# ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1890

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N.B. Mr. Moss, born at North Tawton, Devon, became one of the outstanding Temperance workers of the 19th—20th Centuries. On 1st September, 1888 he was appointed Missioner to Mrs. LEWIS, Blackburn (The Drunkards' Friend). More than 50 years' loyal service won universal esteem. Inspired by Joseph Livesey's work, his life has been characterised by complete devotion to the cause founded by the Preston Pioneer. This is, in part, indicated by the diligence which made possible this collection, and Mr. Moss's generous gift, so that others might share in it.



REV. CANON ELLISON

(CHAIRMAN C.E.T.S.)

# ONWARD:

A BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE,
AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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# ALFRED.

By LOUIE SLADE, Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care," &c.

## CHAPTER I.—KIND HEARTS.

*"Some wept, some sighed:*
*'Twas whispered, 'Dead! by his own hand he died.'"*
—THE TRIAL OF SIR JASPER.

"POOR little thing! My heart regularly aches for him."

"So does mine, I'm sure," said another of the group of women, and as she spoke she wiped away a tear.

"For the matter of that mine's ached for him over and over again," chimed in a third, "to see what I've seen! I don't know that it's much of a loss for the poor child, he'll be took better care of than he's ever been before."

"That may be true," acquiesced the first speaker, "but none the less it seems hard for the poor little thing to be put in the workhouse, and of course that's what will be done with him. It isn't to be expected any of his relations will take to him."

"It seems to me nobody knows whether he has any or not," said another. "The man was very close, very close indeed."

"You are right about that, Mrs. Emlett; nobody that I know of ever heard him say a word about hisself, not even when he was drunk, and they tried to draw it out of him. Some people thinks he'd been much better off, for my part I believe he was only what you may call a respectable working-man."

"He held his head higher than some of us, Mrs. Paul, if he wasn't," observed a man who had joined the group on his way from work.

"Well, he hadn't much to brag of, I can tell you, Jim; if you'd gone inside his house you'd think the same."



"Not much furniture in the place, I s'pose?"

"Furniture! A few broken chairs and a table, besides the bed, and child's crib."

"How do the little boy take it?"

"Just as cool as can be, dear little soul! He looked at his father last night and asked no end of questions about him. You never came across such a little chap, I know, in all your life, so knowing! We said to him, 'You'll never see poor daddie again!' And he opened his big blue eyes as wide as they'd go, and answered directly, 'Yes I shall, I shall see him when I go to heaven!'"

Here the man sighed, while the women simultaneously rubbed their eyes with their aprons, murmuring, "Poor little fellow!" "Sweet little dear!"

"Who's got the boy now?" inquired the man.

"Mrs. Wilmott. He wouldn't go with her for ever so long, he cried, and declared he shouldn't leave his daddie; but the minister come in just then and explained about it, how 'twas only his father's body that was there, and then, bless you, he went off with her as contented as could be."

"The inquest was held to-day, wasn't it?"

"Yes. They brought in a verdict of 'Suicide while of unsound mind.' There isn't

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any doubt he was out of his mind when he did it, he hadn't been sober for a fortnight."

"Well, well, 'tis a sad ending for a person," said the man as he passed on, "a sad ending."

"Ah, 'tis indeed!" echoed the women, as they separated.

Seldom had the little village of Hedgmoor been stirred as it now was at the tragic occurrence which had taken place in the small cottage at the end of the principal road, a cottage almost buried in the trees.

For about a year that house had been occupied by a young man and his little boy. Very little was known of them except that the man was a widower, and that he had come hither immediately after the death of his wife. He was noticed chiefly for his reticence, and for the frequency of his visits to the houses licensed to sell beer, wine and spirits. The neighbours often commented upon his hard drinking, and predicted that "things would have a bad end there some day," but they were nevertheless electrified and horror-stricken when he was found one morning upon the floor of his cottage, dead; killed by his own hand.

Everyone pitied him now, however severely he had been censured before, and great sympathy was felt for the little orphaned child.

The nearest neighbour had taken charge of him until the funeral should be over, and arrangements made for his removal to the Union poorhouse. Perhaps she felt more grieved than anyone at the sad occurrence, for she had grown very fond of the little one, who had been left in her care every day while his father was at work, and often during the evening, though he had sometimes gone with his father to the public-house, and deeply had Mrs. Wilmott's ears been shocked, and her heart grieved, by the snatches of songs and gleanings of conversation the baby lips would repeat.

To her training little Alfie owed all he knew of better things, and though she never guessed it, the remarks and questions he uttered had often pricked his father's conscience. But now the father was gone, and Alfie was alone.

The last evening had come; on the morrow he and Mrs. Wilmott would be finally parted, and as his kind friend took him on her knee to hear him say his prayers, her tears and kisses fell thickly on the fair, serious brow.

"Now, Alfie," she said in a broken voice, "you will promise me to be a good boy where you're going, won't you?"

"No!" came resolutely from the baby lips, "I *shan't* go away from you."

"But you must, darling; I can't keep you. I shall come to see you sometimes, if they'll let me; but Alfie must be good, or I'm afraid they'll whip him."

"I shan't let 'em; I shall take their sticks away, and open the door, and run out, and come here to you."

"But Alfie, dearie, don't you know we must try to be good, or else we shan't get to heaven?"

"Shouldn't I see my mama then?"

She shook her head.

"She was going there," went on the child, musingly, "dada said so, and he told me I should see her. Very likely I shall die soon, and go there too."

Mrs. Wilmott sobbed—she could not help it; she felt that she could have borne the parting far better had Alfie indeed been going to that beautiful world, which to him was so real.

After he was safely in bed, the kind neighbour could indulge her grief unrestrained. But not for long; a loud knock at the door startled her. It was seldom indeed that anyone called on Widow Wilmott at so late an hour; but she was not nervous, and taking her candle, went down at once.

A man and woman, looking like respectable working people, were standing outside.

"It's rather late to be disturbing you, I'm afraid," said the man; "but I've only just heard about it, and it's regularly upset me."

"He means about poor Mr. Bence's death," explained the woman, seeing Mrs. Wilmott's bewilderment. "He was an old friend of my husband's—they used to work together."

"Oh, come in! come in!" said Mrs. Wilmott, glad to have someone with whom she could talk over her trouble.

"We saw about it in the paper to-night," continued the woman, "and as we happened to be in the town yonder, Tom hired a pony-cart, and we've driven over."

"The little chap is to be put into the Union, they tell me," said the man huskily. "I can't bear the thought. I felt as though I should like to have a look at him before we went back, and so did my missis."

"The poor little lamb's gone to bed," said Mrs. Wilmott, "and it would be a pity to wake him; but come up and see him."

She led them up the ricketty staircase to the room where Alfie lay. He looked very pretty; one arm was thrown above his head, and a smile played round his lips; perhaps he was having a pleasant dream.

"Dear little thing!" murmured the woman, while the man drew his sleeve across his eyes.

"To think it might have been one of our own left like this!" said he in a low voice. "Poor, poor Bence! Meg," turning to his wife, "don't you think we might manage to give him a crust in with our own children? It seems hard, the thought of his going to the House."

"So it does, Tom," she admitted slowly, "but we're only poor people, another mouth to fill is a consideration."

"He's a wonderful child, ma'm," put in Mrs. Wilmott, "such things as he says you'd never believe unless you heard him yourself. It'll very near break my heart to give him up."

"'Taint much as it 'll cost to keep him, a little mite like that," said the man.

His wife smiled, though her eyes were misty as she looked at the little one, whose beauty and helplessness appealed to her mother-heart. She knew that the adoption of a child involved far more than the "crust."

"I have got to take him to-morrow morning," said Mrs. Wilmott with a heavy sigh.

This decided the other. The pretty, innocent child to be sent to a poor-house! She said, meditatively,

"Well, I daresay he wouldn't make such a great difference; anyhow, Tom, I'm willing to try it if you are."

Little Alfred's new home was not in the pleasant country, but in a rather narrow street of a crowded, busy town. He left Mrs. Wilmott very reluctantly, but was somewhat comforted by the promise of the kind friends who had adopted him that he should pay her a visit at some future time.

He found himself installed in a medium sized, comfortably furnished cottage, and enthusiastically welcomed by three children. The eldest was a pretty, motherly little person of about twelve years, to whom Alfie took a great fancy, although he objected to her addressing him as "dearie." Her name he found was Amy. The second was Reuben, aged nine; and the youngest a brown-haired, brown-eyed little lady called Sissie, who informed everybody that she should be eight her next birthday.

It was decided that Alfie should not go to school until he had become accustomed to his new home and companions, so, during the ensuing days, Mrs. Granlyn had ample opportunity to make his acquaintance, and discovered that although unusually precocious and amusing, he was by no means a model child. Never was there such a boy for mischief!

I would not go so far as to say that she repented of her kindness, but she certainly shook her head very doubtfully when any fresh misdemeanour came to light.

But Alfie was so sharp and so funny the children were quite charmed with him, admiring his very mischief and bravado. Nor could the father find it in his heart to be very strict to the orphan boy, and perhaps they all paid him more homage than was wise.

One evening a fellow-workman called to see Mr. Granlyn, and remained to supper. But Alfie noticed that he drank only water. After he had left he inquired—

"Why didn't that man have beer like uncle does?" (He was taught to call Mr. Granlyn uncle, having strongly objected to saying "dada.")

"Oh, because he's a teetotaler," answered Reuben.

"What's a teetot'ler?"

Reuben was silent, so Amy explained.

"Why, Alfie, he's promised never to take beer, or wine, or anything of that sort."

"Who's he promised?"

"Oh, I don't know; he's signed a pledge."

"What's a pledge?" asked the child gravely, and the others laughed at Amy's dilemma.

"Perhaps he don't like beer," she answered evasively.

"'Taint likely he'd want to promise not to drink what he didn't like," put in Sissie with scorn.

"No," said Reuben, "I don't like onions, but I shouldn't want to sign a pledge not to eat 'em."

"Come here, Alfie!" said the father, and he took the little one on his knee. "It is like this," he explained, "some people think that beer is a bad thing—and so it is if they take too much—and so they make up their minds not to have any more, but in order that they mayn't forget it they put it down on paper, and that's what they call a pledge."

The child's serious blue eyes were looking straight into his face; he was perfectly quiet for a minute.

"And *is* beer a bad thing?"

"Not unless you take too much of it."

"And how much is too much?"

Ah, little Alfie had put a difficult question now. Who is there that can definitely settle that knotty point?

"Oh, a glass or two a day can't do any harm," said Mr. Granlyn. "That is for grown-up people, you know little folks like you only want a sip. The drink is like fire, Alfie, a good servant but a bad master. Always remember that."

The child was silent for a while, evidently trying, as Amy said, "to think it out." He asked no further question, but from that day he had the idea firmly rooted in his infant mind that beer was a good thing if one didn't take too much, and that too much meant a very great deal.

*(To be continued.)*

## A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

By Uncle Ben.

"WELL, Phyllis," said Grandpapa, as a nice little girl stood by Mr. Davis with her hands in a small muff on New Year's morning. "I have come to wish you a Happy New Year," responded the child.

"Thank you," said the Grandfather, letting the *Times* rest on his knee while he gave a kindly welcome to the little visitor for her good wishes. "You are round on your calls early, you have made a good start this year to catch me before I am off to the office."

"Mother said I might come round the first thing after breakfast, and I can find the way all by myself."

"That's right, my little woman, and I hope when a great many New Years have gone by you will find your way at last to your Heavenly Father's House on high, as safely and as surely as you have to day to see your old Grandfather. Let me see if I have got that bright new half sovereign for you to keep and take care of till you are twenty-one."

"No, Grandpa, I have not come for your gold piece of money, I would rather you gave me something else that won't be so much."

"All stuff and nonsense, child, I can afford it, and I like to know that my grandchildren are putting by a little money every year that belongs to me. I shall not have much to leave you, and I like to give while I live, and not leave all the pleasure of giving for no one to enjoy when I am dead. I shall not see so many more New Years."

"Please, Grandpa, mother said——"

"Yes, yes," interposed, Mr. Davis, "I know



your mother thinks money a bad thing to give children, well, so should I if you were allowed to spend it all and make yourself ill at the sweet shop, but my little piece of gold is to keep till you are grown to be a young woman."

"It isn't that; I have something else to ask for, and mother said I might, and I should like you to have three guesses, and if you don't guess the third time, then I will tell you what it is."

"First then, is it something to eat?" asked Mr. Davis.

"No, Grandpa, I knew you would guess that."

"Then is it something to play with?" enquired he smiling.

"No, it isn't anything to play with."

"Bless me then, what can it be? and this is my last time. To tell you a story about when I was a little boy; or to give you a ride in my pony chaise; or take you to see the *Zoo*; or——"

"Ah, Grandpa, you must stop; you have had more than your three guesses, and they are none of them right; but I don't think—at least I am afraid—if you were to guess ever so hard you would never guess what it is. It's to be a teetotaler."

"Good gracious, Phyllis, what on earth put that into your head; why I have never been the worse for a glass of wine in my life, and the doctor wont let me have any beer. Why, the fact is, I should think there is no man living has less need to sign the pledge than I have."

"I put it into my own head because I know you are so very good, and very nearly a teetotaler. I thought you might be quite. Uncle Fred isn't," said the child with perfect truth and simplicity, "and mother has so often said she wishes he were, and it would be a good thing for him to sign the pledge."

"Well, and are you going to ask him to-day," inquired the Grandfather, with a look of pleasure.

"I am afraid he would not do it for me. He will only laugh at me and call me a little prig and tickle me, and say why don't you belong to the Salvation Army."

"Yes, Fred would say 'mission the fallen; leave respectable people alone,' and I am nearly as bad, for I should be pleased to see Fred a teetotaler, he has so many temptations among the young men he is thrown with."

"Oh, Grandpa, you see, if you were a teetotaler you could ask Uncle Fred, and he might sign the pledge for you."

"Now, Phyllis, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll think about your request all day, and you may come again this evening; in fact, you are all to be here for the family gathering. I will tell you my decision, and we'll see what Uncle Fred says."

After this Phyllis went home, but not without her bright half sovereign that Grandfather Davis gave to all his grandchildren on New Year's Day. And he went down to his office with many thoughts, but chief among them was the one that had come through his little favourite's request.

Mr. Davis was a good man, one of those genuine characters, who never made any show of his goodness. He had never felt the pledge necessary for himself, and liked to be hospitable and offer wine to others. Now the matter had come home to him through the personal appeal of Phyllis, and for the sake of his youngest son Fred, for whom the security of total abstinence would be a good thing, he determined to take the step even at his advanced age, for the sake of example and practising what he would gladly have preached if he had been an abstainer.

When the evening came Phyllis did not forget her Grandpapa's promise, and the moment she saw him she darted off, and her first words were:

"Oh, Grandpa, what are you going to do?"

"Have my tea," replied Mr. Davis.

"I mean are you going to give me my New Year's wish." Then taking her up in his arms he said he would.

"Now," said Phyllis, "shall we tackle Uncle Fred?"

"Who taught you so big a word, especially for so little a lady?"

"Oh, Grandpa, I have often heard the boys say tackle, when they had a job in hand."

"It shall be as you say, this very night we'll tackle Uncle Fred," replied Mr. Davis.

But it was not so easy a matter, though it was in many ways much more important that Fred Davis should abstain than his father. However, they tried their best, and Fred was certainly greatly impressed by the fact that his father had taken the pledge at the request of little Phyllis. And his conduct produced a marked impression, for Mr. Davis was a highly respected character, and his taking this step at his mature time of life, had the effect of drawing a large number of friends to consider the claims of Temperance in their own home.

And although Uncle Fred could not be persuaded to sign just then, Phyllis does not mean to leave him alone. Beside the work her Grandfather has done for the cause, though it might be taken as an ample reward, has only made Phyllis more earnest to do what she can to increase the Temperance Army by recruits from any quarter, and if she only goes on as she has begun, she will make a most useful and persuasive worker, and a large blessing must follow such simple labours.

## Why am I a Teetotaler?

1. Because ale, porter, gin, rum, brandy, wine, and whisky, all contain a portion of *spirit or alcohol*, which is of a *poisonous* nature and calculated to derange the human system.

2. Because none of these drinks are ever useful, but always injurious to persons in health.

3. Because drunkenness is our besetting sin, and leads to idleness, quarrelling, swearing, fighting, stealing, adultery, murder, impiety, and almost every other sin.

4. Because our drinking fashions produce a vast amount of poverty, domestic misery, insolvency, bankruptcy, crime, destruction of property, disease, and premature death.

5. Because a great deal of valuable land, time, labour, and capital are wasted upon making, vending, and using these intoxicating drinks.

6. Because over £100,000,000 is annually expended upon the drunkard's drink in this land, which ought to be laid out in food and the manufactures of the country.

7. Because many millions of bushels of good grain are annually destroyed to make these poisonous liquors.

8. Because intemperance obstructs the progress of civilization, education, religion and every useful reform.

9. Because abstinence is sure and safe, but moderate drinking is difficult and dangerous, and has led to all the drunkenness in the country.

10. Because I cannot effectually warn the drunkard, unless I am an entire abstainer.

11. Because I like to join those who are exerting themselves to promote the reformation and happiness of the nation.

12. Because it is important to set a safe example to our children, friends, and associates.

13. Because it is our Christian duty to deny ourselves even of lawful things to promote the happiness of others.

14. Because, while millions repent of drinking, not one repents of being a teetotaler.

15. Because while no blessing is pronounced on drinking, God's approval is frequently recorded in favour of abstinence.

16. Because I should be ashamed to touch, taste, or handle, or keep in my house, the article which is filling the land with misery, lamentation, and woe.

17. Because nothing but teetotalism will cure the drunkard or prevent the moderate drinker from becoming such.

18. Because by abstaining, I find myself healthier, wealthier, and happier; I am more respected, and better fitted to perform my duty both to God and man.

# BUILDING.

By Rev. C. T. Price.

"YOU seem in a terrible hurry, Ninety," said I to a working bricklayer as I stopped beside him in Sandy Lane. I called him "Ninety," because every one else did, though that was not his name. And I said he was in a hurry, because he was sitting on the bank doing nothing, while his barrow of mortar stood in the middle of the lane. "Ah!" he replied, "you may poke fun at me if you like, young man, but in my trade we have to follow the saying, 'stay a little and end the sooner.' Not but what a many builders go just the contrary way to work," he added. "Why, the way some houses are run up now-a-days is cruel. Bricks laid in any weather, plaster put on before the walls are dry, and doors and windows made of wood as green as grass—almost." And he began to describe how some London men had got the tender for a row of cottages built in this way last winter.

But while Ninety dilated upon the grievance of not employing local workmen who would spend their money in the place, I was thinking of another kind of building. "Ye are God's building," and it took God, as I remember to have read, just as long to make one man as to make all the other living creatures on the face of the earth—one day; and with the Lord "one day is as a thousand years." It takes a man a long time to make himself *a man.*

CHARACTER IS BUILT UP, NOT RUN UP,

and although change of purpose may sometimes be hidden, change of life is not. The pledge, signed in a moment, takes many years to fulfil. The dream of youth is only realised in old age. Slowly, and generally painfully, are wisdom and virtue collected and digested, and make part and parcel of one's being.

> Now the long and toilsome duty,
> Stone by stone to carve and bring;
> Afterward the perfect beauty
> Of the palace of the King.

But while I was silently dropping into poetry, Master Ninety started afresh about the difference between the materials used "when I was a boy," and now. "You can't no more build a proper house of rotten bricks and muddy mortar, than you can make pork pies of pig-iron," said he; "but there ain't no sound stuff put into buildins same as there used to be. They can't never have a history, for they won't stand long enough to make a respectable ruin."

"Talking about that," I said, "I saw Old Temple Bar the other day. When it was pulled down every stone was numbered and placed in a contractor's yard to be taken care of, but it has been put up again now, at the entrance to a gentleman's park. But it looks painfully patchy and new in places, for when the stones were wanted it seems that about half of them were missing. It cost £7,000 to rebuild it—more than the first cost, I'll be bound. But, changing the subject, who was that who passed just now?" "That? Oh! that's young Knight—*Sleepy* Knight, they call him. Used to be my 'prentice, he did. You see he wasn't very smart, and he wasn't over strong, and he was just a bit shaky with ladder-work; but he was always regular and punctual, so I put up with him. Then he joined the Foresters, took to going *very* regular to the Marquis on club-nights, and got in with a set of fellows who were not so steady as he was, but could work twice as well. An' I s'pose he thought to himself, they don't care about stopping away or coming late, so why should I? And then, when he wasn't even regular or punctual, I couldn't stand him any more, and he got the sack." "Ah!" I said, "I see, steadiness was his strong point, and when he let that good habit go he didn't put anything so good in its place. In fact, in pulling down his old character he lost some of the stones, and now he does not make even

A RESPECTABLE RUIN."

"That's it," cried Ninety, "spoilin's easy, but mendin' ain't just the same, you know. Here's a case in point. This job I'm on now is at Mr. Carew's. When he built his house he thought of nothing else but having a strong roof, said it was the best in the country. And so it was if it could ha' stood flat on the ground. Such beams and rafters, pretty near a ton of iron to hold 'em together, and then thick felt and tiles over all. Of course, it was top-heavy, and the walls couldn't bear the weight and gave way. So he's got to buttress them up to keep the concern from coming about his ears. But even that won't make a good job of it." "In fact, Ninety, said I, it was not

FITLY FRAMED TOGETHER,

but was all out of proportion: there was too much of one thing and not enough of another, wasn't there?" "Yes," slyly responded Ninety, "like a red-hot teetotaler—more of a temperance man than a temperate man." "Or like some so-called moderate drinkers," was my retort, "too much of the drink and not enough of the moderation. But the fact is that a man with a bee in his bonnet never gets at the truth, for he hears nothing but the buzzing of the bee, and violent, one-sided views on any subject are always misleading. Zeal without knowledge is fire without light, and knowledge without zeal is light without fire."

But my old friend went on to say: "Now, Mr. Carew's old house, where he used to live, was a sight better'n this one. My father helped build it when he was a young fellow, and I've heard him say there was nothing but the best work and the best stuff all through. It'll stand till doomsday, that will, worse luck!" "Why worse luck, Ninety?" "Why, haven't you heard? He's sold it to the brewers at Doddington, and, in course, they've turned it into a public. I'm no teetotaler, but it breaks one's heart to think of that beautiful old dining-room being made a tap-room of, with beer-stains all over the oak floor and the marks of greasy heads on the wainscot.

And what d'ye think they've been and christened it?" "Oh! I don't know; the 'Who'd ha' thought it,' perhaps," said I, remembering a quaint sign I had once seen. "Who'd ha' thought it, indeed," said Ninety. "But it isn't that, if you please; it's such a blessing to the place that it's to be called

THE ANGEL,

though to my mind, if it's an angel at all it must be a fallen angel." And he shook the ashes from his pipe, and, bidding me good-day, trudged off behind his barrow.

As I went on down the lane I thought of the people who, like Mr. Carew's house, have been built of good materials fitly framed together, but who do not put themselves to right uses—of those whom God has endowed with a great capacity for blessing, but who make themselves a curse, of strong-minded, clear-headed men, of winsome, gifted women, of clever, industrious, and withal pleasant people, discreet and firm, who know when to speak and when to be silent, who can understand all mysteries and all knowledge, but who use their strength of character and grace of manner only for low ends—to amass riches, to enjoy luxury, to sin secretly, and to live altogether for themselves alone. Fallen angels, indeed, are they, with only the feathers, not the spirit, of the angels. Having not love, they are "nothing." For "knowledge puffeth up, but love buildeth up."

## WORK WITHOUT BEER.

DR. CARPENTER relates the following facts, furnished by a gentleman at Uxbridge, being the comparative return of the *regular labour* of a whole year performed by two sets of men, the one working on the "abstinent," the other on the moderate system, but not pitted against each other in a contest for victory. It relates to brick-making, which is commonly accounted one of the most laborious of out-door employments. —"Out of upwards of twenty-three millions of bricks made in 1841, by the largest maker in the neighbourhood, the average per man made by the beer-drinkers in the season was 769,260; whilst the average for the teetotalers was 795,400—which is 26,140 in favour of the latter. The highest number made by a beer-drinker was 880,000; the highest number made by a teetotaler was 890,000, leaving 10,000 in favour of the teetotaler. The lowest number made by a beer-drinker was 659,500; the lowest number made by a teetotaler was 746,000—leaving 86,500 in favour of the teetotaler. Satisfactory as the account appears, I believe it would have been much more so, if the teetotalers could have obtained the whole 'gang' of abstainers, as they were frequently hindered by the drinking of some of the gang; and when the order is thus broken, the work cannot go on."

*Proverbs* XXV., 21.—If he be thirsty, give him water to drink.

# THE OUTLOOK.

## CHURCH OF ENGLAND JUVENILE WORK.

PERHAPS one of the most encouraging features of Church work of the present day is the increased attention that is being given to the young, and in no branch is this more apparent than in the Temperance work. It is not too much to predict that, humanly speaking, no work will have such a vital effect on the Church of the future, as will the instruction of the children on true Temperance lines.

The movement has no doubt suffered through the mistaken notion of some, that if you got a number of children together periodically, and gave them a pleasant evening's entertainment, that such, coupled with the fact of total abstinence, was all that was required; but now Church workers see this matter in a different light, and the fact is recognised that the real object of the Band of Hope is solid temperance teaching.

Undoubtedly, the Diocesan and Parochial organisations of the Established Church lend themselves readily to the juvenile Temperance work; apart from her Sunday Schools, she educates just one half of the children of the country. Therefore, when this machinery of Church schools is brought fully to bear on the Temperance teaching of the young, it must have an enormous influence for good on the drinking habits of our land.

The juvenile work, as with the adult, is worked through the Diocesan organisation. In each Diocese is a Branch Society, with its committee, and secretary or secretaries, and the whole work of the Diocese is carried on through such Diocesan branch, in connection with the central society. Each Parochial Branch pays an affiliation fee to the Diocesan Branch.

To establish a Parochial Branch, the consent of the incumbent must be first obtained, and as a rule he acts as president.

With the Church of England Band of Hope no actual pledge is signed by the children, and the sanction of the parent or parents must be obtained in writing before any child is enrolled. When so long as they remain on the roll they may not touch intoxicating beverages. After a certain probational period has been passed, and having kept true to their resolutions, the children are admitted by a prescribed religious service, when they become full members.

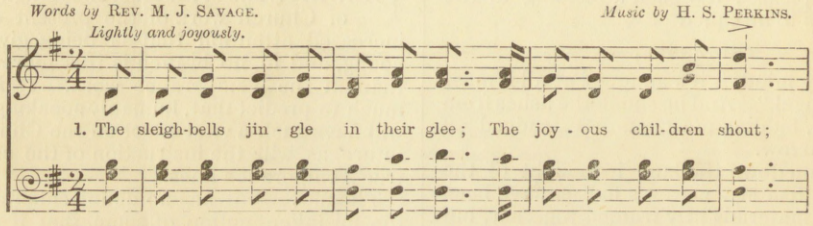
The children as a rule pay from 3d. to 6½d. per quarter subscription.

In some of the Dioceses a syllabus of definite teaching is issued each year, and in the spring an examination is conducted on the subject of the syllabus, and prizes awarded. A plan of lectures and speakers is published, by which each Band of Hope gets regular instruction. It is now under contemplation that this system should be taken up by the Central Society, and a syllabus issued for all the Dioceses simultaneously with periodical examinations, conducted at given centres. When this system is perfected we hope to give a short account of its working.

# THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

*Words by* REV. M. J. SAVAGE. *Music by* H. S. PERKINS.

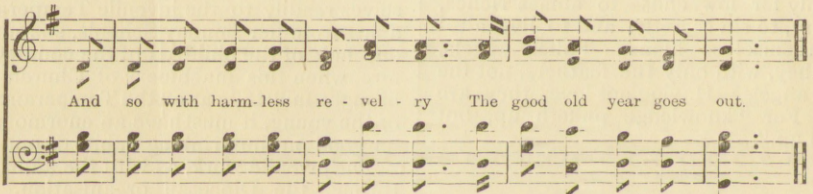
*Lightly and joyously.*



1. The sleigh-bells jin - gle in their glee; The joy - ous chil-dren shout;

**Key G.** *Lightly and joyously.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| :s₁ | s₁ | .d | :d | .d | t₁ | .r | :r | .,r | d | .d | :d | .m | s | :- | . |
| 2. Our | hearts are | | mer - | ry | as | the | bells, | While | with our | | voi - | ces | clear | | |
| :s₁ | s₁ | .s₁ | :s₁ | .s₁ | s₁ | .t₁ | :t₁ | .,t₁ | d | .s₁ | :s₁ | .d | t₁ | :- | . |
| :m | m | .m | :m | .m | r | .f | :s | .,f | m | .m | :m | .m | r | :- | . |
| 3. Then | jin - | gle, | jin - | gle, | clear and | | sweet, | Each | voice and | | bell | in | tune; | | |
| :d | d | .d | :d | .d | s₁ | .s₁ | :s₁ | .,s₁ | d | .d | :d | .d | s₁ | :- | . |



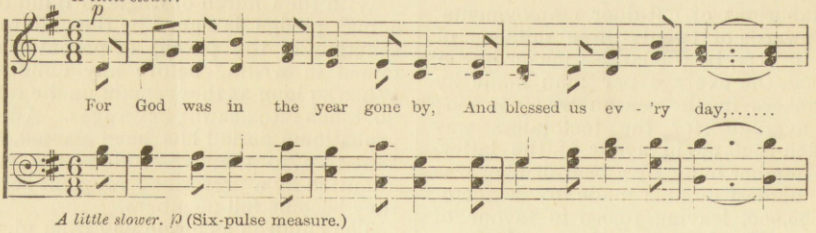
And so with harm-less re - vel - ry The good old year goes out.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| .s₁ | s₁ | .d | :d | .d | t₁ | .r | :r | .,r | m | .r | :d | .t₁ | d | :- | . |
| We | sing the | | words the | | hope | fore - | tell, | And | wel - | come the | | New | Year; | | |
| .s₁ | s₁ | .s₁ | :s₁ | .s₁ | s₁ | .t₁ | :t₁ | .,t₁ | d | .l₁ | :s₁ | .s₁ | s₁ | :- | . |
| .m | m | .m | :m | .m | r | .s | :s | .,s | s | .f | :m | .r | m | :- | . |
| The | years run | | on with | | hurrying | | feet— | Now | Win - | ter | and | now | June. | | |
| .d | d | .d | :d | .d | s₁ | .s₁ | :s₁ | .,s₁ | d | .f₁ | :s₁ | .s₁ | d / d₁ | :- | . |

*A little slower.*

*p*

For God was in the year gone by, And blessed us ev - 'ry day,.....

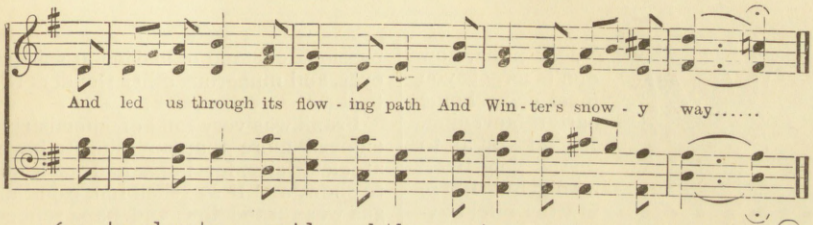


*A little slower.* *p* (Six-pulse measure.)

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| :s₁ | s₁ | :d | :r | :m | :- | :r | l₁ | :- | :l₁ | l₁ | :- | :l₁ | s₁ | :- | :s₁ |
| For | God, | | who in | | the | | year | gone by | | Did | | bless | us ev - | | 'ry |
| :s₁ | s₁ | :- | :s₁ | s₁ | :- | :t₁ | l₁ | :- | :l₁ | f₁ | :- | :f₁ | m₁ | :- | :s₁ |
| :m | m | :- | :r | d | :- | :f | m | :- | :f | d | :- | :d | d | :- | :m |
| But | God | | doth give | | us | | all | the years, | | And | | all | the years we'll | | |
| :d | d | :- | :t₁ | d | :- | :s₁ | l₁ | :- | :f₁ | f₁ | :- | :f₁ | d | :- | :d |

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| d | :- | :r | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | |
| day, | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| d₁ | :- | :d | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | |
| s | :- | :s | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | |
| sing: | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| s₁ | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | \| | :- | :- | |

# THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

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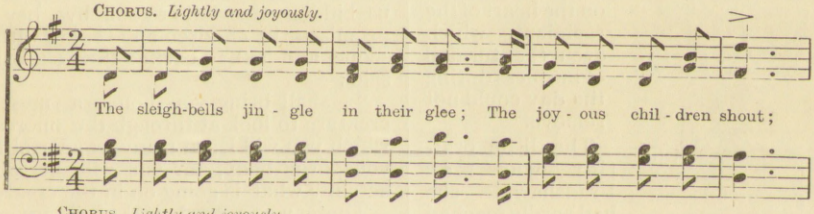
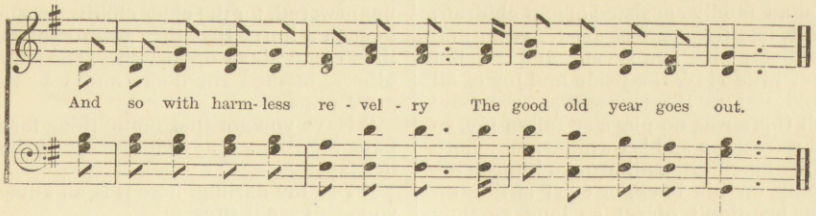
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| :$s_1$ | $s_1$ :d :r | m :- :r | d :- :$l_1$ | $l_1$ :- :m | r :- :r | r :m :fe | s :- :- \| f :- |
| Will | lead us in | the | steps we take | A- | long our for - ward | | way. |
| :$s_1$ | $s_1$ :- :$s_1$ | $s_1$ :- :$t_1$ | $l_1$ :- :$l_1$ | $f_1$ :- :d | $t_1$ :- :$t_1$ | $l_1$ :- :$l_1$ | $t_1$ :- :- \| - :- |
| :m | m :- :r | d :- :f | m :- :f | d :- :s | s :- :s | fe :m :r | r :- :- \| - :- |
| They | lead us to a | | coun - try where | The | whole year long is | | Spring. |
| :d | d :- :$t_1$ | d :- :$s_1$ | $l_1$ :- :$f_1$ | $f_1$ :- :d / :$d_1$ | r :- :r / $r_1$ :- :$r_1$ | $r_1$ :- :$r_1$ | $s_1$ :- :- \| - :- |

CHORUS. *Lightly and joyously.*




CHORUS. *Lightly and joyously.*

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| .$s_1$ | $s_1$ .d :d .d | t .r :r .,r | d .d :d .m | s :- . |
| .$s_1$ | $s_1$ .$s_1$ :$s_1$ .$s_1$ | $s_1$ .$t_1$ :$t_1$ .,$t_1$ | d .$s_1$ :$s_1$ .d | $t_1$ :- . |
| The | sleigh-bells jin - gle | in their glee; The | joy - ous chil - dren | shout; |
| .m | m .m :m .m | r .f :s .,f | m .m :m .m | r :- . |
| .d | d .d :d .d | $s_1$ .$s_1$ :$s_1$ .,$s_1$ | d .d :d .d | $s_1$ :- . |

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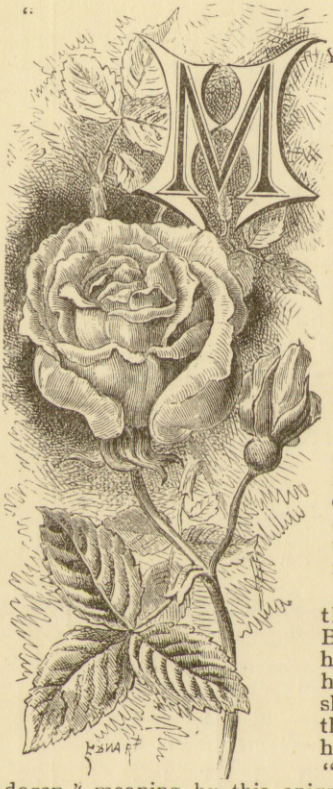
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| .$s_1$ | $s_1$ .d :d .d | $t_1$ .r :r .,r | m .r :d .$t_1$ | d :- . |
| .$s_1$ | $s_1$ .$s_1$ :$s_1$ .$s_1$ | $s_1$ .$t_1$ :$t_1$ .,t | d .$l_1$ :$s_1$ .$s_1$ | $s_1$ :- . |
| And | so with harm-less | re - vel - ry The | good old year goes | out. |
| .m | m .m :m .m | r .s :s .,s | s .f :m .r | m :- . |
| .d | d .d :d .d | $s_1$ .$s_1$ :$s_1$ .,$s_1$ | d .$f_1$ :$s_1$ .$s_1$ | d / $d_1$ :- . |

# "Papa's Microscope, and What it Taught."

(COPYRIGHT.)

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL, Author of "*Snatched from Death*," &c.



"MY dear papa, now don't forget you must come home early this evening, I want you all to myself, good bye," and the little prattler, after having received the father's kiss, put her arms around his neck, and gave him what she called "a good banger," and so it was for it sounded loudly, and left a deep impression on the heart of the recipient, which even the turmoil of business during the day could not remove.

The little prattler was May Bradshaw, she had hardly reached her fifth year, yet she had a tongue that rattled on as her grandma said, "nineteen to the dozen," meaning by this enigmatical sentence, that where May ought to have used a dozen words, she used nineteen, so constantly was her tongue in motion.

The Bradshaw family consisted of four chidren: Lily the eldest, just ten years of age; Arthur and Frank, respectively nine and seven; and last, but not least, dear little May, the pride and joy of all the household. Mr. Bradshaw was a model father, he felt there was no place so full of joy, so peaceful and refreshing as his own parlour; here he loved to have his children all around him, on his knees, climbing on his back, or even sitting on his shoulders, he didn't object so long as they were smiling and happy.

Mr. Bradshaw appreciated his home and his children so much, that he was quite willing to sacrifice many pleasures for the opportunity of superintending the lessons, and joining in the play of his children.

Very often in the winter time, when the children were seated at breakfast, Mr. Bradshaw would say "Now, children, what shall we do this evening?"

Generally, Lily answered first, saying: "Papa, please let us have out the microscope" or, as May called it "The Mikey,' for Lily was passionately fond of looking at spiders' legs, bees' eyes, and numerous other wonders that papa had to show.

Frank was very fond of chemistry, and Arthur enjoyed more than anything to have an evening at electricity, for papa had such curious things to show, and it was such fun, especially when the gas was turned low, and papa rubbed a big tube of glass with a piece of greased silk till the electric spark flashed out, and a cracking sound was heard when the tube was touched by the finger.

Papa had to please all, so he generally contrived to have one evening a week at either one or the other of their favourite pastimes, in which science and amusement were so beautifully blended, that it seemed all fun and no learning.

On the morning when little May is pictured to us bidding her father good bye, her father had promised the children an evening with the microscope, and he had excited their curiosity when he said:

"I shall bring you home a most wonderful creature to look at through the microscope, from which you will learn many wonderful facts about your own body, for you will be able to see actually what is going on in the creature's skin."

There was a good deal of discussion between Arthur and Frank as they went to school that morning on this subject.

"I wonder what it can be?" said Frank.

"I can't imagine," was Arthur's reply, "You can see into the creature's skin, you can actually see what is going on in the skin. Well! I wonder what it can be? I wish it was evening, so that we might know what papa means."

Papa's well known knock did not wait long unanswered, for the elder children rushed upstairs in such a hurry that they got in each other's way; then came May's opportunity, she slipped by the others, opened the door, and was the first to greet papa.

"Have you got that funny thing for the Mikey, papa?" asked May, with a very curious look on her face.

"Yes, my darling, here it is all alive in this jar, you shall see it presently."

"It wont bite, will it, papa?"

"Well, I'll take good care it shan't bite you, my little pet."

After tea, to the children's delight, the jar was uncovered, when, resting on a delightfully cool bed of wet grass, were found two frogs, panting for breath, their eyes starting out of their heads, as if every minute they threatened to fall out.

"Frogs!" cried Arthur, all excitement.

"Oh, you little darlings," said Frank, who was so fond of all living creatures that he would caress a frog with as much pleasure as if it had been a dog.

"Now, be careful all of you," said Mr. Bradshaw, "Mind froggy does not jump out upon you, for I am sure he is tired of being kept in this jar so long."

Only a few minutes passed before the microscope was arranged, then one of the frogs was wrapped in a damp duster, all except one of its feet, this was spread out on the object plate, and when Lily looked through the microscope into the thin web between the frog's toes, she beheld the most marvellous sight she had seen in her life.

"Papa, papa, its all alive!" she exclaimed. Yes, and so it appeared, in the thin web could be seen a number of hair-like tubes leading into each other, and along these tubes a number of small oval bodies, which papa said were called globules or little globes; sometimes, however, they were called corpuscles, or little bodies; they were moving along in some parts at quite a quick pace, as if anxious to get to their journey's end.

"Isn't it wonderful?" remarked Frank, after he had enjoyed a good look.

Little May said it was a pretty silver stream, and she was quite right, for the light from the lamp, and the magnifying power of the lenses, gave to the flowing blood the appearance of shining drops of silver.

"Look, dear children," said the loving father, as he released the frog from his uncomfortable position, "you must learn an important lesson from what you have seen.

"In your own skin, and in nearly all parts of your body, the blood is running a race as fast as you see it in this frog's foot. It is our duty to learn the important part the blood plays in our body, and never to do anything that will do the blood harm. Now, Arthur, can you tell me what useful part the blood acts in the body?"

Arthur had recently been studying physiology, so he was ready at once to reply.

"It carries the oxygen round the body."

"Yes, you are right, Arthur, the red corpuscles are the oxygen carriers. When we breathe, the blood in the lungs gives up Carbonic Acid gas, and receives a supply of oxygen from the air. Now, do you know the value of this oxygen?"

"I think I know, pa," answered Frank, who was anxious to show that Arthur did not possess all the knowledge in the world, "why pa, the oxygen burns up the dead parts of the body which ought to be got rid of if we want to keep healthy."

"You are quite right, Frank, our bodies are constantly dying, every movement, yea, even every thought, causes some small part of the body to become dead; this dead matter or worn out tissue, as it is called, must be got rid of, and we get rid of it by the power of the oxygen which burns it up."

"Papa, doesn t alcohol prevent the red corpuscles carrying the oxygen to burn up these dead particles?" asked Arthur, who always seemed anxious to obtain information.

"Yes, Arthur, alcohol makes the red corpuscles shrink a little, so that they cannot carry enough oxygen, and you will see at once that the consequence of this is very serious, the oxidation or burning of the dead material is not carried out sufficiently, the dead matter remains in the blood, and is sure to do harm."

"Yes, pa, like the waste matter in our dustbin, so the waste matter in the blood must be removed, otherwise the body will not be healthy."

"You are right again, Arthur, very serious results happen when the blood is in an impure condition; a small illness or even a slight accident might cause death."

"I'm very glad I'm a Band of Hope boy, papa," remarked, Frank, laughing, "I don't like medicine, as I'm sure drinkers have to take more than abstainers."

At this moment at loud knock was heard at the street door; when the door was opened a tall man with a rather unsteady step walked into the hall, and without any kind of politeness asked to see Mr. Bradshaw. On being admitted to the parlour he commenced a long statement as to the value of a certain kind of coal he was commissioned to sell.

Mr. Bradshaw looked at the man carefully, and could see at once that he was under the influence of alcohol; his breath smelt most offensively of whiskey, and his impudent manner proved that alcohol had taken him off his guard.

"Very fine coal, sir, I'm the agent of Messrs. Carter and Wilson. Very fine, sir, best for the kitchen and parlour; we can sell you a splendid coal for the parlour for a guinea a ton, and kitchen cobbles at eighteen shillings."

Mr. Bradshaw could not help laughing inwardly at the manner in which the man praised his goods, and at the audacious manner in which he sat himself down close to the table, and crossed his legs as if he were a very old friend, and had come in to spend the evening.

"What a red nose the man has," whispered Arthur to Frank, "why, he carries a fire about with him, I should think he never wanted a fire to keep him warm."

"I wonder how much it cost him to paint it that beautiful colour," asked Frank, hardly able to suppress his laughter, at the same time not wishing to appear rude.

"I am much obliged to you for your kind offer," said Mr. Bradshaw, "but like a prudent man, I always fill my cellar in the summer, when the coals are cheap, and what I purchase generally supplies all our wants for the year; at present I have plenty. When I see the announcement, *lowest Summer prices*, I shall look about to refill my cellar again, till then I shall not call upon the coal merchant to help me."

"You're missing a fine opportunity, sir," persisted the man, "you'll not get such coals anywhere else, you'll regret if you don't seize upon this chance, you'll not get another."

Mr. Bradshaw was quite angry at the man's impudent perseverance, he turned rather sharply to him and said, "I must bid you good evening, I have told you my decision, and I am surprised at your audacity."

Mr. Bradshaw opened the door and showed the man out; it was only then that he examined carefully the card the man had left behind.

This told him that the agent for Messrs. Carter

and Wilson was a Mr. Dumbleton. The name was peculiar, Mr. Bradshaw had seen it before, and after a little thought he recognised it as belonging to a man who had formerly had a good business as a wine and spirit merchant. Mr. Bradshaw could remember him riding in his carriage, occupying the best pew at church, and in every respect holding a high position.

"What a serious fall," said Mr. Bradshaw to his wife when they were seated at supper. "the man who was once so wealthy is now obliged to beg for orders for tons of coal, I am afraid his own trade has led him to ruin."

Mr. Bradshaw now felt quite interested in the unfortunate Mr. Dumbleton, so soon does a man alter his opinion when he becomes acquainted with all the circumstances of the case.

Next morning as Mr. Bradshaw was making his way to the railway station, he met a friend who said to him,

"You knew that unhappy man Dumbleton, did you not?" "Well, yes, I had some slight acquaintance with the man, what of him?"

"He met with a serious accident last evening, and is now in the hospital."

"Serious accident, and now in the hospital," ejaculated Mr. Bradshaw, "he only called upon me last evening soliciting orders for coal."

"So it is true that he had sunk to such a low position. Well, then, after he left you last evening he was knocked down by a coal waggon, run over; it is a serious case, I am afraid he will not recover."

Mr. Bradshaw determined to find out the unfortunate broken down wine merchant.

It was evening when he reached the hospital, and on enquiring of the porter at the door what cases permitted friends to enter at any hour, he found among the sad list, the name of the man he wished to see.

Entering into the ward, he learned that the unhappy Mr. Dumbleton was quite unconscious, he could not recognise his wife and children who were weeping around his bed.

"How fares the patient?" asked Mr. Bradshaw of the nurse.

She shook her head and replied sadly,

"No hope, no hope, mortification has set in, and when that is the case, the doctor's work is of small avail."

"Do you know why in this case such alarming symptoms have so soon appeared?"

"The old story, sir, so often repeated in the hospital, the old story, alcohol in the system has proved the doctor's great enemy."

"Nurse," said Mr. Bradshaw seriously: "I think you will bear me out, an abstainer has far greater hope of recovery from a serious accident than a drinker, it is marvellous how an abstainer can recover, even when the body has been crushed he has risen a new man."

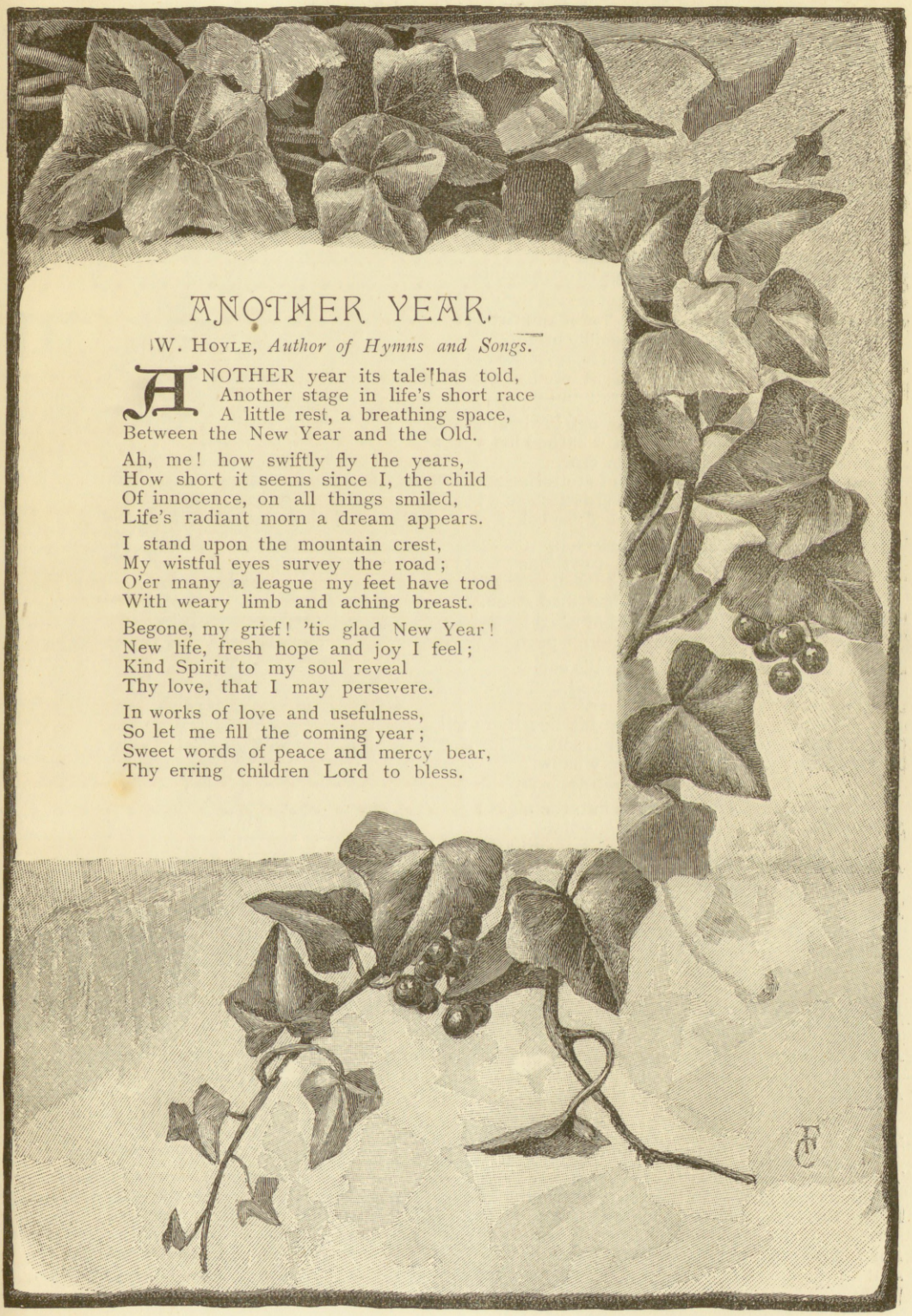
"Yes, sir, you are quite right, the man whose blood is pure from the poison alcohol, will in the end recover quicker than the drinker, indeed, in numerous cases, the drinker has no chance of recovery."

The next day Mr. Bradshaw received the sad intelligence that Mr. Dumbleton was dead, and when the news was conveyed to the family, they received it in silence, for even some of the children could not help thinking that the unfortunate man had contributed to his own death, yet each had the charity not to say anything that would seem to be disrespectful to the dead.

## The Dying Child's Testament.

By John B. Gough.

I WAS once in the beautiful house of a gentleman, in New Hampshire. He said to me, "I was one of the most debased and degraded of drunkards. I will tell you how I reformed. Some ladies noticed a little girl passing by their house daily, with a tin pail in her hand. One day they accosted her, 'Little girl, what have you got in your pail?' 'Whisky, ma'am.' 'Where do you live?' 'Down in the hollow.' The lady accompanied her home, and said to the mother, 'Is this your child, madam?' 'Yes.' 'Does she go to school?' 'No; we have no clothes for her.' 'Send her to our house, and we will furnish her with clothes.' 'Yes,' responded the poor woman, 'and he will steal them for drink.' 'Does your child go to to Sunday-school?' enquired the lady. 'No, replied her mother. 'I propose a plan;' said the lady; 'let your little girl come to our house in the morning, and we will give her clothes, so that she can go to Sunday-school, and she can return and put the old ones on before returning home.' That was agreed upon, and the little girl was so teachable, and learned to read so soon, that she was presented with a little Testament, which was the first thing she ever owned. She loved it so much that she took it to bed with her, and held it in her hand till she went to sleep. One day the child was ill, so sick that the doctor said she must die. The father went into her room and sat by her side. He said to me, 'Oh! how I wanted drink; that quiet child little knew the hell there was in me. I must have drink; and felt like stripping the house of everything I could lay my hands upon. I looked at the child; she was dozing; the Testament dropped from her fingers on the coverlid of the bed. I saw it and looked about me, for I felt I was guilty; I stretched out my hand, took that Testament, I put it in my pocket, went out and got for it a pint of gin. I drank it. I came back to the child, and soon she looked at me and said, 'Papa, you know Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me;" I have tried to come, papa, just as well as I know how, and when I die I shall go to Jesus; but, O papa! suppose Jesus should ask me what you did with my little Testament, what will I tell him?' He said that was like a flash of lightning; but before that child died, she heard him cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' 'From that day to this, twenty-eight years ago,' said he, 'I have never touched intoxicating drink.'"



# ANOTHER YEAR.

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

ANOTHER year its tale has told,
Another stage in life's short race
A little rest, a breathing space,
Between the New Year and the Old.

Ah, me! how swiftly fly the years,
How short it seems since I, the child
Of innocence, on all things smiled,
Life's radiant morn a dream appears.

I stand upon the mountain crest,
My wistful eyes survey the road;
O'er many a league my feet have trod
With weary limb and aching breast.

Begone, my grief! 'tis glad New Year!
New life, fresh hope and joy I feel;
Kind Spirit to my soul reveal
Thy love, that I may persevere.

In works of love and usefulness,
So let me fill the coming year;
Sweet words of peace and mercy bear,
Thy erring children Lord to bless.

# THE MISER.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

HE lived alone—his massive iron gate
Shut out the voice of man, the smile of child;
The poorest waif was never seen to wait
Outside his door, no woman ever smiled
Upon his path, and so in wealthy gloom
He lived alone—as in a golden tomb.

His coffers were o'erflowing with the wealth
That he had plucked and gathered from the world;
That he had sought when life was fair with health,
That he could claim—now, life was wan and old.
It lay in heaps beneath his fading sight,
Now, when his brow was lined, his hair was white.

How he had toiled for it! from morn till night
His weary hands had laboured, stiff and tired;
It was the God he worshipped, coldly bright,
His blood it stirred, his youthful heart it fired—
But now, when standing o'er his gathered store,
He felt amidst his wealth, both sad and poor.

He passed his wrinkled fingers through the heap—
His work was done, and he had earned his wage;
But time will go, whether it fly or creep,
And he had passed from youth to tottering age.
And this was all his friend! this senseless gold!
This dumb, unseeing thing, so hard, so cold!

Upon his ear no voice of friendship fell,
Upon his way no smile of love e'er shone;
The glittering idol he had loved so well
Lay in his hands, like shining polished stone.
He was the Miser, cold and hard of heart!
Who in the world of love can hold no part.

And as he stood, there stole unto his ear
The merry pealing of a distant bell,
As in the east the tender baby year,
Raised up his head, while from his lips there fell
The first sweet wind of morn, which soft and low,
Drifted along the land the feathery snow.

He tottered out, and opening wide his gate,
With wistful eyes looked forth into the night;
Behind his house rose bleak and desolate,
While in the distance there was warmth and light,
And pleasant friendly greeting, passed along,
Mingled with many a snatch of broken song.



A wand'ring dog, with hunger in its cries,
Crawled through the gathering snowflakes to his feet,
And looking up with dark pathetic eyes,
Begged from the Miser's store a crust to eat.
It was the only thing that ventured nigh—
The only thing that sought his charity.

And when he turned into his house once more,
It followed—half in fear, and half in trust;
And licked his wrinkled fingers o'er and o'er,
Because they threw to it a hard, dry crust.
And from that poor beast's speechless gratitude
The Miser learned the bliss of doing good!

Then, as the ice before the sun's warm ray
Softens and melts—so the hard greed of years
Before this touch of nature fell away,
Dissolving in a thousand chast'ning tears.
For to his eyes a sudden sweetness crept,
And bowing down his head, the old man wept.

Out, once again, into the night he went,
And on its rusty hinge drew back the gate;
Within his heart there was a sweet content,
His life no longer seemed so desolate—
And stretching out his arms, he cried, "Oh World!
I'll make you brighter, richer, with my gold."

* * * * *

The New Year bells are ringing out once more
In sweet wild beauty o'er the gladdened earth,
And there are friends around the old man's door,
And there is joy upon the old man's hearth;
For holy charity doth move his hand,
And he doth scatter good athwart the land.

Soft blessings fall upon him where he stands,
And greetings reach him in the early hours,
While little children clasp his wrinkled hands,
And hang around his path like fair sweet flowers.
Peace nestles in his heart, a snow-white dove;
And heaven pours down on him its rays of love.

# A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

THE bells are ringing merrily in every steeple; they are sending forth their glad welcome to the New Year; listen to them thoughtfully for a few minutes, and allow some good emotions to fill your soul. 'Tis good to think a little at this time, for life is not made up entirely of trifles and pleaures; there are hard battles to fight, bad passions and habits to conquer, high attainments and rewards to win.

Before we think of the future let us go back to the past. Have we not much to regret? Have we not much to be grateful for? Let us go over the past months, and think of how much we have done of which we must rightly feel ashamed, and how much we have neglected which we might have done, if we had only been willing, to sacrifice a little more of the pleasures we loved so much, if we had only been a little more earnest in the task we had undertaken.

How the bells seem to awaken memories that we hoped had been dead aud buried long ago, but now as we review the past months thoughts arise that make us feel like the Publican of old, as we say: "God be merciful to me sinner."

Surely it is not right that we should step upon the threshold of this new year without seeking pardon for the faults of the past, and offering thanks for all the good we have received.

There are slips in all our lives, we have neglected good opportunities, we have wasted precious time, we have not improved as we ought to have done; we must all admit that we have much neglected the good, and given preference to the bad. What do the bells ask us to do? Just this, "Confess." The bells call upon us to admit that we have done wrongly, and if we do it, we shall have properly prepared ourselves for joining in a merry chorus of praise, and making such resolutions for the future as will give us power to do better.

And while we confess our guilt we shall feel in our hearts a warm glow of thanks to our Heavenly Father, that during the past His kindly hand has protected us, His grace has shielded us in many a time of fierce temptation. Have we been tempted to speak a falsehood? Have we been asked to break our resolution of total abstinence?

It was His kindness, it was His love, it was His spirit that surrounded us, and prevented our doing the wrong.

Listen to the bells again, and you will hear them say, "Be thankful as well as sorry." Do you not feel now that the few minutes you have spent thinking of the past have prepared you to think of the future? We are entering upon another stage in life's journey, we are going on another voyage; whether we shall ever arrive at the end of the journey we cannot tell, we may never hear the New Year bells ringing to us again. But we must not feel that we are quite in the dark, that we are travelling in quite an unknown country, for we have the experience of the past to help us in the future, and our experience will fill us with hope. We know that He who has helped us in the past will not desert us in the future, if we do not desert Him. The bells speak to us again, and they say, "Excelsior, onward, upward, forward." The New Year has dawned, you must down on your knees and pray earnestly to catch the spirit that flashes forth to kindle a new life in your soul, and make you a better maiden, lad, man, or woman, whoever you may be, who reads these lines.

Now let us make our New Year's resolutions together. What shall we resolve?

First, let us endeavour to be like our great Model, He was full of charity, meekness, love. He went about doing good. He said it was more blessed to give than to receive. Let us often speak to Him in prayer, let us daily read His word; how happy we shall be if we feel that we are growing in His likeness, that we are willing to suffer as He was willing, that we live that we may one day be worthy to hear His "well done, good and faithful servant." Each one must make his individual resolutions for himself. What is our particular bad habit, where do we fail? What we have neglected in the past, let us endeavour to faithfully perform in the future. As young abstainers, surely we have some good resolutions to make on this New Year's morning. Shall it not be that we will do more work than we have ever done?

There is a great need of workers, the old veterans are passing away, we want the young people to step forward and take their places. To do this effectually you must read, study, and learn all you can on this important matter of total abstinence. Be sure of this, the more you try to benefit others, the more strength you will have to keep any good resolutions you may make.

A. J. G.

# Pebbles and Pearls.

"I'M in a nice mess," as the fly said to the honey-pot.

IN Damascus the natives style drunken men as victims of "the English disease."

IT is not our hold of God that supports us, but His hold of us. It is not the child's little arms round his mother's neck that keeps him, but her arms round him.

JUDGE—"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything further to state in your defence?" Prisoner—"No, my lord; just do with me as you would with yourself if you were in my place."

A CLEVER girl recently stumped a professor with this conundrum—"What did Io die of?" The professor, after puzzling his brain for a while, gave it up, when he was stunned by the answer, "Io-dide of potassium."

DR. ALFRED CARPENTER, J.P., testifies, after eighteen years' experience as a magistrate, that 85 per cent. of crime was due to drink. As a philanthropist, physician, and sanitarian, he could not hesitate to raise his voice against this evil.

DOCTOR, passing a stonecutter's yard—"Good morning, Mr. Jones. Hard at work, I see. I suppose you finish your gravestones as far as 'In Memory of,' and then wait for someone to die, eh?" "Why, yes; unless, somebody's sick and you're doctoring 'em, then I keep right on."

THERE is not a brewery or distillery or a barrel of bonded liquor in all the State of Kansas. There is but one pauper to every 1,358 of the population, and many of the city and county jails are empty. Yet some intelligent and respectable persons will persist in saying that prohibition is a failure.

A LITTLE girl has an uncle who has taught her to open and shut his crush-hat. The other evening, however, he appeard with an ordinary silk one. Suddenly he saw the child coming with his new silk hat wrinkled like an accordian. "Oh, uncle," she said, "this one is very hard. I've had to sit on it, but I can't get it more than half-shut."

A TIPSY man got into a tramway car in Glasgow, and became very troublesome to the other passengers, but a kind-hearted minister soothed him into good behaviour. On leaving the car, after scowling on the others, he shook hands warmly with the minister, and said, "Good day, my friend, I see you ken what it is to be drunk."

A WINE MERCHANT'S CONFESSION.—"All who have travelled in wine-growing countries must have noticed the difference in flavour of the wines drank by the natives from that with which we are familiar at home. On our return home we wish for the wines as we had them abroad. Why is this? 'Because most of the wine sold in England is fortified and doctored to suit the public taste.'"

"PA," said a little fellow to his unshaven father, "your chin looks like the wheel in the musical box."

"I AM your debtor," said the man to the horse that had carried him safely on his journey. "Please, then," said the beast, "give me an oat to that effect."

A CANDID CONFESSION.—"I am not habitually a total abstainer from the use of wines and spirits, although I, as well as my fine fellows, were so—not from necessity, but choice—on all the Arctic expeditions in which I was engaged. Although now about a quarter of a century older, were I going to another Arctic expedition, I should again be a teetotaler, so perfectly am I convinced, after many years' experience, of the bad effects of alcoholic drinks in a cold climate." —*Dr. John Rae.*

A SIN TO BE DEALT WITH.—At the present moment, intemperance is considered the great evil which is corrupting the masses. It is undoubtedly one of the greatest evils with which we have to contend, but it is important to consider how we should deal with it. Should we approach it as a social question or in a political way, or should we deal with it as a sin in the sight of God? I am convinced that if a man be a drunkard the only way to cure him is to make him a total abstainer. We have to look at it as a sin in the sight of God, and as doing evil in the Church and the land."—*Bishop of Sodor and Man.*

## Notice of Books.

THE TRUTH ABOUT INTOXICATING DRINKS.—A Prize Essay by E. R. Barratt, B.A., of Liverpool. Published by the National Temperance Publication Depot, 33, Paternoster Row, London. This important volume of information is contained in a well-printed and bound book of two hundred pages, price two shillings and sixpence. The purpose of the writer is to set forth the many sides of the Temperance Movement, and under the three aspects of the scientific, the real, and the religious points of view, to present the case of Total Abstinence. With much ability the task is well done, and the book ought to be read by all those who desire to be thoroughly "up" in the Temperance question.

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# ALFRED.

By LOUIE SLADE,

*Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care."*

## CHAPTER II.—ALF'S HOME.

*"Some very good people don't see things our way,*
*Their vision seems clouded, for thus they will say;*
*'Why should we abstain from beer or from wine?*
*We who never were drunk have no need to sign.'*

* * * * *

*The children who gather around your own board,*
*Whose prattle and laughter such pleasures afford,*
*May there learn the use of the treacherous drink,*
*And under temptation in future may sink."*

—A. MOSLEY.

OF course most people would consider Alfred a very fortunate boy to meet with such kind friends, and so comfortable a home, as he undoubtedly was. For a few years he was very happy, while he remained the pet and plaything of the family; but his infancy slipped by, he grew into a big boy, and people ceased to find amusement in his smart sayings.

Mr. and Mrs. Granlyn treated him as kindly as ever, making no distinction between him and their own children, and Amy looked upon him as a younger brother. But as Alf grew older there was apt to be a little friction between him and Reuben. Alfred was a remarkably intelligent boy, and fairly painstaking, so that he made rapid progress at school; although he did not know even the alphabet when first introduced there, he soon distanced Sis in the way of study, a fact both she and Reuben resented.

Reuben was of a somewhat domineering disposition, and thought because he was four years Alf's senior the younger boy ought to submit to him in everything, an opinion in which Alf by no means concurred. As for Sissie, she was a most loyal little sister, and followed Reuben's lead implicitly.

Now to tell the truth, Alfred was more hurt by Sissie's coldness than by all the slights of Reuben, for in spite of the young lady's assumption of superiority, and the snubbing to which she subjected him on the ground of her seniority, he was very fond of her.

The parents took little notice of the children's quarrels; boys would be boys, they said to each other when they heard their voices in loud dispute, and they were all somewhat hasty tempered. Amy was generally the peace-maker; her sisterly lectures sometimes made Reuben and Sis feel a little ashamed of their treatment of Alfred. Still, the seeds of jealousy and suspicion had found a lodging in their bosoms, and they rankled when they heard his praises sung at school and elsewhere; they remembered that he was not one of themselves.

When Alfred was about nine years old, his friend and champion Amy left home, going as apprentice to a drapery establishment in London. She was sorely missed by all, but by none more than Alf, for now Reuben and Sissie drew apart more than ever.

The world had gone pretty smoothly with Mr. Granlyn hitherto; he was in constant employment, and earned fair wages, and he had an excellent wife, who knew how to make them go as far as possible. As we have seen he was kind-hearted, somewhat given to act upon impulse it is true, but emphatically what is described as a "good living man;" that is, he strove to put into daily practice the religion he professed.

His wife was in every sense a help-meet, checking him a little if inclined to be extravagant, but never opposing him in any effort to do good. She was industrious and cheerful, acknowledging that her "lines had fallen in pleasant places," and doing all she could to make her home what a Christian home should be. The only storms that darkened the domestic horizon were the bickerings of the young folks.

How is it that such people as these should be so strangely indifferent to the curse of intemperance? that they should uphold a custom which they know is blighting innumerable homes, and blasting untold lives? It must be that prejudice blind-folds them. Surely if they seriously considered the subject, and came with Paul's question, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" we should see the curse wiped out.

One evening, shortly after Amy had gone, Alf asked his uncle's permission to go with a school-fellow to a Temperance meeting.

"A Temperance meeting, eh?" said Mr. Granlyn, smiling.

"Yes; you know Frank's a teetotaler."

"Oh, is he? then I suppose you want to be one too?"

"No, I don't; but I promised I'd go with him to night, if you didn't mind. Wouldn't you like to go, Sis?"

"No, I shouldn't," was the ungracious reply.

"Where is it to be held, Alf?"

"In the Town Hall. There is some great man coming from London—I forget his name."

"Oh, yes, there have been bills posted up about it all over the place. But I shouldn't think there'll be much said likely to interest a little chap like you."

"I'm sure I shall like it!" said the boy eagerly. "Do let me go, uncle!"

"Well, I don't care. I've half a mind to go myself; there would be no harm in hearing what they have to say. What do you think, mother?"

"Go if you feel inclined, then you can look after Alf, for very likely there will be a crush. I don't much care about his going with only Frank."

"Oh, if father goes I shall go too!" cried Sissie.

"Well, run away and get ready then, for we must start in good time. Are you coming, Reuben?"

Reuben shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"No, thank you, father. Let them have teetotalism that want it—I'm not one."

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Alf's companion was surprised to find three waiting for him instead of one, but not displeased, for Mr. Granlyn was very popular with young people.

The lecturer was an able man, and for upwards of an hour held his audience spellbound. Alf and Sissie listened as attentively as any of the older people; there was a rapt, earnest look on the boy's face, such as it used to wear when he perplexed good Mrs. Wilmott by his questions. It seemed as if the speaker's words tore the veil from his memory, scenes came back which had been totally forgotten hitherto, incidents of his infancy—very vague and shadowy it is true, yet real enough to give to the lecturer's words a deeper significance.

He was in a thoughtful mood this evening, and the Temperance orator made a deep impression upon his youthful heart; he was already inclined to think favourably of teetotalism because Frank was an abstainer, and had only been deterred from seeking permission to join the Band of Hope of which his friend talked so much by the remembrance of those words of his uncle's that a little beer was a good thing. He could bear to be laughed at by his companions, but by his uncle—never.

But under the spell of the thrilling lecture his desire grew stronger, and when the meeting closed, and Mr. Granlyn was buttoning up his coat preparatory to going out, he felt a hand pulling at his sleeve, and looking down saw Alf's face glowing with excitement.

"Uncle, I should like to sign the pledge, may I?"

"Sign the pledge? Well, I don't know that I mind, but if I were you I'd think it over a little first."

Alf's ardour suddenly cooled, and without another word he followed the others out of the hall.

At the supper table the lecture was thoroughly discussed. Sissie had been almost as much moved by the speaker's eloquence as Alf, and had her father espoused his cause would have been loud in her admiration, but as he began to criticise she was silent.

"The great fault of Temperance lecturers," said Mr. Granlyn, "is their exaggeration. I don't think all the horrible things they tell us, and vouch for as facts, can possibly be true—they are so far-fetched."

Far-fetched! Did Mr. Granlyn study the chronicle of the weekly newspaper? Surely if he did he must have read there of cases that admit of no exaggeration. It would be almost impossible to paint in too strong colours the appalling results of the drink traffic. Nay, if he had only looked about him, he must have seen instances of its baneful influence quite as dreadful as any quoted by the speaker! Why, in his own home he was sheltering a child orphaned by strong drink! But he appeared totally indifferent to this, and calmly proceeded to pull the lecture to pieces, as he sipped his supper-beer.

"Why," said he, "the man didn't give one good, valid reason why a person who is able to keep straight and steady should bind himself to a pledge."

"He said something about doing it for the sake of other people, uncle."

Mr. Granlyn smiled. "I can hear you listened well, Alf, but I can't quite see that. They may as well try to stop the railways because so many people get killed on them every year, as put an end to the drink traffic because some will get too much."

"Don't you think it's right to sign the pledge then, uncle?"

Oh, I should be sorry to say 'twas wrong, Alf, but I can't see the need of it for a person that can keep sober. Of course there are some people who don't know when to stop, your poor father was one."

Alf's face grew graver still, and Mrs. Granlyn glanced at her husband. They had never spoken to the boy of his father's sad death, and the children did not know of it; did his uncle mean to divulge it now?

But this was not his intention.

"Mother," he said, "this little chap would have signed the pledge before we came out, only I persuaded him to think it over first, it don't do to act on the spur of the moment, you're apt to repent it afterwards. We should feel queer to have a teetotaler in the family, shouldn't we?"

"It wouldn't be exactly in the family," remarked Reuben, at which Alf flushed.

"Tush, Reu! What nonsense!" said his father, with a frown.

"It was fortunate you waited for second thoughts Alf," said Mrs. Granlyn smiling, "for I've just opened the elder wine, and I'm sure you'll enjoy it."

As she spoke she poured out a glass for him, and he drank it with a relish that might surely have warned his friends of danger. But their eyes were closed. Total Abstinence was a thing with which they had no personal concern, Intemperance a foe of whom they need have no fear, it could not approach a family of such steady habits. And they thought nothing of the birth-right of the drunkard's child, the fatal appetite which may have been transmitted to him. If they had, they would not have dared encourage him to trifle with so dangerous a possession.

So, without intending any harm, they influenced him in the wrong direction, and prejudiced him against a course which would have been a wonderful help and safeguard.

After Amy had left home, the next event of special domestic interest was Reuben's being bound apprentice to a plumber and glazier. It was a trade chosen by the boy himself, for the father said lads generally succeeded better if allowed to follow their own inclination in a measure. As Reuben still lived at home, the fact of his being at work made little difference in the family, except that he began to take on grown-up airs, and was more over-bearing towards Alf than before.

Alf, when he had passed the standard required by the Code, thought it rather hard that he should not be able to go to work too, but his uncle

laughed at his eagerness, and told him he would find plenty of hard work by-and-by, without being in a hurry to look for it.

"What do you think of doing with Alf, Tom?" asked Mrs. Granlyn, who had overheard the conversation.

"Oh, I don't know, Meg, there will be plenty of time to think about that. There's little fear but what he'll make his way, be at what he will. I let Reuben have his choice, and Alf shall do the same. I've never made any difference between the boys yet."

"Then you'll apprentice him if he wishes it?"

"To be sure, we can afford it, you know, and he shall have as good a start as the rest."

"Mr. Monk would like him to be a schoolmaster, but the boy don't like the idea at present."

Just then Alf came in again. He had, of course, lost the babyish prettiness which he had possessed at the time of his father's death, but there was still something taking in the frank face, and the large eyes, less blue than they used to be; indeed, Sis declared they were grey.

That young lady followed him into the room, and tossed her books aside impatiently. She attended a private school now, but did not like lessons.

"Why, Sissie, you look cross, what's gone wrong?" said her father merrily.

"Oh, I'm sick of school! And it's a sheer waste of time."

"Never, my dear; you'll be glad of your learning some day. I often wish I was a better scholar."

"But I'm too big for school."

At this there was a general laugh, for Sis was very small for her age, and looked provokingly juvenile, in spite of wearing her dresses rather long, and her thick hair in a plait down her back.

"Well, I'm turned fourteen!" She retorted indignantly.

"Ah, but you see we don't like the idea of losing our baby."

"*I* am not the baby."

"Oh, yes, you are. Here's Alf all eagerness to be at work, so you must be content to stay at home a little longer, Sis, we can't have all our children growing up."

"I'm older than Alf."

"In years perhaps."

"There, there," interrupted the mother, seeing that Sissie was growing angry, "don't tease the child, father! She will leave school at the end of the term."

Sissie now settled herself by the fire, and began conning her lesson for the morrow, but although she found it difficult she proudly declined Alf's proffered aid. He had helped her over many a difficulty, and it pained him to have his offer of assistance so coldly refused.

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A Breeder of Sickness.—There are eighty-three diseases in this country entirely traceable to strong drink.—*Dr. Grindrod.*

## How he became a Cripple.

By Annie Hawkins.

One morning, early in July, Mary and I started from Barly Hill to catch the train at Wheatcroft. We were going to spend my holidays with Mary's mother near Blackingham, and were in high spirits. Mary had been working hard in household matters, and looked rather pale and worn, and as God had not blessed us with children, we locked up the house, and I hoped Mary would get back her roses at Northfield, and come home with fresh vigour. We had saved a few pounds, as neither Mary nor I drank any intoxicating drink, and she was one of the most careful wives, though not at all mean in spending money.

We were in good time for the train, and got into a carriage, where there were several people. Among them was a pale, stunted little cripple boy; but he had one of the sweetest faces I ever saw. I noticed he had a fife in his hand, and as soon as the train started he began to play. I am not much of a judge of music, but he drew the most mellow and dulcet sounds from the instrument, playing "Home, Sweet Home," "The Banks of Allan Water," and other familiar old tunes. Very soon all the people in the long open carriage had turned their heads to hear him, and a little girl seated just in front of him put her hand into her pocket, and gave him some money. I saw tears in the eyes of the old gentleman who was with her, and his hand went into his pocket to find a coin for him. He played tune after tune, and soon there was a nice little sum of money handed to him by nearly the whole of the passengers.

I found that on certain days he travelled by that train to a station this side of Blackingham, making his painful way up from the station to see an old aunt of his who lived in a cottage there, and going back by the five o'clock train to Chagfield, where he lived.

After he had left the train a lady, who was seated in the next compartment, said:

"It is sad to see that poor boy so stunted. I remember him a bright, healthy-looking child, and up to three years old he was straight and strong in limb and figure."

One or two of the passengers, with Mary and myself, pressed forward to hear more, and I said:

"How is it he is now so deformed?"

"It is a sad story," replied the lady, "and always grieves me to tell it; but as far as I know his father was a very harsh, unkind man at home, beating the two children unmercifully at times, and often striking his quiet wife."

"But," said I, "he must be a coward to do such things."

"His wife was warned as a girl not to marry him as he was naturally bad-tempered, and when in drink, furious. He appeared to be very fond of her, and as she was so meek and quiet, I suppose he thought she would suit him exactly. He went on very well for a few months after his marriage, and when the first little one was born he kept away



from the public-house for a while. A new railroad was just then begun close to his home, and, as a working-man, he made acquaintance with some of the roughest of the men, and went with them to their favourite haunt, "The Bird-in-Hand." One night, about three years after the poor little cripple was born, he came home, and in his drunken fury struck his wife a dreadful blow on the side of her head. She fell, stunned into unconsciousness, and poor little baby Tom fell out of her arms striking his back against the sharp edge of the fender. When his mother recovered, a few minutes after, she found him doubled up close to her and moaning most pitifully. She picked him up, but he had no power to sit up in her arms, and lay pale and helpless, when he had before been so merry.

"She called the doctor in the next day, and after examining him, he looked grave, and said:

"I fear his back is injured, keep him lying down as much as possible."

"It was only too true, and poor little Tom never grew like other children. He did not walk until he was over seven years old, and then he had to have a little crutch to help him. He is now fifteen, and looks older, because he is so wan in appearance."

"But how did he learn to play so beautifully?"

"I really don't know, he evidently has a gift that way. He is now almost the sole support of his mother. His little sister died in infancy, and his father was killed in missing his footing as he stepped from the train. He was more than half intoxicated at the time and did not know what he was doing. He struck his head violently on the platform and was taken up insensible, dying in a few minutes."

"But is he allowed to play his music in the train?"

"Yes; the authorities are very kind, and the guard gives him a trifle now and then. He is a very good boy, and goes to the Sunday school, and sometimes plays in the Band of Hope meetings. He is often asked to give a solo on special occasions, which he does in splendid style."

At this point the train drew up at the station where I and Mary had to get out, and I left it, thinking what a sad fate was forced upon poor little Tom Gower, by the cruel conduct of his drinking father, now for ever gone from earth, but probably suffering the remorse of those whose lives have been sacrificed to the demon of Strong Drink.

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MARTIN LUTHER'S OPINION.—"The man who first brewed beer was a pest for Germany. Food must be dear in all our land, for the horses eat up all our oats, and the peasants drink up all our barley in the form of beer. I have survived the end of genuine beer, for it has now become small beer in every sense, and I have prayed to God that He might destroy the whole beer-brewing business, and the first beer-brewer I have often cursed. There is enough barley destroyed in the breweries to feed all Germany."

# Life in Edinburgh Streets.

By M. A. Paull (Mrs. Jno. Ripley.)

EVERY child who studies geography intelligently wants to know not merely the size of the country about which he is learning, but something of the daily life which goes on there; and the streets of every great city reveal to a thoughtful or quick observer a great deal of information as to what kind of a land it is, and what sort of people dwell therein. In continental and Southern cities where the people pass a great portion of their time out of doors, we can find out almost more about them in the thoroughfares than in their homes, and even in the beautiful "Modern Athens," as Edinburgh is so justly called, much of the people's history is written for us, in broad unmistakeable outlines, in the life of her streets.

Edinburgh looks beautiful always, but I have an especially delightful remembrance of the city in the first bright freshness of summer greenness, when the fair gardens in Princes-street were thronged with merry children at play, and young people loitering in the brilliant sunshine, and where the statues of the two noble intellectual giants, Sir Walter Scott and Professor John Wilson (Christopher North), look down upon the passers by with the welcome geniality and large-heartedness that were their characteristics when in the flesh. Amongst the many things that attract our notice in Edinburgh, is the very large number of confectioner's shops, where very toothsome and delicate morsels await the purchaser; another is the great height of the houses, alike in Old Town and New Town, as the two parts of the city are respectively called, and the fine width of the New Town streets. Princes-street, Edinburgh, can hardly be surpassed for elegance and for the culture and fashion of its crowds of frequenters. Almost every grocer blends the selling of wines and spirits with groceries. It is no wonder that with this added temptation to do evil, there are terrible squalor and unspeakable dirtiness in the poorer parts of the city, and these overflow even into the good business streets. It may be partly my southern prejudice, but the bare feet of nearly all the children, and many of the women of the poorer classes, look very unsightly, especially as they are not unfrequently hideously begrimed with dust and dirt. The poor little news-vendors who congregate so thickly in the vicinity of the handsome Register House and Post Office, almost exceed, if possible, in poverty of appearance, the same class in London. The old wynds and closes, and the houses to which they lead, many of them rich in the history of interesting events in bygone times, and associated with the names of martyrs and heroes, of poets and philosophers, and divines, are now so filthy as to make it unpleasant to frequent them. Here is a pleasant picture to be seen in the streets of Edinburgh, the shepherd with his flock; the stalwart man, a fine specimen of his class, with sandy hair and whiskers, blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, and freckled skin, is followed by his faithful collie dog. Over his left shoulder hangs gracefully the shepherd's tartan plaid, and in his right hand he carries his crook.

There, on the pavement, marches along a Newhaven fish-wife, come from the Scotch Newhaven, seven miles away, her long deep basket strapped on her shoulders and reaching to her waist, her thick-set form attired in a linsey gown of deepest blue, with striped petticoat and striped stockings, her feet encased in very strong soled shoes, while from her open mouth proceeds the by no means unmusical cry of "Caller Herrin'!"

Now let us stand in Nicholson-street, opposite the University, a building within whose walls thousands of men have been trained to become blessings in their varied spheres of life. The clock strikes three, and out pours from the doors of that famed University, and along the sidewalks of its great square, some scores of students, many singly, others in little groups of twos and threes, of sixes and sevens. Here is the small neat figure of the Japanese, with his dark face, his long almond-shaped eyes; there the lithesome Hindoo; and there the Egyptian, with a fez upon his head; and the representatives of many other nations, all honouring old Scotland by mingling with her sons, and seeking from her the instruction she is so well able to bestow.

Another person very often met with in Edinburgh streets is the open-air preacher. The utmost latitude appears to be given to such to make pulpits of kerbstones, even at the corners of the most fashionable streets. Edinburgh is a quiet city for its size and traffic; the boys whistle but little, and as seldom sing in the streets, though they shout and laugh noisily enough when they fly their kites and play their games on Calton Hill and in the Queen's Park. One of the places that should interest boys in Edinburgh is its famous High School, where many celebrated men have been taught in their early days.

This beautiful city is cursed by whisky, which, as an agent of demoralisation, is more potent in its effects than London porter, and more exciting than gin. Its maddening influence may be witnessed any evening, and most of all on Saturday evenings, in the Grassmarket, and Cowgate and Cannongate. The wild, infuriated manner of the men, the frantic gesticulations of the women, the rows that disgrace the high moral character of the city, are to be attributed to the strong hold which the whisky demon has upon her citizens. The progress of the prison van from the police station, in Parliament-square, to the jail, is a terrible commentary on civilisation, when, it is, as I have seen it, full of maddened viragos raging, yelling, howling, and shouting, in all their whisky-created insanity.

Just in proportion as Band of Hope members remain faithful to their principles, will the streets of beautiful Edinburgh, as of other places, become free from the curse of drink and all its attendant horrors.

# The First Teetotal Tract

ON ABSTINENCE FROM INTOXICATING DRINKS.

**FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1821.**

By Joseph Brotherton, M.P. Salford, 1832-57.

*O madness! to think use of strongest wines*
*And strongest drink our chief support of health,*
*When God, with these forbidden, made choice to rear*
*His mighty champion, strong above compare,*
*Whose drink was only from the liquid brook.*
—Milton.

THE numerous and disgusting scenes of Drunkenness which we daily behold, render it necessary that every effort should be made to stem, if possible, the torrent of this detestable vice; or this once flourishing and happy country will become, ere long, a general scene of poverty, oppression, disease and misery. If this vice is to be patronised, it is quite in vain to erect places of worship, or to expect anything but disappointment in attempting to diffuse religious knowledge among the inhabitants of Britain. The drinking of intoxicating liquors is the root of almost every evil in society; it is the parent of poverty, of diseases of all sorts, of feebleness of body and mind, and at last of a departure from life regretted not even by friends, parents and brethren. It is also probable that much more than half the crimes which bring men to an untimely end, are the fruit of strong drink. If then all this be true, what a tremendous collection of misery and mischief is to be ascribed to this single cause! Poverty! Disease! Villainy! Murder! Good God, can this be read without concern, or is it possible it should be seen with indifference? Were murders committed by any other weapons, or were half the number of the families who might otherwise prove useful to the community as easily plunged into vice and ruin by any other means, is it possible that the professed ministers of the Gospel, or those who are clothed with civil authority, should be unconcerned spectators of such dreadful and enlarging scenes of wickedness and misery? "Common humanity would prevent a single murder, and restrain the uplifted arm, that would administer one deadly potion, or that aimed a deadly weapon at one innocent at the breast. But what is a single murder compared to the many thousands that are annually sent out of the world, by a *slow but sure poison?* and among these how many unoffending children and helpless babes, fall pitiable victims?" In addition to this catalogue of misery, it may be stated as a melancholy fact, that a very great proportion of the cases of insanity are caused by excessive drinking. It is high time, therefore, that something should be done: but what must that something be? The magistracy will do nothing towards even restraining the licentiousness of those nurseries of all manner of vice, the Public Houses; and Government, in order to increase the revenue, will continue to permit the bread of the people to be converted into poison. What then is to be done? There remains only one *effectual* way of counteracting this evil, and that is for all who call themselves Ministers of the Gospel, and all who profess to be *radical reformers*, to strike at the *root* of this great sin, by setting an example of *entire abstinence* from this baneful liquor; then, and not till then, may we expect prosperity, health and happiness to return to the people of this land. In order to adopt any system, it is desirable to see the practicability of it; in this case it is quite easy, as it requires *no* sacrifice from the young, and very little from those of more mature age. There only wants a *beginning* in the performance. It is the want of resolution to begin that prevents the good; for if once we begin in good earnest and from proper motives, we find the path so pleasant that we never turn aside from it. It is very certain that strong liquors of every kind are hateful to the natural appetite; for children and young people, when they first taste them, discover all the marks of strong dislike: but by habit this dislike is overcome, and custom becomes a second nature. Sipping leads to drinking, and drinking to the beastly vice of drunkenness. Therefore, a child ought not to have strong drink presented to it, no more than it ought to have poison presented to it. It should not even see it, and if possible not hear of it, and the accursed beverage ought never to gain admittance to our dwellings. That liquors are quite unnecessary to the support of the human body, every medical practitioner of any celebrity will not hesitate to admit. "A vulgar error, however, prevails, which is, that strong liquors are essential to *bodily strength*. This false opinion is partly grounded on the idea of a nutritious property in those liquors, and partly perhaps on a logical error in using the word *strong*, as being necessarily connected with *strengthening* the animal body. The first notion is entirely wrong, since it is proved by continual evidence, that strong liquors are inimical to animal life throughout the creation, and that no living animal or plant can be supported by such fluids, but that, on the contrary, they all become sickly and perish under their influence. But it may be argued that strong liquors help the stomach to digest and stimulate the actions of the blood-vessels and the nervous system. "I presume, however," says Dr. Carlyle, "that no man would give a lamb, a calf, a chicken, or a duck such liquors, with a hope of rendering it sooner fat, and of sweeter flesh, even if such liquors were so cheap as to make it an economical process: yet many parents do this by their children." Another great error is the supposing that spirituous liquors lessen the effects of cold upon the body. On the contrary I maintain, says Dr. B. Rush, that they always render the body more liable to be affected and injured by cold. The temporary warmth they produce is always succeeded by chillness. If anything besides warm clothing and exercise is necessary to warm the body in cold weather, a plentiful meal of wholesome food is at all times sufficient for that purpose. The people of Lapland do not require strong drink to keep them

their drink being only water, and it is remarked by Linneus that they have very few diseases. And I maintain with equal confidence, that spirituous liquors do not lessen the effects of hard labour upon the body; look at the horse, with every muscle of the body swelled from morning till night in the plough or the team, does he make signs for spirits to enable him to cleave the earth or climb the hill? No. He requires nothing but cool water and substantial food. There is neither strength nor nourishment in spirituous liquors; if they produce vigour in labour, it is of a transient nature, and is always succeeded with a sense of weakness and fatigue. These facts are founded in observation, for I have repeatedly seen those men perform the greatest exploits in work, both as to their degrees and duration, who never tasted spirituous liquors." In confirmation of the above observation, Smollett, in his Travels in Italy, remarks, that a porter in London quenches his thirst with a draught of strong beer; a porter of Rome or Naples refreshes himself with a slice of water-melon or a glass of iced water: now it is commonly remarked that beer strengthens as well as refreshes; but the porters of Constantinople, who never drink anything stronger than water, will carry a load of seven hundred-weight, which is more than any English porter ever attempted to raise. It should also be recollected that Samson, who is reputed the strongest man that ever lived, was a water-drinker. We may therefore conclude with Hoffman, that "water is the fittest drink for all persons of all ages and temperaments. By its fluidity and mildness, it promotes a free and equable circulation of the blood and humours through all the vessels of the body, upon which the due performance of every animal function depends; and hence water-drinkers are not only the most active and nimble, but also the most cheerful and sprightly of all people. In sanguine complexions, water, by diluting the blood, renders the circulation easy and uniform. In the choleric, the coolness of the water restrains the quick motion and intense heat of the humours. It attenuates the glutinous viscidity of the juices of the phlegmatic; and the gross earthiness which prevails in melancholic temperaments. And as to different ages; water is good for children, to make their tenacious milky diet thin and easy to digest; to youth and middle-aged, to sweeten and dissolve any scorbutic acrimony or sharpness that may be in the humours, by which means pains and obstructions are prevented; and for old people, to moisten and mollify their rigid fibres and to promote a less difficult circulation through their hard and shrivelled vessels."

