotten. Pet did not then fully understand what a red-letter day it was. Pet, observing how small a bunch of violets Pattie had gathered, and that she had put them in her dress, wished before returning in the cool twilight to give her elder sister all her Solomon's seals, and offered to pick a few more violets.

"For," said she, "there is no glass small enough when we get home to put them in."

Pattie replied she did not mind, as she only wanted to send them away in a letter, and further said that it was very particular that she must pick them all herself. This information

opened the way for more inquiry ; so that on the homeward journey, in the growing dusk, Pattie unburdened her troubled heart as she could not have done to anyone else. Love and sympathy bridged over the chasm of years, and as Pet was getting tired they lingered behind the rest, so that as they journeyed homeward hand in hand Pattie found some relief in telling her little sister how important this day was.

For now she had resolved to become engaged to Edgar, a friend and companion who had gone to London, and had become very unsteady, giving way to the drink until at last he had been disgraced by having to appear in a London police court, and was fined five shillings and costs, and had written the letter that had been received by the post that day expressing his penitence and promising that if Pattie would only consent to be his wife he would sign the pledge and with her help he should try and reform. For long had these two young people been attached, but the evil tendency in Edgar's character had made Pattie hesitate in giving herself wholly to him. But now he was in disgrace, and people who had thought him a pleasant, well-to-do young man said bitter things about him, and her heart burned more fondly than ever, and she, if any sacrifice on her part could save him, would make it, especially as he seemed truly sorry and was willing to abstain wholly from strong drink. She feared her parents would not approve of her conduct, although before this disgrace she knew they were well disposed towards him, because he was a very agreeable and popular young man, and in a good position.

As Pattie told Pet much of this in simple language her resolve became more fixed. That night she told her parents her decision, and though they were not pleased they gave a reluctant consent. On the next day Pattie wrote accepting Edgar as her future husband, and sending off the violets in token of her pledge of love.

All went well for some time; Edgar kept his word, and his reform seemed likely to be permanent. That very day twelve months they were married, and Pet was chief bridesmaid at the wedding, and held Pattie's glove when the ring was put on. Pattie left the home with many hopes and fears. Friends wished them much happiness ; some said what a good match it was, some thought it was a pity so noble a girl should throw herself away on a man that always meant well but lacked strength of character, and in whom "the one thing needful" was wanted.

Time fled on, Edgar became more prosperous, all things seemed to make him a successful man of the world. But with this "getting on" and rising up in social scale he began to keep wine for the sake of his friends, much to Pattie's grief, then to find temptation too strong, and secretly he gave way to drink. For some time he was able to keep up the deception. At last Pattie found it out. All her joy and hope fled; she lost trust in her husband, and felt there was no confidence in his word. Trouble and discord came, her very love for him made her stand between him and his ruin with the full force of her fond woman nature. She told him if he continued drinking and would not wholly give it up it would kill her, and that it would be over her dead body he must pass. He only smiled, and said : "It'll never come to that, thank goodness!"

Pattie kept the secret of her grief as best she could, and gave up her life to save her husband; but all to no purpose. Steadily the habit grew. With the energy of despair she fought the awful battle day by day with love and tenderness, and at the same time with a passion of righteousness and fidelity. As the evil increased her heart and mind became so wrecked with agony that the physical nature gave way under the strain, and suddenly there was a total collapse. No one knew till then the suffering she had endured. Pet went at once to nurse her, but no medicine and care could avail. The doctor prescribed change for her, so at her special desire Pet took her home and soon found to the unspeakable sorrow of all she had come home to die.

Then when the summer reached its crown and glory Pattie found her's also, but not here—with Him "in whom we live," and by whose grace she had laid down her life to save a lost one.

On the anniversary of Pattie's betrothal and wedding Pet went out into the woods again, but this time all alone, and gathered a small bunch of dog violets, and sent them to Edgar with words that burned his soul like fire,—"In memory of one who loved and gave her life for you."

We dare not think the sacrifice could have been in vain, though we may not know on earth.

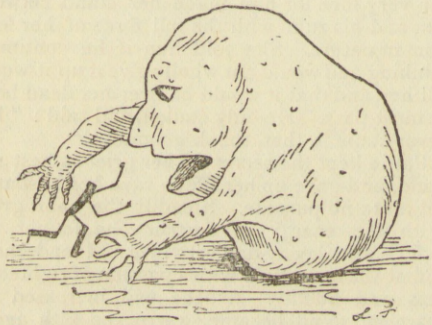
FROM last year's report of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Insurance Company, recently issued, it appears that whereas the number of deaths expected in the Temperance section was 298, for sums amounting to £72,945, the actual number of deaths was 216, and the sums assured, £48,044. In the general section 372 deaths were expected, with claims amounting to £86,390, while the actual number was 385, and the sum assured, £69,005. The experience of twenty-three consecutive years shows, that during the whole of that period in the Temperance section the claims have only been 71 per cent., whereas in the general section it was 97 per cent. of the expectancy.

Chronicles of the Alcohol Family.

OLD PORT'S STORY.

By Dr. J. James Ridge.

CHAPTER VIII.



WHEN the next opportunity occurred, I called on Droplet to continue his story.

"Let me see," said he, "I had just told you that after squeezing through the wall of the pipe I was hurried along in the stream of red blood. I told you that this stream was really whitish, and crowded with little bits of reddish jelly; but till I got among them I had no idea of the millions upon millions of these little bodies, jostling and crowding along in ceaseless movement. The tiny pipe into which I was first squeezed very soon opened into another pipe, which was a little larger; others joined on all sides, through which fresh streams came pouring in. Then it joined a larger pipe still, and further on a larger and again a larger, until I found myself in a wide and noble current, and had more time to look about me. I cannot tell you how many times I bumped up against some of these round bits of jelly, though they all seemed to try and get out of my way, as though I were poison."

"So you are," shouted Waterbottle.

Then arose such a noise and hubbub that it is marvellous that Old Joe was not startled out of his sleep. Shouts of "Turn him out!" "Down with him!" "Smash him!" and other uncomplimentary remarks came from all sides, and it was a long time before I could quiet them. At last I made my voice heard, and when they had settled down again, Droplet proceeded.

"Besides these numberless little red bits of jelly, I saw every now and then bodies of another sort floating along. These were pale, whitish masses of jelly, three or four times the size of the others. They were generally found near the sides of the pipes, or sticking to them for a shorter or longer time. And they seemed to be able to move, for at one time they would be round, and then a little bit would stick out here and there, so that they looked quite spiny, or angular, and then these projections would be drawn in again. I had some trouble in getting to know all this, as whenever I went close up and touched these white bodies, they would shrink up, and would not move while I kept near them. Once I found one of these white bodies having a deadly fight with a tiny body, which was the shape of a sausage, only, of course, very much smaller. It was like a little torpedo boat attacking a monster iron-clad ship; or like a sword-fish attacking a whale. The big white body sent out projections and tried to catch hold of the little sausage-shaped thing and drag it in, to smother and destroy it; on the other hand, the little body plunged and kicked, and sent out some invisible streams of fluid, which might soften and destroy his big enemy."

"Whatever could that be?" said I.

"I was told," replied Droplet, "by some of the bodies which hurried by as fast as they could that this little sausage-shaped thing was a germ of disease, perhaps of some fever or other, which had found its way into the blood, and would multiply enormously and work terrible havoc if it were not soon killed. I was very much interested, and made my way to the spot to watch the struggle. I came close up to the big white body, and as I did so I made it grow sluggish and powerless. But the germ seemed to be made more active and vigorous than before. He redoubled his efforts, and gave his opponent such a mighty dig in his side that a great hole was made, and some of his inside came pouring out. Even then it might have been healed; but while I laid hold of him he could do nothing, and soon the little germ had destroyed him, and was feeding on his dead body. From that germ several others soon grew, and these hurried off to attack more of the living particles in their turn; but what came of it I cannot say, as I did not come across them, and was hurried off in some other direction.

"After a time I found the large pipe into which I had been carried divided into two smaller ones, and these branched off again and again very rapidly, so that I soon found myself once more in a network of tiny pipes similar to that into which I was first squeezed. Here I jostled up against two or three more Droplets of alcohol, which had arrived by different routes at the same place. We were in the very middle of a large, soft, solid body of a dark-red colour."

"That was Old Joe's liver," said I.

"Ah! so I thought," continued Droplet. "The pipe along which we had come branched out like a small but beautiful tree, and on every

side were packed in rounded bodies like tiny balls, connected together by a delicate network. From these a wonderful attraction was exerted upon the red fluid in the pipes. I myself could hardly get away from the spot. My companions were actually dragged through the walls of the pipe. I could see that they made a desperate resistance. They clung to the network between the little balls, which, I suppose, are called the cells of the liver. These became harder, thicker, and tougher in consequence, and I passed by places in the liver where, by the constant influence of multitudes of Droplets in days and years gone by, this network had grown thick and hard, and had squeezed to death nearly all the cells among its meshes. But where my companions got through there were still many such cells, and these had some powerful means of torturing such beings as we are. My friends were cut up and disposed of, I know not how, and I never saw them any more. I am glad to know, however, that they were not finally overcome without inflicting some injury on those cruel cells. By their gallant resistance the cells were hindered in their proper work, and the yellow fluid which they are engaged in making, and which trickles down into little tubes which are ready to receive it, was not so good as it would have been. I could see very well that though some of us Droplets were thus disposed of, we were gradually getting the upper hand of the liver. We have only to keep on pouring in, tiny as we are, in innumerable and daily crowds, and in course of time his liver will be as hard as a cricket-ball, and there will be no horrid cells to destroy us."

"Don't be too sure," said I; "before that time comes there may be other things happen. As that network you spoke of thickens and hardens, it contracts, and will not only squeeze the life out of the liver cells, but will twist up the pipes which convey the blood, and squeeze them so that the current of blood will be hindered, and will swell the pipes as the stream is forced on and cannot get through. Then I can tell you that the man's veins will swell, and dropsy will come on. He will be very ill, and perhaps die, before all those liver cells which you call your enemies are quite destroyed."

"At all events," said Droplet, and it was clear that he hated that liver with a perfect hatred, "if he dies his liver will die too, and I shall have my revenge on my tormentors; so the sooner the better, and I wish I could get in again to hurry it on."

"I said he would poison Old Joe if he could," shouted Waterbottle; and again I had all my work cut out to stop the row, which was only done by promising speedy trial and execution when Droplet had ended his story.

THE OUTLOOK.

GUILDS.

THE formation of Guilds for young people is becoming an important feature in Social progress, and may be largely useful in retaining elder scholars and members of Bands of Hope. The Episcopal Churches have been very successful in this work and the Presbyterian Churches are taking the matter up. The American Churches have adopted with much advantage a young people's Society called the "Christian Endeavour."

It is very evident we need, as Christian workers for the young, to throw all our energy into the work that causes so many desertions among our senior scholars. We require a closer bond of union to unite the young lads and lasses growing out of boyhood and girlhood, and hence we should welcome this effort, which, if it does not solve the problem, should not be discouraged by Band of Hope helpers.

Fresh organisations and new Societies must not be allowed to lessen devotion to our special movement; in fact we must see to it that these Guilds are helpful to the cause, and as far as possible are run on temperance lines, guided by Band of Hope leaders. These young people's Associations may become a very great blessing if the best Christians in our churches will encourage them and give them their personal influence.

The proposal is that every church should have a society to gather the elder scholars together in the week and associate them for mutual service under four main departments to which the interest and the energy of the members may be directed. (1) The RELIGIOUS. This is the essential end, and must pervade all methods of work: the suggestions under this head are evangelistic bands, separate missionary societies, or little brotherhoods for prayer and Bible reading. (2) The MORAL. Orders for increase of purity, the advance of temperance, and for instruction in thrift. (3) INTELLECTUAL. Book societies or reading fraternities. Mutual improvement institutions or discussion classes. (4) SOCIAL RECREATION. To provide holidays, clubs, excursions, walking parties, pleasant evenings in the winter and harmless out-door amusements in the summer.

All these objects are wise and good; in fact, nothing should be left undone that can be done to adopt all means towards this worthy purpose, of securing to our young men and maidens all that is good and best, doing all we can directly and indirectly to train and educate them for a higher life, that they may become worthy citizens and noble Christian men and women.

SING ALOUD TO GOD.

Words and Music by W. F. SHERWIN.
(Arranged for this Work.)

Boldly, with spirit.

mf

1. Sing a - loud to God, and with glad ac-claim Glo-ri - fy Him now and ev - er;

KEY A♭. *Boldly, with spirit.*

mf

:m ,,r	d :l, | s, :m ,,r	d :l, | s, :d ,,r	m :l | s :m	r :— | r
2. Hal-le-	lu-jahs swell from the	old and young, Little	child, and patriarchs	hoa - ry;
:s, ,,f,	m, :f, | m, :s, ,,s,	s, :f, | m, :s, ,,s,	s, :d | d :s,	s, :fe, | s,
:d ,,d	d :d | d :d ,,t,	d :d | d :d ,,t,	d :d | d :d	t, :l, | t,
3. Yet a-	gain in song be His	name a-dored, For the	beams of life and	heal - ing,
:d ,,d	d :d | d :d, ,,r,	m, :f, | d, :m, ,,s,	d :f, | m, :d,	s, :r, | s,

Laud and hon-our be to His ho-ly name, For His mer-cy fail-eth nev - er.

:m ,,r	d :r | m :m ,,r	d :r | m :f ,,f	s :l | s :m	r :— | d
And en-	raptured be ev - 'ry	hu-man tongue, When we	tell the old sweet	sto - ry,
:se, ,,t,	l, :l, | se, :se, ,,t,	l, :t, | d :d ,,d	d :t, | d :s,	t, :— | d
:t, ,,m	m :r | t, :t, ,,m	m :s | s :f ,,l	s :f | m :s	s :f | m
In the	light that shines from the	Ho - ly Word, All a	Fa-ther's love re-	veal - ing;
:m, ,,se,	l, :f, | m, :m, ,,se,	l, :s, | d :l, ,l,	m, :r, | m, :d,	s, :— | d,

(S. & C.)

p

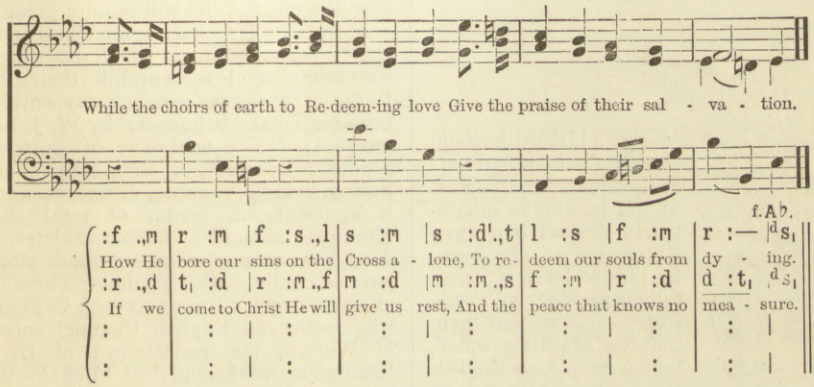
Let the white-robed host of the realms a-bove Strike their harps in a - do - ra - tion,

Inst.

p E♭ t. (S. & C.)

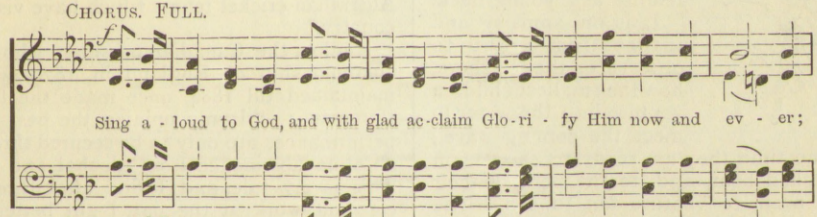
:d f ,,m	r :m | f :s ,,l	s :m | s :d',,d'	t :l | s :f	m :—.f | s
How the	Sa-viour came from the	heav'nly throne To a	world in darkness	ly - ing;
:l, r ,,l	t, :d | r :m ,,f	m :d | m :m ,,m	r :f | m :r	d :—.r | m
Ere we	reach the home of the	pure and blest And the	soul's e - ter - nal	lei - sure,
:	: | :	: | :	: | :	: |
:	: | :	: | :	: | :	: |

SING ALOUD TO GOD.



f. A♭.

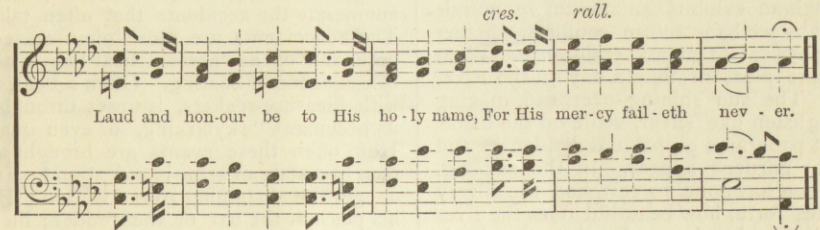
CHORUS. FULL.



CHORUS. *f* FULL.

Sing a - loud to God, and with glad ac-claim Glo - ri- fy Him now and ev - er;

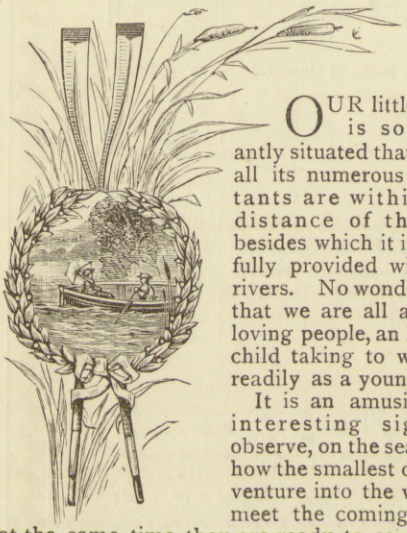
cres. *rall.*



cres. *rall.*

Laud and hon-our be to His ho - ly name, For His mercy fail - eth nev - er.

A PULL ON THE RIVER.



OUR little island is so pleasantly situated that almost all its numerous inhabitants are within easy distance of the sea; besides which it is plentifully provided with safe rivers. No wonder, then, that we are all a water-loving people, an English child taking to water as readily as a young duck.

It is an amusing and interesting sight to observe, on the sea shore, how the smallest children venture into the water to meet the coming wave; at the same time they are ready to seize upon any unwatched boat, and, to the peril of their own lives even, to venture out to sea. The annual boat races in England excite attention all over the civilised globe. The fame of the Oxford and Cambridge boat race is discussed, and the dark or light blue worn by admirers who may be thousands of miles away from the scene of conflict. The scene at Putney, Barnes, or Hendon during the racing season is interesting and instructive. Seated in an outrigger, or in the single sculler's wager-boat, young England exhibits an amount of muscle which speaks well for future conflicts, whether it be of physical or mental endurance. What can be more pleasant than a day on the River Thames? The sun shining overhead, making the water glisten like silver, while on the banks a constant panorama of palatial residences and magnificent gardens appear. In the evening, when the sun has gone to rest, and the silvery moon shines forth, how beautiful does the river look then! The lonely wanderer on the river's bank is charmed by the music of sweet voices coming from the slowly-moving boat, as the song arises—

> "Slowly o'er the waters we glide,
> Our barque is bathed in the silver moontide,
> Our hearts are as light as the feathery spray,
> And our faces as bright as a warm summer's day."

A good oarsman must possess strong physical powers. He must have all his wits about him, so that on an emergency he may be able to act with promptitude and care, for even on the safest rivers there are dangerous spots in which even the most skilful will require great care.

In training for a race some trainers allow the use of malt liquors in small quantities, and at stated times; while some prohibit their use entirely. In the last temperance prize essay, entitled, "The Case for Total Abstinence," by W. J. Lacey, we are told:—"The testimony of those who have trained themselves, or have trained others, for rowing, cycling, running, or pedestrian contests, is uniformly in favour of total abstinence. Examples abound of famous athletes, living or dead, who, on professional grounds alone, would have no dealings with alcohol. These instances at once occur to memory—of Captain Webb, who swam the English Channel successfully; of Weston, the pedestrian; of Dr. Carver, 'champion marksman;' of 'Buffalo Bill;' and of many of the most prominent members of the Australian cricket teams which have visited this country."

Hanlon, the Canadian oarsman, who won the championship of England in 1879, which he maintained till 1884, once made the following statement:—"In my opinion the best physical performances are only to be secured through the absolute abstinence from alcohol and tobacco. This is my rule, and I find after three years' constant work at the oar, I am better able to contend in a great race than when I commenced."

Some abstaining boats'-crews have performed wonderful feats of endurance. We may mention that of the expedition in search of Franklin, under Captain Kennedy, when the captain and a crew of nineteen were all abstainers. After much severe hardship and labour, all returned safe and sound.

Against the pleasures of boating we have to enumerate the accidents that often take place. These accidents are more often caused by the occupants of the capsized boat than a necessary consequence of boating. Often a boat, crowded with pleasure-seekers, is upset through one of its occupants "skylarking," or even quarrelling. How often these events are brought about by men in a state of semi-intoxication! From this danger the abstaining rower is free. He takes his place at the oar or the rudder; his mind is not clouded by alcohol; he is prepared to do his share of the work; he is able to take a fair amount of fatigue, and can either guide the boat or pull at the oar with a feeling of confidence in his own ability, while his companions are able to place confidence in his judgment. He is not taken off his guard by a trifle; he is ready, promptly, to meet an unexpected danger. Thinking of this reminds us of the song:—

> "Row, brothers, row, the tide flows fast,
> The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

We have all read the story told with such dramatic power by the late J. B. Gough, illustrating the power of habit. The boat allowed to drift into the awful current of the Niagara River; the foolish boatmen laughing at the warnings they received from the banks, went on their way, till at last, precipitated over the falls they went to destruction. Just so with the man who gives himself up to the power of evil habit. At last he is unable to control this power, and hurries on to his own ruin. How true are the words of Pope:—

"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees—
As brooks run to rivers, rivers run to seas."

JEM TENBY'S HEROISM.

By JAMES SEAGER.

A KNOT of excited boys were gathered in one corner of a cricket-field, and one of the biggest of them was saying—"Let them fight it out: let them fight it out." Another boy was rolling up his sleeves in a very defiant fashion; while a third, as he took his jacket down from a bough, and prepared to put it on, said:—"No; it is not a thing to fight about. What does it matter, after all, who made the largest score?" "Ah! he's afraid! he's afraid! Coward! coward!" came from a dozen pairs of lips at once.

The next five minutes were awfully long ones for Jem Tenby, as he and his schoolfellows made their way across the field to school quarters. Of course Tom Burke crowed over him lustily because he had refused to fight. And big Harry Smith grew quite witty, and invented all sorts of funny remarks about Jem Mace and Tom Sayers, which made Jem's cheeks burn and his fingers tingle, and which caused all the rest to laugh immoderately. Yes, it was a miserable five minutes as he walked across the fields! How lonely he felt! For, somehow, the few boys who did not join in the cutting remarks, didn't come and walk beside him. And so it came to pass that he was a little ahead of the rest when he reached the stile close to the railway crossing.

But there something happened which soon made him forget the squabble, and the cruel remarks of his schoolfellows, and everything else. He could hear a train coming quickly round the bend; and there, just in front of him, he was horrified to see drunken Bill Stokes staggering across the railway, and threatening at every step to fall on his little three-year-old child, whose hand he held. It was the work of a moment to spring forward, vault over the stile, dash at Bill Stokes, give him a desperate push, which sent him staggering three or four steps backward before he fell, and then catch up his little daughter and lift her clear of the rails, just as the big, black, grinding, rattling, hissing, snorting, shrieking thing seemed to be quite on the top of him.

The drunken man whose life he had saved had plumped down on the edge of the embankment. And there Jem Tenby was glad enough to plump down too, for he felt very queer. It seemed like having a very bad nightmare before tea, instead of after supper.

Meanwhile a transformation had taken place on the other side of the rushing train. His schoolfellows had seen his daring deed. And it was with very different looks upon their faces, and very different words on their lips, and very different conduct every way, that they came over to him when the train had passed. After starting the half-sobered Bill Stokes on his way they gathered round their class-mate with many a look of admiration, and many a word of praise for his plucky action. There was something touching in the way Tom Burke came forward, with something very like a tear in each eye, and a decided quaver in his voice, as he said:—"Shake hands, old fellow; I was the coward." And there was something really comical in the way big Harry Smith improvised an imitation brass band out of cricket bats and wickets; and when he and the next biggest boy had made an armchair for Jem Tenby, started them all off to the strains of—

"See the conquering hero comes."

Jem enjoyed that chairing very much, for he valued the good opinion of his schoolmates; but the sweetest bit of the whole adventure was half an hour afterwards, when the head-master, who had seen the procession from his window, and learnt all about the afternoon's doings, sent in something extra for tea, and presently came in himself and made a speech, in which he said that much as he admired the physical courage which had prompted a member of their school to save the lives of a drunken man and his child by putting his own in great peril, he admired still more the moral courage which made him brave the taunts of his schoolfellows in the pursuit of what he held to be right.

LET us not be too prodigal when we are young or too parsimonious when we are old; otherwise we shall fall into the common error of those who, when they had the power to enjoy, had not the prudence to acquire, and, when they had the prudence to acquire, had no longer the power to enjoy.

IN MEMORIAM.—THOMAS H. BARKER,

Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, from its formation in 1853, until his death, which took place on Wednesday, June 26th, 1889.

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

O FAITHFUL Son of Temperance, rest in peace ;
The blessedness of years well spent be thine ;
Thy life one purpose knew and one pursued
With strong conviction, deep within thy soul.
Clear was the light which heaven to thee revealed,
And thou the torch of truth didst bravely hold,
And light the path to freedom and deliverance,
The full emancipation of our people
From all the cruel wrong and wretchedness,
The woes untold and miseries of drink.
Fierce was the struggle in the early years,
With customs false and blind and laws unjust,
When thou, unmoved, didst brave the world's abuse.
Through scorn and calumny the truth was held,
With prayers to heaven and hope within thy breast;
Till light broke forth and faithful hearts were cheered,
And men that long had yearned for better days
Fresh hope received, and mightier inspiration
To battle with each wrong and foul abuse,
And set in truer mould the public mind.
O pattern of good men with purpose high,
How freely for the truth thy life was given ;
No false sound passed thy lips, or word thy pen,
A prudent counsellor, a faithful guide.
A mightier influence from thy life went forth
To touch men's hearts and serve the public wea.
Than e'er philosopher or warrior knew.
We loved thee when thy form was vigorous,
And all the force of intellect was thine.
We saw thee toil unceasing year by year,
And marked with joy the progress of our cause.
We loved thee through declining years, as oft
Thy faltering frame told plainly of the end,
When other lips thy message had to bear,
And other hands take up thy fertile pen.
We wait in vain to catch thy friendly voice ;
We see no more thy dear familiar face ;
Our hearts grow sad to think that thou art gone!
Oh ! is there no communion with the dead,
As one by one our leaders pass away,
And leave sad gaps which nothing seems to fill?
Oh, God of truth, the issue rests with Thee ;
Give us more faith in Thy kind providence.
In mercy Thou dost call Thy servants hence,
When work is done, to rest with Thee on high.
Let each fair mantle fall on worthy son,
And many lives reflect their noble deeds ;
So let Thy cause proceed, and truth prevail,
Till every home is radiant with its beams,
And Britain rise all glorious and free !

PROVERBS.

By FRANK FAIRHALL.

"THOUGH YOUR HANDS BE ROUGH, LET YOUR MANNERS BE GENTLE."

IN the days of falconry, the goshawk, or male hawk, was called the *tiercel*, or *tierce-gentle — tierce*, because it was one-third less than the female bird; *gentle*, not so much because it was naturally of a mild disposition as because it had been reclaimed from wildness, and trained and tamed to obedience and self-control. "He is gentle that does gentle deeds." The true gentleman is not the soft, easy-going fellow, without any spirit, who resents nothing because he feels nothing. His calmness is not due to absence of feeling, but to presence of mind. Sensitiveness is covered by self-restraint. He has tamed himself. He will bite his tongue rather than say a rough word, and clench his hands to keep them from doing a rude thing. He is gentle, not because he was born so, like the dove, but because he has been trained to be so, like the tiercel.

Why should not all boys and girls be gentlemen and ladies? You may not have been born so. Your hands may be rough with hard toil, but your manners may be polished smooth with the wear of constant self-restraint. You may tame yourself by discipline, by watchfulness, by guarding the "first springs of thought and will," by cultivating the "pleasure-grounds" as well as the "corn-fields" of the mind—the dainty and delicate habits of speech and manner, which give pleasure to others, as well as the sturdier powers which provide bread. Not that mere politeness and pretty ways make a lady or a gentleman. You may know how to raise your hat gracefully or to drop a lovely curtsey, and you may never be so clumsy as to tread upon other people's boots; but, in another sense, you may tread upon their corns, and do it very cruelly, too. "Better lose a jest than a friend," says another proverb. To be gentle, one must be thoughtful and unselfish—gentle inside. The grimy working-man in the railway carriage who said to the pale-faced woman with a fretful baby, "Here, mother, let me nurse the kid for you, and you take a rest: I'm fond of the young 'uns, I am," behaved more like a true gentleman than the well-dressed man in the corner who, when more passengers came in, stretched out his legs and would not budge an inch to make room. "He who makes others wretched is himself a wretch, whether prince or peasant." A real gentleman is a gentleman all over.

Dean Swift's idea was that "whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy is the best bred man in the company." For that we sometimes need to mix with our self-restraint and thoughtfulness and unselfishness just a little condescension. Condescension means coming down of our own accord. The Romans, you know, lived in a city shut in by seven hills. The common folk had their houses down below, while those who were higher up in the world built palaces on the hillside. But when an election took place they were all equal: the patrician's vote was worth no more than the plebian's. People of all ranks met in the *comitium*, or polling-place. The great nobles came down from their lofty homes and put themselves on a level with the workmen and shopkeepers. They called that *condescensus* (condescension)—coming down of their own accord, and making themselves equal with the humblest. Now, you must be up before you can come down. And if you are up that is what you are there for—that you may "mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate," as Jesus Christ did, who, though He was "in the form of God," "took upon Him the form of a servant." And, please mind the difference between *looking* down and *coming* down. The castle *looks* down, frowning upon us from some superior height. The little rill *comes* down, sparkling, laughing, skipping, singing, blessing everywhere as it goes along. One reason why God so often makes the springs break out high up on the hillside is that they may be able to descend. The higher they rise the farther they can fall, the more force have they to bear them a long way. Be like the little rill and come down, gladdening and enlivening everyone you touch as you pass by to join the ocean of eternity.

