ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1894

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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.



W. P. INGHAM.

Editor of "Onward,"

AND

Secretary Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union.

ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE, AND FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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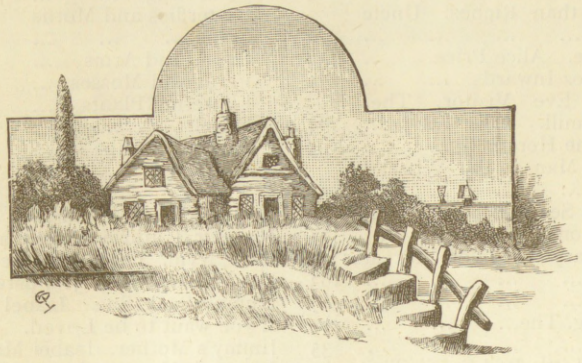

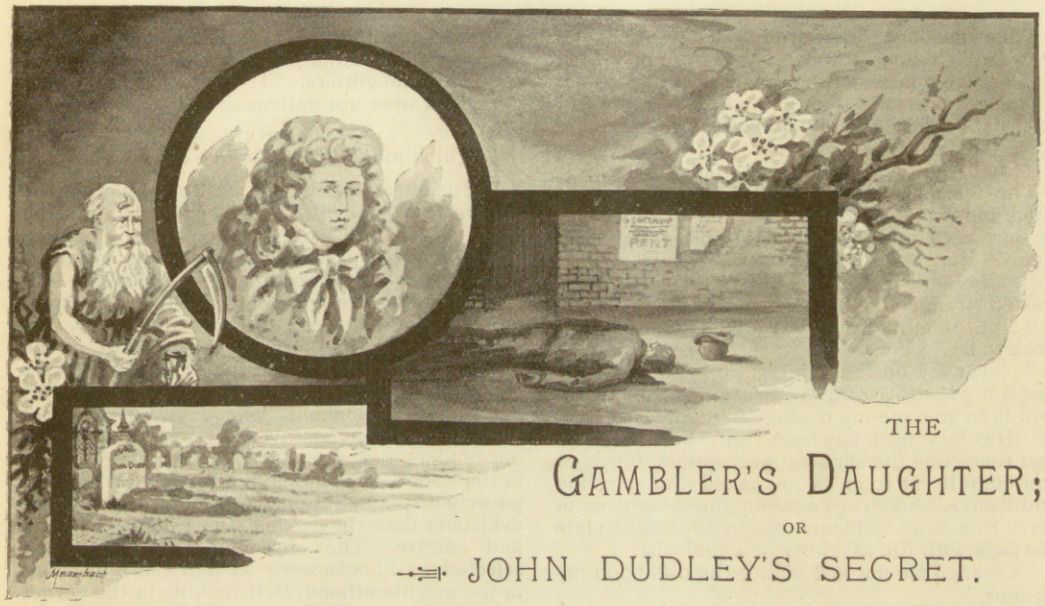

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR

JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

Serial Story.] —o BY EDWARD ARMYTAGE. o— [*Copyright.*

CHAPTER I.

ANOTHER victim! Alas, it is well named the 'Lion,' for it devours all within its reach."

Such were the words of Geoffrey Ormond, as he watched the exit of Frank Crawford from the ancient hostelry of the "Lion."

The "Lion" was an antique building that had withstood the storms of centuries. Tudor and Stuart had passed away, but still the old house stood. Nor was it short of historic memories. In the wainscotting were marks made by the cannon balls when the King besieged the town; outside was the mounting-stone by which Prince Charlie mounted his horse in the fatal forty-five. In one of the rooms he held a privy council; and over the mantelpiece hangs a long claymore, left by one of the soldiers, and which the care of successive hosts has still preserved.

The "Lion" was considered the most respectable hostelry in Smokeville: it was conducted in the most exemplary manner, and both magistrate and parson thought it a model for all similar concerns.

Why, then, should Geoffrey Ormond stigmatise it as a Lion devouring all within its reach?

The speech was certainly out of keeping with Geoffrey's general appearance, for his face, although intellectual, bore upon it traces of dissipation. His attire, like himself, had evidently seen better days, and his long hair fell wildly upon his shoulders. The face was honest and frank enough, but the mouth was almost feminine in its softness. Geoffrey Ormond was a man of talent and education, and a bright career had been predicted for him. His abilities and his kindly nature made him welcome in many companies, whilst a certain weakness of resolution rendered him an easy prey to temptations which he despised even whilst he succumbed. At thirty, with impaired health and blighted hopes, he was a mere wreck of the dashing student who, ten years ago, had carried all before him. It is a thousand pities that so many amusements and social pleasures are linked to the drinking system. Thus by easy gradation an unsuspecting youth is led to the public-house by excessive athletics, and there, instead of social pleasure, acquires a taste for the race-course and the gambling saloon.

A shipwreck is a sad thing at all times; but how sad when the argosy, stored with golden grain, leaves the harbour with flags flying and music playing, and perishes almost in sight of shore!

Whether Geoffrey's bark will weather the storm is yet to be seen. The friends of old look coldly on him, and regard him as a lost man, but even now, perchance, if some helping hand were held out to him, he might retrieve the past.

All this time, whilst we have been introducing him to the reader, he has remained standing opposite the den of the "Lion," watching the receding figure of Frank Crawford, and when it disappeared from sight, he looked up at the window through which the light came streaming into the street, revealing the warm, well-furnished room within. He moved a few paces, paused, and then, with a shiver, walked quickly forward.

"Ten more years," said he, mentally, "and Frank will be a wreck like myself. Would to God I could save him."

The thought had no sooner formed itself in his mind than he laughed bitterly.

"What a fool I am to think that I can do any good. Evil influence I have often exerted, but if I raised *my* voice for the cause of goodness and virtue, the very stones would cry aloud against me."

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Thus musing, he moved quickly along the crowded streets, towards the by no means fashionable quarter of the town where he resided. As he was hurrying along, a light hand was laid on his shoulder, and a cracked and squeaking voice inquired:

"Shall you be at the 'Lion' to-night?"

The speaker was a young man, probably not much older than Geoffrey, but the face was that of one aged and hardened in dissipation and vice. His blue eyes and light hair gave a curiously laddish look to his face, which contrasted strangely with its worn and blasé aspect.

"Not to-night, Fruse. I have a great deal of work to do."

"Never let business interfere with pleasure, that's my motto," said Mr. Fruse. "Young Crawford is to give me my revenge to-night."

"Has he won money from you?" said Geoffrey, and there was the slightest perceptible touch of contempt in his tone as he asked the question and fixed his honest gaze upon the blue eyes of Mr. Fruse, who suddenly began to contemplate the flags with the assiduity of a geologist.

"Cleaned me out last night; he did, upon my honour."

"I did not see either of you at the 'Lion' last night," said Geoffrey.

"We were there," replied Fruse, with a spiteful gleam in his blue eyes; "perhaps you were too far gone to notice us."

Geoffrey's face turned scarlet at this home-thrust.

Fruse continued:

"We adjourned early to Glair's, and finished there with cards. You'd better change your mind and come."

"No, I cannot come to-night," returned Geoffrey, and they parted; but as Mr. Fruse turned away something very like a curse escaped him, and the blue eyes had anything but an amiable look in them as he walked away.

CHAPTER II.

Sackavon Square was not a fashionable locality, although tradition asserted that it had once been an aristocratic and important neighbourhood, and this tradition was partially strengthened by the appearance of some of the houses, which, though fallen from their high estate, and now dingy, battered, crazy tenements, had evidently at one time been the residence of persons of importance. Upon the place had fallen the mantle of desolation. The houses, tall and grim, grey with age, were fast going to ruin. Windows, with broken panes, stuffed with old rags; doors, whose handles had long departed; skeletons of what had once been lamps, when Sackavon Square was in its glory. Could some former inhabitant have re-visited the place, how horror-struck he would have been at the woeful change. The carriage of My Lady had given place to the coster's cart, and the gardens before the houses had long since ceased to bloom with flowers, and were now nothing but patches of ugly blackness. In Sackavon Square men lounged idly about, visiting the gin palace at the corner as often as possible, and doing honest work as little as possible; dirty, untidy women stood at the doors, screaming to still dirtier children playing in the gutters. Truly the inhabitants of the region were not noticeable for

"That repose
Which marks the caste of Vere de Vere."

Let us enter the house at the far end of the Square, past the black garden, push open the door, destitute alike of bell, knocker, and handle, along this dark passage, and up these creaking stairs. Now gently open the door to the left, and let us noiselessly enter. The floor is carpetless; a few pictures, destitute of frames, are nailed against the wall; in the centre of the room stands a small round table; and in a recess at one side of the fireplace is a table filled with dusty, shabby-looking books. We are not auctioneers taking an inventory, and so will spare our readers a catalogue of the few other articles in the room. Notwithstanding the too evident poverty displayed, there were not wanting sundry evidences that the dweller was a person of taste and culture. The engravings were carefully selected, and books were so much at a discount in the neighbourhood, that the pile in the corner was, in all probability, the only literature in the square.

In this room sat Geoffrey Ormond, a book open upon his knees, yet he saw it not, for other words sounded through his mind like the booming of a great alarm bell.

"*Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?*

"*They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.*

"*Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.*

"*At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.*"

But he is suddenly interrupted by the voice of the little fairy, who has been bustling about the room all this time.

"Brother Geoffrey, please come to tea, and never mind King Arthur."

"Why, Little Mary, you must be a witch like Jennet Preston, or a magician, like Merlin, to have it ready so soon. I have not been reading long, have I?"

A few words only had Geoffrey seemed to read, and they were echoing in his mind as he spoke—"*In the end it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.*" He closed his book, and drew up to the table. Little Mary was already seated, and doing the honours of the table in a very dignified manner.

"You've been so long with the Knights of the Round Table that you have not noticed the time," said Little Mary.

Geoffrey laughed.

"I think," said he, "some one else has been busy with King Arthur. What have you been reading, Little Mary?"

She jumped down from her chair, and pulled "La Morte d' Arthur," of good Sir Thomas Malory, from the pile of books. Bringing the book to him—

"Brother Geoffrey," she said, "I want to know if it is all true."

This was a puzzling question to answer; but, without waiting for his reply, she continued in a coaxing tone—

"Will you read to me after tea?"

Geoffrey left her first question unanswered, and only replied—

"I can't to-night, Little Mary."

Then, as he saw a disappointed look pass over her face, he added,

"But you shall stay with me and watch me work until your father comes back."

She clapped her hands with childish glee.

"Oh, I am so glad that you are going to stay in with Little Mary."

Still those words were in his mind—"*In the end it biteth like a serpent.*"

"What are you going to write, Geoffrey?"

"I am writing a fairy tale, and it must be finished to-night. Is your father working, Little Mary?"

"No, Geoffrey, he has been drinking all week."

"Was he always as he is now?"

"No. He was once both kind and rich, but it is so long since I can hardly recollect. Mother was alive then."

Her eyes filled with tears, and Geoffrey felt sorry to have aroused painful recollections.

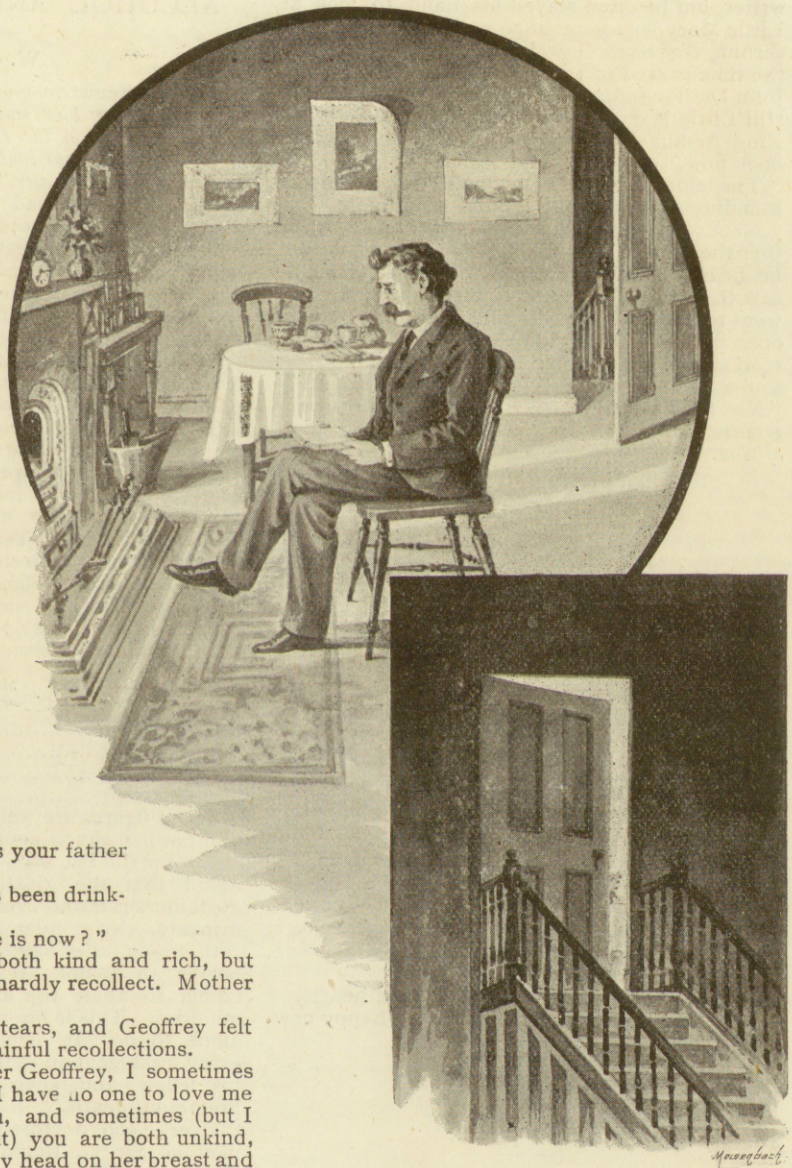
"Do you know, brother Geoffrey, I sometimes wish to go to mother. I have no one to love me now but father and you, and sometimes (but I know you don't mean it) you are both unkind, and then I long to put my head on her breast and cry out my sorrows there. Besides, Geoffrey, there is no sorrow, no sin there; we shall leave all care and sorrow behind us. When I am in trouble I do so long to follow mother."

Her face looked like the face of some carved saint when the sunset glow is resting upon it; but the light that beamed upon her face was from the pure soul within, shining like a great light through the frail tenement.

Geoffrey's conscience reproached him, and his heart yearned still more towards this poor waif on the sea of life.

"Alas," thought he, "dark are her prospects; two friends only has she in all the world—her father and I—and both of them are bondslaves to a cruel demon."

He turned the conversation to a lighter theme,



and this was no difficult matter, for Little Mary was like other children of the same age, glad enough to forget her sorrow and smile again. So no more serious talk ensued, but, instead, a pleasant chat on all things under the sun, Mary sometimes asking quaint questions which fairly puzzled Geoffrey to answer, so searching was their frank simplicity. When the tea was over she cleared the table, and Geoffrey, taking an obese portfolio from the pile of books, placed it open upon the table, and commenced to write.

Little Mary drew up a chair opposite to him, and resumed her study of "La Morte d'Arthur," but often pausing to look at Geoffrey with her great wonder-loving eyes. Geoffrey's pen raced over the paper with the quickness of a practised

writer, but he often stayed his hand to look at Little Mary, or to exchange a word with her concerning courteous Gawain or gruff Sir Kay. So the time passed on; minutes, hours, flew by, still John Dudley returned not; still Geoffrey wrote; still Little Mary read on, though she had laid King Arthur by, and was reading in another book now.

The clock struck twelve with iron clamour, sounding strangely on the quiet air of night.

Geoffrey had become so absorbed in his work, that the sound startled him; at the same moment he heard a stifled sob, and, looking at Mary, he saw that she was weeping bitterly. He rose and went to her side. On the table before her lay an open book. Casting his eye upon the page, he read these words, which seemed to burn into his soul as if they had been written in letters of fire—"*Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God.*"

(To be continued.)

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

"A HAPPY new year!" Oh, how common the words,
So quaint, and old-fashioned, and yet on the ear
They fall, like the warbling of dear, homely birds,
The sweet little wild birds our childhood held dear.

"A happy new year!" In the palace and cot,
From the lips of the sad, and the lips of the gay,
At the foot of the throne, in the lowliest spot,
The sweet, simple words will be spoken to-day.

And so, while the old year in darkness departs,
And we watch the glad dawn of the new one appear,
I'll whisper no message of love to your hearts,
But the old-fashioned greeting: "A happy new year."

A NEW LEAF.

HE came to my desk with a quivering lip,
—The lesson was done—
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said,
"I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted
I gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled—
"Do better, now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul,
—The old year was done—
"Dear Father, hast Thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
And gave me a new one all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled,
"Do better now, my child."—*Sel.*

ALCOHOL AND LONGEVITY.

W. C. W.

THE Registrar-General, in a recent report, says: "*The Death-rate undoubtedly depends more upon the extent to which people are brought into contact with drink than upon anything else whatever.*" There is no greater sower of death abroad at the present time than alcohol, whose progress is marked by premature decay, disease, and death. The death-rate is far heavier among publicans' servants, publicans, and brewers, than among other classes of the community, insufficiently fed and exposed to the inclemency of the weather as many of them are.

Where 1,000 men of all occupations died, the mortality among publicans was 1,521, and among publicans' servants 2,205.

The statistics of friendly benefit societies which make provision for abstaining and non-abstaining again and again prove that the use of alcohol is not conducive to longevity, but that alcohol shortens life. The compiled returns of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution show that during the twenty years beginning 1866, the death-rate in the moderate drinkers' section was 97 out of 100 expected, as against 71 out of 100 expected in the total abstaining section.

	Of 100 expected in Moderate Section there were		Abstainers' Section there were
1866-1870	94	...	74
1871-1875	105	...	71
1876-1880	100	...	70
1881-1885	91	...	71

These figures are well borne out by the returns of other assurance companies which make provision for the two sections, where it is invariably found that the death-rate among the total abstainers is lower even than among moderate drinkers. No wonder, therefore, that on August 30th, 1890, the *Lancet* should say: "Charity begins at home. It cannot do better than labour to abate the alcoholism of home communities. This is no work for mere teetotalers alone to do. It demands the co-operation of every intelligent and sober man who can influence his fellows and keep them from disease and premature death."

Over 2,000 doctors, including such eminent men as Sir G. Burrows, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Dr. Forbes Winslow, Erasmus Wilson, Sir J. Clark, Professor Curran, &c., &c., declare that "Total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and beverages of all sorts would greatly contribute to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

Listen to the Registrar-General's indictment: "The mortality of men who are directly concerned in the liquor trade is appalling, and that this terrible mortality is attributable to drink might be safely assumed, but the figures render it incontestable."

When somebody appears to prove that there is no hell, whisky men are the first to throw up their hats.

AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.



My Dear Girls,

ONE day, when I was a very little girl, I remember seeing my mother faint. I do not think she ever did such a thing before, nor indeed after, till on her death-bed many years later. This unusual conduct occurred in this way: When she went into the drawing-room, leading me by the hand, to receive a strange lady-visitor, she at once recognised in her a dearly-loved sister, whom for years she had mourned as dead and buried in a distant land. You may be quite sure that my curiosity was great, and that I had no desire whatever to faint. Rather delighted, indeed, to find a new relation, who could tell me many tales of her own travels, and was untiring in her efforts to amuse me. Of course I found this all out later on.

Well, when some years had passed, I myself visited Russia, and there found the quaint, and, as I think, pretty custom of teaching children to call all grown-up ladies *Tyotinka* (auntie); and since I have often wished that we had some similar custom in England; for children like to have an introduction as well as up-grown folks. I was therefore very pleased, in glancing at a magazine the other day, while waiting for a train, to find that it is proposed to adopt this plan in England, only calling friends *Tante* (French for aunt, as some of you will know), to distinguish them from blood relations.

I prefer the good old English title, so I will ask you to let my love for lads and lasses stand instead of actual relationship, and to look upon this as a letter of introduction; and though I may not be able to give such stirring and marvellous stories, as my newly-found Aunt's were, yet the subjects we are going to correspond about are full of beauty, mystery and interest; are, in fact, some of the most wonderful works of God, and it certainly will be my fault, or yours, if they are not attractive.

After that, you will be wondering whatever the subject can be. Well, I suppose the *Onward* stands for one great big subject, and we shall look upon this as we look upon everything, namely, how it stands in relation to Temperance. So this may perhaps break the disappointment of some girl when she reads that what I am going to talk about is, for a little while at least,

THE KITCHEN AND COOKERY.

And now I fancy I can see some girl's lip curling, or her nose turning up, while her impulse is to skip the page as being something quite beneath her. Don't! I have visited a home (what a word to use for such a *thing*!) where the earnings were spent by the father and mother in drink, and found—no furniture; orange boxes for bedstead; beer or blacking bottle for candlestick; scarcely any clothes; no fire; no food. I have seen again the same people, in the same place, with natty furniture, cheerful fireside, cleanly-cooked food, ready at the proper time. And I have not yet met the girl who would presume to tell me that doing the duty which made such a change was unworthy of her attention. Your brothers, I am sure, will have visions of delight at the bare mention of the matters that we are to discuss. They will see dreams of cosy corners, spotless tablecloths, dainty dishes, done by ourselves; the bare naming of which makes one's mouth water. Don't you believe it? Ask them; nay, ask that grave and reverend seignior, our chief (the Editor), and see if he would not say that a suitable heading for our subject would be "Good Things."

"All very well," say you, "but my vision is quite different. The picture which my fancy draws for me is an oven that won't heat; a fire that will smoke; pans that will burn; sauces that will not thicken; pastry that will turn out heavy; and more than that, I see my hands chafed and reddened and roughened, my face burnt enough to spoil any complexion, my time all taken up, my temper very much tried, and all for what? That the family may sit down, time after time, to a comfortable, well-prepared meal, when something much less troublesome might have served the purpose just as well, and I might be much better occupied with my books."

"Stay, lady, stay," you are running on too fast. Some one must do this work. Is it possible that you belong to the class of girl that has caused some one to write,

> In days of old, so the Chroniclers say,
> Maids helped their mothers in a household way,
> Now times have changed; the maid for culture wishes,
> And reads her books, while mother cleans the dishes.

If this cap should fit the least little bit, I beg of you not to skip my letter, but to turn over a new leaf in your life, and possibly by carrying out the plans sketched, you may be both wittier and wiser, as well as healthier.

In case, however, that my authority, as yet, should not be very weighty with you, let me press the point of the dignity of our subject, by the testimony of no less a person than that grand master of learning and literature, John Ruskin. What does he say? Why, he asked the common-place question, "What does cooking mean?" And he answers thus:—"It means the knowledge of Medea, and of Circe, and of Calypso, and of Helen, and of Rebekah, and of the Queen of Sheba. It means the knowledge of all herbs, and fruits, and balms, and spices; and of all that is healing in fields and groves, and savoury in meats; it means carefulness, and inventiveness, and watchfulness, and willingness, and readiness of appliance; it means the economy of your great grandmothers, and the science of the

modern chemist; it means much tasting and no wasting; it means English thoroughness, and French art, and Arabian hospitality; and it means, in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always 'Ladies,' and as you are to see imperatively that everybody has something pretty to put on, so you are to see, yet more imperatively, that everybody has something nice to eat."

I do not think I must lengthen this letter with the stories attached to the names at the commencement of this extract, but I may tell you that when traced, and summed up, you would find that they represent "enchantment," learning, silence, beauty, charity, progress.

What a wonderful group of qualities and attributes clustering round our kitchen range!

Turn back, and place alongside the last few lines from Ruskin, the picture I have tried to give of a drunkard's home, and there will be a human appeal to us to learn anything and everything that can help to turn the one into the other, really and truly making the wilderness to blossom as the rose, while we may hear at the same time something Divine in the command: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Next letter will deal with practical matters, but I hope the motive of this one will be felt in all, as it is always in the heart of your affectionate AUNT MARGARET.

CONTENTMENT BETTER THAN RICHES.

BY UNCLE BEN.

MRS. DOLBY, who lived on the outskirts of a pleasant English village in a southern county, at a charming cottage near a beautiful park, said to a lady visitor when talking about the strange and sudden reverses of fortune that had happened to a family of mutual acquaintance:

"I don't think I ever told you the story of a true incident of Loughbourne Park, the tree-tops of which you see so plainly from your bedroom window. The Park has lately changed hands because the family who had held it for many generations died without any direct heir, and so the whole estate has been sold and the money divided among the surviving relatives.

"Squire Monkton was lord of the manor, and belonged to an old county family; he, like his forefathers, lived at Loughbourne Hall, where he died last year, much respected by the neighbourhood. He married somewhat late in life, and after a time a girl was born; the child grew to be the great delight of both father and mother until she was just able to run about, and then fell ill and died, to their unspeakable grief.

"Now, it happened that the people who lived at the lodge had a little girl, born about the same time as the young heiress of the Hall, and Mrs. Monkton took a great interest in this child's welfare. Soon after the death of the Squire's daughter, the little one at the lodge was taken very ill, and hovered for some days between life and death. The anxiety at the lodge touched the sympathy of the lately-bereaved hearts at the Hall, and every day Mrs. Monkton used to go and see the lodge-keeper and his wife during this season of serious illness. As the child slowly recovered, Mrs. Monkton would nurse her with the true woman-hearted tenderness that knows no distinction of caste or position, and in this way became greatly attached to the child, who responded to her care with the natural affection of a young life.

"The Reyners at the Lodge were a very respectable family, and for generations they had been loyal and faithful servants or retainers of the people at the Hall, and out of respect to the Squire and his wife they had asked to have their child called Edith, after the little heiress, whose name was Edith Molly Sainsbury, as her mother's name was Molly, and a daughter of Sir Richard Sainsbury. After the death in the mansion, the little Edith at the lodge took the interest and sympathy of both the Squire and his wife in a remarkable way, until the mutual affection of the child for her kind friends became a strong bond of union. At length, Mrs. Monkton called and asked Mrs. Reyner if she thought that it would be possible for both parents to consent to little Edith being made their adopted child. Mrs. Monkton said they would like to have the little girl as soon as they could. They would take her to their hearts and home, bring her up as a lady, give her the best education possible, and if she turned out to be a dutiful child, they would make her the heiress to the whole of the estate, and no doubt she might marry well if she lived. But Mrs. Monkton said they would do all this for Edith on this one condition—that when they took the child, Mr. and Mrs. Reyner should go to Canada, and promise never to see their own daughter again, or hold any further communication with her. The Squire promised to pension them off well for life, or buy them a farm in the Colony, so that they should be in far better circumstances than if they remained in England. Mrs. Monkton made this statement after the most careful consideration, prompted by real love for the child, and she begged Mrs. Reyner to think it over and talk about it with her husband, and let nothing stand in the way of the child's future well-being, and when they had come to a definite decision they were to let her know.

"As you may well imagine, this request from the lady of the Hall caused no small astonishment to the lodge-keeper and his wife; talk about it they did, because there was nothing else they could think of. But it will just show you what a good sort they were, for out of their respect for the Squire and his wife they said nothing to any one. Then after full and careful consideration they felt that they ought not, and could not, give up their child. God had given her to them, and they dare not surrender the trust for the best worldly dower that the Squire could give. So with much pride and gratitude they refused the grand offer for Edith, and said that as long as the Squire and his wife lived they would not mention the matter to any one, as a proof of their respect for the kind intention of the Squire, although they plainly said that if Mrs. Monkton had offered to adopt their



child without any condition on their part they would have refused their consent just the same.

"After this the Monktons almost entirely lived abroad. They came back to England for the London season and visited the Hall for a short time every year, and always paid a special call at the lodge where the Reyners continued to live. They had the offer of the head gamekeeper's place, but would not accept it for many reasons, but after the death of Mrs. Monkton the Squire would have them go to live at the under-bailiff's house.

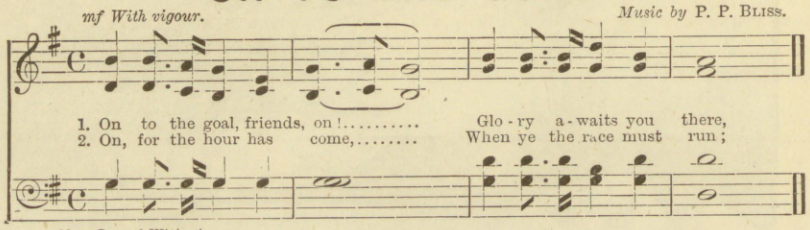
"In the meantime, Edith grew up to be a modest well-behaved girl, thoroughly domesticated. I was her god-mother, and then she belonged to my class in Sunday school. So some time ago, before I knew anything about this offer of making her the heiress for the manor, I asked her mother if she would let Edith come and be my help and maid. Her mother after much persuasion allowed Edith to come, and I have found her such a nice useful girl—quite a companion. She now teaches in our Sunday school and helps me at the 'Girls' Friendly,' and is most active at the 'Band of Hope.' After the Squire's death, last year, our clergyman's wife said her husband had a small sum of money that he held in trust for Edith that had been given him by the Squire for her use at any time she might need it. He wished to consult me as to what had better be done with it. He had safely invested it and the interest was growing. He told me there was some reason for this trust which he thought was only known to him and his wife and to Mr. and Mrs. Reyner; if they told me the story then he would consult further with me, as he felt sure I was her true friend. On the strength of this I saw Edith's parents, and they told me all I am repeating to you, and we all decided since the sum was not large it had better be kept for the future as she might need it in days to come, and as she was of age she should know about it and all the early facts.

"Now, I have told you as one of my best friends not living in the neighbourhood, so that if anything should happen to me you might be a friend to Edith, and, what is more, I should like her to take you round to see her parents, and have a walk in the Park. You will see the roof of an old-fashioned house at one end of the Park, where they live from the high road, then after you have looked in to see the old people, for they are getting on in years now, Edith will bring you back by the Hall, and out by the lodge gate-house, and you will then see for yourself what might have been Edith's own possession had things gone differently. But I am quite sure that the contented and simple life that Edith lives is far better for her happiness and prosperity than if she were the owner now of the estate.

"This little incident, with its strange romance, has taught me much, and Edith also, for we can enjoy the beauties of the foliage and all the pleasures the Park can give without being burdened with its responsibilities. It has made me feel that our true wealth in life is not in the possessions we can call our own, but in our power to appreciate the best, and in the thankful heart that is grateful for the smallest mercy, and above all in the Providence that watches over our interest and guides our lives into the way of peace when we accept the will of our Father above and seek to do it on earth even as it is done in heaven."

ON TO THE GOAL!

mf With vigour. *Music by* P. P. Bliss.



1. On to the goal, friends, on!..... Glo - ry a - waits you there,
2. On, for the hour has come,..... When ye the race must run;

Key G. *mf With vigour.*

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s,	:s, .,f, | m,	:f,	m, :-.f, | m,	:—	d :d .,d | d	:d	t, :— |— :—
3. Lay off each cum-brous			weight,		Leave ev-'ry dar - ling		sin;
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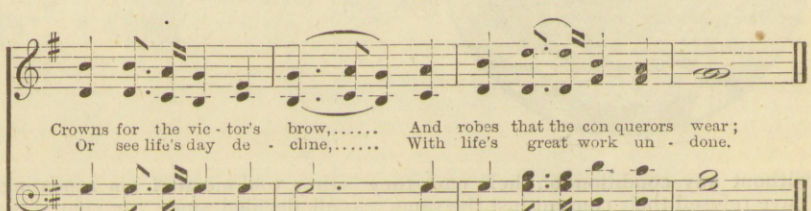

Crowns for the vic - tor's brow,..... And robes that the con querors wear;
Or see life's day de - cline,..... With life's great work un - done.

m	:m .,r | d	:l,	d :-.r | d	:r	m :s .,s | m	:r	d :— |— :—
s,	:s, .,f, | m,	:f,	m, :-.f, | m,	:f,	s, :s, .,s, | t,	:t,	d :— |— :—
He must be free	as		air		Who yon - der wreath would		win.
d	:d .,d | d	:d	d :— |— :d		d :m .,m | s	:f	m :— |— :—
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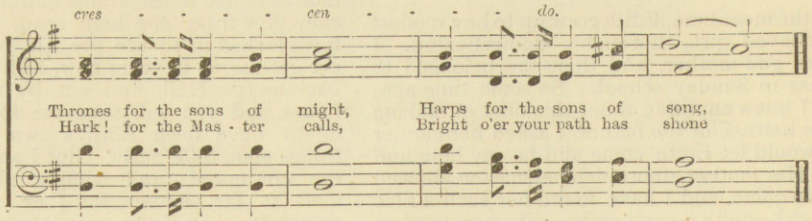

Thrones for the sons of might, Harps for the sons of song,
Hark! for the Mas - ter calls, Bright o'er your path has shone

cres - - - - -			cen - - - - -		do.		
r	:r .,r | r	:m	f :— |— :—		m :m .,m | m	:fe	s :— |f :—
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Je - sus a - waits	you		there—		Waits but to bind the		crown
s	:s .,s | s	:s	s :— |— :—		s :m .,r | d	:r	r :— |— :—
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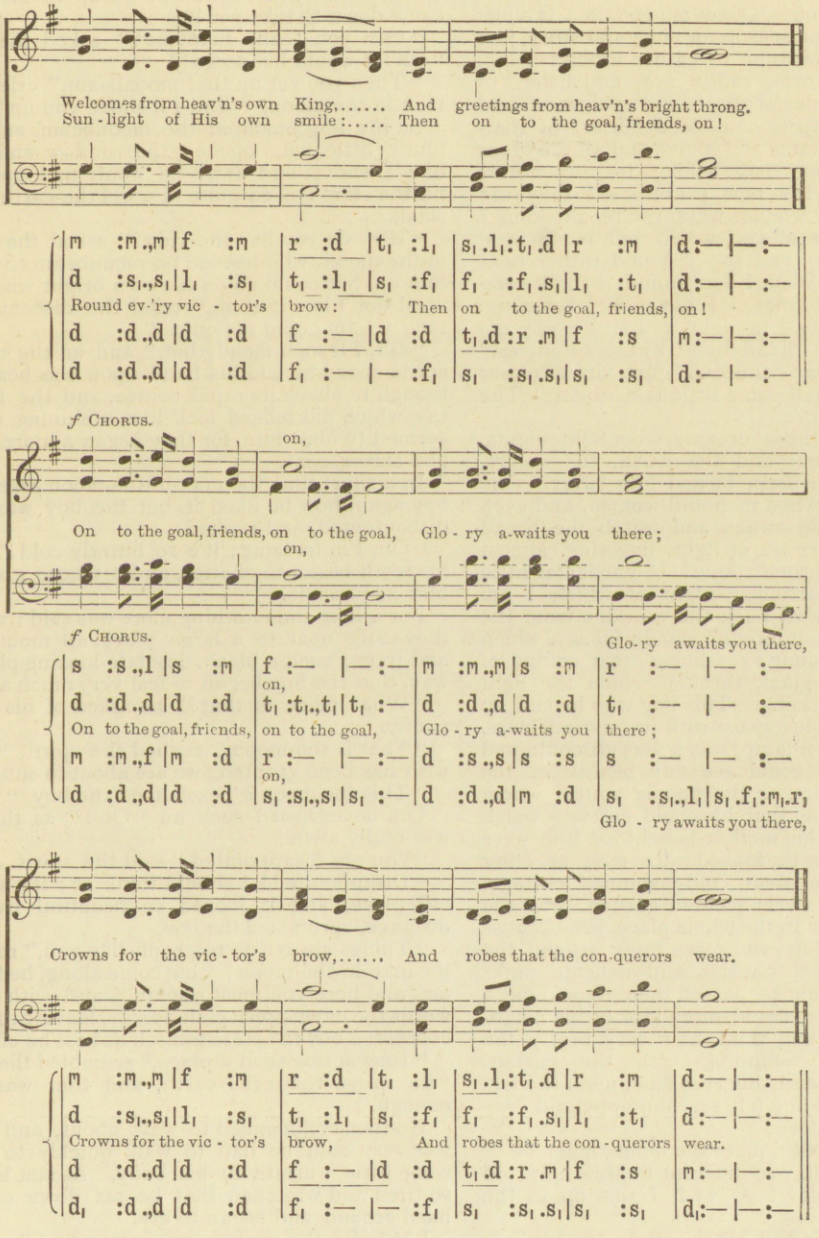
ON TO THE GOAL!



FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE MAN-IN-THE-MOON.

WELL, my dear little children, you all know what season this is, don't you? Of course you do. It's just the season for song and story, just the time to gather around a big, warm, ruddy fire, and listen to tales of ghosts and goblins, of bad fairies and good fairies, of mermaids and giants, and all the other strange creatures that belong to the stories of childhood. It's new year's eve! Jolly old time, isn't it? I wonder what you're all doing? I wish that one of you would tell me a little story. What do you say? You'd rather hear one from me? Well, I don't mind, if you'll keep very good and quiet. I have ever so many fancies in my head to-night, as I sit here by the great, red fire, so I'll call them "Fireside Fancies," eh? Well, dear children, just draw closer around and I'll tell you a little tale about "The Man-in-the-Moon."

It was one of those dreamy moonlight nights, when the heavens and the earth, the waters, and the very air seem turned into silver. One of those nights, when men and women, and even little children, lie awake and watch the broad sheets, or tiny arrows of light, lingering, almost tenderly, around their rooms. A particular little boy, on this particular night of which I am writing, had drawn back the curtains from the window to look out into the wonderful sky, which seemed to his young eyes like a great ceiling of white and blue glass, through which the light of heaven was shining. This boy who looked up into the silvery blue space with its myriad stars, and its pure moon-lamp, was a very discontented boy. He never could see any beauty in the scenes around him, or the people amidst whom he lived. Nothing that he could get was worth having, the toys his mother bought for him were cast aside, while he looked with envy at other boys' toys. The dear, old-fashioned cottage, with its quaint, sweet-scented garden, was the most ugly cottage in the whole place, just because he lived *there*. The wild roses hung around the door, and purple pansies and delicate pinks nodded at him, but he passed them by without a glance, though he would often look at his neighbours' gardens, and think how very pretty the flowers were. Standing with the curtain clutched in his hand, his eyes fixed upon the far-off sky, this little boy felt very unhappy and very discontented, indeed.

"What a beautiful place the moon must be!" said he to himself, "so different to this ugly old world. Oh, dear! I do wish I was up in the moon!"

Now, no sooner had these words left his lips, than he heard such a gentle, faint little rustle, and turning round he saw a spirit, no bigger than a man's hand, such a funny little fellow too, with silver wings and a silver cap, and a round comical face that made this sulky boy laugh in spite of himself.

"So you don't like the world," cried the little spirit, "and you want to go up to the moon?"

"I do;" replied the boy, "but who are you? and where do you come from?"

"I'm the man-in-the-moon," explained the funny little sprite, "and I saw you looking at me, and guessed you wanted to go up to me, so I came down to take you!"

"Can you really take me?" asked the boy, "Oh! I would like to go!"

"Then you get on that moonbeam," cried the man-in-the-moon, "and I'll shove you up."

So the boy mounted the moonbeam, and the funny little man opened the window and gave him a shove, and away he went, up! up! up! till the stars looked quite big, and the earth quite small.

"How do you like the ride?" asked the man-in-the-moon, who needed no moonbeam to carry him up, but could go on his own bright wings.

"I don't like it at all," cried the discontented boy, "I am going too quick."

"Oh, I'll soon mend that," and as the moon-sprite spoke he laid his hand upon the beam as though to check its rapid course, and the bright ray, which did indeed look like a shining steed, seemed to obey him, for they began a more even and slow ascent.

In a short time the man-in-the-moon asked the boy again how he liked it, but the boy was still discontented, and replied:

"Oh, I'm freezing; it's so bitterly cold!" and his teeth began to chatter, and his nose grew as blue as possible.

For a long time nothing more was said; at last they came near to a large place, all mountains and trees; such a bleak, desolate-looking place it was, that the boy began to feel very much afraid.

"What place is that?" he asked of his companion.

"That is the moon," replied the spirit, "your wish has been granted: we are about to enter it."

"This the moon?" exclaimed the boy, "Oh!" You never heard such an "Oh!" as that, it was really awful.

"You are disappointed," said the spirit.

"Disappointed! I should think so; it's a dark old place, and it looked so beautiful from a distance," grumbled the boy.

"Things always do to people like you," replied the man-in-the-moon; "but come along, here you are, and here you must remain," and with these words the moon-spirit glided away, leaving the discontented boy to amuse himself as best he could.

"I never saw such a place," grumbled the boy; "its worse than the earth, and that was bad enough."

He then commenced to walk about, and as it was very cold he had to walk quickly to keep some little warmth in his body. At last he felt so tired and wretched that he sat down on the hard ground and began to cry.

"What's the matter with you now?" asked the man-in-the-moon, who had just come up behind him. "Ain't you happy?"

But the boy made no answer, only sobbed louder and louder.

"Come with me," cried the spirit, "and I will show you some pretty places."

He took him by the hand and led him to the top of a hill where he could see the sky and all the bright planets.

"What a beautiful place that must be!" he exclaimed, pointing to a star that glittered brighter than all the rest. "Oh, how I would like to go there!"

"Well," said the man-in-the-moon, "it is, as you say, a most beautiful place. Look through this glass and you will see it plainly."

The boy took the glass from his companion's hand, and looking through it beheld what he thought the most lovely country it was possible to even imagine. Noble buildings, tapering church steeples, cosy little cottages, exquisite mansions met his gaze. Broad, fair meadow-land whose fresh green covering was dotted o'er with the gold and white buttercups and daisies; grand old hills whose summits were lost midst the ever-changing tints of cloud-land. Oh, what a world! What a big, noble, gloriously painted world! The longer the boy looked the more beautiful it appeared.

"Oh, if I could only go to that planet I would never be discontented again!" sighed he.

"Very well," said the man-in-the-moon; "we shall see about that. Once more I grant your wish; but before we set out for that far-off country, I would like you to study it well, and to select the particular spot you would like to spend your life in. It is a large world; pick out a home."

"I have done so already," replied the boy. "You see that cottage with the rose-trees around the door, and the lovely little garden in front? Oh, do let me go there! I shall be so happy; no one could ask for a sweeter home!"

"All right, my little fellow," answered the man-in-the-moon. "You are quite sure that you will be satisfied?"

"More than satisfied," replied the boy.

And away they went. On, on, through the pure night air, along the slender moonbeam. On, on, until——. The sunbeams were peeping through the little windows, the birds were piping in the tops of the trees, and Mother Nature was shaking herself after her night's repose. When the little boy awoke—awoke in his own white bed, in his own pretty room, in his own sweet, old-fashioned cottage, in his own dear old world—he jumped up and ran to the window. The morning had come forth, with all her dainty colours and sweet music, and in the light of her smile the land looked fair indeed. This was the world the boy had thought so beautiful, this was the cot he had chosen for his home. And, after all, it was his own old world, and his own old cot. Perhaps it was all a dream. Anyway, it did the boy good, for he ran down-stairs with a bright sunny face, and kissing his mother, he cried:

"Mother, darling, this is the most beautiful cottage in the whole world, and you are the sweetest mother that ever lived!"

God sees men as they really are: we see them as they appear to be.

DON'T WAIT.

DON'T wait till you shall older be,
Before the pledge you take,
For, if but young, you're old enough
A vow like this to make;
Old enough, too, to know much harm
By drinking oft is done;
So come and put your name down now
Before this hour has run.

Don't wait till you are wiser 'ere
You try to speak some word
To those around you for the cause
Which has your own heart stirred;
For if you're wise enough yourself
The safe, sure path to see,
You need no further wisdom, just
To say, "Come, go with me."

Don't wait for opportunities
More suitable than now,
But to the field that's close at hand
Go with the Temperance plough;
Scatter the precious seed you bear
In any spot around;
For God the most unlikely soil
Can make with fruit abound.

Don't wait till all the golden hours
Have through your fingers slipped,
Till you, or those about you, have
In some dark drink-pit tripped,
Ere you resolve to choose the right,
And battle with the wrong,
But now—this very moment—haste
And join the rescue throng.

Don't wait! for, well we know, delays
Are very dangerous things;
While good resolves not acted on
Are apt to use their wings;
And conscience may in slumber sink
If opiates you use,
Such as "Not now," or "By-and-bye,"
And its first call refuse.

Don't wait! Don't wait for anything,
For waiting nought avails,
But he who waiteth here is he
Who in life's battle fails:
So now, at once, be up, be true,
Whate'er your name or state;
Then shall you victory win, and be
Glad that you did not wait.

—*Faith Chiltern.*

JOHN RUSKIN ON DRUNKENNESS.

JOHN RUSKIN has never been ranked among the so-called "Temperance fanatics," but few have ever used stronger language than he in the following:—"Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is a crime; and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has been practised by the bravos of any country or any age."

A NEW YEAR'S CARD.

From Wm. Hoyle.

(*Author of "Hymns and Songs," &c.*)

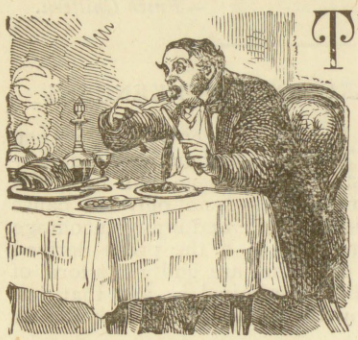
A LITTLE joy, a little fear
Mark our journey through the year;
A little sighing o'er life's woes
Leads us nearer to its close,
A larger heart for better things
Fuller joy and comfort brings.
Whether long or short we tarry,
To the Judge our lives we carry;
As we sow we all shall reap,
May the Lord thy spirit keep.

January, 1st, 1894.

HEALTH CHATS.

By Walter N. Edwards, F.C.S.

No. I.—EATING AND DRINKING.



THREE times a day, at least, the subject of our paper is brought before us, and so, perhaps, it is worth while to give it a few moments further consideration. "What is the greatest force in the world?" was once asked. "Hunger," was the answer promptly given, "for it is the force that moves men to work, and so sets everything else in motion," and the answer was a true one. How true it is, can easily be seen when we consider how little there is to prompt men to labour apart from the question of food, and the vast resources that are laid under tribute to supply the demand for this particular thing.

Many of my youthful readers will say: "Why write about eating and drinking? We are always ready for that part of our daily duty, and can sit down to a meal at any time of the day and enjoy it." That may be true, and yet there is something besides the mere satisfaction of hunger that may be worth while remembering.

"Always rise from the table when you feel you can still eat a little more" is advice that is often given to young people, but seldom taken, but it is good advice. Some people "eat to live," others seem only to "live to eat." There was my friend Timson, when a boy at school he had the reputa-

tion of a good eater. It was really astonishing what he could put away in the matter of "tuck," but it was often noticed that he wasn't very smart after dinner, and generally on Sundays was to be found sleeping instead of listening. As he grew up this habit of eating a large quantity developed, and he seemed to possess an enormous appetite, but at forty he was pulled up with a ruined digestion and a general loss of health, and now he is always suffering more or less and probably will die ten years earlier than he should have done.

Nature says: "Take good food regularly and in small quantity," and if we break this law we suffer for it, just as we do when any other of nature's laws are broken.

It is not the quantity we eat that does us good, but the quantity we are able to digest.

One of the curious things about eating is that if we begin young enough we can learn to eat almost anything. In other words we only eat what we have been taught to eat. The English boy likes beef, mutton, bread, milk, &c., &c., but he certainly would not care for the horseflesh and frogs which are in common use in France, or the various strong-smelling and to him ill-looking dishes of the German peasant. Nor would he relish the diet of the average Chinaman, say for instance "bird's-nest soup" or roast puppy-dog, nor would the whale or seal blubber of the Esquimaux be any the more acceptable to him; and yet these and many other dishes far less attractive are relished and prove wholesome to those who have been taught to use them from their earliest years.

This is an illustration of nature's kindness in constituting man so that he can adapt himself to his circumstances. It would have been a queer world if we had all an appetite for certain things only. What one nation rejects serves as food, perhaps, for another.

Some of my readers are already saying, What shall we eat in order to get most good? No answer can be given to such a question to suit everyone, for the food that benefits one will not necessarily benefit another to the same extent. A general rule that applies to everyone is to eat the simplest food obtainable.

The case of Daniel is a splendid example of this rule. The king's meat and the rich dishes of the palace were at his command, but he chose the "pulse" and water, with the quite natural result that he was in better physical condition than those who did eat the king's meat. The same rule holds good to-day, for we shall find better specimens of men, physically, among the labourers, navvies, fishermen, and the peasant class generally, owing to the fact that their foods are extremely simple, and that they live largely in the open air. The more the appetite is pampered with highly-flavoured dishes, the more likely the body is to be weak and effeminate.

There are great numbers of people who do not know how to eat. They follow the extremely bad practice of "bolting" their food, with the consequent indigestion and dyspepsia. If there is one golden rule to follow it is to well chew your food, the reason for this being that the food may not only be well broken up, but also that it may be thoroughly mixed with the saliva.

Really digestion may be said to begin in the mouth, for the whole process depends on the action of certain juices which are manufactured from the blood by various glands. The saliva from the salivary glands acts upon the insoluble starches, and begins their conversion into soluble sugars. The gastric juice from the peptic glands of the stomach, the pancreatic juice from the pancreas, and the bile from the liver are all required for the proper digestion of food, and this digestion consists in rendering the food soluble, so that it may be absorbed into the blood stream. Simple and plain foods are more easily digested than highly-flavoured and seasoned dishes. Well-chewed foods are more readily digested than food that is "bolted."

To chew well we want good teeth, and my young readers who want to keep their teeth good till old age must be particular in following the rule to clean the teeth at least once a day (better twice) with clean cold water and a soft brush, and to cultivate the habit of always breathing through the nose, and never through the mouth. One of the great causes of decayed teeth is that of breathing through the mouth. The North American Indians have remarkably fine teeth, even when old men and women, and this is said to be due to the plan the Indian mother follows of training her children to breathe through the nostrils and never through the mouth.

Whilst talking about eating let us not forget that less meat and more fruit is a rule that we should all do well to apply. In England, at least, fruit has not yet taken its proper place at every meal.

It is easier to speak about drinking than eating, for this reason, that whilst a variety in food is demanded by nature she is content with one drink, viz., water. Whatever artificial drink we use we may be sure of one thing, and that is, that the water in it will do us more good than any other part. Tea and coffee are good as flavoured drinks, and we like them because our appetite has been educated up to that point, or, as some, perhaps, would have it, has been depraved down to that point. They are, however, only good so long as they are properly made and sparingly used. All alcoholic drinks are bad and should be strictly avoided because of the mischief that alcohol works in the human body. It is totally unnecessary, never does good to the healthy body, but always does some harm. If never begun to be used there is never any desire for it, and our emphatic advice is "Let it alone."

Just as there are times to eat, so there are times to drink, and many people drink far too much water or tea as the case may be. To drink when thirsty is the rule to follow, and then drink in small mouthfuls and slowly. Never drink between each mouthful of solid food, that is a sure aid to indigestion, and never drink just because some one else is going to drink, that is the height of folly.

The whole may be summed up in one golden rule, "EAT LITTLE, DRINK LESS."

NELL'S INVITATION.

"MOTHER," said Nell, "I should like to ask all my favourites to tea on my birthday."

"Who are your favourites?" asked her mother.

"Those boys and girls we all know, but never see."

"Who do you mean, Nellie?"

"Little Boy Blue, Little Miss Muffet, Little Bo-Peep, and Simple Simon, but not Georgy Porgy, for he might make the girls to cry. Will you invite them all to come? I should like to see them really; I mean out of the picture book."

"I am afraid I do not know where any of them live," said her mother, smiling.

"But you said I might have who I liked on my birthday, and it would be so nice to see these friends I know so well."

"It would, indeed, be a novel party, but I am sure we can't get them because they only live in the pictures."

"Who can I have? I don't want my cousins, they break my play-things, and tease me."

"If you would like, Nell, I can think of one or two children you might ask, who do not often get treats and toys like you do."

"Who do you mean, mother?"

"I was thinking of little Fanny, who only came out of the hospital the other day; of Fred, with the lame leg; and poor Annie, who has no mother. I am sure you could make them very happy for once. Show them your picture books, and let them play with your toys, and have a nice tea."

"Oh! I think that would be beautiful. Do let me ask them; may I write them a proper invitation, and take it myself, and see if they'll come?"

"Very well; we'll send the invitation by post to-night, and you and I will go round to-morrow and see our young friends, and explain the invitation, and find out who accepts."

"Will you tell me what to say?"

"Oh, no! ask them yourself in your own way."

"Then I shall put down—'Please come to tea with Dido and me;' and that's poetry."

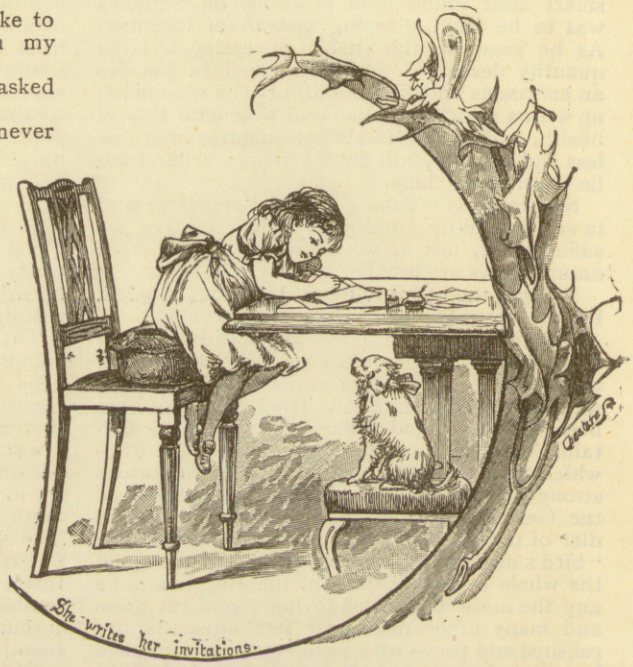
"So it is; an invitation in rhyme will, I am sure, be an extra novelty, but you must name the time."

"Do let it be early—soon after dinner," said Nell.

"Soon after three I should think would do."

"Oh, that's splendid; that's more poetry—'Please come to tea, with Dido and me, as soon after three as you can,'" said Nell, most triumphantly.

"Famous, indeed; now suppose we just put first—'Nell's birthday, Tuesday next,' and under, the poetical invitation."



After this talk, nothing would do until Nell got paper, pen, and ink on the table, with the cloth off, for fear of blots, and was seated on a chair and hassock, with Dido on a stool near, trying to write the invitations, which resulted in a few letters and many pothooks, with a lot of crosses and round o's for kisses. This effort ended in Nell's persuading her mother to write three proper forms of the proposed invitation enclosed in her epistle.

The next day, Nell, with her mother, went to see Fanny, Fred, and Annie, and found them all delighted with the letter that came by post, and each one equally pleased to say that they would come to the party.

The birthday afternoon and evening went off to everyone's entire satisfaction. Dido, with a new bit of ribbon round his neck, seemed in especially good spirits. Nell and her friends enjoyed the time so that none forgot it; also for Nell's father and mother there was a new meaning in the old words—"But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee."

THE nation devotes annually to the spread of Christian missions about one million, but 140 millions to drink. Think of it, Christian men and women! We spend nearly as much every *two days* upon Bacchus as we give to the God of Missions in a *twelvemonth*.

HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

BY

Ernest Axon

AUTOGRAPHS.

AUTOGRAPHS are, perhaps, the most interesting relics we can possess of great men and women. They bring their writers clearly before us as actual persons and not as mere names. As a consequence they have long been favourites with the collector. The earliest collections were made some four hundred years ago, when both in England and on the continent albums were kept in which any distinguished persons whom the collector happened to meet were asked to write their names, together with some motto or sentiment.

Present day autograph collecting is a different matter, and most collectors do not care to obtain autographs written specially for an album. Autographs obtained in this way are rarely characteristic of their writers, and a single letter written to a friend on some topic of mutual interest is worth half-a-dozen specimens written in an album.

For this reason, if for no other, let us hope that no boy collector of autographs will be led into the cadging for autographs from distinguished men, who by this time have become so thoroughly accustomed to the dodge that they usually refuse to notice such communications. Besides the bad taste of begging in this manner, the letters obtained thus are usually stiff and formal, and not characteristic.

A collection of autographs does not require any large expenditure of money. As a rule it is easy to beg autographs from friends. When it is impossible to get autographs in this way, or by exchange, it may perhaps be allowable to buy from dealers, but as a rule purchases should be made very sparingly. The most desirable autographs are letters signed by the writers of the body of the letter. These are usually described as autograph letters signed, or for short A.L.S. Young collectors have, however, often to be content with mere signatures and franks on the outside of envelopes. Autographs may be preserved by mounting them in a book, but a more satisfactory way is to fasten them to loose sheets of strong paper. The sheets should be folded, and the specimens pasted on the third page. If the latter plan is adopted, the autographs can be kept arranged in any manner that may be thought desirable, either classed according to the position of the writer, or arranged alphabetically. On the first page of the mount there should be a neatly-written note giving the name of the writer, together with a few particulars of his career.

That a respectable collection of autographs can be made with only a small expenditure of money is shown by the mention of some of the contents of a collection made by a boy at no greater expenditure than perhaps half-a-sovereign. The collection was formed by one with many literary friends, and was, therefore, strongest in the autographs of authors. The first Lord Lytton was represented by an envelope addressed to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, and with the initials E. L. B. in one corner. It included also letters and signatures of J. E. Bailey, author of the best life of Dr. Fuller, Edward Baines, M.P., historian of Lancashire, Clara de Chatelain, to whom and her husband the celebrated Dunmow flitch was once awarded; James Crossley, Pierce Egan, the sporting writer, Harrison Ainsworth and Miss Fothergill, novelists, E. A. Freeman and J. A. Froude, historians, Halliwell Phillipps, Richard Jefferies, W. H. G. Kingston, the popular writer for boys, Liddell, of Liddell and Scott's Lexicon; Francis Newman, Leitch Ritchie, Charles Swain, the poet, and Edwin Waugh, the Lancashire author. Some of these autographs were merely signatures but others were letters. Madame de Chatelain's was a dainty little note, Ainsworth's was a letter about his own works, and Edwin Waugh's were two letters and the MS. of a speech in reply to the toast of "The Writers of Lancashire." The politicians were in good numbers in this collection, and included Lord George Bentinck, leader of the Young England party, James Bryce, Sir Francis Burdett, for long a leading radical, Mr. Gladstone, Thomas Burt, Sir Henry Parnell, first Lord Congleton, the Earl of Derby, and half-a-dozen members of recent cabinets, John Scott, Earl of Eldon, Lord Chancellor, and Lords Loughborough and Thurlow, who also held that post; the Earl Grey, who was premier at the passing of the Reform Bill, and the Duke of Wellington, also premier, who is better remembered for his military career than for his civil services; George J. Holyoake, and an older radical, the celebrated orator, Henry Hunt, M.P.; David Ricardo, the political economist, and Blanco White.

The clergymen were not so well represented, but the collection included autographs of James Fraser, Bishop of Manchester, the late Archbishop Thomson of York, Bishop Law of Chester, Dean Stanley, a few literary churchmen, and a catholic cardinal. The artists included George Cruikshank and Mr. Madox Brown. To this section belonged several interesting letters from an artist to an author whose works he was illustrating. The letters were illustrated by sketches of what the artist intended to make of the author's characters. The scientists included in the collection were Charles Darwin, Professors Tyndall, Huxley, Baird, Coues, and a few other recent names. One of the most curious was a characteristic letter from Mr. John Hampden, the eminent upholder of the theory of the earth's flatness.

There are a few books containing facsimiles of autographs which are useful in comparisons as to genuineness, but they are by no means essential to the collector; the most useful work for whom is a good biographical dictionary, from which he can get the main facts of the lives of those whose autographs he possesses.

For a study of autographs as a guide to character, there are two or three useful works, including Salamanca's *Philosophy of Handwriting* and an essay by Edgar Allan Poe.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

TRUTH walks slowly, and even then some people can't keep up with it.

LIGHTHOUSES don't ring bells and fire cannons to call attention to their shining; they just shine.

WHENEVER you see a drunken man it ought to remind you that every boy in the world is in danger.

A NEW PLAN OF GETTING INTO BED QUICKLY.—"Mamma, do you know how I get into bed so quick?" "No, my darling; how do you?" "Why, I put one foot on the bed, and then holler out, 'Rats!' and scare myself right in."

THE LABOUR QUESTION.—If the 140 millions spent annualy in drink were expended on manufactured goods, instead of employing 250,000, including publicans, it would employ from 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 people. No wonder so many are out of work.

A CLERGYMAN'S bright little boy has a remarkable faculty of quoting Scripture. One morning he spilled his cup of milk on the table cloth, and anticipating a reproof he dropped his head instantly, and murmured, "My tup runneth over."

FATHER: "Nellie, the doctor has brought you a new baby brother." Little Nellie: "Well, why don't it tum to breffast?" Papa: "Why it hasn't any teeth to eat with yet." Little Nellie (after deliberating awhile): "Well, papa, I wish you would tell the doctor to take it back and finish it."

ADAM'S TESTIMONY.

"THOUGH I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

SHAKESPEARE *(As you like it)*.

BE IN EARNEST.—"Boys, be in earnest. Whatever you do, do it with all your might. If your father gives you a task, put the whole of your attention to it. Act as though you loved work, and you will accomplish it much easier. Don't shirk, but be in earnest. Have your mind on your work. Don't forget, boys, nor the girls either, to be in earnest. You will go through life much easier and be much more useful members of society for it."

RECENTLY the son of a poor neighbour called on Mr. Tenderly, and solicited a few pence, saying his father was troubled with a cancer, and he needed the amount to get him some medicine. The request was complied with, and shortly after Mr. Tenderly was surprised by a sight of the alleged invalid entering a beerhouse with a suspicious-looking tin can. Meeting the boy later on, he accosted him with, "How now, boy? Didn't you tell me your father was troubled with a cancer?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy, retreating out of the reach of Mr. Tenderly's cane; "but I forgot to tell you it was a *beer-can-sir*."

THERE are two things that we should learn to forget—the good we have done to others, and the evil they have done to us.

THE photograph of a boy never looks like him, because no one ever saw a boy as clean as he is in a photograph.

AN indignant orator at a recent political meeting, in refuting an opponent, thundered, "Mr. Chairman, I scorn the allegation, and I defy the alligator."

NOTHING amused our little nephew, five years old, like playing cars. He would run about the house, puffing and whistling in imitation of an engine. One day I chanced to step in his way as he was going at full speed. He stopped, and instead of requesting me to give him the right of way, remarked solemnly: "The engine will wait until that donkey gets off the line."

ONE day the children were having an object lesson on the blue heron, in which they all seemed very much interested. The teacher called their attention to its small tail, saying: "The bird has no tail to speak of." The following day she asked the scholars to write a description of the bird, and a little German girl wound up her composition by saying: "The blue heron has a tail but it must not be talked about."

TAKING IT IN TURNS.—Johnny, aged four, and Harry, aged five, had been left at home with their sister, mother having gone out. When bedtime came they wanted to stay up for mother, and it was hard work to get them to bed. Harry maintained a stolid indifference, but Johnny cried lustily. Their sister listened at the bottom of the stairs, hoping that they would soon be good. At last Johnny stopped, and the listener heard him say, "You cry, Harry. I'm tired."

BLINDY'S CORNER.—A man in New York saw a boy walking along with some evening papers, and asked for one. "Sorry, sir," said the boy; "but I can't let you have one here." "Why?" asked the gentleman. "Because this is 'Blindy's' corner," was the reply. "You see that old blind man. Well, we boys met together and passed a resolution that we wouldn't sell any papers in his corner." In God's sight, said Mr. Spurgeon, that self-sacrificing ragged urchin was more Christ-like than many a wealthy contributor to church funds.

Reviews.

XMAS number of "The Early English Illustrated" is one of the best annuals. The pictures are good, and the stories even better, and are such as we can thoroughly recommend for our young-men readers.

VOLUME of the "C.E.T.S. Annual" and Monthly numbers of "Young Crusader," etc. These are all very good. The C.E T S. is thoroughly alive to the spread of Temperance Literature and is doing this feature of its work remarkably well.

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR

JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

By EDWARD ARMYTAGE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

GEOFFREY ORMOND, a man of great talent who has given way to reckless dissipation, watches his younger friend, Frank Crawford, enter the "Lion," and laments that they are both on the downward path. This feeling is deepened when, at his lodgings, he talks with little Mary, the child of John Dudley; her father is a drunkard and a gambler.

CHAPTER III.

IF Geoffrey Ormond had not been preoccupied with his own sad thoughts as he walked homeward to Sackavon Square, he would have seen the father of Little Mary pass him on the road, and follow the route taken by Mr. Fruse.

John Dudley was a man of middle height, strongly built, and shabbily dressed. To tell his exact age would have puzzled even a keen observer of character, his face being so disfigured with the unmistakable marks of deep-drinking as scarce to indicate anything but the habitual debauchee; yet with all this there was a something in the face, and a certain hauteur in the step, strangely in contrast with his other characteristics, which lead you to believe that the man was something more than he seemed; and if you had conversed with him, in his sober moments, you would have parted from him under the conviction that you had been conversing with one who had been socially a gentleman.

Hastening along the street, keeping well in the shadow of the houses, as if he feared that the gas-lamps might reveal something he would not like to be known, John Dudley splashed his way towards the very questionable quarter in which the house, known to the initiated as Glair's, was situated.

Turning suddenly into a narrow alley—which could boast of but one lamp, and that situated at the end opposite to the one entered by Dudley—he came into uncomfortably close contact with a person who appeared to be proceeding in the same direction as himself, but at a much slower pace, as if calculating whether he should go on or turn back. The concussion upset his calculations and his person at the same time, and he rolled ignominiously to the ground. Picking himself up with the alacrity of anger, he rushed after Dudley, who had proceeded on his way. Perceiving that the aggrieved person was determined on considering the accident in the light of an insult, Dudley faced round and prepared for the attack. The solitary lamp,—now shining above him,—gave light enough to see for a short space around it, and the fact that he would thus be enabled to take a look at his antagonist was a kind of consolation. This same light acted in a most curious manner upon the insulted person himself, for instead of stretching forth his hand in tight-clenched anger, he offered it in open friendship, exclaiming—

"Hullo! Dudley, is that you? Take my advice and get that shoulder of yours padded, its terribly hard I can assure you."

"Ha! Crawford, I beg pardon, I was not aware who I had run against; I took it to be some poor beggar who had drunk as much as he could conveniently carry, and so I didn't trouble myself any further. By the bye, are you coming to Glair's to-night?"

"Well, I am almost compelled to, though I don't much relish it either; you see there is that confounded fellow Fruse swears he will have revenge for the few sovereigns I won off him the other night, and I suppose I must give him it."

"Come on, then," said Dudley, "the next turn and we're there." As the "next turn" was but a few steps from where they then stood, the couple were not long in reaching it. Turning into the passage to which it was the entrance, they groped their way with their hands, stumbling every now and then over some unseen impediment—which it would have been impossible to guard against, even had the sky been the clearest, and the moon the most effulgent, so close were the houses, and so towering their height, that in the daytime the objects between them were scarcely discernible. No wonder, then, that the two men occasionally lost their perpendicular, for although one at least was well acquainted with the place, on this particular night the darkness was so intense as to render his knowledge of no avail. The foremost of the two men at length came to a sudden halt, and stood for a time as if undecided.

"I think we must be somewhere near the place now," he said, feeling the wall with his hands, and advancing slowly; "yes, here we are," he added, as his hand came in contact with the object for which he had been feeling, "we'll be amongst them in an instant."

Listening intently to assure himself that no one was near, and satisfied by the unbroken silence that such was the case, Dudley drew a small hammer from his pocket and gave four sharp raps upon the panel of a door. Before the echo produced by this proceeding had subsided he had given two other knocks with much greater force and distinctness than the first. Each knock seemed to raise the ghosts of a thousand others, and they echoed and re-echoed through the old houses with the most provoking pertinacity, calling forth from the two men muttered expressions of no very complimentary character. After a brief pause the door was opened, and the two friends entered a dark corridor. The janitor locked and bolted the door behind them, then conducted them along the passage and through a dreary, dismal room in which a single jet of gas burned faintly. At the further end of this chamber was another door, and pushing this open, a flood of light streamed forth; another step and the two had entered the inner hell of a gambling-house. This was a place of which the keeper lived upon the vices of those who frequented it, a human vampire, sucking his sustenance from the blood of his fellowmen. It was a long, low room, brilliantly lighted, and profusely

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decorated in the most approved sporting style. The fumes of foul tobacco mingling with the fumes of fouler spirits, formed an atmosphere alike congenial to the place and its occupants. Although the room was full almost to crowding, scarce a sound was audible. Men sat or stood round tables where the business of the night was proceeding; some with tight clenched lips and pallid cheek, others with triumph glittering in their eager eyes; all gazing with an interest all-absorbing. At the upper end of the room was a rouge-et-noir table. This was not particularly popular, as the frequenters were patriotic and had an insular hatred for everything foreign. Nevertheless it was not without its votaries, and one of the most determined of these was our friend Dudley, who soon left Crawford and betook himself to watching the varying fortunes of the black and the red. Thus deserted, Crawford looked round for Fruse, and was not long before he discovered that worthy; in fact, Fruse had been for some time searching for Crawford, and it was with quite a pleasant smile that he welcomed him.

CHAPTER IV.

"This is a pleasure, Crawford," said Fruse, extending his hand. "I was beginning to fear you would shirk me; however, come this way a little and I'll show you a place where we can enjoy ourselves without fear of interruption."

Thus enjoined, Crawford followed Fruse to a rather sequestered corner of the apartment, where there was a small table with a chair on each side. Seating themselves the waiter soon procured them brandy, and lighting their cigars they began a game of cards. If Crawford had flattered himself that his easy conquest of Fruse the evening before was the result of any want of skill on the part of that personage, his style of play on this occasion was sufficient to dispel the illusion. Nothing could be more scientific than the style of Mr. Fruse, whose cold blue eyes watched Frank's excited face with curious interest. Frank had felt some compunction as to visiting Glair's, but no sooner did he finger the greasy pack of cards than the devil of gambling entered and took possession of him, and he watched each card as it turned up with a feverish anxiety, fearful to look upon. His fingers worked convulsively, and the veins of his forehead stood out like knotted rope. Fruse, on the contrary, was as cool as possible, and observed Frank's excitement with the air of a physician studying some curious disease. Crawford was losing, losing heavily, yet still he went on, becoming more and more excited as the game advanced; still Fruse watched him with that cold snake-like glitter in his eyes, and every now and then a sardonic smile lit up his pale repulsive features, rendering them still more repulsive.

"Ha! cheat! swindler!" shrieked Crawford, springing up, with face flushed with anger, and grasping Fruse by the coat collar, "you shall tell me what you did with that card, you—you—"

"How now! what's amiss, Crawford?" inquired Fruse with the utmost coolness,—at the same time slipping a card from his coat sleeve on to the pack—"what do you mean by calling me a cheat? have a care."

How far this most interesting dialogue might have been carried it is impossible to say; for before Crawford could reply, an absolute shriek of exultation burst forth from the other end of the room, causing him to relinquish his hold of Fruse, and that gentleman to start up in surprise and make his way in the direction of the uproar. Crawford hurried after him, and now that the excitement was over he felt that he had made a most foolish exhibition, for, much as he might suspect Fruse of cheating, proof he had none. For the present, however, these feelings gave way to curiosity as to the cause of the scene at the far end of the room. Squeezing themselves through the crowd of gamblers who had now collected round the rouge-et-noir table, they beheld a sight which made Fruse tingle with envy, and sent a strange thrill through Crawford. Dudley had broken the bank; and now that the first outburst of joy was over he was placing the

notes and gold—as carefully as his still trembling hands would permit—in a large black leather pocket-book, which he afterwards secured in a peculiar manner and placed carefully in his breast pocket. Fruse was not the only man to whose heart the Demon of Envy was whispering; another stood by, intently watching every movement of Dudley's, carefully noticing the smallest particular, scanning minutely that portion of the coat in which the pocket-book reposed, then running his eye over the whole person of Dudley; and yet a casual observer would not have noticed that his scrutiny was closer than that of any of the other spectators. He was a tall, wiry man, whose thick black hair and beard gave to his cadaverous face a still more ghastly hue; and although the stamp of crime was not so plainly marked upon it as upon many there, yet had the observer met his eyes he would have shuddered, for the evil fire that shone in them was seen in the eyes of Cain, the first murderer, as he slew his brother.

Nervously Dudley made his way out, nervously he glanced back over his shoulders, he seemed to have suddenly become afraid of his fellow-men. Many eyes followed him, but no one present moved, and when the door banged to and was locked behind him he stood in the darkness alone. The cool air of morning playing around his throbbing temples calmed his thoughts, and gave him power to realise the scenes through which he had just passed. Before, all had been as a dream from which he seemed but now to awake, and find it a joyous reality. His thoughts flew to his child. What could he not do for her now—now. He had wept bitterly and in secret, wept that he should have plunged so recklessly into his depth of degradation, and most bitterly that his child, his sweet, innocent child, should be dragged into that depth also, because *he* was guilty. Now once more he possessed the means, the proper use of which would raise him from the slough of vice in which he was sunk—might still place him on a level with the respectable; perhaps he might, even yet, make for himself a name among men: and thus his daughter would be saved—saved from horrors which even he, strong man as he was, could not think upon without a shudder. These were the first thoughts of Dudley as he took his way towards his home. Then his mind lost its hold of the present and wandered back to days gone by, bringing again before him all that he once had been, and he sank into a profound reverie, walking slowly and listlessly, his steps taking the direction of home more from habit than from any exercise of the will. Thus deeply thinking, his feet moving mechanically along the accustomed path, he noticed not a figure crouching in the darkness of a doorway; he passed it—a tall, wiry form sprung out, seized him behind, threw him heavily upon his back, and knelt upon his chest.