In addition to the above facts, it may be observed, that many alterations take place in the mind in consequence of the influence of the bodily organs; and these latter are greatly influenced by the kind of aliment which the body receives. God knows what is in man and what is best for him; He has therefore graciously forbidden in His word, what would injure both body and mind, and commanded what is best calculated to be useful to both. An instance of which we find previous to the birth of Samson: his parents were expressly commanded by the angel of the Lord not to drink wine or strong drink, that he might be filled with the Holy Spirit from his birth; and it is said the Lord blessed him. It is also said of John the Baptist, "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord, and shall drink neither wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Spirit even from his mother's womb." Now these things, no doubt, are recorded for our use and instruction. Taking then into consideration what has been advanced, any rational person must be convinced that the drinking of intoxicating liquor is injurious to both body and mind; that its effects in families are seen to be destructive of all social comfort; and its pernicious influence on the morals of the community is beyond what either the tongue can express or the pen describe. If then we value our health; if we wish to enjoy domestic comfort and see our children sober; if we have any regard even for the temporal happiness of society in general, we shall never again suffer another drop of that baneful liquor to touch our lips. But when we consider that our own eternal happiness, and the eternal happiness of millions, is at stake, it being decreed in Holy Writ that not only drunkards cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven, but that without holiness no man can see the Lord; we must allow that abstinence from those things which are calculated to grieve or quench the Holy Spirit, becomes an important religious duty. Let us therefore humbly desire to live continually under the influence of Jesus Christ and attend to this apostolic exhortation: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

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*Next month we hope to give a portrait of the author of this tract and a sketch of his life, by Mr. William E. A. Axon.*

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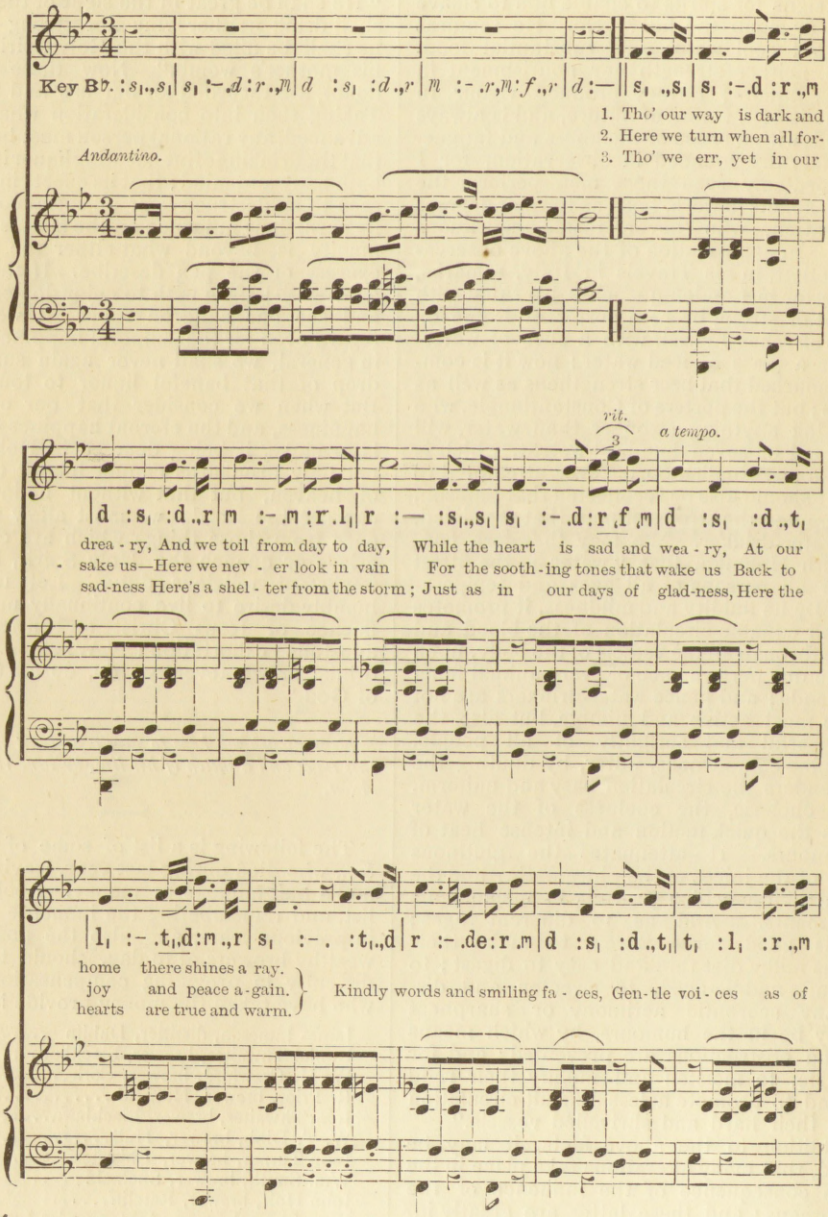
The following is a list of some of the brewers, &c., who died during last year, leaving over two and a half millions of money. Looking at this list, and remembering the immense fortunes left in previous years, and also the position of the wealthy brewers of to-day, should there be any difficulty in providing compensation? let those who have taken the money provide it:—

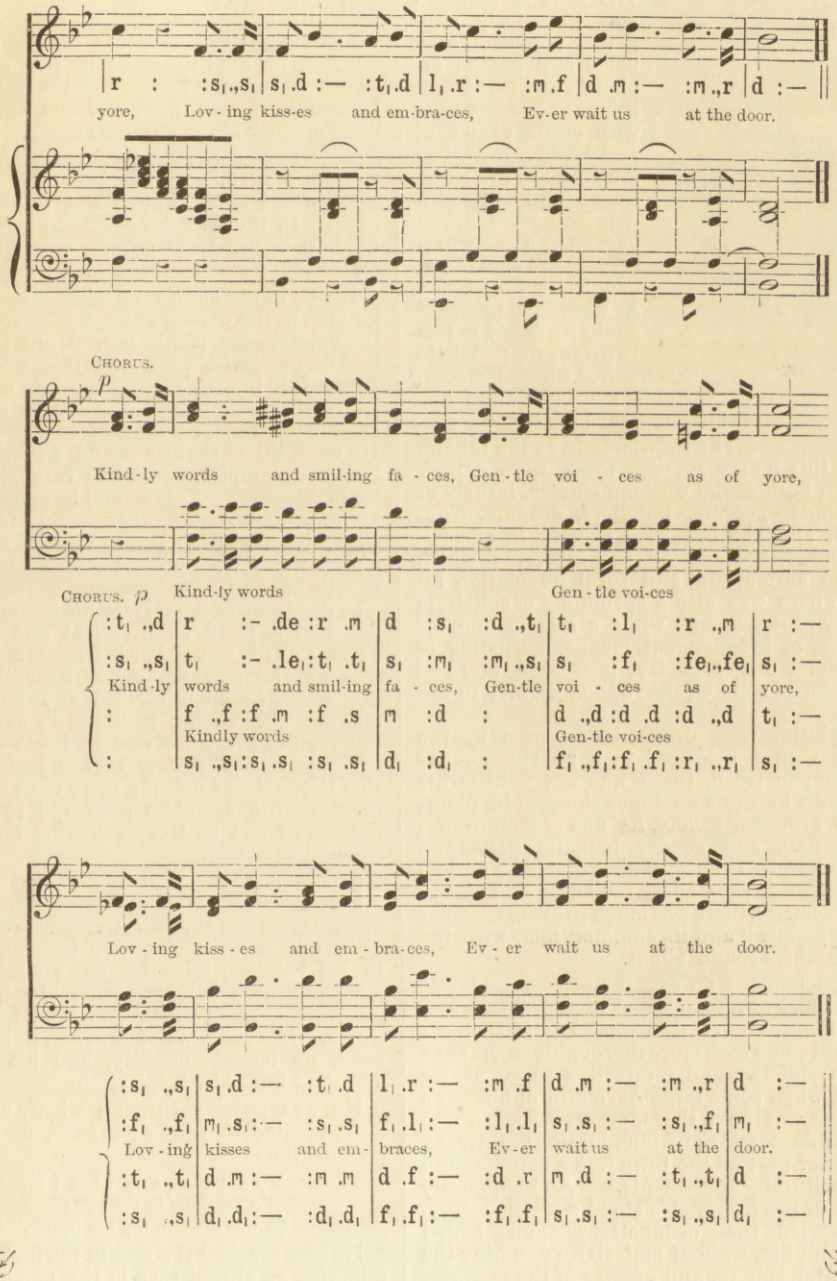
| | |
|---|---|
| James Jameson, distiller, Dublin ..... | £489,352 |
| Daniel Thwaites, brewer, Blackburn.... | 464,516 |
| W. H. Crawford, brewer, Cork..... | 328,000 |
| R. Prior, brewer, Hatfield ..... | 171,180 |
| John Thwaites, brewer, Blackburn..... | 164,000 |
| W. T. Dibb, brewer, Hull..... | 162,936 |
| John Turner, brewer, Chiswick..... | 154,422 |
| Wm. Smith, brewer, Sheffield ..... | 140,065 |
| John Holt, brewer, Ratcliff..... | 116,670 |
| Wm. Shaw, brewer, Ashton-under-Lyne | 114,334 |
| E. K. Fordham, brewer, Ashwell, Herts | 113,475 |
| Geo. Simon, wine merchant, London .. | 140,000 |
| Gibson Black, wine merchant, Dublin .. | 110,491 |
| | £2,669,441 |

# KINDLY WORDS AND SMILING FACES.

*Words by* G. COOPER. *Music by* J. R. THOMAS.



# KINDLY WORDS AND SMILING FACES.



# Lowdon and its Band of Hope.

By Stylograph.



THE town of Lowdon was pleasantly situated among green fields and parks; orchards and tilled land bright in harvest time with crops of wheat and barley, lay intermingled around; and here and there a flourishing market-garden or a game preserve, alive with birds, caught the eye. Many a witching prospect could be found in this landscape; while church spires, windmills, comfortable mansions, and distant hamlets gave life to the scene.

The Lowdonians, as the inhabitants of this bonny English town were called, consisted, besides the working classes, largely of tradespeople—grocers, butchers, drapers, ironmongers, and the like, with dealers in agricultural implements and all the etceteras which a thriving agricultural and rural population require. There was also a sprinkling of solicitors and other professionals, while a goodly number of persons of independent means, consisting of retired officers and gentry, possessed more of status than of solid wealth, added dignity to the locality.

These latter were drawn to Lowdon by the attractions that belonged to it as the county town; and, in truth, there was not a little life and interest in the sometimes sleepy old place. With its grammar school, its fine old churches, its town hall, and county hall, its balls and hunts, and assizes, its excellent markets, and its volunteer and yeomanry reviews, and other country revelries, there was much to bring together its "best people" and its common folk, with the county families round about.

Lowdon boasted an ancient origin, and was rich in historical remains and picturesque situations, both in and out of the town, so that few places in England could look more thoroughly *en fête* than this old-fashioned and interesting place, as, for instance, when some large Agricultural Society's Exhibition was held there, or other cause was shown for decorating and illuminating the streets. In the lower part of the town was a manufactory of agricultural implements. And quaintly situated in the town-fields stood a cloth factory. These varied the occupations, and added interest and life, without materially dimming the pellucid atmosphere, and neither of the factories was allowed to pollute the beautiful little river, which, with its five-arched bridge, gave a natural finish to the principal street, at the bottom of the town.

Such was Lowdon, and near it lived Michael Bright, a successful farmer. Once the owner of a good estate, he had spontaneously surrendered it to the hammer of the auctioneer many years ago, in order to save the name of an unfortunate and misguided brother from dishonour, and had patiently borne the penalty of poverty which his magnanimity had entailed. Many a wandering had he known before he was able to take Leece Farm near Lowdon. He had visited the United States of America, and brought back thence some ideas but no money.

Returning to English shores, he donned the peasant's garb, and hired himself out as an agricultural labourer, and afterwards as a shepherd. In this way he practised farming under the best Scotch and English farmers, and learned all that they had to teach him.

It was in the course of these wanderings that he met, in the person of his employer's daughter, the guiding-star of his life. Until then he had had no particular desire for this world's goods. He had rid himself of that appetite when he sold his estate. His concern thereafter had been to master his trade, rather than to covet its profits. He determined that he would do work equal to the best examples, or at any rate level with his best capacities. This should be enough for him; and he would leave other people to climb the slippery ladder of wealth or even of competence.

But the advent of Ada Stoughton into his heart's life to a certain extent changed all this. The daughter of the farmer for whom he worked, she had a mind as practical and a heart as earnest as his own. With feminine instinct she was not long in perceiving beneath the farm-labourer's common clothes and unpretentious manner, the genuine gentleman's nature. And, although to everyone else in her well-provided home, and particularly to her haughty father, this Michael was nothing more than "one of the hands on the farm," he appeared to her almost the only heart and certainly the noblest spirit she had ever met.

The manner in which they were drawn to each other seemed almost fortuitous. Accident brought her one summer evening across his path, as he was wending his way through the fields to his lodgings after his day's work. He was beguiling the time by repeating aloud, in fancied solitude, some favourite passages from Wordsworth. His heart was betraying, in his countenance, its intense nobility, and his voice was vibrating under its inspiration.

He was passing through a leafy copse by an unfrequented and winding path, and had commenced the stanza

> "My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky:
> So was it when my life began," &c.

He had reached the end of the first line, when, following an abrupt turn in the narrow way, and lifting up his glowing eyes, he beheld within arm's length, not Wordsworth's rainbow, as the poem prescribed, but—her, another, and to him a far more inspiring symbol of hope.

It was a moment of embarrassment; but the good breeding and self-possession of Miss Stoughton bore her winsomely through it. As her fine thoughtful eyes met his and fathomed them, she said in the simple tones of true culture, "Thank you for those words! They just complete the evening. I hope some day all who till Nature's fields will know Nature's poet. Perhaps you can help me to find the owner of this copy of Wordsworth which I picked up in the paddock yesterday."

With this, she handed him his own well-thumbed volume, first stopping to remove from between its leaves a lovely wild-flower which she had been using as a book-mark. But, did she?—Well, no! It was a cunning accident that outwitted her; a strange fortune that played for each, and won, against them, for both. The book has opened at the wrong place, and she has taken a flower of his and left him hers. It was a pretty omen, a playful prophecy in flowers. Michael made no attempt to prolong the interview. Still strong in his resolution to maintain his present rank, he uttered nothing but respectful thanks for his lost book, and proceeded rapidly on his way. She, the cultivated lady, actually turned round and stared. What was this? A gentleman, and at the same time a farm-labourer, her father's servant, and next door to a poet! And what a gait! Well she was glad she had remembered to take her flower out of his book! So they went to their homes in peace.

From that evening a spell seemed cast upon events. Incident conspired with incident in a very plot of love. First there came the Harvest Feast, at which Michael's speech startled everybody except one—a lady. That speech constrained his master to regard him from that day forward in a totally different light, both as a man and as a farmer. Then Mr. Stoughton falls ill, and Michael is appointed farm bailiff for a time; an appointment which is very soon confirmed in permanence, on account of his admirable management. Then, at a long interval, there comes Michael's tragical and gallant rescue of Miss Stoughton from the very jaws of a dreadful death, as she was being pursued by an infuriated prize bull. From that desperate struggle both escaped with their lives; but there were weeks of suffering for both of them afterwards.

It was while they lay ill under the same roof, the one prostrate from the shock to her nervous system, the other suffering from his wounds, that each learned that they were no longer their own, and that every pulsation of hope and purpose in the one heart had somehow its counterpart in the other.

They both in due time made good recovery, and not long after Ada Stoughton became Mrs. Bright. In a few weeks after their marriage Michael handed over the management of the farm to Mr. Stoughton's eldest son, whom he had carefully trained in the mysteries of farming, and then Mr. and Mrs. Bright, amid the good wishes of all, departed from the old home and took up their abode at Leece Farm near Lowdon.

They resolved before their wedding, as is so commonly done by sanguine people, that they would live a useful life. And, which is not quite so common, they carried out their resolution. The figure-head of their ship was to be "Help;" and it was so. They would make their home a "Help-All;" and it earned the name.

One thing which gave direction to their efforts for the good of Lowdon was a sad occurrence which befell on the third anniversary of their settlement at Leece Farm. It was the tragic downfall of a county family in the neighbourhood, the Evelynes of The Hall. High repute, lavish hospitality, blue blood, and dashing display came down with a crash through drink and gambling. It was a dismal eclipse, and made a dreary blank in the life of the little town which owed so much to them. All that was gone now! Farewell! A sudden farewell to so much gaiety and splendour! Farewell to the splendid equipages, whose thorough-bred steeds had so often dazzled the streets of Lowdon! Farewell to balls and garden parties, which for forty years had led the fashion of half the county! Farewell young ladies, beautiful and rich, the belles of twenty parishes; farewell gallant young gentlemen, the pride of the hunting field! It is all over. The taps are turned off; and the lights are out; and, alas! one sweet life has perished in the downfall!

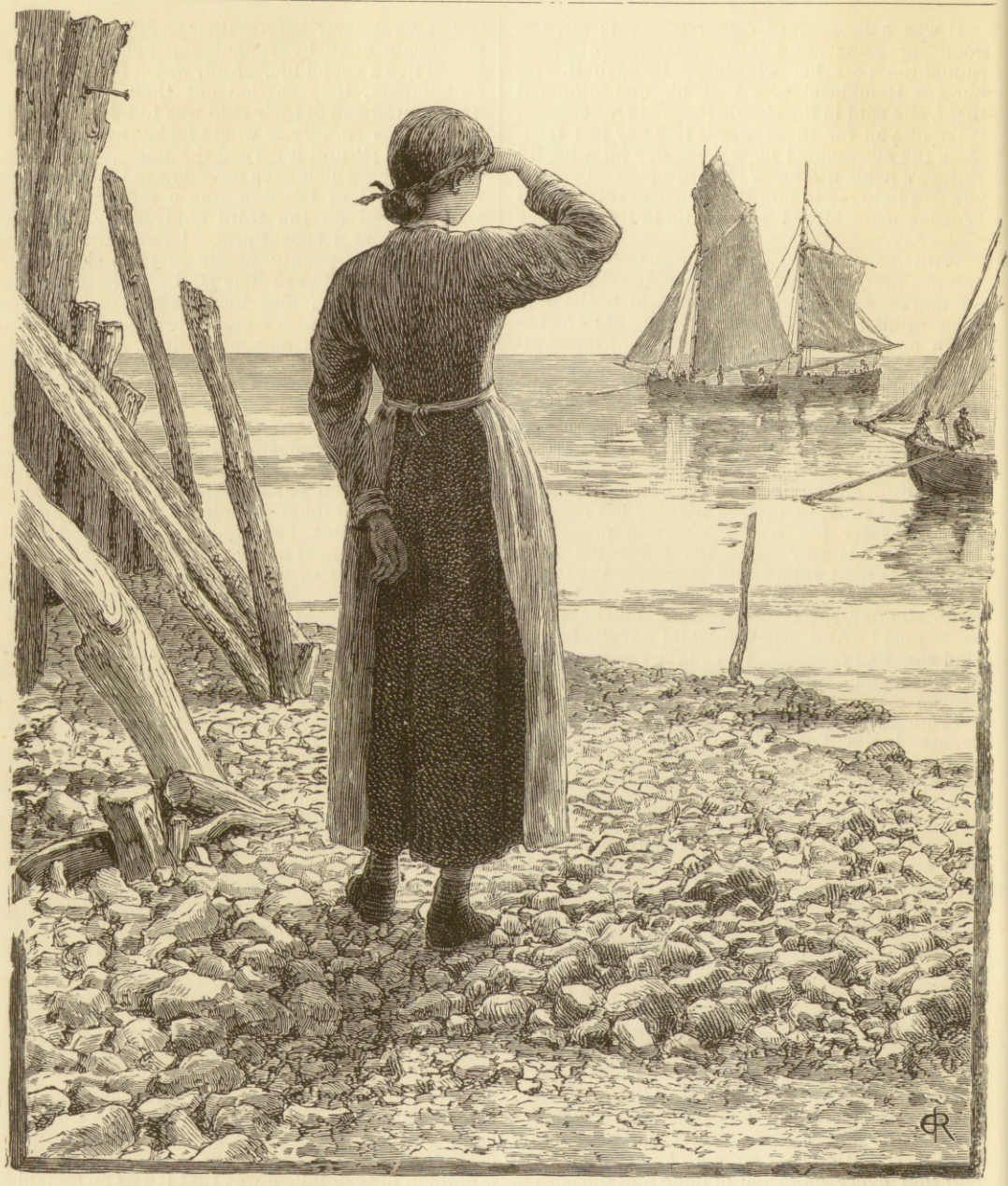
It was a terrible collapse. But, alas! for human nature, nobody spared the fallen; only the elect few. It was said that the Brights had softened their hardships and paid the expenses of the funeral. But, however that might be, the gossips and the creditors and the newspapers softened nothing. For months they kept up the exposé; and a melancholy sermon it was on Drink's desolations. But, after all, what was it? Only one out of many holocausts to Drink.

Deeply stirred by this catastrophe, Mr. Bright resolved, in the strength of God, for his wife's sake, to continue a teetotaler till his life's end. But what about others? Which of the merry gentlemen whom he met at the farmers' dinner on market-day, would collapse next? Which of the healthy looking young fellows who frequented the Corn Exchange would end his career in drink's disaster? Everywhere he saw drink played with, praised, recommended, and invited by foolish people to work their ruin.

He resolved to do his duty and warn them of their peril. He accordingly started the Lowdon Band of Hope and Temperance Society.

When he took this step, the average Lowdonian opinion of teetotalism was that it was an amiable craze; but, when over thirty years later, half Lowdon followed the old man's coffin to the grave, and every shop was closed and every blind was reverently drawn, the prevailing belief was that teetotalism was a very desirable adjunct to the habits of boy or girl, man or woman, gentleman or lady.

This remarkable change of feeling was mainly due to the constant attention and effort which Mr. Bright and his wife bestowed upon the development and working of a Band of Hope.



# WAITING.

By Uncle Ben.

The little village of Hurstcombe was a slow, sleepy little fishing village. The place nearly always looked idle and deserted. Very few visitors came there in the summer, except those who wanted undisturbed quiet and wished to avoid all fashionable places of resort. Nearly all the inhabitants were engaged in fishing, even the shop-keepers and some of the farmers that cultivated land near the shore had interest in many of the boats. In this sea-board retreat, far away from the rush of life, came joy and sorrow, romance and tragedy, here drink worked its bitter ruin, and redemption its deliverance from sin. In this small stage the world played its part.

Here, in a cottage hard by the shore, lived a family of fisher folk named Trueman, the most

conspicuous member of which was the eldest daughter, Janet, one of those simple, brave, patient girls, who, if opportunity had called her to such service, might have been a Grace Darling. She was a daughter of the sea, and could row and swim, mend nets, and mind the tiller with as much skill as any one in the village. She had once saved the life of a little child that had fallen off the small jetty into the rapidly ebbing tide.

The mother of this family was an ailing woman. The father, a strong, hale, hearty man, kindly, rough, generous, with many good points of character, and marked features of opinion, that made him to be looked upon as one of the most important people in the village. His words and doings were of consequence to his neighbours. His influence had weight with the publican and the parson. His one vice was a love of strong spirits; he could drink more than any man in the village, without being drunk, and so flattered himself on his moderation, and would speak in contempt of those who did not know when they had enough. His example did probably more to make many men drunkards than any one else in the parish.

Janet, who knew this, knew her father's strength of character, that made him a sober man, or at least, seldom visibly the worse for liquor, when others were helplessly intoxicated. She was the good angel of the family, her great desire was to see her father the power for good he might be.

Mrs. Trueman had been worse than usual, and Janet had many fears about her mother. It was just the height of the mackerel season, therefore, the father was much away. He had so often seen his wife ill, that he did not think much of this attack that alarmed Janet.

It happened that soon after the boat had started for the mackerel shoal, that Mrs. Trueman was very ill. Janet went for the doctor; he came and shook his head, and said she would not be long here. Neighbours were kind, but all to no purpose; her mother became completely unconscious, and was sinking fast. Janet had done all she could; had waited and watched; but it was plain to her that Mrs. Trueman was dying, and she feared her father and two eldest brothers would not return in time to see her alive. All through the long summer night she sat beside her mother's bed; nothing could be done. In the morning the end was near, but with the growing dawn the news came that the boats were coming in.

Janet did not know what to do, whether to wait on beside her mother or go down to the boats and break the news to her father. She did not think it right for him to learn the news from some stranger's lips, so she resolved to go, although it seemed to break her heart to leave her mother. A friend took her place, and if she should be needed, or her mother returned to consciousness, it was agreed that she should be called back. She felt she could do more good to help the living than by merely watching the dying. Thus she went out on her sad mission in the glow and glory of one of those fair, sweet, early summer mornings that are known on the English coast.

There, on the shore, she waited in the bright warm light as the boats came in. The tide was out, the sea was calm as a mill-pond, not a cloud in the sky, her own dark heart and home seemed a cruel contrast to the white light that shone on sea and beach. It seemed a long interminable time before her father's smack, the "Lord Nelson," with its large No. 43 on the sail, tacked into the small bay and came to her moorings. She never forgot that time of waiting; then and there she resolved she would be good to the children, would do her part to fill her mother's place for all. Henceforth the great desire was to live for her father, and to stand between him and the one thing that had spoilt the home and made life hard for the mother, who could not endure the pinch of poverty, which often came because of the enormous waste of silver and gold on spirits.

So it is with many; the great lessons of life are often born out of great sorrows, and in the waiting time our hearts are prepared for higher service and the noblest demands of duty.

As the boat neared the shore Mr. Trueman knew something was probably wrong, when he recognised Janet standing alone on the beach before four o'clock in the morning. He hastened ashore with one of his boys, heard the terrible tidings from his daughter's lips, sent back his son to tell his brother, and hastened up to the cottage; but ere they came to the porch, with its large cracked flagstones surrounded by pebbles from the shingles, they saw the white blind was down, and knew that all was over.

Janet did her best to make the home happy and comfortable, to be daughter, sister, and mother, all in one. She tried to stand between her father and his temptation, she waited and watched for him, in every possible way to save him from the public-house. And she did all she could to provide honestly for all, without debt, even when the money had gone in rum that should have gone in food. The worst feature was that her elder brother, a fine young fisher man, had inherited the taste for strong drink, but without the self-control of his father. In spite of all her efforts, things seemed to go from bad to worse. It was a hard struggle of patience and long-suffering, without any visible success, until one eventful night of storm.

The boats had gone out from the little bay for the fishing, some two years after Mrs. Trueman's death. While they were out, a gale came on, which turned into one of those sudden, violent tempests, so dangerous to fishing craft on our shores. All the village was in great consternation; fear dwelt in many hearts.

It was a terrible time of suspense; after a day and a night's anxiety the boats began to return. As each one came in a terrible story was told of conflict with wind and wave, and not one but had received more or less damage.

Janet spent most of the time of the following day watching on the beach for the return of the "Lord Nelson," but night once more gathered over the stormy sea without any news of the

missing ship, and, with the prolonged delay, fears and doubts increased. The wind was still blowing violently, the sea running very high, and the waves roaring and thundering on the shore. Janet returned to the cottage, but could neither sleep nor rest, so she went down to the strand again. There she waited, thinking of the troubled past, and how little she had been able to do to save her father.

Towards daybreak, there was evidently one of the fishing boats trying to make for the bay. She called the attention of one or two of the men who were keeping a look-out. They thought, with her, it might be the "Lord Nelson," but it seemed as if she were in a bad way, and as if she were drifting helplessly, as though her rudder might be broken. After some talk, as the light grew, it was plain the boat was in difficulties, and might not get into the bay at all, but be driven on the rocks or shore. There was no lifeboat nearer than five miles, so rescue from that source was out of the question; whatever was done must be done at once.

In such a sea it was risky work to venture in an ordinary rowing boat, but, in answer to Janet's plea, a volunteer crew was soon formed, and Janet insisted on going herself to steer. The men well knew the girl's pluck, and let her go. The boat, with much peril, was safely launched, with a cheer from those who lent a helping hand and gave a silent prayer. The progress was very slow, and only every now and then, as the boat was tossed to the top of a great billow, could she be seen. It was evident that the distressed fishing craft had seen the boat and was making signals for help. As the rowers drew nearer, they found that the disabled ship was the "Lord Nelson," that they had not come too soon; she was nearly full of water, and for many hours it had been a terrible struggle. The rudder had been carried away, nearly everything had been washed overboard. Janet's eldest brother had been carried away by a wave that had broken over the ship with mighty force. All night long the work had been to bale the water out of the ship and keep off rocks. Now strength was failing, and no effort could compete with the wash of water that surged over and into the vessel, in fact, almost every wave threatened to be their last.

It was with much difficulty Janet's father and the three survivors were safely rescued. It was hard to abandon the ship so near to port, but it had to be done, and almost immediately a great wave came, lifted her high up, then heaving her over, she rapidly keeled upwards and sank.

When land was safely reached, all the village gathered round to hear the story of the rescue. Janet forgot all about the danger and the glory of her rescue work, in the joy of her father's deliverance and return, and in the sorrow of the loss in her brother's death. She learned, too, from her father that there was little doubt her brother had been taking too much, and so, at the time when all his energy and presence of mind were needed, he was not equal to the task.

This was Janet's grief in the midst of all the praise she got for the rescue of her father, but so bitterly did she feel this sorrow, that she had the courage to tell her father it was by his example the son had learnt to love the fatal cup. She pleaded with him to give up strong drink; he knew he owed her his life, and felt there was nothing in reason he ought to deny her. She said the debt was more than paid, all the waiting rewarded, and prayers more than answered, if he would sign the pledge and keep it. Which he faithfully did, and became as great a credit to the cause, as Janet was the glory of that seaboard parish.

## THE OUTLOOK.

### *RECRUITING SCHEME.*

THE Hackney and East Middlesex Band of Hope Union have adopted an interesting and enterprising method for carrying on a forward movement. The Committee of this Union have been anxious to cover the whole ground. They believe that only one out of every five children in the district are members of any Juvenile Temperance Society. So in order to promote an increase of membership they have resolved to offer Badges of Honour and Prizes for competition to obtain new members.

The plan adopted is simply this. Badges of Honour to the value of one shilling each will be presented to members of societies who introduce at least six new members under the following rule:

1. Members introduced must be *bona-fide* new members—that is, they must not be members of any Band of Hope or Juvenile Temperance Society, and be above nine years of age.

2. The whole number must be obtained in the course of the year, that is, before 31st December.

3. The six members, in respect of whom the Badge is claimed, must have punctually attended three-fourths of the meetings held between the date of joining and the March of the following year, and must have complied with the rules of the Society.

4. The names of new members, in respect of whom Badges may be claimed, to be forwarded on a form to be supplied for the purpose, together with the recruiting papers to the Secretary of the Union.

Then in addition to the Badges, the Union offer a number of prizes, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, to those who obtain the largest number of Recruits in each Band of Hope.

Now, with adaptation, this suggestion might be easily carried out in many Band of Hope Unions, and worked with great advantage. The best recruiting sergeants could earn a distinguished and honourable place, not only in their own Societies, but in the Union; and it would be a noble beginning for many a future Temperance worker. Our young Temperance soldiers cannot join the service too soon, or begin to be active workers too early. This simple plan, if taken up, would be a good start for many, and abundantly useful to the cause.

# Grandmother's Valentine.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

'TELL us a story! Oh, Granny, do!"
We cried as we gathered around her knee—
'A tale of love that is strange and true,
Of the good old times that used to be."
We stirred the fire to a ruddy glow,
While we drew, with our laughing faces, near;
"To-morrow is Valentine's Day, you know,
So tell us a story, Granny dear!"

Then, Granny, she turned her mild blue eyes
On the eager faces around her chair—
While we touched her forehead, so strangely wise,
And kissed the lines that were written there.
She laid her hand, with a gentle touch,
On the russet crown of our Mary's head;
Then in that voice, that we loved so much,
"Yes, children, I'll tell you a tale," she said.

"Long years have passed with their light and shade,
With many a winter, and many a May,
Since I was a happy, laughing maid,
In a quaint old city far away.
I had many lovers—Ah, children, dear,
In those days your Granny was young and bright,
And her eyes were as cloudless and softly clear
As those that are watching her here to-night.

There was one, my children, a soldier he,
I loved him better than all the rest;
From the joyous days, when, as children, we
Had plucked the flowers from the meadow's breast.
And every year, when the Spring came round,
And St. Valentine's Day dawned bright above,
A bunch of snowdrops, with ribbon bound,
Came from my darling with words of love.

In our little chapel I knelt one day
In a pure white gown by my lover's side,
And I heard the priest, with his sweet voice, say
The words that made me my dear one's bride.
We were so happy, no thought of care
Had dimmed the light of our perfect day.
Like little children whose lives were fair,
Hand clasped in hand we trod love's way.

But a shadow came o'er the sun's fair smile,
For the news of a war had reached our ears,
And my husband went in a little while
From the stricken heart that was full of tears.
I cannot speak of the long suspense,
And the heavy gloom of my life's dull skies,
The awful anguish, whose memory since
Can bring the tears to your Granny's eyes.

No loving message, no tender word,
Ere came from the heart I loved so well;
But now and then, with a pang I heard
Of some noble soldiers who bravely fell.
And when the Spring, with its snowdrops fair,
Dawned cold but sweet o'er the waking world,
I looked with a heart of black despair
At the little buds in the fields unfold.

St. Valentine's Day with blushes broke
To kiss the sleep from the eyes of love;
But I, with a weary sob awoke
And looked with tears at the sky above—
No bunch of snowdrops would come to-day,
No pure white flowers with a ribbon band,
For the hand that would send them was far away,
Fighting for life in a foreign land.

A knock at the door; and my heart stood still
With the sudden blow of an awful dread;
A knock at the door; was my darling ill?
He was dying, perhaps, but, God! not dead;
I saw a form in the doorway stand;
But mine eyes grew dim—I could not see
The sun tanned face and the big brown hand
That was creeping and creeping nearer me.

I tried to speak, but no word would come,
My lips would utter not e'en a sound,
I tried to see through the awful gloom,
But the room was swimming around, around;
In vain, in vain, my poor heart tried
To send a sound from these lips of mine—
When, through the stillness, a loud voice cried,
"See, darling, I've brought you your Valentine."

Two strong, fond arms were around me thrown,
And my heart beat high with a sudden bliss,
Two lips were lying upon mine own
In the tender warmth of a husband's kiss;
While out of my darling's trembling hand,
The brave young hand that had fought so well,
A bunch of snowdrops, with ribbon band,
Unto my feet in their beauty fell."

Our Granny's face was so fair to see,
With the light of love that was shining there,
That we laid our faces against her knee
And kissed the fingers that smoothed our hair;
She drew from her bosom with trembling hand
A cluster of snowdrops, dry and dead,
A tiny bunch with a ribbon band,
"My darling's Valentine," Granny said.

# Pebbles and Pearls.

THERE is not now a ship in the British Navy without a Temperance Society.

EVERY man is a missionary, now and for ever, for good or for evil, whether he intends or designs it or not.

A LIQUOR-SELLER, as he presented his bill to the executor of a deceased customer's estate, asked him if he wished the items sworn to. "No," said the executor; "the death of the deceased is sufficient evidence that he had the liquor."

ACCORDING to Dr. Schweinfurth, Emin Pasha is likely to avoid the European climate in winter, and above all, European banquets, for he has not tasted a drop of wine for fifteen years. The Pasha is thus a conspicuous illustration of the benefits of Temperance in tropical countries.

"COGNAC brandy is, after all, the best cure for pain in the chest, don't you think, Frau Hirschmaier?" "I am not so sure of that. Formerly my husband used to be troubled that way only two or three times a year, but since I began to keep brandy in the house, he has been ailing nearly every day."

THE MASSACRE OF THE INNOCENTS.—The London papers, on the last Friday in 1889, contained reports of three inquests held on infants who had been smothered in bed by their drunken mothers. Nine of the inquests held by a metropolitan coroner on Saturday were on the bodies of infants suffocated by their parents on the nights of Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, and Boxing Day. In each case one or other of the parents was stated to have gone to bed while under the influence of drink.

BOYS, READ THIS:—At the annual meeting of the Yorkshire County Cricket Club, held at Sheffield on the 7th ult., Mr. M. J. Ellison, the chairman, called attention to the unfortunate position occupied by Yorkshire in last season's matches. They embarked upon the season believing they would be at the top of the tree, but their failure was a lamentable one. For this result a large number of people who called themselves supporters of cricket were responsible. Their great difficulty might be described as the "demon drink." One player who was a tower of strength for many years had to be put out of the team, and another was suspended at a critical moment. In a great measure these occurrences were caused by those who called themselves supporters of cricket, who came to the ground and could not see a professional cricketer without wanting to give him a glass of drink. The most serious thing they could do to a professional cricketer was to offer him drink. He hoped this would be brought home to the mind of every person who frequented the Bramall Lane ground, and then he was of opinion that it would not be long before Yorkshire again attained a high position among the counties.

"CHARLEY, my boy, you are positively shabby; you ought to get a new suit." "Sh! don't mention it. My tailor has commenced one already."

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense; there are forty men of wit for one man of good sense; and he who will carry nothing about with him but gold, will be every day at a loss for readier change.

A FAIR ATHLETE.

SHE could swing a six-pound dumb-bell,
She could fence and she could box;
She could row upon the river,
She could clamber 'mong the rocks;
She could do some heavy bowling
And play tennis all day long;
But she couldn't help her mother,
'Cause she wasn't very strong!

## Reviews.

We have received a large assortment of pamphlets from the Vegetarian Society, 75, Princess-street, Manchester, in which the various aspects of the Vegetarian movement are dealt with in an able and somewhat exhaustive manner. We advise our readers to send for sample tracts, &c., and if they are wholly or even partially convinced and converted, good will result.

NATIONAL TEMPERANCE LEAGUE ANNUAL FOR 1890, cloth 1s. 6d., paper 1s. This is an admirable book for reading or reference, and we would not be without it at three times the cost.

From the same Publishers, EVANS' TEMPERANCE ANNUAL, price 6d., is a very smart, pithy, and humorous production. Will well repay reading for pleasure or profit.

A NEW PAPER—"THE SUNDAY SCHOOL WORKER,"—8 pp. weekly, one half-penny, is designed to promote the improvement of Sunday Schools, to suggest methods of working, to assist teachers in the preparation of their lessons, and generally to stimulate the religious education of the young. The first two numbers are before us, and we can only say that if future numbers are equal to these, the "Sunday School Worker" will prove a great boon to all who take it. The editor is well known to us as a thorough-going abstainer, and we are not surprised, therefore, that he has associated the Band of Hope with the Sunday School, and gives prominence to that department of religious education. Although this paper issues from the Primitive Methodist Newspaper Company, whose Headquarters are at 56, Peter-street, Manchester, its contents are of interest to Sunday School workers of every section, and to them we heartily commend it.

**Sample copy Post Free, Fourpence.**

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*S. W. PARTRIDGE & CO., 9, Paternoster Row, LONDON.*

# ALFRED.

By LOUIE SLADE,

*Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care."*

## CHAPTER III.—An Eventful Day.

*"That just a pausing pulse, a ceasing breath,*
*May stop for ever joys, and hopes, and fears!*
*And all the gathering tumult of the years*
*Sink in an instant to the hush of death!*

* * * * *

*There would be some amaze—some tears would fall,*
*Some lives be darkened for a little space,*
*And the waves sweep o'er the vacant space,*
*And yet we live, we are, and God knows all."*



It was Bank Holiday, the first Monday in August.

Alfred Bence, now a tall, strong lad of twelve years, was up betimes, and anxiously scanning the weather.

At present everything was enveloped in a greyish mist, but to his observant eye there appeared every promise of a fine day, such as would delight the hearts of the hundreds of pleasure-takers. He moved about quietly but quickly, washing himself at the sink in the back kitchen while the water in the tiny kettle heated, then he made a cup of tea, and was sitting down to his solitary breakfast when there was the sound of footsteps on the stairs, and Mr. Granlyn appeared.

"Oh, uncle," exclaimed Alf, looking round in surprise, "why did you get up so early? There was no need."

"No, but I thought I should like to see you safely off. What sort of a morning is it?"

He went to the door and looked out. "I think it'll turn out first-rate by-and-bye. Are you quite ready?"

"Yes, I think so."

"That's right. Be sure and have a good breakfast before you start, for it's rather a long journey, but you'll have it cool this morning."

"Oh, it will be glorious!" cried Alf. "I wish Reuben was going with me though."

"Ah, he isn't so fond of the country as you are, and Hedgmoor hasn't any attractions for him. What, are you off?"

"Yes; I don't want to miss the train."

"Well, you'll remember your aunt and me to Mrs. Wilmott?"

"All right, uncle. If Amy comes home to-day, give my love to her. I hope you'll have a nice time at the Flower Show. Good bye!"

"Good bye, my boy; a pleasant journey. God bless you!"

Alf rather wondered at the last clause, for his uncle was never in the habit of using this expression lightly. He turned when he reached the corner, and saw Mr. Granlyn still at the gate waving a bright farewell.

How Alf enjoyed the journey in the cool freshness of the early morning! Even the walk to the Railway Station was pleasant, for no sound disturbed the silence of the streets except the clamour of the poultry in the various yards, or the voices and footsteps of a few people who, like himself, were beginning their Bank Holiday early.

Then Alf was young enough to enjoy the motion of the train, the bustle and stir among the officials and passengers, and most of all, perhaps, the independence of travelling alone. He had paid Mrs. Wilmott two or three previous visits, but his uncle or aunt had always put him into the train, while she had met him at the other station, but to-day no one came to see him off, and no one was coming to meet him, and the boy felt blissfully proud and free.

They soon left the town behind, and were out in the open country, where cottages, trees, streams, farm-houses, and churches were rapidly passed. Alf had been fortunate enough to secure a corner seat, and vastly enjoyed the varied pictures as they seemed to glide by.

There was a great deal of pleasure crowded into that memorable day. He was welcomed with warmth and effusion by his old friend, while several of the neighbours looked in to see him, and commented to each other upon his growth and improvement, and singular good fortune in meeting with such kind benefactors. He was invited into some of the villagers' gardens, and fruit and flowers were pressed upon him in abundance. But even this holiday was not one of unalloyed joy, for to-day he learned for the first time of his father's sad death. He and Mrs. Wilmott were having tea alone, and she was recalling the night when Mr. and Mrs. Granlyn had so suddenly and providentially come to his rescue; dwelling minutely upon every detail, how she was crying over the thought of taking him to the Workhouse, and the flutter into which their knock had thrown her. Of course all this was very interesting, only Alfred had heard it upon each of his previous visits, and he considerably surprised his companion by interrupting her recital to ask abruptly what had been the matter with his father.

Taken aback, the poor old lady grew confused, but could not evade the question, for her agitation only increased Alf's curiosity, and it did not take him long to discover that he was the son of a drunkard and suicide.

On his way to the station he had to pass the churchyard, and he paused there that evening, and made his way to the corner where he had been told his father was buried. There was, of course, no stone to mark the spot, but it was not

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easily mistaken, for the grave stood alone, as if shunned both by living and dead.

As Alf looked upon it tears rained down his cheeks, the boy's bosom was convulsed with sobs—bitter, agonizing sobs.

And the journey home was robbed of all its enjoyment; he paid little heed to his fellow-passengers, and had no attention for the beauty of the landscape they flitted through, bathed in the sweet moonlight.

It was late when he reached home. A light was burning in the sitting-room, and he expected his aunt was waiting up for him. When he had knocked, however, it was not Mrs. Granlyn but Reuben who opened the door.

The lamp in the passage burned but dimly, yet even in the faint light Alfred was startled and shocked by Reuben's pale, frightened face.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed, but almost unconsciously he spoke in a whisper.

Reuben shook his head and went back into the sitting-room. Alf followed mechanically. The scene that met his eyes made him tremble in every limb. On the sofa lay his aunt, utterly prostrated by grief; she looked like one stunned, at intervals putting her hand to her head in a bewildered manner that was painful to see. Amy sat beside her, her face buried in her hands, while Sissie was moaning and sobbing piteously. A neighbour was seated amongst the sorrowful group, and seemed trying to offer comfort.

Alf's entrance was a signal for a fresh outburst of grief. Amy raised her pale, tearful face, and while she clasped him in her arms, sobbed—

"Oh, Alfie! Alfie! What shall we do?"

Alfred's eyes turned rapidly round the room, and suddenly the meaning of it all flashed upon him. All were here but his uncle.

It was some time before he learned the particulars of the sad event.

Mr. Granlyn had proposed taking his wife and Sissie to a flower show, which was to be held upon a gentleman's estate a few miles from the town. They hoped Amy would come home to join the party; she was spending a few days with some friends, but had promised to run down if possible. Nor ,where they disappointed, for she arrived about half-an-hour before the time fixed for starting.

The pony-chaise hired for the occasion came to the door. Mrs. Granlyn and her daughters had donned their out-door attire, and Mr. Granlyn stood waiting for them to take their seats. Suddenly, however, he remembered a paper he had left in the pocket of his jacket upstairs, and ran back to fetch it. There was a little discussion between the ladies as to who should sit in the front, for Sissie was very eager to handle the reins, and thought it would be an excellent opportunity for a lesson in driving, while Amy maintained that the seat belonged by right to their mother. But, of course, Mrs. Granlyn waived her "right" for once, and Sissie triumphantly mounted to the coveted post. Thus some minutes passed without Mr. Granlyn's absence being noticed, but when all were in their places the mother looked round, saying—

"Where's your father?"

"He went indoors I think," said Amy.

They waited a few minutes longer, then Mrs. Granlyn alighted to see what could be detaining him. She looked into the downstairs rooms, but seeing nothing of him, called his name at the foot of the stairs. Still there was no response, so she went up.

A second or two later the girls in the chaise at the gate heard a shrill shriek—a heartrending cry that rang in their ears for many a year. Hurrying upstairs they found their mother bending over their father's body,—yes, the *body*, for life was extinct.

Perhaps they ought not to have been quite so unprepared for the sad event, for heart disease was in the family, Mr. Granlyn's father and one of his sisters had died suddenly from it. Possibly he himself had thought it not improbable, for they found that he had left his affairs in the most perfect order.

What need is there of any attempt at describing the grief and confusion of the ensuing days? The darkened rooms, the subdued voices and footsteps, the tearful faces, the sense of awe and desolation that brooded over the house.

Alf felt the death of his kind friend and benefactor keenly, and it pained him terribly that even at this time of bereavement and sorrow, Reuben and Sissie should draw apart, as if it were a grief more exclusively their own. Mrs. Granlyn was far too much absorbed in her own loss to notice it, nor was it quite marked enough to attract even Amy's attention, yet to the sensitive child it was painfully apparent, and he realised with a pang that he would never henceforth be exactly one of the family. Outwardly the home-life went on much as before—that is, as far as this was possible without the one who had been the stay and support of the household. How they missed him, the cheery, loving husband and father!

Amy could only remain at home a few weeks, and when she left every one felt the loss afresh, for they had all turned to her for comfort and help. The shock of her husband's sudden death had really prostrated Mrs. Granlyn, and although she strove to exert herself, and go about her duties as usual, the effort was very great, the former energy and activity were wanting, and the domestic routine was positively irksome.

But however poignant our grief may be, and however we may shrink from the world, and long to shut ourselves up with our sorrow, this is impossible; we must think of ways and means of sustaining life, even though we feel it a burden, and wearily tell ourselves we should like to be rid of it.

And so Mrs. Granlyn found. Although her husband had been industrious and prudent it would be necessary to practice great economy, and do something towards her own and Sissie's maintenance, or their savings would soon be exhausted. Her husband had sometimes advised her, in the event of his death, to take a shop, and she consulted with Amy and Reuben about it. She could see now, from little incidents memory

recalled, that although he had seldom spoken of death, it had been often in his thoughts.

Of course, their plans required a good deal of care and deliberation, and nothing had been finally arranged when Amy returned to London.

The sudden removal of his uncle would affect Alfred's prospects rather seriously. He must give up all hope of apprenticeship now, and lately the matter had occupied a great deal of his time and thoughts. After many discussions with his uncle, he had decided that he would be a carpenter, but two years must elapse before he could be apprenticed, and Mr. Granlyn had advised him to make the best possible use of them at school.

"You won't be a whit the worse workman, Alf, for being a good scholar," he had been wont to say. And encouraged by such words as these, Alf really had done his best, and his teacher considered him the most promising of all his pupils.

He had shown a taste for carpentering early, and his uncle had given him a box of tools on his tenth birthday. One of the first articles upon which he tried his skill was a money-box for Sissie. It was rather a rude affair, of course, but it was most creditable to a lad of his age. Sis treasured it for some time, but presently began to think it too rough an ornament for her pretty bed-room, and her mother had recently rescued it from the dust-heap.

When Amy had gone, the house was dull indeed; Sis and her brother held aloof, and if Alf burst into a fit of childish grief at sight of his uncle's vacant chair, they would exchange glances, as much as to say, "What a fuss!"

Poor Alf! Perhaps no one had so much cause to mourn Mr. Granlyn's loss.

*(To be continued.)*

# TWO FRIENDS.

By Uncle Ben.

GEORGE Norwood and Fred Woodford were schoolfellows and were called two chips off the same block. They were known as "Nor" and "For." All kinds of jokes were made at their expense, which was natural enough in schoolboys. But unlike many schoolboy friendships this one lasted into life, chiefly because in after days the two happened to live near to one another in the same county town in the South of England.

It was one of those quiet, sleepy places where everybody knows everyone's business, where ill news travelled fast, where people were engaged in small undertakings, where gossip and little bits of domestic history formed the bulk of the conversation, when nothing more could be said about the weather.

The weather was an important item of interest, freely blamed for bad crops and colds, for any misfortune that might befall horse, or cow, or pig. If any one was ill, why, it was only what one could expect with such weather. If the parson preached a poorer sermon than usual, this was the kindest excuse, "Why, just think of the weather." And if any one staggered home on Saturday night from the alehouse, people said "Who could find their way straight home on a night so dark and rough, why, the wind was enough to blow over the most substantial man of the parish."

George Norwood was a small nursery gardener, and was a pious and respectable abstainer and local preacher. Fred Woodford was a master painter, who did business, like most of his kind, in a small way. But, of course, the smaller the way of business, the larger had to be the profit in order to make a living. Hence very much depended on a connection, and many of the trade connections were kept up on beer. Public-house influence maintained a good deal of local custom. Orders were taken in the tap-room of the "Red Lion," bills were settled over "What'll you take?" The principle was "one good turn deserves another,"—you stand glasses all round, and we'll give you what trade we can.

When George Norwood settled in the little country town, he determined he would starve rather than do any business that way, he resolved he would neither stand drink nor take drink. It was hard work and slow work to make a living in the face of all the time-honoured customs of the place. He had to be content to do less and sell for less, in order to make any way. None of the gardeners would patronise him because they never got even half-a-pint of fourpenny if they came to him for plants.

Fred Woodford came some time afterwards, and as soon as his friend knew of his arrival he found him and tried to set him on his guard against the temptations that would surround him. But all this kind advice was lost on the painter. He had lately married, and had come with bright prospects and the determination to do a trade; make his way he must, his desire was to do it honestly and soberly, but he was not prepared for any sacrifice. Norwood warned him and told him that he had better make a stand at first, and throw himself into Temperance work and be wholly on the right side, then temptation would be easy to resist.

Woodford laughed at his old schoolfellow, and said, "Don't you think I know how to take care



of myself; if there's one party above another I do know how to look after it is number one."

"Yes, I know that, and it's because you are so very anxious to look after number one too well that I fear the result."

"Well, leave that to me; you wait and see, and if I don't get on you may reproach me with all the bitter words you like. Remember, I have a wife to keep, and one who will help me and keep me from ever going too far in the direction you fear."

Time moved on. Fred Woodford commenced business in a quiet, respectable way, but things did not move as fast with him as he desired. He was one of those pushing, active men, who lived to "get on," and though he would not have done anything he thought dishonest or wrong, still, he would always sail as near the wind as he

could, and catch every breeze, even though there might be a little risk. He was full of good maxims and good intentions, and would whistle to his conscience and say, "nothing venture, nothing have," and say, "Well, it's a pity it is so, but you take people as they are, and it's no good flying in the face of people, and quarrelling with your bread and butter." He had no strong principles, no determined convictions. So he gradually drifted, first slowly and reluctantly, then, as he got into the customs and ways of the place, and found that to do as other people did, and meet your friends at the "Red Lion," began to pay, the reluctance wore off, he got into the swim, as he said, and his mind was quite easy. He followed out the world's motto, "When you are at Rome, do as Rome does."

His way became more and more divided from his old friend, who always kept on good terms, because Norwood was anxious to exercise every good influence he could over him. Unless Norwood sought Woodford, they never hardly came in close contact.

As they drifted farther apart and Norwood saw the course that Woodford was taking, he knew that disaster and disgrace would overtake him in time. He could see that while Woodford was getting plenty of orders, even more than he could attend to properly, that the time he wasted at the public-house, the money spent in drink, with the injury to health and character, were but the beginning of a sad future.

Things were brought to an issue much sooner than he expected. It happened in this way, Fred Woodford was much more easily affected by drink than most men, he knew it, and so far had tried to keep a watch over himself. He had been trying hard to get a contract for some work, he had been fishing for this job a long time, and at last he managed to land the order and the contract was signed at the "Red Lion," with a little drop to show the good feeling that animated the parties. Woodford was excited and greatly pleased by this transaction, so that he lost his self-control altogether, and became wildly drunk.

His friends tried to take him home, but he made a row, and as his friends were not sober a disturbance ensued, at last the police interfered, and as Woodford was the most noisy and the most incapable, he was taken in charge. The others fled and left him to the tender mercies of the constable.

As the constable did not seem very considerate, Woodford offered so much resistance that he was finally conveyed to the police station by two officers and handcuffed. He was simply mad with rage and indignation at this treatment, but chiefly at having to appear before the magistrates the next day.

The little court was full, many of his acquaintances were there, and all seemed more or less amused at his appearance. He was greatly annoyed, as the constable gave his evidence he interposed and was very rude to the magistrates' clerk, and when rebuked by a local J.P., whose character for sobriety was the subject of private discussion, Woodford gave him a little of his mind, and rounded on him, for he had often been driven home from the "Red Lion" on market day with more drink than he could carry. The result was the magistrates would not be insulted by the prisoner without inflicting an extra acknowledgement of this unseemly conduct, and therefore refused to take a fine, and gave Fred Woodford 14 days at the county gaol.

The moment George Norwood heard of the story he went off to see Mrs. Woodford. He found her broken down with grief. Shame and reproach filled her with bitter thoughts, she felt the disgrace keenly. The only words she kept sobbing out were :

"I can't bear it ; I can't bear it."

To every word of help and comfort suggested by Norwood all she would say was :

"You don't know how I feel ; you can't understand; you don't see what it means for me ; I can't bear it."

George, like a true and faithful friend, at last got her to see the trouble in a more reasonable light, that Fred deserved this disgrace, and that it was the sin and wrong they ought to mourn over, and not the mere publicity. He talked to her, and read the Bible and prayed with her that this might become a blessing for the future. He told her how she must help her husband ; that the best way was to give up all intoxicants and be a teetotaler, and took her to live with his own mother and sister for those troubled fourteen days.

When Fred came out of prison George Norwood went to meet him, and brought him back to his own house. The time in gaol had made Woodford think of his folly and his sin, but he came back feeling that his mistake in the past would dog his footsteps ; that the friends he had made would be his ruin, and when to this was added the fact that his wife felt she could never hold up her head again, it was resolved that they both should make a new start. As soon as business matters could be settled, everything was sold, and Mr. and Mrs. Woodford set sail for Canada. They had learnt some lessons they never could forget, that there is something also to live for besides doing a trade, that the safe side is always best, and they knew the value of a true friend who thought little about number one. And lastly, they learnt the lesson that those who fear sin need not fear sorrow.





# BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

By Janet Armytage.

I.

MANY people desire to have a good library, and such a desire is laudable, provided the books are of high quality. A good library is not necessarily large, and standard works are now issued at such very low prices that a library is within the reach of the poorest. Few girls are too busy to spare a few minutes during the day for reading, and a few well chosen authors will become, on close acquaintance, delightful friends and companions in solitude. The thoughts of noble men and women, the stories of noble lives, should have an important place on the bookshelf of every thoughtful girl.

Amongst recent literature may be mentioned a little book* that describes the heroic life of Father Damien.

Few but have heard of the work of the leper missionary at Molokai, and this little volume will be welcomed by everyone who feels admiration for him. The story is told in simple language, and adds much to what has already been written of Father Damien.

Joseph de Venster was born at Tremeloo, near Louvain, on January 3rd, 1840. His early years were passed in a quiet country home, with numerous brothers and sisters. He is said as a child to have been much beloved by those around him, and gained himself the title of "the little shepherd," from his love for sheep and such animals. It was originally intended that Joseph should follow a commercial career, but it was the ambition of his youth to join the priesthood, as his brother had already done. Yielding, however, to his parents' desire, Joseph began to attend the school at Brain le Comte, in accordance with their plans. He never lost his desire for a priestly life, and when on his nineteenth birthday he went with his father to visit his brother at the convent of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, at Louvain, he could no longer restrain his wish, and obtained his father's consent to enter the convent. Here he remained until the time had arrived for his brother Augustus to go out on a mission to the Hawaiian Islands; an illness put an end to his plan, and Joseph suggested that he should go in his brother's stead, and so in March, 1864, Brother Damien landed in Honolulu. Here his earnest labours and noble character soon made him popular, and in the beautiful isles of Hawaii he worked with zeal and cheerfulness for nine years. Soon after his arrival there the Government took into consideration the prevalence of leprosy, and as a consequence all lepers were banished to the island of Molokai. There they dragged out the last wretched years of their existence without comfort and without hope. Often had Father Damien thought with sorrow of their deplorable condition, and in May, 1873, he offered himself as a pastor in their settlement, and being accepted, he started for the Molokai the same day. In so doing, he was quite aware, he lost the society of all but lepers, and was almost cut off from communication with the outer world. He knew that, sooner or later, he would himself be a prey to leprosy, but he went to his duty with cheerfulness and gratitude that at last he had accomplished his desire. He found the people in even a worse condition than he had expected. Their long sufferings, their destitute condition, and the absence of all that makes life beautiful, had changed these once happy-hearted Hawaiians. Many vices were practised by them, among others that of drinking a highly intoxicating liquid, called "ki-root beer." The ki *(Dracæna terminalis)* grew at the foot of the cliffs, and was easy to procure, thus affording opportunities for distilling in large quantities. The effect of this beer was demoralising, so much so that Father Damien took especial pains to conquer it, and at last succeeded in overthrowing the custom of ki-root drinking. By his action in this matter, he made many enemies, but he continued to act in accordance with his beliefs of what was right, while he sought by all good means to gain the friendship of those among whom he lived. After ten years' faithful service the suspicion entered his mind that he was also a leper, and later the doctors confirmed it. Father Damien was not cast down, however; he had anticipated the end when he entered upon his mission, and neither his cheerfulness nor his zeal diminished. When they saw that he, too, was stricken, those who had been his enemies forgot their anger, for a common sorrow is a bond of union. On the 15th of April, 1889, Father Damien died, but his mission has not died with him. The story of his life and death has aroused interest in every circle, and the work is carried on with the more vigour because a true-hearted man has died for it. It is somewhat sad to think that though a man may have great influence

* *The Story of Father Damien.* By Frances E. Cooke. Swan, Sonneuschein and Co.; 127 pp

during his life, it is not until after his death that his full value is known. So it is with Father Damien; greatly as he was beloved during his life, it was his death that awakened the people to a knowledge of their duties to their fellow creatures the lepers, and not to them alone, but to all who suffer. Father Damien has not lived in vain, and truly may it be said of him that

"Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death."

# THE INFLUENZA AND TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

AT the present moment, when so many persons are alarming themselves as to the probability of themselves being the next victims of the prevailing epidemic, it seems advisable that our young abstainers should consider whether they are at a disadvantage in this respect on account of their total abstinence. As usual, a large number of persons have made full use of the old superstition that alcohol will ward off diseases, and have indulged with more than ordinary freedom in the intoxicating cup.

"The influenza is a capital excuse for getting drunk," said a young fellow the other day, as he rose from the office chair to proceed to the nearest tavern to take another glass of whisky. The Parisian doctors have made the mistake of recommending stimulants to their influenza patients, and with the most alarming results. Many persons suffering from *la grippe* (as the French call influenza), or fearing that they may suffer, have indulged so freely in the glass, that in three days, including Christmas Day, 1,500 persons were arrested in Paris for drunkenness. How many others escaped the vigilant eye of the gendarme?

There is no doubt but that some of the symptoms of influenza are very alarming; the body becomes weak, the muscles seem unable to do their work, there are pains in the back, the head aches, the nerves are unstrung, and the whole frame has a high feverish tone.

One patient expressed himself very graphically when he said, "*I feel as if I must be black and blue all over.*"

No doubt many of the readers of *Onward* have experienced the same sensations, and some presumably kind friend, with the very best of intentions, has recommended that by the aid of hot water and stimulants, the sufferer should "sweat out" the complaint.

One thing is quite certain: rest, warmth, and nutritious food will do a great deal to bring about a recovery; a day or two in bed with plenty of "slops," such as gruel, beef-tea, with quinine and ammonia administered by a qualified medical man, will in nearly all cases work a speedy cure.

It is encouraging to notice that several influential doctors writing in the *Daily Telegraph*, though not altogether rejecting the use of stimulants, have declared that they should be very sparingly used. One advises that instead of increasing the quantity of stimulants, the nutritive quality of the suitable food should be improved, and another states that it is doubtful whether alcohol should ever be used in the earlier stages of the complaint, though he recommends it to be used with caution in convalescence.

Now, although our total abstinence pledge does not prevent us taking alcohol as a medicine just as it does not prohibit us taking any other poisonous drug, yet, there is always a danger that if we once commence to take alcohol as a medicine, we may continue to take it as a beverage, and then it may become a necessity of life. We must not willingly fall into the snare. By exhibiting a little determination our medical attendants will soon find us something to take the place of alcohol.

We may encourage ourselves by remembering what eminent medical men have said.

We know that influenza will often lead to bronchitis and heart complaints, or persons suffering from these diseases have received fatal results when attacked by influenza.

Dr. Charles Elam, writing in the *Lancet*, June 12th, 1869, says, "Alcohol is a poison in bronchitis, speaking generally, and in affections of the heart there is nothing that so much favours the development of local congestion as this stimulant."

Other and more alarming epidemics than influenza have visited our country and the abstainers have come out well. Read what Dr. Norman Kerr says: "In Edinburgh during the cholera epidemic of 1848-49 very few teetotalers were attacked. In Paisley, with a large population, someone noted down the figures, that, whilst there was one case of cholera in every 181 of the inhabitants, there was only one in every 2,000 of the teetotalers. In Plymouth, though hundreds died, only one abstainer succumbed out of 3,000 or 4,000 teetotalers. If there is any suspicion of cholera LET NO ONE TOUCH ALCOHOL."

We re-echo the words: *If there is any suspicion of influenza, do not touch alcohol.* A. J. G.

A CLEAR CHANNEL.- "I set before you the clear, straight channel of Total Abstinence. It is a safe channel, strewn with no wrecks of health and wrecks of homes, no wrecks of hearts or eternal hopes. It has guided millions to competence, and comfort, and cleanliness of life. It has borne thousands to the Cross of Christ. God has blessed the honest efforts of pulpit, and platform, and press to guide men and women into this safe channel; and so long as this pulpit stands the true light shall shine on the safe channel, and no wife, or mother, or daughter, or sister shall ever call me to account and charge upon my example, or the utterances from this pulpit, the wreck of a son, or a brother, or a husband, for time or for eternity."—*Rev. Dr. Cuyler.*

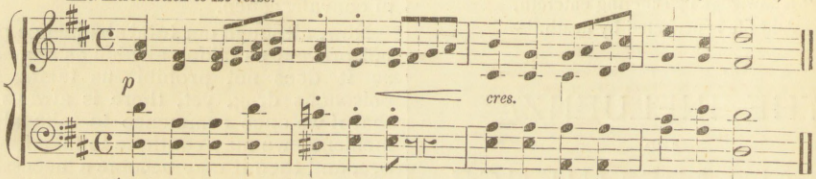
# JESU'S LITTLE FRIEND.

**A Melody for Little Children's Voices.**

*Words by* MRS. VAN ALSTYNE.
*(Altered.)*

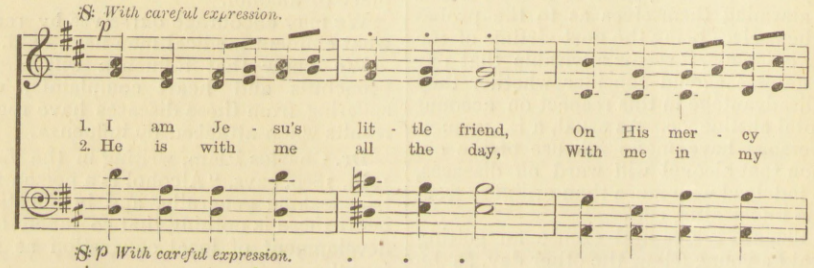
*Music by* CAREY BONNER.
*(Inserted by permission.)*

**Inst.** Introduction to 1st verse.




Key D. | s :m | m .f :s .l | s :f | f .m :f .s | l :f | f .s :l .t | r' :t | d' :— ||
Inst.

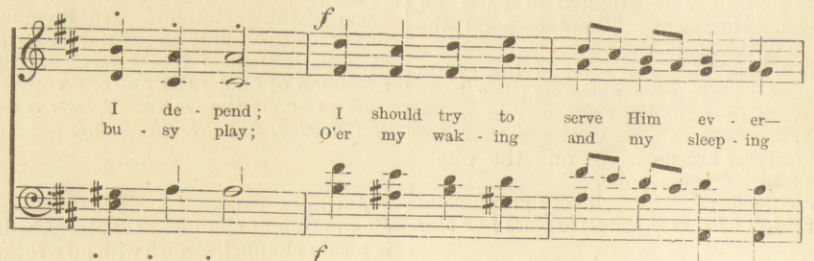
**S.** *With careful expression.*




1. I am Je - su's lit - tle friend, On His mer - cy
2. He is with me all the day, With me in my

**S.** *p With careful expression.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| s | :m | \|m .f | :s .l | s | :f | \|f | :— | l | :f | \|f .s | :l .t |
| m | :d | \|d .r | :m .f | m | :r | \|r | :— | $t_1$ | :$t_1$ | \|$t_1$ | :d .r |
| 3. He will | | help | me | do | the | right, | | He | will | lead | me |
| d' | :s | \|s | :d' | ta | :l | \|l | :— | f | :r | \|s | :s |
| d | :d | \|d | :d | de | :r | \|r | :— | $s_1$ | :$s_1$ | \|$s_1$ | :$s_1$ |

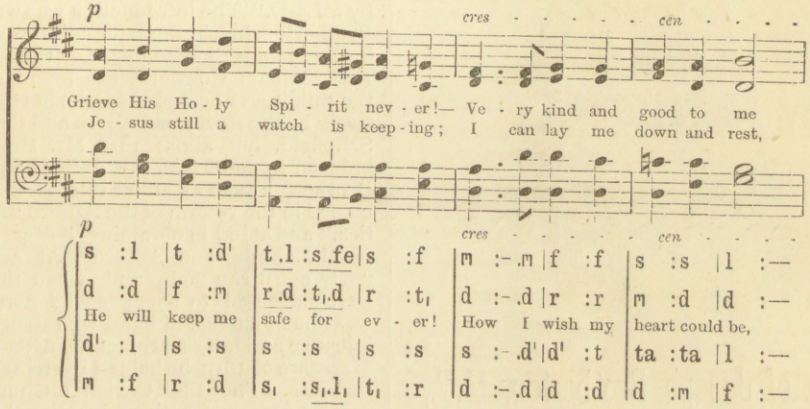


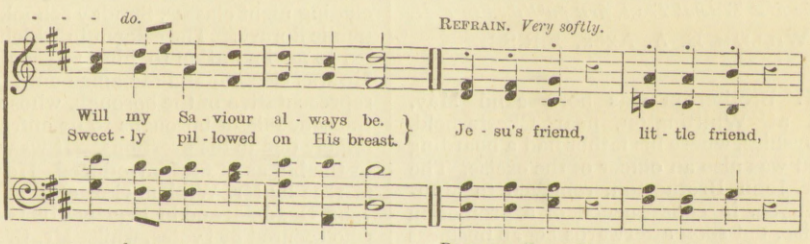

I de - pend; I should try to serve Him ev - er—
bu - sy play; O'er my wak - ing and my sleep - ing

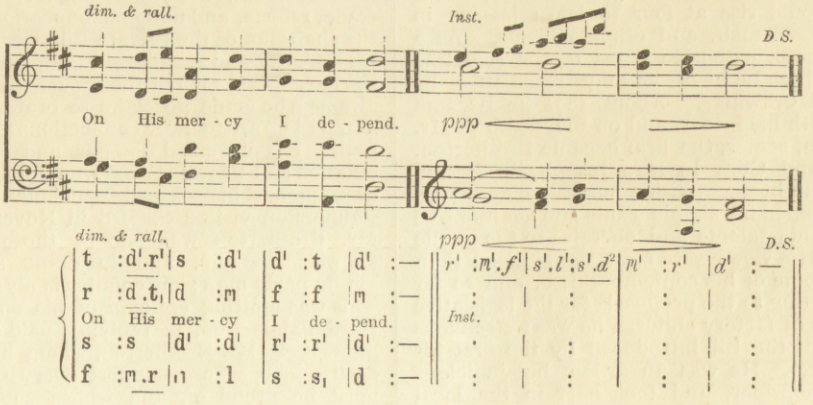
*f*

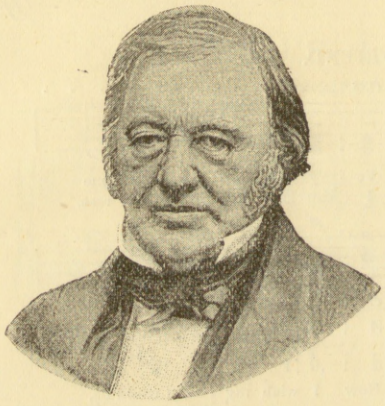
| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| l | :s | \|s | :— | d' | :t | \|d' | :r' | d' .t | :l .s | \|l | :s |
| d | :$t_1$ | \|$t_1$ | :— | m | :m | \|m | :l | s | :f | \|f | :f |
| in | the | light; | | Je - | sus | will | for - | sake | me | nev - | er, |
| fe | :s | \|s | :— | m' | :r' | \|d' | :d' | m' .r' | :d' .t | \|d' | :t |
| r | :s | \|s | :— | l | :se | \|l | :fe | s | :s | \|$s_1$ | :$s_1$ |

# JESU'S LITTLE FRIEND.





# Sketch of Joseph Brotherton, M.P.,

*Author of the first Teetotal Tract, first published in 1821.*

By William E. A. Axon, F.R.S.L.

JOSEPH Brotherton was born 22nd May, 1783, at Whittington, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire, where his father had a boarding school, and was also an officer of the excise. The father, Mr. John Brotherton, removed to Manchester in 1789, in consequence of a promotion in the excise, but soon afterwards began business as a cotton spinner. In this enterprise his brother-in-law, Harvey, joined as a sleeping partner. Young Brotherton had at an early age shown great interest in the mechanical operations of his father's business. A remark that he had "commenced life in a factory" was afterwards somewhat misunderstood, for in the ordinary sense he was never a "factory lad." He owed much to the influence of a good mother. As a boy he would rise at four to learn lessons in shorthand, French, and other subjects. As a youth he took extensive notes of the scientific lectures which he heard and illustrated them by occasional drawings. About 1802 he became partner with his father, and on the death of Mr. Brotherton, senior, the firm became Brotherton, Harvey, and Co. In 1819 Joseph Brotherton retired from business with a modest competency, which supplied his simple wants and left him free to devote his talents and energies to the public service. His views were more enlightened than those of some of his contemporaries, and so far from objecting to the proposals for the legislative protection of factory children he was a strenuous advocate of the Bill introduced by the first Sir Robert Peel. He was an ardent but judicious political reformer, and took part in the local volunteer movement of 1804. In 1805 he began to attend the Bible Christian Church in Salford. In 1806 he married his cousin, Miss Harvey, and in 1809 they adopted the practice of vegetarianism and total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, which had been made a rule of Church membership. Mrs. Brotherton compiled a volume of "Vegetable Cookery, by a member of the Society of Bible Christians," which was issued in numbers in 1812, and afterwards as "Vegetarian Cookery by a Lady." The introduction was written by Mr. Brotherton, but in the later editions was modified by Mr. James Simpson. After the death of the Rev. William Cowherd, the founder of the sect, the pulpit was occupied for a short time successively by the Rev. James Clark and the Rev. James Schofield, but about 1818 Mr. Brotherton was induced to undertake the duties of pastor. Mr. Brotherton took an active interest in local affairs, helped in the reform of the Salford "Booth Charities," and aided in obtaining better government for Manchester and Salford. At a time when party spirit ran high, and when the reformers were subjected to some social persecution, he was one of a devoted band who struggled against injustice and misgovernment. After the Peterloo Massacre of 1819, he helped in giving relief to the sufferers. The Bible Christian Church soon became a centre of active educational agencies, including night classes, Sunday school, and a semi-public library. The esteem in which he was held led to an invitation to him to contest Salford. He was elected, and remained until his death the representative of the borough, whose inclusion in the schedule of boroughs to be enfranchised was largely due to his exertions. It was not included in the bill as at first introduced. He was opposed in 1832 by Mr. William Garnett; in 1835 by Mr. John Dugdale; and in 1837 by Mr. Garnett again, who secured 888 votes, whilst Mr. Brotherton had 890. Mr. Garnett tried once more in 1841, but only received 873 votes, whilst Mr. Brotherton had 991 votes. In 1847 and 1852 he was returned unopposed, and at each election his expenses were defrayed by his constituents. He continued his ministrations at the chapel whenever his Parliamentary duties allowed, and he conducted the service on the last Sunday of his life. In Parliament he was the unflinching advocate of free trade, reform, and national education. He was the chairman of the Private Bills Committee, and his integrity and steady abilities made him one of the most useful men in the House of Commons, although he made no claim to oratorical ability, and had no aristocratic connections to smooth his path. His unruffled temper and love of conciliation and peacemaking won for him friends even amongst his political opponents. When Lord Palmerston visited Salford in November, 1856, Mr. Brotherton was one of those appointed to welcome him, and in doing so said, "I am no party man; my country is my only party." This was a fitting epitome of his entire career. Lord Palmerston, in replying, paid a high compliment to Mr. Brotherton, whom he described as "a man whose support every Government must be proud of, and whose support would never be given unless he believed it to be justly due—a man who by his personal and public conduct has acquired for himself the esteem and respect, and, I may say, the affection, of all the members of that House of which he is so dis-

tinguished a member—a man who has not an enemy in the world, unless it may be some aspiring orator, whose intended display my honourable friend has cut short at midnight." In the House he was notable for the constancy and punctuality of his attendance. When he had taken charge of the private bill work he was invariably in his place during the first half-hour of the sitting, when the business of the House appeared to be a duet between the Speaker and Brotherton, from the frequency with which he rose from the Treasury bench to move the bills through their various stages. No man gained more completely the ear of the House, and when he rose, the severe simplicity of his dress, relieved only by a constant flower in his button-hole, he had the attention alike of political friends and foes. The only exceptions were the noisy but not ill-natured demonstrations against his desire for a ten hours' act for Parliament. For many years he made a determined effort to abridge the hours of debate, and when the clock stood at midnight he would rise to move the adjournment of the House. This proposal would be met by a chorus of cheers, groans, hootings, cock-crowings, bellowings, and other discordant cries. This protest he repeated so frequently that it had gradually some effect upon the practice of the House, and what is now known as the half-past twelve rule represents to some extent what he strove for.

In the course of the debate on Mr. Villiers's motion for the repeal of the Corn Laws, in February, 1842, Mr. W. B. Ferrand made a personal attack on Cobden and Brotherton, of whom he said: "The hon. member for Salford, it is true, had long retired from trade; but so horror-struck was he with the cruelty and oppression of the factory system by which his enormous fortune was amassed, that he had determined upon spending the remainder of his life in assisting to amend it." Mr. Brotherton, in reply, after denying the accuracy of a statement about Mr. Cobden, said: "Again the hon. member had classed him among those who make the ledger their prayer-book, the counting-house their church, and mammon their god. If he had done so he certainly had not reaped the worldly fruits which the hon. member supposed to be derivable from such a course of life. His riches consisted not so much in the largeness of his means as in the fewness of his wants." This last phrase became historical, and is inscribed on Brotherton's statue in the Peel Park, Salford. The powerful speech of which this pregnant sentence forms part was printed in pamphlet form and many thousands were circulated. Amongst the pamphlets bearing his name are several letters to the electors of Salford, and a speech in favour of vegetarianism (Colchester, 1848). He edited and wrote the preface to the Rev. William Cowherd's "Facts Authentic in Science and Religion" (Salford, 1816). He was also the writer of the essays on abstinence from intoxicating liquors and animal food which appeared in a series of tracts entitled "Letters on Religious Subjects," printed at Salford in 1821, and reprinted with some modification by the Rev. William Metcalfe, at Philadelphia. The first of these is regarded as the first total abstinence tract published either in England or America. Mr. Brotherton's death was sudden. On January 7th, 1857, he left his home, at Rosehill, Pendleton, to fulfil an engagement in Manchester. He got into a 'bus, and entered into conversation with two of his oldest and most intimate friends, Sir John Potter and Sir Elkanah Armitage. When the 'bus had gone some distance Sir John noticed a sudden change in Brotherton's face; after a few muscular spasms he leaned back and died, speechlessly and painlessly. The 'bus was stopped and the body taken to the house of Mr. G. Southam, in the Crescent, but life was quite extinct. He was buried 14th January, 1857, at the Salford Cemetery, where his body was the first interred. He had chosen the situation for the vault only five days before his unlooked for death. The funeral, was an emphatic testimony of the esteem in which he was held, for the long procession included representatives of the Corporations of Manchester and Salford, and of most of the other public bodies in the two towns. The Bishop of Manchester was not the least conspicuous mourner in the long procession that followed to the grave of the man who had continued the multifarious duties of dissenting minister, magistrate, guardian, and Member of Parliament. After Mr. Brotherton's death there was a public subscription, which was applied (1) in the purchase of an annuity of £16 for the purchase of books to be presented to five local institutions, (2) in a monument in the cemetery, (3) in a bust in the Manchester Town Hall, and in the erection of a bronze statue in Peel Park, Salford. This was the work of Mr. Matthew Noble, and was inaugurated 6th August, 1858, when a remarkable tribute to the memory of Mr. Brotherton was made by Dr. J. P. Lee, the first Bishop of Manchester. On one side of the pedestal are the words, "My riches consist not in the extent of my possessions but in the fewness of my wants." This, it will be seen, varies verbally from the reports given in Hansard. The thought is one that can be traced in George Herbert and various other authors.

The story of Brotherton's long and useful life is full of encouragement and inspiration for those who are earnest in the service of humanity.

## THREE GLASSES OF BRANDY.

DR. Parkes, F.R.S., of the Netley Hospital, in pursuing enquiries into the effect of diet and exercise on the bodily condition, made the following experiments on a soldier — a Scotchman powerfully built, and 30 years of age. The exercise was walking and digging; and anyone who has handled a spade knows that to dig for nine hours a day is not easy work. The experiments were continued during sixteen days, and were brought to a close with trials of the

effect of brandy. After drinking 4 oz. of brandy, he fancied "he could do a great deal of work," but when he came to do it he found he was less capable than he thought. After a second dose, his inability to work was increased, and he had palpitation of the heart; and a dose, taken eight hours after the first, completely neutralized his working power. He threw down his spade, and, being a good runner, tried to take running exercise, but was unable through failure of breath. Dr. Parkes observes: "The man's own judgment at the end of the trial was that he would prefer to do the work without the brandy; and when asked for his reasons, he mentioned 'the increased thirst, the heaviness in the evening, and the fluttering at the heart.'" And commenting on the case, the Doctor adds: "As the effect of labour alone is to augment the strength and frequency of the heart's action, it would appear obviously improper to act on the heart still more by alcohol."

## THE OUTLOOK.

THE Free Methodist Temperance League was established upon the basis of total abstinence as the qualification for individual membership, whether through an affiliated society or direct with the parent organization. The League came into existence at the Annual Assembly of 1880, which was held in Leeds. Long prior to this the denomination had done much good Temperance work, indeed, some of its earliest and best known ministers, such as William Patterson, Thomas Hacking, John Guttridge, Marmaduke Miller, James S. Balmer, Joseph Kirsop, and others, were among the earliest pioneers of the movement. Some of its best known laymen, such as Thomas Watson, of Rochdale, and Abraham Sharman, of Sheffield, were hard workers in and munificent supporters of the cause before it became popular.

In 1878 a memorial was sent up to the Annual Assembly from the Cornwall district, asking it to consider the desirability of forming a Denominational Temperance Organization. The committee reported to the Assembly of 1879, but the matter was referred back, and came up again in 1880, when the Assembly accepted the constitution proposed by the committee, with objects as follows:—"First, to promote the spread of Temperance principles generally: (1) by the formation of a stronger and sounder public opinion throughout the country as to the very large proportion of poverty, wretchedness, and immorality produced by the use of alcoholic liquors; and (2) by supporting legislative measures for the diminution of the strong drink traffic, for bringing it under local control, and for its entire prohibition on the Lord's Day. Second, to promote total abstinence in our churches, congregations, and schools, by lectures, public meetings, conferences, circulation of a healthy, Christian temperance literature, the formation of Bands of Hope, &c." The Rev. J. S. Balmer was appointed secretary, and Thos. Watson, Esq., M.P., treasurer. In 1881 the present secretary, the Rev. J. Thornley, was elected in succession to the Rev. J. S. Balmer, who retired. Steps were at once taken for vigorous and aggressive work, mainly in the formation of Bands of Hope and Adult Societies. At the next Annual Assembly (1882) in Bristol, a further step was taken in advance by the secretary, Rev. J. Thornley, being relieved from circuit work, and allowed to devote the whole of his time to travelling in the interests of the League, and the organizing of Bands and Societies. The denomination thus leads the way among the Methodist bodies in such a matter as setting apart a minister whose sole duties are to have supervision, with the committee, of the temperance work of the Connexion. The League has promoted two huge Connexional petitions to the House of Commons for Sunday Closing; it has also had a most successful temperance bazaar for aggressive work. It has commenced a monthly magazine, the *Brooklet*, of which, from its beginning in 1885, the honorary editor has been the Rev. J. S. Balmer, of Blackpool. The Assembly has recommended the adoption of the fourfold pledge by the Bands of Hope, and the League urges this, as it does also the use of unfermented wine at the Lord's Supper. The organization is admirably sustained by the ministers, seven out of eight of whom are personal abstainers, as also are all the students in the Theological Institute, in Manchester, as well as nearly every boy in the Ashville College, at Harrogate, where there is a good Band of Hope. On the death of Thos. Watson, Esq., M.P., in 1887, Mr. Councillor Duckworth, of Rochdale, was appointed treasurer of the League, which office he still holds, and generously supports the funds, while T. Snape, Esq., County Councillor, of Liverpool, who has been on the committee from the commencement, is president, and has been so for several years.

At the last Assembly, the League was reported to be in a healthy and prosperous condition, its finances satisfactory, having over £200 in hand, while the numbers of its Bands and Societies were growing, and the membership increasing. The following are the statistics:—

Adult Temperance Societies 68, with 4,068 members; Bands of Hope 539, with a membership of 58,489; and 117 Joint Societies, having 11,548 members; total societies 724, with 74,105 members.

The League took the initiative four years ago in getting all denominations and societies to adopt one date—the last Sabbath in November—as Temperance Sunday. This day is now observed throughout Great Britain and Ireland, and also in some of the Colonies. It is looking forward to years of yet greater usefulness.

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A CANDID CONFESSION.—Beer is not taken as a beverage for its nutritious ingredients, but wholly for its alcohol.—*Professor Playfair.*

# My Soul.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.



CAN I give back to Thee, my God ! my all !
What Thou did'st lend to me ?
Say, can I render unto Thee, this soul,
Just as it used to be,
When Thou did'st waft it on Thy Godly breath,
Into this feeble frame ?
Or has it, in that time 'twixt birth and death,
Sullied its wings with shame ?

Doth it still wear that spotless robe of white,
Which Thou did'st clothe it in ?
Or in its passage through the world's black night,
Has it been stained with sin ?
Does that sweet scent of virgin purity
Hang round its portals yet ?
Or has some world-wind, sweeping rudely by,
Stolen and scattered it ?

Can it as fearlessly in this late hour
Within Thy presence stand,
As in that early time, when full of power,
It left Thy Mighty Hand ?
Doth it not tremble, even at the thought
That Thou should'st see its deeds ;
That Thou should'st call it, when it bears Thee nought
But useless, illgrown weeds ?

A Great Creation of Thy powerful Love,
It sought this feeble breast,
As pure and beautiful as heaven-born dove,
Seeking some worldly nest.
But now, with wounded breast and broken wing,
No longer heavenly sweet ;
Stained with the world, a dark, degraded thing !
It trembles at Thy feet !

" A thing of beauty," singing angel strains,
It came from Thee to me ;
A thing of sin, fettered with earth's strong chains,
It goes from me to Thee.
How will it seem, Great God ! within Thine eyes
This sin-stained soul of mine ?
Wilt Thou have pity ? or wilt Thou despise
This once fair child of Thine ?

Wilt Thou stoop down and raise to life again
What I have lived to mar ?
Healing each wound, and breaking every chain
Till bright as brightest star,
It rises in the firmament of Heaven
A great, undying soul !
Crushed for awhile by him to whom 'twas given,
By Thee again made whole.

# The Children's Victory.

By Mrs. J. Maude Hamill

*(Author of "Our Jennie," &c.)*

"MOTHER, does God answer prayer?" asked Emmy. "Yes, darling."

"But does He answer children's prayers, I mean children as young as Mattie and me?"

"Yes, Emmy, when He sees the thing prayed for is right, but children, and grown up people too, often pray for things that God sees they would be better without, and then He does not give it them."

Emmy (who was only eight years old), looked very serious for a moment or two, then said:—

"But mother, it's always right to pray people may be good and not drink."

"Always, my child."

"I knew so," replied Emmy, and with a determined little face she rose and went straight to the nursery, where she found her elder sister, Mattie, seated on the floor, dressing a doll.

"Mattie," she exclaimed breathlessly, "it's all right, mother says it's always right to pray people may be good, and not drink."

"Well, then!" said matter-of-fact Mattie, "what did nurse and Mrs. Neald mean, when they said, "It's no use praying for drunken Moll, she's too old to alter now."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Emmy, with a perplexed face, "it's very strange, but I mean to pray *very hard* for her, and I'm going to be very kind to her, 'cause I think she's bad, partly 'cause no one is kind to her, and you'll help me, Mattie?"

"Oh! yes," said practical Mattie, "let's go and see her *now*, and take her these roses."

So these two little ones set out on their errand of mercy to "Drunken Moll's," who occupied a room in a miserable court, which served as kitchen and bedroom. Many years ago, she had been in respectable service, and had once lived for six years as cook with Emmy's and Mattie's mother, and it was hearing her spoken of so often with disgust and contempt by the other servants, and with great pity by their mother, that had roused the loving hearts of these two little ones.

They found Moll, sitting in front of a dirty grate, with a jug of beer, and a piece of bread and cheese, on a table beside her.

"Moll," said Emmy, coaxingly, "we've brought you some lovely roses, and come to see how you are, we had the flowers in our nursery, but we remembered how fond you were of them, so we thought you should have some."

"Mother says," interposed Mattie, shyly, "flowers make people feel good."

"God bless you, my darlints, it's a long day since anyone brought Moll a flower," and as the poor creature took them in her hands, the scent brought back the remembrance of days when she had been an innocent happy child, and tears filled her eyes.

Truly flowers are messengers sent from God, and convey many a lesson of love to His erring ones.

"Do you like singing, Moll?" asked Emmy.

"I do, Miss Emmy, but it's a long, long day since anyone sang to Moll."

"We will, then," and the sweet childish voices sang, "There is a happy land, far, far away." As Moll listened her heart grew softer, and a faint longing to be different entered her soul.

When they ceased, no one spoke for a moment or two, and then Mattie said softly:

"Moll, you won't have that beer to-night, will you, just because Jesus doesn't want you, and Emmy and me don't want you either."

"I won't touch a drop of the nasty stuff, that I won't, this day, love."

"Well, then," said Mattie, "hadn't I better just pour it right away, lest when we've gone you might be tempted."

"'Old! It seems a pity to throw good stuff like that away."

"But it *isn't good*, mother says not, and it does *you* harm, Moll, so *please* let me," and the child put her arms round the poor dirty creature's neck and kissed her.

In after years, Moll used to say it was the remembrance of that kiss which many a time saved her from falling, and as she felt the soft warm lips on her cheek, tears that had been hushed for years burst forth uncontrollably.

"Poor Moll," said Emmy soothingly, "we'll leave you now, and come again in a day or two."

"Yes," said Mattie, "but I'll just pour this beer down the sink first;" and, suiting the action to the word, she took hold of the jug, and away went the beer into the gutter.

"Mattie, it was plucky of you to pour that beer away, I daren't have done it," said Emmy on their way home. "Well! I thought she'd be sure to take it if we left it so close to her, then—hesitatingly—you'll pray better for her than me, Emmy."

"Oh, no, I shan't, Mattie, I can't do all the praying, you must help too."

"Of course I shall."

And so they did, these two little workers for God. Two or three times a week they went regularly to see Moll, sometimes they would read a Band of Hope story, often they would sing to her, and when they had sweets or flowers given them, Moll was never forgotten. Such loving, gentle ministries could not be without effect, and gradually an improvement began to be visible in Moll and her home.

"You see," she would say, half apologetically, to the neighbours, "I can't let them sweet young ladies come into such a dirty place, they always look so sweet and clean themselves."

They could not, however, persuade Moll to give up her beer entirely, and how to get this accomplished was a source of great anxiety to these two little Home Missionaries. One night there was to be a special Temperance meeting in connection with the Band of Hope, and a well-known Temperance speaker was to address them. Here was their opportunity, they per-

suaded Moll to dress herself in her best and accompany them to the meeting. In all that crowded room there were not two happier people than Emmy and Mattie, as they walked to the front seats with Moll between them. The speaker earnestly entreated all for the sake of the Saviour to give up the drink, and at the close urged all who had not signed the pledge to do so. Oh, the anxiety in those young hearts, would she do it?

"You will, Moll, for Jesus' sake," whispered Emmy.

"Yes," said Mattie, "and I'll bring the ink and pen, and pledge card to you," and away she went, returning with the articles in question.

Moll, who had been very much moved by all she had heard (the seed sown so patiently and lovingly for months had been gradually taking root) hesitated, then said:

"I don't like signing my liberty away."

"You won't do that," said a lady sitting near; "you'll gain liberty, it is the drink which makes people slaves."

After a little more talk, Moll signed for a month, and Emmy and Mattie took her home in triumph. It is needless to say, how lovingly and anxiously they looked after her during the month that followed, and at its close she came to their mother asking to have the card renewed, saying that the two children had just been as the very Saviour to her. This is what we want, to be like Christ was to His poor, sinful suffering ones, that they may feel the reality of His religion.