Condescension is not quite the same thing as humility. Humility says: "I know I am nothing, and therefore I must take the lowest place." Condescension says: "I know I am *not* nothing, but nevertheless I will put myself in the lowest place." If you are great, show your greatness by your condescension. If you are high up, show your height by the distance you can come down. "If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet." And you must be low down

indeed if you are not higher than somebody else in some one thing or other. You are not taller or more handsome perhaps, but you may be stronger. Not older, but wiser. Not richer, but healthier and happier. When a new boy comes to your school he may be cleverer than you are, but he will not know the ways of the place so well. You can help him by your experience, by showing him the way about and putting him up to things it will be well for him to know. Be a gentleman, and condescend to him; only don't make him feel that you are doing so—don't patronise him. Or, the girl in the factory who works by your side may in some ways be better off than you, and very "nice;" but she may be slow, while you are quick and the work no trouble to you. Don't be proud and rude and laugh at her slowness, which very likely she cannot help. Show her how to do better, and how to get through her work quickly, as you so well know how to do. In the factory, though not perhaps in the home, you are her superior—higher up than she is—yet condescend to her. Be a lady. "Though your hands be rough, let your manners be gentle."

When I think of the word "lady," somehow I always think of the first lady I ever knew, who, when I was quite helpless, fed me, and nursed me, and thought nothing too menial to do for me. She condescended to me, and so won my heart. She stooped to conquer. And to-day I worship her memory as I worship the memory of none other. A lady to me is—what she was.

Once there was a man who climbed a tree to look down upon a famous prophet who was passing by. But Jesus could not bless Zacchæus while Zacchæus patronised him. "Come down," He said, "for to-day I must abide at thy house." And that is just what He is saying to all of us: "Make haste and come down, and to-day I will abide at your house."

The Opium Question.

THE spread of the opium trade is terrible. We are informed on good authority, by the Commission at Hawkow, that seven-tenths of the adult male population are opium smokers. The same statement is made with regard to Si Chuen, a district of seventy millions of inhabitants, or twice the population of Great Britain.

The drug is now grown by the Chinese themselves, and in some places 90 per cent. of what is consumed is of native cultivation. The prospect for the country is awful. Years ago the Chinese Government did their best to keep out our opium, but we compelled them, by our unjust war, to open their ports to receive it, with the result that now the country is being ruined by this curse. The evil we English people have done so much to set in motion we cannot now prevent. But we can, at least, demand that no disgraceful consideration of revenue shall be allowed to stand in the way of the immediate and complete suppression of the trade so far as we are concerned.

It is one of the great disgraces of our Indian Government that they hold the monopoly for the cultivation of this deadly poison. Over 500,000 acres of land are now devoted to the cultivation of the poppy in Bengal. It is carefully prepared at Government factories, and sent to Calcutta and sold there by auction, without reserve, to the highest bidders. Not only is the opium exported to China, but the retail sale of the drug is undertaken by Government, for the demoralisation of the poor natives of India. All this evil has been wrought, and is now going on, in order to keep up the Indian revenue. This is now the appalling fact, that for the last twenty-five years, out of this trade of misery and murder, the Indian Treasury has amassed the enormous sum of £134,500,000.

We are guilty of this money made at the expense of sin and shame to others; against the protest of the missionaries and the most Christian politician, and at the cost of our national righteousness. Concerning such action, John Bright has said:

"I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it is based upon morality. . . . May I ask you, then, to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens? If nations reject and deride that moral law there is a penalty which will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in your lifetime; but, rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says—

> 'The sword of Heaven is not in haste to smite,
> Nor yet doth linger.'

"We have not, as the chosen people of old had, the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night, to lead us through the wilderness of human passion and human error; but He who vouchsafed the cloud and the fire has not left us forsaken. We have a guide not less sure, a light not less clear; we have before us the great principles of justice and mercy which Christianity has taught us. . . . Let us trust these principles; let us believe that they exist for ever unchangeably in the providence of God; and if we build our national policy upon them we may rest assured that we shall do all that lies in our power to promote that which is good."

In the Sweater's Den.

By MARY M. FORRESTER.

IN the distant fields there are zephyr's bland—
(How hot, how close in this little room!)
And the sunlight kisses the verdant land—
(Is there never an end to this awful gloom?)
They say the world is a bed of flowers,
(How dry, how bare, is this dusty floor!)
That they pass too quickly, the sunny hours,
(Oh, this long, long day! Will it ne'er be o'er?)

We only smile in this dreary place,
When we see the clouds of the coming night;
For we long and pray for the shade to chase,
The busy day with its glaring light.
For the night-time brings us a little while
Of rest and sleep, when the mind is still;
But the morning comes with its noisy toil,
With its burning heat, or its piercing chill.

Pull down the window! let in a breath
Of the dusty air that is passing now,
Though it brings us fever, yea, even death,
Let it come, let it come, to my burning brow!
Look, Nellie dear, at the evening skies!
In the far-off West there are streaks of gold;
There are tears, dear heart, in your wistful eyes,
Are you thinking, Nell, of the days of old?

Have your wandered back to the singing stream,
To the sunny slopes and the verdant lea?
Do you mind, how we dreamed our sweetest dream
'Neath the flickering shade of the lilac tree?
When you used to twine your yellow hair,
With the apple blossom, pink and white;
Ah! little we thought, dear sister, there,
Of the load of care we would bear to-night.

You are pale, my sis, you are weary, dear,
Come, lean a moment upon my breast,
Have courage, poor heart! for the night is near,
The sweet, sweet night with its peaceful rest.
When your little fingers will pause awhile,
Your weary hands that have worked all day—
Oh! these long, long hours, with their heavy toil,
How slowly, how slowly, they pass away.

Listen, my Nell! He is coming round,
That master stern of we English slaves,
That here, in this Christian land is found,
Grinding us down into early graves.
What is it? "Nellie is slow" you say,
"Slow!" Oh! sir, she is tired and ill,
She has stitched and stitched since the break of day:
"Will I finish her work?" Yes, sir, I will.

"Finish it?" Yes! But these weary eyes,
How dim they are for a girl so young,
How fierce is the glare of the summer skies—
Ah, me! if I only was big and strong;
But these hands of mine are so weak and small,
So weak to toil through the day and night;
And the foolish tear will rise and fall
To scorch my cheeks, and to dim my sight.

Oh God! for a breath of the fresh, pure air,
To blow through the open window now;
A little breeze that would kindly bear,
A cooling balm for my aching brow—
Oh, trembling fingers, be brave and strong!
Be quick and sure, as the eve wears on—
Ye are weary I know and the day is long,
But you must not fail, till your work is done.

You must not fail! just another hour,
Then the light will fade from the distant sky;
Oh, stitch, little hands, with all your power,
For the evening is slowly creeping by.
Oh God! the pain in my throbbing brow,
Is that the sunlight upon the floor?
The room is swimming around me now—
I am fainting, Nell—I can work no more.

* * * * *

And this takes place in a Christian land,
These scenes are painted on England's breast.
England! the loving! the just! the grand!
The champion of all who are opprest.
Oh! tear the bandage from off thine eyes,
And snatch thy children from early graves
Great land! in thy justice and love, arise!
And free, for ever, these English slaves.

Pebbles and Pearls.

A SINGLE coal does not burn well.

UPON a gay Lothario marrying his young wife, she said—"Now, I hope you will mend." "You may depend on it," said he, "this is my last folly."

STREET PLACARDS.—A correspondent states that in Kidderminster much good has resulted from placarding the walls of a town with temperance cartoons under the direction of Mr. J. P. Harvey.

"RICHARD, spell weather," said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "W-h-e-a-t-h-o-u-r, weather." "Well, Richard, you may sit down. I think this is the worst spell of weather we have had since Christmas."

HOTEL Guest (to porter on bringing him his boots in the morning)—"Michael, how comes it that one of these boots is much larger than the other?" Michael—"I raly don't know, sir; but what bothers me more is that another pair down stairs is in the same fix."

WHAT ALCOHOL IS GOOD FOR.—Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, has just crossed Greenland on foot. With five companions he spent several weeks on floating ice. For forty days they tramped over frozen snow, with eighty degrees of frost. The doctor believes in the use not the abuse of alcohol. He says: "The only spirits we took were as fuel for our stove to melt the snow that we might have water to drink. I think the use of stimulants is a mistake.'

AN ESSAY ON BREATHING.—A boy fourteen years old, recently imported from Kentucky, handed the following in as a composition on "Breathing." The instruction was: "Tell all you can about the breathing." He said: Breath is made of air. We breathe with our lungs, our lights, our liver and kidneys. If it wasn't for our breath we would die when we slept. Our breath keeps the life a-going through the nose when we are asleep. Boys that stay in a room all day should not breathe. They should wait till they get out of doors. Boys in a room make bad, unwholesome air. They make carbonicide. Carbonicide is poisoner than mad dogs. A heap of soldiers was in a black hole in India, and a carbonicide got in that there hole and killed nearly everyone afore morning. Girls kill the breath with corosits that squeezes the diagram. Girls carn't holler or run like boys because their diagram is squeezed to much. If I was a girl I'd ruther be a boy, so I can holler and run and have a great big diagram."

THE Rechabite Order now consists of 75,000 adult members, 35,000 children, and about 12,000 honorary members. The members are pledged to total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, and the order is making wonderful progress at home and abroad. It is the wealthiest, largest, and oldest Temperance society, with accumulated funds of over £450,000. Amongst its members are Mrs. Temple (wife of the Bishop of London), Lady Henry Somerset, and Lady Elizabeth Biddulph.

WHAT HE HAD MADE.—"I have made two hundred pounds during the last three months," said a tavern keeper to a crowd of his townsmen.

"You have made more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"What is that?"

"You have made wretched homes—women and children poor and sick and weary of life. You have made my two sons drunkards," continued the speaker, with trembling earnestness. "You made the younger of the two so drunk that he fell and injured himself for life. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. Oh, yes! you have made much more—more than I can reckon up; but you'll get the full account some day—you'll get it some day!"

"DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK!"

THIS alluring invitation to our canine friends has been put into very practicable shape by the proprietor of HUDSONS' SOAP, who is placing a number of small water troughs for thirsty dogs in the most public thoroughfares of our principal cities and towns. This new alliance between soap and water is to be highly commended. The troughs answer their purpose admirably. They are of neat construction, and have inscribed upon them the simple legend—"Drink, puppy, drink," with, of course, the additional invitation to the world in general to use HUDSONS' SOAP.

OUR JENNIE:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,

Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER IX.

THE young man to whom the accident had occurred was meantime progressing as favourably as could be expected. Consciousness had returned the next day, but he had merely told Agatha that he was boarding near Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, and that his friends lived a long distance off in Devonshire; and that he was in an engineer's office in the city. He asked Agatha if her father would kindly write a note to the principal of the firm, explaining the cause of his absence, which Mr. Newthern did, and received a courteous letter in reply, saying if he could in any way assist Mr. Foster, the gentleman in question, he should be very pleased to do so.

"Foster!" exclaimed Mr. Newthern, when he heard the name, "then he *must* be the son of my old friend, for Foster was his name. How more than strange that he should be brought to my house of all places; I do thank God for this opportunity of showing kindness to the son of one who in days gone by was very kind to me."

"Now, father, do not be in too great a hurry. He may not be your friend's son, although I think there is little doubt that he is, still you must not talk or excite him at present about the discovery you think you have made, and when a favourable opportunity occurs we will get him to talk about himself and his friends."

Thus did the wise daughter restrain her father's impatience.

The days passed quickly away, with great similarity outwardly; but to Dr. Williams they were halcyon ones. He longed for the hour when it was time for him to go and see his patient at Mr. Newthern's, and each day had a something distinctive to mark it.

Perhaps Agatha wore a different dress; or she said something the doctor thought well worth remembering, or she would laugh with him over some little story he or she had to tell; but no matter how it was, each day wore a colour peculiarly its own, and the doctor's conventional quarter of an hour generally lengthened into the best part of an hour. Agatha seemed to find his visits very short too, and the quick flush would mount to her cheeks when, on looking at her watch after the doctor's departure, she would find it had been so long.

Her father was not blind to what was going on, and would smile sadly to himself, and think of the days when he courted his wife, and when he gave her every moment of his time that he could spare. A sure proof of a man's devotion to a woman is—if he give her all his time—and this Mr. Newthern in his young days had done, and when he saw how Dr. Williams came to his house on the least possible excuse, and gave Agatha what is so precious to a medical man, he felt some day he should have to part with her.

Dr. Williams was not a man who talked much about religion; but his patients, and those with whom he came in contact, felt that he had a high ideal before him. The tone of his conversation was true and pure, and no one in his presence ventured on a joke that was unseemly. Young men said of him "that he was a real good sort, no humbug about him, and if they were religious they'd like to have his kind of religion."

He had found his way to the foot of the Cross through many doubts and many difficulties. For some months of his life he had made shipwreck of his faith, but only to find that nothing stood like the old faith, so he asked his way to the "old paths" again.

His kindness to the poor was very great, and many a poor mother left his surgery with a lightened burden and a happier face.

It was to such a man that Mr. Newthern felt he could with confidence give his daughter when the time came.

The influence of such a household as that in which Herbert Foster found himself could not

fail to affect him, and, as he lay helpless on his bed, he could not help contrasting his life with that of Agatha and her father, and even "Sally" seemed tarred with the same brush. How was it? What did they all possess which made them so happy and so beautifully unselfish?

The tears came to his eyes many a time when he saw how every possible thing that could be done for his comfort was done; how, never once was he allowed to feel that he was in the way, or that he was a burden in the house. Then Agatha would come into his room bringing flowers, and fruit, and books for him to read, with a pleasant smile and kindly word, and would always stop him if he began to thank her, saying that they must wait until he was well for that, and then she hoped he would make her a promise and keep it, "but not in your own strength" she would add, "we all want a higher power than our own to enable us to keep a solemn promise, do you not think so?"

And Herbert would close his eyes and say, "Yes, we want something, I have never kept mine or I should not have been here, and been such a trouble to you."

"Now, you must not say so. You have not been a trouble at all in the sense you mean, and oh! father and I will be so glad if your staying here should be any help to you in the future."

"You may rest assured of that," he answered.

After a time his reserve melted away, and Agatha and he had many interesting conversations; and he told her a good deal of his past life. It had turned out as her father anticipated, that he was the son of his old friend, and thus a double bond of union seemed to unite them. His father had died when he was a youth of twelve or thirteen, and most needed a restraining and guiding hand. Of his mother (who was still living) he spoke with reverence and affection. "I never let her know," he added, "how far wrong I went; I couldn't, it would have grieved her so."

His life had been like that of many another fairly well meaning but aimless young man. A giving way to all sorts of temptations when they presented themselves, and a sort of half maudlin sorrow that he had done so afterwards; now and again doing a kind action when it cost him nothing; and altogether being what the world called "a jolly good fellow," but in reality leading an aimless, selfish life; those with whom he came in contact becoming worse rather than better for his influence.

Agatha did not fail to speak earnestly and fearlessly, but in such a way that he could not be offended, and so little by little a bond of confidence sprang up between these two, which strengthened as the days went by.

The first night that Jennie was at the class after having been absent from it for so long, Agatha went home with a very grave face and a fixed mind. She had had a long talk with her after the rest of the girls had gone, and on finding that nothing more had been said about her leaving she was considerably relieved. She had, however, questioned her very closely about the young man who had spoken to her; and drew from her every detail that she could, determined, if possible, to find out if the girl were speaking the truth; and also some particulars about the gentleman. From the girl's description of him, and also saying that he did not live far from Westbourne Terrace, Agatha began to think that it must be the very young man who was then under their roof. This idea having taken possession of her, she put question after question to Jennie, until the girl said, "Oh! Miss Newthern, you don't think I would tell you a lie, do you? I assure you every word I am telling you is true."

"I do not doubt it, Jane, but I have reasons for asking so particularly. I may know something of the gentleman, and if I do, I think I could clear your character."

"Oh! ma'am, how good you are, how very thankful I should be," said Jennie, her face lighting up at the thought.

"Indeed, Jane, I should be only too pleased if I could prove your innocence to Mrs. Lyon; more especially as I believe in it myself, but we must just leave the matter in God's hands. Good night, but I must tell you again how very glad I am that your lover, Frank, has proved himself such a hero." For Jennie had told Miss Newthern the story of the resisted temptation, with tears in her eyes, feeling sure of her ready sympathy.

"Some day I shall hope to see him; good night again, and hurry home as quickly as you can."

"Good night, Miss Newthern," replied Jennie, "thank you many many times for all your goodness to me."

"Now," said Agatha to herself as she hastened home, "how shall I broach the subject, and either get my suspicions confirmed or scattered to the winds; it's an awkward business, but I'll clear this girl's character if I can."

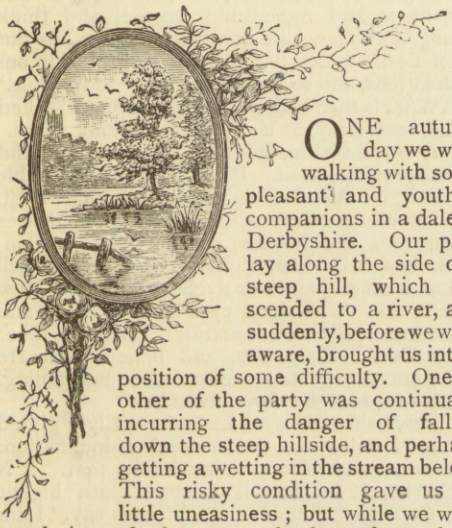
With this resolution fixed in her mind Agatha entered the house. Her father was not in, and the nurse had gone out for an hour or two, so she found Herbert Foster alone.

(To be continued.)

"If alcohol were unknown, half the sin and a large part of the poverty and unhappiness in the world would disappear."—*Dr. Parkes.*

There's a Better Path Higher Up.

By STYLOGRAPH.



ONE autumn day we were walking with some pleasant and youthful companions in a dale in Derbyshire. Our path lay along the side of a steep hill, which descended to a river, and suddenly, before we were aware, brought us into a position of some difficulty. One or other of the party was continually incurring the danger of falling down the steep hillside, and perhaps getting a wetting in the stream below. This risky condition gave us no little uneasiness; but while we were pondering whether to go back or forward, in order to extricate ourselves from this awkward predicament, an adventurous youngster surprised us from above, by calling down to us: "There's a better path higher up." We immediately took the hint and clambered up to the spot indicated and found his words true.

What a picture was there here of a common experience in life! In how many things is there not a better path higher up?

Illustrative of this, a story is told of a well-known Christian minister, who was spending a holiday on the coast of North Wales and in the immediate neighbourhood of some lofty hills. One morning, thinking himself alone and free for a solitary ramble, he set out purposing to climb a mountain. He had not ascended far, however, before he was roused by a child's voice calling out from behind: "Take the safest path, father, for I am coming." So it is in our selection of life's pathways. The little ones are following us. And it is not only for ourselves, therefore, that we are to "ponder the path of life," and take the safest path. Other and younger ones are coming on, troops on troops. Men and women are being followed by young men and young women; after them come the boys and girls; and, behind these, little children bring up the rear. Life is a great and tragic game of "Follow the leader." This is going on all over the world, at home and abroad, all the year long, by night and by day. What a gloomy or what a glorious march it may become, according as the leaders go right or wrong! How necessary to choose the better path! Some people say: "I am safe, I may do this without danger or harm." But is it certain that those who follow will do so as safely? It frequently occurs, in regard to infectious diseases, that one person carries a disease which may prove fatal to another person, while the conveyer of it escapes illness himself entirely. So in morals some men adopt practices, which they themselves are able to hold under restraint, and no ruin follows to them; but their example leads weaker men to the same practices, and they become a wreck. This is especially the case in regard to drinking intoxicants and in many other things besides.

The following little sketches will illustrate the truth suggested by the incidents just related.

"How do you do when you get into a scrape and they call you to account for it?" said Alice Gray to Clyta Lees. "But I'll tell you first how *I* do. I try and keep back as much as I can without telling a story, and get teacher to think of something else; and I'm sure to weave into my talk some nice good little thing which I've done, and so on; and then I get let off."

"Oh, but my dear Alice, you can do a great deal better than that," said Clyta, looking with her large, pure eyes into her companion's loving, but shrinking ones. "Keep out of scrapes altogether. Always take notice when the electric bell rings. And be in earnest to tell out the truth."

"What on earth has an electric bell to do with scrapes?" said Alice. "You are the most comical old sage I ever met. Somehow I always feel a bit better when I'm with you, and it isn't a dull sort of goodness either. How *do* you manage it?"

"I always listen to the electric bell, Alice."

"There you are again with your bells. Do talk in the vernacular."

"Well I have two bells that I carry about with me wherever I go. One I call the 'Do bell,' and the other the 'Don't bell;' and one or other rings very often."

"Well out with them, Clyta. I'll stop their rattle."

"Oh no, you won't. You can't see them. They are not made by man. God made them specially for me, and I hope I shall never stop their ringing. I believe they are kept tuned by the voice of Jesus Himself, and they bring me telegraphic calls from Him. One bell tells me 'You ought to do this,' and another tells me 'You ought not to do that.' And it seems now, when I wish to obey, that the same current of electricity which rings the bell runs into my soul's nerves and muscles, and gives me energy to do or resist according to what the voice says."

"Ah! you mean conscience. What is it I listen to that sets me wrong? It's something lower down than conscience."

"It's inclination, my dear Alice. Sometimes it leads you beautifully; because God has somehow given you such sweet leanings to, and yearnings after, good things. But it's all sentiment as they say; it's all how you feel at the time, I mean. It's better to have principle and conscience. Look what a stupid useless island this England would be if our engineers, and navvies, and builders were to go according to their daily whims and likings, and to lay down a bit of railway for two or three weeks, and then, because the fit took them, were to drop it and open out a park in the same direction, and then make a bit of a ship canal, and then a game preserve, and then a street of shops, and then a botanical garden and so on."

"Oh! that's too absurd, Clyta, whoever heard of such a thing?"

"I believe most of the angels have, Alice, for they keep looking at some of us all the time.

"Well, what *is* the reason, Clyta?" said Alice earnestly.

"My mother told me, Alice, that there are two paths in life—one was inclination, and it was any sort of a path, and changes, she said, like the weather; the other was conscience. Now, she said, God will make your conscience tell you what is right if you are willing to do what is right. But you must keep your conscience in order, by bringing it to the word of God and correcting it by it. Conscience is like a watch, it wants regulating often."

"But why must I be willing to do what is right in order to make conscience speak to me?" said Alice.

"That is not very easy to see, but we all feel it at times. Duty is something like using a mariner's compass on board ship. You know the needle in a mariner's compass is a magnet, which is free to turn round, and it always points to the north; and by putting a circle, fastened to the ship, and marked with the points north, south, east, west, &c., round the needle, you can easily tell which way the ship is going; and by shifting the helm properly, you can make it go in the direction you wish. Well, if a great mass of iron were brought to one side of the mariner's compass, it would work wrong. One end of the needle would get drawn to it and the other repelled, and so the needle would not sit true to the pole, and the pilot would not know which was the north, and the ship would go wrong. I'm not enough of an electrician to prescribe for such a difficulty; but just suppose it possible to put something in between the iron and the compass which should make the attraction stop, then the needle would be free, and would act like a good, honest magnet again, and tell where the north was. Well, now, we are full of a lot of attractions and repulsions, like magnetism; and when something that we like very much and wish for, or something that we hate or fear very much, comes on one side of the path of conscience, then that thing diverts our heart and mind, and we feel and think wrong, and the needle points wrong, because our chief desire is not that it point right, but to our inclinations, and so it does not point to the pole."

"What is the north pole of conscience?" asked Alice, reverently, as if she were thinking aloud.

"It is the accomplishment of God's will, and the approval of God. If we ask God to enable us, and give ourselves up to Him, we shall want, first of all and last of all, to do what pleases Him, and the needle will sit right. Conscience, if it be kept right by God's Word, will tell us what we ought or ought not to do. Now I must go. 'Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee.' Pray God to help you, and believe that He will; and then, with no reserving or bargaining, resolve to do right out-and-out."

"Yes," said Alice to herself, as Clyta glided away, "I've been on the low path of inclination. Even my good things are spoiled by that. It is self-pleasing. There is a better path higher up: Conscience, duty. Didn't Jesus say, 'I am the Way?'"

Alice ran up the grassy slope, and was soon in her trim little room, with the perfume of the jessamine and lavender wafted in through the open window on the evening air. She used to say that the scent was caused by the flowers talking in their sleep. But she had no time for mere fancies now. She read her diary with shame, as too plainly it revealed her self-pleasing life. She bent over her Testament to learn about the Saviour, who forgives and saves; and then on bended knees, with everything thrown aside but the one main thing, owned her sins, and sought forgiveness with lowly, utter trust in the atoning Saviour; and yielding herself wholly to God, sought strength to walk in the higher path, where are the footsteps of Jesus and the living help of Jesus. And, presently, opening her hymn book, she found the place where it was written:

> Lead me to the Rock that's higher
> Than the rock poor self can show;
> Lead me to its perfect shelter,
> The strong Tower from every foe.

And as she felt the new life throb in her, and wondered how it could be, she seemed to hear the explanation from the Mighty One: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

This was Alice's new birthday. May we all know what such a day means in our lives!

Now we turn to another scene. A gentleman sat in his library. The lamp was burning brightly, casting a lustre over all the furnishings of a well-appointed room. His was a fine, broad forehead, indicative of power. He was a strong man, but to-night a sad one. On the table lay a letter, well read and handled, here and there stained with a tear-drop. It recorded the misdoings of a son in a distant city.

The story was simply this:—A son of this gentleman, clever at school, first in his class, *facile princeps*, graduated with high honours, had obtained as a journalist a place on the staff of an influential newspaper. The late hours enforced upon him induced him, coming in wearied to his lodgings, to stimulate his jaded system with alcoholic liquor before he retired to rest, until the habit became constant, and whisky grew to be an increasing item in his expenses. Reason became overborne, and duties were disregarded. The high quality of his work procured him condonation for offence after offence, neglect after neglect; but at length the patience of his employers was worn out, and then followed the collapse. Penniless, and therefore sober, he had sorrowfully written to his father the letter which now lay on the library table.

His father had been uniformly a careful man, not a teetotaler, but never in the slightest degree "overstepping the mark." His family had been brought up in the same habit. But there was one exception. His literary and clever son, though he knew it not, lacked the strength and self-restraint of his father; and the home habit of regarding alcoholic liquor as endurable and helpful blossomed, when the restraints of home were withdrawn, into excess and drunkenness.

"I have made a mistake," said the father to himself. "As I look back I can see the seed and trace its growth. Alas! for the silver cup, gilt within, from which he drank, though but in restricted quantities, the seductive potions. I led him on to the descending path. True, in my home he walked with measured steps and slow, and never tripped. I almost wish he had, that I might have arrested him in time. Instead of that, he securely got used to the road, and when he left home he increased the pace, and ——

"There shall be two changes here. I will have my boy back in his home to rescue him, if possible, by God's grace; and I will expel the evil thing which has darkened his name and corrupted his character. I thought *moderation* a good path, but there is a safer and better path higher up—Total Abstinence. I will take it, and lead him and my family there."

Perhaps there are some readers of the ONWARD to whom no better advice could be given than—"Go thou and do likewise."

Gone, but not Lost.

By UNCLE BEN.

IN a pleasant country home, surrounded by a large, old-fashioned garden, where thrushes and blackbirds seemed to sing all the year round, and in the neighbouring woodlands aspen trees quivered in the summer air, and tall poplars swayed and bent in the strong breezes, lived three happy children; they enjoyed the country life, its quiet sights and sounds were their delight. The eldest was Carry, the next was a boy called Grantham, his mother's maiden name; the youngest was a girl called Ida. They had a governess to teach them, because, living so far out in the country, there was no good school near enough for them to go to. The home was one of the most sheltered and secluded, it was far away from the fierce life of the great cities, with their curse of drink and lust. The house was shut off from the high road by an oak fence and then a broad depth of foliage and evergreen. In the same way the children were morally screened from all contact with the vice of the world. As far as parental care could hedge them round and protect them from all contaminating influences, that care was exercised.

The children had few friends, and were consequently thrown upon themselves for their resources. They were much attached to one another, the two girls were especially devoted to their brother, they both seemed to live for him in every way.

The extreme seclusion in which they lived gave Grantham a keen appetite for all events outside the limits of their retired and monotonous life. One day, when quite a little lad, he was playing in the garden by himself, and hearing the tramp of horses, looked up, and saw two cavalry soldiers. Without a moment's pause he rushed to the garden gate, and stood eagerly watching them as they rode slowly on till a bend in the road hid them from sight. He was just wondering whether or not he should run after them to see more of them, when the increasing sound of rattling wheels made him turn in the other direction, and there he could see the long line of a battery of field artillery gradually advancing. He stood rivetted to the spot for a second, then went a little way to meet the advancing cavalcade, with their bobbing busbies and jangling accoutrements. Six horses and three drivers with their bright steel and shining leather harness and white ropes for traces drew the gun—a strange, mysterious object of power and terror. The gunners passed, some marching at ease and some sitting on seats before the small

cannon; then four more horses and the ammunition carriage followed, and so on until six guns and carriages, two store waggons, three officers, and a doctor with a cocked hat had gone by, and the rear was almost up to the boy, all that was left of the brilliant pageant being the officers' servants, on horses with ordinary saddles, and a dog-cart and baggage cart. Off Grantham started to overtake the main body of the troop, that he might see more of this fascinating spectacle. By trotting and walking he soon caught up with the column, which was only going at a walking pace. The company went up a long hill, and as the road was straight, he could see the whole battery, from the advance guard to the rear guard behind the baggage. The sight was so new and thrilling that he was hardly conscious how he had been led to follow. He joined a few eager boys who were marching beside the soldiers, and from them he gathered all the information he could. Paying no heed to time or distance, how much further he would have gone with the troop no one could predict, had not the bugle sounded, and all at once the long defile broke into a trot, the walking gunners scrambled on to seats, and rapidly the battery passed, until the two soldiers in the rear were lost to sight, and Grantham was left staring at the dusty road and wondering where he was and how far he had come from home.