"That pocket-book, or you die," cried the assailant.

Dudley was a powerful man; his first surprise over, he grappled with his foe—rolled over and over upon the road, struggled to his feet, and shook himself free. Crouching down, as if to concentrate his strength, the tall form sprang again upon Dudley like the tiger springing on his prey. A short fierce struggle ensued—suddenly an arm was uplifted, as suddenly it fell—a brief cry of agony followed, and the two forms sank on the pavement.

A moment afterwards one man arose, and walked rapidly away.

The other lay motionless, bathed in his life-blood.

(To be continued.)

DOT'S FIRST DAY AT THE SEA-SIDE.

By Uncle Ben.

NEAR London there is a pleasant home for little girls, who are cared for, fed, clothed and taught; made as happy as possible and trained to grow up to be useful and domesticated. One lady especially takes a great interest in their welfare, although many help in the support of the home. The place is managed just like a home, the girls go out to school, and have plenty of play, although between them they do all the work of the house. They are under the superintendence of a kind mother and a helper. The girls learn to wash and iron, to cook and sew, and there is often a baby or very young child who is the pet of all.

The girls who come here are those who are orphans, or who are neglected by their parents; they come from poverty and misery, chiefly caused by strong drink. They are taken away from their wretched surroundings and placed under Christian influence, with every prospect of a good start in life. Everything is done to encourage them and to make their life bright, and, for one day in the summer, they all go out for an excursion, either into the country or else to the sea-side.

It was on one of these pleasure trips that little Dot saw the sea for the first time. Dot had been the youngest child in the home until a baby in arms arrived, then Dot had to take the second place, and give up some of her special privileges for the little one. But, on this eventful occasion, all were to go, and the house was to be shut up. For many days the children had looked forward to this expedition with great delight.

Some of the girls could hardly sleep all night. There was no difficulty in getting up that day; as soon, almost, as it was light, the children were stirring, anxious to dress and be off. It did not take long to get breakfast and clear away and make all ready for their return in the evening. Then came the time for departure, the walk to the station, the ticket getting, the waiting on the platform, the arrival of the train, the scramble into the carriage, the bang of the doors, and off the train went. From this suburban line all had to change and walk across London to another station to catch a morning express to the seaside. This was quite an interesting and exciting part of the day's proceedings. At the other station they were met by one or two of the ladies who had provided the treat; here they all had some

time again to wait, but there was so much to see, and the scene was so busy and full of life, that it was not dull, and seemed only a very short interval. At last the guard's "all right," and the engine's whistle gave the signal for departure, and off the train moved.

The journey was very pleasant, the day turned out to be very fine. After a quick run through the country, the party alighted at the sea-side. Dot had never before seen the sea, and when first she stood before the wide expanse her surprise and wonder were great.

"Is it all water?" she enquired.

"Yes," said one of the ladies.

"Why it's as big as the sky; where does it all come from?"

When she was told that God had made the sea, her astonishment was even greater than ever,



and all she could say, was—"Where did he get all the water from?"

After a little time the children took off their shoes and stockings and waded about to their heart's delight. Then they ate the provisions they had brought, sitting on the shore. They enjoyed this out-of-doors meal, for all were hungry. In the afternoon they wandered about picking up sea-weed and shells and running on the sand, until all were ready for an early tea, which was kindly provided for them in a room near the pier. When tea was over, it was proposed to take a walk along the sands, and while the elder ones rested, the younger members of the party played games till they were tired. Before returning to the station, they sat together and sang hymns. In good time they started to catch the train, having had a glorious day. When the train came up it was too full for the party to be all together, so they had to divide. Dot and another girl got into a carriage with one of the ladies. It happened that in this compartment there was a man who had taken too much to drink, and he began to make himself rather unpleasant, but Dot, who was in the best of spirits, and not at all shy, thinking everybody ought to be happy on such a day, got off the seat opposite to him, and said:—

"Shall I sing to you?"

"Yes," said the rough fellow, "Let's have a song."

Then Dot, standing between his legs in fearless, child-like simplicity, began to sing—

"Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so."

And when she came to the chorus, she said—

"You must sing, 'Yes, Jesus loves me,' when Annie joins in."

The man looked thunderstruck and shook his head, but Annie and Dot repeated the refrain, and, after each verse, Dot said to the man, "you sing." Some of the other passengers gently joined the two children, and when the hymn was finished, Dot said—"Why didn't you sing?"

He shook his head, and Dot persisted, "can't you sing?"

"Not that, my dear," said the man, with quite an altered tone in his voice.

Dot remarked, "I think you could if you were to try, for it's nice and easy." Then she took her seat and said to the lady, "Why didn't he sing?"

In a low voice the lady said, "Never mind now, I'll tell you by-and-bye."

The man subsided and went to sleep; a station or two before getting into London he woke up and got out; before doing so he shook hands with little Dot and said "Good-bye." Dot was very pleased with this distinction, and jerked her little head and smiled.

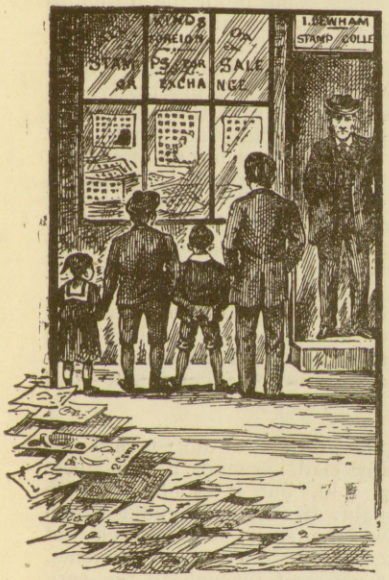
No other incident of interest occurred. All arrived at "the house." On the way back the lady told Dot that the man was not sober, he had had too much nasty beer to sing the hymn.

Dot never forgot the day she first saw the sea, and that night when she said her prayers she did not forget to say, "God bless the man who wouldn't sing 'Jesus loves me.'"

HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

By Ernest Axon.

POSTAGE STAMPS.



A TURN, frequently short-lived, at stamp collecting, is as much a part of the early career of an English boy as is the measles. As a rule the boyish stamp collector gets his specimens together in a very unintelligent manner. Having bought a packet of stamps, he pastes them down in a roughly improvised book. When he gets duplicates he exchanges with friends, and these exchanges are also gummed down in the book, no matter how dirty they may be, or how much torn.

This is not the proper way to collect postage stamps, and a collection so formed is practically valueless. But as the correct way is no more trouble, and is much more satisfactory, than the incorrect, there is really no reason why a boy's collection of stamps should not be good, well selected, and carefully arranged.

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to describe what postage stamps are, for everybody knows. They were used first by Great Britain in 1840, and have since been adopted by all civilised, and a few uncivilised, nations in the world.

It is, perhaps, not advisable for a boy to buy stamps. He should get them from friends who have foreign correspondents. Specimens so obtained are certain to be genuine, which cannot always be said of bought stamps. In this way he is sure to get duplicates which can be exchanged with other collectors. But he must be careful to get clean specimens, which alone are worth keeping.

In commencing to collect postage stamps, boys should get one of the numerous ready-ruled albums, of which the best is perhaps Oppen's. This is a small quarto volume containing ruled spaces for the stamps. It is arranged in Continents, Europe taking the lead, with the separate countries arranged in alphabetical order under each continent.

Having got the album, the next thing is to mount the stamp in the proper place. The stamp should first be cleared of the thick paper which usually adheres to it. To do this, place it face upwards in a cup containing warm or luke-warm water, if possible avoiding wetting the face of the stamp. The stamp will curl up first, and afterwards straighten out, it should then be removed from the cup and carefully separated from the paper with a penknife. When the stamp is dried, which can be done with a clean handkerchief, it should be placed in the album, but on no account must it be gummed or pasted in. This spoils its market value considerably, besides making it difficult to take one out which may be wanted for exchange or to be replaced by a better specimen. The best way is to make a hinge of gummed paper—stamp paper is as good as anything. The gummed paper should be fastened to the top of the stamp underneath, then doubled back and gummed to the book, thus enabling the stamp to be easily removed without doing it the slightest damage. Another advantage of this method is that the watermark can be examined. The watermark is a faint design on the back of the stamp, and is, in many cases, a sure test as to the genuineness or otherwise of the specimen. On English stamps the watermark is a crown. Torn stamps are scarcely worth keeping, and stamps that have been cut close to the design are also worthless. Early stamps were not perforated but were printed in sheets, and when one was wanted it had to be cut off with the scissors, and these stamps are consequently described as imperforate. The English black pennies, and also the earlier red ones, are imperforate. This plan was found to be so cumbrous that various kinds of perforation were tried. The ordinary perforation is that adopted by England, France, and most of the important countries. It is made by circular holes being punched clean out between the stamps. The holes vary in size, and consequently in the number of the perforations, the latter ranging from seven or eight to twenty or thirty. Another common perforation is the "roulette," which is made by a wheel passing over the paper and leaving a line of nicks between the stamps, which have a rather jagged appearance when separated. Most of the Brazilian stamps, including the three-quarter face of the late Emperor as an old man—one of the best of postage stamp likenesses by the way—are rouletted. Brazil, in some of its later stamps, has abandoned the roulette in favour of the ordinary perforation. There are also some unusual perforations such as that of the old Finland stamps, which had very deep indentations.

Though stamp collecting has been looked upon as merely a senseless hobby, it certainly gives the intelligent collector an interest in geography and history. On acquiring a new stamp, it is

always interesting to look up the geography of the country issuing it, and to find out the value in English money of the "reis," "pfennig," and other coins named on them. Then, again, it is as well to know whose head is figured on a stamp.

Of some countries the stamps are an epitome of their recent history. Spain adopted stamps in 1850, and its first issues had the portrait of Queen Isabella. In 1868 she was driven from the throne. Her portrait disappeared from the stamps and was replaced by a symbolical head of Spain, issued by the provisional government. Then Amadeo, of Italy, was elected king, and the change is shown on the stamps. When Amadeo resigned the crown, a republic was established, and the king's portrait gave place to another allegorical representation of Spain. this time seated, and holding scales and a sword. The next change was the accession of King Alphonso XII., and his portrait appeared on the stamps until his death, a few years ago. The present stamps have the head of the baby-king, who has almost out-grown that designation.

In the United States they have adopted the plan of giving on their stamps, portraits of their most distinguished presidents and statesmen. Franklin, Washington, Grant, Garfield, and many other notable persons have thus been honoured. To commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, a series of stamps has been issued by the United States, giving pictorial representation of the principal scenes in the life of Columbus and of his great discovery.

As to the value of stamps, it is sufficient to say that a judiciously-made collection will always bring in more than it cost, and very rare stamps have been sold at very large prices, in some cases forty or fifty pounds, and even more. Stamps of this value are not likely to come into a boy's collection, but those which are common now, may, in time, become scarce and valuable.

BILLY'S CHRISTMAS.

A STORY OF THE CITY.

By Charles H. Barstow.



THE weather for some time had been very capricious, and it was impossible for even the wisest of its prophets to say of what wayward mood it might be guilty next. It had snowed and hailed, and snowed again. It had been beautifully fine and mild too, for the sun had shone, and the breeze which came careering on its viewless wings from far off southern lands almost tempted one into the belief that Spring had ventured out considerably sooner than her wont, and with gentle kiss and flattering smile had subdued the stern heart of the grim old Winter King, and usurped his throne. When lo! as if in indignant protest against being deemed guilty of such weakness, he had again assumed his sceptre, and as if determined to punish those who dared to hint at such folly, he came in his most ferocious mood, and with a loud growl of angry defiance swept his ermine robe through every street and bye-way of the city until it lay purified of its stain, enwrapped in a garment of white, spotless as the unsullied petal of a lily. Oh! it was a sight to see; and to those who loved to behold the season's monarch, dear old Father Christmas, come in all the trappings of his far journey from the northland, the coming festival held out very delightful prospects indeed but to others, those held in the direst grip of poverty, upon whom the sun of prosperity had never beamed its life-giving rays, the anticipation of a white, frost-bound Christmas could only bring dread and forebodings of misery intensified. For how could it be otherwise? The bitter, snow-clad, wind-swept streets their home, or, at best, a lodging in some wretched garret or cellar, insufficiently clad and starving for food, how could such a picture hold aught of joy and gladness to these?

Two young boys, evidently brothers from the resemblance they bore to each other, were traversing a narrow street off Deansgate.

"Are you cold, Billy?" The elder said tenderly.

"Ay, Steve!"

"Then creep close to me." And Steve threw his arm, raggedly clad, around Billy's neck. It was terribly cold, but it wouldn't be so bad, Steve thought, if the wind didn't sweep so fiercely down the street, and search out all the weak places in their wretched garments, chilling them through and through to the very marrow. It was nothing new to them thus to wander the streets, cold and hungry, but it was Christmas Eve, and Steve wished that to-night at any rate their lines had fallen in pleasanter places. He had intended making a little feast, if possible, in honour of the season, and for more than a week he had been diligently picking up promiscuous odds and ends in the shape of fuel from the streets and market places, so that they could be sure of a fire to complete the festivity. But fate had been against him, for to-day of all others he had earned scarcely anything, and had it not been that a compassionate shopkeeper had employed him in sweeping the snow from the front of his premises, rewarding him with sixpence for his labours, he would have had little or nothing wherewith to purchase even the most meagre meal. Billy had all his stock of "lights" still on hand, with the exception of two boxes which he had sold in the early part of the evening, and now they were on their way home. Soon they had left the busiest of the thoroughfares behind them, and reached the dingy, squalid court in which their home lay.

"I wonder now if the 'old un's' gone!" muttered Steve, as they entered the narrow passage leading to the court.

"How'll it be if I slips an sees, Billy? Precious little of the sixpence we'll get if he isn't!" And without waiting for Billy's reply, Steve darted forward, and entering the open door of a tenement house in the last stages of decay, which stood at the farthest end of the court, he threaded his way along the passages and up the crazy flights of stairs until at length he reached the one room occupied by themselves.

"No light! That's good so far!" Steve whispered under his breath. "I'll just listen to make sure." And creeping softly to the door he placed his ear to the keyhole, and at length satisfied himself that the "old un" was not within. Steve had been fervently hoping for this. He had felt almost sure that such an opportunity as Christmas Eve presented would not pass without his stepfather having a "grand carousal" at some one of the many public-houses around them, with his drink-sodden companions. Steve's only wonder was that he had not waited for him, or sought him out in the streets to "relieve him" of the money he had earned during the day. But Steve made no attempt to solve the problem. It was happiness enough for him to know that he and Billy could spend Christmas Eve as he had pictured, in each other's society alone. Speeding down the rickety flights of stairs at a recklessly dangerous speed he reached the passage leading to the open court as Billy entered it.

"It's all right, old fellow. The 'old un's' out, an' I guess we'll not 'ave the pleasure of his comp'ny to-night. Arn't yer sorry to be deprived of such a hexellent treat, Billy?" And Steve, laughing boisterously at his own little joke, turned and re-ascended the stairs, Billy following in his wake.

"Give us a box o' yer lights, old man," Steve said as they stood on the threshold of their room, and lighting a bit of candle which he produced from its hiding place under a loose board in the flooring, he proceeded to prepare for making the fire. Raking out the dead ashes he placed the first instalment of paper in the grate, and sought the wood and coal which he had slowly and diligently collected piece by piece and carefully hidden, but what was his dismay to find that it was gone, even the box which had contained it had disappeared also.

"Billy! Billy! he exclaimed, "The coal an' the chips is gone, an', an'—I'll—kill—him!" And white with the wave of passionate anger which swept over him, he clenched his hands and bit his lips till the blood came.

"Kill him! Kill who?" Billy tremblingly asked; for he was terrified by the unusual look on Steve's face. "An' who's taken the box, Steve?"

"Who! Why who d'you think would do such a dirty, mean, sneakin' thing but that precious father o' ours, Billy? Father, indeed!" And the passionate scorn and indignation the lad felt blazed with an intense light from his eyes

"But I might 'a known he'd do it," he resumed presently, "if he could only lay his 'ands on it to raise tuppence for a drink! But I'll tell yo' what, Billy, we'll 'a summat to eat if we get killed for it. I'll spend every meg of the sixpence, an' if he arsks for it, which he's sure to do, I'll tell him to get it where he took my coal and chips to!" And Steve laughed a bitter, mirthless laugh which was terrible to hear in one so young, and which grated harshly on Billy's sensitive ears.

"You stop where you are, old feller, I'll not be long. I daresay the candle'll last till I comes back, an' I'll bring back another wi' me. You've no need to feel feort, Billy, the 'old un' 'll not come back this side mornin', never fear; its Christmas Eve," he added satirically. And with these parting words Steve darted from the room.

Billy crouched in a corner on their bed of filthy rags. He was shivering with cold, and the tears which had been so long repressed fell fast now that there was no eye to see, as he thought of the cheerful fire they might have enjoyed had not his stepfather appropriated their little stock of fuel to serve his own unnatural, selfish ends. And how terribly faint from hunger he felt.

The candle, which Steve had placed in an old broken bottle, flared dismally and shed its faint flickering rays of light through the room, chasing the long dusky shadows into the frowning darkness of the furthest corners.

There was no furniture in the room to make the loneliness more endurable, for every article which it had once possessed had been pawned or sold to gratify the insatiable cravings of the drunkard whom the children called father. The candle-light fell upon Billy's tear-stained face. How wasted it looked in the pale, dim glow! Was it possible that his mother, whom he scarcely remembered, could see him from her far-off heavenly home, through whose shining portals she had long since passed? Billy thought of her now, and he wished vaguely that she had lived, for them. "Who knows?" he whispered; "perhaps instead of this cold, bare cheerless room, we might have had a 'Home, sweet home,'" such as Steve had tried to picture to him earlier in the evening.

The time dragged slowly on. How long Steve had been gone! Would he soon return? Billy wondered, for the candle was quickly dying, and ere long he would be in darkness. And how terribly faint he felt! Why didn't Steve come? Still the time passed wearily on. Would Steve never come? And how very dark it was growing! He could not see the light from the snow-covered window now. And how drowsy he felt! Still he would not go to sleep till Steve came.

"Dear Steve," he whispered dreamily. "I—wish—he—would come. Be it ever—so humble—there's—no place—like——" Billy's voice died away in a whisper. The light had gone out, and he slept.

. . . . . .

During the night the snow fell persistently. Flake by flake was added to the already fleecy mantle which covered the earth, until it lay more than a foot deep in the untrodden bye-ways. Christmas Day dawned upon a world white with the glistening purity of the snow. The sun had risen slowly, piercing the dark clouds of night until his rays woke once more from its lethargy the sleeping

city. They had entered the windows of the mansion and kissed the faces of happy children glowing with life and health, and awoke them to the pleasure of the day—A Merry Christmas. They had struggled in fitful gleams through the narrow entrances to the grim, foul alleys of the city's heart, but by no effort could they reach that little room in a tumbledown tenement in Dixon's court, where, in silent sleep, lay the form of a young child. No sunbeams kissed the little forehead, or played about the closed eyelids, bidding them awake to the light of day; but a halo of light, a crown of golden hair, framed the marble-white face which had been so lovely in life and was now so beautiful in death, for little Billy was dead. Starved to death on the Saviour's birthday, and through what? The weak indulgence in a sinful vice, the love of strong drink! And when the "old un" stands before the dread tribunal of the Most High, what answer will he make when the death of this child is asked at his hands?

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE CHILDREN OF THE KING.

HE was the most powerful, the most wealthy, the most generous, and the most beautiful King that ever lived. His power was felt, not only in His own dominions, but in the remotest corners of the earth. His wealth was so great that the possessions of all the kings that ever ruled seemed as nothing to it; and yet, as I have said, no king was ever so generous, for He was always giving and giving. His beauty! Oh, how wonderful was His beauty! Not if I were the most gifted of gifted poets could I describe to you the beauty of His face and form. The face so full of love and sweetness, the form so full of dignity and grace. You may know, dear children, that the fame of so great a King would spread. There were many who spoke of Him, and many who sought Him, but the way to His country was difficult to find, and only they who loved and served Him best could ever hope to enter His most exquisite palace. Oh, what a palace that was! with its transparent walls that seemed no thicker than the leaves of some delicate flower or the wings of some tiny butterfly, and yet were so strong that time or storm could never change them. The floor of this marvellous mansion was a soft silvery blue, and it was studded over with millions of twinkling stars. Many of the King's children knelt on this gem-strewn floor, and from the golden harps which their Father had given them they drew the sweetest sounds you ever heard.

One day, when the King was walking in His garden, He saw three of His children who had never yet entered His palace, so He called to them, and said,

"My children, I am about to send you forth into the world that you may, by love and perseverance, win a place near your Father's throne."

He clothed them in the purest white garments you ever saw. Little robes that glimmered softly like the beautiful fleecy clouds that gather around the great silver moon, and then laying a kiss upon each smooth young brow, He sent them forth. But ere they went He said to them,

"Soil not your robes, My children, for none but they whose garments are spotless may enter My palace; and take care, My dear ones, that you do not miss the way, for in the world there are many paths, but the road to your Father's mansion is narrow and dark, but if you love Me you will not fear to tread it. Should you chance, My dear children, to go astray upon the 'wide road,' which will take you far away from Me, look for My sign, which is the cross, and you will once again find the way to your Father."

So the children were born into the world, and in a little while they began to think of what their Father, the King, had said to them. One of these childen had the loveliest eyes imaginable, just the colour of the most beautiful violets, so the people, amongst whom she spent her little life, called her Violet Eyes. Another they called Golden Hair, because her long curls were as bright as any gold you ever saw. The third was known as Sweetheart. She was not so fair as her sisters, but she had the sweetest heart in all the world. One day Violet Eyes said to Golden Hair:

"Don't you think it is time we looked for the path which leads to our Father's palace?"

Her sisters agreed with her, and they went hand-in-hand to seek the narrow way. After a while they crossed the prattling, dancing, laughing, twinkling stream of childhood, and came to a spot from whence ran two roads, one wide and bright, margined with the most gorgeous of flowers, the other, narrow and dark, full of heights and hollows.

"Oh," said Sweetheart, looking up the "narrow way," "this must be the road to our Father's mansion!"

But Golden Hair, who loved the light and warmth, was gazing with wistful eyes at the slanting beams, and the tempting flowers that lay upon the wider road.

"Look, sisters! Oh, do look," she cried, "at the beautiful red flowers! They seem like scarlet mouths tempting us to kiss them. Let me pluck just a few flowers and bask in the light for a little time, and then I will join you."

Away she danced, her little dimpled hands clasped above her head, and her fair hair floating like a sunny wave behind her,

"Oh, my sister, my sister, come back!" cried Sweetheart; "you will surely be lost."

But Violet Eyes, who was very selfish, shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"Well, if she is, it's her own fault; I'm not going to wait for her! Let her go if she will."

But little Sweetheart couldn't, she was all love and pity.

"She is our sister," she said, "and she has gone the wrong way, and may never find our dear Father's country again. I must go after

her, and lead her back. Wait for me, dear Violet Eyes! Wait for me!"

And she sped away after her sister, her white robe shining as Violet Eyes had never seen it shine before.

"I won't wait for her. Not I!" said Violet Eyes. "It's nothing to me if they are lost."

And she turned to go, when lo! the path she had thought so narrow grew suddenly wide, and she saw the selfish and hard-of-heart treading it.

Now when little Golden Hair had left her sisters to gather the flowers that grew upon the "broad way," she had every intention of going back to them, but just as she was about to retrace her steps she would catch sight of some most lovely flower, and then she would say to herself, "I must have that flower first, then I will go back." Poor, silly Golden Hair, little did she know that thousands like herself had trodden that path before with the same intentions, and yet had never retraced their steps, never! never!

"Whatever do you call that?" cried Golden Hair, to a woman with a wicked face who was rushing past her on the road. "That glorious red blossom! What is its name?"

"That is pleasure, my dear," replied the woman, "pluck it while you are young!" and she laughed such a loud, rude laugh, that poor little Golden Hair shuddered to hear it. But the red flower was smiling before her, so she stretched her pretty dimpled hand to pluck it.

"How pretty you are," she said, "how very pretty!"

She raised the tempting blossom to her lips, but even as she did so it fell from her hand, broken, shattered, dead! As Golden Hair looked down on the fading petals at her feet, she saw, for the first time, that her white frock was soiled and crumpled, for the red leaves dropping down had brushed against it, and left upon its pure whiteness deep, dark stains. This made Golden Hair so sad and afraid that tears gathered in her eyes, and when she thought of what her Father had said to her, the tears began to fall, and they fell upon the stains on her robe, and washed them out.

"I will go back," thought she, but even as she turned to go she saw another flower more beautiful that all she had seen before. With a little cry of delight Golden Hair stretched forth her hand.

"I must have you, you sweet one!" she said. "I must have you!"

"Do not touch it, my child," said an old woman. "Men call that flower 'Love.' Let it pass. If you pluck it, it will surely wound you."

"I do not care," replied Golden Hair "I must have it to wear in my breast," and she lifted up the bright flower, and pressed it against her heart, but in a few minutes she was sorry she had not taken the old woman's advice, for the flower held a thorn, and the thorn began to eat its way into her little heart till she grew white with pain.

"Drink this, my dear," said a man who was passing at the time, and as he spoke, he held to the girl's trembling lips a bright, sparkling goblet filled with ruddy wine; and she did drink and after she had drank she thought no more of going back, but ran along the broad path, forgetful of all things but the world and its pleasures.

As she went along the road she thought she saw a familiar figure in the distance.

"Oh," thought she, "There is my sister, Violet Eyes! How she has spoiled her robe!"

She ran along until she overtook her sister, who looked at her with such scorn that poor Golden Hair felt eager to sink into the earth, anywhere out of the sight of those proud, angry, blue eyes.

"You dirty little wretch!" cried Violet Eyes. "Get out of my way! You lost soul, don't you dare to speak to me! I cannot understand how you are treading the same way as I am, for you are indeed going to ruin!"

And Violet Eyes dashed on along the wide road, leaving her sister far behind, for there is nothing takes us further from "Our Father's Kingdom" than selfishness.

When Violet Eyes had gone, Golden Hair began to think, and as the night was falling down, she felt lonely and frightened, although there were crowds of people upon the road, but they all looked such wicked people, bloated men and women who were rushing headlong to ruin.

"Oh, Sweetheart! Sweetheart!" sobbed Golden Hair, "I wish you could see me, for I know you would save me. Where are you, Sweetheart? Where are you?"

But Sweetheart had almost reached her Father's palace, and the angels were waiting to let her in.

Now the night fell down deeper and deeper, and Golden Hair's tears fell faster and faster.

"I have lost my way," she said, "and my pretty frock is all dirty. Oh, my Father! my Father! will you ever forgive me?"

As Golden Hair stood weeping and weeping, she saw just beside her a little wooden cross, and she remembered all her Father had said to her; she felt as though her weary heart would break, and kneeling down, she twined her little arms around the cross, and began to pray. The longer she prayed the more distant and distant grew the voices of the sinful crowd, until at last she could hear nothing but the deep sobs of some weary penitent like herself, and the sweet tones of some earnest preacher. Once again Golden Hair's tears fell down upon her robe, and washed it so clean that it began to shine again like a white, bright star.

"Oh, my dearest! my dearest! Where have you been? Oh, how glad I am to find you!"

And Golden Hair felt two soft arms clasping her, and a sweet, warm face laid against her own. She knew it was Sweetheart, and the two sisters laughed and cried for joy, and away they went, hand-in-hand into their Father's Kingdom. The gates of His palace were open to let them in, and the arms of the King were open to receive them. At the last moment, through sorrow and repentance, Golden Hair had found the "narrow way," where she found Sweetheart, who had trodden it all her life. But they never saw Violet Eyes again; too hard to repent, she went on in her selfishness, on and on, until she was lost in the blackness of the night.

I THINK, WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD.

Words by MRS. LUKE. **(Children's Voices in Unison.)** *Music by* CAREY BONNER. *(Inserted by permission.)*

With careful expression.

Key D. : | : : | : : | : : | : ‖ s .f | m :f :s | m :f :s

1. I think, when I read that sweet
2. Yet still to His foot-stool in
3. But thousands and thousands who

Intro. to each verse.

Sw. *pp* *p*

cres *cen*

| s :d :r | m :- :s .s | l :se :l | l :t :l | s :- :- | :- :l .t

sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,..... How He
prayer I may go, And ask for a share in His love;..... And
wan - der and fall Nev - er heard of that hea - ven - ly home;..... I should

cres. *cres.*

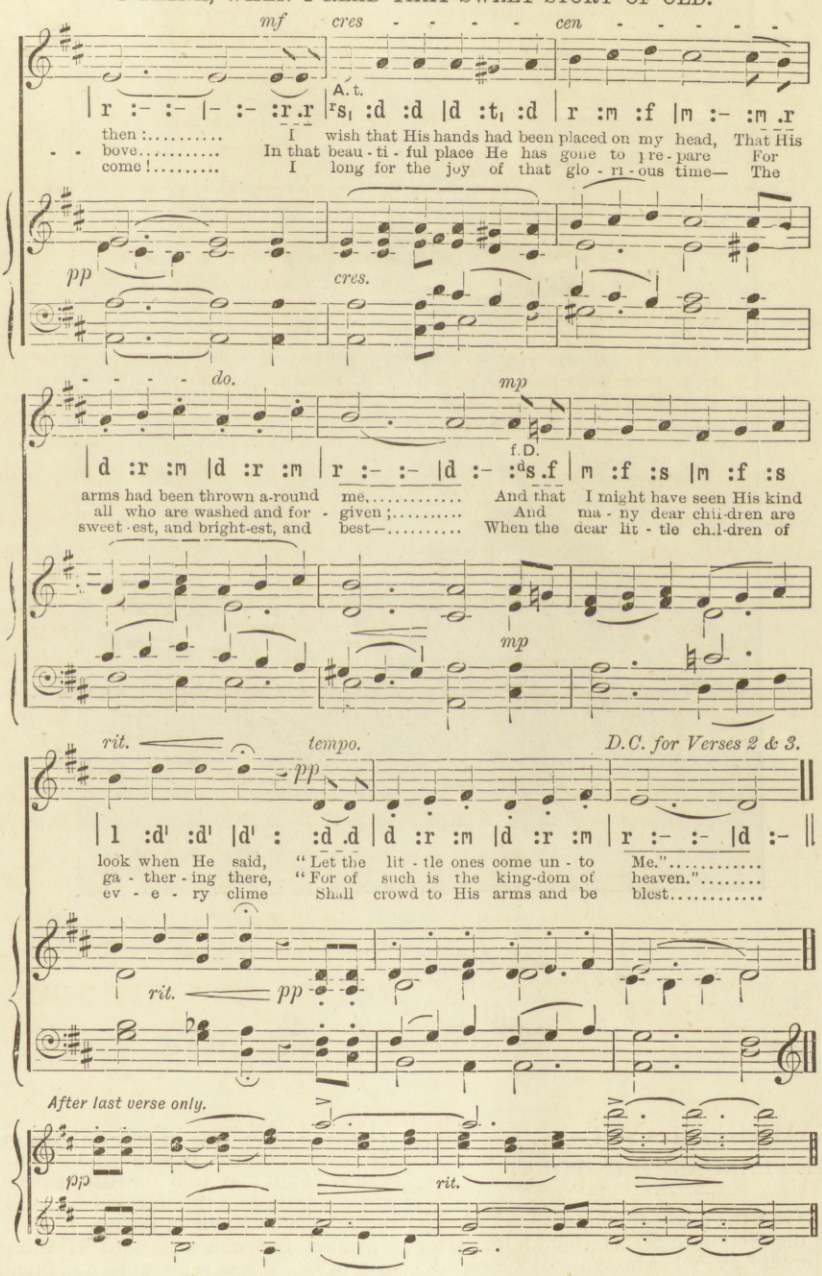
do.

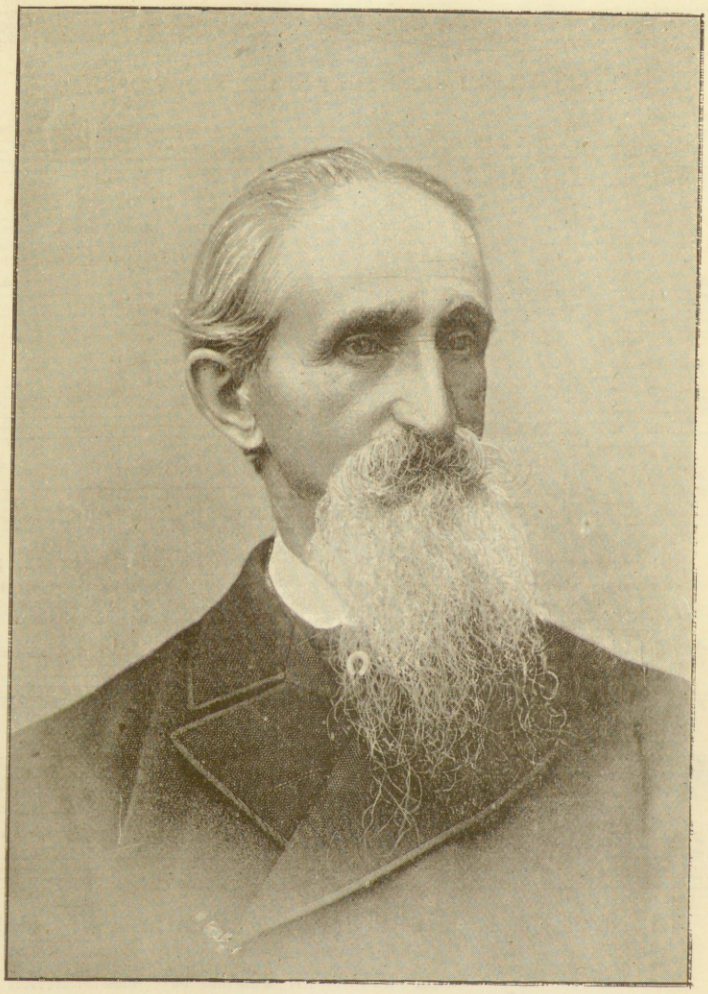
| d' :t :l | s :l :t | d' :t :l | s :- :s .s | s :f :m | s :f :m

called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them
if I now ear - nest - ly seek Him be - low, I shall see Him and hear Him a -
like them to know there is room for them all, And that Je - sus has bid them to

p

I THINK, WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY OF OLD.





Yours truly,
Samuel Laycock.

SAMUEL LAYCOCK,
THE LANCASHIRE POET.

AMONGST the poets of temperance a place of distinction must be found for Mr. Samuel Laycock, whose useful life ended at Blackpool on 15th December, 1893. Sometimes a biographer has to lament the wide divergence between the deeds and words of the man whose life he has to chronicle; but this was not the case with Laycock, whose career was one of sober upward striving and of unostentatious devotion to duty. The story of his years of toiling, of self-culture, of effort for the good of others, is in itself a poem, a "psalm of life," and may well furnish inspiration for a new generation of the workers for social progress and for the bettering of mankind.

Samuel Laycock was born at Marsden in the year 1826. His parents were handloom weavers, and so poor that practically the only education he received was in the Sunday School, where he was taught to read and write. But his father and mother were good honest people who had a sense of responsibility to their children, and by judicious training and healthy home influences kept them away from temptations to which so

many succumb. In 1837, the family removed to Stalybridge. From 1835 until the closing of the Lancashire mills by the great civil war in America, Laycock was a factory worker. In spite of a somewhat delicate constitution and his long hours of labour he found time for self-culture, was an eager reader, and an intelligent and independent thinker. The "Cotton Famine" was a time to try men's souls. The rough music of the factory wheels was silenced, the tall chimneys were smokeless, and the fires on the cottage hearths were extinguished. Men whose only capital was their strong arms and who had won their daily bread by toil done, not abjectly, but with pride and independent spirit, found themselves face to face with famine.

The fortitude with which this widespread desolation was met, and the generous manner in which the warm-hearted English people came to their aid, is a matter of history, and there are few pages in history that are more creditable to all concerned than those which record the sufferings wrought by the Lancashire cotton famine, and their alleviation by the operations of the cotton relief fund. Laycock had already begun to write verse, and his knowledge of the daily life of the factory folk, his familiarity, alike with their virtues and their failings, his sympathies with their best aspirations, made him the laureate of the cotton famine. In the homely verses written in the Lancashire dialect, as it was spoken in such towns as Ashton, Stalybridge, Mossley, we have the very "form and pressure of the time." The courage, the humour, the love of a joke, even when it tells against the narrator, the shrewdness and the kindheartedness of the starving operatives shine through every line. And Laycock was too true a friend to gloss over their faults, but faithfully admonishes them and strives to inspire them with a love for his own sober, yet lofty ideals. Here is a vivid portrait hit off with a few masterly touches:

At number nine th' owd cobbler lives; th' owd chap 'at mends mi shoon,
He's gettin' vary weak an' done, he'll ha' to leav' us soon;
He reads his Bible every day, and sings just like a lark,
He says he's practisin' for heaven, he's welly done his wark.

There is a generous and homely morality in all Laycock's verse. His own observation had shown him the misery wrought by intemperance among those of his own class, and of all classes, and he therefore taught a doctrine of manly, straightforward teetotalism, both by precept and practise. In "Bowton's Yard," and "Quality Row," there are clever sketches of character; "Welcome Bonny Brid" with its mingling of pathos and humour is a delightful poem of the domestic affections, whilst "The Ode to the Sun" and "Roll on thou Grand Owd Ocean," show a deep feeling for the beautiful in nature that even his many admirers had not expected from Laycock—until these pieces appeared. We have only room for three verses from "Thee an' Me," as a specimen of Laycock's muse.

Tha'rt livin' at thi country seat,
Among a' th' gents an' nobs;
Tha's sarvant girls to cook thi meat,
An' do thi bits o' jobs.

Aw'm lodgin' here wi' Bridget Yates,
At th' cot near th' Ceaw Lone well;
Aw mend mi stockin's, peel th' potates,
An' wesh mi shirts misel'!

* * * *

If tha should dee, there's lots o' folk
Would fret an' cry, noa deawt;
When aw shut up, they'll only joke,
An' say, "He's just gone eawt!
Well, never heed him, let him goo,
An' find another port;
We're never to a chap or two,
We've plenty moor o' th' sort."

* * * *

But up above, there's One at' sees
Thro' th' heart o' every mon;
An' He'll just find thee as tha dees,
So dee as weel as t' con.
An' when deawn here this campin' ends,
An' a' eawr fau'ts forgiven—
Let thee an' me still show we're friends,
Bi shakin' honds i' heaven!

Notwithstanding a naturally poor constitution, Mr. Laycock lived to be 67. The latter years of his life were passed in pleasant retirement at Blackpool, where he was held in highest esteem. Shortly before his death he collected the bulk of his poems and prose sketches into a handsome volume, "Warblins' fro' an owd Songster," published by Mr. W. E. Clegg, of Oldham, from which we are permitted to reproduce the excellent portrait accompanying this brief sketch.

Alike by his persistent advocacy—and there are in this volume many pieces of special interest to abstainers—and by his consistent and useful life, Samuel Laycock was an honour to the cause. Temperance helped him, and he repaid the obligation by helping temperance,

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

BE IN EARNEST.

By WILLIAM HOYLE.

Author of "Hymns and Songs."

BE in earnest, boys, be earnest;
Learn to labour while you can;
Patient plodding is the surest,
There is metal in the poorest
For the man.

He who gains the golden summit,
Steps it firmly, nobly tries;
By the force of constant labour,
Firm resolve and strong endeavour,
All must rise.

Step by step along life's pathway,
Make integrity your friend;
In your struggles think upon her,
She will lead to place of honour
In the end.

Every day reveals its trial;
Duty calls you to the task;
On! with spirit persevering,
What you are in truth appearing,—
Wear no mask.

On! from lowly cot or mansion,
Compeers in the glorious race,
Shake off every tiresome fetter,
On, to make this old world better,
Take your place!

AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.

My Dear Girls,



MY letter this month must contain at least *one dainty dish;* for I have no doubt at all that though you have forgotten, if you ever knew, that our forefathers confessed their sins before they ate their pancakes, you will certainly not forget that Shrove Tuesday still survives, and must not pass without pancakes if we can help it. Old Father Christmas, with his cards, has nearly chased Saint Valentine out of the field; but there seems to be no rivalry between plum puddings or mince pies and pancakes.

To our preparation then with all speed. And first let me impress upon you the absolute necessity of utter cleanliness in everything if we are to be successful in our cooking. I remember once being called upon to award the prizes in a cookery competition at a school for poor children. Twenty-eight girls, from "tots" to fifteen years of age, entered for the subject of "porridge." The materials were all the same, identically, but I shall never forget the sight of the twenty-eight little dishes, standing in a row, from the nice little appetising mixture, clean and clear, through all shades of grey and mottled, down to nearly black. The difference was due entirely to the state of the pans used, and the care on the fire. I have seen the same kind of thing in places of a much higher standing, and where both mistress and cook would have been highly offended if I had told them that the failure of their vegetables or their pudding was due to want of cleanliness. But it was, all the same. So we will learn this *golden rule* concerning cookery, that cleanliness is absolutely necessary to success.

The foundation of pancakes is batter, and batters of nearly every kind are much better made some hours before they are wanted, which is often a great convenience. For instance, supposing some of you go to school on Pancake Day, and yet want to do all this experiment yourself, you can just get up a little bit earlier, and make the batter before you go in the morning, and it will be nicely ready for you to fry at noon. You would, of course, cover it with a cloth to keep it from dust or smuts.

In this experiment we will provide for only one person, allowing two good pancakes. We will also be sure to have all our materials and utensils by us before we begin, which will save time, and sometimes temper.

Ingredients:—One egg; one-and-a-half ounce of flour; quarter pint of milk; pinch of salt, say one-eighth of a saltspoon. *Method*:—Break the egg on the side of a cup to make sure it is fresh before putting it with others. Beat well up with a fork, or a whisk, if you have one. Place the flour and salt in a bowl, add, by degrees, the well-beaten egg, mixing till all is *smooth*, and then, also by degrees, the milk. You may have seen some batter made with little lumps floating in it—the reason is want of care in mixing the batter smoothly with small quantities of the milk at a time. When all the milk is used up (and the quantity *exactly* required, depends upon the size of the egg; and also one flour absorbs more moisture than another), beat the batter well up, say for six or seven minutes, or till it looks light. It should be of the consistency of good *country* cream, or if you've never seen that, it should coat your spoon lightly when you put it in. When ready for cooking, you will be sure that your fire is clear—no smoke about—your frying pan, which, for this purpose, should measure about five inches across, you will wipe out. Place it on the fire, with a piece of dripping or butter, the size of a walnut, or about half an ounce, which must melt simply, and neither brown nor burn. When melted, pour in half the batter (or when making a larger quantity half or three-quarters of a teacupful), and keep loosening with a knife the edges of the batter as it cooks. In three or four minutes it will be done, or if you have not a clock, the under side will be nicely browned, and you can then sprinkle the top with pounded sugar, squeeze a little lemon juice on the top of that, fold in three, lift out with a slice, and lay on a hot dish. Everything must be "hot, all hot" in connection with this dainty. If you are going to make a "day of it" with your pancakes, you may try the experiment of turning them in the pan, which is known as "tossing pancakes." Each person then turns their own, and takes the risk of landing their cake in the fire, where it may be lost, or on the fender or floor in fritters that cannot be picked up! But you will get much fun out of it, and there will be an opportunity for the exercise of generosity in sharing your successful toss with your less fortunate fellow!

Instead of rolling the pancakes up, you may pile them flat, one on the top of the other, in which case you must cut a slice of bread, about one inch thick, rounded, and smaller than the pancake, for the first to lie on, the object being to prevent the pancake falling in the centre and so getting sodden.

Also, instead of inserting sugar and lemon, you may line the cake with jam of any kind that you either like or have; and sometimes, perhaps, when you are older, and are eating something with a fine French name, you will, on examination, find it to be just the familiar old friend of your young days—a fruit pancake.

Also, if you want your cakes to be richer, you may beat up your eggs separately. That is,

break the egg as before on the side of a cup, catching the egg just about the middle of the side, so as to divide the shell in two halves, and then let the white drop on a plate. Be sure not to break the yolk or let any of it go into the white. Pass the yolk from one half of the shell to the other, till all the white has slipped out. When all the eggs are so separated, add a pinch of salt to the yolks and beat them up as given above, and do all the mixing in the same way. Add a pinch of salt to the white of egg and begin beating up with as *broad* a knife as you can get. Take care the white of egg does not slip all in a lump off the plate at once! After a few minutes beating *up*, it should be a stiff froth that you can *cut* with your knife. Add this, very gently stirring, to your bowl of batter.

Also if you want to be more economical, you may add to the quantities of flour and milk, and then, *just before* frying, you must stir into the batter from half a teaspoon to a teaspoonful of baking powder, according to the quantity of batter.

Ah me! I thought I could have added some other recipes of the same kind as pancakes, such as Yorkshire pudding, batter pudding, omelette, &c., but my letter is already too long

I will only add that before the Pancake Course you may have this month turbot, whiting, soles, with shrimps for sauce; beef, mutton, pork, or veal; turkey, chicken, and duckling; hare, partridge, or pheasant; cabbage, carrots, savoy, and the ever present potato; with dessert of apples, fresh and dried, grapes, oranges, and nuts.

Trusting that "good digestion will wait on appetite," and being quite sure that if you will be careful as to quantity, and be thoughtful for the wants of others, you will not take much harm from any of the named dishes, dainty or otherwise, if they are well cooked and nicely served,

I am, Your affectionate AUNT MARGARET.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY THE LATE JABEZ INWARDS.

THE fruit of the vine was made by God, and it is always good; the intoxicating wine is made by man, and it is bad.

The fruit of the vine is perfect and nutritious: the intoxicating wine is imperfect and very innutritious.

The fruit of the vine is the wine of God; the intoxicating wine is the wine of man.

The fruit of the vine has always been a blessing; the intoxicating wine has been, is, and will be a fearful curse.

The fruit of the vine is convertible into blood, flesh, and bone; the intoxicating wine is convertible into neither.

The fruit of the vine is cheap and safe; the intoxicating wine is dear and dangerous.

The fruit of the vine is the wine which wisdom has mingled; the intoxicating wine is a man-made mixture.

The fruit of the vine is proved by analysis to be good; the intoxicating wine by the same means is proved to be not good.

The fruit of the vine never kills; the intoxicating wine does.

The fruit of the vine does not create thirst; the intoxicating wine does.

The fruit of the vine contains not one drop of alcohol; the intoxicating wine is very alcoholic.

The fruit of the vine is a blessing; the intoxicating wine is a mocker.

The fruit of the vine has never injured any Church; the intoxicating wine has injured many.

The fruit of the vine is the emblem of the Saviour's shed blood; the intoxicating wine bites like a serpent, and stings like an adder.

The fruit of the vine has a history of peace, and joy, and gladness; the intoxicating wine has a history of woe, and death, and madness.

2,378 "BLACK SPOTS ON THE MERSEY."

LIVERPOOL is known as "the Black Spot on the Mersey," and its record of arrests for juvenile drunkenness last year fully sustains its title to the appellation. Let the printer set this table in his blackest mourning border, that the reader may see at a glance the depth of this shadow:—

CHILDREN TAKEN UP
DEAD DRUNK!
IN 1893.

Under 10 years	...	113
,, 12 ,,	...	228
,, 14 ,,	...	455
,, 16 ,,	...	615
,, 18 ,,	...	967
		2,378

"What terrible homes these poor children must have," said Mr. Callender Moss, referring to the above at a Band of Hope meeting at Southport. Why, we almost shudder to think of them. No need to wonder at "lapsed masses" while in so many homes the children pass from the cradle into the toils of the Drink Demon.

FALSE JOY.—"Wine gives no light, ideal hilarity, but tumultuous, noisy, clamorous merriment. I admit," he further adds, "that the spirits are raised by drinking as by the common participation of any pleasure. Cock-fighting or bear-baiting will raise the spirits of a company as drinking does, though surely they will not improve conversation."—*Dr. Johnson.*

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

About one million pounds was spent on football clubs last year.

Inside prisons the death rate is 8 per 1,000, whereas in all large towns it varies from 17 to 23, or thereabouts, per 1,000. Sudden enforced total abstinence evidently does not kill.

Apples for Alcoholism.—A German doctor has started the theory that most drunkards can be cured simply by eating apples at every meal. The acid of the fruit does it. Now boys, don't smile, although you know a much truer remedy.

Would you rather an elephant killed you or a gorilla? Most persons will reply that if one has to be killed it doesn't matter very much whether the elephant or the gorilla does the work, but the correct answer is "I would rather the elephant killed the gorilla."

LET EVERY MAN HOLD HIS POST.

In the heat of Waterloo one of Wellington's officers said to him, "Suppose you should be struck down, let us know what the plans are." Wellington replied, "I have no plan except that every man hold his post just where I have put him until the victory is won." That is what God says to every abstainer: "Let every man hold his post just wherever I have put him until the victory is won."

A CRUSHING CONDEMNATION OF TEMPERANCE.

A correspondent of the *Church Times* writes:—I remember once reading in a Temperance paper, that a high official at home once wrote to a high official in India asking for statistics of temperance work in a certain corps. The reply was, "There were no temperance men in that corps. There had been once, but half of them had died, and the other half had been invalided home." It did seem such a crushing condemnation of temperance in the Indian Army; and yet, strange to say, the report was verbally accurate. On further inquiry it turned out there were originally two temperance men in that corps, one of these was killed by the bursting of a gun barrel, and the other was so injured by a fall from his horse as to be unfitted for further military service.

THE A. B. C. OF THE LABOUR QUESTION.

(*A*).—In Guinness's great brewery there are fourteen millions of capital invested, and 3,000 men employed. In the linen industries of Ulster there is about the same capital invested; there are 100,000 men employed.

(*B*).—In the boot trade, out of every £5 spent by a customer, £1 17s. 6d. goes to labour; in the woollen trade, out of every £5, labour gets £3; in the liquor traffic, out of every £5, labour gets 2s. 6d.

(*C*).—Mr. Justice Williams at the Leeds Assizes expressed an earnest wish that the working classes, who combine for many useful purposes, should establish a feeling among themselves by which a man would be ashamed of himself if he gave way to drunken habits.

Greatness of any kind has no greater foe than a habit of drinking.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

Temperance, exercise, and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.
Henry W. Longfellow.

"The shortest way of shutting up half our gaols, and diminishing the mass of our criminal population, would be to make England sober."—*Lord Coleridge.*

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

By the ties this vice hath riven,
By the homes this sin hath marred,
By the souls this curse hath driven
Unreclaimed to their reward.

By the earth which it is thinning,
By the hell which ends its track,
Use your influence with the sinning,
Help to drive the demon back.
Henry Anderton.

NOW BOYS AND GIRLS! WORTH TRYING FOR.

The new series of competitions inaugurated by Messrs. Lever Brothers, of "Sunlight Soap" celebrity, are especially deserving of notice. In the series of competitions presented in our advertising pages, the proprietors of "Sunlight Soap" offer a list of premiums on actual industry and enterprise, and unless those intending to enter the competitive lists intend to work, they cannot hope to win. Messrs. Lever Brothers do not make pretence of universal philanthropy, in offering 232,000 prizes of bicycles, watches, books, etc, etc, to the estimated value of £41,904, they plainly indicate by their conditions that they intend to achieve a widespread advertisement, and, as publicity now-a-days is the backbone of business, derive subsequent benefit. Dividing the United Kingdom into eight districts, they invite the public to forward the upper portion of the wrapper of each packet of soap sold by them. This forms a coupon, and the greatest number forwarded to Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead, within one calender month, post paid, and superscribed with the territorial figures, entitles the first five contestants to the choice of a lady's or gent's "Premier" safety pneumatic-tyre bicycle, value £20. Twenty four-guinea Waltham stem-winding silver watches are offered to the next twenty highest aggregates, and a long succession of graded but capital prizes follow.

Reviews.

"The Better Way," by W. J. Lacey. Published by T. Nelson and Sons. Many of our readers will remember that the author of the above was the winner of the £100 prize for the capital Temperance story, "Through Storm to Sunshine." In our idea "The Better Way" is a better story from every standpoint. It is really admirable, and deserves the very wide circulation it will doubtless attain. It is like Nelson's other reward books, tastefully got up and worthy of a place in every home and library.

"The National Temperance League's Annual," published by the League at 33, Paternoster Row, is, as usual, full of valuable information and especially so to Temperance Secretaries of all kinds. It includes a very useful directory of Temperance organisations all over the country. The price is only 1s.

THE

GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR

JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

By EDWARD ARMYTAGE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

GEOFFREY ORMOND, a man of great talent who has given way to reckless dissipation, watches his younger friend, Frank Crawford, enter the "Lion," and laments that they are both on the downward path. This feeling is deepened when, at his lodgings, he talks with little Mary, the child of John Dudley; her father is a drunkard and a gambler. Dudley goes to a gambling house. Meets Frank Crawford, who plays cards with Fruse and suspects that he is cheated. Dudley breaks the bank at *rouge-et-noir*, and is robbed and mortally wounded on his way home.

CHAPTER V.



IT seems to me, Fruse, that there was something more than chance in your run of luck to-night. It was too continuous for that."

"What! Crawford! You mean to insinuate——"

"Don't get excited. I mean to insinuate nothing, only I think that your run of luck was something very extraordinary indeed."

"Now you speak like the rational being you are. I won't deny—— Hullo! what have we here, though? A batch of ragamuffins round a policeman and a lamp-post. What's up?" continued Fruse, addressing the policeman.

"Why, yer see, there's a poor fellow here as has come to grief, and I was saying that the 'Lion' was the nearest, when some of 'em sticks up for the 'Three Horse Shoes.'"

"Don't argue about the distance of an inn, when a fellow-creature lies dying at your feet," said Fruse, sharply, as he rose up from his examination of the prostrate form. "Take him up, some of you, and carry him to the 'Lion' instantly."

Two men and the policeman lifted up the body gently, but not without eliciting a faint moan, and proceeded towards the 'Lion,' followed by the knot of people who had by this time collected, and who were noisily discussing the matter.

Fruse rejoined Crawford, and whispered, "It is Dudley, mortally wounded, I fear."

So utterly unexpected was the announcement that Crawford gazed on his companion incredulously. But when he saw the seriousness of his face, his look changed to one of horror, and he was rushing forward to assure himself of the fact, when Fruse held him back.

"Don't interfere now," he said. "Wait till we reach the 'Lion;' you can see him then."

The 'Lion' was soon reached, and after much kicking at the door, the landlord at length vouchsafed an angry query from the chamber window.

"Open the door," shouted the policeman. "We ain't going to stand here all night with a dead body in our hands. Eh?"

The window banged to, and shortly after the door opened, and they bore him in, and placed him on a sofa.

The crowd rudely pressed into the room, also, surrounded the sofa on which Dudley lay, and began again their noisy conjectures.



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Some one had reported the affair at the Police Station, and a reinforcement of two policemen and an inspector had by this time arrived.

"Go," said the inspector to one of the policemen; "go for a surgeon, quickly, and tell him to lose no time."

Then, turning to the crowd in the room, "Who first found the wounded man?" he inquired.

"Me, yer honour," answered the policeman, stepping forward. "I saw him stretched on the ground, and I thought he was drunk, so I catched hold of his coat to lift him up, but he wouldn't help hisself, so I let go, and on looking at my hands saw they were covered with blood, so, with the help of some of these folks, I brought him here."

"Did the poor fellow speak when you attempted to lift him up?"

"Well, he muttered some'at about a pocket-book, but I didn't hear aught plain."

"Now, my friends," said the inspector to the rabble, "you had better go quietly home, and don't make too much row about this affair."

The policemen hustled out the crowd, all except Fruse and Crawford, who had informed the inspector that they were friends of Dudley.

"And now, gentlemen," continued he, addressing Fruse and Crawford, "being friends of this person, perhaps you have been in his company to-night, and can throw a little light on this mystery."

Crawford flushed scarlet; but Fruse, ever ready and self-possessed, gave the inspector a plain and simple account of what had taken place at Glair's, and expressed infinite sorrow at the unhappy condition of his poor dear friend, as he chose to call the man whom he had frequently cheated at play. Crawford was silent—a multitude of unutterable thoughts surged through his brain; he was not yet sufficiently hardened to gaze calmly on the terrible ending of the road he had so carelessly entered, and he turned away with a strange fulness of heart, and a mental vow to retrace his steps.

Whilst the explanations of Fruse had been carried on in a low whisper, the physician had entered the room, and examined his patient. Having bandaged the wound, and ordered pillows to be placed under the dying man's head, he answered the anxiously-inquiring eyes of Crawford.

"This poor fellow has scarcely an hour to live," said he, "therefore, if you know any relations of his, they must be sent for instantly, or they will not see him alive."

Fruse and Crawford volunteered to bring the only relation they knew of, and set out to fetch the child, Little Mary.

CHAPTER VI.

Return we now to Dudley's chamber, where we left Little Mary sobbing, with the open Bible before her, and the words, to her so fearful, still echoing in her heart.

Geoffrey tried hard to comfort the little maiden, but to no avail: a tempest of sobs shook her like an aspen leaf; but after a brief time she mastered her emotion, and smiling sadly, through her tears, she looked up at him and said:

"Dear Brother, you will think me a foolish girl; but I am so miserable when I think of you and my dear father. Oh, Geoffrey, why will you run this risk? I know you are good and noble; will you not then take heed of what this Book teaches? Geoffrey, my father is a *drunkard!* Oh! will he never, never meet my mother in the heaven above? Will he never see the golden towers and jasper gates of the city on high where she has gone to dwell?"

The appeal came at an opportune moment, for Geoffrey had been thinking remorsefully of his wasted youth—had been longing, with a bitter and hopeless longing, to retrace his steps and break the fatal ties which bound him and had warped his moral manhood. The sight of Crawford hastening along the same fatal path which he himself had trod, awakened within his heart the germs of noble thoughts, and, later, had come the influence of the strange child who had been thrown in his path. And now when the little maiden had conjured up the shade of her dead mother and the memory of her blighted life—now with the pleading voice of the child in his ears, and her sad, sad eyes looking into his, he felt newer, purer influences rising within his breast, and he resolved, upon a fresh endeavour, to shape his life anew to higher aims and better uses than before. He would redeem the time he had wasted, and strive to make his influence for good as powerful as had been his previous baneful example.

"Little Mary," said he, "you shall never more have to reproach me with this sin."

He placed her on his knee and kissed away her tears, and listening to his softly soothing voice, she soon forgot her sorrows, and became as blythe and lighthearted as a bird of summer.

The grey dawn was now breaking, and still John Dudley returned not; but this excited no surprise either in Little Mary or Geoffrey, who were both too well acquainted with his uncertain hours to think anything of it. Geoffrey finished his task, and put away the obese portfolio into its obscure retreat, and then the two friends fell to chatting of the joys and sorrows of the past.

Little Mary told her faint remembrances of a happy home and loving mother, of her father's gradual downward course, of her mother's death, hastened by the miseries that attend the drunkard's wife, and how they had fallen into lower poverty day by day, until now their daily bread depended almost entirely on the fortunes of the gaming-table.

Geoffrey, too, told her of his orphan youth, and his brilliant career at the University, and how the love of company and the passion for excitement had led him from one excess to another, until his relations had cast him from them, and the friends of his earlier days had one by one forsaken him; how, to hide his shame and disgrace, he had hidden himself in the great city, and supported life by such scanty literary work as fell in his way. His employers had found to their cost that though talented he was unreliable; and when the printer's boy was waiting at the

door for copy, he was trying to shake off the depression of spirits arising from the preceding night's debauch. But now he had resolved, by the help of God, to enter upon a new life, and he hoped still to win fame and competence, and to have a share in the onward movement of the age. While they were discussing these matters in that low voice which best befits such confidences, they were startled by a loud knocking at the street door, and after some moments the landlady tapped at the room door and said two gentlemen wanted to speak to Mr. Ormond. Geoffrey accompanied her downstairs to see who they were that came to visit him at this unreasonable hour, and he was greatly surprised to recognise Fruse and Crawford. His greeting to Crawford was frank and hearty, but to Fruse, whilst perfectly civil, he was cool and constrained.

"We have come upon a sorrowful errand," said Crawford, "Mr. Dudley has been stabbed, and now lies at the 'Lion;' and if his daughter wishes to see him alive, she must hasten there at once."

A thrill of horror ran through Geoffrey.

"Dudley murdered," he cried. "Is it true? And how?"

"That we will tell you presently," said Fruse. "Go now for his daughter, for no time is to be lost. We have a coach waiting."

Geoffrey re-ascended the stairs with a heavy heart.

"Little Mary," said he, "I have sorrowful news to tell you; but be not frightened, my child," continued he, for Little Mary had raised her head at his first words, and gazed on him with terrified eyes. "Your father is ill, has received a dangerous wound, and has sent for you."

Without a word she hastily prepared to accompany him, and a few moments after they joined Fruse and Crawford, and were soon ushered into the room where the strong man lay grappling, face to face, with death.

HOW A CHILD HELPED.

"WHAT a friend we have in Jesus"—
Sang a little child one day;
And a weary woman listened
To the darling's happy lay.

All her life seemed dark and gloomy,
And her heart was sad with care;—
Sweetly rang out baby's treble—
"All our sins and griefs to bear."

She was pointing out the Saviour
Who could carry every woe;
And the one who sadly listened
Needed that dear Helper so!

Sin and grief were heavy burdens
For a fainting soul to bear;—
But the baby, singing, bade her
"Take it to the Lord in prayer."

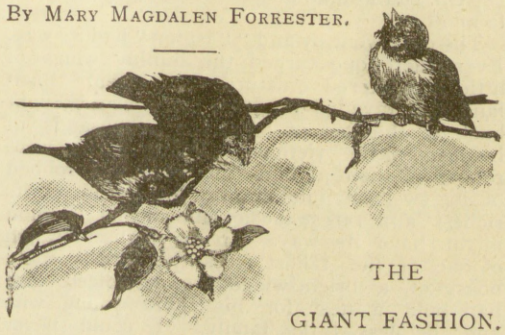
With a simple, trusting spirit,
Weak and worn she turned to God,
Asking Christ to take her burden,
As He was the sinner's Lord.

Jesus was the only refuge,
He could take her sin and care,
And He blessed that weary woman
When she came to Him in prayer.

And the happy child, still singing,
Little knew she had a part
In God's wondrous work of bringing
Peace into a troubled heart.

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.



THE GIANT FASHION.

THERE was the greatest panic in Birdland that you ever heard of; such a fluttering of pretty wings, such a beating of tiny hearts, such a wild shrill outcry of sweet bird-voices, such sounds of lamentation and indignation combined, that the great old forest, with its thousands of feathered inhabitants, seemed to be in as wild a state of dread and excitement as any land upon the eve of battle. And, oh, what wonder? Had not the oldest and wisest bird in all the forest just returned from the borders of the city with the most terrible news? Did he not say that the giant Fashion had decreed that the birds must die? Die! while the sun was in the heavens and the leaves were dense and beautiful? Die! with the sunlight in their wings and the little ripples of music in their throats? They huddled together, and they looked at each other with round startled eyes. Oh, it was horrible! Horrible! What had they done, that thus they should be slain? Had not God made them beautiful, and painted their wings with His own hand? Did they not thank Him morn, noon and evening, that He should thus give them life? And now that life was to be taken from them. The great cruel giant, whom the world called "Fashion," had sentenced them to death, that woman, gentle, tender-hearted woman, might have them for her decoration. The news spread like wild-fire from tree to tree, from forest to forest, until every bird, even the babies who had never yet been out of their nests, heard the woeful tidings. Indignation meetings were called, when small, sweet voices were raised against the cruelty of the world of men and women, where "Fashion" did just what it pleased.

"What have we done?" asked one little fellow, his wings flapping and the feathers on his breast standing out in righteous anger, "What have we done? We have never troubled the land of fashion for a crumb; we have built our

own homes far away from the haunts of men; Nature feeds us from her bosom; and all we ask is the sweet air and the bright sunshine. We take nothing from men, and yet, what would they take from us? All that we have—our little lives!"

"Shame! Shame! Shame!" cried thousands of bird voices; and frightened mothers folded their wings over their babies and tried to sing them to sleep, but their notes grew weaker and weaker, until with a kind of sob they died away altogether.

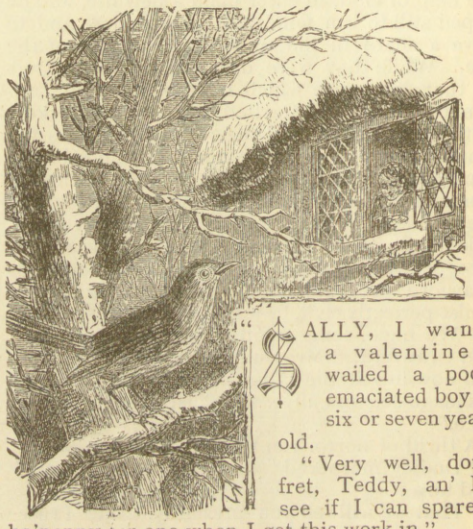
"Oh, can woman be so cruel?" they said one to another.

The days went by and "Fashion" had its way. Everywhere one turned the shining wings of little slaughtered creatures were seen. Bird-land was invaded by cruel men, who brought back to the feet of "Fashion" thousands of innocent little victims. Young birds were robbed of their parents, the forest was robbed of its sweetest inhabitants, the world of its richest and rarest music, and all that Fashion might have its way. In the highest branch of one of the tallest trees the forest could boast of, a bright-winged, sweet-voiced bird had built a nest for his timid young wife and helpless little family. I could never describe to you the happiness of this wee home. Every morning, when the warm gold of the sun fell down from heaven, and, piercing the thick branches, woke this little family from innocent slumber, the father, after warbling a sweet "good morning" to his wife and children, would mount the green bough, and sing the purest hymn to God you ever heard, and then a host of little fellows like himself would join, and the grandest choir in the grandest church you ever entered never sang a sweeter or holier anthem. Oh, how happy, how intensely innocently happy they were! No mother ever rocked the cradle that held her infant more tenderly than the wind rocked the old branches, where the bird-babies slept. The sky smiled at them, the flowers nodded at them, the stream prattled for them, and at night the fluttering little leaves wrapped closely around them, and the pure, white stars looked down and kissed them. But alas for the wee birds, the warbling, merry-hearted wee birds, woman took it into her head to wear soft downy breasts, and bright painted wings in her hats, and the most beautiful of all God's beautiful little creatures were slain.

One morning this bird-father, of whom I have been telling you, after singing his little prayers flew away to bask in the warm light, but he returned—Never! Never! Hour after hour passed away, but he came not to his frightened mate, who at last, trembling with fear, whispered to her children, "Lie still, my little ones, till I return! I go to seek your father, for I fear that some ill has befallen him!" And she flew away, poor helpless birdie, into the same trap that had ensnared her mate, and her children saw her never again. But one day a great lady of fashion was seen in London, and amidst the ribbons that adorned her costly hat lay the poor bird-mother who had gone to seek her little mate; there she lay, the latest victim to Fashion's cruelty and woman's whim, cold, stiff and dead!

TEDDY'S VALENTINE.

By R. B. Yates.



"SALLY, I wants a valentine!" wailed a poor, emaciated boy of six or seven years old.

"Very well, don't fret, Teddy, an' I'll see if I can spare a ha'penny for one when I get this work in."

"No, Sally," wailed the querulous voice, "I don't want a ha'penny 'un, I wants a real valentine, in a box, with a hangel on it like that you telled me about."

Poor Sally! she was at her wits' end how to comfort the child; then she softly stroked his face and said, Oh, so tenderly,

"You'll have to wait till you gets to heaven, Teddy, there'll be plenty of valentines in heaven."

This poor little woman of ten years old had very vague ideas of heaven.

"I don't want to wait. If there are plenty of valentines in heaven, couldn't Jesus spare me *just one?*" asked the boy, pleadingly.

"Maybe He could," replied his sister.

"Then jest ask Him for me, Sally. Tell Him I want one ever so much."

"I don't know about that," said Sally, hesitatingly. "Teacher said we could ask the Lord Jesus for all we need, and He would hear us if we were ever so little, or ever so poor, but it doesn't seem right, somehow, to ask for a valentine, Teddy."

"Then I'll jest ask for it myself, Sally, if Jesus can hear a little 'un like me, and you can say, 'Amen.'"

The thin, pale hands were clasped, and the large eyes closed as the shrill, childish voice earnestly presented his petition.

"Please, dear Lord Jesus, will you send me a valentine, 'cos Sally says you has plenty in heaven. If you can spare me just one real valentine, with a hangel on it, please send it to Teddy O'Brien, 9, Fisher's Court, and I'll be so glad. Please do, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

"Amen," echoed Sally.

"There; I know I shall get it now, so I'll go to sleep."

"Yes, do," said Sally, and she heaved a sigh of relief as she saw the tired eyes close and the little sufferer sink to rest.

Sally worked away whilst Teddy slept, stitching buttons on cards, for which she would get threepence when she had finished twelve dozen.

How much threepence meant to her, poor little mite: with pinched, wan face, much older than her years.

Her mother dead, her father—blessed riddance—was now in jail for killing a man when drunk; how often he had nearly killed his children, and now Teddy's days were numbered, soon he, too, would be gone; another victim of the drink.

As Sally sat silently stitching away for dear life, she resolved that she would *never*, NEVER have anything to do with the horrid drink.

Sunday night at the Ragged School close by was the one bright spot in Sally's life; eagerly she drank in every word and repeated it to Teddy when she returned.

Miss Ella Mason never dreamt how much of her lessons were reproduced by the quiet, unobtrusive girl.

CHAPTER II.

In a comfortable room in a spacious mansion in the suburbs, Ella Mason was buttoning her gloves when a visitor called.

"Are you going out, Ella?" asked Louie Stanley, as she saw her friend had on hat and cloak.

"Yes, I am just going to visit some of my scholars at the Ragged School. Will you come with me?" replied Ella, cheerily.

"No, thank you, Ella," said Louie, with a shudder. "I shouldn't mind if I had your purse, but I hate to visit poor people, unless I can relieve them."

"Come with me, just this once," pleaded Ella, "and you shall have the use of my purse."

The two girls started off together, and soon left the pleasant, open suburbs, and entered close crowded streets, where, as Louie remarked, "the children seemed to thrive on dirt," for they were playing in every gutter.

Into courts and up passages they went, everywhere leaving kindly tokens of their presence, and generally being well received.

"Don't go in now, teacher," said a child to Ella, at one door that she was going to enter, "Mother's mad drunk, and none of us dare go in till she's had some more, and then she'll go to sleep. Stand back! she's comin'!" and the child hurriedly pushed them aside, as a woman, with a tiny baby in her arms, reeled past them, uttering the most abusive language. They watched her enter the swinging doors of the public-house at the opposite corner, then Ella said, with a sigh,

"Oh, this drink! Would that it were swept from the earth."

"It is not the use but the abuse of a good thing that does the mischief," replied Louie.

"If you will only visit throughout this district, with your eyes open, you will never call 'the drink' a good thing any more, Louie."

They entered a house and began to ascend a steep staircase. When they reached the top, Ella was about to open the door, but the shrill tones of a child's voice caused her to hesitate, so, standing there, the two friends distinctly heard every word of Teddy's prayer, followed by Sally's fervent 'Amen.'

Louie quietly drew Ella downstairs again, and when they reached the outer door Ella saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Never mind, Louie, dear," she said, cheerily. "Teddy's prayer shall be answered, you'll see. I must buy one for him."

"No, no, come home with me," replied Louie, impulsively. "I have heaps of valentines I have selfishly hoarded for years, never thinking of the pleasure they would give to poor little children."

"That's better," said, Ella. "We will go at once, for I daresay we might have some difficulty in getting one."

"I know I have one I received four years ago that will just do, with a bright picture of Cupid on it, and in a big, gilt-edged box."

"That will delight Teddy, poor little fellow!" said Ella.

"Has he been ill long?" asked her friend.

"Ever since he was two years old. He was crippled by a drunken father's kick, and has never been able to walk since. Isn't it sad?"

"Sad! It is simply dreadful! What a brute he must be!"

"Not when he is sober. He was once in a good position, and his wife was a respectable young lady, and if anyone had told him when Sally was born that *he* could ever do such things he would not have believed it; but it's never safe to tamper with the drink, Louie."

"Ella, you frighten me. I have a good mind never to touch the stuff again."

"Do, dear Louie, sign the temperance pledge, and throw your influence on the right side, if not for your own sake, for the sake of those who are tempted as you never have been."

"I will, Ella. Tell your brother to bring his pledge-book, and I will sign; or, stay, I will come down to his Band of Hope and sign there, if you like."

"That's a darling! Begin to work at once, and you won't regret it, I'm sure," replied Ella.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, Sally, Sally, here's the postman comin' up the court," piped Teddy, who was propped up in bed so that he could see through the window.

Away downstairs ran Sally, and met the postman just at the door.

"Teddy O'Brien—No. 9?" he enquired.

"Yes, sir, please sir," gasped Sally, as she took the wonderful box from him, and almost flew upstairs.

"See, Teddy, here it is. He has *really* sent it," she exclaimed.

"In course, I *knew* He would," replied the child, eagerly stretching out his hands for the coveted prize, and going into raptures over it.

When Ella and Louie arrived some hours later, they found the little fellow lying back exhausted, with his precious valentine clasped to his breast, and a look of inexpressible happiness on his face.

Sally rose to receive her guests as they entered the little room.

"How is Teddy to-day?" asked Ella, kindly.

"He's bin ever so much better, teacher, only

he's tired now with looking at his valentine, for, do you know, he's got a *real* valentine—the postman brought it."