Moll had many a hard struggle after she had signed, before she gained a complete mastery over the dreadful habit, but she sought and found strength where it alone can be found, at the foot of the Cross, and became the victor.

Emmy and Mattie continued to be little Home Missionaries, and seeing their simple, trusting faith, many a one was brought to believe in their Saviour.

## Work for Band of Hope Members.

ALL the members of every Band of Hope ought to find some work to do for their Society, and by being drafted into special service would greatly increase the efficiency of the movement. None are too young to lend a helping hand. An experienced worker said the other day that the strength of every Band of Hope was not so much in its membership as in the quality and efficiency of the workers.

The backbone of every Society must be the Committee, the marrow of which must be the Secretary, Treasurer, and Chairman. These with the President ought to be the commanding staff officers. The other officers may be multiplied as needed, Registrars, Visitors, Door Keepers or Ushers, the chiefs of departments, viz: the leader of the singing or choir master, the head of the magazine or literature depôt, the superintendent of the recruits, and the manager of the programme.

The rank and file might be drawn into service under one of these departments, the best singers for the choir, the best elocutionists for readers, reciters and those who undertake dialogues. A good experiment has been tried with one Society worked in connection with the Sunday School, and that is the different classes in the school take part in the programme, or give a dialogue. A sub-committee may well look after the singers and entertainers, and appoint two or three to get up the whole programme for one evening, or select a responsible individual to arrange for the entire evening. A wise plan adopted in one Society is to ask at the close of each meeting for volunteers to assist at the next.

The chief of the recruits should inspect the new members, have them told off and introduced to their visitors, and see that the recruiting sergeant who brought them is credited with the name or names. The fresh members are seldom looked after enough, and should if possible be enlisted into some branch of the service from the time of their signing.

No Society is complete that does not seek in someway to further the cause by means of Temperance literature, by a Tract Society, by a magazine agency, with prizes for those who sell the most periodicals, or by a Temperance Library.

With a good body of workers and an efficient band of singers, and a company of willing helpers, any forward movement may be made with certainty of success.

## MY POSITION.

I BELONG to the Band of Hope;
With strong drink I mean to cope
Every day;
For it really is no good
For one's muscle, brain, or blood
Anyway.

I'm opposed to beer and wine,
They are deadly foes of mine,
Foes that blight.
And I to the bitter end
Will my principles defend—
They are right.

And I simply ask if you
Will defend the good and true
From this hour?
Will you help our youthful Band
This vile monster to withstand?
You have power.

Will you do each day your mite,
Will you help us in the fight?
If so, come and join our Band,
Drive the demon from the land—
Beginning now, to-night.

# Pebbles and Pearls.

THOSE who go for berries should not retreat from briars.

INTERNAL APPLICATION.—Doctor: "Did you bathe in alcohol as I prescribed?" Sick Man: "Yesh, doctor, inshide. I feelsh better already."

REV. GEORGE WILSON, of Edinburgh, says the commission of the Christian Church is to make saints, and it can have nothing to do with a trade that makes drunkards.

FOREMAN to slightly elevated compositor: "Leave the office instantly, sir! You're intoxicated; I can smell the whisky!" Compositor: "Aweel; that's a' your share of it!"

THE urchin who sees the legend "Paint"
Can never pass it by
Without putting out his finger
To see if the paint is dry.

SCOTIA'S PORRIDGE.—"When I lived in Scotland," said John Ruskin to a recent visitor, "I used to take porridge every day, and then I was ruddy and robust, but now you see what a poor dyspeptic man your English beef and mutton have made me."

FOR THY BROTHER'S SAKE.—You see the wine when it sparkles in the cup and you are going to drink it. I tell you there is poison in it, and therefore beg you to throw it away. If you say, "It is not poison to me, though it be to others." Then I say, "Throw it away for thy brother's sake, lest thou embolden him to drink also." Why should thy strength occasion thy weak brother to perish, for whom Christ died.—*John Wesley, Sermon* ci.

A very little girl in the infant class of one of the Sunday schools came home last Sunday, and told her mother that the teacher had taught them a new song. On expressing a wish to hear it, the mother was much astonished at the following sentence, which was all the child could remember: "I'm a little greenhorn among a half of cheese." The words, which had been misunderstood by the child, were these: "I'm a little gleaner among the harvest sheaves."

THE LATE DR. HORATIUS BONAR was led to take the total abstinence pledge by this incident:—In a family belonging to his congregation the husband had become addicted to drink, and the doctor considered it his duty to expostulate with him. On meeting the man he commended him to a course of total abstinence, whereupon the poor drunkard asked, "Have you taken the pledge?" The doctor could not reply in the affirmative, and, feeling his anomalous position, he went straightway to those engaged in Temperance work in the town, and on perusing their pledge he at once signed it. He then went to the drunkard's home, and on the man renewing his question as to his personal attitude, he was able to reply, "Yes, I have signed the pledge for your sake."

"I was very much put out," as the fellow exclaimed when the public-house potman threw him out into the street.

WHEN the church takes more interest in the social welfare of the people, it will not be so troubled about how to reach the masses.

"CHAMPAGNE," said a friend to Cobden, "is a drink for the gods." "Yes," replied Cobden, "because the gods have nothing to do. I find that the less wine I drink, the more work, on an average, I can do."

Marcy was naughty one day—very naughty. She struck her mama. "What would you do if you didn't have any mamma?" asked Auntie Nell, soberly. "I'd get granma to make me a rag one," was the quick answer.

"FRANK," said a publican to a teetotaler, "What am I to do if you persuade all my customers to sign the pledge?" "Dear master! wha, ye mun go round town with a jackass and a pair of panniers, and gather up all t' rags an' bones 'at ye've made; and when ye've finished your job come to me an I'll give you another."

TEETOTAL BISHOPS.—The question having recently been raised as to the number of total abstainers who adorn the episcopal bench, the honorary superintendent of the Church of England Temperance Society writes to say that, to the best of his knowledge, eleven of the bishops and suffragans of England and Wales have abjured the flowing bowl.

SIR RICHARD WEBSTER, M.P., the Attorney-General, not long ago, gave the following testimony as to the use of strong drink:—"Up to some seventeen years ago it had been my habit to take wine as an article of food with my lunch and my dinner. After reading certain books, however, on the subject, I came to the conclusion that wine was not a food, either for the blood, the brain, or the nerves, and, therefore, without becoming an absolute total abstainer, I have lived for over ten years taking only water or tea as a beverage. I have never found the slightest difficulty in doing the hardest mental work ever since, and though I will not say that I have done my work better than those who are not abstainers, I can honestly say that I think I have done it no worse."

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# ALFRED.

By LOUIE SLADE,

*Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care.*

## CHAPTER IV.—A BITTER QUARREL.

*"We had better forgive and forget,*
*Than harbour a hate in our breast,*
*Which eats all the good it can get,*
*And cankers and ruins the rest.*

* * * * *

*If thy brother offend thee at night,*
*Forgive him ere cometh the morn;*
*'Twere better to wear the heart light*
*Than weighted with hatred and scorn."*

—R. R. BEALEY.

OCTOBER had come in with high winds and heavy rains, and one rough, cold evening, Alf, who had been out on an errand, came in quite wet through.

The sitting-room looked cosy and inviting contrasted with the dampness and chill without, yet Alfred would rather have gone back again into the wind and rain than joined the group around the bright fire; the room, in spite of its warmth and comfort, no longer seemed like home. He stood in the doorway and looked in. There, in his uncle's arm-chair, sat Mr. Granlyn's brother, called by all the children "Uncle Charlie." In figure and feature he very much resembled Alf's benefactor, but here the resemblance ceased, for his expression was quite different. Still he was not a badly disposed man; he had taken a deal of trouble on his sister-in-law's account, and had called this evening to tell her of a business he thought likely to suit her.

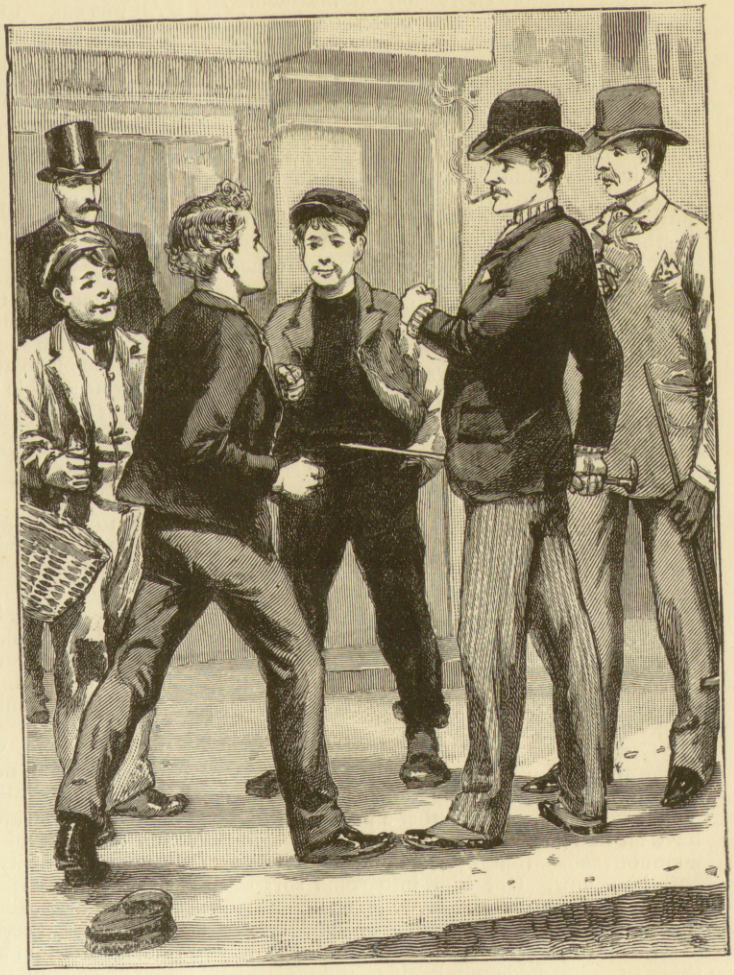
She was in her usual seat, trying to keep her attention upon the matter in hand and understand the details Mr. Granlyn was explaining, but it evidently cost an effort, her voice trembled when she spoke, and she looked so worn and pale in her widow's dress. Perhaps it pained her as well as Alf to see the chair, for so many years associated with her husband occupied by another.

Reuben appeared to be taking a great interest in his uncle's conversation and joined in the discussion freely, expressing himself so clearly and sensibly that Mr. Granlyn was quite surprised and pleased, and told his sister that her son would soon be able to take all care and responsibility off her shoulders. Reuben was rather short for his age, but stout and strongly built, and had lately begun to look much older, and already felt himself to be at the head of the house.

Sissie, who was busy with some needlework, sat near her mother, and only raised her head occasionally to ask a question or make a remark. Still one could see she was interested in what was passing.

Alf alone was an outsider. He felt his isolation keenly as he stood shivering in the doorway unnoticed by anyone.

What happy times they had had last winter! The evening had then been the pleasantest part of the day, but now it was the dullest and saddest. When the clock pointed to the hour of six there was no waiting and listening for his uncle's



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knock; and tea, which used to be such a cheerful, chatty meal, was the most silent and constrained. There was no one to be interested in his progress at school, or with whom he could talk over the events of the day.

Presently Sissie, glancing round, saw him, and exclaimed sharply—

"Do you mean to stand there all night? You haven't moved since I let you in, not even to take off your wet coat."

"Why, you are wet through, aren't you, my dear?" said Mrs. Granlyn, in surprise. "I had no idea it was raining so hard or I wouldn't have sent you out. You had better go upstairs and change your things at once, or you will have a cold."

"All right, aunt," responded Alf, with a sigh, and going into the kitchen he lit a candle, and, after removing his boots, went up to the bedroom he shared with Reuben.

They had all turned to him when Sis spoke, and Mr. Granlyn had caught what he termed a sulky, disagreeable expression on his face. Alf could not bear to see him in his uncle's chair, and chiefly because he always appropriated it when he called had taken a dislike to him. Of course it was most unreasonable, but children are not given to reasoning over their antipathies, which are none the less apt to be strong. And Alf had been at no pains to conceal his, so Mr. Granlyn saw it and was exceedingly annoyed by it. He had always thought his brother rash and unwise to adopt a child who was, as he said, neither kith nor kin to him, and after seeing Alf standing there so gloomy and silent he turned to his sister, asking abruptly—

"What do you mean to do with that boy?"

"Who? Alf? I don't know; Tom intended to apprentice him."

"I daresay; but that's out of the question now. He's a great strong fellow, and you oughtn't to coddle him up any longer. How old is he?"

"What is his age, my dear?" asked she, turning rather wearily to Sissie.

"Nearly thirteen."

"Thirteen!" exclaimed Mr. Granlyn. "I got my own living when I was ten."

"I should like to see him getting his!" said Reuben, contemptuously.

"What did you do, uncle?" inquired Sis.

"Went cow-keeping, my dear. But that's neither here nor there, the question is what Alfred shall do. It's a sure thing your mother can't be hooked up with him any longer; what's he good for?"

"Good for nothing!" responded Reuben, promptly, smiling at his own wittiness.

"Ah, yes, just so, my opinion exactly. 'Twas a mistake on your poor father's part, he'd better have let him go to the Union. But it's against common sense that you should be burdened with him now. Get him into some sort of a situation, Margaret, and give him to understand that you've washed your hands of him."

Mrs. Granlyn's cheeks flushed a little, anything that reflected upon her husband moved her strongly. She surprised her brother-in-law by replying,

"We have always treated him as our own child, Charles, and I shan't alter now. Of course, as you say, apprenticing him is out of the question, but while we have a home he shall share it."

Alf was on his way upstairs when, hearing his name, he stopped to listen. He forgot how dishonourable it was, and had felt very angry when he heard Reuben's scornful remarks. But at his aunt's words a warm glow blotted out the bitterness, and the tears that glistened in his eyes were tears of relief that she at least did not regard him as an interloper. He suddenly remembered that it was a very mean thing to listen to conversation not intended for his ears, so hurrying on to his room he changed his clothes, and returned to the sitting-room. Under the influence of those kind words he threw off some of his coldness and reserve, and partly removed the bad impression his former attitude had made upon Mr. Charles Granlyn's mind. Alf was eager to be at work, and thanked him warmly for promising to look out a situation for him.

But things did not turn out quite as they expected. Mrs. Granlyn felt unequal to the cares of a business, so, by her brother's advice, she removed to a more aristocratic part of the town, where she took a fair-sized house, which, after furnishing, she let out to lodgers. Of course this involved a good deal of work, but she was accustomed to domestic duties, and they did not appal her as the prospect of shop-keeping worries did. She did not like breaking up the old home, but this must be done in any case, and she was thankful that her children would still be with her, for although some distance from the place at which Reuben worked, it was easily accessible by tram.

Mr. Granlyn did not forget his promise to Alf, and presently secured him a situation as errand boy at a grocer's shop not far from their new home. The work was hard, and the pay rather small, but, as he pointed out, one must be content to begin at the bottom. Certainly Alf entered upon his duties with enthusiasm and determination, difficulties might damp the first, but if he persevered, what should hinder him from succeeding!

But ah, the old pleasant home life was broken up! The breach between him and Reuben, instead of healing, grew deeper and wider, and even Mrs. Granlyn grew weary of the disputes between them. Presuming upon his seniority, the elder lad was undoubtedly overbearing, while Alf did not give the soft answer that turns away wrath.

Reuben considered himself quite a young man, and as proof of the fact that he had arrived at years of maturity he began to smoke cigars, talk slang, and associate with young men his mother would have called fast. But, as if a little bit ashamed of these habits, he was careful not to indulge in them at home, and no one suspected him of smoking till Alf chanced to meet him one

evening with a cigar in his mouth, and twitted him with it at the supper table.

Mrs. Granlyn decidedly disapproved of tobacco, and talked to him rather plainly, so that Reuben made up his mind to have his revenge upon Alf. Each had allowed the feeling of bitterness and animosity to sway him, so that all the former affection was quite forgotten, and the dislike between them grew mutually strong and deep.

At last matters came to a crisis.

Alf was out one evening with a companion of his own age—a merry boy who was always on the look-out for amusement and what he called fun—when he saw Reuben and another young fellow on the opposite side of the street. They were walking along with their chins in the air, cigars in their mouths, and flourishing canes.

"Oh, what mashers!" cried Alf's friend. "Come on, Alf, let's tease 'em."

It was too great a temptation to be resisted, and keeping at a short distance from the young men, they mimicked their walk and manner, puffing at imaginary cigars and brandishing sticks, thus calling the attention of passers by.

Reuben was furious, and threatened Alf with all kinds of punishment, but his anger only provoked the boy to greater lengths, till at last Reuben struck him. Then all the malice in Alf's nature was awakened, and he threw himself upon his quondam brother with such violence that his companion had to interfere, saying something about a policeman. Alf suddenly remembered where they were, and saw that already a crowd was collecting; the blood rushed to his face, and quite ashamed of himself he slunk away.

That evening there was such a scene in Mrs. Granlyn's home as had never before been witnessed there. The quarrel begun in the street was revived, and only the mother's presence kept them from blows. At last their excitement cooled a little, they grew quieter, but the anger still smouldered in each heart. Sissie was looking on with a flushed, anxious face, while Mrs. Granlyn was pale and agitated. They hoped it was over, but after a long silence Reuben spoke, sullenly and resolutely.

"It's come to this, mother, we can't put up with that kid any longer."

"But, my dear," she began.

He interrupted her. "I'm not going to stand it, I tell you! To be laughed at and made games of by a creature like that, one that would have been in the workhouse if it hadn't been for you and father!"

"It was very wrong I know, Reuben, but I'm sure he's sorry now; he didn't mean any harm."

"Didn't he though? Well, all I've got to say is either he goes or I go—the same house won't hold us both. I don't care which it is, you must choose between us."

Mrs. Granlyn trembled and grew paler still. She had never thought of anything so serious as this. Reuben spoke so determinedly that she feared it would be useless to reason with him, so she turned appealingly to Alfred.

"Alf, tell your brother you are sorry, and that you won't do such a thing again."

But Alf was silent, he sat glowering into the fire.

"He isn't sorry," said Sissie passionately; "not he! He wouldn't have cared if he'd killed Reu. A nasty, ungrateful little wretch!"

"Hush, hush, my dear. Oh, if your father had only lived this would never have happened. Boys, how can you think of him and harbour such wicked, angry thoughts? Remember what he used to say to you, and how all your lives you have been just like brothers. Alfie, when you weren't much more than a baby your uncle brought you home and treated you just like his own child, and are you going to turn against us now?"

Alf was struggling with his tears; he longed to throw his arms about his aunt's neck as he used when he was a little child, and promise that he would be good, but a look at Reuben's dark, sullen face, held him back, and all he did was to mutter—

"'Twas Reu's fault."

Mrs. Granyln was shocked and grieved, and told him to go to bed at once, adding that she hoped in the morning to find him in a better frame of mind.

After he had gone she tried to reason with Reuben, poining out that Alf was but a child, and had been prompted merely by a love of mischief. But her words produced no effect beyond the reiteration that she must choose between them, for he would no longer live with Alf.

The widow spent the night in tears and prayers, and could only trust that morning would find both lads softened and more amenable to reason.

*(To be continued.)*

## Alcohol and the Heart.

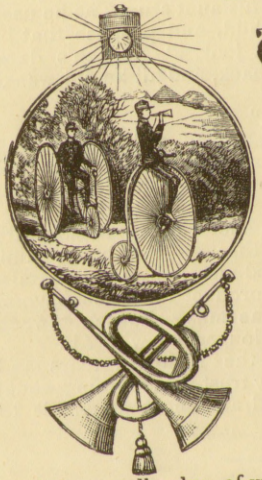
BY DR. KATE MITCHELL.

The smallest amount of alcohol will increase the beats of the heart, and people generally take it in order to produce this effect. As the heart beats more quickly, the blood seems to circulate more freely through the blood-vessels, and there is for the moment a feeling of renewed energy and strength all over the body. When, however, the effects of the alcohol have worn off, the heart beats more slowly than it should do, and the person feels depressed and languid until some more of the same drug is taken. Thus the heart is always doing more work than it should do, and never getting enough rest, and in time the extra wear and tear begin to tell upon it, and it labours hard to do the work which it ought to accomplish easily and unrestrainedly. The greater the quantity of alcohol taken daily, the greater is the injury to the heart. As time goes by, its muscular fibres become thickened, and there is a fat amongst them (this is called fatty degeneration), which prevents a free action of the heart. The lining membrane of this organ is also inflamed by the continual passage of alcohol over it, and it becomes reddened and thickened. The valves also suffer in the same way, and at last may become so diseased that

they are powerless to prevent the blood flowing in a wrong direction. When this occurs the whole circulation of the blood in the body is interfered with and disturbed, and death must result, because it is impossible to bring the heart back to a healthy condition. When once the heart is so diseased it is incurable, and even total abstinence will not be able to do anything to help it. The best thing is to prevent such a terrible state of things from happening, for prevention is better than cure.

# TRICYCLING.

By Dr. A. J. H. Crespi.



WALKING is, on the whole, the worst possible form of exercise; exceptions there are, no doubt, though the advantages and attractions of walks in unfamiliar and lovely country, or with a congenial companion, rather prove the rule. When I was at Oxford, I used to meet Canon Liddon sauntering out towards Summertown for a constitutional, and I must confess that he looked wretched enough. As a proof of the small value of walks as a relaxation and change, Dr. W. B. Carpenter mentions that John Stuart Mill used to think out his abstruse logical problems threading his way to his offices in the city, undisturbed by, or rather unconscious of, the vast crowds around, and a very able physician once told me that walking or sitting in his carriage had quite ceased to distract his attention from his professional cares, which were exceedingly heavy, and he took to riding in preference, for not being an expert horseman, he found that he had to concentrate his attention on the management of his horse, and so derived great good from his exercise. Walking commonly degenerates into the dullest conceivable routine, and the legs move automatically, so that at last there is no pleasure or benefit. According to my experience, however, tricycling takes a totally different position; it requires some muscular effort, and that is excellent, and it cannot be carried on automatically, while it abounds in changes of speed, and there is a constant sense of responsibility, so that it is singularly full of variety; indeed, though use becomes second nature in this as in all other matters, I admit, to steer a tricycle successfully along ordinary roads, up and down hill, past carriages, and round corners, demands constant watchfulness, or off goes the rider, or he finds himself in disastrous collision with someone or something. Then the exhilaration of rapid, and at times very rapid movement indeed, is a delightful change; having, too, occasionally, to dismount and push the machine up hill or to get over stones is capital. There are, no doubt, many games which afford even better exercise, such as cricket and lawn-tennis, but then the latter charming amusement is only practicable in dry, warm, calm weather; a good lawn is needed, it must be in excellent condition, and properly marked, and companions are needed to make up a set, and after all most people find that three or four sets at a time are sufficient. Not so with tricycling; all weathers, except heavy rain, will do; companions are unnecessary, even daylight is not indispensable, and there is no reasonable limit to the distance that can be traversed, and the number of hours during which one can indulge. Thirty, forty, or fifty miles may easily be covered, and one can ride four or five hours or even six at a stretch with little sense of fatigue. I have just been talking to a notable cyclist, a clerical neighbour of mine; he says he thinks nothing of sixty miles a day, and can easily cover ten to eleven miles an hour; true, he is stout and vigorous, but then he is, I fancy, a good deal on the wrong side of 60, so that cycling is not altogether a young man's amusement. One of the greatest advantages of cycling is that it quadruples the area over which one can travel, and, lastly, its cost is not one-fiftieth that of riding. Now, another important word—drink no alcoholic beverages while cycling or at any other time under any pretence. I never heard more deafening cheers than greeted Dr. Richardson last October, in the Birmingham Town Hall, when he told a vast audience that Holbein, the famous cyclist, would never have covered the 324 miles in 24 hours, which placed him at the head of all the cyclists in the world, had he taken alcohol. In the audience were many first-rate cyclists, and their cheers showed what they thought of the matter.

Though not a very young man, I am a very young cyclist. How often I had looked with envy on the crowds of cyclists who dart along our roads between here and Ringwood and Bournemouth every day during the long, bright summer of Dorset, which, though not perfect, has a faint, far-away resemblance to the brilliant summer of southern latitudes: but I might as well have longed for a carriage and pair as for a cycle. Well, one day, last summer, a relative of mine heard me say what pleasure the possession of a good tricycle would give me. A few days later he sent me a letter promising to give me one. I went at once to our cycling emporium and found a splendid second-hand machine at £7 10s.; it promises to last me many a long year, though I give it little rest, and I find that the roughest roads and the coldest weather do not interpose any great difficulties in my way, and even heavy rain does not stop me. Assuming that a stout second-hand machine will last five years, and that with repairs it will cost £10, that makes cycling cost £2 a year, no great sum for most purses.

## ON MOUNT CALVARY.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

"'TIS finished," from the rude and blood-
stained Cross,
That tender voice which calmed the
troubled sea.
Ascends to heaven, from whence the angels fall,
To weep and worship round the "crimson tree."
It is the same pure voice that healed the sick,
And bade the Magdalen to "Sin no more!"
The same strong tones that raised the dead to
life,
That telleth now that agony is o'er.

"Yes! it is finished," and the passing wind,
Bears on it's wing the feeble dying breath;
The quivering muscles throb and ache no more;
The thorn-crowned brow is motionless in
death.
The lips that pleaded for His murderers, now
Are still and silent, while the sacred head
Droops on the pulseless breast, and man tells
man,
That "Jesus—He from Nazareth—is dead."

Yes, "It is finished," man can do no more,
No scourge, no thorn can bring a quiver now,
Into that sacred flesh, before whose wounds,
A countless host of heavenly spirits bow.
The agony is passed, the debt is paid,
The world is ransomed, and the "sacrifice,"
God's outraged son! the Lamb of innocence,
Hangs cold and still betwixt the earth and
skies.

The mountains reel, the sun shrinks into night!
The lightning flashes through the space o'er-
head!
The quaking earth grows sick, and heaves her
breast
Until she vomits up her fleshless dead!
God's indignation thunders through the clouds;
Blackens the sun, and lays the temple low—
But on man's sinful head it doth not fall,
For mercy "crowned with thorns" holds back
the blow.

We turn our eyes to Calvary's bloody heights,
And through the darkness of the gloom we
grope
To worship at the "Altar of the Cross,"
Where Thou dost hang, our Sacrifice! our
Hope!
Our sins have nailed Thee there, and yet we see
Nothing but sweet forgiveness on Thy face!
And so we seek the river of Thy blood,
Thou Great Redeemer of a fallen race!

Thou wilt arise again! those hands of Thine
Will break the mighty chain of death in twain!
A few short hours and Thou will burst Thy tomb,
And firmly walk the wondering earth again.
Though strong the stones against Thy
sepulchre!
Where is the strength, the power to hold
Thee in?
Thou Son of God! Thou Beautiful and Great!
Rising triumphant over death and sin!

Across the thickness of the awful gloom,
Above the thunders of the dark'ning skies;
O'er wail of lamentation, shriek of fear,
We hear that everlasting voice arise.
Sweeping and echoing through time's corridors,
Above the roar of sin, the storm of strife,
Swelling across the darkness of Thy tomb,
"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"

## ALMOST 200 YEARS!

BY M. A. PAULL (MRS. JNO. RIPLEY),
*Author of "Vermont Hall," etc., etc.*

IN the county of Oxford there is a pleasant little town called Charlbury, which can boast a great antiquity, for it was a market town in the reign of Stephen, seven hundred and fifty years ago, and its ancient market house was only taken down about nine years since, though the Shambles fell to the ground seventy-three years ago, when the market had already ceased to be held for some time.

The hilly streets of the town stretch up in various directions from a valley, through which flows one of the tributaries of the Thames, or rather Isis, a little river called Evenlode, which I am informed is derived from two Saxon words, and signifies "dirty water," but judging by what I have seen of its clearness, that appellation is something of a libel.

The name Charlbury is supposed to have been Ceorle bury, *i.e.*, a settlement of free labourers, and is interesting to a student of history, carrying one back in thought to those sad times when the men who cultivated the soil were often bondsmen, bought and sold with the land they enriched by their strength and industry. We may imagine a native of Charlbury echoing those honest, manly words of St. Paul, when he answered the chief captain who spoke to him of the freedom of Rome which he had purchased at great cost, "But I was free born" (Acts, xxii., 28).

Charlbury, with a population of about 1,400, has five public-houses for the sale of intoxicating drink. It has also one public-house, "The Royal Oak," which has become a reformed character as a Temperance hotel, and no longer supplies any harmful beverage to its customers.

My attention was drawn continually during our visit to Charlbury to an ancient hostelry, "The Bell," which we often passed many times a day. It had two signs, one a small brazen bell over the door in the usual place, the other a swinging picture of a bell, elevated on a pole at the edge of the broad pavement outside the house. Under-

neath the former was the date of the house, "1700." Those figures attracted me. Almost 200 years! Antiquity is often attractive, sometimes venerable, but who can imagine the miseries contained in the history of the old "Bell" at Charlbury.

If all the drunkards who have frequented it in the 190 years of its existence could march out of its doors and down the steep street of the quiet little town what a sad and strange procession they would make; what differences in costume as the years rolled by, what differences in style, but what a miserable likeness in their degradation and their shame! Who has been the better for "The Bell" all these years, in so far as it has supplied strong drink to the people? Many changes have been rung on this "Bell," changes from affluence to poverty, from godliness to atheism, from hope to despair. This "Bell" by its very nature has never rung "out the false, rung in the true;" it has never helped to call men and women to the house of prayer. The influence of the public-house is on the side of evil and not of good; it works man's destruction and not his reclamation. When we see an aged sinner still tempting the young to the vices in which he has so long delighted, when we hear his horrid oaths, when we mark him tottering along the broad way afar from God and glorying in his shame, we realise the truth of the words of the wise king Solomon, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness;" and that otherwise, it must be instead a crown of dishonour and of shame.

This old public-house, bearing its almost two hundred years, made me feel as if it were a type of the aged reprobate. What good had it ever done to the little town? Who had been the better for its existence? What memories encircled it? What associations gathered around it? Mothers must have traced the ruin of the boys that were dear to them as their life, to the sign of the "Bell;" it rang a funeral note over many a blighted hope and prematurely ended career. Saddened wives, unhappy little children thought with horror of the "Bell" as they remembered the once affectionate husband, the once loving father, who had exchanged within its doors his manhood and his kindness for a terrible craving for strong drink.

What church, what Sunday school, what good institution of any kind was ever helped by this old "Bell?" Its note was never full of Sabbath music, but it has enticed hundreds in its almost two centuries of existence away from the worship of God to the worship of Bacchus.

There is work for us all to do—the youngest as well as the oldest abstainer—as long as there exists in the pleasant little country towns of our land and in the great cities, those enemies to all true progress onward and heavenward, public-houses for the sale of strong drink.

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NOTHING TO DO.—If it were not for this drinking, you (the grand jury) and I would have nothing to do.—*Justice Patteson.*

# PLAYING TRUANT.

## A TRUE STORY.

BY LOUIE ST. IVES.



ONE lovely afternoon in the early summer, some years ago, two little girls might have been seen wending their way to school. The elder of the two, it was very evident, was the guide and leader of the younger. Bessie's bright engaging manner and cheerful independent ways made her a great favourite everywhere, but especially was she admired and loved by her little sister May.

They were a bonnie pair, Bessie, with her dark curls and laughing eyes, and little May, so fair and delicate looking; so their mother thought as with loving eyes she watched them from the cottage door.

The way lay along the edge of the cliffs above the sea-shore. The sea, dotted here and there with fishing boats, lay glittering before them in the afternoon sun, and far out mighty ships were ploughing their way to the other side of the world.

"Oh!" cried Bessie, "what a shame to be going to school on such a day as this. I tell you what, May, I am *not* going."

May, of course, agreed with her sister; she always did.

A narrow path led from the cliff to the shore below, and no one was near to see the two little truants as they left the road. In fact, everyone seemed to have gone to sleep on that warm, sunny June afternoon.

"What a long way out the tide has gone," said Bessie. "Why, May! I do believe we could get into the Smuggler's Cove."

This spot was a narrow strip of beach, guarded on either hand by huge rocks which ran out into two points, and sure enough the tide was out beyond the nearest point. Bessie had long desired to explore this wonderful cove she had heard so much about. Such beautiful shells were to be found there, and the sands were so bright and yellow.

At last here was an opportunity! and Bessie, taking her sister by the hand, very soon rounded the point and was inside the cove, quite screened from observation.

Oh! how they enjoyed that stolen visit; they laughed and danced with delight, they thought it was very much better than school.

They dug out a house in the soft sands, which ran through their fingers like grains of gold. Obedience, duty, everything was forgotten in the pleasure of the moment, and, quite un-

conscious of danger, they played merrily all through the afternoon.

But, in the meantime, the tide had turned, and was fast coming in again; it had passed the two points, and was rapidly creeping towards the two unsuspecting children, when Bessie began to think it must be tea-time, and mother would be looking for their return.

"May, darling," she said, "we must leave our pretty house now; we will come again another day." But they never came again.

Just then a wave, which had approached very near, sent a shower of spray right over their heads. Bessie started up, and, seizing May's hand, was out in a moment, and only just in time; the next wave filled up the little house, and demolished its frail walls.

They scarcely recognised their danger even now, until they looked around them. *There was no way out;* a watery barrier lay across the way they had come in, and behind, and on either hand the rocky cliff rose almost perpendicularly. It would be impossible for a man to climb up anywhere.

Poor Bessie! how she blamed herself now for having led her darling sister into such terrible danger. Home and mother seemed *such* a long way off, and how inexpressibly dear they were to her just now, and what a dreary place their coveted fairyland had suddenly become!

Looking wildly around, she spied a narrow ledge a little way up the cliff. If she could only get May and herself up there, they would be safe, at least, for some time, and she hoped in her little fluttering heart that someone would come to the rescue.

After making desperate efforts, they succeeded in getting on the ledge. There was barely space for them both, and poor, timid May clung terrified to her sister as she saw the hungry-looking waves coming nearer and nearer, as if eager to seize their prey.

"Oh, dear, Bessie," cried May, "do take me home to mother." But as she looked up into Bessie's pale face, "Are we going to die, Sis?" she whispered, in awed tones.

Bessie's brave heart quailed for a moment; then she said,

"Oh, May, dear, it may be so, but do not be afraid. Let us ask God to forgive us for being so naughty, and ask Him to take us to Heaven."

And putting their hands together as they were wont to do at their mother's knee at home, Bessie prayed:

"Our Father, please forgive May and me for being so naughty, and when the waters cover us take us to Heaven for Jesus' sake, Amen.

The water rose higher and higher, until at last it reached their feet. May, in an agony of terror, would have thrown herself in had not Bessie held her fast, and at the same time sent one agonised cry out over the watery waste; that cry was heard! A fishing boat, which had lingered on the fishing ground after all the others had departed, was slowly returning home. The sun was setting, and deep shadows were gathering about the cliffs, and in the Smuggler's Cove it was almost dark.

There were two men in the boat, and as that cry came suddenly ringing out they were intensely startled.

"What ever was that, Dan, think you?" said Dick Osborne, after waiting one thrilling moment to listen if the sound should be repeated.

"It seems to me to come from the Smuggler's Cove," cried Dan; "but I should think it impossible for anyone in their right senses to be in there—perhaps it was only a sea-gull." As if to contradict his thought, the cry rang out again, startling the sea-birds from their nests.

"It is a child's voice, Dan Treloar! Pull for your life;" and the boat seemed almost to fly through the water as they hastened to the rescue. When they came near they saw the dreadful position of the two children, and shouted to let them know help was at hand, and to hold on for they would soon be saved. But when Bessie heard the friendly voices, the brave little heart gave way, and losing consciousness both children fell forward into the waves; but before they could sink they were grasped by strong hands and lifted tenderly into the boat; the fishermen took off their rough jackets and wrapping the half-drowned little wanderers in them laid them gently down, and rowed swiftly towards the harbour.

* * * * * * *

Afterwards, when they were safe and warm at home, their mother knelt by the bedside and thanked God for having so mercifully preserved her darlings. Then she spoke to them about the danger of taking the wrong road, how easy it is to leave the right path, but how difficult it is to return.

So with taking intoxicating drinks. Just a sip of wine, or the first glass, seems harmless enough, but the appetite once formed the habit grows upon us, and we have entered upon a downward path which has brought destruction to many. Do not enter upon it, and use your influence everywhere to prevent others doing so, for the end thereof is death.

Bessie never forgot the lesson learnt on that sunny June day, that, however tempting the path may appear, it is always best to consider—"Am I doing right in the sight of God, as well as that of my earthly parents," before entering upon it. If we do so, we shall not go far wrong.

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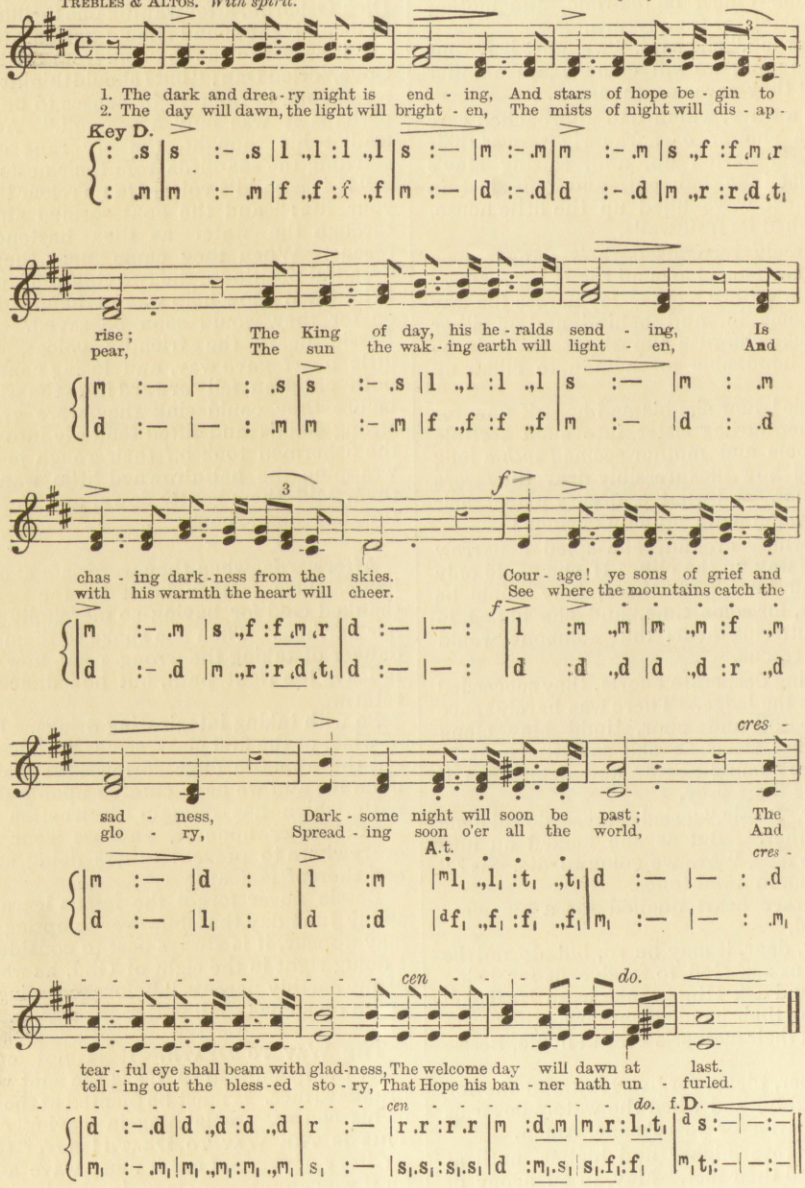
THE WAY TO DEATH.—It is not enough to erect the flag ahead to mark the spot where the drunkard dies. It must be planted at the entrance of his course, proclaiming in waving capitals—THIS IS THE WAY TO DEATH! Over the whole territory of prudent use it must wave and warn; for if we cannot stop men in the beginning, we cannot separate between that and the end. He who lets strong drinks alone before they are meddled with, is safe, and he only. They should be in every family a contraband article. And touch not, taste not, handle not, should meet the eye on every vessel which contains them.—*Dr. Lyman Beecher*, 1828.

# A SONG OF HOPE.*

*Words by* ROBERT WALMSLEY. *(For this Work.)* *(By permission.)*

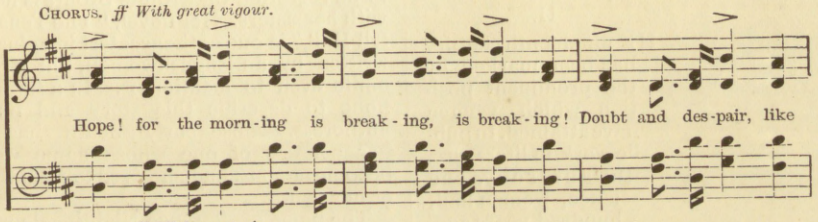
TREBLES & ALTOS. *With spirit.* *Music arranged from* OFFENBACH.




* From Service of Song, "Theo," published at 18, Mount Street, Manchester. Price 4d. Quantities half price.

# A SONG OF HOPE.

CHORUS. *ff With great vigour.*




CHORUS. *ff With great vigour.*

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| Hope! for the morn-ing is | | | | | | break-ing, is break-ing! | | | | | | Doubt and despair, like | | | |
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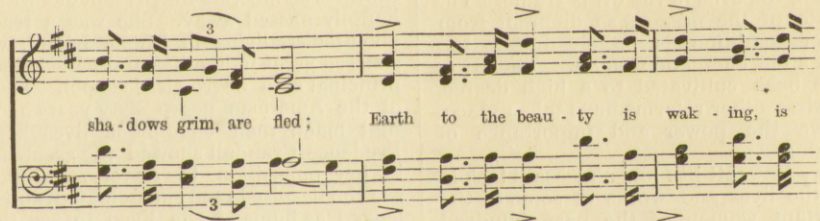


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| shadows grim, are fled; | | | | | | Earth to the beau-ty is | | | | | | wak-ing, is | | | |
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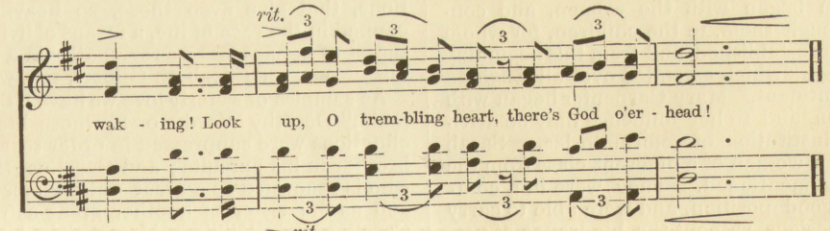


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| wak-ing! Look | | | up, | | | O trem-bling heart, there's God o'er- | | | | | | | | | head! | | |
| \|s | :d' | .,d' | d' | ,- | ,d' | :d' | ,- | ,d' | \|d' | , | ,d' | :t | ,d' | ,r' | d' | :— | \|— |
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# BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

By Janet Armytage.

II.



THE nineteenth century has been marked by the prominent position which women have attained. In public work, in literature, philanthropy, and science, women had, a hundred years ago, little or no part. *Now*, whatever great reform we look at, we find that woman has had an important influence. The Temperance cause has roused a spirit of courage in otherwise shy and retiring women, and brought them to the front in denouncing the evils of the drink traffic. The present state of the prisons, so different from their former condition, is largely due to the exertions of a few energetic women. The art of nursing has been cultivated to a high degree, and numberless other reforms have taken place, which prove the power and importance of woman's influence.

Mrs. Henry Fawcett has had a pleasant task in describing the lives and works of some of the most important women of the past hundred years, and the result is an interesting and useful work.* Foremost in the book are the women who wrought so great a change in British prisons, Elizabeth Fry, Mary Carpenter, and Sarah Martin. Mrs. Fry's operations were commenced at Newgate prison in 1813, when "cursing and swearing, foul language, and personal filthiness, made the dens in which the women were confined equally offensive to ear, eye, nose, and sense of modesty." Her reform began with the women, and continued, through them, to the children, for whom a school was established, and from this beginning sprung a work which extended over all England and the Continent. Mary Carpenter began with the children, and to her influence may be attributed the institution of reformatories. Sarah Martin was a woman of a different class from the two already mentioned. They were in a comparatively good position, and were able to carry out their designs without the hindrance of personal poverty. But Miss Martin was a dressmaker, earning fifteenpence a day, so that her achievments were the results of the "true heart and determined purpose" that showed those among whom she worked how much she was in earnest. Her religious services became very useful in the Yarmouth prisons, and no one can read without interest and admiration the story of this gentle heroine.

Amongst the sketches of literary women are Harriet Martineau, Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, Mrs. Browning, Mary Lamb, whose tragic life-story is one of great love and great sorrow, and Charlotte and Emily Bronte. It is a little to be regretted that Annie Bronte is not included with her sisters. Her novel, "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," is one of the greatest imaginative works written by an Englishwoman, but Mrs. Fawcett omits even to mention it. In a future paper I hope to describe this story and its talented authoress, whose early death has deprived her country of one whose name would have become famous, had she lived to fulfil the promise of her youth.

The name of Florence Nightingale we all hold in reverence as that of one of our most honoured countrywomen. Who has not heard of her self-denying labours during the Crimean War? She is still with us, and though living in retirement, is ever present in the hearts of the people whom she has served. Another who was living when Mrs. Fawcett wrote of her has passed away. I refer to Prudence Crandall, whose death on January 28th of the present year, severs one of the links connecting the present day with a period happily passed away. She was a true-hearted abolitionist, living in Rhode Island, where she suffered great indignities and persecutions as the principal of a negro girls' school. The position of the American negro sixty years ago was one that made their champions' lives heroic, and Prudence Crandall showed the greatest courage in her opposition to slavery. She lived to see the despised race emancipated and acknowledged as human; she lived to see the establishing of negro universities, and yet her "school for young ladies and little misses of colour" was the first attempt to place secondary education within the reach of the African race. She died at the age of eighty-seven years.

The story of Elizabeth Gilbert, the friend of the blind, is one of triumph over obstacles. Her exertions on behalf of the unfortuate blind have brought into vogue new industries and occupations, that give even those, so heavily handicapped in the race of life, a means of living. The secret of her success was sympathy in a common misfortune, for Elizabeth Gilbert, too, was blind.

As samples of sisterly love we have "the Rydal maid," Dorothy Wordsworth, whose literary inclinations were suppressed in order to assist her brother in his pursuits; and Caroline Herschel, who is renowned as a great astronomer herself, and as the sister of another great astronomer. Caroline and William Herschel had a curious childhood. Their mother was strongly opposed to the education of girls, and considered the making of household linen the only art worthy of their acquirement. Nevertheless, Caroline succeeded, chiefly by her brother's assistance and encouragement, in gaining a good education, and establishing a lasting fame. From this story of the sister being the brother's chief assistant and adviser, we may turn to the strange and pathetic story of poor Mary Lamb, who was the object of her brother's constant devotion. Among all the other women whose lives Mrs. Fawcett chronicles, I can only

*"Some Eminent Women of our Times." Short biographical sketches, by Mrs. Henry Fawcett. London: Macmillan and Co.

now mention Sister Dora, without which no record of England's women would be complete. The details of her life at Walsall are well-known, and her cheerful energy and untiring devotion to her patients have gained her universal regard. I quote from Mrs. Fawcett a little anecdote of a man whose arm Sister Dora had saved from amputation. "He often revisited the hospital simply to inquire for Sister Dora. He was known in the neighbourhood as 'Sister's arm.' During an illness she had, this man used to walk every Sunday morning eleven miles to inquire for her. He would say, 'How's Sister?' and on receiving a reply, would add, 'Tell her it's *her arm* that rang the bell,' and would walk back again." Mrs. Fawcett's book is a record of beautiful lives, and shows how great and noble woman's work may be in every class of society, and in every condition of life.

## The Outlook.

### *INSANITY.*

SOME terrible statements have lately been made about the rapid increase of insanity. A medical man of authority in France has said that in the last fifteen years the augmentation has been 30 per cent. This increase is owing to two causes, chiefly from intemperance, but also from over-pressure. In fifteen years, alcoholic insanity has nearly doubled among men, and more than doubled among women, and Dr. Garnier, to whose care we owe the knowledge of this fact, says that this kind of insanity is becoming more and more dangerous to life, and violent in form.

The Paris *Figaro* says: "It is alcohol which is the great purveyor for the insane asylums, and is the enemy against whom, above all others, it is necessary that we should defend ourselves."

Dr. Fletcher Beach, of the Darenth Asylum, said, out of 430 cases under his own care, 31·6 per cent. of idiot children were shown to be the offspring of intemperate parents.

This, and some very remarkable facts, appear in an article in the *Provincial Medical Journal*, by W. Armstrong Willis: "Taking the figures given us of inmates of the Fort Hamilton Home for Inebriates at New Lock, and the Dalrymple Home at Rickmansworth, we have 752 cases in England and America, for which no fewer than 326 had a family history of previous inebriety." Then a number of competent medical men say "that the children of habitual drunkards were in a larger proportion idiotic than other children." Of old this was known, Plutarch said, "Drunkards beget drunkards," and Aristotle "that drunken women bring forth children like unto themselves." Everywhere the curse of drink leaves its brand on the heart and brain and will of modern society, in great cities and in quiet villages. No family is hardly free from the taint. The mischief it produces is a terrible heritage, and is silently working out a destiny of danger and disease for thousands of children yet unborn.

## Why Uncle Fred was out of the Fashion.

By Uncle Ben.

UNCLE Fred was a great favourite with his nephews and nieces at Norwood House, whenever he came there was always a joyous welcome. His visits were generally very unexpected, and usually very brief. He was the hero of his young friends wherever he went.

At school and college Frederick Graham Davenport had done well both intellectually and as an athlete: he had won a famous sculling match, and many prizes for running, jumping, and for wonders of strength in gymnasium exercises. His reputation accordingly stood very high, for he could still run a quarter of a mile in less than a minute, and a mile under five minutes.

Whenever he was offered a drive to the station, except when he had luggage, he would say: "No, thank you; I'm in a hurry, I'll run."

When he went out with the boys he would delight them by always leaping the stiles and clearing five-bar gates at a vault or jump, and he would go over hedges and ditches at a bound. Often he would come down in the hunting season and take out the two boys, Leonard and Gerald, to follow the foxhounds on foot, and give them a rare run across country. To crown all, he was a capital cricketer, and possessed one or two presentation bats with little silver plates, recording the fact of his going in first and taking his bat out, having made over seventy runs; another told how he won a county match, making more than a hundred runs not out.

The young people at Norwood House looked on him as a wonder of learning, a living miracle of strength and prowess. It was therefore no cause for surprise that as his fame stood so high his influence was great.

Once, when he came to Norwood House, the children were all at home for the Easter holidays, and no sooner did they hear his voice than they bounded to meet him. When the first enthusiastic greetings were over, uncle Fred said:

"Don't you see something very odd about me?"

All the children looked hard to see what it was. Suddenly Molly exclaimed:

"Oh, I see, Uncle Fred, why you have gone and put on a bit of blue ribbon."

"So he has," ejaculated Maud. The boys looked on in silence, for their surprise was great. Uncle Fred, so fond of sport, the model of all manliness in their eyes, how was it possible he could need to wear the blue ribbon at this time of day?

"Why have you put that on?" said Molly, "You surely haven't been drunk, Uncle Fred?" asked Maud.

"Well, boys, have you nothing to say?" enquired Uncle Fred, "Now Admiral Gerald, have

you nothing to say to my having donned the Royal blue ?"

"No," said Gerald, "I am so surprised, I should have thought you the last to do anything like that, besides, it's quite out of fashion now, even for the parsons to wear it."

"But," interposed Leonard, "I thought you hated cant and humbug, and the pretence of being better than other people. Dawson Pelham says it's vulgar to wear all that sort of thing. One might as well put one or two good conduct stripes on your arm like a non-commissioned officer, and Pelham is the best football player in our team."

"Well, now," said Uncle Fred, "your great authority, Dawson Pelham, might do worse than follow my example in this, for it is because of his uncle I have taken to wearing this little bit of blue. The captain of your football team would not object to wear the Order of the Garter, or any sign of honour in the army. But I think this a more honourable distinction than any I could wear for killing men."




"Why, have you only just taken to it now, then? I am sure mamma will laugh at you, and lots of people will tease you," said Maud.

"Oh, yes; I have made several people open their eyes and ask about it, many of my friends laughed and smiled, and behind my back said what an idiot I was; but that's one of the reasons for wearing it, it sets everyone talking about the cause for which it is worn."

"What has Dawson Pelham's uncle done to make you wear it ?" asked Leonard.

"We have known each other since we were at school, and then at college together. He was a very brave, bright lad, and a promising and intelligent young man until he became too fond of wine. Now he has been turned out of his club and disgraced by being very drunk. He is still a fine noble man were it not for the wine he takes. So when his disgrace came, and people whom he knew cut him, I went to him and told him that his enemy was wine, and that if he would give it up I would do so as well. I never take much, I value my health and strength too highly, and know the mischief and ruin strong drink causes, so I tried to get him to promise me not to touch it. But he said he did not think he could do without it, besides, he could not stand the many temptations he had."

"I told him the only way was to put a bold face on the matter, and to "be out and out" a teetotaler, drink would be his ruin, unless he gave it up and fought against all temptation. So to help him, I said I would never touch any more strong drink, but he only laughed and said I drank so little, no one would know I had turned an abstainer. The next day I went to see him, I had put on the blue ribbon, and he said, 'I see you have nailed your colours to the mast, and there must be for me the same courage and principle, this victory or total defeat. And though its rather late in the day to start, we'll prove we are not ashamed of a good cause, and will show all our friends on which side we are.'"

This explanation not only interested the children, but made a great impression on them. That Uncle Fred should have done this to save his friend, threw quite a new light on the subject of the blue ribbon. It was a lesson from example they could not forget. They knew very little about the enormity of the evils wrought by strong drink, but thought Uncle Fred was right and was more of a hero than ever, and from that time began to look on everyone who wore the blue ribbon, with something of admiration and respect.

# THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS.

(ANONYMOUS.)

ONE of the most frequent, perhaps the most frequent of all, causes of pledge-breaking is expressed in this phrase. You may say that the pledge only binds you not to take intoxicating drink "as a beverage," and that alcohol administered by the doctor's orders is not a beverage but a medicine. Let that pass. But how many there are who break the habit rather than the pledge of abstinence (if you will have it so) under the doctor's orders, and who never "join" it again. "You *must* take stout," says the medical man to the young matron. He means that it must be taken for a few months only; but *before* the end of the few months the lady has grown to like and even to crave her glass of stout, and *after* the end of the few months she continues her medicine as a beverage. There is a story frequently told at a well-known invalid resort of a gentleman who consulted a doctor about his health. He was suffering from overwork and brain-fag, with the natural result of sleeplessness, and was ordered a glass of hot whiskey and water every night on going to bed. "But I can't do it," said the gentleman; "I'm a temperance man and a temperance advocate, too. Fancy my asking the servants to put on a kettle of water the last thing every night for me! They would know directly." "Oh! that's easily managed," replied the doctor. "Have your

SHAVING WATER

at night instead of in the morning, that's all." Shortly after this the doctor called to see his patient, but found him not at home. "How is your master?" he enquired of the servant. "He's all right in his body, sir," was the maid's answer; "it's only his mind that's wrong now, sir." "His mind! What's the matter with his mind, girl?" "Why, sir, he wants shaving-water twelve times a day, sir, now, sir."

Patients are generally very inconsistent people, and even doctors are not any too precise. "I thought you were a teetotaler," said one friend to another as the latter was lifting a glass of toddy to his lips. "So I was," he said, "but the doctor——" "Hold on a minute," interrupted the first speaker, "what all did the doctor order?" "Why, he ordered me bed, and a mustard poultice, and a little brandy with some gruel round it." "Then why didn't you stay in bed and stick to your mustard and gruel, if the doctor ordered it?" The patients who are as inconsistent as that are none too uncommon, but the doctors might be more precise. If they would prescribe alcohol as they prescribe medicine, and give directions not only as to how much is to be taken, but for how long—if, in fact, they would forbid patients to help themselves to alcohol, or to have any but that which was brought to the door by the doctor's boy as medicine—they might certainly be giving themselves a lot of trouble, but they would be acting with a precision worthy of a science that of all others demands exactness.

When the doctor is called in, especially in a dangerous illness, and life hovers in the balance, few persons will take the responsibility of disobeying orders. And rightly so. If you expect the doctor's help, you must do as the doctor says. And if you know the proper treatment better than he does, it is a pity to call him in. But

DOCTORS DIFFER.

There are those who are known as always giving intoxicating drink—one, whom I knew, seemed to have but one invariable prescription, whiskey—and there are others who always avoid it. Very often you can choose your doctor. Even if you cannot, bearing in mind that there are differences of opinion among medical men on this point, you may at least let your doctor know that you are a teetotaler. For want of this, doctors sometimes order a stimulant, when some other remedy might be used, thinking the patient will enjoy it. But in case a stimulant should really be needed, it is as well to know that it may often be given in some form that will not fascinate by its pleasantness, or create a habit not easily dropped again. The medicine that is being largely used for the influenza epidemic—the ammoniated tincture of quinine—is an example of this. The fever which at the outset of the complaint is generally so marked a feature of true influenza, is combatted with quinine, and the depression, which is even more marked, by the stimulant, ammonia. But no one would care to continue so pungent and bitter a medicine any longer than necessary.

Voltaire once defined a physician as "an unfortunate gentleman, who is every day called upon to

PERFORM A MIRACLE,

namely, to re-unite intemperance with health." "All the better," said a distinguished physician, not himself an abstainer, on learning that a candidate whom he was examining for life assurance was a teetotaler. "All the better. It is never too little drink that kills people, but always too much." And I would venture to add that it were better even to die of total abstinence, if there be such a death, than excess.

Two or three words will sum up this paper.

1.—If possible, choose a doctor who is not prejudiced against total abstinence.

2.—If ordered stimulants, make it quite clear to the doctor that if you incur a great responsibility in refusing them, he also incurs a great responsibility in insisting upon them.

3.—Never under any circumstances help yourself to intoxicating drink. If it has to be taken at all, put yourself in the hands of some firm and wise person, who will only give you what is considered absolutely required, and who will be under no temptation to continue them a day longer than necessary.

# Archie Masters and the Rabbits.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,

*Author of "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c.*



ARCHIE Masters was a dear little boy, just eight years old; I have written *little* boy, well like all boys of his age he *was* little, but for a lad of only eight summers he was remarkably tall and stout. His mother called him "her dear little round boy;" his cheeks were like velvet, and his limbs were so strong and so well covered, that everyone admired his handsome figure. When he was dressed in his sailor suit, and wore his cap with the flowing streamers behind, he would have made just such a picture as photographers are glad to exhibit in their windows. On his cap was the word "Victory," this you know, was the name of the ship on which our brave Nelson died at the battle of Trafalgar in 1805.

There were many things that Archie had to conquer. Sometimes his pretty face was red with temper, and wet with the tears of passion; out of that pretty round mouth came hard words, and even the well-shaped feet would stamp at times with rage, and all this showed Archie in a very bad light. His brothers and sisters laughed at him, but this only made him worse, so that in his temper he would say, "There you are; you are trying to make me as miserable as you can, you nasty, spiteful things."

Now Archie, with all his pretty looks, was not half so clever as his brother David. David was only a year older than his brother Archie, and yet he had made considerable advance in learning, for David could learn a column of French and Latin words with greater ease than Archie could learn simple English.

Archie didn't like his books at all, at school he seemed to try, but when he failed he lost his temper, and then bad reports were sent home to his parents.

Mr. Masters loved all his children very much, and Archie among the rest came in for his share of affection; the father believed that at heart his cross-tempered son was a thorough, good, kind-hearted lad, and that he had only to be directed in the right path to become as good as his brothers and sisters.

One thing pleased Mr. Masters very much, that was Archie's love for animals; how he loved the black cat, how he fed it every day with milk, and looked after all the scraps from breakfast and dinner, so that pussy might have a good meal; how angry Archie was with anyone who dared to play tricks on Tom. Sometimes he would take Tom on his lap, and at times when Archie was tired he would get into the big armchair and go to sleep with the cat holding on with his paws round Archie's neck, or else curled up asleep on his lap.

One evening Archie's papa brought home a couple of frogs, for he wanted to show the children the circulation of the blood in the thin web between the toes of the frog's foot. Archie soon took the frogs under his care, and would walk about with them in his hand, or follow them with the greatest pleasure as they hopped about on the lawn.

"Archie, my boy," said Mr. Masters one morning, "how would you like a pair of rabbits for your birthday present?"

"Rabbits! Oh papa, that would be nice; Oh, thank you, pa," replied Archie, almost overcome with joy.

"Yes; I thought you would be pleased, and I am very anxious to make you happy, but, remember there is one condition, if I buy you the rabbits, you must promise me that you will try to conquer your evil temper, and be more industrious at learning your lessons."

Archie's joy disappeared at once, his face became clouded, he hung his head, tears came peeping out of his eyes; he knew his faults, but could not bear to have them mentioned by his father.

"You must not give way like that, Archie," said Mr. Masters, very kindly; "on your cap is the word Victory, now I am sure that if you will try, and will ask God to help you, in a short time you will have the victory over evil temper and idle habits." "Oh, papa, dear, I will try if you will only give me the rabbits to love."

Archie was all expectation for the next few days. First came the hutch, and when this had been placed in its proper position in the garden, then came the rabbits. Two such little darlings, they were fawn in colour, with ears flopping down over their shoulders, and so tame and gentle that they seemed to love Archie at first sight.

"You little darlings," cried Archie, as he took them up affectionately by the ears, and ran round the garden with a rabbit on each shoulder, "I will love you;" and so he did.

It was a picture to see Archie in the morning cleaning out the hutch, while the rabbits were enjoying a scamper round the garden. How he loved to see them eating the carrots, of which they were so fond, or the dish of oats, or the hot bran or middlings which he loved to prepare.

Papa was sitting in his study one morning writing before breakfast, when Archie came into the room holding a paper in his hand.

"Look, papa," he said softly, "I have tried, I don't know whether I have done it rightly or not."

Mr. Masters looked at the paper, it was a French Exercise, in a minute he could see that Archie had taken more than ordinary care; true, some of the words were not spelt correctly, but Archie had grasped some difficulties in French, and had mastered them.

"Bravo, Archie!" said Mr. Masters; "bravo, you are getting the victory. I shall see you a French scholar yet."

While they were talking in came David; dear boy, he had been helping Archie, and felt quite as much pleased as his brother at his father's approbation.

"Well, David," said the father, "what do you think of the rabbits?"

"I like them very much, pa," replied David. This was true, but he loved his books more.

"Well then, if you *like* them, I *love* them," said Archie warmly, and he meant all he said.

"You are doing a good thing to love poor dumb creatures, who cannot take care of themselves," said Mr. Masters. "You know what Solomon says:—'*A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast.*'"

"And God is so good," said David, "that he even takes care of the sparrows."

"Yes, you are right; not one of them falleth to the ground, but your Heavenly Father knoweth it. Now the bell is ringing, and we must go down to breakfast."

Archie is a little older now, he is making good progress with his lessons, and his temper has nearly all gone; prayer to God, and a determination to do better, have wiped out many stains from his character.

## Uncle's Letters—No. 1.

ACCORDING to my promise, I write you some account of our last Band of Hope Festival.

For this meeting we engaged the largest room in our village, and as it will only hold about one thousand people, you may be sure it was full. Not only had we Bands of Hope, but representatives from the Good Templars, the Rechabites and other total abstinence societies were present to show their goodwill to our cause. We had the vicar in the chair, and there was on the platform with him our two total abstaining doctors, and several ministers and other gentlemen. The committee had engaged the local orchestral society, and with its aid and that of a choir of several hundreds of Band of Hope boys and girls, we had some very good music, the "Onward" selections being used.

But what I want to tell you about most was one of the speeches given by a gentleman who told us he had come a long way to speak to us. He said he had been a life-long total abstainer, and though he had now reached mid life, yet he had never seen any cause to regret being a teetotaler, but, on the contrary, he had to say he felt that he could work as hard as anybody, and was very happy, because he enjoyed such good health. He then gave some account of a talk he had one day with a doctor friend of his about poisons. Now there are many poisons in the world, the names of some of which are known to everybody. Of these are arsenic, strychnine, and alcohol (though everybody does not yet know that the action of alcohol is that of a poison upon the human body.) So he asked the doctor what arsenic does when taken.

"Oh," says his friend, "that substance is the great stomach poison, causing great pain and agony in the stomach and bowels when sufficient has been swallowed; a very little, only a few grains, is enough to kill a man. Strychnine is the great nerve poison, causing terrible convulsions, but alcohol is the great brain poison, concentrating its first immediate attack upon the great centre of intelligence, that great distinguishing mark between man and the brute, and so lessens or destroys its influence over the body, that the words 'drunken brute' are only fearfully too true."

This gentleman said many other things which I do not now remember, but I rather fancy I have told you the part he would like you to know. When he sat down the people made a great noise by clapping their hands, so I suppose they must have enjoyed the speech very much.

So soon as the collection was taken up for expenses I left the hall, and very soon found that some of the poor fellows who stand at the corner of the street and lean against the public-house, instead of getting on with their work, had been inside that house and partially poisoned themselves by drinking something there that had alcohol in it. It was very curious to see one of these men trying to walk away, for somehow he could not get his feet to go just where he wanted them. No, they always seemed to wander off here, there, anywhere but where they should, and so the poor fellow soon found the footpath was not broad enough for him. So you see the Doctor was right when he said that alcohol affected the brain, because it is by the help of our brain that we can walk erect and steadily. By the help of our spinal cord we know where we put our feet, and by our brain we can *will* where they shall go. It is a marked feature in the action of alcohol upon the brain that it interferes so very much with our *will power*. Suppose a man slightly poisoned (just a "bit fresh," as some people say), he ceases to will to be reasonable and just, and often annoys his friends by allowing foolish notions to be uppermost in his mind, and so saying things which hurt their feelings, thus laying the foundation of that unhappiness which caused the wise man of old time to ask, "Who hath wounds without cause? Who hath contentions? They that tarry long at the wine. Then look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

*Contributed by Israel Renshaw, F.R.C.S.*

A PATRIOT'S VERDICT.—The principle of prohibition seems to me to be the only safe and certain remedy for the evils of intemperance. This opinion has been strengthened and confirmed by the hard labour of more than 20 years in the Temperance cause.—*Father Mathew.*

# Pebbles and Pearls.

A BOY was very backward with his tongue, but recovered soon after being sent to a girls' school.

YOU cannot do that again, said a pig to a boy that had cut off its tail.

DAIRYMAN'S SON : A mouse has fallen into the milk. Mother : Did you take it out ? Boy : No; I have thrown the cat in."

NEVER wait for a thing to turn up. Go and turn it up yourself. It takes less time and it is surer to be done.

A VISITOR at a Sunday school asked the class in a loud and peremptory tone, " Who made the world ? " A timid little girl spoke up, " I did, sir, but I'll never do it again."

" WHAT is the best remedy," asked a preacher of a shrewd observer, " for an inattentive audience ? " " Give them something to attend to," was the significant reply; " hungry sheep will look up to the rack if there is hay in it."

PAPA : " How is it, Alice, that you never get a prize at school ? " Mamma : " And that your friend, Louisa Sharp, gets so many ? " Alice (innocently) : " Ah ! Louisa Sharp has got such clever parents ! "

A COLOURED servant sweeping a room found a sixpence belonging to a lodger. " You may keep it for your honesty," said the lodger. Afterwards he missed a gold pencil case and asked the servant if he had seen it. " Yes, sir. I have kept it for my honesty."

A LITTLE boy at a village school had written the word " psalm " in his copy book, and accidentally blotted out the initial " p " with his sleeve. His little sister at his side burst into tears over the disaster, but the spelling reformer defiantly exclaimed : " What if I did leave him out ! He didn't spell nothing, and what was the good of him ? "

AN old lady, brought up as a witness before a bench of magistrates, when asked to take off her bonnet, refused to do so, saying, " There's no law compelling a woman to take off her bonnet." " Oh," said one of the magistrates, " you know the law, do you ? Perhaps you would like to come up and sit here and teach us ! " " No, I thank you, sir," replied the old lady ; " there are old women enough there already."

MAN AND WIFE ARE ONE. Doctor : " Have you and your wife now got rid of the ague ? " Patient : " No, doctor, my wife and I are still very poorly." Doctor : " Did you take the brandy and quinine I ordered you ? " Patient : " Certainly, doctor." Doctor : " Then the fever ought to have abated by this time. I suppose you took the medicine in the manner prescribed ? " Patient : " I imagine so. Man and wife are one, aren't they ? So I took the brandy and gave my old woman the quinine."

LIFE is not living
Just for to-day;
Life is not dreaming
All the short way.

To live is to do
What must be done;
To work, and be true,
For work is soon done.

'Tis living for others,
To lighten their load;
'Tis helping your brothers,
And trusting in God.

IF the books which you read are your own, mark with a pen or pencil the most important things in them which you desire to remember. Thus you may read that book the second time over with half the trouble, by your eye running over the paragraphs which your pencil has noted. It is but a very weak objection against this practice to say, " I shall spoil my book; " for I persuade myself that you did not buy it as a bookseller, to sell it again for gain, but as a scholar, to improve your mind by it; and if the mind be improved, your advantage is abundant, though your book yields less money to your executors.

ALCOHOL IN HOSPITAL TREATMENT.—Dr. John Moir, last month, read a long report, which had been prepared by a committee, on the uses and effect of alcohol in hospital treatment, before the British Medical Temperance Association. It appears that between the years 1863 and 1888 a general and marked decrease has taken place in the employment of spirituous stimulants for patients. Measured by cost per bed the reduction has been from thirty to eighty per cent., whilst the expenditure for milk has been augmented by leaps and bounds. Out of seventy-three hospitals and infirmaries only eight show any increased outlay upon alcohol. It is stated that in one of the London institutions, which still maintains its quantity of alcohol, twenty-four per cent. of the typhoid fever patients die, whereas in Glasgow Fever Hospital, where milk is used, the mortality is only twelve per cent.

AFTER six months experience of systematic Temperance addresses in Day Schools, the Salford School Board has given permission for their continuance.

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# ALFRED.

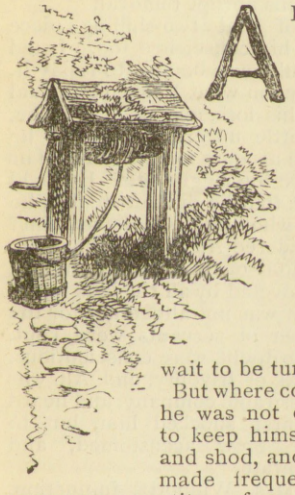
By LOUIE SLADE,

*Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care."*

## CHAPTER V.—AT HEDGMOOR AGAIN.

*"Can I supply youth's memories?*
*Or speak the word in childhood spoken?*
*Can I re-knit the severed ties,*
*Replace, retune the chord once broken?"*
—DR. H. BONAR.

*"And soon or late to all that sow,*
*The time of harvest shall be given;*
*The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow,*
*If not on earth at last in heaven."*
—J. G. WHITTIER.



ALF crept up to bed in a tumult of remorse, and resentment, but with one fixed determination in his mind—he would go away. Had not Reuben said that one of them must leave, and his mother must choose between them? Of course this meant that sooner or later he would be sent adrift, and he would not wait to be turned out.

But where could he go? He knew he was not earning enough even to keep himself properly clothed and shod, and Uncle Charles had made frequent allusions to the enormous appetites of growing lads, and the expense he was in every way. The thought of Mr. Granlyn, however, recalled something else he had said, that he had earned his own living when he was only ten years old by cow-keeping. Why should not he do the same?

Alf hailed this brilliant idea eagerly, having an impression that looking after cows must be very lucrative work, since Mr. Granlyn was now in easy circumstances. It would be the very thing for him, for did not Hedgmoor abound in cows? And Mrs. Wilmott was the only friend to whom he could apply in this time of need. To be sure she was old and feeble, and had nothing but her parish allowance to live upon, but she had always been so kind to him, and would never turn him away. All he should want was a bed to lie on; for the rest he would scramble for himself.

He was not long in making up his mind, and fearing lest Reuben should come up and suspect his intention, he collected his things at once, and made them into a bundle, which he thrust into a cupboard on the landing. Then he jumped into bed and extinguished the light.

In his hurry and excitement he had little time for softer thoughts, his one idea was to get away, away from the place where nobody wanted him, where everybody hated the sight of him. But now he remembered his aunt and Amy, who had never shown him anything but kindness; how could he leave them? And as he lay there alone in the dark, many little instances of affection and friendship, even from Reuben and Sissie, came back to him, causing him to lose sight for a moment of the jealousy and persecution of later years. And, stronger than all, there was the thought of his uncle, whom he had so fondly loved and reverenced. Alf felt instinctively that he would not approve of the course he was meditating, and this idea pained and troubled him more than anything else.

He lay there sobbing and crying, undetermined how to act, alternately calling to mind the great kindness received from Mr. Granlyn's family, and Reuben's dislike and enmity. It was humiliating to ask pardon when he felt that he himself had more just cause of complaint, and yet it broke his heart to think of leaving home.

He kept quite still when Reuben came up, and the elder lad thought he was asleep, but after the light was put out a hesitating voice said huskily—

"Reu!"

"Well?"

"I'm very sorry about that row. I know—"

"There, stop that!" interrupted Reuben, angrily. "I dare say you are sorry, you little hypocrite! I don't want to hear another word, I'm going to sleep."

In an instant passion resumed its sway, the tenderness died out, and Alf wavered no longer.

Very early in the dark October morning he rose and dressed, but now another difficulty presented itself, he had no money to pay the railway fare! What should he do? It would cost half-a-crown, and all he had was sixpence.

At first he thought he would trudge the journey on foot, after the manner of runaways, but he abandoned the idea, not knowing which direction to take. Then a sudden temptation seized him. He knew where Reuben kept his money—why not help himself to a shilling or two? Of course it would not be stealing, for he should pay it back directly he had earned as much. It would never do to stand hesitating like this, or the household would be awake before he could make his escape. With trembling fingers he lit the candle and crept to the box; there was little fear of disturbing Reuben, who slept very soundly. The first thing that caught his eye was a bright new florin—the very sum he was wanting. He hastily took it up and put it in his purse, then went to the cupboard for his bundle, after which he returned to the bedroom, took one last glance around, blew out the light and stole down.

About eight o'clock the same morning Mrs. Wilmott was sitting down to breakfast. She was a very tidy woman, and although stiff with rheumatism kept her cottage wonderfully clean and neat. The kettle was singing over the fire, and a little brown tea-pot stood on the hob,

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while a fine tabby cat sat watching his mistress as she made some toast. A low tap at the door caused Mrs. Wilmott to get up from her chair to open it. When she saw who was waiting there she held up hands in amazement.

"Bless your dear heart, child, who'd have thought of seeing you? Come in! Come in! And how are you? Why didn't you send word you was coming, and I'd have got ready for you? Not but what you're welcome, come when you may. And how are they all at home? I was sorry to hear about your poor uncle's death—how do you get on now? You've grown since you was here in the summer, I do believe."

Although she ran on thus she had an inkling that something was wrong, for Alf appeared constrained and uncomfortable, while his eyes looked as if he had been crying at no very distant date.

He was quite worn out with his long walk, and had eaten nothing since the previous night. The kitchen looked cosy, the toast smelt delicious, and he was thankful to be ensconced in the warm corner opposite Mrs. Wilmott, while as he ate and drank his spirits revived, and he was inclined to take a more hopeful view of life.

His kind old friend was greatly grieved when she found what had brought him to her, and urged him to go back to his aunt at once; but he said this was impossible, and seeing how deeply-rooted his animosity against Reuben appeared to be, she thought they might perhaps be better apart. Still she could understand something of what Mrs. Granlyn must feel when she discovered his absence, and instead of taking his part she pointed out the folly and ingratitude of his conduct. As for the cow-keeping, she could scarcely keep from smiling over that idea, and skaking her head sententiously told him it was a great pity he didn't know when he was well off.

Yet seeing that he had firmly resolved not to go home again, she could not find it in her heart to turn him away, there were so many temptations waiting for the young, what hope was there of his growing up steady and respectable if left to himself at this tender age? He was a big, strong boy, and seemed willing and eager to work, and something would turn up.

The next morning a letter arrived from Mrs. Granlyn inquiring if Alfred were there, but saying nothing of his return. Not being able to write, Mrs. Wilmott took the letter to a neighbour and asked her to answer it, saying nothing of the matter to Alf.

Alfred applied for employment to all the farmers in the neighbourhood, but not one was in want of a boy, and at last he was reluctantly compelled to abandon the blissful dream of cow-keeping. Life here was altogether different from anything to which he had been accustomed, but he would not have minded the scant fare or the poor accommodation if he had not felt himself a burden upon a feeble and aged widow.

But at last he heard that they wanted an "odd boy" up at the Manor, and hastened to apply for the situation. The family there respected Widow Wilmott, and on hearing her account of Alfred, his father's sad death, and his present search for employment, they consented to engage him.

"Now, you must be sure to try and please them, Alf," said Mrs. Wilmott, the evening before he entered upon his new duties. "The gentry are very nice people, but you won't have much to do with them, 'tis the servants who'll be over you, and you must be civil and obliging to them, else they'll soon make a complaint. 'Twill be the making of you if you can only stop."

But Alf found the work rather distasteful. He did not like blacking boots, scouring knives and forks, getting in wood and coal, and being at the beck and call of everyone; and remembered a little regretfully his former occupation, wondering who had succeeded him, and what his employer thought of his abrupt removal.

The recollection of that two-shilling piece weighed heavily on his conscience too. It did not seem as if he would ever be able to repay it. He often speculated upon what Reuben had said when he discovered his loss, and once or twice, just at first, felt a little uncertain whether he might not be called to account for it. What if he should be taken before the magistrate? It would be of no use to say that he did not steal it, he only borrowed it,—who would believe him?

Mrs. Wilmott considered Alf very fortunate in securing the situation of in-door boy at the Manor—a situation coveted by all the lads in the village, but perhaps it was not altogether for the best. A large number of servants were kept, and although some, no doubt, were conscientious, there was a good deal of frivolity, and Alf was thrown amongst undesirable company, and heard language which at first shocked him, but to which he speedily grew accustomed, and presently began to imitate.

He remembered Mrs. Wilmott's injunction, and soon became a favourite, on account of his cheerful manner and willingness to oblige.

One great temptation to which he was exposed here, was that of drinking. The family at the Manor were very lavish in their way of living; very little restriction was put upon the head servants, and the butler or housekeeper would frequently give Alf a glass of wine as a reward for any extra work. They meant it in kindness, and did not dream of the danger to which they were exposing him by thus pampering to the taste inherited from a drinking parent, and only laughed at the relish with which he tossed off the pleasant beverage.

Hedgmoor was rather behind the times, and teetotalism was not much talked of. It was by no means a populous neighbourhood, but it contained several public-houses, and the proprietors of them all seemed to be doing a thriving trade. As a consequence there was a great deal of poverty and destitution, and people complained bitterly of bad times.

Shortly before Alfred came to Hedgmoor, the vicar of the parish died, and was succeeded by a middle-aged, energetic man, who electrified the dreamy little village by his activity and strange

doctrines. His parishioners differed from him on many points, but on none so much as the question of Temperance. Mr. Worthing was an out-and-out teetotaler, and although he never made the mistake of denouncing the drinker instead of the drink, he was not popular, and soon found that if he converted Hedgmoor to his principles, he must be prepared for some very up-hill work. He had to combat with the ignorance and prejudice of years, and people do not like to be convinced against their inclination. They had resorted to intoxicants at all times, as a beverage in health, a medicine in disease, and nothing, from a christening to a funeral, could be properly conducted without its aid.

But the new vicar hoped to show them a better way; so he invited some of his temperance friends to come and address them on the subject, and as the Hedgmoor people were not more bigoted than others in a similar condition, of course they made some converts. The alteration in the habits and homes of these were the strongest arguments that could be urged in favour of the new doctrine, and some who had laughed and scoffed were silenced, while others went so far as to admit it was an excellent thing for those who had no self-control.

Mr. Worthing was especially concerned for the youth of the neighbourhood—the boys and girls who would soon be standing in the places of the men and women of to-day—he wanted to save them from intemperance. He formed a Band of Hope, but this did not quite seem to answer his purpose; he could only get in the little ones, the children in the schools. He was anxious to reach those who were older, the boys in their teens, who, having done with lessons, and working for their own living, thought it unmanly to be reckoned with the little ones, and stoutly resisted all his persuasions to join. This was the class at whom he was aiming. He was frequently grieved by seeing lads of thirteen or fourteen with pipes in their mouths, and hearing foul language from their lips, while they shared the beer in the field at lunch and dinner as a matter of course.

Mr. Worthing thought about the matter a great deal, revolving ways and means of reaching them. At last he decided to form a society for them alone, to be called the Boys' Temperance Guild. It should be conducted on much the same principle as the Band of Hope, and meet at his own house; he would not confine himself strictly to teetotalism, but introduce anything likely to interest the boys, and elevate their moral tone.

He tried the experiment. It was necessary to begin with a limited number, but the meetings were so interesting and enjoyable that others, hearing of them, wanted to go too. The one condition of membership was Total Abstinence, although Mr. Worthing strongly condemned the use of tobacco, and drew up a pledge for those who wanted to give it up.

The Boys' Guild attracted much notice—not one of the vicar's notions had made quite such a stir.

Mr. Worthing took care to look up all the lads, so that of course Alf was invited to join. He was sometimes tempted to do so when he heard the other lads speak of the pleasant gatherings, but remembered what his uncle had said about teetotalism, and this deterred him.

So, even after death, Mr. Granlyn's influence remained—an influence in the wrong direction.

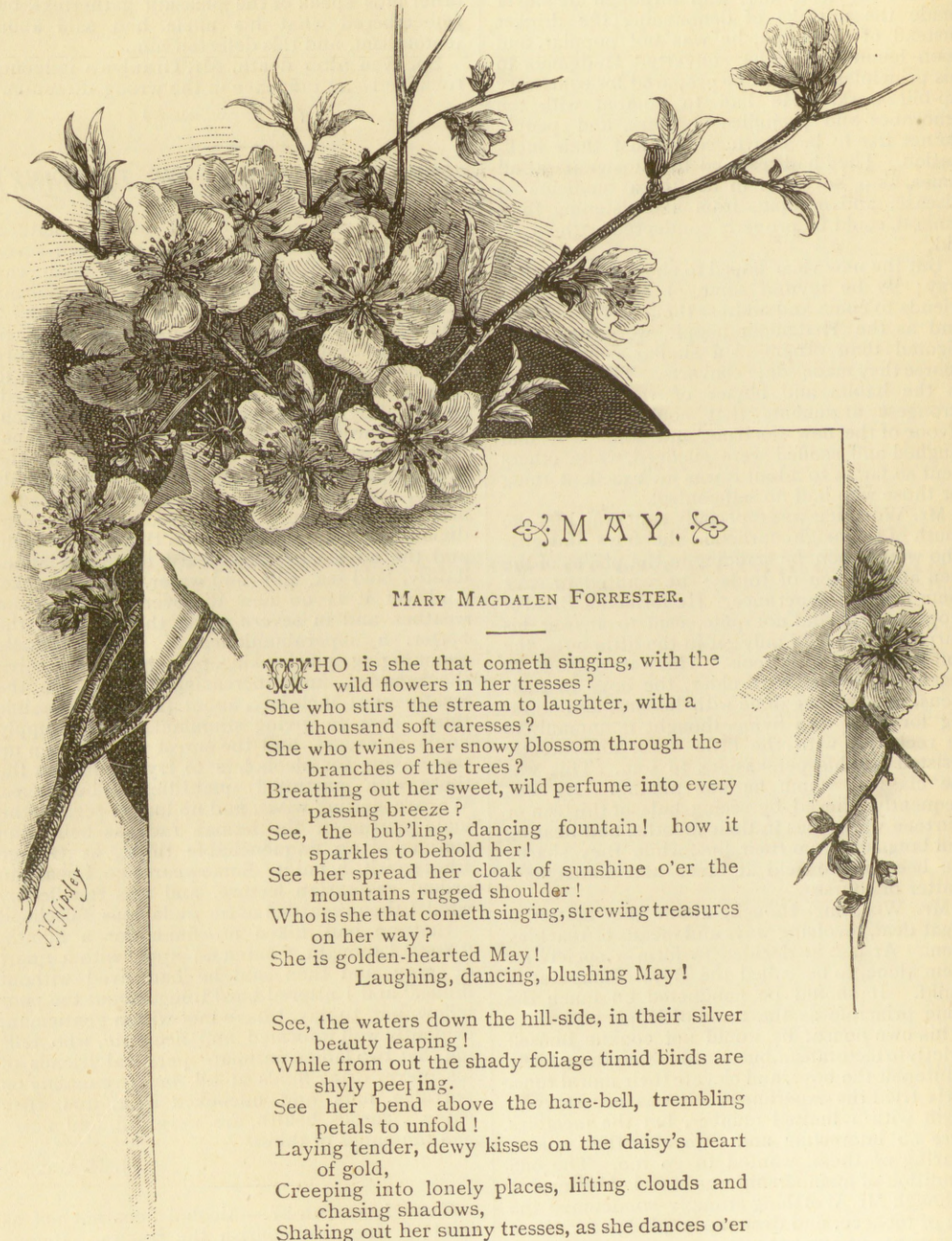
*(To be continued.)*

## HOW MUCH OUGHT WE TO DRINK?

ONE of the most curious facts in natural history is, that the camel can work seven days without drinking, while man can drink seven days without working. A common question is "How much ought we to drink?" and estimates ranging from a quart to a couple of gallons a day are sometimes framed. But a more pertinent question would surely be: "Ought we to drink at all?" A note of warning is now often heard, that healthy people insist on drinking too much, and so throwing an immense amount of unnecessary work on certain important organs, but the very people who protest against four or five meals a day, and who denounce alcoholic stimulants, are, not infrequently, rather proud of the prodigious quantity of fluids which they get through, and the advice is often heard to supply abundantly, cold tea, milk and water, and such like. And yet it is no new discovery, that in hot weather and in severe work, the less fluid the better, a superabundance of fluid actually encouraging, not checking, perspiration, softening the muscles, and increasing thirst. In the treatment of inebriety, about the worst possible thing, next to giving stimulants, is to supply fluids in excess, and the surest way to keep up the craving for alcohol, is to try to quench the thirst with unstinted quantities of beverages. We are getting wiser, and no longer regard the male portion of the human race as being the victims of an unquenchable thirst, as George Eliot so wittily put it. Some years ago, I heard an ardent vegetarian lecture, and was repelled by what I then regarded as an audacious falsehood—that he had taken no fluids for a month. "Yes," I thought, "eaten an apple with a quart of syrup, and then said he had lived without fluids," and I uttered hard things about the poor fellow, but, to-day, I have met with a gentleman, evidently well informed and accurate, who tells me that two ladies, intimate personal friends of his, never drink fluids at all, but live mainly on porridge, nuts and uncooked fruit, and they enjoy vigorous health, are never ill, and never feel the pangs of thirst.

A. J. H. CRESPI.

CUTS LIFE SHORT.—Alcohol does not act as food; it does not nourish the tissues. It cuts short the life of rapidly-growing cells, or causes them to grow more slowly. The stunting which follows its exhibition to young animals is readily accounted for.—*Dr. L. S. Beale.*



## MAY.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

WHO is she that cometh singing, with the wild flowers in her tresses?
She who stirs the stream to laughter, with a thousand soft caresses?
She who twines her snowy blossom through the branches of the trees?
Breathing out her sweet, wild perfume into every passing breeze?
See, the bub'ling, dancing fountain! how it sparkles to behold her!
See her spread her cloak of sunshine o'er the mountains rugged shoulder!
Who is she that cometh singing, strewing treasures on her way?
She is golden-hearted May!
Laughing, dancing, blushing May!

See, the waters down the hill-side, in their silver beauty leaping!
While from out the shady foliage timid birds are shyly peeping.
See her bend above the hare-bell, trembling petals to unfold!
Laying tender, dewy kisses on the daisy's heart of gold,
Creeping into lonely places, lifting clouds and chasing shadows,
Shaking out her sunny tresses, as she dances o'er the meadows;
Sprinkling little gleams of sunshine on the ruins old and grey.
See her coming! shining May!
See her coming! beauteous May!

Where the branches gently rustle, where the golden bee is humming,
Where the zepyhrs softly whisper, "She is coming! She is coming!"
Where, amidst the weeds and rushes, sparkling waters dance along,
Where the wild bird sings her praises in a joyous warbling song,
Where the sweet and happy chorus, from the wood and valley swelling,
Of the May-time's wondrous beauty, of the May-time's wealth is telling,
How she strews with dainty fingers, fairest treasures on her way,
Wealthy, treasure-laden May!
Bounteous, loving, tender May!

"It is May-time," cries the sailor; as across the waters glancing
He can see the golden sunlight on the shining ripples dancing,
And his thoughts go softly backward to the cottage far away,
That is lying in the shelter of the pretty, scented May,
He can see the tender faces of the gentle ones that love him
On the calm bright sea before him, and the sweet blue skies above him.
"May my dear ones' lives be happy, and their hearts be bright and gay,
As the glad and joyous May!
As the merry-hearted May!"

"It is May-time," cry the children in the narrow, gloomy alleys,
Who have never seen the wild flowers in the bosom of the valleys,
But they lift their little faces with a welcome in their eyes,
And they hail the glow of "May-time" that is stealing o'er the skies.
As the sunlight flits around them, they are happy beyond measure,
And they raise their gay young voices in a childish song of pleasure.
"It is May-time" they are singing, "May-time beautiful, and gay;
It is happy, happy May!
It is smiling, sunny May!"

Oh, the joys that come in "May-time," when the earth is fresh and tender!
Speaking with its budding beauty of a summer full of splendour.
Oh! the fragrance of the hawthorn, bending low to kiss our heads.
Oh! the sweetness of the May-flowers, peeping shyly from their beds.
Oh! the music rising round us! hum of bee, and splash of fountain,
Trill of bird, and flow of streamlet, song of wind across the mountain,
She is coming! she is coming! singing ever on her way!
She is coming! Welcome May!
Welcome! welcome! beauteous May!

# BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

By Janet Armytage.

## III.



FEW authoresses have written so much and so well for girls as Mrs. E. C. Gaskell. Her stories are descriptive of the lives of "unknown heroines," good women and true. The interest is not of a sensational kind, and her characters are not exceptional ones; but, in the delineation of every day, commonplace life, Mrs. Gaskell is unexcelled. Her genial manner, her insight into human nature, her powers of humour and pathos, lend fascination to the most uneventful story.