After a short pause he considered there was nothing else to do but to go back, so he turned round and retraced his steps, and coming to where four cross-roads met, simply went straight on till he became weary and exhausted. Thinking the road strange, and drawing near to a village he had not noticed before, he observed that the marks of the wheels and horses' hoofs had vanished from the road, so he concluded that at the cross roads he must have taken the wrong one, having paid no attention to the way when he was coming. He made enquiries and found he had mistaken the road, and was many miles from home. Tired as he was there was nothing for it but to go back, or take a cross-country cut, which might save a little in distance, but not being a direct road might end in being much the farthest way, he took the way he had come, retraced his steps, and landed home quite late in the evening; hungry, foot-sore, and so exhausted he could scarcely drag one leg after the other.

The family were quite in a way about him, as no one could tell what had become of him. The sudden disappearance and no news at the children's dinner and tea made the mother very anxious. When the wanderer did return she was delighted to see him, but administered a wise rebuke, telling him how easily people may be led away by unconsciously following their own inclinations, and then before they are aware they may miss their road. She felt glad, indeed, that though he had taken the wrong turning he was not lost, and talked to him until a never to be forgotten lesson was impressed upon his life, that though we may all go astray yet none need be lost.

Years passed on. From that home of purity and safety Grantham had to go forth into the busy world, with its many temptations and snares. He went into a lawyer's office, and became acquainted with a fast set. The once awakened love of soldiers led him to join the volunteer corps, and thus he formed many associations that took him into a drinking and gambling society of young men. For some time Grantham was able to keep all this from his parents and sisters, but, as is generally the case with those who go astray, he went from bad to worse, and at last the real state of the case could not be concealed any longer. The young man was so pressed for money, and so involved in debt and disgrace, that the whole story was bound to come out. It was a terrible blow to his father and mother, also to his sisters, who had looked up to him as their hero and idol. His father withdrew him from the office in London where he had been placed, brought him home, paid his debts, compelled him to sign the pledge, or threatened to leave him without a penny. Then he tried to make his son feel the disgrace and wrong he had done, and on the evidence of some real signs of repentance he entered into arrangements to send him out to Canada.

The mother and the two girls were full of sorrow that Grantham had to go away, but his wrong doing was a still greater grief. The girls cried over this anticipated parting, but the mother, who felt the whole trouble more than the others, told them that it was best for Grantham to begin a new life in a new country, where he would have none of the old temptations to weaken his good resolutions, and she said that he would not be lost to them, because they would know where he was, and in a few years they would all hope to see him again.

Carry replied that this did not mend matters, for it was the absence they dreaded. "I remember when we went to Jersey, just as we were coming away I forgot all about my umbrella which I left on the pier; directly we had sailed away I missed it. I knew where it was exactly, but was no better off, for I have never seen it since."

Her mother told her it was very different with Grantham, for though he is going away for good, in every sense of the word, abroad he will have everything in his favour. Here with his character lost, he would never be able to succeed. But in Canada he would begin life afresh, and of the two evils it was much better that we should lose sight of him for a little for him to regain his lost character. The going would be the means of his moral salvation, and therefore, they as a family were only losing him to find him and save him. When he was a little boy and had been led to follow the soldiers, he had taken the wrong turning and gone astray, but he was not lost. It was quite possible for him even to remain at home and by giving way to temptation become morally lost to the true family life that surrounded him; on the other hand, it was quite possible for him to go to the far end of the earth and be one with them in unbroken union.

When the day came for Grantham's departure he went from the home of his boyhood with the tears and blessings of those who loved him and had sorrowed over his wrong, but with the hope that springs from repentance, and that can even make the failures of life stepping-stones to success and can transform our falls and errors into lessons for victory and nobler doing.

His sisters watched him drive away; they stood at the gate till they saw the last wave of his hand, then Carry said: "We'll go in and comfort mother, for I know she feels his going even more bitterly than we do, although she will continue to say to us, 'Thank God, though he has gone from us he is not lost.'"

The mother's confidence in God was honoured—her prayers for her son were heard and answered; he kept his pledge, and his fidelity to temperance strengthened his whole character so that he began a new life in the new country and kept a steady course. All the good influences of the home that had been lying dormant under other surroundings bloomed and bore fruit; but the mother and son never lived to see each other again on earth. She bore the burden of her son's transgression and became a vicarious sacrifice; his conduct dealt her a blow from which she never recovered. It was the beginning of the end with her. She lived long enough to hear of his well-doing; then for her the harvest ripened suddenly, and the reaper came one day. The broken-hearted girls had to write the sad intelligence to Grantham that their mother had gone from them, but truly they had not lost her. For those who abide in God and have been found by Christ, cannot be lost either here or hereafter.

MODERATION is a subduer of our desires to the obedience of reason.

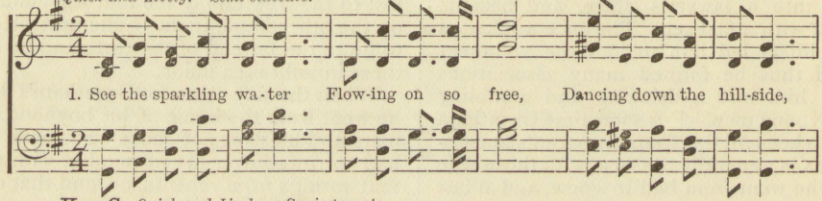
DR. NANSEN, who lately returned from a splendid foot expedition in Greenland, was asked about the social habits of the Esquimaux. He replied: "Civilisation is by no means an unmixed boon to the Esquimaux." "How? By strong drink?" "Not at all. The conduct of the Danish Government is admirable in that respect. Not a single bottle of alcohol is allowed to be landed. And a good thing too. Nothing is worse for these high latitudes and low temperatures than spirit. We used none on our journey."

FLOWING WATER.

Words adapted and partly written for this Work.

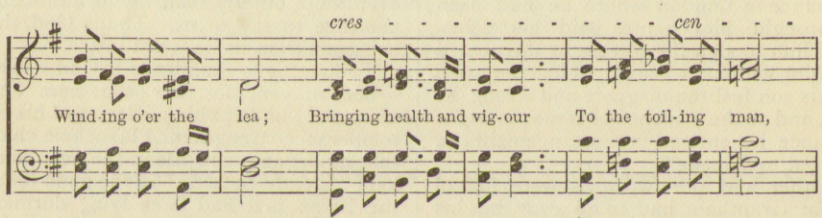
Music by VINCENT PERCIVAL.

Quick and Lively. Semi-staccato.



Key G. *Quick and Lively. Semi-staccato.*

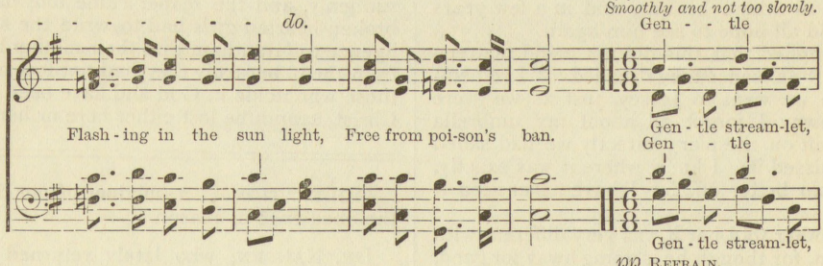
s₁ .d :t₁ .r	d .m :—	s₁ .f :m .f	s :—	l .m :f .r	m .d :—
2. O the crys-tal	water,	How we love the	sight	Of its wav-ing	beauty
m₁ .s₁ :s₁ .s₁	s₁.s₁ :—	s₁ .s₁ :s₁ .s₁	d :—	de .l₁ :l₁ .s₁	s₁.s₁ :—
d .d :r .f	m .s :—	r .r :d .r	m :—	m .de :r .t₁	d .m :—
3. Pure, life-giving	water,	Flowing free for	all!	In its draught no	serpent
d₁ .m₁ :s₁ .s₁	d .d :—	t₁ .s₁ :d .d	d :—	l₁ .l₁ :r₁ .s₁	d₁.d₁ :—



m .t₁ :d .l₁	s₁ :—	s₁ r .m :f .r	m .s :—	s r .m :f .r	m :—
In the sun's fair	light!	Ev-'ry drop pel-	lu-cid	Sparkles like a	gem,
l₁ .l₁ :l₁ .fe₁	s₁ :—	m₁ t₁ .d :r .t₁	d .d :—	m t₁ .d :r .t₁	d :—
d .r :m .r,d	t₁ :—	d s .s :s .s	s .s :—	d' s .s :s .s	s :—
Lurks to cause our	fall:	Sing a-loud its	praises	O-ver land and	sea;
l₁ .l₁ :l₁ .r₁	s₁ :—	d₁ s₁ .d :t₁ .r	d .m :—	d s₁ .d :t₁ .r	d :—

pp REFRAIN.

Smoothly and not too slowly.



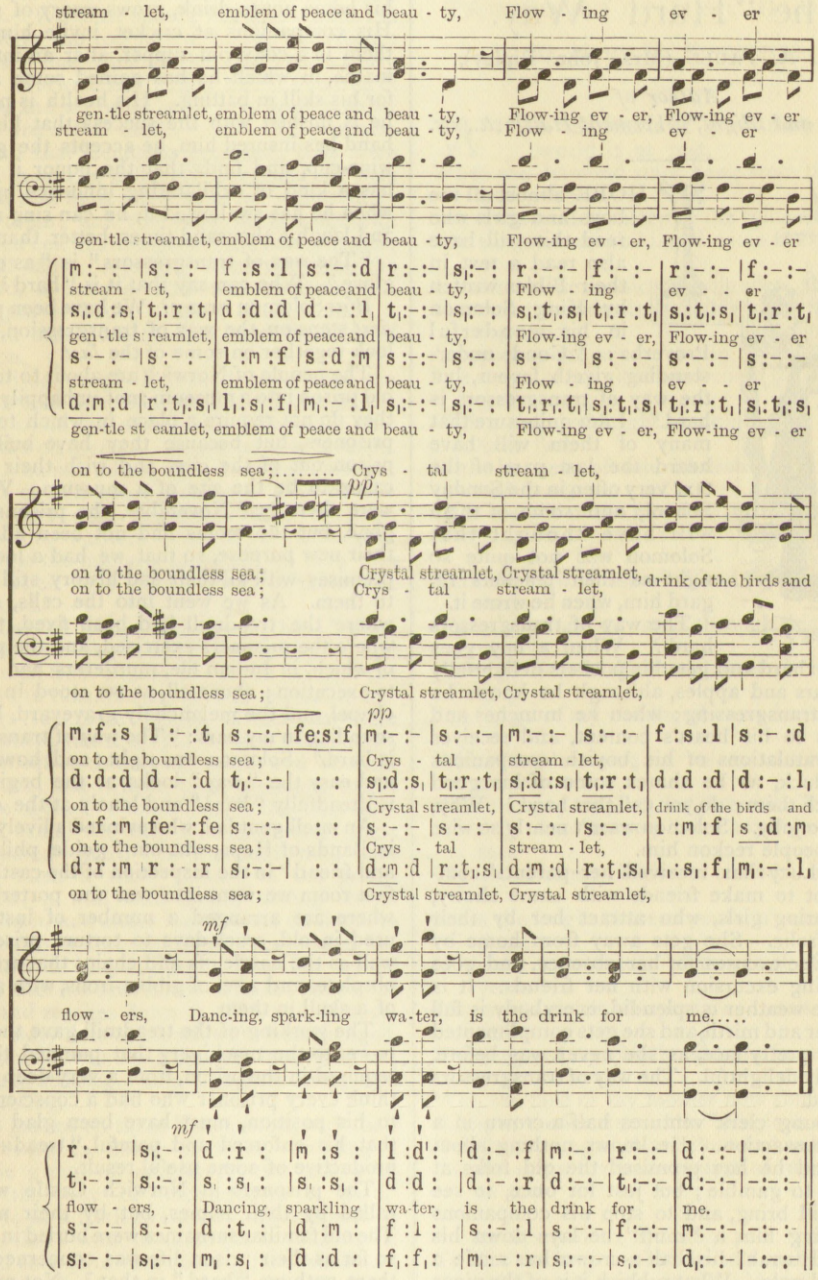
C.t. - - - - - - - - do. G.t.

pp REFRAIN.

Smoothly and not too slowly.

m l .,t :d' .r'	m' :r'	d' .s :r' .,d'	d' f :—	m :- :- | s :- :-
Brightest of the	jew-els	In a di-a-	dem.	Gen - - tle
d f .,s :s .s	s :s	s .m :f .,m	m l₁ :—	s₁ :d :s₁ | t₁ :r :t₁
				Gen - tle stream-let,
s d' .,r' :d' .t	d' :t	d' .d' :t .,d'	d' f :—	s :- :- | s :- :-
Cool, re fresh-ing	wa-ter	Is the drink for	me.	Gen - - tle
d f .,f :m .r	d .m :s	m .d :s₁ .,d	d f₁ :—	d :m :d | r :t₁ :s₁
				Gen - tle stream-let,

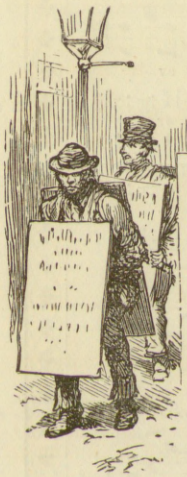
FLOWING WATER.



The "Hard" Way.

By M. A. PAULL (Mrs. John Ripley),

Author of
"Blossom and Blight," "Vermont Hall," etc., etc.



I HOPE almost all the boys and girls who read this will have also read a text in their Bibles written by King Solomon in his wonderful Proverbs: "Good understanding giveth favour, but the way of transgressors is hard." I am quite sure that many of them will have heard the last part of the text very often in the Sunday School, and some of them will have thought that Solomon was not quite so right as their teachers regard him, when he wrote it.

The way of transgressors hard? When a boy goes into an orchard and gets his pockets delightfully full of pears and apples, although he knows he has been transgressing; when he munches and scrunches to his heart's content, and receives the congratulations of his boyish companions for his pluck, as he shares some of his good things with them; do you call that hard? Why, it's ever so jolly. Solomon wasn't nearly so wise as some people reckon him.

Again, Lucy has received her parents' commands not to make friends with some showy, merry, daring girls, who attract her by their fun and frolic. She gets away from home by making false excuses for her absence, and goes on a boating excursion with her friends. It is lovely, the weather is splendid, everybody is full of laughter and mirth, and she gets complimented about her pretty face, as she never was before. It is simply delightful. The way of transgressors is *not* hard.

The young clerk ventures half-a-crown in a betting transaction. He knows nothing about horses, and he has promised the old folks at home not to gamble; but just for once, to see what it will bring, and to stop his companions from calling him a "muff" he lays down his money. Hurrah! his half-a-crown has made a five-pound-note. What rubbish it is of the pious people to say "the way of transgressors is hard." Nothing was ever so easy, so delightful.

The lad trained in his Band of Hope and in his home not to drink, grows weary of restraint. His companions at cricket invite him to join them in a convivial supper, after an interesting match, in which he has gained some applause for his skill in batting. His health is proposed, he is flushed with the success that his steady hand has insured him, he accepts the glittering wine-cup, and finds that the liquor it contains has a kind of exhilarating influence upon him when he has swallowed it, he can sing and joke and laugh a thousand times better than before.

"The way of transgressors" is "as easy as a glove." Who can say that it is "hard?"

Was Solomon wrong? We have been picturing *first* steps on the way of transgression. Let us look together on some of the *last*.

The people of Norwich are about to turn their old prison into a museum; not, unhappily, because they do not require a place in which to shut up prisoners, but because they have built a new prison out of the city, and wish their fine old castle to be the site of a museum. When we were there last November, the prisoners were gone, but the rooms had not been adapted to their new purpose, so that we had a look at the premises with all their sad history still clinging to them. As we went into the cells, and saw where the treadmill had been fixed, the yard where the prisoners exercised, and the place out of which, in Indian file, murderers had been led to execution; above all, as we stood in the bare chapel, and the melancholy graveyard, I had resounding in my ears: "The way of transgressors is hard." Solomon was right; and, however gay and easy the "way" looks at the beginning, it is dreadfully "hard" and lonely at the end.

An intelligent lad, who evinced a lively interest in Bands of Hope, was our "guide, philosopher, and friend" in the inspection of the castle. The first room we went into was the porter's lodge, where are arranged a number of instruments used in old, cruel days to torture prisoners, as well as the handcuffs and chains that are not yet obsolete, and a set of gibbet-irons, with a portion of a skull in them.

The working of the treadmill gave the motive power to the machinery that pumped the water required in the prison, from a very deep well. I think every prisoner who had a conscience alive to his position, must have been glad to know that his enforced and painful "treading" was productive of some useful result.

The prisoners in Norwich Castle were not called by their names, but by their numbers. The old familiar surnames were buried in oblivion so far as their prison life was concerned. Was there nothing "hard" in that? Not much fun, boys and girls, in being 9 or 170 instead of Wilson, or Thompson, or Smith.

The Keep of Norwich Castle is seventy-eight feet high. We went up the 104 steps from the basement to the top of the castle, and thence had a very fine view of the city and country around. Norwich has nearly half a hundred of churches, and we could see a very large number of them from the castle. But the prisoners never had that beautiful prospect; they were confined in narrow cells; all they could see were the walls, that must often have felt so miserably near to them; and the bare necessaries with which their cell was furnished—the narrow bench, the small table projecting from the wall, the bed-board, a bundle with the bedclothes, a bible, a prayer book, a hymn book, a slate, a comb and brush, a soap dish, and the rules of the prison.

The prison chapel looked drearier than the cells; it would hold 180 persons. None of the prisoners could see each other, they could only just see the clergyman. It was terrible to reflect how much human misery must have been brought into that church every Sunday. One by one the prisoners were marshalled into the high pews by the warders, who kept guard over them, while the minister preached of Him who came to open "the prison doors to them that were bound."

Must not the "way" have been "hard" when the sweet bells rang in the cathedral below, and were echoed from church to church through the city, and the sunshine lit up their miserable surroundings the more plainly, to feel they were only numbers, not men and women with names, and to reflect on those they loved, and who still loved them, but whom they, perhaps, might never see again? I think even to the most careless and brutal the way of transgressors must have seemed "hard" in the cold, dull, bare chapel. Then it was "hard" in the prison graveyard; a wall with small, oblong stones inserted in it, and short inscriptions on them, to show the prison authorities who they were, just the initials of the murderer who lies buried beneath, after his execution. The sad list begins in 1802 and reaches down to 1886, and amongst those of early date are some who were hanged, in accordance with the stern old law, for arson, and sheep-stealing, and housebreaking, and horse-stealing.

As we looked on these little tablets, with their tragic memories, some of them recording a miserable group of murderers, two and even three, "the way of transgressors is hard," became to us a truth so true, so impossible to be doubted, that I want to make the boys and girls who read this quite sure about it for themselves, and to remember it most of all when they are tempted to enter it, at the beginning, where it looks so tempting and so pleasant.

THE SONGS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

By MARY M. FORRESTER.

WHEN the shadows grow deep and the world is at rest,
When the diamond stars hang from the night's dusky breast,
When the bird is asleep in the tall rocking tree,
The songs of my childhood come back unto me.

As soft as the music of streamlets that play,
Through the wide sleepy fields where the buttercups sway,
As sweet as the wind o'er the breast of the sea.
The songs of my childhood come back unto me.

With a wave of bright sunshine, from days that have fled,
With the scent of wild blossom, long withered and dead,
With the trill of the bird and the hum of the bee,
The songs of my childhood come back unto me.

With the sigh of the wind and the swish of the reeds,
With the gurgle of waters through thick tangled weeds;
With the bleat of the sheep on the clover-decked lea,
The songs of my childhood come back unto me.

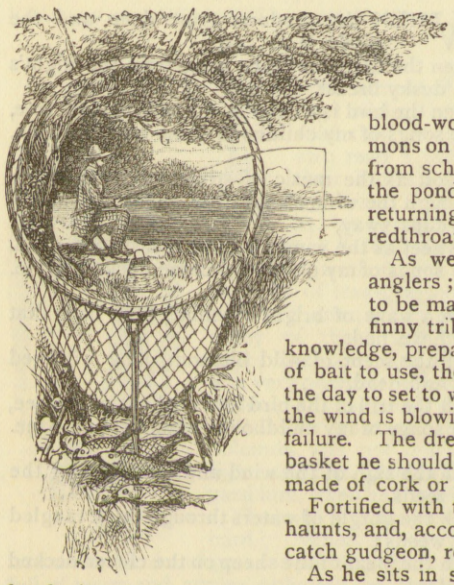
With the clear ringing voices so long passed away—
With the gay rippling laughter all silent to-day,
With the dear homely faces my eyes loved to see,
The songs of my childhood come back unto me.

From the bright shore of youth, o'er an ocean of tears,
With the pure tender pleasures of life's fairest years.
Like sweet spirit whispers o'er time's changeful sea,
The songs of my childhood come back unto me.

With the face of my mother now shining above,
A bright tender star in the "Regions of love"—
A child once again I am close to her knee,
As she sings the sweet songs of my childhood to me.

So my spirit doth fly like a poor weary bird,
To flit o'er the grass by the soft zephyrs stirred,
Or fold its tired wings in the old hawthorn tree,
While the songs of my childhood come back unto me.

A DAY AT THE GENTLE ART.



THE first day's fishing is generally a memorable day in the biography of most boys.

How we have valued the empty jam bottle, the piece of cane for a rod, the bent pin for a hook, and the little blood-worm for a bait. One cannot go near any of our commons on a half-holiday, when the school-boys are allowed liberty from school, without seeing many such boys trudging either to the ponds, with their bottles swinging at their sides, or else returning home laden with a precious burden of minnows or redthroats.

As we grow older many of us become more enthusiastic anglers; and preparations of a more elaborate character have to be made if we wish to catch any particular species of the finny tribe. To become an expert at angling requires much knowledge, preparation, and patience. We must know the right kind of bait to use, the exact spot at which to fish, and the proper time of the day to set to work; besides this, we must even study in what quarter the wind is blowing, for all these particulars will affect our success or failure. The dress of the angler should be of a dark colour. In his basket he should carry reel, lines, hooks, baits, and flies, with his floats made of cork or quills.

Fortified with these and a good rod, he may proceed to his favourite haunts, and, according to the place and season, he may endeavour to catch gudgeon, roach, dace, bream, carp, perch, pike, or trout.

As he sits in some quiet, shady spot, he may congratulate himself that he is enjoying one of the most ancient of sports. The prophet Isaiah, who lived about 800 B.C., refers to angling in the following words: "The fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle into the brooks shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish."—(Isaiah xix. 8.)

The angler should read that most instructive and interesting of books, *The Complete Angler*, written by Isaac Walton, and published about the year 1676. From this book, though so old, the angler will obtain some of the best information on his craft, and there he will find some pretty poems, and most enthusiastic remarks on the gentle art. We cannot resist the temptation to give our readers a sample of the poems they will find—

"Oh! the gallant fisher's life,
It is the best of any!
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many.
Other joys
Are but toys.
Only this
Lawful is;
For our skill
Breeds no ill,
But content and pleasure.

"When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode
Full of delectation.
Where in a brook,
With a hook;
Or a lake—
Fish we take;
Then we sit
For a bit
Till we fish entangle.

"Or we sometimes pass an hour
Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower
Making earth our pillow,
Where we may
Think and pray
Before death
Stops our breath.
Other joys
Are but toys,
And to be lamented."

Fishing necessarily demands a great expenditure of patience. The unfortunate angler will often spend hours at his art, and after exercising every kind of manœuvre he can conceive, he will at last return home with an empty basket, having "caught nothing," as *Punch* puts it, "but the last train home." If, however, this should happen to us, we shall have the pleasure of knowing that we have spent the time in the fresh air, amidst pleasant scenery, in company with the birds, the green grass, and the leafy trees, with plenty of opportunities for communion with the God of Nature.

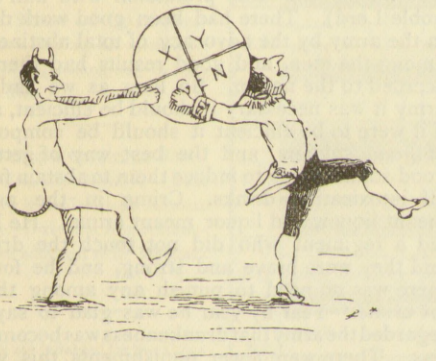
As fishing also often necessitates that the fisherman should wade knee deep in the water, we may well ask ourselves if there be any need for those constant drops of brandy to which many anglers resort. Can an abstainer, provided all other things are equal, become an expert at angling? We answer without hesitation, "Yes." An abstainer can endure the cold and damp quite as well, and

even better than a drinker. We have the opinion of the celebrated Colonel Burnaby as to the folly of drinking spirits as a protection against the cold. In his book, *A Ride to Khiva*, he says: "The most suitable drink in the bleak north is hot tea." This drink the Colonel declares to be far superior in heat-giving properties to any wine or spirits.

Chronicles of the Alcohol Family.

OLD PORT'S STORY.—CHAPTER IX.

By Dr. J. James Ridge.



"AFTER my very narrow escape from those dreadful liver cells," continued Droplet, "I found myself getting again into wider channels among the ever-rushing throng of blood corpuscles, so crowded together that the stream was of a deep purple colour. I found myself at length in a large tube mounting higher and higher until suddenly I was pitched head-foremost into a good-sized cavern of an irregular shape into which another similar stream was pouring from above. I could not help saying—'Where am I now, I wonder?' One of the blood discs close by said directly: 'Why, in the heart to be sure; I've been round this way several times.' I had hardly time to speak before the walls of the cavern closed in and forced me with the stream through a hole, guarded by three flap-doors, into another and a larger cavern, which opened and stretched to take us all in. Only for half-a-second did I stay there, the next moment the walls contracted and forced us out again, not the way we had come, but through another hole guarded by three cup valves which opened to let us go by and then flapped together again to prevent our going back. A fresh jet came after us in less than another second, and so I was driven on by a series of jerks into passages which began to grow narrower as I had found them do before when I got into the liver. The pipes still became smaller and smaller until they were as tiny as those into which I first entered in the wall of the stomach. Only one or two blood discs could get through at a time, and just outside the thin wall of the blood-vessel I found a current of air rushing about. Here I almost made my escape. Some of my companions did get out of the stream of blood, but where they went to I did not know then, though I found out afterwards. But I was amused at the change which the air produced in the little blood-discs. Each of those jelly-like bodies carried a little colouring matter, and stowed away also a little cargo of bad air called carbonic acid, which it had picked up on its journey. I was surprised to find that when they got into the narrowest vessels in this region——"

"Let me tell the company," said I, "that this was one of Joe's lungs, and the air rushing to and fro was his breath."

"Very well," continued Droplet, "but as I was saying, the little blood-discs turned out their cargo of carbonic acid and took in a cargo of oxygen, which joined with the colouring matter and changed it so that the stream of blood, as it gathered together again into larger vessels, was now bright red instead of purple. I had some fun in these pipes and did my best to upset the cargo, but though I could not altogether prevent the blood-discs from changing their cargo, I was able to hinder them a good deal. I may say here, once for all, that wherever any work was being done I and my companions always did what we could to get in the way, and succeeded in doing a good deal of mischief.

"After passing through the smallest tubes in the lungs, I went on with the bright red stream of blood through pipes which joined together as those of the stomach and liver had done, and at last I was shot through a big pipe into another part of the heart similar to that I was in before. Helter skelter! no time to think! I was hurried through a hole with two flaps into another fleshy bag; but I was no sooner in than I was out again—squeezed through another hole past three more cup-valves into a long elastic tube with smooth walls; and from this big artery, as they call it, other smaller arteries branched off. I was carried along at a great pace, and by numbers of jerks through smaller and smaller pipes, as had happened to me twice before, namely, in the liver and in the lungs. Up, up I went, through curious, curved passages until at last I found myself in a dark box filled with soft white stuff, through which the pipes filled with blood spread in every direction."

"What Droplet is talking about now," said I, "is the brain, by which these two-legged beings think and feel and move."

"Yes," continued Droplet, "I saw a great many things called brain-cells, of different sizes, but all very tiny. They were little soft specks with two, three, or more corners from which fine threads came off which went twisting about among the brain-cells, and at last, joining with a lot of other similar fibres, passed out of the box to go to all parts of the body; these are what they call nerves. There was an innumerable multitude of these cells and nerve fibres, and I was able to pass in and out among them through the little blood tubes. I noticed that these brain-cells needed a good deal of food, which was supplied by the blood; and this also carried away a lot of waste matter which the brain wanted to get rid of. This supply of food and removal of waste took place through the walls of the little pipes in which the blood flowed. I thought I should like to get outside the blood-vessel too, and to see what I could do outside. So I squeezed through the wall and floated about outside. I was surprised to find several more droplets of alcohol like myself, some of whom told me that they had been there a considerable time, and could not get away from the brain-cells, which had a curious power of attracting them. One old Droplet gave me a good deal of information. He said he had found out that a sort of electricity was produced in the brain-cells, and ran along the nerves as along wires, sometimes to start currents of electricity in other brain-cells, sometimes to excite other parts of the body. Some of these wires, called nerves, he said, which I had seen passing through the holes in this dark box, brought in messages from all parts of the body and others took them out, and many were always at work. I found that wherever I went the brain-cells could not work so well, and the messages along the wires did not go so fast. But there seemed to be a kind of balance between some of the cells and others: one set checked the other set, so that when one set worked harder the other could not work so well, and if it grew sluggish the other was able to do a good deal more. If I went, therefore, and plagued one of these check cells, so that it could not produce such a strong current, the other would flare up and send out a strong message along its nerves. But I was never able to rouse up a brain-cell except in this roundabout way, never in any other. Sometimes I would so deaden or benumb some of the brain-cells and nerves that the messages could not get by at all, so that old Joe did not know the message had come, and did not feel as he ought to have done. But I must tell you another time some of the tricks I played among these brain-cells and nerves.

(To be continued.)

Lord Wolseley on Teetotalism in the Army.