"Poor little fellow!" said Louie, as she stroked his head tenderly, when suddenly he raised his hand, and, pointing upward, said in a low, clear voice:

"Look, Sally, the angels are calling me; I must go. Jesus will take care of *you*, Sally, I know He will, 'cos He sent my valentine when I axed Him, and I have axed Him to take care of my Sally."

His eyes shone for a moment with an unearthly brilliance, then closed for ever, and the poor, tired lamb was folded on the Saviour's bosom.

* * * * * *

Three years have passed—happy years they have been to Sally in the Home to which Mr. Mason (Ella's brother) had gained her admission, and now the time has arrived when she must go forth again into the world.

"Sally, here's a lady to see you," said the matron, and a very tidy, trim little maiden it was that obeyed the summons.

"Oh, Miss Ella," she exclaimed, in a tone of delight; "is it you? I thought it was a mistress."

"You wouldn't like me for a mistress, then, Sally?" said Ella, smiling.

"Oh, yes, I should, better than anything in the world," replied Sally.

"Well, I have come to tell you that my brother's wife wants a nursemaid, and she is willing to try you, Sally."

They were soon whirling away in a cab, and almost before Sally realised it, Ella ushered her *protégé* into the same cosy room where we first made her acquaintance, with the cheery words:

"Now, Louie, dear, here is your maid."

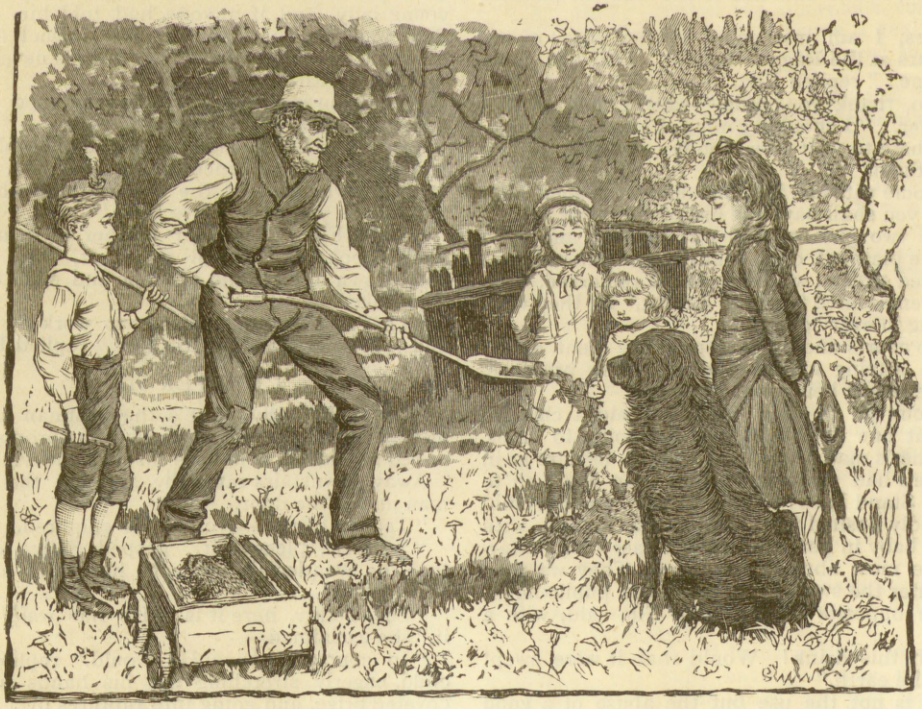
As Mrs. Gilbert Mason turns to greet Sally, we recognise her as no other than our old friend, Louie Stanley.

Sally could scarce return the kindly greeting, so anxious was she to get a glance within the pretty muslin-draped cot, noticing which the young mother proudly said:

"See, Sally, this is baby."

In an instant Sally was on her knees by its side. Then she exclaimed, in an awe-struck tone:

"How lovely! Oh, Miss Ella, it's just like 'Teddy's Valentine.'"



POOR PUNCH.

By Uncle Ben.

PUNCH was a small, stupid mongrel dog that, in the days of extreme youth, behaved so funnily that he got the name of Punch. He was of a wayward and disobedient disposition. He had a bad habit of running after sheep and frightening them, and also of barking at horses and carriages on the road; in fact he was so troublesome that he seldom went out with any member of the family. When he was indoors and about the house his behaviour was better. He was so tiresome when away from home that he would not have been kept if it had not been for the fact that though he was a great coward he was a good barker, and,

therefore, he was allowed to run about the back yard and warn off tramps. He was never known to bite anyone. The children were very fond of him, and as he was thought to be a good house dog he was fed and kept, though often threatened with extermination when he got into trouble.

Poor Punch, of course, was a strict abstainer, and so were all the family belonging to the household excepting the man who looked after the horse; his name was Thomas. He was the nephew of old Cross, who did the garden and superintended the pigs and cows, and generally watched over the interests of the household with Thomas to help.

It happened that Thomas, who was fond of drink, had been out getting straw and hay, then took the cart for coal to the nearest station; he had had one or two glasses of beer, and meeting a friend had called at many [public-houses, with the result that he was more than three parts drunk when he returned; and as he drove back into the yard Punch ran out to jump up at the horse's nose and bark his welcome. The horse, already irritated by Thomas's careless driving, would not stand still. While Punch sprang up as the horse fidgetted, Thomas took the whip and meant to give the dog a cut to quiet him, but in his unsteady hand he missed the dog and hit the horse, who reared up, plunged and kicked, and wheeling round suddenly in the narrow yard ran over Punch, who was terribly hurt. His piercing yelps and cries brought old Cross to the spot, who had his work to pacify the horse, seeing that Thomas was not sober enough to be trusted. As soon as the horse was safely in the stable and all fear of further accident over, old Cross examined poor Punch, and found that he was so injured that it would be the kindest thing to put an end to his life.

The master was informed at once by Cross of the state of affairs, and on seeing the dog, bade Cross shoot the animal as soon as possible while the children were at dinner. Thomas was sent off about his business for the rest of the day, with the warning that unless he signed the pledge and kept it he would be dismissed.

During dinner, the father told the family how Punch had been a victim to Thomas having had too much to drink. The children at first were very distressed at the news, and after the meal was over Kenith and his two younger sisters ran off to see Cross, and as it was a half holiday, preparations were made for an early funeral.

Kenith went and invited Mabel, a friend and neighbour, to attend the ceremony with her dog Joss, who had been a playmate and companion of the late lamented Punch. Old Cross wrapped up the remains in sacking and found a box to place it in. Kenith brought his little cart, and when all was ready the procession left the kennel close by the stable, passed round by the back kitchen door, down the garden and out through the orchard to the spot selected by Old Cross for the interment. The order of the *cortége* was as follows: first came Cross as sexton and undertaker, then Kenith drawing the funeral car, followed by Kenith's two smaller sisters with Mabel and her dog Joss bringing up the rear.

They waited to see Cross dig the grave and then fill it up, and when all was over returned feeling very sad at the loss of their dog, for notwithstanding all his faults he was greatly beloved by the children. A white card-board was found on which, by the advice of Old Cross, Kenith printed this inscription:

HERE LIES OUR DOG
PUNCH
WHO FELL A VICTIM TO THE EVIL OF
INTEMPERANCE.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

By Wm. Hoyle,

Author of Hymns and Songs, etc.

HAPPY thoughts that swiftly rise,
Sweet companions of the wise,
Thoughts that hope and joy impart
To the careworn, drooping heart;
Thoughts that minister for good
In our hours of solitude,
Soul-inspiring thoughts that bring
Beauty round the meanest thing.

Thoughts on wings of mercy sent,
Training us for each event
In the fitful scenes of life,
Through the turmoil and the strife;
Making plain life's dreary maze,
Guiding us in safer ways,
Thoughts to help in hours of need,
Happy thoughts our steps to lead.

Thoughts that rise where'er we roam,
Blessed memories of home;
Thoughts of friends the tried and true,
Scenes and haunts for ever new,
Thoughts of smiling fields and trees,
Rock and rill and ocean breeze,
Mountain pass and waterfall,
Many a pleasing scene recall.

Thoughts for every day and hour,
Thoughts that give new life and power;
Thoughts that search through earth and sky,
Where the tracks of genius lie;
Thoughts that compass time and space,
Making glad the desert place,
Blessings which long years have wrought,
Spring from earnest, cultured thought.

Thoughts for every time and place,
Records of each sturdy race,
Glorious thoughts to lead men on,
Thoughts of freedom bravely won,
Thoughts ennobling, vast and real,
Giving life its true ideal;
Thought on thought, and mind with mind,
Mark the progress of mankind.

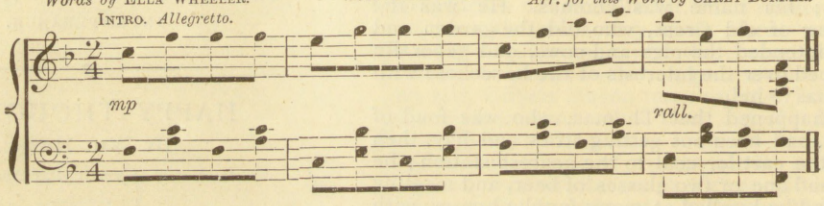
Thoughts in every age and state
Good or ill may germinate,
Who can tell how vast their powers,
These impetuous thoughts of ours?
Silently they work within,
Some projected goal to win;
In our words or deeds they lie
Treasured for eternity.

WISHING AND WORKING.

Words by ELLA WHEELER. *Music by* W. F. SHERWIN.

Solo with Chorus. *Arr. for this Work by* CAREY BONNER.

INTRO. *Allegretto.*



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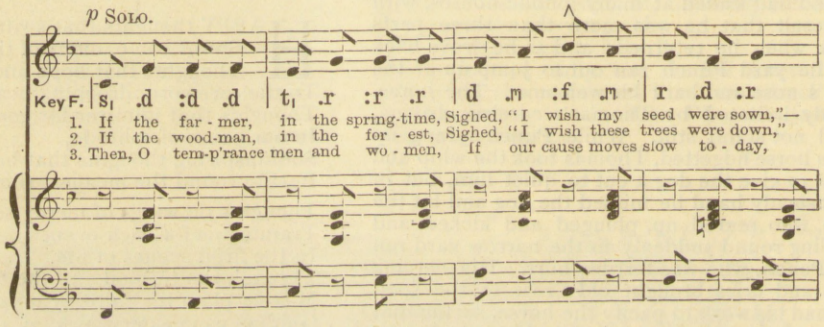

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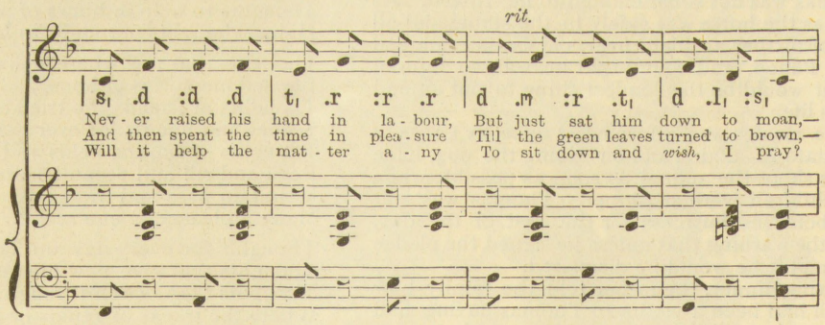

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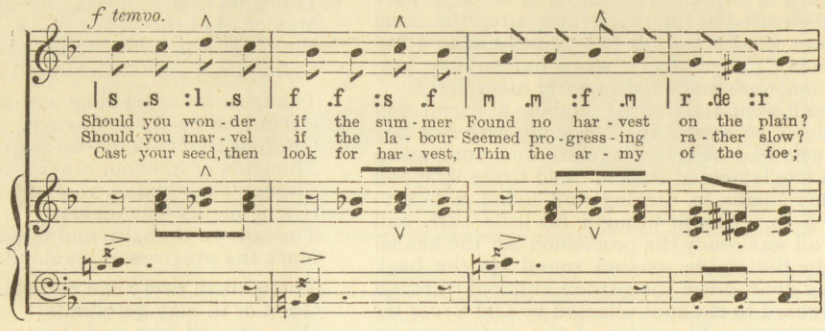
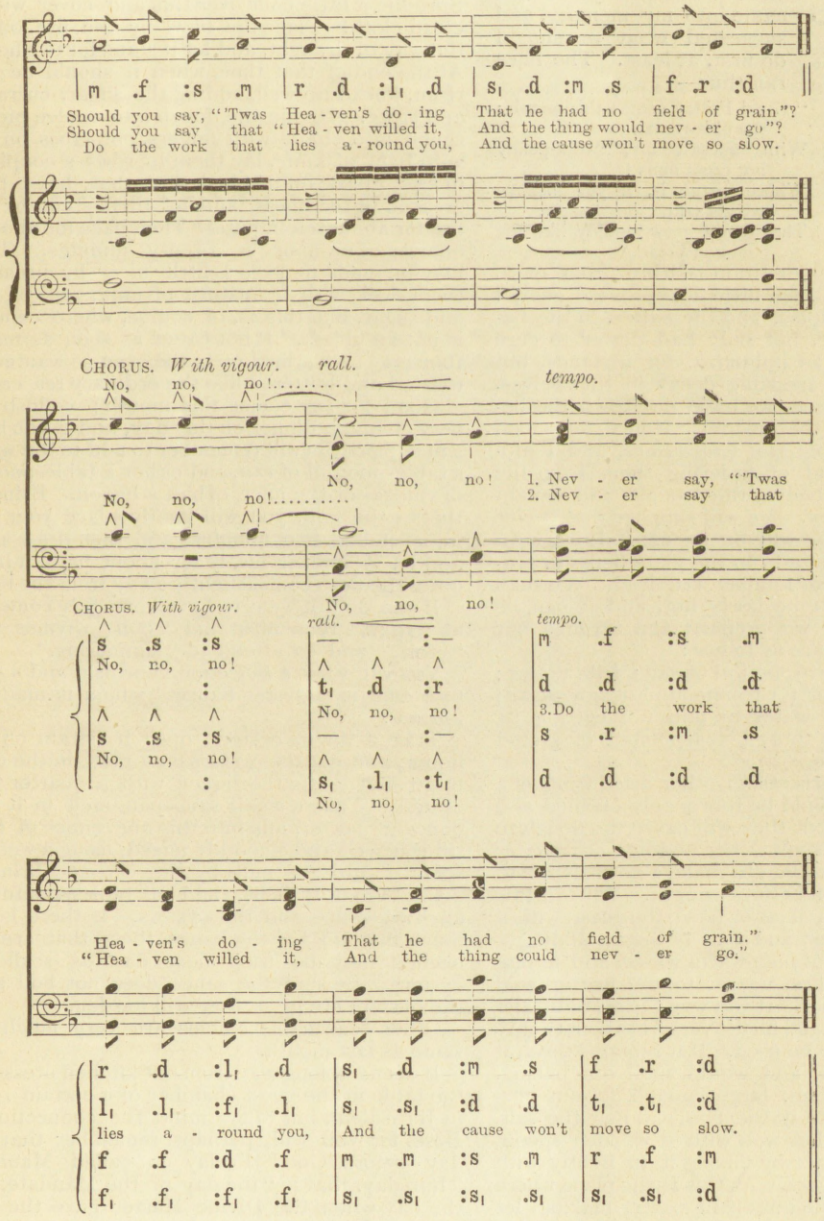


WISHING AND WORKING.



AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.



My Dear Girls,

I WAS just wondering what should be the subject of this letter, when a rhyme, more than a hundred years old, came into my memory, and suggested what we should do first, at least. The lines ran thus—

"Good Friday comes this month; the old woman runs
With one-a-penny, two-a-penny hot cross buns!
Whose virtue is, if you believe what's said,
They'll not grow mouldy like the common bread."

That was a superstition dating from quite early ages, when such little loaves were offered in the Pagan temples, and thereafter, in the belief of the people, not only had power to cure sicknesses, such as influenza, for instance, but also the power of arresting decay in themselves. Here again, you see, we have outgrown the belief, but retained the custom. Hence, on Good Friday, we have our *Hot Cross Buns*, and I propose that, instead of ordering them from the baker, we give ourselves the trouble and delight of making our own. We will suppose that twelve medium sized ones will be enough. If we want more, we shall just add to the ingredients in proportion to the extra number required. We shall want our oven to be fairly hot, and it can be getting so while we prepare and arrange our materials, which are as follow:

1 lb. flour; ¼ tea-spoonful of salt; ¼ lb. butter; 1 oz. German yeast; 1 teaspoonful of raw sugar; ½ pint luke-warm water or milk; 1 egg; ¼ lb. sugar; ¼ lb. currants; ½ teaspoonful of grated nutmeg or allspice.

Before using currants, or other dried fruits of a like kind, they should be thoroughly cleaned and thoroughly dried, or they will cause the dough to be heavy, and so spoil either pudding or cake.

I should also like you to make a note always to test German yeast before using it. You do this by placing in a small jar or bowl, the yeast, with a teaspoonful of flour and one of sugar, adding a quarter-of-a-pint of luke-warm water, and letting it stand by the fire, nearer to the fire in cold than in hot weather. If the yeast is all right, the mixture will swell and fill the vessel in about twenty minutes, and may be used. If it remains dead, it is not fit for use, and would spoil our baking. We take a bowl then, large enough for our purpose, and put into it the flour, adding the salt, mixing both together well with a wooden spoon. Then add the butter by mixing it in lightly with the tips of the fingers. As this is the place where many young people miss it in pastry-making, let me try to explain what I mean by "mixing lightly." In this case you have your pound of flour in the bowl, place the butter in the centre of it, cover it thickly with the flour, separate it into lumps, without flattening them, and then rub between the fingers till it is just like coarse oatmeal. This is a general rule for all mixing of fat with flour. There are exceptions, but we shall have to meet these later on.

To come back to our bowl. We beat the egg up lightly with a fork, add it to the prepared yeast, with luke-warm water or milk to make the required quantity, and mix these well with the flour, making it into a stiff batter. Sprinkle a little flour over this and cover with a clean cloth. Place the bowl by the fire, out of the way of draught, and let it stand for two hours. At the end of that time, when it should be well risen, knead up well, adding the sugar, currants, and spice. Divide the dough into twelve pieces, round into shape with fingers, cut cross on top with back of knife, lay them in rows a couple of inches apart on baking tins that have been greased in readiness, and let them stand by the fire for about ten minutes. Then bake for about a quarter-of-an-hour or twenty minutes. They may be made to look a little nicer by brushing them over with a mixture of milk, yolk of egg, and sugar, but this is, of course, where expense is not an object. If not eaten as soon as made, they may be warmed up in the oven as wanted, or toasted and buttered like the ordinary tea cake.

Good Friday comes this month; codfish is a very common dinner on this day, and if you have a nice pieceyou will remember to add to the water a tablespoonful of salt, and either a tablespoonful of vinegar or the juice of half a lemon. Bringing this to the boil, you will gently place your fish in, let it boil two minutes, and then draw aside and let it simmer nicely for about half-an-hour, or till the flesh comes slightly away from the bone.

If you do not want to have your fish come out as "rags," remember that "boil" rhymes with "spoil," and so attend to "simmering."

You will want a sauce for your fish, and a very nice one is "Oyster Sauce," which is made as follows:

Take a tin of oysters, open it, strain off the liquor, and put the oysters on a plate in the oven to get hot. Mix the liquor with a quarter pint of milk. Take a small saucepan, melt in it one ounce of butter, mix into this one ounce of flour till it is well and smoothly mixed, using a wooden spoon. Add the milk by degrees, and bring to boil. When it boils, add a tablespoonful of anchovy sauce and the oysters. If there is too much in a tin for the sauce, those that are not needed may be used next day as scalloped oysters. Be sure the sauce does not boil after the oysters are in, or they will harden.

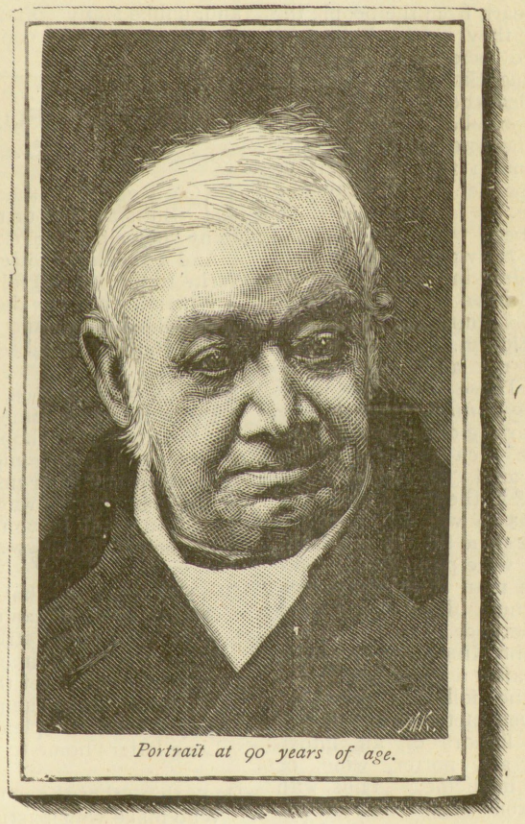
Other seasonable edibles are very much the same as last month.

It seems a long way from our kitchen dresser to the table in the guest chamber of a certain room in Jerusalem, but to my mind the connection is close, for you will, perhaps, remember that the day before Good Friday is called Maunday Thursday, that is "the day of the Mandate," or the day when the Divine Master gave the new commandment "that ye love one another as I have loved you," linking thus together the lowliest service with the loftiest motive. I fondly hope that success will attend our efforts to promote the comfort and pleasure of those around us.—Your affectionate

Aunt Margaret.

By William E. A. Axon.

A HUNDRED years ago, that is on the fifth of March, 1794, a son was born to a hand-loom weaver, in a humble cottage in the pretty village of Walton, near Preston, in Lancashire. There was nothing to mark out this boy—to whom the name of Joseph Livesey was given—from the others among whom his lot was cast, and the fact that both his father and mother died of consumption when he was but seven years old seemed to increase the probability that a life of obscure toil, ending perhaps in an early grave, was all that fortune had in store for him. A life of toil he indeed had, nor did he even seek a splendid career, and yet thousands and hundreds of thousands yea millions, have good reason to bless the name of Joseph Livesey, and to be grateful for the benevolent spirit that made him the pioneer of the temperance movement, which has made happy so many of the homes of the English-speaking race. There are many whose deeds as warriors, statesmen, and economists are more loudly proclaimed than his, but is there one whose influence has been really wider or more beneficial?



Portrait at 90 years of age.

The story of his life is one that is full of encouragement for those who are striving to better the world. The orphan boy was taken care of by his grandfather and uncle, and he had to help them in their work of weaving, which was done in a damp cellar, where he doubtless contracted the rheumatic affection that troubled him in after life.

"I never regretted that poverty was my early lot," he says, "and that I was left to make my own way in the world. It was here, I believe, I learned to feel for the poor, to acquire the first lessons of humanity, and to cultivate my own energies as the best means (in my case the only means) of self-advancement. Up to this time I had had little schooling, only about sufficient to read the Testament, and write and count a little. This cellar was my college, the 'breast-beam' was my desk, and I was my own tutor. Many a day and night have I laboured to understand Lindley Murray, and at last, by indomitable perseverance, what long appeared a hopeless task was accomplished without aid from any human being. Anxious for improvement, and having no companions from whom I could learn anything, I longed for books, but had no means with which to procure them. There was no public library, and publications of all kinds were expensive; and if I could succeed in borrowing one I would devour it like a hungry man would his first meal. Indeed, few of our young men can have any idea of the contrast betwixt the present and the past, as to the advantages of gaining knowledge."

He read whilst working, made himself a little bookcase, and avoided the "fighting parties" and rough sports of the other village lads. He had an independent spirit and always expressed his sentiments with freedom and candour. "I never see anything wrong but I am determined to set it right" was his expression at the age of eighteen to a minister who, he says, "at the time performed a friendly service in giving me a check which I never forgot."

He was an attender at the services of the "Scotch Baptists" in Coldhouse Chapel, Manchester, and there he met his future wife, then Miss Jane Williams. When they married he was a little over twenty-one and she was nineteen and a half years old. Their worldly possessions were very few, but they had industry and character, and these form a valuable capital for the business of life. They soon removed to Preston, where they rented a house at two and sixpence per week. "Here," says Livesey, "our first child was born, bringing with him a little brother." There was a very gloomy outlook. The Corn Laws had just been imposed, food was dear, trade was bad, wages very low, and Livesey's health was indifferent. The doctor recommended him, amongst other things, to take a little cheese and bread about eleven in the forenoon on each day. The cheese cost about sevenpence or eightpence a pound, and soon after its purchase he heard that at Lancaster Cheese Fair prices

had fallen to fifty shillings per cwt. or fivepence per pound; and it occurred to him that if he could purchase a whole cheese and divide it amongst his neighbours it would be a benefit for all. He made inquiries, told his case to a friendly draper who lent him a sovereign and a pair of scales, and so he laid the foundation of what grew to be a large and profitable business. The hand-loom was gradually abandoned for the shop and the warehouse needed by the cheese business, for which much travelling also became necessary.

As opportunity occurred Mr. Livesey strove to help the poor and to help them to help themselves. He took an active part in local affairs; he opened a youths' Sunday School, and he entered zealously into the free trade crusade. In visiting any town his first care was to see the poorest quarter, and to learn from the people the conditions under which they lived. Before he had heard of temperance societies he circulated a tract on "The Besetting Sin," and in 1831 he began a monthly, entitled the *Moral Reformer*, which contained much excellent matter. *The Struggle* was issued in the interests of the Anti-Corn Law Movement, and in 1844 he began the *Preston Guardian*, a newspaper which attained a wide and useful influence.

"So shocked have I been with the effects of intemperance, and so convinced of the evil tendency of moderate drinking, that since the commencement of 1831 I have never tasted ale, wine, or ardent spirits. I know others who are pursuing the same resolution, and whose only regret is that they did not adopt this course twenty years since." These were the words of Joseph Livesey in the *Moral Reformer* of July, 1831, and they mark a parting of the ways. From America had come the idea of Temperance Societies, which advocated abstinence from spirits and "moderation" in the use of wines and malt liquors. But it was in vain to blame the alcohol in rum and at the same time to praise the alcohol in beer. There were probably far more English beer drunkards than spirit drunkards, and there was a continual down grade from "moderation" to intemperance.

Joseph Livesey and John King signed a pledge of total abstinence, and, after a discussion in the Temperance Hall, on the following Saturday, September 1st, 1832, seven men signed a pledge "to abstain from all liquors of an intoxicating quality, whether ale, porter, wine, or ardent spirits, except as medicine." Thus, with the seven men of Preston, began the teetotal movement, which has since grown to such mighty proportions. The early years of the Temperance reformation were marked by great energy, self-sacrifice, and earnest zeal on the part of its apostles; but Livesey knew that zeal should be according to knowledge, and his lecture on "The Malt Liquor Delusion" was a model of scientific accuracy, logical reasoning, and homely common sense. When he told the people that there was "more food in a pennyworth of bread than in a gallon of ale," he proclaimed a truth that the most elaborate science has only been able to confirm, and there is scarcely a practical agency of temperance work now employed, that he did not anticipate. He insisted upon personal effort, and failure could not exhaust his patient and hopeful effort for the reclamation of a drunkard. He made great use of the press, and from his home at Preston there issued a constant and fertilising stream of good temperance literature. Many men, in many lands, owe the happiness and utility of their lives to the benevolent spirit, the persuasive arguments, and the personal example of Joseph Livesey, of whom it might be truly said that "he went about doing good;" and that in purity and simplicity of spirit.

He died September 2nd, 1884, in his 91st year, "after an honoured life of philanthropy and usefulness, as author and worker, as the pioneer of temperance, the advocate of social and moral reform, and the friend and counsellor of the poor." Such is the declaration on his tombstone, and, unlike many epitaphs, the words are words of truth, as millions could attest.

THE OLD FOLKS' LONGING.

DON'T go to the theatre, lecture or ball,
But stay in your room to-night;
Deny yourself to the friends that call,
And a good long letter write—
Write to the sad old folks at home,
Who sit, when the day is done,
With folded hands and downcast eyes,
And think of the absent one.

Don't selfishly scribble, "Excuse my haste,
I've scarcely the time to write."
Let their brooding thoughts go wandering back
To many a bygone night,
When they lost their needed sleep and rest,
And every breath was a prayer
That God would leave their little babe
To their tender love and care.

Don't let them feel that you've no more need
Of their love and counsel wise,
For the heart grows strongly sensitive
When age has dimmed the eyes.
It might be well to let them believe
You never forget them quite—
That you deem it a pleasure when far away
Long letters home to write.

Don't think that the young and giddy friends
Who make your pastime gay,
Have half the anxious thoughts for you
That the old folks have to-day.
The duty of writing do not put off,
Let sleep or pleasure wait,
Lest the letter for which they waited and longed
Be a day or an hour too late.

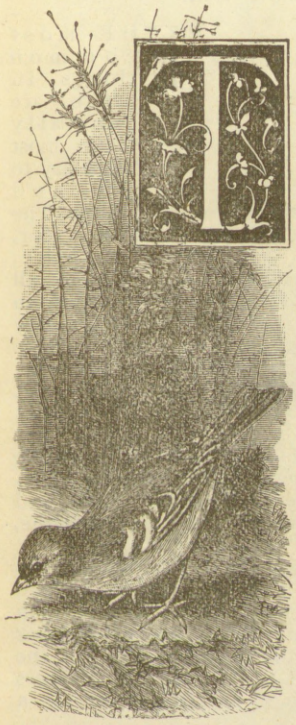
For the sad old folks at home,
With locks fast turning white,
Are longing to hear of the absent one,
So write them a letter to-night.

—*Portland Oregonian.*

HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

By Ernest Axon.

BIRDS' EGGS.



THE collection of bird's eggs is often regarded as cruel, and so—if it is conducted in a thoughtless manner—it undoubtedly is. But a very good collection of eggs may be made apparently without hurting the feelings of the birds at all. There is an old notion amongst country people that birds cannot count above three, and it really seems as if there was a good foundation for the theory. If a nest contains half a dozen eggs and two are taken the mother bird will continue to sit the remainder, but if a thoughtless boy takes four the mother finds out that she has been robbed and deserts the nest. This gives us the hint as to how many eggs may be taken without giving the mother unnecessary pain.

The early spring is the time to start collecting eggs. Before the trees are full of leaves the collector should take his walks abroad and look out for places where the birds are building their nests. A little later in the year he may go and make the actual collection of eggs. He will need all his powers of observation to find nests, and will be greatly aided in his search by some knowledge of the habits of the birds. This he may get either from books, or better, from some country friend, a gamekeeper's or farmer's son, who, bred in the country, will, if in the least of an observant mind, have discovered all about the nesting habits of the more familiar birds. As a rule, each species of bird has some special nesting place. The goldfinch prefers cultivated districts, and builds in gardens and orchards, the magpie builds on the tops of high trees, the bullfinch builds in thick hedges, the starling in the gable ends of houses and barns, the chaffinch in the forks of lichen-covered trees, the raven on high cliffs, the linnet in bushes, rooks in colonies on the tops of high trees near houses, the sparrow in the walls of old houses and in ivy, and the wren in old barns and in the roots of trees. Some birds build their nests in solitary positions, and do not approve of near neighbours of a feathered kind, and others build in colonies, like rooks and gulls, and some do not build at all, but either lay their eggs in the nests of other birds, or appropriate deserted nests. Many birds build afresh each spring, and others return year after year to the same nest.

Having got his eggs, the collector will have to exercise some care in getting them home unbroken. For this purpose small wooden boxes are useful. The parcel post boxes, which can be obtained for a few pence each, are very suitable. The bottom of the box should be well lined with cloth or blanket so as to fit closely all round. On this a frame, with different sized sub-divisions, is placed. Each division ought also to be lined, and a piece of blanket should be glued to the lid of the box. In this box the eggs can be placed as soon as they are taken from the nest, and there will be no danger of damage to them. On no account should eggs be allowed to touch each other, and when placed in the divisions, it is as well to wrap them up in cotton wool. When the eggs are safely at home, they must be blown. Sucking eggs is supposed to be such an easy process that it has been proverbial. But it will not conduce to a good collection of eggs to blow or suck them in the old-fashioned way of making holes in them big enough to admit a little finger. Eggs should be blown or emptied through a *single* small hole neatly drilled on one side, and the hole need never be larger than the head of a pin. In marked or spotted eggs, the poorest or least marked should always be selected for this purpose. Then the point of a blowpipe should be inserted in the hole and the contents of the egg blown out, the blowing being done very gently at first, care being taken with very small eggs so as not to burst them.

In fact an egg can be blown without inserting the point of the blowpipe at all, simply holding it close up to the hole and forcing air through it. If the albumen is thick or stringy, and does not run out freely when the egg is being blown, push aside such parts as may be forced out of the hole with the end of the blowpipe, or a small pair of forceps, and shake the egg. Small portions of the albumen and yolk of the egg will usually remain in the shell, and can best be removed by forcing water into the egg with a small syringe. When it is about half full, shake the egg, holding it between the fingers, and then blow out the contents. This process should be repeated until the water is quite clean after having passed through the egg. Eggs retain their colour much better if they have been thoroughly cleaned.

During the process of washing, care should be taken to wet the outside of the shells as little as possible. The colouring of the eggs is not fixed, and is very easily washed or rubbed away. After this process, the egg is placed hole downwards to drain. The best material on which to place the egg, so as to absorb all the moisture, is the meal of Indian corn. Particles of the meal, which may remain about the hole of the egg, are easily removed by a slight touch of the finger. If blotting paper is used, there is a danger of chipping small pieces of the shell around the edges of the hole. Eggs that are nearly hatched require careful manipulation, and the chances

are that the shell will be broken by the operation. It is, therefore, best not to remove them from their nests. Of course, it is not always possible to tell how long the eggs have been laid, but if the collector has been on the look-out for birds building, he will have a good idea as to the age of the eggs.

Eggs should be kept in drawers with padded divisions. Each egg should have written on it, with a soft pencil, the date of collection and a number referring to a small card, which is kept with each species, and gives the collector's name, the scientific name, and the date and place of collection.

There are many books of great value to the collector, one of the best, though somewhat expensive, is Morris's "Nests and Eggs of British Birds." Mr. C. Dixon's book, with the same title, is cheap and very useful.

HOW DR. GUTHRIE BECAME A TEETOTALER.

DR. GUTHRIE'S conversion as told by himself, was as follows:—"I was first led to form a high opinion of the cause of temperance by the hearing of an Irishman. I had left Omagh on a bitter, biting, blasting day, with lashing rain, and had to travel across a cold country to Cookstown. By the time we got over half the road we reached a small inn, into which we went, as sailors in stress of weather run into the first haven. By this time we were soaking with water outside, and as these were the days not of tea and toast but of toddy-drinking, we thought the best way was to soak ourselves with whisky inside. Accordingly we rushed into the inn, ordered warm water and got our tumblers of toddy. Out of kindness to the cabdriver, we called him in; he was not very well clothed—indeed, in that respect he rather belonged to the order of my Ragged School. He was soaking wet, and we offered him a good rummer of toddy. We thought what was 'sauce for the goose was sauce for the gander,' but the cabdriver was not such a gander as we geese took him for, for *he would not taste it.* 'Why,' we asked; 'what objection have you?' Said he, 'Plaze your riv'rence, I am a teetotaler, and I won't taste a drop of it.' Well, that stuck in my throat, and it went to my heart and (in another sense than drink though!) to my head. Here was a humble, uncultivated Roman Catholic carman, and I said, if that man can deny himself this indulgence, why should not I, a Christian minister? I remembered that, and I have ever remembered it to the honour of Ireland. I have often told the story, and thought of the example set by that poor Irishman for our people to follow. I carried home the remembrance of it with me to Edinburgh. That circumstance along with the scenes in which I was called to labour daily for years, made me a teetotaler."

"SMOKING not allowed," is one of the rules of the Peary Arctic Expedition.

HEALTH CHATS.

BY WALTER N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.

FRESH AIR.



THE most common things in nature are generally those most necessary to life and growth. The air, water, sunshine, light, are all so common that many young people do not think anything at all about them. They know that such things exist, and that they have certain uses, and there their knowledge ends. Nature's best gifts are bestowed most freely, and so we find that there is no stint of air to breathe, water to drink, &c.

We may have thought that the air was for the sole use of man. It is necessary to the life and growth of all living things. To all animals upon the earth, to the birds that fly above, to the fishes that are in the depths of the ocean, to the creeping insects, and to the trees and flowers that adorn the earth, to all alike is the air a necessary of life.

That it is necessary to ourselves and to animal life generally we need no evidence beyond that of experience, but some of my young readers are wondering perhaps what the fishes want with fresh air, and how they obtain it. They do not want as much as we do in proportion to their size, but some they must have or die. They get their supply from the water itself.

Every boy or girl will know that sugar dissolves in milk or water, and that although we cannot see the sugar we know that it is there. Just as the solid sugar can melt in the water and disappear, so some of the oxygen of the air dissolves into water, and it is from this dissolved air that the fishes get their supply. We breathe by means of lungs within our bodies, the fishes breathe by means of lungs outside their bodies called gills. Water is constantly passing through the mouths of the fishes and out at their gills, and it is from this water flowing over them that the gills extract the oxygen necessary to the life of the fish.

But some are saying, we can understand how air is necessary to the life of the fish although he lives in water, but how can a tree or a flower breathe? It is easy for a scientist to find out how much oxygen there is dissolved in a given quantity of water, and it is just as easy for him to show that trees and flowers are using up oxygen from the air. At the back of most leaves there are little mouths or openings which can

only be seen by means of a microscope, so that the leaves are the lungs of a tree, just as the gills are the lungs of a fish. The trees during sunlight are breathing in carbonic acid gas from the air, but during the night the trees are breathing oxygen and giving out carbonic acid gas. They use, however, more carbonic acid gas from the air than oxygen, and so the trees act as purifiers of the air, taking from it the carbonic acid gas which all animal life is breathing into it and giving to it oxygen which is so necessary to animal life. We see how nature, therefore, provides for our needs by what might be called compensation.

Some insects and reptiles breathe through the skin as well as by means of lungs, and this is the case with us to some small extent. The pores of the skin are giving off every day a small amount of carbonic acid gas and absorbing a small amount of oxygen.

It is difficult at first to believe it, but the air is a fluid having weight, and at sea level it is pressing upon every square inch of surface at the rate of about fifteen pounds. We do not feel this weight because the air is pressing at the same rate within and without equally, so the one weight exactly compensates the other and we do not feel the pressure at all.

If the air is pumped out of a vessel by means of an air-pump, we may then see that the air has this weight, for, if the vessel is of considerable size, it will be impossible to move it, although, when the air is allowed to return, it can be moved easily. If a cork is thrown into water it rushes up to the surface and there floats upon it, and it is precisely the same force in nature that causes a balloon to ascend in the air. The balloon is filled with a gas (hydrogen) about fourteen times lighter than the air, and so when it is liberated it rushes up till it reaches air of a similar density to the weight of the balloon and then it floats.

Air is composed of two gases; nitrogen gas makes up four-fifths of it, and oxygen gas about one-fifth, and there is also a small fraction of carbonic acid gas, about one part in ten thousand. This mixture of gases we are constantly breathing into our lungs, where, however, only the oxygen gas is utilised, the nitrogen being merely a diluent. It has recently been shown that under very great pressure and intense cold the air can be condensed to a liquid form, and it is supposed that were the sun to cease to shine, so much heat would be extracted from the earth that the air around it would be condensed to a liquid and soon to a solid, and that the earth itself would be shattered under that great catastrophe. We ought to be very glad to see the sunshine, for without it the world cannot continue.

Fresh air is the best preventive of disease and ill health, and it is also one of the best aids in curing disease. Without a regular and constant supply of fresh air we cannot have healthy and vigorous life. Some of my young friends evidently have not thought of this, for, in the winter time, they are constantly hugging the fire in the chimney corner, and trying to warm themselves from the outside instead of within. A sharp walk, vigorous exercise, or hard work, will all do far more than the chimney corner can, for they will send the blood coursing round the body, using up more oxygen and raising the heat of the body in a healthy way. Some older folks, too, act in a similar way to my younger friends. When, for instance, they go to their bedrooms they take care that every window is closed, and sometimes they put a great pad where the sashes meet so that no air can enter there, then they shut down the register of the stove, then they close the door, draw the mat up against the big crack at the bottom of the door, stuff the key-hole up with a piece of paper, and go to bed satisfied that they are keeping out the cold. So they are, but they are also keeping out their best friend, fresh air, and no one can sleep or live healthfully under such conditions. In every living and sleeping room there should be ample provision for a continuous supply of fresh air. We must bear in mind that so well is it recognised that no hospital has all its windows closed, either day or night. A German physician has been demonstrating, for a year or two past, the same important fact, by restoring invalids to good health by having all doors and windows open instead of coddling up in overheated and badly ventilated rooms.

The work of fresh air in the lungs is very important. Blood that has been round the body giving up its oxygen and receiving waste material is called venous blood, and if this be sent round the body a time or two without getting a new supply of oxygen death must soon ensue. The story of the black hole of Calcutta illustrates this. A large number of men, women and children were put by the rebels into a small chamber and locked in as prisoners; there was only one small window. Soon the oxygen of the chamber was largely used up by so many being within it. The result was that nearly all were dead in the morning. This venous blood is sent by the heart into the lungs. We are constantly breathing air into the lungs, this goes into very tiny bags called air sacs, and on the outside of these the venous blood is flowing in a network of very fine blood vessels called capillaries. The oxygen of the air is absorbed through into the blood, which is thereby renewed and refreshed and yields up some of its carbonic acid gas which we then breathe out.

Fresh air is indispensable to good health. Dr. Parkes, who tried a great many experiments in connection with this subject, tells us that those who use alcohol even moderately cannot take up as much oxygen as those who abstain, and thus in the course of time the drinker becomes, to some extent, pre-disposed to disease. There are many other reasons why those who use strong drink do not get so much fresh air as abstainers. Poor houses with small rooms in alleys and back streets, lazy habits, vitiated air of public-houses and bar rooms, are all against our getting our proper supply of fresh air. Let us go in for plenty of out-of-door exercise, good wholesome food and abstinence from strong drink, and we shall be doing much to promote that health which results in long life.

Drink is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good.—*Sir Charles Buxton (brewer).*

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

To make pleasures pleasant—shorten them.

"HIS Honour's at steak," said the official to an equirer when the judge had adjourned to lunch.

IT requires no self-denial for a pawnbroker to keep the pledge.

FAITH without works is not worth any more than a watch in the same condition.

THE devil is never so pleased as when a man in trouble has to go away from home to be comforted.

"I WANT a historical novel."

"How Would 'The Last Days of Pompeii do?'"

"Hum—what did he die of."

"An eruption, I believe."

WHEN someone tried to rebuke Mark Guy Pearse for preaching Temperance sermons by reminding him that his duty as pastor consisted in taking care of his flock, he replied: "The sheep are all right just now; I'm looking after the wolf." One way of caring for the sheep is to put an end to the wolf.

"I HAVE been working a good deal with drinking men; I think the rest of my work will be with the young. Once in a while a drunkard may for a time keep away from the cup; but it takes all his strength to fight the habit. It is a good deal better to begin when you are young and never get the appetite fostered in you."—*D. L. Moody.*

"THE liquor traffic is a cancer in society; eating out its vitals and threatening destruction; and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive, but will aggravate the evil. No; there must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated. Not a root must be left behind; for, until this is done, all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink."—*Abraham Lincoln.*

ONE DAY AT A TIME.

ONE day at a time! That's all it can be;
No faster than that is the hardest fate;
And days have their limits however we
Begin them too early and stretch them too late.
One day at a time!
It's a wholesome rhyme!
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

I WANT TO BE A MAN.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL.

[*A little boy's response to the hymn, "I Want to be an Angel."*]

I WANT to live to be a man
Both good and useful all I can;
To speak the truth, be just and brave,
My fellow-men to cheer and save.
I want to live that I may show
My love to Jesus here below;
In human toil to take my share,
And thus for angels' work prepare.
I want to live that I may trace
His steps before I see His face;
And follow Him in earthly strife
Before I share His heavenly life.

A FEARFUL FACT.—The bare figures of this question, putting aside all theories, bring out a most remarkable proposition—that insanity in every country corresponds in the main to the use of intoxicating drinks.—*Dr. F. R. Lees.*

MR. E. P. WESTON, the celebrated pedestrian, who is now fifty-four years of age, has performed another feat which illustrates anew his great powers as an abstainer. On December 19th he started on a 72-hours walk from New York to Albany, a distance of 143 miles. The roads were very bad, but he accomplished the journey eleven hours ahead of time. He drank nothing stronger than tea upon the journey.

ROT!

AMID rotting grains and rotting fruits Alcohol has birth. No wonder if his work always shows the traces of his origin.

Rot of Barley, rot of corn,
That's where Alcohol is born.
To his rotten nature true
To rot is all that he can do.
Rotten men and rotting boys;
Rotten hopes and rotten joys;
Rotten fame and reputation;
Rotten politics in the nation:
Rotten ballots, rotten laws;
Parties with a rotten cause;
Nursed on Nature's rotting juices,
Rot is all that he produces!—*The Voice.*

UNDER HIS EYE.—When MacGregor, the Highland chief, fell wounded by two balls at the battle of Prestonpans, the clan wavered so much as to give the enemy a decided advantage. Seeing this, the old chief raised himself on his elbow, and while the life blood ran freely from his wounds, cried aloud,—

"I am not dead, my children! I am looking at you to see you do your duty."

The words acted like a charm; the men, realising that they were still under the eye of their beloved chieftain, rallied, and put forth renewed energy, and did all that human strength could do to stem and turn the dreadful tide of battle.

Is there no charm for you, boys and girls, in the knowledge that you contend in the battle of life under the eye of your Saviour?

"I WOULD not say half a word against poverty, wherever it comes it is a bitter ill; but you will mark, as you notice carefully, that, while a few are poor because of unavoidable circumstances, a very large mass of the poverty of London is the sheer and clear result of profuseness, want of forethought, idleness, and, worst of all, drunkenness. Ah, that drunkenness! that is the master evil. If drink could be got rid of we might be sure of conquering the very devil himself. The drunkenness created by the infernal liquor-dens which plague-spot the whole of this huge city is appalling. No, I did not speak in haste, or let slip a hasty word; many of the drink-houses are nothing less than infernal; in some respects they are worse, for hell has its uses as a Divine protest against sin, but as for the gin palace there is nothing to be said in its favour."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR

JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

By EDWARD ARMYTAGE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

GEOFFREY ORMOND, a man of great talent who has given way to reckless dissipation, watches his younger friend, Frank Crawford, enter the "Lion," and laments that they are both on the downward path. This feeling is deepened when, at his lodgings, he talks with little Mary, the child of John Dudley; her father is a drunkard and a gambler. Dudley goes to a gambling house. Meets Frank Crawford, who plays cards with Fruse and suspects that he is cheated. Dudley breaks the bank at *rouge-et-noir*, and is robbed and mortally wounded on his way home. Dudley found wounded in the street is identified by Fruse and Crawford. Little Mary, who has just gained from Geoffrey a pledge of reformation, is summoned to her father's death-bed.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the little party arrived at the 'Lion,' Dudley was insensible, the end was so near that he did not recognise his daughter, nor was he able to benefit by the ministrations of the clergyman who had been called upon to attend.

Whilst Little Mary stood by the bed of the dying man, watching the light of life slowly fading from his face, she preserved something like composure; but, in the struggle to quell her emotion, her face assumed a pale rigidity, and her eyes had about them a tearless misery that went to the hearts of all.

He died making no sign; went down into the midnight darkness of the grave, so far as human eye could see, unrepenting, unforgiven, cut down in the pride of his strength, in the midst of riot and sin. And this it was that added greater bitterness to Little Mary's sorrow. Her love could not, did not blind her; and the denunciations of the Hebrew prophets on those who hardened their hearts unto death; who mocked at reproof, and despised instruction, rang in her ears, and filled her soul with dread.

Dead—and not a word, not a look to show that death was but the harbinger of a glorious hope, to show that a soul had parted from earth forgiving and forgiven. Dead, without asking for a last loving kiss from those of earth that their memory might be borne beyond the grave. It was this utter silence that terrified the shrinking girl. For a moment she gazed wistfully on the face of the dead, then, with a wild cry, "Oh, father, oh, my father," she fell upon him and was still.

Geoffrey leaned over her, and in a voice soft and tender as a woman's, whispered words of comfort and hope, words that fell upon her soul like the dew of heaven upon a drooping flower; simple words, with little of grandeur or eloquence about them, but which in their earnestness and love were a very balm of Gilead to her bruised and bleeding heart. Gently he raised her, and as he gazed upon her pale face, a face tearless, still, and, as it were, lighted up with heavenly sorrow, he fancied she looked like an angel pleading for a sinner's soul, and the tears welled blindingly in his eyes as he stooped and kissed her brow.

"Dear Little Mary," said he, "trust in the love of our Father. Surely he is the Good Shepherd, and will gather into one fold all his scattered flock."

. . . . .

Ormond took the child to himself and installed her in the home that was his now. Geoffrey had often stood face to face with sorrow, yet he felt a strange choking sensation whenever he looked upon the little maiden. He strove to win her thoughts to lighter themes, but the black cloud which had come upon her life was not to be easily dispelled. Upon one point she was strangely decided; she would not encourage Geoffrey in his determination of tracking her



APRIL, 1894. *All rights reserved.*

father's murderer, and earnestly dissuaded him from it. To all his reasoning she would answer, with a sad smile, "Let us leave the murderer to Him who hath said: 'Vengeance is mine.'" His endeavours to persuade her were useless; she remained firm, and respecting the feeling which had dictated her wish, he determined to abide by it, and, accordingly, made no effort of his own to track the midnight assassin. Since the death of her father, Ormond had been painfully apprehensive of the effects which the excitement and her great sorrow might have upon this fragile being, for Little Mary was one who looked not of the earth; there was in her large eyes a depth of longing, as if the imprisoned soul, looking out of its prison-house, was ever seeking to wing aloft its flight, and join the host of angels who, in eternal unison, sing the praises of the Great All-Father.

Nor were his forebodings without foundation, for a few days after John Dudley had been consigned to his last resting-place, Little Mary was stricken down by the fever-fiend, and lay and yearned for death.

. . . . . .

John Dudley's death was, of course, a source of public wonder; but, like everything else, it gave way, in its turn, to themes of more recent interest, and the sweet child, whom many had seen come out of that house of death so pale and tearless, and whom all pitied, was rapidly being forgotten. The police obtained no further information as to the murderer. Fruse and Crawford could testify that the murdered man had passed the night at Glair's, and had departed thence with a large sum of money, won at *rouge-et-noir*. Another, who had also been present at Glair's, corroborated this fact. The policeman could testify to the finding of the body, and this was all. Why the murder had been committed was evident, but who had done it remained a mystery inscrutable.

Glair's place had been conducted with such secrecy and circumspection that the police were not aware of its existence, prior to the revelation of Fruse and Crawford. Glair, thinking discretion the better part of valour, departed, leaving no trace behind; for although he had no complicity in the affair, yet he had very strong reasons for not wishing any officer of the law to visit him in his private apartments. And Old Time passed on, and gradually drew his mantle over this crime and this sorrow, as he has over many such equally black and equally unavenged.

CHAPTER VIII.

A few days after the murder, in a dingy room of a dingy public-house, in a street which seemed to revel in its dinginess and dirt, his heels upon the mantel-piece and a short pipe in his mouth, sat Fruse, calmly enveloping himself in a, to him, aromatic mist which he endeavoured to wash from his throat by applying to his lips, at nicely-balanced intervals, a much battered pewter pot which stood beside him.

But he was not left long "alone in his glory." In the middle of one of his "pulls" he was startled by a gruff voice growling out an order for beer. His pot went down instantly and himself up, which new position effectually hid from view the apology for a fire. The new comer was a tall, cadaverous man, with black matted hair and shaggy threatening eyebrows. Fisher instantly rose and shambled out, while the last arrived sat down in a corner as far removed from Fruse as possible, and seemed determined to take his refreshment in sullen silence; but this, Fruse had no intention of allowing him to do, for he had recognised in the new comer an *habitué* of Glair's, so, lifting up his pot, he nodded to the cadaverous one, and remarked—

"Here's to you."

"Same here," returned the man sullenly.

"Come, Kane," said Fruse, "put a more cheerful phiz on; you look as though just cut down from the gallows."

This allusion extorted from Kane an uneasy laugh, and with an effort he attempted to assume a more cheerful air. "Been to Glairs' lately?" said he.

"Not since the night when Dudley was murdered," replied Fruse.

"Is he dead, then?"

"The inquest was held on his body yesterday."

"And the verdict?"

"Wilful murder."

"Do they suspect anyone?"

"Not that I know of. But haven't you seen the papers?"

"No! I don't trouble myself with reading papers, but perhaps a murder might be interesting."

"Well," said Fruse, taking a newspaper cutting from his pocket-book, "here's the account if you'd like to hear it."

"Let's have it, by all means," said the man, with the slightest shade of anxiety in his tone.

Fruse accordingly read—

"MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

Last night was perpetrated, under circumstances of peculiar mystery, a murder, which has created a most vivid and painful sensation. A police constable on duty near the 'Lion' Hotel, Sackavon Road, in this city, discovered the body of a man lying on the pavement. He at first supposed the man to be intoxicated, but on further examination it was found that he had been stabbed in the left breast, and was slowly bleeding to death. He was conveyed to the Lion, and medical assistance was at once procured, but without avail. He died shortly afterwards. He has been identified as Mr. John Dudley, of Sackavon Square. It appears that during the evening he had been at a gambling house, where he had won a considerable sum, and it is supposed that he was followed and waylaid by someone cognizant of this fact, as the pocket-book, in which a friend of the murdered man saw the money placed, is missing, whilst other sums which he had on his person remain intact. A reward of £100 has been offered for the apprehension of the murderer, and the police appear sanguine of discovering him. Mr. Dudley leaves a daughter."

"And they have not the slightest clue?" queried Kane.

"Not a jot!" said Fruse. "They visited

Glair's, but the old one was too wary for them; so they were none the wiser for it."

Fruse then drew from his pocket-book another printed paper, which he spread open upon the table.

Kane followed his motions with observant eyes, but his countenance assumed a still more deathly hue, as he saw it was headed "Wilful Murder."

"This," said Fruse, "offers a reward of £100 for the discovery of John Dudley's murderer. Now, the police think themselves very clever fellows, but I dare wager another hundred that not one of them will ever finger this;" and he brought down his fist emphatically on the bill, "unless they hang some one who is innocent. A task of this sort," continued he, "requires brains and perseverance, and I flatter myself that those are the very qualities in which I excel. Now, here's an offer for you. Let you and I try to settle this affair between us, and share the cash if we are successful. What do you say?"

All this time the cold, grey eyes had been keenly watching the face of Kane; but that person had too much command over his countenance to betray anything, after he had once put himself on his guard.

"I haven't the slightest objection," said Kane. "Although I don't rate my detective qualities very highly, yet I might unearth the man."

"Well! I have some idea;—but it won't do to talk here," said Fruse, lowering his voice as a waiter entered the room.

"Let's drink success to our scheme," said Kane. "Brandy?" continued he, inquiringly; and receiving a nod from Fruse, he gave the order to the waiter, who speedily placed the liquid before them.

He took out his purse to pay, and, in so doing, something dropped from his pocket on to the floor, which he instantly recovered, but not before the sharp eyes of Fruse had recognised something which made them fairly dance with joy.

"Well!" said Fruse, "we must have some more talk about this, but where?"

"Come to my crib!" returned Kane. "Dudley and I were neighbours; both existed in Sackavon Square."

"Well! I'll call on you, perhaps, to-morrow."

"Do so. I have some important business on hand to-night, so you will excuse me."

With this, the two friends shook hands, and Kane departed.

Fruse remained, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the sombre announcement still spread before him; and, as he thought of the discovery he had made, his eyes sparkled with cupidity, and he could not have folded up the bill more tenderly, even had it been a crisp note fresh from the bank.

"I think Kane has no idea whom I suspect," reflected he; "yet the sooner he is in my power the better, for if he has any sense, he'll not remain in this quarter long, and to lose sight of him would be ruin to me. No, I'll settle with him at once."

Arrived at this conclusion, Fruse rose, and proceeded to his lodgings, still reflecting on the events of the last few days, and the method of deriving profit from them.

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE STORY OF A PIN.

I AM only a pin! An old, rusty, crooked, good-for-nothing pin! I think that there is nothing in the world so little cared for, or so badly treated as a pin. And yet, we stand your friends in the hour of need. How easily and how humbly we slip into the vacant places of the buttons or tapes! How closely we keep the shawls around your necks when the chill of winter is in the air! How gracefully we hold the ribbon or flower in its place! And yet, how little you prize us! "Have you a pin?" someone asks you: and, in an instant, you part with the little pin that has lain in your bosom perhaps for weeks and weeks. This is very humiliating, and I can assure you that we feel it deeply. How deeply I felt the ingratitude of the people I had befriended I can never tell you. I *was* badly treated! Hammered and battered, thrown away, brushed out of the house, left in the gutter, insulted and scorned, it is a wonder to me that I am still alive, and yet I am; and, strange to say, now, in my old age, I am well cared for. I may say, that at last *I am loved.* Every night I am taken from the box, with the bow of faded blue ribbon which I hold together, and often I feel myself pressed against a woman's heart, and two soft lips are laid upon me with tender kisses. It is more than a year since the dimpled fingers of a child placed me in this knot of ribbon.

More than a year—and the ribbon is faded, and the little fingers are still for ever, and I am rusty—rusty with age and tears. You would like to hear the story, would you? Well! I will tell it to you. Every pin has a story, but every pin does not know how to tell its story. Some pins are so shy, you can't get a word out of them. Now, I'm not a bit shy. I've knocked about the world too much for that. I'm what you would call a very talkative pin. But to my story.

It was a bright, sweet day in spring; everything looked so fresh and tender, from the grey-blue of the soft skies to the pale green of the young grass, that I, who had lain in the road-way for days and days, felt myself so mean and miserable that I tried all I could to get anywhere out of sight. But it was in vain that I tried to hide; a pair of big blue eyes beheld me where I lay, and a clear young voice called out,

"Nettie, Nettie! here's a pin. Give me the ribbon and I'll make my dolly such a pretty bow."

The little chubby fingers knotted the ribbon into a bow, and then straightened me out, and rubbed me up until I felt quite young and handsome again. Dear dimpled fingers, how I loved you! How I loved you! How your soft velvety touch filled me with delight. How I thrilled when you rested on my old head. Sweet little baby hands. Well, I was stuck into the ribbon, and the ribbon was stuck upon the doll, and then we all

three were clasped to the warm bosom of that innocent child.

That piece of ribbon was the most rebellious article I ever came across. It tried to twist itself out of my grasp, it stuck itself up, and then it grew suddenly sulky and hung down, but whatever mood it fell into, I held on to it. Now we are good friends, for we are both so sorrowful, so very sorrowful. I never liked that doll, she was so stupid, I don't think that I ever met such a stupid little creature before. Talk to her as you would, she would only look at you with her big, vacant eyes, and such a conceited simper on her pink and white face, that after scratching her well, I used to turn away in disgust. I think that I was a bit jealous of her, too, for "Eva"—that was my darling's name—would kiss her, and praise her, and talk to her for hours and hours together. I used to shove my head up and try to draw her attention, but I was only a pin, a poor, ugly little pin! One day I felt the fingers that held me were hot and feverish, I looked up into the sweet face, and saw that the bright eyes were heavy and sleepy. "Eva is ill!" I whispered to the ribbon, who trembled with excitement. My dear one was ill! Day after day we watched her, with sinking hearts. "Put my dolly away," she said one day to her mother, and I do believe that silly doll was glad to get away from the sweet, sick child. "I do wish that I could stay here," whispered the ribbon to me, "I hate this doll!" So the ribbon twisted, and I twisted, until we fell from the doll who was taken away. We got close to our darling, who when she saw us smiled, and taking us in her hand kissed us.

That night, when the moon was turning the world into silver, she died. We were lying upon her heart when it grew suddenly still, just like a little fluttering bird that lies down to rest. They took her away, and we never hear the glad young voice ringing through the old house now. There is a small vacant chair; there is a tiny hood that is never, never worn; there is a blue sash that is folded and laid away. Little Eva's clothes, these are all! all! You think that a pin can't feel, do you? Ah! if you only knew, if you only knew.

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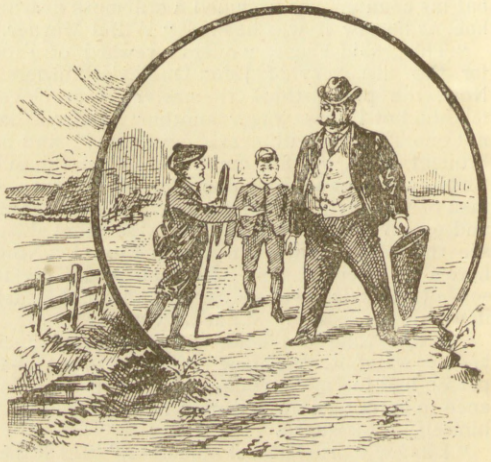
HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

By Ernest Axon.

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.



A NICELY-KEPT and well-arranged cabinet of butterflies and moths is a beautiful object, and the collecting of them is a most enjoyable hobby. Both butterflies and moths belong to the order called *Lepidoptera*, and their life history is the same. They pass through three distinct stages after leaving the egg; first, the larva or caterpillar; secondly, the chrysalis or pupa; and thirdly, the imago, as the perfect insect is called. There is no difficulty about deciding whether a specimen is a butterfly or a moth, for butterflies have antennæ or horns ending in a little knob, while the antennæ of the moths are pointed. Butterfly collecting is done during the day-time, and with most satisfactory results from about eleven to four. The apparatus for collecting is simple. A net made of gauze, preferably of a green colour, about 12 inches in diameter, with a light and strong frame, a collecting box, about big enough to go comfortably into the pocket, made of tin and lined with cork, a killing bottle and a supply of pins, rather finer than those used for domestic purposes. The killing bottle or cyanide bottle should be purchased from a naturalist, for it contains a most deadly poison, and it should always be used with caution. Into this bottle insects should be put the moment they are caught. Flowery meadows are the favourite resorts of butterflies, and a little stratagem is often necessary to catch them without entailing too much exertion on the collector. On seeing the butterfly, if it is settled on a flower, the plan is to put the net over it at once. If it is flying, it will almost certainly settle soon, and then again the capture is easy. As soon as the butterfly is caught, pop it into the killing bottle, and leave it there until it is dead, and then pin it in the collecting box. The time required for killing varies considerably, and besides the appearance of cruelty it is disgusting when

next the collecting box is opened to find that the specimen is still alive and beating its wings in such a way as to seriously injure its value for the cabinet. It is desirable to set butterflies as soon as possible after collecting, for their limbs are apt to become dry and brittle and to snap off with the slightest handling. In setting the insect they should not be touched by the hand, but should be got into their proper positions by the use of setting needles—needles driven head first into small pieces of sticks. A setting board is required. It is made of soft, smooth wood, some eight or ten inches long and four or five wide. Down the centre a groove, to hold the bodies of the specimens, should be cut. The setting is done as follows: Put the pin centrally through the thorax and fix the pin in the centre of the groove of the setting board so that the body of the specimen is in the groove. Spread out the wings with a setting needle, taking care not to touch the upper surfaces, and then secure them in position by means of little narrow strips of stiff paper, which should be pinned to the board, not through the wings, at each end. Four specimens of each species is all that it is necessary to mount—two male and two female—and one of each sex should be set on its back so as to show the under surfaces of the wings, which are usually differently marked to the upper surfaces. The specimens should be kept in drawers in a cabinet. Each drawer should be airtight, and covered with glass. The bottom of the drawer should be of cork, and covered with white paper. Arrange the insects in perpendicular rows, and according to their scientific order, the name of the order being at the head of the row and the name of each species immediately above the specimens.

Moths are mostly night-fliers, and different plans of capturing them have to be adopted. In the daytime they may be found by beating bushes with a stick. The moths will drop off on to the ground or into a net or open umbrella placed underneath. The electric light in the towns attracts hundreds of specimens, for the capture of which many traps have been devised. In the country an open window, with a strong light reflected on to a table covered either with white paper or a white cloth, will keep a collector busy for hours. A favourite method of collecting moths in the evening, and at night, is by sugaring; that is, smearing a mixture of sugar and vinegar, or similar compound, on the bark of trees, or on fence rails, and visiting the spot from time to time to collect the moths attracted by the bait. It has been found that the use of beer or some other alcoholic liquor, as rum or brandy, with the sugar or syrup, greatly adds to its efficiency. Like men, moths can be lured to destruction and an early death by an alcoholic bait. Sugaring answers best on warm, moist and cloudy nights. The collector should be provided with a dark lantern and a good net and a number of wide-mouthed killing bottles. The smearing should be done just before dark, and the actual collecting at night is pleasanter and more successful when two chums are helping one another, one holding the lantern while the other bottles the victims. The rearing of insects is another method of adding specimens to the collection, and is not only useful as giving specimens that have not been damaged by the net in catching, but forms a most fascinating branch of entomology. By rearing insects their whole life history can be watched, and in no branch of natural history are biological studies more easily carried on, or the biological facts more remarkable or interesting.

The books relating to the butterflies and moths of Great Britain are very numerous, prominent amongst them being works by Newman and the Rev. F. O. Morris, the latter giving coloured illustrations of most of the species. "Wood's Index Entomologicus" is also useful.

LIFE'S TRUE IDEAL.

By Wm. Hoyle,

Author of Hymns and Songs, etc.

IS there along life's wanderings,
Its trial and its weeping,
A brighter side to human things,
A life that's worth the keeping?
Is not the true ideal of life,
Controlled by faith and reason,
A respite from the toil and strife
In every passing season?

Is not the life that we call ours,
Be long or short the measure,
The reflex of our active powers,
The source of pain or pleasure?
Is not the toil of hands or brains,
The scope of our ambition,
The measure of our worth or gains,
Our progress and fruition?

Why should the demon of despair
Disturb a soul that's human,
While earth rejoices everywhere,
To comfort man or woman?
To gather good from each event,
In fancied ills and real,
And make all things subservient
To one supreme ideal.

To live the higher, nobler state,
Above the morbid fashion,
With firm resolve to subjugate
Each base desire and passion;
This frowns upon all cant, and forms
The pride that genders classes,
And gives endurance for the storms
That fall upon the masses.

To live a life so pure, so grand,
The highest worth evinces;
It sets the poorest in the land
Before all kings or princes;
It makes a man secure and free,
With spirit independent;
The heir of heaven-born liberty,
With hopes and joys transcendent.

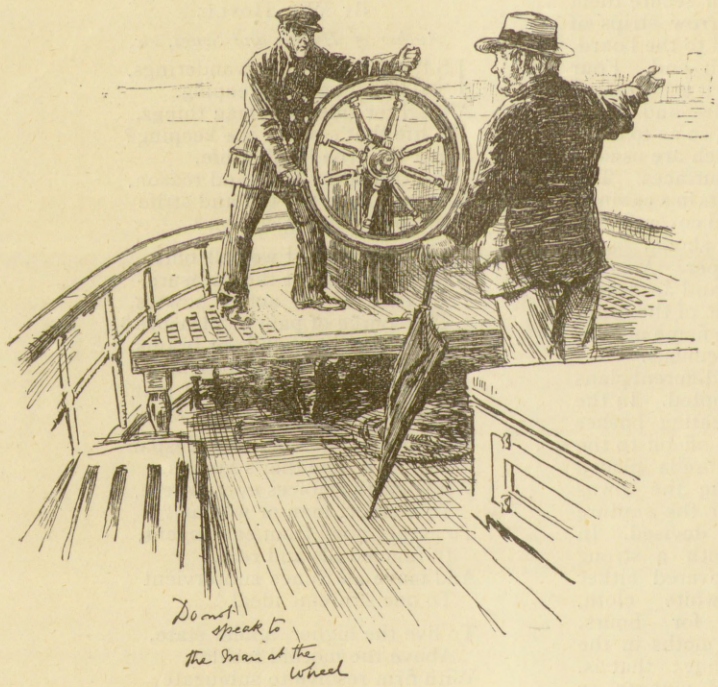
The sufficiency of my merit is to know my merit is not sufficient.—*St. Augustine.*

"DON'T SPEAK TO THE MAN AT THE WHEEL."

By Uncle Ben.

"DON'T speak to the man at the wheel," is the rule on board ship, because the man at the helm has enough to do to mind his business: he must give his whole attention to his work. If one speaks *all* might, and his thoughts would be distracted. His duty is so important that none should interrupt him, for in his care rest the lives of all.

Coming up the Thames in one of the river steamers, there was a very fussy man, in a white straw hat, among the passengers, who kept asking of those around him what places of interest they were passing; sometimes he received a little information, but often he got as a reply "I don't know."



After making many futile attempts about some curious looking buildings, he walked down to the man at the wheel and said, in an easy and familiar tone,

"I suppose you can tell me what that place yonder is."

The man took no notice.

"You haven't lost your tongue, old chap, have you?"

Still no reply.

"You ain't deaf, because you heard what the Captain said."

The man shook his head.

"Come on, then, give a civil answer to a civil question, unless you are dumb."

The man still silently shook his head. Then the fussy passenger began to be irritated, and not a little rude in his remarks, but the man at the helm seemed quietly to enjoy the effect his silence produced, and spoke no word. Still the loquacious enquirer expostulated and persisted and invited the helmsman to open his mouth and explain his conduct. This continued for a little time, until a loud shout from the captain on the bridge, and a rush to the side of the boat by all the passengers in the forepart, "Hard up to port!" roared the captain; the engines were reversed and the steamer sheered across the river.

Then the captain began abusing a half-drunken man rowing two more excited people in a small boat that just escaped from under the prow of the steamer. All the passengers were alarmed who saw the peril this inebriate party had been in, for they had been almost upset by getting in the way of the steamer. When the course was once more resumed, and the little boat out of danger, the captain came down to the man at the wheel and rated him soundly for not keeping a sharper look out for idiots who did not know how to manage a boat, and asked him if he had been speaking to anyone, the captain having seen the fussy man as if in conversation with the man at the wheel.

Immediately on leaving the helmsman the captain made for the man in the white straw hat and umbrella, and asked him if he had been speaking to the man at the wheel. The culprit confessed he had, but said he could not get a word out of the old chap who was as dumb as a graven image. Then the captain, before all the passengers, turned upon the fussy party a fierce fury of fluent nautical (and naughty) language; he swore he would give him in charge on landing, and have him up for risking the lives of honest people; he heaped upon him every invective he could lay his tongue to; the condemnation of the poor Jackdaw of Rheims was a mere compliment compared to the torrent of doom. He wound up his eloquent attack by assuring the assembled passengers that of all the land-lubbers who ever set foot on board a ship the wearer of the white straw was more to be pitied and despised than anyone else in the universe, visible and invisible. Then the captain, having spent his language of condemnation to the last word of his vocabulary, went back to the bridge, leaving the people to discuss the matter, and the wearer of the white hat became as dumb as the man at the wheel. But all who witnessed the peril of that small boat and its crew, and heard the captain's address, learnt ever after "Never to speak to the man at the wheel."

AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.

My Dear Girls,

THE difference, very often, between a very plain and a very pretty thing, in household experience, is not so much one of money as of expending trouble. For instance, I know a lady who lives near a coffee tavern, where excellent soup is made at a penny a pint. Sometimes, when an unexpected visitor arrives at lunch time, this lady will send off for a quart of this soup (usually made from split lentils or peas), rub it through a sieve, have ready a pint of milk boiling, mix the soup into it, bring to a boil, adding salt and pepper to taste (with just a little ground spice), and she has a highly nourishing soup, and a very superior looking dish at quite a small outlay. So it is with what I am proposing to make with you to-day, that is, to turn cold potatoes and cold meat to such account, that they shall not only be appetising but look elegant.

For potato croquettes, then, we gather together on our table, ½ lb. potatoes, ¼ oz. butter, pepper, salt, small bunch parsley, flour, and one egg. Place the butter in a teacup by the fire, to melt, till it is just like oil. In doing this you will observe a vast difference in butters, and will draw your own conclusions. Chop the parsley very fine indeed till you have as much as will fill a dessert spoon. Do not throw the stalks away as we shall want them to supply the place of stalks for our croquettes when finished, which will be in pear shape. The green is a pretty contrast to the golden brown which the croquettes should be. Rub the potatoes, which have been nicely boiled, through a sieve into a bowl. Rub them with an iron spoon, and every now and then relieve the under part of the seive with a wooden spoon. When all is rubbed through into the bowl, add the oiled butter, pepper, and salt to taste, and the chopped parsley. Take the egg, break into a cup, beat up with fork, and add to mixture in bowl. It must be perfectly smooth. Take the baking board, sprinkle with flour, dip first three fingers in flour, take a portion of the potato mixture, about size of a large walnut, roll it on the board from the tips of the first two fingers, and your ball will gradually become pear shaped. This may not come quite readily at first, but a few attempts with the same little ball till you acquire facility and success, will save you having several unshapely masses. I have had dishes of them very true to nature in shape, and I have also found some people who never could shape them, and who had to be content with the less pretty form of "corks," which everybody can attain to.

As, when we have made up all our material to this point, the method is the same for both, we will now take up the rissoles, for which we require scraps of cold meat, cold mashed potato, 1 oz. butter, 1 oz. flour, ¼ pint water or stock, 1 tablespoon anchovy sauce, 1 tablespoon ketchup, pepper and salt to taste, a tiny pinch of cayenne and nutmeg, and a teaspoon chopped parsley.