She was born in Chelsea on the 29th of September, 1810, but when only a month old was sent to Knutsford, her mother's native place, where she spent most of her life until her marriage. Those who have read *Mary Barton* will remember the story of two old men travelling with a baby, and it is interesting to note that she herself was the infantile heroine of the episode. At the age of fifteen she went to school at Stratford-on-Avon, where she remained two years. In 1832 she married the Rev. William Gaskell, who was then the minister of the Cross-street Unitarian Chapel in Manchester. Her first novel, *Mary Barton*, was commenced, it is said, in order to divert her thoughts from the loss of her only son. It was published, anonymously, in 1848, and succeeded beyond all expectation. It was translated into several languages, and established at once her reputation as a writer. Later novels of hers have been more powerful, more artistic; but none so popular as her first. It is a story of Manchester life in a time of great distress. Mary Barton's father is a workman, whose life is embittered by hard times and fancied injustice. His mistaken feelings lead him to murder the son of one of the leading manufacturers. On this, and the arrest of an innocent man for the crime, the story turns. Mary is warm-hearted and loving; she has faults, but she pays bitterly for her girlish indiscretions. The story is tragic; it is one of hardship, poverty, and sorrow; but it is redeemed from unpleasantness by exquisite touches of humour. Perhaps the most powerful scene is the meeting of John Barton and Mr. Carson, the father of the murdered man. Barton is, for the first time, conscious of the suffering he has wrought: "Rich and poor, masters and men, were then brothers in the deep suffering of the heart; for was not this the very anguish he had felt for little Tom, in years so long gone by, that they seemed like

another life? The mourner before him was no longer the employer; a being of another race, eternally placed in antagonistic attitude; going through the world glittering like gold, with a stony heart within, which knew no sorrow but through the accidents of trade; no longer the enemy, the oppressor, but a very poor and desolate old man."

At the time of its publication the employers of labour considered that *Mary Barton* spoke too much against them, that Mrs. Gaskell showed only one side of the case, and overlooked the rights and anxieties of the master. An impartial reader must, however, acknowledge that she is unprejudiced in her views, though her sympathies were rightly for the struggling poor. During the few years following *Mary Barton's* appearance, many shorter stories were contributed to *Household Words*, then in its infancy. In 1853 she published a second novel, entitled *Ruth*, a powerful story, in which she strives to inculcate a truer charity towards women who have taken a false step and once strayed from the path of virtue. That amongst these sinners there are all degrees of evil and wrong is undeniable, and yet society visits with the same heavy punishment those who delight in vice and those who are more sinned against than sinning. The story of *Ruth* is beautiful and pathetic, and its lesson is one that, whilst not without dangers, needs to be learned by the Christian world, to whom it was first preached by Christ himself. *Cranford*, the next work of importance, appeared in parts in *Household Words*, and was published in volume form in 1853. This is of almost too slight a structure to be called a tale. It is rather a sketch of country life and country manners. The scene is laid in Knutsford, under the name of Cranford, and its inhabitants have testified to the accuracy of Mrs. Gaskell's pictures. A pathetic little love story runs through it; Miss Matty, whose early love had been nipped in the bud, meets again late in life the man who had won her heart. She is then fifty-two, but the romance has not left her, and one reads with regret of his death so soon after their meeting. Nothing of higher excitement occurs in *Cranford*, but it is nevertheless fascinating. In 1854 was commenced *North and South*, by many considered Mrs. Gaskell's best work. It brings before us again the struggles of masters and men in Lancashire. The heroine, Margaret Hale, is brought up in the South of England, and, on coming to reside in Lancashire, brings with her many social prejudices unknown to our northern ideas of class distinction. She becomes acquainted with a working family, as well as with their employer, and witnesses from both sides the general discontent that leads to a strike and a riot. In *North and South* Mrs. Gaskell shows greater sympathy with the masters than in *Mary Barton*, and describes with equal kindliness the poor, the middle-class, and the wealthy.

Her next work was a biography of Charlotte Brontë, with whom she had been intimate. Much unpleasantness occurred in connection with it, and Mrs. Gaskell, for a time, gave up writing. It is probable that her experiences as a biographer occasioned the desire that no life of her should be written. Up to the present, no biography has appeared of her who was one of our most talented authoresses.

She returned to story writing, and in 1863, produced *Sylvia's Lovers*. It is a story of Whitby in the last century, when the press-gang was an established fact. There is more incident than in the previous volumes, the characters are more highly developed, and it is, perhaps, the most perfect in execution.

Her last work, *Wives and Daughters*, was left incomplete. The scene is once again Knutsford. Dr. Gibson marries a widow when his daughter by a former marriage, is about seventeen. Molly Gibson is a sweet little heroine; and the stepmother is an efficient test of the depth of her sweetness. Cynthia, Mrs. Gibson's daughter, is an altogether new character in Mrs. Gaskell's works, and one would like to know more of her. During the writing of *Wives and Daughters*, Mrs. Gaskell's health gave way, and on 12th November, 1865, she died very suddenly. Her grave is at Knutsford, where her husband, who died in 1884, is also buried.

An edition of her works, in eight volumes, has just been issued by Smith, Elder and Co., at 1s. 6d. per volume.

## VIGOROUS OLD AGE.

By Dr. A. J. H. Crespi, Wimborne.

NOW that the medical papers are urging men and women, who have passed forty, to regard themselves as no longer fit for severe exertion and long sustained labour, when indeed one of the medical periodicals warned men, who had passed thirty, to abstain from rapid movement, it is quite refreshing to see that some men do not need these dreadful warnings. Monday, the 20th Oct., the Bishop of London, who is, I believe, sixty-seven, gave a marvellous address, which took an hour and a quarter to deliver, to an immense audience, in the Birmingham Town Hall. That address was a masterpiece of close reasoning, and could only have been equalled by half-a-dozen living thinkers. The Bishop, as he sat down, seemed quite fresh, and when he left the platform he gave my hand a firm and hearty grip worthy of an athlete forty years younger. As I looked at his splendid frame, his dark hair, and his resolute features, I could not but admit that in spite of fifty years of continuous and increasing labour, he was still young, still in the full maturity of an intellect and a body that seemed to know no fatigues and distress. How much have his temperance principles had to do with his well balanced mind and iron strength of frame?

Good All Round.—Speaking in Marylebone, Dr. Paramore said that total abstinence was good for the body, good for the mind, good for character, good, in fact, for everything all round.

# My History.



I am only a little thin band of steel, curled round and round, but I have a little history, and I should like to tell it.

People call me a spring. Once I was of no use, but now my little master says he would not know how to get on without me, and I am going to tell you how this came about.

I had been lying alone for a long time in a box with several companions like myself, idly dreaming away my time in lazy contentment, when the lid was suddenly lifted, and I heard the voice of the watchmaker's little boy say,

"Are these things of no use, father?"

"Not as they are, my boy," was the answer, and the little boy said, "What a pity!"

"What a pity!" What did he mean? Was it a pity not to be of any use? I was very happy as I was. But from that moment an intense longing came over me to be used, in some way or other—how, I did not know; but surely it was better to be of use than to lie in a dull box all one's life.

Evidently the little boy thought so too, for some time later he peeped into our box again, and, turning us over in his fingers, said,

"Father, couldn't you make one of these springs work a musical box for me, there is such a bright one here." And with that he took me from among the rest, and drew his fingers across my steel body. How I thrilled with hope!

"We will try," said the watchmaker, and I should have jumped for joy, if that time I had been capable of jumping. They curled me round into a steel case, and placed a hard thing right in the centre of my body, and though I was not comfortable I felt happy, "For now I shall be useful," thought I. "I shall make music, and what destiny could be better than that?"

I little knew what agony I had to go through. The key turned and wound me up tighter and tighter, but I made no complaint, thinking only of the music, and listening for it to begin. I listened, and listened, but no music came. Was it all for nothing, then, this pain I was enduring? Why did not the music come?

"Tighter, wind tighter," I said to the key. "I can bear all if only the music comes at last." But instead of going on, it stopped. I could be wound up no more; and still there was no music.

Oh! how disappointed I was! "Perhaps it will come by waiting," I said, but I scarcely could hope that, for I knew it was by winding that music came, and I had reached my utmost limit.

"I am too small and weak," I said, "if only I had been a larger spring, I could have been wound up more, and I would not have minded for the sake of the music."

For a long time I waited, until I had almost given up hope, and felt that my endurance was all for nothing, when suddenly there was a click in my centre, and oh! horror, I was beginning to run down again.

I cried out to the key to stop me, but he took no notice, and I felt myself gradually getting looser and looser. What a delightful sensation it was, to relax my strained body once more! For a moment I felt glad I was released, but the thought that I should now never have a chance of making music, that I should become once more the inanimate piece of steel I used to be, filled me with dismay, and I tried with all my might to keep my strained position in spite of myself. But it was no use. I was certainly going down, very slowly, but surely. All at once, the voice of the boy sounded near me again.

"Oh! father, that is lovely," and he clapped his hands with delight.

Lovely! What was lovely? That I should be running down, and all the pain I had endured count for nothing?

But what was that sound? I listened. Was it not music? Yes, indeed. And surely it was I who was making it, for the boy said,

"Father, I was quite sure that bright little spring would work well."

I listened; yes, still as my body relaxed the music continued in sweet and delicate tones. How happy I felt, but puzzled, too, for I thought it was the winding up that made the music, not the running down. That seemed like going back into my old state of easy contentment, only the pleasure was much more intense. I cannot say I understand very well even now how it is, but I am glad it is so, and content that I can make music, and give pleasure to my little master. He treasures me as a friend, and lets me play to him every day.

Though I do not know how, I think the winding has something to do with the music. There are people much wiser than I who will understand all about it, but I thought they might not know what my feelings were, and that is why I wanted to tell my little history.

"Cobweb."

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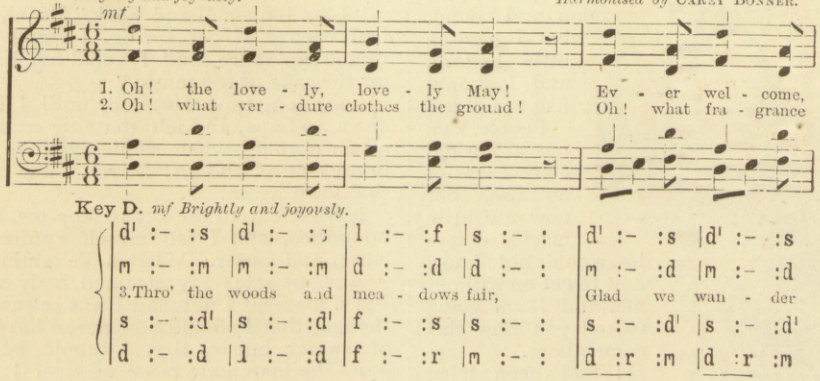
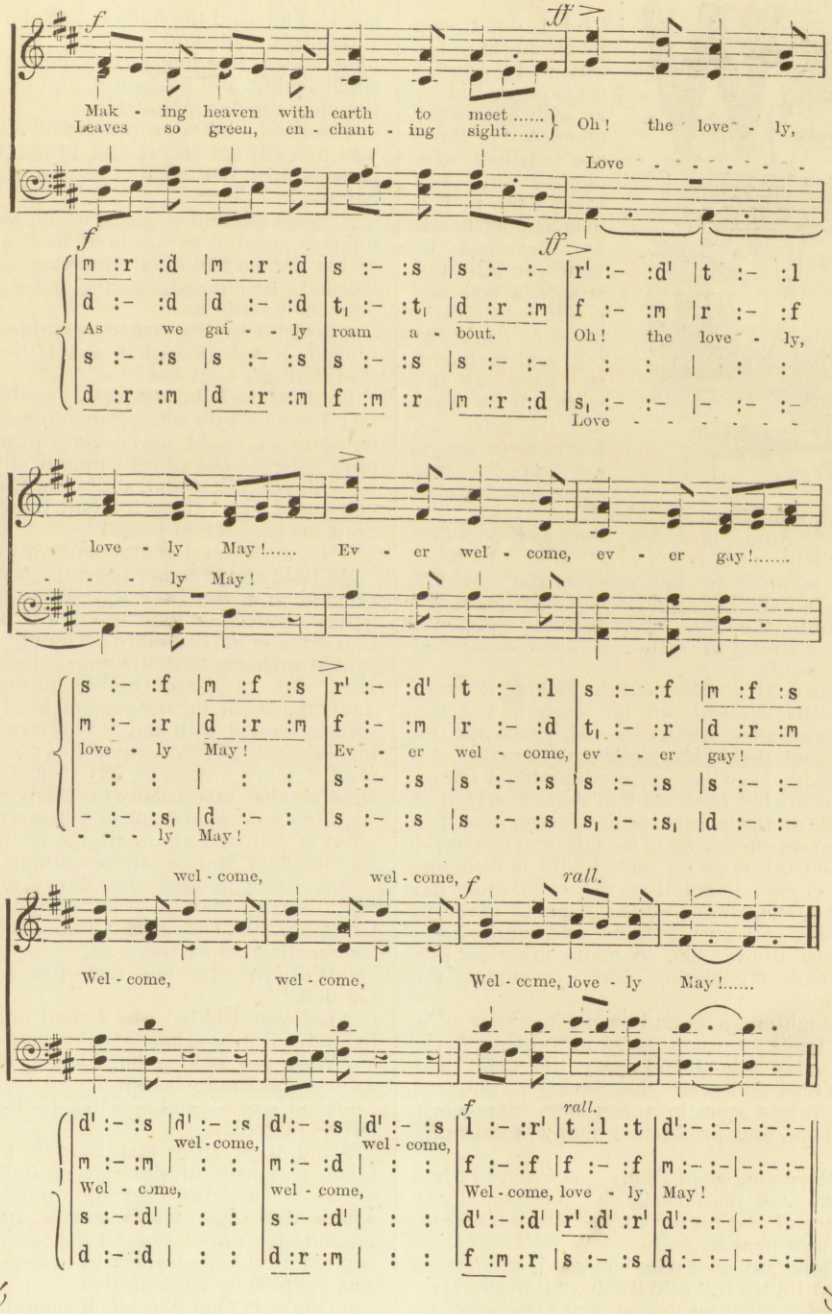
Lord Clarendon's Opinion.—Cannot he that wisely declines walking upon the ice for fear of falling, though possibly it might carry him sooner to his journey's end, as wisely forbear drinking more wine than is necessary, for fear of being drunk, and the ill consequences thereof?

# A WELCOME TO MAY.

*Words adapted* — *Melody by* LOWELL MASON.
*Brightly and joyously.* — *Harmonised by* CAREY BONNER.

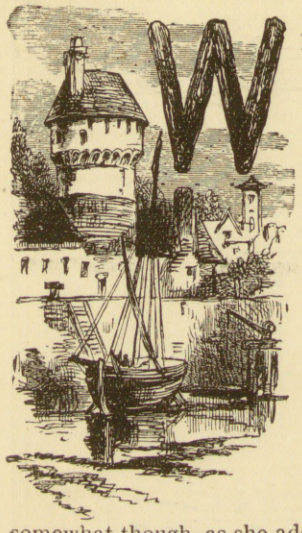


# A WELCOME TO MAY.



## *BIDDY.*

ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL.



"WELL! I don't see much in life, for sartin I don't," soliloquised Biddy, as with somewhat unnecessary force she dollied the clothes in her wash-tub; "a drunken husband, as threatens to turn yer into the streets, a son not much better, and precious little vittals, and me havin' to slave at the wash-tub for what bit I gets, no, I see nowt for it for sure." Her face softened somewhat though, as she added,

"There's Annie, bless her! She's as good a lass as any mother need have, yes,"—after a pause—"there's some'at in her religion, she's nobbut thirteen, but she's a real good lass, she does make life bearable, she does." And Biddy went on with her washing in rather a more contented frame of mind.

She was a fat, slobby, untidy looking woman, whose clothes seemed put on anyhow, and her whole appearance, when dressed, gave one the idea of a sack tied in the middle.

Poor Biddy! her life was anything but a happy one, for years her husband had spent nearly half his wages at the corner public-house, and her eldest son was following in his father's footsteps, and if the truth must be told, Biddy herself was fond of her glass; not that she ever took too much, still, she always said, she could never do her washing without her dinner and supper beer.

Mistaken Biddy! like so many other people, she mistook stimulation and excitement for strength.

Her daughter Annie had been a member of a Band of Hope for five years, and went regularly to the Sunday School, and early the child had begun to love and serve the Saviour. She was the one bright spot in the weary, care-worn mother's life, and brightened many a dark day for her.

One afternoon, when Biddy was feeling rather more depressed than usual, she put her shawl over her head and set off to the little mother's meeting held near by.

"The folks say as it does 'em good, and cheers 'em up, so I'll try it," said Biddy, "I'm sure Mrs. Simmons is a different woman since she went, so kind and feelin', like."

When Biddy entered the room, with her untidy gown, heavy clogs, and shawl thrown on anyhow, she created rather a sensation in the quiet little meeting, and the lady who was conducting it thought she had seldom seen a more hopeless looking specimen of womanhood.

However, she welcomed her kindly, and before she had finished the bible lesson she was giving, Biddy had made up her mind "as it was very nice indeed, real interestin', and that she would come again," and so she did, and became one of the most regular attenders.

The good seed sown prayerfully, every week, was not without effect, and Biddy became dissatisfied with her life, and yearned for something better.

At some mission services, which were held the following winter, she decided to live for Christ, and at the next mother's meeting, she told Mrs. Gordon (the lady who conducted it) how happy Jesus had made her.

"Well! I am pleased to hear this, Biddy," she replied, "and now what about the beer, you'll give that up, wont you?"

Biddy's face fell considerably as she said, "Oh, no; I couldn't do without my dinner and supper half-pint, I could never get through my wash either, *never*," she added emphatically.

"Oh, yes, you would, and be surprised how well you would feel without it; but, Biddy, won't you do it for the sake of Jesus?"

"No, ma'am, I don't see as it's my duty at all."

So Biddy kept to her beer, but somewhow her religion and the beer did not go very well together, and each time she drank her half-pint that verse would come into her mind, "We who live, should not henceforth live unto ourselves, but unto Him," &c. And again and again the thought of denying herself for the sake of her husband was vividly present with her. This struggle went on for some weeks. Remember it is no easy or slight matter for a woman of fifty to give up entirely what she has taken daily for thirty years, and it requires a large amount of self sacrifice, a great effort of will, and above all, the Divine strength, for "without Me, ye can do nothing."

But Biddy gained the victory, and when she saw clearly that it was a hindrance to her Christian life, she gave all up nobly, saying at the meeting before them all,

"Will you let me sign the pledge, Mrs. Gordon?"

"Let you, Biddy! why I shall only be too delighted. But how has this come about?"

"Well, you see ma'am, I feel as if I should be a *better Christian* wi'out it."

Grand words, and worthy to be written in letters of gold.

Some time after this Biddy's little girl was taken seriously ill with fever, and after many weeks of sore suffering she went to that home where there is no more sorrow, and where the inhabitants never say "I am sick." A day or two before she died, she said to her mother, who was weeping by her bedside:

"Don't cry, mother, you'll come to me; and I want you to keep my missionary box, and do my collecting when I'm gone, will you?"

"I'll try," said Biddy, "but, oh, Annie, my

child, what shall I do wi'out you? When your father comes in drunk there'll be nobody to quieten him as you can."

"God'll help you mother." And these words were almost the last words Annie spoke.

So Biddy took the missionary box and collected the halfpennies and pennies for Annie's sake, but the mother's heart felt very empty, and the hot tears fell into the wash tub many a time unseen by any eye save the Great All Father, who comforts his sorrowing ones as no one else can. After Annie's death, Biddy began to put in a box all the money she had previously spent in drink, and kept it under lock and key.

"You see, ma'am," she said to Mrs. Gordon, "I do want to have a little stone up to my darling, so I'm saving the money as I used to spend in beer for it, and when I've got enough I'm going to have a white cross with these words on:

'Little Annie,
God called a little child.'

Then when it's finished I mean to take father with me to look at it and say, 'There, father, that stone's out of the money I used to spend in beer; won't you for our child's sake give up the drink and let us both try and meet her in Heaven?'"

Daily the little hoard accumulated (if any one who reads this little story will try Biddy's plan they will be surprised how much the odd twopences and threepences spent in beer will amount to in a few months), until Biddy had nearly two pounds laid by, when one day, going to her precious box to put in another shilling, she found it broken open and not a penny left. She knew in a moment that her husband had taken it for drink, and her heart was well nigh broken, as with flagging steps and heavy eyes she wended her way to the meeting.

"To think," she moaned, "how long it will be before I can save so much again, and how long it will be before my little Annie can have a gravestone; how could he touch *that* money, it always seemed so sacred like to me," and poor Biddy fairly broke down.

Many a heartfelt prayer went up for her that afternoon, and her sore heart was somewhat comforted by the loving sympathy of her poor neighbours.

It would be delightful to tell that Biddy's husband has given up the drink, and that God has answered her prayer, but as this is a *true* story the truth must be told, and the prayers have not yet been answered, but she is praying daily in faith, and knows some day there will come an answer, perhaps not in the way she expects, but somehow.

Biddy herself is an earnest, humble Christian, a staunch total abstainer, and a very great help and comfort to her poorer neighbours. Is any one sick or in trouble it is, "Send for Biddy, she'll help you if anyone can;" and thus her life testifies to the reality of her religion.

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Loss of Souls.—"I impeach intemperance; and I accuse it of the murder of millions of souls."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

# A BIBLE IN A STRANGE PLACE.

By M. A. Paull (Mrs. John Ripley),

*Author of "Blossom and Blight," "We Girls," etc.*

YOU are all guessing, dear boys and girls, as you read my title, what place it was. We were in a pretty town in North Devon, and we had a disagreeable experience on a certain Saturday night. There had been a local election during the day, and a supply of strong drink was to be had freely, of which a great many men of the town had availed themselves. So, when the quiet orderly inhabitants were desirous of sleeping, they were sadly disturbed, in some of the busiest thoroughfares, by the riotous behaviour of the drinkers as they emerged from the public-houses, some quarrelsome, some silly, some hilarious, and all excited. In the immediate neighbourhood of the dwelling of our kind host, was a corner house, which was also a public-house, as corner houses in busy streets very frequently are, and just as we were going to sleep we were aroused by loud and angry drunken voices uttering cruel threats and vile language, which were soon followed by preliminary blows, and every prospect of a savage fight. In the distance were to be heard the senseless cries and shouts and tumultuous discord of other drunken people emerging from other liquor-shops; so that night was made altogether hideous.

So threatening and disturbing was the row in our immediate locality, and so continuous the blows, that, opening our windows, my husband availed himself of a railway whistle, which he always carries, to summon the police; other bedroom windows were opened by the disturbed neighbours, and our host, also aroused came to the determination to call in the aid of the constables. Happily, when they came upon the scene, they were able to persuade the drunken combatants to desist, and to quell the disturbance.

Next day, we had a good view, from the drawing-room window of our host's residence, of the public-house whence the fighters of the previous night had come. Above the swinging door of the bar was a window, and in that window was a stand or small table, and on the stand a large handsomely bound family Bible, with gilded edges and a gilt clasp. Underneath the window with the Bible, were the words, "Arnold's Taunton Ales;" and, again, underneath these words, was written over the swinging door, the name of the publican, "H. G——, wine and spirit merchant."

During that Sabbath afternoon, at closing time, there came forth through those swinging doors a number of young fellows with battered dissipated-looking faces, smoking and idling about, a woful contrast in their appearance to the respectably dressed, orderly behaved young people who passed them on their way to Bible classes and Sunday schools, and a most peculiar commentary on the Bible in the window above them.

Truly, that Bible was in a strange place. The captive psalmist in Babylon plaintively enquires, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange

land?" Ps. cxxxvii. 4. And we felt as we looked at that Bible, so ostentatiously displayed in such inappropriate surroundings, "How can they read the Lord's book in a strange land?"

As teetotalers, it will do us good to reflect on the reason why the Bible looked so out of place, so incongruous in that public-house, which was so careless of the character of its customers, and which supplied drink to them till they were quarrelsome and blasphemous, and despoiled of the faculties with which their Maker had endowed them.

The very existence of houses licensed to sell intoxicants proves that there has been a woful disregard of the commandment of God, to love our neighbour as ourself. Strong drink injures those who use it, exactly in proportion to the quantity used, and is, therefore, in no case, worth the money that is paid for it. The consequences of its use are the misery and degradation of mankind. The Bible is as opposite to strong drink as white to black. Its use improves those who use it, exactly in proportion to their acquaintance with it, and the consequences of its use are the happiness and elevation of mankind.

However earnestly a publican may endeavour to associate the Bible with his business, he must utterly fail, for the two will never harmonise.

## BEWARE.

By Beresford Adams.

BEWARE of the wine-cup's ruddy glow,
It's luscious taste don't seek to know;
A serpent lurks where wine doth flow.
Beware.

Beware of the house where drink is sold.
'Tis an evil place for young or old,
The ruin there wrought can ne'er be told.
Beware.

Beware of the friends who urge Strong Drink,
And from such dangerous company shrink;
Their influence tends towards ruin's brink.
Beware.

Beware of the pleasure-loving crowd,
With wisdom rarely is it endowed,
It's acts are folly, it's voice is loud.
Beware.

Beware of the men who would entice,
From virtue's paths into haunts of vice;
They may tempt thee more than once or twice.
Beware.

Beware of those who the Right assail,
Who rejoice when they see the Wrong prevail,
Their friendships will certain loss entail.
Beware.

But cling to the Beautiful, Good, and True,
And that which is right don't fail to do,
But evil of every form eschew.
Beware.

## A Tram-Car Incident, or Real Grit.

By Joseph Johnson.



IN a busy street in a large city, between five and six in the afternoon, when the tide of people was streaming out towards the suburbs by train, tram and 'bus, and on both sides of the street, there was one continual procession of men going home, a traveller having done his work for the day, much laden with parcels for wife and family, was returning to his evening meal and the joyful welcome of his children. Being unusually burdened with many small parcels, he indulged in the luxury of a penny ride in a tram-car, which gave him a good help on his homeward way. His thoughts were much occupied, so that on entering the car and sitting down on the first seat on the left hand side, near the conductor's end, he took little notice of the occupants that rapidly began to fill up the car.

The car moved very slowly, for the street was crowded with traffic. A pause at a street corner completed the complement of passengers. A boy with evening papers and matches called out his wares for sale, went up on to the outside and then came to introduce his custom to the inside passengers.

Next to the traveller at the door two well-to-do men had placed themselves. They were evidently friends and engrossed in conversation, and by their dress and look appeared to be in a good, if not in a high, position in life. Just as the car began to move, the stouter of the two exclaimed, "Evening paper?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, handing him one.

The man took it, seized a box of matches, and put some money into the boy's hand, then, without saying a word, turned mechanically from the boy, taking no notice of him, giving no thanks, to continue the conversation with his friend, which had not been interrupted by the purchase of the paper and matches.

As the boy got to the tram doorway he looked at the money given him, hesitated—the car was moving rapidly now—then went to the outside step, hesitated again, waited an instant, then as if moved by a desperate resolve came back to his customer and said,

"What did you give me?"

The well-dressed man of position turned upon the boy, as if he had been a fiend incarnate, and in the rudest way roared at the little ragged lad,

"I gave you a halfpenny for the paper and a penny for the matches, you young vagabond."

"I thought so," said the boy, holding the threehalfpence in his hand, "its a halfpenny too much, the matches are two a penny."

Then without one word of praise or one look of approval the man seized another box of matches, turned from the boy as if his honesty had insulted him, and went on with his talk to his friend, as if there had been no interruption.

The boy went off the car immediately. So sudden had been the whole transaction that no one noticed it, except the traveller by the door, who did not realize the incident at once, and had only time to pat the little chap on the back as he turned out, and say, "Well done, that's grand, God bless you."

It was not until the traveller was left alone to reflection that the meaning of the incident dawned on him. The temptation to that poor boy—what that halfpenny meant to him, the many excuses the boy might have made, no one would have known, the man might have intended to give it him—the conflict and struggle, and then the victory of honesty, integrity, truth and honour.

There stood the rough ragged newsboy type of high chivalry and courage, above a mean and sordid transaction, the picture of valour and uprightness, a boy of real grit, a little gentleman of God; and there sat that well-dressed cad, whose soul had sunk so low that no gratitude for honour was possible, true type of the degraded money grabbing man.

There was one satisfaction to the moralist and the onlooker, that the obscure heroism was known to the Father, who sees in secret, and that the other will as surely in no wise lose his reward.



# *If we know the way we can show others.*

By Uncle Ben.

IT was toward the dusk of evening in the very early summer, when the fading light of the setting sun was falling on the roofs and chimneys of the little village of Stokehurst, that Jacob Hughes began his homeward journey after having been sent on a message to Mr. Dunce, at the mill.

Jacob was a small lad, but thoroughly trustworthy; his father was a country farmer and lived a few miles away from Stokehurst. On the present occasion, he had sent his son, late in the afternoon, after school, to walk over to Duckford Mill; bidding him hasten back as fast as he could, so that he might get home soon after dark.

Jacob liked to be trusted to do important things, and by the many injunctions he received

he felt sure that his mission to the mill was on very weighty matters; besides, his father would not have sent him so late—for he would not arrive home until quite dark—if the business had not been very urgent.

He started some time after tea in the bright evening light and the lengthening shadows; he enjoyed the walk from his father's farm, partly along fields and bye lanes for about four miles, saving thus nearly two miles, for by the dusty high-road the distance was generally called six miles.

When he had seen Mr. Dunce, after having been detained some time, the shades of evening were falling, and Jacob was thinking of his homeward journey in the light of an adventure. The walk back was a lonely one, and he knew that it would take him, walking as fast as he could, till after ten o'clock, so the last part of the journey would be all in the dark.

The path lay by the mill stream for some little distance and then the way ran across the fields. As he was leaving the outskirts of the village of Stokehurst, while still keeping the grassy path beside the stream, a queer-looking man spoke to him and asked the way to Thorncross, a small hamlet or village just beyond Mr. Hughes' farm, in fact, there were three crosses in one parish—Thorncross, Whitecross, and Blackcross. So Jacob told the stranger that he knew the place well.

"Then," said the man, "can you tell me the nearest way? I believe there's a short track across the fields."

The only near way was the one Jacob was going, but he did not like the look of this stranger; like many country lads, he was shy and suspicious; so hesitated a moment, then began to describe the way, but, before he had said much, he felt ashamed of himself and exclaimed,

"I am going that very way."

"You know it then, I suppose, without a guide?" said the man.

"Yes," replied the boy, "it's my nighest road home."

"Then," said the stranger, "I had better go along with you, as it will soon be dark and I don't want to be wandering about all night."

So the two started. Jacob felt quite frightened at the prospect of having this rough, unknown man as his companion for the whole of this lonely walk. He thought the stranger looked like a tramp; he fancied perhaps he might be a house-breaker or a gaol-bird just out from the county prison.

They did not say very much to one another at first; the stranger seemed absorbed in his own thoughts, and Jacob was too nervous and fearful to speak a word. They met very few people; and soon had the open country and the gathering darkness all to themselves. When they were going through the fields Jacob led the way and the stranger followed silently behind. At length they came to a stile that led them into a narrow lane with high hedges, overshadowed by trees, that made it very dark. Then the stranger said,

"It's a mighty long way, and it's getting precious dark; how far have we got to go?"

"We are nearly half way," returned the boy.

"I hope you're not fooling me," said the stranger.

"If you don't like to go on, you can go back," remarked Jacob, who was almost tongue-tied by fear.

"What's your name?" asked the man.

"Jacob Hughes," said the boy.

"Then I guess you ought to know the way; it's a mighty fine thing to have a Bible name like Jacob, though your father's name wasn't Isaac."

After this, the stranger became more talkative, and asked a good many questions about the neighbourhood.

The lane crossed the high road, near to which was a public house.

"Why," said the man, with evidently some surprise, "Isn't that 'Cobble's Corner,' and isn't the 'Red Lion' down the road, and further on, 'Stone Gallows Hill?'"

"Yes," replied Jacob, "so you do know this part of the country."

"I did, once on a time, but it seems mighty long ago, I could not find my way in the dark now, but I know enough to be sure you are on the right track. When you are once on the right track, and know it, you can take anyone else along. Many years ago, Jacob, I did know this country, but I didn't know the right track, or, if I did, I did not heed it, and so I kind of lost my way, and then I got out of the old country and tried to make a new path in the Colonies, where there ain't so many 'Red Lions' and 'Black Bears,' and out there I found a mate who put me on the right path, and gave me a helping hand, and I ain't quite the same chap I was. And now, youngster, since I found the right way, I am going to let you know it. You see, it is like this, you meet me and don't know me, I don't know you, but when you tell me your name I know all about you, yet I could not find the short track from Old Dunce's Mill, at Stokehurst, to Thorncross to save my life, I had clean forgotten it. You know it quite well, because it's a way you have often been, and it's the direct cut back to your father's house, and because you know the way like a bird to its nest, you show me. Now, many years ago, I lived about here, till, what with drink, and one thing and another, but chiefly through bad companions, I lost a good name and very nearly everything that was worth having. Then far away from here I found the true friend and mate who made a teetotaler of me, and this mate knew the right track clean through to the better country, and gave me a start on the way; and though I am no preacher or anything of the sort, I do feel I should like to put everyone on the safe path, that they may not lose the way as I did and come to the very brink of ruin. Now, Jacob, be a teetotaler; have nothing to do with strong drink; put your whole trust in God for everything you do, and you can't go far astray."

Jacob said, "I pretty nearly always drink water."

"That's very likely. I did when I was your age, mostly because I could not get anything else to drink, but I didn't know then that water

drinking is the only safe track. Now, when I met you, I was on the right way, but I wasn't sure about it, but when you told me you knew the way, then, thinks I, I had better follow your lead because you've been over this ground often, so I fetched up alongside and, says I, that youngster will just pilot me into port, because he knows the way. Now, Jacob, it's this bit of advice that takes the trick. Them as knows can show others. You are on the right track by drinking water, stick to it. I know, therefore you can follow my lead. You know the way to Thorncross, so I follow yours."

After this, Jacob lost his fears and misgivings about the stranger, and opened out in conversation as his fellow pilgrim became more genial, who, through the dark, began to recognise a few landmarks as they neared home.

Presently the stranger said, "Your father's farm is over that field, Thorncross is higher up the lane, and George Green's farm is the first to the left."

"George Green isn't living, he died last year, Fred has got the farm," replied Jacob.

The stranger said nothing; they walked on in silence till they came to a cart track that led up to Mr. Hughes' farm. Jacob had got a little in front and the man had fallen behind. When the boy had unlatched the gate the stranger was gone, he had slipped away in the darkness. Jacob lingered a little, then, knowing he could get on to Thorncross and to Mr. Green's farm by going higher up the lane, though it was a little further than by the track from his own farm, he hurried home.

On his arrival Jacob told his father all about the strange companion. Mr. Hughes at once guessed it was Tom Green come back. He had been a wild reckless fellow, ruined by drink, who had quarrelled with his brother George and ran off no one knew where. It was rumoured first to America and then to Canada, where, in the far north, as a trapper, it had been reported, he had made some money; but, from the day he had gone, no direct news had ever reached the village.

The next morning the whole of the little neighbourhood was alive with the gossip that Tom Green had come back. People knew all the particulars in no time, how he landed in Liverpool, caught the express to Weybury Junction, left his trunk there, walked to Stokehurst, and had come along from hard by Duckford Mill with Jacob Hughes, from whom he learnt of his brother's death, which had been a terrible blow to the penitent brother. So Jacob, all unknowingly, in guiding the stranger, had conducted the lost Tom Green to his surviving friends and relations.

A Strange Test.—The Rev. Richard Knill, after many years' missionary work in Russia, observes that it was customary in cold weather for the officers to smell the breaths of the soldiers before they went on an expedition, and those that had taken any ardent spirits were sent back.

## MORTALITY AND SICKNESS AMONG MODERATE DRINKERS.

By Dr. A. J. H. Crespi, Wimborne.

MUCH light is thrown on the vexed question of the superior healthiness of total abstinence by recent returns. The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution arranges its cases in two sections: the one abstainers only; the other non-abstainers; while, of course, suspected drunkards are zealously excluded. In twenty-one years the expected deaths in the moderate section were 5,785, while only 164 fewer occurred; the expectancy among the abstainers was 3,655, and the deaths 1,076 less; the mortality among the total abstainers was, therefore, 26 per cent. under the expectation. The teetotal section has received bonuses on an average 24 per cent. higher than the moderate drinkers. Returns of the time during which members of Friendly Societies draw sick pay show the comparative freedom from incapacitating illness of abstainers. The *Rechabite Directory* for 1887-88 gives some interesting comparisons. Between 20 and 60 years of age the Salford Unity of Rechabites (all abstainers) show only 48 weeks, against 59·6 weeks in the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows; between 60 and 70 years the Rechabites had 50·1 weeks against 62·5 weeks among the Oddfellows—a difference of 12·4 weeks in favour of the former. Grouping these figures together, the Rechabites had 98·1 weeks against 122·1 weeks among the Oddfellows. The abstaining Sons of Rechab also come out well compared with the Foresters; from 20 to 70 years of age they have 98 weeks of ill-health as opposed to 126·3 weeks in the Ancient Order of Foresters; between 70 and 80 years, 122 weeks opposed to 148·2 weeks among the Foresters. Collecting these returns, the Rechabites require financial assistance from their club during 220 weeks, and the Foresters during 274·5 weeks, a difference in favour of the Rechabites of 54·5 weeks. These striking tables incontrovertibly prove the superior healthfulness of abstainers.

To bring out the contrast still more forcibly, it must be remembered that a large percentage of the members of non-abstaining Friendly Societies are total abstainers, so that the returns of these bodies are better than they should be for purposes of comparison. Again, the more thriftless, intemperate and self-indulgent members of friendly societies often, perhaps commonly, let their payments drop when age or infirmity tells upon them; now, the abstaining societies have few such members, while the non-abstaining ones have many, and as a majority of these unhealthy people cease to pay, they are struck off the books, consequently, the Temperance clubs do not show up as favourably as they deserve, and their real superiority is very materially greater than any tables that have ever yet been published give us any conception of.

## Pebbles and Pearls.

THE sting of reproach is the truth of it.

HE who waits to do a great deal at once will seldom do anything at all.

THE CREDIT HE WANTED.—Grocer: "So you've given up drinking, Uncle 'Rastus?" Uncle 'Rastus: "Yes, sah. I hain't teched er drop in fo' weeks." Grocer: "You deserve a great deal of credit." Uncle 'Rastus: "Yes, sah. That's jes what I sez, and I was gwine ter ask yo', Mistah Smif, ef yo' cud trust me a ham."

"DO YOU make any reduction to a minister?" said a young lady in Richmond to a salesman. "Always—are you a minister's wife?" "Oh, no! I am not married," said the lady, blushing. "Daughter, then?" "No." The tradesman looked puzzled. "I am engaged to a theological student," said she. The reduction was made.

MRS. MARY DAVIES, the well known and popular singer, says that for quite ten years she has been a total abstainer. At one time she thought it necessary to occasionally take a glass of wine before proceeding to a concert, but she finds she is now quite as well without any alcoholic stimulant, and a cup of cocoa or beef tea now and then suffices. The *Woman's World* for April contains her portrait and a view of her music-room.

LIVING ON A SHILLING A DAY.—A sandwich-man's balance-sheet, showing how he lived on seven shillings a week, is published in a current record of London City Mission work. On the credit side appears the six days' pay at 1s. 2d. per day for board carrying. The debit side is made up of "six days' food (at 4½d.), 2s. 1½d.; six days' lodging (at 4d.), 2s.; soap, 1½d.; washing, 4d.; medicine, 2d.; shaving, 1d.; pair of boots, 2s.; balance, 2d. The 4½d. a day for food is made up of these touching details: Dinner, 1d.; supper and breakfast—bread, 1½d.; butter, 1d.; tea and sugar, 1d." The poor fellow, soon after the production of this balance-sheet, died in Guy's Hospital. He had once had £10 a week, and came down in the world, like so many others, through drink. Curiously enough the boards he carried advertised *The Profligate.*

GEORGE HERBERT wrote:

"He that is drunken
Is outlawed by himself. All kinds of ill,
Did, with his liquor, slide into his veins."

"THE various Bands of Hope and kindred juvenile temperance societies are, for the most part, bringing their meetings to a close for a session. We have reason to believe, from what we have seen, that the past *season* has been one of unwonted activity and success." This paragraph is copied from a Scotch Temperance paper. —Surely our friends over the border do not suppose the trade in intoxicating liquors is harmless in the summer months. Why should they give up their efforts so long as a public-house is open.

ONE "Take this" is better than ten "God help you."

A PERSON asked some little boys what they were good for? "Good to make men out of," said one of them.

"CHARLIE, won't you have some beans?" "No," said the child. "No what, my son?" "No *beans.*"

A PRIEST once asked a condemned prisoner in a parish gaol "What kind of a conscience have you?" "It is as good as new," replied the prisoner, "for I have never used it."

KILLED BY WATER.—"Trial by jury," says a writer in *Temple Bar*, "is attended with peculiar difficulties in India. A man was on his trial for the murder of another. He had been caught red-handed, and there was no possible room for doubt in the matter. The murdered man had succumbed almost immediately to his wound, living only long enough, after being discovered, to ask for some water to drink. Some surprise was felt at the time taken by the jury in considering their verdict, but when at length they returned and recorded it the astonishment of all in court was unbounded when it proved to be one of *Not Guilty.* So extraordinary a verdict could not pass unchallenged, and the judge inquired by what process of reasoning they had arrived at their decision; if the accused had not murdered the man, who had? 'Your lordship, we are of opinion that the injuries were not the cause of the man's death. It has been proved that he drank water shortly before his death, and we are of opinion that it was drinking the water that killed him.'"

## Notice of Book.

"THE TEMPERANCE READER," by the Rev. J. Dennis Hind, M.A., published by Cassell and Company, price one shilling and sixpence. This is a capital book of 240 pages, with short chapters and clear paragraphs, and illustrated with many wood cuts. The author gives a history of drink, then deals with its present evils, and then shows how the enemy is to be fought and conquered. There is abundant information and many excellent stories are told. The book is not only valuable for schools and home reading for children, but is a store house of treasures for Band of Hope speakers.

Two tracts are sent us from the National Temperance Depot, London, twopence each. "TOTAL ABSTINENCE AND THE BIBLE," by Rev. G. S. Streatfield, and "BIBLE VERSUS DRINK," by Rev. N. S. Taylor, B.A.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—The League Journal—Temperance Record—Juvenile Rechabite—Reformer—Western Temperance Herald—Bond of Union—Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Graham's Temperance Worker—Methodist Temperance Magazine—True Templar—Railway Signal—Vegetarian Messenger, &c.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Received with thanks: A. J Glasspool, Mary M. Forrester, Rev. C. T. Price, Louie Slade, Isabel Maude Hamill, Dr. A. J. H. Crespi.

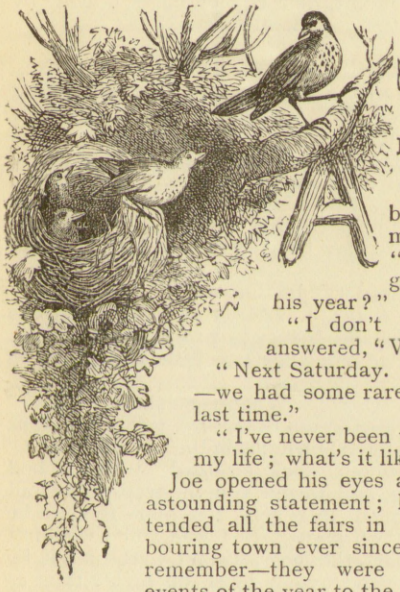
# ALFRED.

By LOUIE SLADE,

*Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care."*

## CHAPTER VI.—Going to the Fair.

*"Speak gently to the erring;*
*Thou yet mayst lead them back*
*With holy words and tones of love*
*From misery's thorny track.*
*Forget not thou hast often sinned,*
*And sinful yet must be;*
*Deal gently with the erring, then,*
*As God hath dealt with thee."*



"ALF," said Joe Omer, the stable boy, one morning, "shall you go to Fair this year?"

"I don't know," he answered, "When is it?"

"Next Saturday. I shall go—we had some rare fun there last time."

"I've never been to a fair in my life; what's it like?"

Joe opened his eyes at such an astounding statement; he had attended all the fairs in the neighbouring town ever since he could remember—they were the chief events of the year to the Hedgmoor children, who for weeks and months saved up their pence for them.

"Never been to a fair?" ejaculated Joe. "No wonder you're a duffer. Why, there's all sorts of things there—swings and roundabouts, shying at cocoa-nuts, shows and waxworks, and very often wild beasts."

This certainly sounded inviting, and Alf began to think he should like to go. He was sorry he had spoken so hastily and displayed his ignorance of an event of which Joe appeared to think so highly. Having lived in a town he was inclined to look down upon country people, and felt it humiliating to the last degree to be styled a "duffer" by Joe.

"I saw the fat lady last year," continued Joe, "and she was a whopper! But I think shying at cocoa-nuts is the best fun; I got three last time."

"And how many throws did you have?"

"Oh, I only spent sixpence. Young Harry Arnott laid out a shilling and didn't knock down a single one! All the chaps did make game of him, and he was so spiteful; he'd have tried again only his money was all gone. He wanted to borrow twopence off me, but I didn't see it."

"Do you think I should be able to get away?" asked Alf.

"To be sure—you can easily get round the housekeeper. All the out-door servants go—or at least nearly all. I tell you what, Alf, you and I'll go together, and then we can do as we like; I can easily give the old man the slip."

Alf had an idea that a fair was not a very good place, and he was sure Joe was not a suitable friend for him, at first he had tried to keep aloof, being shocked at the disrespectful manner in which he spoke of his father. But Joe was not so easily repulsed, and he was a very merry companion, so instead of negativing the proposal Alf agreed to it, and began to look forward to the fair.

Saturday came. It was a beautiful spring day; Joe and Alf exchanged congratulations upon the propitious weather. The sky was so blue, the air soft and fragrant; nature was beginning to put on her tender green robes, and the birds were trilling their jubilant lays.

Alf was at the manor rather earlier than usual and doing his work briskly.

"Why, Alf," said one of the maids, "what is the matter that you're in such a tremendous hurry?"

"Don't hinder the boy, Jane," said cook, "he's going to Fair presently, so he's got to do double duty this morning."

"Going to Fair, is he? Well, Alf, mind you bring me a fairing; here's a threepenny bit for you."

Jane was not the only one of the servants who remembered him; they all knew the Fair would offer plenty of opportunities for getting rid of money, and when Alf left for home he felt quite rich.

"You ought to pay back Reuben's two shillings," conscience said in a loud tone, as he was running briskly along towards Mrs. Wilmott's cottage.

But he had so many reasons to urge against this. The servants would be sure to ask what he had bought, and how could he answer them? He had not breathed a word of the debt even to Mrs. Wilmott. Besides, Reuben had never written about the money—perhaps he had not discovered his loss, and if this were the case there was no need for acquainting him with it. And it would not be quite right to appropriate this sum to his own private use; he had no intention of spending it upon himself, but meant to bring home a handsome "fairing" for Mrs. Wilmott.

And with such reasoning as this he tried to still the voice of the troublesome little monitor, and thought gleefully of the pleasant afternoon in store.

It was now early in May, and Alf had been at Hedgmoor since December. During that time he had only once heard from any of his former friends, and this was a short note from Amy, saying how pained she had been to hear of his conduct, and that she was sure her brother would forgive him if he would only own himself

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in the wrong. It was a kind, sisterly letter, but the writer had evidently been a little prejudiced by Reuben, and accepted his statement of the case.

Alf often thought of his old home, and wondered how they were getting on, if Sis still cherished better thoughts of him, and whether his aunt had quite left off caring for him. He hungered for a word of forgiveness from her.

Joe was waiting at the appointed place, and, as he had been there for the last ten minutes, he was in a bad temper, and greeted Alf crossly. But when they were fairly on their way, and trying to make up for lost time, he grew more amiable, and they chatted glibly of the amusements in prospect.

Saturday was a busy day with Mrs. Wilmott. According to the custom of years, she cleaned her house from top to bottom with unwavering regularity; it did not signify that frequently nobody but herself and Alf crossed the threshold all the week, and that there was scarcely a speck of dust to be seen in the tidy bedrooms, she continued to go through the process; and being so old and feeble it was naturally a longer and more laborious task than it used to be.

But it was completed at last, and the evening found her sitting in the kitchen with a work-box on the table beside her, darning Alf's stockings.

There was a small fire, for although it was May the nights were chilly, and those who suffer much from rheumatism are sensitive to the cold. The kitchen was a model of cleanliness and neatness; the bricks were red, the grate and fire-irons shone brilliantly, and so did the tin candlesticks on the mantel-shelf; the crockery displayed on the dresser had been carefully dusted; all dust, cob-webs, and spiders fared badly in Mrs. Wilmott's territories.

Her needle went regularly in and out as she darned the large holes in Alf's stockings, and she shook her head as she thought how badly he required what she called a "new rigging out." But she was not much given to complaining, she was a very contented, cheerful person, and now began to sing in her weak, quavering voice, a verse of that grand old hymn:

> "Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
> The clouds ye so much dread
> Are big with mercy, and shall break
> In blessings on your head."

Glancing at the clock, she broke off to exclaim, "I should think the boy 'll soon be home; I told him to be sure and leave in good time, but boys are so headstrong. I didn't much care for his going with Joe Omer; but then what could I say?"

Possibly, she spoke to herself, for nobody else was there but Tabby, who opened his eyes and purred, as if to agree with her.

The stockings were darned, the long evening faded into night, and she lit her candle—she never could be persuaded to burn oil. Still Alfred did not come. She grew uneasy, and going to the door looked out. The night was as fair and lovely as the day had been; everything was bathed in moonlight, and in the orchard opposite, the nightingale was pouring forth a rich song. But I doubt whether Mrs. Wilmott heard it.

"Those boys aren't up to any good, I'm afraid," she muttered. She could hear the sound of wheels and sometimes a shout, and knew the people were coming from the Fair.

"Well I shall only catch cold out here," she said again, shivering as she spoke.

Going in, she sat down near the fire, and opened the Bible; but could not fix her attention upon her evening meditation. She heard steps, and expected to see Alf enter; but no, it was the woman from the next door who burst unceremoniously into the room.

"Mrs. Wilmott, that boy of yours is lying by the side of the road beastly drunk."

"*What?*"

She sprang to her feet, forgetful of rheumatism, and it is hard to say whether the groan that escaped her lips was caused by mental or physical pain.

The woman repeated her intelligence.

"How far is he off?"

"Oh, about a mile and a half—just under the copse. My man tried to get him up and help him along, but law! he'd got no more sense than a baby."

"And where was Joe Omer?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; we met 'em in the Fair-ground and they was pretty forward then. A disgraceful thing for two little bits of chaps like them!"

"Dear! Dear! Whatever shall I do?" exclaimed Mrs. Wilmott. "Do you think your man would fetch him home in the wheelbarrow?"

The neighbour shook her head. "He's in bed by this time, and to tell you the truth he've had quite as much as is good for him—though he ain't tipsy, you know. If I was you I wouldn't trouble about the boy—'twon't hurt him if he should have to stay out there all night, 'taint as if it was cold. And after all he's nothing to you. I should think after this you'll get rid of him. Well, Mrs. Wilmott, 'twas a splendid Fair this year, I never went to a better."

But Mrs. Wilmott was in no mood for discussing Fairs; she was tying on her sun-bonnet and pinning a shawl round her.

"You're never going out to look for him?" exclaimed the other. "How do you think you'll get him home?"

"I don't know, but I shall go."

"Oh, well, if you've set your mind on it I'll come with you; perhaps we may pull him along between us. The troublesome young urchin! I should give him such a thrashing as he's never had in his life if I was you."

In spite of her trembling limbs Mrs. Wilmott was not long in reaching the spot where Alfred lay. What a pang went through her as she looked upon the boyish face disfigured by the stamp of intoxication.

He was asleep, and they could not rouse him sufficiently to get him to his feet, so they stood debating what to do. The neighbour strongly recommended leaving him where he was till

morning, but Mrs. Wilmott feared the night-dews, and was sure she could not rest in her bed if he were lying there.

As they were talking and trying to bring him to himself a cart drove up, belonging to a man in an adjoining village. The person in charge was a little muddled himself, but most good-naturedly agreed to take the lad home.

There was little rest for Mrs. Wilmott that night; she was too much troubled by what had occurred and its possible consequences to think of sleep.

Alf awoke in the morning with a dreadful head-ache, and for a few minutes wondered what had come to him. But gradually the recollection of yesterday's indulgence came over him, and, covered with shame and confusion, he buried his face in the bed-clothes.

Could it be possible that he had been intoxicated? He—a boy not yet fourteen! Oh, if he had only stayed at home! He wished he had never heard of the Fair, or of Joe either, it was all his fault. So he tried to shift the responsibility from himself, but in vain.

How could he meet Mrs. Wilmott? and what would they say to him at the Manor when they knew he had spent his money upon intoxicating drink?

He could not remember in the least how he had come home. He recalled the noise and glitter of the Fair, the shows and amusements, but nothing tempted him like the drink. He and Joe had met with several acquaintances who had "treated" them and laughed to see how they were becoming muddled. Alf remembered how strange his head felt, and that he had had to clutch at Joe's arm for support, but having a few coppers left they could not rest satisfied without calling at the "Horseshoe" on their way home, but he could recollect no more. He supposed he had stumbled home with Joe's help. Never had he felt so utterly ashamed of himself as he did that morning, while he dressed with trembling hands and tried to call up the events of the previous day, as well as the throbbing of his head would allow.

Upon going downstairs he found Mrs. Wilmott there already and the kettle boiling, an unusual thing for Sunday.

"You'd better have a cup of tea before going out this morning," she observed, filling the tea-pot.

"No thank you, I don't want any."

She looked at him, and his eyes dropped beneath that keen, searching glance.

"Well, get on to your work then; I shouldn't wonder if it should be the last day you'll go to the Manor."

Alf went without another word. The kitchen-maid, who let him in, asked how he had enjoyed himself at the Fair, and looked suspiciously at his pale, haggard face, while Jane, who was the next to appear, wanted to hear all about it, and laughingly observed that holidays didn't agree with him, for he was as white as a ghost and as cross as two sticks. They had heard nothing of it yet, but it would be sure to reach their ears before long.

Alf could not make up his mind to go to church, and Mrs. Wilmott was not sorry he should be absent when she heard the news passing from lip to lip, and was assailed with questions on all sides.

"Such a shocking thing! Perfectly disgraceful! Simply scandalous!" These were a few of the opinions passed, and Joe, on the strength of having stumbled home without assistance, contrived to throw all the blame on Alf.

In the afternoon when Alf went to the Manor to get in the wood and coal, he was sent into the housekeeper's room, where the butler and housekeeper were waiting for him. They at once demanded an explanation of the rumour which had reached them. Of course Alf could not deny it, and they were greatly shocked, and spoke to him very severely, forgetting that the wine they had given him had helped to develop the inherent taste for intoxicants. They consented to overlook his offence this time, but gave him to understand they would not condone a second.

It was a sharp lesson for Alf, for although he did not lose his situation, he felt that he had lost the respect of the other servants. He was no longer treated with favour, but snubbed and teased, and often ironically advised to join the Vicar's Guild.

Few guessed the depths of his remorse and humiliation. What would his aunt and the others think of him if they knew? Reuben and Sis would never speak to him again. And his uncle, Alf wondered if he knew what had transpired? If so, he thought it must grieve him even in heaven.

It came to the vicar's ears after a time, but to the surprise of the good lady who mentioned it, he showed no disgust, and only said very pityingly, "Poor lads!"

He went to them, and spoke seriously and kindly, earnestly inviting them to join his Guild.

Joe was somewhat sullen, but Alf appeared to feel his fault more keenly, and Mr. Worthing hoped he might eventually win him to his side.

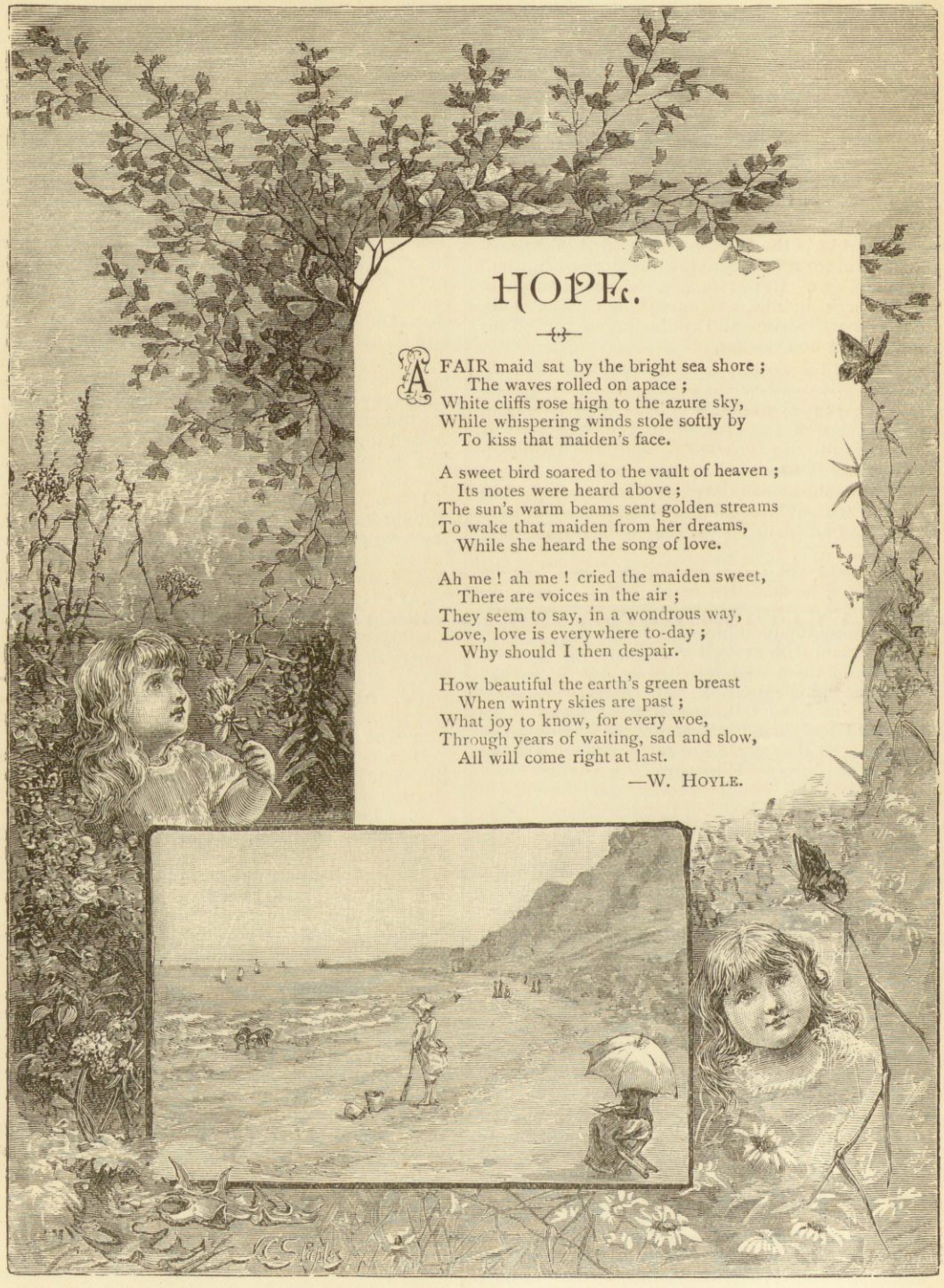
He was doubly anxious on his account, having heard of his father's intemperate habits and untimely death.

After a while he discovered that Alf's hesitation arose from his uncle's objection to teetotalism. This he overcame by reminding him that if he, young as he was, had already overstepped the limits of moderation it proved that he was one of the number of whom his uncle had spoken who needed the safeguard of a pledge.

Alf admitted the force of the argument, and to the vicar's relief and joy allowed himself to be enrolled as a member of the Boys' Temperance Guild.

*(To be continued.)*

EARNESTNESS.—There is no substitute for thoroughgoing, ardent, and sincere earnestness. —*Charles Dickens.*



# HOPE.

A FAIR maid sat by the bright sea shore ;
The waves rolled on apace ;
White cliffs rose high to the azure sky,
While whispering winds stole softly by
To kiss that maiden's face.

A sweet bird soared to the vault of heaven ;
Its notes were heard above ;
The sun's warm beams sent golden streams
To wake that maiden from her dreams,
While she heard the song of love.

Ah me ! ah me ! cried the maiden sweet,
There are voices in the air ;
They seem to say, in a wondrous way,
Love, love is everywhere to-day ;
Why should I then despair.

How beautiful the earth's green breast
When wintry skies are past ;
What joy to know, for every woe,
Through years of waiting, sad and slow,
All will come right at last.

—W. HOYLE.



# THE LAWYER'S DREAM.

BY STYLOGRAPH.

IT had been a rough and stormy day, and it was now followed by a rougher and stormier night. The wind howled furiously, and the rain beat in sheets against the windows of "Haildene" with such sustained force that it seemed as if the tempest meant never to come to an end. A wild night for travellers, and a bitter one for the poor!

Mrs. Grimshaw, the lawyer's wife, was sitting in her cosy parlour, with the tea set on the table, and a large fire blazing in the grate, awaiting her husband's return. Every now and then she laid down her knitting and turned uneasily in her chair, straining her ears to catch the sound of carriage wheels. But, in the uproar of the storm, that was impossible, and therefore she would rise and go to the windows, and, drawing back the curtains, look through the venetian blinds for the glimmer of the lamps. It was all in vain.

Two hours passed in this anxious manner. Fortunately, Mr. Grimshaw was a very safe man—temperate and thoughtful. His wife's only anxiety was, lest something might have befallen the horse or carriage, as the way home lay along a lonely forest road, and trees or huge boughs might easily have been hurled across the drive in such a storm.

"It's a mercy," said she to her maid, "that Richard is a safe driver."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the girl, "and he never drinks. He told me the other day to persuade my young man to keep clear of drunkenness by keeping clear of the drink. And he said as how he'd tried that recipe for hisself this seventeen year and never knowed it fail. So I've signed the pledge myself, ma'am, for it ain't no good one being T.T. without t' other; and I'm doin' my best to persuade Jack to do the same, for I shouldn't like him to be like poor old Robin o' the vicarage corner. You know the whole o' them little 'uns is gone off to the work'us on Saturday last, and Robin was to be buried to-day. Deary oh dear, I wouldn't like our house to come to that; but folk's never safe where the drink is. I did 'ear as 'ow they made one o' them big brewers Lords or Earls. It's more 'an I can understan'; but I suppose, somehow, it was to make an example of 'em."

How much more Betsey would have said in this strain will never be known, as a loud rap-a-tap-tap at the door ended the conversation; and Mr. Grimshaw entered his home safe and sound.

After divesting himself of his outer garments, and putting on his slippers, he took the easy chair and sat down right before the blazing hearth, while his wife and servant made speed to get a substantial tea ready to satisfy his hunger.

"For," said he, as he returned his wife's warm welcome, "I've had a full, busy day and no mistake; no time to taste bit or drop since morning, and as sad a day as busy. The storm's been the best of medicines to me, for it's driven some of the vapours out of my head and brought me an appetite; and the sooner I satisfy it the better. We're not at the end of that business yet, more's the pity, more's the pity!" and he shook his head bitterly.

"Well, get you rested, George," said his wife; and, with that, she vanished.

Whether it was the heat of the fire, or the reaction from a day's prolonged strain, or the strong dose of ozone which he had taken in during his long drive home, or all combined that did it, somehow or other he had not been long seated before he fell into a reverie, in which, without any effort on his part, the events of the past, leading up to that day's proceedings, passed rapidly before his mind, and then, suddenly, the reverie ended in a sleep and dream.

The gentle and philosophical reader will, no doubt, be able to find an origin for some parts of the dream in the impressions produced on the sleeper's sensorium by the somewhat excessive heat of the fire, so near which he was sitting, the howling of the tempest outside, and the sounds of the hissing tea-urn and rattling tea things in the room. But the chief source of the dream was in the events of the day, which alone gave it significance. And therefore, before recording the dream, we will anticipate a little and relate the conversation which summarised those events, and which passed between Mr. Grimshaw and his wife over the tea-table; but which she persistently refused to enter upon until, as she expressed it, he had made sure of his appetite.

"Well now, George," said she, after the meal was well advanced, "reward my patience; what's been the cross to day? What made you shout so as you woke up in the chair?"

"Ah! well, well, my dear, you'd have shouted too, only more soprano like. But this is no joking matter."

"Evidently not, from the demonstration you made," replied his better half.

"You remember old Peter Hayne's will-making?" proceeded Mr. Grimshaw.

"Yes, well?"

"I drew it up, and he wouldn't take advice. He left all to his only daughter, Janet; but he did not protect her property against her husband's debts. Janet married Wemysse of Blighton Castle. She'd better have been buried. There wasn't a bad quality discernible in the said Wemysse when a lad; but of all the weaklings he was the weakest. The county rakes put a ring in his nose and led him whithersoever they would. Horse-racing, cricket-betting, con-

tinental gaming tables—he was in them all. The thousands that fellow went through, and the pipes of wine that went down his throat! Of course, the ruin didn't come all at once. The climax is very modern, the last triumph of the drink monster! No, not the last—would that it were, there'll be plenty more to follow—but the most recent."

"But I thought Blighton Castle was the very pink of all the wealthy, hospitable mansions of the west country. Haven't they had royalty there?" asked Mrs. Grimshaw with paled face.

"Possibly so," said the lawyer; "there was loyalty enough there to keep it there always, if it would stay. But all that's over now. To think of it all! I was present at Wemysse's coming of age; I was present at the wedding; I saw them press on him the wine cup when he refused; for, till he was twenty-one, he steadily refused to taste. They told him not to be a milk-sop. Better be a thousand milk-sops than one drink-sop! I shook my head at his father across the table when he pressed the wine on that harmless lad. But he said, curtly, 'The first time you've given advice unasked.' 'The first you've rejected,' I replied, 'I hope you won't rue it.' But Wemysse was a strong-headed man, and he had his way; aye, and more than he bargained for.

"Well, young Wemysse died Monday week, drunk and penniless, and I was sent for to-day to see the widow. What a change! Pale, weary and broken, with her three sweet children half-stunned with their mother's sorrow! Only two rooms' furniture left, and that on loan, and notice to quit within seven days.

"She asked my advice; and I gave her the amount of her father's last account, paid me a few years back, and advised her to take it, and to wait till to-morrow, to put her trust in God, and, if the storm abated, you would drive over to see her. There is literally nothing but charity between her and starvation."

"Oh!" almost shrieked his wife, who had always loved Janet, though at a distance, of late years, because her higher social standing had parted them since, as school girls, they sat side by side. "What's come of their estate? What's come of the four farms, and the model farm, and the government stocks, and their splendid stables, and all the gorgeous furniture and their wardrobe, and their jewels and plate too, which alone was quite enough to keep them for years?"

"All gone, all gone! drink and betting are fine sappers and miners."

"I'll go to-morrow," sighed Mrs. Grimshaw, "and shall we bring them here?"

"Yes, and take them a good lunch, it'll be their breakfast I expect. The house is empty enough. Their friends, the great folks, are giving her time for reflection; so we little folks had better save them from starving. You should have seen her startled gaze, when I told her she had no claim to anything."

"And now tell me your dream, George," resumed his wife, after a mournful pause.

"I dreamt," said Mr. Grimshaw, "that we lived in a broad street, and right opposite us stood Blighton Castle, just as it was a few weeks ago, only situated in the town. In my dream it was night, and a large party was assembling at the Castle. There was no end to the rushing of the carriages. The building was full of light, and I could easily see all that went on. The entertainment was lavish; there was music and dancing and wine; then more music, more dancing, more wine. At last the revel ceased and the carriages rolled away with their fair burdens.

"There was a pause in my dream, and I looked out again. The Castle was on fire, and burning fiercely to the ground. The master perished in the flames, and the lady was rescued only by playing the hose on her and the firemen as they dragged her out to the fire-escape. All was consumed except the walls, and some few remnants of blackened hangings and garments—poor relics of the past.

"Then came another pause. It seemed another night had come, and then another, and so night followed night; there were no days. I dreamt that one night I couldn't rest in my bed. Strange, unearthly howlings filled the building. I could bear it no longer, and jumped out of bed. I looked out; it was an awful scene. The charred ruins, the winds howling through the waste, and swaying to and fro with ghastly movement the dark remnants of curtains and garments. At length a bell tolled, as if for a funeral, but cruelly; and immediately distant mocking laughter followed, and savage mimicry of drawing of corks and jingling of glasses; and then arose such sounds and sights as made my flesh creep and my eyes almost start from my head.

"Hiss! hiss! Thud! thud! Forms—dark forms, with no solidity, led by a skeleton figure, glowing red as if red-hot, with the word 'Alcohol' blazing on his cruel brow. I tried to get away from the window, but I couldn't. I tried to shut my eyes, but they were fast open. I almost reeled from the sight! Then came the revulsion: I was keenly interested! What was it? What were they doing? I must know. A mist seemed to clear away, and lurid lights were placed as if for some mystery; and then shambled forth two hateful, hideous bands of alcoholic ghosts patrolling two opposite walls, and yelling in antiphon their cruel pæan to the winds—

'Drink on! drink on! drink on!
And fill the hungry grave;
Drink on! drink on! drink on!
For who shall the drunkard save?
Oh! drink, thou hast made us a lordly feast
Of sin and ruin and pain!
Oh! drink, thou hast made us a glutting feast,
And drink shall do it again.'

"From my horror I seemed to gain giant strength, and shouted aloud, 'Not where I can prevent it!' and with that I woke."

"Yes, that was the shout that woke you," said Mrs. Grimshaw, with a shudder of relief. "Ah, well, my dear, it was a horrid dream; but the facts: are they less terrific? Here's my interpretation. We'll redouble our efforts in our Temperance Society and work."

And they did.



# IN · THE · ORPHANAGE.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

SLEEP! little children, sleep!
While balmy breezes, soft and bland,
Blow in, along the fresh green land,
While night and evening meet;
And twining close their misty arms,
Lend to the earth their varied charms,
In light and shadow sweet;
The first pale star hangs calm and still,
The last bright sunbeam crowns the hill,
With fleeting rosy glow,
The sky still glimmers with the light
Of dying day, while falling night,
Hangs up the moon's white bow—
Sleep! little children, sleep!
Motherless lambs! fatherless babes! sleep!

Sleep! little children, sleep!
The birds have sung their last sweet song,
And gather now their feeble young
Into the sheltering nest.
From mountain side, and valley deep,
From hill and plain, the bleating sheep
Have called their lambs to rest,
And in these sleepy evening hours,
The buds cling closely to the flowers
That droop above their heads;
All things unto their mothers fly,
Save ye, poor little babes that lie
Within your tiny beds,
Sleep! little children, sleep!
Motherless lambs! fatherless babes! sleep!

Sleep! little children, sleep!
There is a great, an unseen power,
Which guards you through each passing hour,
In sunshine or in storm,
For He, the Shepherd, full of love,
Comes from the holy plains above,
To fold you in His arm;
Sleep! weary lambs, oh, sweetly sleep!
For He will never fail to keep
A watch above His own;
The baby head which may not rest
Upon some mother's tender breast,
He pillows on His own.
Sleep! little children, sleep!
Motherless lambs! fatherless babes! sleep!

Sleep, little children, sleep!
The sounds that come from angel bowers,
To soothe you in the midnight hours,
We may not understand,
Perhaps, across your baby dreams,
You hear the flow of heavenly streams,
The song of Seraph band,
And lovely spirits clothed in white,
Steal softly through the silent night,
To bend above your heads,
The mothers you have never known,
Come, when the busy day has flown,
And linger near your beds—
Sleep! little children, sleep!
Motherless lambs! fatherless babes! sleep!

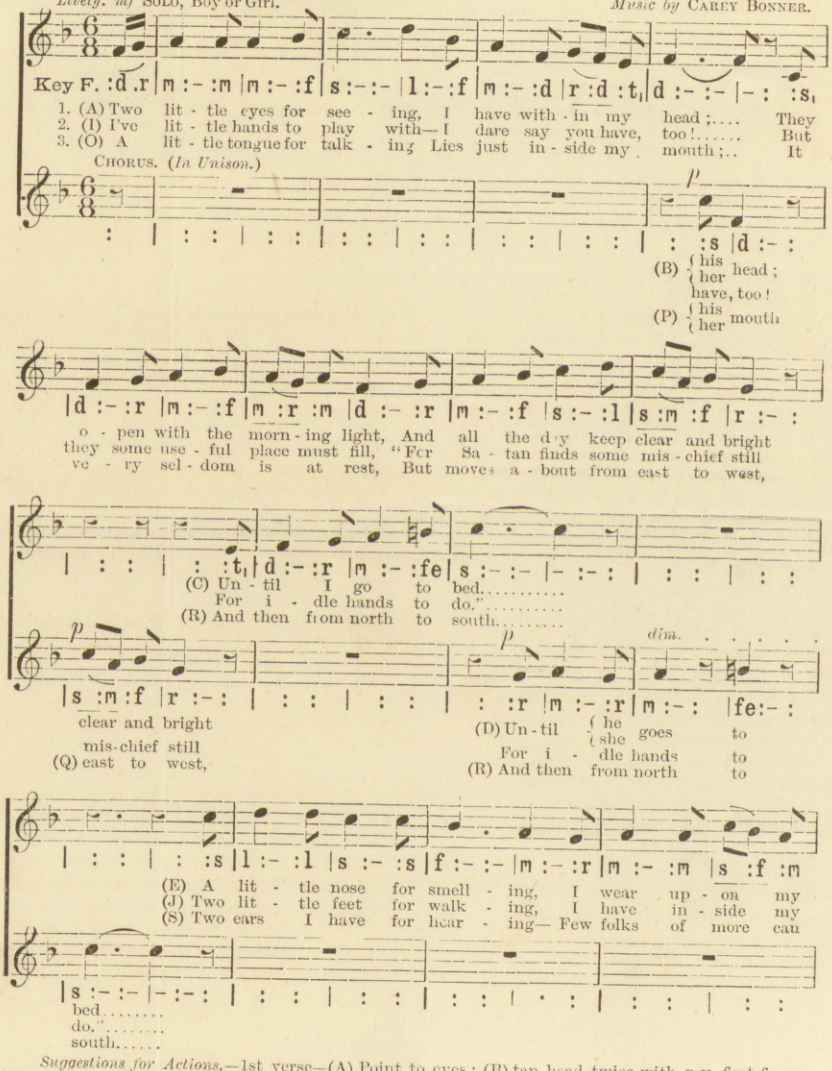
Sleep, little children, sleep!
While we, our voices gladly raise
In loudest song of warmest praise,
For they, whose gentle care
Have made for you so bright a home,
Where, in your loneliness you come,
And find a shelter there.
There is no mercy man can give,
But in the tender heart doth live,
Of Him that looketh down,
Even a cup of water given,
Becomes a crystal gem in heaven,
To deck the givers crown.
Sleep! little children, sleep!
Motherless lambs! fatherless babes! sleep!

# TWO LITTLE EYES FOR SEEING!

## Children's Action Song.

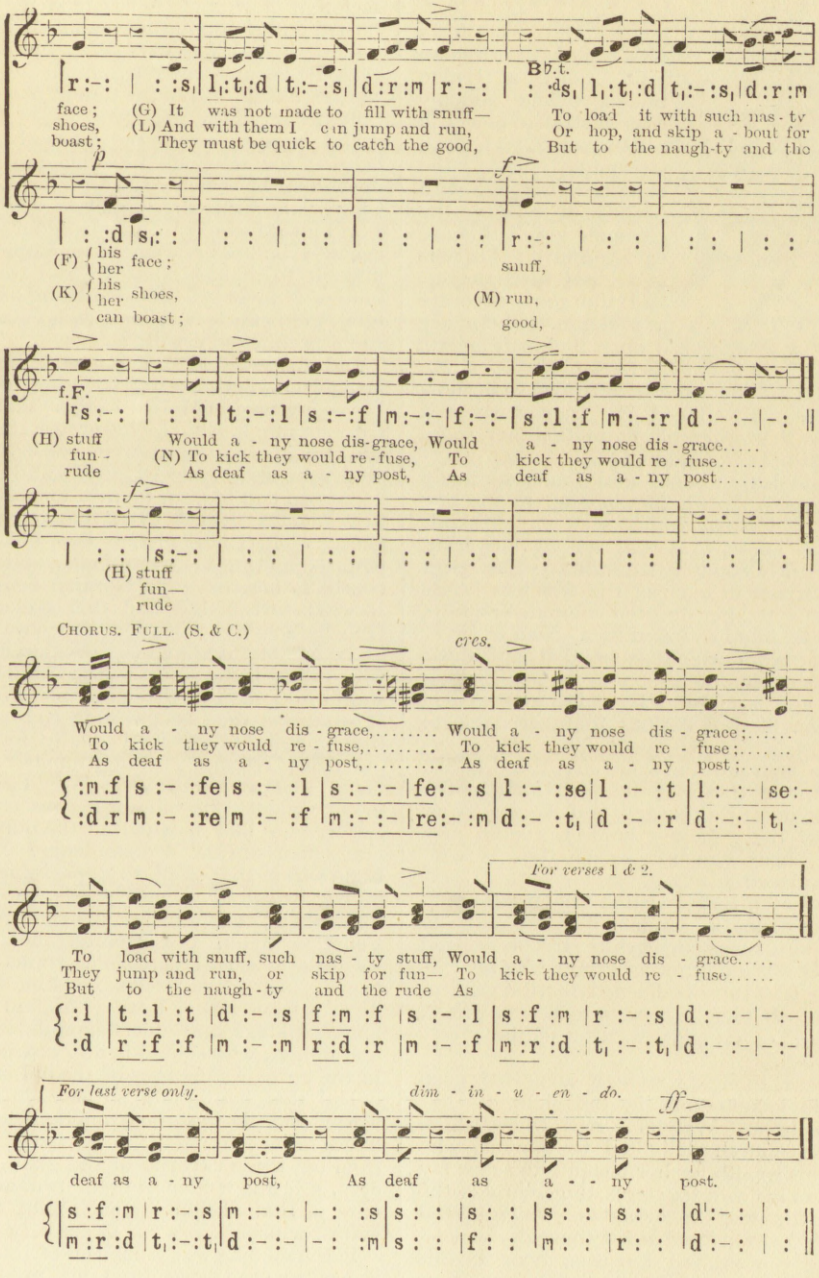
*Words by* ROBERT WALMSLEY. *(Copyright. Inserted by permission.)*

*Lively. mf* SOLO, Boy or Girl. *Music by* CAREY BONNER.




*Suggestions for Actions.*—1st verse—(A) Point to eyes; (B) tap head twice with R.H. first finger; (C) close eyes—look sleepy; (D) eyes closed, let head fall on to chest with three nods at words "goes—to—bed," all snore immediately after "bed"; (E) point to nose; (F) tap cheek twice; (G) shaking head; (H) emphatic nod of head. 2nd verse—(I) holding out hands; (J) point to feet and walk right to left, and left to right, keeping time with feet; (K) all point to singer's shoes; (L) gently dance, quicken pace at next line; (M) all in sudden position for running, right foot forward—jump back to standing position at "fun"; (N) kick out with right foot, all to do this at "kick" in Chorus. 3rd verse—(O) point to mouth; (P) all point to singer's mouth; (Q) move head from side to side; (R) move head from front to back; (S) point to ears.

# TWO LITTLE EYES FOR SEEING!



# A Jewelled Skeleton.

By M. A. Paull,

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



LOOKING round the Roman Catholic Church at Baden Baden, we came suddenly upon a strange object in a glass case. The sun streaming into the church lights up, with flashes of beauty, the gleaming jewels that are enclosed in it; this case is a glass sarcophagus, and the gems decorate a skeleton. There are the poor bones that were once the instruments of man's will, guided by the reasonings of a mind, and warmed by the aspirations of a soul; now become the mere tricked out framework of a superstition that is revolting to the finer, more delicate instincts of a purer faith.

Romanists deal in bones and skulls as freely as anatomists. Already in Cologne, in the one Church of St. Ursula, we had seen enough skulls and human joints to stock the awe-inspiring shelves of fifty country surgeries. The grim grinning horrors of each of the fleshless heads of St. Ursula and her devoted companions, were only concealed and softened by a silken or silver or golden network which enclosed it, and these skulls had surrounded us on every hand, along with ribs and arms and knuckles, arranged in patterns, much more curious than agreeable to behold.

In the cathedral of the same city, three skulls, declared to be those of the wise men of the East—Melchior, Balthasar, and Gaspar—(we never knew their names before), repose in a glass case, near which a money box is conspicuously placed.

Here in Baden Baden is this full-length skeleton, his feet bones in sandals, his skull partially concealed by a silver-edged cloth, thickly crusted with jewels. We did not ascertain who he was, nor why he was thus bedizened for the gaze of the faithful, whether he were a bishop or priest, rich layman, or haughty warrior, of the pretty German town.

There were thoughts enough suggested, even to a feeble imagination, by the sight of that jewelled skeleton. Was he a rich Dives, whom in life, the church delighted to honour, who scattered his wealth for her benefit, and now lay enshrined in his own treasures, the emeralds, the rubies, the topazes, the diamonds, which blazed and sparkled around and about those dry bones? or, was he the sainted Lazarus, poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith, and now decorated with the gems of that church of which he had been so faithful a member, possessing a virtue in the dead touch of his claw-like fingers, that many a living man might have coveted; which profited those who had so kindly given him a resting-place, and who had apparelled his poor bones so magnificently, yet so barely, so scantily?

How long has it lain there, that jewelled skeleton, how long is it since the bones first rattled and shook in their gaunt fleshlessness, as they were laid herein? Was there about him when he became a skeleton, an atmosphere of war, of battle, and of the tumult of old crusading times?

Did he live when the Netherlanders were fighting for religious freedom and political independence; when the powerful Emperor Charles the Fifth was about to retire from the world into a convent, in an odour of sanctity, because he had renounced an empire that was difficult to manage, left it and the responsibilities it involved, and which he had sworn to fulfil, to his far less able son, who managed it all so miserably and cruelly?

Did this jewelled skeleton, when he wore flesh instead of gems as the covering of his bones, know anything of Martin Luther, that outspoken German monk, who, by his protestations against the iniquities of the church, caused the hair of all priests and monks to fairly stand on end, and kept it on end too, for many a long day? Or do these bones belong to a remoter past, when glorious old Charlemagne was building up his empire, fighting with Ottomans and Gauls, and consolidating the great German confederation? In what sort of life had this skeleton a part? On what soil did those feet bones walk? Could he be one of that band of Christian missionaries who crossed the North Sea from England's shores and planted the cross in so many parts of what was then rough, rude Germania, whom the inhabitants received gladly for the most part, although many of their number were sorely persecuted and afflicted? Was he an honest monk, a saintly hermit, or a conscientious confessor, who had listened to the outpourings of many hearts in the confessionals? Or was the brain within that skull, so caparisoned now with its trickery of silver and jewels, once busy with thoughts of commerce, of his ventures upon the Venetian Gulf, the Mediterranean, and the Eastern Seas? Were long trains of camels, bearing spices and silks for him through the deserts from far-off Cathay, to find purchasers amongst kings and queens, and rich cavaliers and dames, who should figure, wearing the same, in the gorgeous pictures of the old masters?

Did that hand, now so bare, so gaunt, then warm and fleshy, clasp another hand, a little hand, in its own; did the eyes that once gleamed from out those caverns of the skull, meet other eyes, soft and tender as their own, and were the ears of that skeleton once attent to hear the softest whispers of some sweet lady love?

Perchance he was a denizen of that old castle at but an easy walk from his present resting-place, up amongst the dark pines of the Black Forest, and the Æolian harps that sing there day and night could tell us his history; perchance he was in power, and shut up his prisoners in

the terrible Baden Castle dungeons, that tell of man's cruelty and vengeance.

Or was he a warrior, did that long arm wield a sword against his foe, was that breast defended by a shield, and that brow by a helmet; did he ride about in all the horrid panoply of war, to kill and to destroy? Whence and why these idle questionings, they settle around that jewelled skeleton all unanswered, and all impossible to answer. Base or noble, true or false, pure or evil, these bones of the man can never reveal the life-work they carried on for him, when animated by the Divine breath.

If he were mean, these trappings that adorn the poor skeleton can never ennoble him, if he were honest and manly, they would have been distasteful to him.

*Requiescat in pace!* Oh! jewelled skeleton of Baden Baden Church, ever must our musings wander in uncertainty around thee. For good or for evil, thy part has already been played out on the stage of life. It is a solemn thought that once God's animating breath dwelt within that cage of bones and made it a man; that once a man's will turned those now fleshless limbs hither and thither, and that by-and-bye our skeleton will be just as powerless for good or ill, as this one.

There is a jewelled skeleton in England now. The riches that it grasps with mouldering hands are too often the stolen treasures that should bless the homes of the poor and clothe the half-naked children of our streets. No honours that may be heaped upon it can hide its loathsomeness and decay. It has a horrible attraction and fascination for thousands, but its past history, like its present condition, is only evil and corrupt. It has wrought destruction amongst the people, it has wasted their food, and spoiled their trade, and ruined their health, and the name of England's jewelled skeleton, is—The Drinking System.

## THE DIETETIC VALUE OF ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES.

By Dr. A. J. H. Crespi, Wimborne.

THE dietetic value of alcoholic beverages is considered by some moderate drinkers to be a strong point in their favour, and the late Professor Johnson, the accomplished author of the "Chemistry of Common Life," had the audacity to assert, that when beer money was allowed in addition to unstinted food, it was paying twice over, as extra food was consumed to make up for the beer withdrawn from the diet. This seemed to show that alcoholic beverages were valuable adjuncts to the diet, or, more accurately, that they were important foods, for, to the physiologist, anything is a food which repairs the tissues of the body and supplies fuel to it. On the other hand, many elaborate experiments and exhaustive tables of food values, do not give alcoholic beverages an important place. It is startling to find that a pound weight of beer is credited by Dr. Letheby, and no higher authority ever existed, with containing only 274 grains of carbon and one grain of nitrogen, while such little-esteemed foods as potatoes and rice transcend it in a degree almost incredible. This distinguished food authority, who was not a total abstainer, if rumour does not err, credited rice with containing 2,732 grains of carbon and 68 of nitrogen, and potatoes with 769 and 22 grains respectively, and milk with 599 grains of carbon and 44 of nitrogen. Prices fluctuate to such a degree, that it is not easy to frame tables that long hold good, but Dr. Letheby gives some curious figures that I must take the liberty of reproducing. The smallest quantity of carbon and of nitrogen on which life can be maintained is called a famine diet; on rice, its cost would be 21·6 pence for the carbon, and 27·5 pence for the nitrogen per week; the same quantities from potatoes would cost 18·6 and 36·2 pence respectively; from skim cheese, 44·2 and 8·3, and from white fish, 42·3 and 13·6. In common life, of course, diets are varied, so that the excess of carbon in one food is counterbalanced by the deficiency in another, and, accordingly, the foregoing calculations are more curious than practically useful. Those nutritious and palatable adjuncts to diet—beer and porter—would actually cost 104·7 for the necessary carbon, and 1,330·0 pence a week per head for the minimum nitrogen, if used as famine foods—£286 a year! But, of course, no man could live on beer alone, even for a week, and long before he had taken enough to maintain life, he would be helplessly drunk, so that the abstainer would have strong ground for maintaining that alcoholic beverages could not, quite apart from their cost and danger, support life for any length of time; in other words, while rice, bread, milk, porridge, potatoes, and even fruit would keep a man alive for weeks without the help of anything else, by no possible consumption of beer, cider, or perry, could life be prolonged for a full month, and long before the expiration of that time, death would occur from starvation. So much for the value of beer and porter as foods. Nor is it certain that alcohol is the constituent possessing dietetic value; may not the nutriment come from the sugar? But alcohol has also been credited with economising other foods, and diminishing tissue-waste. Eminent authorities are quoted, who state, that after a hard and anxious day, a glass of wine enables them to get through the evening more comfortably, and with none of the constitutional disturbance and lassitude experienced when its assistance had not been invited. Extended observation does not support this contention. In my long, and from many causes, very extensive connection with the Temperance movement, I have repeatedly heard the objection: "I cannot afford to be a teetotaler; I have hard work to do, and can only get through it with the help of alcohol," and, subsequently, some of these very people have become abstainers, and have not needed additional food, their enjoyment of life has not diminished, nor have the value and amount of their work fallen off. Farrar, Ellison, Manning, Temple, Walsham How, Richardson, Henry

Thompson, Norman Kerr, and a hundred other distinguished living thinkers need not shrink from comparison with the moderate users of stimulants, while the eight named above have had their usefulness and power of doing good, undoubtedly immensely increased by total abstinence. My friend, Norman Kerr, has just written to me that he has of late, for three weeks, been worked almost to death; fifty fresh cases of illness coming to him in two days from the influenza epidemic: well, he says "had it not been for total abstinence, I could never have got through the terrible strain of the last three weeks." At best, alcohol is a dangerous drug, at worst, a potent poison; now sound healthy men do not require dangerous drugs, while common sense should warn them to abstain from powerful poisons.

## PROGRESS.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on the operation of the Sunday Closing Act for Wales, is full of interest. In review of the evidence taken, the Commissioners say:—

"The result of the enquiry has been to leave no doubt in our minds, that throughout Wales, as a whole, the general opinion and feeling preponderate largely in favour of the policy of the Act. We consider that the evidence of representatives of large bodies of working-men, delegated by those bodies to come before us, is entitled to great weight, not only on the general questions submitted to us, but especially as to the existence of a large class of men, to whom the temptation of the idle day on Sunday, with public-houses open for certain hours all round them, was so great, as to be practically irresistible, and, at any rate, it has convinced us of the existence of a large number of persons, who know and realize their own weakness, and desire to be protected against temptations to which they were exposed."

The facts given by those in favour of the Act, fall under three headings:

1. Improved order in the streets and roads on Sunday.
2. Increased regularity at work during the early days of the week.
3. The greater comfort and improved condition of the people.
4. For *Shebeens*, or illicit houses of drink, we recommend as the Committee of the House of Lords on Intemperance did, that "any person having, or keeping for sale any intoxicating liquors without licence, should be liable to the same penalties as those under the existing law, for selling or exposing for sale."
5. About *Wholesale trade in Beer*, these three restrictions are advised:—

1. That all deliveries of beer on Sunday to be prohibited (except for ships).
2. That all deliveries of beer on week-days before and after certain hours be prohibited.
3. That the premises on which such trade is carried on, should be registered with the local authorities, and should be of £15 rateable value.
4. That all holders of such licences produce a certificate from the local licensing authority, that he is a fit and proper person.
5. That the police should have the same powers of entrance on the registered premises that they have on licensed.

We recommend that to remove beer houses of a low class, no licence should be renewed to any house of less value than £12.

We think that all sale of intoxicating liquor at railway stations should be repealed.