VISCOUNT WOLSELEY presided at a meeting held last month under the auspices of the Marylebone Temperance Federation Society to hear an address by the Rev. F. Gelson-Gregson, the subject being "India and the Liquor Traffic."—At the close of the address Lord Wolseley said no one could have listened with more interest to Mr. Gregson's speech than himself, speaking so feelingly as he had of those who were of the same profession with him (the noble Lord). There had been good work done in the army by the advocacy of total abstinence among the men, and good results had thereby accrued to the nation. So long as we had an army it was necessary it should be efficient, and if it were to be efficient it should be composed of good soldiers, and the best way of getting good soldiers was to induce them to abstain from all intoxicating drinks. Crime in the army meant liquor, and liquor meant crime. He had led a regiment who did not touch the drink, and they were brave and strong, and he found there was no need to punish any among them for crime. Year by year he was glad to say as regarded the army that drunkenness was becoming less. There were fewer punishments this year than last, and last year than the year before, for drunkenness—(cheers),—and as a consequence there was a diminution in crime—in fact, less now than there ever was. He remembered the time when lads entered the service sober; but by having brandy served out soon became demoralised by the habit which they were taught upon entering the service. But those times were happily gone by. They had now recreation grounds and coffee houses, and his experience was that where these were well looked after the canteen sold less and less of beer. In conversation with a gentleman connected with a large shipping firm, he was told that the company would not take any man on board who consumed intoxicating liquor. The idea that men should have rum to enable them to do their work had passed away. In Canada this was most strikingly illustrated by the backwoodsmen, who were out for days felling trees, and never touched intoxicating drink, and returned home healthy and strong. The regiments in India that had no intoxicating drink all through their march were more healthy and happy than those who drank. What was good for the army must be equally good for all clases. If they followed temperance they might rest assured that they would have more real enjoyment and happiness of life here and hereafter.

DEATH-RATE OF TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

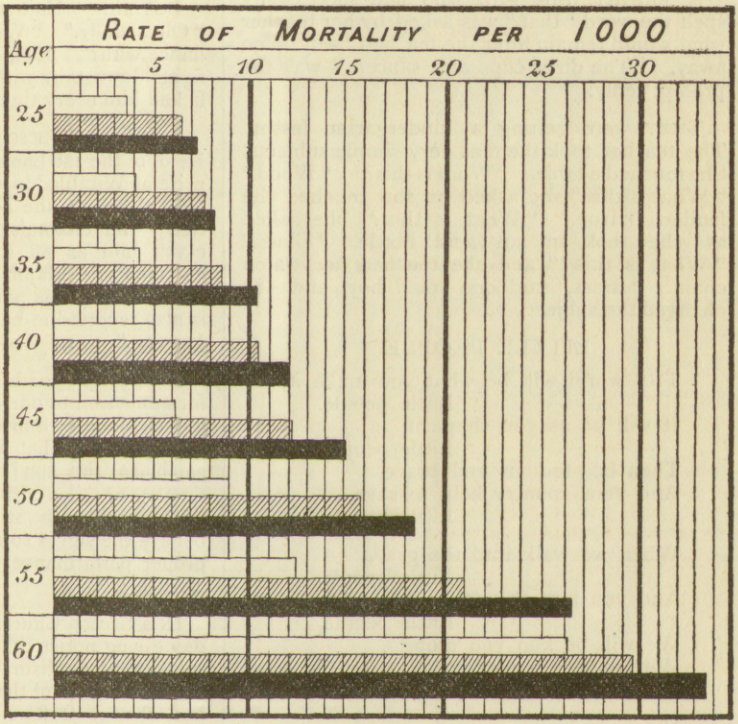
The following Diagram shows the deaths per 1,000 members experienced at various ages by the following :—

1.—**(Blank Column.)** Rechabites Friendly Society. This Society draws its members almost exclusively from the working classes. *All are abstainers.*

2.—**(Shaded Column.)** Twenty leading life assurance companies, dealing only in first-class lives.

3.—**(Dark Column.)** Foresters Friendly Society. This Society is similar in all respects to No. 1, save that Non-Abstainers are admitted to its Membership.

We are indebted for the above to the Scottish Temperance Life Assurance Company Limited. It is a powerful plea for total abstinence from alcoholic liquors.



Water—The Only Possible Drink.

IN writing occasional papers for your Magazine, allow me to commence by saying : There is no drink but water. I will put it a little stronger—there is no *possible* drink but water.

In beginning the subject after this fashion, my first object is to astonish the young reader, and to make him say:—"Surely this man is mistaken." And then to make him laugh and say: "He is right after all. How did I not see this plain truth before?"

On reading the heading of this article, I know that questions like the following will come up : "Is beer not drink?" "Is tea not drink?" "Is milk not drink?" &c., and I answer no, water is the only drink. And now I must give you my reason for saying so : Water is the only fluid in the human body. The body of a boy four stones weight contains not less than three stones of water. And this water, like the rest of the body, is constantly wasting, and we must take more water to make it up. This is the true reason for drinking : this is God's reason. And seeing that to keep up the supply of water in the body is the object of drink, there can be no drink but water.

Milk is meat and drink. See your little baby brother how he is growing on milk : his bones, and flesh, and brain are growing, and yet he is getting nothing but milk, and mother says if he does not soon walk she will not be able to carry him. But it is only the water in the milk that is drink. The only drink in tea is the water mother pours into the teapot from the kettle, and so is it with coffee and cocoa.

There is water in oranges and other fruit, such as grapes, which serve the purposes of drink.

Alcohol, the stuff which people drink in the public-houses, is a poison, and whisky is just alcohol and water : the water is the drink, the alcohol is the poison, and whisky therefore is poisoned water. And beer and stout are poisoned dirty water. T. DUNNACHIE.

Pebbles and Pearls.

A BRIGHT little girl, who had successfully spelt the word "that," was asked by her teacher what would remain after the tea had been taken away. "The dirty cups and saucers," was the prompt reply.

THEY were getting a kindergarten lesson. The teacher took them as very simple subjects. She touched a table. "What is this?" "Wood." "What is this," she asked as she touched the fender. "Iron." "What is this?" she asked as she took up an acid bottle. "Glass." "What is this?" and she touched her watch chain. "Brass," said one small boy, and she changed the subject.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE world will be what you make it,
Little people.
It will be as you shape it,
Little people.
Then be studious and brave,
And your country help to save,
Little people.

When we walk into the grey,
Little people.
And you into the day,
Little people,
We will beckon you along
With a very tender song,
Little people.

If war is in the air,
Little people,
When we make our final prayer,
Little people,
We will pass along to you
All the work we tried to do,
Little people.

So be valiant for the right,
Little people,
For a battle you must fight,
Little people.
'Twill be glory when you win
But to falter would be sin,
Little people.

Then be studious and brave,
Little people,
And your country help to save,
Little people,
From whisky, rum, and gin,
And the evils they bring in,
Little people.

By Mrs. Mary T. Willard, aged 81.

THE nuisance of the hotel was in the parlour warbling, "Oh, would I were a bird." Well, here's a beginning for you, said the landlord, and he handed him his *bill.*

BOYISH.—"Enjoyed your party, Bobby?" "Oh, awfully." "Well, what little girls did you dance with?" "Oh, I didn't dance. I had three fights downstairs with Willie Richardson, an' I licked him every time."

ANOTHER TEETOTAL PRIZEMAN.—Sergeant Reid, of the 1st Lanark, who gained the Queen's prize at Wimbledon this year, is stated to be a total abstainer, the *Daily Telegraph* remarking that "the teetotalers and non-smokers, may claim him as an example of the benefits of abstinence." Major Pearse, of the 4th Devon, who was only one point behind the prize-winner, is also reported to be "a follower of Sir Wilfrid Lawson."

A BRIGHT youth, undergoing examination for admission to one of the Government departments, found himself confronted with the question:—"What is the distance from the earth to the sun?" Not having the exact number of miles with him, he wrote in reply:—"I'm unable to state accurately, but don't believe the sun is so near as to interfere with the proper performance of my duties if I get the clerkship."

IN a Scotch Church, the clergyman was one day giving notice that on the following Sunday the rite of baptism would be administered to children. One of the elders of the church, who had the misfortune to be almost stone-deaf, imagined the vicar was announcing the adoption of a new hymn-book, and just as the worthy pastor had said, "All of you having children and desiring them to be baptised will please bring them next Sunday," rose in his seat and added, "Any lady or gentleman who has not yet got one will be supplied by me for ninepence each, or with extra strong backs one shilling."

OUR JENNIE:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,

Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT a favourable opportunity she thought. So bringing her work, she sat down by the invalid, and commenced chatting about her class. As if it were to be, he opened the way himself by saying, "What class of girls have you at your weekly gathering, servants mostly?"

"All sorts," replied Agatha, "warehouse girls, shop girls, and servants, too. There is one servant in whom I am very much interested. She's only come to London lately, and seems such a nice, good girl, but she has got into terrible trouble since she came, and her mistress has given her notice. Some young gentleman, it appears, showed her the way home one foggy night, and since then he has taken every opportunity of speaking to her, and talked very foolishly to her. Perhaps he meant no harm, but no good ever comes from gentlemen talking and making free with girls below them in social position. One day her mistress happened to see her just when she was begging him to leave her, and naturally the girl was speaking earnestly. Of course this was sufficient, she will not believe the girl's story, that she did all she could to prevent him talking to her, and so gave her notice to leave, which, of course, is a great trouble to the girl, as it takes away her character, which is all a girl in her position has to depend upon.

"Oh! if young men thought more, I am sure they would hesitate before they have, what they may be pleased to term, 'a bit of fun with a girl,' but which to her does not mean fun, as it often, by slow degrees perhaps, leads to her ruin."

During this recital, Herbert's face had been averted from Agatha, but she was not mistaken in thinking that she saw the colour spread all over it, now so pale from his recent accident.

Suddenly he turned it full on her, and said, with evident effort,

"I am that man, Miss Newthern," then sank back upon his pillow exhausted, for he was still very weak.

"I felt sure that you were, and that induced me to tell you the whole story," replied Agatha, calmly. "I knew you had honour in your nature, and that you would not allow the girl to lie under such a false accusation if a word from you could prove her innocence."

"I will not indeed, but how can I do anything lying here so helpless?"

"Oh! never mind that, I will see that the girl is cleared, now I know the real truth."

"Oh! Miss Newthern," he exclaimed, "I cannot tell you how differently you, your father, and Dr. Williams have made me look at life. It seems to me now, as though I never have lived before in the right sense of the word, merely existed in a so-called pleasurable, idle way, just gratifying any passing fancy, but by God's help when I recover I will live to some purpose."

"Yes, I am sure you will, life is too short to be trifled away, and there is so much work wants doing in the world; but you must not talk any more to-night, you are not strong enough yet you know."

Like the wise woman she was, Agatha left her words to apply themselves. She knew he *felt* he had done wrong, therefore she did not begin to descant, but left him with God and his own conscience.

When her father returned all was told him, and together father and daughter rejoiced, as they talked over the inscrutable ways of Providence in bringing this young man to their house, and by this means enabling them to clear Jennie's character.

The very next day Agatha set off to see Jennie, and to tell her mistress the story she had heard from Herbert Foster. Poor Jennie! her heart overflowed with gratitude to Miss Newthern, and she hardly knew how she got down stairs, after being sent for to her mistress's room, and hearing her say how *very* sorry she was that she had so misjudged her, and that in future she should trust her more than ever.

"Have you seen your lover, or is he coming?" exclaimed cook, "why your face is a very picter of happiness. You should just be took this very minute, yes, you really should, in this very kitchen."

"No, Frank's not coming, leastways not as I know on, but oh! cook, mistress believes in me again. I'm that thankful I just feel as if I could sing for joy. That dear Miss Newthern, she's a very saint in clothes, that's what she is. It's all along of her."

"Eh! lass, but I am pleased, but however the missus could 'a doubted the likes o' you, I can't think. You've just the honestest face as ever I see, and you *are* just as honest as your face, which is a deal sight more 'an can be said of some folks."

When Agatha came down from Mrs Lyon's room, she had a little more talk with Jennie, and the girl moved by the happiness she felt opened her heart, and told Miss Newthern a good deal about her home, and the terrible struggle they had had, and what a wonderful help her wages were," &c.

"By the way," suddenly interrupted Agatha, "do you remember your father ever speaking of a brother of his who went abroad?"

"Oh! yes," replied Jennie, "he's often said how he longed to see him once again."

"Had he any children?"

"I don't know, ma'am, for we've never heard anything of him for years."

"Where did you say your home is?"

"Deepdale, in Yorkshire."

"The very same place," exclaimed Agatha, "what is your father's Christian name?"

"William—William Stoneley."

"Then it *must* be the same."

"How the same, Miss Newthern?" said Jennie in a puzzled way.

"Well, I think I have found a cousin for you, but I must tell you the story as it was told to me, and how I first became acquainted with her."

Jennie listened with undisguised expressions of surprise, and when the narration was finished she said:

"I never knew the like, Miss Newthern. It's her, sure enough, it ought to go in a story; folks would say it wasn't real, her turning up like this, but it *is*, you see. Oh! I must see her, poor lost thing. Eh! but it is nice to feel I've someone akin to me in this big London, though I don't know nothing about her; I've felt terrible lonely some times. Eh! dear! but father 'll be mighty pleased. When can I see her, ma'am, do you think, I should so like to help her to a better life."

"So you shall, Jane, I am hoping great things from your influence over her. As her cousin, you can talk to her as a stranger could not, although in one sense you are a stranger, but still you have the love *your* father bore *her* father as his younger brother as a foundation to begin with; the girl is wonderfully susceptible to kind influences, and particularly quick at taking up anything. Already she is very much improved.

"Poor, poor girl" said Jennie reflectively, "what a life she must have had."

"She has indeed, and we must help her to forget it as soon as possible, by making her present one bright and happy; she is now in a home doing very well, and I think it would be the wisest thing for you not to see her just yet, as it might unsettle her."

"Very well, Miss Newthern, I'll do exactly what you think right and best. I am sure I never shall be able to repay you for all your kindness to me, you've been so very, very good."

"Just repay me, Jane, by your life, you know what I mean. Let all those with whom you come in contact be the better for so doing, so that your life may be a *felt* power; though you may not say very much, your influence for good

may be a very wide one, and now you see someone else is to come under it that you never even dreamt of; so it is, God is always giving us opportunities, and it rests with ourselves whether we use them or let them slip away to be lost for ever, for they seldom, if ever, come twice."

"Indeed, ma'am, I will try more than ever to do as you say."

When the two cousins did meet, "they took quite natural one to the other," as Jennie expressed it; and much good to Grace resulted from her relationship and intimacy with Jennie. Agatha was more than thankful that the relative who had "turned up," as it were, for poor Grace was one who would influence her for all that was right and true, and help to fight bravely and well her life's battle.

The days passed quickly into weeks, and the weeks into months. After a much longer sojourn in the Newthern's hospitable home than Dr. Williams had anticipated for him, Herbert Foster had been able to leave.

During the last month, his mother, whose only son he was, had taken lodgings near to the Newtherns, and with her Agatha had formed a fast friendship. The link between her late husband and Mr. Newthern brought them very near together. She was a truly Christian woman, and she and Agatha found that they had much in common; but her gratitude was touching in the extreme when she spoke of the evident change which had taken place in her son's character.

"Oh! Agatha," she said; "how earnestly I have pleaded for my boy's conversion. He only knows, who has heard the prayer, a mother yearns so over her boy; and when he was home last time, and I detected more than once the smell of alcohol in his breath, my heart misgave me sadly when I saw him away to London; and to think God has brought him to himself through your instrumentality, what to say to you I cannot tell; my heart is too full for words, but be assured of this, as long as I live you will be to me as a daughter, and I shall never cease to pray for you. I would that you could become a daughter in reality to me, my child; but that I know can never be. I see what Dr. Williams means by coming here so constantly; his patient does not need the daily and long attendance he still gives him. Oh! no; I know what it all foreshadows. May God bless you abundantly, my child, he seems worthy of you, and that is as high praise as I can give him."

"You think too highly of me, dear Mrs. Foster," replied Agatha. "Indeed I find it uphill work to be a Christian, and I am often ashamed of the little progress I make."

"We have all need to be that, my dear; and now let me say to you, if ever you want a mother's help and counsel, write or come to me, and I will endeavour, as far as lies in my power, to fill a mother's place."

The tears came into Agatha's eyes as she answered, "Thank you so much; it is not yet three years since I lost my mother, and I miss her every day, oh! so much. I used to tell her everything. No one ever takes a mother's place."

Of all that passed between Herbert and Agatha, the night previous to his removal, we cannot write, but, man as he was, he was not ashamed to shed tears of sorrow and repentance for his past life, and sincerely he vowed, by God's help, "to begin to live," as he expressed it. He also promised Agatha to give up all intoxicants, knowing that already they had a hold upon him, and especially latterly the craving had been growing. Once let anyone begin to take stimulants, and the craving for them grows and grows so imperceptibly that they cannot tell when they did begin to long for them, and take them oftener than they ought. Alcohol is so insidious, and consequently all the more dangerous. May we ever be on the safe side of total abstinence.

It was with feelings of sincere regret that Agatha and her father parted with their unbidden guest, and when the cab, which took him and his mother away, was quite out of sight, she broke down completely and had a good cry. The excitement of the last three months had told upon her nervous system, far more than she had any idea of, and her father saw that a change of air and scene was necessary.

When Dr. Williams came in that night, he looked at her long and earnestly, and then said —with the smile she had learned to know so well—"We must prescribe for you now, Miss Newthern, or I shall be having another patient on my list; should you mind very much being under my care?"

Agatha raised her eyes to his, but made no verbal reply.

"I think a walk would do you good; will you come with me for a short one? You have been kept too closely in doors lately. I will not take you very far," he added, seeing she hesitated.

"Well, I will put on my hat for a few minutes. I have a headache to-night, perhaps a little fresh air will do me good," she replied.

Oh! doctor! oh! Agatha! so the fresh air was the pretext for love-making, was it?

When they were some little distance from her home, and away from the noisy street, Dr. Williams drew Agatha's arm within his, and held the neatly-gloved hand firmly in his own. Then he looked down at her as he had never in the whole course of his thirty-three years looked at any woman, and said, with a beating heart, "Agatha,—I may call you so, may I not?

Need I tell you that you have become to me what no other woman in the world ever could become; and I love you with all the passion and love I am capable of, my darling," and his grasp of her hand grew tighter. "It is no boyish fancy I offer you, but the strong pent-up love of a man of thirty-three, who has never *loved* before, and I offer it to you. Will you have it Agatha?"

A long silence, in which each heard distinctly the beating of their own heart; then Agatha looked up with the light of love in her eyes, but she spoke no words, but with that look the doctor just put his strong arms round her and pressed one long kiss on her lips.

"My darling," he murmured, "can it be true that I have gained your love? Oh! Agatha, words utterly fail me when I want to express the intensity of my love for you. I did not know till I knew you that I was capable of loving in this way, it is a revelation to myself," and he looked longingly into the sweet face that looked answeringly up into his own.

"When did you begin to love me, Agatha?"

"I don't know," she answered shyly, "during this accident I have felt to get nearer you in thought and feeling every day."

"Ah! that accident has been a blessing to every one concerned. How little we thought what was to result from that night, and I was so perplexed what to do. I think I admired you more then, my darling, than I had ever done before, you were so calm and brave; never thought of yourself and the anxiety and trouble it would entail upon you, having an invalid in the house."

"I could not have done otherwise," she answered.

"No? Many would have done, though, but then you are different from every one else, Agatha, my best beloved."

"Oh, but indeed I am not, you will find me very human, I am afraid."

"Shall I," and he laughed a contented, happy laugh. "But, Agatha, I want to tell you that I have no riches to offer you; I am only a hard working medical man, and my wife"—and he lingered lovingly over the word—"will find that luxuries will not often come in her way."

"I haven't been used to luxuries, Maurice," using his christian name for the first time, "so I shall not miss them."

"Oh! but I would delight to give you every comfort that this world can afford, but if a strong tender love can make up for anything, you have that to the full, aye, and running over."

"And we will help each other, will we not? So to live that the world shall be better for our living; and, for Christ's sake, try to lessen the suffering and the sin around us."

"We will, Agatha. Your words remind me of some lines that I have often thought of, and which I think are very beautiful. Shall I quote them?"

"Yes, do, please."

> "The world waits for help,
> Beloved, let us love so well,
> Our work shall still be better for our love,
> And still our love be sweeter for our work,
> And both commended for the sake of each,
> By all true workers, and true lovers borne."

"Oh, Maurice, how very beautiful; we will make our work better and truer, because of our love one for the other."

"And our love sweeter because of our work; we will, my darling, by His help."

Then Dr. Williams spoke about Agatha's father, and said he must live with them, as he could not think of him being left entirely alone, and so, one by one, he smoothed all the difficulties that lay in the way of her soon becoming his wife.

"And you shall even have Sally as your lady's maid," he added, laughing.

"I fear she would want a good deal more training than I should have patience for her to make her into a lady's maid, but I should like to bring her with me. How good you are!"

"Ah, but don't you see that the sooner we get all these details arranged, the sooner I shall have you for my very own, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part."

When Agatha returned from her walk that evening, Sara could scarcely take her eyes off her mistress's face.

"I always thought as she were lovely, but that night she were more nor beautiful, her face shone again," she said to her companion when speaking of it.

Ah! little Sally, you have yet to learn what a beautifier happiness, caused by true love, is; perhaps some day, your homely, common-place face may be lighted by the same light.

THE OUTLOOK.

GAMBLING.

AMONG the many evils and temptations which beset the lads of our great cities, gambling is one of the most general; yet it is looked on in the light of a pleasant amusement by those who indulge in it.

A gentleman returning home from the city asked a newsboy for an evening paper. He said he had sold out.

"Well," said the gentleman, "how's that?"

"Because," replied the boy, "everybody wanted to know the verdict."

"What is it?" said the gentleman.

"Guilty," replied the boy.

"Are you sure?" was the further inquiry.

"Yes," said the boy; "for I have pulled off three bob from Jim. Haven't I Jimmy?"

"He has; it's right enough. I bet him three shillings to one she'd get off."

"I should think *you* were *guilty* of robbing Jimmy of three shillings," said the gentleman.

"Oh, no, I ain't, it was a fair bet; he's lost fair enough, and I've won fair enough."

The incident was repeated to several people on the homeward journey, and all expressed surprise and regret that such small boys should be betting so heavily. One said: "I do not see how I can blame the boys seeing I am guilty." And another said: "My business is of a very speculative character, and might often be called gambling by the over-scrupulous."

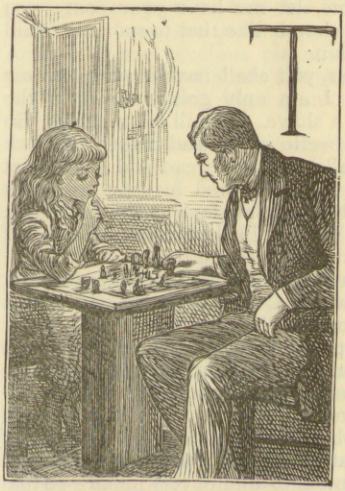
This led to a general talk, in which many opinions were expressed, all showing how far and wide this injurious custom prevailed. It is impossible to attend a cricket match, or be in the street when the result of some race is known, without feeling that the vice of gambling and betting has eaten its way into all classes of society—high and low, rich and poor—and that with many it is looked upon as quite a legitimate way "of making an honest penny." In fact, custom has made it respectable in many circles.

An intelligent young man said, only the other day, to a friend, that all the companions he was thrown in contact with were more or less under the influence of this snare; and most of them boldly maintained that there was nothing wrong if you could afford to lose the money.

Much may be said against gambling from an economic point of view, and on the folly of spending money without a *definite* return of value. More might be said against the practice from the many evil results that arise from it—the discomfort and vexation of incurring a small loss, and the misery and ruin of a large loss. The immorality and sin of gambling lies not in the amount risked, or even in speculating with a sum of money we can or cannot afford to lose, but in the principle of making anything whatever without giving a corresponding value in return. The wrong lies with the winner; in the shame and guilt of having obtained money or property for which nothing has been given in exchange. There is little or no difference between that and robbery so far as the loser is concerned; only in the one case he is a blind victim, and in the other, a helpless one with his eyes open. It is the most evil of all amusements because the most grossly selfish; it is pleasure made at the pain of others, gained at the price of another's loss. No vice can be more demoralising under any and all circumstances, whether it be a bet upon anything we are quite positive about, or a penny laid on any risk, or a ticket in any lottery, or a share in a raffle for any object however pious.

A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE.

By A. J. GLASSPOOL.



THERE was a little hole in the coat, just under the arm; a small piece of lining was visible; you wouldn't have observed it if you had not looked for it; but never mind, it was there all the same, and to an experienced, critical eye, it looked ugly, and reminded one of carelessness and slovenliness in dress.

The owner of the coat was Archibald Watson; and although he had just celebrated his twenty-first birthday, he was generally the most indifferent man you could meet anywhere, with regard to the clothes he wore.

"Archie," said Mrs. Watson, the most attentive and best of mothers, "give me your coat; I see a stitch is wanted; you'd better have it done at once."

"Never mind, mother," replied Archie, gaily, "that won't hurt; you shall do it some of these nights, when I come home early."

The fact was Archie only had one respectable coat, in which he could appear in decent society. It was true he had an old coat he wore in the workshop, and another he called his garden coat, which he put on when he was at work in the garden, training his scarlet-runners and trying to get rid of the insects and caterpillars that did so much harm.

"Why don't you buy another coat?" his mother would constantly ask.

"Don't bother, mother; this coat is all right. I'm sure I look quite a 'masher' on Sundays, when I wear my 'chimney-pot' and put on my tan gloves."

The mother laughed. She had not a very high opinion of those who thought more of their outward covering than of anything else. A *beau*, as the French would say, or a *swell*, as we say in England, was to her an effeminate, childish, unmanish creature; but, at the same

time, she admired neatness in dress, and always considered that a man who was indifferent as to what he wore was likely to carry out the same principle in business, and this might lead to the most disastrous results.

"Now, Archie, let me have your coat; you cannot go to church like that to-morrow," said the mother again.

"Yes, mother, you shall have it when I come in presently. I am only going round to the barber's to get a shave. I shall be in early. So then, like the beetle in the sad history of Cock Robin, you shall use your thread and needle; at the same time Archie rubbed his hand over the down on his chin, and laughed, as well he might, for the barber was not likely to take the edge off his razor whilst shaving him.

Out went Archie; and it being Saturday night in the little town of C——, most everybody was out also, just for a walk and a talk.

Archie met plenty of people he knew. There was his bosom friend, Tom Smith, whom he loved as a brother, and many others who accosted him, and had something to say—to tell some little plan of pleasure, some piece of scandal to relate about someone they professed at the very moment to admire very much—so that when Archie reached the barber's it was well-nigh ten o'clock.

The barber's shop was a funny little place. The town of C—— is a fishing town, and as yet the grand hairdressers of the larger towns, with great saloons, with the walls covered with looking-glasses, and machinery for brushing the hair with revolving brushes, have not yet been seen.

Timothy Whitehead was the proprietor of the shop; and the whole and entire staff of hair-cutters, shavers, and shampooers were all comprised in himself.

The walls of his shop were decorated with the brightest of pictures, while several cases of stuffed animals and birds, with some fish that Timothy had caught himself in his younger days, gave a very pleasant appearance to the place. Every day Timothy placed fresh sawdust on the floor, and hung up a couple of clean jack-towels for the use of his customers. There was the pot of soap suds, and over a spirit lamp the little copper pot containing the boiling water in which Timothy dipped his razor before he commenced the operation of shaving.

Everything in Timothy's shop was of the best quality. He was proud of his scissors and his razors. If your hair was as coarse as the mane of a horse, he could snip it off with the least trouble; and if his customers with a week's beard, like the stubble of the fields, did come on Saturday night to have it removed, it didn't matter a bit—plenty of lather and Timothy's razor very soon gave a clean chin, as smooth as a mahogany table, and all without drawing a single drop of blood.

Timothy's shop was, as usual, crowded on Saturday night. So many were waiting to have the hair trimmed, the heads clipped, and the faces made clean for Sunday, that Timothy was quite busy. There was another reason: Timothy wouldn't do a stroke on Sundays; no, not for anyone. There was a common little shop down a back street, that hung out its pole and opened its doors on Sunday; but Timothy believed in a day of rest; and to inform all his customers of this fact, he had placed over his mantel-piece, in large letters, the words—

No Business done on Sundays.

Timothy's shop was a famous place for gossip—you could be sure to get the latest news there—for Timothy dearly loved the newspaper; and though his information in these days of telegrams and telephones was rather stale, yet it pleased his simple customers, and gave Timothy a little temporary importance in their eyes.

Timothy was very fond of young men. He always had a good word for them. He knew very well when he had fixed the wrapper round them, and had got the lather on their chins, they couldn't very well get away, and so were obliged to listen to what he had to say; and though some of them would inwardly repeat the words, "Cut it short!"—words which were often heard in Timothy's shop—they felt bound to listen to such a respectable old fellow as Timothy Whitehead, for his white hair was an exact representation of his name, and his experience of the world was great.

When Archibald Watson looked in at the barber's, every seat was occupied. He turned away hastily; for of all things Archibald hated, waiting was one of the chief. He had such active limbs, and especially on a Saturday night, when there was so much to see and hear in the High Street, he could not endure the thought of sitting still for half-an-hour.

"Come in, Mr. Watson; I shan't keep you long," said the old barber, cheerfully.

"I'll come in presently," replied Archie.

"No, no, man. Just wait a minute or so; some of these gentlemen have already been attended to; I tell you I shan't keep you long."

Timothy had a particular desire to have a word with Archibald Watson on this Saturday night.

Archibald sat down, took up a newspaper, and settled himself to read. In a short time every other customer had gone, and he was alone with the barber.

When the lather was thick on his chin, the old man said to him, in a peculiarly inquisitive tone:

"I hearst youst soon to be married, Archibald?"

Timothy was an old friend of the Watson family. He had cut Archie's hair ever since he had been obliged to sit on the big chair, and so he felt quite a fatherly affection for his young friend.

Archie blushed so deeply that the very lather almost turned red; and though he couldn't say a word in reply, for fear the soap should get into his mouth, he winked his left eye, as much as to say: "You're right, old boy; what next?"

"Yous't to be married, I'm told, on Christmas next. Didst thou ever think of the responsibilities of married life?"

This was a matter that never troubled Archie. As for thinking at all, that was quite out of his province; he let things come and go as they liked.

He looked a little peculiar at his friend; and now that the razor had done its task—for the work was not a difficult one—he was free to talk.

"I'm told, Timothy, that two can live as cheaply as one," answered Archibald, in whom thoughts were beginning to rise that had never been there before.

"Does that seem sensible now, Archie? How can two persons eat the same slice of bread and butter? You ought to have more reason. Now, where art thou going to live? Art thou getting the home ready?