Remove all fat and gristle from the beef, and either pass through mincing machine, or mince with knife very finely. Weigh the minced meat, and add half the quantity of mashed potato. Note that potato rubbed through a sieve, and allowed to drop on the dish that it is to be served on, is known by the name of "Potato Snow," and is a much lighter vegetable than that we are used to as "mashed potato." Well, having our meat and potato in a bowl, we get the other ingredients together in a small pan; melt the butter, add the flour, rubbing it smooth; add the water, or stock, by degrees; then all the other spices. Bring to boil, and add to the mixture in the bowl, mixing all lightly. It may, perhaps, be necessary to add a raw egg, well beaten up, but it can be done without. With floured fingers, the mixture is then formed into round balls, round flat cakes, or rolls of the size and form of corks.

With an egg beaten up on one plate, and some bread crumbs, which we have rubbed either on a grater or through a sieve on another, we brush the croquettes and rissoles over with egg. Roll them into the bread crumbs, shake them free from loose crumbs and lay them in a wire frying basket ready for cooking. They must not touch each other. We must have enough fat in our pan to cover our material, and it must be so hot as at once to brown whatever we put into it. Some people call it *boiling* fat, but that is a mistake. The fat, when in condition for cooking is much hotter than boiling water, sometimes twice as hot, and sometimes more, according to the kind of fat, but is not *boiling fat*. This is a point that we can settle to a nicety by science, but for our homely purpose it may be enough to know that when a blue smoke rises from the fat it is generally ready for cooking operations. Also, a tiny bit of crumb of bread may be thrown in, and if it browns at once, the fat is ready. Of course, things like the croquettes will not brown at once, because the moisture on the outer surface has to be dried, and this will throw off steam or vapour, after which the browning process will begin. Take out the pieces separately, lay them on a piece of thin paper to absorb the unnecessary fat, add the little stalks to the croquettes, pile them on a dish, or intersperse them with the rissoles (which will be of a darker brown) on one dish, and you may present it to your friends, or fathers and mothers, saying with one of old time, "Is not this a dainty dish (fit) to set before a King?" At least, I know some people who, with the choice of fish, flesh, and fowl before them for a "high tea," will often say, "Would it be too much trouble to have rissoles and croquettes?" And I am sure my answer would be yours, "nothing is a trouble that gives you pleasure, or adds to your comfort."

Wishing you again success,—I am, your affectionate AUNT MARGARET.

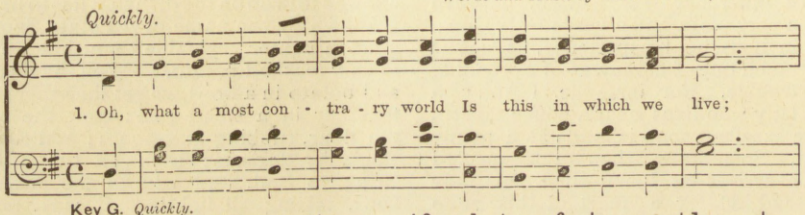
Do but your duty, and do not trouble yourself whether it is in the cold or by a good fire. —*Marcus Aurelius.*

A MYSTERY!

(*By permission.*)

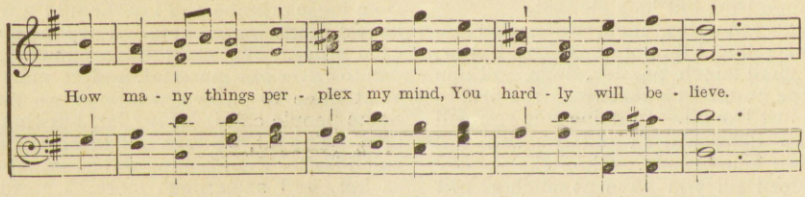
Words and Music by THOS. PALMER, Leicester.

Quickly.

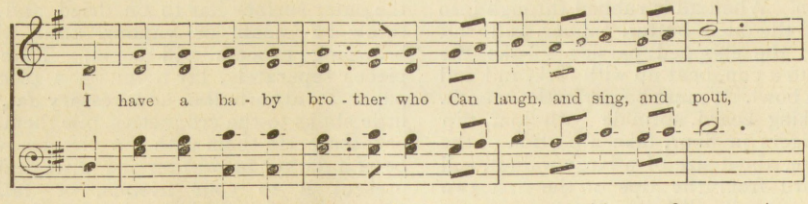


Key G. *Quickly.*

:s_1	d :m	r :m.f	m :s	f :l	s :f	m :r	d :— |—
2. Our	ba - by	has no	teeth nor	hair—Now	this is	strange to	me;
:s_1	d :d	r :t_1	d :d	d :d	d :d	d :t_1	d :— |—
3. I've	heard it	said men	take their	beer To	make them	good and	strong;
:s_1	m :s	s :s	s :m	l :f	d :l	s :f	m :— |—
4. A	man thro'	drinking	beer and	wine Was	brought to	ru - in's	brink;
:s_1	d :d	t_1 :s_1	d :d	f :f_1	m_1 :f_1	s_1 :s_1	d :— |—

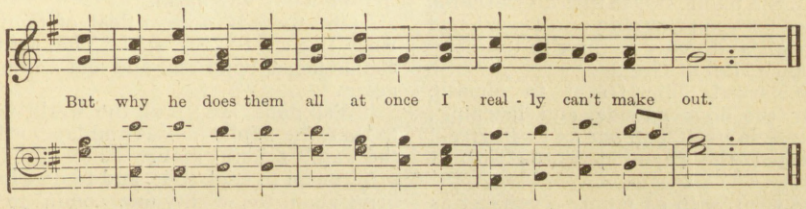


:m	r :m.f	m :s	fe :s	d' :l	fe :r	l :t	s :— |—
And	yet ma	says he	is too	young; But	this I	can - not	see;
:s_1	s_1 :t_1	d :d	r :r	d :d	d :t_1	d :d	t_1 :— |—
But	this I	can - not	un - der	- stand, And	feel quite	sure 'tis	wrong.
:d	r :s	s :m	r :s	m :m	r :s	s :fe	s :— |—
He	was too	ill to	work, they	said, And	then—what	do you	think?
:d	t_1 :s_1	d :d	d :t_1	l_1 :d	r :r	r_1 :r_1	s_1 :— |—



:s_1	d :d	d :d	d :-.d	d :d.r	m :r.m	f :m.f	s :— |—
For	grand-pa	has no	teeth at	all, His	head is	quite bald	too;
:s_1	s_1 :s_1	l_1 :l_1	s_1 :-.l_1	s_1 :d.r	m :r.m	f :m.f	s :— |—
'Twas	but the	o - ther	day that	beer Had	made a	man quite	ill;
:s_1	m :m	f :f	m :-.f	m :d.r	m :r.m	f :m.f	s :— |—
A	doc - tor	came to	make him	well, Who	Rum as	med - 'cine	tried;
:s_1	d :d	f_1 :f_1	d :-.d	d :d.r	m :r.m	f :m.f	s :— |—

A MYSTERY!



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TEMPERANCE TIM.

By Emilie Searchfield.

Author of "The Shadow on the Mere," &c.

"THERE'S a public-house that all can close, it lies between the chin and nose," said a rough and ready lecturer in the Temperance Hall at Grenley.

"Jolly," remarked Tim Grant to himself, lounging near the door outside, and listening; "that's a lecture in itself, and one as I can give," and he repeated the rhyming words with a chuckle.

Then off he went, with as jaunty a swagger as any lad of ten in the town, as the people of Grenley called their nest of a community, with its one cloth factory, two public-houses, which, as Tim Grant was wont to say, was one if not two too many. The "Spinning Jenny" was a very eyesore to Tim, and no wonder, for it stood just in front of his poor home, and was a ready-made temptation to Tim's father, a gin, trap, or what you will. Tim called it a cobweb—the red-faced landlord, the spider, and his father the fly, or one of the flies caught, and caught, and caught again, as he expressed it in his downright way. Tim's nimble feet never let the grass grow under them; he held horses, sold *Newses*, as he himself said, ran errands, and so earned a pretty honest penny in the course of the week, to help his poor washer-woman mother keep house for Tim's three tiny sisters and his fly of a father; aye, and some went to help keep up the red face of the old spider of a landlord of the "Spinning Jenny," as he sometimes grumbled. To this his mother would sigh, and answer:

"Well, better him than we; we don't want no red faces, and it ain't right to call folks by ugly names."

But this evening, when Tim went off with his ready-made lecture in his head, he had not gone far before he fell in with a knot of his friends—news-boys, errand boys, and the like.

"I knows a jolly little bit, listen," said he, as in general greeting to them all, "There's a public-house that all can close, it lies between the chin and nose."

"Hip, hip, hip, hurray! here's Tim Grant givin' a temperance lecture," cried one, tossing up his cap; and up came a whole army of boys, swarming from somewhere, as boys will at the least thing to be seen and heard, like flies round a sugar cask.

"Where did'st learn that ditty?" questioned one grinning youngster.

"Down at the Temperance Hall; where else could I learn it? And I mean to stick to it."

"Whew! Tim Grant turned temperance lecturer—preach it to thy father first," said one, slyly.

"You teach your granny," was the jaunty reply, but Tim's blue eyes flashed, as blue eyes will flash; "but don't you make any *on*-civil *insinuations*, or——"

"Let's hear it again," said a peace-making individual; and Tim, nothing loth, repeated the ditty again.

"Hallo! what's up now?" cried a mechanic, coming round the corner, with his basket on his back, and finding his way blocked with boys,

"Only Tim Grant givin' us a temperance lecture. Go it, Tim, and let the gentleman hear."

"Yes, out with it, my boy; a little temperance 'll do nobody any harm."

"Oh! there be a great deal of temperance in what I've got to say," spoke Tim, with a sort of shame-faced boldness, and out came the jingle again.

"Well done, lad; if all the world would stick to that, the public-houses and landlords 'd go to the wall," said the man.

"I mean to stick to it, and to do what I can to bring about the mighty fine comin' to the wall," spoke Tim, staunchly.

"Good luck to ye, lad," the mechanic smiled, and moved on. "But 'twill be up-hill work, I'm thinking," he turned his head to say.

"Let's hear it again," said the larkish youngsters; but Tim said,

"No, I'm goin' home."

"To lecture to thy father?" asked one; but Tim walked away as if deaf, yet none of them knew how the words stung him, for he had one of the worst drunkards in the town for his father, and, perhaps, the most spiritless mother.

"Mother, I know a temperance lecture," said he, darting into the house like a very sunbeam, in spite of his poor clothes.

"And I live one, Tim."

"Live one?" cried sharp-witted Tim, for once at fault.

"Aye, child, a drunkard's wife is a livin', walkin' temperance lecture to all as drinks. But where's the use of talkin', so long as yon place and the like is allowed to be open."

"But, I knows a way as 'll shut 'em; listen, mother:—'There's a public-house that all can close, it lies between the chin and nose.'"

"All *potery*, boy, but mine is fact and prose, as the learned folks say; it's only a jingle of *on*-possible words. But run and get my half-a-pint of ale, for I needs it, and listen for father, I think I see him go in awhile ago."

"Oh! he's there, sure enough; I hear a whole lot of flies a-buzzin' as I come along, and that old spider out spyin' and lookin' for more."

"Don't call ugly names, Tim, and here, take the jug and do as I tell ye."

"But, mother, don't ye see that my lecture means we must shut our own public-houses afore we can shut other folkses?"

"Well, lad, there's some'at in that; and I'd not taste another drop if—"

"Hush! mother, here's the fly a-comin'," said Tim, comically. And so it was, if a fly meant a staggering man with legs that seemed bent on anything but carrying their owner along steadily, who now came floundering in at the door.

And he buzzed, too, as may you and I never hear poor human flies buzz, till at last Mrs. Grant pulled and Tim pushed him upstairs to bed. After that night Mrs. Grant never sent Tim for her half-a-pint of an evening, to strengthen her as she put it.

"No, I can't go against a temperance lecturer, and he my own son," she told him with a kiss.

As for his father, he gave him a thrashing for

repeating his rhyming protest in his hearing; and the elder Tim's thrashings were something to remember. But the boy said:

"Never mind, a thing ain't worth much if it ain't worth takin' a thrashin' for," and very soon gained the name of Temperance Tim.

But the obnoxious cobweb, the "Spinning Jenny," still kept open door, the flies of topers buzzed in and out, the spider watched for them, and Tim had but one reliable convert to the good cause, that was his mother. True, he had a rough list of the names of a number of boys, who had pledged their word to, as they said, strike to beer, gin, and the like; but being a boy he knew what a boy's fickle, weak will was; it was something like taking a pledge of the wind, he sometimes thought, when things were going hard with him.

"Let's act the true strikers," was the happy thought of one, on a certain evening, "and march through the streets, a-singin' our ditty. If we be strikers of the intoxicants, let's let folk know so." And round the town they went, a merry body, in double file, singing to a tune of their own:

"There's a public-house that all can close,
It lies between the chin and nose."

Stopping in front of the "Spinning Jenny," a noisy crew of outsiders joined in with a deafening chorus, and lo! out came the landlord, when the din was at its height, his face fierce as well as red, while up came a policeman, as if they were in league to put down the juvenile reformers.

"Policeman, disperse this rabble, or I'll summon every Jack rag of them," said the irate "Speaking Spider," to quote Tim.

"Then you'll have to take out a whole handful of summonses," returned the policeman with the cool dignity of one who has the law at his elbow. "Now, boys, what are you making this Turk of a noise for?"

"'Tis a temperance movement, and this be our don, our supporter," answered the boldestthere, and pushed Tim to the front.

"Go on," roared the landlord, to both boys and policeman, thinking the representative of the law was taking it all too mildly. So on went the tall policeman, the boys streaming after him, like a comet with a long tail.

"You see, I want to shut up the 'Spinning Jenny,' 'cause it snaps up father, it do; I calls it a cobweb, and them as topes there flies, and the landlord, the spider, and that's the only way as I can think of," explained Tim, after repeating his ditty, at which the policeman smiled, and answered,

"Very good, my boy, but it can't be done by making that noise, or we shall get shut up ourselves; cobweb or not, it must stand."

"But why? When mother sees a cobweb she pokes it down, and lets the spider run, or else she steps on it, if she can, and kills it," said Tim; and grinned at his own words, picturing the red-faced landlord running away, and his mother trying to step on him.

"Yes, that may be; but we don't poke down public-houses, and let the landlords run after that fashion. You see they stand by law, and they fall by law."

"How do you mean?" questioned Tim.

"Well, the law gives a man a licence to open a public-house, and, as long as he keeps to his licence, neither you nor I can shut it—poke it down, I should say—if, according to your showing, it is a cobweb," explained the policeman, the other boys listening with open-mouthed attention.

"And who could take the licence away?"

"Anybody that sees the licence abused."

"What's that?"

"If a landlord keeps his house open after hours, if he gives drink to a drunken man, and let's him get beastly drunk in his house, then he abuses his licence."

"And may anybody take his licence away then?"

The policeman nodded.

"Then I could do it. I know they lets the flies get drunk and drunk as goes into the 'Spinning Jenny,' and gives 'em drink after that," cried the boy.

"And so do I, but we must prove it," returned the policeman. "You watch for the breaking of the law, and then come to me. But, mind, no more noise, no more insulting of landlords; for they are not spiders, call them so if you will, but men. Now go home, every one of you, and let me see you go. Shoo!" The man in blue shook his glove at them, and away they went, those would-be social reformers.

So there was nothing for Tim to do, but to watch the "Spinning Jenny" till he could catch it, so to speak, tripping. Yet a year went round, and still it stood wide open—a snaring cobweb, the spider watching the flies buzzing in, Tim's father among the rest, going fast to ruin, his poor, hard-working mother washing herself into her grave to all seeming. But Tim did not quite despair.

"I shall catch him yet," he would say, of an evening, as winter came on, and he haunted the corner where the public-house stood, and watched the red-faced spider-landlord welcome the unwary flies to the delights of his little parlour, looking so alluring and seductive, the red firelight and lamp-light gleaming through the coloured blinds of the windows, and stretching across the road.

"I shall catch him yet," the boy would say, with a chuckle that had the ring of tears in it, listening to the buzz of those silly flies of men inside, his father among them, and he, his mother, and two sisters in the outside chill of a drunkard's home.

But all things come, it is said, to those who wait hopefully, and one evening the door of the "Spinning Jenny" opened suddenly, and a man was pushed out by a woman's hand, and the words hurled after him,

"Ask me to give you *my* meat, I was roasting for *my own* supper; and I tell you, buy your own, and you say you bought that, 'twere yours—lie there!" and the door was shut to with a bang

As for the man, he did lie there, and there he was in the slush and mud of the road. Now was Tim's time.

"He must be drunk enough, to let her push

him out. Hurrah!" he cried; but he cheered no more, when he went and knelt down by the prostrate man.

It was his father, and his head was bleeding; it must be blood, mud would not be warm, and, ah! Tim was turning sick and faint. Then came a step, the flash of a bull's eye; it was his friend, the policeman, who asked,

"What's up here?"

"'Tis father, pushed out by the she-spider; and——." A sob rose in his throat, for a father is a father, if a drunken one. "And now I'll see if I can't poke down her old cob-web."

"All right; but we must get your father home first before we talk about poking down cob-webs. Here, friend, lend a hand," called the policeman to a passer-by, and up came that very mechanic who witnessed the beginning of Tim's temperance crusade.

Well, many strange things and unexpected happened after that night. The "Spinning Jenny" was closed because of the testimony of the younger Tim; the elder Tim, when his head was set right, which was not done in a day; and that of the policeman, who had had his eye on the house, as well as young Tim; and, what is more, the teetotalers got hold of the house, and opened it again as a coffee tavern. They called it the "Spinning Jenny" still, for they said, "What's in a name; it made it sound familiar like." Now, greatest wonder of all, the elder Tim was installed as keeper of the place, for he had learnt his lesson at last, to buy his own meat and eat it, too, he and his family. The younger Tim, his right-hand man; and oh, dear! what a busy, buzzing place it was, but not with poor victims of flies, but steady going, toiling bees, passing in and out for a cup of coffee, or for a look at the latest news, for these temperance men who owned the place did not do things by halves, they had a reading room, and I know not what.

"And all along of my little ditty, and my trying to live it out,

'There's a public-house that all can close,
It lies between the chin and nose,'"

as Tim was wont to say in those palmy days of his, which at first seemed to him like a happy dream.

THE APOSTLE OF PROHIBITION.



IN our last issue we gave a short sketch of Joseph Livesey. This month we are pleased to give a brief notice of the Hon. General Neal Dow, who has been styled the "Father of Prohibition." He was born March 20th, 1804, so that he is now over 90 years old, and, like Joseph Livesey, has found that total abstinence, hard work, early rising (summer at five, winter at six), a cheerful and hopeful temperament, and a firm trust in God are helpful and conducive to a long and successful life.

America has been the forerunner of many good movements, and not the least so in Temperance work. General Neal Dow's name is chiefly associated with the Maine Liquor Law, which he originated and carried through the Senate in 1851, although in 1846 he had been instrumental in getting a somewhat similar though less stringent law passed, which, from the way in which it was enforced, or perhaps we might say *not* enforced was only a partial success.

In 1856, owing to fraud, perjury and false voting, the Law was repealed, but two years afterwards was re-enacted and has remained in force ever since, so that to-day they have in the State of Maine what we are hoping to secure for our own country in the not far distant future.

We are assured by those who have actual and accurate knowledge of the working of the law in the State of Maine that the law *is now carried out*, and that there would be no chance whatever of its repeal, so satisfied are the people with the benefits of prohibition.

A writer who visited the State of Maine for the purpose of enquiring into the whole matter says:—

"I found that the prohibitory law was just about as well enforced as any law on their statute-book. On inquiring if the prohibitory law was violated, the response was, 'Certainly it is, and it is not the only law that is broken. We have a law against theft, and yet sheep are stolen and hen-roosts are robbed. We don't blame the law, we blame the law-breakers. The individuals who break the prohibitory law are just about as respectable here as the other criminals referred to.' In the rural districts I found young men and women who had never seen a drunken person."

General Neal Dow, like the father of English teetotalism, believed in the diffusion of Temperance literature. It is said that he sowed the State of Maine knee-deep with leaflets, tracts and newspaper literature bearing upon the subject, before he reaped the prohibition harvest.

Joseph Livesey, from the very commencement, saw the same need for thoroughly enlightening and educating the people on the question. He sent his malt lecture and many other publications broadcast o'er the land, and to-day we are reaping the harvest. If all our readers and the Temperance people generally would only recognise the value, and take part in the spread of thoroughly educational Temperance literature, we should not have long to wait for a prohibition law in our own dear country.

We earnestly hope that the grand old Temperance man of America may enjoy an honoured old age in the house he built before his marriage, and in which for over 60 years he has resided.

HUMPY-BACK SUE.

By ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL.

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.

SHE had been called "Humpy-Back Sue" ever since she could remember by almost everyone she knew, consequently the name had lost its bitterness, and Sue's friends joined in calling it her, and nobody ever stopped to think whether it was kind or not.

She was a mill-hand, a hard-working little cripple for whom everybody had a kind word to say and a pitying glance to bestow into the bargain. She had no relatives living that she knew of, her parents had died when she was a child, and the neighbours, with the proverbial kindness of the poor to the poor, had fed her, clothed her, and sheltered her amongst them, but the one who had perhaps done the most for her was a cripple like herself.

Joe Jennifer, or "Joe Jen" as he was generally called, was a cobbler, his wife had died when their first child was born, and the baby sorely needing a mother's love and care, did not long survive her, and Joe's kindly loving heart was left desolate indeed when both wife and child went home to the land where there are no tears nor sorrows of any kind. It was feeling so lonely himself, made him take particular notice of little crippled Sue when she was left alone in the world, and thus a bond of sympathy was established between the two that strengthened as time went on.

Sue was an earnest little Christian, and she longed to do something for the Saviour; "but there's nothing a cripple like me can do," she would say to herself over and over again, and then came the happy thought, "I'll ask God to show me if there's anything I can do for Him," and she did.

Dear Humpy-Back Sue! She forgot that her beautiful, unselfish daily life was doing far more than she was aware of to show the reality of Christ's religion, and that unconsciously she was exercising an influence in the mill room where she worked amongst the rough, loud-voiced girls, though she seldom "talked religious"; *that* they would not have listened to for one moment, but *life lived* none could gainsay.

For many months Sue's mind had been exercised very considerably about a lot of rough lads who lived in the same street that she did, and who seemed to all appearance to be on the way to ruin; hanging about public-house corners, insulting people, defying the police, in fact, frequently only just escaping being within the jurisdiction of the law; but to Humpy-Back Sue not one of them had ever been heard to address a rude word.

"Could *I* do something to make them better, I wonder?" she thought over and over again. "Would they ever listen to me? I'll ask Joe Jen what he thinks; he's rare and wise is Joe." So these two cripples consulted together, as to how and in what manner they could change the lives of these lads. Truly "God has chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things which are mighty."

"Suppose we was to ask 'em—those six bad 'uns I mean—to drink tea here," said Joe.

"Some on 'em don't get much of a meal I reckon," replied Sue, "that might fetch 'em, but it'll cost some'at, Joe, and the two on us ain't much, but I'll go wi'out that hat as I'd set my mind on for Sundays, it were marked three bob, that 'ud be a good help."

"Three bob! Yes, Sue, an' I'll manage another three, then we shall do fine, we'll give 'em meat pies 'ot all round."

"That'll be grand, and I'll invite 'em," said Sue, her dark eyes dancing with glee.

"All right, let's fix Saturday night," said Joe.

Never was party in hall or palace looked forward to with more anxiety and anticipation than was Humpy-Back Sue's and Crippled Joe Jen's. The boys accepted Sue's verbal invitation, given somewhat on this wise: "Me and Joe's 'avin' a few 'ot pies o' Sat'day to us teas, an' we thought it 'ud be nice to ask a neighbour or two in to share em, I reckon you'll come, Tom," or Jack as the case might be, with alacrity, thinking that it would be a fine opportunity for a lark.

The eventful day arrived, and Joe and Sue, dressed in their somewhat rusty best, stood waiting to receive their guests, with clean faces, but in very dilapidated clothes. At first there was a rather awkward silence, but when the hot pies appeared, all stiffness seemed to vanish, and a regular buzz of chatter went round the little kitchen, interspersed with remarks such as these: "My eye, Sue! these is fine," "La, Sue, you might a know'd these was prime fav'rites," etc.; and Joe and Sue enjoyed seeing them, more than eating themselves, though to them the pies were a treat. After tea was over and the things cleared away, Sue, who had a perfect passion for story-telling, and a real gift that way, asked the lads if they would like a fairy story, to which all agreed very willingly.

What a subject for a painter the little group would have made! Joe quietly working away at some stitching; Sue, seated in the centre on a three-legged stool, and the boys, with their rough heads and restless faces, squatted on the floor looking earnestly at Sue. The story was a success and they begged for another; so Sue, anxious above everything to interest them, told another, in which very beautifully she brought in the Child Christ, and a sort of hush fell on the group as Sue's voice unconsciously took a reverent tone, and one lad of ten years said "as his eyes went rather weak at one part o' th' story." The evening was a greater success than Sue had ever dreamt it would be, and she felt her prayers had been answered in a wonderful way. When it was time to go, Joe asked them if they'd mind kneeling down for a minute before they left, and though some of them tittered and said "that weren't what they'd come for," at any rate there was silence whilst Joe in very simple words asked God to bless them all.

Sue asked them if they would like to come again next week and hear another story, and they unanimously said, "Yes, we would." So Humpy-Back Sue's story night became an institution,

and the little cripple gathered around her week by week a motley group of lads. Some came from curiosity, others to make fun, but a few came because they loved to hear Sue tell her stories, and they knew, though they would not have acknowledged it, they were better for listening, and this was Sue's one desire. Months went by, and still Sue continued her story telling. One night she missed a very familiar figure from amongst "her boys," as she had come to call them, and on enquiry she found he had met with an accident and was not likely to recover. She went to see him the next day, and when she took his rough, hard hand in her own he said, with tears in his eyes—

"It's them stories as did it Sue, the one about Jesus coming at Christmas fetched me."

"Did what?" asked Sue.

"Oh, I can't explain, but I'm going to Him, an' I ain't a bit feared. It was you as showed me the way, good-bye Sue, don't give up the story-tellin'." "To think as it's been of some real use arter all," said Sue to Joe, the next day, "it seems such an honour I can scarcely believe it, just tellin' of 'em stories. Eh! but I'm that thankful," and the little cripple's face lighted up with joy.

This lad was Humpy-Back Sue's "first fruits," and how she and Joe rejoiced. She went steadily and quietly on with her story-telling for many years, and though she was not permitted to see—as many earnest workers are not—direct results very often, still her influence told on the lads, and not only on them, but on many others with whom they came in contact; and, in after years, many a man in the neighbourhood said he traced his first impressions for uood to "Humpy-Back Sue's story night." Let go one say, "I can do nothing! I am no use!" God wants no more than the best use of what He has given us, even it be only one talent, and as the little cripple used her gift, so let each one pause and think if they have not *one* talent they can consecrate to the Master's service.

THE GROCER'S STORY.

By "Daisy Whish."

"NO, we have no work for beggars;" and Mr. Pratt cut a large piece of cheese, and, placing it in the scales, he looked up.

"If you please, sir, I ain't no beggar," answered a thin, ill-clad, but respectable little boy.

Something touched the man's heart; was it the earnest and almost heart-rending look in the pallid countenance of the child, or the pleading tones in which the lad had addressed him? It certainly was something, for Mr. Pratt's heart was softened, and he responded kindly:

"Well, let me see, what can you do? you don't look up to much."

"Anything, please, sir;" and a little tremor shook the child's voice; "I will do anything," he pleaded.

"How old are you, lad, eh?"

"Ten, please, sir; father says I am big for my age."

"Got a father, have you?" and Mr. Pratt whistled as he handed the cheese to a young customer who was waiting patiently for it.

"There," he said, "mind you don't lose it, little one;" and the slender little girl went out of the shop, leaving Mr. Pratt and the applicant alone.

Mr. Pratt looked inquisitively at the lad for a few seconds, then something struck him.

"How stupid," he thought, "I am always fancying, but it is curious though. Oh, God! Thou hast severely punished me," he breathed, but realising the fact that the child was standing before him, earnestly scanning his face he said,

"You can set to work at once; do you see that sack of apples yonder?" and he pointed to a corner of the counter, where a large sack leant against a box of unpacked goods.

"Yes, sir," and Willie sighed a deep sigh.

"Why? what's the matter, child?" and Mr. Pratt looked with astonishment at the lad.

"Nothing, thank you, sir."

"I want you to pick all the bad apples and bruised ones from the good ones; do you quite understand?"

"Yes, thank you, sir;" and Willie promptly proceeded to the sack of apples, and patiently began his task.

Mr. Pratt's eyes were constantly watching him as he carefully picked the good apples from the bad ones.

"He is an honest, good little chap," was the opinion Mr. Pratt arrived at. "Fancy," he went on, "he has not put one in his pocket, as I have had some boys do."

Willie, looking up, met his employer's gaze full on him, and smiled.

"So you feel happier, my boy. Is it because you are well employed?"

"Yes, sir," and Willie blushed. "I am working for father," he continued rather proudly, and a sad look overspread his young face.

"Is your father ill, then?" inquired Mr. Pratt, and he seated himself on a stool in front of the fire.

"Yes, sir, and we have no money, and father hadn't any breakfast this morning, only a little tea Mrs. Smith brought him in," and tears filled the boy's eyes.

"Hum," and Mr. Pratt cleared his throat. "I am a good-natured man," he began, "but the world has gone hard with me, as it has with you I think," and he got up and replenished the small fire from the contents of an old cocoa box which served as a coal scuttle.

"Bah! how cold it is; don't you feel the cold, youngster?"

"Not much in here, sir; it is cold in the room where father is, we have no fire."

"Oh! but what is your name, little man?" asked Mr. Pratt, seized with a sudden impulse.

"Willie Robson, sir," answered Willie, opening his blue eyes wide.

"Willie, Willie," slowly repeated Mr. Pratt deep in thought.

"I am named after father," Willie informed him. "And please, sir, I have finished all these apples. What shall I do now?"

Mr. Pratt did not respond at once, but on Willie repeating his question over again he answered:

"You have done enough, my boy."

"Thank you, sir, may I go to father now?"

"Yes; but stay," responded Mr. Pratt, as he put sixpence into the eager stretched-out hand of the child, "I will give you a few things to take home to your father."

"Oh! thank you, sir, thank you," and Willie, overwhelmed with joy, and chiefly because he had had no breakfast that morning, felt a giddy sensation and everything became dark, and he fell senseless to the floor.

Mr. Pratt rushed forward and lifted the unconscious child into his strong manly arms, and swiftly carrying him into the little back parlour he placed him on the sofa, and flinging a rug over him instantly fetched some lemon squash from a side cupboard and promptly poured some down the throat of the child.

Something softened his heart whenever he looked at the lad; it was the sweet memories of the past of which the child so reminded him.

"Oh, could it be?" he murmured, and he knelt down beside the child and gazed earnestly into his face.

Willie soon returned to consciousness, and starting up cried, "Father, poor father, I must go to father," and Willie tried to struggle off the sofa, but weakness obliged him to desist.

"Lie still, child, I will go to your father."

"Thank you, sir."

"But where does your father live, Willie?"

Willie pointed his kind benefactor to his coat pocket.

"Here."

"What does he mean?" thought Mr. Pratt, and he felt in the child's pocket and drew out a soiled envelope, and on perusing it he read:

"William Robson, No. 16, Backer Court, South End."

"So this will find your father, Willie?"

"Yes, sir," murmured the child, closing his eyes.

"Mrs. Johnson! Mrs. Johnson! here, quick!" shouted Mr. Pratt; and, almost immediately, steps sounded in the doorway, and an old woman, well stricken in years—Mr. Pratt's housekeeper—appeared with her hands just out of the flour-bin, and a white smudge on her cap.

"Yes, sir," and the old woman fell back with astonishment on seeing the child's form on the sofa.

"Why, bless me, sir," she exclaimed.

"Here, Mrs. Johnson;" and Mr. Pratt jumped up and added roughly,

"Take care of this child, he is ill, mind you give him a good dinner, just what he wants. I am going out, I shall be back soon, I hope."

And the old woman, without asking anything further about the boy, simply answered:

"Yes, sir. Shall I keep your dinner hot? I will do all I can for the boy. Why," she added, "he is as thin as a lamp post and needs care. God bless you, sir." And Mr. Pratt disappeared out of the room with a quick glance at the child and a confidential look at his faithful servant, whom he thoroughly trusted.

"She is a good, wise woman," he thought, and quickly shut the door behind him.

* * * * * * * * *

With some little difficulty, Mr. Pratt soon found out Backer Court, but the puzzle was to find which was the most likely dwelling of the invalid.

"I will ask some one," he mused, pushing aside a large ragged sheet which hung out to dry right across the footpath. "I'll ask that woman there where No. 16 is," and Mr. Pratt confronted a rather low-looking woman who leaned against one of the more decent houses and politely inquired:

"Will you have the goodness to direct me to No. 16? I find I have some difficulty in ascertaining which house it is."

The woman looked astonished and answered very rudely—with her arms akimbo:

"This is No. 16; what is it you want? All them rooms be occupied and none for the likes of you."

"Does a Mr. Robson live here?" questioned Mr. Pratt.

"Ah! yes, second door to the right up first staircase. And," she added, as Mr. Pratt commenced to mount the narrow dark staircase, "He is about dead now, he was dying fast when I last looked in."

The good old man quickened his pace, and with feverish heat arrived in front of the door to which the woman had directed him.

"Oh! God, let it be," he breathed, "My Lord have mercy and prolong his days," and excitedly he turned the handle.

"Is that you, Willie?" sounded a weak voice from the corner; "I think I am going fast, child; come to father;" and the sick man shut his eyes.

The room was cold and bare, no furniture only a bed occupied it, but the apartment was wonderfully clean, and a bunch of wild primroses brightened the window sill.

Mr. Pratt was instantly beside the sick man, and bending over him whispered:

"Look up, Willie!" The sick man raised his eyes, and a wonderful pleasure overspread his face.

"Father! Father!" he cried, "am I dreaming, is it true?"

"Yes, Willie, I have found you, my son; God has restored you safe back into my keeping, you poor, innocent lad."

And the old man bent his head and gave thanks to God who had restored to him his only son whom he so loved, and had fifteen years before gone away from home, being suspected of a robbery of which he was innocent.

* * * * * * * * *

Mr. Pratt's son's illness did not prove fatal, and he soon had the satisfaction of seeing him quite well and strong under his own care, and little Willie and his father afterwards assumed their correct name, and now manage the shop, as Mr. Pratt has become too old for the business; but he is never tired of telling the same old story about finding his son, and ending it up with the motto, "God always rewards kindness, however small it may be."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

CONSCIENCE is the sentinel of virtue.

IF you trust, you do not worry.
If you worry, you do not trust.

LADY (*engaging servant*): Yes, I think you'll suit. But have you a sweetheart?
SERVANT: No, mum. But I can soon get one.

MRS. Brown: "I thought I should have laughed out at the Zoo to-day, Mrs. Smith called an animal a seraph. Of course she meant a giraffe, but it wasn't a giraffe at all; it was a camomile."

THE following advertisement lately appeared in an Irish daily paper:—"Wanted, a gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker."

THE BEST MEDICINE.—There is no medicine like healthful exercise. He who makes good use of it may well declare, "I will make a lip at the physician," and is almost inclined to exclaim with Macbeth—"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it! Out, hated medicine! hated poison, hence!"

WHAT THE DRINK DOES.

STUPEFIES and besots.—*Bismarck.*
The devil in solution.—*Sir Wilfrid Lawson.*
The beverage the mother of sins.—*Southey.*
The evil is in the drink.—*David Lewis, J.P.*
Liquid fire and distilled damnation.—*Robert Hall.*
I consider all spirits bad spirits.—*Sir Astley Cooper.*
The dynamite of modern civilization.—*Hon. John D. Long.*
He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.—*Benjamin Franklin.*

ONLY A LITTLE.

ONLY a little. It is not much.
She stopped and laid her hand
On the heavy basket. "You are tired;
Let me help you across the strand."
And the woman looked in wonder
At the delicate, fair young girl,
Who, in spite of sneer, and cruel jeer,
Helped her through crowd and whirl.

Only a little. She might be
Discouraged in the attempt.
She knew not what a brightness
Her little deed had lent
To a heart that was very bitter
From neglect and scorn and pain,
Whose life was so bare she did not care
If she never smiled again.

A little. But the woman thought,
As she went her weary way,
That the world had some brightness,
As the loving words that day
From a heart so like its Master's
Would come to her memory again,
And lighten the load and cheer the road,
And lessen the power of sin.

—*Sunday School Chronicle.*

SUCCESS is doing your best every day.

LADY FRIEND (to lodger): "Don't you think your landlady's little boy is an angel?" Lodger: "Not yet, *but I have hopes.*"

"JOHNNIE, you tell me you've been to Sunday School?" "Yes, sir." "But, Johnnie, your hair is wet." "Yes, sir, it's a Baptist Sunday School."

PLAYING DOCTOR.

A LITTLE four-year-old lad was playing doctor to some of his playmates. With the dignity of a judge he requested the patient to show his tongue; and then, using a pencil for a thermometer, as he had doubtless seen the family physician do, he said, "That's *mormal*; now I must feel your *impulse*."

SELF-MADE POVERTY.—"I would not say half a word against poverty, wherever it comes it is a bitter ill; but you will mark, as you notice carefully, that, while a few are poor because of unavoidable circumstances, a very large mass of the poverty of London is the sheer and clear result of profuseness, want of forethought, idleness, and, worst of all, drunkenness. Ah, that drunkenness! That is the master evil. If drink could be got rid of we might be sure of conquering the very devil himself. The drunkenness created by the infernal liquor dens which plague-spot the whole of this huge city is appalling. No, I did not speak in haste or let slip a hasty word; many of the drink houses are nothing less than infernal; in some respects they are worse, for hell has its uses as a Divine protest against sin, but as for the gin-palace, there is nothing to be said in its favour."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Reviews.

"JOHN CASSELL" (Cassell, Petter & Galpin), 1/-. A short biography of John Cassell, the "Manchester Carpenter," "Temperance Pioneer," who induced Rev. Chas. Garrett to sign the pledge, and the founder of the largest and completest publishing firm in the world. It is a capital book for boys—it would, however, be much better if it contained more of the real life and history of its subject than so many extracts, letters, &c., &c. It does not do justice to the man. The subject is a splendid one, but the reader cannot help thinking that the compiler or author has been either short of time or the necessary information required for a biography to make the best of such a theme.

"ABSTINENCE and Hard Work," price 6d., by Chas. Wakely, United Kingdom Band of Hope Union. This is a very useful little manual, and, with the diagrams, for which it has been written as a text book, it forms a valuable Temperance speaker's companion. It is worth twice its cost to any Temperance worker.

"ILLUSTRATED Temperance Reciter," Vol. I., 1/-, issued by the same firm, is a collection of lively recitations and dialogues, suitable for junior Bands of Hope. It will be found useful when selecting pieces for young people.

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR

JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

By EDWARD ARMYTAGE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

GEOFFREY ORMOND, a man of great talent who has given way to reckless dissipation, watches his younger friend, Frank Crawford, enter the "Lion," and laments that they are both on the downward path. This feeling is deepened when, at his lodgings, he talks with Little Mary, the child of John Dudley; her father is a drunkard and a gambler. Dudley goes to a gambling house. Meets Frank Crawford who plays cards with Fruse and suspects that he is cheated. Dudley breaks the bank at *rouge-et-noir*, and is robbed and mortally wounded on his way home. Dudley found wounded in the street is identified by Fruse and Crawford. Little Mary, who has just gained from Geoffrey a pledge of reformation, is summoned to her father's death-bed. John Dudley dies, and Mary is adopted by Geoffrey. Fruse proposes to Kane (who had also been in the gambling house on the night of the murder), that they should try to gain the reward offered for the detection of the murderer.

CHAPTER IX.

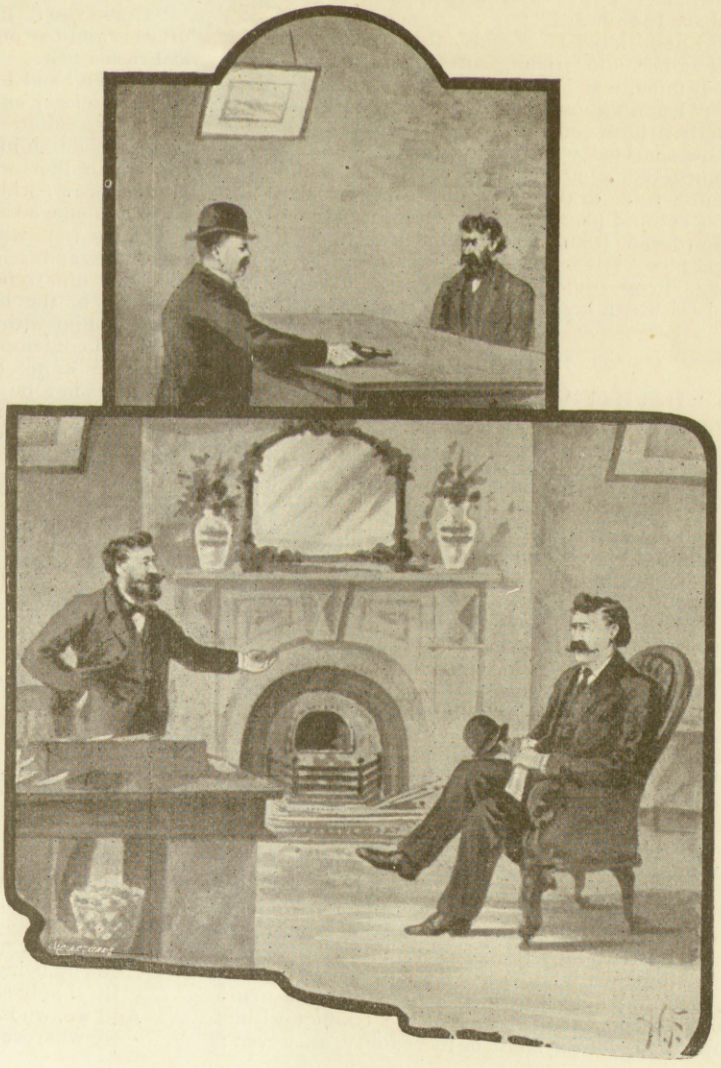
THE street in which Fruse lived was, like himself, not of the most respectable class. Ascending a grimy staircase, he pushed open a door and became monarch of all he surveyed, a very limited monarchy, by the way. Carefully closing the door behind him, Fruse suspiciously scrutinised the apartment, then unlocked a drawer noiselessly, and drew from it a small case, opening which he gazed for an instant on death, represented by a brace of finely-polished pistols. Taking one from the case, he coolly proceeded to load it, and, after a brief pause of doubt, he took up the remaining one, and loaded it still more carefully, paying minute attention to the most trifling details. Placing them in his pocket, he set out for Sackavon Square. The house he was in search of was readily found. Everyone knew the woman to whom the lodgings belonged, and this personage was pointed out to Fruse by the lamplighter, who was just lighting up the few lamps that still graced the Square. She stood at her door holding an apparently interesting dialogue, in a very shrill key, with a costermonger. Upon inquiring of the nymph in which apartment Mr. Kane might be found, he was told to "go as near to the sky as the roof would let him," which he accordingly did. Without pausing to knock, and caring little whether he was right or wrong, Fruse marched in, greatly to the surprise of the inmate, who was seated at a table and rapidly hurried something into a drawer as Fruse entered.

Kane's greeting was by no means so hearty as might have been supposed. His attention, however, was immediately arrested by Fruse's opening words:

"I have obtained some very important information," said Fruse, "on a subject which is of considerable interest to yourself, or I should not have been here so soon."

"Indeed!" said Kane, "and what may this most interesting news be?"

"There are no listeners about, eh?" inquired Fruse, opening the door and peering about on the staircase; then, re-entering the room, he closed the door behind him, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.



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"What do you mean by doing that?" broke in Kane.

Fruse did not answer, but seating himself in a chair, he drew it up to the table, rested his elbows on that, and thus brought his face into very close juxtaposition to Kane's, and in a low voice commenced:

"I think I hinted to you that I had some clue to the murderer of John Dudley. Well, I have followed up that clue with such perfect success that I can now tell you positively both the name and address of the villain, and can also assure you that before he is an hour older he will either submit to such conditions as I shall impose, or else be in the hands of the police."

In spite of every effort, Kane could not repress a sudden start, and when he answered there was evidence in his voice of anxiety which a powerful will was striving to quell.

"And who is he?" he inquired.

"I'll tell you," said Fruse, with a cold, imperturbable smile; "and then, if you like, we will share the reward."

Kane looked round the poverty-stricken chamber, and smiling bitterly, said, "There is not much fear of my refusing."

"I don't know about that," replied Fruse. "I rather think you will refuse," and the cold eye now sparkled with fiendish joy. "The man who murdered John Dudley," continued he, at the same time drawing one of the pistols from his pocket and placing it beside him, "the man who murdered John Dudley sits face to face with me now. His name—Richard Kane." So speaking, Fruse quietly placed his hand upon the pistol which lay on the table.

CHAPTER X.

"Ha! Ha! Ha! A pleasant joke, Fruse. Are you in the habit of informing people that they are murderers, and of carrying pistols to give effect to the statement?"

As if he had not heard him, Fruse continued, "You are completely in my power; one word from me would hang you! Do you see any reason why that word should not be spoken?"

"None, whatever! Tell all you know. I'll stand the consequences."

"You think I have no evidence to bear out my statements; you think I am a braggart, whose sole purpose is to wring some concession from you through the agency of fear, and that you can accordingly treat me as an impostor, and laugh at my accusation as a good joke. I tell you, you were never so grievously mistaken in your life. As a specimen of the proof in my possession, let me assure you that this very drawer"—and Fruse significantly tapped that portion of the table under which the drawer was situated—"contains now the missing pocket book."

Kane's fears and his wrath were rising rapidly. Fruse had stated the fact correctly, for when he had entered, it was the pocket book that Kane had hurried into the drawer, and Kane knew now that Fruse had seen it; and while fear and anger and hate struggled within him, he managed to conceal the signs of the conflict within him, and, with a smile of incredulity, answered:

"Indeed! I was not aware of that fact."

"Allow me to convince you of it," and Fruse rose, walked around to the other side of the table, and put out his hand to open the drawer.

Kane's pent-up rage broke forth at last. He sprung up with flashing eyes and fingers working convulsively as though they already grasped the throat of the assailant.

"Touch that drawer, and you're a dead man," he cried.

"You see I was correct, then; but you will allow me to examine the contents of that drawer, won't you?" asked Fruse, in his most persuasive tone, at the same time bringing the pistol level with the man's forehead. The pistol was little more than a yard from Kane's head. For a second or two he glared at the pistol as though he would annihilate both, but the prospect of death in those barrels was too certain for him. Drops of agony appeared on his brow, and his whole frame shook so violently, that he had to clutch the table for support.

"Curse you!" he gasped at length, seizing the drawer, and casting it, together with its contents, at Fruse's feet.

"Take it! and I hope to God it may cause you as much misery as it as caused me."

Fruse's exultation was unbounded, yet his joy had no effect on his countenance, except it were to add another wrinkle to his already darkly-knitted brow; while the other bent before him as if in homage to a greater villain than himself, his frame rent with the contending passions of fear, hate, and remorse. Kane's agony was too much for him to bear, and he sunk into a chair groaning in the bitterness of his spirit. Fruse watched him with a sneer on his face, and his lip curled contemptuously, as he said,

"Come Kane, enough of this, let us discuss our affairs in a business-like manner. Trust me, and follow my directions, and you are safe. Brave me, or attempt to deceive me, and you shall hang."

Kane rose slowly, and his face was terrible to look upon. The mask had fallen, and the passions of remorse and hatred and fear had left their deadly imprint on his features. He felt that he was in the toils, and with a listless air said,

"I am in your power, and must do your bidding, but take care you do not go too far, or I may prefer the gallows to your gentle rule."

The two men drew their chairs up to the table, and entered into a long and earnest conversation, in which the terms of their compact were agreed upon. Fruse then carefully examined every document which the pocket-book of the murdered man contained. Some of these surprised and interested him, and having politely requested the loan of them for a few days, he placed them, together with various bank notes which he had also borrowed, in his pocket, and departed homeward extremely well satisfied with himself.

Birds by being glad their Maker bless,
By simply shining, sun and star,
And we, whose law is love, serve less
By what we do, than what we are.

HOW NYM, THE RAVEN, CAME TO SIGN THE PLEDGE.

By J. Foster.

CORPORAL NYM was one of Sir John Falstaff's disreputable followers who was hanged for theft. How did we come to choose his name for an innocent raven, a descendant it may be of one of those noble birds that fed the famished prophet? Nym, or Nim, signifies to steal. Pious Trapp, the commentator, speaks of Ananias as nimming away part of the price of the land. An ill name should no more be given to a raven than to a dog. Mr. Riderhood, in the "Mutual Friend" was called *Rogue* Riderhood; "not for any meaning in it," he says, "for meaning it has none, but because of its being similar to Roger." Nym's name may be equally without signification. At the same time it must be confessed that when his *sanctum sanctorum* was examined after its owner's death it had the appearance of a lost property office.

Old Thomas, our handy man, had two Bibles; one which he carried under his arm when he went to meeting, the other, which by his own account, he used in his private studies. This second Bible was found among Nym's possessions, and had apparently been there for a year or two, though, curiously enough, Thomas had not missed it. The eighth of Genesis had been torn out; this may have been done before Nym had the book, if so it is a remarkable coincidence that the chapter is one that represents the raven in an unattractive light as compared with the olive-leaf-bearing dove. Of the dead we are told to speak nothing but good, but it must be confessed that we broke the rule on discovering the three silver spoons, on suspicion of stealing which Susan had been dismissed. The poor girl said she knew the beast of a raven had took 'em. Twopence half-penny, in coin of the realm; a box of corn plaisters, half devoured; a withered nosegay, the unexplained absence of which from a lady's breast had parted two faithful lovers; a pew-rent notice, now over-due and not worth paying; these and other small matters made up the collection, excepting for the remarkable manuscript which is the occasion of the present narrative. We sent it to a friend, learned in ancient manuscripts, who has charge of some of the treasures of the British Museum. He returned us the following translation.

Translation.

As I don't want untruths told about me after I am gone, I have left behind this particular account of how I came to sign the total abstinence pledge. The teetotalers are apt to be boastful, and may try to make me out worse than I have been in order to enhance their credit in rescuing me. Certainly I had no inherited taste for alcohol. Neither had my brother or sister. My dear mother never touched a drop of ale or stout all the while she was sitting on us. In fact, we ravens are not a drinking race; we take after the fat boy in "Pickwick," we "likes eating better." My mother used to call me "Little Glossy," because my feathers were so black and shiny; she said it was because of my taking my meals so regular. Living almost exclusively on game, always very high, we are liable to thirst, but milk serves our turn; it is easily come by while the dairymaids are gossiping with their sweethearts. We have been reproached as to our diet. "The raven feeds upon carrion," a rubbishing little School Board manual says, but when we make an honest effort to mend our fare with a chicken or a tender young duckling men only abuse us.

But now, as to my solitary act of excess My master one day dined with his club and came home wonderfully merry. Generally he was curt and disagreeable, rude in his behaviour even for a man, but now he was so cheerful and spoke so pleasantly to me that I began to think there must be something desirable about the liquor that had so improved him. I didn't know till afterwards of the miserable exhibition he made of himself when intoxication had reached its quarrelsome and hopelessly wretched stages. Feeling myself next morning in as surly a temper as an average male human being, I determined to try my master's remedy. I am on winking terms with Mary at the "Red Cow," she didn't split upon me as to the——but that's nothing to do with my story, I did her the honour on this occasion of a visit in state. I exchanged courtesies with some boys on the way, of which they got the worst. Arrived at the abode of festivity I crossed the threshold "with many a flirt and flutter," as the American poet says, and with much flapping and flopping (this is my own) hoisted myself on to the counter. Mary was only too pleased to mix me a good, strong jorum. "Sweet, Mr. Nym?" she says with a tender look, and I had it sweet. There were two or three fellows loafing about the bar who thought it fun to see a raven letting himself down to their level, "British Workmen," I fancy they called themselves. I wanted to show off before them and prove that I could knock off my sixpenn'orth like the rest, so I used my beak to good purpose, looking up to the skies while I let the deceitful liquor trickle down my throat, as I dare say you have seen the pretty little chickens do when they drink.

Ah, me, I wish my potations had been as pure as theirs! I had another of the same, and then another. When I got into the air my "flirt and flutter," so distinctive of my tribe, had gone, and I waddled like a Michaelmas goose; I wanted a friend on each side to take me by a wing. At last I rolled clean over into the gutter, if clean's the word for it, and lay there like a log. I might have recovered after a bit, but as ill luck would have it, up comes young Tom, old Tom the handy man's son, and, with a revengeful feeling worthy of a boy, kicked me into the middle of the road, hoping to see me run over. His spite was on account of a paltry matter of two or three rabbits, mere babies they were, that mysteriously disappeared. He'd only have neglected them if they'd lived. They were better off where they were. However the young rascal got nothing this time by his wickedness. A butcher's horse shied at my prostrate form, and the bold rider told Master Tom that if he didn't take me out of

the way pretty quick he'd give him something for himself. I thought it was a pity to trouble the butcher about such a trifle; so as the boy tried to take hold of me I gave him the promised reward; my ribs were battered and bruised through his cruelty, but my beak, he learned, was in working order. "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." For a fortnight afterwards I had the pleasure of seeing him go about with his arm in a sling. I got home somehow.

You remember the jackdaw who stole the ring:

No longer gay, as on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way;
His pinions drooped—he could hardly stand;
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand.

I don't like comparing myself with a vulgar jackdaw, but I must admit that the description represents me to a T. I was glad that my blessed old mother was not there to witness the return of the prodigal. She would never have known her dear little Glossy. But it was no use croaking. Lady Macbeth says, "The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements." I was not going to trifle with my beautiful voice in that way, and get hoarse croaking my fatal entrance into the "Red Cow." I posted off, as soon as I was able, to the Temperance Hall, where my young master and his sisters were accustomed to attend. After passing through some passages I came to a closed door; apparently the congregation inside didn't often hear such a knock as I gave, for there was a shrill shriek in female voices, and a gentleman opened the door timidly and peeped out. Seeing nothing suspicious he went in again. If you read Mr. Wood's Natural History you will learn that we ravens have not only been provided with beaks equalled by few of the feathered tribe and excelled by none, we have been endowed with the spirit with which to wield them. "It is remarkable that when a raven makes its assault it does not merely peck with its beak, but flings its whole weight into the blow." While I turn over the pages of this admirable book, I linger fondly upon the passage in which the reverend author, for he is a reverend and an M.A., with much discrimination calls us, "this truly handsome bird." He says, too, "The raven is an excellent linguist, acquiring the art of conversation with wonderful facility." This will anticipate and confute objections to the authenticity of this account arising out of the choice quality of the style. "An excellent linguist!" Of course I didn't write these confessions with my own claw, I dictated them, as Paul the Apostle dictated his epistles. But to continue, I flung my whole weight, as the Rev. Mr. Wood says, into the second knock at the door. This time there was a louder scream, and the gentleman who peeped out had a paler face. He looked so scared when again he saw nobody that I thought it best to give him a clue to my whereabouts by a gentle reminder on the shin. I am sorry to say he used "language," but soon getting over his irritation, he introduced me to the members of the Society, who put me through my facings and brought out their pledge book: *Name*—Nym; *Trade or Occupation*—Professor of Thorough-bass; *Cause of signing*—Painful experiences arising from drink. Having entered these particulars, the Secretary held the book down to my (physical) level for signature. "Put your mark there," he said. In my new-born temperance zeal I drove my beak right through the book and half-way through the Secretary's hand. I was sorry for his poor hand, but there was an over-ruling about it too, for the book is considered one of the Society's most valuable curiosities, and the Secretary makes a point of showing the scar of honour in his hand to every new convert. And, what is most important of all, I kept my pledge, which is more than some *un*feathered bipeds can say.

A SONG OF ZION.

By Berresford Adams.

SHE sang a song of Zion,
And the music floated out,
That quiet summer evening,
To many who were without;
And they listened to it spell-bound,
As in accents strong and clear
She sang this song of Zion,
And charmed each listening ear.

A sinner heard the music,
On an evil deed intent,
But found a spell upon him
Which made him at once relent.
It turned him from his purpose,
And softened his stony heart,
And led him from that moment
With an evil life to part.

One sorrowing heard the singer,
And it soothed her in her pain,
It kindled hope within her
That the sun would shine again,
And the burden soon grew lighter,
The sorrow it passed away,
Her heart was filled with gladness,
Even from that very day.

A saint, that song of Zion
Heard on the evening air,
And as she listened to it,
She uttered a tender prayer,
Prayed for the fair young singer,
Thanked God for the sunshine sweet,
And went away encouraged,
More bravely life's ills to meet.

Then sing the songs of Zion,
Sing morning, noon, and night,
It may be that thy singing
Shall lead some into the light;
And the sorrowing heart shall bless thee,
And the saint of God rejoice,
Because in songs of Zion
They were led to hear thy voice.

ALWAYS do your best, and every time you will do better.



AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.

My Dear Girls,

IF you are inclined to say to any proposal in cookery, or indeed in anything else for that matter, "Oh, I might be able to do this and that, if I had all the utensils you name," or "I can't possibly expect to do that correctly because I have neither scales nor measures."—I want you to use your wits, and you will soon see a way out of the difficulty. For instance, when one thinks of *stewing*, it is most natural to say, "For this you must have a *double* pan." And very much one would like to have the double pan—the outer one of bright tin, and the inner one of white earthenware. If we can afford, by all means let us have this, but if we must use what we have, we can get every bit as good a stew from the ordinary pan for the outer, and a stone jar for the inner one. I want to impress this upon you, for of all the modes of cooking food, stewing is the one from which you get most of the good of the article cooked, and is bound, therefore, to be more thrifty and more wholesome than other methods.

Let us try then to prepare what nearly everyone likes, a *Rabbit Stew*, remembering that in a stew the material must *never boil*, and that more time is required by this method than when simply put on or near the fire to boil—when most of the flavour and food go off in steam.

We procure then a nice rabbit, 3 onions, 3 tablespoonfuls flour, 1 pint water, salt, pepper, mace and nutmeg, 3 oz. fat bacon.

Cut the rabbit up into small joints (of course after washing it very carefully), split the head in two. Have the flour on a plate and roll each piece well into the flour till it is coated with it. Into your frying-pan, cut the bacon in small bits and fry it till brown (*not* burnt). Remove the bits of bacon from the frying-pan into the stone jar we are going to use for our inner pan. Slice the onions into rings and fry a nice brown with the pieces of rabbit. When brown add them to the bacon. Mix the remains of the flour with the water quite smoothly, adding the seasoning to taste, and placing all in the jar, cover with saucer or greased paper, and insert into a pan half full of water (or thereabouts). The water must be cold when you put your jar in, or it is liable to burst. This will take about three hours to cook, the water in the outer pan must be filled up from time to time with boiling water, and should reach, if possible, as far up the jar as the meat inside reaches. As a rule the rabbit will bear water to cover the meat when it is in the jar, which may sometimes mean over a pint, yet the result will be, if well attended to, a rich, tasty, nourishing gravy. Another advantage of this method is that the dish can be kept warm for a good while without either waste or spoiling.

Rhubarb, or most fruits may be stewed in this way too (omitting the frying, of course!) Say we take rhubarb. If early in the season it need only be wiped clean, but later, must be deprived of the skin. We cut it into lengths about three inches. We make a syrup by boiling sugar and water together, at the proportion of ¼ pint of water to 6 ounces of sugar, for each pound of fruit. Place fruit and syrup in jar, and simmer till soft. The sugar may be sprinkled amongst the fruit instead of making the syrup, if appearance is not to be considered. Rhubarb should be caught just before it falls, when the pieces may be taken out whole, laid in a glass dish, a few drops of cochineal put into the syrup to colour it, and there is a very pretty dish. Rhubarb has the quality of taking the flavour of any fruit it is cooked with.

Stewed fruit is not only pleasant to the taste, but it is a very healthful form of food, and should be more generally used. Served with a milk pudding of any kind it makes a highly nutritious meal.

But I must not fill my letter with this rather *slow* work, so I will conclude by giving you a recipe that is so quickly done that it goes by the name of The Railway Cake. After all I am not quite sure that the name is derived from the speed with which it is made, for, from experience, I can testify that *that* rate is nothing, compared to the speed at which it disappears when made! This, also, is an illustration of what I began with as to measures, so in this I will use a teacup as the standard. Our materials are 1 teacupful of flour, 1 of moist sugar, 3 eggs, and 1½ teaspoonful of baking powder.

You will not forget that we rub the baking powder between the finger and thumb, over the flour, and then mix the two thoroughly together with a wooden spoon. This is always necessary to avoid *lumps* which are offensive to the eye and disagreeable to the taste. Then the sugar is added, and after we have beaten the eggs up very well (breaking each over a cup to test its freshness), and got our cake-tin, which must be a flat one, well heated and greased, we stir up our mixture and spread it thinly over the tin. It takes about five minutes to bake, in an oven that must be brisk. At the end of this time you will have a nicely-risen cake that can be either eaten by itself, or cut in two and jam spread

over, making a delicious jam sandwich. If three eggs are thought too much, a little more baking powder may be added—another half-teaspoonful—and the moisture needed made up with milk. But Easter is past and eggs are cheap, and, indeed, I must confess that I like to use plenty of eggs and milk. They make bone and muscle, and, therefore, I think they should be used more largely than they are. But, perhaps, your mothers will differ from your Affectionate

AUNT MARGARET.

LITTLE IVY'S MISSION.

A TRUE STORY.

BY DAISY WHISH.



IT was a bright, spring day, but bitterly cold, owing to the north-east wind which was blowing in great gusts. The trees were just beginning to bud, and the birds were flying round collecting sticks, wool, and moss, with which to build their nests.

Joe Roles, the old stone breaker, was leisurely breaking stones by the way-side. Every now and then, he would stop and give large puffs from a broken clay pipe, and would look down the road.

What a sad, deplorable state Joe was in! Out at the elbows and knees, large holes in his boots, and hardly a button on his clothes, which, alas, were nothing but rags. And why was he in such a state? He earned good wages, but how were they spent? Ah! can't you guess? Joe Roles was a sad drunkard and wasted all his earnings at the public-house. At nights he would stagger home drunk, and in the mornings be unfit for his work. He was despised by everyone, and no one would attend to his little cottage, so, like himself, it was a drunkard's home.

As Joe scanned the road he perceived the figure of a little girl approaching.

"Good morning, Joe," said Ivy, the little girl, stopping in front of him.

"Good mornin', miss, 'tis cold."

"Yes, the wind is strong," and she put up her hand to protect her hat from blowing off.

"I have got something for you, Joe," she added, fumbling in her pocket.

"Oh! 'ave yer, miss?" and drunkard Joe's eyes gleamed. He was not drunk to-day, being the end of the week, and his money had previously been spent.

Ivy knew this, and taking courage she said, timidly holding the small parcel in her hand, "Joe, do you think you could give up drink?"

"I be an old man now, miss," Joe answered in astonishment.

"Yes, Joe, but how much happier you would be if you gave it up, just think."

A silence prevailed before Joe answered for a few minutes, then he said:

"Well, yer see, miss, I don't know if I could get on without it."

"Oh, yes, you could, I am sure you could. Oh! Joe do sign the Temperance pledge, do," pleaded Ivy, "do say that you will sign it."

"Well, I might try," and Joe was rewarded with a bright smile, and,

"Yes, yes, do, Joe. Come to our house to-morrow, and then you can sign it."

"I will think about it, and may be I will."

"You must come to Church on Sunday, Joe, there is going to be a Temperance service, and a sermon about it, we want you to come so much," said Ivy.

"To Church," whistled Joe, "Why miss, look at my clothes," he added, "they are not fit."

"Father has a suit he would give you. Do come, Joe," and handing him the small parcel she said: "See, I have brought you a hymn book, it is a special service, you know, and these are the hymns they are going to sing."

"Aye, bless yer, miss," and poor drunkard Joe brushed away a tear. "I will be better, the Lord helping me," he sobbed.

"Oh! Joe, I am so glad, you will be so happy when you don't drink, but go to Church, and pray to God."

"Y—yes, miss," and Joe safely stored the little hymn book in his coat pocket.

"Don't forget to come."

"No, miss." And little Ivy, who had been successful so far in her mission, with a light heart went home.

"Oh, mother, Joe will come to-morrow I think, and perhaps he will sign the pledge."

"So my little Ivy has not failed in her mission."

"I think not, mother, I asked God to help me this morning, and He has."

And little Ivy and her mother went into the house together.

* * * * * * * * *

Next Sunday, to Ivy's delight, not only had Joe signed the pledge, but he was also respectably dressed—in an old suit of Ivy's father's—sitting listening, perhaps more earnestly than the rest, to the Temperance sermon. "I will never drink no more, and, by God's grace, will lead a better life," old Joe said on leaving the church, "and may God bless the little lady who has converted me."

And now there is not a soberer man in the village, and Joe no longer has a wretched home, but his evenings are spent by his own fireside, and he has brought out the long-forsaken Bible and freely indulges in reading the contents. And often will he drop a tear over the little hymn book, for Ivy has done her work on earth, and peacefully rests in the village churchyard. A little white stone marks her grave, on which is inscribed—

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

IVY.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE SNOW-WHITE DOVE.

WITH its silvery-white wings outspread, and its soft, feathery bosom against the wind, it sailed above the world—a beautiful, snow-white dove. And whereso-ever it went the people rejoiced, for all hearts went out to it.

In a beautiful palace, surrounded by beautiful grounds, there lived a very beautiful princess. The white dove was her constant companion. It nestled its soft little head in her bosom, and spread its graceful wings above her heart. It whispered to her, every night, of the strange scenes it had witnessed during the day—scenes of sorrow and pain, darkness and sin, until the princess was often moved to tears.

One day, the white dove, hovering above the shadows of a dark city, beheld a starving people, for trade was bad, and food was dear, and many were almost dying for bread.

"Give us bread! give us bread!" cried the children. "Oh! father, mother, give us bread!" But the fathers held out their empty hands, and the mothers wept.

Now, the white dove, floating through the dark city, beheld the hunger and misery of its people, and was sorrowful. It flew away to the princess, and laying its head upon her heart, it told her of the idle men and the sorrowing women, and the sobbing, white-faced, thin-limbed children, who held their father's hands, and plucked their mother's gowns and cried for bread. The princess listened, and then she thought of her rare and costly jewels and her great broad lands, and wondered if it would break her heart to part with them. Closer and closer nestled the white dove to her bosom; softer and softer grew the white dove's voice, as it described the scenes of hunger and misery.

"I *will* sell my jewels!" cried the princess, "and give food to the hungry, and the children's cheeks will blush redder than my rubies, and their eyes will put my diamonds to shame!"

The white dove rejoiced so, that its wings shone like the wings of an angel, and no stars in heaven were ever so bright as its eyes. The next day the hungry were fed, and the naked were clothed, and the people prayed God to bless the beautiful princess and the dove who had inspired her to such noble acts.

Never before had the dove felt so happy, so very happy. It was happy in the happiness of others, it rejoiced with the people.

The shadows were falling thickly across the smile of day, and a white, bright star came out, to tell the world that night was approaching, when the white dove flew home to rest. But as it went its way, it beheld a man whose face was dark with passion, and whose eyes were fierce with hate.

"What aileth thee?" asked the dove, and the man answered and said:

"Mine enemy hath wronged me, and I seek his life!"

"What!" cried the dove, "would you take from him what you can never return to him? Nay, forgive him! Forgive him!"

"I must have revenge," muttered the man, "revenge!"

The little heart of the dove fluttered with excitement, and it whispered to the man:

"Think of those who love him! Think of his innocent wife and children, who have never harmed you; O, think of them and spare him!" But the man bent down his head and still cried out, "Revenge!" "I must keep with him," thought the dove, "and he will listen to my voice." They went along together through the lanes and the fair, green fields, and all the while the dove whispered to the man's heart, "Forgive! Forgive!" At last, after many hours, the terrible passion died out of the man's bosom, and his heart, against which the white dove rested, grew soft and pitiful. "I will forgive," he murmured, "even as I would have my God forgive me!" Then the white dove smiled again and flew away, to nestle in other hearts and scatter sweetness wherever it went. Beautiful, above all things beautiful; pure, above all things pure; holy, above all things holy; it went its way. The hearts of men were raised up to it. The eyes of heaven were bent down on it. Glorious, shining, and immortal, amidst sin, sorrow, and decay, the white dove lived on, and men called it "Charity."

THE BOY AND THE CIGARETTE.

The manner employed by cigarette manufacturers to advertise and sell their goods among boys is one of the peculiar features of the tobacco trade at present. They place pictures of various kinds in the packages and offer a premium to the boy who presents the greatest number. We hereby suggest a scale of premiums to boys that might be more appropriate than any yet offered: "To the boy who smokes two packages of cigarettes a day we guarantee a case of sore eyes; five packages, loss of appetite and inability to sleep; six packages, impaired memory, and trembling of the limbs; seven packages, vertigo, inflamed sore throat, fainting fits and tendency to hysterics, while for the boy who can give undeniable evidence that he gets away with eight packages of cigarettes per day, we will insure paralysis, insanity and sudden death."—*Texas Siftings.*

"The ultimate issue of the struggle for temperance is certain. If anyone doubts the general preponderance of good over evil in human nature, he has only to study the history of moral crusades. The enthusiastic energy and self-devotion with which a great moral cause inspires its soldiers always have prevailed and always will prevail over any amount of self-interest or material power arrayed on the other side."—*Professor Goldwin Smith.*

THOU ART GONE.

Melody by GEO. LINLEY.
Harmonised by CAREY BONNER.
(Inserted by permission.)

Gently, with expression. *p*

1. Thou art gone from my gaze Like a beau - ti - ful dream, And I
   Oft I breathe thy dear name To the wind float - ing by, But thy

2. Of the birds in thy bow'r, Now com- pan - ions I make, Ev-'ry
   The deep woods and dark wilds Can a plea - sure im - part, For their

gaze Like a
name To the

Key F. *p Gently, with expression.*

:m .f | s :d :r .m | d :— :d'.t | l :s .d :r .m | r :— :m .f
:d .d | d :d :t$_1$ | d :— :d .d | d :t$_1$ .d :s$_1$ | t$_1$:— :d .d
:s .l | m :s :f .s | m :s :s | f :f :f .m | s :— :s .r
bow'r, Now com-
wilds Can a
:d .d | d :m$_1$:s$_1$ | d :m$_1$:m$_1$ | f$_1$:s$_1$ .l$_1$:t$_1$ .d | s$_1$:— :d .d

(S.C.T.) *
D.C. [Key of C.]

seek thee in vain By the mea - dow and stream;
sweet voice is mute To my bo - som's lone sigh.
In the still - ness of

D.C. C.t. (S.C.T.) *

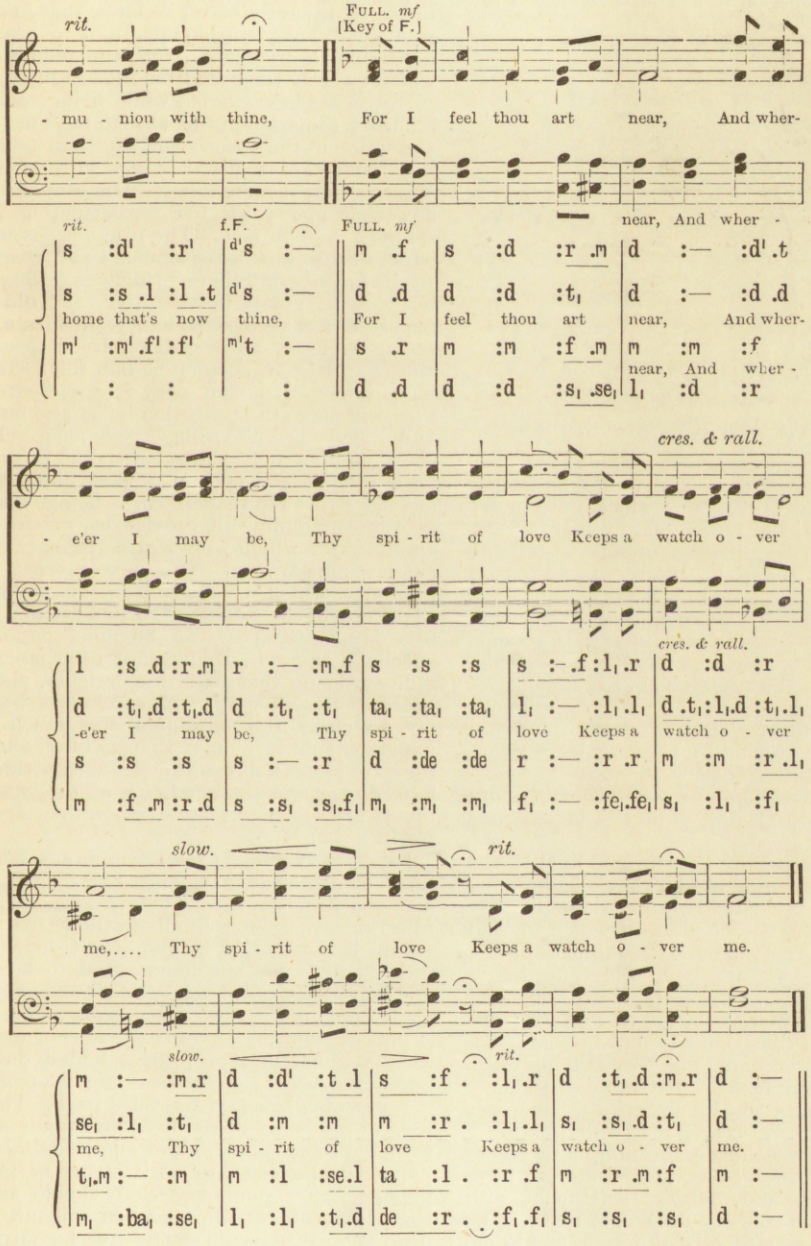
s :s :s | s :-.f :l$_1$.r | d :t$_1$ .d :m .r | d :— | t$_1$ .m .f | s :d' :d'
d :d :ta$_1$ | l$_1$:— :l$_1$.l$_1$ | s$_1$:s$_1$ .d :t$_1$ | d :— | s$_1$ d .r | m .f :s :s .l
sim - ple wild | flow'r I | prize for thy | sake; | Thou art | gone from my
sol - i - tude | suits My sad | sor - row - worn | heart. |
m :m :m | f :— :f .f | m :r .m :s .f | m :— | s d' .d' | d'.r' :m' :m'.f'
d :d :d | f$_1$:— :f$_1$.f$_1$ | s$_1$:s$_1$:s$_1$ | d :— | : :

night, When the stars mild - ly shine, My heart fond - ly holds A com -

d' :t :t .d' | r' :f :l | s :— :s | se :m' :r' | d' :— :d' .l
s :— :f .m | f :r :f | f :m :m | m :se :t | l :— :l .f
gaze, Yet I | will not re - | pine, Ere | long we shall | meet In the
m' :r' :r'.d' | t :t :t | d' :— :d' | t :t :se | l :-.t :d' .r'
: : | : : | : : | : : | : :

* May be taken as a Trio.