Then the Commission goes on to point out that the defect is not in closing public-houses on Sunday, but in the evasions of the Act, the most important of which the following heads:

1. The operation of the bonâ-fide traveller clause.
2. The rise of clubs.
3. Shebeens.
4. The wholesale trade in beer.

Under these heads the Commission recommends that:—

1. With regard to *the traveller*, the three mile limit be repealed, and they suggest, "that no person shall be deemed to be within the exception of travellers, unless he can prove that he was actually engaged in travelling for some other purpose than that of obtaining intoxicating liquor."

"That the right to receive travellers on Sunday should be confined to houses of such rateable value as would afford some guarantee of the responsibility of the landlord." That every such house should keep a book, in which the name and address of persons served should be entered.

2. In reference *to Clubs*, should a definition be arrived at, as to what constitutes a club, "we recommend that every club in which intoxicating liquors are sold, be registered with a copy of the rules, such register and rules being open for the police. We strongly are of opinion that associations existing only for the purposes of supplying drinks to members, or only colourably for some other purpose, should be declared absolutely illegal.

Lastly, in regard to the *English Border*, "we think the best way of dealing with this difficulty, is to make sure that in urban districts, situated on the border, one law should prevail, and that the law affecting the majority of the population should bind the whole."

Thus, so far from repealing the Act, it will only be more forcibly carried out with suggested restrictions, each of which will wisely indicate the lines necessary for English legislation.

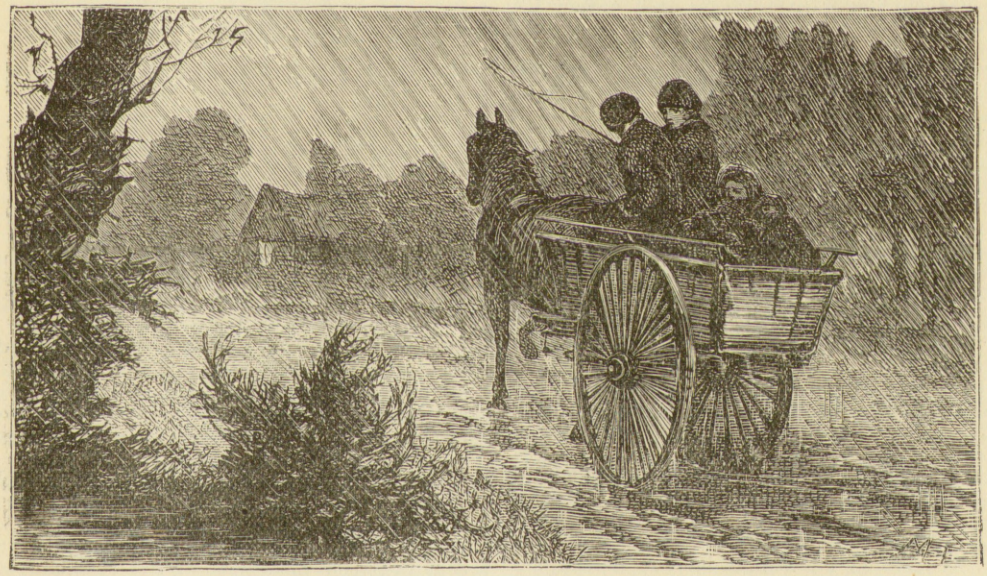
The result of this enquiry is all the more favourable, because it is the testimony of men who were not prejudiced for Sunday Closing. With this verdict, uttered from such a quarter, forced to their conclusion by stern facts and the pressure of popular opinion, we may soon hope to see an impartial and even prejudiced House of Commons, giving to England what has not been denied to Scotland, Ireland and Wales, with such good results.

# DRINK PROOF.

By Uncle Ben.

THERE are many people who have umbrellas, and yet they are sometimes caught in the wet because they leave them at home. Many go out when the sky looks clear, and won't be bothered with waterproofs, but are caught in heavy showers, and return home soaked, to their macintoshes and leggings.

Just so there are many people who know that the temperance pledge is a sure protection against the most inclement temptations, and will keep them proof against the many evils of strong drink, but they will not put on the pledge.



Umbrellas and waterproofs are for use in wet weather, but we must provide ourselves with these safeguards from the rain before we are overtaken by the shower. So we must take our strong-drink-proof protectors with us before we start out to encounter storms of evil influences that may ruin our health and character.

Common sense will say, be provided against the weather, for it is better to have your umbrella and not need it, than to need it and not to have it. The same homely advice is equally good for us all in regard to "heavy wet" of another kind.

Farmer Hatfield used to go into the little country town of Winthorp on Wednesday, which was the corn-market day, and on Saturday he used to send in the butter and eggs to the shops, and then the stores for the week were purchased. It was the great delight of the children to go into town and do the shopping with the man James. At one time the four children took it by turns to go with James. But when the two lads, Thomas and Frank, went into school for the week, James brought them back for the Sunday and drove them in again early on Monday.

One Saturday morning, James started with the butter, eggs, and poultry. It was a fine day, but the farmer said,

"Take the big umbrella and the macintosh apron, for the glass is falling."

However, James was rather late, and in a hurry that day, so at the last forgot the injunction and started off without any provision for a change in the weather. By the time he got to Winthorp the sky had become overcast, and before the shopping was done the rain had begun to fall.

It happened that the county militia were up, and James had many friends among "our brave defenders." So what with the rain and his acquaintances he had spent a good deal of time in the shelter of the public-house, and had taken too much to drink.

When morning school was over, the two boys were ready for their journey home. James did not come. They thought he might be a little late, or was waiting for the rain to give over; but as there seemed no prospect of that, their master gave them permission to go and see the cause of delay. They went to the usual place, and found the horse and cart, but no James. Some parcels had been sent, so it was evident he had been his rounds, and sold the farm produce and given the orders. After much delay and looking into many beer-shops, at last they found the man hopelessly drunk and quite incapable of doing anything.

The two boys, who were well able to drive themselves, determined to start off alone, and leave James to walk back or find his way as best he could. So they had the horse put in, and without more delay started home in the rain.

It was pouring hard as they left, and soon after they got clear of the town it came down faster than ever. On the road they met a woman going back towards their village with a child, both looking half drowned. So the lads offered to give her a lift, as they knew her well. The woman thankfully got into the back of the cart, and the boys gave her the horse-cloth to wrap over herself and the child, and drove on through the sloppy road and pelting rain until they arrived at home.

When they reached their journey's end they were soaked through to the skin. This the boys did not mind half so much as their mother who made them change everything. The woman and her child walked on to their cottage without a dry thread on them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hatfield were very much annoyed to hear about James, who did not turn up all that day, and when on Monday he did put in an appearance it was to be dismissed, for either he had spent some of the money got by the things he had sold, or else it had been stolen from him while drunk; anyhow, he could not account for the deficiency. It was docked from his wages, and he had notice to leave the following week, besides being severely reproved for neglecting to take the gig-umbrella. He made the lame excuse that it was fine when he left.

"But," rejoined the farmer, "what is the good of having these things only to leave them at home? Take them when its fine and you'll have them when it's wet."

Before the week was out, poor James came in to see the "Missus," as he called her, and begged hard that she would prevail on Master to let him stay on. He would do anything to keep his place, and was truly sorry for the mistake about the money.

Mrs. Hatfield knew that he was honest, and had it not been for the drink the money would have been right to a penny. So she put the matter plainly before the man that they had lost trust and confidence in him. But he pleaded hard; first, that he was truly penitent, and secondly, that if he were dismissed from there for being drunk and dishonest his character and he would be ruined.

At last she relented when he told her that he had signed the pledge and meant to be beforehand with temptation.

"For," he said, "this here pledge as I have clapped my name to is like Master's thick waterproof he always take with him wet or dry, and then he's ready, come what may. I've learnt a lesson—you can't be sure of yourself, least ways, I can't, so I'll just stick to that there pledge and see if I can't keep all strong drink outside of me."

Mrs. Hatfield did persuade the Master to give James another trial, and the pledge has been found to be drink proof.



# BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

By Janet Armytage.

## IV.

IN the "leafy month of June" the charms of the garden are often more powerful than those of the library. Many there are in our large towns who do not possess the smallest of gardens, and to them the book* before us may be acceptable in telling them of those scenes of which they know so little. To those who possess and love a garden, "E. V. B.'s" little volume will be a store of delight. It is the record of a garden for twelve months. The experiences detailed, relate to Huntercombe Manor, Berkshire, where the authoress, the Hon. Eleanor Vere Boyle, is resident. The book, which first appeared in 1884, is dedicated to her husband, the Hon. and Rev. Richard Cavendish Boyle, M.A., and is now in its seventh edition. Mrs. Boyle is also the authoress of a very charming book, "Ros Rosarum," a collection of poems about the rose: a flower whose glories have been sung by so many poets.

E. V. B. is an enthusiastic horticulturist, and as she has a genuine regard for her subjects, they generally repay her attention. Among the variety of beautiful flowers with which her garden abounds, she confesses to a favourite, the white Iris. "Nothing can be more refined and lovely," she says, "than the thin, translucent petals. To see these flowers at their best, one must get up and go into the garden at five o'clock on some fine morning at the end of May. I did it once, and as I walked beside their shining rows in the clear daylight, I felt there were no such pearly shadows, nor any such strange

*"Days and Hours in a Garden." By E. V. B. Seventh Edition. London: Elliott Stock. Price 5s.

purity in the whiteness of other flowers." Irises of every kind and every hue have an important place in the garden. There is a bronze kind with a centre like a "golden blaze;" there is La Marquise, "an old-fashioned, dove-coloured sort, with purple frays on the falls;" La Vedova, a little, black, wild Iris, that had been brought from Bellosguardo; the White Flag Iris, and the Japanese Iris. In June, when they are in their glory, she says, "Each one in turn seems loveliest, but one chief beauty *(Iris Pallida)* has broad petals of soft grey, most delicately flushed with pink." She gives us a pretty little picture of an unintended arrangement. "A little corner here, where a narrow grass-path crosses the Iris bank into the Beechen close, is made especially lovely by the undesigned grouping of three Irises, enriched by a background of green Ferns and Beech. The centre of the group is a deep, red-purple Iris (from Vesuvius), a finely-coloured yellow and purple, and between them a pure white. These grow tall and stately from out their straight, stiff leaves, while a little Welsh Poppy, established there by chance, brings in its crumpled lemon-gold with the happiest effect." It is in these unexpected combinations that E. V. B. delights; she has no regard for carefully laid-out beds of one kind or colour. "I do not care for a whole bed of Hyacinths or Tulips," she says, "they give me little real pleasure unless the colours are mixed. One chief charm of a garden, I think, depends on surprise. There is a kind of dulness in Tulips and Hyacinths, sorted, and coming up all one size and colour. I love to watch the close-folded Tulip bud; rising higher and higher daily—almost hourly—from its brown bed, and never to be quite certain of the colour that is to be, till one morning I find the rose, or golden, or ruby cup in all its finished beauty; perhaps not at all what was expected. And then, amid these splendours, will suddenly appear one shorter or taller than the rest, of the purest, rarest white." Theoretically, we agree with her on the subject of the mixed flower beds, but Tulips have usually such decided colours, that it would be almost impossible to fill a bed with them without the colours clashing. She speaks of the time when there was but one Tulip in the garden—an old-fashioned, dull, purple and white-striped flower, which used to appear regularly at the end of the season, but which she now mourns as lost. E.V.B. does not disdain her humbler floral friends. Our homely acquaintance, the Coltsfoot, comes in for some share of attention. "Yet, this little Coltsfoot is full of interest, and the little satiny Sunflower that crowns each pinkish, fleshy flower-stalk is, in its way, quaintly unique. . . You could scarcely find on any flower's face an expression of more serene content. . . The spot where this Coltsfoot has chosen to grow must be unsympathetic, for after the early morning a light chequered shade of Holly, from over the way, veils, in some degree, its coveted sun supply. When its time comes the little flower dies very prettily; it only changes to a dull saffron hue, and then shuts up for ever." The Sunflower, from the scorn it has received as the badge of the so-called æsthete, was at first forbidden the garden. A little poem of Blake's, however, overcame this objection, and the Sunflower was permitted to grow and be loved. Two Sunflower curiosities growing close together in the garden, may be mentioned here: "One is a large, thick-stemmed plant, which must have met at some time with some violent discouragement; it lies curled round flat on the earth, looking almost like a poor, starved cat with a large head; for, though quite overgrown with summer Phloxes and Roses, etc., one large flower at the end of its stalk tries to look up, while two or three of smaller size, growing along the stalk, do the same. In contrast to the deformity below it, a miniature Sunflower, slenderly graceful, with blossom no larger than a florin, springs out of the mortar between two bricks, high up on the wall. There is no visible crevice, but some tiny nail-hole there must be where somehow a seed had lodged."

The double Dahlia is unknown, as from a combined association of earwigs and penwipers, it is unpleasant to the authoress, but the single Dahlia blooms profusely, and she describes a morning when she found them all alive with Atalanta butterflies, "faultless in the perfection of their white-edged black velvet and scarlet suits." Of trees as well as flowers we read, and of their feathered inhabitants. A thrush has a nest on the outside of a Holly, only two feet above the ground, and sits there quite unconcerned while men are pruning Ivy close by. A pair of gold-crested wrens have built in a Stone Pine, and the swallows build in all the porches of the house.

"E. V. B.'s" book is one of reminiscences of lovely and delightful things; and for those who love all that is beautiful, it has an unfailing charm. Her own unfeigned pleasure in writing of her flowers and trees is transmitted to the reader, and the perusal of the book is one of the purest enjoyment.

## TESTIMONIES OF SCIENTIFIC MEN.

It is now universally admitted that alcohol is not an element that *makes* blood, out of which is restored or built up the various parts and tissues of the living framework. It has not the proximate elements of nutrition, for cell or membrane, for bone, muscle, nerve, or brain. It cannot, therefore, *nourish*.

Baron Liebig says:—"Beer, wine, spirits, &c., furnish no element *capable* of entering into the composition of blood, muscular fibre, or any part which is the seat of the vital principle."

Dr. W. B. Carpenter says:—"Alcohol cannot supply anything which is essential to the due nutrition of the tissues."

"In short, alcohol has no lime and phosphorus for the bones; no iron and salts for the blood; no nitrogen for vital tissue of any kind; and it is not even a solid, as all *real* food is and must be."—*Dr. F. R. Lees.*

# Pebbles and Pearls.

Self-made men are very apt to worship their maker.

Cork-screws have sunk more people than cork-jackets will ever save.

It was a woman who first prompted man to eat, but he took to drink on his own account afterwards.

A false tale is a nimble footman. It runs everywhere, and knocks at everybody's door, long before the truth is out of bed.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

A drunken man staggering along the street, told Swift he had been spinning it out. "Yes," replied the Dean, "and you are reeling it home."

Teacher: "And how do you know, my dear, that you have been christened?" Scholar: "Please, mum, 'cos I have got the marks on my arm now, mum."

A holy life, spent in the service of God, and in communion with Him, is, without doubt, the most pleasant and comfortable life that any man can live in this world.

Out of eighty-eight persons who were last year ordained to the Congregational ministry in England and Wales, no less than sixty-nine are known to be total abstainers.

"Don't you want to go to the better world, Tommy?" asked a Hammersmith Sunday School teacher of the new scholar. "No, mum," promptly replied the frank little fellow. "And why not, Tommy?" "Oh, when I die I want to go where a feller can rest." "Well, my boy, you can rest there." "Well, in that song we sung it said we'd all shine there." "Certainly; don't you want to shine there?" "No, mum; I don't want to shine there. I get enough of that here. I'm a shoeblack, mum."

During the celebration of the New Zealand Jubilee, a Temperance Meeting was held among the Maories attracted to Auckland. The Rev. Mr. Gittos, Wesleyan Missionary to the Maories, addressing the meeting, was interrupted by a Maori chief, who cried out:—"Take it (the drink) away, we don't want it. Who brought the stuff to the Maories? Why, the white man. Then what's the use of your telling us not to drink? Go to your Government, and tell *them* to take it away; *we* don't want it."—Mr. Kelynack, a frequent contributor to our pages, had the above incident from Mr. Gittos direct, of whom he says: "He is a splendid old man, and one who has devoted the whole of his life-work to the Maories, living among them, and teaching them to work as well as read, &c. He has given largely out of his own purse to meet the needs of Maori work, and has nobly refused to receive any gifts of land from them. I thank God for such self-sacrificing zeal as that which he has manifested."

When men contented themselves with water, they had more health and strength; and at this day those who drink nothing but water are more healthy and live longer than those who drink strong liquors.—*Dr. Duncan.*

It is a cruel thing to send a boy out into the world untaught that alcohol in any form is fire, and will certainly burn him if he puts it into his stomach. It is a cruel thing to educate a boy in such a way that he has no adequate idea of the dangers that beset his path; or to send a boy out to take his place in society without understanding the relation of Temperance to his own safety and that of society. The more thoroughly we can instruct the young concerning this dominating evil, the better it will be for them and for the world at large.—*J. G. Holland.*

## Reviews.

TEMPERANCE HISTORY, by Dawson Burns, D.D. Part III., 1862-1872. This ten years' progress is full of interest. It is a record of advance in every department. The chronicle of events is well sustained; the smallest incidents are mentioned. Nothing at home or abroad that affected the movement is omitted.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE continues to sustain its reputation. In Mr. Julian Hawthorne's article on his father Nathaniel, among the precious maxims to be found in "the Elixir of Life," we find this: "Drink not wine nor strong drink, nor obfuscate thyself with ale." Many other wise words are spoken. "Walk not beneath old tottering walls," "nor approach a precipice's edge, for thereby the wise may die even as the fool dieth."

We have received four Musical Hymn Sheets, entitled "Jesus, Meek and Gentle," "With loving hearts we cling," "Saviour, while my heart is tender," "We sing a loving Jesus," from the author, Mr. T. Palmer, Coniston Villa, Aylestone Park, Leicester, a well-known musical contributor to *Onward*. We can confidently recommend these pieces for special gatherings, Sunday School anniversaries, etc., etc. They are one penny each, or 8d. per dozen. The author will send a sample of each post free for 4d.

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# ALFRED.

By LOUIE SLADE,

*Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care."*

## CHAPTER VII.—ALONE ONCE MORE.

"*My brother, go not back*
*To sorrow and to vice;*
*To reap the bitter fruits of sin,*
*Where none to glory rise;*
*Where, stranger to the joys of earth,*
*Life will be steeped in woe;*
*Then go not back again, my friend,*
*But* UPWARD, HEAVENWARD *go!*"
—"ONWARD RECITER."

ONE would have supposed Mrs. Wilmott would have been only too pleased for Alfred to join the Vicar's Temperance Guild, but no, so strong was her prejudice against teetotalism, that she regarded this step with decided disapprobation. In her opinion it was almost as grave a fault as drunkenness itself. And yet she was a good, Christian woman, and desired above all else that the lad should grow up pious.

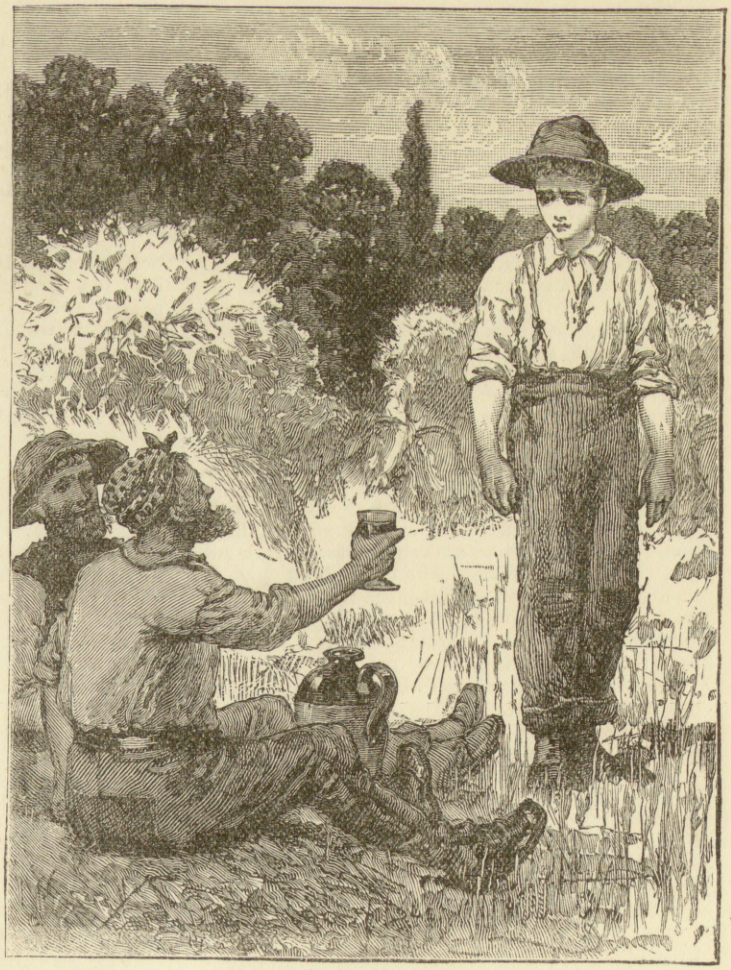
Her strange prejudice may serve as an illustration of the difficulties Mr. Worthing had to overcome, and the suspicion with which his views were regarded.

But, fortunately for Alf, he was not one to be easily talked out of a thing, and all Mrs. Wilmott's solemn shakes of the head, and dreary prognostications, only provoked a smile, or a merry retort. He greatly enjoyed the meetings at the vicarage, and by the advice of Mr. Worthing, resumed the studies he had dropped when he left school. He delighted in accounts of travel in foreign lands, especially when they were illustrated by dissolving views, as was often the case, for no pains were spared to make the meetings interesting and instructive.

Under the influence of Mr. Worthing's conversation, and the books from the lending library connected with the guild, Alf's ideas were enlarged, and the tone of his mind elevated. Although the vicar introduced no strictly religious teaching, he was careful to keep in mind the spiritual good of the lads, and many who would have paid no attention to a sermon, received deep impressions at these weekly gatherings, and felt aspirations after better things.

Alf was one of the number. He had not yet come to the deciding point, but he had grown dissatisfied with his present condition, and felt that there was more true pleasure in religion than in the world.

But the more he thought about these things, the more uneasy he grew about that two-shilling piece. It was some time before he had the opportunity of repaying it, for after that disgraceful episode at the fair he received fewer gratuities from the servants, and nearly every penny of his wages was required for board and clothing. But at length, by dint of strict economy and self-denial, he contrived to save it. He enclosed it in an envelope without a word. He tried to write a letter, confessing his fault and asking pardon, but each effort was a failure, he remembered how Reuben had repelled his previous attempt at reconciliation. Alfred had not yet learned to pray, "Forgive us our trespasses,



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as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Oh! what a weight seemed gone when he dropped the envelope into the letter-box. He received no acknowledgment, nor did he expect any, yet, in spite of this, a sense of chill and disappointment stole over him; it was hard after being treated so long as a member of the family to be looked upon as an alien—an outsider. Although he was very fond of Mrs. Wilmott, he always thought of Mrs. Granlyn's house as *home*, and spent many an hour in recalling the past, or wondering how they were getting on now. His aunt's pale face haunted him, and he would sometimes blame himself for the abrupt manner in which he had left her.

So, through the bright summer the days passed, without anything of special interest or moment to mark them, and harvest came.

The family from the Manor had left for the sea-side, so that there was not so much indoor work for Alfred to do, but his services were required in the field, and he was not averse to the change of occupation.

One day it was very hot, and they were at work some distance from the house. When they stopped for lunch Alf felt tired and thristy, but found to his vexation that he had forgotten his usual bottle of cold tea.

Now the Hedgmoor people were very badly off for water, and during the hot summer the ponds had all dried and most of the tanks were empty. Besides, there was no house near, and to obtain a draught of "Adam's Ale" Alf must have walked at least a quarter of a mile. But there was one beverage in the field of which he could have as much as he wanted, and this was beer. There was never any scarcity of beer during the gathering in of the harvest, and those engaged on the Manor farm praised the kindness and liberality of their employers on this account. But how many homes were made miserable, and how many hearts ached in consequence of this mistaken generosity!

Alf was sorely tempted that morning. No one knew what he had undergone on the preceding days when the odour of the liquor reached him—the child of the drunkard, with the appetite so strong within him. But he had gone a little apart to eat his bread and cheese and drink his tea. To-day, however, when the heat was so trying and his thirst so intense, the temptation was almost irresistible.

"Why, Alf," exclaimed one of the men, "where's your tea this morning?"

He coloured, but replied that he had forgot to put it in his basket.

"Have a glass of beer for once," said the other; "we shan't split on you."

"No, thank you," replied Alf, but he spoke hesitatingly, and the man noticed it.

"You'll be parched and dry before dinner time," said he; "'tis a silly thing to stand out like that. I tell you the parson won't be a bit the wiser."

"He's afraid to drink now," observed Joe Omer, who was also helping with the harvest work; "he's afraid of getting tipsy."

"There, Joe, you hold your tongue!" said one of the party. "You wasn't any better than he—there was six of one and half-a-dozen of t' other. And Alf's going to show us that he isn't a milksop; here, my boy, drink this! You looked fagged out—this'll set you up."

"Ah, anybody needs a drop such weather as this," said another. "The parson wouldn't like to be out in this sun all day I'll warrant, he'd soon give up his teetotalism if he was."

Alf had resisted a great deal of persuasion, endured much ridicule and persecution, but to-day the craving upon him was so strong, and he was so parched with thirst, that there seemed little harm in satisfying it with the only beverege at hand. He was trusting to himself, so it is not surprising that the temptation overcame him and he drank the beer. Indeed he had the cup filled so many times that his companions laughingly told him he must be careful or he would be tipsy again.

"They have their meeting to-night up at the parsonage," said Joe. "Alf had better not go, or else there won't be any need for us to be mum, they'll smell his breath."

"You don't suppose I should go, do you?" demanded Alf angrily. "I don't want to palm myself off on anybody as a teetotaller when I ain't one."

"You'll be one of Mr. Worthing's black sheep now and no mistake!" retorted Joe with a chuckle.

Luckily they had to resume work at this point, so that further unpleasantness was avoided.

The men assured Alf that he worked all the better for the beer; certainly he threw himself into his occupation with greater energy than before, and no one guessed the self-accusation that was torturing him. He remembered the vicar's serious talks, and the happy evenings in connection with the Guild.

It was all over now, he had forfeited the good opinion of Mr. Worthing, and it was no use to struggle against the liking for intoxicants any longer.

For some days he was careful to keep out of the vicar's way, but by this course he incurred his suspicion, and an inquiry soon elicited the truth. Of course Mr. Worthing was sorry, but he did not censure Alf as he had expected; he knew how easy it is to fall into sin, and was neither shocked nor surprised at Alfred's conduct. Nor did he quietly drop the matter; it was his aim not only to make converts, but to keep them, and when he heard of one or another slipping he did not say, "Oh, let him go, he isn't worth keeping!" but he went to him with words of encouragement and sympathy, and held out the hand of Christian love and help.

And in this spirit he went to Alf, and although at first he could not rouse him from his gloom and despondency, or induce him to believe or hope in himself, yet he did not weary in his efforts, and at length prevailed upon him to make another trial.

Mr. Worthing thought the Manor was not a very suitable place for a lad of Alf's temperament

and character; he was in the midst of temptation, assailed by the sight and odour of the drink constantly, but he could not see his way to interfere. It was such a comfort to Mrs. Wilmott to have the boy with her now she had grown so feeble; her strength was failing almost daily, and he helped her a great deal. She used to say sometimes that it seemed as if Providence had sent him to be a blessing and comfort to her in her old age.

But very soon the time came when she needed earthly help and comfort no longer, when she was called to exchange the poor cottage and scant parish allowance for one of the "many mansions," and the ample provisions of heaven. The end came quietly and peacefully: it was said among the neighbours one morning, that widow Wilmott had had a stroke; she lingered a day or two, but neither recognized anyone nor spoke, and on the third morning the bell was tolled, for the old woman was dead.

So once more Alfred was alone. He felt his isolation afresh when he stood among the mourners, and saw the coffin lowered into the grave; for he was reminded not only of his present loss, but of Mr. Granlyn. Such a wave of loneliness and home-sickness swept over him. He was so absorbed in his own grief that he paid no heed to the beautiful words of the burial service.

For a few days he kept on with his work at the Manor, too stunned and bewildered to think or plan for the future. He felt now as if he were absolutely alone in the world, that there was no longer anyone who cared for him.

One evening as he was on his way from work he met Mr. Worthing, who began to ask him what he intended to do.

"I believe," he went on, "that Mr. Loking and his family are going on the Continent for the winter; and if so, I suppose the Manor will be closed, or let, and in either case you might be thrown out of employment."

Alf looked grave upon hearing this, for he remembered his previous weary search for work.

"I think I might find some occupation for you," continued the vicar, "if you do not mind leaving Hedgmoor?"

"I don't mind at all sir; I don't care where I go now."

The hopeless tone touched Mr. Worthing, although he took no apparent notice of it, but unfolded his plan.

He had heard Alfred express a wish to be a carpenter, and now that he was left alone, with the almost certain prospect of being thrown out of work, he remembered it, and had written about him to a tradesman with whom he was acquainted.

This man was one to whom, some years previous, Mr. Worthing had been a true friend. He had found him in great destitution, brought down by intemperance, and with much difficulty and persistence induced him to take the pledge of total abstinence; then he obtained work for him, and by his watchfulness and care, in a great measure, prevented a relapse into old habits. The man had prospered in temporal matters, having now a fairly lucrative business, and grown strong and firm in character; while, as was but natural, he took a lively interest in the Temperance movement.

Mr. Worthing felt that if Alfred was under his care he would be safer from temptation, and surrounded by better influences than he might be elsewhere.

The carpenter wrote back, expressing his readiness to receive any protege of his, and assuring him he would do all in his power for the lad's welfare if he should come.

As the plan was unfolded Alf grew interested, and gladly acceded to it, for the mention of carpentering brought back something of the old ambition. But when Mr. Worthing chanced to name the town in which his friend resided, Alf grew pale, his eyes dilated, and he began to stammer out excuses.

The clergyman was naturally surprised at the sudden transition of mood, and demanded the reason, but all Alf replied was that he would rather not go there, for it was where he used to live.

"Then I am afraid you had some very grave reason for leaving it," said Mr. Worthing. "Will you tell me why you object to going back?"

But Alf could not unveil the past even to so kind a friend, and promised to think about it, and let him know in the morning.

All that evening he was in a state of great excitement and indecision. What singular chance had brought about the opportunity of returning to the town in which his aunt, Reuben and Sis resided? At first he felt as if he could not go, the ordeal would be too great to be among old friends and associations, and yet be in reality so far away. But finally the longing to see Mrs. Granlyn and her family—or at least to obtain news of them—overcame his lingering objections, and in the morning he gratefully accepted Mr. Worthing's offer.

So Alf took his leave of Hedgmoor friends and acquaintances—the servants at the Manor, the neighbours, and the woman with whom he had lodged since Mrs. Wilmott's death, and started for the town he had left so stealthily and miserably nearly ten months before.

Only ten months! But at fourteen one finds the days and weeks move far more slowly than in after life, and when he recalled all the experiences crowded into those months, to Alfred they appeared very, very long. It seemed years since the damp, dull morning when he had travelled to Hedgmoor with his heart so full of bitter thoughts, and surprised Mrs. Wilmott as she sat at breakfast. And now she was dead, and he was returning to find—what?

*(To be continued.)*

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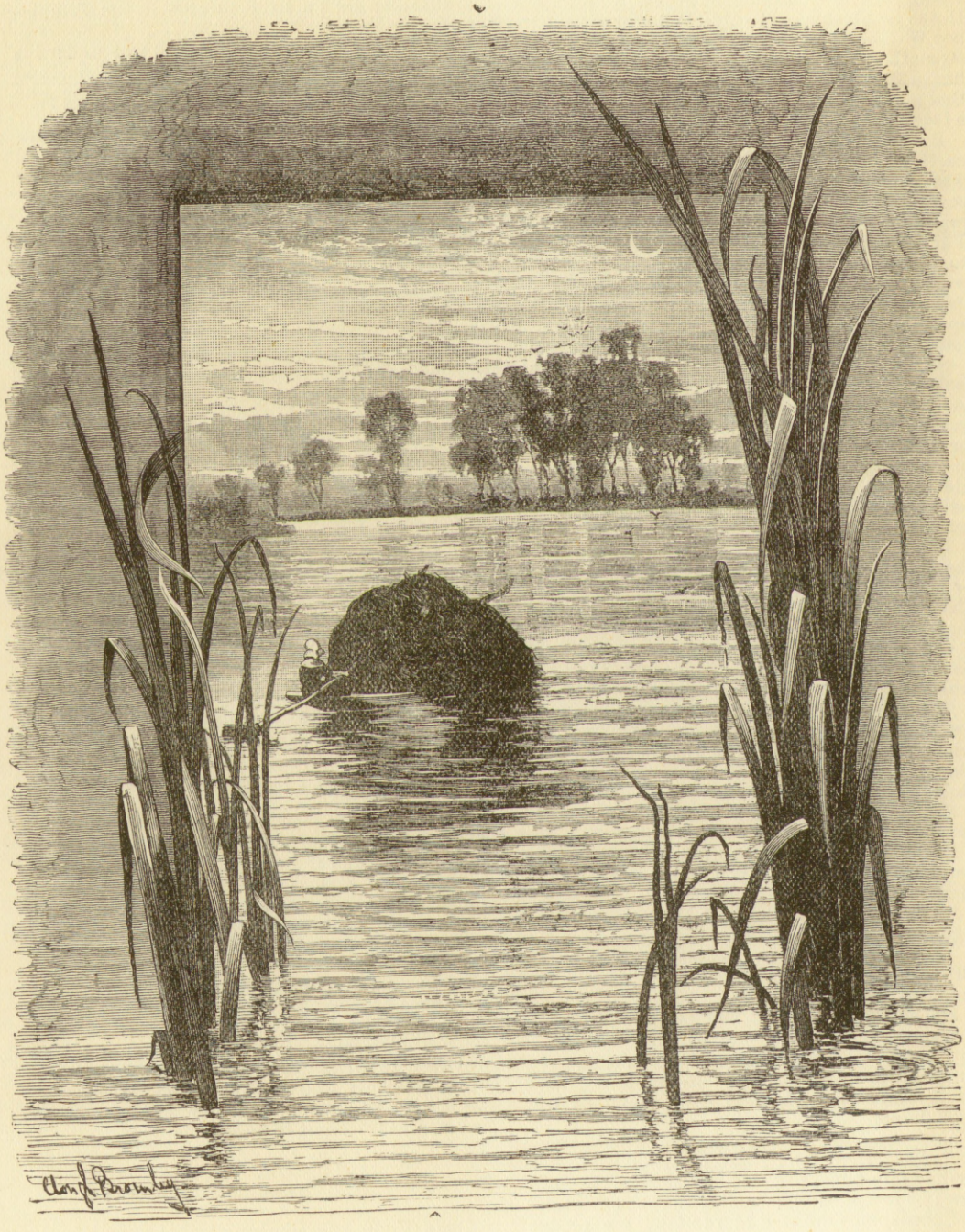
DEAR FOOD.—Supposing alcohol were a food, which it is not, you would get as much food in a pennyworth of oatmeal, beef suet, or sugar, as in a shilling's worth of alcohol.—*James Edmunds, M.D.*



## THE DEATHLESS LAKE.

IN New England, on the other side the great Atlantic, there is a small but beautiful lake situated some three miles from the pleasant village of Easthampton. This large mere or small lake is surrounded by low wooded hills. To its shores come the forest fringe of sweet fern and bass-wood.

There is an old and lovely legend that has given to its waters the name of "The deathless lake." For far back in the ancient days when the Red Indians held this country, before the Puritans first trod its shores, there lived a chieftain's daughter, whose one great desire was to confer on her tribe and people some noble service that should be of lasting good.

After long seeking and earnest waiting it was told her that the Great Spirit desired the voluntary sacrifice of some blameless life in the waters of the lake, so that hereafter, for all generations, none should henceforth suffer hurt or perish, that neither in storm nor flood should any be drowned, that death should never come to any on its surface.

The maiden pondered over the message, and watched the sunset and the dawn come by its peaceful pebbly strand, she saw the winter cover it over with ice, and the summer banish frost until the stars were mirrored on its bosom, and her longing for highest service grew with the passing days, until at last in obedience to the Great Spirit's will she gave up her joy of life and hope of love, and yielded herself a blameless sacrifice to its quiet waves and laid herself down on its gentle lap, that for ever death should be unknown by its waters, in its depths, or on its shores.

And strange to say that through the long ages there is no record or tradition of trouble, accident, or death that has crossed its happy bosom. There the fisherman has no danger day nor night, and the children have no fear as they play upon its fair beach.

Surely there are maidens whose hearts have the same yearning for noble doing. And the inspiration of the Great Spirit still points the way by the truth of the old legend that—the highest and most lasting service is only won by loving obedience, blameless sacrifice, and entire self-surrender to the Divine Will and the good of all.

If we would live for the safety and salvation of others, and rob life of its perils and dangers, we must live in the Spirit of Him who was obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross, and so took from death its sting, and from the grave its victory.

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RAPID CURES.—The medical officers of this army have distinctly attributed to their previous abstinence from strong drink the rapid recovery of the wounded at Ghuznee.—*Havelock's Narrative.*

## The Preservation of Health.

BY DR. A. J. H. CRESPI, WIMBORNE.

THE object which every sensible person should keep before him is *not* so much to find out what drugs to use in illness, as how to avoid illness altogether by temperate and natural living. Every medical practitioner is startled, when he ventures to think, by the large proportion of cases of illness in which disregard of hygienic laws, sometimes of such a character as to be without the smallest excuse, has led to serious discomfort, possibly actually to danger. Some time ago, a couple of pamphlets were sent me, in which the writer, an able medical practitioner, urged families to pay a moderate sum to some trusty doctor, who should at all times give them hints and advice in any emergency, rather than merely prescribe in illness. Nothing could be more sensible, while nothing would be less likely to meet with general approval on the part of the public. If there is one thing that people will not learn, it is how to keep well. Years ago, when I was perpetually writing on the preservation of health, a very capable London friend wrote to me that I was putting the cart before the horse; people, he added, wanted to know what to do when a cold, or dyspepsia, or ague came on, but they thought that doctor a veritable fool who was perpetually inculcating health lessons, and insisting on the importance of a sober, natural, and religious life. Another and still more accomplished friend, a great and brilliant physician, who was for a time a famous teetotal advocate, now, alas, gone to his rest, said to me: "When people have a severe stomach-ache from a surfeit of bad pork pie at midnight they want immediate relief from pain. They know quite as well as the doctor what has made them ill, and it annoys them to be told of their folly." Dr. Heslop was right; patients often know just as well as the medical attendant what has made them ill, and they do not need to be told; what they want is *instant relief* from urgent symptoms, no matter at what ultimate cost. A medical friend in Birmingham said to me some time ago that he was compelled to give powerful subcutaneous injections of morphine in all cases of colic, for his patients were so intolerant of pain that, if not relieved in an hour or two, another doctor was certainly called in. Just so; public opinion is not ripe for systematic health instruction, and as for retaining a medical adviser, why, that would seem culpable waste of time and money. Doctors are, as a class, far ahead of the laity in their dislike of the present state of things, but what can they do? Advice in such matters is like taking coals to Newcastle. To avoid disease should be the aim of every wise man, just as a railway company should try to prevent accidents by proper precautions. Now, the Temperance movement is one of the greatest helps to a sound and healthy life which I know: perhaps it is the greatest help of all.

# What the Drink Fiend Wrought One Night.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

"Another glass! come waiter, quick, fill up the bumpers high!
Your health, old chap! another glass before we say good-bye!"
Clear was the youthful, ringing voice that spoke those words that night—
As free from care as were the eyes with their unclouded light;
A boy he was, and on his brow there was no line of care,
Time had not laid one silver thread amidst his dusky hair,
His life had been as fair and bright as life of man can be,
For he had grown in virtue sweet, up from his infancy.

Won by the Tempter's voice that night, with laughing eyes he stood
Where men were drowning heart and brain in "Satan's spirit flood;"
The glass he held within his hand—it was the very first
That he had tasted—how it gleamed! most fatal and accursed:
"Your health, my lad!" his comrade cried, and from his goblet quaffed,
"Thank you!" the dark-haired boy replied, as merrily he laughed;
He raised the glass unto his lips, how could he understand
How some foul fiend, from deepest hell, was lifting up his hand?

"Another glass!—come waiter, quick!—nay, boy, you wont decline,
I've drank your health, and now you know I want you to drink mine;"
Again the lad raised up the glass unto those lips of his,
Which, but a few short hours before, had felt a mother's kiss;
And so they drank glass after glass, as time flew swiftly on,
While in her home that mother watched and waited for her son:
She could not see the hand she loved grasping the goblet bright,
She only prayed, "God bless my boy, and bring him safe to-night."

At last they staggered blindly forth, and through the lanes they went,
Where in the fragrant summer air the leafy boughs were bent;
The pure, pale stars looked softly down, the river gently ran,
There was no blot upon the scene, save God's great creature—man;
They quarrelled: 'tis no matter how, men do not pause to think
When they have drowned their reasoning power in the strong tide of drink,
So angry words fell from their lips, and wrath rose high and higher,
Till every gentle thought was killed with passion's lurid fire.

A blow!—another!—calm and bright the fair moon hung above,
And still a mother blessed her boy with all a mother's love;
And looking out into the night, murmured, "My dear one, come!
Without my son, my darling lad, home is no longer 'home.'"
She could not see the struggle fierce, the faces deadly white,
She could not see the bloody work that drink had wrought that night,—
For with an oath the boy she loved had made one forward start,
And plunged his glitt'ring, quiv'ring knife deep in his comrade's heart.

There was a groan, an awful cry!—then all around was still!
No sound, save of the passing wind across some distant hill—
But 'neath the fair unclouded skies a guilty creature stood,
And saw around his trembling feet a fellow creature's blood;
Amazed and horrified he stood, for now drink's trance was gone,
But the foul work which drink had wrought could never be undone.
The fatal knife, now crimsoned o'er, fell from his quivering hand
And lay like blood-stained, wounded snake upon the emerald land.

"Speak to me, speak!" the boy cried out, and called his comrade's name;
But from the pallid, silent lips no answer ever came;—
"Speak to me, speak!" and, bending low, he raised the heavy head,
"One word, dear friend—my God! my God! he cannot—he is dead!"
Back fell the head, the ghastly face upturned unto the skies
A look of deep and sad reproach in the unseeing eyes.
The moonlight touched the cold white brow, then to the bosom strayed
To show the boy the gaping wound his cruel hand had made.

There struck into his aching brain a chill like
touch of ice,
And something fell upon his soul, and held it in
a vice;
He knew a fellow-creature's blood was red upon
his hand,
And on his throbbing brow he felt the murderer's
crimson brand;
His "better angel," full of shame, had, weeping,
left his side,
His heart grew sick with sudden fear, that
whispered, "murderer, hide!"
Along the narrow, winding lane, like guilty Cain,
he crept,
Then flew across the meadow way where, pure,
white daisies slept.

Away! to shun those poor, dead eyes, whose
gaze would haunt him ever:
Away! away!—he knew not where—until he
reached the—river;
No need to tell how calmly bright the waters ran
that night,
No need to say how temptingly they lay beneath
his sight;
There was a cry, a little moan; perhaps a broken
prayer:
A white face on the river's breast, then all was
silent there;
The breezes sang among the flowers—the silver
dewdrops fell—
But angels wept in heaven that night, and
devils laughed in hell.

## THE NATIONAL BAND OF HOPE BAZAAR,

MONDAY, JULY 7TH, TO SATURDAY, JULY 12TH.

HER Royal Highness the Princess Louise having graciously consented to open the bazaar on Monday, July 7th, on behalf of the Bazaar Fund, specially made purses have been prepared, and will be sent on application to friends of the movement in either town or country. The following words and the Donor or Collector's name will be printed in silver letters on each purse:—Handed to H.R.H. the Princess Louise, at the National Band of Hope Bazaar, July, 1890, by (*Donor or Collector's name.*) It is considered that the purses may, with the greatest propriety, be handed to H.R.H. by children; but ladies and other friends desiring to do so also are invited to assist in this part of the opening ceremony. It is expected that each purse presented will contain at least three guineas. The purses will be returned to the donors. The Committee earnestly appeal to all their friends to do their utmost to promote the success of this interesting item in connection with the opening ceremony, so that an amount sufficient to clear the entire expenses of the Bazaar may be handed to H.R.H., leaving the entire takings at the stalls as a clear profit for the Bazaar Fund. Special arrangements will be made for the presentation of purses on behalf of friends resident in the provinces.

There is every indication that the Bazaar will be a great success, and that it will secure for the advancement of the movement the sum which the Committee had set before them, viz., £5,000. The greatest possible goodwill has been shown by friends connected with kindred organisations. Stalls will be provided under the auspices of the Church of England Temperance Society, the National Temperance League, the Irish Temperance League, the British Women's Temperance Association, the Sons of Temperance, the Young Abstainers' Union, and friends of the *Band of Hope Review*. Stalls will also be furnished by Unions or private friends in Bedfordshire, Birmingham, Cambridgeshire, Highgate, Hertfordshire, Essex, Reading, Surrey, and Yorkshire, whilst in London and its neighbourhood the Local Unions for the City of London and Finsbury, Lambeth, Marylebone and West London, Southwark, South West London, West Kent and West Middlesex, will also provide stalls.

An earnest appeal is made to societies and friends in all parts of the kingdom, not associated with any of the stalls, to send goods to the office, or to any of the stall holders. When it is recollected that the whole of the amount obtained will be most carefully spent in the important work of prevention, no strong words of appeal should be needed to secure the co-operation of every friend of the movement.

During the week of the Bazaar, excursion trains from a thousand stations, in all parts of the kingdom, will be running in connection with the great Temperance Fete at the Crystal Palace, which should not only secure an immense attendance at this important gathering, but also make it easy for thousands of our provincial friends to visit the Bazaar. To enable those who may arrive in London early on the morning of the day of the Fete to visit the Bazaar before proceeding to the Crystal Palace, it will be open at eleven o'clock on this day instead of at half-past two as on all other days.

During June, the great thing for our friends to do is to send contributions, either to the Office or to any friends associated with the stalls.

FREDERIC SMITH,
Chairman of Committee.

4, Ludgate Hill.

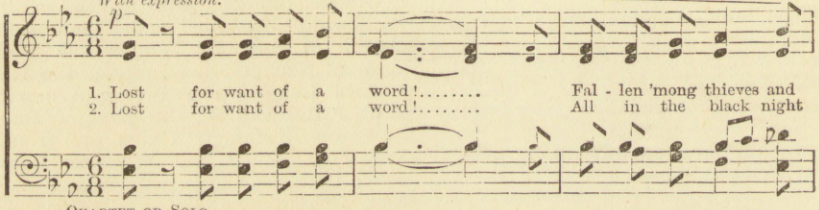
P.S.—Requests for the purses should state the donor or collector's name to be printed.

AN OLD CUSTOM.—Extracts from the parish books of Darlington:—"A.D. 1639, for Mr. Thompson, that preached the forenoon and afternoon, for a quarter of sacke, xiiid. A.D. 1650, for sixe quartes of sacke to the minister, when we had not a minister, 9s. A.D. 1666, for one quarte of sacke bestowed on Mr. Jellet, when he preached, 2s. 4d. A.D. 1691, for a pint of brandy when Mr. G. Bell preached here, 1s. 4d. When the Dean of Durham preached here, spent in a treat with him, 3s. 6d."

# LOST FOR WANT OF A WORD!

*Music by* CAREY BONNER.
*(Inserted by permission.)*

QUARTET OR SOLO.
*With expression.*




QUARTET OR SOLO.
Key E♭. *p With expression.*

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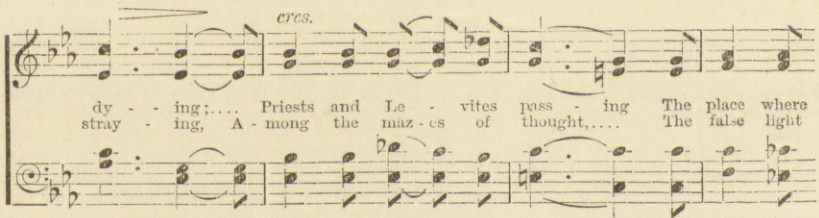


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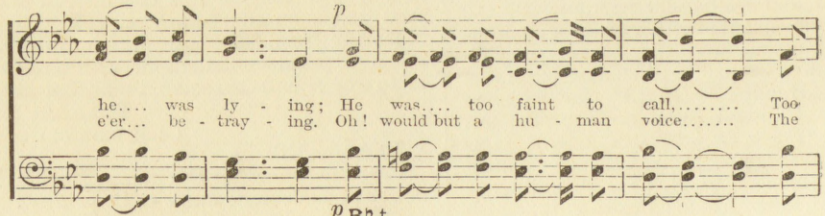


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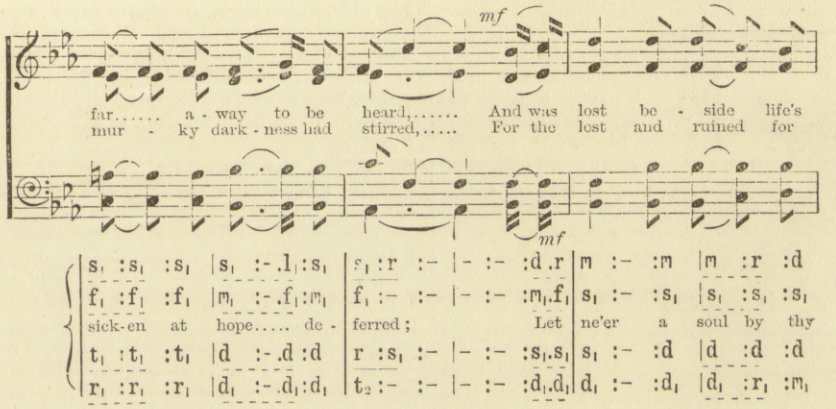
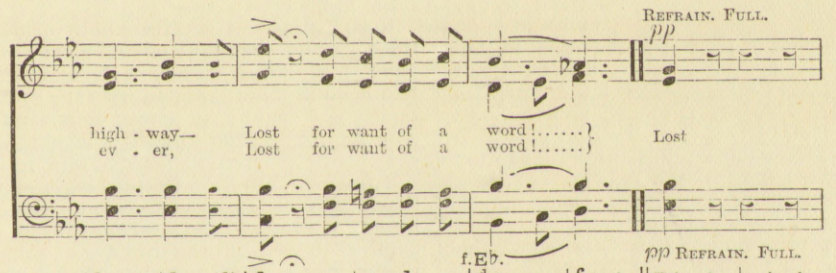
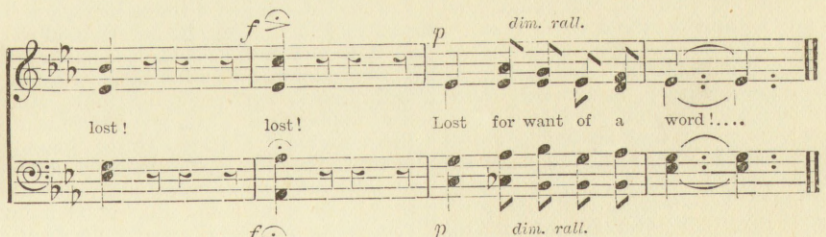
# LOST FOR WANT OF A WORD!

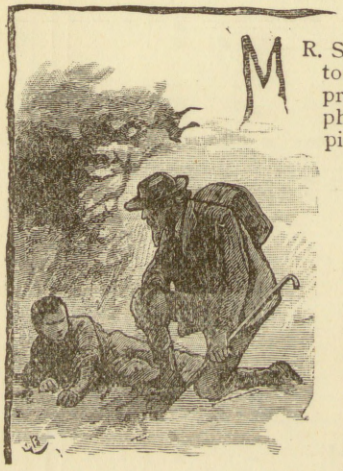


# WET PAINT.

By Alfred J. Glasspool
*(Author of "Snatched from Death").*



MR. Solomon Templeton was a man of profound wisdom, philosophy, and piety; he ordered his life by rule, and never deviated one hair's breadth from the straight course of his existence.

His great ideas were punctuality, regularity, and uniformity. If you watched him for a day you would soon be able to tell the time without the aid of a clock; a knowledge of the duties he performed daily, would soon teach you the days of the week; and if your observation extended throughout the year, you would become acquainted with the anniversaries of the year so well, that you would be able to do without an almanack entirely. Regularity was his pet idea, he turned into bed and turned out of bed exactly at the same minute; if his old housekeeper had not heard him moving about his room exactly at six o'clock in the morning, she would have come to the instant conclusion that master was either unwell or dead. The few old-fashioned tradespeople with whom he traded, always knew when to look for Mr. Solomon Templeton; his bootmaker knew the exact day he would order a new pair of Wellingtons, or send the old pair to be mended; his tailor waited at the door to receive him, though he had made no appointment, his habits were so regular that to be a day earlier or later was an impossibility. Punctuality and regularity in time made him uniform in what he ate and drank; he never had an ounce more bread one day than another; the quantity of meat and fish he partook was exactly the same each day, and his housekeeper, in the course of twenty years' service, had never known him to take a drop more than his two cups of tea in the afternoon, his breakfast cup of coffee in the morning, with the same quantity of cocoa in the evening. Though some people laughed at Mr. Templeton's peculiarities, and found them sometimes exceedingly inconvenient, they loved him very much, and admired his fine, tall, manly figure, and his warm generous heart.

Some years before the date of our story, Mr. Templeton had served his Queen and country as an officer in India; he had won renown by his bravery and strict attention to duty; his early retirement was brought about by some changes in the regulation of the army, which he thought would be for its injury. He would have nothing to do with these new-fangled notions, so he retired and even dropped his title of Major; but old habits clung to him, and though he had given up the army, and seldom mentioned his connection with it, yet he could not help his early training being exhibited in his daily life.

Mr. Solomon Temple lived all alone in a large house, and though the rooms were so large that a sentry could have stretched his legs walking up and down the dining-room, yet Mr. Templeton would only call it a cottage, and so he named it after his favourite flower, Rose Cottage.

It was in the cultivation of roses that the retired Major spent a great deal of time, the fame of his rose trees had spread far and wide. He had all kinds of rose trees, he did not, like most growers, despise the humbler sorts, for although he could show you the finest standard roses, with all kinds of curious names, he admired the common moss rose, the simple white rose that climbs on the wall, and even the unnoticed dog rose had a place in his collection.

Rose Cottage was a picture both inside and out, there was never a thing out of place; you could have got up in the middle of the night and, if you had been at all acquainted with the order of the house, you could have placed your hand on what you required, even though the shutters were closed and the room as dark as pitch.

To passers by, Rose Cottage had great attractions, the verandah was crowded with roses and flowers of all kinds; the most magnificent creepers climbed in and out the iron work; some foreign plants gave a peculiar and pretty appearance to the place, and received great admiration from visitors.

Mr. Solomon Templeton was proud of his house, here in his conservatory and garden he spent most of his time; it was a pity, some people said, that he did not seek some lady to share it permanently with him, but the owner of Rose Cottage had enjoyed single blessedness for sixty-years of his life, and he determined to persevere in it to the end. This does not mean he was always alone, he had a little army of nephews and nieces, and some of these were always welcome at Rose Cottage. There was not one of them that did not love Uncle Solomon, though at times they found it exceedingly difficult to fall in with his love of punctuality and order; yet they very soon found that good habits always bring happiness, and therefore a month's visit to Rose Cottage generally resulted in the visitors being not only in better physical health, but also vastly improved in moral training, they having learned that our short stay on earth may be lengthened a considerable span by good order and right living.

One of Mr. Solomon Templeton's peculiarities was that Rose Cottage should be painted every year in the early summer; most other persons had their houses painted in the spring, and then only once in three years, but Mr. Templeton ordered matters according to his own mind, and cared not a pin for other people's practices and

opinions. Early every year the ladders were raised, and Rose Cottage very soon had on its summer dress, and presented then a very imposing appearance.

And so it happened on this particular morning that Peter Simpkins was painting the verandah while his labourer, Jonathan Fielding, held the ladder below.

"This old Solomon is a proper sort of chap," said Peter to his friend Jonathan. "What do you think? He has actually been a-trying to teach me how to grow roses."

"Well now, has he though?" answered Jonathan, "I have heard a lot of funny tales about Mr. Solomon Templeton, he's all very well if you don't ruffle his feathers, but if you do, look out, that's all I can tell you my boy."

Peter laid on the paint well, and then both he and Jonathan started on the railings, which were painted a dark green, and looked exceedingly handsome.

While Peter and Jonathan were talking, chiefly on the virtues that the old housekeeper said her master possessed, up came the Major himself, driving his charming little pony, harnessed to the neatest and smartest of dog-carts.

Along with him were two smart-looking lads, and a still smarter-looking young coachman, who sat with his arms folded, and as motionless as one of the figures in Madam Tussaud's, till the moment the dog-cart neared the house, when he seemed to receive a sudden electric shock, and jumped out of the cart with the alacrity of a sprite, and landed at the pony's head at the moment it stopped at the door.

"Now, boys, out you jump, this is Rose Cottage, and I give you a hearty welcome," said the smiling Major.

"All right, Uncle," shouted the elder of the two boys, "I'll be out like a flash of lightning;" and he certainly verified his words, for he landed on the path much quicker than he expected; not being used to dog-carts, he somehow got his feet twisted, and tumbled head foremost out of the cart on to the ground, to the amusement of his companion and the two workmen.

"Mind the paint," said Uncle Solomon to his nephews; then turning to the men he said, "Write on the path in large letters in all directions, WET PAINT; and if anyone spoils a brand new coat or dress, it will be their own fault, and not mine."

A piece of chalk and an outstretched arm soon carried out the order, the warning was large and clear; no one could doubt what was meant, and in the broad daylight none but a blind man need fall into the snare.

Meanwhile Uncle Solomon had introduced his two nephews to the housekeeper, "Masters Henry and Frederick Webster, my sister's children, on a visit for a short time, Miss Bonser, to Rose Cottage; treat them well, as my own flesh and blood."

The fact was, a serious epidemic of measles had broken out at the school at which Henry and Frederick were scholars, and in order to arrest its progress, the Committee had decided to close the school for a few weeks.

As both the brothers had escaped the contagion, they were not very sorry for the cause of their enforced holiday; they looked forward to a happy time, for they had an excellent opinion of Uncle Solomon.

Mr. Templeton was not long in exhibiting his well-known peculiarities; the boys soon learned all about regularity, punctuality, and uniformity; that very evening, just as they were bidding uncle good night, he said,

"At six o'clock you will hear the bell ring; you must rise at once; you can roam the woods, or stroll in the garden, till eight, when breakfast will be ready. We wait for nobody, and when the table is cleared there is nothing left for those who are absent at the proper time. I shall admit no excuse, for bad habits grow quick enough without my encouraging them."

Most boys love getting up early, and since Henry and Frederick had been well trained in this habit, they were awake when the bell rang, and, after their morning bath, were soon enjoying themselves in the neighbouring woods.

The happiness they enjoyed was such as no lazy city lay-a-beds can ever know.

The sun was shining beautifully, and made the dew on the grass sparkle like so many diamonds; the larks were singing so gloriously, there was such lightness in the air, that the young frames of the two brothers seemed filled with such buoyancy that they appeared to fly along as they ran down the hollows or climbed the hills.

Many things attracted their attention; the squirrels kept hopping about on the trees; birds of all kinds kept flying about in all directions, uttering such peculiar sounds, while the crows kept up a continual caw, caw, from the topmost branches of the tall elm trees. How could they help stopping to gather some pretty ferns, with primroses and violets, to decorate the dining table at Rose Cottage. An hour or two soon passes when we are thus pleasantly engaged; when the brothers looked at their watches, they were amazed and alarmed to find that it was already past eight o'clock, and indeed, from the hungry feeling in their stomachs, they might have discovered this without looking at their watches at all.

They hurried back as quickly as possible, only to find, as they had been threatened, the breakfast table cleared, and Miss Bonser quite unwilling to grant them even the smallest amount of food, without her master's permission.

When the nephews met their Uncle Solomon at dinner, there was a frown on his face which foretold a very stormy reception.

"What is the meaning of this, boys? I did not see you at breakfast, and I am informed that you were roaming in the woods at the time you should have presented yourselves here, how can you explain this conduct?"

Henry hung his head, for, being the elder of the two boys, he felt that uncle would

certainly consider him the greater transgressor of the two.

"I am very sorry, Uncle" he said penitently, "I am very sorry, but, we walked in the forest, and were so interested, that we forgot the time; it shall not occur again, sir"

"I hope not," was the stern reply, "unless you wish to incur my most serious displeasure, remember that evil habits grow quickly, and, if you are not careful, they will quickly become your master."

The boys were very sorry in their own minds for displeasing their uncle, and inwardly resolved not to do so again; but resolutions made do not always go hand-in-hand.

Uncle Solomon had given particular instructions to the boys, not to interfere with the workmen, and to be exceedingly careful of the wet paint.

"Remember, boys, wet paint sticks to your clothes, and it is very difficult to get rid of it; and even if you should succeed in doing so, it always leaves a nasty stain behind."

With this warning ringing in their ears, Harry and Fred were careful to keep away from all places where they saw the words WET PAINT staring them in the face; but in a few days they became familiar with the warning and paid little regard to it.

One afternoon when Uncle Solomon was gone up to town, and Miss Bonser was enjoying her nap in the arm chair, the boys, having little to do, went out into the garden, and began conversing with Peter Simpkins and his companion, who were busily employed painting the summer house.

"I should like to try my hand at painting," said Fred, "I have never had a paint brush in my hand, except one I use for painting maps, it must be awfully jolly laying it on so thick."

Fred took the paint brush from Peter, and commenced painting, he did it fairly well for an amateur, but, just at that moment, the shrill voice of the housekeeper was heard calling upon the boys to keep away from the paint. Fred dropped the paint brush in a hurry, and, while endeavouring to hide himself from Miss Bonser's observation, he caught his foot in the paint-pot, tripped up, and, to keep himself from falling, seized hold of Henry, so that they both fell together, right on the top of the spilt paint. When they scrambled to their feet, their appearance was quite amusing, hands, face, and dress were smothered with paint. Peter and Jonathan roared with laughter, but Henry and Fred never looked more serious in their lives, for, by this act of disobedience, they had ruined their suits, and a second time provoked the anger of Uncle Solomon.

The worthy housekeeper did all she could with turpentine to get off the wet paint, but a very ugly stain was left behind, so that it was quite impossible to hide the fact from Uncle Solomon, besides, the garden path was disfigured, and he would certainly want to know all about this.

Henry and Fred were in a dreadful state of fear, they trembled when they were called into the study to hear what their angry uncle had to say.

"Now, boys," commenced the stern uncle, "the first thing a boy has to learn is, obedience to those in authority; for I am at this time in the place of your father, *in loco parentis*, as we used to say at college, now, you must obey me, or we shall have to part, and your visit to Rose Cottage will be a short one."

"We are very sorry, indeed, Uncle," muttered Henry.

"Sorry, indeed, you are always being sorry, let's have a little less sorrow, and more obedience.

"Wet paint sticks, you have now a practical proof of what I say; but it is very easy to get a new suit when one is spoiled, but you can't get rid of bad habits, they stick to you throughout life, you know what the poet says:—

'Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks run to rivers, rivers run to seas.'

Now, boys, learn this lesson, wet paint always leaves an unpleasant smell and a nasty stain; if you mix with company that you ought to avoid, if you put into practice habits that are injurious, you are sure to suffer. Now then, run off and let me hear no more about this unpleasant matter."

Henry and Frederick begged pardon, received their uncle's forgiveness, and have since taken advantage of the lessons from the WET PAINT.




# OUR SUMMER WORK.

WE have a Band of Hope in a little country village, and now the evenings are so light and fine we do have so much difficulty in getting our children to the meeting that we almost thought we should have to give up our work for the summer months. For with cricket on the green, and fishing and bathing in the sweet waters of the canal, we cannot get the boys to look into our school-room; and when the boys wont come the girls always stop away.

Some one proposed we should have our meeting on the first wet evening, but this, we thought, would not do, for who could decide whether the evening were wet enough or not to hold our Band of Hope Meeting until it was over, and then it would be too late.

The public-houses do not keep open only on wet nights, they can manage to draw people to their open doors in fine weather. So we came to the conclusion we must not give up; but what we were to do we did not know. At last it was suggested to get volunteer members of our society to form a sort of toy band and go round our village playing and singing Temperance melodies, make as many of the juveniles who were in our society march in procession behind our extemporary and domestic band, so as to attract as much public attention as possible, and then wend our way to the Green, where we would hold a short meeting.

We made a very lame start at first, and caused even our friends as well as our foes a great deal of amusement. Just look at us. All the officers were late or absent when we first assembled.

Some said it was "a babyish turn out," others said it was "simply silly," others, that we were idiots and fools to make ourselves the laughing stock of the parish.

But we did not mind what was said; that we were laughed at did not matter. The children caught up the idea. The band improved: one boy really played the violin and he led the singing; when we stopped to hold our meeting a real trumpeter used to sound the call. Then we got a flag and did away with the stick and pocket handkerchief business.

Every evening we drilled, and each time we turned out order improved. The mock band went first, led by a few pioneers, to clear the way through an all-but-empty village street. Then a space between the band and the banner, for we learnt from the circuses how, by wide space, to make a thin procession reach far and look imposing with dignity.

Then followed the fiddler and trumpeter, with such of our chiefs as had courage to appear, and behind these "in order due two by two" the rank and file of England's hope.

By-and-bye, our movement became popular; we were obliged to turn out twice a week; new attractions were added; good speakers came to our help; friends ceased to make fun of "the T. T. array," as we were called. The indifferent became warm-hearted, and the critics cheered us. We took pledges; kept our meetings going with more zeal and enthusiasm all through hay and harvest time than even during the winter, and above all, we hope to have set a good example to other village Bands of Hope.

# MILLING.

By Frank Fairhall.

THE miller stood at the door of his mill, looking up the road, when I met him one pleasant day this spring. It was a pretty spot. Just above the mill a merry little stream ceased purling over the stones, and widened out into a square lake. On one side of the lake the bank was steep and high, and was covered with a "shaw" or copse, from which many a branch bent as if to kiss the water. On the opposite side ran the road, and beyond it again a primrose bank, now a mass of yellow blossom, so that you "scarce could see the grass for flowers." "My garden," the miller called it, and a placard, written in a boyish hand, on a paper stuck in a cleft stick, expressed the hope that persons who wanted primroses would please go elsewhere for them. But the ragged, rain-washed paper spoiled the beauty of the bank more than the gathering of a few primroses would have done. Below the lake stood the battered old mill, with a flourishing kitchen-garden beyond it, enriched with the moisture of the mill-tail, which here, between deep, rocky banks, tufted with fern and forget-me-not, flowed on "to join the brimming river."

It was, indeed, a pretty spot, which was just what I remarked to the miller. But he only said "Yes?" as if he had put a note of interrogation after it, and then he waited for me to go on again.

"Well," I said, "it must be much better to have a water-mill than a wind-mill, I should think."

"Because it's a prettier place to live in than on the top of a bare, bleak hill?" he queried again.

"Yes, that's one thing," said I, "and another is that you never have to whistle for a wind, as sailors say, when you are busy and corn is waiting to be ground. The water is always here, at any rate."

"I don't deny that a water mill may be the best," he replied, "else I don't suppose I should have stayed here so long. But it's not all 'jam,' by any means. The water is always here, it is true, sometimes too much of it. How would you like turning out of a warm bed in the middle of a stormy night, or when the ground is covered with half-melted snow, to pull the sluices up and let the water off to save your house from being washed away? And as to whistling for a wind, this little stream is very nearly dry sometimes, and then we have to work half-time. Then there's the damp and the rheumatics, you know—at least you would know if you were me—and as to prettiness, well, it would be hard to beat this for a pretty little 'bit,' as the artists who come in the summer call it, but it's only a 'bit,' and that's just where it is. It's not like the splendid view—a panorama, I call it—you get from Willis's mill on Kingsdown, where there's always more to see, even if you keep on looking all day. I'm very well content to be where I am, but I can't find fault with the hills, even if they're bare and bleak, because the Master," and he looked curiously at me as he spoke, "the Master seemed to love them most. I expect you know," he went on, "that He couldn't bear to be stived up in crowds down in the close towns and hot valleys, and that He was always getting away to the freedom and quiet and fresh breezes of the hills."

"So He was," said I, "and if He did some mighty works on the lake He had first got the power to do them on the mountain top."

"You see," the miller went on, "there's another side to every hedge, and there are difficulties that you don't know anything at all about until you get to that other side. Now, perhaps you think a miller's trade a very pleasant one."

"I do," I said, "barring the risk of the dust settling on your lungs; and what's more, it's a good honest trade. It's not only that you work for a living, but that you work in a way that does good to the world. You are helping to provide food for man and beast—bread for the one, and meal for the other. That's surely better than being a mere factor or broker who only buys and sells but never really *makes* anything. And it's better than getting your living by providing things that do people harm, like fire-water in all its branches."

"That's right enough," said the miller. "But there are temptations even here also. The farmer can take advantage of the miller, and the miller of the farmer, if he has a mind to. It's not the trade a man follows that makes him God-fearing, but the fear of God within him; though it must be precious hard to fear God and follow some trades—a publican's, or a brewer's, for instance. But come inside, if you will," he continued; "I heard the bell ring."

"How warm it is in here!" I remarked as we mounted the ladder to the upper floor.

"Yes, don't you know that it's always warm in a mill? And that it just comes from work? There's nothing like work to keep you warm both in body and in soul, and I always notice that the warm-hearted Christians are the working Christians." We had got upstairs by this time, the little bell going tingle, tingle, without stopping for a moment. A long box, something like a wooden organ-pipe, sloped down from a higher floor to within a few inches of the upper stone. Through this box some wheat had been pouring down and thence through a hole in the stone to be ground. The ringing of the bell—like the red light on the railway, or the "craving" of the dram drinker—was a sign of danger. It gave warning that there was no wheat passing through to the stones and that the hopper must be filled again. If not, the two stones would grind each other, sparks would fly out, and as the woodwork in a mill is very dry soon everything would be in a blaze.

A millstone and the human heart
Are driven ever round,
If they have nothing else to grind,
They must themselves be ground.

"Yes," said the miller, as I repeated Longfellow's lines, "workers must be often fed or they will feed on themselves. You can't give to the multitude until you have received the loaves and fishes from the Master's hands. I pity those who try to water other people's gardens and who are not themselves watered."

"So do I. But now, how near together ought these two stones to be?" I enquired. "Just the thickness of a single flake of bran," was the reply. "If they were any closer they would grind each other and set the mill on fire. And if they are farther apart they make the flour coarse. It makes all the difference how you set the stones. In fact, if they are not just right it may mean to me the difference between selling flour with bran in it at six shillings a cwt., and pure flour at twelve shillings a cwt. Some people think near enough is good enough; but that won't do in a mill. Nothing can be done at hap-hazard. You want everything just right or else you waste, and waste means loss, and loss means ruin by and bye. Too much water, and there's a flood, and the machinery gets broken. Two little water, and there is no work done. So we have to economize. Just look here," and he opened a shutter and showed me the great overshot wheel from which all the power came. "You would think that getting that wheel up into its place was the great thing perhaps," said he; "but that is almost easy compared with the difficulty of adjusting the 'buckets' (which take in and then cast out the water) to the right angle. Tilt them an eighth of an inch too much one way or the other and you lose power which you cannot afford to lose. Do you see that wedge?" he said, pointing to a piece of iron just above the middle of the wheel. "What do you think it's for?"

"Why," I said, "I suppose it is to keep the water from falling on to the stay in the middle of the wheel where it would be wasted, and to send it off into the buckets where it will be of use."

"That's it," he replied, "and in dry weather, when the water is low, we sometimes couldn't work the mill at all but for that little iron wedge. If it only saves a pint of water at each revolution of the wheel, it comes to a good deal in the course of a day. That wheel now is going at the rate of four revolutions a minute, or 2,880 in a day of 12 hours, so we save at least 360 gallons of water by it."

"I can see that you have to work with your head as well as your hands," said I, "and that, like many other things, milling is not so easy as it looks. You can't just set the mill going and then sit in the parlour all day and leave it to do your work for you. Why, it wants as much attention as a baby."

"Yes," he answered, "only that unlike a baby it grows more expensive without growing any bigger."

"How does it grow more expensive?"

"Why, for repairs, and making good the wear and tear, and sometimes for putting in new machinery (for flour-dressing for instance) before the old is worn-out, because it has become obsolete. A miller must move with the times and keep both his eyes and both his ears open, or he will not be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

"And, even then," I ventured to add, "if you do not have the right kind of wheat you can't have the right kind of flour."

"No, you can't; and in that a mill is like a man. Gifts, you know, sir, are of no use without grace. If you would give forth the best life you must take in the best spiritual food."

"I understand," said I, continuing the talk, "'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;' 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.'"

"One thing more," said I; "you can stop the mill if you want to, can't you?"

"Oh! yes, but it is not every one that can do that. I had a boy once who was left at home one Sunday morning while we had all gone to Sunday School. He got into the mill with a friend of his, and, to show how clever he was, started the mill. After a little while he thought he had had enough, and tried to put the brake on and stop it; but he could not manage that, and if he had not found one of the men I don't know what might not have happened."

"He found doing was easier than undoing," I rejoined.

"Yes, as a good many young fellows who have 'gone the pace' and sown their wild oats have found," added my shrewd friend; "but now let me brush some of the flour off you, and then we will go into the house." And so ending my little lesson in milling.



# Pebbles and Pearls.

What is the best thing to do in a hurry? Nothing.

A spoiled child. The one that played with the kerosene lamp.

A drunkard's nose is a lighthouse, warning us of the little water that passes beneath.

When you have a cold you do not know how to cure it. All your friends know how, and they tell you, but that does not affect the cold.

A beautiful form is better than a beautiful face; a beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues or pictures, it is the finest of the fine arts.

Nothing so establishes in the mind, amid the rollings and turbulency of present things, as both a look above them and a look beyond them—above them to the steady and good Hand by which they are ruled, and beyond them to the sweet and beautiful end to which, by the Hand, they shall be brought.

If we want to keep good-looking we must keep good-humoured, and most of us are anything but anxious to help on the ravages Time brings along with him. It is the minor miseries, vexations, disappointments, and jealousies that sour the temper; scarcely, if ever, the real big troubles of life.

Good Company.—One day as I was in the bath, a friend of mine put into my hand a piece of scented clay. I took it, and said to it, "Art thou of heaven or earth? for I am charmed with thy delightful scent." It answered, "I was a despicable piece of clay; but I was sometime in company of the rose; the sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me; otherwise I should have remained only what I appear to be—a bit of earth."—*Sadi.*

A poor woman of Shoreham, whose husband was going to sea, handed, through the clerk, to the parson, this public prayer: "A man going to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation." The parson, pointing it in his own way, read to the ears of his flock: "A man going to *see his wife* desires the prayers of this congregation."

A Candid Verdict.—If the commonest rules of self-examination be applied to that mass of the people which both religion and politics bid us to regard as incorporated with our own very being, what will the answer be? It can hardly fail to be that the Englishman of this day is not perceptibly a better or nobler being than he was half a century ago. Generally speaking, he cares more for meat and drink, the latter especially, than for any other good thing. To drink he sacrifices honour, truth, his country, his family, his name, and all his hopes in this world or any other.—*Times.*

No farmer can plough a field by turning it over in his own mind.

As a man drinks he usually grows reckless; the more drams, the fewer scruples.

A visitor at Surgeon's Hall, when shown a number of dwarfs preserved in alcohol, remarked: "Well, I never thought that the dead could be in such *spirits*."

A Temperance refreshment-bar has been opened at the Liverpool police-court for the convenience of all parties attending, and already it is a great success.

The wife of a very ugly man said to Rogers, the poet: "What do you think? My husband has just laid out twenty guineas to buy me a pet monkey." "The dear little man," replied he; "it's *just like him*."

At a Scotch fair a farmer was trying to engage a lad to assist on the farm, but would not finish the bargain until he brought a character from the last place, so he said: "Run and get it, and meet me at the cross at four o'clock." The youth was up to time, and the farmer said: "Well, have you got your character with you?" "Na," replied the youth; "but I've got yours, an' I'm no comin'."

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# ALFRED.

By LOUIE SLADE,

*Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care."*

## CHAPTER VIII.—OLD FRIENDS AND NEW.

*"Not as yet*
*Are we in shelter or repose,*
*The holy house is still beset*
*With leaguer of stern foes;*
*Wild thoughts within, bad men without,*
*All evil spirits round about,*
*Are banded in unblest device*
*To spoil Love's earthly paradise."*
—CHRISTIAN YEAR.



ALF felt rather nervous and awkward when he was ushered into the presence of his new employer. He was expecting to find an imposing, severe personage, who would subject him to a close examination as to his former history and occupation; therefore he was agreeably surprised to see instead a plain, homely man, who greeted him kindly and cordially, and made him feel at ease at once. His wife, too, a motherly, cheery woman, and as Alf sat at tea in the small but comfortable kitchen, he thought he had been singularly fortunate. They were not pretentious people, it was evident, and although they had been prosperous, they adhered still to a simple style of living, and the one servant they kept had her meals with them, as Alfred was also to do.

The house was situated in one of the poorer and most populous districts, quite remote from the select neighbourhood in which Mrs. Granlyn resided, so that Alf was not likely to meet any of his former friends—at least very frequently. He could not make up his mind to call on them, although the desire to see them grew stronger and stronger every day; the remembrance of the painful manner in which they had parted, and the uncertainty as to the changes which might have occurred, held him back.

Besides, his evenings were very much taken up. Mr. Ferrill was a believer with Dr. Watts, that

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

and he took the lad to Temperance and other meetings, and persuaded him to join a Mutual Improvement Society in the neighbourhood.

But one Sunday Alf thought he would take a walk in the direction of his former home, and expressed a wish to attend evening service at a church near it.

Mr. Ferrill, fearful of drawing the rein too tight, made no objection, beyond observing that he thought it was an unwise thing to wander from one place to another, and expressing a wish that Alf would not be very late home.

The church was the one Mrs. Granlyn attended, and Alf thought he might perhaps catch a glimpse of her, or some of the family. He had to walk quickly to reach it in time, for he did not avail himself of the tram or omnibus. For one thing he had no money to pay his fare, but even if he had, I think he would have been too conscientious to wilfully disregard a commandment which enjoins rest for beasts as well as man. Just as he reached the door after his long and hurried walk, the omnibus put down its freight of worshippers, and he went in among them.

The service was about to commence, and he crept into one of the back seats, for he did not wish to be recognised. During the service he was looking around the church, searching for his aunt's pale face, and Sissie's rosy one. But he sought in vain, either they were not present, or, in the large number, he could not see them. It is to be feared he heard but little of the sermon. He quite forgot Mr. Ferrill's injunction about the time, and paced slowly along, looking curiously at the people he met—those at least who reminded him of his aunt or Sis. He was turning to look after a young girl in black, with a long plait of brown hair, and wishing he could get a glimpse of her face, when he was almost knocked down by two young men who were advancing, arm-in-arm, one of whom exclaimed angrily—

"Get out there, can't you? What d'ye mean by blocking up the pavement like that?"

Alf was certainly to blame for not looking to his steps, but there was ample room for the others to pass him had they not required more than ordinary space. He had involuntarily cried, "I beg pardon," and would have moved on, but that voice arrested him. It was Reuben's! He knew it at once, although it was thick and hoarse. He would not have recognised him if he had not spoken, for the months that had passed had changed him. When Alf left, Reuben had some dark down on his upper lip, which he had proudly styled a moustache; but it had grown long and thick now, indeed, he bade fair to be quite a bearded man before long. Then, his features looked coarser, and his expression more unpleasant. But the voice was not to be mistaken.

Alf stood for a moment staring at the pair, as if unable to believe his own eyes. It must be Reuben, but he would make quite sure. So he followed the two through the streets, so full of people that he sometimes lost sight of them, but he always came up with them again, guided by their snatches of song, or loud conversation.

*Reuben, the worse for drink!*

For a few minutes, a gleam of unholy satisfaction and triumph possessed Alf; he felt that at

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last he was avenged, and, though unconfessed, this thought was in his mind—Reuben was as weak as himself.

Now he would never be able to twit him with his fall, even if, in some unaccountable manner, it should come to his ears; he need no longer feel abashed in thinking of Mrs. Granlyn and her daughters, since the son and brother was quite as bad. A fierce malicious joy burnt in his bosom for a little while; a joy of which he would be heartily ashamed in softer moments, and grieve that so much of his old nature remained.

His repentance came swiftly, it came with the thought of the mother and sisters. What must their sorrow and shame be? Did Sis cling to him as fondly as ever? Did she try to screen him from blame, and make excuses for his faults as she used to do? And, thinking of how greatly they must suffer, Alf began to feel more kindly towards Reuben than he had done for a long time. The memory of his own sense of shame and degradation after the fair, was fresh and vivid still, and he pictured Reuben's feelings on the morrow, after desecrating the Sabbath in this manner, and bringing disgrace upon himself and his friends.

Before the young men reached Mrs. Granlyn's door, Alf had begun to wish he could rescue his old friend and companion; that he could lead him to do as he had done: give up entirely the use of strong drink.

He was within a few steps of them when the house was reached, but he was careful to stand within the shadow, where he could see without being seen. They separated here, Reuben's companion going on.

Alf saw Reuben pull the bell, and stand leaning against the post until his summons should be answered; there was some delay, and he pulled again, uttering an angry exclamation as he did so. A moment after, the door was thrown open, and a girl's voice said in a low tone, but with a sharp, irritated accent—

"Hush! Come in quietly if you can! The lodgers are all at home."

"What do I care for the lodgers?" said Reuben.

And then the door was closed, and Alfred heard no more.

He stood for some minutes looking up at the house, wishing he could have caught one glimpse of Sissie, and wondering what was transpiring inside, until a church clock chiming nine, suddenly reminded him how far he was from home, and what Mr. Ferrill had said about returning in good time. He hurried away, but with all his haste it was nearly ten o'clock when he reached his employer's house. Supper was over long ago, and Mr. and Mrs. Ferrill were only waiting for him to come in, to lock up and retire to rest. They made no complaint, however, beyond saying that it must not occur again, and that for the future he had better attend a church nearer home.

After eating his bread and cheese, Alf went to bed; but for some time he lay awake, thinking over the events of the evening.

From that time, the locality in which his aunt resided possessed even a stronger fascination for him than before; he would sometimes neglect a meeting for the pleasure of pacing the streets, in the hope of running against one or other of his friends, and was always picturing the meeting in his mind, even when at work. As he never again disobeyed Mr. Ferrill in respect to the hour of his return, and was always quite sober, his employer did not attempt to pry into his affairs, although Mr. Ferrill would sometimes say to his wife—

"I hope, my dear, that boy isn't getting into any mischief."

"Oh, don't worry yourself, Will, he'll be all right; we can't put old heads on to young shoulders, you know!" she would reply in her easy cheery manner.

For some time Alf haunted the streets in vain. One evening, however, he met a boy with whom he had formerly been rather intimate, but he would rather not see him just now, since it might lead to unpleasant inquiries. There was no hope of escape, however, for Charlie pounced upon him immediately, and appeared delighted to see him again.

"Why, when did you come back?" he exclaimed. "Are you at Mrs. Granlyn's?"

"No, quite another part of the town: I'm working for Mr. Ferrill, over Partby way—he's a carpenter and builder."

"Well, I mustn't stop, for I've got to take this parcel up to Lansdowne Grove; come with us if you haven't anything particular to do—then we can have a talk."

Alf would have declined, but his friend was persistent, and as it was still early, he had no plausible excuse to urge.

"I thought you were gone for good and all," Charlie said as they walked on, "Reuben told me so, and he said it was a good thing too, and he hoped he should never set eyes on you again."

"And I'm sure I never want to see him again!" cried Alf, quite forgetting his previous good desires.

"I daresay not; you and he never could hit it very well, could you? He said all sorts of nasty things about you, and that he and his folks turned you out because they couldn't put up with your ways any longer."

If Alf had been wise he would have asked Charlie not to tell him any more, for tales seldom lose by repetition, and he should have remembered that Reuben as well as himself was very angry at that time, and probably said more than he meant. But the reference to the feud reawakened the bitterness, and he responded with burning cheeks—

"What a lie! I ran away on my own accord, and I wouldn't go back again, no, not if he begged and prayed of me to."

"There isn't much fear of his doing that," said Charlie. "Father was saying the other day that he don't think they'll be able to keep their heads above water much longer unless Reuben goes on better—he drinks so, you know."

"What else did he say about me?" demanded Alf.

"Oh, I don't know—a lot! There was one

thing—but I didn't believe it, of course—he said you stole some money of his, two shillings I think."

How the blood surged to Alf's face and tingled there! Should he deny it? The temptation was great, but he was not naturally untruthful, so he answered slowly—

"I didn't *steal* it, I borrowed a two-shilling piece to pay my fare to Hedgmoor, but I paid it back directly I'd saved enough. It was horrid of him to say such things!"

"Oh, never mind," said Charlie, consolingly. "Nobody took much notice of him. Where have you been living all this time?"

Alf gave a brief sketch of his sojourn at Hedgmoor, and the circumstances of his return, and then led the conversation back to his aunt and Sissie.

"What, haven't you been to see them?" cried Charlie in suprise.

"Not yet—I don't want to go unless I was sure of not seeing Reu."

"Well, that needn't keep you away, for he is'nt at home much."

"Is Sis grown?"

"No, she isn't much bigger than a good-sized doll; but don't she think something of herself, that's all!"

Alf hastily spoke of something else, for however he might delight in hearing Reuben run down, he did not like Sis disparaged.

Charlie was detained for some time at Lansdowne Grove, and Alf walked up and down in front of the house to keep himself warm, keeping a sharp look-out meanwhile for a woman in widow's garb, or a little lady with a tail of long, brown hair.

Presently, when close to a lamp, he passed a young girl with a basket on her arm, but after one glance he turned away, for she was quite of medium height, and her hair was arranged in small, neat plaits round her head. He had barely passed, however, when he heard her call in a tone of extreme surprise,—

"*Alfie!*"

There was no need to ask who it was, for no one but Amy had used the diminutive for years. Oh, Alf was so pleased to see her! And although they were in a public street, and Charlie, who had just come out, was looking on, he did not shrink from the sisterly embrace, but returned it warmly.

Amy soon found out where he was living, and made him promise to pay them a visit the next evening. She could not linger, having come out to procure a delicacy that an invalid lodger had fancied for supper.

My young readers may imagine the state of excitement in which Alf returned home, and how eagerly he looked forward to the next evening. He remembered that it was the night on which the weekly Temperance entertainment was held, a meeting he always enjoyed immensely, but it could not tempt him to break his promise—nothing could give him so much pleasure as going home.

Yet beneath the warm glow of anticipation at the thought of meeting his aunt, Amy, and Sis, there rankled a sentiment of hatred and resentment towards Reuben, reawakened by Charlie's words, and, thinking of him, he again experienced the malicious joy and satisfaction he had felt that Sunday evening when he saw him under the influence of alcohol.

When would Alfred master the necessary, but difficult, lesson of forgiveness?

*(To be continued.)*

# OUR ERRAND BOYS.

OF errand boys we have had a large variety; long and short, thick and thin, old and young, sharp and dull, slow and fast, most of them with some good points, though the generality have been totally indifferent to their vocation, troublesomeness has been the one common feature peeping through all their characters.

We have wanted a quick, strong, trustworthy lad, honest and truthful. We do not expect perfection, even among the saints, and certainly not in those professing to attain or possess it, but we do hope for real, genuine character.

We had boys quick and active. One boy, James Fleethorp, he *was* quick, too quick, always up to mischief, but always dodged being caught, ready with a smart answer, nimble with scores of excuses, many of which had a faint tinge of truth in them. He was popular, and had a large, I think the largest circle of friends any boy ever had, this was his rock of offence. He was as honest as the day with money, but very dishonest with his time, he thought it was all his own. He could be very quick and clean with his house work, but as he was hired as an errand boy, we could not keep him in doors all day, and when out, his friends beset him and ruined him, until we

never knew where we might find him, or how long it would take to go on the shortest journey.

Another lad, Fred Trotter, a bright, intelligent boy, had many good points, and like the new broom, swept beautifully clean at the beginning of his career. He was very short of friends. At first we felt thankful he knew so few, but in time we were not surprised that his connection was so small. One is inclined to think more people knew him than he cared to recognise. He was very quiet and reticent, and at first we thought he was perhaps only a little conservative in his views. But he was cunning beyond all the beasts of the field, or the fowls of the air. He was as deep as the well he went daily to draw from. He could lie like a straight stick in a pool. He could deceive us like an accomplished artist. We couldn't fix that boy anyhow, he was always innocent, he wouldn't take guilt home. He slipped out of conviction. He would smile and say "Yes, sir," through an exhortation that might have made Satan penitent. His motto in life seemed to be "all things are right to do, if you are not found out, when discovered, assume to be the injured party." After many trials, especially on our side, we were compelled to part, although we liked the even tenour of the boy's way, nothing disturbed him. We felt in discharging him we were doing a wrong to society, lest someone else might engage him. He certainly had a hole in his conscience.

Our next venture was George Place, he was highly recommended by his mother "as slow but sure."

Truly he was both, slow he was as the tortoise, and very sure about some things, he was always sure to be late and long. He was not strong and active, but we had had two boys that were and did not mind the change "to slow but sure." When we



engaged him, we did not know how slow he was, and what were his sure points. His mother told us "he always liked to be doing," we found this also true, and were very pleased with the remark until we discovered that the virtue of the phrase consists entirely in what is done. He was "always doing," but did not seem to make any progress. He muddled over all his work. We encouraged him, we helped him, but he always got behind, nothing was well finished.

His mother told us he was "steady," in this, he more than fulfilled her promise, he never moved, unless he could help it. We said if the place had been sold during his stay with us, he would have to go with the fixtures. He was constitutionally steady, he couldn't be in a hurry.

We are thankful to have known George, he taught us so many lessons of patience. His leading virtues became his snare, all his other attributes and qualifications could only be characterised as middling.

Our next experience was a boy named Johnny Craft, of course we called him John, he was neither too fast nor too slow, he was obedient and obliging when in a good frame of mind and heart, but he was troubled with two temptations, first that of a bad temper, and secondly, after he had been with us some time, we found out that he was guilty of little dishonesties.

He seldom showed his temper to those in high authority; he would, at times, manifest a tendency towards cheek, or assume a silent and sullen air, when reproved or told to do things he did not like. But we often heard complaints of the quarrelsomeness of his disposition. On one occasion he returned with an inflamed eye, and another time, when urgently wanted, he was found, suffering from an attack of bleeding at the nose, in the coal cellar. Among other things he was fond of sport and addicted to the use of the catapult. We could have put up with these things, as we knew, in regard to such matters, it was easy to jump out of the frying pan into the

fire. It was on the subject of petty dishonesty we were most seriously exercised, John would visit the larder and kitchen, just exactly when no one was there to view the landscape o'er, and often go away fuller, if not richer, for his call. What was missed went down to the credit of the cat or dog. Nice things evidently were the seductions he could not resist when alone with temptation.