"Betsy Slowman will let us have two furnished rooms to start with, and then we shall get the home together by degrees."

"Archie, Archie," said the old barber, solemnly, "I was always fond of ye, and thought when I have been cutting your hair, and looking at the bumps on your head, that you had good sense; but I have been deceived. Thou must not start married life in such a manner; thou must get the cage ready for your little bird. Now, I will tell thee of my experience. If thou dost not get thy home before marriage, it's very likely you'll never have a home of your own at all. It saves a lot of trouble to start well. You know the old proverb: *A stitch in time saves nine.*"

"Susan's got a five-pound note saved," remarked Archibald, thinking that, somehow, his sweetheart's prudence might reflect upon him, and thus make him appear better in the eyes of Timothy.

"What's that to do with it? You'll go and fool away the five-pound note in honeymooning and such like, and then you'll start without a penny. Now, my boy, wait a bit, and I'll show you something."

Timothy went into his little parlour and brought out a cash-box. Opening it carefully, he exhibited a bank-book, and then some documents, showing that he had so many pounds put away in consols.

"Look here, Archie. The day'll soon come when my fingers will be too old to cut hair, and my hand too unsteady to shave chins. I am getting a few pounds together for the future, to keep me from the poorhouse. You must get some of these precious pieces of paper before you put the ring on Susan's finger."

"I wish I could; but I don't seem to have much to spare."

"Bah!" ejaculated Timothy, as if he really felt angry. "Don't talk such stuff. Give up drinking; give up smoking; give up the money you spend in pleasure; work a little overtime; prepare for the future, or you will find yourself in such a pickle that you will live to repent your married life. There; good night; think of what I have said. Once more—*A stitch in time saves nine.*

Archibald thanked Timothy and hurried out, rather glad to get away. It was all true what the old man had said, and so he didn't care to hear it.

When he got outside he met several companions, who always felt inclined for a bit of fun on Saturday nights. Like most young men, they soon commenced skylarking. One of them seizing hold of one of the sleeves of Archie's coat, gave it a severe tug. The loosened stitches gave way, and the sleeve hung to the coat almost by a single thread.

"You've done it now," said Archibald, laughing. "How shall I get it mended before to-morrow?"

When Archie reached home his mother smiled at what had happened; at the same time she reminded her son that such an accident would never have occurred if he had taken the precaution to have had the coat repaired as soon as the loosened stitches appeared.

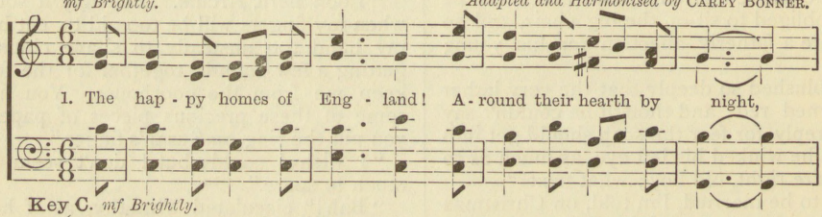
Archie has taken kindly the good words of Timothy Whitehead. Susan was quite willing to wait a couple of years longer in service. The future bridegroom now looks very carefully at every penny before he parts with it. Timothy has told him how to obtain the Government securities, and all the loose stitches of his character are being gradually fastened up. G.

THREE MAIN THINGS.—"To still the cravings of hunger and thirst, to restore the weight of the body to its former amount, to make it to continue giving out heat, water, and carbonic acid at the same rate for an indefinite period, it is absolutely necessary that the body should be supplied with THREE THINGS, and THREE ONLY—1st, FRESH AIR; 2nd, PURE WATER; 3rd, GOOD FOOD."—*Professor Huxley.*

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.*

Words by MRS. HEMANS.
mf Brightly.

Melody partly from the GERMAN;
Adapted and Harmonised by CAREY BONNER.



Key C. *mf Brightly.*

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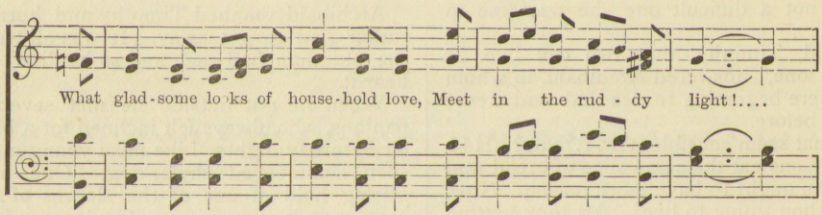

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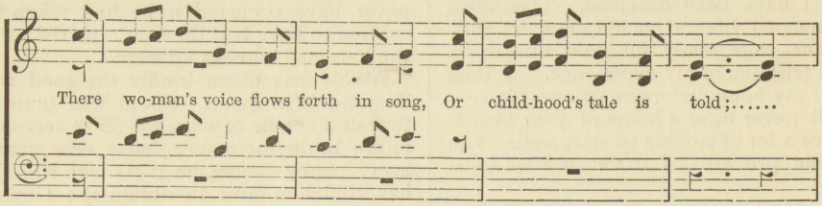

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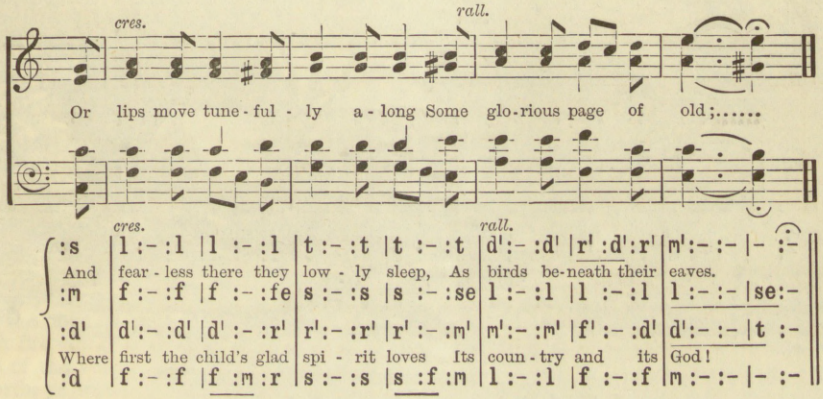
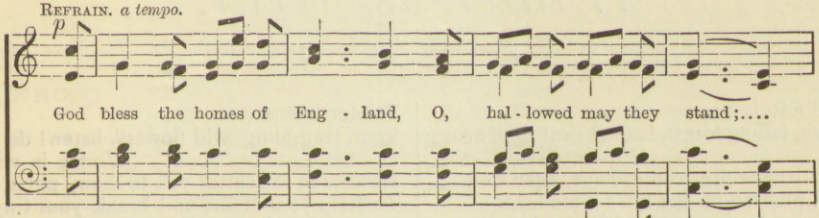
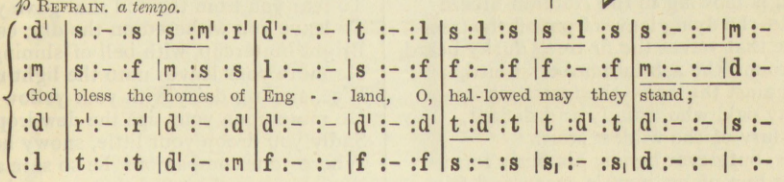
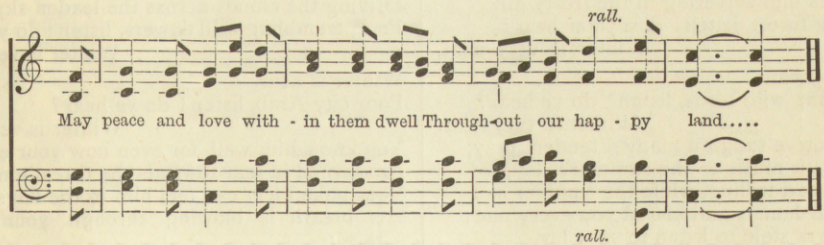
THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.









Winter is Near.

By MARY M. FORRESTER.

WINTER is near.
Oh, fading forest, listen! dost thou hear;
Winter is very near.
He comes—the winter comes; aye, even now
His foot is planted on the hill's wide brow;
His breath is blowing in the Autumn breeze
That shakes the dying leaves from off the trees—
The breeze that waves the fir-tree's dusky beard,
Singing around the ash in numbers weird,
Beating against the oak—the forest giant—
The mighty oak, who, calmly and defiant,
Faces the fury of the wildest storm
That bares, but never bends, his burly form,
That strips him of his mantle green and fair,
And leaves him shivering in the frosty air.
Oh, fading forest, listen! dost thou hear?
Winter is very near.

Winter is near.
Poor singing wild birds, listen! do ye hear?
Winter is very near.
Sweetly you've sang on many a tender spray,
Pouring your music to the summer's day,
Warbling and trilling, while the summer sun
Lit up your homes and kissed you every one;
And zephyrs stole to listen to your lay,
And gently rocked you all the livelong day,
While leaflets danced unto the songs you sang,
And streams grew silent where your sweet notes rang;
But now the earth grows cold, the leaflets sigh,
The zephyrs wail as through the fields they fly.
Stay not, poor birds, lest in your tiny throats
Winter doth stifle all your warbling notes;
Away! away! he comes. Oh! do ye hear?
Winter is very near.

Winter is near.
Poor, trembling wild flowers, listen! do ye hear?
Winter is very near.
He comes to scatter you to many parts,
To strip your stems and break your tiny hearts,
To tear you from the sod that gave you birth,
To leave you withered on the dry, cold earth.
Bright buttercup, with bell of shining gold,
No more your leaves unto the light unfold;
Wee, smiling daisy with your yellow breast,
No more upon your tips the dewdrops rest;
Sadly you droop your little, snowy head,
Where your companions lie so sere and dead—
You shiver in the wind that passes by
Driving the clouds across the leaden sky.
Poor, trembling wild flowers, listen! do ye hear?
Winter is very near.

Winter is near.
Poor city Arab, listen! do ye hear?
Winter is very near.
You know him well, for even now your eyes
Are turned in fear towards the threat'ning skies,
Your naked feet can feel him in the flags,
His breath is blowing through your scanty rags;
You see no beauty in the fleecy snow
Of which the poets sing, you only know
That death lies hidden in its silver white
With icy hand to clutch you close and tight;
You've felt it melting in your tangled hair,
Dripping upon your limbs so thin and bare.
Poor little shivering, homeless, hungry child,
You know the storms of winter fierce and wild!
Poor city Arab, listen! do you hear?
Winter is very near.

Winter is near.
You with your coffers full, say, do ye hear?
Winter is very near.
Come forth! come forth! and with a generous hand
Scatter your gold—make bright this Christian land.
"Clothe ye the naked!" Hear you, this command?
While at your gates the ill-clad beggars stand.
"Feed ye the hungry!" At your doors arise
The sobs of want, the famished children's cries.
Come, dainty lady, with the fair, sweet face,
Add to your beauty mercy's tender grace.
How bright, how beautiful the woman's eye
Lit with the holy light of charity,
How soft the voice that speaketh words of love,
An echo of the voices heard above.
Come forth, ye wealthy, listen! do ye hear?
Winter is very near.

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ALCOHOL FAMILY.

Old Port's Story.

By DR. J. JAMES RIDGE,

Physician to the London Temperance Hospital. Author of the "Temperance Pilgrim's Progress," &c.

CHAPTER X.

"WHAT about those tricks of yours, Droplet?" said I; "we should like to hear about them now."

"Very well, your majesty," replied Droplet, "I will try to tell you; but I hardly know where to begin. I was dodging about inside Old Joe's skull a long time, but what I have to tell you was not all my doing, it was partly done by my companions. There was one place I got to which astonished me very much. I had been going about in the dark all this time, as you know, and was quite used to it; but all at once I came to a window through which light was streaming in. It was very much like one of those places I once heard a little boy talk about, where he went into a dark room and there was a table in the middle and light came in at the top, while on the table he could see a picture of houses and trees and people moving about."

"Oh! yes; a camera obscura," said I.

"That's it; and just behind the window I was speaking of there was a dark screen, and all sorts of pictures came in and danced about on the screen. I believe Old Joe said it was his eye, as he let down a curtain in front and rubbed it, and said something about his eyes while I was playing about inside. I ought to say that there was a sort of rope of nerves which went from this eye to the brain, along with a similar rope from another window, or eye, on the other side, and these ropes took messages from the eyes so that the brain might know what was going on outside. I got all among the little wires, and wouldn't let them work properly, so that Old Joe could not see what he was doing properly, and kept making mistakes. I got so in the way once that the eye I was in would not work with the other as it ought to have done, and Old Joe saw two glasses where there was only one, and poured out some wine into the wrong place, spilling it on the table. His master was very angry, but Joe was able to see he had made a mistake, and begged his pardon so much that he let him off. Another time Joe was asked for a particular sort of wine, and he had to look at the label for the purpose, but I had so muddled his eye that he had to hold the bottle closer, and could scarcely read it then."

"How those letters do dance about," said Joe. I couldn't help laughing to hear him, and see him rub those windows of his, when it was all my doing inside, and he couldn't get at me.

"But one of the first things I did among those threads and cells in Joe's brain was to get hold of some which went all over the body, and make the blood-vessels smaller. I got hold of these and would not let them work, so that the pipes containing the blood began to swell; the skin especially and other parts of the body became red and full of blood, and cold air outside cooled it down a great deal. I made Joe's face and nose get quite red, and this had swollen so often before by other drops which had done as I was doing, that now it was always bloated and purple."

"I heard Joe say it warmed him up," said I.

"It makes him colder," said Water Bottle; "for very soon he shivers and thinks he must take some more."

"There he goes again," said several voices; "what does he know about it?"

"I know a good deal," replied Water Bottle; "for one day I was on the dinner table and there was a captain of a ship came to dinner. He had

sailed very much to the frozen regions of North America, where the cold is so great that when the steam comes out of the boiling kettle it falls as snow on the floor. All meat is frozen hard and has to be chopped up. He had been long journeys overland wrapped up in furs, and had to sleep out in the snow. He had found that he could not take any alcoholic liquors at all; if any of the men did it would almost kill them—they could not stand the cold—so they always used to drink hot tea."

"Well, never mind that," said I, to turn the subject, for Water Bottle always says such disagreeable things about us, and none of the bottles like to hear him talk; "go on, Droplet."

But Water Bottle was not to be stopped. He went on to say he had heard that in Canada, where it was very cold indeed in the winter, men go out into the woods for several months to cut down trees: they are called lumbermen. When they are starting they examine each other's luggage to see that they are not taking any spirits with them, as they are almost sure to die if they drink. And he said that when Lord Wolseley wanted to take some soldiers to the Red River, in Canada, in the depth of winter, he marched his men all the way without liquor, giving them tea instead, and they did it well without any sickness. Then he actually said that the polar bears did not need alcohol, nor any of the other animals that live in the Arctic regions. But the growls and grumbles grew so loud that nobody could hear any more.

At last Droplet was able to say that the next thing he did was to play all sorts of pranks with the nerves which brought all the news of what was going on outside, and especially the sense of feeling. He and others stopped the messages, or, at least, hindered them very much, so that Joe could not feel so well; and he said that if there had been more drops of alcohol to act on these nerves they could have stopped the messages altogether, so that, for instance, Old Joe's leg could have been cut off and he would not have felt it at all. He said that by the power they were able to exercise many people had met with accidents and had been wounded, but knew nothing at all about it, and could not understand how it had all come about. There was not a nerve in Joe's body that they let alone.

"And we tried," said he, "to prevent his attending to anything. His master had to call to him three or four times, and was very angry about it. Old Joe mumbled that he was very sorry, and brisked up a little, but we were too strong for him, and he was very glad to get away and lie down to sleep as soon as he could. But before that we also played tricks with the messages that were sent out from the brain to move his arms and legs and other parts of his body. We muddled them together so that he could not walk quite straight, or speak plainly, or do anything properly. He almost tumbled down the cellar stairs, and said all kinds of strange words as he just saved himself by falling up against the wall."

Water Bottle began to bubble and fume as all this was being said, as though he could scarcely restrain his indignation; so to prevent another scene I made Droplet stop his story for a little while.

(To be continued.)

A Passing Acquaintance, and what came of it.

By Uncle Ben.

As a gentleman was coming down the station steps at Waterloo Terminus, a boy selling evening papers was holding a conversation with another boy in the same line of business, who had seated himself on the last step. The boy on the steps had, of course, his back to the people coming down, and was evidently only looking at those going out of town by the evening trains, so did not observe the passenger. The other one exclaimed, with an air of overwhelming politeness, and imitating the tones of an aristocratic drawl, "Ellis, don't sit in the gentleman's way;" and, touching his forehead with his forefinger, "Shall I carry your parcel for you, sir?"

"I can manage it," said the gentleman; "but since you are so polite, I will trouble you."

The boy took the parcel eagerly, and took a hard look at the gentleman, as much as to say: "You don't really mean me to carry it for nothing, do you?"

The gentleman still continued, as the boy seized the parcel, "You are very kind and obliging I'm sure."

"Luck changes a good deal," said the lad; "you may be glad to do a job like this yourself some day."

"Has your's been bad of late? I see you have no boots," asked the gentleman, with a smile.

"Well, it don't follow that luck's bad because I don't wear boots. Boots is useless things; its cooler without them, and a deal cheaper not to wear them. Besides, in this line of business they injure your trade; if you look too respectable nobody thinks you want a job, and instead of giving a lad silver for carrying their things, they come down to coppers."

The gentleman chatted with the boy till he came to an office just out of the Strand, where

"Fast asleep on an old-fashioned hall chair." (*Page* 158).

he was leaving the parcel. Before parting, the boy had greatly interested the gentleman, who asked him many questions as to where he lived and what he did. He found the lad lived with his mother, who was all day trying to pick up her living as best she could, doing odd jobs "in the cleaning line," as her son expressed it. He discovered she was not a teetotaler, and liked a glass of beer or gin when she could get it. The boy's education had been neglected. He was now over thirteen, and though a bright, sharp lad, seemed on the high way to a wastrel kind of life. On presenting the lad with a liberal payment for his service the gentleman said if the boy would be at home at four o'clock on Saturday afternoon he would go and see him; and an arrangement was finally made for a visit accordingly. In the meantime the boy was to have specimens of his writing ready.

On the Saturday the gentleman presented himself at the residence of Mrs. Colman to see her son Walter, who generally went by the name of Snap. He entered a very third-class greengrocer's shop in the region of Lambeth Road, and inquired if Mrs. Colman lived there.

"Yes," said the man in charge of the vegetables and fruit, "but the lady isn't in now."

"Is her son in?"

"Snap's in the back room, first door to the right through the shop," was the reply.

The gentleman followed the direction and knocked at the door, but receiving no answer, pushed it open and saw the boy fast asleep on an old-fashioned hall chair, with his head on his arm, resting on a table where there were abundant signs of efforts having been made with pen, ink, and paper. The results, so far as the shedding of the ink was concerned, were ample and generous, but very poor in regard to legible writing. The boy was so soundly asleep that he required to be spoken to and touched on the arm by the friend who had called before he was roused. When he was wide awake the gentleman asked him if he was likely to go to sleep over any other jobs he might have to do; to which he promptly replied that he should if there were not more in them to keep one awake than writing up and down strokes and copying things.

The boy could do little evidently in the way of scholarship, and his surroundings had been a great hindrance; but the gentleman felt he had a good, honest character, and really smart intelligence, and that with training he could be made into a bright youth, as he gave promise of a life capable of much usefulness. So, after a friendly chat, Snap was taken into the gentleman's employment on the condition that he should go to an evening school and improve himself all he could.

This condition he cheerfully accepted, and entered upon commercial life. He rapidly advanced, was fully trusted, and honoured every confidence with fidelity. He did not cut himself off from Ellis and his old friends, but became a kind of hero and patron among "paper boys."

Snap and his master are fine illustrations that while social advantages may do much in life to help others, and a good education may do more to make men useful in the world, it is after all character, and that alone, which can make both social advantages and education a blessing to ourselves and others. But it is religion that makes for us all the splendour of opportunity a privilege and obligation for higher and nobler service.

A REGULAR SCRIMMAGE.

FOOTBALL is often described as a game of brutality, and the many accidents which happen in consequence of the over-enthusiasm of players, have prevented many persons from entering into or encouraging the game. It is not, however, a necessity that football should make the players brutal, or that accidents should be a necessary accompaniment of a "regular scrimmage." The Rugby game allows rougher conduct than the Association game, for by the rules of the latter, kicking the shins of the player holding the ball, or tripping up are forbidden.

When the rules of the Association game are adopted, and the players hold themselves in restraint, there ought not to be any harm, but a great deal of good from the game.

When the weather is unsuitable for cricket, then the brave footballers appear on the scene, dressed in their club costumes, and eager for the

excitement and pleasure of this most healthy exercise.

The ball having been kicked from the middle of the field, then the fun commences. The players lose all fear in their eagerness to win, and away they hurry pell-mell after the ball.

To an onlooker it seems a marvel that accidents do not more often happen, for how can that mass of human beings all huddled together in the scrimmage come forth with only a scratch here and there, or a rent in the costume which can easily be repaired?

If we were asked what are the advantages to be obtained from such a game as football, we might reply that in addition to the many excellencies of nearly all games played in the open air and away from degrading influences, there is this additional advantage—the cultivation of *pluck*. It is for this that Englishmen are noted all over the world; give an Englishman a tough job, and he will stick to it till he has accomplished some kind of success.

To be plucky does not mean to be brutal. The big boy at school who lords it over the smaller boys is not plucky, but a mean, despicable coward.

The plucky boy is that one who defends the weak against the strong, who risks his life to save the life of another, who plunges headlong into the stream to save a comrade, and especially if that comrade be unfriendly to the one who risks his life to save him.

We call that bird plucky who covers its little ones with its wings, and will fight the eagle for their protection, rather allowing itself to be carried off than that the nestlings should suffer.

Such games as football are very useful in cultivating this spirit of pluck in the hearts of English boys. At a great public school such as Eton or Harrow, the future destinies of the boys may depend very much on the practice of this spirit. Some will undoubtedly go to distant lands to open up new countries, to follow in the footsteps of such men as Stanley, or to fight the blinding sleet and snows in Arctic seas.

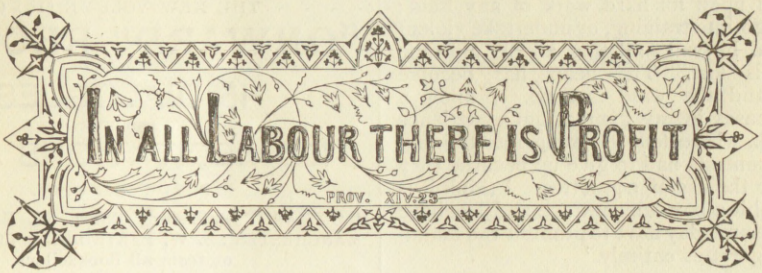
What pluck and endurance will then be required! The man who cannot bear hard blows without complaint will never succeed. If hard blows can be borne, then hunger, thirst, disappointment, and even treachery can be borne also.

The lad who can meet hard knocks in a football scrimmage without a sign of anger on his face, a feeling of resentment in his heart, or a tear in his eye, has steeled himself so that he may overcome many of the difficulties and obstacles of life.

As abstainers, we may reasonably inquire whether we need alcohol to give us this spirit of pluck. If we consider the matter thoughtfully, and read the lives of those who have exhibited pluck in the highest sense, we shall find that we are more likely to have pluck without alcohol than with it.

Some years ago, soldiers in battle, and sailors defending the wooden walls of old England, were plentifully supplied with spirits to give them pluck in battle. Now all these matters are changed. Lord Wolseley, before the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, advised the men to take with them cold tea to sustain them on the march instead of spirits; and he and others have heartily approved of our soldiers practising total abstinence. Among our sailors we have a large body of total abstainers; to encourage them the authorities are quite prepared to give a ration of cocoa instead of rum; and in a vast number of cases this has been received as a most welcome change.

In the Arctic Expedition under Sir George Nares, when the "Alert" and "Discovery" penetrated farther North than any other ships, among those who performed wonderful plucky feats was Adam Ayles, who outstripped all his companions, and did the hardest possible work, and all without the aid of Alcohol. One of the most plucky travellers was Dr. Livingstone, and he has told us that he did not require this false spirit to help him in his journey. Among plucky soldiers we have Sir Henry Havelock; no one can read of his achievements without feeling that pluck and total abstinence can easily go hand-in-hand. We may, therefore, stand bravely to our guns, never allowing either ridicu'e or difficulties to upset our belief in the practice of total abstinence.



Pebbles and Pearls.

GOD breaks the cistern to bring us to the Fountain.

A REPORTER, in describing a teetotal meeting, said: "They had a most harmonious and profitable session, and retired *full of the best spirits.*"

A CLERGYMAN preached from the text, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." (Eccles. ix. 10.) A little boy being asked the next day to repeat the text, said: "Stop blowing, and go to work!"

MR. GEORGE WHITE, Sheriff of Norwich, says:—"We have had more than a thousand parents summoned before the magistrates in the city of Norwich for not sending their children to school, and not one of these cases have been from a teetotal family."

A SCHOOLMASTER, who was as fond of the use of his grog as of the use of the globes, was asked the difference between gravity and gravitation. "When I've drunk five glasses of grog," replied the pedagogue, "my gravity vanishes and my gravitation begins to operate."

SIR CHARLES NAPIER, the conqueror of Scinde, addressing a body of soldiers, said: "Soldiers, if you love your lives do not drink. Forty-four of us were on one occasion suffering from sunstroke, and the only one of those forty-four to escape was myself. The secret was I did not drink."

A WRESTLER ON CIGARETTE SMOKING.—A famous wrestler gives his opinion of cigarette smoking as follows:—"I have come to the conclusion that one of the worst habits a man or boy who wants to do anything in athletics can have is that of smoking cigarettes. It has been my observation in gymnasiums that cigarette smoking is worse than any other form of dissipation. A man may smoke cigarettes for years and never find that it injures him, so long as he is not called upon for hard work of any kind; but let him go into training, or undertake violent exercise, and he will find that all his old-time endurance is lost. The heart has become weakened, and the wind is gone. I know a number of cases in my gymnasium experience in New York, where fellows going into training for athletic contests had to give up because they couldn't stop the use of cigarettes. I think it is the worst habit a boy can contract, and I believe the law will some day have to prohibit the manufacture of cigarettes entirely."

IT is a good morning resolve—"I will try to do *one* kind deed to-day."

An Irishman, with a ragged coat on, was once asked what his coat was made of. "Shure, sir, I think it's made chiefly of fresh air."

"FLAXIE, Flaxie," reproved her mother, "don't do that. What should you do if that thumb should come off?" "Suck the other one, mamma," replied the incorrigible, coolly, and paralysed her mother.

"IT has been the habit of judges, and speakers on public platforms, to address very wise observations to the public as to the crying and besetting crime of intemperance—a crime leading to nearly all other crimes—a crime which they might very well say led to nineteen-twentieths of the crimes in this country."—*Justice Fitzgerald.*

MR. MONTAGU WILLIAMS, in a letter, states that his police district numbers 630,000 people, principally working classes and poor. The number of licensed houses, especially in Deptford and its vicinity, in his judgment is a national scandal. The licensing justices seem to have, from time to time, taken licences and scattered them as closely as grains of pepper from a pepper box. He further says that as long as this state of things exists there can be no thrift, and the condition of the working classes cannot be ameliorated.

WATER, in addition to properly selected articles of solid food, would constitute all that the wants of the system can ordinarily require. And there is abundant evidence that the most vigorous health may be maintained even under trying circumstances without any other beverage. This is demonstrated not merely by the experience of individuals amongst civilised communities, who have purposely abstained from any other kind of drink, but by the condition of nations previous to their acquaintance with fermented liquors.

OUR JENNIE:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,

Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER XI.

WE must now pass over two or three years in the course of our story.

Agatha Newthern is now Agatha Williams, and Maurice, her husband, is slowly but surely working his way to the front rank of his profession. Several times he has been sent for by eminent medical men to give his assistance in critical surgical operations, and his quiet, kind manner had won for him many friends.

The Williams keep a sort of open house, and very frequently have visitors staying with them, and no one is more welcome than Herbert Foster and his mother; for the doctor laughs, and says his accident brought matters to a crisis, much sooner than he would have dared to hope.

Herbert held bravely to his temperance pledge; many times he was sorely tried, but he had found the source of all true strength in time of temptation, and he says he owes to the Newtherns, and Dr. Williams, a debt of gratitude he can never repay.

Grace stayed in the "Home" more than twelve months, learning all kinds of useful work, after which time Agatha procured her a situation with a dressmaker, where her readiness with her needle quite astonished the head of the establishment.

She made rapid progress in her sewing, and not only in that, but in most things she was taught. The change wrought in this girl in a short time was marvellous, but love was the secret influence that worked it all. Jennie's influence over her had increased as years went by, and many a poor girl through their combined effort and prayers had been helped to a better life. So one influences another, and life is made up of the units, all uniting in one grand whole.

Maude Lyon has become a decided Christian, and is one of Agatha's right hands in her work amongst the girls. She says that their housemaid, Jane Stoneley, influenced her more for good by her consistent daily life, than all the sermons she had heard, and it was to the servant the mistress went when anxious about her soul.

Jane is still at Mrs Lyon's, and over and over again Mrs. Lyon has said she does not know what she shall do when she gets married, she is such a conscientious, trustworthy girl.

In this life Jane will never know the extent of her influence for good, although only in the humble position of servant, it widened and extended far beyond her ken, and many an one rejoices that they ever knew Mrs. Lyon's housemaid, Jane Stoneley.

Let none think that their position in life is such that their influence can be of no use; it is the greatest mistake any one can make. However lowly, or however high may be our lot, we exert an influence for good or evil. Was it not through the little captive maid, indirectly, that the great Naaman was cured of his leprosy? and she was only a captive, a slave. Her "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would cure him of his leprosy," wrought a wonderful change. Let us see to it that our influence is exerted on the right side.

Agatha generally sat with her husband in his consulting room, after his consulting hours were over; to tell the truth, Dr. Williams, though married over two years, did not like his wife to be out of his sight very long, and when he thought his patients had finished coming he would draw up the most comfortable arm-chair by the side of the fire, and stir the coal into a ruddy blaze, and then bring his wife to share the rest and quiet of the evening with him.

These two were married lovers. They had each found the other very human, but the discovery had not diminished their love one whit, and on this night, as the doctor now and again stroked his wife's soft, brown hair, he was thinking, "Surely never man had such a wife, so true, so sweet."