THOU ART GONE.





HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

By Ernest Axon.

FLOWERING PLANTS.

FLOWER collecting necessitates some little knowledge of Botany. To know the different orders into which flowers are divided, and to be able, by an examination of the different organs, to tell the species to which the plant belongs, is all that is absolutely essential, though it is no drawback to the collector to have a thorough scientific knowledge of the subject, to understand the whole life history of the plant, and to tell the use of the various parts. To the advanced student of botany, flowers are merely so many specimens which he may study. They are not the end but the means to an end, and it is to be feared that in many cases in his anxiety to know the morphology of the plant, he loses sight of the beauty of the flower and of the advantages and pleasures of flower hunting.

To the boy collector it is probable that the part he will most enjoy will be the collecting, the wandering over green fields, and through shady woods, looking for specimens with which to load his vasculum. The collector should be supplied with a vasculum—a tin box, something like a sandwich tin, but larger, into which he places his finds, and which can be strung over his shoulder—and a sharp knife for cutting his specimens instead of breaking them. With these he is sufficiently equipped. Then wandering along he keeps his eyes about him, peering into corners and hedgebackings. Every field will provide a dozen or more specimens for him, and places that, before he began collecting, seemed to have only buttercups and daisies, will teem with variety. For the study of the whole plant, it is, of course, necessary to take the root, and some collectors make a point of digging up their specimens, roots and all, but this is, as a rule, a quite unnecessary piece of vandalism. To cut a flower does no harm to a plant, but to remove the plant bodily must mean the gradual driving out of the species. In consequence of this selfishness on the part of some collectors, plants which once abounded in certain places, have now entirely ceased to grow there. In some instances where a rare plant has been found, the discoverers have kept its habitat secret lest the root diggers should cause it to become extinct. It is surely better to know that in a given spot some rare plant blooms, than to have in a herbarium a dried specimen, the pulling up of which entirely removed from the locality a rarity.

Plants are best studied while living, and it is infinitely preferable to be able to tell the habitat and name of the flowers you see than to have a large collection of dried plants with which you are only partly acquainted. The preparation of flowering plants for the herbarium is by no means a difficult task. The prime necessities are paper for drying the specimens and weights or straps for pressing them. Bibulous drying paper is the best, but it is expensive, and old newspapers are a very satisfactory substitute. The specimen must be examined, freed from dead stems and leaves, and if it has thick stems or bulbs they must be cut away to some extent, or they will make the collection bulky and unsightly and spoil neighbouring specimens. If the specimen has roots, the earth should be removed from them. The specimen must then be laid out as flat as possible, care being taken to prevent the folding of the leaves, or the falling off of flowers which would give the specimens a shabby appearance. The next process is the pressing, which is done between millboards. Place one of the boards to form a foundation, on this lay newspapers or bibulous paper with specimen upon it, then more newspapers and millboard; on this place the weights, and even pressure is necessary, and care must be taken not to crush the specimen too much. The papers should be changed pretty often and when they are about half dry the specimens should be looked over and arranged, for at this stage the plants are easier to fix than when they are quite fresh.

It is an advantage to put temporary labels on the specimens when they are being dried, as it may sometimes be weeks before leisure is found to arrange the plants finally in the herbarium.

The herbarium is an important subject. In the old days the specimens used to be pasted down in books, but this practice is almost entirely abandoned now. The usual plan adopted now is that of mounting upon single sheets of paper. Sheets which measure, when folded down the middle, 7½ by 11¼ inches are big enough. The specimen is placed on the third page. There are several ways of fixing it. The plant may be sewed, a tedious method, or gummed down to the paper, or fastened in with strips of gummed paper. After gumming there should again be slight pressure, or the specimen will not adhere properly. Specimens should not be introduced into the herbarium immediately, for damp, one of the chief enemies of a collection, may be introduced in this way. Other enemies are insects, and to prevent these pests it is desirable to poison the specimens. At Kew Gardens the plants before being placed in their cabinets are washed over with a solution of corrosive

sublimate and of a pound of carbolic acid to four gallons of water. But the smell from this mixture is unpleasant. In other great collections camphor is placed in each cabinet and renewed frequently. The specimens being duly laid out and poisoned, should be named. Besides the name, the locality whence the particular specimen was brought, followed by the date of finding and the name of the collector. At the close of his first season, the collector will, probably, have some couple of hundred specimens. They must be arranged so as to be readily available for reference; and, for this purpose, a stock of stout paper or thin card-board covers, a little larger than the mounting sheets, and of a different colour, is required. Each cover should be devoted to a genus; or, in the case of large genera, to part of one. The name of this should be written plainly in the bottom left hand corner; in the middle, on a line with it, should be given a reference to the page of the book by which the collection is arranged, and in the right hand corner the names of the species included in the cover.

These sheets and boards should be kept in some kind of a cabinet and placed in a dry place, easily accessible, where there is no danger of them being upset.

Amongst books useful to the collector may be mentioned John's "Flowers of the Field," Hooker's "Student's Flora," Bentham's "British Flora," and Sowerby's "English Botany," in 14 vols., which gives coloured figures of all British Species.

HOW TO SAY "NO."

SAY "No" quickly, if you're tempted
Ale or wine to drink;
Do not hesitate a moment,
Do not stop to think;
Second thoughts are not best here,
Let your "No" be quick and clear.

Say "No" firmly; do not stammer,
Or excuses find,
As if half afraid of owning
You the pledge have signed;
For no one ashamed need be
Of the Cause which makes men free.

Say "No" brightly; gloomy faces
And cold tones belong
To the other side, the victims
Of the drink-fiend strong;
We who've made a better choice
Should with all our heart rejoice.

Say "No" always; in the market,
Or by fireside warm;
At the feast and at the funeral,
In the heat or storm;
"No" till life itself be o'er,
And temptation tempts no more.

F. C.

"I am led to the conclusion that alcoholic drink does no good whatever for any purpose in the economy and in the ordinary affairs and necessities of life."—*Dr. B. W. Richardson.*

HEALTH CHATS.

By Walter N. Edwards, F.C.S.

THE SKIN.

ALL the tubbing and rubbing in the world can't change the colour of the skin, however much we might be disposed to think it could, if we are to judge by a well-known advertisement of a celebrated firm of soap makers. I dare say many of my young readers have wondered greatly at the differences of colour of the human race. Our own white skins are in great contrast with the black of the Negro or the Hottentot, and between these two extremes there is considerable variety—the copper skin of the Red Indian, the yellow skin of the Chinese and Mongolian, the tawny skin of the Japanese, the dark brown of the Hindoo and the Esquimaux. We must, however, always remember that this difference in colour is only skin deep, and does not imply in itself any inferiority of being. In such countries as America and Africa the black man may be found as learned, as wealthy, as good in all respects as the white man, whilst in China and India the civilisation of the races is a great deal older than that which we enjoy. At a time when our forefathers were little better than wild men, the great countries of China and India were in an advanced state of civilisation. This difference in colour, after all, is only due to there being a little more or less of pigment, and it is well for us not to allow any such difference to make us prejudiced against any race or class of people.

It will be no news to the boys, at least, to learn that we have two skins, one lying very closely indeed upon the other. Doubtless many of them have proved this by the schoolboy trick of piercing the skin with a pin, and, to their astonishment, feeling no pain and drawing no blood. The reason for this is simple. The skin, like every other organ of the body, is built up of very tiny cells; these cells are brought into existence on the innermost surface of the skin, and there they are of the largest size and a rounded appearance; gradually, by the growth of new cells, these get pushed nearer and nearer to the outer surface, and in this journey from the inside to the outside they get flattened out and made smaller by compression; on reaching the outer surface they die and are rubbed off, and so we are constantly changing our skins. We do not observe all this as it goes on, because, in the first place, the processes are comparatively slow, and in the second place the cells are microscopical, so that a dead cell brushed off from the skin is so small as to be unseen.

This outer skin is a protection to the inner skin. It contains neither nerves nor blood vessels. We may cut it without feeling either pain or making it bleed. This will be better understood when we remember that the finger nails and toe nails are only a thickened and hardened portion of the skin.

Very different indeed is the nature of the

inner skin, it is highly sensitive and is rich in blood vessels.

Before considering the inner or true skin—the *dermis*—there is another word or two to say about the outer skin—the *epidermis*. One of its peculiarities is that the more it is used the faster it grows, that is to say that if we dispensed with shoes and walked barefooted, the skin on the soles of the feet would soon become much thickened, so that after a short time we could walk barefooted quite comfortably. The skin on the sole of a cat's foot for instance is thus thickened, so that puss finds no difficulty, nor suffers any pain in clambering about barefooted; but if we could suppose pussy wearing boots for a twelvemonth, then on leaving them off she would find it as inconvenient to do without them as we should.

The same may be said of the hands. Those of persons doing hard work become rough and thickened, so that the use of tools, etc., does not give them any inconvenience. This is a wise and beneficent arrangement of Providence. Another peculiarity of the skin is its markings in lines or ridges. This can be seen with the naked eye upon the hand, and especially at the top part of the thumb. It has been demonstrated that no two persons produce exactly the same thumb mark, so that this means is adopted sometimes of identifying a person.

When a blister occurs on any part of the body it arises from an accumulation of water between the inner and the outer skins, and so long as the inner skin does not break no wound will occur.

The two great and important functions of the skin are, first, the secretion and excretion of perspiration, and second, the organ of touch. The fact that we perspire is well known, but perhaps we have not thought that whether we see it or not we are constantly perspiring, that is the skin is always giving off water vapour. When we have been running or working hard, and the beads of perspiration or sweat stand upon our hands or our foreheads, it is called sensible perspiration, but that which goes on continually night and day, without our noticing it, is called insensible perspiration.

From eighteen ounces to two pounds of water are daily cast out of the body by means of the skin, and it is this evaporation from the skin that largely maintains the body at its even temperature. When we work hard we get hot, then we perspire more freely, and so the body is cooled down. We feel *hot* simply because of the rapid escape of heat from the skin, of which the perspiration is the visible evidence. The sweat or perspiration finds its way out not by oozing through the skin, as we might at first imagine. There are proper ducts or channels called sweat ducts, and these open on the surface of the skin, the openings being called pores.

The value of keeping the skin perfectly and thoroughly clean will be seen when we remember that it is impossible to be healthy unless these pores are kept open. Some experiments were once made by a Dr. Fourcalt by covering the skins of some animals by a thin varnish. This, of course, closed all the pores, and it was found that the animals were either suffocated, or disease was at once set up. There are several millions of these pores over the whole of the body, but they are not evenly distributed; for instance, on the back of the neck they are only about 500 to the square inch, but on the palm of the hand there are as many as three thousand five hundred and twenty-eight in a square inch. A calculation has been made of the length of all the little perspiring tubes in a man's body. Taking the average length of each when straightened out (for in the skin there are spiral and coiled) to be about a quarter of an inch, and reckoning the average as 1,000 to every square inch (a very moderate average), and the number of square inches to be 2,500, it is reckoned that if they were stretched in a straight line they would reach a distance of ten miles.

Perspiration consists almost entirely of water, and it is to repair this loss that we must have water as one of our foods. From this, too, we may see that water is a natural food, and that it is absolutely essential to the body's welfare; no substitute can possibly be found for it.

The second great function of the skin is that of the sense of touch. This arises from the fact that certain nerves, called tactile nerves, have their endings in the skin. These nerves exist in other parts of the body, but they are in richest profusion in the skin. All parts of the skin are not sensitive alike. That part where the most exquisite sense of touch abounds is the outer part of the fore-finger. Then, perhaps, follows the point of the tongue, and in the following order, gradually lessening in sensitiveness, the red surface of the lips, the tip of the nose, the palm of the hand, the lower part of the forehead, the sole of the foot, and least sensitive of all the back and thighs. This sense of touch is of extreme importance, and experiments have proved that alcohol even in small doses affects it, in common with all other functions depending on the nerves. Thus, when a number of men blindfolded were given certain substances of different weights they could more accurately describe them by the sense of touch before taking a pint of beer than they could twenty minutes or half an hour after taking the beer. The inference was that the alcohol in the beer acted quickly upon the nerves, lessening their perceptive quality, and so doing what may be called insidious harm.

A clean and healthy skin generally means a healthy body, and abstinence from alcohol will certainly help us in the direction of having the sense of touch in its fullest capacity.

The appearance of the skin is something to think of, and we may remember that the red and bloated face of the drinker is due to the permanent dilation of the blood vessels of the inner skin. What has become permanent in his case occurs occasionally in all drinkers of alcoholics, and this is another reason why we should abstain from intoxicating liquors.

"We may build churches and chapels and multiply schools, but until the drunken habits of the lower orders are changed we shall never act upon them as we could wish."—*Rev. J. Vanderkiste.*

THE HERMIT OF MALEA.

By Uncle Ben.

IT is sometimes difficult to be true to our temperance principles when we are with people who have no sympathy with us, and when our abstinence makes us to appear singular. But it is better to bear our testimony, though we may be out of the fashion; better to be in the right alone than in the wrong with many. By our example and influence, and the word in season, we may in time turn the tide, so that others come to see the right. It is quite possible for us to do most good when we think all things are against us, and where temperance is most needed it is often hardest to advocate it successfully.



On board a ship, coming up the Mediterranean, were a boy and girl who were being sent home to England to receive advanced schooling. Their father held some small government post at Constantinople, and when it was settled to send Gerald and Winifred to the old country to improve their education, they waited until a captain, well-known to the family and with whom the young people were familiar, was sailing, so that under his care they should be well looked after until their friends met them in the London Docks.

The two young people were delighted with the idea of seeing England, having been away for some two or three years. The prospects of the voyage were eagerly talked about; although very sorry to leave their parents their grief was tempered by the assurance that they would see them during the later summer holidays.

It was early spring when they said a tearful good-bye and set sail from the mouth of "The Golden Horn," and steamed out of the waters of Constantinople in splendid afternoon sunshine over the still sea of Marmora. With mingled feelings the brother and sister watched the famous city with its hills, walls, towers, mosques, minarets, palaces, and cypress trees recede and fade from view. Then they made closer acquaintance with the ship and some of the passengers. The next morning, early, they were in the mouth of the Dardanelles; the beautiful straits were lovely in the first fresh flush of green. The sail over this 40 miles of magnificent lake was greatly enjoyed, the blue sky and blue water reflected a blue tint on all around. Here and there the hills are crowned with forts, but in many places the goats could be seen wandering about the sharp cliffs that skirted the water's edge.

The captain was very kind to them, but they found that they were the only abstainers on board the ship, and plenty of teasing and chaff they got at all the meals. No one took their part; even some children belonging to an officer's family had wine. The captain in blunt good humour called them his "water-babies." They felt very uncomfortable and shy at first, but soon picked up courage and bore their persecution well. On the morning of the third day they rose to find they were nearing the Greek coast and coming in sight of the Morea and Cape Malea. When breakfast was over they were eager to go on deck and look out for what the captain told them they would pass in the course of the morning, an old hermit's dwelling on a lonely crag close to the Cape of Malea.

The ship's course was right under the extreme point of land. The day was very warm, bright, and clear, and the air cool and fresh, the cloudless sky and intense light made all the objects on shore stand out most distinctly as in a wonderful photograph, the patches of verdure were most vivid, and the far off hills and vales of Sparta seemed quite near, and the little white houses that

nestled high up the inland slopes looked like fairy summer houses.

Winifred took her stand on a coil of ropes to look over the bulwarks, and Gerald, who had secured all the information that he could from the first mate, pointed out to his sister the features of interest of this historic and classic coast as they drew closer to the rocky shore. When near enough he showed her the spot on a craggy cliff where the hermit dwelt. It was a lonely desolate place to live in, it looked inaccessible from the land and too steep to be reached from sea or shore. There was a poor little hut made of rough stones and timber built up against the rock, and here and there small patches of soil were cultivated where some vegetables and vines were grown. The captain ordered the engine to whistle and make the fog signal, to let the hermit know a ship was passing, to see if he would come out, but he made no appearance; often the crew and officers had seen him, but now the vessel moved on her way and the hermit remained invisible.

As Winifred stood watching this melancholy habitation, amidst so much beauty, she said to her brother:

"Poor fellow! what a wretched life he must lead."

"Yes, it must be rather too quiet and retiring," responded her brother.

"Why does he live like that? It's dreadful to be sent to Coventry for a day, but it must be terrible to have no one to speak to year after year."

"I don't know why he chooses such a life, except it is to escape from the world. Perhaps he has done some wrong and this is a life-long penance for some secret sin. It's a fearful punishment, though he may be used to it now."

"If he's a bad man, it must be worse to be shut up with your badness all alone, and if he's a good man it's a sad waste of time and power."

"Perhaps he found it hard to be good amid much temptation, and did not like being teased or persecuted, so fled to this solitude."

"Well, I don't like being plagued about being a teetotaller by these people on board, but I would rather brave it out and have my liberty than go where there is no one to speak to. Think of the long days and nights, and of being ill, and no one to come to you."

"The captain says that some of the fishing people think him a very holy man, and bring him things in boats when the tide is in, and he lets down a rope and draws them up. But I cannot see what is the use of his being a holy man if he does nothing for any one except himself. His goodness is not worth much," replied Geraid.

"So I suppose it's better to be where people can see our example and feel our influence as teetotallers," said Winifred, and after this talk they were both more contented.

The vessel called at several places, and the voyage along the Mediterranean was much enjoyed, as the weather was calm. But when the steamer got outside the Straits of Gibraltar she came into a gale, most of the passengers were ill, and Winifred did not escape sea-sickness; Gerald kept well all the time. One day, toward the end of the voyage, as they were in the Bay of Biscay, and it still continued rather rough, the second steward got drunk and broke a lot of the crockery, and was quite abusive to one of the passengers, so the captain had him locked up in a dark hole. This event gave rise to a good deal of talk, and the captain said to the "water-babies": "Now it would do some real good if you two could get that fellow to be an abstainer, he is a good servant, and his one weakness is drink, he sees other people have it and it's a great temptation to take too much. If you could persuade him to do without it altogether it would be the best for him."

On the man's release the captain gave him a reprimand and bade him sign the pledge. Then Winifred and Gerald talked to him. They found that he was very sorry, but he did not see why he should give up drink entirely. However, after much persuasion and thinking, he resolved to try; so as there was no pledge book on board Gerald wrote out the pledge on the fly leaf of Winifred's Bible, and there, to their mutual thankfulness, the man put his name—George Robinson.

The voyage ended happily, and all arrived safely in London; the young people were met by their friends, and the captain was high in the praise of his "water-babies" and what they had done for the second steward.

THE NEW COACHMAN.

By the Rev. A. J. Bamford, B.A.

IN a very nice and comfortable home there once lived Mr. Will. He was very well off and had plenty of servants, but, as he had no wife, his house was presided over by a widowed sister, good old Mrs. Feelings. When she came to take care of her brother's house for him, she brought with her two children—young Master Biceps, now grown to be a fine lad, and Miss Medulla, a gentle, sensitive little girl, but very sensible also, and a great favourite, especially with her brother.

The family affection in this household was strong and true. Mrs. Feelings had a great deal more influence over Mr. Will than he suspected or even than she knew herself, and this was because of the strength of their affection for each other. As for the servants, they were perfectly happy and contented, and therefore tried to please in everything they did. The head servant was a quiet sort of man, a Mr. Brain, and the cook was dear, fat old Mrs. Gaster.

Close by Mr. Will's house there lived a gentleman of very thoughtful and kindly spirit and of most regular habits. His name was Reason, and he was an excellent neighbour and a discreet friend. In fact, Mr. Will seldom acted in anything without having a chat over the matter with both Mr. Reason and his sister.

Now, on an evil day, Mrs. Feelings took a great fancy to a young fellow named Alcohol,

who applied for the situation of coachman, and Mr. Will engaged him forthwith to please his sister. And in this business he did not speak with Mr. Reason, for he remembered that he had once heard Mr. Reason speak somewhat disparagingly of this young man, and, as he had decided to engage him, he did not want to hear anything calculated to dissuade him from doing so. Of course, Mr. Reason did not refer to the subject, and took no offence at not being consulted. Mr. Will had a right to take into his service anyone he thought proper. Still, Mr. Reason was sorry, for he was afraid that the new coachman would not prove a satisfactory servant. But he did not expect all the trouble that came.

However, at first Mr. Will liked the new coachman very much, and congratulated Mrs. Feelings on having hit upon so smart a whip. Alcohol drove a great deal faster than the old coachman had done, and, as the carriage rattled through the village, exciting the leisurely hens and making the children stare, Mr. Will would say, "Ah, sister, that old man of ours did not know how to drive. This young fellow does justice to his horses; he shows them in their best paces; people can see now what stuff they are made of. I like this style."

But Mr. Will soon discovered that the horses were suffering from this fast driving and were looking thin. Another thing that rather moderated his satisfaction was that, though Alcohol made something of a dash outside in the public roads, he was rather slovenly inside, and not careful to see that the stables were tidy or even clean and wholesome. And even this was not the worst trouble. Ever since young Alcohol had got into the establishment, the kindly feeling that had hitherto existed between the members of the family and among the servants seemed to be poisoned. From the very beginning the old cook said most emphatically that she did not like the young upstart, as she called him; his manners made her sick. Old Mr. Brain, strange to say, rather took to him at first. He said that he was a cheerful, bright young chap, and he liked his smart ways, and it did him good to laugh at his funny stories. But, somehow, it seemed clear to everybody that Mr. Brain was not the same as he was, did not get on so well with the under-servants, by whom he had always been much liked before. Some of them said that, since he had taken up with the young coachman, the old man was becoming positively silly and did not know what he was about. At last a nice young gardener, called Goodtemper, who was always ready to do more than his proper share of work to help any other of the servants, and to do it cheerfully, said he could not stay. Mr. Will had to get two men, Maudlin and Grumble, to fill his place, and both of them together did not do so much as Goodtemper had done.

And not only did discontent get among the servants, but friends of the family were sometimes surprised and offended by the treatment they received. Mr. Reason was on his way to call one afternoon when he met the coachman Alcohol, just before he reached the house, and was treated so rudely by him that he felt compelled to speak with his master about it. Now, Mr. Will, since the engagement of Alcohol, had often thought that he would have done more wisely if he had asked Mr. Reason's opinion of him first, but, just because he saw he had been foolish, he did not like to admit it, and was the less willing to hear a word against his coachman from Mr. Reason. Indeed, though he had himself had to rebuke his servant before this for the same fault, he now listened so impatiently, and I am sorry to say, behaved with such discourtesy to his old neighbour and friend that Mr. Reason went away and did not call again.

It was soon after this that the coachman met Biceps and Medulla as they were going out of the house into the garden, and, on Biceps asking him to do something, replied quite pertly that he could take no orders from him, as he was not his master. Biceps thereupon gave him a thrashing, not without getting a little hurt himself, while his sister was so frightened that she fainted. Of course, it was not quite right for Biceps to take the law into his own hands in this fashion, but he was young and impulsive, and so was occasionally led to do what was not wise. Having punished the servant himself, he was of too generous a disposition to say anything further about it, or to let his sister. The uncle, therefore, never knew of this, and Alcohol remained in the family still.

But one day he was driving Mrs. Feelings out, and drove so carelessly that he upset the carriage and injured one of the horses so seriously that it had to be killed. Fortunately, Mrs. Feelings was not very much hurt, though she got a terrible shaking. This accident openly broke down Mr. Will's patience, which had been strained for some time. He said he would not have Alcohol in his service for another hour, and dismissed him there and then.

When I last heard, the whole household was very glad to be rid of him, though the news was not altogether satisfactory. Old Mr. Brain was sick and it was imperative that he should be kept perfectly quiet. Mrs. Gaster was not well, though still "getting about" and trying to do her work. Mr. Will and Mrs. Feelings had made up the only difference they had ever had—it had been about the coachman—and Mr. Will had written to Mr. Reason apologising for his discourteous behaviour to him the last time they had met. But Mr. Reason had left the neighbourhood. Some said he had left on account of the sorrow he felt when his old neighbour showed himself unfriendly, but—whatever the cause of his going—he had gone, and, so far, could not be found. It is to be hoped that his whereabouts may yet be discovered, and that he will get the letter, and perhaps return to his old home, and that all the family affection and neighbourly feeling of old days may be restored.

A GOOD TESTIMONY.—"The longer I live, the more I am convinced that wine, and all fermented liquors, are pernicious to the human constitution, and that for the preservation of health and *exhilaration* of the spirits, there is no beverage comparable to simple water."—*Dr. Smollett, May*, 1765.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

OUR surest prospect in life is death.

"WHAT is syntax?" said a schoolmaster to a child of a teetotaller. "The duty on spirits," was the reply.

OLD LADY (anxiously): "Does this train stop at Glasgow?" Guard: "Well, if it don't, ma'am, you will see the biggest smash-up you ever heard of."

SCRAP BOOKS.—Every temperance worker should have a scrap book. Almost every newspaper contains something on our question worth cutting out and preserving for future use. A temperance scrap book will become a mine of wealth to speakers.

O HOW it cheers each one to know
That thousands, heart and hand,
Have join'd our ranks to crush the foe
That rages through the land.
'Tis true, the Demon Drink is strong;
But, powerful though he be,
We'll banish yet this foulest wrong,
And all from drink set free.

DURING one week the death-rate in Salford varied from 6 per 1,000 in Broughton to 25 per 1,000 in Greengate. As to the cause of the state of affairs in Greengate district, a lady health visitor says: "The great poverty is nearly all caused, directly or indirectly, through drink; and I was shocked to find, on going through parts of the district last week, that women who were sitting over wretched fires, with scarcely any clothing, whose children were literally in rags, and whose husbands were out of work, procured somehow beer twice a day. When asked how they could afford it the most evasive answers were given; but I strongly suspect the poor children's clothes were in pawn, so that their mothers might procure drink."

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

THERE are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In Tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face with scorn;
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this—God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love. Not love alone for one;
But man, as man, thy brothers call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll—
Light when thou else wert blind.

—*Schiller.*

CICERO says—"To live long it is necessary to live slowly." It will be seen from this that the telegraph messenger boy is determined to reach a ripe age.

"What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" asked a lady of her Sunday school class. There was a silence of some seconds, and then a girl broke in triumphantly with: "The baby, please ma'am."

A STRIKING CONTRAST.—In 1847, eight million pounds were voted from the National Exchequer for Ireland during the potato famine. At the same time as much grain was converted into drink as would have fed five million people all the year round.

WHAT, rob a poor man of his beer,
And give him good victuals instead!
Why really I think you are queer,
Or a little bit soft in the head;
What, rob a poor man of his rags,
And clothe him and make him a man!
Drink-sellers can never agree
To such a ridiculous plan.

THE WORD WINE.—"Wine means primarily the juice, and often, as I believe, the unfermented juice of the grape; and that the drugged beers, and stupefying porters, and fortified ports, and plaistered sherries, and abominable draughts of liquid fire that are called spirits in England, are no more the pure fruit of the vine than the mariner's compass is intended when we are told that St. Paul fetched a compass and came to Rhegium."—*Canon Farrar.*

AN EVIL HABIT CURED.—Rev. Robert Hall observed, in conversation to a friend, "You remember Mr. ——, sir." "Yes, very well." "Were you aware of his fondness for brandy and water?" "Being persuaded that the ruin of his character was inevitable, unless something was done, I resolved upon one strong effort for his rescue. So the next time he called, and, as usual, said, 'Friend Hall, I will thank you for a glass of brandy and water,' I replied. 'Call things by their proper names, and you shall have as much as you please.' 'Why, don't I employ the right name? I ask for a glass of brandy and water.' 'That is the current but not appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation, and you shall have a gallon!' From that time he ceased to take brandy and water."

A CORRECTION.

IN our February issue some statistics were given respecting the arrest of children in Liverpool. They were copied from another paper, and in the press of business the Editor regrets very much that he did not verify their accuracy—but seeing from the paragraph that they had, as it were, received an endorsement by a local speaker, they were inserted exactly as they had appeared elsewhere. The statistics were altogether wrong and misleading, and should not be used. The Editor hopes that all who saw the statistics will see this correction. Unfortunately the evils are far too great for us to have recourse to exaggeration, which in this case was quite unintentional, and for which the Editor is extremely sorry.

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR

JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

By EDWARD ARMYTAGE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

GEOFFREY ORMOND, a man of great talent who has given way to reckless dissipation, watches his younger friend, Frank Crawford, enter the "Lion," and laments that they are both on the downward path. This feeling is deepened when, at his lodgings, he talks with Little Mary, the child of John Dudley; her father is a drunkard and a gambler. Dudley goes to a gambling house. Meets Frank Crawford, who plays cards with Fruse and suspects that he is cheated. Dudley breaks the bank at *rouge-et-noir*, and is robbed and mortally wounded on his way home. Dudley found wounded in the street is identified by Fruse and Crawford. Little Mary, who has just gained from Geoffrey a pledge of reformation, is summoned to her father's death-bed. John Dudley dies, and Mary is adopted by Geoffrey. Fruse proposes to Kane (who had also been in the gambling house on the night of the murder), that they should try to gain the reward offered for the detection of the murderer. Fruse suspects Kane of the murder of Dudley. By frightening him with a pistol compels him to confess, and also to hand over Dudley's pocket-book which he had stolen.

CHAPTER XI.

WE must now turn to the fortunes of Little Mary. Seven cheerless, anxious days and nights had rolled by since Mary was stricken down by fever, and Ormond had never quitted her. He dared not trust himself to leave her, fearful that he would return but to be ushered into the presence of Death. He now sat with his elbows on the table, and with his head resting on his hands, thought of many things, but more especially he thought, and whilst thinking wondered, however he had managed to live for the last week, and how he was to provide means for the weeks to come. Suddenly he sprung up with a joyous smile.

"How could I have so completely forgotten it?" he asked himself, going to a drawer and taking out the manuscript, which the reader will remember he had just finished when visited by Fruse and Crawford, bringing the news of John Dudley's fearful state. Whilst looking over the leaves, his landlady—a kindly old soul who had allowed a great liking for Mary to spring up and flourish in her spacious bosom—came in with a steaming basin of some nourishing compound.

"Won't you let me watch the dear child a little, Mr. Ormond, while you get a bit of rest. I'm sure you'll be getting knocked up if you go on as you are doing, and then what will become of us?" she asked.

This was an enquiry not at all new to Ormond. Mrs. Goodly assured him, the very first night of his watching, that "he would knock himself up, and then what would become of us?" As yet, however, he had not accepted her kind proposal, he could not tear himself away; now he heard it with pleasure, for it would give him the opportunity of carrying the MS. to his employer—a duty which he was well aware he ought to have done long before. So he astonished the worthy Mrs. Goodly; first, by gratefully pressing her hand, and informing her that she was the best creature in the world; and secondly by coolly putting on his hat, and cutting her astounded sentence—"Lawks, Mr. Ormond, you surely arn't"—in two, by closing the door on the latter half.

Whilst Ormond approaches his destination on foot, we will take a more expeditious method, and honour the reader with an introduction to Mr. Hector E. Blough, Publisher and Bookseller, at once, and without the trouble of turning in and out of streets, and jostling innumerable people. On this particular afternoon, then, Mr. Blough sat in the cosy, well carpeted office or counting-house, at the back of his cosy but far from little shop. A bright fire blazed in the grate; and as it flickered and flashed, bright smiles seemed to come and go on the faces of several cosy looking personages of both sexes, who, in gilt frames, lined the room. Why Mr. Blough should have his family and his father's father looking down on him in his very office, was a profound secret, known only to himself and his head man, Williams, who would not have divulged it, not even to save his teeth. A comfortable writing desk, or rather secretaire, a small round table littered with books, and placed



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under a window commanding a view of three bare walls, and a few chairs, were the only other furniture of the room, save that over the mantelpiece, being, what you would have thought to be, a row of showily bound books, had your eye not caught the legend, SPECIMEN OF BINDINGS, in large capitals, affixed to the top; under this again, and on the mantelpiece itself, stood a moderately sized looking-glass and two flower vases. Mr. Blough, we say, sat in this cosy, comfortable little apartment; yet he did not seem at at all to share its characteristics; indeed, he seemed very far from comfortable, constantly shifting himself on his seat, constantly poked the unoffending fire, and every now and then glanced fiercely, enquiringly at the portraits. And what was it that could cause Mr. Blough so much uneasiness? could make him so dead to all feelings of humanity as to poke that fire so unrelentingly, to screw the legs of that chair so irreparably out of joint, and to almost annihilate those portraits with his frown? Mr. Blough was suffering from an—idea.

Though Mr. Blough's parents were very poor, yet somehow he managed to come into the world well, to be educated well, to begin the world well, and to marry well; in fact, up to the time when he comes under our notice, his life had been a great success. He had now an extensive business, an extensive circle of friends, and a tight little balance at his bankers. All his employés had a profound respect, perhaps not unmingled with a stronger feeling for him; and the cosy little office was as sacred to them as Mecca to the Moslem. Mr. Blough, himself, was a middle-aged, middle-sized man, and well favoured. His face has had a very large share in his ascent in the world. Well-shaped features, a merry sparkle in the eye, and the whole face steeped, as it were, in the milk of human kindness, this was the loadstone that irresistibly attracted the hearts of all. Nor did the man belie his looks; he was the most loving of fathers, the best of masters, and the very life and soul of any party of friends, and, with all this, the most ready to compassionate, to pity, and to relieve.

He had one grave fault—a fault which he himself detested, yet could not or did not overcome—it was a quick, hasty temper; not enduring, not vindictive, but short and sudden as a clap of thunder in a clear sky; and when the fit was past the worthy man would frequently apologise with laughable earnestness.

In the midst of a more than ordinarily fierce attack upon the fire, which roared back defiance, Mr. Blough was startled by a low tap at the door. To his "Come in" a cosy looking shopman partially opened the door, and, in deferential tone, said,

"Mr. Ormond has called at last, sir, shall I show him in, sir?"

"Yes; I'll see him, Williams."

Williams was manager of Mr. Blough's shop, and was looked up to deferentially by the shopman, for had he not the priceless privilege of speaking to Mr. Blough when he pleased; therefore, Williams was listened to with almost as much respect as was his master; and when, after showing Geoffrey in, he remarked that "he was afraid the dust would rise," those mysterious words had an equally mysterious effect upon the whole shop, for it instantly became curious as to the result.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Blough rose as Geoffrey entered, offered his hand, and hoped he was well.

Geoffrey shook hands, took the chair offered by Mr. Blough, glanced into that person's face, saw that it was not very encouraging; however, as his explanations for the delay must be made, he began at once,

"I am very sorry, indeed, Mr. Blough——"

"I dare say," remarked Mr. Blough sarcastically.

"That I should have been so unpunctual," continued Ormond, "But when you have heard my explanation——"

"Explanation, be hanged," broke in Mr. Blough fiercely, "I won't hear any explanation! What do you mean, sir, by bringing me a Christmas story in the last week of November? you'll be bringing them in January next, and expecting me to accept them for the Christmas that has gone. No, sir! I tell you I won't have it, sir! I'm not to be played with, sir."

"Mr. Blough, hear me——"

"I won't hear you, sir. What can you say that is worth hearing? eh!" and Mr. Blough made a sweep through the air with his left hand, as if to imply—nothing.

Ormond's cheek paled; he knew Mr. Blough well, but it was not in him to quietly swallow an insult, yet the sick room and its occupant flashed across his mind, and he forced composure on himself, but his lip trembled as he said,

"Then, you will not accept my piece——"

"No, sir; I would not stoop to deal——"

"Enough!" exclaimed Geoffrey, seizing his hat and hurrying out. He had not, however, made half a dozen paces down the shop, before Mr. Blough had rushed out also, seized him by the arm, and was hurrying him back, pouring out apologies most miscellaneously. When the door closed on them, once more Mr. Blough commenced,

"I am extremely sorry that I should have been so warm; but you know me, so you will not think any the worse of me, will you? Sit down, sir, and let us talk over this matter rationally."

Geoffrey then gave an account of the causes which had retarded the delivery of the MS., carefully avoiding as much as possible his own share in the transactions. The artifice was not very skilful, for the kindly publisher easily divined the part which Geoffrey had played in the drama; and as he proceeded in his narration, Mr. Blough coughed down his feelings in a manner that would have made a stranger think him very far gone in a consumption. The tears stood in his eyes as Geoffrey concluded his narrative of the sufferings of Little Mary, which his simple and earnest mode of telling invested with a higher pathos than could have been reached by the most elaborate art.

"Ormond," said Mr. Blough, "You have been a sad, wild fellow, but I always thought you were

good at the bottom. I am glad you came, sir. I am glad I have heard your explanation, and I sincerely trust you will pardon the outburst of temper to which I gave way."

"Don't mention it, Mr. Blough; I am very sorry for the delay—— "

"Stop, Ormond, I beg of you. Now, listen to me, I have got an idea—you need not stare so—publishers *have* ideas—occasionally."

As Geoffrey had no intention of disputing this assertion, he only bowed.

"And I have thought ot you in connection with it."

"Indeed; and what is it?"

"Had it been yesterday'" continued Mr. Blough, "I should have been very doubtful about entrusting this matter to you, and you know the reasons which would have influenced me; you see I am perfectly candid with you."

"I must own as frankly," said Geoffrey, "That I have given my best friend cause to distrust me——"

"But now you are going to turn over a new leaf, as the proverb says."

"I certainly wish to retrieve the past," said Geoffrey, "but it is easier to do mischief than to repair it."

"Well," said Mr. Blough, "I have known many worse than you; but, not to palter with the truth, you have done great mischief, for your intellectual gifts cause many to look up to you amongst men younger than yourself; you know you have been going to the dogs at a fearful rate, and you have taken several others with you. I have been sorry to see it, and am glad that you have at last come to a turning in the lane."

Mr. Blough here paused to take breath, then, rising from his chair, he approached Geoffrey, and, sinking his voice to a mysterious whisper, he said, "The idea I was speaking of is this—*I am going to start a Magazine.*

This communication was accompanied by an impressive poke in the ribs, with which Mr. Blough emphasised it.

I AM GOING TO START A MAGAZINE," repeated Mr. Blough in a louder tone, and with a bland smile, "And, of course, it will want an Editor."

This was quite evident to Geoffrey, and he gave a cheerful assent to the proposition.

"It will want an Editor, and I ask you do you know of any one fitter for the task than yourself?"

This was an embarrassing question, and Geoffrey, hesitated to reply.

Mr. Blough, not receiving an answer, continued, "The post is yours if you care to accept it."

So unexpected was the offer, and the prospect of constant and remunerative employment was so grateful to Geoffrey, that he could scarce believe the good fortune was real. His face showed the pleasure which the proposal gave him, and he gratefully clasped the hand of the publisher as he said,

"I am not worthy of the confidence you repose in me; but, by the aid of God, I will not give you any cause to regret it."

"I can trust you," said Mr. Blough, simply.

After a pause, Ormond said,

"But you have not told me the details of your scheme."

"Time enough for that. But, in the meantime, I will give you a cheque on account, and come to me again as soon as you can report favourably of your little lady."

Geoffrey began a little speech that he really could not think of accepting what he had not, &c., &c., when Mr. Blough silenced him by thrusting the cheque into his hand, and bidding him a cheerful "good afternoon," loud enough to be heard in the shop. It must have been heard there too, for when Geoffrey walked down it, with head erect and joyous smile, Williams nodded, and wishing him "good evening, sir," and instantly the whole shop became cheerful and smiling, and he was ushered out with all the honours of war.

(To be continued.)

I WANDER AT THE CLOSE OF DAY.

By WILLIAM HOYLE,

Author of "Hymns and Songs," etc.

I WANDER at the close of day
By quiet lanes in summer time;
I love to smell the new-mown hay,
Or hear the blackbird's notes sublime;
Each verdant spot reflection brings
And lifts my soul to higher things.

The gentle murmurs on the breeze,
The tuneful echoes from the wood,
Or whispers stealing through the trees,
Dispel each thought of solitude.
While nature seeks her wonted rest,
What solemn feelings fill my breast.

Ah me! the earth is bright and fair;
Each new-born day brings life and light,
Revealing beauties everywhere,
Till shadows fall with coming night;
And thus, along the passing years,
The ever changing scene appears.

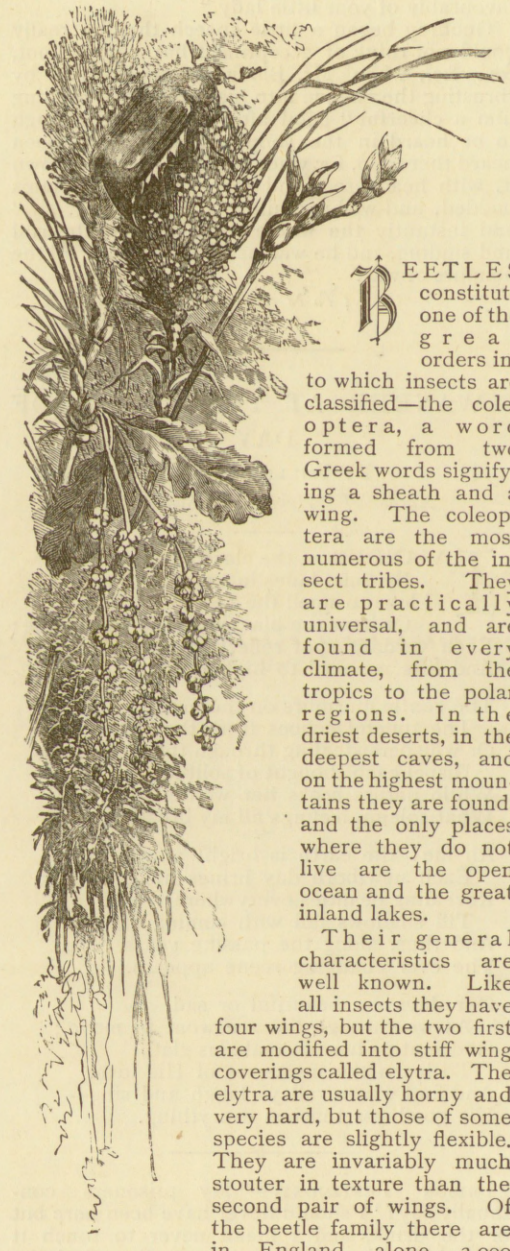
Our days are beautiful or sad,
As we through life are wont to move;
God sent us here to make us glad,
To learn the mysteries of His love,
And find where valleys laugh and sing—
His goodness reaches everything.

PRISON TESTIMONY.—"My prisoners continually say: 'I should never have been here but for the drink, and I mean never to touch it again;' but when they come out, they find the public-house at every corner, and very soon their good resolutions give way, and soon they come back under my care. I have had some of them in my hands seventy, eighty, yes, one hundred times for getting drunk; they go out again and fall under the same temptation."—*Col. Colville, Superintendent of Coldbath Field's Prison, London.*

HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

By Ernest Axon.

BEETLES.



BEETLES constitute one of the great orders into which insects are classified—the coleoptera, a word formed from two Greek words signifying a sheath and a wing. The coleoptera are the most numerous of the insect tribes. They are practically universal, and are found in every climate, from the tropics to the polar regions. In the driest deserts, in the deepest caves, and on the highest mountains they are found, and the only places where they do not live are the open ocean and the great inland lakes.

Their general characteristics are well known. Like all insects they have four wings, but the two first are modified into stiff wing coverings called elytra. The elytra are usually horny and very hard, but those of some species are slightly flexible. They are invariably much stouter in texture than the second pair of wings. Of the beetle family there are in England alone 3,000 different species, so that the beetle-collector can look forward to a long life-time over his hobby without having exhausted our native species. They are all harmless, and may be handled with impunity and preserved with ease, and their brilliant colouring makes a cabinet of them very beautiful.

The collector may begin his work even in his own house. The cellar will probably yield a few varieties, others can be obtained in the nearest grocer's shop, and others in the garden. For serious out-door collecting the necessary implements are a sweeping net, a water net, and a white umbrella, or, if this is too conspicuous an object, an umbrella with a white lining. The rings of the net should be of galvanised iron, and the nets may be made of any strong white material, too tough to be torn by brambles, and of sufficiently close texture to prevent the smaller beetles escaping. The water net is made of stronger stuff than the other one, but it should not be waterproof, for the water must run off readily. The length of the net should be about 18 inches. The sticks should be strong ones. And now as to collecting. In the early spring the few beetles that fly are on the wing, and as they are clumsy fliers they are easily caught. This is the only time when the ordinary butterfly-net is of any service to the beetle collector. In summer the methods by which they can be caught are so numerous that the collector is at a loss which to adopt. There are stones and logs to be turned over and tree stumps to be investigated. Meadow grass and low herbage invite the use of the sweeping net, and there are branches of trees to be beaten with the open upturned umbrella underneath them. The water-beetles are waiting for the net, and the dung beetle is in its unsavoury food. Sweeping the grass may be started as soon as the dew has evaporated, but the best results are obtained in the afternoon and early evening. In collecting the numerous beetles which feed on dung the collector should be provided with a pointed stick and a pair of tweezers, so that his unpleasant task may be completed in as agreeable a manner as possible. The golden time for the coleopterist is the summer, but there is still a good chance of adding many species to his collection in the autumn, especially those living on fungi. Decaying toadstools are especially rich and should be sifted, and the collector must not omit to examine the soil beneath them. In the winter there are many beetles hibernating under old leaves and the bark of trees. Digging in the ground at the base of large trees also yields good returns. The instruments necessary for winter collecting are a sieve, a chisel and a trowel.

It is not practicable to treat coleoptera in the same way as other insects, and to pin them while in the field. Small beetles may be brought home alive, in a glass bottle with a little blotting paper at the bottom, and a wide quill closed by a plug thrust through the cork so that fresh captures may be dropped in without the others escaping. The larger beetles must, however, be put in another bottle which should contain laurel leaves chopped small, by which the specimens are stupefied at once. The readiest way of killing beetles is to pour boiling water on to them. Set the specimens as soon as they are killed. The pin should be run through the right elytra, so that the point will come out between the second and third pair of legs, care being taken that the leg joint is not broken off in the process. The specimen must then be pinned on a slab of cork,

the antennæ and the legs carefully arranged and kept in position by pins, which must not, of course, be thrust through them. Many beetles are too small for the finest pin. These should be gummed either at the narrow end of a small triangular card, or at one end of an oblong card. The pin is run through the card, and the specimen can then be placed in its position in the collection. There is a certain amount of difficulty in classifying beetles and in ascertaining their species; they are so numerous, and the differerences of the species so slight. The collector must therefore obtain a knowledge of the anatomy and habits of his beetles, many of which are so characteristic that it is impossible—once he is acquainted with them—ever to forget them. The tiny bombardier beetle for instance, only about a quarter of an inch long, if alarmed discharges a slightly acid fluid, which immediately volatilises into smoke, each discharge being accompanied by a slight explosion. Few beetles, of course, have so distinctive a habit, and the collector will have to make careful comparisons of his specimens with descriptions in the various text books, of which the standard authority is Canon Fowler's "British Coleoptera," in 5 vols.

THE HOLIDAYS.

BERESFORD ADAMS.

THE holiday season is here again,
And our thoughts take wings and fly
Away to the farm, the hills, or the sea,
Or the woods where deep shadows lie.
For shall we not soon be going away,
By steamboat or railway-train,
Released from the tasks which daily enthral,
And frequently overstrain.

Oh, yes, we'll arrange for an easy time,
Having put our work away,
By the side of the mighty deep blue sea,
And two weeks at least to stay.
We'll sit on the shore when the incoming tide,
Rolls wave over wave so grand,
And list to the music it always makes,
On the bright and pebbly strand.

We'll walk in the sunshine every day,
As if we hadn't a care,
And roaming all over the shell-strewn beach,
We'll drink in the pure fresh air.
The sunbeams shall round us pleasantly play,
The zephyrs shall fan our cheeks,
And thus, by the side of the murmuring sea,
We'll spend these holiday weeks.

'Tis sad that many can never enjoy
The briefest of holidays,
Because they squander their money and time
In so many foolish ways.
O, how much happier would the world be,
Were drink to be overthrown,
So let us resolve to do all we can,
To make true Temperance known.



AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.

MY DEAR GIRLS,

WHEN I was quite little I might have been seen often sitting on the floor, with a huge folio called "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" on my lap, spelling out the stories of the wood-cuts, through which I learned how men and women, and even children, in the early days of Christianity, had to suffer and die for their principles. And, as I remembered this recently, I felt thankful that the days of the rack and the stake and the thumbscrew were over. But just as I was congratulating myself on this improved state of things, I was favoured with a visit from my young friend, Mary Miller, whose face, as she came into my study bore traces of deep disturbance.

"Are you very busy?" she said, as she took her seat by the window, "or can you give me your attention for a few minutes, for, indeed, I am in a 'fix'?"

Poor Mary's lips puckered up in an ominous manner as she said this, and as she was usually a very self-possessed young lady, or I should rather say self-restrained, I knew that something unusual had happened.

As a matter of fact, Mary had only a little while before been arrested by the thought that the drinking habits and customs of the people were dangerous to their well-being. She had signed the pledge, joined a society, and in the talks with her friends found much food for her mind, and strength for her resolution.

The day before our conversation, however, she had been at a tennis party given by some Temperance friends, and after the exertion of the game, turned, with a joyous group of companions, to the heavily laden table of dainties. Presently Mary was observed to lay down her plate with the jelly and blanc-mange untouched

upon it, and a chorus of exclamations announced the fact. Poor Mary, blushing and trembling with emotion, confessed the fact that she perceived Sherry in the jelly, and Curaçoa in the custard, and that her principles forbade her to take these "relishes" however refined or disguised.

"I felt so much about it that I said I was sure I could make just as nice jellies and custards without the alcohol, and now, you know, I feel I have made a rash promise, and I have come to you to help me."

Poor girl! the suffering of the rack could scarcely have hurt her body more than the sneering tone of her friends wounded her sensitive heart.

"But," she added, "is it not strange that this should be done in a house of professing Temperance people?"

"It is a fact," I replied, "that custom dies hard, and that a custom that implies hospitality is harder to overcome than many others. People have got so accustomed to have port wine with hare, sherry in jelly, brandy in sauce, liqueurs in custards, that they cannot fancy them without, and they forget all the time that the taste for alcohol is being laid and fostered. But the kitchen *must* be conquered, and a *natural* taste cultivated. I think your promise may be fulfilled and your *Temperance* friends converted to *true abstaining practice.*"

The result of our experiments I propose to give you now, in a recipe for *Jelly*.

Don't forget that this is one of the most delicate operations in cookery. The chief qualities of a jelly are its colour, clearness and flavour; and these depend very greatly on the materials and the filtering. Everything should be scrupulously clean. There are several very good preparations of gelatine sold now, that simply require melting and pouring into a mould to set. This rough and ready plan produces some very passable stuff, but nothing like the mixture made from the genuine *calf's foot*. Wash two calf's feet and cut each into four pieces. Put these in a stew-pan with cold water to cover them, and let them boil. This will blanch them. Take out the feet and again wash them in cold water; pour away the water they were boiled in before, rinse out the pan, and put the pieces into it again with five pints of fresh cold water. Let this boil, skim carefully and well, or it will not be clear, draw the pan back and simmer gently for five hours. When the liquid is reduced to one quart put a hair sieve over a bowl and strain the stock through it. Put it aside and let it get quite cold; indeed, make this the day before it is wanted.

Next day skim the fat off the top with an iron spoon dipped in hot water, and to quite remove all fat wring a cloth out of boiling water and draw along the surface of the jelly. Put it into the pan free from sediment and clarify as follows:—

Place the jelly in a stew-pan, thinly pare two lemons and three oranges, being careful not to take any of the white, and squeeze the juice through a strainer into the same pan with four ounces of lump sugar, four cloves, and an inch of cinnamon stick. Take two eggs, separate the whites from the yolks, whip the whites lightly, crush the egg shells, and add all to the pan. The yolks can be used for custard or sauce. Place the pan on the fire, and whisk contents till it rises in the pan. When this point is reached remove the pan, draw it to the side of the fire, and let stand for twenty minutes or more, when a crust will have formed on the surface.

Take a jelly bag and suspend it between two chairs before the fire. Place a bowl underneath the bag and pour a quart of boiling water through it, repeating it four or five times so as to make the bag hot. Squeeze all the water out of the bag and proceed to strain the jelly. Pour it very carefully from stewpan to bag, repeating the process several times. The sediment must not be disturbed, it will act as a filter and serve to clear the jelly.

Rinse a quart mould in boiling water, wipe inside with clean cloth, pour in jelly, and place mould in very cold place. When the jelly is required dip the mould into a basin of hot water, just to loosen the jelly. Shake the mould gently to free the jelly, place a dish over top, and carefully turn the jelly out.

Fruit, such as strawberries, cherries, raspberries, red and white currants, peaches and apricots, apples, pears, oranges, may be put into cleared jelly and make a pleasing variety. The soft fruits are put in as they are; hard fruits should be gently stewed a little beforehand, and large fruit, such as pineapple or pears, should be cut into even-sized pieces. In this case a little of the jelly should be put into the mould and a layer of fruit, then laid aside to harden, and this be repeated till the mould is full, or the material all used.

Cow-heel makes a good jelly, but rather coarser.

All jelly is clarified in the same way. The exact proportions to please different palates have to be studied. When made with gelatine, an ounce of gelatine to a pint of water, soaking the gelatine an hour before using it in half a pint of water, and using the second half-pint boiling, mix the gelatine till melted, if necessary stirring it over the fire in a sauce-pan. When lemons are dear a little citric acid may be used.

But I must bring this long letter to a close. Next month I hope to tell you of the drinks Mary and I concocted, as well as the custard; and if you are half as satisfied with the recital as she was with the effort it will be a great pleasure to your

AUNT MARGARET.

ALCOHOL AND HEALTH.—"In a man who enjoys average health, who eats well and sleeps well, the judgment is clearer and the mental capacity greater when he takes no alcohol than when he takes even a small quantity. And with regard to bodily work, although alcohol may enable him for a time to exert himself beyond his proper strength, the subsequent reaction requires a repetition of the stimulus, and ere long the frequent repetition of the stimulus causes the health to break down."—*Dr. Murchison.*

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.



BENEATH THE SEA.

I AM going to tell you the story of a little girl, who one day went on a pleasure trip to the bottom of the sea. Of course it all happened years and years ago, in those good old days, when fairy-people used to wander about the world, rocking in the flowers, dancing on the hills, sleeping in beautiful romantic dells, creeping into people's houses in the quiet hours of night, and doing the queerest things you ever heard of. This little girl, whose story I am about to relate to you, lived in a quaint old house, close to the great, broad, beautiful sea. Hour after hour, with her eyes fixed on the myriad waves, which chased each other, with soft babbling voices, or growing angry drove each other with loud, stormy tones, this little girl used to sit wondering, always wondering, what lay beneath those waves, deep, deep down in sea-land. She had heard of mermaids, who, rising from the bright waters, used to toss their yellow tresses upon the waves, and with sweet, wild songs lure the travellers to destruction. She had heard that those mermaids had the most splendid homes beneath the waters, coral palaces with gates of pearl. She had heard, as I have said, of these things, but she had never seen either mermaid or fairy, although her little head was full of them.

One evening, just as the waves were gathering the crimson glory of the sun to their bosoms, this little girl, sitting as usual, with her eyes on the sea, and her thoughts beneath it, heard the most exquisite song mortal ear could possibly hear.

"That must be a mermaid," thought the little girl, as the wonderful voice swelled, and trembled across the sea, clearer and clearer, nearer and nearer, until it seemed close to her, right against her little ear. "Oh, how sweet! how sweet!" she exclaimed, and still the fairy-voice sang on, and the red sun went lower and lower.

> "Come to the mansions beneath the waves,
> Oh! little maiden, come!
> And bliss you will find in the coral caves,
> When the wealthy sea's your home!"

"I knew that it was a mermaid," cried the child, as the words of the strange, wild song floated to her ears, and just at that moment there arose out of the deep waters the head and shoulders of the most lovely creature this little girl had ever beheld. Seaweeds clustered around the smooth, white brow, and twisted and twined amidst the long, fair hair. Links of the rarest pearls clasped the graceful neck, while corals, like small red stars, gleamed upon the rounded, dimpled arms. Oh, what a gloriously beautiful creature she was! The song died away, but the low voice went on:

"Come with me!" it said, "and I will show you the wonders of the deep! Where the foot of man has never trod, you shall tread. I will reveal to you the mysteries of the sea!"

She raised her sea-blue eyes to the child's face, and stretched out her long, white arms. "Come! Oh, come!" she whispered again, and the little girl bent to this strangely lovely spirit, until the arms were clasped around her, and she felt herself drawn down, down, down, through the cold, bright water, through tangled weeds that caught her as she went, past curious fish that stared at her with their glassy eyes, down, down, until she stood in the heart of sea-land, with the land of men and women far above her.

Oh, what a wonderful place it was! There were tiny spirits lying asleep in pearly shells. There were other tiny spirits floating through the waters on the backs of golden fish. There was a palace with floor of pearl and walls of coral, a great, rich palace, which the mermaid told her would be her home.

"You will be happy here," the mermaid said, "for you will forget your own world, and the people who loved you there!"

The mermaid spoke truly, for the weeks and months flew by, and the little girl was happy, never thinking of the weeping mother who sought her far and near, or the sweet young sister who was ever calling her. One night the mermaid said to her:

"There is going to be a storm in the upper world to-night; look how black the waters are, and listen to the wind!"

As the hours wore on, the sea grew blacker, and the wind blew louder, but the spirits in sea-land heeded not, the storm seemed so far above them.

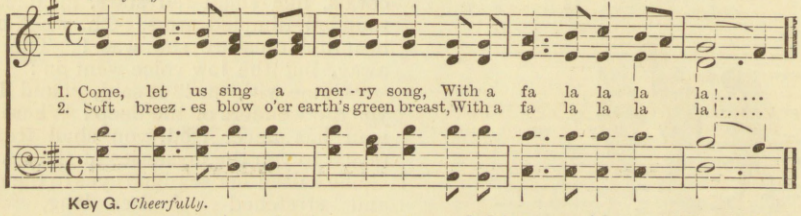
"Many ships will be wrecked up there, to-night!" said the mermaid. These words set the little girl a-thinking; she thought how her mother and sister would be listening to the wind, and praying for the poor people at sea. She thought how she used to kneel by her little white bed, in that quaint old house, and pray for them herself—and then all at once the tears came to her eyes, and she thought she would like to pray again, so kneeling down amidst the gleaming white pearls, and glowing red corals, she placed her little hands together palm to palm, lifted her tearful eyes, and—would you believe it—the waters opened, the little girl went up, and up, through the wondering fish, and the strange sea-creatures, up, and up, until she found herself lying safely on her mother's breast.

COME, LET US SING A MERRY SONG!

Cheerfully.

Words and Music by WM. HOYLE (Author of "Hymns and Songs").

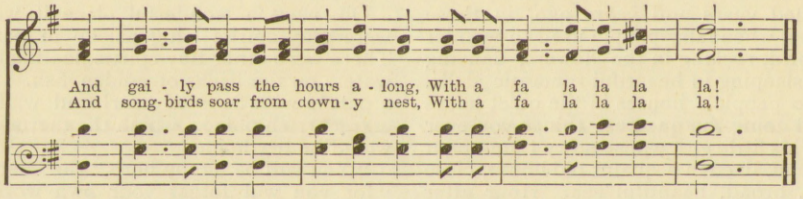
1. Come, let us sing a mer-ry song, With a fa la la la la!.....
2. Soft breez-es blow o'er earth's green breast, With a fa la la la la!.....



Key G. *Cheerfully.*

:m | m :-.m | r :d.r | m :s | m :d.d | r :-.m | f :m.r | d :— | t_1 ||
:d | d :-.d | t_1 :l_1.t_1 | d :d | d :s_1.s_1 | l_1 :-.l_1 | l_1 :l_1 | s_1 :— | —
3. Life's dai-ly toil some res-pite brings, With a fa la la la la!
4. Then let us sing while sea-sons roll, With a fa la la la la!
:s | s :-.s | s :s | s :m | s :s.s | f :-.f | f :f | m :— | r ||
:d | d :-.d | s_1 :s_1 | d :d | d :m_1.m_1 | f_1 :-.f_1 | f_1 :f_1 | s_1 :— | — ||

And gai-ly pass the hours a-long, With a fa la la la la!
And song-birds soar from down-y nest, With a fa la la la la!



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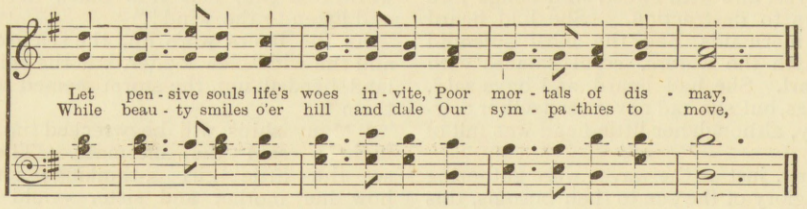
For him who laughs and gai-ly sings, With a fa la la la la!
Suc-cess to ev-'ry hon-est soul, With a fa la la la la!
:s | s :-.s | s :s | s :m | s :s.s | s :-.s | l :l | s :— | — ||
:s_1 | d :-.d | s_1 :s_1 | d :d | d :d.d | r :-.r | r :r | s_1 :— | — ||

Let pen-sive souls life's woes in-vite, Poor mor-tals of dis-may,
While beau-ty smiles o'er hill and dale Our sym-pa-thies to move,



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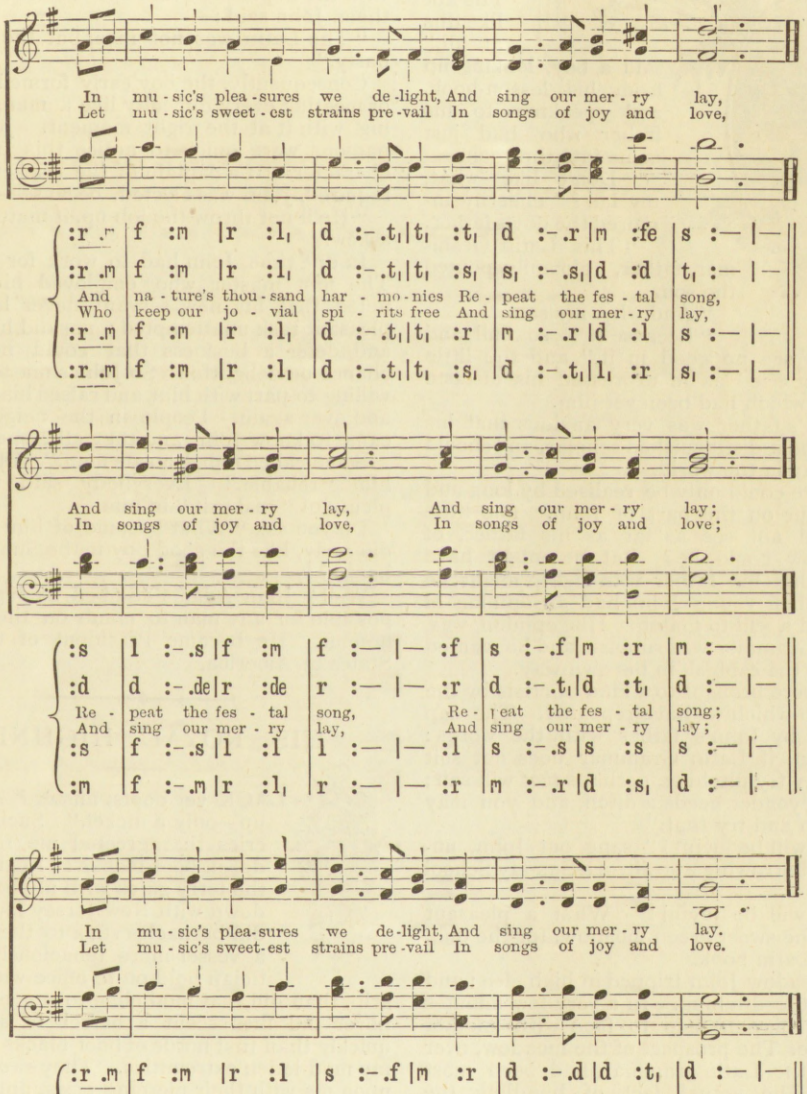
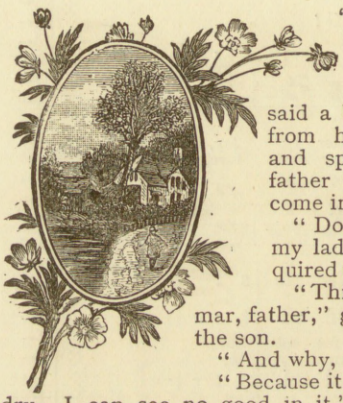
:d | d :-.d | d :t_1 | d :-.d | d :t_1 | d :-.d | t_1 :d | t_1 :— | — ||
With mea-sured course each sea-son flies, So rolls the world a-long;
Suc-cess to all good com-pa-ny, The best of friends are they
:s | s :-.f | s :s | s :-.l | s :f | m :-.m | s :s | s :— | — ||
:m | m :-.f | m :r | d :-.d | d :s_1 | l_1 :-.l_1 | s_1 :d | s_1 :— | — ||

COME, LET US SING A MERRY SONG!



JOHN ADAMS.

By J. G. Tolton.



"FATHER, I do not like this at all," said a boy, looking up from his lesson-book, and speaking to his father who had just come into the room.

"Don't like what, my lad?" cheerily inquired the boy's father.

"This Latin Grammar, father," gloomily pouted the son.

"And why, my son?"

"Because it is so dull and dry. I can see no good in it," and the little fellow almost cried as he expressed his distaste for the task which had been set him.

Now John's father was very anxious that his son should be a distinguished scholar, and should make his way in the world.

This desire could only be realised by long and dogged labour on the part of John. The little fellow could not see as far as his father, of course. How could he? But he might have had faith that his father was right, might he not? But then young John had an opinion of his own, and a will to match. His opinion was, that Latin Grammer was rubbish, and he wanted to deal with the rubbish in his own way.

Matters were brought to a kind of crisis by the conversation which we have repeated. The cap was put on by John's father with the words: "Well, John, if Latin Grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching, perhaps *that* will suit; my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and try that."

"O, that will be joyful!" sang out John, unconsciously borrowing a strain of a Sunday School hymn.

"O, that will be joyful!" What a pleasant change! The sweet green meadow, for the dull, dry, musty Latin book.

To the meadow John tripped in high glee; and started on the ditching. In a very few minutes John found himself face to face with another reality of life. The prospect of the meadow, over the top of the Latin grammar, had been most delightful. The actual fact of handling the tools, and struggling with the resisting soil, was anything but joyful.

Johnny thought that morning was the longest he had ever known in his life. He feared dinner-time would never come. The remainder of the day passed even more wearily. When night came, the boy had very much to occupy his mind. He thought of his dull Latin, and of the duller ditch.

The idea was forced upon him that possibly no occupation is bright all round, and pleasant all through.

The second day was spent with the ditch. At night time John had weighed the Latin against the ditch, and made his choice. He knit his brow, set his teeth, clenched his fist, and conquered the Latin grammar.

John never forgot that experience. Many tasks fell to him afterwards, and often came with the unpleasant side up. Instead of shirking them, John said:—

"The Latin was not nice, but the ditch was nasty."

Consequently, the boy early formed the habit of meeting every difficulty like a man, and dealing with it at the right moment. John's companions were quick to notice this trait in his character. If a captain of the cricket club was required, John was elected, because—

"He'll not throw the job up, if matters become askew."

In due time, John had to work for his living. The first master who employed him, quickly noted that his new servant never left an unpleasant task unattempted; nor did he postpone and defer a business that could not by any chance be delightful. So John's master was not willing to part with him, and raised his wages over and over again. People in the neighbourhood, came to know John, and they all respected him.

Some called him, "a safe man." Others called him "reliable." Everybody said there was plenty of "real grit" in him.

Do you ask "What became of him? Did he die early, like the good boy in the Sunday School books?"

Well! John Adams climbed as high as it is possible for any man to climb on the ladder of honour. He became President of the United States of America.

"HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS."

"BLACK yer boots, mister? Shine 'em up—only a nickel." Such were the cries that greeted me from half a dozen boot-blacks as I came through the ferry gates with my boots loaded down with New Jersey mud. Never did barnacles stick to the bottom of a vessel more tenaciously, or politician hold on to office with a tighter grip, than did that mud cling to my boots. And never did flies scent a barrel of sugar more quickly than that horde of boot-blacks discovered my mud-laden extremities. They swooped down upon me with their piercing cries, until many of my fellow-passengers gazed on my boots with looks that seemed to rebuke me for my temerity in daring to bring such a large amount of soil to add to the already over-stocked supply of the city. My very boots seemed to plead with me to let one of those boys relieve them of the load that weighed them down. But, behold my dilemma—six persistent, lusty, vociferous boys clamouring for one job, while I, as arbiter, must deal out elation to one boy, and dejection to the other five.

"Silence! Fall into line for inspection!" Behold my brigade, standing in line, and no two of

them alike in size, feature, or dress. All looked eager, and five of them looked at my boots and pointed their index fingers at the same objects. The sixth boy held up his head in a manly way and looked me in the eye. I looked him over and was affected in two ways. His clothes touched my funny bone and made me laugh before I knew it. If those pants had been made for that boy, then since that time there had been a great growth in that boy or a great shrinkage in the pants. But, if the pants were several sizes too small and fit him too little, the coat was several sizes too large and fit him too much, so that his garments gave him the appearance of being a small child from his waist down, and an old man from his waist up. The laugh that came as my sense of humour was touched, instantly ceased as I saw the flush that came to the boy's face. The other five boys wanted to get at my boots, but this one had got at my heart, and I made up my mind he should get at my boots as well, and straightway made known my decision. This at once brought forth a volley of jibes and jeers, and cutting remarks. "Oh, 'His Royal Highness' gets the job, and he will be prouder and meaner than ever, he will. Say, mister, he's too proud to live, he is. He thinks he owns the earth, he does."

The flush deepened on the boy's face, and I drove his assailants away ere I let him begin his work.

"Now, my boy, take your time, and you shall have extra pay for the job; pardon me for laughing at you; don't mind those boys, but tell me why they call you 'His Royal Highness?'"

He gazed up in my face a moment with a hungry look, and I said, "You can trust me."

"Well, sir, they thinks I'm proud and stuck-up, 'cause I won't pitch pennies and play 'craps' with 'em, and they says I'm stingy and trying to own the earth, 'cause I won't chew tobacco and drink beer, or buy the stuff for 'em. They says my father must be a king, for I wears such fashionable clothes, and puts on so many airs, but that I ran away from home 'cause I wanted to boss my father and be king myself. So they call me 'His Royal Highness.'"

There was a tremble in his voice as he paused a moment, and then he continued:

"If I ever had a father, I never seen him, and if I ever had a mother, I wish some one would tell me who she was. How can a feller be proud and stuck-up who ain't got no father, and no mother, and no name only Joe? They calls me stingy 'cause I'm saving all the money I can, but I ain't saving it for myself—I'm saving it for Jessie."

"Is Jessie your sister?" I asked.

"No, sir; I ain't got no relatives."

"Perhaps, then, she is your sweetheart," I said.

Again he looked up in my face and said very earnestly, "Did you ever know a boot-black without any name to have an angel for a sweetheart?"

His eyes were full of tears, and I made no answer, though I might have told him I had found a boot-black who had a big, warm heart even if he had no sweetheart. Very abruptly he said:

"You came over on the boat; what kind of a land is it over across the river?"

"It is very pleasant in the country," I replied.

"Is it a land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign?"

Having just come from New Jersey, where the infamous race track, and the more infamous rum traffic, legalised by law, would sink the whole State in the Atlantic Ocean, if it were not that it had a life preserver in Ocean Grove, I was hardly prepared to vouch for it being that kind of a land.

"Why do you ask that?" I said.

"Because I hear Jessie sing about it so much, and when I asked her about it, she said it's a land where there's green fields, and flowers that don't wither, and rivers of delight, and where the sun always shines, and she wants to go there so much. I hasn't told anybody about it before, but I eats as little as I can and gets along with these clothes what made you laugh at me and I am saving up my money to take Jessie to that land of pure delight just as soon as I gets enough. Does yer know where that land is?"