However, one day two mince pies were placed on the kitchen table. The mistress was in the china-closet, that had a coloured glass door, in a corner of the kitchen behind the dresser, but the glass door just happened to command a view of the very spot where stood the dainty sweets. John came in for orders, saying, "Jane, where is missus? I've cleaned the boots; fed the fowls; done the pigs; got the—" a low whistle followed as his eye lighted on temptation.

In haste he peeps into the scullery and pantry, darts back, takes one nice pie, opens wide an ample mouth, and crams it in whole. He takes the other, and is just going off when missus opens the glass door and says, "John."

His mouth is too full to answer, and he tries to conceal the other surviving pie, but all to no purpose.

"So I have caught the thief at last," the mistress said.

"Oh, please, mum—" with his mouth so full he could hardly speak.

"What have you got to say for yourself, John?"

"Please, mum, I didn't eat 'em both," as flakes of Jane's best puff paste fell from his mouth on the floor.

"No; you hadn't time. Take the other from your pocket; put it back on the plate."

John reluctantly did this, and was then going off.

"No; wait a minute, this is a serious matter, not that you are caught, but that you steal and can't be trusted, we long suspected you were a thief and am only thankful to have seen you in the act. Now John, if you leave here as a thief, there isn't anyone in the parish will take you. I want this to be a lesson, I don't mean to send you away ruined, if you confess your sins, and I wish you to understand that if there is anything you desire to have to eat or take, come and ask for it. I do not grudge you a mince pie, it would be a pleasure to give it you, what we have we are willing to let you share with us, only don't steal."

"No mum, never again, I have often took off odd pieces of grub, and extra things to eat, but I never took no money, mum. I broke two fresh eggs in upsetting Tom Blain's basket, and I give 'im two of yours to make up, that's all I ever took as wasn't mine, excepting victuals. No, mum, I be sorry if you forgives me for all I 'ave took, I'll never steal again."

The bargain was struck, John stayed, redeemed his character, and was often asked to have a jam tart, and sometimes took home titbits. From that time he became honest as the day, and missus used to say, whatever his faults were, she could trust him with anything.

# BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

By JANET ARMYTAGE.

## V.

REFERENCE has already been made to Anne Brontë, the authoress of *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. Her great powers have been somewhat overlooked. Perhaps the lack of public notice was due to the fact that her first novel, *Agnes Grey*, was very commonplace. It was published about the same time as *Jane Eyre* and *Wuthering Heights*, and the immense power of these two told strongly against *Agnes Grey*, which gave no sign of her terrible earnestness and real strength. Her true powers as a novelist were concentrated in the story under notice,* and the failure of her former novel has probably much to do with its neglect. It is a temperance story, describing the fall of a man through drink, and the consequent sufferings of his wife. Anne Brontë's life was one of great sorrow. She was the youngest child of the Rev. Patrick Brontë, and was born in 1820. The family is universally famous; two of her sisters have an established place in English literature, and it would be difficult to find another group of sisters sharing such great talents. Their mother died when Anne was only a few months old, and an aunt, Miss Branwell, came to take charge of the household at Haworth. Anne's childhood was a lonely one, for the Brontë's made few friendships, and Miss Branwell had little sympathy with her nieces. When Anne was only five, her two eldest sisters, Maria and Elizabeth, died of a low fever caught at a school to which they had been sent. Thus Charlotte was left the eldest, with Patrick and Emily between her and Anne. The proximity of their ages (Charlotte was only four years older than Anne), the loss of the mother, and the absence of confidential friends, drew the girls together in a loving and sympathetic union. In their childhood they amused themselves by writing stories, and managing a manuscript magazine. Their brother Patrick was of a different nature. He had none of the reserve that led his sisters to avoid intimacies. He was fond of admiration; he had brilliant parts, could talk well, wrote a little, and was supposed to have artistic abilities. The quiet life at Haworth had no charm for him. There was no excitement, no pleasure; the dull monotony was too much for one who longed to "see life." He was already intimate with the bar-parlour of the public-house, but his great desire was to visit London. He believed in his own merit as an artist, and received some education in order to follow his inclinations. His sisters considered no sacrifice too great if it served Patrick, and he, apparently, shared their opinion. Mr. Brontë's means were small, so Charlotte began to teach at a school in order to provide money for Patrick's education. Anne was with her at the school, but her delicate health caused her to

* The Tenant of Wildfell Hall. By Anne Brontë. Pocket Edition Smith, Elder & Co. Price 1s. 6d.

return home. At the age of nineteen she went out as a governess, and until her death, ten years later, spent all her time in teaching. It was her misfortune to have for employers coarse or ignorant people, whose treatment was a constant source of misery to her. Indeed, with her excessive sensitiveness and reserve a life among strangers was wretched enough, but the wretchedness was increased tenfold by the lack of sympathy and her intellectual loneliness. Bad news, too, was heard of Patrick. His artistic performances had not reached their expectations. He tried to live by portrait painting, and failed. Being unable to earn his own living, he permitted his father and sisters to lend him all the assistance which their energy and patience enabled them to do. He appears, at the time that his sisters were hard-working governesses, to have been the centre of a large circle of admirers. He was considered a celebrity by local artistic clubs; he was a Freemason, and to his innocent pleasures he added the vices of opium-eating and alcohol drinking. He who was the hope of his family and the pride of his sisters, became a drunkard; one by one his brilliant parts vanished, and when his constitution could no longer stand the strain of habitual dissipation, he succumbed to consumption. Her brother's conduct was the terrible trial of Anne's life. Exceedingly modest and unassuming as she was, the public disgrace was doubly hard to her. The disappointment in the idolised brother, and the acuteness of her sufferings at his ruin, made her feel it to be a public duty to write his story as a warning. The painfulness of her task cannot be described; she was one who would have shielded all her private life from the public gaze, and yet she has revealed her most heartfelt sorrows. Customarily meek and uncomplaining, she has poured forth all the hitherto suppressed passion, and written what she never could have spoken.

The tenant of Wildfell Hall is a young woman who has married for love a man who has all the attractions of a charming manner, a handsome person, and fascinating grace and ease. His real character does not appear until after their marriage, when Helen finds that his genial manner leads him into dissipation. By degrees she gives up hope, but it is not until long after that she loses entire faith in him. It is easy to see Patrick Brontë in Arthur Huntingdon. Anne has given every detail of his gradual dissolution; she has faithfully recorded her own bitter experiences in the crumbling of her idol. Her descriptions of the scenes of revelry are powerful, because they are true to life. It is somewhat strange that the Temperance world has not made more use of a work that has, perhaps, not an equal in its picture of the drink fiend. Anne Brontë was no sensationalist; she wrote of the evils that had embittered her life, and she knew that she wrote the truth. Patrick died in 1848, and, four months after, Emily followed him. The following year Anne, too, died of consumption. She was only twenty-nine, and with her powerful intellect and moral earnestness might have become a great power in English literature. Yet the prospect of an early death did not appal; she did not repine, and these, her last verses, show the strength and sweetness of her nature:

"I hoped that with the brave and strong,
My portioned task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high;
But God has fixed another part,
And He has fixed it well;
I said so with a breaking heart
When first this trouble fell.

"These weary hours will not be lost—
These days of misery;
These nights of darkness, anguish-tossed—
Can I but turn to Thee:
With secret labour to sustain
In patience every blow,
To gather fortitude from pain,
And holiness from woe.

"If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,
More humble I should be;
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on Thee:
Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow;
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
O let me serve Thee now!"

# CONTENTMENT.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

Contentment cometh like a heaven-born dove,
To touch with peace, these weary lives of ours,
It coos into our hearts a song of love,
And strews our wintry paths with summer flowers,
Healing with gentle balm the wounds of care,
And giving to our dreams a radiance fair.

Contentment makes a palace of the cot,
Tints all our shadows with a rosy light.
Clothes with a dewy verdure every spot,
And brings the noon-day to the blackest night,
It turns the rain-drops into sparkling gems,
And brings the bloom of spring to naked stems.

Contentment makes for yonder shepherd boy,
Tending his sheep upon the mountain side,
A life of hope no shadow can destroy—
Show me the king that sits with greater pride
Than doth yon lad, upon his throne of heath,
Smiling upon the meadow-lands beneath.

Behold the dawning rapture in his eyes!
As from the grass some wood-lark lightly springs,
And in its passage to the far-off skies,
Catches the sunlight in its dusky wings,
Pouring a flood of music from its throat,
That hath a sound of heaven in every note.

See where the boy lifts up his sun-kissed head,
The little warbler's upward flight to trace!
Around him nature's fairest gems are spread,
In all the beauty of a sweet, wild grace,
And though he holds no sceptre in his hand,
There is no king more happy in the land.

I am content! and lo, this cot of mine
Becomes a castle, decked with royal gems,
The little windows in the sunlight shine,
A few wild flowers upon their slender stems
Droop their fair heads against the curtains there,
And are, to me, most exquisite and fair.

Upon my plain wood table there is spread
No costly store, I have no ruddy wine,
But bright contentment makes my wheaten bread
More sweet than all the feasts, where monarchs dine,
And though there be but water in my cup,
See how it sparkles as I raise it up!

The little sparrows twittering in the eaves,
Make a glad music for each passing hour,
Some slender blades of grass, a few green leaves,
Convert yon strip of land into a bower,
The sunlight dances o'er my cottage floor,
I am content! What can I wish for more?

Contentment makes the faces that I love,
The sweetest, dearest, that the world hath known,
It lifts the heavy clouds that hang above,
And throws a laugh into the saddest tone,
It robs my days of half their load of care,
And steals into my nights with dreams most fair.

What though I be a queen! and not content?
No gleam of sunshine can my riches make,
My throne becomes a place for torture meant,
My crown a weight to make my temples ache,
My strings of jewels, chains, wherein I'm bound,
The homage of the crowd, an empty sound.

What though fair nature strews with generous hand,
Her richest, brightest treasures on my way?
What though around my feet the emerald land,
Shoots up her flowers, and boughs that o'er me sway
Spread out their leaves beneath the tinted skies?
They hold no beauty for my weary eyes.

I hear no music in the silver streams,
That break their ripples in melodious song,
I have no glowing hopes, no tender dreams,
And so amid the shades I move along,
Deaf to the music that the earth doth hold,
Blind to the beauty of the great fair world.

Oh, come, bright bird of joy! and make thy nest
Within my heart, and though my path be gray,
Thy joyous laughter rippling through my breast,
Will turn December into budding May,
And through the shadows I will dance along,
Singing unto the end thy happy song.

## A BANK FOR LOSINGS

By Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

ON the chief thoroughfares of this city I often pass a stately *Savings-Bank*, built of free-stone, and I see groups of working people going in to deposit their hard-earned money. Some are poor widows laying by a few dollars for their fatherless children.

But on the same street the Tempter has opened more than one *Bank for Losings*. In some parts of the city there is one on nearly every corner. In almost every rural hamlet, too, is there a similar institution.

In each of these Banks for Losings is a counter, on which old men and young, and even some wretched women, lay down their deposits in either paper or coin. The only interest that is paid on the deposits is in redness of eyes, and foulness of breath, and remorse of conscience. Every one who makes a deposit *gains a loss*. One man goes into the Bank with a full pocket, and comes out empty. Another goes in with a good character, and comes out with the word *drunk* written on his bloated countenance. I have even seen a mechanic enter in a bran-new coat, and coming away again as if the mice had been nibbling at his elbows.

I have known a young clerk to leave his "situation" behind him in one of Devil's *Banks of Losings*. Several prosperous tradesmen have lost all their business there. Church members have been known to reel out from these seductive haunts, trying to walk straight, but *backsliding* at every step. What is worse than all, thousands of people go in there and lose their immortal souls!

If the cashiers of these institutions were honest they would post on the door some such notice as this:

"Bank for Losings. Open at all hours. Nothing taken in but good money. Nothing paid out but disgrace and disease, and degradation and death. An extra dividend of *delirium tremens* will be given to old depositors. All the children of depositors sent without charge to the orphan asylum or the alms-house."

Young men! Beware of the Bank for Losings. Some bait their depositors with champagne; some with ale or Bourbon; some with a pack of cards; and others with a billiard table. If you wish to keep character—*keep out!*

Young ladies! never touch the hand that touches the wine-glass. Never bear the name of a man who is enrolled on the deposit-list of the devil's bank. Never lean on the arm that leans on the bar-room counter. It will be a rotten support.

The best savings-bank for a young man's money is a total abstinence pledge. The best savings-bank for his time, honest industry and a good book. The best savings-bank for his affections is a true woman's heart. The best savings-bank for his soul is a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

But if you do not want your money turned into *black eyes and red noses*; if you don't want your pockets emptied, and your character worm-eaten, and your soul drugged with the poison of the pit—then keep outside of the "National Bank for *Losings*."

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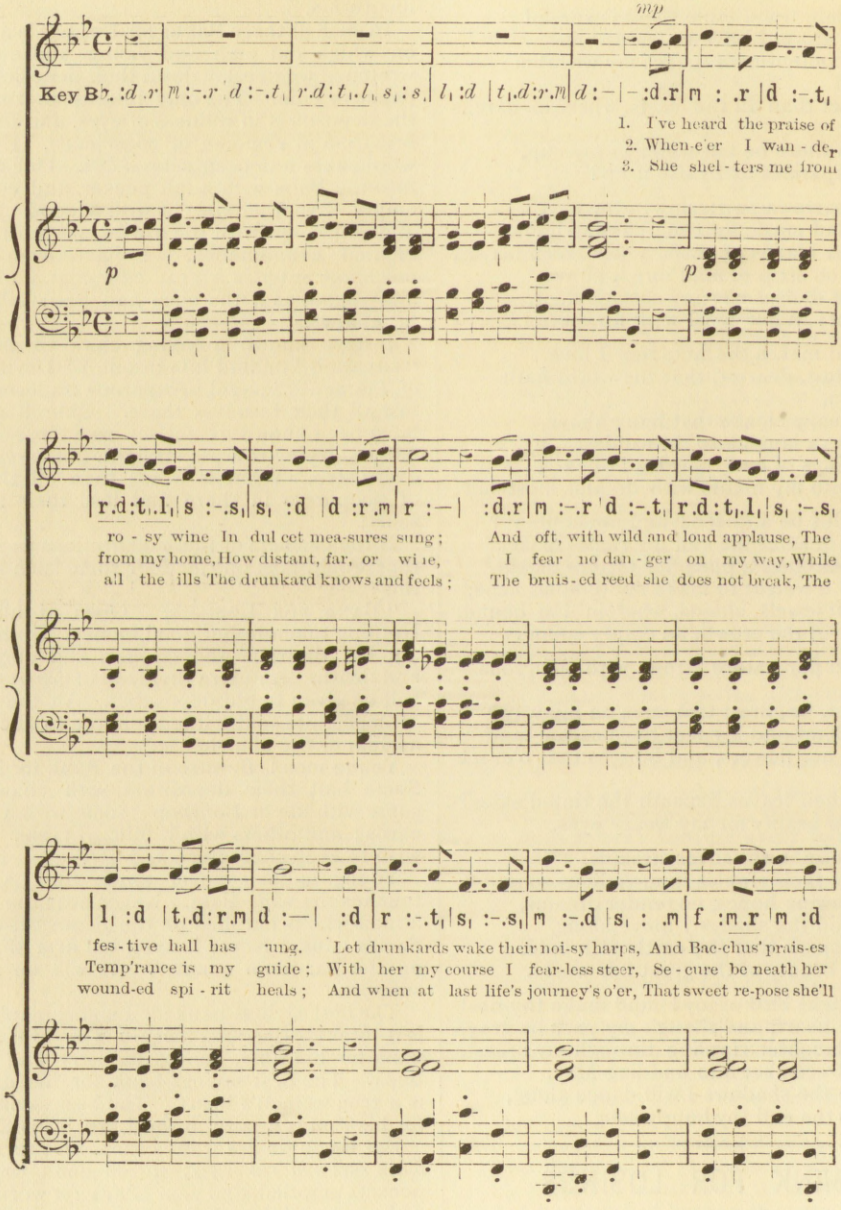
Men may preserve their health and strength without wine; with it they run the risk of ruining both their health and their morals.—*Fenelon.*

# WATER FROM THE SPRING.

Solo and Chorus.

*Melody by* S. NELSON.
*Arranged for this work.*

*mp*



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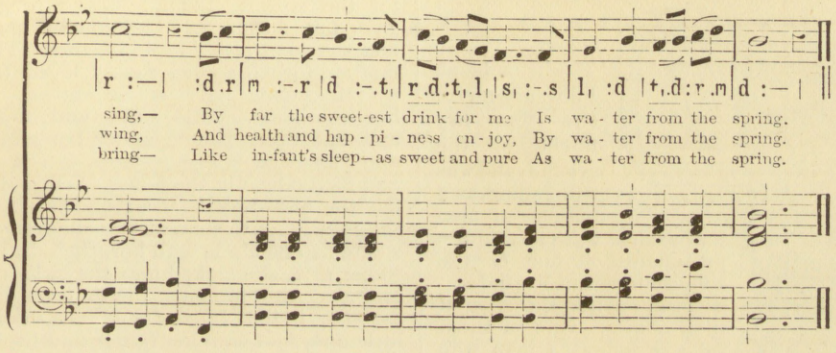
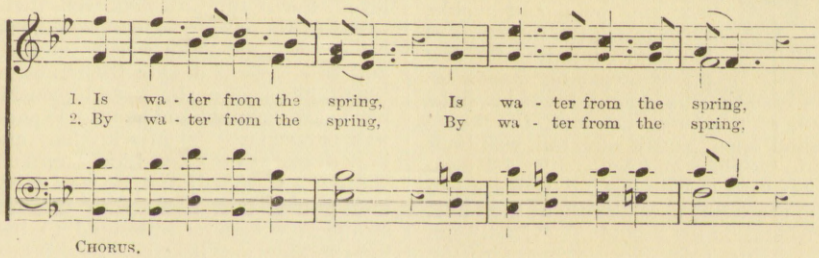



CHORUS.




CHORUS.

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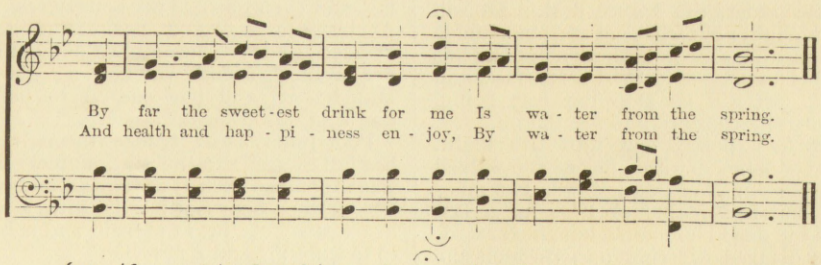


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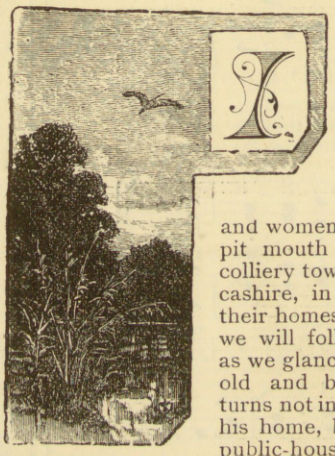
# Janet's Promise.

By A. M.



IT was a bleak February night, the snow lay thickly on the ground, and was still falling, as a number of men and women turned from the pit mouth of one of the colliery towns in North Lancashire, in the direction of their homes. One of them we will follow, a man who as we glance at him appears old and bent and feeble, turns not in the direction of his home, but into the first public-house he comes to. As he seats himself at a round table he sighs wearily, and, at the same moment, the swing door is pushed open, and a fine, tall, well-built girl steps into the bar, and, with a "good even to you, master," to the proprietor, walks up to the man who is seated so dejectedly at the table, and lays her hand on his shoulder. "Dad," she says in a sweet low voice, very different to the harsh shrill tones that most women of her class possess, "Dad, I be going away to-night, I conna stand no more, she is worse nor ever—so I have put up my things—and the train goes in an hour. I be going to Mrs. Mitchell, she says she will find me a place ony time I loike to go to her, and I be going to-night; I conna stand no more." Her father hastily swallowed his hot spirits and rose. "Well, Janet, tha knows best. Ah will na stand i' tha light; but what me and the childer will do without tha, ah conna think; but she has behaved cruel to tha—and tha't a fine lass, and will get on. Ah will na stop tha frae going. Ah'l walk with tha to train, and see tha off."

So saying they passed out into the night. Janet's heart was heavy within her as she walked at her father's side. The station was two miles away; and she had plenty of time for a last reflection of the deed she had so long meditated, and so long delayed carrying out, through the strong love she bore her father and young sisters and brothers.

Janet's mother had been a South Country woman, sweet and gentle natured, and she had loved her husband, and had striven to make their home in the rough Lancashire town as happy as her own girlish home had been, but her surroundings were very different; and her husband, though he loved her fondly in his own way, was given to a love of company, which took him many nights into the bar of the "Red Lion" and its temptations to strong drink. For many years all went tolerably well, Janet's mother, Mrs. Strong's, health keeping good, and the wages being increased by their eldest son joining his father at the colliery. But hard times came. Strong still went to the "Red Lion," and took his son with him, the money was not enough for the growing family, Mrs. Strong's health gave way during an exceptionally hard winter, and she went into a rapid decline. The anxious mother turned to her fondly loved Janet, then a tall young girl of seventeen, who had her mother's gentle ways and neat habits, and had been trained under her mother's eye, and was as good a sempstress as she was quick and methodical in the house. When Mrs. Strong felt the end drawing near one bright morning, she told Janet to send all the children out, as she wanted to be alone with her, then drawing Janet to her side, she looked into the girl's clear eyes, and saw the promise there, even before she asked for it, that Janet should be a mother to her little ones and help her father and brother.

Mrs. Strong died, and Janet began her work of love. For a time all went well, then a stranger came to the village—a handsome, coarse, black-browed woman. She worked at the pit mouth, and saw a good deal of the miners, exchanging rough jokes with them, and pleasing them by her hearty manner and handsome person. Strong was particularly taken with her, and together they drank at the "Red Lion," until one morning, without a word to Janet, he rose early, went out, and returned at night with the black-browed stranger, whom he presented to his family as their mother and his wife. Janet's heart misgave her; but she little knew with whom she had to deal. A woman addicted to strong drink, with no gleam of tenderness for her husband's children, with a strong hatred for Janet herself—who was her superior in everything, from her young beauty to her sweet womanly habits; she thwarted Janet in every way, beat the children, pawned their clothes, often struck Janet in her drunken fits, and even pawned her better dress and shawl. At last, Janet could bear it no longer, she decided to leave her miserable home and go to her mother's friend, who kept a registry office in Manchester, and had offered to befriend and find a situation for her.

Poor Janet, as she trudges through the snow at her father's side to the station, feels as if there was no one so wicked as herself, and wonders if her mother sees her: it is with a very bitter heart she gets into the train and is borne away to new duties and a new life.

Two years after this night we find Janet in a rector's family in the South of England; in many ways they have been very happy years to Janet, though she can never lose the feeling of an unfulfilled promise, and even in her happiest moments will rise sad pictures of a wretched home in a bleak country, where those whom she loved and had promised to serve, seemed as if they turned to her with reproach. She loved her mistress, the rector's wife, and her two daughters, and as her duties were light, consisting chiefly of sewing, she had many hours of quiet, in which the thought of those young dependent lives pressed upon her, and would not be put away.

She had a lover in the village, a promising young man, the younger son of a well-to-do farmer in the neighbourhood; he was going out to Australia to undertake the management of a large sheep farm, and was anxious to take Janet with him. At last Janet consented, in one month's time they were to sail, and she was looking forward with mingled feelings of pleasure for the new life before her, and regret for those she left behind, when one morning she received a long letter from her eldest brother, telling her of an awful accident that had befallen her step-mother. She had gone to sleep before the fire in a drunken fit, her dress had been caught by the flames, and she was roused to find herself in a blaze; she had rushed out of the cottage, but luckily some neighbours seeing her had hastily wrapped her up in blankets and rugs, and put out the fire, but she was badly burnt and in a dying condition.

Janet was implored to come at once, and with little delay she got ready. On reaching home she found all in confusion. Her father had aged rapidly and was looking very ill, her step-mother needed all Janet's loving care, and the dying woman's eyes followed her everywhere with a strange look in them. A few hours before she died, Janet was sitting alone with her, and hearing a slight noise, turned to look more closely—saw the lips moving—and bending down, heard one word, "forgive," then pressing her lips to the poor scorched face, she prayed to Him who gives a wider and fuller pardon than our dim earthly ideas can conceive and in a few hours they saw she had passed peacefully away.

After this Janet gave up all thoughts of being married, and writing to her lover told him, that until the younger ones had grown up, and so long as her father lived, she should not marry, she was more needed in her own home. It was a terrible disappointment for him, but he sailed for Australia in the same boat in which he had hoped to take a passage for her as his wife.

Janet's life now went on quietly for several years, in helping her father and teaching her sisters and brothers, in the way she knew her mother would have done. Then her father died; for the last year of his life he had been absolutely teetotal through Janet's persistent help, and it had seemed to be one of the happiest years in the lives of the whole family.

One balmy June evening, some time after Mr. Strong's death, Janet was sitting sewing at the door of the cottage, to catch the failing light and to enjoy the lovely colours of the sky, when she heard a solitary footstep coming up the street. Her work dropped from her hands, and her heart stood still; she knew those footsteps, tho' years had passed since last she had heard them. Anxiously she half rose and peered into the gathering dusk, then a voice said Janet, and in a moment strong arms were round her, and she was gathered to the heart of her lover.

He told her after he had made her fetch a shawl and walk with him in the lovely fields, that he had made a home for her in Australia, his life had been a success and he owned a large farm there; on hearing from her of her father's death, he had sailed immediately for England, then, turning wistfully to her he said, "Janet, can you make a home for all but me?" So that night they arranged to take with them her young brothers and sisters, then hand in hand they walked together in the soft June night, and told each other of the long years that had passed, and how the future should hold no separation for them.

# A CHORAL WEDDING.

By J. G. Tolton.



THE small cathedral city of Moncaster was in an unusual state of excitement. This sort of thing did not often happen, for Moncaster was one of the most ancient towns in England, and one of the most sleepy. As a rule the drowsy tram-cars crept along about one every half-hour, containing two passengers, on an average. We cannot explain how it is that the most far-back small cities of England were built in Sleepy Hollow, but the fact remains. Why, even a Manchester man, active and pushing to a degree scarcely surpassed by an American, feels the somnolent influence of some cathedral cities. It seems to us that the number of words uttered per minute at Moncaster is considerably less than the speaking rate at Manchester. But Sleepy Hollow had woke up. The flagstaff on the main tower was ornamented with its Union Jack, the sweet-toned bells were chiming merrily, and every resident of the city knew why. Their favourite Canon had a favourite sister, popular through all the city, who was this day being given in marriage to Sir Beauville Y——.

The cathedral consequently was *en fête*, and everyone connected therewith, from the junior choir-boy up to the ponderous Dean, partook of the prevailing jubilance. We were going to say *hilarity*, but that would scarcely be a correct term to use in relation to a Dean. Most people have heard the service of matrimony with choral accompaniment, but never in a style transcending this never-to-be-forgotten service in Moncaster Cathedral.

The choir and clergy stood at the great west door awaiting the arrival of the wedding cortège, the organ meanwhile breathing out in contemplative fashion low sweet harmonies. The

organist must have heard the roll of carriage wheels, and as bridal party and choir made procession the organ burst forth into a magnificent march. The chancel being reached, as the portion of the congregation most concerned took their places in front of the altar, the choir sang—

> The voice that breathed o'er Eden,
> That earliest wedding day.

Descriptions of the floral decorations and the garments of the bridal party would come best from the pen of a lady witness. As the service proceeded, a new anthem was sung, composed for the occasion by the Doctor of Music who presided at the organ.

The ceremonies concluded, the choir formed a recessional—little girls in white strewed the way with flowers, while the strains of Mendelssohn's Wedding March reverberated through the aisles and vaulted roof of the cathedral church. The bridegroom, in the exuberance of his new-found joy, donated a substantial sum to be spent in feasting the choir, which had so unreservedly won his admiration and applause. He desired that each chorister should remember his bridal day as long as life lasted.

The carriages rolled away amid showers of rice and cheers of rejoicing. The cathedral close gradually resumed its ordinary sedateness. In the evening, the hospitable intentions of the generous bridegroom were carried out. The phrase "sumptuous repast" would not adequately describe the spread. It was a supper of the most pronounced kind.

Before the eye had fairly surveyed the board, the choirmaster modestly knocked on the table, and hummed the keynote for the singing of "Grace before meat." Perhaps the musical reader is acquainted with the old canon, "*Non nobis domine, sed nomini tuo dagloriam.*" It makes a magnificent grace when well sung. We remember hearing the words to the same music in the refectory of one of the Metropolitan Training Colleges years after, and the supper scene came back to our minds in full detail. How joyously and reverently the supper opened. "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy Name give the praise." Such was the sentiment before any wine was drunk. But, Oh, what a fall was there. The hum of subdued conversation rose higher, till loud voices called from one end of the table to other. Polite requests changed to slangy commands, uttered in a half-angry tone. As the consumption of the drink increased, angry words became common, faces were flushed, and positive intoxication prevailed in several cases. It goes without saying the "*Non nobis*" was not repeated at the close of the supper. One bright lad, the solo on the *Decani* side, had to be fairly carried home. Sad to tell, the bad results of the orgie were not confined to that occasion. Drink was so frequently furnished by thoughtless or well-meaning people, that the habit became as strong as iron bands. Several of the men speedily came to grief. They became frequent visitors of a low tavern not many yards from the close, and many times they got into their surplices by the merest scramble. The day arrived when the service was performed without any tenor voice. That was the climax. A full investigation was made by the Dean. The organist and precentor had each known of the irregularities, but were disposed to be lenient and hopeful that things would mend. The Dean dealt with a stern hand, and the tenor and bass principals were dismissed, with a bit of advice about taking drink in strict moderation. This was an absolute impossibility with the men, and they drifted. One was soon lost sight of, the other eked out a living by singing at drinking "free-and-easy" concerts and the like.

Sir Beauville and his lady paid a visit to the Cathedral eighteen months after their Choral Wedding, and made friendly enquiries after the several members of the choir.

The information supplied to them was sadly painful. They could not disconnect the downfall of the two men from the circumstances of the supper they had provided, and they made a firm resolve to never again be responsible for such disaster. Many times since have they shown their appreciation of singers and instrumentalists, but without providing drink.

Surely there is no necessary connection between Orpheus and Bacchus. Why then should vocalists be expected to conform with drinking usages, and if they especially please their audience with their song, be in danger of affronting them if they refuse to accept the *treat*? Why should the singer be obliged to avoid making an enemy, by putting a worse enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains?

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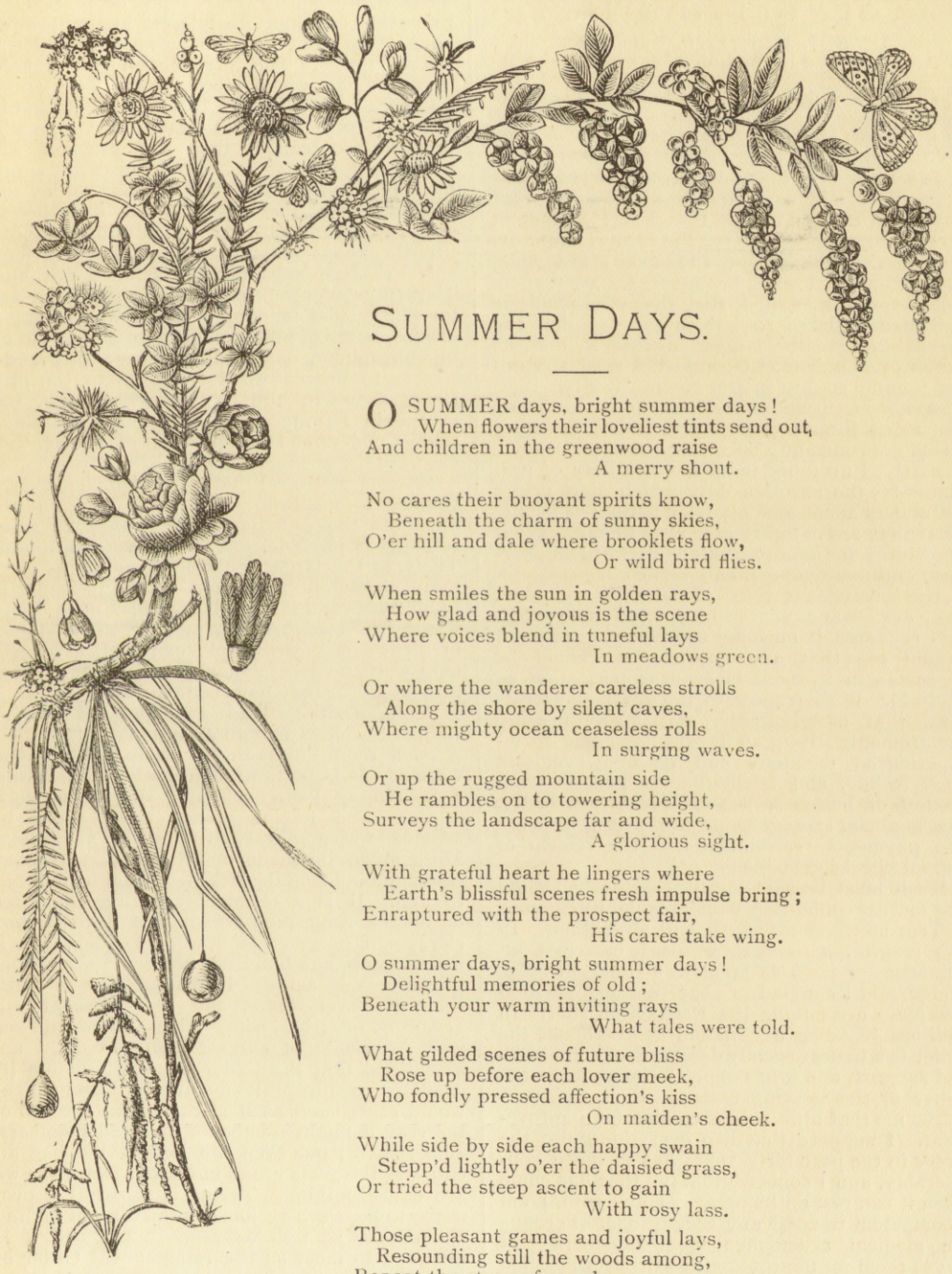
THE Council of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem having received a strong recommendation that the services which Dr. Alfred J. H. Crespi, of Wimborne, has rendered for ten years, in connection with ambulance work, should be recognised, his name has been brought before His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Grand Prior of this ancient Order, and the Chapter General, for selection in order that it may be submitted for the approval of Her Majesty the Queen with the view of his being enrolled as an Honorary Associate of the said Most Ancient Order, and the insignia of his rank will be presented by the Order in due course, the customary dues and fees being defrayed by the Order.

"Every member and Honorary Associate must, on reception or admission, make the following declaration:

'I solemnly declare—

'That I will ever be faithful and obedient to 'the Order so far as is consistent with my 'duty to my Sovereign and country, doing 'everything in my power to contribute to its 'glory, prosperity, and utility; that I will 'combat everything prejudicial to its well-'being; that I will never act contrary to its 'dignity, but that I will conduct myself 'always as a good Christian, and a man of 'honour.'"



# SUMMER DAYS.

O SUMMER days, bright summer days!
When flowers their loveliest tints send out,
And children in the greenwood raise
A merry shout.

No cares their buoyant spirits know,
Beneath the charm of sunny skies,
O'er hill and dale where brooklets flow,
Or wild bird flies.

When smiles the sun in golden rays,
How glad and joyous is the scene
Where voices blend in tuneful lays
In meadows green.

Or where the wanderer careless strolls
Along the shore by silent caves,
Where mighty ocean ceaseless rolls
In surging waves.

Or up the rugged mountain side
He rambles on to towering height,
Surveys the landscape far and wide,
A glorious sight.

With grateful heart he lingers where
Earth's blissful scenes fresh impulse bring;
Enraptured with the prospect fair,
His cares take wing.

O summer days, bright summer days!
Delightful memories of old;
Beneath your warm inviting rays
What tales were told.

What gilded scenes of future bliss
Rose up before each lover meek,
Who fondly pressed affection's kiss
On maiden's cheek.

While side by side each happy swain
Stepp'd lightly o'er the daisied grass,
Or tried the steep ascent to gain
With rosy lass.

Those pleasant games and joyful lays,
Resounding still the woods among,
Repeat the story of our days
When life was young.

Bright were the hours when young hearts met,
In fancy still those hills we climb;
While life shall last can we forget
That happy time?

W. HOYLE,

*Author of Hymns and Songs.*

# THE RECHABITES.

Dr. A. J. H. Crespi., Wimborne.

FINDING that several people in this neighbourhood were anxious to form a Rechabite Tent, I decided to join it, and, seven years ago, all the necessary arrangements being made, was one of a dozen who were made Rechabites. Since then I have attended some meetings of the Tent, so that I feel competent to give my impressions of the Order, and if, by so doing, anyone is induced to follow my example, and to join it, I shall be satisfied. My readers ought to know, and, if they do not, should be ashamed to learn so late in the day that the Rechabites are the largest, wealthiest, and, as far as I can judge, best conducted total abstaining friendly society in the country: of late their progress has been marvellous, and new Tents are being formed everywhere, while the older Tents are constantly becoming stronger.

Surely, I need not point out the duty of providing for the future, a duty which most young teetotalers admit and act upon; while as for the abstainer, self interest and duty should make it impossible for him to hesitate between temperance and non-temperance societies.

The initiation service is carefully compiled, and, even when not well read, solemn; when well rendered it must be deeply impressive. I cannot see that any improvement could be suggested in it, as it is as near perfection as possible. With respect to the routine at meetings, that is admirable, and answers every requirement. It is an invaluable guide to inexperienced members and officers, promotes good feeling, and facilitates the prompt transaction of business, besides preserving order. The financial arrangements are sound, the dues and payments reasonable, and the system of mutual checks valuable.

Much must be said for the brotherly feeling and mutual confidence, which regular attendance at Tent meetings call forth and strengthen. In this respect, a Rechabite Tent exercises an influence for good as great as a Good Templar Lodge, and I am glad to hear that many Good Templars are joining the Rechabite Order. In addition to being a christian brotherhood, the Order is a benefit society deserving of confidence and support, and it has special claims upon the notice of the working classes. Reflection convinces me that little room remains for improvement. I suppose that like everything else the Order in the past forty years has changed considerably, and I conceive that the time has come when it can rest on its oars. At any rate, I am incompetent to make any suggestions. Perhaps the medical attendance upon members still leaves room for improvement; whenever possible the Tent surgeon should be a total abstainer. In towns of some size, if there is not a local medical teetotaler willing to become Tent surgeon, an advertisement in the medical papers would bring a dozen suitable applicants. It is a positive scandal that Tents should often pass over local medical abstainers and send deputations to practitioners taking no interest in the Temperance cause; but this I have known happen in Dorset towns. The introduction which being Tent surgeon would give a young Temperance apothecary would be valuable. Rechabite Tents, however, do not exactly have doctors, properly so called, they are satisfied with apothecaries; that is, with men who supply medicines as the chief part of their duties, and in this respect they resemble all other benefit societies, the members of which think more of a "bottle of stuff" than of sound medical advice.

My readers must not be offended, nor must Tent surgeons resent my remarks; but the doctor whose chief function is to serve out bits of plaster, boxes of pills, and doses of salts, is, in my humble opinion, only an apothecary; the grander part is to prevent disease, and there the physician shows to the greatest advantage, but, except in signing the pledge, even abstainers seldom understand that prevention is better than cure.

There are several matters which, however, I venture to mention. One is to urge on the members the expediency of getting as many recruits as possible, and, while not multiplying Tents, in the larger centres of population, more than absolutely necessary, forming Tents in small towns and large villages where none exists. Energy does wonders, and an energetic abstainer in a town of 5,000 people can find, if he will only work, no great difficulty in forming a Tent that in a year may have 60 members.

Public meetings and a lecture or two on Benefit Societies smooth away many difficulties. A good room—well aired, nicely lighted, and warmed—is important, and, in almost all towns, a flourishing Tent could and should get such a room, and having such a room would be attended with manifest and immediate advantage. More might be made of the honorary member class, and influential gentlemen could be induced to join. It is a formidable matter for three or four working men to invite a distinguished clergyman or great landowner to join; but it can be done, and hundreds of people would join if courteously asked. Human nature is much the same everywhere, and real workers will always be few; but, when I look round and see what a couple of earnest men can do, I am astonished that the Order does not double its Tents and quadruple its members. If ever a Tent would exert itself as it might, before the end of the year it might number a hundred members. Life is long; but even the longest life has an end, and the grass grows under our feet while we are doing nothing. Taking it for what it professes to be, we may journey far without finding any society so well adapted to the end it is intended to meet as the Independent Order of Rechabites.

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"Our revenue may derive some unholy benefit from the sale of alcohol; but the entire trade is, nevertheless, a covenant with sin and death."

# THE CITY OF PRETTY THINGS.

By M. A. Paull (Mrs. John Ripley).

*Author of "Tim's Troubles," "My Battle Field," "Vermont Hall," etc.*

AS I write this, I can turn and look out upon a very busy scene in the heart of this great city, Paris, the electric and gas lights blaze so brightly that they reveal easily the omnibuses, the "Victorias," small open carriages as popular in Paris as hansoms are in English cities, and the crowds of people that throng the streets. Here beside the pavement are the sellers of oranges, the golden fruit artistically and temptingly piled upon the stalls, and the flower merchants, whose displays during May, the "month of Mary," as the Catholics call it, being especially dedicated to the Virgin, are wonderfully beautiful. Roses, peonies of brilliant crimson tint, forget-me-nots, pansies, laburnum, lilacs, "double épisse," in English, double red thorn, guelder roses, which they call "boules de niège," fairy roses, and many another bloom are freely displayed; while overhead, in every direction for miles and miles of boulevards, the red and white blossoms of the chestnut trees stand up like fairy lamps, and the delicate opening sprays of the acacia foliage make Paris like a series of giant parterres, with avenues of elegant fair white houses and avenues of trees continually intermingled. The rhododendrons, white and purple and crimson, form hedgerows in many places, and the fresh green of the spring foliage is only here and there as yet deepening into emerald. Some of the articles offered for sale in Paris would astonish English children. The other day we were invited to buy a dozen curious looking creatures, skinned ready for cooking, and ranged in line on a wooden skewer, for twenty-five centimes, about twopence of English money. These were frogs. Another day a hand-cart-load of tortoises was in view, and you may often see a few of these curious creatures by the side of the pavement, exhibited for sale; not that they are eaten as the frogs are, but bought for pets. At the cafés or restaurants, people sit in the open air at little round tables drinking coffee, and I am sorry to say very, very often wines and spirits also. Working people drink wine as commonly as our English people drink tea. They take it for breakfast, and lunch, and dinner. Asparagus with us is reckoned a dainty vegetable, more often seen on the tables of the rich than the poor; in France it is largely cultivated, and it is freely sold in the streets. It is eaten hot with butter sauce, and cold with oil and vinegar.

The toy shops in Paris contain wonderful treasures for little people; the dolls are able to do all kinds of things, and are dressed in the gayest fashions. Everything that can be required to furnish a doll's house is to be seen in the most elegant style. The drapers' shops are, many of them, splendid places, built almost like palaces and decorated most beautifully, lighted with electric lights in elegantly shaped insulators of various colours. There are more shops for the display of pretty things in Paris than in any other city. People seem to have more money to spend for what is not useful, but simply ornamental, than anywhere else, and indeed if all the purchasers confined themselves to only those things which they could not do without, the majority of Parisian shopkeepers would soon fail in their business. The excellent taste of the citizens is visible in all directions. One day we looked into a very beautiful Catholic church, the Church of the Holy Trinity, where a funeral had just taken place, the black hangings outside and inside the church were most gracefully draped and fastened here and there with cords and rosettes of silver, so as to render even these mournful habiliments pleasing rather than distasteful to the eye. At the famous cemetery of Père la Chaise, where rest the remains of some of the most celebrated French men and women, the quantities of flowers and the numbers of purple and white and black bead wreaths laid on the graves are not to be imagined, except by those who have seen them. In some cases long festoons of elaborate bead work are hung from the ironwork of the small enclosure, and mingled with the numerous wreaths of golden immortelles or choice bouquets laid on the grave within.

The little boys and girls who play at their nurses' sides in the Champs Elysées and the gardens of the Tuileries are arrayed in pretty garments fashioned with much taste. The French people never appear to cut things in dreary straight lines, if they can arch and turn and crimp and scollop and fold their materials so as to produce a graceful effect.

The nurses wear a costume of their own, a long flowing cloak variously coloured, a round white cap trimmed with broad handsome sash ribbons, the ends of which descend behind them to the feet. A grey cloak with rich crimson watered ribbon, a brown cloak with pale blue ribbon; such are the conspicuous garments of the nurses. The courtesy of the people is proverbial. It would amuse our English children to watch the polite salutations which pass between them as they meet or part; the elaborate bowing and scraping and lifting of hats. I was sorry to observe, since my last visit, an increase in the number of houses for the sale of spirits, and more numerous notifications on the shops that cider and beer and other intoxicating beverages were to be procured within. It will be a hard task to preach a temperance crusade amongst wine-drinking Frenchmen, whose early associations and constant habits make them regard wine as a necessary of life; it will be harder still if they habitually add to their wine the more deadly spirits, and the English beer and cider. In the course of a week, we saw ten unmistakeably drunken men in beautiful Paris, mostly of the "ouvrier" class, and we must never forget that wherever intoxicants are used, there will ever be a percentage of drunkenness.

# Pebbles and Pearls.

ONE drinking parson, in the opinion of the *Australian Temperance World*, does more to keep the drink traffic in existence than 500 drunkards.

ELEVEN of the Bishops of England and Wales are abstainers. Out of seventeen preference shareholders in Threlfall's Brewery Co., seven are clergymen.

A TRAIN stopped at a station on a railroad where a gang of workmen were digging a trench. A lady passenger, stepping to the station platform. asked one of the labourers what he was digging for? "For four shillings a day, mum," said he.

REV. J. JACKSON WRAY says his tabernacle is in a district of London with thirty drinking saloons firing their hellish shots every Sunday. The "Charge of the Light Brigade" is nothing to them, and his voice is the only one crying out against the evil. If ever there was a devil it was this alcohol. The evil thing would be turned out of the churches were they to awake to the full conception of their high and holy duty before God and man.

FOOLISH THINGS TO BELIEVE.—To think that the more a man eats, the fatter and stronger he will become; to believe that the more hours children study, the faster they will learn; to conclude that if exercise is good, the more violent it is the more good is done; to imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained; to act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in; to argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is good for the system; to eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep and a weary waking in the morning, to have a notion that a decoction of logwood chips sweetened and brandied enriches the blood; or that sips from a spirit flask give endurance on a long railway journey.

TO MAKE CHILDREN LOVELY.—There is just one way, and that is to surround them by day and night with an atmosphere of love. Restraint and reproof may be mingled with the love, but love must be a constant element. "I found my little girl was growing unamiable and plain," said a mother to us the other day, "and, reflecting on it sadly, I could only accuse myself of the cause thereof. So I changed my management and improved my opportunity to praise and encourage her, to assure her of my unbounded affection for her, and earnest desire that she should grow up to lovely and harmonious womanhood. As a rose opens to sunshine, so the child's heart opened in the warmth of the constant affection and caresses showered upon her; her peevishness passed away, her face grew beautiful, and now one look from me brings her to my side, obedient to my will, and happiest when she is nearest me."—*Women's News*.

A SCOTTISH minister innocently announced from his pulpit: "During the week I shall visit all members of the congregation at the north end of the town, embracing also the servant-maids."

HE LOST HIS CASE.—"Gentlemen of the jury," said our budding counsel in an agricultural case, "there were thirty-six hogs in that lot—thirty-six. I want you to remember that number—thirty-six hogs—just three times the number that there are in the jury box." And even now he can't understand how he lost the verdict.

EXPERIMENTAL CHARITY.—"What do you do for a living?" asked a farmer of a burly beggar who applied at his door for cold victuals and old clothes. "I don't do much but travel about," was the answer. "Are you good at travelling?" asked the farmer. "Yes," replied the beggar. "Then let's see you travel smart," said the farmer.

ALCOHOL AND CHILDHOOD.—The *Lancet* most decidedly and heartily gives its support to the doctrine that, as a rule, children and young people do not need alcohol, and are much better without it. Their appetites are good, their cares few, and the more simply they live the better. If children see alcohol produced in all shapes, and at all hours, and for every visitor at home, or if they are sent out as messengers twice or thrice a day to the neighbouring "public," all the teaching of the schools will go for nothing.

*Hygiene*, a monthly magazine dealing with health and diet, is changing hands. The editorship is offered to Dr. Alfred Crespi, of Wimborne, and we believe will probably be accepted by him. Holding this post, though it will add much to Dr. Crespi's labours, will not interfere with his medical practice, nor will it necessitate his moving from the town where he has practised for ten years.

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# ALFRED.

By LOUIE SLADE,

*Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care."*

## CHAPTER IX.—MRS. GRANLYN'S HOME-MADE WINE.

*"And yet it ne'er was in my soul*
*To play so ill a part:*
*But evil is wrought by want of thought*
*As well as want of heart."*
—HOOD.



HOW fast Alf's heart beat as he stood upon the door-step of Mrs. Granlyn's house, and gently pulled the bell! He actually trembled when he heard steps in the passage, and clutched the post as Reuben had done, feeling dizzy and faint. But the next moment the door was thrown wide open, and in the flood of light he saw Amy. She greeted him with a smile.

"That's right, Alfie! We've been looking for you. Come in."

He stepped inside, and Amy, after closing the door, proceeded to the sitting room, but he did not follow until she turned and beckoned him, saying in a tone of gentle reproach—

"Surely you don't feel like a stranger? You don't know how we have missed you."

Then she opened the door of the small room in which they lived, exclaiming—

"Here he is, mother!"

Alf could see nothing distinctly, but he felt himself clasped in a pair of motherly arms, and heard the voice for which he had hungered so long, murmuring tenderly—

"My dear boy! So you've come home at last?"

It was some minutes before Alf could speak, or even look around him, but Amy made him sit close by the bright fire while she prepared tea, meanwhile keeping up a stream of talk.

"Sis will be down directly," she remarked presently. "She has gone upstairs with Miss Staker's tea; Miss Staker is one of our lodgers, you know, and something of an invalid—she's taken a great fancy to Sis, and doesn't care for anyone else to wait on her."

Alf's eyes were growing a little clearer now, and he looked long and earnestly at the white, patient face opposite him; he noticed that it had grown thinner, paler, and more careworn than when he last saw it, while the mouth was drawn, and the wrinkles on the brow were deeper. When his aunt met his glance she smiled, but the smile seemed to him a mute reproach for having left her. And how white her hair had grown during these last few months!

Amy had not altered much, only grown prettier, he thought, as he looked into her pleasant face.

"Are you living at home now, Amy?" he inquired.

"I am only here for a little time," she answered, while a swift flush dyed her cheeks, as she proceeded to fill the cups.

"Amy is going to a home of her own before long," observed her mother; "she is to be married shortly."

As she spoke a sigh rose to her lips, which she checked; but not before it reached Amy's ears, and a shadow rested for a moment on her brow.

"It isn't quite settled yet, you know, mother, and if I can be of any use to you I would rather wait a little longer."

"No, no, my child, I don't wish to stand in the way of your happiness."

"I can't fancy Amy married," exclaimed Alf, when he had sufficiently recovered from his surprise to speak, and he did not look as if he was altogether pleased with the idea.

Amy laughed, but made no reply, as Sis entered the room at that moment.

Sissie's greeting was much less demonstrative than that of either her mother or sister.

While Alf was wondering what he should say, she advanced to him, and held out her hand in the most matter-of-fact way, saying briefly—

"How do you do?"

Alf was chilled and disappointed. The gulf between them seemed greater than ever. Sis appeared years older than he did, he was a mere boy still, while she was quite grown up. To be sure she was not very tall, she never would be a big woman; but her manner, dress, and conversation showed that she had left childhood behind. Why, she must be close upon seventeen now, he reflected. How could he expect to find her a little girl still? At the time he went away she had worn long dresses, and tried to appear womanly, but there had been the long plait of hair that seemed a relic of childhood, but now, even this was lost. Her hair, luxurious still, was worn in thick braids, that were almost too heavy to crown the head of so small a personage. Yet it gave her an air of distinction, at least in Alf's eyes; and made him remember with regret the three long years that lay between Sis and himself.

It used to worry him as a little boy that he could never catch up with her; if she could only have stood still for a little while, he would have been so glad. And the difference was now more marked than ever, for while he was a boy she was a woman, and she treated him much in the same manner as a grown-up person treats a child; indeed, she was far more stately than Amy, nor did she seem nearly so glad to see him; but perhaps, he thought a little bitterly, she would have been better pleased if he had stayed away.

Still, it was a pleasant meal. It was nice to be sitting at table with them once more, and over their tea the slight barrier of reserve and constraint was broken down, and they chatted more familiarly. They spoke of mutual friends

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and acquaintances, of Mrs. Wilmott's death, and Amy's approaching marriage, but did not touch upon the subjects uppermost in each mind, the quarrel which had led to Alf's departure, and Reuben's waywardness.

No one mentioned Reuben's name except in the most casual manner, and Alf could not bring himself to inquire after him.

When tea was ended Alf crossed over to his aunt, and knelt on the hearth-rug beside her, while the girls cleared the table and washed cups and plates.

"Why didn't you write to us, Alf?" asked Mrs. Granlyn, smoothing the curly hair from his brow. "It was unkind to treat us so."

"Nobody wrote to me, and I thought you didn't care. You knew where I was, didn't you?"

"Yes, I sent to Mrs. Wilmott to inquire; I was sure you would be all right with her, or I should have been very unhappy. But my fingers are not so much used to the pen as yours, Alf, and to me, letter writing is a rather tedious business; and besides, we have had other things to think of, troubles you are too young to understand yet."

Alf did not feel sure of this, but he made no rejoinder.

"I think Amy wrote to you once, didn't she?" his aunt went on. "But she told me she received no answer."

"No, I dare say it was my own fault; but she wanted me to beg Reuben's pardon, and I couldn't do that."

"Alf, I'm ashamed of you," Amy broke in lightly. "I would never have believed you would harbour malice so. Walter and I were going down to Hedgmoor to see you at the very first opportunity; you've turned up just in time, or we should have had a wild-goose chase."

"It was such an inconsiderate thing, running off like that," remarked Sis, in her most grown-up manner; "it led to all kinds of disagreeable inquiries."

"Hush, my dear," said her mother, "we won't talk of it; we will let bygones be bygones, won't we, Alf?"

"I am very sorry," he murmured, in too low a tone for the girls to hear, and tears glistened in his eyes.

"I am sure you are," his aunt returned, stooping to press a kiss of reconciliation on his brow. "I daresay there were faults on both sides. But I am very glad we are not to lose you altogether—we've missed you very much."

"Have you?" said Alf. "But you remember what Reuben said?" he added, as if in self-defence.

"He spoke hastily, my dear." And then, as if wishful to change the subject, Mrs. Granlyn began to talk of his own affairs, and made numerous inquiries about Mr. and Mrs. Ferrill.

The evening slipped by all too quickly for Alf, and presently he observed that he must soon be leaving.

"You must have some supper first," said his aunt. "Sissie, my dear, will you get it ready? And you may open a bottle of the elder wine—I remember how fond Alf used to be of it."

Alf was silent, though the colour mounted to his temples. It seemed but a little thing to tell them he was an abstainer, and yet to him it was a great trial.

He dreaded to meet Sissie's supercilious glance, and the surprised looks of his aunt and Amy. Would they not all think he was acting in direct opposition to his uncle's wishes?

No doubt it was weak and foolish, but remember it was but a boy's reasoning, and the evening on which he had expressed a wish to become an abstainer, but his uncle had dissuaded him, was so fresh in his memory, that the confession seemed quite humiliating.

So he said nothing, but watched Sissie as she set the table, and brought out the glasses and bottle. Oh, how the sight of the wine tempted him! The appetite he had hoped was fully conquered was at once aroused, and the task of confession was doubly hard.

Amy filled a glass, and, putting it beside his plate, bade him draw his chair to the table and begin supper, or he would be late back. He obeyed, and ate for a few moments in silence.

Presently his aunt looked up to inquire how he liked the wine, and seeing his glass untouched, exclaimed in astonishment—

"Why, Alf, what is the matter? You haven't tasted it! Don't you like wine now?"

"Yes, thank you, but——" he began in a confused manner, when there came a sharp ring at the door-bell.

Mrs. Granlyn turned a shade paler, but Sissie sprang up, saying "I'll go," and disappeared.

Alf looked at the wine so close to him: how it sparkled in the light! The sight of it almost made his mouth water. Surely there could be no harm in drinking it, for it was only home-made wine! He knew one or two who made a profession of teetotalism, who never scrupled to take home-made drinks, averring that they were not intoxicating.

The temptation was short but sharp: neither his aunt nor Amy was paying any attention to him; he put out his hand for the glass, when he was suddenly startled by the noisy opening of the door, and Reuben came in. Alf had been too much taken up with the thought of the wine to notice either the steps or voices in the passage, so he was surprised by Reuben's entrance.

As for Reuben, he stared at him as if unable to believe the evidence of his own eyes, then ejaculated shortly—

"Where on earth did you spring from?"

"He is working in the town, so he has run over to see us," said Amy quickly. "Come, Reu, you might give him a more civil greeting."

"That's civil enough for a young cur like him!" retorted Reuben, glowering at him angrily.

He threw himself into a chair—the arm chair in which his father used to sit—and soon began to doze; while Amy and Sis commenced to talk very fast, as if desirous of diverting Alf's attention from him.

Alf's glass remained untouched—the sight of Reuben in such a condition had ended the struggle, deciding him in the right direction.

It brought back his own weakness, the shame and misery that had followed it, and the memory lent him new purpose and determination, and inspired him with courage to confess his principles.

"Why, Alf, I'm sure you don't like the wine!" cried Amy. "And you used to be so fond of it. What is amiss with it? Isn't it good?" And she sipped her own glass. "Yes, I don't taste anything the matter," she went on critically; "I don't think there is anything to equal mother's home-made wine."

Alf involuntarily glanced at Reuben, and wondered that his friends could still continue their daily glass.

"It isn't because I don't like it," he replied, "but I'm a teetotaler."

"*What?*" cried the sisters in chorus, and turning to Mrs. Granlyn, Sis exclaimed—

"Mother, do you hear that? Alf's a teetotaler; so you see there was no use in bringing out your elder-wine in his honour."

Alf flushed, for Sissie's red lips had taken the contemptuous curve he had dreaded; still he determined not to be daunted.

Mrs. Granlyn looked up from her work.

"Are you indeed, my dear?"

"Yes, aunt."

"But what induced you to become one? Mrs. Wilmott was not a teetotaler, unless my memory fails me."

"Oh, no! She didn't like it at all."

"Then what made you do it?"

Alf flushed again; it was a painful subject, but he would feel more comfortable when he had confessed that humiliating episode of his young life, and perhaps they would understand better that he had intended no disrespect to his uncle's memory. He came straight to the point.

"I got drunk once," he began.

"*You* got *drunk?*" echoed Sis, raising her brows in incredulous surprise.

"Hush, Sissie! don't speak so loudly; let Reuben sleep while he will. I am very sorry to hear this, my dear," she added, turning to Alf. "How did it happen?"

Alf gave the history simply, and without trying to excuse himself. Sis looked disgusted, and ejaculated—

"How shocking!"

"Yes," said Alf, "but I wasn't much worse than he is," pointing to Reuben.

"You were younger."

"I think, Sis, that being older makes Reuben's fault the greater," said her mother gravely, "I never thought to see one of my children unable to exercise proper self-control; I don't know what your poor father would have done if he had lived to this day."

"If you could only persuade Reu to sign the pledge!" said Alf in an earnest whisper.

"I'm afraid we shan't do that, my dear! But tell us who persuaded you to join?"

So Alf told of Mr. Worthing's efforts, and the Temperance Guild, mentioning how he had once broken his pledge, and how nearly he had been tempted that evening to do it a second time. And Mrs. Granlyn grew graver as she listened, questioning whether the ale and home-made wines may not have had something to do with Reuben's fall. Perhaps the liking for intoxicants had been inculcated at her own table.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE LOSS OF THE "ROB ROY."

By Uncle Ben.

THE delights of the sea-side cannot be told, they are like the sands upon its shore, innumerable. The journey there, the settling into the new lodgings, the first run to look at the waves, the wonderful appetite, the sands, the shells, the stones, the sea-weed, the fresh breeze, the briny swell, the clear light, and above all, the endless adventures make a holiday at the sea-side the children's joy.

Far out on the sands, when the tide was low, a a small party of children who had made friends with each other, went out to play at a well-known watering-place on the east coast of England. They made for one of those small sand islands surrounded at low tide by shallow little lakes of sea-water, so warm and pleasant to wade in on sunny summer days, which are often to be found on our sea-shores. Here, with shoes and socks off, they found amusement that wholly absorbed their attention. They called this little sand-bank their "Treasure Island," and built castles, and raised mounds of sand, dug canals, and marked out roads and fields with long lines of pebbles. In its smooth back water, they floated a fleet of corks and chips of wood, with one toy ship of schooner rig, which sailed about under the protection of a long piece of string.

The boy to whom this craft belonged, proposed that this vessel should be a pirate bark laden with wealth, supposed to be sailing from far over the sea, seeking to come up the creek into the channel of shallow water, and land its precious store at the back of the island. The "Rob Roy," for that was the name given to the venturesome little vessel, was loaded on her deck with all sorts of small stones and shells, over which the imaginary pirates were to keep watch and ward. The owner then carried her out as far as he could and floated her off, trusting to the wind and tide to drift her into port, with the help and guidance of the string.

However, she did not seem to make much progress, except that the breeze took her rather out to sea. To clear some rocks was her proper course, and then sail gallantly up the straits, into the channel, so as to reach the haven prepared for her at the back of the island. The string was almost useless, for to pull it would only bring her straight to shore, and the water was too deep round the rocks to go out and tow her past the p[illegible].

All the children watch with eagerness the voyage of the "Rob Roy." One suggested they should let the strings go, but Cleaveland, the owner, said no, they might lose the vessel. The little party grew excited, another piece of string was found, which might be long enough to let Cleaveland scramble over the rocks and tow her round towards the channel. While getting ready to lengthen the tether, he gave the string holding the boat to his sister, but as they were joining the two, she let her end drop by accident into the sea, a little puff of wind caught the sail and off the "Rob Roy" went, some further distance into deeper water, and made for the open sea. Cleaveland made all haste to try and recover the lost end, but the water was too deep, the sand and rocks. There was no time to lose. They shouted and called for help as loud as they could, but they were some long distance off the bathing machines, and the people on the shore, so no one seemed to take any notice.

Cleaveland tried to see if they could cross the channel between them and the mainland, but already the water was up to his shoulders, and he was afraid to venture, so it was too late for the little girls to attempt the passage. At first he did not like to leave them, but as there were no boats rowing about any where near, he resolved he would make a bold dash.

He made one or two brave attempts, but was nearly washed off his feet. The girls began to cry for fear he should be drowned and partly out



so that they could only wait for the rising tide to drift her into the shore again.

All their efforts were now directed to urge her on round the rocks to shallower water. This they tried to do by throwing stones to guide her course, but unfortunately, one of them hit her on the main sail, and over she keeled, and lay on the water a helpless wreck. Now they knew the wind would not take her any more out to sea, and that in all probability she would float nearer to the island.

They were so engrossed with gazing at the "Rob Roy," that they forgot how the water was rising all round them, until one of them in fright saw that the back water was covering all the island behind, and it looked as if their retreat was cut off, and the sea would soon be over all of fear lest no one should come to their rescue.

All this time, on the shore, no one had noticed that the children were in any danger. Their friends had thought them safely playing about on the sands, until a stranger, looking round the shore through a telescope, fancied the children did not observe the flowing tide, drew the attention of one or two people, among them was Cleaveland's mother, who had been reading on the sands. She had not any idea that it was her own children who were in peril. To several of the on-lookers it was evident the tide would soon be over the place where the children stood.

At once a boatman was spoken to, who said it was not the first time that youngsters had been stranded on that sand in low water, and had to be fetched off, and once when a heavy sea

was on, two children were all but drowned; and now there was no time to lose.

So a boat was very quickly run into the sea, while two gentlemen hurried off towards the distressed children, to assure them of a speedy rescue. When they came as near as they could, they told the children by shouts and signs to remain still where they were. Cleaveland was so eager to get relief that he was already deep in the water, seeking to struggle to the main land, and did not hear the men's voices, till his sister came towards him, bidding him come back, as they were seen and help was coming. Then he retired to the highest part of the sand bank, where the children waited for deliverance. The water was fast rising all round them. They picked up their shoes and stockings, for every now and then the low wash of the water covered all the island. They could now see the boat with two men in it coming to their rescue. It seemed a long time to the anxious children, as they watched the nearing boat.

At length the boat reached the place where they were standing, but not before one wave a little bigger than the other had come over their waists and soaked them all through. When the dripping children were all safely in the boat, it did not take long to row them round to the bathing machines, where quite a number of people had collected. The boatmen lifted out the little girls, and the two boys already so wet scrambled out of the boat.

Almost the first person Cleaveland saw was his mother, who had no idea her girl and boy were among the five children, until she recognised them just before they landed. The parents of the other children had gone away for the day and had left them in charge of the nurse, who, having a baby to look after, had let them go away for the morning, telling them only to be good children, and come back early for dinner. They were not long in finding her under the shade of the pier some distance off, in ignorance of all that had happened. They were well scolded for being in such a pickle, and as a punishment for being so careless were not allowed to go on the beach for the rest of the day.

The boatmen were well rewarded by their parents, and the children were long before they forgot the treasure island and the rising tide.

In the excitement of their danger, the "Rob Roy" was lost sight of and never heard of again, though Cleaveland visited the scene of their adventure in hopes of finding the lost ship. Both he and his sister had been thoroughly frightened by the incident, and their mother deepened the impression of the warning, by showing them how many people have lost their character, never to be regained again in this life, by taking no heed of the rising tide of temptation and sin, until too late to retreat, then the flood of calamity has washed them out into the depth of despair.

BIBLE ADVICE.—The word wine occurs in the Bible 261 times; 121 warnings; 71 warnings and reproofs; 12 pronounces it poisonous and venomous; 5 totally prohibit it.

# OUR GIRLS' CORNER.



DURING the present century the influence and work of women has been greatly extended, and she has found her way into many departments of public activity where once she was unknown and probably unwelcome. In education, there has been of late years a considerable advance, and in the present year we have seen the brilliant success of Miss Philippa Fawcett, who was announced as "above the Senior Wrangler" at Cambridge, and the triumph of Mdlle. Sarmesa Bilcesco, who, after much perseverance against opposition, has succeeded in taking the degree of Docteur en Droit in Paris. The latter, the first female Doctor of Law of that University, is a young Roumanian lady, and intends applying for admission to the bar, in order to make a new opening for women who are obliged to earn their living.

The Order of the King's Daughters now holds 140,000 members. This interesting organisation has for its object the service of humanity in the name of God. Members in country districts gather and arrange small bouquets of flowers, to which small texts are attached, these are forwarded to the towns and distributed among the sick and poor. This is but one instance of their work. In every line of philanthropy the King's Daughter has a part, and the influence of the Order extends to South Africa, Madagascar, China, Japan, and every Christian country, though it is best known in America, the land of its birth. At a recent meeting in New York, Mrs. Margaret F. Bottome, the president, gave some good advice to girls who are anxious to work. "If you are a daughter, your first duty is to your mother. We believe in doing the duty that lies nearest to us—first the heart, then the home. I know of a small boy who asked another if his sister was a King's Daughter, adding, 'I hope she is a real King's Daughter, like my sister. She doesn't snub us any more since she put on the cross.' After doing what she can at home, the true King's Daughter will go to her pastor and ask how she can help him." She also spoke of the necessity for an attempt to brighten the existences of girls employed in shops and factories.

The subject of a weekly half-holiday for shop

assistants has been taken up in various towns. If this movement becomes general, it will be a great boon to shop women, who at present spend so many hours of the day in a poisoned atmosphere, and, when released, have little energy for healthful necessary recreation. I have just spoken to a shopwoman who had been at work on the Saturday from 6 a.m. until 11-30 p.m.

---

Father Damien has a worthy successor in Miss Fowler, the brave young woman who has given herself as a sacrifice to the lepers. She has no fear of her probable fate, and has no intention of following the example of those doctors who roused the indignation of the lepers by protecting themselves from contagion by wearing gloves, and avoiding contact. The doctors, well meaning though their efforts were, found themselves obliged to leave the community. Miss Fowler, or Sister Rose Gertrude, as she prefers to be called, is a thoroughly trained nurse and has studied for two years under M. Pasteur's guidance.

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Typewriting as an employment for women has found its way to Finland. The parliamentary proceedings are reported by official shorthand writers, and their stenographic notes are handed to lady transcribers, of whom there are fifteen, who write them out in longhand on the typewriters.

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A Russian lady has written a book on overpressure, which has been translated into French. "La Surmenage Mental dans la Civilization Moderne," is probably the most comprehensive treatise that has yet appeared on this subject, and it is gratifying to find that the evil influences of stimulants and narcotics in the production of the nervous disorders, which form a painful feature of the present age, is faithfully pointed out. Madame Marie Manaceine is a remarkable woman, familiar with many languages, deeply read in the literature of medical and educational science. She is not only a member of Medical Society, but is one of the directors of the Pedagogical Museum of St. Petersburg. Her testimony as to the mischiefs arising from the use of alcohol, tobacco, and such more modern forms of mischief as chloral and its similars, is therefore valuable, and is emphatic.

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The residence of Miss Millard, of Teddington, must be one of great interest. She is a collector of curios, and her house is full of valuable and rare objects, which she regards with affection, not always to be overcome by the rival collector who covets her wares. She is a bookseller and dealer in curiosities generally. Besides an array of beautiful and costly jewels, there are specimens of old lace and embroidery, and a court dress that in byegone days belonged to Lady Hamilton. Many things belonging to this lady Miss Millard has collected, among them a ring containing a bit of Lord Nelson's hair. At one time she possessed a document relating to the expected battle of Trafalgar, and signed by Lord Nelson. This, however, the Queen has purchased. Miscellaneous and varied are her treasures: A miniature of Garrick, by Engleheart, valued at fifty guineas, an elegant thermometer of chrysoprase, a gold snuff-box that had been Napoleon's, and gold earrings taken from a mummy. Her treasures in needle work include a piece of crewel work, said to have been executed by Queen Elizabeth, and some embroidered flowers worked during the Revolution by a French refugee. One would suppose that Miss Millard might reasonably fear the attention of burglars, but with barred doors and windows and five dogs she has no fear. The house is near London, and yet in most rural surroundings.

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I have mentioned above the stone called chrysoprase. The word occurs in what Ruskin calls one of the most important chapters in the Bible. I wonder how many of my readers could say off hand where the passage is to be found.

JANET ARMYTAGE.

## A Dorset Industrial School.

By Dr. A. J. H. CRESPI, Wimborne.

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WE had often heard a great deal respecting the industrial school near Winterbourne, Whitechurch, fourteen or fifteen miles north-west of Wimborne, but we had never paid it a visit, when, a fortnight ago, we were passing along the splendid road from Dorchester to Blandford; a couple of miles east of Milborne St. Andrew, we noticed a neat little fellow intent on keeping a large flock of sheep from straying into the high road. We stopped to speak to him, and soon learnt that his father had abandoned his mother, who lived in London; our little informant was an inmate of the industrial school, and had passed two happy years there. We ascertained too, that previous to becoming an inmate of the house, he had been one of those dreadful waifs and strays who infest the streets of our large towns, but that he had been rescued by the kindness of those who have become more than father and mother to him. "Do you prefer being in the country?" we asked. "Yes," he replied, "a great deal; I should not like to go back to the streets of London."

We could not help being greatly interested, and a day or two later, we wrote to Mr. J. C. Mansel-Pleydell, of Whatcombe House, Blandford, the philanthropist who for so many years has ungrudgingly given time and thought to the noble works in which he is engaged, and besides time and thought, sums of money, we suspect, that would surprise many of our readers, who fancy that country gentlemen of ancient lineage and ample fortune live only to hunt, shoot, and enjoy themselves. To Temperance readers, the name of Mansel ought to be a household word, for Mr. Mansel-Pleydell's brother, the Rev. Owen Luttrell Mansel, rector of Church Knowle, is

now the greatly beloved President, for the seventh or eighth time, of the Dorset and Southern Counties' Temperance Association, and he was also formerly President of the still more important Western Temperance League. To historical students, the Mansels have the proud distinction of being descended from a branch of Cardinal Morton's family.

By return of post, Mr. Mansel-Pleydell, to whom we were not strangers, invited us to see the industrial school, and there, accordingly, under the escort of himself and Mrs. Mansel-Pleydell, and the latter takes as much interest in it as he, we found ourselves on Tuesday, 3rd of June. To do justice to the place would need an article of considerable length, and of far too elaborate treatment for the pages of *Onward*, but we hope, before long, to write a paper elsewhere which will go fully into the whole subject. We can only here say that the school—as well as many others on the same footing—owes its existence to the labours of Mr. Mansel-Pleydell, Mr. Sydney Turner, Miss Mary Carpenter, and John Wright of Buxton Hall, Aylsham, Norwich, and of several other philanthropists, whose generous hearts were touched by the sorrows of street lads on the high road to crime and ruin; of the four named, three are gone to their rest; it was this noble band of philanthropists who planned and founded many other schools for the rescue of waifs and strays; one or two gentlemen making the necessary arrangements to establish a school in each county.

The Dorset school, like most, perhaps all the others, is conducted on rigid total abstinence principles, from Mr. Mansel-Pleydell himself and Mrs. Mansel-Pleydell, the Superintendents, and the different officials, down to the 67 little fellows, who fill the house to overflowing, are all abstainers. 300 boys have passed through the Institution, and of this little battalion of deserted and neglected outcasts, not nine per cent. have gone back to their evil ways, and in perhaps every case of relapse, drink has been the primary cause. The school is self-contained, and, in some measure, self-supported; the boys make their own beds, cook their own food, bake, wash, work a farm of 60 acres, and learn tailoring, or shoe-making, or music, the last three being only taught to those who show special aptitude. In consequence of skilful management and rigid economy the deficit is small, much smaller indeed than one would think possible, though Mr. Mansell-Pleydell and his personal friends have had, in other years, to disburse freely, and we do not doubt that the calls upon them are still at times in various ways heavy enough.

We must give a few words to Mr. and Mrs. Walker, the Superintendent and his wife, who throw their whole hearts into their most responsible and engrossing duties; night and day their services are in requisition, for such a household would tax the strongest and the ablest, and it is their proud position to be doing a work not less important than that of many people far more conspicuously placed and more highly esteemed in the judgment of the world.

Perhaps we could not help regretting that there were not more schools of the kind in the open country, far from the noise, smoke, and temptations of large towns, prettily secluded in lovely country, enjoying the indescribable blessing of fresh air, where every opportunity would be afforded the inmates of growing up strong, self restrained and healthy, and capable of earning an honest livelihood. Some of the lads who have passed through the school, have made their way up in the world, and have every reason to look back with honest pride to the industrial school, where they were helped to form such good habits. We are sadly afraid that we need fifty times as many such schools to meet the requirements of the country and its teeming hordes of neglected street Arabs. What a grand thing it would be to have another Dorset Industrial School on some of the vast but beautiful heaths in the neighbourhood of Wimborne, and Bournemouth, where the land is so cheap that a hundred acres could be bought for less than the sum that would be demanded for a single quarter of an acre in the suburbs of Liverpool or Birmingham, but it is not every day that the means and the inclination go together, as they have done in the case of Mr. Mansel-Pleydell. When I wrote this article there was a large new house a mile from the station at Wimborne, which would have done admirably for an industrial school; it was not a handsome house, certainly, and so did not let, but it contained seventeen large bedrooms, and would accommodate a hundred waifs and strays; it could be got at £200 a year rent, and would be just the thing. Unfortunately for the success of the scheme I had in mind, the house is now sold, and is just going to be occupied by a private family. But such undertakings need abundance of money, and the want of funds prevents many glorious philanthropic works being taken in hand, works of general utility which would be far more blessed than forming a picture gallery or keeping a yacht.

## THE BEST MEDICINE.

TAKE the open air,—
The more you take the better,—
Follow Nature's laws,
To the very letter.

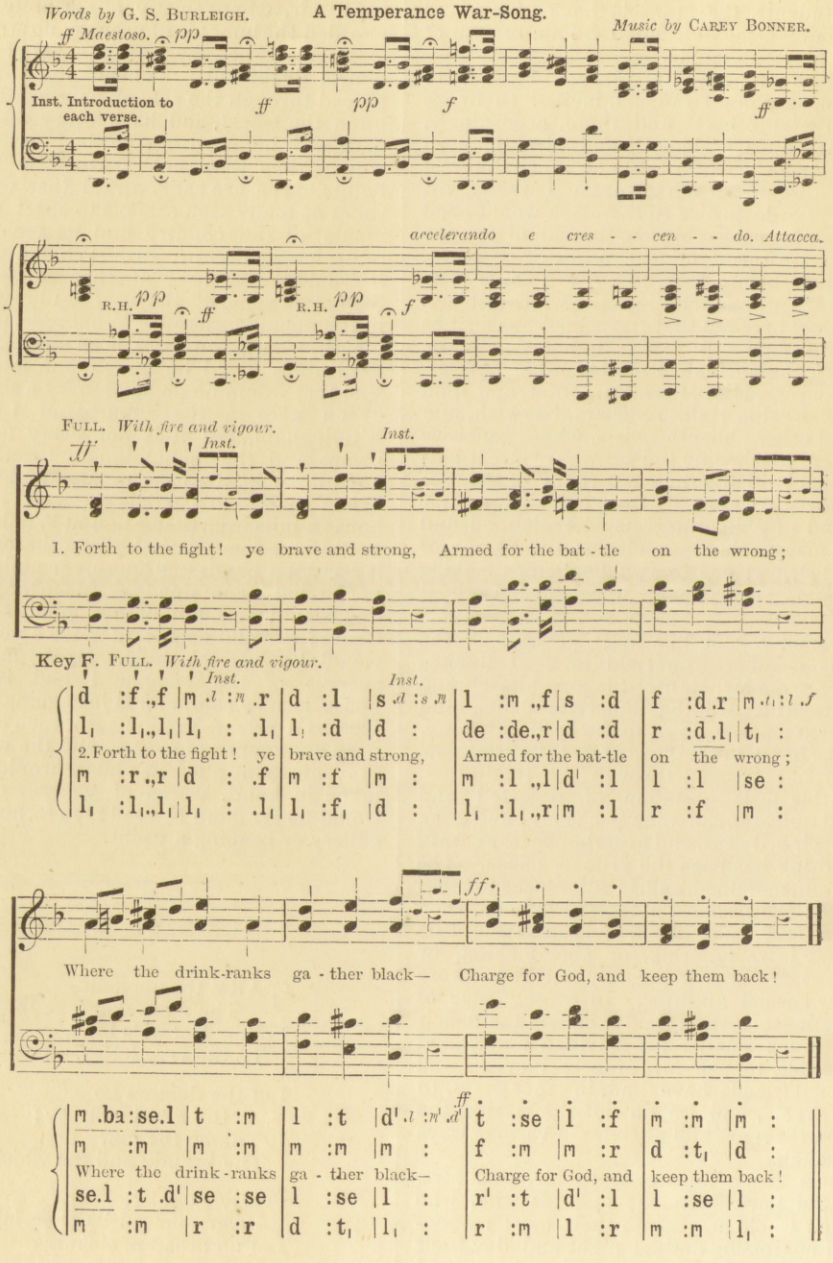
Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The brandy and the whiskey.

Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful,
Let no dread of sickness
Make you ever fearful.

Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure cold water,
Then you will be well,
Or, at least you ought to.

# FORTH TO THE FIGHT!

*Words by* G. S. BURLEIGH. **A Temperance War-Song.** *Music by* CAREY BONNER.



# FORTH TO THE FIGHT!

*mp* SEMI-CHORUS. *Slower, with expression.*

S.

{For the hearts that weep and wail, Where the hopes of man-hood fail,
{For the tears that can-not dry In the moan-ing mo-ther's eye,

*mp* SEMI-CHORUS. *Slower, with expression.*

S. C.t. *p* f.F.

se,l ta :-.ta|l :l | la :-.la|s :— | sd' :s |d' :r'.m' | r' :s |d's :—

{For the pangs that, deep as life, Wring the loath-some drunkard's wife;
{For the mis-'ry yet un-told, That makes child-hood sad-ly old;

se,l ta :-.ta|l :l | la :-.la|s :— | sd' :s |d' :r'.m' | r' :s |d's :—

FULL. *a tempo. Vigoroso.* 1st time. D.S.

*ff*

With-ered by the mock-er's curse— Strike! and lower his front per-verse.
As her sons are lured to shame— Lash the fiend with

FULL. *a tempo. Vigoroso.* 1st time. D.S.

ve,m f :-.f |m :m | ma :-.ma|r :— | r :l, |m :l, | d :t, |l, :

l, :l, |se, :l, | l, :se, |l, :

In the wrath of pi-ty rise, Rise! a-venge her ag-o-nies.
With in-dig-nant heart and hand Sweep the ty-rant

ve,m f :-.f |m :m | ma :-.ma|r :— | f :r |m :d | m :r' |d :

f, :f, |m, :l, | l, :m, |l, :

2nd time. *cres - - - cen - - - do.* *rall.*

*f* *fff*

lightning flame! Where the drink-ranks ga-ther black, Charge for God, and keep them back!

2nd time. *f cres - - - cen - - - do.* *fff* *rall.*

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

l, :se, |l, :— | l, :-.l, |d :r | d :d |d : | d :m |f :l, | d :t, |l,

from our land! Where the drink-ranks ga-ther black, Charge for God, and keep them back!

m :r |d :r | m :-.f |l :l | s :m |f : | l :ta |l :l | l :se |l

l, :m, |l, :— | l, :-.l, |l, :r | m :d |f : | l :s |f :r | m :m, |l,

# GREASING THE WHEELS.

By Alfred J. Glasspool,

*Author of "Snatched from Death," "Suspected," &c., &c.*



THE train came to a standstill at Dumbleton Junction; we had enjoyed a long spin of over fifty miles without stopping, and now had the privilege of five minutes for refreshment before we continued our journey. You may be very sure few of these precious minutes were wasted before nearly every passenger had left the train and invaded the refreshment room with peremptory orders for sandwiches and drink. I could see that Dumbleton Junction was a great centre of commercial life, there were trains in every direction, filled with all kinds of merchandise, with coal, iron, bellowing cattle, and grunting pigs. What a noise and bustle there was; to live in such a hubbub one must require the nerves of a giant and the patience of Job. All this time I am eating my sandwich and drinking my glass of milk at the entrance of the refreshment room, so that I may watch the train at the same time, for I dread being left behind. What are those two men doing? One is sounding the wheels with a little hammer to discover if there is any fracture that might lead to an accident, the other is industriously placing a red-looking stuff into some little boxes near the wheels.

"What is that man doing?" I asked of a porter.

"Greasing the wheels, sir," he replied; "you see, sir, it's necessary to grease the wheels occasionally or else the friction would create such heat that the carriages would be in danger of taking fire."

"And when there is a want of grease," I responded, "the wheels make that miserable, grating sound which sets one's teeth on edge at times."

"You're right, sir," said the porter, laughing; "it is just as if a dozen squalling cats had their tails tied together, and they set up howling all at once."

The bell rang, there was a rush to the train, and I was soon seated in my quiet corner, and hurrying past green fields, rivers and hills.

Was it any wonder that my thoughts ran in the direction of the greased wheels? We were hastening along so quickly, the "squalling cats" were at rest, there was nothing to interfere with pleasant meditation. It seemed to me pretty true that life would be unbearable if we did not try in some way to grease its wheels, if every man's hand was against his neighbour's, if we adopted the old rule of "might against right," so that

> "Those might take who had the power
> And those might keep who can,"

then the "squalling cats" would be heard to perfection, and misery and ruin be seen on every hand.

Let us then consider how we can best grease the wheels of life. Surely gentlemanly conduct and kind words help us in this direction.

A gentleman is not made so by the tailor or the mere accident of birth; a man is not a gentleman because he wears a diamond ring on his finger, and a massive gold albert on his waistcoat. We might reasonably ask the question

> "When Adam delved and Eve span,
> Where was then the gentleman?"

How different is our life when we meet with kindness and consideration from those with whom we daily come in contact. Difficult tasks become light, duties that would have filled us with disgust become pleasant when we are requested in a kind manner to carry them out.

"He is one of nature's gentlemen," or "he is such a surly-tempered fellow," we say of the people we meet constantly, according to the manner of their treatment.

We are greasing the wheels of life when we speak kindly to the poor beggar in the street, or to the blind man who is waiting for a friendly hand to help him across the road. We are greasing the wheels of life when we perform any kindly action, when we bring a ray of sunshine into any home, and help by our assistance to give pleasure and hope to any who are sad and distressed.

How various are the ways of greasing the wheels of life; when we make the best of what we have and look forward with pleasure and hope to the future, then we help to make life go smoothly. Look at this boy at school, this rosy-faced, bright-eyed lad, comes upon the scene, and immediately every boy brightens over his weary task, and both speech and face are changed. He is full of contentment. While others are grumbling about the master, of the lessons he demands to be done, of the punishment he inflicts, this boy plays lightly with all. When there is any work to be done he enters into it with all his might, he endeavours to overcome every difficulty with perseverance, and if he does get a hard knock now and then he bears it all with patience, and without a frown.

Greasing the wheels means making the best of what we have, endeavouring to profit on the little we possess, and to get as much happiness as possible out of it. We cannot all be rich; we cannot all be learned; we cannot all occupy prominent places in society, but we can all make the best of what little we have.

The man who only had one talent was not making the best of it when he hid it in the ground, instead of making the wheels of life run smoothly he was setting his "squalling cats" to work, and bringing about his own ruin.

The lad who is obliged to leave school early in life, and has to commence life's battle with only a small stock of knowledge, will find that the wheels of life will go more rapidly if he will en-

deavour to improve on the little he has, and instead of settling down discontented and miserable he may use his present humble position to be the stepping stone to a higher sphere.

George Stephenson had no education when a boy, but he made up for this when a big lad by learning at the village school in the evening, after he had worked hard all day. James Watts was a poor delicate child, but he did not despair of being of service to humanity—thus by his keen observation and perseverance, he rose from obscurity to the highest fame. Sir Humphrey Davy when a lad had not many means to carry out the ideas of his brilliant mind, when he wanted to perform chemical experiments, he had no money to purchase chemical apparatus, but he did the best he could, and often spoiled his mother's pots and pans in his operations. While we are contented with what we have, we are inspired to seek for higher and nobler work.

Let us be careful lest, while we are endeavouring to grease the wheels, we do not use the means which may upset the very object we have in view.

Some endeavour to grease the wheels by *pleasure*. Many young people, when the day's work is over, are so glad to escape from the restraints of labour, that they fly to the opposite extreme.

The cigarette or the pipe must be in the mouth all the evening: the theatre, the music hall, or the concert must occupy the best part of their leisure time. They cannot do anything but enjoy themselves in their particular way, and their way means very often the waste of money, the loss of time, and often the cultivation of dangerous habits.

There is another point that we young abstainers must be on our guard against, that is, that we cannot grease the wheels without the use of intoxicating drinks. This is the common notion of many persons; to get on well with those we are obliged to associate with in life, to do trade successfully, to enjoy all the social ties of life, they must constantly drink some kind of intoxicating beverage.

Happiness and drink go together in the minds of many persons; no matter what the occasion, the drink must form part of the proceedings. If a ship is launched a bottle of wine must be broken as we give it its name; if we lay a dear friend in the grave, we must drown our sorrows in the bowl. Can we do otherwise? Yes, certainly. Alcohol gives no real pleasure, it dulls the memory, it sets the tongue loose, it may for a time help us to forget our sorrows, but it does not help to go along more easily; it helps to make us idle, careless, and finally it may reduce us to untold sorrows. Total abstainers must be cheerful and happy, they must never think they are losing any of the pleasures of life by their abstinence.

They must use every opportunity of doing good to others, and by the improvement of their own minds, they will thus increase the highest and noblest attribute of man; they will find life run smoothly, and its approaching end will be met with a smile.

## *HEREDITY versus TRAINING.*

By J. G. Tolton.

FOR some time medical men have given their attention to the question of inebriety. Very recently, Dr. Norman Kerr wrote:—"The land mourns because of drunkenness. To indulgence in strong drink must be credited a large proportion of the population of our workhouses, prisons, hospitals, and asylums. Crime, pauperism, social disorder, immorality, actions for divorce, prosecutions for cruelty and violence, and proceedings in bankruptcy, in great measure arise from alcoholic excesses. The financial loss which we annually sustain from drinking, if we reckon in the direct expenditure on intoxicants and the indirect charges to which we are liable as the results of intoxication, cannot be less than £250,000,000. After lengthened enquiry, I have not felt warranted in estimating our yearly premature alcoholic mortality at less than 40,000 lives cut short by personal intemperance, and double that number of lives lost by disease, privation, neglect, accident, or violence arising from the intemperance of persons other than the slain."

In examining this fearful indictment the Doctor goes on to say: "Medical science has shed a ray of light on the dark horizon. Scientific research has revealed that men and women are not all drunkards of their own choice and are often more sinned against than sinning. . . . In plain words, inebriety is a disease, dependent largely on physical conditions over which the inebriate had at first no control. In one half of the cases which I have seen I have been able to detect inebriate heredity."

No one can quarrel with the conclusions to which Dr. Norman Kerr arrives, that "inebriety should be treated as we would treat any other disease."

But, meanwhile, the "medical rays of light" may be distorted to base uses. Heredity was not unknown in Shakespeare's day. In the famous quarrel scene in Julius Cæsar, Cassius tries to excuse his ill-temper on the ground of being born so. Says he:

> "Have you not love enough to bear with me
> When that rash humour which my mother gave me
> Makes me forgetful?"

To which Brutus replies:

> "From henceforth,
> When you are over earnest with your Brutus,
> He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so."

It is possible for this *Heredity* theory to be used as a kind of *Kismet*. "Born so! what is to be, will be!" Such a consummation is most devoutly not to be wished. If we accept the heredity doctrine, surely the terrible responsibility assumed by the victim of bad habits should make him pause.

He is possibly multiplying himself indefinitely and handing down to posterity an incalculable burden, perhaps an unending curse. One's vocabulary fails in dealing with such a dread

possibility. To again quote: "Palsy of will, utter loss of control, maudlin imbecility, meanness, cunning, and staggering gait, contributing to the fashioning of complete inebriate degeneration," are the outcome of this disease of inebriety.