And Agatha was thinking, "How proud she was of the tall, grave looking man by her side. Truly he was a king amongst men."

But their meditations were interrupted by the door bell! A doctor's wife must learn to forego anything, however enjoyable, when the call of duty comes, and be prepared to have many a cosy evening spoilt. This Agatha had learnt to do quite cheerfully, but often-times with regret.

The messenger proved to be a servant from Mrs. Lyon's, asking the doctor to go at once, as they feared Jane, the housemaid, was very ill.

Dr. Williams put on his coat immediately, told his wife where he was going, and a brisk walk soon brought him to the house.

He found Jennie very ill, and feared typhoid fever; Mrs. Lyon was in great distress, and said anything that could be done for the girl should be, regardless of expense.

"Oh, doctor!" she added, "there has been a different feeling in my house since this girl entered it. I have felt it; she lives to please others, and not herself; her quiet influence for good here has been untold."

"What a testimony to the power of *real* religion," thought Dr. Williams. "Indeed we will do all we possibly can for her, rest assured of that, Mrs. Lyon. I will come early in the morning, and if she is no better you must have a trained nurse from one of the hospitals."

"Anything you think right, doctor, so long as we can get her well. Poor Jane! She nursed and attended to me so well when I had that severe illness two years ago, and I misjudged her too so harshly the first three months she was with us; I have never quite forgiven myself for it."

Dr. Williams took his leave with a grave face.

"I am afraid that girl is going to have a bad time of it," he said to himself. "I don't like her looks at all, and her temperature is very high."

One of the first places he visited on his rounds next morning was Mrs. Lyon's, but his fears were confirmed; there was no doubt Jennie had typhoid fever.

A nurse was soon procured, but she gradually grew worse, and the kind doctor entertained the gravest fears for her recovery.

In her wanderings she was constantly calling for Frank and her mother, and one day when consciousness returned, begged that they might be sent for.

Maude had, however, written very kindly to Mrs. Stoneley, telling her how ill her daughter was, and enclosing the money for her fare to London.

Poor Frank! when Mrs. Stoneley came to his house with the letter in her hand, and her eyes red with weeping, he knew Jennie was worse, and the fine, manly young fellow laid his head on the table, and sobbed great heavy sobs, wrung from the depths of his heart.

"There's no train to-night, I guess, but there's that one at seven in the morning as gets to London as soon as any of 'em. Could you be ready to start then, mother?"

Since Jennie left he had always called Mrs. Stoneley mother.

"Ready, lad! why, I'd start now if there was a train. My poor lass! Aye, but it's sore hard it's come to this."

"Hard," groaned Frank. "It is hard, and there's my cottage all took, and them bits o' furniture in it a-gathering ready for our wedding in spring. Oh! but I canna live wi'out her. I couldn't love no lass again like her; she weren't like other girls," moaned the poor fellow in the depths of his first great grief.

"You're right, Frank, she weren't," sobbed her mother. "But come, we mun cheer up a bit; she ain't dead yet, please God, and may be He'll raise her up again, and Frank, lad, we mun try to say, 'Thy will be done,' though it's awful hard."

"I'll try; but I know I can't," he moaned.

Poor Frank! his love for Jennie had been true and constant ever since they were boy and girl, and to think of losing her just when life was commencing for them, seemed in the first blush of it, too heavy a blow to be borne.

Great sorrow reigned in Jennie's humble home that night. Her father was completely crushed by the sad news, and hope seemed to give way entirely to despair.

Mrs. Stoneley was up soon after five. It was the first time in her life she had been to London, and it was a great undertaking for her. The journey seemed a never-ending one, as journeys of this sad kind always do. Who, that has travelled under similar circumstances to the bedside of a loved one, has not felt the length of it well nigh intolerable?

In due time, however, Frank and Mrs. Stoneley arrived at Westbourne Terrace, where they were very kindly received by Mrs. Lyon.

Jennie was much about the same, but quite conscious, and first her mother, and then Frank were taken to her room. The interview was a very touching one; the mother looking and speaking so cheerfully to her daughter, whilst her poor heart was well nigh breaking to see the change that a few weeks had made. Frank was only allowed in for a minute or two, with a promise from the nurse that he should be called in if a change for the worse took place.

"Aye! my lass," he moaned; "you mun get well, for my sake. I couldn't thole (bear) my life wi'out you. You are just all the world to me."

Her mother, as well as the nurse, sat up with her that night, and poor cook thought she could never do enough for Jane's mother and sweetheart.

"If you only knew half of the good as your lass has done me, you wouldn't wonder as I think it an honour to wait on her mother. She is a downright good un, she is; and you may well be proud on her," she said. Then turning to Frank—"And you may think yourself more than lucky to get such a gal for your wife, if only the good Lord spares her life, which I trust in His mercy He may see fit to do."

The days went slowly and sadly by, and Dr. Williams saw little improvement in his patient, and began to have very little hope in her recovery.

Frank had to return to his work at Deepdale with a heavy heart, and for many succeeding days no tidings came to gladden it.

One day, however, a very slight improvement was perceptible, and Dr. Williams went home to his wife, as pleased to report it as if his patient had been a Royal personage. So, very slowly and gradually, Jennie began to recover. Many weary weeks she had to lie, but the coming back to life was sweet amidst so much

love and kindness. Until then she never knew nor realised how much her mistress thought of her.

"Every one is so kind, I can't think how it is; I am sure I never deserved all this," she would say, when some little delicacy was brought to tempt her appetite, or when Maude would come and read to her for a while.

"Well, never mind whether you have or not," Dr. Williams would say. "We want to get you better, and it is your duty to accept everything that is put in your way, and help us all you can."

So she did; and when the dull, dark days of winter were giving place to the bright spring ones, the doctor pronounced her well enough to go home for change of air.

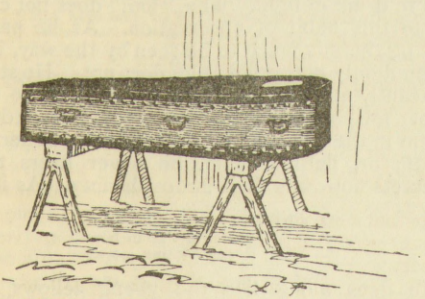
(To be continued).

Chronicles of the Alcohol Family.

OLD PORT'S STORY.

By Dr. J. James Ridge.

CHAPTER XI.



"I HAVE told you what I did to the blood-vessels, making them swell and let more of the blood pass through them. I had a good game also with Old Joe's heart. Some of the nerves run from the brain through the spinal marrow to the heart, and others go there in a less roundabout way. Some of these nerves make the heart beat faster, some make it go more slowly. We liked to see it go thumping away, even though it could not do its work so well, and so we set it going as hard as we could, so that it seemed sometimes as if it would knock a hole in his ribs. But I noticed that his heart was almost worn out: all round it there was a lot of fat, and the walls themselves were much softer than they ought to have been, through the presence of tens of thousands of little drops of oily fat. All this was due to other droplets of alcohol in days gone by, who had worked away at the muscles of the heart and other organs, and caused them to waste, while little drops of fat had been left behind. This was the way we served him out for treating us as he did."

"But how did you get out?" said I.

"Well, your Majesty," continued Droplet, "after I had played about a little more in the brain, and had almost paralysed the nerves which guide the muscles so that he could not walk straight, I got back again into the stream of blood, and set off again on my journey. I soon found that I was carried back to the heart again, and then I had to pass through the lungs and back to the heart, and then through the great blood-vessel. But this time I went down instead of up. I was carried to the tip of his toe in a few seconds, and then up once more to his heart. I got tired of all this, so when I reached the small blood-vessels in the lungs I took the opportunity of escaping into the air, and was breathed out against this cold glass."

Just then there was a sound of voices outside, and the door was tried; but Joe had fastened it inside. Then came a loud knock, but Joe did not move nor take any notice. The light was burning, and he lay as he had done for a long time, with his head on his arm. But now I looked at him attentively I saw that a great change had come over his face; it was pale, much paler than usual in some parts, and bluish in others, and I noticed that he did not breathe at all.

Old Joe was dead!

This accounted for the noise and knocking. His master had missed him, and rung for him; he had called, but there was no answer; the other servants had been asked about him, but they had not seen him. So they had all come to hunt for him, and seeing there was a light under the door of the cellar, they were knocking to see if he were there. I heard the master say, "I'll be bound the old rascal is in there drunk again; he would never have gone out and left the light burning."

"Shall we break in the door, and see," somebody said.

"Yes, I think we had better do so; it won't take much to do it," replied the master.

Then came two or three tremendous bangs, as though one or two people were kicking up against it, and at last the door burst open; but Old Joe knew nothing of it.

"There he is!" said two or three at once.

"Just what I thought," said the master, stepping in, "dead drunk! Joe!" he shouted, clapping him on the back. But Old Joe would never hear that voice again.

"Oh dear! oh dear! I am afraid he's dead, said the gentleman; "yes, he's getting quite cold. John, run for the doctor as fast as you can."

All stood silently gazing with horror at the dead man, waiting for the doctor to come, conscious that it was useless to do anything.

The doctor soon came, and said there would have to be an inquest, and that he would have to examine Joe's body, to discover what had caused him to die so suddenly. Then they took the dead man away, and I saw no more of him.

In two or three days the inquest was held, and all the jurymen came down to look at the cellar, and see where the body was found. What took place at the inquest I heard afterwards from a decanter which was placed on the table, containing wine for the use of the coroner and jury, though Decanter said that some of them would not take any.

Decanter told me that the master stood up before the coroner and jury, and was asked several questions, and in answering these he said that he had to scold Old Joe sometimes because he seemed so stupid, and he thought he had been taking too much strong drink, and on the day he died he was obliged to send him out of the room because he was evidently the worse for drink, and he did not see him again until he had found him dead in the cellar.

Then the doctor was examined, and he said that he had opened Joe's body, and he had found that it smelt very strongly of alcohol; that several of the organs of the body showed signs of the action of the spirit; that the brain was softening, and that a blood-vessel had burst in the brain, and so caused his death. He thought he had sat down in a state of intoxication, and bent his head and neck, so that there was more pressure on the blood-vessels than usual, and as these were rotten through drink one of them had burst. He said he had found the liver hard, and the heart so fatty it was easily torn. The coroner talked about all this, and then asked the jury if they were agreed about the verdict. The jury then talked together, and soon one of them said they were agreed that death was due to natural causes. By this, it is supposed, they meant to say that they did not think anyone had killed Joe. But their verdict caused a great deal of trouble to me, as I shall have to tell. Then they all went away, and Decanter was brought down into the cellar, the door was locked, and we were left alone.

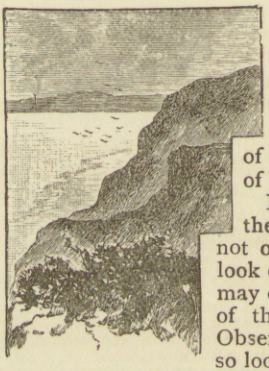
We were all very sorry to lose Old Joe, especially I, for he was very fond and proud of me. We had been accustomed so long to see him come in and out, indeed we scarcely saw anyone else, that we missed him as an old friend. But it was a very sad death, and it made me very uncomfortable to hear what the doctor said at the inquest. All the cellar heard Decanter tell the story, and when he had done Water Bottle was the first to break the silence, but what he said and what happened afterwards I must tell you in the next chapter.

(To be continued).

PROVERBS.

By Frank Fairhall.

"HE GOES THROUGH THE FOREST AND SEES NO FIREWOOD."



THIS is said to be a Russian proverb, but in a very old book there is a familiar saying not unlike it:—"The eyes of a fool are in the ends of the earth."

Eyes are windows, and the use of windows is not only that people may look out but also that light may come in. "The light of the body is the eye." Observation is the habit of so looking out of a window as to drink in light. The "fool" does not cultivate this habit of observation. As he passes along there is much to be seen by the way, if he would only notice it, but he does not. He stares vacantly about him. Eyes has he, but he sees not; for he never looks deep enough to find the gem in the mine or even the flower under the leaf; or, finding them, he never hears their secrets nor owns their inmost beauty. As if—

"A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him—
And it was nothing more."

He goes along like the young fellows who "rush" our village on their bicycles. The picturesque houses, the trim gardens, the soft, green meadows, and the little brook tinkling its way through them; the broad hillside, broken here and there with a tree-sheltered farmstead or a round, white chalk-pit, and edged above with a ruff of firs, all the charm of the landscape and the stillness of the summer day, are as nothing to them. They seem to have no eyes for anything but sign-posts, and no object in leaving the town for the sweet country-side but to whirl through and "beat the record." As if the leafy bye-ways of Kent were a mere cinder-path, and every road a race-course! An unobserving person is like the man Laurence Sterne pitied so deeply—the man who could travel all the way from Dan to Beersheba, and cry "It is all barren." His eyes are in the ends of the earth; and so, though in the forest, he sees no firewood. How much he might enrich his soul if he would not only give out looks but take in light!

The wise man observes closely, and drinks in deep draughts of beauty. He

> "Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Some one asked a man once why when he was out walking he always crossed the road at a certain place, leaving a well-kept path for a rough and dirty one. "Oh, but," said he, "there's an old grey stone wall on the other side, and in the morning, just when I am coming along, there is such a beautiful patch of flickering sunlight upon it that I *must* look at; and I could not see it, you know, without crossing over." That man did not go through the forest without seeing any firewood.

Perhaps this story will remind some of you of that other story of the two men who climbed to the top of one of the Alps. When they came back their friends wanted to know what it was like up there on the mountain-top.

> 'Twas a buzz of questions on every side,
> "And what have you seen? Do tell," they cried.
>
> The one with yawning made reply,
> "What have we seen? Not much have I.
> Trees, mountains, meadows, groves, and streams,
> Blue sky, and clouds, and sunny gleams."
>
> The other, smiling, said the same,
> But with face transfigured, and eyes of flame:
> "Trees, mountains, meadows, groves, and streams,
> Blue sky, and clouds, and sunny gleams!"

The one climber saw, but did not perceive; the other both saw with his eyes and understood with his heart, and therein was blessed.

There is a way of reading a book, too, which is much like going through the forest and seeing no firewood. Skimming over the pages, hurrying on to the end, so as to get to know the final catastrophe and what comes of it, or so as just to be able to say you have read the book, is not the way to gain any good from it.

"A hasty man," say the Chinese, "drinks his tea with a fork." He is in such a hurry to swallow it that he loses one half and does not enjoy the other. It is a good rule that if a book is worth reading once it is worth reading twice, so that you may in fact not only read, but "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" it as well. Another plan is to have a pencil handy and take notes as you go along. It is rather laborious work, perhaps, but it will repay you in the end to keep a common-place book, and enter in it extracts from what you read. That will be like seeing the firewood, and taking some home too.

A great deal of our seeing depends upon the previous knowledge we bring to the sight. Two persons looking at the same scene will see more in it than either alone. A woman reading after a man, as I have somewhere heard, like Ruth following the reapers of Boaz, will find great handfuls left for her to glean. This is because a woman looks with other eyes than a man, and seeks for other things. A book will mean nothing to you, though you gaze at it ever so hard, if it be written in a foreign language you have never learned. You must bring something to it to get anything out of it, as bringing to the forest a great desire for a fire will help you to see firewood; and you will see more in a country lane, or by the sea-shore, or in the heavens on a starry night, if you come to the sight with some previous knowledge of the colours of the flowers, the shape of the shells, or the position of the constellations in the celestial host. "Eye and ear," as Wordsworth tells us, not only perceive but "half create the mighty world" enjoyed by the lover of nature.

There is hardly space left in this article to speak of the *usefulness* of observation. But if you read the Fifth chapter of Dr. Smiles's *Self-Help* you will see how the engineer, noticing the spider's web, found the idea of the first suspension bridge; and how Galileo, watching the cathedral lamp accidentally swinging to and fro, invented the pendulum with which to measure time; and how Brunel, observing the shipworm "with its well-armed head" excavate an archway, afterwards daubing the roof and sides with a kind of varnish, found a way to build a tunnel under the Thames. The observing man, you see, does not look straight down his nose at his own special work, but he looks round about also Spiders and shipworms may seem to have no thing to do with engineering, but the engineers learned something by watching them.

And for this Jesus Christ is our example. He was a carpenter by trade, yet how many things He noticed and understood that had apparently nothing to do with the yokes and ploughs He used to make, or with the Kingdom of heaven either! The fruitless fig-tree "afar off"; the sower on the hill-side and his four different kinds of soil; "the face of the sky" and the signs of the weather; the number of measures of meal in a batch of bread; the dust in the room over the loss of a silver trinket; the ruined house under the cliff and the safe house on the top of the cliff,—He had seen and marked and understood them all, and when the time came He turned His observation to good account. Nor did He read His Father's book less carefully. He knew in all the Scriptures, from the books of Moses to the books of the Prophets, "the things concerning Himself"—knew them so well that on the spur of the moment, without any preparation, He could expound their meaning to the two disciples on their way to Emmaus. Follow Him, my boys and girls, follow Him, in this as in every way of His. And when you open *your* Father's book think of this little prayer: "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

A Fortune Truly Told.

By Uncle Ben.

On the borders of the Devonshire moors, where a large estate comes between the fringe of the moor and the sea, there is a sheltered nook in a dip among the hills much used by the gipsies as a place of encampment during the summer, and more especially in the autumn, during the time of country fairs. To this spot one day a well-dressed little lady was seen to walk. She was all alone, and though somewhat nervous and frightened, she was quite calm and self-possessed as she approached the camp ground, where a big pot was hung on three poles and suspended over a crackling fire. The woman who was evidently attending to the cooking came to the little girl and said—

"Well, my pretty lady, is it your fortune you want to be told?"

The little girl replied, "No, not my fortune exactly, but when we drove by in the carriage the other day mother said gipsies did tell fortunes, and she told me a good deal about you, and said you had a king and queen. Then when I got home I asked nurse if she had ever had her fortune told, and she said, Yes; some of it had come true, but not the best part yet, and she said she had gone a long way to see an old gipsy all by herself, and that it's no good to go with anyone or tell anyone, or else what you wish won't come about. So I didn't say anything, but just came to see you, for nurse said gipsies were very clever and knew a lot of things, because I have something on my mind."

"And what may it be my little lady? But first I must cross your hand with a piece of silver. Didn't nurse tell you that?"

"Yes, she did; but don't you see if I had asked for silver before I came away, mother might not have let me come, for I asked her if I might have my fortune told, and she laughed, and said it was nonsense. Now it isn't exactly my fortune I want to know."

"I don't think it will be of much use your telling me anything without the silver first, but let me hear what it is," said the gipsy.

"My father has been ill for a long time, and is often very bad. I don't think the doctors know what is the matter with him, for they do not tell mother, I am sure; she is often very sad, and I can't bear to see her unhappy. I heard the servants saying the doctors could not do much—that he was slowly killing himself. I did not like to tell mother, and it seemed such a dreadful thing. I repeated over and over again, 'killing himself!' Could it be true. Then I thought if you could tell people's fortunes, you would know father's; and it is his fortune I wish to know."

"My little lady, I could not have told you your fortune without the silver piece, nor can I tell your father's fortune. I could only tell it to him. But still, I will tell you something about your father and his future which will be as true as that the sun will rise to-morrow."

Then she took the child's hand quite kindly, and looked at her, and with a threepenny-bit, that had a hole in, from her own pocket, the gipsy woman crossed the little hand, and said—

"Your father has been ill for some time; he is delicate, and comes from a gay and short-lived stock. He has helped to bring on his illness by a bad habit which, if he does not give up, will certainly be the cause of his death. If he gives up the habit, and goes abroad and escapes from the surroundings which make it hard for a man in his position to give it up, he will most probably get better; if not, there is no hope. The best cure for him would be to do without Drink."

"Oh, thank you!" said the child. "May I tell him?"

"No," said the gipsy, "you must not repeat to your father what I have told you; he would not like it. He has always been very kind to us—never disturbed us; and if he has missed a rabbit or two he has never got the men into trouble, though he is on the bench; and if you were to tell your mamma she might be angry and get us sent off this plot, which belongs to your father, being lord of the manor."

"Then what must I do," said the child, in much evident distress.

"I cannot write," replied the gipsy, "but if you say a friend had given you a certain cure for your father's health, and write on a piece of paper, 'Sign the Pledge,' and give it to him folded up, and say the friend made you promise not to tell who gave you the receipt; then if he gets better we shall see, and you can come and bring a nice new silver coin to have your own fortune told this time next year, when I shall be round here again."

With that the child went home and followed the gipsy's advice; and it so happened that a famous London physician had been consulted, and told the Squire the same thing, that he must give up all intoxicants, or else they would finish him, and that a voyage on a temperance ship was the last remedy he could prescribe. So when the little girl presented her counsel for health, saying that mother knew nothing about it, only she and the friend who told her what would be the best cure, and she repeated the

message about a voyage, but revealed nothing about the oracle.

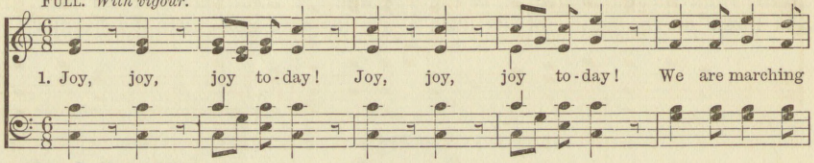
Whether it was the voice of conscience, or the word of warning from the medical man, or the word brought home by the action of his little daughter, and the horror of her discovery of his true condition, he did give up drink, and pledged himself to be a total abstainer; went abroad for nearly a year, and came back another man in health, spirits, and character. He became a teetotal J.P., to the amusement of many of his friends and neighbours.

When the year had come round the little lady from the hall went again to see if she could find her friend of last season; but new faces were camping there, and as she did not know her name she could not ask for her. The fresh gipsies were anxious to tell her her fortune, but she said she did not need to have another one told; she had learnt the best way to make and keep a good fortune was to sign the pledge, and she had done this. Daily she grew to see that there is no good fortune without temperance; that the best fortune that can come to all of us is a sound mind in a healthy body, watched over by a good character.

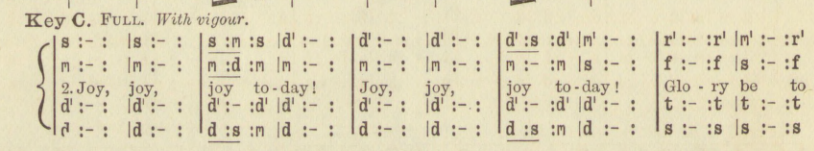
JOY, JOY, TO-DAY!

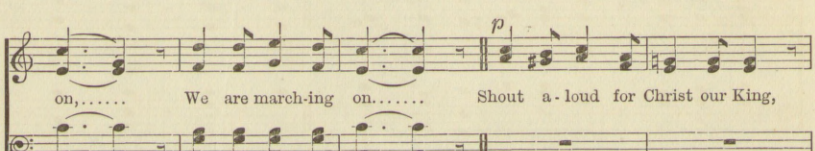
Words by MRS. KIDDER. **(Marching Song.)** *Music adapted and arranged from* W. H. DOANE *for this Work.*

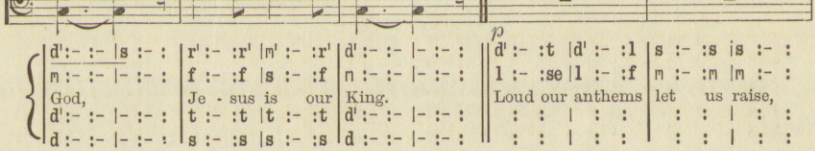
FULL. *With vigour.*

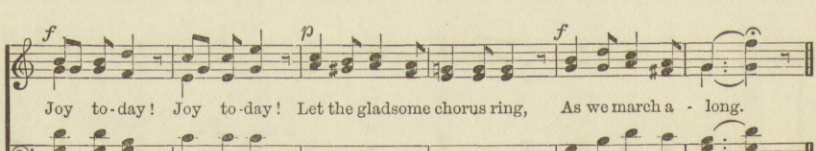


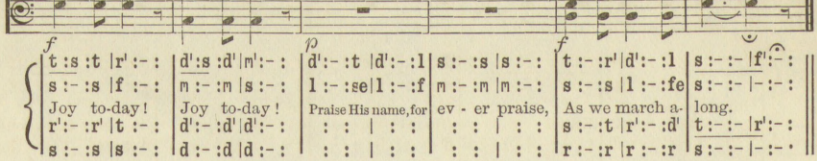
Key C. FULL. *With vigour.*

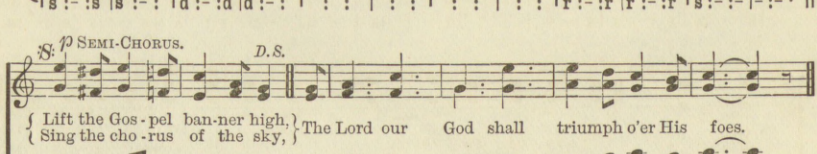


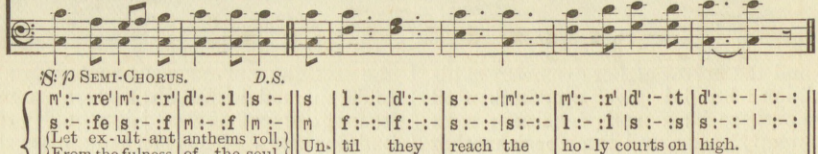




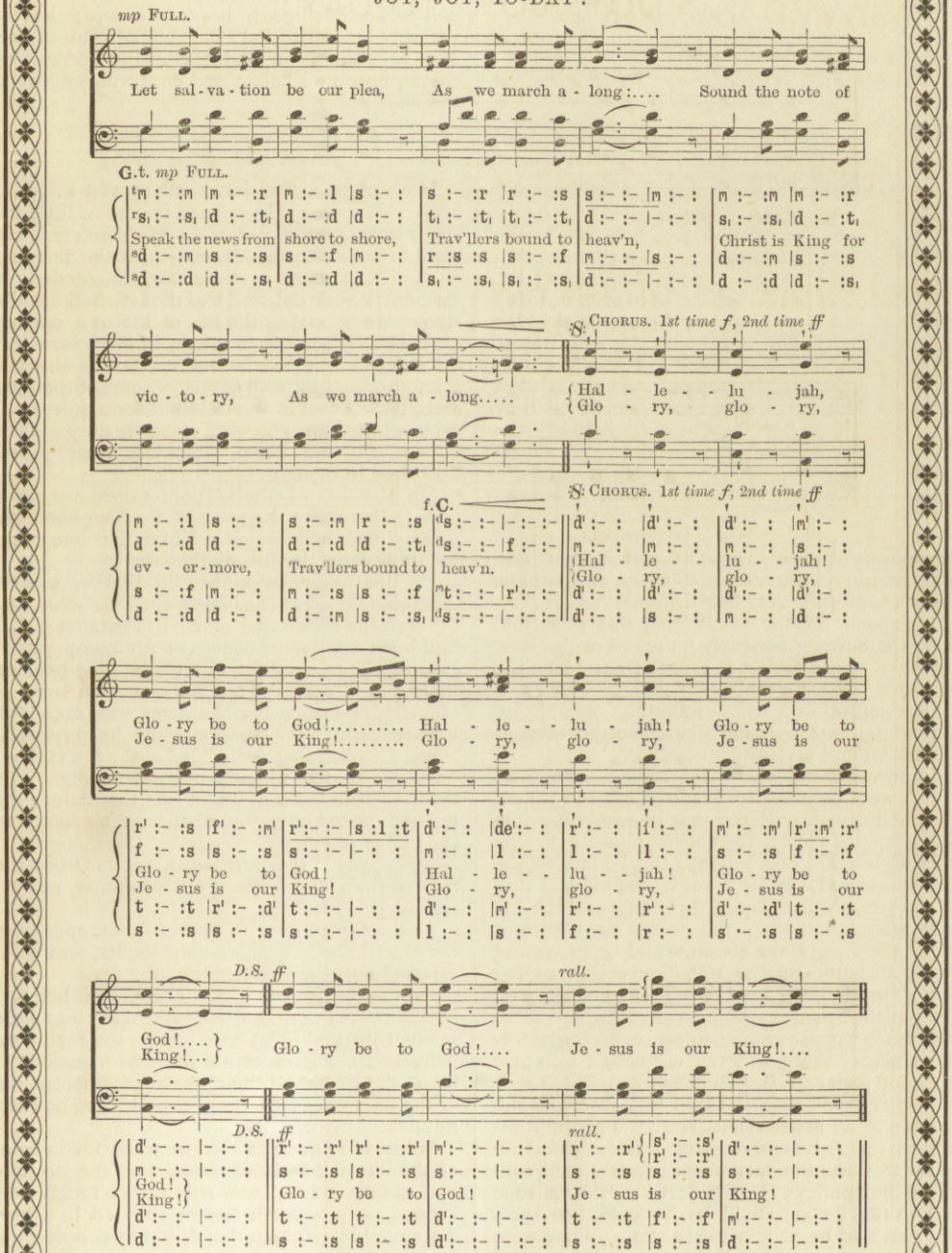








JOY, JOY, TO-DAY!



SAVED BY FIRE.

By A. J. GLASSPOOL.

Author of "Snatched from Death," &c.

"FIRE! fire! fire!" How solemnly these words sounded in the stillness and darkness of the night. They roused the sleeping tramp, hid in the kindly shelter of a doorway, they frightened the keeper of a midnight coffee-stall, and even caused the policeman on his solitary beat to change his steady pace into a smart run—a phenomenon which it has been the pleasure of a very few writers to record.

No sooner did the smoke and flames ascend from the burning house than they were observed by those whose duty it is especially to be on the look-out for such events.

Not half-a-mile away was the central fire engine station; a grand place, worthy of consideration and a visit of inspection.

Here you could see the mighty steam engines, which were polished so brightly that old Dixon, the chief driver, declared that he would have no difficulty in seeing to shave himself in the shining brass. The water in the boilers of the engines was always kept hot by the aid of a ring of gas jets, so that immediately on a call the fire was lighted, and while the horses were tearing along the streets, the steam would be generated ready to pump up the water on arrival at the fire. On the walls were the shining helmets and the polished axes of the men; everywhere there was perfect order and neatness, everything was in its place—there was not a spider's web or a scrap of paper to be seen anywhere.

A visit to the stables alone was worth all the trouble of an inspection. Here the magnificent horses seemed to be waiting anxiously for the order to start; the harness was so arranged with ropes and pulleys that by just lowering a rope or two the horses could be harnessed in a few seconds and be quite ready to start. They were noble creatures, and well deserved all the praise and attention devoted to them by the firemen.