"I think I do, my boy, but you haven't told me yet who Jessie is?"

"Jessie's an angel, but she's sick. She lives up in a room in the tenement, and I lives in the garret near by. She ain't got no father, and her mother don't get much work, for she can't go out to work and take care of Jessie, too. She cries a good deal when Jessie don't see her, 'cause she thinks she is going to lose Jessie, but over in that land of pure delight, Jessie says nobody is sick, and everybody who goes there gets well right away, and, oh sir, I wants to take Jessie there just as soon as I can. I takes her a flower every night, and then I just sits and looks at her face, until my heart gets warmer and warmer, and do yer think I could come out of such a place and then swear, and drink, and chew tobacco, and pitch pennies, and tell lies? I tells Jessie how the boys calls me 'His Royal Highness,' and she tells me I mustn't mind it, and I mustn't get mad, but just attend to my work. And—and—and, oh sir, I wanted to tell somebody all this, for I always tries to look bright when I goes in to see Jessie, and not let her know I am fretting about anything; but I does want to take Jessie to the land where flowers always bloom and people are always well. That's so little for me to do after all the good that's come to me from knowing Jessie. But, I begs yer pardon for keeping yer so long, and I thanks yer for letting me tell yer about Jessie."

Ah, the boys named him better than they knew, for here was a prince in truth, and despite his rags "His Royal Highness" was a more befitting name than Joe.

"Where does Jessie live, my boy?"

"Oh, sir, yer isn't going to take Jessie to that land of pure delight, and spoil all my pleasure. I does want to do it myself. Yer won't be so mean as that, after listening to what I've been telling yer, will yer?"

"Not I, my boy, not I. Just let me go and see Jessie and her mother, and whatever I can do for them, I'll do through you."

A little persuasion, and then "His Royal

Highness" and I made our way to the tenement and began climbing the stairs. We had gone up five flights and were mounting the sixth, when the boy stopped suddenly and motioned for me to listen. The voice of a woman reached my ear—a voice with deep grief in every tone—saying, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." A pause—then a sob—and the voice wailing rather than singing:

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, Oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

The boy grasped my hand for a moment—gasped out "that's Jessie's mother, something's happened"—and then he bounded up the stairs and into the room. I followed him and found sure enough something had happened, for Jessie had gone to the land of pure delight, and the mother stood weeping beside her dead. On the face of Jessie lingered a smile, for she was well at last. In her hand was a pure white rosebud, the last flower Joe had carried to her the evening before.

I draw the curtain over the boy's grief. His savings bought the coffin in which Jessie was laid under the green sod Where "His Royal Highness" is, must, for the present, remain a secret between Joe and myself. His face and his feet are turned toward the land of pure delight. His heart is there already. You have his story, and it may help you to remember that some paupers wear fine linen and broadcloth, while here and there a prince is to be found clothed in rags.—*Rev. C. H. Mead in the Christian Herald.*

THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

By J. G. Whittier.

TAKE courage, Temperance workers!
You shall not suffer wreck,
When up to God the people's prayers
Are ringing from your deck;
Wait cheerily, Temperance workers,
For daylight and for land!
The breath of God is in your sail,
Your rudder in His hand.

Sail on! sail on! deep freighted
With blessings and with hopes;
The good of old, with shadow hand,
Are pulling on your ropes.
Behind you holy Martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown;
Before you, unborn ages
Send benedictions down.

Courage! your work is holy,
God's errands never fail!
Sweep on, through storm and sunshine,
The thunder and the hail!
Work on! sail on! the morning comes,
The port you yet shall win;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The ship of Temperance in.

THE MISSING SPADE.

By Uncle Ben.

"BILLIE," said Daisy, in fear and shame, "I have got a secret to tell you."

"What is it?" inquired Billie, without any great interest.

"I've found a nice spade."

"And what have you done with it?" asked the boy.

"I've hid it," said Daisy, "and that's the secret."

"Where did you find it?" asked the brother.

"I picked it up on the sand."

"What are you going to do with it?"

"Keep it. I should like to tell you where I ve hid it only you'd tell if I told you: do you want to know very badly?"

"No," said the boy.

"Then I shan't tell you."

"Then I can't tell," said Billie; and Daisy seemed much dejected, for the secret weighed on her as a great burden, although it was very fresh and young.

The children were a boatman's son and daughter, who were much out on the shore when they were not at school or asleep. They lived in the open air, and took the deepest interest in the visitors who came and went from their little seaside town during the summer season.

That night when Daisy was being put to bed by her mother she was very silent, and when she came to say her little evening prayer she seemed in trouble and was beginning to cry. Her mother asked her what was the matter.

At first she said "nothing," but after a word or two from her mother she said it was a secret, and at last, after a good deal of persuasion, she unburdened her soul, and said she had found a spade and hid it in Alf. Alcent's old boat; she confessed she had told Billie her discovery, but not of the place where she had hidden the spade. When the secret was out the child was much relieved. Her mother did not ask many questions and Daisy was soon asleep.

A little later the mother made some inquiries of Billie and learnt from the boy that he knew nothing more of the incident than that his sister had found a spade and hidden it somewhere, but he had no idea to whom it belonged.

As the next morning was Saturday, there was no school, so after breakfast the mother bade Billie and Daisy go to the shore and get the spade, and Daisy was to take it back to the exact spot where she found it, and then the children were to see if any one came to claim the spade. Billie was to explain how it was found, and if no one seemed to own it, and the two children could hear of no child that had lost a spade, they were to bring it home to their mother, and she would decide what should be done with it.

Daisy was a little cast down at this plan, but the secret had been such a terrible burden that she did not mind now the load was shared. The two children took their way to the shore, and somewhat reluctantly Daisy revealed to Billie the place where she had secreted the spade in an old disused boat of Alf. Alcent's, under some sand



and sea weed, so that it was completely buried.

When the unclaimed property was unearthed or disinterred, Billie flattered her pride by telling Daisy that she had stowed the spade away very artfully, but her tender conscience was very hard hit when he said sea robbers and pirates often hid their stolen property. Having found the article, Daisy took Billie and showed him "the very exact spot" where she found the spade, only the tide had come up and made the sand smooth, but she knew the place by the lie of the boats and the direction of a large boulder stone half sunk in the sand.

Having deposited the spade, the two children waited about and played near. The visitors came down to the shore, and many children passed, some looked at the spade, but for some time no one took much notice, until a lady and three girls came, then Daisy showed much interest and said to Billie,

"I think it belongs to them."

"Why?" said Billie.

"Because I saw them about before I found it."

The lady sat under the shade of a boat and the three girls played near her. Presently, one of them catching sight of the spade ran to it and then shouted,

"Maud! here's your spade, I do declare, the sea must have washed it up again; see, it's yours, because of the two nicks in it."

The other two girls ran to view the wonder of the re-discovered spade. Billie and Daisy watched and held a short consultation as to what they ought to do, and Billie said he knew their mother would like them to go and tell the truth, and Daisy complied, although she felt rather ashamed. Then they walked boldly up and told just how all had happened. The three girls explained how they had been playing about there, with the governess reading by the boat, and suddenly their father and mother had come down to the beach and they had ran off to meet them, but Maud had forgotten her spade, and when she remembered it and returned, it was gone. They imagined that as the tide was coming in it had been swept away, and concluded they would see it no more, although they sought for it diligently.

The story was re-told to the governess, who was so pleased with Billie's graphic account of the secret, and the obedience and honesty of the children in bringing it back, besides Daisy was evidently so sorry for the adventure and so pleased that the owner had been found, that the lady rewarded them each with a penny.

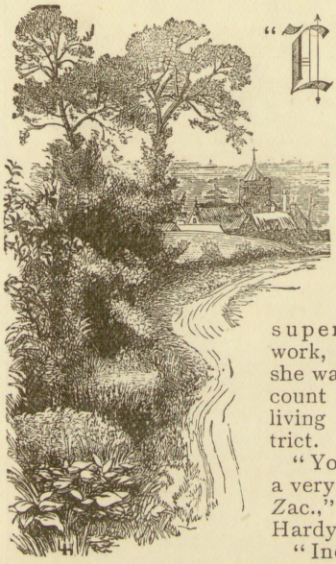
The delighted youngsters hastened home to tell the joyful tidings of their wealth and to remember the lesson that lost property does not belong to the finders until no owner can be discovered.

'ZAC.,' THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

By ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL.

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," "Martha's Delusion," &c., &c.

FOUNDED ON FACT.



"LOOK here, ma'am, if I'd a fortune left me to-morrow, I'd give half to Zac. the sweep, as lives in our street, that's what I'd do," said Mrs. Richards, the district visitor, to the lady who superintended her work, and to whom she was giving an account of the people living in the district.

"You seem to have a very high opinion of Zac.," replied Mrs. Hardy, smiling.

"Indeed I have, and there's no one as lives anywhere near as hasn't of 'Zacariah Heap, chimney-sweeper and flue cleaner in general,' I assure you. He's a proper Christian is Zac., one of the right sort."

"It is very nice to hear you say this. Will you tell me some more about him?"

"Willingly, for I should like you to know that we have such a man living in our neighbourhood," and straightway Mrs. Richards began the history of Zac., at least as much as she knew about him, and the substance of it was as follows:—

Zacariah Heap was a very odd-looking man, small of stature, with a mouth drawn a good deal to one side, and a knowing look in the eye on the side where the mouth was down. Some people thought he was blind, as the other eye had been injured in some way, consequently the lid drooped, but those who knew him best said he saw more with his crooked eyes than most folks saw with two straight ones. The general black condition of his face added to his somewhat strange appearance, and strangers scarcely ever passed him without thinking "what an oddity." Zac. was a bachelor. If any member of the fair sex had ever been attracted to him, or whether he had been drawn to them, remained a secret, for Zac. was never heard to say a word with reference to women, except "they was kindly sort o' creatures if only folks knew how to manage 'em, but most o' folks didn't." In spite of his physical defects and his comparatively lonely life Zac. was one of the happiest of men. He could be heard whistling and singing in the early hours of the morning as he trudged off to smoky chimneys, flues that would not draw, and tiresome ovens, just as though his work was the most congenial to be found anywhere, and no one ever heard him grumble. The secret of all this lay in the fact that Zac. was an earnest, true, bright Christian. "There was so much to make 'em happy (by them he meant those who loved the Saviour). The hard part was not to be always singing; as to grumbling, why there really wasn't time to do it in, all the spare time was took up in praising, and then he couldn't get all in he wanted to."

Happy! happy Zac.! Would that many would learn from him, humble sweep though he was, living in one of the worst parts of a dirty, dingy city. Zac. was always ready to do a neighbour a good turn, but, as often happens in such cases, good nature gets imposed upon, and Zac. was no exception. A man who appeared to be very ill and in a destitute condition, came to lodge in the street in which the sweep lived. Zac., with his usual spirit of unselfish kindness, offered frequently to share his frugal tea with him, and the offer was gladly accepted, and as the man "seemed so grateful and talked so pious," poor Zac. grew to make a confidant of him, and looked forward to his "coming in of a evening, t'was quite cheery like." He also accompanied him to the Mission Hall, and once or twice prayed at the prayer meeting. One day, however, returning from sweeping some chimneys, three or four miles out—for Zac. had a good connection—he found his door unlocked, and on entering his room, he found the cupboard wide open where he kept his little savings; with a sinking heart he opened the tiny drawer, and found it *empty*. For a moment or two he stood gazing into it like one stunned, then said: "Well! I reckon it's him, poor chap! he must a been sore put to; but oh! I did want to give that two pounds awful bad for them poor critters as knows nothing o' th' love o' Jesus, it's such a wonderful thing and makes one's life so different; any way *I* ain't had it, and the Lord'll just know, and take it as give to Him." Then after a pause, "No, I won't prosecute him, 'vengeance is mine and I will repay saith the Lord,' so I'll just leave it with Him to settle."

The neighbours were all very sympathetic with Zac. in his loss, but a day or two after it occurred he was heard singing as usual, and when someone said they wondered how he could be so cheerful after such a trouble, he replied, "Where's the good o' havin' a religion if it ain't no use at times like these? But there's the beauty on it, it's of real use, an' so I can sing just th' same; not but what I don't feel kind o' sad when I looks at that drawer, I do, but, thank God, I can rise above that there drawer up to Him."

A young man in the neighbourhood named Jim Brown was very ill, and his mother-in-law, a hard-working woman, was sitting up at nights with him. When Zac. heard of this he washed himself on his return from work and went to the sick man's house, saying he "was going to do the sitting up of a night for a week at any rate." Mrs. Williams remonstrated, saying that as Zac. had to be up so early in the morning he needed all the rest he could get.

"Never you mind about me," replied Zac., "I can sleep in the day-time, you have your washing and charing to do, folks won't have you at

nights; now I'll just manage right well if you'll let me, I'm a first-rate nurse."

So it was settled, and for four whole weeks Zac. sat up with Jim, and many a weary night he soothed by singing hymns in a low tone and repeating passages of Scripture, and when Jim no longer needed any sitting up with and was convalescent, he said to his wife, with a sort of huskiness in his voice:

"That little sweep's made a different man o' me, Lizzie; if religion makes a man act that way, then I'll have it, and so must you, wife." And Jim and his wife, too, both became followers of the Saviour "all along of that sweep."

Zac. had an enemy, strange as it may seem such an inoffensive good little man should have one, but he had; a man whom Zac. had found cheating a poor widow by giving her short weight, and his righteous indignation could not be withheld when he knew of this, and he gave the offender a piece of his mind. Ever since this happened the man, who sold green-groceries, had determined to be revenged on Zac.

For some time Zac. had wondered where all the dirty refuse that was thrown into his back yard came from, day after day he patiently removed it, saying nothing, but being up late one night he saw his enemy come with a large basket of refuse of all sorts and turn it out into his yard.

"I'll heap coals of fire on his head," thought Zac.; so the next day he went to the greengrocer and said:

"Friend, I know you owe me a grudge, but don't you think as you'd better let it drop, and if you like, I'll give you a hand with your rubbish of a night, and I think we can find a better place than the one as you put it in now, eh?"

The man looked very shame-faced, and did not reply.

"Well, neighbour, is it to be peace or war?" continued Zac., holding out his hand, "peace I says."

"*You are* a rum un, Zac., you are; most men ud given me what I deserve for the dirty way I've served you, but I'll be hanged if I ever give short weight again, or do any more o' them sort o' tricks either," replied the man.

When it was known that the little sweep had made friends with the greengrocer, people around were not at all surprised.

"It's just like Zac., he's a proper sort is Zac., pity but what them as professes so much was a bit more like him," was the general comment.

It is needless to say that Zac. was an earnest teetotaler, a pledge book was kept at his house, and oftener than not he carried one in his pocket.

"I like to be always ready, just supposin' any one feels so disposed like," he would remark.

Many other kindly deeds might be recorded of Zacariah Heap, chimney-sweeper and flue-cleaner in general, but enough has been said to let the reader see the sort of man he is.

"Now ma'am," concluded Mrs. Richards, "after hearing all this you don't wonder, do you, that I'd give half my fortune to Zac., if any one left me one?"

"Indeed I don't, I have been most interested, and I hope I have learnt something besides being interested; the little sweep sets us all an example of what *real* Christianity is. I can only say may we all humbly follow him as he so faithfully follows his Master."

THE RICHES OF THE POOR.

By T. F. Weaving.

FROM that quaint land beneath whose skies
The fragrant plant is grown
Which forms the beverage of the wise
Where'er its worth is known—

From China, home of "fine Pekoe,"
"Rich Moning" and "Souchong,"
Whence come these blessings comes also,
The theme of this my song.

'Tis said, that once upon a time,
In that "Celestial" land,
A great man walked with mien sublime,
Bedecked with jewels grand.

There met him out upon the way,
An old man, poor, but wise,
Who gazed upon his fine array
With pleased and wondering eyes.

Full long he gazed, and oft he bowed
His head, and spake his thanks;
The Mandarin proud, in accents loud,
Enquired "What mean these pranks?"

"Thanks, many thanks, good sir!" he cried,
"For these bright gems I see;
Your costly ornaments provide
A pleasant sight for me.

"To keep secure these jewels rare,
You trusty guards employ,
To you belongs the anxious care—
To me, the unbought joy."

Yes, Mr. Ching-Ching, you were right!
But let's pursue the train
Of thought your words suggest. They might
Then make a deep truth plain.

God's noblest gifts are showered on all,
Earth's purest joys are free;
The sun that shines on hut and hall,
Is common property.

All beauteous things in nature's realm,
Each glade and forest green,
The noble oak, the stately elm,
Wild waves and skies serene—

The laughter of the mountain rills,
The cataract's gleam and roar,
The glory of the ancient hills,
Old ocean's glistening shore—

The flower's perfume, the bird's sweet song,
The lambkin's playful mirth,—
All these unto the poor belong,
"The meek possess the earth."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

A FIRM faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; a clear conscience is the best law; honesty is the best policy; and temperance the best physic.

THE following advertisement recently appeared in one of the evening papers:—"For sale, a bull-terrier dog, two years old. Will eat anything; very fond of children. Apply at this office."

PROFESSOR: The patient's left leg is shorter than the right; he consequently limps. Now what would you do in a case of this kind?

Student: Well, I reckon I should limp, too!

DR. Guthrie used to say: "Alcohol is very good for preserving a dead man, and for killing a living one;" or, as the Dean of Norwich used to say—"Every man can do without his glass but the glazier."

"SAY, Mary, where does this unscrew?" asked the bad little brother, nearly twisting his sister's arm off.

"What do you mean, you horrid boy? Don't, you hurt me."

"Why, papa and mamma were talking about how badly you behaved at the party last night, when papa said you had a screw loose somewhere, and mamma said she would take you apart and talk to you."

LOVE IN RAGS.

A BABY carriage stood in front of a small shop. In it slept a pretty, dimpled baby. A drowsy puppy lay on the pillow, its black nose close to the baby's cheek.

By the carriage stood a ragged little waif, dirty, with scarcely clothes enough to cover her. She stroked in turn the baby and the puppy.

A lady, passing by, noticed the strange picture,—the beautiful baby, the little dog, the ragged child. The baby's mother was in the shop.

"Are you caring for these?" said the lady to the waif.

A wonderful smile lit up the dirty little face. "No, please, ma'am, I'm only loving them."

A TEMPERANCE FABLE.

THE rats once assembled in a large cellar to try and devise some methods of safely getting the bait from the steel trap which lay near. They had seen numbers of their friends and relatives snatched from them by its merciless jaws, and they debated the question with much spirit and interest. After many long speeches and the proposal of many elaborate but fruitless plans, a clever young rat said—"It is my opinion that if with one paw we can keep down the spring, we can safely take the food from the trap with the other."

All the rats very loudly applauded this. Then they were startled by a faint voice, and a poor rat with only three legs, limping into the middle, said—"My friends, I have tried the method you propose, and you see the result. Now let me suggest a plan to escape the trap. Leave it alone!"

ETHEL KNOX: George asked me your age last night.

Miss Sears: Well?

Ethel Knox: I didn't know, except that you were twenty-two on your thirtieth birthday.

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

BILL THOMPSON'S dog got his head stuck in a pitcher. Bill cut off the dog's head to save the pitcher, then broke the pitcher to get the head out. This fairly illustrates the wisdom of the man who goes without insurance to save money and then dies before he earns the money he expected to save.

"OH, let me lie idle for awhile!" said the field, as the farmer appeared with a load of seed-corn. "I brought you a good crop last season; now give me a little rest." "Never fear," said the farmer, "I know what's better for you than you know yourself. I know what ground lying idle means very well; it means a fine crop of thistles."

"THESE are the figures taken from one large liquor shop in London on a Saturday afternoon. There entered the place 4,250 men, 2,442 women, and 1,129 children, and 369 babies. I say it is a hopeless task to make London the bright city we are aiming at unless we can do something to get rid of this canker, which is eating at its very vitals.—*Morning Leader.*"

HOW TO WIN.—"Water and good nitrogenous food are the producing elements of all true and healthy nutritious supply to the muscular organs, and alcohol is not only a non-producer, but a direct antagonist to the production of good healthy and well-elaborated plasm. It is on these accounts that, in all competitions and trials of strength between these two classes of men (*i.e.* abstainers and drinkers), victory, as a natural consequence, with fair play, must be on the side of the former."—*John Goodman, M.D., "Medical Temperance Journal."*

WORK AND DRINK.

"I DRINK to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied: "That's right; thee drink, and it will make thee work! Hearken to me a moment, and I will tell thee something that may do thee good: I was once a prosperous farmer; I had a good, loving wife, and two fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I laid in drunkards' graves; my wife died broken-hearted, and she now lies by her two sons. I am now seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and, mark, it makes me work now. At seventy-two years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drink, drink, and it will make thee work!"

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER; OR JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

By EDWARD ARMYTAGE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

GEOFFREY ORMOND, a man of great talent who has given way to reckless dissipation, watches his younger friend, Frank Crawford, enter the "Lion," and laments that they are both on the downward path. This feeling is deepened when, at his lodgings, he talks with Little Mary, the child of John Dudley; her father is a drunkard and a gambler. Dudley goes to a gambling house. Meets Frank Crawford, who plays cards with Fruse and suspects that he is cheated. Dudley breaks the bank at *rouge-et-noir*, and is robbed and mortally wounded on his way home. Dudley found wounded in the street is identified by Fruse and Crawford. Little Mary, who has just gained from Geoffrey a pledge of reformation, is summoned to her father's death-bed. John Dudley dies, and Mary is adopted by Geoffrey. Fruse proposes to Kane (who had also been in the gambling house on the night of the murder), that they should try to gain the reward offered for the detection of the murderer. Fruse suspects Kane of the murder of Dudley. By frightening him with a pistol compels him to confess, and also to hand over Dudley's pocket-book which he had stolen. Description of Mr. Blough, publisher, who is about to start a new magazine. Geoffrey, who has turned over a new leaf, is appointed editor.

CHAPTER XIII.

ORMOND walked cheerfully along; he had not felt so happy for many long years. He had drained the cup of "pleasure" to the dregs, and found it nothing but bitterness and vexation. The voice of conscience had called to him to alter the course of his daily life; to employ his talents and influence in the cause of goodness and virtue. He had been a slave to his own passions, it was true; but the clanking of the chain had ever sounded in his ears, and filled him with the consciousness of his degradation. Now he had begun to break his fetters, and already a path of honour and usefulness was opening before him. The last few days had been a period of great anxiety for Ormond. His finances had become reduced to the lowest state; he saw the direst poverty staring him in the face; and knew, moreover, that the life of Little Mary depended, to a great extent, upon her having luxuries which then seemed unattainable.

Now, with Mr. Blough's cheque in his pocket, he felt inexpressibly happy, and inexpressibly thankful for the providential relief which had so changed his evil fortune. As he was walking joyfully along, keenly observant, nevertheless, of the motley throng which surged along the city streets, he suddenly perceived the form of Frank Crawford on the other side of the way. Geoffrey was struck with the altered looks of the young man, and gazed at him pityingly. The frank, open face was clouded with care; he seemed to be oppressed with some secret grief, and his gait was listless and dejected. Ormond joined him; they greeted each other heartily, and Geoffrey at once plunged into conversation, hoping to drive away the careworn look which was so painful to see in the face of one so young and inexperienced. He soon found that Crawford was too much occupied with his own thoughts to bear his proper share of the conversation; he saw also that his gloom became deeper and deeper, and from his hesitating manner he concluded that there was some trouble which he wished to communicate, but was ashamed or afraid to do so. So, stopping suddenly, he took Crawford by the arm, and, turning him round, gazed earnestly in his face and said—

"Don't try to deceive me, Crawford, there is something wrong; and, if I can be of any service to you, you know how willingly I will do anything that lies in my power."

Crawford's eyes sank under Geoffrey's gaze; his face flushed, and he stammered—

"Yes, yes, there is," and then continued hurriedly, "but I cannot tell you here; there is my house on the other side, come in, and I will tell you then."

Crawford led the way into a comfortable little parlour, plainly yet tastefully furnished—a combination which is unfailingly indicative of the presence of a refined housewife. And, although none was present when the two friends entered, yet one soon made her appearance, in the person of Miss Jeannie Crawford, who came into the parlour all smiles and curls, unaware that anyone was there but her brother, and was instantly transformed into blushes and confusion when she



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perceived his companion. Why did she blush? It mystified Crawford very much; but perhaps it will not mystify the reader when we inform him or her that this was not the first time that Geoffrey and Jeannie had seen each other.

"Jeannie," said Crawford, kissing her, "Mr. Ormond will stay and have a cup of tea with us; so run away, dear, and get it ready as soon as possible."

Ormond thought of Mary, and of the length of time that he had already been absent from her, and he was commencing—

"No, no, Crawford; I——" when a look which Miss Jeannie cast at him, as she floated out of the room, struck him dumb, and he remained so, with his eyes fixed on the door, till roused by Crawford's enquiring whether he had discovered any curious freak of joinery in it. Ormond flushed consciously, but he instantly recovered himself, and recovered also the memory of the cause that brought him there, which he had entirely forgotten for the moment.

"Well, Crawford," said he, kindly, "tell me your troubles now, and you may rely upon my hearty assistance, if assistance is required at all; and if it is a case in which assistance would be unavailing, I can sympathise, and perhaps soothe."

"It is not so distressing a circumstance as you seem to fear, Ormond; yet it is one of which I am ashamed to speak, and still I must tell it to some one, for, of myself, I don't know what to do."

"You need not be ashamed to speak to me, Crawford; I know the many temptations to which young men are liable, and I, too, have often wished for some sympathetic heart to which I could unfold my tales of folly and woe, with the consciousness that there I should find pity and tender reproof."

Ormond himself, feeling a little depressed by this sort of argument, added cheerfully—

"Besides, 'two heads are better than one,' you know."

"Well," said Crawford, "my folly is simply this. On the night of John Dudley's assassination, you are aware that I was at Glair's, in company with Fruse; but you are not aware that I was playing cards with him for some time, and that I lost heavily to him. I have paid him a portion, but still owe £30. It is my firm conviction that he cheated me, but I cannot prove that he did so; therefore I have no option but to pay. He has not pressed his claim particularly until yesterday, when, happening to meet him in the street, he requested payment, and when I told him that I had not got the money he raved, and stormed, and swore that he would inform my employers that I was a gambler and a thief, for he said I wanted to cheat him of what he had fairly won. His threat of informing my employers frightened me, and I tried to pacify him by saying he should have the money in a very short time. He then said he would call upon me to-day, and if it was not forthcoming he should most certainly carry his threat into execution. He then left me, and my mind since last night has been in a state of unutterable turmoil; and, for the preservation of character and position, many suggestions, that could have no other author than the fiend himself, darted through my brain. This afternoon, as I sat in the office alone, a horrible temptation came upon me, a temptation which I dare not express in words, even to you, but I set my face resolutely against it. If Fruse keeps his word, I shall be cast adrift from my situation, and who will care to employ a drunkard and a gambler?"

He buried his face in his hands, and sat the picture of despair. Ormond placed his hand gently on his friend's shoulder, and said—

"My dear friend, you have escaped a great temptation; how near to destruction you have been you can best tell. I rejoice exceedingly that you *had* strength to resist. Many a promising young life has come to bitter ending on that fatal rock."

Crawford still appeared absorbed in grief and shame, and Ormond continued—

"Fruse is a thorough scoundrel, and I am very sorry you have fallen into his unholy clutches. However, we must make the best we can of matters as they stand; he has no claim upon you, legal or moral, in my opinion, and yet you must settle with him."

"But where and how am I to procure the money, Ormond? I have exerted every nerve to pay him what I have already paid."

"I will lend it you," calmly replied Ormond.

"You?" said Crawford, for the moment thinking that Ormond was jesting with him, so strange and so unexpected was the offer of assistance, from one whom he thought was as deep in the mire as himself; then, seeing that Geoffrey was perfectly grave, he offered him his thanks in a way that was embarrassing.

CHAPTER XIV.

"My own example has been an evil one," said Ormond, "and it is not for me to reproach you; but believe me, Crawford, you have been setting out on a road which I have travelled long. There is nothing on earth I repent so much as the golden years I have wasted in folly and vice. I am awakening now to a sense of my mistake—my crime; and I hope that you also will start life afresh. Our pleasures have so far turned to bitterness. There is nothing truer than what the Old Book says, 'In the end it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder.'"

Crawford was in the midst of an earnest promise of reform when his speech was cut short by the opening of the door, and Jeannie's announcement of tea.

The tea was quite a success, for Crawford's spirits rose as he became more conscious of the removal of his trouble; and Geoffrey was happy in the contemplation of the pretty little figure that presided so demurely at the head of the table, and all went merry as a marriage bell, with

"Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

until an unlucky question escaped the rosy lips of the little figure, who asked, with a pretty pout, why Mr. Ormond was so anxious to leave them?

This, of course, reminded Ormond of Little Mary, and he reproached himself for being absent so long. He told them of her illness, her goodness, her beauty.

Jeannie was full of sympathy for the poor

bereaved girl, and Geoffrey discovered a new charm in her countenance as she listened to his narrative with eager attention, and with a flush of pity on her fair face. When Geoffrey had concluded his simple tale, she said she must see the little darling; and it was immediately agreed upon that Jeannie and her brother should accompany Geoffrey back to Sackavon Square. This arrangement was at once put in effect.

Arrived there, the first person whom they saw was the worthy landlady, who stole out of the sick room silently and requested them to tread softly, for Mary had fallen into a gentle slumber, and had been so ever since Geoffrey's departure.

Ormond could scarcely suppress a cry of joy, for he knew that the turning point had come. They entered the room silently, and gazed upon the thin and wasted face of the child-woman, which lay so calmly on the pillow. The tears came into the eyes of gentle Jeannie Crawford as she saw the traces of grief and sorrow upon the angelic face of the sleeping girl.

Then Ormond took them to his own room—not without shame at its barren look; and they sat and talked of all things under the sun. He introduced them to some of his books, still piled on the table, as we noticed them on the first night when he was introduced to the readers of this veracious history. He introduced them to his books because, like all true students, he felt as though his books were living friends.

Crawford joined in the feeling heartily; and Geoffrey thought, as he saw Miss Jeannie shaking her curls, and looking very puzzled over a tall folio of Plato, that she would be a charming librarian.

Plato, in the grand Greek type, was too much for Miss Jeannie; but when she had picked out a copy of Dante she was more at home. Italian she knew, and read them some lines in the musical language of the great poet.

So the time passed along pleasantly enough, until the worthy landlady opened the door, and said, "A gentleman of the name of Fruse wants to see Mr. Crawford."

Crawford started to his feet, but before he could leave the room Mr. Fruse, who had followed the landlady, entered with the pleasantest smile upon his face that he could conjure up, and with the blue eyes keenly surveying everything within their observation.

The coming of Fruse put an end to the pleasant party. A feeling of constraint pervaded the company. Geoffrey's dislike for the character of the new comer was only restrained by his knowledge of the obligations of his position as host. Crawford was uneasy lest Fruse should recommence the unpleasant conversation of the previous morning in the presence of his sister; and Miss Jeannie, slyly glancing from between her drooping curls, was not very favourably impressed with the *blasé* and yet boyish expression of Mr. Fruse's countenance. That gentleman, conscious that his sudden appearance was somewhat inopportune, exerted all his conversational powers in an endeavour to restore briskness and ease to the amicable war of words. Jeannie and Mr. Fruse had never before seen each other, and after the truly British ceremony of introducing them to each other had been performed, the talk became more animated.

After a while, in one of the pauses, Mr. Fruse exclaimed—

"By the way, Mr. Ormond, I forgot to ask you after John Dudley's daughter. Has Dudley left any provision for her?"

"None whatever," said Geoffrey.

"And has he no relations to whom she ought properly to be consigned?"

"She is quite alone in the world, I believe," said Geoffrey; "she has no relation whatever, so far as I know."

"What a strange idea for a young girl like her to be left alone in the midst of a great city. It is as pitiful as the lovely lady, wandering all forlorn throughout the forest dark, we used to read of in our boyhood. Life is the true romance, after all."

Ormond did not see to what end these questions tended; but Fruse, in asking them, did so with an air of kindly interest, which made Ormond think for the moment that perchance his judgment had been somewhat too harsh, and he entered into details concerning Little Mary's illness, but avoiding all mention of her future prospects.

"I wonder," said Fruse, "from what part of the world John Dudley came. Don't you think he must have family connections somewhere?"

"It is probable he may have distant relatives somewhere; but we have no clue whatever to their whereabouts—if, indeed, they are in existence at all. Dudley's career latterly, you know, was not one to conciliate either relatives or friends."

"Well," responded Fruse, "that is true; but we are none of us so perfect that we can afford to condemn his mode of living. Those who live in glass houses, you know, hardly find it wise to throw stones."

Geoffrey felt that the implied reproach was well merited, and he said—

"You are right, and I have as little right as anyone to reflect harshly on a life like that of our dead friend. Dudley's was a wild life, and had a fearful ending; and yet, you see, he had many good qualities, and many a kindly act have I had at his hand."

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE SUN AND THE FLOWER.

THE sun shed down the gold of his heart through the mists of cloud and space, until the warmth and beauty of that gold, filled the air, kissed the land and water, and penetrated the bosom of the earth, drawing the sweet bud-flower up through the hard soil, until the tiny leaves unfolded, and the fragrant heart expanded to the glorious light. The sun loved the flower and kissed it, with warm tender kisses, and while its youth was upon it, the flower

loved the sun, and bent towards it with the reverence of an innocent heart.

Oh, how beautiful! How exceedingly beautiful was the flower! Its leaves were fair and spotless, for not a speck of earth had touched them. Every morning, when the birds sang in the bushes, and the river, like a great silver spirit, went dancing and laughing along, the flower would raise its pure tips to the sky, and the sun would kiss it.

"I have given you life," said the sun, "give me love!" and the flower answered by opening her heart wider to the beauty of his light.

A careless hand, one day, bore the flower away to the shades of the city. There the air was thick and heavy with smoke, but the flower kept pure, for though there fell no dew, she saw such sorrow around her, that the tears of compassion fell over her pretty face and kept her clean. And while she was pure, it mattered not how dark was her dwelling-place, the sun found her and surrounded her with his warmth and light. But one night a vain and thoughtless woman placed the half-sleeping flower in the laces of her silken dress, and opening, with her white jewelled hand, its closing petals, she told it, with smiles, that "it was very sweet and pretty," and that she was taking it away to a grand ball, where everyone would see and admire it. The flower had never heard the voice of flattery before, so she opened her heart to the praise of idle lips, and poked her poor, silly head out from the woman's bosom, that every one might see her.

She watched the giddy dancers whirling and whirling round; the room was ablaze with light, thousands of little lamps shed down their light upon the gay, brilliant scene, the unprotected head of the flower drooped in the glaring heat of the room; the rays of light seemed like fiery swords eating their way into her very heart, but still she lifted her aching head that men might see her beaty, and expanded her burning heart to drink in their praise. The night wore on, madder and madder grew the dance, fiercer and fiercer the light, stifling and more stifling the air, weary, and still more weary, the flower. The fair leaves grew dry, and withered, the poor little heart seemed burned up,

"How soon you die!" the woman cried, taking the flower from her bosom and casting it upon the ground, to be crushed and trampled by the giddy throng.

The night passed by, the pleasure seekers went home, the lights were put out, the sad, dark room was deserted, but still upon the dusty ground lay the dying flower. Not a drop of water for her parched lips, not a ray of light to pierce the utter blackness of the night.

"Where are you, my sun! my king! my God?" the flower cried, but nothing answered her, save a dismal wind of night moaning around the desolate room. The morning dawned clear and cold, but still she lived. The sun arose early and sought her, and finding her not was very sorrowful.

"My beautiful!" he sighed; "where have they taken you?" and even as he spoke the dying voice of the flower reached him.

"You called me, and I come," he whispered; "seek and ye shall find."

He smiled upon her, and in the glory of that smile the flower died. It is all a fancy—a fireside fancy; but methinks the flower was the soul of man, and the sun was God.

THE JOYS OF YOUTH.

By WILLIAM HOYLE.

Author of "Hymns and Songs."

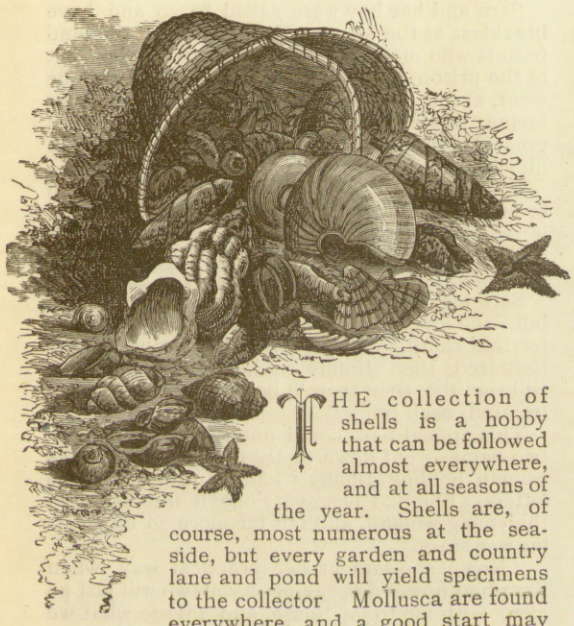
GIVE me back the joys of youth,
The life and light of early days,
When all the force of love and truth
My soul inspired with grateful lays.
The morn was fresh as incense sweet;
The sun gave forth a brighter ray;
The daisies sparkled at my feet,
And every verdant spot was gay
With song of birds and blush of flowers,
Or sunbeams dancing on the breeze;
Oft have I found in quiet hours,
Delightful company in these.
I climbed the rugged mountain side,
From crag to crag a steep ascent,
The landscape stretching far and wide,
New pleasures to my spirit lent.
In fancy, still, I cheerful look
O'er valleys slumbering calm and sweet;
I hear the murmuring of the brook
That rises sportive at my feet;
The sombre woods still echo round
The watch-dog's bark, the farmer's call,
The sportsman's gun,—I hear each sound
Like music's sweetest cadence fall.
Now east, now west, I ramble on,
While light and beauty fill the sky,
And wondering, pause to muse upon
Each fresh delight for memory.
O'er hills and vales for ever new,
Bathed in the sun's declining light,
I mark each changing distant view
Ere stars proclaim the hush of night.
Full many a home of simple life,
'Mid woods and hills encircling round,
Free from the city's din and strife,
In sweet contentment have I found.
And many a time, in pleasant mood,
I lingered by the cheerful grate,
When all around was solitude,
In friendly talk, 'till hours grew late.
Life's early days! what tales ye tell
Of toil and trust, of helpful cheer,
And all the friends I knew so well,—
In fancy I can see them here.
Fair scenes that haunt my memory still,
Responsive to my latest call;
Sweet vales and solitudes that fill
My soul with bliss—I love you all!

A SHERIFF'S OPINION.—"I am decidedly of opinion that drunkenness is the cause of *two-thirds of the crime*, and one half of the distress, existing among the working classes at this moment."—*Sir Archibald Alison, F.R.S.*

HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

By Ernest Axon.

SHELLS.



THE collection of shells is a hobby that can be followed almost everywhere, and at all seasons of the year. Shells are, of course, most numerous at the sea-side, but every garden and country lane and pond will yield specimens to the collector Mollusca are found everywhere, and a good start may be made by turning over stones and looking in cracks in a garden. When this source is exhausted the collector may go further afield. The collector needs a sharp pair of eyes, for some of the shells are very small, and most of them are coloured very similarly to the surrounding objects. A few pill boxes are very useful to carry home the specimens. In shore collecting there is much more variety than in either fresh water or land collecting, and a single day's search will produce quite a good harvest. The collector, shod in waterproof boots, should go down to the rocks at low water and gather his specimens there while the mollusks are still alive, for the water-worn shells which are cast up by the tide, have usually lost their distinctive features by the action of the water, their bright coloured epidermis is worn away and they are really useless for the cabinet. On and under the rocks the shells will be found, often covered by the seaweed. A little dredging in the shallow water is productive of good results. Many mollusks, for example the cockle, live in the sand, in which their presence is indicated by small holes. A practised hand is needed to capture them, for they bury themselves with extraordinary quickness. The heaps of seaweed at the high water line should be examined, for many living specimens will be found adhering to the weeds.

To prepare the shells for the cabinet, first kill their inhabitants by dropping them into boiling water. If the water is quite at the boiling point life will become extinct immediately. Some species require to be placed in cold water and then boiled, for their shells crack if they are put into boiling water. If the shells are univalves, like the whelks and winkles, the dead animal can easily be extracted with a bent pin. Care must be taken that the animal is all taken out, or the fleshy matter left in will decay and the specimen will smell. Some of these univalves close the apertures of their shells with a stopper (the operculum), which should always be preserved and replaced when the shells are cleaned. With bivalves care should be taken not to break the hinge. After they are washed the two flaps should be tied together to prevent them gaping when they are dry. It is desirable to have by the side of the complete specimen, another with the ligament broken so as to show the marks in the hinge, which are often of importance for purposes of identification. After clearing the shells of the flesh they should be washed in clean warm water. If they are very dirty they may be scrubbed with a nail brush.

The shell is now ready for the cabinet. The shell-cabinets, such as are to be seen in the public museums, of mahogany and with trays specially made for the purpose, are by no means essential. A handy boy can easily make a very serviceable one that will not cost as many pence as the other does pounds. For the cabinet itself, the strong cardboard boxes which drapers use, piled one on top of another will suffice, though perhaps one or two of the cheap stationery cabinets (Stone's patent) costing a few shillings each, would be more convenient and much neater. In the drawers of the cabinet or in the drapers' boxes, match-boxes without their sliding lid will answer the purpose of keeping each species distinct from its fellows. In each of these match-box trays, there should be some cotton wool, on which the larger shells, each species being in a separate box, are laid. Smaller shells are gummed on cardboard, which should be cut so as to exactly fit the tray for which it is intended.

Each species should have a label giving the scientific name and, if it has one, the English name also, together with the place where, and the date when, it was taken. The shells should be classified in the cabinet according to the different families. For naming and classifying there are several good handbooks. The Rev. J. G. Wood's "Common shells of the seashore" (1s.), and Mr. Woodward's "Handbook of shells" in the young collectors' series (also at 1s.), are very useful. Besides these there are books which will be out of the reach of most young collectors, but may be consulted in any good library, and of these we may name Jeffrey's "British Conchology," in five vols., and Wood's "Index Testalogicus."

What might be.—"He thought it was within the course of his duty to say that within his short experience as a judge, and having lived some considerable time in the world amongst other judges, and judges of much larger experience than himself, it was certainly the case that if we could make England sober we might shut up nine-tenths of the gaols."—*Lord Coleridge.*

JIMMY'S MOTHER.

By Isabel Maude Hamill.

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.

HE stood at the prison gate on a bitterly cold March morning, a pathetic little figure, clothed—if such a term can be applied to the garments he wore—in a suit that had never been made for him, and which had long since seen, not only its best days, but even its shabby ones. It wanted ten minutes to the hour when the large iron gates would be thrown open and when those who had been sheltering under the roof of the large, grey, grim-looking building for a longer or shorter period would once more be *free*. Free!—for what? To again indulge in the sins that had brought them there, or to enter upon a new life, which would it be? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, *eight*, boomed out the great clock in the prison yard, and at the last stroke the heavy iron gates creaked on their hinges and slowly swung back, to emit the tide of human life.

What a motley group they looked, old and young, men and women, yea, even girls and boys. The little figure scanned each one anxiously, and when a young, fair-haired woman came in sight, he ran into her arms and sobbed aloud.

"Oh! mammy, mammy, Jimmy's so glad you've come."

What mattered it to six-year-old Jimmy if his mother had been in prison and was called a jail-bird; was she not his mother? and did not the little loving heart yearn for her love? She was little more than a girl herself, only twenty-four, and had been a widow three years. She supported herself and child by shirt-making; but work had been very scarce lately, and Jimmy and she had been very near to starving. Unfortunately, in her misery and distress, she had taken to drink, and one night when reeling out of a public-house had, in a blindly drunken way, injured another woman who had provoked her; for this assault she had been undergoing a month's imprisonment. Meanwhile, her only child, Jimmy, a boy of six years of age, had been cared for by the neighbours, first one then another giving him his bed and breakfast; but the little fellow's heart was with his mother, and the presiding magistrates had been touched, as had many others in court, when his piteous cry rang out shrill and clear:

"Don't take my mammy; I've no one but mammy," on the day on which she was convicted.

From that time he had counted the days until she would be at liberty, and when told it would be early in the morning, he had begged the woman with whom he had been staying, to take him to meet her.

Did Sara Simmons love her boy? Had any one seen the look of passionate love which came into her face when she caught sight of him, they would never have asked the question.

"My laddie! my little Jimmy! but your mother's not fit for you to come near, she's been in prison; did you know, Jim?"

"Well! you're my mother, ain't you, if you have; and, mammy, I shall always love you, so you'll be good for my sake, I know," and the little hand was thrust into her palm in a coaxing sort of way.

Sara and her boy were asked to go and have breakfast at the Mission Hall, by one of the kind friends who met the prisoners as they came out of the prison, and not knowing what to do, she went, and better still she was touched by the few loving, earnest words that were spoken, and a great longing came into her heart to lead a different life for the "little laddie's sake."

Before she left the room a kindly-faced woman brought her a pledge card and asked her to sign it; she hesitated at first, but Jimmy pulled her gown and whispered "Do mammy, then we'll be so happy, just you and me, I love you mammy."

Sara looked down into the pleading little face, but—she loved the drink, and knew it would be a terrible sacrifice to give it up entirely, so she hesitated, then Jimmy said, "Mammy, Jimmy will sign too, then there'll be two names to 'mind (remind) each other."

This appeal Sara could not resist, and so the two names went down on the one card, the kindly woman holding Jimmy's hand and guiding the letters. She had been very much interested in the young woman, and felt far more so on hearing her story.

"Now," she said in her practical way, when Sara had finished speaking, "you two will just go along with me to my house, and I'll see what we can arrange."

Jim squeezed his mother's hand with delight, and when he found himself seated in front of a large, warm fire, in a comfortable kitchen, his happiness seemed complete.

The person who had taken such an interest in the two was a widow, and a working woman of a superior type, and an earnest follower of Him "who pleased not Himself."

She offered Sara and her boy a home until something suitable was found for them, and Sara's gratitude was indeed touching; she soon showed, when away from drink and its influence, what an excellent worker she was, and several ladies having heard of her through Mrs. Walton, gave her plain sewing to do, and finding how beautifully it was done, recommended her to others.

Thus a new life was started, but with her old enemy drink, Sara had many a hard battle to fight, and many a time she was sorely tempted to give in, and when this was the case, the thing that helped her most, next to seeking help from God, was looking at Jimmy's name signed next her own on the pledge card, and the thought of her boy's sorrow if he knew that one of the two names had been unfaithful to the promise there made, gave her fresh hope and strength for the future, for had he not asked her to be good for his sake?

"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

The most effectual way to secure happiness to ourselves is to confer it upon others.



SIR ISAAC PITMAN.



SIR GEORGE WILLIAMS.



SIR JOHN HUTTON.

HONOURS FOR TEETOTALERS.

TOO often we hear of men being made peers for no other reason than that they have amassed immense fortunes from the manufacture of worthless intoxicating drinks. It is, however, refreshing though not surprising to find that when knighthoods are to be conferred for ability and sterling worth, teetotalers come well to the front.

During the past month, the three gentlemen whose portraits we give, have received knighthood from the hands of our beloved Queen—all of whom are conspicuous for their efforts in the promotion of teetotalism. In addition to these, Mr. Bosdin T. Leech, an ex-Mayor of Manchester, a teetotaler and non-smoker, is to be knighted, and no doubt others of the favoured few who have been thus honoured in recent times, will be found to be interested and actively engaged in promoting the Temperance Cause.

Sir Isaac Pitman.

Sir Isaac Pitman, the well-known inventor and teacher of shorthand, was born at Trowbridge, in 1813. He was originally a schoolmaster. When he became a teetotaler, more than sixty years ago, he knocked the bung out of his beer barrel and poured the contents into the sewer. He then commenced a Temperance Society at Barton-on-Humber, and has, ever since, by precept, example, and active efforts, maintained the principles of total abstinence. He is now hale and hearty, though over eighty years of age, and devotes his time and energies to the welfare of the people in various ways. Temperance in all things necessary, and abstinence from bad things, together with early rising, moderate exercise, and an active life have made him a grand example for boys to copy.

Sir George Williams.

Sir George Williams is the President of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and of many other philanthropic institutions. He is 73 years of age, being born at Dulverton, Somerset, in 1821. He is what we sometimes term a self-made man, though he recognises and acknowledges the hand of God throughout his long and prosperous career. He is imbued with strong religious feelings, and is a firm believer in the efficacy of prayer. He was the originator of the Y.M.C.A., the first society of which was formed in connection with a prayer meeting he established for his own employés. He is the head of the large drapery establishment known as Hitchcock, Williams & Co. There are few philanthropic institutions in London that have not received help from him. God has largely blessed him and he feels it a duty and a privilege to devote his wealth to the social and religious improvement of his fellow-men.

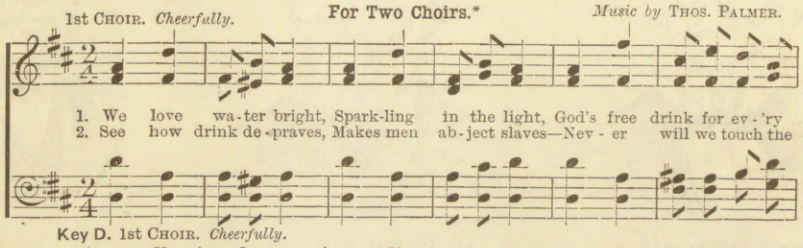
Sir John Hutton.

Sir John Hutton is the Chairman of the London County Council, and he ably fills this one of the most onerous and responsible positions in the kingdom. We had the pleasure of hearing his manly, outspoken words when he presided at the Morning Conference of the Band of Hope Union in London. He said: "I hope that the teaching of the Union will continue to be 'Teetotalism pure and simple,' as that is the only right and safe teaching to give." It is cause for thankfulness and congratulation when we have men in responsible positions giving such testimony, and doing all they can in their official capacity to further the principles of total abstinence. At the Conference referred to we did not know that the Chairman was to be knighted; neither were we aware of the fact that the Chairman of the evening meeting was to receive the same honour.

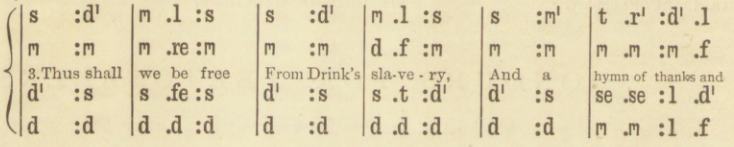
Surely our cause is progressing. It was not possible a few years ago to have two "coming knights" in one day at a Band of Hope meeting. The fact is, boys and girls, that active and outspoken teetotalism is a help and not a barrier to success in any field of labour.

WE LOVE WATER BRIGHT.

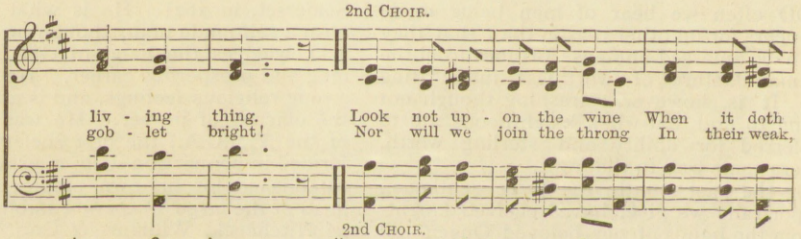
1st Choir. *Cheerfully.* **For Two Choirs.*** *Music by* Thos. Palmer.



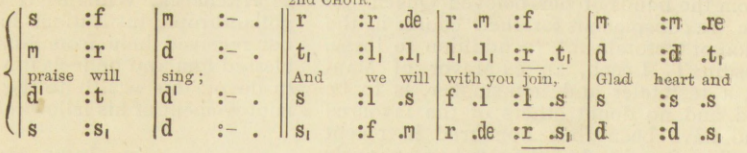
Key D. 1st Choir. *Cheerfully.*

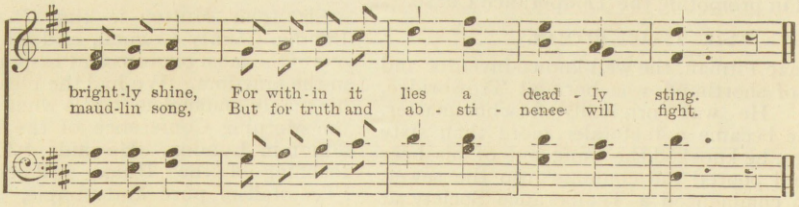


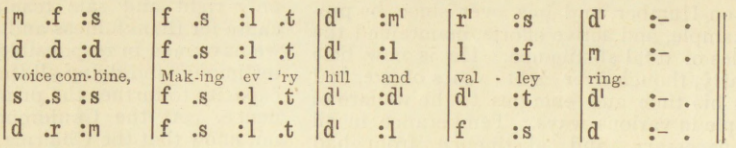
2nd Choir.



2nd Choir.

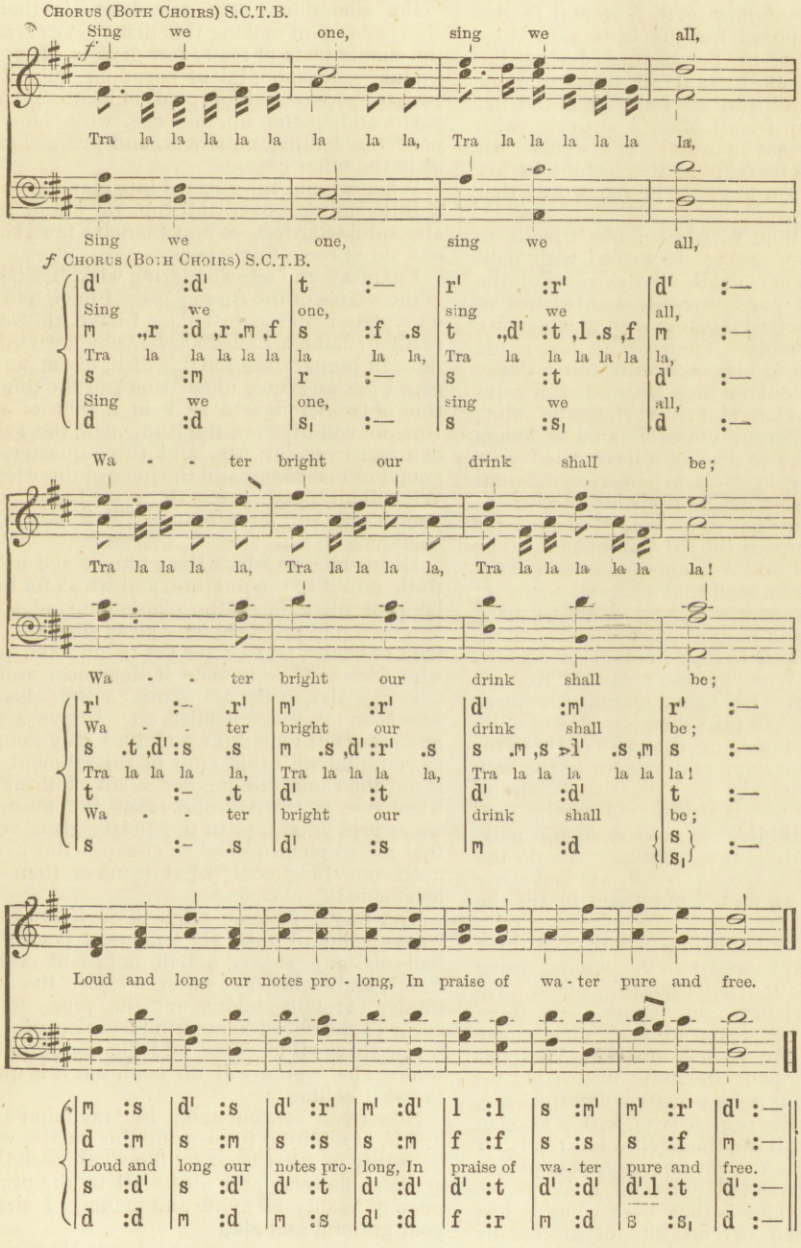






* The Choir may be divided into two parts, one part taking 1st Choir, and the other part 2nd Choir. The whole taking the Chorus.

WE LOVE WATER BRIGHT.



AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.

My Dear Girls,

I PROMISED in my last letter to give you recipes for some more of the Teetotal Tasties which I proposed for the little gatherings we are sure to be having during the summer, and so, as I want all the space for business, I will not stay to tell you of the fun I had out of my friend Mary's struggle with custard that *would* curdle, or would *not* thicken,—you will be reaping the benefit of her mistakes without knowing it, in the words that follow.

We are going then to have a few friends to entertain, and they are to be served with light refreshments. What shall we have? For the more substantial part, possibly sandwiches of potted meat, or potted lobster, both of which are cheap and easily made. Then we can have ready Cakes of different kinds, especially the Railway Cake I told you about not long since. It is a great favourite, and you can make a variety, by filling it with either different kinds of jam, or lemon cheese. You will also no doubt have tried your skill in producing first class jellies of different colours, according to instructions last month.

Well, we will now get to making "custard for glasses" to accompany the jelly, and like it, to be delicate in flavour and delicious to taste, without a drop of the hateful stuff that turns so many of our feasts into torments. If we want to make our custard rich and do not mind expense, all we have to do is to add to the number of eggs to each pint of milk (you may use cream if you are in the country!) The usual quantity is three eggs to the pint. We take then our pint of milk, sweeten it to our taste, or the taste of those for whom we are preparing, and bring it to the boil. If we wish our custard to have the flavour of lemon or orange we pare the rind of the particular fruit very thinly, and soak it in the milk, both before and whilst it is boiling. We do the same if we use stick vanilla, but if we make use of essences, then we do not put them in till the custard is made.

While our milk is boiling, we will take three eggs, separate the yolks from the whites, using the yolks only for the custard, which will make it all the richer, and at the same time, provide us with the material for a nice showy dish presently. But to our custard: We beat the yolks lightly, pour the milk into a jug (to bring it below boiling point which curdles the eggs), and at once over the egg, stirring with a wooden spoon all one way all the time. Now it is ready for the pan, and as it is the quicker way, most people put it into an enamelled pan and cook as we shall do. But my idea is that here what is lost in time, is gained in certainty of success by my plan. So we will pour the mixture from the bowl into the jug, have ready a pan half full of boiling water, and into this place the jug, stirring carefully all one way, all the time, till we see the little air bubbles at the side of the jug. This is the sign of boiling. When the mixture is thickened put it on the coolest part of the stove, where it cannot even simmer, stirring it occasionally to prevent a crust forming; add flavouring. If we had all our materials by us the dish should be ready at the outside in an hour and a half. When the custard is cold, it is quite ready.

But sometimes eggs are dear,—is there no cheaper way of making this dish? Yes: and to the simple taste of many the dish is nicer when we take a teaspoonful of cornflour, mix it with two tablespoonsful of cold milk to a smooth paste, add, beaten up, one egg, white and yolk, pour the boiling milk over, and proceed exactly as in the other case.

When we put the custard into glasses, we grate a little nutmeg over the top, or where we use almond flavouring, we may blanch a few almonds, and shred them finely over.

I daresay you are wondering what has become of the whites of the three eggs. I have had them on a plate in the coolest place I have, till we were ready to make a *Lemon Sponge*, which we will now do. In preparation for this dish, about an hour ago, I put an ounce of gelatine and the thinly cut rind of two lemons to soak in a pint of water. Now we will take out the rind, melt the gelatine in a pan over the fire, add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar, and the juice of three lemons. We boil all together for three or four minutes, pour it out, and let it remain till it is cold and beginning to set.

Meanwhile we whisk the white of egg to a stiff froth, add it to the mixture, and whisk for half an hour, or till it is of the consistency of sponge. We then pile it lightly on a glass dish, in rocky kind of heaps, and I have yet to find the person who does not pronounce it delicious, and, like Oliver Twist, "ask for more." But, dear me, how soon my space is filled up. I have scarcely any room left for drinks. Only, I may point out to you, that with this kind of refreshment there is not the same craving for a lot of drink, and when one is thirsty, one takes the pure clear water presented now in the pretty glass vessels, that are so plentiful and so cheap. But if we do need something cool, what is nicer than "still lemonade?"

The way I prepare mine is as follows: If I want a gallon, I take six lemons, a pound and a half of lump sugar, a half ounce of cream of tartar, and a gallon of water. I slice the lemons thinly, carefully taking out the pips, add the sugar to the sliced lemon; add cream of tartar, bruise them all together, add the water and mix well. The water will do cold, but it is quicker to use it boiling.

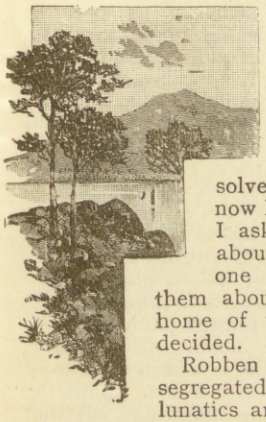
Now I can see our table in "my mind's eye," and if, in addition to pleasing the palate, we try to gratify in other ways by the spotless cloth, the graceful flowers, and above all by the priceless boon of beauty of mind and manner, I shall be your grateful and glad

Aunt Margaret.

"Gentlemen, you may not all adopt the plan I have adopted—total abstinence; you may not all adopt that, but, in God's name, either adopt that or find a better one."—*Bishop of Rochester.*

A VISIT TO ROBBEN ISLAND.

By an Old Contributor.



SEVERAL years have passed since I wrote my last contribution from an English home. I have often thought of our readers and resolved to send a paper, but now I have made a start, and I ask "What shall I write about?" The voice of a dear one says, "Write and tell them about Robben Island, the home of the lepers." And so I decided.

Robben Island, the home of segregated South African lepers, lunatics and incurables, lies about ten miles to the north of Capetown. A small tug plies three or four times a week between Capetown and the island, carrying the mails, stores, visitors, and the poor afflicted ones who have been separated from kindred and home. To the leper the tug might, for the nonce, be "Charon's dismal barque," for it bears him away from all that nature clings to, to the "sad isle" which will ultimately give to him a kindly grave.

The South African General Mission, with which I am connected, occasionly sends a party of workers over to the island for the purpose of visiting the leper hospital; and being in Capetown at the time when one of these visits was in course of arrangement, I was requested to make one of a party of three to visit the island.

On the day appointed I was at the docks early. It was a cold, damp morning, and a strong "south-easter" was doing his level best to make everybody uncomfortable. I am not a good sailor, and I frankly confess that as I looked out that morning, first to the rolling sea—and the sea *does* roll at the Cape—then to the little tug, I felt a bit unsettled, and stood "shivering on the brink, afraid to launch away." My friends and companions for the day—an up-country missionary and a lady worker of our mission—were waiting for me in the tug; so pocketing my fears I took a seat beside them. Some twenty persons, all visitors, were in our little vessel.

We were soon out of the docks, and after half-an-hour's tossing and rolling, we found ourselves clinging, with the cling of desperation, to the ropes and sides of the tug. Oh! what a sea. After a long silence I turned to my friend, the missionary, and passed some casual remark; but I was surprised at his wretched appearance, and sharp reply, "Please don't speak to me." A few minutes later I saw him still clinging to the rope and leaning over the vessel, his head close to the water. "Poor fellow," I thought, "he must be a very bad sailor to be sick so soon."

Alas! in less than a quarter of an hour I was in the throes of sea-sickness, showing the same ungraceful attitude as my friend. I have often, in my romantic days, walked through the green fields in my native country, and apostrophised an *imaginary* ocean, in Byron's immortal lines, but going to Robben Island, with my head dangling over a real sea, I could not say, "*Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean—roll!*" And after the terrors of sickness had passed away, the only apostrophe I could summon was one I once heard recited by a great man from Crewe—

"*O deep!—*
I gave thee what I could not keep."

Two long, dreary hours passed by; but how they passed I cannot state, suffice it to say that in that short time I crowded a wonderful variety of sensations, and passed my life's record for gymnastic feats.

The deck was strewn with wounded, but there seemed to be a wonderful revival when before us were seen the black rocks and green slopes of Robben Island. From the steamer we were transferred to a small boat, and then, when near the shore, a gang of coloured convicts waded through the serf, and "chairing us" one by one carried us upon their shoulders safely to land.

A brief rest followed by a lunch provided at the Government depôt, and then—our follies and sickness over—we began the day's visitations. The first place visited was the hospital for the male lepers. This hospital is simply a number of plain structures, called pavilions, and all on the same plan. A ward stands at either end; the centre being used for an eating room. Some pavilions are built of stone, whilst others are of corrugated iron; with this material the buildings are soon put up, and at a fraction of the cost which would be incurred if stone were used.

Going into the hospital, I was surprised at the animated scene. In the male hospital there were over two hundred lepers, classified according to the virulence of the disease. The majority were not bed-tied cripples, but some were strong stalwart men, experiencing very little discomfort from the disease. We passed into the ward where the poor sufferers lay in the advanced stages of leprosy, and went from bed to bed, speaking tender words and distributing tracts and books to the few able to read. With intense eagerness they listened to our words, with tears of gratitude thanking us again and again. We then stood in the centre of the ward and sang to them of "Jesus and His love." And so, from bed to bed, from ward to ward, was passed the old, old story of the "lepers' Friend."

Oh! reader, God gives to His children a sweet message, but it is an awful thing to deliver that message to incurables—*to dying men*; to look into faces that are terribly disfigured by this horrible disease of leprosy. The Cape Leprosy Act was promulgated in May, 1892, and since that time it has been strictly enforced. The horrors of the final separation from home and kindred are simply indescribable. The Colonial Government considers it necessary, in order to prevent the spread of leprosy, to segregate the diseased *until restored to health*. As the leper is never restored to health, the segregation must

last until release is found in death. I had heard that as a rule the leper on Robben Island soon forgets his old home, and easily adapts himself to his new surroundings. In passing through the wards, and speaking to patients, we carefully avoided any mention of their awful separation, but never shall I forget the touching manner in which some of them referred to the last farewell. The sight of strangers seemed to recall thoughts of old times and lost faces. Seeing a young, slightly coloured man standing by the stove, I walked up to him and commenced a conversation. Incidentally I used the word "comfortable," when he interrupted me with words I cannot forget.

"Comfortable! how can a man be comfortable who has been torn away from home and friends? It is hard, sir, very hard."

My voice trembled as I told him how deeply I felt for him, and although I was unable to help him there was One who loved him and could help him in his loneliness. He turned away in tears.

"I care not for Jesus," he murmured. "I am a Mohammedan. It is hard—very hard."

Close beside lay an old man in the last stage of the disease. I stood for a moment and watched him. He held before him an old soiled Dutch Testament; and his face, though sadly disfigured, was brightened by a beautiful smile, which told of Christ-given hope, and inward peace. I spoke to him, but he could not articulately reply, his speech had left him, but he raised his eyes and looked smilingly upward, and I knew Jesus was with him. Oh, blessed, loving Master! how sweet to think of Thee, *touching* the leper in Palestine, and cheering the hearts of home-bereft lepers on Robben Island; pitying, loving, and giving peace. *Thou art, O Master, "the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."*

The hospital for female lepers is situated at the end of the island, half a mile away from the male wards. Unlike the male patients the females are kept close prisoners. A high palisade of wire marks out a large area, and is the ful extent of their liberty. A wide verandah affords a kindly shade, and well-kept gardens surround the buildings. Sitting under the verandah the patient looks out to the shining sands, the blue waves, and the dark mountains beyond. Outside the hospital the scene is cheerful and picturesque; the green patches, the marigolds glistening from the yellow soil, and the brilliant lizards darting across the paths, make an interesting view. Inside the hospital everything was clean and well arranged, but there was less laughter and chat than in the male wards. Five-sixths of the people were coloured people, representing many types of African natives and hybrids.

The saddest sight on the whole island was to see the child patients. Some of these little ones are frightfully disfigured. In the female wards there were infants leaning on their mothers' breasts, and some of these, although of leprous parents, had not developed any symptoms of the disease. In the male wards there were some touching cases of boy lepers; some playing in innocent enjoyment, whilst others were in the latest stages of disease. We left the hospital and walked towards the beach, passing on our way several groups of lepers strolling or lounging about.

It was an interesting sight for us to see a party of fifteen lepers fishing from the rocks. There they stood, the sea-gulls whirling over their heads, manipulating huge rods and pulling out fish. Even some whose fingers had fallen off were holding rods by their handless stumps, and showing a skill which an old English fisherman might envy. A writer to a Capetown paper makes the following extraordinary statement:—"It is a strange fact that when the fingers of a leper have been removed by necrosis, or otherwise, the former intractable ulcers heal over, and no further ulceration takes place. The stumps are generally paralysed and the leper can use them without causing himself pain."

Such is the life of the South African leper. Torn by the firm hand of the law from dear-loved scenes, and taken to another home, where the law shows a kindly hand, and where all that medical science, kindness, tender nursing and cleanliness can do is done to comfort them in their decline to the bourne of death. The kind words of the resident clergyman, the soft hands of kind-hearted nurses do much to brighten their sad lot. Ungrateful the leper is not. Never shall I forget the eagerness with which they drank in the words of our lady companion, who spoke to them from the full depths of a woman's heart. Some of them were too deeply impressed to speak, but quivering lips and tearful eyes have their own eloquence, and can reach the heart as words never can.

I turned from the hospital with somewhat of regret, for work for Christ amongst such wretched and suffering ones brings with it its own reward.

It was late in the afternoon when we stepped into the tug and prepared ourselves for the passage home. The sea was rolling heavily, and I was glad when the docks were safely reached. As I walked home through the dimly-lighted streets of Capetown, I thought that one look or word of gratitude from a leper was more than a recompense for all the inconveniences experienced.

Since that day, my thoughts have many times wandered to the "sad isle," and they have never wandered there but a prayer has risen from the depths of my saddened heart. Oh brothers and sisters in England! as ye look upon your happy homes, and the changeless smiles of your loved ones, and feel the warm flow of health pass through your veins, join me in the prayer that God will always place in the "home of the lepers" the tenderest hands and the gentlest hearts, that they who minister to the suffering bodies, and to the tortured minds, may know the strong stimulus of Christian love, and treading in the blessed Saviour's footsteps, look to His words for their Guerdon and Crown, "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me.*"

T. J. GALLEY.

KIMBERLEY, SOUTH AFRICA.

NOTHING is troublesome that we do willingly.

"NESSIE."

By Gertrude Belton.

"DADDY, won't you come with me to the Temperance meeting to-night? Please say yes!" and the pleading little face looked fearlessly to the father, who sat with a great jug of ale before him, the contents of which he freely indulged in.

Little Nessie was the only child of William and Mary Reid. She was a beautiful little thing, with sunny ringlets, dancing eyes, and ruddy complexion, but alas! she was a drunkard's child. Her mother toiled hard from morning till night in order to secure food and clothing for her darling.

Will Reid looked on the sweet, white-robed figure before him, and for an instant his heart relented. Then visions of his sneering companions round the corner decided him.

"Get away, child, do not trouble me with those foolish meetings of yours! I declare if you bother me again I'll beat you!" shouted he angrily.

"Then good-bye, father, dear," replied the little one in sweet gentle tones, and she slowly advanced to the door.

On the cold stones outside, she knelt down, and clasping her little hands together, a prayer fell from her childish lips.

"Dear Jesus," said she, "I want to take father to the Temperance meeting to-night, and Satan will not let him go. Oh, come and talk to him, Lord Jesus, and if it be Thy will, let something happen to-night that shall make him want to sign the pledge. Thou hast said that no drunkard shall enter heaven, and I should not like father to be left out when mother and I pass through the golden gates. Oh, hear my prayer, for Christ's sake, amen."

And then little Nessie went on her way.

Will Reid heard distinctly the simple words his child had uttered on his behalf; but he was partly intoxicated, and thus he did not realise the full force of the prayer until an hour afterwards. At length he fell asleep.

Little Nessie walked thoughtfully towards the meeting house. Oh how she had longed to take her father with her! "But," said she, with brightening eyes, "God has promised that if we ask anything in His name, He will grant it; and I know He will make my father a better and a kinder man to mother."

And then she turned a sharp corner of the road, and what happened next, took place in much less time than I have taken to describe it.

Two wild runaway horses came directly in contact with her, and the next minute poor little Nessie lay a mangled heap on the roadside. Help soon arrived, and very tenderly the little form was conveyed to the nearest house.

A doctor soon made his appearance, and gravely examined the injuries.

"Send for her parents as quickly as possible, there is no time to lose," said the doctor.

Up to that moment, the child had remained apparently unconscious. Now she raised her head slightly, and looked full into the face of Dr. Vermont.

"I am dying, doctor, am I not?" asked she, in faint weak tones.

The doctor silently bowed his head. He knew it was useless to attempt to deceive her.

"Have my father and mother come?" she inquired at length.

The door gently opened and her parents entered the room. Poor Reid was sober enough now. He came to the side of the bed, and great tears one after another fell on the pillow.

"Don't cry, father darling," said the little one; "don't you know I asked God to let something happen to-night that should make you sign the pledge, and I'm so glad He's going to let me die, for now I shall be able to see Him myself, and tell Him all you want. And, mother dear, I am sure father will one day be just as kind to you as he was when I was a baby. And you won't quite forget your Nessie in your happiness, will you? You will come sometimes and sit beside my grave, and think of me looking down from heaven upon you. Oh dear, the pain is dreadful! Lord Jesus help me to bear it bravely!"

Here the doctor interposed, but Nessie shook her head.

"No, doctor, it does not tire me very much to talk, and indeed I have something very important to say before I go away."

Then she turned to her father and placed her little hand in his.