Besides the fatalist conclusion, there is also another disastrous corollary which the logician might draw from the "medical rays of light." It is that which might be shaped into the question, "Is Band of Hope work likely to be effective in battling against these hereditary tendencies?" Says the Doctor:—"A drunken father or mother has been the frequent transmitter of the inebriate inheritance. Sometimes both parents have been intemperate before the birth of their first child. In other instances the offspring of abstaining parentage have been free from any tendency of the kind, while the children of the same parents, after the latter have become drinkers, have developed a decided inclination to intemperance. The parents may have been irreproachable in their habits, yet their children may have, from their earliest years, been characterized by a weakness for strong liquors. In such cases, it has frequently been discovered that a grandfather or grandmother, or both, have been intemperate."

We would call attention to the statement that the children of abstaining parents have shown no tendency to drinking till the parents changed their habits, then the tendency was perceived. We ask the question, has not training then as much effect as heredity? We answer, it has! The old book says, "Train up a child," &c, and the axiom is as true as ever. Take a case. A man and wife take up parental responsibilities, each of whom was cursed with drunken parents—parents in whom the habit was a veritable dipso-mania. Before their marriage the young couple were not abstainers. With their new home and surroundings they religiously resolved to break any chain that may have been forged either by heredity or training, or the combination of the two. A family of seven children was reared on Temperance lines. Every child was sent to the Band of Hope meeting almost before it understood the obligation of abstinence. Heredity never after reared its head. No one of the seven ever departed from the way he had been taught to go. Each of the seven has married, and the third generation is growing up as strictly abstinent. Indeed, we have heard several of the parents avow that they have a positive loathing for intoxicants of all kinds, so much so, that they hesitate or refuse to use them medicinally. Why is this? We do not feel warranted in offering any other explanation than this, that example and education are more powerful than hereditary taint. The Doctor says "There is no short cut to sobriety." The couple married 40 years ago found one, and this is not a single exception discovered in forty years of searching. There have been many such. What then is the conclusion of the whole matter? Let our example and teaching in the home, the Sunday school, and the day school be those of strict abstinence, then inebriety would soon altogether cease, and England be both sober and free.

What form shall this education take? It should be systematic and of high quality.

In various parts of the country, Band of Hope Unions are doing a work, the necessity of which has long been acknowledged, that of instructing children in day schools in the Physiology of Temperance. In a few years, if these instructions continue, we shall hear no more of those excuses for tippling based on the grossest ignorance, such as the extraordinary sustaining power of stout and porter to the charwoman, and the infallible protection from cold found in a glass of spirits. The lectures and experiments given by the day school demonstrators will, in a practical way, show to the rising generation the meaning of the old Latin maxim, "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*" (Out of nothing, nothing can come.) We remember an aged adviser of the young, who used to put that truth still more forcibly; "You cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." This maxim may be a truism, but it is far from being universally noted, much less acted upon. A thorough grasp of it would strike a powerful blow at our social drinking customs.

But besides the physiological aspect of the question, is the one which (for want of a better term) we call the Literary. In most of our day schools, children are taught selections from standard authors, and are drilled in the exact meaning of the words and allusions. These selections might include many fine passages which have a direct bearing upon our question. For instance, that fine speech of old Adam in "As you like it," containing the lines:—

> Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
> For in my youth I never did apply
> Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
> Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
> Frosty, but kindly.

Then there are detached passages in "Othello" which every well informed lad should know, including, "O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! that they should, with joy, pleasance, revel and applause, transform themselves into beasts."

Parents of a literary turn, could cull many fine lines, in which manly virtues are inculcated, even though special reference is not made to intoxicating drink.

Most men live long enough to regret that they did not lay in a greater stock of fine thoughts, well clothed, when they were boys. Probably, they did commit to memory much that they had no further use for, when they put away childish things. Why do we not direct our children to the most fruitful valleys, and luxuriant groves, so that when they come to manhood they will not only bless their ancestors, but themselves be a blessing to posterity.

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

# HARVEST TIME.

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

Lord of the harvest, unto Thee we raise,
For these Thy gifts, a song of thankfulness,
Sustained by Thee in mercy all our days,
We own Thy wisdom and Thy power confess.

At Thy command the fertile showers descend,
The sunbeams penetrate the slumbering plain,
The winds from distant skies their influence lend,
'Till o'er the land is seen the ripening grain.

The earth her robe of vernal beauty takes,
The woods are vocal with the voice of song,
And every creature at Thy call awakes,
Diffusing life and joy the vales among.

O'er hill and dale, by glen or forest shade,
The husbandman goes forth unto his toil,
With grateful heart he wields the lusty blade,
And reaps the precious fruitage of the soil.

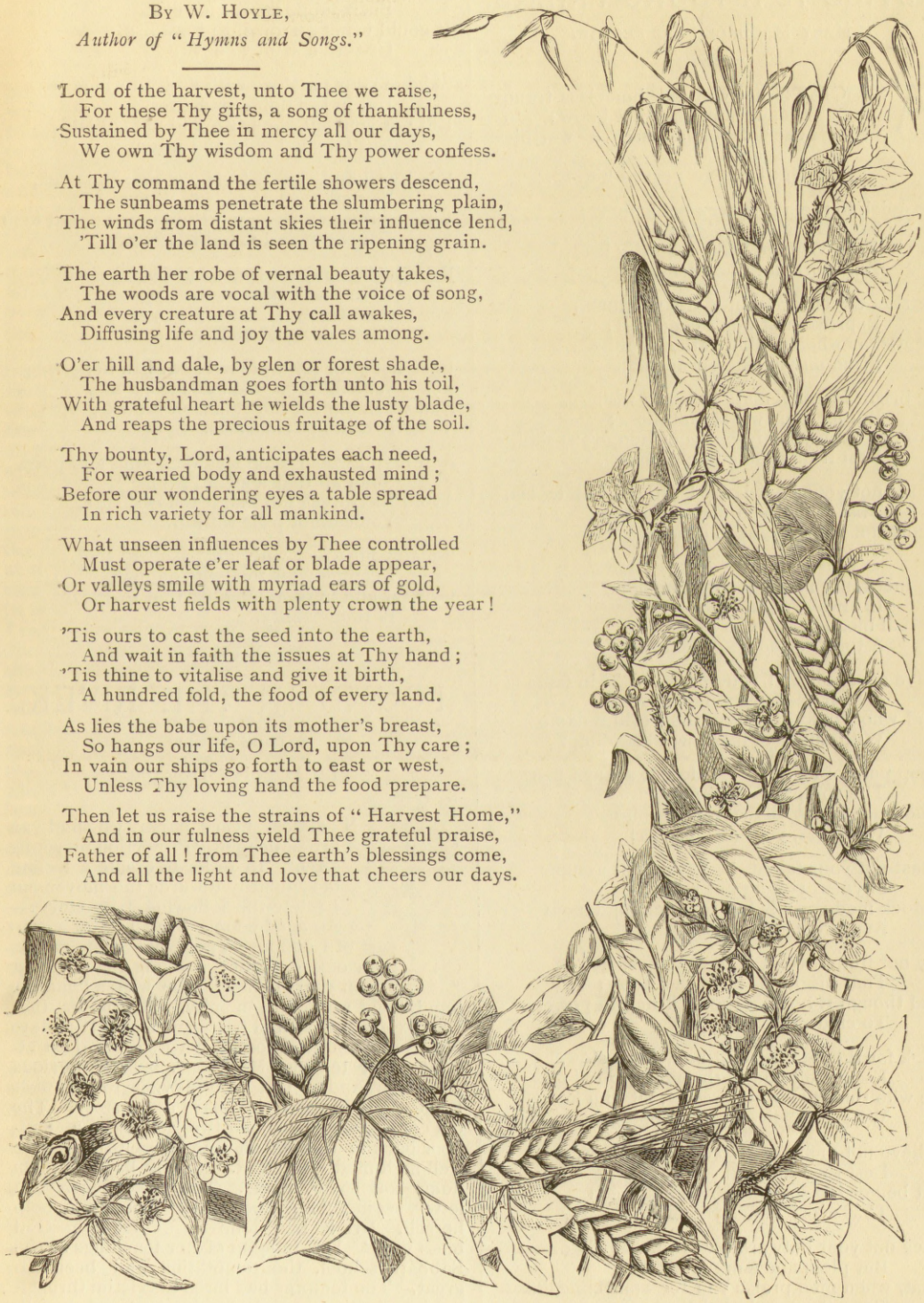
Thy bounty, Lord, anticipates each need,
For wearied body and exhausted mind;
Before our wondering eyes a table spread
In rich variety for all mankind.

What unseen influences by Thee controlled
Must operate e'er leaf or blade appear,
Or valleys smile with myriad ears of gold,
Or harvest fields with plenty crown the year!

'Tis ours to cast the seed into the earth,
And wait in faith the issues at Thy hand;
'Tis thine to vitalise and give it birth,
A hundred fold, the food of every land.

As lies the babe upon its mother's breast,
So hangs our life, O Lord, upon Thy care;
In vain our ships go forth to east or west,
Unless Thy loving hand the food prepare.

Then let us raise the strains of "Harvest Home,"
And in our fulness yield Thee grateful praise,
Father of all! from Thee earth's blessings come,
And all the light and love that cheers our days.



# ADVICE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

ASSOCIATE not with the homeless tramp
Sins that he may not know;
And never deem a man a worthless scamp
Until you've proved him so.

Be quick to see a brother's noble deed;
To little faults be blind;
In all that's virtuous, take a goodly lead,
But scorn not those behind.

Be slow to censure, but if still you must,
Reprove, but don't condemn;
Gentle, as when wiping gathered dust
From off your favourite gem.

Be bright in conversation, if you will,
But let your wit be harmless;
Use not upon your friend your humorous skill,
Lest it be rude and charmless.

Boast not your knowledge! rather, seek to learn
That which you may not know;
Remain a pupil, eager to discern
Teachers in high and low.

Be meek, not mean, for true humility
Is always dignified;
In real modesty, we can descry
A touch of noble pride.

Have an ambition! There's a height in fame
Which keeps us still ascending;
And who would give unto the world a name
With aught of blackness blending?

Keep pure of heart! Yet do not always flee
The company of men;
Ignorance is not virtue—great is he
Who sees, yet has no stain!

Boast not your talents! Yet do not assume
Shyness you do not know;
"Mock modesty" is but the seeming bloom
And pride still lurks below.

Fly not from love, it is the sweetest flower
That brightens life's short day;
And though it holds a thorn, it hath a power
To charm the sting away.

Look for the pitfalls; but be not too slow,
Escape oft comes through leaping;
He who thinks slowness safety, let him know,
We gather dirt when creeping.

Believe not men are always what they seem,
Lest they deceive you so;
But be not too suspicious, do not deem
That every man's your foe.

Deck not your outward parts with costly dress,
But plain and simple be;
That, when men praise you for your comeliness,
'Tis not your clothes they see.

Take not strong drinks! for in the wine-glass lies
Such subtle power for evil,
It could bring sorrow into Paradise,
Or turn a saint to devil.

Subdue your passions with an iron will;
But in the noble slaughter,
Kill not yourself, be warm and human still,
Not mingled milk and water.

Read well and closely! If you skip the book,
You miss, perhaps, what's rarest;
When gathering flowers, we do not run, but look
For those that are the fairest.

Keep justice in your soul! but do not part
With that which is more high;
For warmest, purest, fairest, in your heart,
Keep soft-eyed charity.

Lose not your faith in God! It is a hope
Which burns when all have gone,
And when amidst the clouds of life we grope,
It bears us safely on.

And if you would keep steadfast still, and pure,
Shun all that leads to sin!
Avoid the threshold, and it follows, sure,
You cannot pass within.

So, go your way! with fair unsullied soul,
Keeping your thoughts on high,
Earnest and pure, remember that the goal
Is Immortality.

# FOUND IN THE RIVER.

A TRUE STORY.

By WILLIAM PROCTOR.

IN almost every paper we find an article headed, "Protection for young girls." In order to create a feeling of sympathy towards the movement I relate the following true story:—An aged couple lived in the south-east of London. Their sole support was their only daughter, a young girl of about fifteen years of age. She was a "mantle hand," and worked in the city. Minnie, for that was her name, absented herself for several Sundays from our Sunday school, where she used to attend. Her teacher, Miss G—, became anxious about her, and at last paid a visit to Minnie's home. While there she heard a sad story. The old couple, who occupied two rooms on a first-floor back in a street off Camberwell-road, were well-nigh mad with grief. Minnie had not been home for some nights. They had received a letter, saying, "She had fallen. Could not help herself. Drink had done it. Good-bye—God bless you." Yes, in spite of her teachings at the Sabbath school, the temptation had been too great. The tempter had lured his victim through the intoxicating, soul-destroying cup, and she fell.

"Fell to be trampled as filth in the street ;
Fell to be scoffed at, be spit on, and beat ;
Pleading, cursing, dreading to die,
Selling her soul to whoever would buy."

Minnie, as I have already stated, had been the only support of her aged parents. But now she was gone, and, after selling their bits of furniture to support themselves, they eventually removed to the poor-house, where, in a very short time, both died—need I say, of a broken heart? The affair caused a little excitement in the immediate neighbourhood for a short time, but was very soon forgotten in the busy whirl of London life. Some ten or twelve months after, one cold winter's morning, while passing with a friend over London Bridge, we saw some boys throwing snowballs over the parapet at something in the river. Looking over to see what they were throwing at, we found it to be a female who was crouched like a frightened thing on the steps near the Fishmongers' Hall, leading down to the river side. Her clothes were torn and wet, her matted hair hung down her back. She was in a fearfully filthy condition, and seemed as though she had been hunted down, and now stood at bay, for I shall never forget her wild fierce expressions as she looked at the boys who were pelting her. Then, as if ignoring their presence, she sat and stared with a fixed gaze in the muddy waters of the Thames. As we looked at this female wreck, I thought of Minnie. Could this be the bonny bright-eyed girl who had sung in our Sabbath school? Impelled by the thought, I ran down the steps to get a nearer view—but she sprang to the edge of the water, and staring at me with a wild, fierce look, she pointed at the river, as much as to say, "Come nearer, and I will jump into the water." A policeman standing near said, "Come away, mate, she's mad." I asked him if nothing could be done for her. He replied, "Who do you think would touch her? She's too filthy for either workhouse or gaol. The best thing she can do is to make a hole in the water." When returning from my work in the evening she was still there. Thousands of men and women had passed this human wreck. Such sights are too common in London, and the hearts of people have become hardened to them. I think I can see her now, crouched on the steps, with eyes fixed on the water. Was she waiting until the tempter gave her courage to complete his foul task, and end her miserable existence by seeking refuge from a world of misery in the deep waters of the river Thames?

Such were my thoughts as I wandered homeward through the trampled slush and snow on that cold winter's night. Amid the hurry and bustle of the Borough traffic, I could still see that wretched form sitting by the water side, and when at home, beside a cheerful fire, I shivered with the thought of what I had seen. I thought of the cause—the intoxicating cup—the tempter within reach of our own little ones, who are lured by the sound of music and charmed by the glare and glitter of the illuminated gin palaces of our land, which I regret to say are found at almost every street corner, to entrap yours and mine to taste of that which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Say some, "They should take it in moderation." I would say, "Beware, brother or sister, it has been known to create an appetite which nothing could satiate, and you, like every other being this side of Heaven, are within arrow shot of the tempter."

Allow me, by way of a second appeal, to create a feeling of sympathy towards the protection movement, to relate another case before completing my first. One Saturday evening, or rather early one Sunday morning, I and a friend had to go to St. Pancras station, to meet some friends who were coming from the country by a very early train. On our way from the Surrey side of the river over Waterloo Bridge, we saw a sight which would make any parent's heart bleed. A young girl, about 16 or 17 years of age, respectably clad, with clothes disarranged, without hat and weeping bitterly, was being dragged along by two men. The girl was in a helpless state of intoxication. The two men, seeing a police officer coming towards them, dropped the girl and made off. The poor creature fell helpless on the pavement. The officer lifted her up, and asked her where she came from and who she was; but she did nothing but sob and call for her mother. "Oh, where is my mother; do take me to mother." Such were the words which the poor girl uttered, in country accents, which told their own tale—another victim from the country districts. The police officer, speaking to us, said "She seems to be a respectable body; she's some mother's child. I don't like locking her up, but she'll be better in Bow Street Police Station than in the Strand." And lifting her in his arms he carried her away. Mothers, fathers, think of it—so young, and alone in a state of intoxication at midnight in London. This is not an isolated case. Scores of such incidents might be related—girls trapped, deceived, and ruined. To such cases do many of the paragraphs headed "Found in the river," refer.

To return to our first subject. All through the night I lay and thought of the fallen one. Next morning I called on a gentleman connected with the City Mission, and together we went to see if she could not be induced to go into some home for the fallen ones. As we got near the bridge we met a small crowd of people bringing something from the river. We asked what was the matter. The reply was, "Only another body out of the river." We ran to the other end of the bridge to see if the object of our visit was still there, but she had gone. Then we thought of the crowd we had met—never asking whether it was a male or female body. And as we stood, the policeman came up to us and said, "She's done it, mate. They've just took her out of the water. One more to the stock." "Yes," I replied, "another victim to drink to the Thames." Next morning the papers had another paragraph with the familiar heading, "Found in the river."

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He who knows what is good and chooses it, who knows what is bad and avoids it, is learned and temperate."—*Socrates*, B.C. 450.

# Pebbles and Pearls.

A WESTERN girl likes to make bread, it cleans her hands so beautifully.

VERY good, but rather too pointed, as the fish said when it swallowed the bait.

A BOY wants a situation in an eating house. He understands the business.

REV. Nicholas Kelynack (Old Cornish), who has visited New Zealand on his homeward journey from his health tour to Australia, was just in time to witness the Jubilee rejoicings of the colony. He saw a great gathering of the Maoris, and concerning them writes: "Intercourse with Europeans has been their curse, I am sorry to say, and they have copied some of their vilest sins. The work of the missionaries has been sadly interfered with by so-called Christian Europeans."

WISE ADVICE.—I know a young relation of mine who has made this one of his chosen rules: "Cold water warms, and hot water cools." That is true of alcohol, for it always makes a man colder afterwards. So, if a healthy man drinks cold water, he will be the warmer for it. So, if you take hot things like alcohol, you will be more likely to catch colds, fevers, and cholera, and everything else. So you will get health by abstaining. Keep out of great temptation. I once told you, working men in this town have great temptations to drink which others escape from. You are not half men if you drink because others do. Let those laugh who win. Get brighter and better hopes, and then you will not mind being laughed at. If you win everything that is good by abstinence, you will not mind being jeered at.—*Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel.*

LITTLE LIGHTS.

Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.
In the world is darkness,
So we must shine—
You in your corner,
And I, in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
First of all, for Him;
Well he sees and knows it,
If our light is dim;
He looks down from heaven
To see us shine—
You in your corner,
And I, in mine.

Jesus bids us shine,
Then, for all around,
For many kinds of darkness
In the world are found;
There's sin, there's want and sorrow,
So let us shine—
You in your corner,
And I, in mine.

YOU must put up with a great deal if you would put down a great deal.

WHAT men want is not talent, it is purpose; in other words, not the power to achieve, but the will to labour.

A DESIRE to say things which no one ever said, makes some people say things which nobody ought to say.

WHEN Sidney Smith's physician told him he ought to take exercise on an empty stomach, he replied, "Upon whose?"

THEY undervalue Nature's wealth
Who say strong drink will give me health.
The flowers are springing everywhere,
Pure and fragrant, fresh and fair;
Their health and vigour they sustain
With draughts of dew and baths of rain.

THERE are always two parties to a bargain—two sides to every question. Both true, and both to be looked at from each side by the two parties. Were this more done, we should hear less of gambling, and far less of the great disputes and strikes than we do. For a contract to be lasting, each must feel that they have a fair share of the advantage to be gained, and the balance of profit to be nearly equal.

SIR JOHN ROSS ON COLD.—On June 7th, 1830, we arrived at the ship and found everything right, and all in good health. As I was the only person who drank no spirits, and was the only person who had not inflamed eyes, I represented that the use of the grog was the cause, and therefore proposed that they should abandon this indulgence, showing further that, though I was very much the oldest of the party, I bore fatigue better than any of them. He who will make the corresponding experiments on two equal boats' crews, rowing in a heavy sea, will soon be convinced that the water-drinkers will far outdo the others.

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# ALFRED.

By LOUIE SLADE,

*Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care."*

## CHAPTER X.—ALF'S FORGIVENESS.

*"'O God, my sins are manifold; against my life they cry,*
*And all my guilty deeds foregone up to Thy temple fly.*
*Wilt Thou release my trembling soul, that to despair is driven?*
*'Forgive!' a blessèd voice replied, 'and thou shalt be forgiven.'"*

—BISHOP HEBER.

ALF found it very pleasant to renew the intercourse with his friends, in spite of Reuben's repellant manner, and Sissie's stiffness and formality. The weight that had so long oppressed him was removed, and he worked with greater spirit and energy than before.

Mr. Ferrill was glad to see the gloom and dependency chased from his countenance, and when he heard the history of his adoption by Mr. Granlyn, was willing that he should visit his former home as often as he pleased, providing he adhered to his rule as to returning in good time, and it soon became quite a customary thing for Alf to spend Sunday with his friends.

His employer sent a very satisfactory account to Mr. Worthing, who continued to feel an interest in the lad, and occasionally wrote him a letter of encouragement. Alf valued these letters, reading them again and again.

He felt his own weakness more than formerly, and was continually beset by temptation—especially that of intoxicants. He was never again tempted at his aunt's table, but elsewhere there were enticements in plenty.

Although an abstainer himself, Mr. Ferrill could scarcely impose abstinence upon his employés, and one or two of them considered it a good joke to laugh at Alf's teetotalism, and try to induce him to break the pledge. He could bear the jeers and merriment, but it was perfect torture to have the drink thrust almost close to his nostrils.

Then there were lads of his own age, who would have led him into various questionable amusements—the music-hall, the theatre, and public-house—and it was very difficult to shake them off. If he shunned them, they taunted him with being goody-goody, and thinking himself too much of a saint for their society.

Charlie Frost was the one he had the most trouble in avoiding, for during Alf's brief sojourn in the locality in which he lived, the two boys had struck up a great friendship, in fact had been quite chums, and Charlie would have renewed the intimacy if he could. Alf liked him, he was so merry and good-tempered, and he did not care to be lowered in his estimation; still, he was sure Charlie was not a suitable companion, and that his good resolutions would vanish before his persuasions. But Charlie was not easily daunted, and was generally loitering about on the look-out for him whenever he went to his aunt's house, especially on Sundays.

Alf realised that he needed a greater strength than his own if he were to resist these tempta-



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tions, and he was feeling out after the hand of the One who has said—"Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, my Father, Thou art the guide of my youth?"

But he had not yet come to a decision for Christ, something was holding him back. He read his Bible daily, and paid great attention to all the services at church, and wished he had the peace and pardon of which he read and heard. He began to pray too, fervently and sincerely, as he had never prayed before, but still the sense of forgiveness and rest did not come.

One Saturday Mr. Ferrill had a very pressing job on hand, and the men were obliged to work until late in the evening, so that Alf could not go home as usual. But he was up early the next morning, intending to walk over for the service at church.

Taking up his Bible to read his usual daily portion, he opened it at the fifth chapter of Matthew, and presently came upon these words:—

"Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way. First be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

He read them rather indifferently at first; then, a sudden idea striking him, he went over them again, slowly and thoughtfully. After this he sat for a long time with the book in his hand, looking out of the window.

Could it be this that was holding him back from finding the "Pearl of great price," this sin of unforgiveness?

Other passages of scripture flashed into his mind, confirming the idea, and turning to his Bible again, in the very next chapter he read:—

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you; but, if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses."

He shut the book, this was conclusive, and leaning his elbows on the ledge he looked into the street below, unconscious how time was passing.

He couldn't do it. Reuben was so aggravating, and had treated him so shamefully. Why, he had circulated all kinds of rumours about him, and made the story of that two-shilling piece known far and wide. If he seemed sorry it would be different, but he was not; he had rejected all his advances of friendship, and prejudiced Sis against him. There was a sense of injustice rankling in Alf's bosom, and he thought the terms of pardon too hard.

But presently he remembered how much he himself needed forgiveness; he thought of the Saviour's life, His temptations, trials and sufferings, so far beyond human conception; the agony in the garden, the death upon the cross; how, even in His dying hour, He had prayed for His enemies—"Father, forgive them."

And how had Alf requited this love? By ingratitude, indifference, and forgetfulness. Instead of obeying Him, he had followed his own will and inclination, choosing the broad road of sin rather than the narrow way that leads to life.

As he remembered his own wilfulness, and the Saviour's unchanging love, he bowed his head upon his hands, and, although his lips were mute, the cry of his heart went up—"Lord, help me!"

It was some time before he raised his head, and then the radiant look on his face showed that he had found the One for whom he had long been seeking. He had sometimes entertained doubts as to the pleasures of religion; he knew it was a good thing, and that he must have it in order to reach heaven, but he had a vague impression that it made people dull, and detracted from the enjoyment of this life. He soon discovered his mistake. Never had the sun seemed to shine so brightly, or the world looked so fair and beautiful as to-day, and he longed to impart his happiness to others. The grudge against Reuben was gone, and he resolved to acknowledge his fault that day and ask forgiveness.

Glancing at the clock, he found to his surprise that he would be too late for church, so decided to get home about dinner time. He was sorry to miss the service, but every place was a temple to him that morning.

When he reached his aunt's house Sissie admitted him, and her appearance at once showed him that something was the matter.

She was very pale, and had been crying a good deal. Alf's thoughts naturally went back to the night when he had come home to find his uncle dead.

"Is anything the matter, Sis?" he asked quietly, as he stepped inside.

"There always *is* something the matter here," she replied, passionately. "I should think no other family ever had such a lot of trouble as we have."

"But what is it?" he questioned, following her into the sitting-room. It was not in its usual order that morning, and there was no sign of dinner.

"Where's aunt?" he inquired breathlessly, looking around the empty room.

Sis had thrown herself into a chair, in an attitude of abject misery, and answered briefly—

"At the hospital."

"The *hospital!* Oh! what is the matter with her? Is she ill, or has she met with an accident? Why don't you speak, Sis?"

He was ashy pale, and trembling from head to foot.

"She is all right, it's—it's—Reu."

"Oh, only Reu!" The relief in Alf's tone was so great that no one could fail to notice it.

"*Only* Reu, indeed!" cried Sis, blazing into a passion. "I dare say you'd be thankful if he was dead."

"No, I shouldn't, Sis; I should be very sorry—but you frightened me so about aunt. What is the matter with him? Is he very bad?"

"They don't think he'll live!" she sobbed, unable to keep back her tears longer. "Mother's

been with him all night, and Amy's there too now."

"But was it an accident, or what?"

"He fell off his bicycle last night."

The tears glistened in Alf's eyes now, as he thought that he had perhaps put off his forgiveness till it was too late. How very, very dreadful it would be if Reu should die without knowing he was sorry for harbouring enmity and resentment so long. Alf felt as if he must rush straight away to the hospital.

"Would they let me see him, do you think, Sis?"

She shook her head. "No, they say he must be kept very quiet, they sent me away because I cried, But oh, Alf, you can't think how dreadful he looked with his head all bandaged, it was ghastly." And Sissie wrung her hands, and rocked herself to and fro.

"If I could only do something," she said, after a pause, "it wouldn't be so bad, but I've been thinking, thinking, thinking, until I don't know what to do—especially since Amy went."

"We can pray for him, Sis." Alf spoke in a very low tone, but she looked at him in surprise, never having heard such words from his lips before. Did he mean them, or was it merely a pious phrase he thought it proper to make at such a time? He appeared to be in earnest, but she remembered the quarrel between him and Reuben, and curled her lip contemptuously.

"It is easy enough to talk now he's lying there between life and death," she said, "but you know very well you've always hated the sight of him."

The words of sorrow and contrition Alf had meant to utter died on his lips.

There was a long silence, then Sis spoke again.

"It would be so dreadful if he should die now, for oh! Alf, he wasn't sober when he fell."

Alf started. It was indeed a terrible thing, but he was pouring out his heart in silent prayer for the recovery of the one he had so long looked on as an enemy, and who was so unfit to enter eternity.

"I wish you would tell me all about it, Sis, if you don't mind," he said, after a pause.

"There isn't much to tell. You know how beautifully moonlight it was last night, and Reu went with the other members of the bicycle club over to Bexley. They had supper at a public-house, and I suppose Reu took more drink than he ought, but he managed to ride in safety till he got into the town, nearly home in fact, for it was at the corner of Adelaide Street where he fell. You know it is an awkward corner just there, and he would have been careful if he had been quite himself. He fell on the edge of the curb-stone, and finding he was so much hurt, they took him to the hospital. He wasn't exactly *tipsy*, else, of course, he couldn't have ridden so far."

There was another long silence, broken presently by the sharp ring of a bell in some part of the house.

"Oh dear, what a nuisance those lodgers are!" said Sis, drying her eyes. "I think they might have a little more consideration."

She went out, but returned in a few minutes, saying—

"Miss Staker wants her lunch, and the fire is all out. I wonder if *she* would think about eating and drinking if *her* brother were lying at the point of death."

Here was an opportunity for Alf to make himself useful; he kindled the fire, and put the room straight while Sis prepared the lady's lunch, and when she re-appeared persuaded her to have some dinner. And Sis, although she seemed to think it disloyal to her brother to eat and drink, contrived to make a fair meal.

"Amy was to have been married next month, you know," she observed presently, "but I should think she'll never do it if—if—"

"I didn't know she was to be married so soon," said Alf in surprise.

"Didn't you? Oh no, I forgot, it was only settled the other day—Friday I think it was that Walter came down. It seems ages ago, I feel as if I'd lived a life-time since last night. I'm sure losing her will be bad enough, without—" but here sobs choked her again.

"You won't lose her, Sis," said Alf, consolingly; "London isn't so far away."

"But she isn't going to live in London—we're to lose her almost as much as if she died—for she's going to America."

"America! Really?"

"Yes, the firm are going to send Walter out on some business—I'm sure I don't know what—but I don't see why they couldn't send somebody else. That is why Walter is in such a hurry—he doesn't know when he may be back again, and of course nothing will do but Amy must go too—men are so abominably selfish. And mother sides with him, and says she won't stand in the way of their happiness. She hasn't any consideration for our own."

"I *am* sorry!" cried Alf, thinking how much he would miss Amy.

"Everything is against us," murmured Sissie. As she spoke she went to a cupboard, and taking down a bottle of port-wine poured some into a glass.

Alf looked on in surprise.

"Oh, Sis, how can you drink that?"

"Why not? I'm not a teetotaler," she replied a little impatiently.

"No, but—but—when Reuben's lying there perhaps dying, all through it."

She turned pale, and her hands trembled. "But I'm so weak and shaky to-day, I need something."

"Well, don't take that!" he urged, growing bolder as she did not repulse him. "Sis, I think perhaps Reu would be a teetotaler if you wanted him to," he added hesitatingly.

"Nonsense!"

He said no more, and Sissie drank the wine, but she did not feel altogether comfortable, while Alf marvelled at the strange perversity of human nature in clinging to a thing that has brought nothing but sorrow.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE WIMBORNE CENTENARIAN.

Dr. A. J. H. Crespi, Wimborne.

IF it were possible to deduce any general law from the appearance and habits of nonogenarians, some useful rules might be framed for the guidance of persons wishing to reach a very advanced age. Unfortunately such is not the case; some aged people are short, others tall; some temperate, others intemperate; some large eaters, others abstemious to a degree. All, however, we do know, is that, as a rule, these aged persons are placid, and have a sound digestion. Although people often loosely talk of neighbours being nearly a hundred years old, inquiry generally shows that for 100, 80 or 85 might nearly always be substituted.

Still, very rarely, a person of exceptional soundness does reach 100, and a day or two ago I cut out a passage from the *Standard*, not without interest if reliable, but no proofs of the exact age are given. Herr Göring, it said, the oldest inhabitant of Hamburg, a watchmaker, died in that city in his 106th year. The deceased had served as a soldier in the French army under the First Napoleon, and had made the Moscow campaign, from which he was one of the few to return home safe and sound. The neighbourhood of Wimborne is distinguished for its low mortality and small sick rate, still, even we don't often have a real centenarian among us, though we have one now. Friday, August 22nd, Dr. B. W. Richardson paid me a visit, and, together, we went to see Mrs. Mary Adams, mother of Mrs. Reeks, greengrocer, of this ancient and widely known little town of Wimborne. The old lady had been expecting us for some little time, and as it was rather after her early dinner hour, that important meal had just been served when we were ushered into her presence. In spite of some natural clamour on her part, for who can patiently brook having his most important meal remorselessly hurried away untasted, we were permitted to examine her at our leisure. Mrs. Adams is a clever woman; she hates doctors, and declares that she cannot abide them, and perhaps her longevity may, in part, be due to the distance at which she has kept them. However that be, the visit did not promise to be fruitful, for her deafness was decidedly an obstacle to the flow of conversation, and had to be carried on in a key that would not have been prudent had we had any secrets to disclose. I cannot describe her appearance, because an aged lady, muffled up in sheets, blankets, and nightcap, and lying in bed on her side, decidedly curled up, does not allow of very close inspection. She, however, looked very much like many other deaf old people, and her hands were greatly wasted, though they were warm enough. Her heart was as sound as a bell, with the pulsations numbering 80, so that one rule for reaching the end of a century is to fight shy of the followers of Galen, and another, to keep the heart sound and strong. One lung is perfect, the other bronchitic, so that the kind of death may be pretty safely predicted. As for her digestion, it is vigorous and troublesome, for she gets through a couple of breakfasts, and a first dinner at half-past ten or eleven, and a second at half-past twelve or one. I must insist on drawing a veil over the rest of the day, for really, if Mrs. Adams is to be faithfully copied by her imitators, we shall have a dearth of the necessaries of life. Mrs. Adams does not feel the cold, that bane of the aged, and of some of her foes, the doctors, too, if I may judge from the furs in which one of her medical neighbours envelopes himself when the air is at all keen; even in winter she needs very few clothes, and is said only to want a single sheet and one blanket. Twelve years ago, she had a warning in the shape of a fit, and ever since, she has been partially paralysed, and wholly confined to bed, where her placid temper has found full play in finding fault with her suffering daughter, Mrs. Reeks, whose seventy and odd years have left their impress on her countenance. Two years ago, Mrs. Adams could talk by the hour; she is not particularly reserved now; but then she could tell of the times when she and many of her neighbours sat up for several nights, dressed, expecting Napoleon and his hosts, but in vain. For the last two years, her loquacity has been checked, and she has thought more and talked less. Dr. Richardson, wise and genial minister of health and preacher of Temperance, told me that he had once seen and examined Mrs. Horrocks, another centenarian, and that the latter had also a capital appetite, and great serenity of temper, so that he considered that Mrs. Adams was much like her in many respects. Mrs. Horrocks, I should observe, lived in the Birmingham Workhouse, and there she passed away, aged 105. Both in her case and in that of Mary Adams the proofs of age are complete, and *this* is a most important point, for real centenarians are far rarer than is commonly supposed. The trouble we anticipated did not perplex us, for though Mrs. Reeks had warned us not to declare our profession, as her mother could not abide the craft, she herself soon divulged the dread secret, but with no perplexing contretemps, for the gentle manners and sweet voice of the great apostle of Temperance produced their customary effect, and Mrs. Adams most obligingly begged him to pay her another visit soon, which he cheerfully promised. Mrs. Adams, we were assured, has never cared for alcoholic beverages, or rather, may I not go farther, and say, that she has abhorred them, relegating them to the same limbo as the doctors, those wise and genial ministers of the interior, who would be scandalised by her excesses in the matter of breakfasts and dinners, but let me not add of afternoon teas. The Rev. Francis Huyshe, vicar of Wimborne, has most thoroughly cleared up all uncertainty as to the exact age, and has found her baptismal entry. We were also shown a venerable Bible, which duly informed us that Mary Cole was born Feb. 7th, 1790; twenty-five years before the battle of Waterloo, the year in which, after a long experience of domestic service, she changed her name to Adams.

# A GOOD WOMAN.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

SHE moves not where admiring men
May praise her simple grace,
But where the eyes grown dim with pain
Find sunshine in her face.
To many a dark and lonely room,
She brings her sweetest smile,
And, like a sunbeam, doth illume
The paths of care and toil.

Her voice is sweet as trill of bird,
And soft as streamlet's song,
But seldom is its music heard
In pleasure's giddy throng,
But you may hear her gently croon
Some weary babe to sleep,
Or gladly sing some joyous tune,
To brighten hearts that weep.

Or you may hear her nobly speak
Some glowing words of hope,
To doubting souls that, blind and weak,
Amidst the shadows grope,
Or whisper in some dying ear,
Such words of Him above,
That heaven's fair valleys grow more clear,
And death seems bright with love.

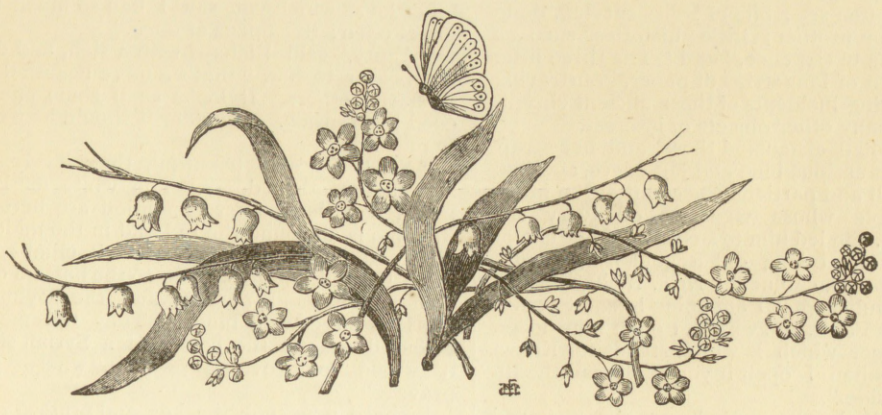
She pauses not her many charms
With costly gems to deck,
But little children's dimpled arms
Oft hang around her neck.
And, Oh! what gems bestrew her breast,
When, in the haunts of care,
Some mourner seeks that place of rest,
And leaves bright tear-drops there.

Her little feet dance not along
The flowery ways of life,
But where the shadows thickly throng
To scenes of sin and strife,
She cometh with her angel face,
Like gentle dove of peace,
Before whose pure and holy grace,
The storms of discord cease.

How bright becomes the darkest land
Beneath her gentle tread!
How softly doth her little hand
It's wondrous blessings spread!
What magic lies within her voice!
Oh! what a world of power,
To make the saddest heart rejoice,
And cheer the longest hour.

And so, though on her noble head
There lies no glittering crown,
And though no costly gems are spread
Upon her simple gown,
She owns no gold, no great, wide lands,
No slaves around her fall,
And yet we see her where she stands,
The richest queen of all.

For in her bosom she doth wear
Truth's fairest, purest gem,
And Charity hath made for her
A wondrous diadem.
She guides our steps, she rules our minds,
Her power can ne'er depart,
She is our queen! for lo, she finds
A throne in every heart!



# THE CHARITY BOY.

A STORY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

By STYLOGRAPH.

RICHARD PETERS was a charity boy, and had never known his father and mother, who died while he was still an infant. Brought up by law, he, nevertheless, by the pleasantness of his natural disposition, contrived to find entrance into the warm affections of all persons about him who had any affections to enter. Among these, was the matron of the poor-house, who not only indulged him according to law, but devised means of breaking in on the monotony of his regulation diet with tit-bits from her own table and cupboard. She carried about with her a remarkably large pocket, and not a few marbles and other toys circulated through it, with a special tendency to reach Richard.

"What a happy little boy he was!" you say. Yes, he was; for he had never known the sort of home you have, and he grew up not only happy, but kindly, and was never happier than when making somebody happy about him. His good friend, the matron, as the boy grew older, lost no opportunity of instilling into his mind the principles of the Gospel, and watched with pleased eye the evident sincerity with which he drank in and remembered her words; and she used to say of him: "Whoever lives to see it, will find that boy—mark my words!—will do credit to his teachers and trainers, and will be a help to the world, somehow."

One very important thing which Richard's friend did to him was, on a certain half-holiday, to take him through her treasury, as she styled it, and let him see her treasures. She showed him some very pretty work of her own, and of her brothers and sisters, for you must know that she had belonged to what was called "a good family" when young. And so master Richard, with his pauper clothes on, was found looking at some very lovely things; delicate wax flowers, such as you don't often see; bits of Swiss carving, done by her sailor brother; little histories, such as "Sing a song of sixpence," and "The three little pigs," cut out of long strips of paper, pourtraying all the thrilling incidents of those ancient chronicles; and many other objects of interest.

After he had exhausted these, and her scrap book, with its curious blue and gilt edges, and had heard a full and particular account of the interesting people whose vignettes on ivory she showed him, she led him to a corner of her chamber, and there, taking out a golden key, prepared to open a cabinet, "Now, Richard," said she, "remember what I am going to show you. I call this key Faith, and with it, I open four doors. The first door which is white, stands for Knowledge, and when I open it you shall read the inscription inside."

So little Richard mounted on a chair, spelled out bit by bit the inscription on the other side of the white door, and by degrees he read it all. And it ran thus:—

"Drunkenness makes bright minds stupider "than beasts; and through it, kind people, "who seem nearly to be angels, become vile and "wicked until they seem nearly to be devils. "Those who never take the drink can never fall "into drunkenness. But you cannot be sure of "others."

"Ah," said his guide, "that is true, that is true. Now look at the next door. There is red mixed with the white. The red stands for the resolution of the heart; and it runs in and out all through the white, because we should always take care that good resolutions follow on good knowledge. Now I'll open it."

Little Richard clapped his hands with joy, for as soon as it was opened a sweet chime of bells poured its rippling music into his ears.

"It will play seven minutes," said the lady.

"Why does it play *seven* minutes, aunty?" said the boy; for she had told him that he might call her by that name.

"Because, dear," she replied, "seven is the perfect number, and represents anything complete. So that you may take it to stand for all your life; and it means that if you resolve to keep from the drink, and carry out your resolution, it will make music all your life."

Richard now read the inscription on the back of the red and white door, and it was this;—

"I will never take the drink."

"That's a good thing to say, aunty," said the boy, "that's a very good thing. Shall I say it?"

"Open the next door and see," said the matron.

"Am I to open it myself?" asked Richard, who had never turned a key in his life before.

"Yes," answered the lady, "the gold key can't go wrong in that lock. It's not hard, like those other locks which you saw I had so much to do to get open; this opens at once."

"Aunty," said Richard with a sigh, and drawing nearer to her, "that's a more beautiful door than the others. It looks as if some one very good lived inside. I wonder it should be so easy to open."

"Yes," it's very beautiful, that lovely blue isn't in the other doors. The white for knowledge, and the red for resolution are here, but the blue is all round the red and in the middle of it. It stands for prayer. You see it climbs right up to the top and goes down to the bottom of the door, and flows all over it; and the keyhole is, all, that sweet rich blue. They tell me it is coloured exactly the colour of a Syrian sky, as it would look over Jerusalem, where Jesus prayed."

Richard now took the key and pressed it into the keyhole, when to his surprise, without turning the key at all, the door sprang open and held the key fast in the lock.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"To show you that your faith should *always* pray, and that you never can do without prayer all your life, if you are going to be kept safe from the drink."

"Now read the inscription."

Richard's beautiful little voice, more reverent than cathedral choir, read out the following words.

"He that would keep his resolution should, first and last, pray God to help him."

"If ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

The fourth door was of gold, with a border of white, red, and blue. The gold represented good action. This door opened to Richard's touch, for the golden key, in opening the door of prayer, had undone the fastening of the door of good action also. Within it lay, clear to view, on parchment bordered like the door with white of knowledge, red of resolution, and blue of prayer, some of the most beautiful writing in the world.

It was the Matron's Temperance Pledge written in gold letters, and bearing beneath what the little boy thought the sweetest earthly name, that of his loving friend the Workhouse Matron. It read thus:—

"I promise, depending on the help of God, never to take as a beverage, any intoxicating liquor. Help me, my Father, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. MARGARET RAY."

"Aunty," said the little fellow, "will you talk to me about it?"

The lady stroked her brown and grey hair slowly and pensively, and looked out toward the setting sun, as she thus began.

"My little Richard, when I was young and rich, I knew a dear friend whom I loved more than before I ever thought I could love, and he said that he loved me. I believe he did. You wouldn't understand all that I could tell you, which made me sure that he loved me very much. But I am sorry to say he had never taken a pledge against the drink, and among the young gentlemen with whom he associated, there were two who were very fond of it, and they persuaded my loved one to take it, and to take it often. Alas! he learned the habit fast enough; and the more he drank the duller, darker, sadder, became his life, until he became, I am sorry to say it, a very bad man indeed.

"One morning, I got a letter that nearly broke my heart. It told me that he was going to a distant land and would never see me again. It was the only promise to me that he kept. He is long since dead. About his death I know little, I hope he repented, but I know nothing.

"So sweet a heart as his would have made my life bliss, and might have blessed multitudes, but drink destroyed it at least during my knowledge of it, and I made up my mind, my boy, that what little good I could reach to, and what little good I could do, should never be blasted by drink, and so I took that teetotal pledge, and I have never seen cause to regret it.

"My little boy, I am sure it would make all my hair go grey if you were to take to the drink. Will you?"

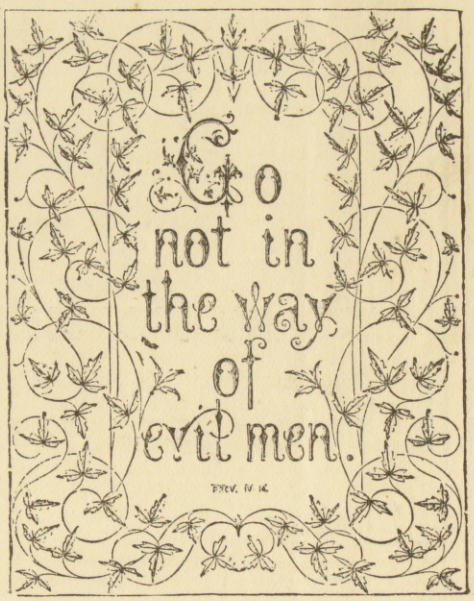
"Aunty," said the child, "I hate it, I will never take it, with the help of God."

"Kneel on my knees, Richard," said the matron, and folding his little hands, he said his evening prayer, and as it ended, the motherly ears were surprised to hear the artless lips slowly say:

"I promise, depending on the help of God, never to take as a beverage any intoxicating liquor. Help me, my Father, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. RICHARD PETERS."

"Amen!" said the lady, looking out to the evening star. And as she folded the little child in her arms, he laid his head on her shoulder and fell asleep. It was morning in his little crib when he waked, but the first thing he thought as he saw the vine leaves gleaming in the sunshine, was this: "Grapes for me, but no wine! I have taken the pledge."

Years rolled on happily, until Richard's time to launch into the world arrived. It was a sad morning for her, who had been a mother to him, to say good-bye to the lad, now grown up to be a strong, good and faithful youth. But it was not for long, for so rapid was his progress that, when the time came for the excellent matron to retire through increasing age, Mr. Richard Peters had got a pleasant home of his own, and the kindly foster-mother found there a happy retreat, made all the happier by her presence, and in one little chamber of it, a sacred corner held a cabinet, having four doors, and within the innermost lay two golden pledges, goldenly kept, one signed Margaret Ray, and the other Richard Peters.



# THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.

*Words written and adapted for this Work.*
*1st v. by* R. W., *2nd & 3rd vs. by* A. GREY.

*Music by* S. W. STRAUB.

*Moderato. mp*

Key G. | s, :s, | s,.m :r.d | l, :l, | l,.f :m.r | s, :d.m | s.l :s.m | d :r | m :—

1. Life's a road we all must tra - vel; Young or old our way we wend—
2. Some are walk - ing in the sha - dow, Some are walk - ing in the light;
3. Some are bear - ing hea - vy cross - es, Some are wear - ing wreaths of flow'rs;

| s, :s, | s,.m :r.d | l, :l, | l,.f :m.r | s, :d.m | s.l :s.m | d :r | d :—

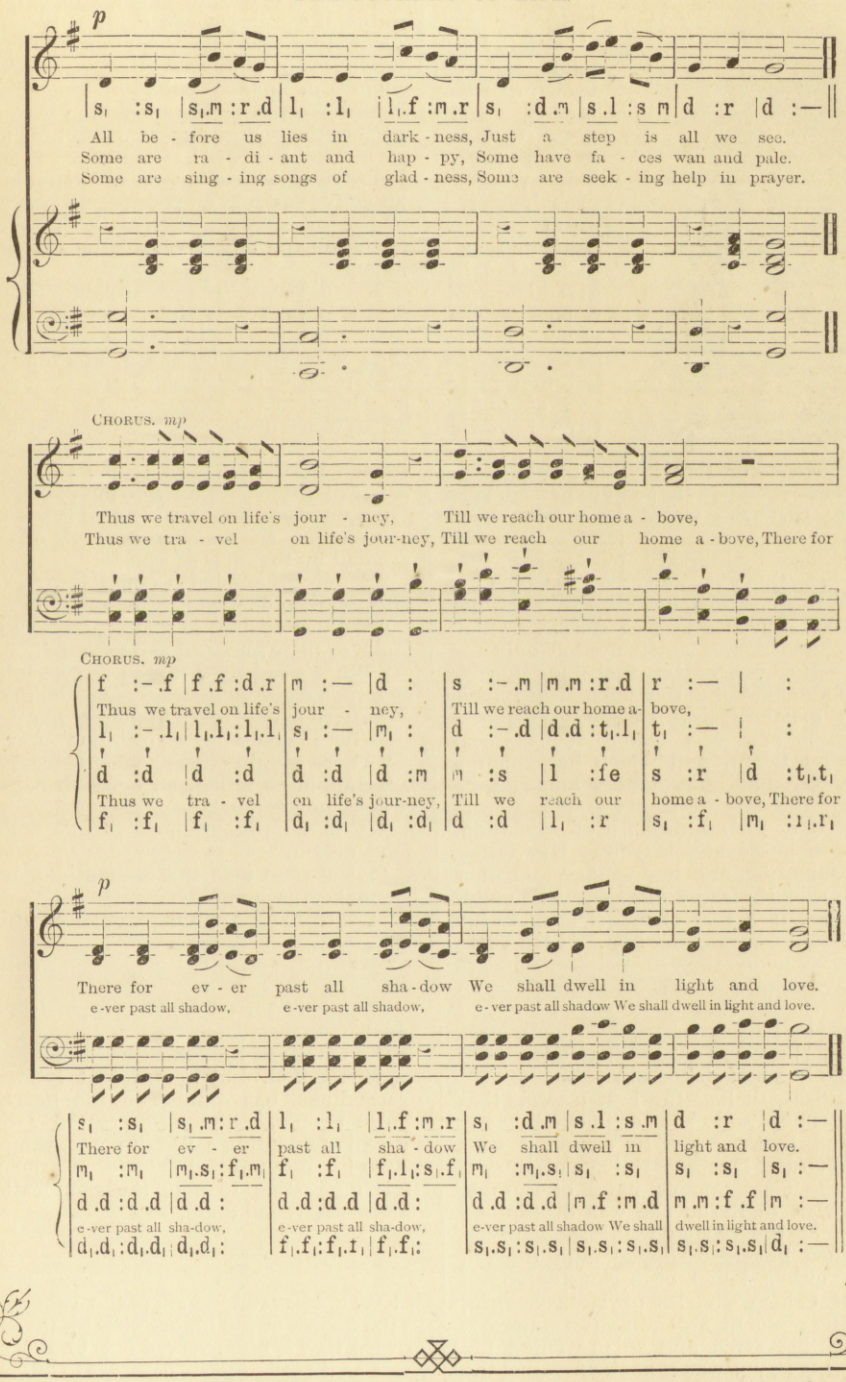
Pil - grims to a far - off coun - try—Press - ing for - ward to the end.
Some have eyes all dimmed with weep - ing, Some with joy are clear and bright.
Some with whom the years pass quick - ly, Some who count the wea - ry hours.

*p*

| m :m | m.f :m.r | d :d | d.r :d.t, | l, :l, | l,.d :t,.l, | s,.d :r.m | r :

Rough or smooth may be the jour - ney, Near or far the goal may be,
Some are walk - ing on the moun - tain, Some are walk - ing in the vale,
Some have hearts all gay and glad - some, Some have hearts o'er - run with care;

# THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.



# THE GIRLS' CORNER.

By JANET ARMYTAGE.



THE visit to England of the Queen of Roumania will again call attention to a lady who is probably the most highly cultivated and exceptionally gifted of all women of royal race of this generation—so far, that is to say, as literature is concerned. Had "Carmen Sylva"—for that is the name under which she writes—been a poorer person, the chances are that she would have been even more famous than she now is, for it would then have been necessary to correct that diffuseness of thought and style, which is not indeed the leading characteristic of her work, but, certainly, its leading defect. There are some of her sketches which needed only the *labor limae*—the use of the polishing file so wisely recommended by the ancient—to have made them masterpieces. Elizabeth, Princess of Neuwied, is one of a race that has been remarkable for talent, and which has counted poets, painters, and philosophers amongst its ranks before the advent of "Carmen Sylva." She was born in an atmosphere of education, and also of sickness and sorrow. Her father died of consumption, and her youngest brother was stricken with the same disease. The children were placed in a sort of model farm, in the hope—alas! vain—of rescuing him. At ten years old, she one day joined the procession of scholars to the village school at Rodenbach, and sang so well and so heartily that another girl stopped the songstress by putting a hand over her mouth. There at least she could sing with an energy not allowed in the home of sickness.

Princess Elizabeth had the best masters that were to be had, and has conquered many languages and literatures. In company with her aunt, the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, she visited the most famous parts of Europe. When on a visit to Berlin she was descending the staircase of the palace with her habitual swiftness, when her foot slipped, and the fall would have either killed or seriously injured her, had not Prince Charles of Hohenzollern, who was at the moment ascending the staircase, caught her in his arms and so prevented the disaster. In this way it was that she first met the gallant and accomplished man who in 1868 became her husband. When he was called upon to rule over Roumania, she knew how, by her unaffected interest in their welfare, her simple and natural manners, to win the hearts of a people whose traditions she adopted, and whose national sentiment she made a powerful instrument for bringing them under the highest influences of culture. There is no more popular picture in Roumania than the photograph which represents the Queen dressed in the picturesque garb of the peasant women, and bearing a distaff in her hand. She has made it the emblem of industry in a new sense, and has herself taken an active share in all good works for the benefit of her subjects, and especially in the efforts put forth for the advantage of the women of Roumania.

She did not become an authoress until the death of her only child, and then sought for relief from sorrow in the exercise of creative art. She writes in English, in French, in Roumanian, as well as in her native German. There is considerable variety in her literary essays, which range over the realm of poetry and fiction. Less known in this country are her *Pensées*, written in French and issued eight years ago. A few of these may interest my readers.

"Study the body, for the soul is not far off."

"Women are bad by the fault of men; men are bad by the fault of women."

"A misunderstood woman is a woman who misunderstands."

"Women combat in their children the special faults of their husband and his family."

"What a sad sight it is to see a child serving as a refuge and protection for its mother."

"There is only one happiness—duty."

"There is only one consolation—work."

"There is only one enjoyment—beauty."

"Happiness is like an echo—it responds, but it does not come."

"It is happiness enough to be able to do a good action."

"Misfortune may make us proud, but suffering makes us humble."

"White hairs are the foam-spots which cover the sea after a tempest."

"Man is never tired of his life; only of himself."

"There is Virtue which is repulsive, and Vice which is attractive."

The Queen of Roumania by her attendance at the Eisteddfod, and her evident interest in the proceedings, has quite won the hearts of the Welsh people. She was created a bard, but instead of adopting a Welsh name, she prefers to retain her original pen name of "Carmen Sylva." It is interesting to note the signification of the name—"A Wood Song."

FATAL MISTAKE.—Among the causes so fatal to the health of the higher classes, the allowance of wine that is often served out to the children, short as it may appear, deserves to be considered as not the least considerable.—*Dr. Beddoes.*

# A Visit to a Burton Brewery.

By J. J. RIDGE, M.D., B.A., B.Sc.
*Physician to the London Temperance Hospital.*

A SHORT time ago I paid a visit to a large brewery at Burton-on-Trent, in company with several other medical men, and I will try to give my young readers some idea of what I saw on the occasion.

Burton-on-Trent is famous for its breweries. There we find the gigantic establishments of Messrs. Bass and Co., Messrs. Allsopp and Co. and nearly forty others of smaller size and lesser repute. Nearly every one is directly or indirectly concerned in brewing, or supplying those who brew. Nevertheless, there are, as of old, some who have not bowed the knee to Baal, staunch teetotalers in the midst of the votaries of Bacchus.

A big brewery is an impressive, though a saddening sight. One cannot help thinking of the brain-maddening, soul-deadening streams which pour forth thence by millions of gallons in all directions, to brutalise men and women in this life, and hurry them to a drunkard's eternity.

Here we see an immense amount of trouble taken to turn useful food into useless and worse than useless brain-poison, men, blinded by self-interest, willing to work at a trade which will infallibly blast the lives and homes of thousands.

My readers doubtless know that before the brewer begins his operations, the barley has passed through the hands of the *maltster*, who has steeped it and spread it out to grow or sprout, and has then roasted it and sifted it, so that it comes to the brewer as dry swollen grains of malt, containing a good deal of sugary stuff, besides the husk, and some of the albuminous portions of the seed. The brewer wants that sugar and does not want the rest, and all his efforts are directed to getting a clear fermented liquid free from albuminous matter.

In order to get the sugar out of the malt, it has first to be *crushed*. They do not want to grind it to powder, else it could not be easily strained off. The malt is taken to a top floor by elevators, and then falls into a *hopper*, that is, a wooden vessel with four sides sloping inwards, so that there is a wide square opening at the top, and a small hole at the bottom, in fact, it is a square wooden funnel. From this, it runs out a bushel at a time, each bushel being registered automatically on a dial, so that the brewer knows exactly how much malt he is using. Then the malt is raised again by elevators and is conducted through sifters to a crushing machine. It passes between smooth steel rollers, which are just sufficiently separated to break the grains. Thence the broken grains pass into a long covered pipe, which goes along the floor of an immense room, 120 feet, or 130 feet long. This is a few yards from the side of the room. When it gets near the end it turns at right angles, and a second time also, so as to return near the other side, making a figure like the upper half of a capital H, including the cross line. Inside this pipe there is a screw throughout its whole length, and this, as it turns round, carries along the crushed grain from the mill. Every few yards there is an opening in this pipe, through which a man in charge can let out the malt when it is wanted. Each of these side outlets is situated just over a large mash-tun on the floor below.

On the lower floor, in a room about 130 feet long and 60 broad, there were eight large circular vats called "mash tuns." The crushed malt falls from the floor above into a "hopper," and at the bottom of this it falls into a *mixer*, into which hot water can be turned on, and the malt and water are carried on by an Archimedian screw through a pipe into the mash tun. The hot water comes from four immense coppers in an adjacent copper-house. These are domed copper vessels, each capable of holding 300 barrels or 10,800 gallons. They are heated by immense furnaces, supplied with coal, in the brewery in question, by self-feeding apparatus.

Each mash tun is circular and about ten feet in diameter. It has a wooden cover and a false wooden bottom perforated with small holes, so as to strain off the grains when the mashing is done. Sixty quarters of malt are run into each mash tun with twice as much water—five barrels of water to each quarter of malt. The malt and water are allowed to soak for two hours and a half at a certain temperature, and then the liquor or "wort" is drawn off from below. More hot water is then let in through a revolving tube with holes in it, which sprinkles the water over the surface as from a watering can. This also is drawn off after a time, and the wort from both mashings is run into large open coppers and is boiled with hops for two or three hours, or a little longer for strong ale. This process has to be watched to prevent the decoction from boiling over. When it has boiled enough it is run off into a very large tank called a "hop-back." There were ten of the large copper boilers, each heated by steam, and holding one hundred barrels of 36 gallons. The hop-back could hold three copperfuls. It had a perforated bottom so that the boiled wort and hop-liquor can be run off. The hops left behind are pressed in square boxes lined with copper by hydraulic pressure, and are sold for manure.

The "grains" left behind in the mash-tun after the wort has been drawn off, are let out of the tun at the bottom and fall into a shoot with an arrangement which allows one quarter to pass at a time, by which they are measured. They fall into wagons and are carted away to feed cattle.

The boiling liquor now has to be cooled, and for this purpose it is pumped up into a large room open on nearly every side, so that a current of air is constantly blowing through, the rain being kept out by wooden "louvres," something like very large fixed venetian blinds. The floor of this room is not level, but is arranged in three divisions, in the first third it slopes towards one side and the boiling liquor is allowed to flow down in a wide shallow stream about two inches deep, to the other; there it is turned aside and flows back along the middle third to the other side in the

same way; here, once more, it is turned into the final third and flows back again to the other side. Steam ascends from it in volumes, and this may often be noticed pouring out from the windows of a brewery. By the time it gets to the end of the slopes, it is in ordinary weather sufficiently cool, but in very hot weather other apparatus has to be used.

There are several forms of cooling apparatus, but the principle of all is the same, namely, to expose as large a surface as possible on a metal plate, the other side being kept cool by running water. In one form there are many concentric cylinders so arranged that the beer, as it enters at the circumference, overflows into the next, and so on, until it gets to the centre. Cold water circulates through a quarter of a mile of pipes so arranged that it enters at the centre, flows into the next, and so on, until it reaches the circumference. The liquor enters very hot, and leaves cold, while on the other hand the water enters cold and leaves nearly boiling.

From this cooling room, the liquor runs down into fermenting vats, which are generally large tubs. The size varies in different breweries, but the most economical are large vessels about ten feet high, and about nine or ten feet in diameter, only half their height appearing above ground. These vats are filled about half full of the liquor at a regulated temperature, and yeast added, the quantity varying from one to five pounds a barrel, according to circumstances. The vats hold about 120 barrels, so that 50 or 60 are put in. It soon begins to work, foam appearing on the top, and gradually filling the vat, and even pouring over sometimes. Large quantities of carbonic acid gas are given off, but as the room is open on all sides, it is soon blown away. In this brewery there were 50 of these immense vats in one room, and 140 smaller vats in an adjacent one. The liquor gains in heat as it ferments, and loses in density, that is, becomes thinner in proportion, and it has to attain a certain degree of heat.

The fermented beer, which now contains more or less alcohol and has become intoxicating, is run down into a very large number of casks lying on their sides in long rows. There were 1,100 of these casks, each capable of holding 162 gallons. They are filled from a trough which runs along over them, and when full, a pipe about two inches in diameter is fitted to the upper side, and curves over at the top. The yeast continues to work, and rises through the pipe, and falls out of the curved neck at the top into another long trough. This yeast is collected for use in the fermenting vats, some of it being dried and selling as "German dried yeast." When the yeast ceases to come off, the casks are filled up again with water, which stirs up a fresh production of yeast, and this goes on till the liquor in the casks is quite bright.

The beer is now run off into another series of large casks holding 4½ gallons, with pipes running through them, through which hot or cold water can be run as required, so as to keep the beer at the same temperature. There were 1,422 of these casks arranged in several rows in a room 420 feet long. Thence it goes into large square tanks to settle, the settlings or "finings" being collected and mixed with the pressed hops for manure.

From these squares the finished beer is run off into barrels from which it is drawn as required. These barrels were in the basement of the building, 480 feet long, and numbered 35,000! The fining process is hastened if necessary by the addition of a little gelatine, which is principally derived from the skins of soles, which fishmongers keep and sell for the purpose.

Such is the arrangement of a large brewery, and there are many such belching forth their poisonous liquor to debauch mankind and render desolate and wretched many a home which might have been happy and prosperous. In another paper we will say a little more about the chemistry and results of the process.

## A GOOD HARVEST.

IT was harvest time, and the weather was hot and the work was hard. For many years past, when this season of the year had come to the home of Charles Wilson, it had brought good wages, but had done the family little good, for much of the money had gone in drink. The eldest boy, Charles Edward, was now able to go to work; the three youngest children were at school. All these children belonged to the Band of Hope. The mother proposed that as Ted (for so the eldest boy was called) was a teetotaler, she and the father should do without any beer or strong drink during harvest time, it would help to keep the lad out of temptation, and it saved money.

This was agreed to, and into the warm fields, bright with the golden grain and blazing sunshine, went these three, father, mother, and son, from early morn to dewy eve, to work through the long hours. Mrs. Wilson provided cold tea in the stone jar that used to be filled with "fourpenny."

The first day was very trying, the cutting, binding, and placing in shocks is back-breaking work beneath a broiling sun, with the sweat pouring down till the limbs tremble and ache from the continued exertion. But the three bravely toiled on through heat and thirst without any intoxicants.

Many of their neighbours and friends laughed at them, and said if there was any time when one required beer, it was at harvesting. With so much hard work in the open air, it could do no one any harm.

They did not like to be the laughing stock of all, though they said to themselves, "laughs broke no bones." The farmer, the next day, put them in a field by themselves, to see if the three abstainers really did as well as those to whom he sent round beer at eleven o'clock in the morning, and at four in the afternoon. The farmer



watched the experiment with interest, and continued to keep them separate from the others who took strong drink, to try who did the most and best work for the whole week.

Day after day, the record was taken, it improved daily, and, when the week had expired, it was found that the teetotal husband, wife, and son had not only beaten the general average of beer drinker's work, but had done more than any three put together.

This continued till the end of harvest, when the three abstainers had more money to draw than any other three, by reason of the work done; having spent nothing in drink, they had saved more than anyone. They were in better health and strength than when they began. When the harvest home supper was held, they were better off than any of their friends who had laughed at them at first.

The farmer gave them, as a prize, the money value of his beer that he reckoned had been saved by their not taking their share. He said the experiment had taught them all a good lesson. The Wilsons had found the secret of making the most of a poor harvest; the farmer had learnt that neither man, woman, nor lads needed any beer to make them do a good day's work. Therefore, in future, he should never give away beer at harvest time to any of the labourers; he would supply any with cold tea who wished, and divide the difference saved between the beer and tea, as a bonus, at the end of the harvest. Moreover, the example set them had shown all observers that economy and Temperance went together, besides helping all of them to be sober and respectable.

The experiment proved indeed successful, the Wilsons never went back to drinking any intoxicants after this. The farmer kept his word, and no more beer was given at hay or wheat harvest. It broke down the custom afterwards in many neighbouring farms. This one resolve did much more than anyone can tell, because it showed clearly to many a poor family how to make the best of harvest, and so doing, seeds of good influence were sown for another and a better harvest in the days to come.

## "My Presence shall go with thee."

J. J. Lane.

THE promises of God are unchangeably divine,
Blest source of consolation, by Royal birthright thine;
And this the promise, golden, that bids thy doubtings cease,
"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee peace."

Thy path may have its sunless noon, did He not know the same?
Did He not suffer cruel wrongs, unkindnesses and shame?
For thee His own redeemed one, did He not suffer loss?
And all the nameless agony, and sorrow of the Cross.

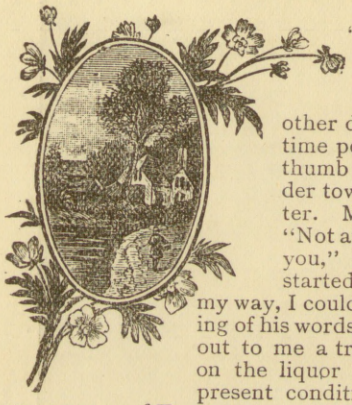
"My presence shall go with thee"—That each succeeding day,
From Him thou mayest gather grace, to wrestle, watch, and pray,
To overcome the Tempter, and break his iron rod,
With—"Get behind me, Satan, nor tempt the Lord thy God."

"My presence shall go with thee"—Thy feet be swift to bear,
The message of salvation to sinners anywhere;
Thy lips be sanctified to speak the message full and free,
Which He, the ever-present One, anon will give to thee.

"My presence shall go with thee"—Thy never-failing Friend,
Thy Wisdom, Strength and Glory, thy Surety to the end;
And when in "many mansions," praise doth thy lips employ,
His presence shall *be* with thee, an everlasting joy.

# "Going Down, Sir?"

E. Dawson King.



"GOING down, sir?" said the guard of a tram car to me the other day, at the same time pointing with his thumb over his shoulder towards Manchester. My answer was, "Not at present, thank you," and the tram started. As I went on my way, I could not help thinking of his words, which opened out to me a train of thought on the liquor traffic and its present condition after fifty-seven years of Temperance work among adults, and forty-four years Band of Hope work.

The late esteemed Mr. Joseph Livesey once said that when the total abstinence movement began, in 1832, he and others of his fellow-workers believed that the last public-house sign would be down in Preston in about seven years from the commencement of the movement, and the teetotalers made arrangements to store away the signs in a yard until the last one came down, and then they would make a great bonfire of the lot. But there are more public-house signs *up* in Preston to-day than there were then, even allowing for the increase of population; but, in spite of this fact, all true Temperance reformers believe that the drink trade must "go down," and there are many signs of the times in this direction to strengthen them in their belief.

The Temperance cause is steadily "going up" in the estimation of the people, and herein lies our hope that, by the steady, plodding work done by our Temperance organisations, a strong public opinion is being formed which will demand the overthrow of drinkdom throughout the land. Nearly everybody now-a-days can see that we have not only to persuade people to abstain, but that the strong arm of the law must be used to prevent men making what Mr. Justice Grantham has called, "Unholy profits out of this horrid traffic." Every Band of Hope boy and girl knows that the way to influence the law is to influence the members of Parliament, who are the law-makers; and in various parts of the country, men who have been trained in the Band of Hope, and others also, are forming themselves into what are called "Temperance Electoral Associations," and pledging themselves to vote only for those men to go to Parliament who will give the people power to say whether or not they want drink shops where they live; and if they do not want them, then none must be allowed to exist in their locality. "But supposing that in a certain neighbourhood where there are now a lot of drink-shops, the people decide to have none, what will he done with those that are there now?" some one asks.

Well, I will come to that by giving the following facts:—One morning, as I was going to town, I overtook a fine, bright-eyed boy of about thirteen years of age, who was going to work. We knew each other; and as we walked along we talked about music, of which he was an ardent young student. Presently the conversation turned to total abstinence, and I said to him, "By the way, you are a pledged abstainer; are you not?" "Oh yes," he replied, "I belong to a Band of Hope Society;" and I soon gathered from him sufficient to show me that, young as he was, he had sensible and substantial reasons for his teetotalism. But I found also that on another aspect of our movement he was quite astray, as many other boys and girls are—and even some adults are—and I made the discovery in the following way: We were approaching a building which had the roof stripped off, and workmen were engaged in taking down the walls. The building had for years been a drink-shop, known as the "Half-way House," and, as we were about to pass, my young friend said, "There is one going down, sir, and I think it would be a good thing for England if all the public-houses were knocked down, wouldn't it?" Well, I replied, we will have a few words on that question. In the first place, they are taking that building down to put in foundations for another and larger building for the same purpose, so that there will not really be one drinking place less in number. But, apart from this, I want you to understand, my dear boy, that it is a mistake for you or any one else to suppose that the Temperance Party, if they could prohibit the drink-traffic, would then want to destroy valuable property by knocking down the building where drink had been sold. We have no fault to find with the building, we would not take a slate from the roof nor a brick from the walls, nor smash a single pane of glass. Nothing that could be used for right purposes need be destroyed. All that would be insisted upon by prohibitionists would be that intoxicating drinks should not be sold there.

The houses could be made into what they ought to be, according to the preamble to the fourth Act passed in the reign of James II., in 1604, which reads as follows: 'The ancient, true, and principal use of ale houses was for the lodging of wayfaring people, and for the supply of the wants of such as were not able by greater quantities to make their provisions of victuals, and not for entertainment and harbouring of lewd and idle people, to spend their money and their time in a lewd and drunken manner.' When Temperance men talk about closing drink-shops, they simply mean closing them so far as the sale of intoxicants is concerned, but the houses could be left open for the sale of any good and proper articles which the people might want to buy. There are about 180,000 drink shops in the United Kingdom, and if after prohibitory laws were passed, there were not sufficient business for all these to be kept going as true

licensed victuallers, who would provide "entertainment for man and beast," then other businesses could be carried on in the premises. By the liquor-traffic "going down," crime, pauperism, lunacy, and the high death rate would go down also, to a very great extent indeed, and the demand for clothing, furniture, and other manufactured goods would go up and cause general trade to flourish, and what is of far greater importance, our national character would be improved, for sobriety will tend to righteousness and "righteousness exalteth a nation." Anyone can see the difference in the circumstances and prospects of the men who forsake the shop of the tradesman for the drink-shop, and just in proportion to the quantity of drink used, so may it be truthfully said of the drinker, you are "going down, sir." Let us then try to save the people from the downward course of drinking and drunkenness, by persuading them not only to sign the pledge of abstinence and keep it, but to agitate for the legal suppression of the liquor-traffic and the removal of temptations to evil. Then we shall find—

> "Sovereign law, the state's collected will,
> High over thrones and globes elate
> Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill."

## How to Break the Chain.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

A MAN once said to me: "I was a pretty hard case; my wife used to be afraid of me, and my children used to run away when I came in the house; it was but a word and a blow, and then a kick. When I put my name on the Temperance pledge, the thought came across my mind, I wonder what my wife will say to this? Then I thought if I went in and told her all of a hurry, it might make her faint. Another time I would have gone home and knocked her down and kicked her up again. Now, I was going home thinking how I could break it to my wife and not hurt her! So I made up my mind I would break it to her easy. I got to the door, I saw her leaning over the embers of the fire; she didn't look up; I suppose she expected a blow or a curse as usual, and I said, 'Mary!' she didn't turn; I said, 'Mary!' 'Well, Dick, what is it?' I said, 'Mary!' 'Well, what is it?' 'Can not you guess, Mary?' And she looked round at me, her face was so white! 'I say, Mary.' 'Well?' 'I have been to the meeting, and have put my name down on the pledge, and taken my oath that I never will take another drop.' She was on her feet in a minute. She didn't faint away, poor soul; and, as I held her, I didn't know but she was dead, and I began to cry. She opened her eyes, and got her arm around my neck, and pulled me down on my knees; the first time I remember going on my knees since I was a boy; and said: 'O God, bless my poor husband;' and I said, 'Amen.' And she said, 'Help him to keep that pledge,' and I said, 'Amen.'"

I do not say that you can not abstain unless you become a Christian; but, I say this, within my experience, that nine out of ten who try it, fail. A gentleman I know, got so far abased, that he could drink a quart of brandy a day; how he stood it, no one knows; a man of strong constitution, splendid physique, but he drank his quart a day. He had a lovely wife and three boys, and one day he said to his wife: "Come, my dear, and sit on my knee." She came, and then she said: "If my husband didn't drink, I would be the happiest woman in Canada." "Well," he said, "my dear, I married you to make you happy, and I ought to do everything to make you happy; and if that will make you happy, I will never drink another drop as long as I live." That was seven years ago, and he has never tasted a drop from that day to this. That man had a mighty will; but I want to tell you something else. Walking with him up Young Street one day, he said: "You see that red saloon. I have gone two blocks out of my way, many a time, to keep out of the way of that. When I come in sight of it, and begin to feel queer, I turn right down Front Street; but since I have got the grace of God in my heart, I can go right past that place, and if I find the slightest inclination to enter, I can ejaculate the prayer, God help me, and I go right along." The first was a risk; the second was absolute security and safety.

I say to reformed men, your hope is in Jesus to keep yourself unspotted. Touch not, taste not, handle not, meddle not with it. Men say to me: "Have you this appetite?" I don't know. My daily prayer is, "God help me to avoid the test." Although it is thirty-five years since I signed the pledge, I will not put to my lips intoxicating wines at the communion table. I have not, and I never will. I have known cases of fearful falling from the first swallow; because drunkenness is a disease. A good Christian man said to me: "Three weeks ago, I had the most awful struggle against my appetite," and a gentleman said to me the other night, "God bless you, I am fighting an awful hard battle." I said, "Do you feel secure?" "Secure in Jesus." Oh! I tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that is the strength of the movement to-day.

A NEEDLESS LUXURY.—"Intoxicating liquors are not essential to health. They repair none of the losses the body is constantly undergoing. They furnish us with no new supplies to replace the material to the human frame, the fluid so indispensable to life, the vital heat, and the force we are ever losing. Man's power to work, both with brain and muscle, is not increased, but rather diminished by drinking. Alcohol is not a necessity, but at the best a needless luxury, never to be indulged in but at a certain risk."—*Norman Kerr, Esq., M.D.*

# Pebbles and Pearls.

BEG not a long life, but a good one.

THE man who feels certain that he will not succeed is seldom mistaken.

NEVER fight with a sweep; you cannot blacken him, but he may blacken you.

"PAPA, what is this colour they call invisible blue?" "It's the blue on a policeman's uniform when there's a row on hand."

IT is not just as we take it.
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.

PRECOCIOUS infant—"I think grammar's very easy, mother. I know all about singler and pureal." Proud mamma—"Do you, dear? That's very clever! Perhaps you can tell me the plural of 'sugar?'" Precocious infant (after reflection)—"Why, lumps, of course!"

A GENTLEMAN had a board put up on a part of his land, on which was written:—"I will give this field to any one who is really contented;" and when an applicant came, he asked, "Are you contented?" The general answer was, "I am;" and his reply invariably was, "Then what do you want with my field?"

WE quite approve of the conduct of the gentleman who administered so fitting a rebuke to one of those rather "forward" beauties that are so ready to sell their smiles and signatures at fancy bazaars. One of these fashionable "beauties" was dispensing tea. The "gentleman" ordered a cup, and asked the price. "One shilling," was the reply, and the shilling was paid accordingly. On handing the gentleman the cup, the lady raised it to her ruby lips, and then observed that the price was now a sovereign. The "gentleman" laid down a sovereign, saying to the "beauty"—Be good enough to give me a *clean* cup!"

THERE is no period of life more important, from an hygienic point of view, than the age between twelve and twenty-one, for, as Dr. Hector George points out, it is between these years that the skeleton and the brain take their definite form. It is then that an abundance of exercise will facilitate development; it is during this period that deformities are so easily contracted. Stooping, for instance, from leaning over work. or writing at a too low desk, crooked shoulders or hips from carrying weights always on one side, or from allowing pupils to sit crookedly at their work. But now, happily, there is open to everybody that splendid antidote to deformity—gymnastics. It is the same thing with the brain—everything in a man's life depends on the impressions he receives in his youth; his surroundings must be refined and clever if it is wished that his mind may also become so. In the words of Dr. George, what is wanted is "An upright mind in an upright body."—*The Hospital.*

JUST put that back where you took it from, as the Irish lass said when a young man took a kiss from her lips.

A COBBLER brought before a Californian justice for drunkennesss, and after having the usual fine imposed upon him, asked the judge if he kept "a shlate?"

EPICURUS says: "By means of others we can only obtain a certain amount of felicity, but there is an art for commanding its full sources in ourselves; this consists in simplifying our wants, in dispensing with superfluities, and contenting ourselves with necessaries.

NOT TOO NICE.—He thought he might express his long-held opinion, and which he thought he might express with some authority after fifteen years' experience as a judge, that most of the crimes of violence proceeded either directly or indirectly from drunkenness. It was the duty of all who valued the prosperity of the country to strive to diminish and put an end to this vice of drunkenness, and in doing this they must not be too nice about it.—*Justice Mellor.*

## PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—The League Journal—Temperance Record—Juvenile Rechabite—Reformer—Western Temperance Herald—Bond of Union—Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Graham's Temperance Worker—Methodist Temperance Magazine—True Templar—Railway Signal—Vegetarian Messenger—Sunday Closing Reporter, &c.

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# ALFRED.

By LOUIE SLADE,

*Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care."*

## CHAPTER XI.—From Boyhood to Manhood.

*"Let others write of battles fought*
*On bloody, ghastly fields,*
*Where honour greets the man who wins,*
*And death the man who yields:*
*But I will sing of him who fights*
*And vanquishes his sins,*
*Who struggles on through weary years*
*Against himself, and wins."*
—Onward Reciter.



WHEN Amy presently came in from her visit to the hospital, she brought no cheering report. Reuben was still unconscious, and the doctors gave but slight hope of his recovery.

That was a sad Sabbath day. The natural sorrow and anxiety, consequent upon such an affliction, was intensified tenfold by the fact that Reuben had brought it upon himself, and that he was unprepared for another world. When Mr. Granlyn was called away so suddenly, those left behind thought no trial could be more severe, but it had lacked the sting and bitterness of this.

And they all prayed, though silently, that Reuben might not be taken without a return to consciousness, but that at least a reprieve might be granted for repentance and prayer.

Alf's sorrow was mingled with remorse—remorse for his tardy forgiveness.

But a merciful hand was stretched out to draw Reuben from the brink of the eternity into which his folly and recklessness had almost plunged him, and he began to recover.

Alf felt very strange and nervous the first time he found himself within the precincts of the hospital. The sight of so much suffering depressed him, and when he reached Reuben's bed, he was startled and shocked by the alteration which had taken place, although Sissie's words ought to have prepared him for it; Reuben's injuries being chiefly on the head and face, he did indeed look ghastly.

Nor did he appear at all softened by his illness, and showed no pleasure at the visit. It was some time before Alf could summon courage to utter the words of contrition that were trembling on his lips, and when he did, Reuben, with an impatient gesture, cut him short.

It was trying, to have his attempt at reconciliation received in such a spirit, and although Reuben lay there so weak and ill, Alf had some difficulty in checking his natural vexation. Yet he succeeded in doing so—not of himself, but by the help of God, who has promised to be our strength.

Directly Reuben was said to be out of danger, the attention of the family turned to the subject of Amy's marriage. Walter urged that there was no need of further delay, but Amy wavered and hesitated, not liking to leave her friends in such trouble. Her mother, however, with characteristic unselfishness, begged that she would not postpone it on this account, while the bridegroom elect pleaded his loneliness with such success that Amy yielded, and the necessary preparations were begun at once.

There was certainly no time to lose, and perhaps the hurry and bustle consequent upon such a hasty arrangement were good both for the mother and daughters, since it allowed little leisure for thought.

On the evening preceding the wedding-day, Alf ran over for a brief visit, as he frequently did now, since the opportunities of enjoying Amy's society were growing so few, and having an errand into the town, she walked part of the way back with him. Her chief motive was that she wanted a confidential talk, of which there was little chance indoors; the whole house being, as she said, turned topsy-turvy.

"Alfie," she said gravely, "I want you to promise me something."

"Yes, what is it?" he asked, wondering what promise she could possibly require from him.

"That you will see to mother. She is getting an old woman now, not so much from years as from trouble, and it seems so cruel of me to leave her, and yet—"

"But what can *I* do, Amy?" broke in Alf. "I'm only a boy."

"My dear Alf, you will soon be grown up; in a very few years at the most. It is a comfort to know mother will have someone to depend on."

"She won't need me, she has Reuben and Sis."

"Sis is a girl, and as for Reu—O, Alfie, how nice it would be if he were only different. I did hope that he would be if he got better, but I'm afraid he won't, and that it'll break mother's heart in the end."

They were silent for a few moments, then Amy said again—

"I am so sorry he won't be friendly with you, but you won't let him keep you from mother and Sis, will you?"

"No," answered Alf gravely, as if he understood he was making a promise that involved a good deal.

"Thanks! You don't know what a weight it has taken off my mind. I am afraid he may be rather disagreeable, and perhaps try to hinder your coming home, for since he has taken to

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drinking, and going on as he does, he wants to tyrannise over us all. I wish I were not going so far away, but I hope it may not be for so very long."

"I hope not," echoed Alf, a little drearily.

"If things were going on all right, it would not be so hard," resumed Amy, "but mother has had such a struggle to make ends meet for the last few years. You see taking lodgers is very precarious, it would answer very well if the rooms were always let, and people were punctual in their payments; but there is the risk, and our front floor has been vacant now for a long time. The rent of the house is high, too, to say nothing of the taxes. Still, we might have done pretty well if it had not been for Reu, he is so extravagant; mother has paid his debts several times. And his illness will be a great expense, for he is in no benefit society. I thought if I were in London, I might be able to help, if trouble should come; but now I shall be so far away, and I'm afraid they will try to keep all knowledge of it from me."

"I can't see how I could possibly be of any use to Aunt," said Alf thoughtfully, "but, of course, I would do anything I could."

"Yes, I am sure of that. I am glad mother will have one son to rely upon."

His bosom swelled with pleasure at these words. Amy, at least, had fully taken him back into the old relationship.

After this, the conversation took a graver turn; Alf mentioned what had taken place the Sabbath morning on which he heard of Reuben's accident, and Amy, who herself had lately begun to walk in the "narrow path," was pleased and thankful.

This was their last confidential chat, for the following day afforded little opportunity for private conversation.

The wedding was a very quiet one, the only guests being the nearest relatives of the respective families. Reuben, although he had been out of the hospital for a week past, was too unwell to bear much noise. Indeed, very few were inclined to be festive, for the impending separation threw a gloom over the whole party, and perhaps Reuben was not far wrong when he ironically declared that it was more like a funeral than a wedding.

Very soon it was all over, the last fond, lingering adieu had been spoken, and Amy and Walter were travelling to their home on the other side of the Atlantic.

The following days were very trying ones to Mrs. Granlyn and Sis, especially with Reuben on their hands. Perhaps he, too, missed his sister, and being weak and unfit for exertion, was more fretful and irritable than he would have been under other circumstances, though Sis attributed his ill-temper to another cause.

It was wearisome to lie on the sofa from morning till night, unable even to read, and Reuben spoke of it as a terrible misfortune, apparently forgetting that it was the result of his own fault. He was very impatient and exacting, and Sis sometimes quite lost patience with him, and reminded him in plain terms of the cause of his accident.

"It isn't that you mind lying there," she said, one day, "or that you're in such dreadful pain as you'd have us believe; the fact is, you want to be at the drink again. Do you think I didn't hear you ask the doctor, only this morning, if you might have a little wine? And he said not unless you wanted to make yourself worse. And they told you at the hospital it was a great wonder you got better."

Reuben's rejoinder was a polite notice to the effect that he would "thank her to hold her tongue."

Although Sis was undoubtedly fond of her brother, they did not agree very well, and now Amy had gone, there was no one to act as peace-maker. The mother would look troubled, and say, "Hush! Hush!" but both Reuben and Sis were naturally quick tempered, and just now rather sorely tried.

It was no doubt the truth, as Sis asserted, that Reuben's ill-humour was caused in a great measure by his enforced abstinence; but his sufferings were none the less acute on this account. I suppose only those who have acquired a strong liking for intoxicants can fully understand the power of the appetite. Certainly, Alf sympathised far more truly with Reuben at this time than Sis did, although he dared not show it. But he hoped that having been an abstainer so long from compulsion, Reuben might eventually become one from choice; a hope, however, that was disappointed.

During his confinement to the house, Reuben, no doubt, made many good resolutions — he would give up his bad companions, sever his connection with the bicycle club, and be more moderate in the use of strong drink. He was not indifferent to his mother's care-worn anxious face, or the fact that they were in straits, while the thought of the doctor's bill weighed heavily on his mind. But he was naturally reserved, and spoke to no one, either of his regrets for the past or intentions for the future. It would have been well for him if, though he had no earthly confidant, he had poured his repentance and prayers into the ear of the Heavenly Father, who is always ready to give forgiveness for the past, and help and encouragement for the future. But Reuben sought neither earthly help nor Divine.

When able to mingle again with the busy world outside, his good resolutions were soon broken, the old charms held him as firmly as ever, nay, firmer, and he went on more recklessly than before. To be sure his sober moments were haunted by the recollection of the debts accumulated through his illness, and the severe struggle his mother and Sis were making to keep straight, but the remembrance did not deter him from involving himself in further difficulties, and contracting so-called "debts of honour."

Cards had possessed a great fascination for him ever since he was a little boy, when, to while away the long winter evenings, they had

played at the game of "snap," and when he was initiated into the mysteries of whist, his pleasure and excitement were great. At first he had been shocked at the idea of playing for money, but it seemed an innocent thing to play for a glass of wine. So he was led on from one point to another, from the wine to money stakes, beginning as low, perhaps, as a penny, but all surely tending to awaken the instinct of gambling, which is the curse of so many.

Amy was correct in her surmise that Reuben would endeavour to make Alf's visits uncomfortable. It was not so much an open quarrel as a series of petty annoyances. The fact was, Alf's presence irritated him, especially since he had become an abstainer, and what he called religious.

He may have felt that Alf had succeeded where he himself had failed; but if he had looked into the matter he must have admitted that his own chance had been at least equal to that of the younger lad. The taste for intoxicants was certainly no stronger, it was acquired, not inherited. He also had a comfortable home, a pious mother, and a loving, if somewhat hasty sister. But he did not institute such comparisons as these; I think his own idea was that Alf had been lucky, and he the reverse. He certainly continued to cherish an animosity against him which manifested itself in numerous ways, and made Alf's promise a serious affair.

But although Alf sometimes felt that he could no longer submit to Reuben's sneers and tyranny, yet he did not swerve from his determination, not merely because he had promised, but out of love to his aunt and Sis.

So the days, weeks, months and years glided on, filled with their various duties and interests, but marked by no event of startling importance. And Alf grew from boyhood to manhood—at least I suppose most of us think ourselves grown up when we reach the mature age of nineteen. He still worked for Mr. Ferrill, and lived in the house, while the good feeling between them had deepened with the years.

The appetite for intoxicants was gone, although it used to trouble him so sorely, and he thought at one time he should never lose it. He also adhered strictly to the anti-tobacco pledge. One of his chief helps in keeping firm, was the interest he took in others.

Mr. Ferrill used to say to him,

"Work, my lad, there's nothing like it for keeping the enemy away."

Alf had worked unostentatiously, of course, as became a lad of his age; sometimes he made mistakes, and frequently met with disappointments, but he nevertheless felt the satisfaction and happiness that spring from whole-hearted, earnest service.

One of the latest institutions of the temperance society with which he was connected, was a Boys' Guild, which had been formed through his warm eulogies of the one at Hedgmoor. It met with great favour, and attracted many lads, who before had held aloof. When Mr. Worthing heard of it, he was very pleased, and prayed that it might be as successful as his own. And as he read Mr. Ferrill's letter containing the whole account, he thought how far-reaching influence may be. He had little dreamt when starting his society, that it would give birth to another in a distant town, and exert a power over numbers of whom he knew nothing. He claimed no originality for the idea, for he was aware the same principle had been carried out in the senior Bands of Hope, and it might be under the same name as his own, although he had not heard of it.

So the lives of Reuben and Alf had run on hitherto; whose youth and opening manhood was brightest and happiest, the reader must judge for himself.

Mrs. Granlyn and Sis struggled on, hoping against hope, that Reuben would mend his ways, and making every possible effort to earn a honest living, although no one knew against what a tide of difficulties they were contending.

Amy was still on the other side of the ocean, and they concealed their troubles from her as far as they could.

And Alf could only guess at them. He felt a little hurt at what he supposed a want of confidence, but tried not to be harsh even in thought, for he knew it was done for Reuben's sake.