The favourite of the station was a Scotch collie—an intelligent, brave creature; he invariably accompanied the engines to a fire. Like his well-known predecessor, Bob, of Watling Street, he wore a collar, and on it were engraved the words—

"Stop me not, but onward let me jog;
For I am Jack, the noble firemen's dog."

How many times Jack had proved of good service at a fire! He seemed to care as little for the smoke or the flames as his masters. He would mount the ladder, leap into the burning house; and many a time had succeeded in rescuing a poor cat, and had thus carried out the divine law in saving the life of his own enemy.

At the moment when the cry of fire was raised, all was peace at the fire-engine station—horses, dog, and men were all at rest. Some of the men were lying down in their clothes for a quiet half-hour, while those who were on active duty walked silently up and down, smoking their pipes, absorbed in thought.

On the top of the station, raised up some twenty feet above the roofs of the neighbouring houses, was the look-out. From this one could obtain a very fair view of the city.

On this particular night Bill Walker was on the look-out; with his keen eyes he soon discovered the house that needed assistance. Bill had been a sailor in the navy for many years; retiring, he enjoyed for a short time the pension he had well earned; but he was soon tired of idleness, and since his character was excellent, his arms strong for climbing, and he possessed a brave look, he was welcomed at the fire station; for most of the firemen are old sailors. The moment Bill caught sight of the flames he hurried down and reported the circumstance to the officer in charge.

"Fire, sir, in the north-east, not far from the mad asylum; looks like a private house, not yet well alight."

At the same moment, while Bill was speaking, the electric bell began to ring loudly, and indicated almost the exact spot of the fire.

Not a moment was lost. The electric bell had hardly ceased ringing when several engines were ready to start. The men wore their shining helmets, the horses were waiting as if anxious to be on the road, and the night heard the sounds of the noble steeds as they hurried along on their mission of mercy.

When old Dixon jumped from the box in front of the burning house he found that the job they had to take in hand was not a very tough one. It was only a small house, situated in a low, disreputable neighbourhood, where people were huddled together in a worse condition than the very beasts of the neighbouring mews.

But the house was well alight, and the flames came pouring forth from the top floor, while the black smoke rose up slowly, for fortunately there was no wind, and so the houses on each side were pretty safe.

Already some of the inhabitants of the house were aroused, and came rushing out only partly dressed. The neighbours, alarmed for their own safety, crowded the street, and made the night horrible by their cries and the confusion they created.

The fire escape had just rested in front of the house as old Dixon lifted the hose and the water commenced to pour upon the flames. In an instant Tom Watson, the keeper of the fire-escape, mounted the ladder, opened the window, and went into the house without a moment's hesitation. Watson groped his way in the smoke; he could hear no voice, or see any indications of any living being. Cautiously he made for the door that he might get up to the next floor, for now he thought he could hear a feeble voice saying: "Papa, papa; the house is on fire." He hurried up the stairs, which were now fairly well alight, and was soon in a little room with a slanting roof, which smelt horribly of charred straw and other burning materials.

He crawled about on his hands and knees, his eyes were blinded with the smoke, and his throat was choking, it was as much as he could do to breathe sufficiently to keep himself from fainting. Presently his hands came in contact with something which felt like warm flesh, and a voice so low that it seemed to be the last gasp, said: "Papa, papa, help! help!" It was a child. In a moment his fainting energies were aroused, he stood upon his feet, seized hold of the child, and made his way to the window. It was the work of an instant, in a minute more he was sliding down the fire escape, with the child in his arms, the loud enthusiastic shouts of the crowd receiving him as they recognised the brave deed.

"Bravo! Watson," shouted Dixon, "well done, my boy, you'll have a medal for this. Poor little thing! Tom was only just in time to save your life."

Loving hands wrapped the fainting form in a warm shawl, placed it in a cab, and soon put it to bed in a neighbouring children's hospital.

Watson mounted the ladder again to attempt the rescue of the father, upon whom the child had been calling, but it was too late. Before he could get through the window, the flooring gave way with a crash, and Watson was obliged to return empty-handed.

In less than an hour the fire had done its work; nothing was left of the house but the black walls and a few ugly rafters, which seemed to threaten destruction to anyone who should dare to walk beneath them.

At least three families were homeless; and one unhappy child was left without a father.

The little child who was saved was named Charlie Braham; he was only seven years old, a poor little waif, of whom so many live in our great cities. Left more than a year ago without a mother, his drunken father sadly neglected him, so that poor little Charlie spent most of his time in the streets; and used to earn a precarious living in the neighbouring market, eating often coarse vegetables, and bits and scraps of food which others refused.

Charlie very often cast longing eyes upon the smoking dishes of a cookshop he invariably passed on his way to the market. Many a time he had imagined how the roast beef, the shoulder of mutton, the roast leg of pork, and the apple sauce would taste if he could only have the opportunity of testing them.

How his mouth watered as he saw the fat shopman cutting up the jam roley-poley and that splendid plum pudding, just like the pudding he enjoyed at the Robin Dinner at Christmas last.

But all Charlie got was a smell, and often a cross word from the shopman, who told him not to stop licking the steam off the windows, which charge seemed rather absurd, seeing that the steam was all on the other side from where Charlie stood. While he was straining his eyes and secretly longing that some good fairy would bring him at least a slice of the pudding, he little imagined that on the other side of the road two loving eyes and a sympathising heart were contemplating his misery.

The happy possessor of these eyes was Miss Mabel Macintosh, a young lady who might be truly called Lady Bountiful. She had great wealth, but did not care to spend it in carriages, servants, a grand home, and a box at the opera.

It was her chief delight to go about among the poor and unknown. Her delight was to

> "Do good by stealth,
> And blush to find it fame."

Many a time she would come upon a poor child in the streets, and to its intense surprise, accompany the child home, and having found out personally all its troubles, help the little one to a brighter and happier life. Charlie could not pass unnoticed. Mabel stood for a few minutes contemplating this little piece of sorrow and hunger.

Charlie had on an old pair of knickerbockers, much the worse for wear; he had no coat, no boots, and no hat; his face, hands, and feet were very dirty, and yet with all this there was a look of intense intelligence in his large blue eyes.

Mabel crossed the road and touched Charlie gently on the shoulder; he turned sharply with a curious look in his eyes.

"Could you eat some dinner, little boy?" asked Mabel so sweetly that really Charlie began to think that the good fairy had come at last.

"Yes, Miss," he replied; for his mother had taught him always to be polite.

"You are hungry, I think?" said Mabel again.

"Yes, miss, a little;" and then the tears began to flow.

"Come in, then, and you shall have some dinner." Mabel took hold of his hand and led him into the shop.

The shopman evidently knew Mabel, for, making her a most polite bow, he opened the door of a little private room, and then waited for orders at a respectful distance.

"Bring the boy the best you have," Mabel said; and before Charlie had recovered from his surprise, the table was covered with good things to eat.

Charlie had never tasted such juicy beef before, or eaten such baked potatoes; and as for the pudding and pies, he had all he could possibly contain. At last he put down his knife and fork fairly exhausted; he could eat no more.

Mabel watched the boy keenly; tears started in her eyes as she thought of all the hunger he must have suffered to eat so ravenously. "Poor little darling," she thought, "he is just as precious in God's sight as the children of the wealthy, who always have enough and to spare."

To Charlie, Mabel was like a strange being from a foreign land; she was so different to all the ladies he had ever known: they were so coarse, so rough, and so hard upon a little boy like himself; while this strange lady was so kind, so gentle, so sympathetic. Oh, yes! he loved the lady with the large eyes.

How the sweet vision haunted him all that day; it hovered over him as he laid himself down on his straw mattress at night, and he was dreaming of it when he awoke to find the house in flames.

Fortunately, when the doctors examined Charlie at the hospital, they found he was not much hurt. The smoke had nearly stifled him, and the flames had begun to scorch his body, for part of his hair was already singed. A little soothing medicine soon sent him to sleep.

It was day when he awoke; the early spring sun was shining through the windows; a canary was pouring out its melodious song; there was a sweet scent of flowers, and such space all around him, that for a moment he fancied that he was lying on the grass, looking up into the sky, as he did when he went out with the Ragged School to Epping Forest last year.

A smiling nurse was sitting beside the bed, and looked at him so kindly as he awoke, that he could not help smiling in return.

"What is this place?" he asked.

"This is the hospital for poor sick children," the nurse replied.

"How did I get here—what is the matter with me?" he inquired again.

"Don't you remember the fire last night at your house, and how the brave fire-escape man brought you out of the flames?"

"Yes, I remember now; but where's father—did they get him out as well?" This was asked in a very sorrowful tone, for Charlie thought he had been guilty of some crime in not asking about his father before.

"You'll know all about that in good time; don't trouble yourself now. I'll get you some breakfast;" and away she ran, leaving Charlie in a great state of anxiety; for supposing his father should be dead, he thought, there was no one left to him in the world.

Gradually Charlie got to understand what was going on all around him. There were a number of cots, each containing some poor little sick child; but all so patient, for some were laughing, and all seemed happy. It was not long before he made friends with those nearest to him; but, though he smiled, he felt a heavy weight at his heart when he heard about his father's death, and felt that now he would never see again the lady with the large eyes.

In the afternoon, to his intense astonishment, in walked the same lady. She went straight up to his bed, and, looking at him with the face of an angel, said:

"Well, Charlie, how are you to-day?"

"Nearly well, miss," he answered, "thank you." She was so kind, anyone would have thought that she and Charlie had been the best of friends all their lives; her voice sounded like the sweetest music.

Then she opened her basket, and placed by Charlie's side the most lovely flowers, sweet primroses and violets, and even a pretty little rose. Charlie took them up and smelled them again and again, while tears came into his eyes when he heard the lady say they were all for him.

"You must not fret, Charlie," said Mabel; "you will never see your father again, but I will see that you are properly looked after."

"Thank you, thank you, Miss; but I should have liked to have said good-bye to father."

Charlie is in an orphanage now; he is making good progress. He regrets that he has no father. He mourns that his father was so much under the influence of alcohol that he had no power to make any attempt to save himself; but he is very thankful that from the burning house he came to know friends who have saved him from much sorrow and temptation.

A Memory.

By MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

I HAVE a memory, so sweet is it,
Though to my heart it brings a hungry pain;
That when it droops it's shadowy wings I kiss,
And clasp it close, that it may live again.
It is the memory of a little boy,
Who fell into my life one gloomy night,
Marking its lines with deeper tints of joy,
Flooding its skies with richer, purer light.

I thought he was my own; I could not know
When on my knee there lay his breathing form
That angel voices whispered him to go
From out the life his love had made so warm.
I felt his little fingers softly steal,
To hold my kerchief with a baby clasp;
I felt his beating heart—but could not feel
That he was slipping, slipping from my grasp!

When in the twilight, crooning him to sleep,
I rocked him to and fro in wondrous bliss,
And saw the smile within his eyes so deep,
Until I closed them with a tender kiss—
I thought he smiled to hear his mother sing;
I knew not that the angels were so near,
And that the rustle of some spirit wing
Was all the sound that fell upon his ear.

I was so wealthy with my happiness,
And in my motherhood I was so proud;
I could not know that all my new-found bliss
Would vanish in a tiny snowy shroud.
I could not know the hopes I used to weave
Around my darling's cradle day by day
Were like the rosy lights that come at eve
To touch the sky—then leave it cold and grey.

How beautiful he was—my baby boy!
I built such castles o'er his little cot;
I spun for him a life of endless joy,
A flowery path, where cloud and thorn were not;
I knew that babies come and babies go,
Just like the flowers that beautify the land:
But he was mine! my love would guide him so,
And he would live, and grow beneath my hand.

He was my very own! I little thought
That, even as he looked into mine eyes,
The tendrils of his fluttering soul had caught
Some angel wing returning to the skies.
I laid my cheek against his feeble heart,
That beat and trembled like a frightened bird;
And when I whispered, "Dear we cannot part,"
He smiled into my face as though he heard.

But lo! there came a day when death had blown
The baby-blossom from my aching breast;
My pretty, smiling, fluttering bird had flown,
My bosom lay an empty, lonely nest!
I stretched my arms, and cried, "God, can it be?"
No answer came from out the far-off sky—
I stood alone—the heavens had left to me
Nothing, ah, nothing! but this memory.

The memory of a little rose-leaf face,
Which in the shelter of my heart had grown,
Like to a blossom in its simple grace,
That bloomed awhile then left me sad and lone.
But not alone—for there is with me yet
This memory, so desolate and bare;
Doth stand the stem, but still there clings to it
The perfume of the flower once blooming there.

And so I keep this memory—bitter-sweet;
And though I weep, I clasp it close and tight;
Two tiny shoes that held his dimpled feet,
A little crumpled frock, I kiss at night;
A ribbon sash, once blue as summer's sky,
But washed and faded with my bitter tears—
These are the things that feed my memory,
And keep it green through the long dark years.

Keep up the Hedge.

By STYLOGRAPH.

"HALLO! what's this, Spratt?" said a shrill, piping voice.

"I say, Higgins, what a lark!" was the bass rejoinder of Theobald Spratt, eldest boy in the third form at the Wrekinstone Grammar School.

The spot where this conversation took place was the arched gateway under the grammar school tower, beneath which some two hundred boys daily tramped to imbibe Latin and Euclid, with a little English and some considerable common sense; for the head-master was a sensible man, and knew how to leave his boys liberty to do well even in an eccentric way, but was down on them at once if any really evil thing were brewing.

The object of the surprise of Master Higgins was a written notice tacked up on the school notice board, which intimated that "A lecture would be delivered that evening at 7.30 in the large hall (by special permission of the head-master), by Timber Plank, Esq., *alias* Master Wood, head boy of the fourth, on a subject which would then be announced. All lovers of sound learning were counselled to attend. Doors open at 7.15. No collection. Discussion invited."

It is needless to say how full the seats were; not a boy was absent. From 7.15 until 7.30 the room roared and screamed again with shouts, whistles, and the blare of toy trumpets. At length the hour arrived, and punctually to the minute the head boy of the school, accompanied by Master Wood, the lecturer, and the hon. sec. of the sports committee, entered, took the chair, and proclaimed "silence."

The head boy said that throughout civilized society it was becoming more and more the custom for the chairman of a meeting to let his words be few, and he intended to do nothing, either by precept or example, to shake the foundations of so wholesome a practice, the more so as he had not the least idea what the subject was on which Mr. Wood was to speak, and as every one present must share his curiosity on that point, he would not annoy them by irritating delays, but bespeak for the lecturer the courtesies invariable from Wrekinstone boys on such occasions, and call upon him to proceed with his lecture.

Hereupon the head boy of the fourth arose, and stated that he would at once obey the call of the chair, although it was only just to himself to say that had it not been for a word spoken in jest but taken in earnest, he should then be at home quietly preparing to-morrow's lessons. However, the fourth form never shirked a bit of stiff work, whether at football or elsewhere, and, therefore, for the honour of his form he would do his best.

"Boys," he began, "my subject is: '*Keep up the Hedge.*' I once heard of a farmer whose farm lay in a rocky country. On one occasion he was riding round his fields to see that all was right, when he came upon a part of the boundary wall (the walls on his farm were built of stone without mortar)—well, he came upon a part of the wall which had been more than half pulled down by some trespassers. I am glad to be able to say that no one suggested that any boys of 'Wrekinstone' were the offenders in this case." —(Loud applause). "But to proceed, for the farmer proceeded to his sorrow as he found that his sheep had executed a flank movement through the gaps, and that one at any rate had broken a leg among the rocks, while some valuable cattle were in dangerous or distant situations. He clearly saw that considerable inconvenience, much risk, and some loss had been incurred by this unfortunate lowering of the wall. The old farmer returned to the farmyard and despatched the shepherd and a couple of men to bring back the sheep and rebuild the wall; and for years after, few days passed without the farmer reminding his shepherd whatever he did to be sure and 'keep up the hedge.'

"Boys, there are a good many proverbs which explain the farmer's thus constantly reminding his shepherd. Some would say that he 'locked the stable when the horse was stolen;' but I think it would be fairer to say: 'Once bit, twice shy,' or, 'The burnt child shuns the fire.' What I want to do in my lecture, as you have styled it, is to get you to shun the fire without being burnt, and to be twice shy of evil without being bitten by it.

"What is the good of experience in others if we do not make use of it? Why should we all be so mightily set up in our own opinions that we won't learn from others? We do it in all arts except the art of living. No one thinks when he starts practising some useful art that he will begin and invent everything over again. It would be very soft of a young printer to go back to the hand-printing machines when he can use one worked by an engine. He prefers to accept the experience of others. Let us do the same in the art of life.

"Now, boys, there are some good hedges we want to get round us—better ones than that farmer's old wall built without mortar. There is the good hedge of the teetotal pledge. Hedge and pledge come in rhyme, and it is not rhyme without reason. I advise you to take the pledge and keep it, and so you will keep up the hedge

Some of you know this red book—the Wrekinstone Grammar School Pledge Book. A good many of our names are in it; can't we have them all in? If any one says: 'I don't want to sign,' will he just corner himself with the question, 'Why?' and I believe he will soon bring himself over to the right side."

After a few arguments in favour of teetotalism, Master Wood sat down "to allow time for discussion."

The chairman's call was answered by one or two objectors, of whom one known by the sobriquet of "Mr. Taukenphast" was the most representative. He argued that as all boys, and especially after attending the Wrekinstone Grammar School, might, could, should, and would retain their wits in perpetuity, they did not need to be tied up by teetotal pledges, but would naturally foresee any dangers arising from alcoholic refreshments as from any other, and would restrain themselves as a matter of course. There was but a poor show of sympathy from the other boys.

The lecturer was now called on to reply, and said: "Boys, the danger of drunkenness is chiefly this, that it acts like an injection of morphia—it lulls its victim, and the unconsciousness is upon you before you know where you are. Mr. Taukenphast talks of seeing the danger and shunning it. How many old grammar school boys from various parts of old England are drunkards? and some of them are drunk now. There was a time when they would have applauded Mr. Taukenphast.

"I'm not going to speak shabbily of my own set. I love the old school and all its boys, present, past, and future. But we are not exempt from the danger which seems to haunt an Englishman like his shadow. You've enough drunkards in England to-day, if they were sober, drilled, and armed, to make a splendid army! But they are drunkards! How many of them were once schoolboys? You can't count them; and some of them were far cleverer than probably any of us. If they had taken the pledge and kept it, would they have been what they are? Would they Mr. Taukenphast?"

"Not they," said Taukenphast, amid loud cheers.

"Well, I'll tell you a fable," proceeded the lecturer. "A very tall man and a very short man set out together for a walking tour. The tall man was long-sighted, the little man was the reverse. For a while neither of them derived any particular advantage from this disparity, for the country was open; but at length it became broken and uneven, rocky ridges hemmed in their path. They were entering a mountainous district full of narrow gorges, where the winds gathered in force. The giant strapped down his hat and buttoned tightly his coat. On the dwarf expressing his amazement: 'Be quick and do the same,' replied the giant, 'I see signs of a stiff wind beyond yonder cliff. This is a nest of storms; and a precipice lies on our left only a short space ahead. You had better get round to my right and brace yourself up for a stern bit of walking; you have a hurricane to battle with.' 'I shall do nothing of the sort,' was the dwarf's answer. 'You have got the vapours. I see no signs, and shall take no precautions. My sense of the situation is as good as———' There was no time for more of his harangue, for they had passed the ridge now, and down on their right came the blast, hissing and roaring through the gorge, and threatening to sweep both of them over the precipice. The giant had foreseen the peril, and with strong hand seized his self-confident little friend, packed him under his arm, and rushed with him, full speed, across the narrow path, or else his small bones would ere long have been bleaching on the rocks beneath.

"*Moral.*—When strong men take the pledge, and feel the need of it to save themselves from risk of drunkenness, boys and young men will honour their manliness by doing the same."

A vote of thanks, carried in school-boy fashion, followed. In reply, the lecturer said that while greatly valuing their appreciation and thanks, Timber Plank, Esq, would be still better repaid if the boys of Wrekinstone who had not yet taken the pledge, would take it that night and keep it ever after. And some did so.

TRUE TEMPERANCE.—"True and universal temperance is the spirit of obedience to all the laws of man's manifold and miraculous nature."—*Westminster Review.*

Pebbles and Pearls.

STONES and sticks are flung only at fruit-bearing trees.

IF we commit small faults without scruple to-day, we shall commit great ones to-morrow.

TEACHER (to class in geography): "If I should dig a hole through the earth where would I come out?"—Small boy: "Out of the hole."

AN Irishman living in an attic, was asked on what floor he dwelt. "Shure, if the house were turned topsy-turvy, I'd be living on the first flure."

DO not judge a man by the clothes he wears: God made one, and the tailor the other. Do not judge him by his family, for Cain belonged to a good family. Do not judge a man by his failure in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

A naughty little boy one day eluded punishment by creeping under a table, where his mother could not reach him. Shortly after his father came in, and when told the state of affairs crawled on his hands and knees in search of his son and heir, when to his astonishment he was greeted with this inquiry: "Is she after you, too, father?"

THE HARGROVE MEMORIAL;
OR, THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

WHILE the Band of Hope Union is looking after the education of the scholars in the Temperance question the National Temperance League is wisely seeking to instruct the teachers.

Through the generosity of Mr. Jonathan Hargrove, one of the most indefatigable and best known workers in Liverpool, who has placed £100 at the disposal of the League, prizes to the amount of £25 are offered for this object to the pupil-teachers in Liverpool and the suburbs, to be competed for in written examinations to be held in that city on November 15th. The subject for examination is "The effects of alcoholic liquors on the human system." The text-books are "The Temperance Lesson Book," by Dr. Richardson, and "Physiology," by Dr. Michael Foster; and the examination is open to all pupil-teachers of elementary schools. The management is entirely under the care of Robert Rae, 33, Paternoster Row, London.

It would be a grand and good work if every large town in England could enjoy the same privilege. May this effort be highly successful is the wish of all Band of Hope workers.

A RAILWAY SUGGESTION.—A correspondent writes:—"I was travelling the other day on the district railway, second-class. My fellow-passenger was Mrs. Temple, wife of the Bishop of London, who, immediately after the train left the station, began to work at a brown-crocheted petticoat of rough wool, evidently meant for some small person who would be glad to be kept warm during the winter. When I got out the lady was still industriously working." Would that Mrs. Temple's example were followed by every lady. Wasted time on railway journeys devoted to useful work might go far to comfort and gladden tens of thousands of needy ones during the coming winter. Cannot we form a "League of Working or Helpful Ladies?"—*The Fireside News.*

NOTICE OF BOOKS.

"TEMPERANCE HISTORY," by Dawson Burns, D.D., part I. (1826-1842), price two shillings, in paper covers; to be completed in four parts. Published by the National Temperance Publication Depot, 33, Paternoster Row.

The volume fills an important void in the literature of our country, by giving a continuous narrative of the use and development of the Temperance reform. In the introduction we have the history of total abstinence before its rise as an organised social reform; then follows its origin in the United States, and introduction into the United Kingdom, with its further extension in Europe and the Colonies. The work so far is admirably done, and will increase the Rev. Dawson Burns's high reputation.

FROM the Drummond Tract Depôt, Stirling, price one penny, No. 1 of the POPULAR TEMPERANCE STORIES—"Lucy Ellerton's Fall," by an old Salt. This is one of the many efforts now being successfully made to compete with "the penny dreadful," and to provide thrilling and useful stories at the price of the evil publications, and at the same time to interest and profit the reader.

OUR JENNIE:

OR, THE POWER OF INFLUENCE.

By ISABEL MAUDE-HAMILL,

Author of "Mother's Beer," "Gertrude's Birthday," &c.

CHAPTER XII.

"SO the story ends with a wedding," some reader may exclaim.

The little village of Deepdale wore its brightest holiday garb, on the second of June, the morning of Frank and Jennie's wedding.

The latter had recovered nicely from her illness, and had gone back to Mrs. Lyon's service after some weeks rest and change in her native air. Only for a few months though, for Frank had been working very hard to get a home together, and now he felt he could afford to marry, and Jennie, who had promised to go to him whenever he said he was ready for her, had come from London a couple of months previous, to prepare her "wedding things."

Now the day had arrived ; and Jennie and her mother were having a few last words in the little room, where they had packed her things when she went to service.

"Frank's a real good lad, Jennie, and I don't doubt as you'll make him a good wife ; but remember, my child, as we make a deal of our own sunshine in life. There'll be sorrow as well as joy ; but just go on as you've begun—taking all to the Lord—and you'll not get far wrong."

So, with many kisses and blessings on her firstborn, mother and daughter came downstairs.

William Stoneley was a proud, happy man that morning, for he thought no man ever gave away a better daughter, and no girl could get a better husband.

The little wedding party consisted only of members of the Stoneley and Marsden family ; and the ceremony was soon over, and the solemn words pronounced, which made them man and wife.

How beautifully solemn is the marriage service !—"For better, for worse ; for richer, for poorer ; in sickness and in health ; till *death* us do part." How can any enter upon such vows in a light and careless spirit ?

Frank had saved enough money for a little wedding trip ; so the happy couple went to a sea-side place, on the coast of Yorkshire, and for two or three days forgot the stern realities of life in its poetry and romance. Then, on their return, they settled down very happily and contentedly. And Jennie thought her Frank the best fellow in all the country round, and *he* thought that no one could hold a candle to his Jennie.

* * * * * * *

Let us take one more peep at our heroine before we close. She has been married over two years, and is sitting in her clean, bright kitchen, awaiting her husband's return from work. There is a cradle by the fire-side, and in it is a baby girl of six months old.

"The very picter of her mother," Frank says, but Jennie says she sees a likeness to its father, both in expression and colour.

Presently his footstep is heard and he opens the door.

"Well, Jennie, it's nice to be home, and how's the bairn, eh ?" says Frank, bending over the cradle with fatherly pride.

"My, how she does grow, and what eyes she has, as blue as the sky ; she's a real pretty child, and the very image of her mother," he added, bestowing a kiss on his wife.

"Yes, I do think she's pretty, Frank, but I don't see no likeness to myself in her, but I've a piece o' news for you."

"Have you ? out with it then."

"I've had a letter from Miss Maude, and she tells me as she's going to marry a gentleman as lives not very far from here, and he's very good, and teetotal, and she hopes to be seeing me."

"Really now, who'd 'a thought of her settling near us."

"Yes, it is nice to think of, and she's become teetotal too she tells me ; she says it don't do for husband and wife to be pulling contrary ways."

"No more it do, I don't know how I'd a gone on if you hadn't pulled wi' me ; you've helped me a deal sight more than you know on, Jennie."

"And you've helped me, Frank."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, lass, for I often feels a poor tool, and as if I didn't do much good."

"Ah ! well, you needn't feel that Frank ; don't you go and think as you're not being of use, for you are. That Mrs. Martin told me to-day, as you've made a different lad of her son, and all along of just speaking a bit kind to him ; them bits of things go a long way."

So, mutually, Jennie and Frank were helping each other, and lending a helping hand to all who were in need of it, whenever they could. Jennie's influence for good widened and extended, for when Mrs. Garforth (Maude Lyon) settled in the neighbourhood, she often came to ask her help and advice about any good work she and her husband were going to commence.

"For it is in a great measure through your influence, Jane, that I decided to become a Christian," she would say.

Cook, too, in her humble way, is working for Christ, and she also says,

"Any good she does is all along of Jane Stoneley, in the first instance."

So the circle for good grew larger and larger, and not until the great day when the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," are spoken to Jennie, will she ever know how many were led to her Lord's feet by her consistent example and unselfish life.

Dr. and Mrs. Williams are still in London leading an active, useful life. Their days are spent in doing good.

Agatha's father died a year or two after she was married. Ready for the Master's call, he heard it whilst his head rested on his daughter's shoulder.

This story will not have been written in vain, if it encourage any one to live as Jennie and Agatha did, doing the work God has assigned us bravely and cheerfully. The one and only way, trusting for acceptance, simply and fully, in the merits of the Saviour is open to all.

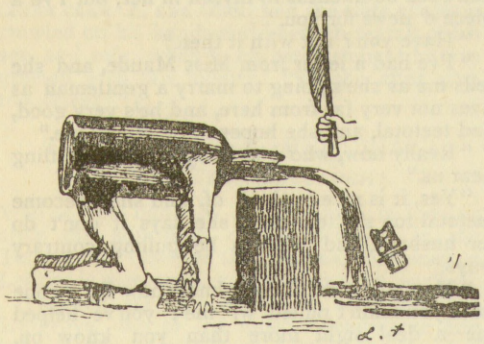
"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Chronicles of the Alcohol Family.

OLD PORT'S STORY.

By Dr. J. James Ridge.

Physician to the London Temperance Hospital. Author of the "Temperance Pilgrim's Progress," &c.



CHAPTER XII.

"THEN," said Water Bottle, "I demand a hearing." "Yes, hear him and then hang him," shouted several at once, for he had excited their anger very greatly.

"My friends and subjects," said I, "pray keep calm. It would be very wrong to have a quarrel just now. Let us hear what Water Bottle has to say, and if we are not convinced we can condemn him. I shall take the opinion of all of you after we have heard both sides."

With some difficulty I obtained silence, and then I asked Water Bottle what he had to say. After clearing his throat, as some speakers do, he began—

"I have been accused of saying that Droplet would kill Old Joe if he could. I appeal to you, O king, whether he has not deserved such a charge! He has not only tried to kill him, HE HAS DONE IT." These words he spoke with a tremendous voice, which made me and many others quiver and shake, and caused another hubbub.

"Yes," he went on to say, "I call the doctor as a witness on my side. But Droplet has described over and over again the injury he has done to poor Joe's body. He has spoiled his digestion; he has hindered his blood corpuscles in their daily work of feeding and purifying the body; he has hardened and irritated his liver; he has injured his brain and nerves; he has caused his heart and blood-vessels to become rotten and fatty: and the consequence is that Old Joe to-day lies in a coffin yonder, and we shall see him no more for ever."

Here Droplet broke in. "I protest, O king, that I do not deserve all this. Whatever I did was but a trifle. I was only one of a thousand, nay of millions! For years past droplets of alcohol like myself have been poured down his throat, and have passed through his body as I did. Why should I be singled out as the cause of his death?"