"I know you will not refuse my last request, father. Will you let me see you sign the pledge?"

"Oh Nessie, Nessie, can you forgive me?" cried her father in heart-broken sobs. "If only I had gone with you to-night, this dreadful accident might not have happened. Oh, I can never forgive myself, I have killed my child."

"You must not blame yourself, father; God knew I had lived long enough in the world, and He it was who ordered my death. You will find my little pledge book in my pocket."

And the next minute the name of William Reid was inserted in it.

"Thank you very much," came from the lips of the little sufferer. "Oh, father, you have made me so happy, and now promise me you will become a Christian."

And in that solemn hour, beside the death-bed of his child, the drunkard dedicated his life to God.

* * * * * * * * *

Two years have passed since this sad catastrophe. In the cemetery yonder a well-dressed man and woman are weeping silently beside a tiny grass-grown grave.

"Oh, Mary," says the former, "it is just two years ago since our little Nessie went to heaven. If I have proved a worthier husband it is entirely through her influence. I have never forgotten that prayer, and the life she so freely laid down for me."

"Yes, my husband, when I think of the remarkable change our home has undergone since that sad event, I feel I can almost bless God for the heavy blow He dealt us. The death of our sainted child has led us into the path of eternal bliss, and through God's mercy we hope one day to meet Him and our child in heaven."

HEALTH CHATS.

By Walter N. Edwards, F.C.S.

SLEEP.



A VERY common saying informs us that a typical day of twenty-four hours may be made up of eight hours' work, eight hours' sleep, and eight hours' play, and possibly, like many other common sayings, it comes very near to the truth. Many people sleep too much, just as many eat too much and drink too much; the excess in each case arising from force of habit. A good rule to follow (and to be healthy we must live by rule) is to get to rest early and rise as soon as we waken naturally. Animals, excepting those of nocturnal habits, get to their resting places as dusk draws on, and they think about waking up with sunrise. In the case of man this natural order is upset, considerably to our disadvantage from a health point of view. The tendency is to sit far on into the night, in hot and often ill-ventilated rooms, and then, completely worn out, to retire to bed; but often, under such conditions, not to sleep. The body is overtired, the nervous system overtaxed, and the result often is a tossing upon a sleepless pillow for an hour or two.

Healthful sleep naturally follows a day of hard work, either mental or physical, and nothing is so refreshing and recuperating as the sleep thus induced, especially if it be accompanied by a consciousness of duty done and good work accomplished.

Some writers have seemed to complain of the fact that about one-third of the total of life is spent in sleep; so that out of sixty years of life, about twenty years have been devoted to this one thing. Whilst this is true, we must remember that the economy of nature, everywhere, demands rest. The field soon becomes worthless if cultivation is forced on year after year. The forest demands its period of sleep, through the winter months. The stormiest seas have their periods of rest and calm, and so with man, in order that he may get the best powers out of his body and mind, he must pay nature her due, by giving up himself to sleep.

There are two dangers arising from this: one is that of staying in bed a little too long, and so cultivating the habit of sleep, and thus robbing life of many valuable and useful hours. Some of my young readers who may have formed this habit of late rising, won't think this very interesting reading, but they may absolutely depend upon it, that the old adage "Early to bed and early to rise," is both sensible and scientific. Many a man labouring on at an almost starvation wage, might have been well-to-do, had a half-hour, each day, been snatched from sleep and devoted to self-help. Everyone possesses considerable, if not great powers, but because they have never been called into use, they are at first latent, then dormant, then dead; so that opportunities lost in youth and early life, can never be recovered.

The other danger is, in going to the opposite extreme and snatching too much from the hours that should be devoted to sleep. Probably there is no need to do more than mention this, as a rule there is no danger of the general run of people falling into it. The danger is a real one though, as many a hard worker and earnest student has discovered to their cost.

Natural sleep comes to us as a boon and as a blessing. It allows of complete rest for the body, only the involuntary muscles of the heart and the stomach continuing their work. It also allows of rest for the nerves and the brain, although these are not entirely inactive. Many cases are known of difficult problems being solved by the activity of brain cells during sleep, and the dreams that flit across the brain, also show that there cannot be complete rest. We need not, however, trouble about these exceptional cases; as a general truth, we may take it that the body entirely is refreshed and renewed by sleep, and so fitted for the duties of the ensuing day. To get perfectly healthful sleep, the body and mind should be fairly tired, the stomach should not be overloaded with food, the conscience should be at peace, and the mind free from worry and anxiety. In addition to this, the room should neither be too hot nor too cold, and a supply of fresh air should be freely admitted. The conditions at first seem onerous, but after all, they are fairly simple and should be no burden to a well-disposed and well-regulated life.

Artificial sleep is by no means of the same value as natural sleep, the two cannot for a moment be compared. In some cases of pain and suffering, artificial sleep may be better than no sleep at all, but at the best, it is of nothing like the same healing and restful virtue as natural sleep. Artificial sleep is more like stupefaction than sleep, there is often unconsciouness but there is no real rest.

Some folks have an idea that a glass of beer or wine or grog is a good thing before going to bed. They say it gives a feeling of satisfaction and induces sleep. It may do both and yet be a very bad thing. Alcohol is a narcotiser, and as such has a deadening effect upon the nerves, and consequently upon sensation and perception. One can easily drown trouble by drink, but it is the extreme height of folly to do so, because of the awful mischief resulting from the effects of alcohol; and so, if this feeling of satisfaction arises from the lessening of nervous capability, it is not a good thing, and the same be said of sleep. A man may become intoxicated and fall into a deep sleep as a result; no one would urge that this was a good or healthy condition, and yet if sleep is induced at all by alcohol it is only a lessened form of this condition.

There is another thing to be remembered about the action of alcohol, that whilst sleep may be in a measure induced owing to its narcotising effect upon the brain, a considerable amount of extra work is thrown upon the heart. In natural sleep the heartbeat is considerably lessened, and so that organ gets its modicum of rest; but it is found that alcohol largely increases the heart's beating, and it has been estimated, as as result of careful experiment, that one ounce of alcohol taken into the body will impose upon the heart 4,000 extra beats. The alcohol may induce sleep, but it is doing its mischievous work in other directions.

Insomnia, or sleeplessness, is a form of disease that only a medical man can deal with; it often results, however, from the continuous breaking of nature's simple and beneficent laws. Surely it is better for us who are young to learn to obey those laws by simple, honest, hardworking lives, rather than in later years to reap the inevitable harvest of sleepless hours through the long dark nights.

Some people can sleep at will, and this, no doubt, is a great advantage. It is said that the great Duke of Wellington had this remarkable power, so that in pushing on the campaign he could lie down and sleep at any time and any where, just by his power of will. Others have the equally useful faculty of waking at will. Many men on going to sleep make a mental effort that they will wake at a certain hour, and as surely as the hour comes round they awaken to the time. Others seem to be almost like Rip Van Winkle, so full of sleep that like him they would go on sleeping for a hundred years; at least it is very difficult to get them to leave their beds. Let us take our fair share of sleep, but let us first have earned it by a good, wholesome day of honest hard work.



HAYMAKER'S SONG.

By Mary M. Forrester.

COME, lasses and lads, let us work with a will,
Let us work while the day is bright!
For the sun is shining o'er field and hill,
Then labour away 'neath his light!
Come, lasses and lads, there is plenty to do,
And the hours they are flying away.
Then steadily, readily, readily, steadily,
Work in the light of day!

Happy and gay,
Tossing the hay,
In the light of the golden sun.
Work while we may,
While yet it is day,
We can rest when our labour is done!

Now, under the bushes the shadows lurk,
And the sun is nearing the west,
Then toil with a will, for the harder we work,
The sweeter will be our rest,
Let nobody say that his labour is hard,
But cheerfully, bright, and gay.
Steadily, readily, readily, steadily,
Work in the light of day!
Chorus—Happy and gay.

How sweet it will be when the evening bells,
Ring out at the day's soft close,
To hasten away through the lanes and dells,
To a calm, and a well-earned repose.
Then with happy hearts we will homeward speed,
Through the mist and the shadows grey.
Then steadily, readily, readily, steadily,
Work in the light of day!
Chorus—Happy and gay.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

TRAIN up a child in the way you should have gone yourself.—*Spurgeon.*

FOR all purposes of sustained, enduring, fruitful work, it is my experience that alcohol does not help but hinders it.—*Sir Andrew Clark, M.D., F.R.S., L.L.D.*

A CHANCE TO RISE.—Butcher: "I need a boy about your size, and will give you $3 a week." Applicant: "Will I have a chance to rise?" "Yes. I want you to be here at four o'clock every morning."

THEIR WORST FOE.—One of the South Africans who had to fight against Lobengula declared that that fierce savage never gave him a sleepless night, but that he dreaded far more than all the warriors of the Matabeles the rum of the white man. "Its wounds," said he, "never heal."

THERE are 32,000 prisoners in the three kingdoms, and though the immense majority of them have been inebriates, or, at least, non-abstainers, no alcohol is given them during their sojourn in prison for years together, and yet prisoners form one of the healthiest and most long-lived bodies in the country, and constantly leave prison greatly improved in health and in appearance.—*Archdeacon Farrar in Contemporary Review.*

THE DRINK.

COME here, all ye who have learned to think,
And hear me speak of the drink, drink, drink!
Come, male and female; come, age and youth;
And list while I tell the simple truth.

* *

It's bad for
the pocket,
it's bad for fame,
It's bad
when often
it bears no
b l a m e ;
It's bad for
friendship, it's worse
for strife; It's bad for the
husband, it's bad for the wife.
It's bad for the brain, it's bad for the
nerves, For the man that buys, and the
man that serves; it's bad for the eyes and
it's bad for the breath, It's bad for the life, it's
worse for death. It's bad when there's trades-
men's bills to pay, it's bad—oh, how bad—for a
rainy day; It's bad, for it leads from bad to worse,
Not only bad, but a giant curse. It's bad for the
face, when pimples come; It's bad for the children
and worse for the home; it's bad for the strong,
its bad for the weak. For the sallow tinge that it
lends to the cheek. It's bad for the day when you
pay the rent, And bad for the child with the
bottle sent; It's bad in the morning, it's bad
at night, Though the table is laid
and the fire burns bright,
The poor man's bane—destruction's gate;
The Church's shame—the blight of the State;
A poison-fly with a venomous sting,
That makes our glory a tainted thing.

—*Cassell's Temperance Reader.*

CONSCIENCE is a great ledger book, in which all our offences are written and registered, and which time reveals to the sense and feeling of the offender.

A STATESMAN'S OPINION.—The Temperance question is the deepest moral question that has stirred the hearts and conscience of mankind since the anti-slavery movement.—*Rt. Hon. John Morley, M.P.*

NEVER GOES TO SUCH PLACES.—"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?" said the lawyer to the witness.

"Sir," replied the latter with deep feeling, "I am a strict temperance man."

UNDERTAKER: What kind of trimmings will you have on the coffin?

Widow: None whatever. It was trimmins that killed him.

Undertaker: What?

Widow: Yes. Delirium trimmins.

A CURE FOR GOUT.—An Alderman once called on Dr. Francis, and said, "Doctor, I have a strong tendency to gout; what shall I do to arrest it?" "Take a gallon of water and a ton of coal three times a week." "How?" "Drink the former, and carry the latter up three pairs of stairs."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—"We are convinced, most of us from an intimate acquaintance with the people, extending over many years, that their condition can never be greatly improved—whether intellectually, physically, or religiously—so long as intemperance extensively prevails amongst them; and that intemperance will prevail so long as temptations to it abound on every side."—*Clerical Memorial.*

THE POWER OF SONG.—The power of song was pathetically illustrated at a little slum meeting in Bristol. While one of the lasses inside was singing "My Jesus, I love Thee," to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home," a poor distressed looking man, who had been leaning by the door, rushed in, saying, "I have been listening, and I can stand it no longer." The officers interested themselves in his case, and he left the meeting rejoicing in a new-found salvation.

A GOOD RESOLVE.

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word,
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing!

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any lift of mine may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love, and care, and strength
To help my toiling brother!

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER; OR JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

By EDWARD ARMYTAGE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

GEOFFREY ORMOND, a man of great talent who has given way to reckless dissipation, watches his younger friend, Frank Crawford, enter the "Lion," and laments that they are both on the downward path. This feeling is deepened when, at his lodgings, he talks with Little Mary, the child of John Dudley; her father is a drunkard and a gambler. Dudley goes to a gambling house. Meets Frank Crawford, who plays cards with Fruse and suspects that he is cheated. Dudley breaks the bank at *rouge-et-noir*, and is robbed and mortally wounded on his way home. Dudley found wounded in the street is identified by Fruse and Crawford. Little Mary, who has just gained from Geoffrey a pledge of reformation, is summoned to her father's death-bed. John Dudley dies, and Mary is adopted by Geoffrey. Fruse proposes to Kane (who had also been in the gambling house on the night of the murder), that they should try to gain the reward offered for the detection of the murderer. Fruse suspects Kane of the murder of Dudley. By frightening him with a pistol compels him to confess, and also to hand over Dudley's pocket-book which he had stolen. Description of Mr. Blough, publisher, who is about to start a new magazine. Geoffrey, who has turned over a new leaf, is appointed editor. Ormond meets Crawford, and learning that he is pressed by Fruse to pay a gambling debt offers to lend him the money.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. GOODLY here entered the room, with the news that Little Mary had just awakened, much refreshed from her long slumber. Geoffrey immediately proceeded to her room, and by what strange accident it came about we leave to the reader, learned in such lore, to determine, but Miss Jeannie Crawford happened to be going at precisely the same moment, and they entered Little Mary's room together, as lovingly as if they had been—brother and sister.



Geoffrey kissed the child tenderly, and said—

"Little Mary, I have brought a friend to see you."

The child-woman raised her weary head, and with a faint smile inquired who it was that had come to see her; whereupon Jeannie stepped forward, and with the quick instinct of girlhood they discerned the sympathies in each other's features, and the kiss that followed their introduction was a seal of true and lasting affection.

So Jeannie sat down by the bedside, and presently Little Mary's head was resting lovingly on her bosom, whilst her arm was entwined around the frail form of the invalid.

The three were soon in deep and earnest conversation. Mary had much to tell her new friend, and Geoffrey had to communicate to Mary the result of his interviews with Mr. Blough, and the prospective establishment of the new magazine, on which he was engaged as editor.

Jeannie, like many other young ladies with a genuine love for literature, was somewhat impressed by her close proximity to one who was, at no distant day, to wield the editorial thunderbolts. Little Mary, who had been schooled in adversity, and had at one time been oppressed with evil forebodings as to the future of Geoffrey's life, sincerely rejoiced at the chance now opening out to him of an honourable career.

"We will soon have you better now, Little Mary," said Geoffrey. "We will whisk you off, far away from the smoke and the noise of the city. You shall hear the song of the birds, and smell the hawthorn blossom, and come back again full of health and strength."

Little Mary looked affectionately at Geoffrey, and said—

"I have been very ill, brother Geoffrey, but I think now that I shall get over it. Poor Geoffrey, what would you do without Little Mary? I thought I should have crossed the dark river, and gone to that happy land where sorrow is no more."

"You have been very ill, dear," said Geoffrey, "but we cannot spare you yet. I cannot do without you, and your friend Jeannie will object to parting with you so soon."

"And yet," said the invalid, "I never thought that I should see the spring flowers bloom again."

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"You have nursed sad fancies," Jeannie said. "You must not think of dying. You have, I hope, a long and happy life before you; you must get better, if only for Mr. Ormond's sake."

So they chatted of the past and the future. The past lay black behind them, but the future was bright and pleasant enough to contemplate.

Let us leave them so engaged, and return to the room in which Fruse and Crawford had been left alone. As soon as Geoffrey and Jeannie had quitted the room Crawford rose and carefully closed the door, to ensure privacy to an interview which he thought might perhaps be a stormy one. He sat silent a short space, expecting that Fruse would open the conversation by a reiteration of his unpleasant demand. Fruse, however, remained silent.

"I presume," said Crawford at last, "that you wish to see me about the sum which I still owe you?"

"You are mistaken," returned Fruse; "my errand here concerns only John Dudley's daughter; and let me apologise for my rudeness when last I saw you. I must have been under peculiar influences, or I should not have been guilty of so gross an outrage."

Frank gazed at the speaker in dumb amazement. The sudden change in Mr. Fruse's tone bewildered him, and he could scarce comprehend the fact that the interview which he expected would be a stormy one promised to be exactly the reverse.

"I ask your pardon sincerely," said Fruse, "and hope that you will take my proffered hand as frankly as I now offer it to you."

Frank's generous nature was exactly of the sort to respond to such an appeal; and, not without inward compunctions for the estimate he had formed of Fruse's character, he took that worthy's hand within his own and shook it warmly.

"Notwithstanding," said Crawford, "I owe you the money; and, as an honest man, I wish to discharge my obligations."

"Well, well," said Fruse, "we can talk of that any time. Now I want to have some conversation with you about our dead friend's child, for as yet she is nothing else."

"What of her?" asked Crawford.

"Dudley," said Fruse, "we know has left her totally unprovided for. Moreover, we are told, she has no relations whatever to look to for support or assistance."

"She is quite alone in the world," said Crawford.

"Dudley," said Fruse, "was a dear friend of mine during the last few years of his life; and, although you, and indeed many others, have formed a somewhat harsh judgment of my character, yet I hope I am not entirely bad, and I wish most sincerely to make some provision for the daughter of my dear old friend."

Whilst delivering this speech, the keen blue eyes of Mr. Fruse were intently watching the countenance of Crawford, to see the effect of his proposition.

Frank's astonishment was unspeakable. To hear such a proposal from a man for whom he had come of late to entertain a hearty contempt was, indeed, a surprise as great as it was unexpected.

"You have, indeed, surprised me," said Frank, "but your generous offer has come too late."

"Indeed," said Fruse; "how is that?"

"Geoffrey and Little Mary look upon each other as brother and sister; and, I am sure, he would not entrust her to any other hands."

"But are you sure," said Fruse, "that he is prepared to undertake the responsibility and expense of so thankless an affair, as that of voluntary guardian of a young and, perhaps, pretty girl?"

"There's no doubt in the case; and her beauty makes it probable that his guardianship will not be of long duration," said Crawford, with a smile.

"Probably not," replied Fruse, also smiling; but his was not a pleasant smile. "You will see that my only object is the girl's good. I can have no earthly interest in saddling myself with a task that cannot fail to be uncongenial to my habits of life; and yet I am perfectly willing to undertake it, and I can assure you that I should not undertake the charge rashly, or without the means of carrying it out faithfully."

"Well," said Crawford, "the best thing you can do is to mention your wishes to Ormond; and here he is," added he, as Ormond re-entered the room.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Blough was seated in his literary workshop, looking extremely uncomfortable. He had thought and thought over his great idea, until he had worked himself into a most undesirable state; and he now sat in his counting-house, gazing vacantly into the fire, and tenderly, though unconsciously, nursing the poker. He was engaged in one of the most difficult of those tasks which sometimes fall to the lot of mortal man. He was engaged in an arduous endeavour to select a fitting title for that darling project—his new periodical. Assisting him in this desperate endeavour was Geoffrey Ormond, who sat at the opposite side of the table.

"It is a difficult task," says Mr. Blough, thoughtfully. "The title should be short, pertinent, and descriptive of the work to which it belongs."

"You have hit off the qualifications exactly," said Geoffrey, "and to begin with, local names won't do. We can't very well call it the *Smokeville Journal*. It is not the fashion now for people who are born for the universe,

To narrow their mind,
And to party give what was meant for mankind."

"And it is the fashion," said Mr. Blough, "for journalists to imagine themselves born for mankind."

"Then," said Geoffrey, "there is the pecuniary class. Will you call it *Change for a Shilling?*"

"Perish the base thought," cried Mr. Blough, "the wit and wisdom which you are to conserve in the pages of our Magazine shall never go a begging under such a sordid appellation. Besides, there is a poverty-stricken air about it. A travelling quack-doctor may find it necessary to inform the world that it is only one penny to consult the famous Dr. Rigmarole, but a physician need not tell us his fee."

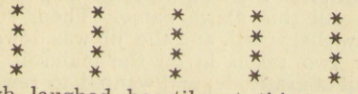
"There are," said Geoffrey, "such titles as the *Cheerful Visitor*, and the *Family Friend*, but these are all 'used up,' and they do not express our intentions."

"No," said Mr. Blough, "our Magazine must have no limited circulation; and if we do not get all over the *Globe*, or go so far as the *Morning Star*, we must try to pass *Cornhill*, and fly far beyond the turmoil of *Temple Bar*."

Geoffrey, having an eye to business, made a note of this last sentence for the prospectus.

"But what are we to call it?" said Blough, getting quite excited. "How easily were our grandfathers pleased, and how hypercritical is the present generation. Such titles as *Universal*, *General*, *Town and Country*, *British*, *Pocket*, *Classical*, won't do now."

"Shall we," said Ormond, "as Thackeray suggests, bestow upon it the mild appellation of *The Thames on Fire*, or shall we send it out with nothing on the title-page but a bright galaxy of stars, thus—" He threw a sketch upon the table, which we re-produce:



Blough laughed heartily at this quaint and original idea. They were completely nonplussed, and for a few moments silence reigned supreme.

Then Geoffrey picked up a book which told of good King Arthur and his noble knights, his deeds of valour, and of love, of Guinevere the false, and of

> Elaine the fair, Elaine the loveable,
> Elaine the lily maid of Astolat.

Joyfully crying "Eureka," he threw the book down, and said, "Let us call it by that name which is endeared by historical tradition, which is the symbol of friendship, good fellowship, and eternity; and must, therefore, be a fit title for our periodical. Let us call it *The Round Table*."

"The very thing," cried Mr. Blough; and so the matter was settled, and Geoffrey departed, thinking on his homeward way of Fruse's offer to adopt Little Mary. His feeling was one of unmitigated astonishment. That the debauchee, the gambler, should make such a proposal, seemed to him the very acme of absurdity, and he would have laughed outright had it not been for the evident earnestness of the proposer; as it was, he gave an emphatic refusal. He adhered to his resolve; yet, after hearing Fruse's alleged reasons for adopting the child, which were that he had at length acquired certain property, which he had for a long time expected, and also that he wished for something to cherish; something that should form one of the means to raise himself from his present debased position: his opinion of Fruse's character was considerably heightened by his apparent frankness and evident desire to do all in his power for the child. And when Fruse, on leaving, again pressed the point, it was with gentleness, and a warm pressure of the hand, that Ormond again denied him. After this incident, Fruse's visits to Ormond became more frequent, and he always met with a hearty welcome.

Fruse hoped to ripen this new-born feeling of cordiality into a strong friendship; he was a keen reader of character, and could easily divine the advantages likely to result from his possessing the confidence and esteem of a man of Ormond's character. If he did not care to practise the virtues himself, he had no objection to profit by them when they existed in others. Most of his income had been derived from the vicious propensities of those with whom he had been associated; he was now about to see whether he could not benefit himself by working upon the good qualities of certain individuals whom fate had thrown in his way.

The magazine and its worthy publisher found Geoffrey plenty of work. The postman and the printer's devil looked forward for handsome tips towards Christmas. Many hours in the day Geoffrey was almost immersed in an ocean of manuscript and proofs. He worked right heartily at his task, cheered by many kind words from Little Mary and from his employer, whose genial face often smiled upon the little invalid and her guardian.

Mr. Blough's aspect became more complacent every day; for had not he originated the great idea of the magazine, and had not the public endorsed his scheme with the heartiest approbation? But that public who laughed so heartily over certain articles in the first number of *The Round Table*, little thought that they were written in a sick chamber.

(To be continued.)

BE CAREFUL.

BE careful what you sow, boys!
For seed will surely grow, boys!
The dew will fall,
The rain will splash,
The clouds will darken
And the sunshine flash,
And the boy who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, girls!
For every seed will grow, girls!
Though it may fall
Where you cannot know,
Yet in summer and shade
It will surely grow,
And the girl who sows good seed to-day
Shall reap the crop to-morrow.

Be careful what you sow, boys!
For the weeds will surely grow, boys!
If you plant bad seed
By the wayside high,
You must reap the harvest
By and by,
And the boy who sows wild oats to-day
Must reap wild oats to-morrow.

Then let us sow good seed now!
And not the briers and weeds now!
That when the harvest
For us shall come,
We may have good sheaves
To carry home;
For the seed we sow in our lives to-day
Shall grow and bear fruit forever.

THE VERDICT.

By Beresford Adams.

"DIED from excessive drinking,"
The Newboro' papers said,
Writing about John Jackson,
Late of the "Saracen's Head."
He'd only been the landlord
A couple of years or so,
With this sad termination,
As all in Newboro' know.

"Died from excessive drinking,"
How terrible the affair,
And yet, alas! my country,
Such tragedies are not rare.
In almost every paper
Such paragraphs may be found,
Because such things are happening
The whole of the country round.

"Died from excessive drinking."
Oh, when will the people see
That in a Christian country
Such things ought never to be?
When will they learn the lesson
Such tragedies plainly show,
That where strong drink is taken,
Some surely to ruin go?

"Died from excessive drinking."
Oh, when shall we see the day
When alcohol, as a beverage,
Shall be fully put away?
Not till the nation's conscience
Can thoroughly be aroused,
And the Temperance Reformation
Shall be everywhere espoused.

SAILING TOO CLOSE TO THE WIND.

By Uncle Ben.

OLD HEAD, as everybody called him, was a skipper of great experience, he was quite a nautical character and full of yarns, which, if anyone attempted to cap, he could always just add one more to outdo the last. He was a strong abstainer, and for this reason many people were very glad to go with him for a sail because they knew they were safe under his care. He was very kind-hearted, and was generally a favourite even with those who did not agree with his principles.

One day he had to take a small picnic party to Alum Bay, and when he had put the passengers on shore in the dingey, which was left on the beach, Head and his two men remained on the cutter, while the party wandered about and ate the provisions they had brought. In the meantime, Head and his crew lay to in the Bay, and during the time they were waiting, a small yacht hove in sight. To the quick eye of the skipper it was evident that she was handled by very inexperienced hands, and was carrying too much sail for the wind that was blowing. Knowing the coast well, he felt sure the yacht was in peril, and the passengers on board wholly unconscious of their danger. Head, therefore, ordered the sail of the cutter to be hoisted, took the helm, and made directly for the course the small schooner yacht was taking, telling the men that the cutter must come within hail of the schooner as soon as possible, or if she got round the Bay to the Needles, she would be over. No time was lost, and, by a smart tack, the cutter was able to come close up to meet the schooner. When near enough to shout, Head hallooed:

"Ho, ho, you land-lubbers, if you don't take in some of your sail you'll be in Davy Jones' locker before you get round the Needles. The wind's freshening, and there's a stiff breeze beyond the shelter of the land."

At first the men did not seem to realise that there was danger, till Head shouted "Haul down your jib, or you'll be in heaven or hell in a brace of shakes." She was well over to the windward, and the men were smoking and taking it easy till this alarm came. Then, suddenly they saw their peril, and the jib was down and a reef or two taken in on the mainsail. They were full of gratitude, and wanted to reward the skipper.

"Nay, nay," Head shouted, "it's cost nothing. Good advice is often cheap. Remember, young land-lubbers, don't carry too much sail when you go to sea, and never forget prevention is better than cure, and don't sail too close to the wind."

Then Head steered his cutter back into the Bay, to await again the return of the party. When all were on board, and the dingey being towed behind, one of the ladies wanted to know why Head had taken the little voyage out toward the Needles, "because," she said, "we thought you were going to sail away and leave us to get home as best we could. We were thankful to see you coming back."

The skipper explained the reason of his little excursion. "We weren't up to any lark, Miss, only if we hadn't caught that white sail yonder, them there, without either fins or wings, would have had a job to get to shore, for they might have capsized any minute, and them chaps thought themselves as safe as houses."

"What was the matter?"

"They were carrying too much sail, and they did not understand the sea and wind, or the tides and currents."

"I hope we are quite safe."

"Oh, bless you, yes; I have been brought up to the sea all my life, and I have had to learn many lessons, perticler such as not carrying too much sail, and sailing too close to the wind. I was on a racing yacht at one time, and once we had a very narrow squeak, our 'Blanca' was the favourite, there were four yachts in the race. The 'Camila' was a good craft, and we knew it would be a close match. It was rather a puffy, squally day, and a good sea running, we made fairly smart progress, but somehow the "Camila" gave us the lead. The owner was aboard of us, and he was a brave and determined man, with a cool brain and clear eye, and we did not like to see the 'Camila' ahead of us any more than he



did. She was sailing well and giving a little to the wind. 'Now, boys,' says he, 'crack on every inch of canvas and sail as close to the wind as you dare,' and that meant winning at some risk. Well, we did, and the 'Blanca' walked away beautifully, the captain held the helm and we were at the ropes to ease her at the first word, and by Jove the captain kept her close to the wind. 'Put her up, hold her to it, we are making way,' the master often repeated, and away we went, I can almost hear the wind in her sails now, and feel her strain as we cut over and through the waves till we were all drenched with spray. We were slowly and surely gaining way, we steadily came up to 'Camila,' then we took the lead, a very little more and we should have been able to ease her, and keep ahead, but with all our care there came a stiff puff and the captain knew he had over-reached her balance, he gave the command and we were obliged to shorten sail to save her, she almost keeled over.

"We had sailed too close to the wind. When she righted herself we had lost more way than we could recover. We cut it fine and ran her close, but we lost the race and nearly lost some lives by carrying too much sail and running too close to the wind. If we had kept as we were going before we increased the risk we might have done for the 'Camila,' because she had to give way, but by over doing it we lost distance just at the critical part, and we could not overtake it again. That there race learnt me a good lesson, and since I have been skipper I never have run a great risk for a little extra speed. There's many a man been sacrificed on the sea of life through carrying too much sail a-top, and by sailing too close to the wind."

"You are right, Mr. Head," said the young lady; "I am sure no one ought to run into danger and risk precious lives unless it is to save others in greater peril than themselves."

"Yes, Miss, that's just the principle that's made me and kept me a teetotaler."

"Thank you, skipper, I think I have learnt a lesson too, and I hope you'll never do a worse day's work than God has helped you to do for those young men to-day."

"Bless the Lord, there's more ways of saving lives than by a fire-escape or even by a life-boat!" exclaimed Old Head.

"WHY don't you wheel the barrow of coal along more lively, Ned?" asked a coal dealer of his hired man. "It's not a very hard job: there is an inclined plane to relieve you." "Ay, master," quoth the man, who had more relish for wit than work, "the plane may be inclined, but hang me if I am."

WINE WITHOUT ALCOHOL.



THE very common belief that the preservation of grape juice, in an unfermented state, is impossible, is a mistaken idea. In all ages of which we have any reliable records, preparations of the grape, unfermented and non-alcoholic, have been in common use as articles of food and drink.

In a large proportion of the instances in which "wine" is referred to in our English Bible, reference to the Greek or Hebrew original shows the article really referred to not to be "wine" in the generally accepted *modern* sense of the word, but grape juice rendered incapable of fermentation by the treatment to which it has been subjected, either in storing it or in the process of manufacture.

In the works of Pliny, Columella, Varro, and many other ancient authors, recipes abound by which this end may be attained; and no practical chemist reading those recipes could fail to see the intention which runs through them, or to confirm the statement of the authors that, by those means, the product of the vine would be effectually preserved. Doubtless the refinement of our modern palate would have much to say in depreciation and criticism of these ancient productions, and many of the preparations of a similar character, prepared in a similar way, which are now so common in the East, are open to the same objections.

Time, however, changes many things, and nothing more than the manners, customs and tastes of people with regard to their food and drink. There is, however no valid, reason why the objections we refer to should continue to apply to preserved grape juice as such. The juices of the choicer species of grapes, when freshly expressed, are acceptable to every unsophisticated palate, and they are still largely consumed in wine-growing countries, in the vintage season, as common drinks. But it was not until about thirty-five years since that any serious attempt was made in this country to preserve grape juice for common use in its fresh and unfermented condition, and that was done rather to provide the churches with an "unfermented wine" for the Communion table than to meet a demand for grape juice as an article of food.

It was in the year 1858 that Mr. Frank Wright, the senior partner in the present firm of F. Wright, Mundy & Co., of Kensington, at the solicitation of Dr. F. R. Lees, first applied the methods of modern science to this important purpose. The preservation of articles of food specially liable to injury by keeping was at that time no novelty, for Monsieur Appert, a French chemist of much experience and great enterprise, had already succeeded in placing upon the markets of the world many articles of ordinary consumption in a perfectly preserved state, and quite free from all liability to injury from age or climate.

The method of Monsieur Appert consisted, essentially, in heating the food to be preserved in closed vessels to a temperature a little above that of boiling water, and then excluding any further contact with *air*, the presence of which had been shown by previous observers to be the true cause of all putrefactive and fermentative changes. It had been noted that these changes, though apparently spontaneous and immediate on the removal of the food product from the animal or plant producing it, were not, really, spontaneous or immediate, and that unless the food product had been exposed to the air, and a clearly marked measure of time had elapsed, neither putrefaction nor fermentation took place. The time required, and the speed with which the destructive changes proceeded when once started, was found to be dependent upon temperature and many other circumstances; but exposure to the air and the lapse of a certain time were found to be essential in every case. It would take us too far from our present purpose to explain why this is so, and it must suffice here to say that the facts are beyond cavil, and are universally admitted by all scientific authorities who have studied the subject. It is in this interval between the removal of the food product from its living source, and the commencement of fermentative changes, that the scientific preserver finds his opportunity, and he has only to be prompt and careful in his manipulations to ensure a perfect success.

In applying this method of Monsieur Appert to the preparation of "unfermented wine," all that was needed was to allow the preserved grape juice to stand in the original vessels sufficiently long for it to deposit its tartar and the rough culsh produced by mechanical expression, and then filtering and bottling as before.

For more than a quarter of a century an acceptable unfermented wine was produced by this method and sold for the use of the Churches by the firm named, and the Communion wine question made much progress under its use. There were, however, two practical obstacles in the way of its general adoption: First, the necessity of conducting the whole process of expression and preservation in this country restricted the makers to those grapes only which would bear importation in bulk from a long distance. Home-grown grapes—except when grown in a hot-house, which were excluded by considerations of cost—were found to be wholly unfit for the purpose; and only about half a dozen varieties out

of the 3,000 kinds known to viticulturists were found to be available, and these were by no means the choicest which the vineyards of the Continent produced. The other objection was that though the process was effective so long as the vessel containing it remained unopened, the wine so preserved soon passed into fermentation and became alcoholic after the bottle had been opened. Much waste and inconvenience often resulted, and this was a real obstacle to the extension of the movement.

To meet these two difficulties, the firm just named have adopted a method, the essential feature of which is to introduce into the juice, immediately after expression, a minute portion of an innocent preservative, which, while it effectually preserves the juice from all liability to fermentation, leaves all its essential qualities unimpaired. The juice is at once put into new casks, and is ready for exportation. Nearly all the wine sold by this firm for the last ten years has been treated in this way, and, except in the rarest instances, it has proved uniformly successful. By thus preserving the juice at the vineyards nearly all the best species of grape have been placed under contribution, and as a matter of fact the wines now on sale are the products of grapes grown in the United States, Sicily, Madeira, Spain, Portugal, the Pyrenees and the Cape. The treatment of the juice after its arrival in this country is very simple. The contents of each cask are carefully examined to test their condition and purity. The juice is then promptly transferred to tall glass bottles, where it is allowed to settle for some months. It is then poured off from the deposit, filtered and rebottled into the ordinary bottles in which it is sold to the public. In this condition it is free from alcohol, resists the influences of all climates, and is exported to the greatest distances with perfect safety.

A TEETOTALER ONE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

GUTHLAC: AN ANGLO-SAXON SAINT.

By William E. A. Axon.

IN all ages there have been men who, knowing the evils of intemperance, and the temptations of the appetite for strong drink, have resolutely abstained from all intoxicants. One of these numerous anticipators of modern teetotalism was St. Guthlac, the hermit of Crowland, of whom there remains a biography, written in Latin, by Felix, of Crowland, before the year A.D. 749, and soon after translated into Anglo-Saxon.

From this we learn that in the days of Æthelred, king of the Mercians, one of his noblemen, whose name was Penwald, married Tette, a maiden also of high degree, and had a son to whom the name of Guthlac was given. The boy grew up thoughtful, and though merry, yet pure and innocent in his ways. But as manhood approached his disposition seemed to change and the glory of war attracted him to the career of arms. The land was unsettled and each man sought by force to attain whatever he wished. Guthlac gathered followers and led what he and many others of the aristocratic class considered to be their rightful life. He levied war on his enemies, sacked their towns, broke down their strongholds, slew their men and plundered their possessions. Nine years were spent in these raids. Then one night as Guthlac rested his weary limbs at the close of a marauding expedition and meditated, the vanity and emptiness of such a career was impressed upon him. Great was the astonishment of his troop when next morning he declared that henceforth he would not wage any more war, but be "Christ's servant" only. At the age of four and twenty he left home, wealth and position, and entered a monastery at Repton in Derbyshire, "and after he had taken the tonsure and the monastic life, lo!" we are told by Felix, "he would taste no liquid through which drunkenness comes." At first the monks strongly disapproved of this and hated him for the abstinence which was a merited reproof to them, but they soon learned to love him for the purity of his mind and the goodness of his life.

Reading of those who had withdrawn from the world to pass their lives in labour and meditation, he decided to become a hermit, and found a remote island amid the fens, and made his lonely abode where the Abbey of Crowland was afterwards built. Guthlac dressed in skins, lived solely on barley bread and water, and passed his time chiefly in prayer, singing and meditation. Of his life in this solitude many marvellous stories are told which we need not here repeat. He had his temptations and his visions of blessing, and his loving disposition gained him the confidence of the birds and beasts of the waste who came to his cell to be fed. When Wilfrith visited him he was astonished to see two swallows sit on his knees, breast and shoulders, and sing their joyful songs without fear of any danger. Wilfrith looked long and wonderingly and at last asked Guthlac wherefore the wild birds of the wide waste were so submissive to him. Guthlac answered, "Hast thou never learnt, brother Wilfrith, in holy writ, that he who hath led his life after God's will, the wild birds and the wild beasts have become the more intimate with him?" Of what text was Guthlac then thinking?

Many were the visitors to his hermitage, who came for communion with the holy man, or in the hope of being cured of the sicknesses of body or mind by which they were afflicted. Guthlac was an eloquent preacher, and amidst the absorption of his new life still retained his love for his kinsfolk. When his end drew nigh he sent a messenger to his sister, who came and saw the rites of burial performed over her brother's body.

Each century has its own ideals, and those of Guthlac may seem impracticable or useless to the men of to-day. Yet all must recognise the brotherhood in every clime and in every age of the "Seekers after God."

TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT.

Words by NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

March style, with precision.

Music by CAREY BONNER.

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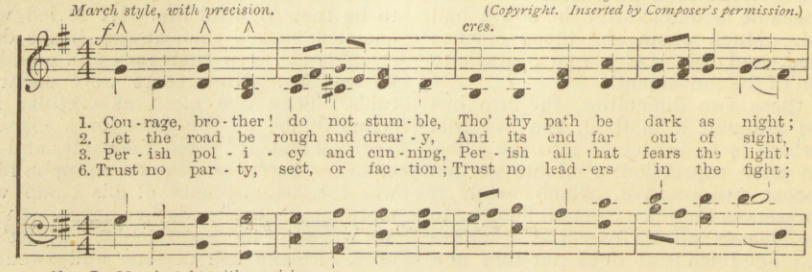
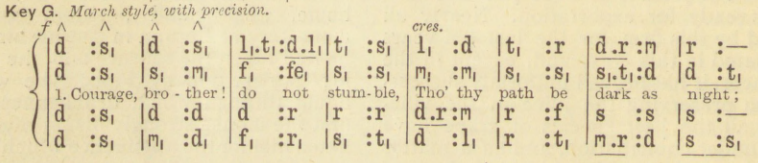
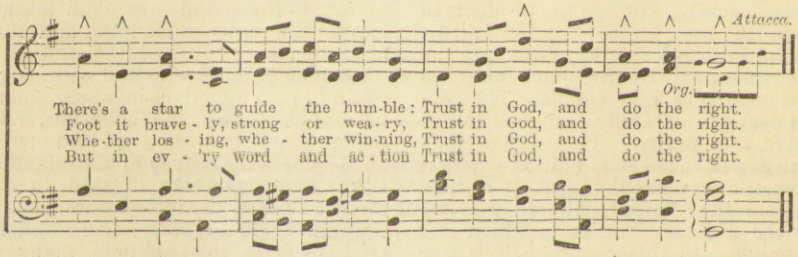
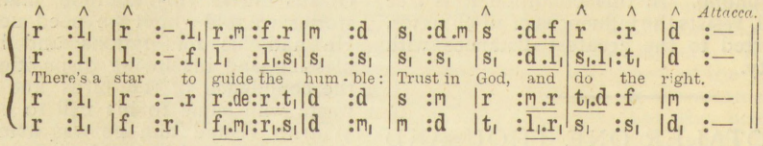
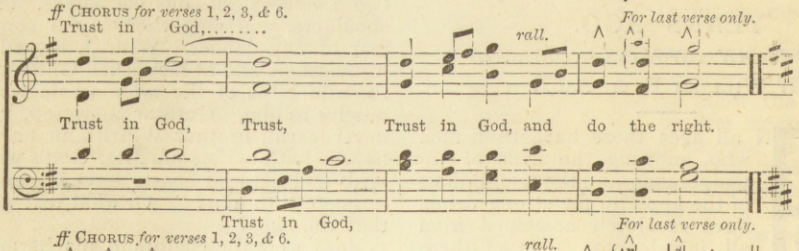


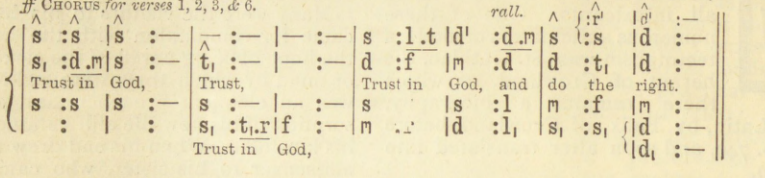
Key G. *March style, with precision.*











TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT.

[Key D.] *Verses 4 & 5.*

mp SOLO. *Slower.* *rit.*

D.t.

|t₁ m :-.m |l :m |m :-.m |s :f |f :m.f |t :-.l |d :r |m :—

4. Sim - ple rule, and sa - fest guid - ing, In - ward peace, and in - ward might,
5. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flat - ter, some will slight:

mp Slower. *rit.*

cres - - - - *cen* - - - - *do.* *rall.* *Attacca Chorus.*

f tempo.

f.G.

|s :-.l,t|d' :t |l :-.t,de'|r' :l |l.t :d'.r'|m' :r'.l |t :-.,d'|d'₁s :—||

Star up - on our path a - bid - ing : Trust in God, and do the right.
Cease from man, and look a - bove thee : Trust in God, and do the right.

f tempo. *colla voce.*

cres - - - - *cen* - - - *do.*

Sves. *Sves.*

[Key G.] *ff* CHORUS *for verses 4 & 5.* *D.C. for verse 6.*

Trust in God,..... *rall.*

Trust in God, Trust, Trust in God, and do the right.

Trust in God,

[Key G.] *ff* CHORUS *for verses 4 & 5.* *rall.* *D.C. for verse 6.*

s :s |s :—	— :— |— :—	s :l.t |d' :d.m	s :s |d :—
s₁ :d.m |s :—	t₁ :— |— :—	d :f |m :d	d :t₁ |d :—
Trust in God,	Trust,	Trust in God, and	do the right.
s :s |s :—	s :— |— :—	s :s |s :l	m :f |m :—
: | :	s₁ :t₁.r |f :—	m :r |d :l₁	s₁ :s₁ |d :— / |d₁ :—

Trust in God.

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE GREAT MAN AND THE LITTLE RED SPIRIT.

THERE was once a man who thought himself very wise and very powerful, and, indeed, he was great as men go; he had rare talents, and the fame of those talents spread across the world—which is not such a big world after all,—and men praised him and pointed to his genius as one of the brightest things that adorned the earth. But the eyes in which his talents appeared the greatest were his own, and his vanity surrounded his name with a halo it never really wore, and gave to his mind a wisdom it did not possess.

"I shall call no man master!" he cried; "but I will make the world my footstool!"

Now, in his house there dwelt a little spirit, no bigger than his own hand, of whom he was very fond, and to whom he confided all the wishes and ambitions of his heart and mind. He kept her in a glass house, and very pretty she looked clad in deep-red garments, that caught the tiniest ray of light and flashed it back a hundred-fold.

"You should not trust her too much," his friends said to him; "she will betray you."

For they had heard of many who had been as great as he that the little red spirit had led to destruction; but this man, who, as I have told you, thought himself wiser and stronger than other men, laughed his friends to scorn, and answered,

"I shall never be slave to anything, but all things shall be slaves to me."

Now, it so happened that the little red spirit heard him, and she fairly chuckled and danced at his words.

"I have ruled greater men than you," she said to herself, "your turn will come; only keep me here and listen to my voice, and I will make you *my slave!*"

Had this man been really wise, knowing as he did this spirit's power, he would have cast her from his house, but he was not wise, and he kept her there to tempt him, believing himself strong enough to resist her.

"She will never harm me," he told himself again and again; "I am too strong; I will never let her get too firm a hold on me, I am too wise!"

And then he would take her up in his hand, and so innocent and sweet she looked that he would laugh aloud to think of her harming him.

"Take me! love me!" she would whisper, smiling her tempting smile right into his eyes.

He would take her and press her to his lips, where she kissed the power from his will and the lustre from his intellect. And so the days went on, and still this man boasted of his strength and wisdom, and still the world believed in him, but the little red spirit laughed in her glass house and whispered to herself,

"Poor fool, he knows not his own weakness nor my power, but I will teach him both."

"Play with her no longer," his mother said to him; "she will surely ruin you."

He muttered something in reply, but his voice had lost its old confident ring; it was thick and husky, and his words were almost meaningless, for the power of the spirit was on his tongue and in his mind.

One night, as he sat alone in his grand house—for he was very rich—he began to think and to realise that he was getting just a trifle too fond of the glass house and its ruddy occupant. So after about an hour's meditation he got up, with a most determined look upon his face, and going to the table where the little red spirit lay he took her, house and all, in his hand, and looking at her for a moment said,

"You and I, are going to part company to-night; I am going to throw you out and never let you enter my home again!"

As he held her up to the light, he saw her tremble, and she seemed to blush a deeper red as she answered,

"Why will you cast me out? What harm can I do you? You, who are so strong, wise, and great, that all men honour you! do you, oh, most powerful of men, fear a little thing like me? Give me a place here! take me to you! I will but warm your blood, and inspire your thought—your life will be dull and dark without me, let me stay!"

And he listened to her voice and was foolish enough to heed her, and weak enough to do her bidding. But alas! and alas! for the consequences a few more years, and this man whom the world had honoured, as great and wise, became one of the most foolish men on earth, the weak slave of the red spirit, who did with him just as she pleased. She twined herself around his mind until it became dark and confused. Its waters grew too muddled to reflect the bright and beautiful, and the flowers that had once grown around it died for want of light. She wrapped his intellect in clouds so thick that it fell to the earth, a smothered, dead thing. She lay upon his heart, until every noble wish was crushed out of it, and it beat just as she desired. And his soul, bound with her weight, could no longer soar from earth, but grovelled in the dust, a lost, degraded thing. And so he lived and died, a slave to the little red spirit—that went on with her works of destruction, tempting other men, great as he had been, leaving them small as he became.

I have told you this story, dear children, as a fancy, but it is not fancy at all. It is true, terribly true. A man, like unto this man, has lived in the world again and again, and the little red spirit who has destroyed him, is nothing else than the wine, my children, the fatal, powerful wine!

Cricket.—I would advise every cricketer to drink little intoxicating liquors, or better still, none whatever if he has his living to get by playing. Smoking in anything like excess affects the sight and the nerves, especially of a young man.—*Kings of Cricket*, by Daft.

BERTIE MARTIN'S PLAN, AND HOW IT SUCCEEDED.

By Isabel Maude Hamill.
Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.



BERTIE MARTIN was a little boy of seven or eight years old when he came to stay with his aunt Lizzie. His mother was very fond of him, and felt parting with him a great deal; but she did it just because she loved him so much, for she knew that his aunt would do all she could to make him a good, obedient boy, and train him aright.

Just at first Bertie was very good and always did what his aunt told him, but after he had been a month or two with her he was often disobedient, and grieved her very much by his naughty ways. One day when she talked to him about this he said, in a very defiant way,

"Oh! I was shy when I first came, and I was afraid of you then, but I'm not afraid now, so I don't mind you so much."

His aunt was very shocked when she heard him talk in this way, and wondered what sort of a man he would be if he began to be naughty whilst he was so young.

Now Bertie was not really a naughty boy, and he was very fond of his aunty, who did so much for him and tried to help him to be a good boy, but he used to let Satan into his heart and listened to him, instead of the dear Lord Jesus, who was waiting so patiently to come in, and wanted to teach him how to obey and be one of the very best of boys. What a pity it is that children, and grown up people too, often let Satan tell them what to do, instead of letting Jesus, for if they keep on letting him have the mastery they will find it *very very* hard work to get rid of him, and this is just what he wants.

Aunt Lizzie had a long talk one night with Bertie about being a better boy, and she prayed that he might let Jesus right into his heart, and after they rose from their knees he said,

"Aunty Lizzie, I will try to be a good boy, and I'm going to do something that will remind me."

"What is that, Bertie?"

"Well! you know my box of marbles?"

"Yes; but how will they remind you to be a good boy?"

"Every time I am naughty, I am going to take a marble out of the box and put it into my drawer, then at the end of the week I shall count how many there are in the drawer, I hope there won't be many."

"And every time you conquer yourself, dear Bertie, I will add a marble to the number already in the box, and we will count those, too, at the end of the week, and I hope there will be a great many added."

"I hope so too, Aunt, thank you," said Bertie.

For two or three weeks Bertie was very obedient, and six marbles were put in the box; then came a week when a marble was taken out every day, and even two were taken out on one day, for twice he disobeyed his aunt. On Saturday in the evening, when he went to count them, he could hardly believe that he had been naughty so often, and went to tell his aunt how sorry he was.

"Somebody else is sorry too, besides you," replied his aunt with a sad face.

Bertie hung his head and looked very much ashamed; after a pause he said:

"Yes, I know you were sorry, Aunty."

"Ah! but I don't mean myself, Bertie, you have grieved somebody far kinder and better than I am."

"Do you mean Jesus?" he asked in an awe-struck whisper, "does He really care?"

"Indeed He does, very much."

"Oh! aunty, I never thought He minded if I was good or not; I will try to please Him and you too, and be a good boy."

"Yes, darling, I am sure you will," said Aunt Lizzie, kissing him.

From that day Bertie always said something in his prayers night and morning, that he had not said before, and it was this, "Please, Jesus, help me to please Thee," and Jesus did help him, as He does every little boy or girl who asks Him.

Bertie failed many times, and often he looked very sorrowfully at the number of marbles in the drawer, but as the weeks went by they grew less, and at last there came a week when there were none.

How delighted he and his aunty were I need not say, for she had been noticing how he was trying to be good and obedient, and he made her so happy by being so kind and thoughtful, that when the time came for him to go home, she was quite sorry to part with him, and said he had been "her greatest comfort."

THE REMEDY FOR BAD TRADE.

It is said that the Caledonian Distillery in Edinburgh produces 2,000,000 gallons of spirits annually, which, at 15s. per gallon (the retail price is 20s.), is £1,500,000. *The total number of men employed is only* 150! If this million and a-half were spent in clothing, house building, or farming, 12,000 to 15,000 hands would be employed. And so with the whole traffic, if the total amount expended in drink were spent in the purchase of clothes, food, etc., 2,000,000 more men than at present might have employment. There would be ample work for everybody.

What is better than shutting up the drunkard? Shutting up the liquor saloon.



HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

By Ernest Axon.

SEA-WEEDS.

SEA-WEEDS, under which name the marine species of the order algæ are popularly known, are amongst the prettiest of things to collect, and on that account they are favourites with girls, though it is to be noted that although young ladies are quite willing to arrange seaweeds, and make delightful little Christmas cards of them, they are not at all anxious to collect them on the shore. They do not admire the thick boots that are essential to the collector's comfort, nor the often very unsavoury weeds.

The collector requires a pair of strong boots, perfectly watertight, they need not be highly polished, but should be rubbed with grease; a strong stick, with a hook to enable him to reach the weeds in the deeper pools of water, a basket or waterproof bag to hold the coarse specimens found, and a few wide-mouthed bottles, well corked, in which to place the delicate specimens. Marine algæ may be collected in four ways: 1—By hand, from uncovered rocks and stones and from pools left on the shore by the tide, when the stick will be found useful, and from the heaps of refuse left on the shore after storms. 2—By the use of a shallow net of six or eight inches in diameter, with a fine mesh, on a stout rod, from the margin of the water, especially of the incoming tide. 3—By a scraping net, somewhat similar to the preceding net but with a D-shaped rim. The straight side is used as a scraper on the piles at the sides of wharves. 4—By a dredge or a grappling hook from the bottom in deeper water.

For the ordinary shore collecting, which is the most essential, the work is simple. The best locality is a rocky coast, some parts of North Wales and the Isle of Man yielding very good results. Sandy shores, like Lytham, Southport and Blackpool, do not yield many living specimens, though occasionally a few are washed up by the waves. The collector follows the tide from high water down to low water mark, examining all the rocks and pools that come in his way. At low water he has an opportunity of examining rocks, then exposed, but which at high tide are covered by the water.

A small boat is of service at this time. When driven back by the incoming tide he should again examine the rock pools. The line of rubbish which the tide lays along the beach should be examined, for it usually contains species which cannot otherwise be readily obtained. The collector need not overload himself with too many specimens of each species. Sea-weeds have to be mounted at once, and it is waste of labour to gather more than can comfortably be mounted on the same evening.

Two or three shallow dishes for washing and one for mounting the weeds are required. The plants must be washed in sea water, for few species will bear fresh water without losing colour. After this first washing float the plant in a shallow dish of sea water and place under it the card or sheet of thick unsized firm paper on which the plant is to be mounted. Care must be taken that the paper or card is uniformly wet and as clean as practicable. The card is then raised out of the water with the plant on it, and its branches are distributed and arranged in as natural and separate a manner as possible. This is best done by the action of the sea water itself as it flows off the card when taken out of the dish, but a camel's-hair brush is of use if the plant has not arranged itself satisfactorily. Let the specimen drip a moment or two after raising it, and then press under a light weight between drying-paper or newspapers.

In pressing, the process is similar to that used in pressing flowering plants, except that a piece of calico should be put over each specimen to prevent its adhering to the paper above it, and very little weight must be used or the meshes of

the calico will be printed on the specimen. As a rule sea-weeds adhere to the mount without any gum, but for a few species gum is necessary. Some sea-weeds will not flatten well or are burst when pressure is applied. These should be dried by pressing them in calico and mounting them loosely on the cards. With all our care we will often be disappointed by our specimens changing colour. Unfortunately, this can not be entirely prevented. Green weeds will turn brown and brown ones green.

Sea-weeds are classified into three classes according to the colour, not of the tints of the whole plant, but of the spores, and for this reason specimens in fruit should always be preferred to others. The three classes are the *chlorospermeæ*, with green spores, the plant being usually light green, though in some species olive, purple or black; the *rhodospermeæ*, with red spores, the plant usually being the same colour, but occasionally green, and the *melanospermeæ*, olive spored, the plant being generally olive green, but sometimes olive brown or yellow.

The principal books which may, with advantage, be consulted by the collector are Harvey's "Phycologia Britannica," 4 vols., and Johnstone and Croal's "Nature Printed British Sea-weeds," also in 4 vols.

THE WORLD MAY LIVE IN STATE.

By William Hoyle.

Author of "Hymns and Songs."

THE world may live in state, I envy not the great,
I'm happy with my peaceful lot
On yonder mountain side, with valleys stretching wide,
Where smiling stands my own sweet cot.

A wife just to my mind, sweet-tempered, true, and kind,
With children dancing round my knee;
My frugal meal to share and drive away my care,
The peaceful joys of home give me.

A little garden patch which I may daily watch,
I love to smell the breath of flowers,
Or feel among the trees the sweet refreshing breeze,
Or hear the birds in sunny bowers.

When winter reigns around, my fireside joys abound—
I find good company in books.
Or, should a friend call in, my home is sweet and clean;
The brightest spot on earth it looks.

And so I jog along, I fill the hours with song,
Contented in my humble cot.
The little that I want, kind providence will grant.
I'm happy with my peaceful lot.

AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.



My Dear Girls,

IT is almost too hot to write about anything, and if one might select, one would choose at least a cool-sounding subject. But we cannot separate very well, in our minds, heat from the act of cooking, and, as it happens, some of the preparations that fall to this month are of the hottest kind, such, for instance, as jam making. But then we have the satisfaction and pleasure of knowing that we are laying up store of pleasant and good food for the dark and cold days of winter that are to follow. Still we will try to keep as cool as possible over our work, and in these days of delightful contrivances called gas stoves, we are far better off than when I was a child, and the same work can be done with far less fatigue.

This is the time when "Our Boys" will coolly say they "don't like First Course," though Mother or Sister, who has had to carve, would not have so guessed unless they had been told. "Get us something refreshing, meat and fish are too stuffy just now." Well, to meet a temper like this there is nothing nicer than a "Compôte of Fresh Fruit." And as one thinks of the Cherries, Strawberries, Raspberries, many-coloured Currants, Gooseberries, Grapes, and Greengages that are in season, it makes one's mouth water. And I want to remind all my young friends that the more the natural taste for these fresh fruits is cultivated, the less likely it is that the gross and acquired taste for drink and tobacco will be indulged in. Therefore, if you know anyone who takes too much (and *any* is *too much*) of either, press fresh fruits upon them.

But now to our Compôte, which is simply fruit cooked in a previously prepared syrup, just enough without changing its colour or shape. We take a pound of lump sugar and boil it with a pint and a half of water for a quarter of an hour, carefully taking off all the scum as it rises. (Should we be doing a larger quantity we should put this scum on a sieve so as to save any syrup that might drop from it.) We keep skimming until the syrup is clear. Into this we throw our fruit, simmering it gently, and watching so as to take each kind out before it falls, or becomes mushy, for, of course, some fruit does not take so long as others. After all the fruit is taken out and piled with taste upon a glass dish, we boil the syrup for a few minutes, *let it get cool*, and then pour it over the fruit.

This Compôte does not keep more than a couple of days, but the syrup may be poured off and boiled up, and the process repeated, when it will be as good as fresh.

This may be used as a decoration for many other dishes, and is also a change from the ordinary stewed fruit.

As a "first course," we will take enough potatoes, beetroot, French beans, or any other vegetable, boil them according to their different requirements and let them get cold. Then cut them into slices or strips. We will also boil one or more eggs, according to quantity required, for half-an-hour, letting them also get quite cold, and then cutting them into quarters or slices. If we have any pieces of fowl or fish or meat of any kind we can cut them into suitably sized pieces and then arrange all these different things in layers or strips, using lettuce or radish or cucumber as uncooked helpers to the "finish" of what is an exceedingly pretty looking dish.

We make a pile of the various and larger items together and then place layers of each, all tending to a point at the top; and the effect of the different colours is very pretty, and taken together with the fruit already mentioned, may be called the poetry of feeding.

In my own practice I prepare a sauce for this dish. It is generally called a "Mayonnaise." It is very simple indeed in its composition, but its preparation always means care, and, until practice has made perfect, patience.

For this, then, I take the raw yolk of an egg, put it into a bowl, add salt and pepper according to the quantity I am going to make, beat it a few minutes. Then I have ready a bottle of salad oil, making sure it is quite pure and fresh, and one of vinegar. I take the bottle of oil in my left hand and placing my finger on the opening of the bottle, I let the oil go drop by drop into the bowl, beating rapidly all the time. This dropping must be done VERY slowly at first. When the mixture seems thick and waxy, I take the vinegar bottle and do in the same manner, working with each alternately till I have as much as I require. According as I want it thick or thinner, I add vinegar and afterwards cream.

Just as in the matter of the custard, we must be quite sure to beat always one way.

It depends upon the taste of those who are going to eat it how much sauce I put on the dish—for some I should coat all the pieces of fish or meat, and place little bits here and there to contrast with the colour of the vegetables.

I had meant to get a few words said to day about preserving and pickling, but I am afraid I must put that off, so hoping once more that "Good digestion may wait on appetite," and that *thus*, by our attention to these matters, there may be one excuse less for taking counsel with our old enemy alcohol,—I am, your affectionate

AUNT MARGARET.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, M.P., states that "One hundred parts of ordinary beer or porter contain nine and a quarter parts of solid matter, and of this only six-tenths consist of flesh-forming matter. To drink beer or porter to nourish us, is tantamount to swallowing a sack of chaff for a grain of wheat."



THE wedding party returned to the sumptuous breakfast, provided at the bride's home, and as John Mayburn gazed upon his new-made bride, with eyes of love and affection, he thought her more beautiful than ever, in her robes of pure white and orange blossom. Nor was he the only one among the company who looked upon her with admiration.

"How well Alice is looking this morning," whispered one of the bridesmaids.

"Remarkably well," replied her companion; "I suppose it is because she is so happy."

"What a good match Alice has made," remarked one of the elderly guests; "I feel proud that she has met with a husband in every way so worthy of her—so steady, so sensible, so amiable. She is a good girl, and I should have been grieved to see her mated to one who would have rendered her unhappy."

"John Mayburn is not well off, is he?" questioned his listener.

"No, not well off, as far as money goes, but he possesses what is far better—a good character, a good disposition, and a good situation, where he will have abundant opportunities of rising, if he keeps his employer's goodwill."

And now the bride's health is proposed; glasses are quickly filled, all being eager to show their willingness to wish so fair a creature every possible happiness and prosperity. Thoughtless eagerness! As if any blessing could be invoked by calling in the aid of a demon, whose delight it is to ruin prosperity and happiness.

"Come, John, you have not filled your glass. Are you not going to drink your own wife's health?"

It was the bride's father who spoke, and he took up the decanter to fill the young husband's glass.

"I am an abstainer," replied John; "I never tasted strong drink in my life."

"O, but you must taste to-day if you never do again, you know this is a special occasion."

"I think I won't taste at all, even on so special an occasion as this. What do you say, my love?" he added, turning to his wife.

Thus appealed to Alice thought it a good opportunity of showing to the assembled company

how great her influence was over her husband, and assuming an injured tone she said—

"I think you ought to drink my health just this once. We shall never have another wedding day. Besides, it looks as if you did not wish me to be happy and prosperous if you won't break through a foolish habit once even for my sake."

"You are mistaken, Alice," he replied, "indeed, I would do almost anything for your sake. And if you insist upon it I will even drink your health in a glass of wine for the first time in my life."

He waited for her reply. The company were waiting too, and as Alice paused undecided whether to press the matter or not, she caught the eye of one of her bridesmaids looking scornfully upon her. So, turning towards her husband, the pretty pout still on her lips, she said:

"I do insist upon it. I *command* it, John, and if you really wish to prove once for all that you care about my wishes and will try to please me, you will drink this glass to my health." So saying, she seized the decanter, and filling his glass to the brim, smiled a triumphant smile back to her bridesmaids, to show them she had won the day.

Fatal triumph! O foolish wife! to *compel* your husband to a course which would bring on his ruin and yours too.

* * * * * * *

Five years have passed away, and it is the anniversary of Alice Mayburn's wedding day. Sadly changed is she from the blushing bride we saw her last—the centre of an admiring and adoring circle of friends, and rejoicing in the promise of a new life just opening out to her. She sits alone now, in a room almost bare of furniture, once filled with every article of comfort. Her face is wasted with suffering and anxiety. One thin hand holds the shawl tightly round the new-born child, while with the other she clasps it to her breast, in a vain endeavour to still its fretful, hungry wailing, for the mother cannot satisfy her infant's craving for food. How can she, when all the nourishment she has had for the last two days has been dry bread and weak tea? She is as yet too proud to let her friends know into what straits she has fallen.

"Mamma, what makes you cry?" asks a fair-haired boy—her first born—running to her from the corner where he has been playing with some crusts—his dinner—before eating them.

His mother does not answer, but the tears continue to flow down her wasted cheeks, and, as she hears a well-known footstep in the passage outside, a look of fear steals into her eyes.

Nearer and nearer come the footsteps until they stop outside the door. Someone fumbles with the handle; it is turned; the door opens, and a man stumbles into the room. Can this be John Mayburn? you ask, incredulously. This unwashed, unshaven, dishevelled creature, with bleared eye and vacant expression, be the promising young man of five years ago? Yes; this wreck now before you is he. His situation; his employer's confidence—all gone; and all that is left of him is this monster of repulsiveness! He flings himself on a chair, and in a loud and angry tone demands food, and when the trembling wife meekly answers that all they have in the house is a little dry bread, he grows more fierce and angry than ever.

"What are you crying for?" he asks, with an oath. "Is it not enough to come home and find nothing to eat in the house, without seeing you crying there? You are too pampered and petted. Why don't you go out and earn some money, instead of letting your husband and children starve before your eyes?"

"O, John," she said, in a burst of sobs, "Don't you remember this is our wedding day; and how we promised each other"——but here she broke off in an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

"Yes, I remember," he sneeringly replied. "And whose fault is it we are as we are? Who was it tempted me to drink at first? But for you I should not be the wreck I am. You have only yourself to blame for it all. So don't talk to me about our wedding day."

Poor Alice! He might have spared his reproaches, for her remorse was keen enough already. The bitterest pang of all her sorrow was the remembrance that she was the cause of it all; that she should have been the one to shake her husband's resolution and beseech him to do *for her sake* what he would not have done for anyone else.

As soon as she was strong enough, she cast about in her own mind what she could do to earn bread for herself and little ones; and as she had a taste for nursing the sick, she entered a training hospital, the fees being generously paid by one of her relatives. The little boy was adopted by one of her sisters, so that she was enabled to keep herself and youngest child in comparative comfort. Besides being an abstainer herself, she is now a staunch supporter of the Temperance Cause, and urges everyone who comes beneath her influence to refuse strong drink of every kind. She does not shrink even from giving her own humiliating experience, hoping thereby to warn others from making the same foolish mistake.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED.

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't believe that everybody else is happier than you.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under dress.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentleman or a gentlewoman—and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the golden rule—"Do unto others as you would be done by."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

"RUN from temptation, lest it overtake thee."

"WE increase our wealth when we lessen our desires."

DISTRESSED young mother, travelling in train with weeping infant: "Dear, dear; I don't know what to do with this baby." Kind and thoughtful bachelor: "Shall I open the window for you, madam?"

A SCOTCH minister, in one of his parochial visits, met a cow-boy, and asked him what o'clock it was. "About twelve, sir." "Well," answered the minister, "I thought it was more." "It's never any more here," said the boy, "it just begins at one again."

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.—Of this Lady Henry Somerset tells an amusing story. Before her marriage, after Lord Somers and the family had been absent for a long time on the Continent, they returned to Eastnor. They had left behind them a favourite parrot with the servants, and when they returned Lady Isabel sent for her pet. To her great amusement the bird would do nothing but imitate the sounds with which it had been familiarised during their absence. "Pop!" it said, emulating with ludicrous fidelity the popping of a wine cork. "Pop! take a glass of sherry, take another glass."

A CABMAN signed the pledge for Charles Garrett, but soon after broke it. Conscience-stricken and ashamed, he tried to keep out of the way of his friend, but Mr. Garrett was not to be put off. One day he found the poor miserable man, and taking hold of him he said: "John, when the road is slippery and your cab horse falls down what do you do with him?" "I help him up again," replied John. "Well, I've come to do the same," said Mr. Garrett affectionately. "The road was slippery, I know, John, and you fell, but here's my hand to help you up again." The cabman's heart was thrilled. He caught his friend's hand in a vice-like grip, and cried, "God bless you, sir, you'll never have cause to regret this. I'll never fall again." And to this day he has kept his word.

WHAT BETTER EPITAPH?

"SHE made home happy!" These few words I read
Within a churchyard, written on a stone:
No name, nor date, the simple words alone
Told me the story of the unknown dead.
A marble column lifted high its head,
Close by, inscribed to one the world has known.
But ah! that lonely grave with moss o'ergrown,
Thrilled me far more than his who armies led.

"She made home happy!" Through the long, sad years
The mother toiled, and never stopped to rest
Until they crossed her hands upon her breast,
And closed her eyes, no longer dimmed with tears,
The simple record that she left behind
Was grander than the soldier's, to my mind.

—*New York Sun.*

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD, who had often heard himself called "a terror," came to his mother after a particularly harassing day, saying "Haven't been a terrier to-day?" *She* thought he had been a whole dog-show.

"WHAT is the feminine of friar?" asked a teacher of his class. First boy: "Hasn't any." "Next?" Second boy: "Nun." "That's right," said the master. First boy, in an indignant tone: "That's just what I said."

A GRAVE CHARGE.—"I challenge any man who understands the nature of ardent spirits, and yet for the sake of gain continues to be in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder."—*Dr. Lyman Beecher.*

ALCOHOL AND HEALTH.—"In a man who enjoys average health, who eats well and sleeps well, the judgment is clearer and the mental capacity greater when he takes no alcohol than when he takes even a small quantity. And with regard to bodily work, although alcohol may enable him for a time to exert himself beyond his proper strength, the subsequent reaction requires a repetition of the stimulus, and ere long the frequent repetition of the stimulus causes the health to break down."—*Dr. Murchison.*

ABSTINENCE AND GOLF-PLAYING.—Mr. J. H. Taylor, the Winchester professional, an Englishman twenty-three years of age, who learnt his golf at Westward Ho! recently won the championship medal at Sandwich in the competition open to the whole golfing world, amateur and professional. There was a large muster, comprising almost all the best players, and though the weather was far from perfect, Taylor accomplished four rounds of this difficult course in 326 strokes, defeating Douglas Rolland, who came next, by five points. In the following tournament between eight selected amateurs and eight selected professional he broke the record of the green by a round of seventy-seven strokes. He writes to one of our golfing friends:—"It is perfectly correct the report you have heard about my teetotal principles. I have been a teetotaler all my life, also a non-smoker. I am perfectly certain it is the best thing for golf-playing."—*Temperance Chronicle.*

REMEDY FOR LOW SPIRITS.

TAKE an ounce of the seeds of resolution, mixed well with the oil of good conscience, infuse into it a large spoonful of the salts of patience; distil very carefully a composing plant called "Other people's woes," which you will find in every part of the garden of life, growing under the broad leaves of disguise; add a small quantity and it will greatly assist the salts of patience in their operation; gather a handful of the blossom of hope, then sweeten them properly with the balm of prudence; and if you can get any of the seed of true friendship, you will then have the most valuable medicine that can be administered. But you must be careful to get some of the seeds of *true friendship*, as there is a seed very much like it called "self-interest," which will spoil the whole composition. Make the ingredients into pills and take one night and morning.

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR

JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

By EDWARD ARMYTAGE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

GEOFFREY ORMOND, a man of great talent who has given way to reckless dissipation, watches his younger friend, Frank Crawford, enter the "Lion," and laments that they are both on the downward path. This feeling is deepened when, at his lodgings, he talks with Little Mary, the child of John Dudley; her father is a drunkard and a gambler. Dudley goes to a gambling house. Meets Frank Crawford, who plays cards with Fruse and suspects that he is cheated. Dudley breaks the bank at *rouge-et-noir*, and is robbed and mortally wounded on his way home. Dudley found wounded in the street is identified by Fruse and Crawford. Little Mary, who has just gained from Geoffrey a pledge of reformation, is summoned to her father's death-bed. John Dudley dies, and Mary is adopted by Geoffrey. Fruse proposes to Kane (who had also been in the gambling house on the night of the murder), that they should try to gain the reward offered for the detection of the murderer. Fruse suspects Kane of the murder of Dudley. By frightening him with a pistol compels him to confess, and also to hand over Dudley's pocket-book which he had stolen. Description of Mr. Blough, publisher, who is about to start a new magazine. Geoffrey, who has turned over a new leaf, is appointed editor. Ormond meets Crawford, and learning that he is pressed by Fruse to pay a gambling debt offers to lend him the money. Geoffrey takes Jeannie Crawford to see Little Mary. Fruse apologises to Crawford for the harshness of his previous demand, which he withdraws, and expresses a wish to adopt Little Mary. The *Round Table* appears.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE disease which had attacked Little Mary was no longer considered dangerous; but the utter prostration, the excessive weakness, which it had left behind, gave Ormond serious alarm. The fire of life burned feebly in her frame, and required careful tending to restore it to the glow of perfect health. Ormond, therefore, determined to send her into the country, and after much deliberation and discussion, the little village of Silverdale was selected. The project was mentioned to Fruse, who agreed heartily to the scheme, but started sundry objections to the locality selected. These were overruled, and it was arranged that Geoffrey should have a holiday at the same time, and that Frank Crawford should bring his sister a week or two later.

Silverdale was one of those charming English villages which now seem to have been frightened from the face of the earth by the scream of the steam engine. There was nothing modern about it; the newest building the place could show was the Dissenting Meeting House, built in the days of William the Deliverer. Pretty cottages, with white and black lines intersecting each other on their fronts, and an ancient parish church, of pointed Gothic architecture, were the noticeable features of Silverdale. Upon the hill-side, beyond the village, were the solemn woods; and through the middle of the dale ran a stream, pure and lucid enough to justify the name which it had given to the vale.

An air of peace seemed to pervade Silverdale; there the first flowers bloomed, and there the autumn fruits lingered longest. Sin and discomfort existed there, doubtless; but they did not boldly flaunt their shame, as in the great cities; and a casual visitor might have fancied himself in an abode of perfect peace and contentedness. That such was not the case, we know too well—that the evils which are attacking the very heart of our English social system operate with the same baneful influence in the midst of our sylvan dales, as in the streets of our great cities, is too true.