But one evening he found them in great distress, Mrs. Granlyn sat in her chair, not making even a pretence of work, her face covered by her hands. Sis, after admitting him, began to pace the room with quick, impatient steps.

"Where's Reu?" was Alf's first question.

"Oh, don't talk of him!" cried Sis, bursting into tears. "We can't bear it—really we can't."

"But, Sissie;" he began.

"Hush! I'll tell you, and then don't ask any more. Come here!"

She motioned him to the bow-window, and letting the long curtain drop they stood together in the recess; the light from the lamp outside gleamed faintly through the venetian blind, but the thick curtains shut out all the light and warmth of the sitting-room.

"I don't want mother to hear it all over again," said Sis, "she's had enough of that with uncle Charlie. Alf, Reu's *gone!*"

"But where?" he asked, quietly.

"Ah! that's what nobody knows, we're afraid." She could get no farther.

"What made him go, Sis?"

"Why, it appears he has got into debt, and, I suppose, having no money he was frightened."

"When did he go? And did he leave no message?"

"Last night. He left nothing but a scrap of paper; here it is."

Alf could just decipher the words after raising the blind; they were these:

"I am going away, but don't trouble to search for me, or make any inquiries—it will be of no use."

*(To be continued.)*

# *A Picture &*

"THEY HAVE SOWN THE WIND AND THEY SHALL REAP THE WHIRLWIND."

—*Hosea viii. 7.*



# *Its Lesson.*

"THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH."

*Rom. vi. 23.*



## A Picture and its Lesson.

FRED was very fond of pictures, and when he had done his copy, sums, and reading, each morning, if good, his mother used to let him sit by her knee as she worked and look at one of his picture books.

He used to take great pains with his lessons that he might have this reward when he had done. Every day when Fred had been good enough to gain this pleasure his mother would tell him a little story about one picture and then the next time they had the pictures he would tell her the story to show he remembered it.

There was one sad picture in the book which Fred had often looked at and wondered what it could be. It was that of a woman with dark hair, holding what seemed like a baby very ill and asleep on her knees. When they came to this picture his mother told him the story about it, which made a great impression in his young heart and mind. It was a terrible tale of woe which the little lad never forgot.

In a home that once was happy the father took strong drink; he was not a bad man, and seldom got drunk, but when he did his drunken fits made him like one mad. He did not know what he did. One night he came home and, in the rage caused by the evil spirit he had taken, pushed or struck his wife while nursing her little baby. She fell to the floor, and the poor, innocent, tiny child was injured for life; her spine was hurt, and one day that frail infant, victim of her earthly father's sin, was seized with a fit, and the all-loving Heavenly Father took the wee martyr to His blessed home and healed her of all her sufferings.

The broken-hearted mother was left to mourn, not so much that baby was gone from her for ever, the agony to her soul was the *cause* of this trouble. The grief was great with the father, and grew greater when all was over, and he came back from the funeral to feel he had brought this sorrow on wife and home by his own act. The awful thought that was secretly in the wife's heart came home to his guilty conscience, that his own hand had helped to kill his baby girl and break his wife's heart.

Day and night the anguish of remorse burnt itself into his life. In his soul he carried the brand of Cain; his burden was greater than he could bear. He only got drunk once again, but then in a frenzy he ended his life, and left his wife a childless widow to life-long loneliness and woe. Thus drink had slain child and father, and robbed the mother of all that this life can give.

Over that picture Fred cried tears of human sympathy, and gave his life from early days to fight the curse that has ruined so many lives.

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THE GREAT CURSE.—I agree with the statement, that the great curse which withers our people, that the pestilence which is devouring them, is drunkenness.—*Cardinal Manning.*

## A Ministering Angel.

By J. G. TOLTON.



EVERYBODY said they were well matched. James Brown and his bride had just left the church amid showers of rice and thousands of blessings. Perhaps the rice was wasted, but the good wishes were not. Are they ever? We doubt if they are. They who foretold happiness were prophets, for there were few homes more joyous than that of James Brown.

The young couple started well. They never failed day by day to invoke the blessing of God upon their home, and while they enjoyed health and strength, they had nothing to fear. James was not lacking in vitality, and that something which commercial men call push. His business increased, and his wife and he were of one mind in trying to make their abode beautiful. In a few years Hawthorn Villa was worthy of a day's journey to visit.

Children's voices dispelled sadness, while their bright smiles were like sunshine in a lovely garden. James, in conversing with his bachelor friends, often remarked, "I can wish you no better lot than to have a wife and family. If you are prosperous, they share your prosperity, if troubles come, there they are to comfort you."

Nor were sentiments, however good, the sum total of Mr. Brown's gifts to his old friends. They were ever welcome to share his hospitality. Both husband and wife were musical, and many were the pleasant evenings passed in rendering choice morsels. Indeed there were few more welcome presents which James frequently carried home to his appreciative wife than a copy of some new song just received from the publishers. Such a gift was more valued than a new book, though literary taste was by no means uncultivated at Hawthorn Villa.

Mrs. Brown lived only to make her husband and children happy. She anticipated his every want, yet she did not spoil her children by invariable indulgence. She acted with a happy admixture of what scholars term the *suaviter in modo* and the *fortiter in re*, or a combination of gentleness and firmness. In fact the wife and mother was a true gentlewoman. Guests were always welcome, and so pure and bright were the entertainments and pleasures of Hawthorn Villa, that friendly invitations were accepted with real pleasure. The place was like a little bit of heaven. It was an influence that unconsciously "allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

One day a cloud came over the hitherto uninterrupted sunshine. The watchful eye of the wife noted looks of anxiety gather over the face of her husband as he took his easy chair at the close of the day. He put on his needlework slippers without his customary merry word. As

he sung his favourite songs in the evening, the trained ear of his loving spouse noted a lack of his usual earnestness, with an occasional huskiness in the once perfect voice. The gentle woman wondered and watched, but kept silence. Surely some trouble beyond the usual daily cares had come to her husband in his business, and she patiently waited till he should of his own free will confide in her the cause of his altered demeanour.

The more she put forth her endeavours to draw him out of himself by an excess of tenderness, the more bitterly he seemed to feel his secret sorrow.

Whatever could it be? Days wore on, but the husband could not unburden his grief. He feared the explanation he had to give would banish all the peace and joy of his dear one's life. At last he sought an old school fellow, one who had shared all his griefs and joys before he ever met the idol of his life, and told him all his bitterness. The commercial concern in which he had embarked all his fortune was on the brink of ruin. The prospect was hopeless. No ray of light was upon the horizon.

"Have you told your wife?" briefly asked the friend as he sympathizingly listened to the sad story.

"My wife! No! The thought of her learning this drives me almost to madness. I could have borne it alone, but to think that I have brought her from comfort, and even luxury, to such a pass as this is unbearable."

"May I venture to quote from youself:—*If troubles come, there are your loved ones to comfort you.*" There was a moment of silence. The stricken husband was deep in thought. When he looked up there was no brightness in his face.

"You must tell her," persisted the adviser. "No good can come from withholding it. Who has more right to know, or indeed the first right to know, than she? The longer you delay, the heavier will be the task."

"But how can I break it to her? Do you know what it means? Ruin! Poverty! Degradation! All the elegances which have become necessities to her will be snatched from her. This adversity would be like frosty air to a hothouse plant. It cannot be!"

"You are looking at your trouble through a magnifying glass," answered the old friend. "There may be poverty, but that does not necessarily mean ruin and degradation. You have never rested your happiness on elegance and show. You can be happy with such a wife and such dear children in a humbler home. You—"

The husband, almost frantic, broke in, "Happy! Ay, in the poorest dwelling."

"Then give her credit for the same perfection of love. Tell her your grief, and if I know anything of your dear wife, she will be more to you under this adversity, than ever she has been in the brightness of your prosperity."

The fallen man's drooping spirits lifted themselves. He turned towards his sumptuous home less sadly than he had been doing of late. His wife met him on the threshold, and helped him in his difficult task with a kindly remark upon his careworn looks. Then, without stopping to choose his words,—for he had forgotten the set speech he had formulated on his way,—he told her all the trouble. He had not said many words before she threw her arms around her dear one's neck and simply said,

"Is that all?"

She was a veritable ministering angel to him. She extracted the sting from his wound and made the dazed man think that the loss of wealth was no killing matter after all. As she comforted him, they paused to listen to a song refrain their dear boy had picked up somewhere, and he was at that moment singing,

"So we'll weather the storm,
It won't be long,
And we'll anchor by-and-bye."

The splendid house was vacated. Many things which each had learned to prize had to be sold, but the contents of the music canterbury were preserved intact, and the loved piano was bought in. They started life again in a cottage, but in reality, they were no poorer. The wife never seemed to repine, never lamented the days that were gone, or tearfully clung to "I cannot sing the old songs."

The comforted husband declared he never knew he was so rich. Long ago he believed his wife was unalloyed gold, now he knew she was a precious jewel of the rarest value. There was no ruin, no degradation, while the comparative poverty seemed a blessing.

The bread-winner found other employment, and returned daily to his resting place with a sweeter joy than of yore. The music they made was more consoling, for it was full of contentment, of love, joy and peace, and their affection, complete though it had seemed, was made perfect through suffering. The old schoolfellow frequently passed his evenings at the cottage, and the laugh was as merry, the joke as smart as ever, while the song and duet were sweeter than they used to be. In very truth the song that reached their heart was the old simple one, "There's no place like home."

Mrs. Brown's ability as a housekeeper was marvellous. Everything for the table was as enticing and appetising on the smaller means as it had been in the days of lavished plenty. Wife and children were clad as tastefully and neatly, if not as richly, as in their days of affluence. A guest was as welcome to a share in the simple meal as he had been to the more formal feast of Hawthorn Villa.

* * * * * *

Worldly prosperity came to them again, and they live to-day once more surrounded with luxury and everything that can please the taste and satisfy the fancy, but James Brown often says the most exquisite joy of his life was experienced in that little cottage during the interregnum (as his friends called it), the days which followed what he thought would be the greatest disaster of his life. Brown clings tenaciously to two lines of Walter Scott's eulogy on woman,—

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

# The Young Enthusiast.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

"HOW can I serve my land?" thus cried the boy,
The young enthusiast; upon whose brow,
Truth sat so nobly throned. "Show me the way!
And by the memory of my sire, I vow,
That every moment of my life shall be
Spent in my country's service; that this hand
Will know no rest until the chains are burst,
That bind in slavery my fatherland!

See, where proud wealth doth plant his grinding heel
Upon the honest head of poverty!
See, where the children of the land toil on,
Raising no cry against this tyranny!
Mine be the voice to stir the sleeping heart
Of this, my country! until, great and strong,
The millions rise against the haughty few,
And break the fetters they have borne so long.

Give me my father's sword! that trusty blade
Unsheathed so often in the cause of right!
This arm shall be the first to strike a blow,
The very foremost in the glorious fight!"
And, even as he spoke, the boy drew down,
From its accustomed place upon the wall,
His father's sword; upon whose rusty blade
He saw bright gleams of silver moonlight fall.

But, even as he raised it to his lips,
There fell upon his ear a rustling sound,
A gentle flutter, as of wild-bird wings,—
With trembling heart, the eager boy looked round,
And, in the gleaming silver of the moon,
Saw a fair spirit at his casement stand,
Clad in a shimmering robe of spotless white,
Bearing the palm of peace within her hand.

"Put up thy sword! rash youth," the Spirit cried,
"And tear the bandage from those eyes of thine!
If thou would'st see thy country's real foe,
Come hither, boy, and place thy hand in mine!
'Tis not proud wealth that plants her gilded heel
Upon the head of poverty—nay, boy,
It is a power more strong and mighty far
That doth men's peace and happiness destroy!

Thy sword were useless 'gainst this mighty foe,
Who holds thy country in so strong a chain;
But, if thou would'st release her, let thy voice
Awaken wisdom in the hearts of men!
For every slave this tyrant calls his own,
But hugs this chain so closely round him cast,
And doth himself make firmer every link
Of the great fetters that have bound him fast.

Behold yon woman by that fireless hearth
Clasping her starving children to her knee;
Thinkest thou it is the owners of the land
That wrecked that homestead? can thine eyes not see
A sorrow deeper than mere poverty
Hanging its wings above yon wretched place?
An agony too great for common want
Writing its lines upon yon poor white face.

It is thy country's enemy whose hand
Has robbed that home of all its light and joy;
Thy country's enemy who, like a fiend,
Has struck yon helpless creature—listen boy!
Her husband's step upon the creaking stair—
See, how the children cling unto her hand,
With looks of terror, as he staggers in—
One of the slaves within thy fatherland!

Come, clasp my hand more closely! thou must see
Another scene. Here by this prison pause,
And I will show thee one, whose sinful soul,
Has broken all the purest, noblest laws;
Look at him well! for yonder smiling moon,
That sheds his radiance, like a silver rain,
Through the small grating o'er his weary head,
Will never, never shine for him again.

Behold the agony within his eyes,
Too deep, too great for sweet refreshing tears!
As, in the stillness of his last short hours,
He travels back through all the vanished years;
To-morrow on the scaffold he will pay
The debt of murder! on the very brink
Of death he stands, while from his lips there falls
The felon's common cry, 'T was drink! t'was drink!'

Yes, boy, 't was drink! This is the greatest foe
Thy country knows; This is the awful blight
Which spreads across the beauty of thy land,
Killing the just, the pure, the fair, and right;
This is the tyranny that plants its heel
Upon the neck of England; mounts a throne,
Erected from the wages of the poor,
Claiming men's lives and reasons for its own.

'How canst thou serve thy land?' Thy heart is warm
With youthful valour, and thy tongue is strong
With eloquence; thy brain hath noble thoughts,
Go, use them all against this spreading wrong.
Send forth thy noble thoughts in noble words!
Until men pause upon the very brink
Of ruin; use thy heart, thy life, thy soul,
If thou wouldst 'serve thy land' against this drink."

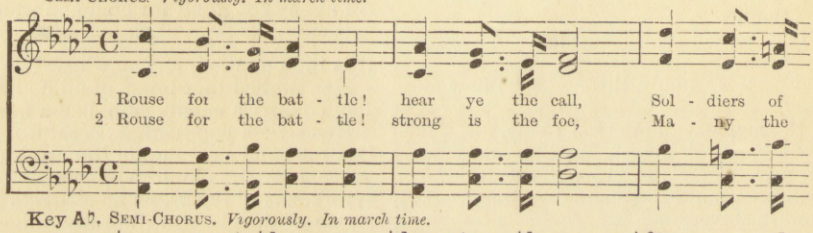
The boy raised up his head, but all had gone;
And in the silence of his room he stood
Alone—his father's sword lay at his feet,
Shining most brightly in the silver flood
Of moonlight—lifting up his arms he cried,
"Oh God, give power unto my heart and hand!
Move, Thou, my brain; inspire this tongue of mine;
That I may meet this foe, and serve my land."

# ROUSE FOR THE BATTLE!

*Words by* VINCENT PERCIVAL. *(For this Work.)*

*Music by* G. F. ROOT.

SEMI-CHORUS. *Vigorously. In march time.*




Key A♭. SEMI-CHORUS. *Vigorously. In march time.*

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| m :r ,,t₁ \| d :s₁ | d :t₁ ,,s₁ \| l₁ :— | f :m ,,de |
| m₁ :f₁ ,,f₁ \| s₁ :s₁ | m₁ :s₁ ,,s₁ \| f₁ :— | l₁ :s₁ ,,s₁ |
| 3.Rouse for the bat - tle! | no more de-lay— | For - ward! for |
| d :t₁ ,,r \| d :d | d :d ,,d \| d :— | r :de ,,m |
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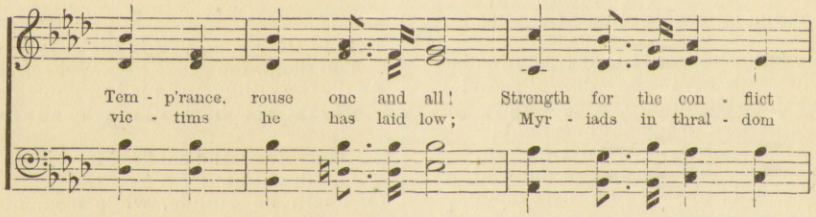


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| Je - sus leads to the fray, | He is your Cap - tain— |
| \|r :r \| r :r ,,r \| r :— | d :t₁ ,,r \| d :d |
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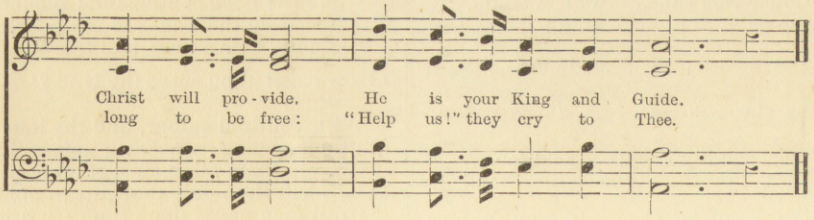


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| m₁ :s₁ ,,s₁ \| f₁ :— | f₁ :s₁ ,,f₁ \| m₁ :f₁ | m₁ :— \|— : |
| on to the field; | For - ward, and nev - er | yield! |
| d :d ,,d \| d :— | r :d ,,l₁ \| s₁ :r | d :— \|— : |
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# ROUSE FOR THE BATTLE!

CHORUS. FULL.

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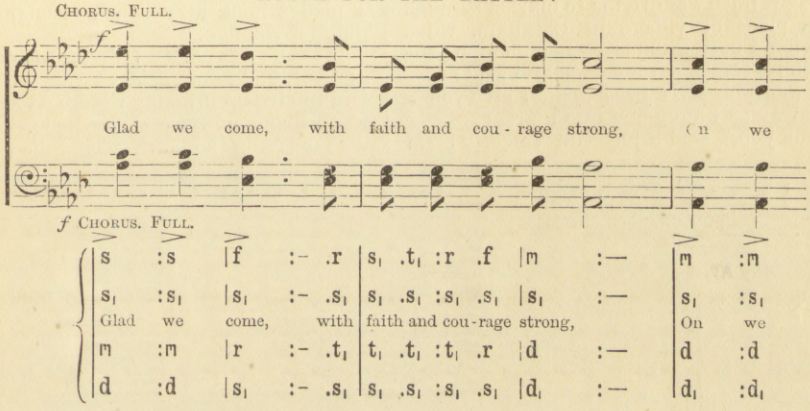


# A LIFT BY THE WAY.

By Uncle Ben.

FARMER Joice was driving to market through the pleasant village of Berkham, when seeing a lady walking by herself along the dusty road, he slackened his pace and said:

"Good morning Miss Jessie, can I give you a lift by the way as I am going into market?

"O thank you," said a pleasant voice, "I am going in that direction, and shall be very glad, as I am in a hurry."



Mr. Joice stopped, and Miss Jessie was soon up beside the farmer.

"Why, I ought to have overtaken you a mile back, you are quite warm with walking," said Mr. Joice as he put the handsome little black cob into a fast trot.

"I have been walking quickly, as I want to see John Robson, who is very ill, and get back to my work, because its ironing and baking day.

"Well, when I saw the pace you were going at I guessed you were on some errand of mercy, but I thought, Miss Jessie, you always carried some soup or a pudding in one hand, and in the other a Bible and hymn book, or prayer book, with a small bundle of tracts and a pledge card in your pocket when you went visiting the sick."

"I am afraid, Mr. Joice," said Miss Jessie smiling, "that you don't often go on the same errand, or else you would know better, I think poor Robson is past being helped by soup and pudding, and I carry some hymns in my memory and some prayers in my heart, and if you must know, I have a little Testament in my pocket and a pledge book in which you might write your name if you like."

"That's a privilege I don't wish to indulge in just yet, but nevertheless I think it very good of you to give up drinking wine, and also your time, to go about and see sick people, and ask those who overstep the mark to sign the pledge."

"Now Mr. Joice, it isn't good at all, it's just my work, and I like doing it, and if you saw duty as I do, you would do the same. And when you go into market, between talking about the crops and the weather, the prize cattle at the show, and the County Council, and how long the Tories are going to keep in power, you would say to Uncle Hespeth, it would be a good thing to sign the pledge before he overstepped the mark again—"

"Why, if I did, he would only laugh at me, and tell me I had been put up to do so by you."

"No he would not if you'd say to him that you meant to sign the pledge as well, for its everybody's business to do all the good they can. Just as you have kindly given me this lift by the way, so would you help some one else, by a bit of road they could not safely pass alone. You must own," said Miss Jessie earnestly, "that it would have been better for poor Robson if he

had been kept from drink, and had never once over-stepped the mark, instead of dying a drunkard's death so early, and having starved wife and family, leaves them no home but the workhouse."

"Yes, it's very sad, I voted for the outdoor relief, as the doctor said he was too ill to be moved, at the last board day, though I do not think the sober steady ratepayer should be taxed to support the idle and drunken. But Mrs. Robson is one of the tidy sort and deserves all the help she can get."

"Mr. Joice, I often think the guardians are not guardians of the poor half so much as they are of their own pockets."

"Miss Jessie, perhaps, you are right in many cases, but the guardians have two duties to fulfil, one to look after the interests of the ratepayers, and the other, to 'consider the poor.'"

"That is to do the least for the latter, you possibly can, and yet keep them out of a pauper's grave."

"Now that's too bad, you should come and see how comfortable and clean our workhouse is."

"I have been over the poor-house and the prison, and they are both as clean as clean can be, and as for comfort, it seemed to me that both were without it. The best thing the guardians can do is to save people from drink, that would help the rates and save people from becoming paupers."

Just then, the cob stumbled, and almost went down, "hold up, Jimmy," said Mr. Joice, giving him a smart cut with the whip. "Did you see *that*; some stupid fool left it in the middle of the road to provide an accident for somebody."

"Oh, Mr. Joice, do stop, and let me get down and put the brick-bat out of the way, it is dangerous, and at night it would be worse."

"If some fool left it there, it'll be a wise man's work to remove it, so you hold the reins and I'll get down and do it. But none of your larks, Miss Jessie, don't you go driving on and leave me to run after the cob, while the boys shout 'whip behind, there.'"

Miss Jessie laughed, and said she would be good and play no tricks.

When Mr. Joice got up again on the trap, Miss Jessie said:—

"That's what I call being a real guardian, trying to prevent ills, avoiding evil, taking peril out of people's way. If the guardians would make the magistrates give no more licences, and close one house annually from the latest comer to the oldest publican, till town and country were free from the snares and pit-falls that cover the land, they would be guardian angels on earth. I know *you* must agree with me in this, because you removed the stumbling block out of the road, lest it might throw some horse down, and I quite agree with your sentiment, that what fools leave on the high road, wise men will take out of the way. I am sure a public house does more harm than a brick-bat, therefore, if you would take the trouble to remove the lesser evil, you would do all you could to remove the greater."

"Miss Jessie, I don't like your logic any better than your jokes, they are too personal. I have laughed many times at that evening when you and your father drove me home from market and, I was thirsty, and asked you to stop just before we came to the 'Royal George,' and when you saw me safely inside, off you drove. And I tell you what it is, I don't mean to be guardian angel just yet, if I can help it, it is a post I shouldn't mind bye-and-bye, but I am content to be a parish guardian at present."

"Now, I don't agree with you there, I think what we hope to be in heaven, that is, doers of the Father's will, we should try to be on earth. But here you must stop, for this is Mrs. Robson's gate."

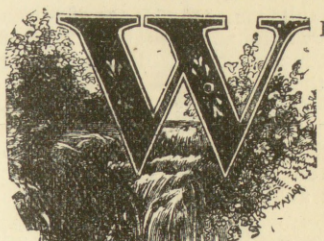
So Mr. Joice got down, and shook hands with his young lady friend and neighbour, and said "Good day, Miss Jessie, here's half a crown for Mrs. Robson, kind regards at home, and God bless you."

Then the farmer was up again and off, saying to himself, "She's one of the right sort, she is always as bright as a new shilling, and as good as pure gold. She'll make a noble wife for some man, I can't make out what the young fellows are up to, running after some silly empty head and showy bonnet. She's too good for 'em. If I wasn't an old married man, I should hardly think myself good enough for her. She's one of the angels in petticoats, and as true and tidy as the prettiest mare on the road."

Mr. Joice drove on to market, but at the ordinary that day at the "Black Boy," he took nothing but water. When returning home in the afternoon, he saw the blinds drawn down, he knew that all was over for poor Robson on earth, and that silent, solemn sign of death smote home a lesson more powerful than words. He knew that death was not the worst evil that shadowed the drunkard's home. What he had done or left undone had helped to draw that blind down over the ruined life and wrecked home of the parish, where he was a guardian of the poor.

## Worse than Guy Fawkes.

By A. J. Glasspool.



"WHAT on earth are you up to now?" exclaimed Mr. Wybro, as he came into the breakfast-room at *Hazlewood Cottage*, on his return from business one evening early in November.

"Making a guy, pa," replied Archie, a blue-eyed lad, just ten years of age; "he will be a regular beauty when we have finished him, you'll let us burn him in the garden, won't you, pa, on Guy Fawkes night."

Mr. Wybro laughed, but this was not the case with Mrs. Wybro, who could not endure any kind of disorder in the house, she looked round in despair at the litter caused by the straw for stuffing the old clothes the boys had begged, the coloured papers to decorate the guy, the hideous mask, and the fireworks which were to be hidden away somewhere inside the traitor, and were intended to surprise the visitors by their unexpected explosion when the guy should be in flames.

Mr. Wybro's boys were always the first in all kinds of amusements. At Christmas they acted charades, in the summer they were constantly in the cricket field, and lately they had given several gentle hints to their papa that they were getting old enough to ride a tricycle. Mr. Wybro was a generous parent, and encouraged his children to enjoy all kinds of innocent pastimes; but he would, nevertheless, insist on lessons before play, and he always tried to inspire his children with an intelligent interest in what they undertook, even in their games.

He didn't scold, when he saw the preparations for the guy, he entered into the fun with all his heart, he helped Archie to stuff the legs, and assisted Frank, who was writing some simple lines to be read when the guy should burn.

Frank was about a year older than his brother, and in many respects was quite a different child; he was very fond of reading, he was always so serious in his looks, and solemn in his conversation, that he had been named the "Vicar." Louie and Florence were there as well, pretending to assist, but, in reality, hindering the preparation of the guy.

Archie didn't know much about the origin of Guy Fawkes day, he certainly knew that gunpowder was placed under the House of Lords, and that the explosion was only prevented by some remarks in an anonymous letter.

It was the "Vicar" who told the whole story in a few words, he knew it was Robert Catesby who, early in 1604, conceived the idea of blowing up James I, Lords and Commons all at one moment, he related how one of the conspirators sent a letter to Lord Monteagle, which contained a remarkable sentence about the Parliament receiving a "terrible blow," and this led to the searching of the vaults under the House of Lords where Guy Fawkes was found on the 8th November with all things ready for the wicked act intended to be carried out the next day.

All this time, while Frank narrated the historical connections of Guy Fawkes day, Archie had been busy giving the finishing touches to the guy. Decorated with ribbons and bows, he presented a most amusing appearance, but his face was ferocious.

The guy was fastened to an old chair, and placed in the corner of the room for the night, only to frighten Mary the housemaid the next morning, who, letting in the daylight when she opened the shutters, nearly fainted at the sight of the conspirator.

Now come out into the garden on this fine November night. The guy is fastened to a couple of clothes props. He hangs as one condemned to die, as one who desired to do his country harm.

The "Vicar" stands by his side, the children are gathered round, laughing and talking as only children can.

"Silence all," shouted Archie.

Then Frank's voice was heard in loud tones reading the sentence:

"Here hangs a traitor to his king,
For him the burning brand we bring,
For he deserves no better;
He who would do his country harm,
In peaceful homes provoke alarm,
Shall feel the iron fetter.

Come, lay the torch upon his side,
Let all the people far and wide
See the vile traitor dying.
The burning sparks proclaim his guilt;
'Tis thus his life's blood now is spilt,
Without a tear or sighing."

The match was applied, the flames burst forth, crackers, starlights, and Roman candles sent forth their fires, while the children clapped their hands and danced with joy.

The last sparks had hardly gone out, when all were astonished to see Mr. Wybro walking towards them, holding in his hands a tin dish in which something was burning; it burned with a bluish flame, a strong odour, and had altogether a very strange appearance.

"What's that, pa?" shouted Archie, running up to his father.

"I know," said the "Vicar," "it's alcohol, I can tell by the scent and the colour of the flame."

And so it was, for Mr. Wybro liked to take every opportunity of impressing upon his children the value of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks.

"Look," he said, "you have just burned a representation of the one who desired to do injury to his king and country, but here burning in this dish is something that has done far more mischief than ever Guy Fawkes would have done had he succeeded in all he attempted. This is the intoxicating part of beer, wines, and spirits, it is the drinking of this that has killed so many of our countrymen. This is England's great enemy, I am glad to see him destroyed, and earnestly wish that every drop of alcohol could be served in the same way."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the children, for they believed every word that their papa said, and felt that alcohol was the cause of untold misery and wickedness.

"I declare," said Frank, "alcohol is worse than old Guy Fawkes. I am sure if we burn the traitor, we ought to do all in our power to get rid of the deceiver alcohol."

"And so we will," said the children.

I hope all the children who will be letting off squibs and crackers on the fifth of November will make the same good resolution.



# THE GIRLS' CORNER.

By JANET ARMYTAGE.

"TIME and Talents" is the name given to a department of the Y.W.C.A,, and has for its object the useful occupation of the leisure of young women. The members are to be girls, and are expected to work among girls. Work of various kinds is provided: drawing, painting, &c., for the decoration of evening homes for working girls, Bible marking, collecting seaweeds, shells, &c., and plain and fancy work. There are various sections for missionary work, mutual improvement and Bible study. The President of "Time and Talents" is the Lady Victoria Buxton, and the Hon. Sec. is Mrs. Abel Smith, while other well-known ladies have charge of the various sections.

Miss Becker's death has elicited many charming reminiscences from her fellow-workers and admirers. The memorial number of the *Women's Suffrage Journal* contains, among other interesting letters, one from the pen of Frances Power Cobbe. From it we quote the following passage:

"Once Miss Becker consulted me about the purchase of a dog to be her own companion. I begged her to come and take luncheon with me in Hereford Square, so that we might go together afterwards to the Battersea Home and see if there were to be found one to please her. When the day came, she expressed her enjoyment of the little meal I had provided, and I answered, 'It is not every day that I have the privilege to entertain Miss Becker! When I do so, of course I make it a *festa*.' The sudden and almost pathetic smile she gave me revealed in a flash to my mind how seldom in her hard-driven, overworked life it had occurred to her to think that her visits were considered as matters of festivity and pleasure, not of business. When, a little later, we had chosen a pretty Black-and-tan at the Home, and were walking back through Battersea Gardens, I noticed the gentle and tender way with which—a stranger to dogs as she evidently was—she led the creature by her side, and encouraged it by her caresses to fawn on her."

One of the employments for women that is not yet overcrowded in New York, is the black-bordering of mourning paper. It is all done by hand, and needs skilled labourers for its execution. The girls are paid for bordering by the ream; if it is a common kind, not needing fine work, they receive forty-five cents, but the better sorts would be worth a dollar and a half. In an average working day a girl can border a ream and a half. In the establishment under notice, no machinery is used, but in the large places of business in England there is little hand-work. Black-bordering is trying to anyone with weak sight, but as the girls work by the piece they can rest their eyes at will. Otherwise the black-borderer has a pleasant position, and is held in respect by her employer.

A courageous band of girls have started a crusade against an easily-formed but by no means so easily-unformed habit—the use of slang. We are accustomed to looking on our American cousins as especially remiss in this matter, but if we listen at home we have not much to pride ourselves on. "Awfully spiffin" as an expression of admiration certainly wants some reforming, and other equally unintelligible expressions are very frequently to be heard from the modern English young lady, who reads good literature, and hears her own language spoken correctly. A few American girls formed themselves into an "Anti-Slang Band," a penny savings box was bought for them, and every time a girl found herself uttering slang she dropped a penny in the slot. The members while away from home are expected to keep a strict account of their debts. It is thought that by the year-end sufficient pennies will be in the box to found a bed in a babies' hospital. So, at least, declares the American newspaper, to which we are indebted for our information.

No visitor to the beautiful Kew Gardens should omit to see the interesting gallery there which was presented to the nation by the late Miss Marianne North, whose death in August, 1890, was a real loss both to art and science. She was a lady of education and leisure with a strong love of nature, and a taste—in her case easily gratified—for foreign travel. She went to various tropical countries, and, wherever she might be, made careful paintings of the flowers and plants as they appear in their native haunts. This, it need hardly be said, is a very different thing from the same objects when detached from the associations which nature has provided, or when placed in that tomb of floral beauty—the Herbarium. These pictures painted by Miss North

had the merits which commended them to the attention and admiration alike of the artists and the men of science. With public spirit, worthy of all praise, she presented these important sketches to the nation, and at her own cost built for them the pretty house in which they are placed, known as the "Marianne North Gallery," in Kew Gardens. She added to the collection from time to time the result of her further travels. The whole forms a delightful record of the luxuriant and varied forms of beauty with which the earth has been clothed. It forms also a memorial of the life work of a good woman.

## TEMPERANCE HOTELS.

By Dr. A. J. H. Crespi, Wimborne.

WHEN, at sixteen, I first became interested in the Temperance movement, a frequent and well-grounded complaint was that Temperance hotels, which were then very few and inferior, were badly conducted, and exorbitantly expensive. There was much truth in those charges. Some religiously-minded blacksmith, or reformed prize-fighter—dirty, unkempt, and immethodical—would open a filthy den in a back street, where, with the help of a drab of a wife, afflicted with a large family of dirty little children, he did his feeble best to provide hospitality for man, and much more rarely for beast. Nothing could be more depressing than a visit to such a place. I can especially recall one, which for dirt, squalor, and disorder used to make me positively shudder. The unfortunate manager was a cripple, poor fellow; but that was no reason he should look like a tramp, and have his waistcoat and shirt wide open; fortunately for him and for the Temperance cause he has long since taken to a trade not requiring cleanliness. Unfortunately, the prices were not correspondingly moderate, and I remember a teetotal Cambridge LL.D. complaining bitterly that "you paid the highest price and got the worst accommodation." There was an impression that a Temperance hotel must be kept by an uncompromising friend of teetotalism, who was much the better fitted for his task if he had a mania for Temperance meetings, and was wholly without capital, and it was thought that the one, indeed the only thing that made an ordinary hotel pay was the sale of alcoholic beverages. It was not uncommon to be told that no Temperance hotel could possibly compete with ordinary inns, because it must either charge more heavily to make up for the absence of profit on stimulants, or, if its charges were low, its accommodation must be indifferent. Times have greatly altered, and experience has shown that Temperance hotels can be clean, cheap, economical, excellent, and prosperous; we are also beginning to learn that no one is competent as a rule, to which there are many exceptions, to successfully carry on such a house unless he has served an apprenticeship to the business, nor is it absolutely necessary that the manager, his wife and assistants, should be total abstainers, though undoubtedly better that they should be. The great essentials on the part of Temperance hotel managers are, first, business capacity, energy, and pleasant manners; and, next, to stick to their honourable and useful calling, leaving Temperance gatherings, Sunday Schools, and Bands of Hope to other people. A Temperance-hotel keeper who, as too many unfortunately continue to do, devotes himself to public meetings, nearly always taking place in the evening—his busiest time—ends by ruining his establishment; and, in the long run, he does not promote Temperance.

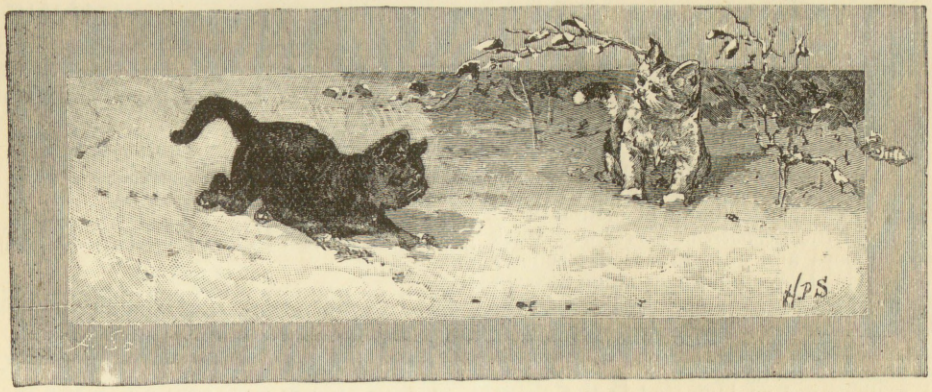
A want of capital is another lamentable drawback: men actually have the audacity—I can use no less forcible expression — to set up as Temperance-hotel managers who have not £10 in the world, so that they have to stint in everything, and to do the cheapest and worst class of business. Now a large hotel requires very considerable capital, and no man should take to the business who has not knowledge, aptitude, a suitable establishment, and a good round sum at his command.

The greatest care should be taken to discriminate between Temperance hotels which are such, pure and simple, and those places which are, in some degree, reformatory or philanthropic institutions. It is just because of the unpardonable confusion arising from blending the two that so much mischief arises. If the establishment is a parochial reading-room with a refreshment bar attached, it can only pay its way as long as subscriptions come in freely to make up the adverse balance; on the other hand, if a hotel pure and simple, business principles must rule. Being a life-long and very bigoted total abstainer, I, of course, go to Temperance hotels on the rare occasions when I am from home for the night, and in large towns I thankfully admit that they are often excellent and well conducted, but how different in small country towns. A few weeks ago I went to one for a night in South Wales; on the outside it looked clean and comfortable, but inside!!! Well, it was an ancient establishment, the floors as uneven as the sea in a gale; the coffee room door would not shut, nor would the breakfast room one, nor the bedroom one either, while the window blind had a broken cord, so that I had to pin the blind up. The charges were reasonable, but I don't think that I should like to recommend any decent person to try the accommodation offered. It was clean, but that is not the only thing needed. But is it necessary to go to small towns in mid Wales to find bad temperance hotel accommodation? A fortnight ago I wanted to pass two nights in a flourishing town in Salop; and I was assured that there was *no Temperance hotel* in the place. Again, I went for two nights to one of our most famous cities, and the rector of the place, a strong abstainer, wrote that the only Temperance house was very poor, and he dared not recommend it. True, I did go to it, but I felt constrained to apologise to a friend, who insisted on

seeing me to my quarters one night, by telling him that I was compelled, come what would, to support teetotal hotels, however bad, but I should not like to send any lady to the place. Still, again, I passed a week some years ago in a famous city, known all Europe over, and the Temperance hotel was, again, very poor. Mind, I don't complain that many coffee houses are inferior and cheap, but why should we not also have in every railway centre a first-class Temperance hotel—handsome, commodious, and well appointed—with a good tariff, a reasonable scale of charges, and thoroughly well conducted? Many persons not abstainers would go to them, while abstainers would thankfully support them. People who only know Glasgow, Liverpool, Birmingham, and London may think my strictures far-fetched: let them go to—well, I won't say where, it would be too cruel, but I could give a list that would startle them. We also still lack good establishments where hot, well-served dinners can be prepared. I was once present at a teetotal Conference. The town was very large and important, and a good hot dinner could have been got for 1s. 6d. in twenty shops; well, the Conference had some stale bread and cold underdone meat at 2s. a head, followed by a little bread and cheese. I have known half-a-crown asked for fare not more appetising on such occasions. Do teetotalers understand the temptations which the absence of good temperance hotels gives rise to? A friend, a surgeon, a total abstainer, was travelling last year, and not being able to find good Temperance hotels, even in towns of some size, broke his pledge. Again, there was, a couple of years ago, a large gathering of medical men in a town of some importance; the dinner was at a large public-house, of the common sort, and I saw several men, who figure as abstainers, drinking freely in the bar. A physician said to me: "I don't usually drink, but if one comes to such a place as this one must do as Rome does;" and a surgeon-general, an abstainer, who was at the Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, and Lucknow, turned to me and said: "When will teetotalers awake to a proper sense of their duty, and provide good accommodation for public conferences and *dinners*?" A most earnest teetotal advocate has been looking over my remarks, and is positively disgusted and hurt. "Why," he exclaimed, "what kind of teetotalers are those who drink when exposed to a little temptation?" Not very staunch, I confess, but we old abstainers do not cudgel our brains and spend our money on behalf of thorough-going teetotalers; we want to help the weak and to spread and strengthen our principles.

My readers must not run off with the impression that I am making an unnecessary fuss and complaining without good cause. Thankfully do I admit the vast strides that have been made, but much still remains to be done. In some respects our advance is incredible; the other day a shrewd old man, Harry Cousins, of Wimborne, was telling me that the changes he had seen in the last fifty years were marvellous. When a lad of twenty, there were, in this district, no advantages for the working man, no Temperance gatherings, no taverns without the drink, no cheap concerts and popular lectures. If a man is not steady in these days, he continued, it is entirely his own fault. How true!

Hardly had I finished this little article, when I went to take tea at a friend's house in Birmingham. At my host's table I met a lady from a good large town in Worcestershire, and I began telling her how badly off many places were for Temperance hotels. "Ah," she replied, "would you believe it, in the town in which I live there is not a single Temperance boarding house or hotel." How and why is this? Surely in these hard times there are people enough looking for openings, and if there is a good and noble work, it is the management of a first-rate house, where the accommodation offered is excellent, but where the drink is not permitted to enter.



# Pebbles and Pearls.

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.

METHOD is like packing things into a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.

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

BOASTING.—"Do you think you have any religion?" asked a young Pharisee of an aged Christian. "Nothing to speak of," was the wise reply.

THE CHILD'S DISCOVERY.—A little girl joyfully assured her mother that she had found out where they made horses. She had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on the last foot."

THE Church of England Temperance Society have in the press, and will shortly publish, under the title of "The Nation's Hope," a practical handbook for Band of Hope workers and others having control of the education of the young. The papers have been written by authors, who in each department have had practical experience of their subject. It specially deals with the interesting adjuncts to usual Band of Hope work, such as gymnastics, musical drill, boys' brigade, ambulance training, industrial work, exhibitions, etc. The work, which will supply a long-felt want, will be fully illustrated, and published at a price within the reach of all.

SUPERIORITY OF TEMPERANCE LIVES.—The following figures are from the Sceptre Life Insurance Company's report:—

MORTALITY EXPERIENCE 1884-89.
(According to Institute of Actuaries' H.M. Table).

| | Expected Deaths. | Actual Deaths. | Percentage. |
|---|---|---|---|
| General Section..... | 569 | 434 | 76·27 |
| Temperance Section..... | 249 | 143 | 57·42 |

In commenting upon these figures a leading insurance paper, the *Commercial World*, says:—"Once more the temperance section wins, *and it certainly does appear singular* that in regard to the single factor of the use or non-use of intoxicating drinks so marked a difference should arise, and especially in an association where the great bulk of the assured belong to the religious class, and among whom, therefore, it may be presumed, if intoxicants are used at all, their use will be strictly within the limits of moderation." If the editor of the *Commercial World* would ask some of the boys and girls in our day schools who are receiving temperance instruction through the day school agents appointed by the Band of Hope Union, we feel sure they would give him good reason to show it would be singular if the use or non-use of intoxicating drinks *did not* show so marked a difference as indicated in the above figures.

"I'D rather have your room than your company," as the oyster said to the knife.

THE DRINK DEMON.—Whatever step we take, and in whatever direction we may strike, the drink demon starts up before us and blocks the way.—*M. D. Hill, Q.C., Recorder of Birmingham.*

"THEY say," said a reclaimed drinker, "we make teetotalism our religion; but we don't. I mix them together, and they agree very well. I know, if I lose my grace I shall take to drinking, and if I take to drinking I shall lose my grace, so I keep them together."

ALCOHOL AND CHILDHOOD.—A report of the Conference on "Alcohol and Childhood" (the Duke of Westminster in the chair), held recently under the auspices of the Church of England Temperance Society, which excited so much attention by reason of the number of influential medical men attending it who had not hitherto identified themselves with the temperance movement, is about to be published by the Society in a separate form.

ADVANTAGES OF ABSTINENCE.—Why should you not abstain? You would save your money by it. If you save twopence a day for twenty years, you would have £70, and that is like taking it out of the gutter. It is pulling it away from the publican, and you would find £70 to be a very good thing when you are thirty-four years old. Saving money helps to getting more. I heard a gentleman say, who employs many working men in Manchester—'If I can get a man to put £10 into the savings-bank, that man's fortune is made.' So if you can get £70 without doing anything that would injure you, but make you better, do so! If I thought you would be pale and weak, and not able to do your work by abstaining, I would not advise it; for health is a working man's fortune. But I believe you would be stronger.—*Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel.*

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# ALFRED.

By LOUIE SLADE,

*Author of "Olive; or, a Sister's Care."*

## CHAPTER XII.—In a Mysterious Way.

*"Nothing have we but our weakness,*
*Nought but sorrow, sin, and care;*
*All within is loathsome vileness,*
*All without is dark despair."*

*"Now, at last, the light appeareth,*
*Jesus stands upon the shore;*
*And with tender voice He calleth,*
*Come to Me, and sin no more!"*

—W. F. Lattimore.



"WHAT can it mean?" said Sis, "except—"

"No, no, Sis, don't think of that! I don't believe Reuben would destroy himself. How does aunt take it?"

"Quietly, but she frightens me; she has sat like that nearly ever since Uncle Charlie left. He went on at her dreadfully, said she had spoilt Reu or he wouldn't have turned out so, and that he'd disgraced our name for ever."

"Poor aunt!" said Alf huskily.

"And, Alf, we shall have to give up this house, and sell nearly all the furniture to pay the debts."

"But what will you do then?"

"We shall find a room or two somewhere, and I daresay I shall get employment of some sort."

"But will it be necessary, Sis? I scarcely think Reuben's creditors will hold you responsible."

"*Alf!* I thought *you* would have sided with us. Mother and I are determined to pay them if it can be managed, even though nothing should remain after but the workhouse. You know what a horror father had of debt."

"Perhaps Walter and Amy may help."

"They musn't hear it yet, for Amy has been very ill—we had a letter yesterday—and the shock might do her a good deal of harm! Don't trouble! We shall manage. Uncle was in a great stew because he was afraid of being called upon to help—but the strait must be a bad one before we appeal to *him*."

For a moment Sissie's indignation conquered her grief, but it soon broke forth afresh.

"It isn't the money, we shouldn't care for that if only Reu were here—but oh, this uncertainty!"

Alf was touched to the heart—but what comfort could he offer for such a grief as this? It was a sorrow too deep to be soothed by aught but a Divine hand.

Alf's thoughts were busy as he walked home that night. He was troubled about Reuben, for although it was impossible to look upon him as a friend, yet he could not but feel anxious about one with whom he had been associated from infancy, and who was so closely related to those he loved.

Then, there was the monetary difficulty. He did not like the idea of his aunt and Sis leaving their comfortable home especially as Mrs. Granlyn was getting on in years. But how was he to help them? He was not in a position to render much material assistance, so at least he feared.

And yet, as subsequent events proved, he was an immense stay and comfort. They were glad of someone to think and act for them just now, being too worried and bewildered to have very clear heads for business, and Mr. Charles Granlyn had washed his hands of them entirely.

Alf consulted his employer, and together, they undertook the settlement of affairs. The house was given up, the furniture disposed of, and lodgings taken for Mrs. Granlyn and Sissie. They also investigated Reuben's debts, and found that the sale of the furniture would not bring in sufficient to cover them. Mr. Ferrill generously offered to make up the requisite amount, which Alf desired should be looked upon as a loan to himself, so the matter was not mentioned to Sis or her mother.

These arrangements naturally occupied some time, but nothing was heard of Reuben in the meanwhile.

Many ideas suggested themselves: he had enlisted in the army, or gone for a sailor, or possibly emigrated to another country. But the fears of the mother and sister hovered around the one thought of suicide.

Alf was more hopeful, but even he would take up a newspaper with misgiving, lest it should chance to tell some tale of sin or sorrow of the wanderer; and he could not but be struck with the record of crime, shame, and death the weekly papers show, which are attributable solely to the agency of strong drink.

At Sissie's suggestion, they resorted to the "agony column" of the paper they thought most likely to attract Reuben's notice, but nothing came of it, and gradually even Alf began to think he might be dead.

The rooms to which Mrs. Granlyn and her daughter removed were not far from Mr. Ferrill's, so that Alf saw them frequently.

Poor Sis did not find it easy to find employment near home, and was at length compelled to accept a situation offered by Miss Staker, a former lodger. Sis had been a favourite with this lady, who now wanted her as companion and nurse. Sis knew it would be no easy place, but it was better than nothing, and her only objection was, being separated from her mother.

But presently an arrangement was made that suited all parties: Alf would leave Mr. Ferrill's house and go home to reside, for although Mrs. Granlyn was rather feeble, she would be able to manage for herself and him, with the occasional

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help of a charwoman. Thus Sis was relieved of anxiety, for she knew Alf well enough by this time to be able to trust her mother to his care without any misgivings.

They were very comfortable together, Alf and his aunt, and as happy as it was possible to be under such a dark shadow. Alf was very attentive, and did all he could to spare Mrs. Granlyn trouble, while she leaned upon him more and more. He was certainly keeping his promise to Amy to the very letter.

But after awhile, he was obliged to leave his aunt for a time, Mr. Ferrill sending him with several others to a distant town, where he had a business engagement.

Alf was rather inclined to grumble, for he did not care to go; Mrs. Granlyn would be lonely during his absence, and he would miss not only her companionship, but all the things in which he took an interest—the Guild, the Temperance Meetings, and last—but certainly not least—the long chatty letters Sis sent to her mother every week, and which it was his privilege to answer. He disliked the idea of going amongst strange faces and scenes, and would much have preferred remaining where he was.

So it is frequently; we would choose our own paths, and if things go contrary to our wishes, are inclined to say, as one did years ago, "All these things are against us." The journey Alf found so distasteful was destined to be one of far more importance than he dreamed, and bring about an issue he had not foreseen, but for which he and his aunt had long been hoping and praying.

He had been from home a fortnight, during which time he had discovered that opportunities of usefulness are not confined to one place; there were victims of intemperance here as elsewhere, and there were also moderate drinkers, who, while lamenting the blight alcohol has cast over our land, were by their practice upholding it.

Alf was careful to avoid controversy, especially with the latter class, though of course it was not always possible to escape an argument. There was one man it was extremely difficult to shake off; he was of a particularly argumentative bent of mind, and never appeared happy unless he were engaged in a discussion of some kind. He was a fellow-workman, so that Alf was very much at his mercy, and at the end of a fortnight had grown thoroughly weary of going over the same ground. Probably the other was sincere in his convictions, but it might have been more comfortable for all about him if he had not aired them quite so persistently. It is difficult to carry on an argument for long without growing a little excited, and losing one's temper, and so Alf found; therefore he avoided Mr. Barker's society as much as possible.

One day, however, as they were having dinner, he found himself again entangled in the meshes of controversy, and was growing a few shades warmer than the occasion warranted, when a timely interruption came from one of his companions.

"Hulloa! Old Dick's in for it again. I can't think how it is, but the tramps all seem to know he's a soft-hearted one."

"'Tis so silly of him to give to them," said Mr. Barker, "it only encourages begging. If they tried it on with me, I'd hand them over to the police."

"Now's your chance then, for he's spied us out. He'll be some poor fellow out of work you'll see—a carpenter or bricklayer most likely."

The slouching, shabby figure drew nearer, and going to the window Mr. Barker shouted:—

"Now then, get off, if you don't want the policeman after you!"

"O, sir, if you only knew," began the beggar, in a whining tone.

"Be off I say! We haven't anything for you. We have to work hard enough for our living, and you ought to do the same."

"Work! Ah! And I would work if I could only get it to do. Do you s'pose, gentlemen, I should be tramping the streets like this if there wasn't a necessity for it? 'Tis hard times for the poor now-a-days; I never thought I should come to this, I can tell you. But who could bear to see their wife and little ones die of starvation before their very eyes?"

"There's the house."

"Aye! there is, Mr. Barker," put in old Dick, who had just taken up his hod of bricks, "and sometimes people gets there as you'd least expect. I'm an old man, and I've seen many go up, and many go down in my day. I'd rather be took in sometimes, than I'd pass by a deserving case; the Lord 'll be the judge by-and-bye, and we shall all have fair measure then."

"If the gentlemen only knew," began the tramp again. But Dick's words had made Mr. Barker more angry than before, and in loud tones he again bade him begone, threatening to hand him over to the police if he lingered.

Something in the beggar's voice struck Alf as familiar, and he tried to get a glimpse of him, but Mr. Barker's portly figure filled up the window.

Like Dick, Alf may have been inclined to err on the side of generosity; he was about to go out to speak to the man, when his companion stopped him.

"Don't interfere!" he said, in a low tone. "Barker 'll make it hot for you if you do, he's a dreadfully disagreeable fellow."

While Alf was hesitating, and the tramp slowly turning away, the gate opened, and a policeman entered, attracted by Mr. Barker's angry voice.

It was all up with the man now, he was at once given in custody for begging.

Of course the workmen flocked out, Alf among them, and what was his horror and amazement to recognise, in the disreputable-looking figure, and coarse, bloated features, his former brother Reuben.

He was so utterly astounded, that it literally took away his power of speech, and he watched, as in a dream, the policeman lead Reuben away quite passively. Alf's companions were too much preoccupied to notice his white face and trembling

limbs, until they returned to work, when one inquired if he were ill. He replied no, and tried to give his attention to the matter in hand, but it was not strange that his mind should wander. He thought he must have been mistaken, Reuben a tramp!—and the reference to a wife and children—it was impossible.

Alf was not at work the next morning, for he wanted to hear the sentence passed upon the man who was charged with begging.

When he saw him at the magistrates' bench there was no longer any doubt of his identity, though he gave an assumed name; in spite of the ravages of sin, and the thick, coarse beard, which made him appear many years older than he was, it was certainly Reuben.

Alf's heart ached as he looked at him, and yet, upon second thoughts, he remembered there was much to be thankful for, in the fact that he was still alive.

He was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment, and led away quite unmoved.

Alf was very busy revolving ways and means of reaching and rescuing him. Should he send for Mrs. Granlyn or Sis? He thought surely no one could have more influence than a mother, and although she was not strong, she would be only too pleased to make any effort for Reuben's sake. So he spoke to his landlady about arranging for her reception, and went home. The news could be broken more gently thus, than by letter, while he would be able to take care of her on the journey.

And thus it happened, that when Reuben was released from prison, he found his mother waiting for him.

Sin had hardened him, but he could not look into the lined face so full of love and solicitude, and remain quite untouched, or shake off the clinging hands. He allowed her to lead him whither she would, and when she reached her lodging a bright fire and a good meal were waiting for them. But Alf was not there—he would not intrude in the first hour of their reunion.

By degrees Mrs. Granlyn learned something of the history of the last few years, the fitful efforts to break from the spell of alcohol, and its ever-increasing power; how he had found employment at one place after another, and lost it through intemperance, until at last he had grown so desperate that he had taken to begging as a profession, living on the food and crusts charitable people gave him, while the coppers he could earn or beg went to gratify the thirst for intoxicants, sleeping anywhere he could—his only aim and object being drink. So low had he fallen as to invent the story of destitute wife and children, merely to move the sympathies of the pitiful.

It was a bitter history for a mother's ear, and Mrs. Granlyn's tears fell fast as she listened. But oh! God is merciful, and ready to save to the uttermost; low as Reuben had fallen, He could reach him. He had heard their prayers for his return, and He would hear also the heart-broken sob from the penitent himself,—"God be merciful to me a sinner!"

* * * * * *

It was Christmas Eve. The day had been damp and dull, but the weather had no power to affect Alf that evening. Neither cold nor fog could penetrate into the pleasant little apartment in which Mrs. Granlyn, Reuben, and Sis were awaiting his return.

It was indeed a picture of home comfort and happiness; the cheerful fire, the well-spread table, but, more than all, the happy faces. Sis was literally beaming with smiles, and flitted about in great excitement. But perhaps it was pleasanter still to see her mother's contented look, as she glanced at Reuben, who was lying on a couch near the fire. The exposure he had undergone, combined with the shock of meeting his friends so unexpectedly, had brought on a severe illness, from which he had only just become convalescent.

Still, even this happy re-union was not quite complete, for they were shortly to lose sight of him again. Reuben was very much in earnest, but he dreaded the intercourse with old companions which must come if he remained in the town; he knew he would have a terrible conflict with his appetite, and desired to shun anything calculated to pull him back. He thought he would like a fresh start altogether, and as a friend of Alf's was going out to Canada early in the spring, it had been arranged that Reuben should accompany him. He was a Christian and a total abstainer, and would understand the young man's temptations, and help him to guard against them.

"They're not come then?" said Alf as he entered the room, and there was a shade of disappointment in his tone.

"No, I don't expect them before to-morrow," said his aunt. "Sis has been looking out for them all day."

"Well, Amy said for certain she would be home for Christmas," observed Sis.

"You have decorated the house grandly in honour of her arrival," and Alf looked admiringly at the graceful festoons of evergreens, and mottoes of various devices.

"Here they are then!" said Reuben, as the loud peal of the door-bell resounded through the house.

Sissie ran out, and the next moment was clasped in her sister's embrace.

Nothing very distinguishable was said for a few minutes, everything was in a hubbub, and Amy's little boy and baby-girl looked on in open-eyed wonder.

What a happy evening that was! No home-made wine was opened in honour of the event, for Amy and her husband were abstainers as well as Mrs. Granlyn and Sis, and there was nothing at home to tempt Reuben now.

"And now, mother," said Amy, in the lull that occurred, "you must make your home with us—you know it has been an understood thing all along."

"Oh, but indeed, Amy, we can't spare aunt," said Alf quickly, "can we, Sis?"

"But Sis is going back to Miss Staker's in a few

days, she tells me, so it is of no use appealing to her," said Amy, laughingly.

Alf smiled too, as he replied, "But not for long."

Amy's sharp eyes noticed the glance he flashed across at Sis, and her rosy cheeks, and hastily averted face, and she exclaimed excitedly—

"You don't mean it! Well, Alf, you have always seemed like a brother, and I shall be glad to have you for one in reality."

He was tossing tiny Amy in his arms, and responded gaily—

"I kept my promise, Amy, and as a reward shall expect you to let us keep aunt."

Mrs. Granlyn now interposed, saying she must stay sometimes with one and sometimes with the other, and though she spoke lightly, the tears in her eyes showed how deeply she felt.

And then, in the street outside, the carol singers were heard; the voices may have been inharmonious, but to Mrs. Granlyn and her children there was something very sweet in the words they sang:—

"Thou from the Father's throne did'st come,
To call His banished children home;
And heaven and earth, and sea, and shore
His love Who sent Thee we adore.

"And gladsome too are we to-day,
Whose guilt Thy blood has washed away,
Redeemed, the new-made song we sing;
It is the birthday of our King."

THE END.

## In Memoriam.

WE deeply regret to state that on Saturday, Oct. 25th, Miss Katherine Janet Armytage Axon passed away. After a long illness of brave and patient suffering, the sweet and gentle life, so full of work and promise, closed in peace its bright earthly career. Miss Axon has written for our pages for some time under the name of Janet Armytage. She has just lived to have her book, "The Tenants of Johnson's Court," set up in type. The incidents of this volume are some of her own experience and observation as teacher in a Manchester Ragged School.

She was a busy contributor to other journals—*The Women's World* and *The Alliance News*, beside many other Temperance periodicals.

Her heart was in all she did, whether it was in Sunday School or advocating the Temperance cause or writing. Her work was well done, and, though so soon cut short her service is not over. Her influence will remain, her work will abide, and her service will continue. Notwithstanding her day has been short, and this young and gifted life has been called early to rest ere the wintry chill could touch her, she has gone to the eternal summer of Divine love.

## Old Christmas Time.

By W. Hoyle.

*Author of Hymns and Songs.*

OLD Christmas time, to all hearts dear,
The time of mirth and jollity;
A warm, true friend, brimful of cheer,
And strains of love and harmony.
What care we for the wintry blast,
Loud let the tempest roar without,
Pile up the fire, make shutters fast,
Lead on the game with joyous shout.
Now side by side we form a ring,
And trip it lightly on the floor.
Sweet voices mingle, as we sing
The strains our fathers sang of yore.
The old man feels a child again,
While rosy urchins round him climb,
Their prattle drives his care and pain,
And makes him bless old Christmas time.
And now the steaming urns are set,
While windows creak and north winds blow,
A group of merry souls well met,
Beneath the shining mistletoe.
A hand extended to the poor,
A kindly word the faint to cheer,
To needy ones an open door.
Make Christmas time, best of the year.
They gather round the good man's board,
And every one is welcome there;
One kindly act of love outpoured,
Outweighs a world of soulless prayer.
The cant and pride in many a place,
Make sad the soul that would be free;
The generous deed and cheerful face,
Are surer signs of piety.
Old Christmas time we love to keep,
With fond remembrance of the past;
Let storms of life around us sweep,
Hearts may beat true while life shall last;—
True to the voices heard within,
Deep in our souls,—O, glad refrain
Which calls us from a world of sin,
And fills us with the angel strain.
Come celebrate the Saviour's birth,
Whose love revealed the way to heaven;
Glory to God, and peace on earth,
Goodwill to all mankind be given.
O, blessed time! send forth thy light,
Make all the earth one brotherhood,
Plant in each soul the love of right,
And lead man to his highest good.
Not sensual lust or sordid gain,
Not place or power to contemplate,
Rid all the world of strife and pain,
And bring us to some holier state.
Where man in higher realms of thought
Shall revel to his soul's delight,
Where earth is near to heaven brought,
And God and angels are in sight.
Bring in Messiah's peaceful reign,
Drive out the discord, hate and sin,
Let gladness fill the earth again,
And all the gospel light flow in.

# The Minister's Story.

"NO, thank you, not for me," said the Rev. Mr. Mansel, the new minister in our circuit, as one of the prominent members of the church, a class leader, welcomed the pastor's first call by going into the store cellar and bringing back one of his best bottles of wine to celebrate the occasion.

"Why not? I like to give the best I have to our ministers," replied Mr. Heap, beginning to draw the cork.

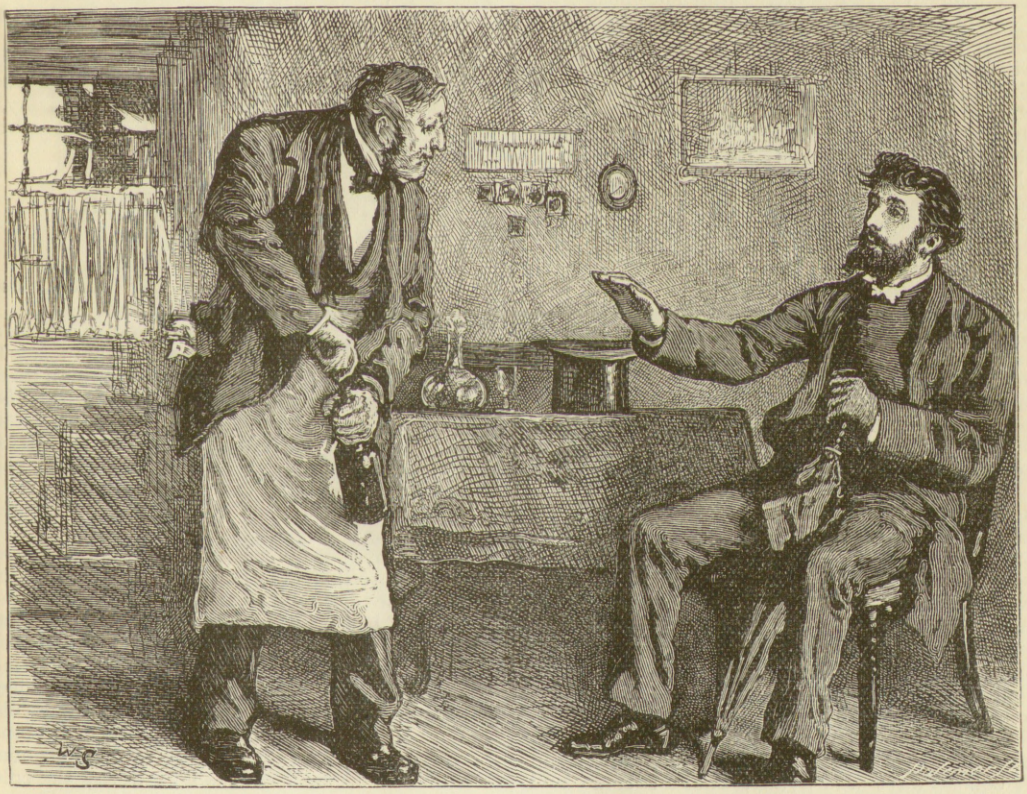
"Because I am an abstainer."

"Well, that settles the matter I suppose, but I am sorry. Our last parson enjoyed his glass of wine," responded Mr. Heap, who was a grocer with a licence to sell wine.

"There was a time when I did the same, and said a glass of wine did no one any harm, and I believed it, and felt convinced that it was a very useful stimulus, and helped digestion, and gave a little tone and power of action to nerve and brain. I thought, moreover, that abstinence was not taught in the Bible any more than celibacy, but that it was justifiable in extreme cases, when people could not take it with moderation; but Temperance I then understood to be the moderate use of wine, and this I conscientiously considered to be a far higher Christian example than the stern ascetic denial of all strong drink. I used to maintain that total abstinence was an infringement of Christian liberty."

"Well, Mr. Mansel, you have spoken my sentiments better than I ever heard them put before," burst in the grocer, as he placed the bottle down upon the table. "And however you have been able to get over such good arguments, I can't understand."

"I can honestly assure you I had no wish to



get the better of these convictions. My father and mother were Christians, and had always taken moderately, and they brought me up in the belief that beer was wholesome, and wine a pleasant luxury to be taken like 'toffies,' not as a necessity, but as a harmless extravagance. Further, I had a solemn respect for brandy as one of the most useful medicines in the world, and I might have continued in that frame of mind had it not been for an incident of my college days and early ministerial life.

"There was a student who came to college at the same time that I entered. He was very clever, full of promise, and very brilliant. He was earnest in all his work, and devoted to the

cause of the Gospel. We became fast friends. He was a teetotaler, and smoked; I was a very moderate drinker, but couldn't smoke, and so said many hard things against tobacco. I thought myself the pattern of virtue. My friend's health was not strong. He saw a doctor, who persuaded him to 'take a little wine' for the sake of his constitution. At first he refused, but I believe my influence and example led him to touch it. He began with two tea-spoons full a day, and said it was wonderful the effect it had. It ran through his whole system; he could feel it at his finger ends. He soon increased the dose, and gradually liked it more and more.

"When he started in his ministerial work, it was under the most favourable circumstances. Everything seemed to smile on him. He had the true preacher's fire, and a touch of genius, with a glowing heart and eloquent gift of speech. Crowds ran after him, his praise filled the churches, and seldom did a young man begin the great work of life under more hopeful and cheerful conditions. But alas! to the wonder of all, he suddenly collapsed, and he left the country, none knew quite how or why. It was generally stated that his health had broken down, but the medicine he took to keep his health was the poison that was working his ruin. He was absent for some years. My faith in and love for my friend were not shaken by trial or separation. At times I heard better accounts, and fancied it was constitutional weakness which made him unable to return to the strain of the ministry, never suspecting anything more. At length he returned. I saw him, but could scarcely believe my own eyes. My friend, my hero, my brother in Christ, was a wreck.

"In body, character, and life, he was ruined; he had come home to die. He sank with fearful rapidity. All his friends forsook him; he wore out even the kindness of his few poor relations by almost continual drunkenness. I did all I could for him; I helped him again and again. He could do nothing. He became a London tramp, exercising his fast failing gifts in elocution in public-houses; coming to me at times, as a soul in torment, wrung with the bitterest remorse.

"I had a post-card one day from the head nurse of a workhouse hospital, saying my friend of college days was dying; would I come and see him? Mine was the only name and address he kept, because the only one that could never give him up in despair. I went off at once, but arrived too late; he had gone. The nurse told me he kept asking for me; my name was the last upon his lips, and if I did not come in time he bade the nurse to say he charged me as a dying man *never to touch it.*

"And as I gazed on the face of that dead friend, who might have been such a power for good, slain by the poison I had helped him to take. I took that thin cold wasted hand and made my vow before the dead and God that I would never touch it more. He had a pauper's funeral and I was the only mourner. Think what that life might have been, realize what it was, and what those solemn last words must mean to me. You will believe me, I needed no other argument than these words from the dying lips of one who once was a fellow soldier of the Cross with me. 'Never touch it.'

"Other people can never hear them as I listened to them, but I feel I must pass them on to others, and while I live I only repeat them with the humble hope that the agony of their pathos may reach some hearts."

Mr. Heap did not listen to the minister's story unmoved, for he had a son whom he hoped one day might go to college. Many thoughts passed through his mind, for he had both a heart and a conscience, and when Mr. Mansel rose to go, the grocer said, "Thank you for your call, you are quite right to be a teetotaler, I often wish I had not to sell it."

"Perhaps, if you give up taking it, you might see your way to give up selling it, and then you would help others 'Never to touch it,' good day," said the minister, as he passed on for other duties

## Alcohol and Cold.

W. C. W.

"COLD are you?" says one. "Take a glass of beer or liquor; it will warm you."

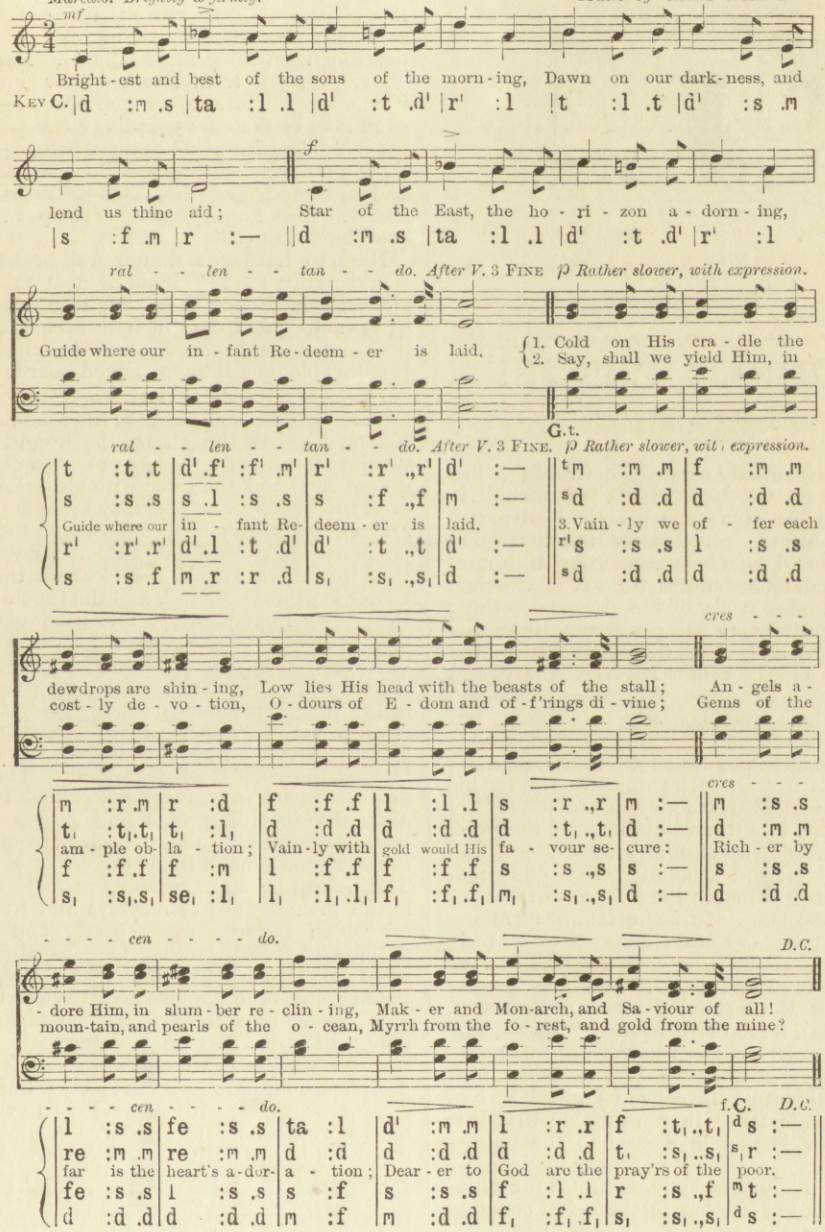
Thus, and in many other terms is a popular error disseminated. A simple test will demonstrate this. By the insertion of a small thermometer under the tongue, the temperature of the body can be ascertained. If this be done before and after imbibing intoxicants, a lower reading will be given in the latter than in the former case. The thermometer never mistakes heat for cold.

"But," says some doubter, "I am sure it does give heat, for I *feel* it."

Not always so, my friend! The appearances truly seem to indicate additional warmth, but, in reality, the contrary is the case. What has happened has been an irradiation of internal heat to the surface of the body, whence it will pass to the surrounding cooler air. Let me explain what is meant by this. If in a nice, warm plum-pudding, wrapped in a cloth, a cold spoon be stirred, the cloth will speedily become hotter than before the introduction of the spoon. No one would be so foolish as to say the cold spoon had given warmth to the pudding. Everyone knows to the contrary. There has been an irradiation of heat from the interior to the exterior of the pudding. Similar is the result of taking alcoholic liquors. They drive or expel the internal heat to the outside of the blood-vessels, and thus to the surface of the body, whence its deceptively warm appearance; while actually the temperature has been reduced, and the body rendered more susceptible to the attacks of cold, by reason of the lost heat. Arctic travellers and others are loud in their affirmation that "it is a fallacy to suppose alcoholic liquors add to the bodily warmth." They reduce heat, make us feel the cold more, and render us more liable to those evils resulting from it.

# BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

FULL. S.C.T.B. UNISON. *Marcato. Brightly & firmly.* (*Copyright. Inserted by permission.*) *Words by* BISHOP HEBER. *Music by* CAREY BONNE.





# THE GIRLS' CORNER.

By Janet Armytage.

AN American lady recently delivered a lecture on "Cooks and Christians," in which she gave some practical advice on household matters. She maintained that good Christians would be more numerous if housewives only understood better the art of cooking. Among the minor trials of life, perhaps nothing is more dispiriting to all concerned than the sight of a badly-laid table, ill-cooked dishes, the mistress conscious of her failures, angry and ashamed, the master scowling and grumbling. Certainly, their feelings are anything but Christianlike. She is conscious of having done the best she could, and failed at that, and feels her husband's frowns to be unjust. He, for his part, having earned the money to provide for the food, is entitled to a decent dinner. If the cook is inexperienced, she should only attempt the simplest recipes, and remember that one good, well-cooked dish is better than an assortment of badly prepared ones. In some families "make-shift dinners" are too often resorted to on busy days. These are usually composed of tea or coffee and bread and butter, and are a poor substitute for the principal meal of the day. Good, substantial food is necessary for a healthy person, and good tempers usually run with the contentment of health. One cannot say how many domestic broils have been caused by bad cooking, but it is more than probable that it is one of the roads that lead men to the public-house.

There are many seemingly unimportant trifles that go to make perfection in the art of cooking. The ordinary "cookery-book" is not over explicit in its directions as to such minor details as seasoning, etc., yet the success of a dinner depends very much on these little matters. The flavour of the potato is lost when the salt is forgotten, and to add it afterwards does not repair the omission. Salt is an important ingredient, and care should be taken to put in the right quantity. A beginner would learn much if she could watch a more experienced cook for a time. Cookery books are bewildering things; one is left to guess what "sufficiency of vinegar," "a good-sized piece of butter," or "a small quantity of bread," may mean; the exact amount can only be discovered by experiment, and possibly then after more failures. But to see it done, to learn from another how much is a "sufficiency," is another matter. A world of good may be done by spending a few mornings in the kitchen of a good-natured friend, who will show one what she does with yesterday's odds and ends, and how she avoids waste in the food, and will also impart valuable recipes to the inexperienced one.

Next to having a dinner well-prepared, one would wish to see it on a neat table. The choicest viands lose something when placed on a dirty tablecloth, from which the breakfast crumbs have not been brushed, while the plainest meal is enjoyable on a tidily arranged board.

Laying a table should be a work of thought, not a detail, just remembered as the food is ready to put on it. Let the glasses be bright, and not tarnished with small bits of dish-cloth, and do not surround the table with glasses, and then omit the water-jug. This may seem an unnecessary injunction, but I have observed the mistake on more than one dinner table. I need not say that the knives should be cleaned, the butter-cooler kept not over full, and the cruets supplied with their ingredients. The used plates and dishes of one course should be carried out as the next is brought in; it spoils the appearance of the table to have the dirty things pushed on one side to make room for fresh ones. I have spoken so far merely of order and cleanliness on the table, leaving the subject of decoration. There is an art in the folding of a napkin, and it can be arranged according to many pretty designs; though it seems an almost useless trouble when the work of so much time is spoilt in a moment. The housewife can exercise her taste and skill in the manufacture of d'oyleys and tray-cloths, for which recently many pretty and effective designs have appeared. One usually prefers table linen to be all white, but I saw, a short time ago, a set of napkins and d'oyleys in quaint china blue and white, with fringed edges. They appeared novel and original, but, after all, not so attractive as the usual white. A few bright flowers are an improvement; placed in specimen glasses or vases, with due regard to colour. I once saw, in a country parlour, a common brown quart bowl filled with big marsh marigolds. The bright yellow of the wild flowers in contrast with the dull brown seemed to brighten not only the table but the whole room. Flowers are most important for decoration, but it should be remembered that they may become unpleasant if left too long with the water unchanged, or allowed to remain in a room after they are faded.

The Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union wish to raise £3,000 by their

bazaar in the spring. This means a great deal of work by a great many people. The present season, when the shopkeepers are showing their prettiest wares, and ingenious designers are doing their best to bring out something new for Christmas, is rich in hints for the anxious contributor to bazaars. A small outlay will procure some inexpensive materials, which can be fashioned by skilful fingers into valuable articles. The long, cold evenings are conducive to staying at home, and the girls might spend many a pleasant hour working, and taking it in turns to read aloud some interesting book. A little sewing circle might be formed among one's friends, if the home circle is not large enough. The band thus formed would meet by turn at the various houses; and here I would suggest that this rule should be adhered to:—If the hostess wish her guests to remain to supper, the fare shall be simple and inexpensive. This will do away with the difficulty of the poorer members, who would like to receive the circle at their own homes, but are deterred by the memory of Miss A.'s banquet, and their own inability to afford more than coffee and bread and butter. Thus no one will look back regretting the happy evenings because of their expense.



## HOLLY BERRIES.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

HOLLY Berries! Christmas berries!
Shining through a veil of snow,
Glowing in your scarlet beauty,
Where the winds of winter blow,
Hanging from the glossy branches,
Waving in the frosty air,
In the sun and in the shadow,
Smiling brightly everywhere.
Beaming berries! Gleaming berries!
Sweetly smiling everywhere.

Holly berries! Christmas berries!
In the rich man's lofty hall,
Or around the homely pictures
On the poor man's humble wall,
There are fingers rough with toiling,
There are fingers fair and white,
Hanging you, midst happy laughter,
In a thousand homes to-night.
Shining berries! Twining berries!
In our English homes to-night.

Holly berries! Christmas berries!
Nest'ling in the maiden's hair,
In your graceful beauty falling
Midst her tresses, dark or fair.
On a brow of spotless whiteness,
O'er some happy girlish face,
Or upon some fair young bosom,
Ye have found a resting place.
Beaming berries! Gleaming berries!
Ye have found a pure, sweet place.

Holly berries! Christmas berries!
Nodding to the robin's song,
Dancing in the wind, which softly
Drifts the feathery snow along;
Holly berries, brightly twinkling
Like red stars upon the land;
Christmas berries, sweetly smiling
In some little dimpled hand,
Shining berries! Twining berries!
In some pretty, childish hand.

Holly berries! Christmas berries!
From the tree I pluck you now;
Not to deck the maiden's tresses,
Not to wreathe the girlish brow,
Not to smile 'mid mirth and laughter,
On some happy, joyous breast;
But to lie within the churchyard,
On a heart that is at rest.
Beaming berries! Gleaming berries!
On a pulseless heart, at rest.

# Pebbles and Pearls.

BEAUTY and bashfulness are often united, yet the loveliest maiden is admired for her cheek.

TEMPERANCE Lecturer: "Friends, how can we stop the sale of liquor?" Inebriate (in rear of hall): "Give it away."

MR. TUCKER, bandmaster of the Lancashire Fusiliers, is able to boast that of the forty-six members of his band no fewer than forty are pledged abstainers.

THE *Calcutta Medical Record* says: "Society's use of alcohol is the secret of half the jaundiced, haggard, dried up, prematurely-aged Europeans we find in India,"

QUEEN MARGARITA, of Italy, is given to making unannounced visits to charitable institutions, particularly those devoted to the care of children, and is kindly critical about their management.

PATIENT: "I say, doctor, what sort of a lump is this on the back of my neck?" Doctor: "It is nothing serious; but I would advise you, nevertheless, to keep your eye on it."

A GOOD IMITATION.—The other day an amateur artist was producing some rapid sketches to amuse his children. He drew a sketch of a hen so naturally, that when it was afterwards thrown into the waste paper basket, it laid there.

AN American driver had been over ardent in his worship of Bacchus, and ultimately fell asleep. On awaking and finding himself alone in his horseless waggon, he looked rather surprised, and exclaimed, "Wal, I've either lost a team or stole a waggon!"

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

A GENTLEMAN, having engaged a bricklayer to make some repairs in his cellar, ordered the ale to be removed before the bricklayer commenced his work. "O! I am not afraid of a barrel of ale, sir," said the man. "I presume not," said the gentleman; "but I think a barrel of ale would run at your approach."

A HINT.—"Dear mother," said a delicate little girl, "I have broken your China vase." "Well, you are a naughty, careless, troublesome little thing, always in mischief; go upstairs till I send for you." And this was a Christian mother's answer to the tearful little culprit, who had struggled with and conquered the temptation to tell a falsehood, and screen the fault. With disappointed, disheartened look, the child obeyed; and at that moment was crushed in her little heart the sweet flower of truth, perhaps never again in after years to be revived to life. Oh, what were a thousand vases in comparison?

SEVERITY towards offenders is no proof of zeal for God or hatred of offence.

## Reviews of Books.

NUTS TO CRACK is a capital little twopenny book, full of information, very well arranged, a multum in parvo, by Milton Smith, and published by the National Tract Depôt, 33, Paternoster Row.

From the same firm, 388 pages, nicely got up, NINETEEN CENTURIES OF DRINK IN ENGLAND, by Richard Valpy French. A useful book on the history of strong drink in our own country.

THE ANNUAL, from the same firm, entitled "The Temperance Mirror," makes for this year a good volume, with better illustrations than usual, and an admirable variety of Temperance prose and verse.

FATHER MATHEW: HIS LIFE AND TIMES, by Frank J. Mathew; published by Cassell and Co. A well written book, telling us the story of a good and noble life. Father Mathew for twenty-four years led an unknown hard-working life at Cork; then rose to be one of the household names wherever the English language is spoken, and took before he died some seven million pledges. All friends of temperance should know something about this grand pioneer of the movement.

Vol. XIX. ONWARD RECITER contains 18 capital dialogues and 123 recitations, just such as ought to be given at our Sunday school and Temperance gatherings. They are instructive, interesting, and humorous, without being silly or vulgar, and should take the place of many of the frivolous and trashy pieces too often given at anniversary and other meetings. The volume is published at 1s. 6d., by S. W. Partridge and Co., 9, Paternoster Row, and at the "Onward" office, Manchester.

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9 Houghton, 11's; O come and join; Sleighing song; Work and win; Laughiug chorus; All alone.

10 A song for little girls; The footsteps on the stairs; I wonder why he comes not home (solo and chorus); Look not upon the wine; Love shall be the conqueror (solo and chorus); The crystal fountain.

11 Anniversary hymn; The social glass; Learn to say No; Merrily o'er the waves; Here in the dawn.

12 No; Your mission; Ye noble hearts of England; Dare to be true; Onward, onward; John Alcohol.

13 Leoni, P.M.; Pray for the peace of Jerusalem (anthem); The Temperance ship; Mabel (solo and chorus); Stand to your arms; They say there is an echo here.

14 Vote it out; Work and pray; King Alcohol (tune "Dame Durden"); Drink not thy dear life away (solo and chorus); Water pure for me; Wilton, L.M.

No.

15 Welcome, brothers, 7's; The revellers' chorus; A glorious day is breaking; Rock me to sleep, mother; Go, child, and beg (solo and chorus); We, the undersigned.

16 Rally, freemen, rally; Have you counted the cost, my boy?; Farmer's song; Battle cry of Temperance; I want to do right; Simeon.

17 Exercise bone and muscle; O hasten from the busy town; Fill the ranks; The three millions; Hold the fort.

18 Steal away to Jesus; Call John; The Bells.

19 Water give to me; Men for the times; I have been rambling; Merrily all our voices raise; Clap, clap, hurrah; Because he loved me so.

20 Shall e'er cold water be forgot?; O praise the Lord (anthem); Melcombe, L.M.; Follow your leader.

21 Light-hearted are we; The contest; Escape from the city; Whistling farmer boy.

22 The flowing spring; Good night; Autumn winds; Old hundredth, L.M.; The sea.

23 We mourn the ruin; O praise the Lord all ye nations (anthem); The Temperance lifeboat; Swell high the joyful chorus; Men of Britain.

24 Merry mill wheel; March and sing; I have wandered through the meadows (solo with vocal accompaniment); Stand by the flag.

25 To the tap of the drum; Long, long ago; Renounce the cup (solo and chorus); In God we trust.

26 Brave Sir Wilfrid; We'll rally round our standard; Guard the Bible; Where have you gleaned?; Sad is the drunkard's life.

27 Hail to the Lord's anointed; Hark, the temperance trumpet; Round the spring; Dear Fatherland; Rescue the perishing.

28 Temperance is our theme; The deadly Upas tree; The brooklet; Meet me at the fountain; Hear the call; Lift him up.

29 Look not upon the wine; Dash it down; Beautiful spring; Safe and strong; The gushing rill.

30 The temperance banner; Merry farmer's boy; Cry out and shout (anthem).

31 Take back the bowl (solo and chorus); Fill your glasses; May morning; Praise ye the Lord (anthem).

32 Before the brewers; I have seen the gilded palace (solo and chorus); Star of peace; Down where the bluebells grow.


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No
33 Hallelujah, marching on ; Father, won't you try? (solo and chorus); No surrender ; Drink from the crystal fountain.

34 Don't fret ; Day is dying ; The world is moving on (solo and chorus) ; Stand firmly stand ; The open air.

35 Hold fast ; The children ; Victory ! victory ; God made all nations free ; Winter glee.

36 Gentle words ; open the door for the children ; The herdboy's song ; Freedom's land.

37 In the olden time ; Lift up the temperance banner; Shun the tempting snare ; Fatherland.

38 Save the boy (solo and chorus) ; Answer them, No ; Praise Him (harvest anthem).

39 Poor Thomas Brown ; Ringing cheerily ; The skylark's song.

40 A foe in the land ; Lead on the cause ; The temperance army ; It pays the best.

41 Song of the gipsies ; Where is my boy tonight? Come silent evening.

42 Hurrah for water ! Ere the sun goes down ; Praise ye the Father.

43 I will praise the Lord ; Speed thy cause ; Break it gently ; Lift the royal standard high.

44 Come and see the panorama ; Where are the reapers? Assembled here ; Ribbon of blue ; Ye sons of our nation.

45 The ship intemperance ; I'm hiding, but please, sir, don't tell ; Keep the temperance banner waving ; Breakers ahead.

46 Soldiers of Christ, arise ; Wandering tonight ; Have courage, my boy ; Go feel what I have felt ; No, not I.

47 Stop the drinking trade ; Offer unto God thanksgiving ; Temperance battle song ; Song of the fountain.

48 Raise a merry shout ; The prodigal coming home ; Brother, go.

49 Praise the Lord ; Moonlight song of the fairies ; With thankfulness.

50 Come brothers all.

51 I drink with birds and flowers (song with vocal accompaniment) ; With laugh and song ; How great the Almighty's goodness ; 'Tis evening's peaceful close.

No.
52 When you see the ruddy wine ; Oh ! touch not the wine cup ; The children's cry ; Wait a little while ; What I'd like.

53 Strike, strike the blow ; Vespers.

54 Hurrah for England ; Not there, my child ("The better land" with solo) ; The crying song (solo and chorus).

55 The carnovale ; Aldiboronti ; Father's a drunkard (solo and chorus, new arrangement).

56 Away to the west ; Angel of temperance (solo with vocal accompaniment).

57 Roland's march ; To thee, dear fatherland ; Hold the light.

58 I drink with goodly company ; Keep me ; Take from us the drink ; Behold the fields.

59 There is a foe ; I love water ; Come, ye wanderer's ; A mother's love : Now the day is over.

60 The battle and the breeze ; Glory unto Jesus ; Never alone ; Let others sing of ruby wine.

61 Banner bearers ; The homeless ones ; I know it was Jesus calling ; Come to the mountain.

62 Touch not the drink ; God who hath made the daisies ; The last rays are shining ; My dear, happy home

63 After the coin of the working man ; This is the way for you ; A merry band of minstrels ; Only a beam of sunshine.

64 Hail to thy living light ; Joyous and free.

65 Hold the banner high ; Street cries ; A waif of the street (solo and chorus) ; Away to the woodlands ; A life with the good and the brave.

66 Merry, laughing water ; Sing aloud to God (anthem) ; Joy, joy to-day ; Oh to be a brave man.

67 The old year and the new ; Kindly words and smiling faces (solo and chorus) ; Cry aloud and spare not (anthem) ; A song of hope.

68 Two little eyes for seeing (action song) ; Lost for want of a word (quartette and chorus) ; Water from the spring (solo and chorus) ; A welcome to May.

69 Another year has passed away ; The journey of life (solo and chorus) ; Forth to the fight ; Rouse for the battle ; Brightest and best.

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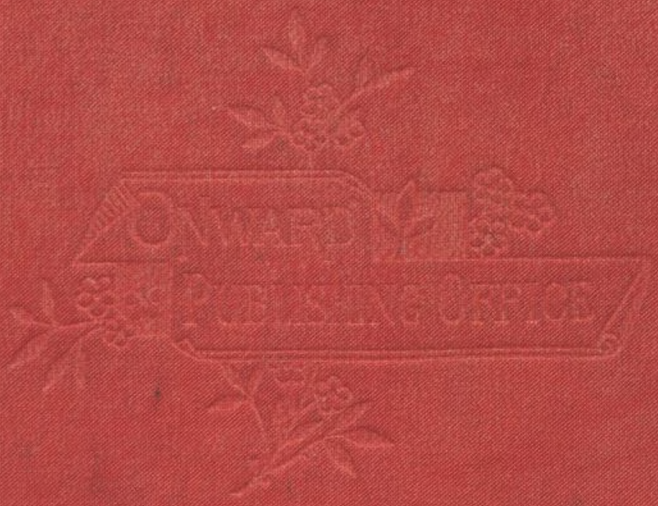
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