"If a number of people join together to beat a man and he dies, each and all are held to be guilty," said Water Bottle. "You are responsible for your share of the mischief. If Old Joe had only taken that which I pour out he would have been alive and well to-day; but he took, as you know, some of the drink from nearly all the kinds of bottles which I see around me: all contained alcohol, some more and some less, and

this alcohol has poisoned him by degrees. It has been a sure poison, even if it has been a slow one. That is not to your credit; you did all the harm it was in your power to do, and having done your worst, one after another, you have killed the man who trusted you. You have persuaded him that you would do him good, and all the while you were slowly dragging him to death."

What the consequences of this speech would have been I can hardly say. I confess it almost took away my breath, especially as he pointed at me too, and seemed to include even Port Wine as among the murderers of Old Joe. But just as there was a general shaking and gnashing of teeth, in a desire to put such a plain-speaking accuser to death, the cellar door opened, and we saw the master and his wife and eldest son come in. Immediately every voice was hushed, and they would never have guessed the noise and disturbance which their entrance had interrupted. We all listened to their conversation, which was as follows:

"But, father," said the son, "you surely do not quite mean to destroy all these. Just think what a lot of money you have given for them. It must have been hundreds of pounds."

"Yes, my boy," said the master, "I am sorry to say it is. I hardly know myself how much I have spent on this cellar. But, as your mother knows, I have been uneasy in my mind for a long time. I am afraid I must take some of the blame for Joe's death on myself. It is I who engaged him to work among these wines, to put them down and take care of them; to watch that they did not spoil; to open them, and taste them to see that only nice wine was put on my table. I have been exposing him to temptation all day long, and he has yielded to it. I have been putting a stumbling-block in my brother's way, and he has stumbled over it. I cannot forget it, and I cannot engage another man to come and go through the same danger, and perhaps come to the same terrible end—a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell! I have had qualms of conscience, but never realised my responsibility as I do now."

"Yes," said his mother, in a calm, sweet voice, "I thank God your father has made up his mind to this. I have been praying for it for a long time. We must banish this curse from our table and our cellar too, and very largely for your sake, dear John, and that of your brothers and sisters. Your father has signed the pledge, as I did some time ago, that we may not lead you into temptation, and nurse a habit which may bring a curse into our family circle, as it has into our home."

"But why not sell it, father?" urged John.

"Because, my son," replied the father, "if I sell it I should be guilty of being willing to poison the body, and perhaps ruin the soul, of my neighbour for the sake of his money."

"But if people do not buy this they will buy some other like it."

"That may be, my son, but the difference is that I shall not be responsible for it. Each must give account of himself to God. Besides, if I destroy this wine I protest more strongly thus than in any other way against this fearful curse. Would to God I had done it years ago! The early Christians brought out their costly books of witchcraft and destroyed them, and this was a witness to God and man of their sincerity, their repentance, and their sense of the mischief and wickedness of such books. And I shall, God helping me, do the same with this cause of death and sin, and so wash my hands of the whole thing."

"But, father," continued the lad, "would it not be better to give it to some hospital, or to poor people when they are ill?"

"I have considered that, my son, and I have come to the conclusion that I ought not to do so. The doctor has been telling me that it has been discovered that all diseases can be treated better without such drinks than with them, and that there is a Temperance Hospital in London where they cure the patients without. And he says, very properly, that he does not know how strong my wines are without analysing each one, and should always need to do so before prescribing a proper dose. Besides, he and others, if they give alcohol as a medicine, do not want to encourage people in the belief that wines and spirits are of wonderful benefit in disease, nor to give them a taste for these things. And so I am resolved to break all their necks and pour the stuff down the drain. But," said he, "here is a fellow harmless and useful" (taking up Water Bottle), "we'll save him out of the wreck."

And so they went out and locked the door, leaving us in a frightful state of consternation. I cannot harrow your feelings by describing the terrible night we passed in the prospect of death on the morrow; nor the harrowing scene I witnessed when the master and his sons came down, and for hours together slaughtered hundreds of my faithful subjects. My life was spared, and an inscription was painted on me to commemorate the deed; and I am to be handed down, as I am, unopened, from father to son, as a specimen of the folly of the ancients, and a witness to all against the use of such a poison of body and mind.

I have spent my time in writing down this my story: and many another tale of the old days which various members of my family confided to me at different times, these may one day publish to the world.

Their Christmas.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

'TIS Christmas time, and pealing bells
Ring loudly o'er the snow-clad world;
The voice of man in gladness swells,
To tell the tale, by angels told—
And hearts are merry, eyes are bright,
And cheeks are warm, with pleasure's glow;
While pale stars through the sweet, still night,
Smile softly on the world below.

The holly boughs are gaily spread,
Within the rich man's lofty hall;
And droop their berries, deeply red,
Upon the poor man's humble wall.
The king and peasant, both take part,
In this pure mirth, untouched by sin;
For e'en the proud grow meek of heart,
And high and low are now akin.

The Christmas greetings pass along,
Upon the pleasant frosty air;
The world is gay with jest and song,
For there is gladness everywhere.
Ah no! for in yon squalid room,
Two forms are bent in anguish deep,
And in the black and fearful gloom,
Two sorrowing creatures moan and weep.

No Christmas hymns, like incense rise,
From out that dark and dreary place;
No smile makes bright that woman's eyes,
No joy makes warm that child's sad face.
But by the fireless grate they sit,
And watch the dead white ashes fall,
While long black shadows weirdly flit,
Grim spectres o'er the cold, damp wall.

No laugh, that speaks of spirits glad,
Doth rise within the dingy room;
But in a voice, so low, and sad,
The child doth wail across the gloom.
"Oh, mama, dear! I went to-night,
For dada—but he cursed me so"—
The little face is strangely white,
The eyes are full of heavy woe.

"I said, 'We are so hungry dear,'
He drove me from his side away,
He drank and drank, oh! so much beer,
And we have had no bread to-day.
I cried: 'Oh! do come home to bed,
Oh, dearest, dearest dada! come!"
He cursed again, and then he said
He'd beat me when he did come home.

"But sure you will not let him, dear,
For, oh! mamma, he hurts me so,"
The mother soothes the childish fear,
And softly whispers, "Darling, no!"
Doth whisper "No" though well she knows,
As every sob she seeks to smother,
That if the child is spared the blows,
They'll fall, perchance, upon the mother.

"Don't cry, mamma," the thin hands creep
Unto the face so drawn with pain,
"If dada comes, and goes to sleep,
You know he cannot beat me, then."
The mother pats the little face,
Pressed close against her aching breast;
And in that holy, pure embrace,
The childish fears are hushed to rest.

"How gay the people are to-night,
'Tis Christmas, mamma, so they say,
And little Kate and Nellie Whyte,
Have got such nice new frocks to-day.
They told me what their dada bought
To hang upon the Christmas tree,
How long 'tis, since my dada brought
A Christmas present home to me?

"But once, mamma, he was so good,
He never used to curse or swear,
You'd plenty then to buy nice food,
And I had pretty frocks to wear.
One night he bought a cloak for you,
You mind, mamma, with soft warm hood;
He brought for me, a doll in blue,
Oh dada, then, was kind and good."

"You never cried, you were so gay,
You looked so young, and pretty then;
You laughed and sang the livelong day,
Oh, say will he be good again?
What is it makes him wicked now?"
The mother's head doth lowly sink,
While on the weary, childish brow,
She leaves a kiss, and answers, "Drink."

"I knew my child, I saw it come,
It came to bear us sin and strife,
It was the fiend that wrecked our home,
The fiend that cursed your mother's life.
Hark, darling! there's the Christmas bell,
Hear, how it rings across the earth,
While youthful voices softly tell,
Of His—the Great Redeemer's birth."

How many eyes, with joyous light
Will watch the morning's dawning ray,
How many faces rosy bright,
Shall hail with smiles the happy day.
The drunkard's wife bows down her head,
When in the East the day is born,
The drunkard's child cries out for bread
Upon the holy Christmas morn.

A River and its Tributaries.

By STYLOGRAPH.

"A GENTLEMAN has called, sir," said Mr. Gregson's valet, as he opened the door of his master's breakfast room, and handed him a card.

It was a pleasant room. Its French windows opened upon an extensive and beautiful lawn, around which full-grown laurels and other evergreens formed a continuous hedge. On the left side of the lawn, near its further limit, the hedge opened upon a curved path conducting to the kitchen garden, while upon the right side, in the corner, was a delicious shade, made musical by the splashing of a waterfall, beside which ascended a rocky staircase, and led up through banks of ferns to an old-fashioned orchard. The centre of the orchard showed a rustic summer-house—Mr. Gregson's retreat—kept sacred to literary work and philanthropic enterprise.

The card now lying on his table bore the name of Cornelius Sloane, a gentleman of high geographical knowledge and a first-class surveyor.

"Show him in," said Mr. Gregson.

"Well, what of your river surveys?" inquired Mr. Gregson, after their greetings ceased, and they had betaken themselves to the summer-house. And then followed a colloquy, into which both friends plunged with zest. Mr. Sloane had recently paid what he called a flying visit to the basins of three rivers—the Yorkshire Ouse, the Trent, and the Wye. The basin of a river includes, as our geography books teach us, all the region from which that river draws its water. And as the surface of the basin is by nature hollowed out into sundry broad depressions, often many miles in width, the surface water following the depressions forms a number of streams which ultimately find their way, singly or uniting *en route*, into the main stream, and thus swell its volume. Hence these sectional rivers are called the tributaries of the main one because they contribute their waters to it.

Mr. Sloane and Mr. Gregson discussed these river-basins with much interest. There was not a little theorising; nor did they fail to dissect the opinions of leading authorities, or to touch, in passing, on the more obvious charms of the rivers in question. The curious habit of Derbyshire rivers of flowing part of their course underground, sweet Dovedale, the fascinating varieties of the Wye, the Strid, and the broad valleys of the Wharfe, and other tributaries of the Yorkshire Ouse, each came in for a brief reference, as if some friend were talked of. It is one of the rewards of touring that after tramping along a river's bank to its source you feel as if you had found in it a personal friend. It is, no doubt, somehow nature's God reaching down to us through nature.

"You know the definition of a fluid," said Sloane, diverting the conversation with one of his sudden bursts—"Matter which cannot resist a change of shape. What do you think now? Isn't a river the *beau ideal* illustration of that? And what delightful changes of shape they are! Waterfall, lake, gurgling brook, and swirling rapids, and then the swift or steady, but sure and mighty onflow."

"Water always adds to a landscape and change always adds to a river," put in Gregson. "What a mercy that they do not run in straight lines!"

"Why is a human life like a river?" said Sloane. "Because it cannot resist change of shape. It is always moving the same waters on through an ever altered channel."

"Yes," added his friend, "and like a river, it has almost numberless tributaries."

"You say well 'almost numberless,'" proceeded the surveyor, "for although we can count the rivers and brooks which pour into the Ouse and Trent, who of ordinary travellers cares to note the trivial ditch or runlet? I was standing this day month on a rock in the Wye. A dull sky was overhead, with weird lights, however, here and there along the horizon. A light evening breeze, growing cooler and cooler, played about my ears with a swell in it, as if bearing message of a storm. I looked into the waters; it seemed as if in their motion one could see them think, and I gazed up the stream and then down, and the question came up in my soul—What are these waters made up of here and in other rivers? And I thought of smaller streams and brooks flowing in, of waterfalls leaping down their rocks, springs bubbling up in the river-bed, rains and dews falling upon the surface of the wave, and—mayhap, tears! Then there came as it were the voice of the *Spirit of the Stream*, and it said to me, 'Young man, I am an old river now, and I would speak to you in your youth. This flowing stream is a picture of your life. I am ever flowing on, and can never retrace my steps. I do not choose this fate, I am compelled to it. Stand in thought now a decade further forward,—in your fortieth year. Settle yourself on a rock of thought, and

see the stream gathered from the past go beyond you towards the fifties. What makes it up? Infant and child life, mother's and father's kindness and home influences, school and college classes and companionships, quiet thought and reading, love-dreams and realisations, business, with habits good and bad. You have ten years in which to determine the quality and gather the contents of the life-waters of your fortieth year." And the voice ceased.

"Sloane," said Gregson, "if you had lighted on the *spirit of the river bank*, you might have heard of as much variety in the work that goes out of the river as in the water that makes it up. Look at yon salmon-leaps and trout-streams furnishing employment and enjoyment. Fresh-caught trout is no bad eating, I can vouch. Then your mills turned round, steam-engines fed from the stream, and" (here Mr. Gregson shrugged his shoulders) "the pollution of manufactories and habitations carried away. It seems like turning a princess into a scullery drudge to set a river to do that, but until we find a better way it is useful work. Then what fields of thirst they satisfy, what acres of vegetation they irrigate, what bathing-places they furnish, second only to the sea! You know, too, something of their ministry of rest and beauty, as they murmur their lullaby to the tired brain and heart, and scoop out banks of bewitching beauty for tourist and artist to revel in. What vast utilities they subserve—filling up canals and harbours and seas, and carrying barges, cockle-shell boats, and mighty merchantmen!"

"You have left out the war-ships, and gun boats, and torpedoes, and wrecks, and floods, and drownings!" put in Sloane, archly.

"Yes, I have; they complete the parallel to human life—many good things, many bad, done by it, and so much depending on what we fill our life with. We have much need to have a care about that. Our self-education never ends."

While this talk was going on in the summer-house another scene was being enacted in the school-room above the breakfast-room. A refined man, of firm but gentle mien, sat between two hearty English boys, as fond of fun as most boys, which the teacher sometimes found to his and their cost, but "not bad-hearted lads." Time seldom hung heavy on their hands, except in school hours.

"What use is this Latin, sir?" said Ronald Gregson; "I am sick of its eternal drudgery. Don't you think Livy would much sooner have had his History lost, and even Cæsar his Commentaries, fond as that gentleman was of blowing his own trumpet, if he had foreseen how we poor fellows would have to sweat over his sentences?"

"No, I don't know that they would," replied the teacher, "I should not if I had been either of them."

"Oh, I never thought you were so cruel," said Leonard, "I always thought you had a little sympathy for us when we got stuck fast in a crabbed bit of Latin and those interminable vocabularies."

"I'll tell you a tale," said the teacher. "When I was in the navy we had a very dogged commander to our vessel. He was so obstinate that he would listen to no one but himself. One day we were steaming past a coaling station, and the second in command suggested that as our coal was run low we had better put in and replenish. No, he wouldn't. He had coal enough. Did they mean to tell an old salt like him that with smooth seas and lucky winds as they were getting he couldn't manage without wasting time coaling. Let every man mind his own business. Didn't they know where they'd be in four days? Full steam ahead! But ten hours told a different tale. The wind turned round, the sea roughened up, and we were soon in the lap of a downright tempest. And, to cut the tale short, we ran out of coal before we got a sight of land or anything like it, and our man-of-war had to be towed ingloriously home in the wake of a merchant steamer.

"Now, boys, you have a voyage before you, and you must have for it much force in your mind and brains, and your Latin and other work are just to develop that force and enable your ship to finish its course creditably. Don't go about whining when you're taking in the coal."

"Didn't you tell us once, sir," said Ronald, "that our life was a river, and that our habits of study and *other* habits were the opening of springs and the cutting of channels by which tributaries would fill our river with more water?"

"Well," retorted Leonard, "this navy story about the coal comes to the same meaning. But, sir, what are the *other* habits which bring good water into the river?

"Order is one, and truthfulness and obedience and self-restraint, that is temperance in its wider meaning. Teetotalism is a very simple habit of this kind. All boys ought to be teetotal. You took the pledge when Dr. Yorke was lecturing here last week in order to keep out intemperance from your lives, and to develop more self-restraint in them. You did wisely not to reject teetotalism. Look well what you reject, for if it be good one day you will miss it, and look well what you take in, for if it be bad you will some day rue it. Keep to the right and pure and helpful, and ask God to help you. Now we will have no more Latin to-day. It is twelve o'clock. You can go."

RING, BELLS, RING.

Melody by H. P. DANKS. *Words re-written and Music adapted for this Work.*

mf DUET (S. & C.).

Inst. pp

1. Ring, ye hap-py Christmas bells, Ring the joy-ous sto - ry;
2. Lit-tle children come and learn, Learn the sweet old sto - ry;

Inst. mf

Key D.

mf DUET (S. & C.).

Inst.

3. Hosts of an-gels sing a-loud, "Glory, aye, be giv - en,
4. Let us all take up the strain, Free from care and sad - ness,

CHORUS. FULL.

f

Christ was born in Beth-le-hem, Christ the King of glo - ry.
Je-sus, once a child like you, Now is King of glo - ry.
Ring, bells, ring, Christ is King,

f CHORUS. FULL.

To the Lord who reigns above In the high-est hea - ven."
Christ has come with us to dwell, Bringing peace and glad-ness.
Ring, bells, ring, Christ is King,

ff

Christ is King of glo - ry, He was born in Beth-le-hem, Christ the King of glo - ry.

ff

Christ is King of glo - ry, He was born in Beth-le-hem, Christ the King of glo - ry.

A CHRISTMAS SHOPPING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

By UNCLE BEN.

IT was nearing Christmas Day, and with great delight two little girls—Ada and Susan Stapley—had been looking forward to this happy season of the year. They had been promised that they might go into the village and spend their own money, to buy presents, and select some picture cards to send off by post. This was a great treat, as the little village of Kelstone was some distance from their house, which was the home of a country gentleman farmer, well-to-do, and a walk into the village for shopping purposes all by themselves was quite an event. The two children were brought up in great seclusion, under very old-fashioned and highly respectable influences. So much so that their heads were filled with foolish ideas of their own superiority, because they lived in a large house, and most of the people around were labourers on their father's farm.

One of their nearest neighbours, living on the high road which led to the village, was Agnes Burridge, the only daughter of a drunken father and an untidy mother. The home was wretched indeed. The man was often out of work, and poor Agnes was miserably clad, and looked dirty and neglected. The little girls who lived in the big house, instead of feeling compassion and sympathy for her, because of her misfortune, considered her so far beneath them that they would not speak to her, and always avoided her whenever they saw her.

Now it happened that on the night before the eventful day, when the two children were to go shopping for their purchases, there came a heavy fall of snow, that covered the whole country-side with a white mantle of purity. At first it seemed likely to prevent the pilgrimage, but Mr. Stapley said that as the children had been promised this treat, if they were warmly wrapped up, and changed their boots when they came in, they had better go, as there might be more snow before to-morrow.

With many instructions from their mother to be back early, the two little ladies started in the afternoon. It was a walk of rather more than a mile to the village church, near to which was the post-office and chief shop (C. Jones, tea dealer and general stores), where anything and everything that could be bought in Kelstone was to be had. The two young people felt the importance of the occasion as much as if they were going to Swan & Edgar's, in Regent Street, to buy silk dresses or fur mantles. Ada being the eldest carried the purse. The air was cold; the path had become hard in the snow, so that they could go all the way comfortably, except where here and there boys had made slides along the path. They passed Agnes's cottage; she was standing at the door, looking up and down the road. They took no notice, and Susan said—

"Perhaps Agnes Burridge is looking out for her tipsy father."

They hurried on, trying to make up their minds how every penny should be spent. When they reached Mr. Jones's emporium, the two children looked well into the window, and there fixed their wavering choice, should prices be right. Long they lingered outside, and then, with some hesitation and shyness, they entered the little shop, and, with deliberation, began to buy. There was another establishment in the village, "the opposition" it was usually called, and instead of being kept by Mr. Jones or Brown its proprietress was Mrs. Smith. So after the children had viewed Mr. C. Jones's entire stock of Christmas cards and treasures, and purchased a few things, after much whispering and consultation, they paid their account, and said "Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon, young ladies, and thank you," said Mr. C. Jones's young person, who served them.

They went on through the scattered hamlet and straggling street, and inspected the whole stock at Mrs. Smith's, who quite offended the dignity of her two young customers by saying, "What for you, my dears?"

They spent but little there, resolving to return to Mr. C. Jones's larger assortment, where they were addressed as "*Miss*," and there confer the rest of their favours.

These transactions took time; when all the money was spent the light of the winter's afternoon was nearly gone, so that as it was beginning to grow dusk they said "Good evening, and thank you so much," for Mr. C. Jones had personally spoken to them, and actually offered to send up their parcel with other things he should be sending up later on. They were grieved not to have it with them, but when they reflected that real ladies generally had their parcels sent, and that mother always did, they were comforted; but Susan's pride did not console her disappointment, for she remarked—

"Oh, Ada! it was foolish to let them send the things; we may not see them till to-morrow morning."

"It is getting late, but I expect they will come before we go to bed."

"Don't you think we had better go the short cut across the fields and over the line; it'll be

quite dark before we get home if we go all round by the road," said Susan.

"I hardly know if mother would like us to go over the railway by ourselves," replied Ada.

"She generally goes that way herself, particularly if she is in a hurry; besides, if we went by the road, we might meet Agnes Berridge's father, tipsy."

This and the gathering gloom, with a slight fall of snow, settled the matter, and they decided to go back the field way at the back of the church, and over the railway line.

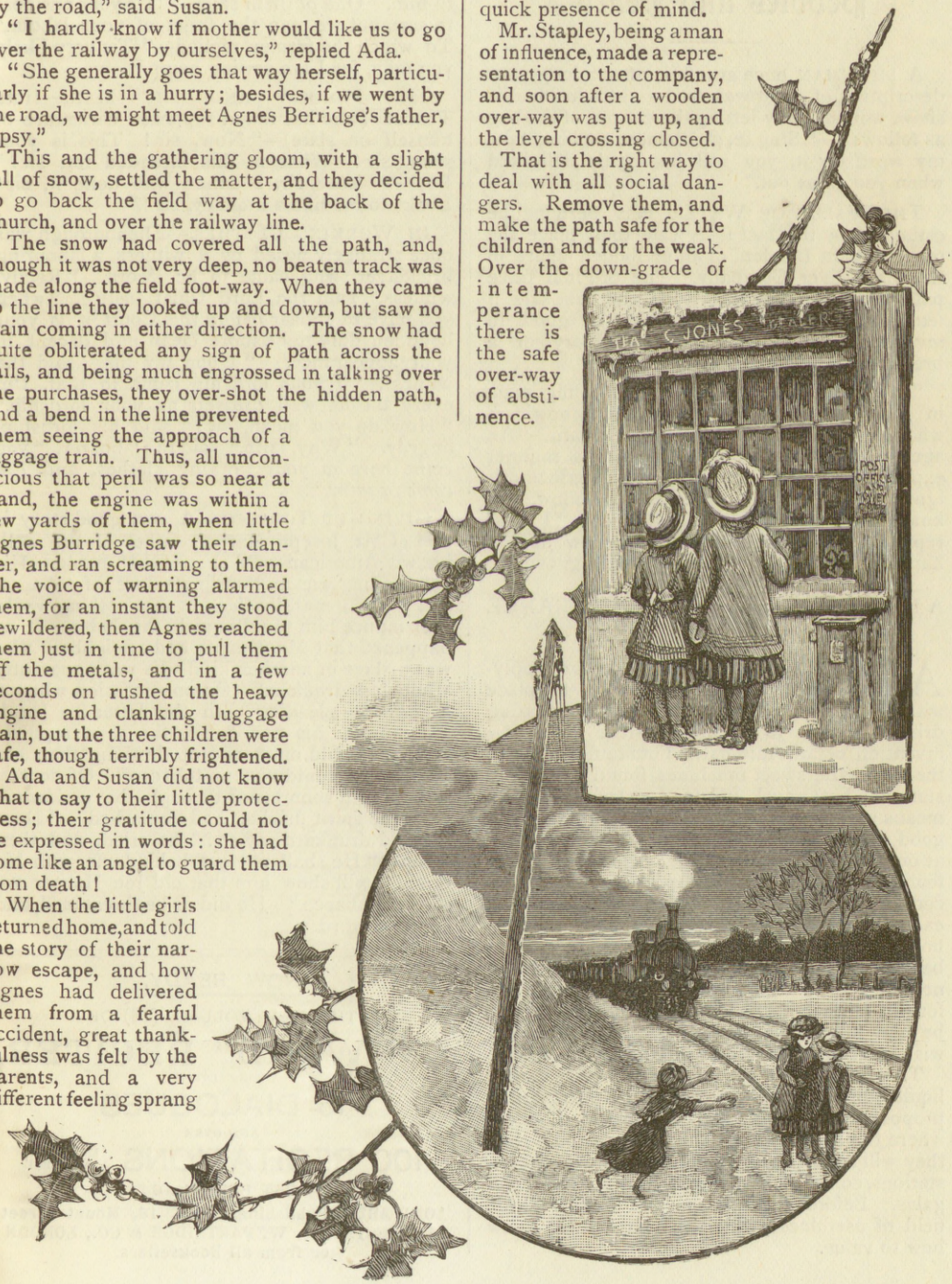
The snow had covered all the path, and, though it was not very deep, no beaten track was made along the field foot-way. When they came to the line they looked up and down, but saw no train coming in either direction. The snow had quite obliterated any sign of path across the rails, and being much engrossed in talking over the purchases, they over-shot the hidden path, and a bend in the line prevented them seeing the approach of a luggage train. Thus, all unconscious that peril was so near at hand, the engine was within a few yards of them, when little Agnes Burridge saw their danger, and ran screaming to them. The voice of warning alarmed them, for an instant they stood bewildered, then Agnes reached them just in time to pull them off the metals, and in a few seconds on rushed the heavy engine and clanking luggage train, but the three children were safe, though terribly frightened.

Ada and Susan did not know what to say to their little protectress; their gratitude could not be expressed in words: she had come like an angel to guard them from death!

When the little girls returned home, and told the story of their narrow escape, and how Agnes had delivered them from a fearful accident, great thankfulness was felt by the parents, and a very different feeling sprang up towards Agnes for her quick presence of mind.

Mr. Stapley, being a man of influence, made a representation to the company, and soon after a wooden over-way was put up, and the level crossing closed.

That is the right way to deal with all social dangers. Remove them, and make the path safe for the children and for the weak. Over the down-grade of intemperance there is the safe over-way of abstinence.



Pebbles and Pearls.

A SHOWMAN once at a fair, after a long yarn descriptive of what was to be seen inside his show, wound up by letting the cat out of the bag as follows :—"Step in, gentlemen, step in ; take my word for it, you will be highly delighted when you come out."

THE VALUE OF WATER may perhaps be estimated by this fact :—A sale took place the other day, in London, of an undivided share in the New River Company. The original price paid for the share was £100 ; at the sale it fetched £122,800. This is about as good an investment as shares in a distillery or a brewery.

"I AM an agnostic," remarked a young man, in swelling accents. "And an agnostic is what?" inquired an elderly gentleman. "An agnostic," replied the fresh youth, in a manner expressive of his pity for his interlocutor's ignorance, "an agnostic is a fellow, you know, who isn't sure of anything." "I see," replied the old gentleman ; "but how does it happen that you are sure you are an agnostic."

A NEW DEPARTURE IN TEMPERANCE REFRESHMENTS.

A COMPANY has been formed for supplying a great demand, namely, to place within reach of all, wholesome un-intoxicating drink. This is to be done by the quite new invention of an Automatic Fountain similar to the automatic sweet machines found at railway stations, but novel in its construction. By means of this there will be a constant supply of good non-alcoholic drinks, of the best quality, at one-third of the price usually charged. These fountains will be supplied with goods from a common centre—distributed to the fountains each day. On each side of the dial are cabinets holding plated drinking cups attached by chains ; below are taps for delivering liquids, and underneath a basin ; above, water is supplied by a tap for rinsing the cups. Enamelled paper cups can be had for a half-penny by those who do not wish to use the common drinking cups.

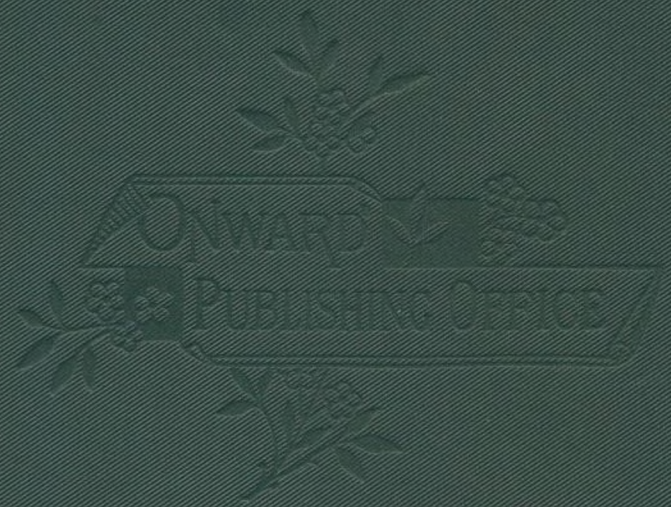
These fountains are to supply hot and iced liquids, biscuits, and ices. For the present it is proposed to confine their working to London, where the licences already exceed 14,000 ; then they will soon prove their suitability for streets, stations, collieries, workshops, mills, schools, and galas. Before this new departure there is a wide field of usefulness, which the public will know how to value.

TWO fellows passing a farmer at work called to him. One of them said—"'Tis your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the farmer replied—"'Tis very likely you may, for I am sowing hemp."

THE MONKEY AND THE MAN.—Irate Teacher (who has found supposed caricature of himself on slate)—"Now, sir ! This is your slate, sir ! What is this intended for, sir?" Boy—"Please, sir, I dunno who done it, sir ! Looks to me like a monkey, sir !"

IN WORKING CLOTHES.—Ellenborough was once strangely posed by a witness, a labouring bricklayer, who came to be sworn. "Really, witness," said the Lord Chief Justice, "when you have to appear before this Court it is your bounden duty to be more clean and decent in your appearance." "Upon my life," said the witness, "if your lordship come to that, I'm every bit as well dressed as your lordship." "How do you mean, sir?" said his lordship, angrily. "Why, faith," said the labourer, "you come here in your working clothes, and *I'm come in mine.*"

GIVING UP TOBACCO.—A very good story is told of Mr. Joseph Harper, father of the well-known American publisher of that name. His chief failing was an inordinate love of tobacco, and it was generally thought that nothing would ever induce him to relinquish the habit. It so happened that Mr. Harper had a neighbour who was a slave of another kind—he was apparently a hopeless drunkard. On one occasion when a friend was pleading with the latter to break away from his evil habit, the man replied : "Why, I could no more stop drinking than old Joe Harper could give up tobacco." Of course, the veteran soon heard through the *quidnuncs* what the spirit drinker had remarked. "Does that old drunkard say so?" he cried, and then added, "He shall not get behind me with his rum. I will show him that old Joe Harper *can* give up tabacco." He did as he threatened, and kept his word.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