Geoffrey and Little Mary proceeded to Silverdale; and under the influence of the balmy country air, the invalid rapidly became convalescent. The perfect novelty of the scenes in which she now found herself, served also to arouse her flagging faculties, both of mind and body. To one who, during life, had been familiar with nothing but the

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grimy streets of the town, to whom flowers and birds were strange objects, this sudden escape from the restraint and turmoil of the city, into the peace and blessedness and beauty of the country, was inexpressibly refreshing.

The green fields, the flowers, and all the objects which bounteous Nature had strewn with liberal hand, awoke in her heart feelings of delight, of love and worship. To Geoffrey also the change was a great boon. He revelled in the freedom which he now enjoyed; and as he watched the movements of his companion, he rejoiced to see the roses faintly blooming on her face, her step acquiring firmness and elasticity, and all her actions denoting a renewed lease of life.

The days flew quickly by, and brought round the time appointed for Frank and Jeannie joining them at Silverdale.

It was a pleasant meeting for all parties, especially for Ormond and Miss Jeannie, whose spirits seemed to be livelier than ever; and she outdid herself in the affectionateness with which she greeted Mary, and commented on her improved appearance. Crawford, too, was evidently happy; but he never seemed perfectly happy unless watching the varying expressions on the face of his child-love, Mary. And thus the time passed happily and quickly, too quickly for all concerned; but there was one day of supreme happiness, which was borne in everlasting remembrance by two of our friends. It was a glorious day in early summer, and it had been arranged that the whole party should visit Castle De Vere—a noble mansion, whose embattled turrets towered over the trees that clad the hills above Silverdale, and seemed to awe them into silence. All nature smiled, and Little Mary, now thoroughly herself, once more sported about, "free as air." Miss Crawford soon caught the infection of light spirits, and they both romped about to their heart's content, and examined everything, were pleased with everything, and wondered at everything. Arrived near the Castle, a new cause of interest presented itself. Gazing around them, their eyes wandered over a delightful expanse of country; in the front nestled the picturesque village of Silverdale. The pretty white-washed cottages nestled in the apple-bloom, the river wound silver-like along the base of the hill; and far beyond in the dim distance lay a range of gorse-clad hills. The whole party, as with one impulse, stayed their progress to admire the varied beauty of the landscape. Listening to the musical fall of the river, which tumbled over the rocks at the foot of the crags on which they stood, Jennie and Ormond lingered, admiring the scene, while Crawford and Little Mary wandered on to examine the antique pile which rose in imposing grandeur before them.

"Doesn't this remind you of those lines of Milton," and Jeannie repeated softly:—

> "Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
> While the landscape round it measures,
> Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
> Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
> Mountains on whose barren breast,
> The lab'ring clouds do often rest;
> Meadows trimmed with daisies pied,
> Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
> Towers and battlements it sees,
> Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
> Where, perhaps, some beauty lies,
> The cynosure of neigh'bring eyes."

"In that case," said Ormond, "we'll leave our friends to discover this fair damsel; it were a pity to disturb them in so romantic an enterprise."

"Ah!" said Jeannie, shaking her curls mischievously, "that may be very well for you, but will our friends care to undertake their enterprise alone, for you know that those fair beauties were guarded by fabled dragons."

"Dont be afraid of that," said Ormond; "dragons are out of date, and the days of chivalry are past. Men don't, now-a-days, prove their faithfulness by deeds of daring prowess. They are better employed in fighting the dragons of social wrong and injustice."

"Yes," said Jeannie mournfully. "There is wrong enough in the world to be put right, but how few people are there willing to do it."

"It is because they lack inducement," said Ormond. "Would not more good be done in the world if there was more hearty sympathy with those who are striving to do it?"

"Sympathy isn't often refused to those who deserve it," said Jeannie.

"Those who deserve it," exclaimed Ormond. "Isn't it the lack of this genuine sympathy which drives so many astray? For my part, had I received this sympathy ten years since, my life would not have been so utterly thrown away."

"Don't think of the past, think of the future that is brightening around you," she said, looking at him.

Ormond did not speak, but looked across the valley thoughtfully. At last he said, "And how much brighter it would be if I and other wanderers from the right path, had more of that sympathy which is so scarce in the world."

"And do you need it more than others?" she said, thoughtfully, in turn.

"Most men," he said, with a sigh, "have not to retrace the past. *I* have to fight against my former self; and it will be hard work, I fear. Do you——"

What Ormond would have said we must leave our readers to imagine, for at this moment they heard the voice of Crawford calling to them. Hastening onwards they quickly reached the spot where he and Mary were standing, and together entered the Castle.

They rambled through the castle, laughing, chatting, and admiring. Room after room was examined, criticised, and then again left in possession of silence, deep and solemn. At length they came to a gallery, long, and but dimly lighted by the small, deep mullioned windows, through which the rays of the setting sun gleamed redly, and struggled to dispel the surrounding gloom. From the walls looked down upon them the portraits of those who had once called this place their own; portraits of knights who had borne the red rose proudly through many a fight; gallant gentlemen who

had fought with Drake and Raleigh, scented cavaliers who had charged for the king and for the cause, at fiery Rupert's bidding. Courtiers who had fluttered in the Court of Charles the Godless, and others who had vowed homage to William of Orange. Faces with every variety of expression, but yet all tinged with a family resemblance. At length they came to the portrait of a beauty of the Court of Queen Anne, and a cry of astonishment escaped from Crawford, for, notwithstanding the antiquated costume and strange head-dress, *the face was the face of Little Mary.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Fruse, Agent." Such was the legend inscribed upon the shining brass plate which ornamented one of the doors in Wellington Chambers. It was sufficiently comprehensive, but the occupations of its owner did not seem particularly arduous, for at the moment when he again comes under our notice he was sitting behind a screen in this office, apparently immersed in thought, with his legs in their favourite position in regard to the fire, or rather the grate, for it was guiltless of a fire. Presently he drew himself together, sat down to the table against which he had been leaning, took out some documents from a drawer and placed them before him. At this moment there was a knock at the door. With instinctive caution, Fruse placed his hand on the papers and looked suspiciously at the new comer, who had entered without any further ceremony. The cadaverous face of Richard Kane met his view, and he rose, motioned him to a chair beside him, and pushed the papers over to him.

"I asked you to come, Kane, that we might discuss an important matter, and these papers will explain partly what the matter is."

Kane took up one of the papers, which appeared to be a leaf torn from the end of a small Pocket Bible. On it were certain entries, family memoranda, of the sort usually inscribed on fly-leaves of Bibles.

The entries read thus :—

"John De Vere, and Mary Houghton, married May 6, 1824, at the Parish Church of Silverdale.

"William De Vere, born August 9, 1825.

"Robert De Vere, born December 25, 1828.

"John Dudley De Vere, born April 5, 1830.

Kane put down the paper evidently very little edified.

"I see," said Fruse, "you do not understand the importance of these papers, nor their bearing upon our fortunes."

"I confess I do not see in what way we can be interested in the genealogy of the De Vere family. I never heard of it before."

"Well, then, I'll explain. I have been industrious of late (here Kane raised his eyebrows), and know all the ins and outs of the family history."

"But first let us make ourselves comfortable," continued Fruse, rising, going into an outer office, and dismissing a small boy who had been vaguely wasting ink all day, and who dignified himself with the name of clerk. This done, he locked the door, rejoined Kane, produced a bottle and glasses from a mysterious recess, and, reseating himself, observed :

"Now we are snug and cosy I will tell you my reasons for inquiring about the De Veres. You must know, then, that the De Veres have, for several centuries, been the lords of Silverdale, where their ancient residence—Castle De Vere—is still the pride of the county. The John De Vere, whose marriage is here recorded (and he pointed to the paper which Kane had just read) has been dead these thirty years, and his wife died ten years before him. They left three sons. William, the eldest, who never married, is just dead; and you will see by this advertisement that his next-of-kin are wanted "—and he handed Kane a slip, cut from a newspaper, to that effect.

"The two younger brothers," continued Fruse, "were both wild and reckless fellows, seemingly bent on going to the dogs as quickly as possible. Robert, who was an impetuous, fiery fellow, and generous to a fault, quarrelled with his elder brother in the very room where their father had just expired. No one saw the quarrel, and no one knew the rights or wrongs of the case; but when some of the servants heard a heavy fall upon the floor, and rushing upstairs found the elder brother lying on his face, bathed in blood, and the heavy hunting whip which Robert invariably carried about with him, thrown into a corner of the room, they knew who had done it, though not one of them ever set eyes on him again, nor was his whereabouts ever discovered, though unknown to anyone else, he corresponded with his younger brother John. Here is one of his letters." Fruse here handed the epistle to Kane. It was dated from a street in New York, and was signed Robert Houghton. "You needn't waste time in reading it," continued Fruse, "the only important points in it are the address and the signature, which shows that on emigrating to America he assumed his mother's maiden name."

"The third son," said Fruse, leaning over the table, until his face almost touched that of Kane, "*the third son was our friend John Dudley.*"

Kane sat in utter silence, his face rigid and white as marble, his eyes staring out blankly, and his fingers closing unconsciously round the glass from which he had just drank. At length it broke to pieces in his grasp. This roused him from his stupor, and a convulsive shudder ran through his frame.

"Courage, man," said Fruse, who soon produced another glass, filled it to the brim, and handed it to Kane, who emptied it at a draught.

Fruse regarded this exhibition of feeling with a contemptuous smile, and when Kane had partially recovered his composure, he went on unsparingly.

"So that if Robert De Vere has drunk himself to death, or has been robbed and murdered in some gambling house, the next-of-kin advertised for, and the heiress of the De Veres, is the girl whom Geoffrey Ormond, out of charity, has adopted."

Kane had listened eagerly to this statement, and when Fruse had ceased speaking, he asked—

"And what use do you intend to make of your

knowledge of that fact? Tell it to Ormond and claim a reward?"

"No," said Fruse, "do you think I am the man to let an El Dorado like this slip through my fingers? No, no! I am no fool if you are; and now, listen to me carefully. The second brother may be alive, and I want you to go to America to find out whether such is the case or not. Now, understand me, *you must bring back proof that he is dead.*"

"But what guarantee have you of my returning from America?"

"I have thought of that," replied Fruse. "Your pecuniary interest in the scheme shall be sufficient to secure your fidelity, but if, in spite of this, you dare to play me false, beware of my vengeance, for I'll hunt you down remorselessly, and John Dudley's end shall be a merciful one in comparison to yours."

Kane quailed before the threat thus hurled at him, and felt that he was in the power of an unscrupulous enemy.

"But supposing that Robert Houghton is really dead, how do you then propose to act? The benefit will be to Geoffrey Ormond and his ward, not to you or to me."

"When you bring home the news of Robert De Vere's death, we must then, either by fair means or foul, obtain possession of the girl. Trust me, the moment we can prove her to be the next-of-kin to William de Vere, that instant you and I will reap the golden harvest."

The result of the conversation was that a few weeks afterwards Kane proceeded to New York in search of Robert De Vere.

(To be continued.)

TAKE THOU THY STAND.

By William Hoyle,

Author of "Hymns and Songs."

FRET not thyself about thy state or place,
Nor think some other form or course of life
Would suit thee more or help thee in the race;
If thou art found a leader in the strife,
Press nobly on and bear thine armour well,
For Virtue's cause our Fatherland to save;
Where others fought so gloriously and fell,
With honours crowned, the fearless and the brave,
Take thou thy stand; 'tis not for thee to choose
The day or hour when great events shall rise;
Speak to the world, speak forth thy honest views
From thy well-ordered mind. Be brave and wise,
With large experience and deeper thought;
Bend not to fashion's rule or earthly gains,
Speak out the words from bitter memories brought,
Heaven shall reward thee for thy toil and pains.

THE STORY OF A BLACK KITTEN.

By Uncle Ben.

THE home of Lilla was one day gladdened by the arrival of some kittens. The domestic event of interest was a great joy to Lilla, who was an only child, and, strange to say, had no great affection for dolls. Living things were the delight of her young life. She loved all sorts of animals, so that the advent of these small kittens was a real pleasure. However, it was decreed by parental authority that all excepting one should be condemned to an early departure from this mortal life. When, therefore, Lilla went one morning to look at her pets she was greatly grieved to find all gone but one little "blacky," who was appropriately dressed in deep mourning by nature, as if in memory of the loss of its brothers and sisters.

Now, as Blacky grew into the childhood of kitten life, it became very playful, and was an endless source of amusement to Lilla, who could not make enough of her living treasure. Lilla's friends came to call on the kitten, and see it have "afternoon tea" in the garden, run after a ball of string, or play with an empty cotton-reel.

Now it happened that Eva Langley, who was in the set of Lilla's friends, being a schoolfellow and playmate, was ill at this time. She had a very unhappy home, her mother being one of those women who drank secretly and neglected her children, and made untold misery, of which the outside world knew nothing, and Lilla often thought about poor Eva and talked about her, wondering what could be done to show the sick girl some real kindness.

One afternoon a mutual friend came to see Lilla and her kitten. It was a dull day and a half holiday. They went down to the end of the garden and sat on a favourite bench by a large tree, taking with them a little saucer of milk for Blacky to refresh herself with. Their talk turned on poor Eva, for Lilla had heard that she was not so well again, and that it would be a long time before she would be strong; in fact, there was a rumour of her never being quite right again.

Lilla told her friend that she had asked that day how Eva was, and all the answer was: "Not quite so well."

The friend said, "that's just as it is when I go, it's either not quite so well or a little better; but Mrs. Langley never asks us in."

"I wish they would let us see her sometimes, I am sure it would cheer her up. Do you know what is really the matter with her?" asked Lilla.

"All I know is that Mrs. Price told Mary she thought there was something wrong with Eva's spine or back that had been a long time coming on, and was caused by her mother's long neglect, and very likely brought on altogether by some fall or carelessness when she was little."

"It's a dreadful thing to think of poor Eva being shut up so long, and with so little to make her happy. I took her some flowers and said



I should like to see her, but when Mrs. Langley heard me she came and said, 'thank you, the doctor says Eva must be kept very quiet, and I think you had better not see her yet.'"

"Do you think there is anything we could do for her?"

"Well, I don't know, but I have sometimes thought she might like to have a kitten; I know if I were poorly I would sooner have Blacky than anything; I do wish that the other kittens had not all been drowned, then we could have given her one," Lilla said regretfully.

"I suppose you would not like to part with Blacky?" remarked the friend without much consideration. And there the conversation ended.

But it was not forgotten, this word sank into Lilla's heart and took root, and often when she saw the kitten she would say to herself "I don't want to part with you, Blacky, I don't think I can give you away." She began earnestly to consider what might be given to Eva instead of the kitty, but the more she pondered over it the more she felt that Blacky was the one gift best fitted to cheer her sick schoolfellow. There was a still small voice within that seemed pleading for Eva, and saying, "Why not give her the best you have?" Then came the thought: Which did she love best, the kitten or her friend? Why, her friend of course; then why was it so hard to part with Blacky?

So one evening, not many days after the friend had said "I suppose you would not like to part with Blacky," Lilla said to her mother, "I have been thinking so much of poor Eva, and wish I could send her a present to cheer her up, and I think she might like to have Blacky, but I don't like parting with my nice little kitten, and yet I'm sure I love Eva more than any kitty, and I know she will take care of it."

"I think," replied her mother, "Eva would be very pleased with Blacky, and it would be the best treasure you could send her; the reason that makes it so hard to give up the kitten is because you love yourself better than Eva, and prefer the pleasure of possessing kitty than having the pleasure of giving kitty."

The mother's words went home to Lilla's tender conscience, and she knew then it was only selfishness that made her not like to give Eva the kitten, though in her heart she wished to give her the very best she had. She felt, after this, that she should never be happy in keeping kitty while she thought of Eva, but she was sorry it cost so much to give Blacky up. The struggle did not last long, victory came in the sacrifice, and into her soul came the unconscious joy—a faint, far-off echo of the blessing once revealed on Mount Moriah and in unspeakable splendour on Calvary—that lies in the heart of all sacrifice.

The next day Lilla wrote a little note:—"Dear Eva,—I send you my nice kitten Blacky, it's the best present I can think of; please take great care of it. With much love, hoping you soon will be quite well, I am your loving friend, Lilla.

"P.S.—Do ask your mother to let me see you and kitten as soon as possible."

This brief epistle was addressed to Miss Langley, and put in a little basket with Blacky, and left by Lilla at her friend's house. The next day she called for the basket and was allowed to see Eva and Blacky, and a new-found happiness grew up in Lilla's heart, that she had never known before. The friendship deepened, Eva's spinal disease lasted many years, and the black cat grew to be the faithful companion of both.

AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.

My Dear Girls,

A LADY who reads these letters and likes them, sent a newspaper cutting to me the other day, with this written on the paper to which it was pinned: "If your letters are learnt by the girls and practised, there will not be so many of this."

"This" was an advertisement from the *Manchester Guardian*: "Apartments wanted for a gentleman where they can cook something besides chops and steaks."

I was not quite sure whether the lady meant to remind me that I had not said anything about these very excellent items in our English bill of fare, but anyway, I'm not going to deal with them to-day.

I couldn't help thinking of you last week, when I was trotting out my "notions" on this and "like subjects," as they say in Lancashire. We were a mixed company as to age, though most were young, and almost all were "abstainers, but not bigoted, you know." Upon which I raised my eyebrows and puckered my forehead, as who should say, what does that mean?

"Well, you know, I wouldn't carry it so far as not to use spirit of some kind in preserving; you must admit that it is necessary to keep our jams sweet, and free from mouldiness all the year through."

"What kind of spirit would you use?" I asked.

Hereupon there arose a division; one offering brandy, another whiskey.

"Well, my friends, I don't mind which you take, if you take either of them, and I can only say that in my own experience I have never had mouldiness, or sourness, or too much sugariness in any jam that has been made from my recipe, and *proper attention has been paid to the carrying out of the instructions*, and I need scarcely say there's been no suspicion of either brandy or whiskey about mine."

I don't know whether I was justified or not, but I felt encouraged to pass on to you my knowledge on this subject of preserving fruit.

There are one or two things that we do well to bear in mind, such, for instance, as to have our fruit as dry as possible, and handle it as little as can be done with. Also that it is not economy, and therefore not cheapness, to use common sugar. The very best is the cheapest in the end, for inferior sugar throws up scum, which not only reduces the weight, but takes up time, and worst of all, dims the clearness of your jam.

Raspberries may be mixed with other fruits such as strawberries, red currants, gooseberries, or cherries. In such a case you use twice the quantity of raspberries to the other fruit.

And, by the way, I must not forget to tell you in boiling two kinds of fruit together to boil the harder fruit first by itself, before adding the softer one.

Well, having got our fruit carefully picked, we weigh it, and put it in our preserving pan, which must be without a speck or spot.

We place the pan *over* the fire, not flat on it, and you will notice I do not give any precise direction for this because there are so many ways of securing the thing we want. Stir the fruit carefully up from bottom and sides, with a wooden spoon, and as the scum rises, remove it carefully, but do not begin too soon, as it would be wasteful, and if you let it boil down again into the jam, it will be discoloured.

The proportion of sugar depends very much on the nature of the fruit; it depends a little too on the kind of season. So that experience will have to be our guide. A fair rule may be taken that acid fruits take pound to pound. Strawberries and that kind, three-quarters (and sometimes half-a-pound, though then the keeping is doubtful). Damsons take pound to pound. Some people allow a tablespoonful of water to each pound of sugar. After we have added the sugar, we continue to boil and skim, until, when we take a spoonful and put it on a plate, it sets at once. We can get our jam to set more quickly by increasing our quantity of sugar, but then comes the danger of *candying*.

We have ready our jars, which must be perfectly sound (no cracks), absolutely dry and pretty hot, and fill them to nearly the top. When I do mine, I take the jam boiling from the fire, and, when I have filled my pots, I cover them over *at once* with gummed paper. But perhaps you had better begin by the ordinary method. Let the jam cool, cut out rounds of paper to fit the pots, brush these papers over with olive oil, lay on top of jam and then cover pots with gummed paper or the same paper brushed with white of egg, label, and store away in as dry and airy a place as you can command.

This process has taken up more space than I thought, so that I have only just time to refer to the way in which I take advantage of any fruit of which there is a large crop, as damsons last year. I take the fruit (say red currants), put it in a jar, and place this jar in a pan about three-parts filled with water, and simmer till the juice flows freely. I pour this juice through a jelly bag into a bowl. It will not do to squeeze the bag, else the jelly will be cloudy, or the contents of the bag useless. I then measure the juice, and to each pint allow a pound of the best lump sugar, and boil, carefully skimming the while, till it will set.

This allowance of sugar may make it too sweet, but if less sugar is used it must boil a little longer.

To the material left in the jelly bag we may add half its weight in sugar, and boil for half an hour. It makes a very fair jam; but it will not keep long. It comes in capitally for roly-polys or open tarts.

So now we've got our preserves without poison, and I feel very certain they will taste all the nicer to you because there is not the least little bit of danger to anybody in them, at least, so feels your affectionate

Aunt Margaret.

JOE AND HARRY'S PRIZES.

By Isabel Maude Hamill.

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.

HARRY and Joey went to the same school, and were very great friends; they were in the same class, and generally walked home together, and the teacher often wished that all his boys were as kind and affectionate, one to the other, as Harry and Joe.

They were both Band of Hope boys, and kept their pretty pledge cards in their desks, and often looked at them to remind themselves of the promise they had made never to touch intoxicating drink.

By degrees, though, this friendship became slightly cooler, and oftener than not Harry walked home alone. The master wondered what was the reason, when one day he overheard two boys talking in the classroom.

"Oh! Joe's sure to get the prize," said one.

"Yes, and won't Harry be vexed," replied the other, "he's beginning to hate Joe, because he's his rival, and they used to be such friends."

"Oh! you may depend they won't be friends much longer."

"Well! it is a great pity for boys like us to be jealous of one another, because we try for the same prize, and I mean to keep jealousy out of my heart if I possibly can."

"Well done, George!" said his friend, clapping him on the back.

The master heard no more, but he felt very sad to think that Harry and Joe, who had been such great friends, should fall out on account of a prize.

The weeks went quickly by, and the day for declaring who was the prize winner drew near, and consequently great excitement prevailed in the school.

Marks were given for punctual attendance, and neither Joe nor Harry had missed one, and Joe kept thinking "if only Harry could miss," and Harry kept saying to himself "I wish something would happen to Joey to keep him away for a day or two, and then the prize would be mine," and so each one, instead of encouraging a kindly spirit, did the very opposite.

One morning Joe was not in his place; oh! how exultant Harry felt as he took his seat at the top of the class, wondering all the time whatever could be the reason Joey was not present.

The morning passed, afternoon came, and no Joey appeared, and when school was over the master asked Harry if he would call at Joey's on his way home and ascertain the cause of his absence.

"I am very sorry indeed about it," he said, "for I feel sure Joe would have gained the prize, and I am afraid he must be ill, as he has never missed before."

Harry said he would call, but he wished the master had asked someone else to do so, as the last words he had exchanged with his friend had not been quite as kind as they might have been. What was his surprise when he reached the house to find a doctor's carriage at the door, and a nurse and Joe's mother standing in the hall looking very grave indeed; in fact, the mother looked as though she had been crying.

Poor Joe had been run over, how it happened nobody could exactly tell. He started out for school, and in his haste to cross the road ran in front of a 'bus, and before the driver could pull up Joe was under the horses' feet; when he was picked up he was quite unconscious, but a kind gentleman knowing where he lived helped to take him home.

When the doctor arrived, he said his leg was broken, and that he was severely bruised everywhere, but he hoped in time he would get all right again.

Harry was too shocked to say a word at first; but, when the doctor left, he ventured to speak to Joe's mother, and, on hearing about the sad accident, he burst into tears.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "I have been so unkind to Joey lately; I've been so jealous of him lest he should get the prize, and now he's no chance. Oh! I am so sorry; so *very* sorry."

"Well, dear Harry," said Joe's mother, gently, "perhaps this trouble may teach you this lesson: to always be kind and loving, and never to let jealousy creep into your hearts, for we do not know how long God intends those about us to be with us, and it is terribly sad to think, when they are taken away, that we were not as kind to them as we might have been."

"Indeed, I do really love Joey very much, only I was so afraid he'd get the prize instead of me, and that made me nasty to him; but I will try never to be so again to anybody. Poor Joey."

"You shall come and see him when he is fit to see anyone, dear. I have no doubt you were both to blame, but my poor boy has been severely punished."

Harry went home feeling very miserable, and with a great longing in his heart to see Joe, and ask for his forgiveness.

Of course the prize fell to Harry's lot; but, when he went forward to receive it, he did not feel at all triumphant, and when the boys clapped and cheered him, instead of thinking of the handsome book he was carrying away, he was thinking of poor Joe lying in pain with his broken leg.

As soon as he was allowed, he went to see Joe, and each boy was willing and eager to confess his fault to the other, and when Harry, in a shy, awkward manner, pushed a beautifully bound book into Joe's hand, saying,

"It's yours by right, Joe, and I can't be happy to keep it; you must take it."

Joe burst into tears.

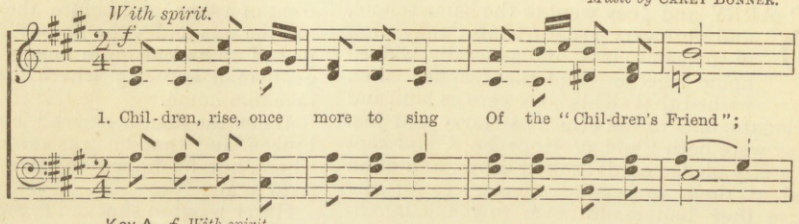
"No, Harry, I couldn't take it; you worked quite as hard as I did for it, and you must keep it," he said.

But Joe's mother, in her wisdom, hit upon the happy expedient of asking the master to give two books, each being *half* the value of the prize, so that both boys could conscientiously have one. This he willingly agreed to do, being so thankful that his two lads, of whom he was really proud, had learnt the lesson of kindness, and that jealousy of one another is sure to bring misery, so early in life.

SING HOSANNA!

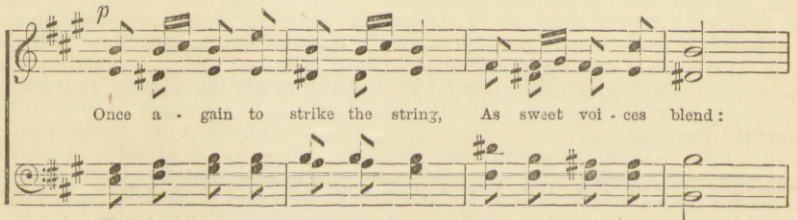
Words by ALBERT MIDLANE. (*Copyright. Inserted by permission.*) *Music by* CAREY BONNER.

With spirit.



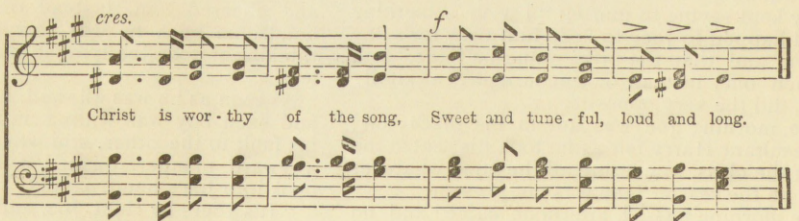
Key A. *f With spirit.*

s, .d :m .d,t,	l, .d :s,	d .r,m :r .l,	r :—
m, .m, :s, .s,	f, .f, :m,	m, .m, :fe, .fe,	f, :—
1.Children, rise, once	more to sing	Of the "Chil-dren's	Friend";
d .d :d .d	d .d :d	d .d :d .d	d :t,
d .d :d .m,	f, .l, :d	l, .l, :r, .l,	s, :—



E.t. *p* B.t.

r s .s,l :s .d'	s .s,l :s	r s, .s,l, :s, .r	d :—
s, d .t, :d .d	t, .t, :d	r s, .m, :f, .f,	m, :—
Once a - gain to	strike the string,	As sweet voi - ces	blend:
t, m .f :s .s	s .s :s	t m .d :t, .t,	d :—
s, d .r :m .m	f .f :m	r s, .s, :s, .s,	d, :—

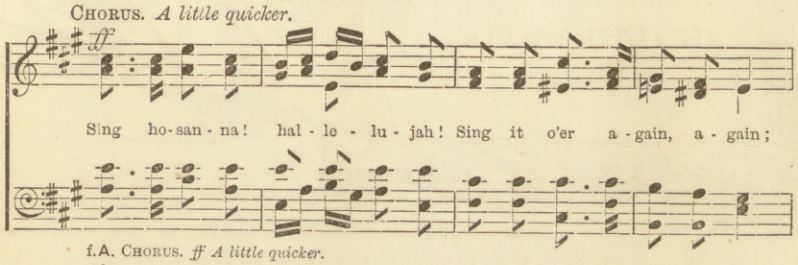


f.E. *cres.* *f*

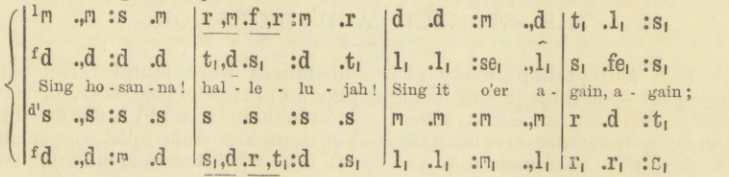
ta, f .f :m .m	r .r :s	s .l :s .m	d .r :d
m, t .t, :d .d	t, .t, :d	d .d :d .d	d .t, :d
Christ is wor-thy	of the song,	Sweet and tune-ful,	loud and long.
d s .s :s .s	s .s :s	s .f :s .s	m .f :m
d, s, .s, :d .d	f .f :m	m .f :m .d	s, .s, :d

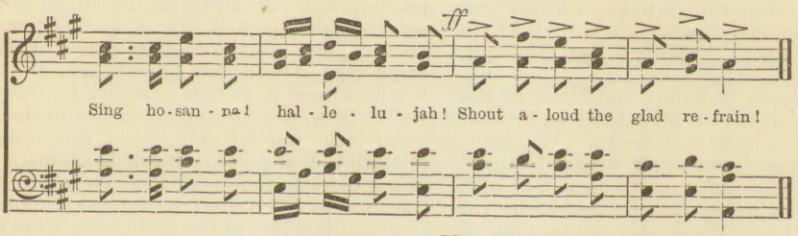
SING HOSANNA!

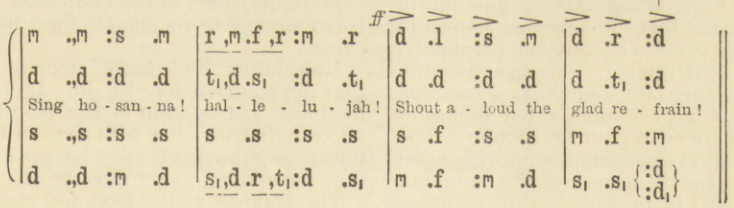
CHORUS. *A little quicker.*



f.A. CHORUS. *ff A little quicker.*







2.

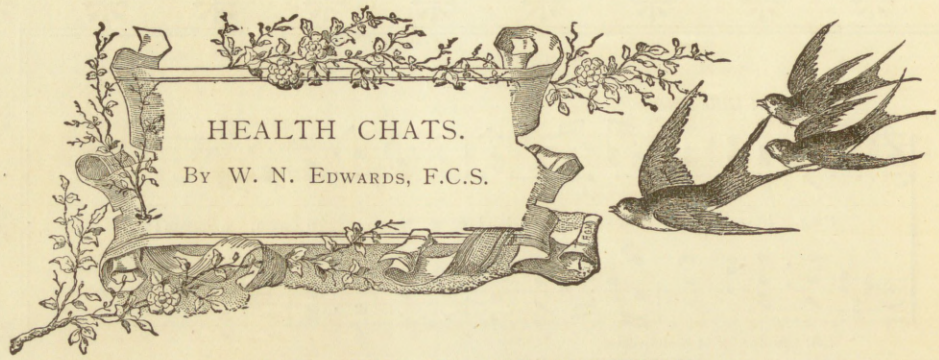
He it was who spoke the words,
"Suffer them to come."
Precious voice! it is the Lord's,
Calling children home
To His tender, loving breast,
There in quiet peace to rest.

3.

Shepherd of the flock is He,
Each by name He knows;
Guarding all so tenderly,
When beset by foes.
Oh! how safe the flock He tends;
Jesus is the best of friends!

4.

King of glory, throned on high,
Angels laud His name;
In their sweetest melody
All His worth proclaim.
Children's voices join their strain,
Praising yet again, again!



THE STOMACH AND DIGESTION.

EVERY boy, and perhaps every girl too, knows something about being hungry. Coming home from school at mid-day the great cry is, "Oh, mother, isn't the dinner ready?" We have not to-day to talk about this feeling of hunger or how it may be satisfied, but rather to say a little about the machinery which will be set in motion when, in response to the hunger, we begin to eat.

When we become painfully conscious of the existence of any organ, we may then know that something is wrong with that organ. We know that we possess teeth, but when we are tortured with toothache they impress us so much with their presence that we feel almost glad to be rid of them. The heart does a large amount of work, but it does not make its presence known to us by its work, all is done silently and painlessly. If the heart demonstrates its presence by pain, or by palpitation, then we know that something is wrong. The brain performs its ten thousand duties, and yet there is no pain, no friction. The bones of the body are constantly moving upon one another with every motion of the body, but here again the effort is, in good health, painless.

We can learn, then, that all the operations of the body, however complex, are carried on without pain, and it is only when pain manifests itself in any part that we know something is wrong. Pain thus becomes our teacher. Once we learn what causes toothache we avoid its use. If we find any particular thing causes the heart to palpitate it would be foolishness to do that thing, and the same may be said of all the organs of the body.

It is difficult for us, without long study of the subject, to conceive of the intricate and wonderful processes of digestion, and yet in the healthy body this work is carried on without our even being conscious of it. We eat, sleep, work, and live, and that is the sum total of the knowledge that many thousands possess.

No organ of the body is so much abused as the stomach—the organ of digestion. We have heard of the elephant at the Zoo. eating not only the buns but also the leather reticules in which they were stowed away, with apparent impunity, and of long-lived sharks in whose stomachs boots, watches, knives, and other indigestible substances were found. But with us we may play no pranks of that sort, or nature will very soon make us suffer by inflicting the tell-tale pain. Yet there are some folks who seem to think they can take such liberties, judging from the miscellaneous kind of matter which a schoolboy for instance, on a half holiday, with sixpence in his pocket, will put away in the shape of tuck—a slice of cake, pennyworth of greengages, an ice cream, pennyworth of toffee, a slice of cocoanut, some ginger beer and some pears; and yet he wonders how it is that next day he doesn't feel well. Now, none of the above are in themselves necessarily hurtful, but it is the injudicious mixture that the stomach rebels against. Some of our older friends are not much wiser in their selection of foods than our typical schoolboy.

More disorders of the body arise from the bad treatment of the stomach than from any other cause.

Now, let us think for a moment of the work that the stomach has to do. It has to receive food after mastication in the mouth, and so act upon it, that together with the work done in the intestines, the food may be made soluble and thus be enabled to get into the blood.

This taking of the food and making it into a liquid substance so that it can be absorbed into the blood is called digestion. Every particle of food to be of service to us must be rendered into a liquid condition. All food that cannot be so converted by the action of the stomach and intestines is waste and useless.

The process, as we have seen, begins in the mouth. In some excellent advice given by Dr. George Wyld he says, "Never bolt your food, eat slowly and chew well; if you do this half a pound of meat will go as far as a pound bolted." In chewing, the food is broken up and mixed with the saliva or water of the mouth. This contains a substance known as ptyalin, which has the property of promoting the change of starches into sugars. Many of our foods are rich in starch. Starch is insoluble and could not find its way into the blood, and could not be utilised easily if it was there. Sugar is very soluble, and is readily used by the body. We may see then the importance of this first step in the process of digestion, viz.: the change of starch into sugar.

The food now enters the stomach. Here it is

churned backwards and forwards; the presence of the food irritates the surface of the stomach, which is covered with tiny vessels called peptic glands. The effect of this is that the gastric juice, as it is called, begins to flow, and at once acts upon certain parts of the food, dissolving them with great rapidity. Some portions of this dissolved food at once begin to soak into the coatings of the stomach, which are exceedingly rich in blood vessels, and so some of the food is absorbed directly from the stomach into the blood.

From experiments it has been shown that certain substances which could be identified were found in the blood of the brain one minute after being taken into the stomach. We may get some idea, then, of the rapidity with which the work proceeds. The blood stream is whirling through the blood vessels at a great rate, absorbing what food has found its way through their coats, and thus carrying it on to every part of the body.

Some folks seem to think that the whole of the food is put into a kind of mill and stored up ready for use. The fact is, the process of digestion and absorption begins directly the first morsel of food enters the stomach, and continues until the whole of the food has been dealt with.

As fast as the food is acted on by the gastric juice it passes on into the intestines, when immediately it is brought into contact with the pancreatic and bile juices. These emulsify the fats which are not acted on by the gastric juice, and render soluble all such other parts of the food as are capable of being acted upon. The interior of the intestines is covered with tiny projections like velvet pile, and having very much that appearance. Although so small, each one of these *villi*, as they are named, is not only capable of absorbing the dissolved food into the blood by way of the blood vessels running through them, but by means of another vessel known as a lacteal they absorb such parts of the food as are not yet ready to enter the blood; these are conveyed by special ducts called lymphatics until finally they pass by means of the thoracic duct into the blood stream. In all this, there have been intricate chemical changes as well, so that the food should be presented to the different parts of the body in the form most suited to their various requirements.

What can we do to help this wonderful process? is the question that naturally arises. The answer, fortunately, is a simple one, and may be expressed thus: Take food regularly and at stated times; the stomach, like every other organ, requires its period of rest.

Give the body a fair amount of exercise, sedentary occupations are not at all conducive to good digestion. Eat simple foods in wholesome condition; the plainer the fare the more readily it will be digested and utilised. Avoid alcohol or any form of stimulants. Alcohol tends to render food insoluble, prevents the flow of gastric juice and is one of the great causes of indigestion.

THE gem cannot be polished without friction, nor the man perfected without trials.

HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

BY ERNEST AXON.



FERNS AND MOSSES.

FERNS are flowerless, and have not the beautiful variety of colouring of the flowering plants, but they have as a compensation a wonderful variety of graceful outlines; and as they are easy to preserve in something approaching their natural colours they are very suitable for the collector.

Ferns need a damp and warm climate. "Without a single prominent exception," says Mr. Baker, "we find that the whole order, of between two and three thousand clearly-marked species, requires shade and a damp atmosphere."

A dry day is the most suitable for collecting ferns, and the necessary tools are, a vasculum, a strong knife and a trowel. The dry day is desirable because if the fronds are wet when gathered they will require more drying, and plants dried rapidly retain their colours much better than those which have to remain in the press for a longer time. The specimens selected for the herbarium should show, so far as possible, all the different parts and various stages of the plant. Of small ferns the whole plant, including the root, may be shown; in the larger ones a couple of fully-developed fronds showing the upper and under sides, will suffice. It is worth while remembering that the specimens should be in fruit, for it is often impossible to determine the species of a fern when the characteristic sporangia are absent.

The drying of the specimens is accomplished in the same way as that of flowering plants; the ferns being laid between old newspapers or bibulous paper and pressed. They will stand considerably more pressure than flowering plants without being injured by it. The British

Museum fern collection is mounted on stiff sheets of paper measuring twenty-one inches by thirteen. This is an unusually large size of mount, and for a private collection sheets of sixteen inches by eleven will be found amply large enough. The ferns are attached firmly to the paper by gumming them all over on the under side, the gum used being a mixture in equal proportions of tragacanth and gum arabic. The ends of the stems will need to be secured by strips of paper. The specimens being duly prepared should be labelled, each label giving the collector's name with the place and date of collection. Each genus should be enclosed in a stiff cover of thicker paper than the mount, on which the name of the genus and of the different species must be written. The sheets should be kept in a cabinet, or, if that is not possible, a series of boxes, and care taken that insects and dust cannot get at the specimens, which should be protected by camphor.

Collectors may consult with advantage "European Ferns," by James Britten; "Nature-printed British Ferns," by T. Moore; and the excellent "History of British Ferns," by Edward Newman. For its low price (1/-) there is no better fern book than Moore's "British Ferns and their Allies."

To collect mosses, one ought to have made a study of their structure, for it is difficult, without some previous training, to distinguish between good and useless material. The first rule is to always look for *mosses in fruit*. Most of the common species have the small capsules, which contain the spores, raised on slender pedicels or setæ; other species, and these are more rare, have the capsules "immersed," that is concealed among the leaves. To find the latter in the right condition an experienced eye is required. *Ripe* fruit is desirable, for only in such is the peristome, the delicate fringe around the mouth of the capsule, developed enough for study. If, however, the capsule is too ripe it loses its "lid" and "calyptra," two little cap-like bodies, fitting into each other and covering its upper part and mouth. In order to secure all these parts it is necessary to collect some species at two different periods. Specimens in which the capsules are too green or too old and weather-beaten are useless for study. Some mosses are dicœcious, that is, the two sexes grow in separate patches, either near each other or quite apart, and as it is not possible for a beginner to determine whether a sterile sod consists really of male plants belonging to a fruiting species near by, it is best to gather everything that looks like a moss. If, however, he is pressed for time, he had better restrict himself to mosses with well-matured fruit.

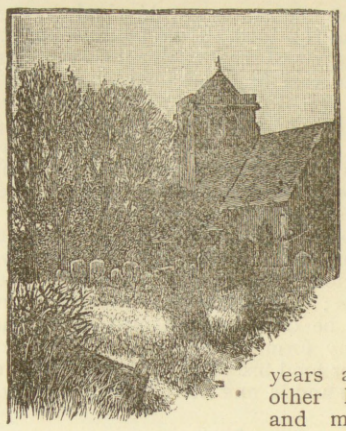
Where do mosses grow? Everywhere almost. On a shady wall, a moist precipice, a boulder, an old stump, a clay bank, nay even in the driest sandy desert they will be found. At first the collector will see only the larger common mosses, but gradually his eye will become trained to see the smaller plants, and to discern those with immersed capsules.

How shall the mosses when found be collected and cared for? Those species which grow in dense cushions should be separated from the soil, and then cut into perpendicular slices in the direction of the upright stems; or, after the removal of the soil and rubbish, the sod may be separated with the fingers. The plants thus prepared are put away into paper pockets, which are conveniently folded before starting on the trip. Species which grow in dense tangled mats should be taken up, and the fruit-bearing plants picked out and put away in pockets. So should all small mosses from clay banks, boulders and trees. The object of thus disposing of the material is to prevent the species being mixed and the smaller parts of the specimens lost. On the pocket the date and place of collection should be written. These pockets should be loosely tied up in bundles of about ten, care being taken not to press them. The bundles should be laid in the sun or near a warm fire to dry; the only care needed is to turn them over frequently the first few days, and change the inside pockets to the outside. The pockets here spoken of, which should be of various sizes, may be made by folding a piece of paper so that the under part shall project about three-quarters of an inch beyond the upper; then fold the projecting part over the other, making the top of the pocket; then turn under the right and left edges for a distance of three-quarters of an inch, and press firmly so as to make permanent creases where the paper has been folded. The pocket is to be attached to the herbarium sheet by a small spot of strong glue in the middle of the back. A label showing the name of the species, and the date and place of collection should be attached on the top of the pocket. The best book on British mosses is Dr. Braithwaite's, which is still incomplete. Hopkirk's "Synopsis of the British Mosses" and Sir. E. Fry's "British Mosses" are both useful.

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE ORGAN'S STORY.



I AM an organ; an old, old organ. Indeed, I cannot tell you how old I am. I only know that the hands that gave me form and tone were laid away in the earth years and years ago, and that other hands, strong and masterful, little and weak, that drew from my soul deep, rich chords and sweet, soft whispers, have followed them.

I can see through that little window there the graveyard. When first I looked upon it, it was a great plot of green earth, with here and there a small grey stone, for its occupants were few; but now the quiet sleepers are piled one over the other. The world says that age has mellowed and deepened my voice, but the world does not understand; it does not know—how should it?—that the souls of men and women, the great souls, with their lives and their miseries, with their passions and their deep, long yearnings, have got into me, and are throbbing through my keys. Once, I was but an instrument to be moved by the soul of the player, but now the player is the instrument, I am the soul. Do you doubt my power? Listen, I will tell you a story.

Sixty years ago, when this little church was a young, fresh place, and when these people, asleep in the graveyard there, were walking about, I had a dear, dear friend; he was only a little boy, just tall enough to place his chubby fingers upon my keys. Such pretty little fingers they were; such great little fingers. I could feel the soul in them, the big, beautiful soul, that looked at me through the sad brown eyes, and stirred me as no other has since. Everyday he climbed into the loft and we would talk together for hours and hours. His hands caressed me so tenderly, so softly, that I poured out to him all the feelings that had been quiet in me so long. He listened, with a wistful far-off look in his young eyes, to all I had to tell him, and he understood all I couldn't tell him. If I was merry, and laughed and gurgled beneath his fingers, his wee scarlet mouth would curve and dimple into smiles; but if I was weary and sad, and sobbed when he touched me, he would lay his warm smooth cheek against me and whisper,

"Poor soul! Poor soul! Why do you cry?"

And then with a quiver in his sweet small voice, he would say,

"I know; you want something, don't you? You want something, something, but you don't know what it is; but it makes you sad. I know, poor thing, I know!"

That was just it—he *knew*; he understood. We were both yearning and longing for something—that something, which all nature, from the ever rushing clouds, to the ever restless sea, is longing and seeking for ever and ever. We were dear friends; close companions for many years. The young figure with its golden head, sprung up and up like a beautiful sunflower, until it towered ever so far above me. The hands lost their dimples, and became strong and supple. And Oh! the power that lay in those fingers! They could draw the very heart out of me, and scatter it through the church, in grand wild music. He loved me with all the passionate love that such a spirit as his is capable of. But as he grew into manhood, he changed; his visits to the old church were not so frequent, and were to me most painful. I understood the trembling hands, the heavy eyes, the clouded soul. I was no longer his sole companion. No longer his only passion. There was another. I did not need the whispering gossips to let me know. I knew it! I saw it in his eyes! I felt it in his fingers! He had another master, and that master was drink! At last he ceased to come altogether, and the world grew dark to me; other hands touched me, but the soul was cold and still within me. One night, a famous organist came from London, and the people thronged to the church to hear him play. Somehow, his delicate touch brought all the past back to me, and at last, with a long yearning cry, I raised my voice and called out:

"Give him back to me! My beautiful boy friend! My twin spirit! Give him back to me, the young life that has gone into the crooked ways, the great soul that has gone into darkness!"

The people did not understand what I said; none but his old mother, she heard me, for I saw her bend her poor white head, and weep.

The years went by, long, cold, dragging years, yet he came not. I saw them lower his mother into her last bed, and heard them say that he had broken her heart, that he was a "drunkard—a profligate—a thief." And still the years passed by, and one by one the people passed with them.

One night, a few months back, there was a special service and a great crowd gathered, the little church was packed. Just as the organist sat down before me and placed his fingers upon the keys, I saw an old man creep into that corner there by the door, a worn figure, bent and weary looking, that crouched in the shadows as though afraid of observation. Cleverly the player's fingers wandered over me, but the sounds he awoke were cold, for my spirit was asleep. Why I watched that old man in the corner I cannot say. How I rejoice now that I did watch him, oh, how I rejoice! It makes me tremble to think that I might have missed seeing him, my beautiful! my friend! my twin soul! Yes, it was he,—I knew him when he raised his eyes, his great, wistful eyes. They were the same eyes, shining out of an old withered face, that had smiled at me over a wee scarlet mouth. My soul awoke with a long throbbing bound. He had come back! he had come back! He might be sinful, degraded, almost lost—what did it matter? I would save him! I would draw him back again into the light! I, with the power that had lain dormant in me so long. I, with the strength of my spirit. And I did! I did! My soul went out in grand, wonderful tones, that trembled and throbbed and rang and thrilled through the old church, went out into the shadows after his soul until it caught it, and clasped it, and brought it out of the blackness of sin into the glory of its lost beauty.

That is all—I have told you my story. The people said that night that the player who awoke such music must be one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived. They did not know that the power was mine, all mine! Ah, well! what does it matter? He knows, my old boy-friend. He is coming, I can hear his step; feeble, isn't it? The years have changed his body. They enveloped his soul for awhile, but now it is free from the mists; look, how clearly, how brightly it shines through his deep dark eyes, the same beautiful soul, full of strange dreams, long yearnings, and wild, sweet music. Just the same soul that looked at me sixty years ago from the eyes of a little child.



DUTY DONE.

By William E. A. Axon.

SWEET in the wood a birdie sings,
With feathers gray and brownish wings;
You'd hardly think so sweet a throat
Could hide beneath so poor a coat.

Within the house a maiden stands,
With homely face and homely hands;
And yet her goodness fills the place
With more than beauty, more than grace.

And in his field the lab'rer's toil
Wins harvest from the stubborn soil;
And from the effort of his hand
Rise up the riches of the land.

As each one strives to do his best,
With work and song the world is blest;
And from the sense of duty done
The joy of happiness is won.

THE DIAMOND EARRING.

By Alice Price.

"IS it much farther to Sudly, Polly?" and the speaker, a little boy of ten, with hungry, pinched face, and great dark eyes, looked inquiringly at his sister.

"No, Tom, we are just near it. Are you very tired? let us rest here awhile," she answered, looking anxiously at her brother's face.

Polly and Tom were orphans, their mother having died when Tom was nothing more than a baby, and left him to the care of Polly, and they would have had to go to the workhouse, if a maiden sister of their father's had not stepped forward and taken them under her care. With her they had lived free from want, until, a fortnight before my story commences, she was suddenly and unexpectedly cut off by influenza, and when the funeral expenses, bills, etc., had been paid, Mary found that she had only a few shillings left. There had not been a sale, as a cousin of their aunt's had claimed everything, and the orphans were again thrown upon the wide wide world, homeless. Their aunt's cousin advised them to go to the orphanage, and his advice Polly took, and they had started early in the morning to walk to it, and in the evening we found them near Sudly, a little village five miles from their destination.

The orphans sat down on the grass by the roadside. Presently Polly said, "Look, Tom, there is Sudly, do you think you could walk so far and buy some bread, we have none for tea?"

"I think so," replied Tom, holding out his hand for the money. "Whilst you are away," added Polly, "I will make some nests in yon haystack, for you and me."

"Yes, do," said Tom, delighted at the notion. When he was out of sight, Polly commenced rounding the hay, and she had just finished when Tom came running up, looking very excited.

"What is the matter, dear?" said Polly, surprised at his flushed face.

"I have been running," stammered Tom.

"What have you got in your hand, dear?" questioned Polly again, looking inquiringly at the boy's closed fist.

Tom did not answer, so Polly said again:

"Tom, do tell me, we never have any secrets."

And Tommy, unable to withstand her gentle pleading, said,

"When I was buying this bread, I saw from the shop part of the castle, and I wanted to see more of it, so I went; and on my way I saw between two stones this," and the boy displayed in the palm of his hand a rather large diamond earring, which was made more brilliant by the dirty palm on which it rested.

"Oh, Tom," was all poor Polly could say.

"So now, you see, we need not be poor any longer," said Tom triumphantly.

"We must take it back, do let us now," said Polly eagerly.

"Where shall we take it to, pray?" replied Tom rudely.

"Oh! Tom, to the shop where you bought this bread."

"No, no," cried Tom, "I am going to pawn it when we get to Ripon; we should get at least a sovereign for it."

"Oh! Tom, we must not do that, why, silly boy, they would think you had stolen it."

"I don't care," said Tom defiantly, "and I am going to sleep now," and suiting action to his words he laid down, and in a little while he was fast asleep, being very tired.

Not so Polly, she sat still thinking deeply. Suddenly jumping up she crossed over to her brother, and taking the earring from his pocket she gazed in silent admiration at it.

"*I will* take it back now," she murmured, "as Tom won't," and Polly began to walk in the direction of the shop. However, when she reached it, she hesitated what to say, when her eye fell on a placard, on which was written:

NOTICE.

"*Lost in Sudly on Tuesday last, a diamond star earring, whoever finds the same and brings it to me or Miss Ingby's, will receive a reward of £2.*"

Polly rubbed her eyes and murmured "A reward of £2," and she stood silently staring at the shop window. At last recollecting she said, "Where does Miss Ingby live?" to a shop-man.

"Over in that yellow house," replied the man.

Although it was past six, Polly made her way to the back door, and knocked gently with her knuckles. It was opened by a kind looking servant.

"Can I see Miss Ingby, please?" faltered Polly.

"Did Miss Ingby wish to see you?" inquired the maid.

"No, but please I have something for her," said Polly.

"Not the earring," cried the astonished servant, "she will be pleased. Do you know it has been lost over a week."

"Yes, mum," murmured Polly.

"Come this way then, little girl, and I will tell her," said the maid, disappearing down the hall; presently she came back saying, "come."

And Polly was shown into a room where a beautiful old lady was sitting.

"So you have found my earring, little girl," she said smiling.

"Yes, mum," responded Polly, curtseying.

"What is your name, dear?" said the old lady again.

"Mary Cannes, if you please, mum."

Miss Ingby started, then said hastily, "what was your mother's name before she married?"

"Mary Watson," replied Polly, wondering what was coming next.

"Then it must be, child, I thought I knew your face; Mary Watson was my most trustworthy and kind nurse, until she left me to be married to John Cannes."

* * * * * * * * *

It is needless to say that Polly and Tom did not go to the orphanage, but Miss Ingby engaged Polly in the place of a maid who was just leaving, and Tom became a stable-boy at the castle.

* * * * * *

"You see, Tom," said Polly afterwards, "That honesty is the best policy, for if I had not taken the earring back we should never have found such a kind friend."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

MAINE has no breweries or distilleries, but it has thirty loan and building associations in active operation.

THERE are more men killed, more men poisoned by alcohol, than are poisoned by all other poisons put together.—*Dr. Edmonds.*

TEMPERANCE workers, read Asa's prayer in 2 Chron. xiv. ii., and offer the same yourselves. Then claim the promise in the 15th chap. 7th verse.

HAD HE BEEN THROUGH IT?—Teacher: What little boy can tell me the name of the worst nation on earth?

Bobby: Vaccination.

"ROBERT, dear, how do you suppose those dozens and dozens of empty bottles ever got into the cellar?"

"Why, I don't know, my dear. I never bought an empty bottle in my life."

A CLOSE SHAVE.—Father: Didn't I tell you I would whip you if I caught you in the water again?

Son: Yes, father; and that's the reason I hurried out when I saw you coming.

THE minister was calling for recruits for Temperance work. "In one little town," cried he, "there's seventeen gin mills; that's where we want to go, brethren." "Yes, yes," shouted a red-nosed, sleepy individual in the rear of the church, "let's go now."

THE BISHOP OF NEWCASTLE.—The Bishop of Newcastle has been an abstainer for sixteen years, and says that he is persuaded that in all atmospheres, in all work, in all relations of society, a man or woman is better without alcohol than with it.

DISPUTED HONOUR.—"How well I whistle!" said the wind to the keyhole. "Well, if that isn't rich!" said the keyhole to the wind; "you mean how well *I* whistle." "Get some paper," said the old woman, "and stuff up the keyhole, and stop the draught." And so neither wind nor keyhole whistled any longer.

MILK AS A STIMULANT.

HOT milk is an admirable stimulant. Milk heated to 100 degrees Fahrenheit loses for a time a degree of its sweetness and density. No one, who fatigued by over-exertion of body and mind, has ever experienced the reviving influence of a tumbler of this beverage, heated as hot as it can be sipped, will willingly forego a resort to it because of its being rendered somewhat less acceptable to the palate. The promptness with which its cordial influence is felt is indeed surprising. Some portion of it seems to be digested and appropriated almost immediately, and many who now fancy they need alcoholic stimulants when exhausted by fatigue, will find in this simple draught an equivalent that will be abundantly satisfying and far more enduring in its effects. This should be taken note of by all hard-working people.

A MAN should not spend money as he likes, but as he ought.

EVERY drunkard used to boast that he could drink or let it alone.

A YOUNG FINANCIER.—"Ikey, did you ged dose flowers for Rachel's wedding?"

"Yes, fader; unt I got paper vons so as we could use dem again ven grandfader dies."

SHE: "It is true that Miss Richleigh has money, but she is also very exacting. If you marry her, you will have to give up smoking and drinking." He: "If I don't marry her I shall have to give up eating also."

THOUGHTFUL.—Johnny: Why are you putting camphor on those furs? Mamma: To keep the moths out of them. Johnny: What will the moths do if they get into the furs? Mamma: Eat the hair off. Johnny: Well, why didn't you put camphor on pa's head to keep the moths off it?

PUNCH'S ADVICE.—"Avoid the tavern. Learn to love home. It is in the tavern cellar that the devil draws up his army in array against the brains and good resolves of men. It is there that he reviews his legions of bottles, and prepares them for the attack upon weak humanity."—*Complete Letter Writer.*

WHY THE PRICE FELL.—Jones: I will sell you that horse for fifty pounds, and it cost me a thousand.

Smith (*suspiciously*): isn't that an unusual reduction?

Jones (*frankly*): Yes, it is. But he ran away and killed my wife, and I have no further use for him.

ANOTHER Arctic expedition under Walter Wellman, an American, will shortly sail from Spitzbergen, and it is proposed not to allow the use of alcohol for any purpose but cooking only. Dr. Nansen's expedition, now out, is also conducted on total abstinence principles. Successful Arctic explorers have found that men can endure cold and hardship much better without the use of alcoholic stimulants than with them.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY MORNING.

THIS is the recipe for a happy morning:

Two small children, boys or girls; be sure that they are good ones!

Two wooden pails.

Two shovels, of wood or metal.

One sea.

One sandy beach, with not too many pebbles.

One dozen clam-shells (more or less).

One sun.

Two sunbonnets, or broad-brimmed hats.

One mother or nurse, within calling distance.

Starfish and sea-urchins to taste.

Mix the shovels with the sandy beach, and season well with starfish. Add the sunbonnets to the children, and, when thoroughly united, add the wooden pails. Spread the sun and sea on the beach, and sprinkle thoroughly with sea-urchins and clam-shells. Add the children, mix thoroughly, and bake as long as advisable.

N.B.—Do not add the mother at all, except in case of necessity!

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR

JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

By EDWARD ARMYTAGE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

GEOFFREY ORMOND, a man of great talent who has given way to reckless dissipation, watches his younger friend, Frank Crawford, enter the "Lion," and laments that they are both on the downward path. This feeling is deepened when, at his lodgings, he talks with Little Mary, the child of John Dudley; her father is a drunkard and a gambler. Dudley goes to a gambling house. Meets Frank Crawford who plays cards with Fruse and suspects that he is cheated. Dudley breaks the bank at *rouge-et-noir*, and is robbed and mortally wounded on his way home. Dudley found wounded in the street is identified by Fruse and Crawford. Little Mary, who has just gained from Geoffrey a pledge of reformation, is summoned to her father's death-bed. John Dudley dies, and Mary is adopted by Geoffrey. Fruse proposes to Kane (who had also been in the gambling house on the night of the murder), that they should try to gain the reward offered for the detection of the murderer. Fruse suspects Kane of the murder of Dudley. By frightening him with a pistol compels him to confess, and also to hand over Dudley's pocket-book which he had stolen. Description of Mr. Blough, publisher, who is about to start a new magazine. Geoffrey, who has turned over a new leaf, is appointed editor. Ormond meets Crawford, and learning that he is pressed by Fruse to pay a gambling debt offers to lend him the money. Geoffrey takes Jeannie Crawford to see Little Mary. Fruse apologises to Crawford for the harshness of his previous demand, which he withdraws, and expresses a wish to adopt Little Mary. The *Round Table* appears. Geoffrey takes Little Mary, who is ill, to recruit at Silverdale, where they visit Castle De Vere. In the picture gallery there is the portrait of a lady whose face is the face of Little Mary. Fruse informs Kane that John Dudley was the brother of the last owner of Castle de Vere, and that if Robert De Vere, who went to America years ago, is dead. Little Mary will be the sole heiress. Kane sets out in search of him.



CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN the whole party returned from Silverdale, they were met at the station by our hearty friend, Mr. Blough, who shook hands all round most cordially, and kissed, yes, actually kissed Little Mary. He then took them mysteriously to a cab, which stood in waiting, and, despite Ormond's wondering questions, put them all in, gave a direction to the driver, and *would* talk about anything and everything but where they were going to. The cab stopped at length before a comfortable cottage, with ivy creeping all over it, and a pretty little garden in front.

"What a pretty little place," said Mary. "How I should like to live here."

"Would you really?" inquired Mr. Blough, with a chuckle. He then opened the door and led the way in. They all followed wonderingly. The rooms were plainly but tastefully furnished. Having led them a chase through several rooms, both up and down stairs, and chuckling immoderately during the whole process, Mr. Blough at length opening a last door, said, "This is the drawing-room," and having uttered these remarkable words, he collapsed altogether. And, certainly, considered as a drawing-room, there was ample scope for merriment. Let us enter with our friends and look around.

The floor is carpetless; a few pictures, destitute of frames, are nailed against the wall. In the centre of the room stands a small round table, and in a recess at one side of the fireplace is a table covered with dusty, shabby-looking books. In fact, the furniture is that belonging to the room in Sackavon Square, described in the earlier portion of this narrative. And now, from some mysterious corner, Mrs. Goodly rushed forth, who proceeded to kiss Little Mary, shake hands with Geoffrey, assure Frank and Jeannie that Mr. Blough was an angel, and finally burst into tears.

Mr. Blough, who had at last recovered himself, kissed Little Mary once more, and said, "This is your new home."

And so she had her wish.

Geoffrey Ormond was becoming a successful man. Under the new influences exerted upon him by the bright eyes of Jeannie Crawford and

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the responsibilities which he had assumed to Little Mary, his life was one of steady, persevering usefulness.

Mr. Blough found that he not only possessed literary ability, but also business talent, which seemed to increase more and more the prosperity of the enterprise.

Frank and Jeannie Crawford were constant visitors at Ormond's new home, and Mrs. Goodly, who had had much experience in match-making, frequently observed to herself, "that if there wasn't going to be two weddings some day, she was sure she didn't know what would become of us."

Whatever might be the prophetic powers of Mrs. Goodly, it is certain that her grounds for making her assertion were extremely well founded; for what else could mean those long strolls on calm summer evenings by the pretty stream that ran through the glen scarce a mile off, looking so pure and bright and joyous as it dances along its sands, all unpolluted here by the filth of the town; those chats on the rural seats nailed to the great oak that tops Hambledon Hill, which Mrs. Goodly can show you from out the back-parlour window; or those long leanings over the garden gate, when all parties seemed so loth to shake hands for the last time before departing, and are so long in performing that ceremony. And Fruse also was not infrequently of the party, for he had perseveringly endeavoured to keep up his friendly relation to Ormond, and was not by any means unsuccessful. And thus the time slipped on; and one night, about a year after the events detailed in the commencement of this chapter, Geoffrey proceeded homeward at a much quicker pace than usual. Bursting into the room joyously he found Crawford and Jeannie and Mary awaiting his arrival.

"I have got some news," cried Mary.

"And so have I," chimed in Crawford.

"And so have I," Ormond added with a laugh.

"I have no news for anyone," cried Jeannie; "'place aux dames'" added she.

So Mary proceeded to tell them that Mr. Fruse had, that very afternoon, made her an offer of marriage, a piece of intelligence which caused Frank to look extremely uncomfortable.

"And what reply did you make?" asked Geoffrey.

"That's my secret," said Mary, with a mischievous smile; "and now for your news, Geoffrey."

"Mine is, that as I was sitting in my office this morning, Mr. Blough came, and having administered a slap upon my back, that would have broken the spine of anyone less used to such treatment, he asked me a question, which you could not guess in a year."

After keeping them in suspense for a few moments, he continued,

"He enquired how I should like to enter into partnership with him."

This astonishing intelligence having been duly commented upon, Mary called upon Frank for his news.

"Mine," said Frank, "is not very good news; our firm want me to take the management of their place on the west coast of Africa, and I shall probably be away from England for two or three years."

This announcement caused a general sensation.

"The west coast of Africa," echoed Mary in a frightened tone, "why, everybody dies who goes there;" and then she blushed deeply.

Mysterious occurrence this.

Crawford, however, seemed to understand it, for he hastened to say, "No! not all, and perhaps I shall not be so long away as the firm conjecture."

"You shan't go at all," said Jeannie impetuously. "What with the broiling hot sun, and the fevers, and awful snakes sleeping in your bed, and nasty, dirty people all about you, and cooking you all sorts of abominations, why, you would be dead in a week."

This truly terrific picture did not seem at all to dishearten Crawford; but when Jeannie added reproachfully,

"And what will become of poor me?" he was evidently shaken.

"But I have no choice in the matter," said he apologetically.

Ormond here whispered something to Jeannie, and her face became very rosy, indeed; but that might have been caused by her former warmth, you know; however, we don't see why her hand and Ormond's should have so unconsciously met and clasped each other, and have remained clasped; nor do we see any reason why Ormond's disengaged arm should have stolen round her waist; or why, when this had been accomplished, he should have drawn her to him, and imprinted a kiss upon her lips; or why she should then have lain her head upon his shoulder, and looked so supremely happy; it is a profound mystery to us, aggravatingly, totally inexplicable.

Strange to say it seemed to be quite understood by Crawford and Mary, who imitated the proceedings of their elders with praiseworthy fidelity.

Perhaps the reader will not be surprised to learn that before Crawford left England his sister had become the wife of Geoffrey Ormond—at which ceremony, by the way, Mr. Blough appeared to great advantage, and *would* give the wedding breakfast—and also that an arrangement was entered into, to the effect that on Crawford's return from the salubrious region of Western Africa (and of course he said emphatically that he should return) Mary was to link her fate to his.

CHAPTER XX.

Crawford sailed for Africa, and the parting was sad for all; but he promised to write frequently, and at last tore himself away.

The days seemed long and weary now to Mary, but when the time arrived when the postman's knock might be expected it was wonderful to see how she brightened up, and when the expected letter was put into her hands, she became as blithe and gay as ever.

Fruse, who had been refused by Mary, did not seem to have at all lost heart, for his visits were as frequent as ever, although he did not thrust himself upon Mary's notice, nor behave any other

than might have been expected from a gentleman. In fact, of late he seemed to have become an altogether reformed man, and could be very good company indeed when he chose.

A year had rolled away in this manner, and Fruse, who had gradually, almost unconsciously, made himself more and more intimate with Mary, gradually assumed his old position towards her, and one bright summer's afternoon, as she was sitting on the old seat under the large oak that tops Hambledon Hill, she saw Fruse coming gaily up the hill, whistling lustily, and twirling a stick in his hand. She sat wondering to herself why she had ever disliked this man; he was evidently well-informed; he was very agreeable; he was not bad-looking; why had she ever disliked him?

He had reached the tree by the time her thoughts had reached this stage, and with a gallant little speech he sat down beside her.

She did not shrink from him; she thought it strange, but she did not.

After a little commonplace conversation, Fruse again renewed his offer of heart and hand. Mary's perceptions instantly roused from their lethargy; Fruse's first words brought back in all vividness the image of Crawford; she rose hastily, and emphatically, but kindly, told him that she was already engaged to Frank Crawford, but added, "I shall ever be your friend, Mr. Fruse, and I beg you to think of me in no other light."

Fruse quickly recovered himself; he thought her words were kinder in tone than any in which she had addressed him before; he thought he detected a tremor, however slight, in her voice as she called him "friend;" and as he arose and accompanied her home, he thought to himself, "Once more, and I shall succeed."

One circumstance, however, which threatened to put an end to all Fruse's scheming, was the coming back of Crawford, who, having accomplished his mission, was expected shortly to return. This piece of information Ormond, in the innocence of his heart, communicated to Fruse, at the same time informing him of the interesting fact that his return would be the advent of another wedding. Crawford had written informing them of his intention of returning home in the *Firebrand*—a splendid merchantman owned by his employers; also that when his last letter would be received he would have already been some time at sea. Fruse heard all this with apparent composure, but inwardly he was considerably agitated. If Crawford arrived and the marriage was celebrated, all his schemes were cast to the winds; if he did not arrive—and here his brow contracted darkly—the prize might still be his.

The days passed, on intolerably dull and weary to Mary. At length the time arrived when Crawford might be daily expected; and yet he did not come.

Days passed; no sign, no sound of him; Mary grew paler and more agitated as the time rolled on, and she wandered ghost-like, purposeless, about the house. Ormond and Jeannie tried to comfort her, but their attempts only ended in frightening themselves. Ormond called at the warehouse of Crawford's employers every day, but they could give him no information, having received none themselves. At length, when one evening he made his usual call at the warehouse, a telegram was put into his hand. It ran thus—

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 18.—*Firebrand* wrecked, all hands supposed to be lost.

* * * * * *

The news of the wreck of the *Firebrand* quickly found its way into the newspapers; and as Fruse one morning sat in his office reading the *Smokeville Guardian*, his eye fell on the heading, "Wreck of the *Firebrand*," and read among the list of the lost the name of Frank Crawford. "The fiend himself seems good to me," he muttered. His privacy was interrupted by his boy noisily bringing in a letter which had just been delivered. The epistle was laconic and as follows:

"BOULOGNE, Thursday.—I shall arrive at Bowver to-morrow evening, expect me on the following day. R. K."

"No information; but he would not dare to return unless his mission was accomplished," soliloquised Fruse, as he read and re-read this message of Kane's. After a brief cogitation he determined to proceed to Bowver, and be ready to "welcome home" his accomplice.

(To be continued.)

"THE BLUE-JACKETS' FRIEND."



MISS AGNES E. WESTON.

NO name is more reverenced in the Navy than that of Miss Agnes E. Weston, the blue-jackets' friend. Twenty-seven years ago she was living at Bath, and wrote a friendly letter to a soldier who was going to India. On board the troopship he showed the letter to a sailor, who remarked that he would much like to get a letter like that sometimes. The soldier thought it well to state the case to Miss Weston, who thereon wrote a letter to the sailor, greatly to his surprise and delight. He supplied the names of other men to whom the kindly lady wrote, and the movement spread until Miss Weston and her three lady secretaries now write thousands of letters annually to men in the fleet. With this has grown up a temperance society, which has a branch on board every vessel in the Navy, with an official monthly organ which has an annual circulation of half-a-million, and "Sailors' Rests" conducted on teetotal principles at Devonport and Portsmouth. The Sailors' Rest at Devonport is a splendid pile of buildings, where 400 seamen can sleep. Last year £12,000 was taken for food sold over the counter.

The case of Miss Weston shows that teetotalers are in the forefront of almost every good work and movement. We cannot say this of the brewer and publican.

HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

By Ernest Axon.



FOSSILS.

THE geological collector does not need a very elaborate outfit, the really essential article being a hammer. This should have the striking face square, and be made of well-tempered steel, and with the peen long and moderately thin, and flattened at right angles to the handle, or in the opposite direction to the bit of an axe. The weight of the hammer should not exceed one pound, and the handle should be very strong. This form of hammer will be found very useful in digging and prying up partly loosened material. It is best carried in a belt round the waist.

Next of importance to the hammer is the collecting bag, of thick stout leather, which can hardly be dispensed with. It should be about twelve inches wide, four inches thick, and twelve inches deep, with one side extending as a flap over the top, and fully six inches down the opposite side. The flap should have a strap and a strong buckle to hold it down to the side of the bag, and also a strong leather strap for carrying the bag over the shoulder. As the bag will have to stand rough usage all the parts should be securely rivetted.

Other things that are often useful to the collector are a pick and shovel, a crowbar and chisel, but these, fortunately for the collector, may usually be dispensed with.

It is difficult to give explicit directions for collecting fossils, for the conditions under which they occur are so various that what will apply to one locality will be of little value for the next. It must simply be borne in mind that the principal object is to get the specimens in as nearly perfect condition as possible, and, further, to get a complete fauna or flora of each deposit or district.

To collectors in the Lancashire and Yorkshire coalfields, there is no class of rock more interesting than the coal measures. The richness of this field of geological investigation is shown by Mr. Wild, who has given, in the "Transactions of the Manchester Geological Society," a list of organic remains found associated with the various seams of coal in the Burnley field. The roof of the "Doghole" seam contained fine specimens of beautiful ferns, together with *sigillaria* and *lepidodendra*. In the roof of the "shell bed" seam, there was a forest of fossil trees, the trunks of which prove that their interior must have decayed previous to the formation of the rock, for the interior of each trunk was filled with the same material as that which forms the surrounding rock. The bark of these trees was of pure coal, and was sometimes three-quarters of an inch in thickness. In the shale of the roof was found numerous remains and *asterophyllites*, along with fossil ferns. The roof of the "thick bed" seam abounded in the same fossils. In the "old yard" seam, the parting which intervenes betwixt the two seams of coal contained a great variety of fossil plants. There were unfortunately so crowded together that there were few good impressions. In the shale forming the roof of the "Blindstone bed" were also found quantities of fossil plants, exceedingly numerous in variety. Adhering to some of the trunks were the little coiled shells of the *microconchus*. Overlying this roof shale was another band, parted with thin layers of stone, and separated from the shale below by a conglomerate about two inches thick. This conglomerate was nothing but a cement composed of the dung of animals, and in it there were fossil plants and bones, teeth and scales of fishes. In the overlaying shales were four or five species of shells.

On the top of the "cannel bed" were found great numbers of *anthracosia*, lying with their valves open, but not separated, the ligament which bound them together having endured long enough to keep them in their places after the muddy sediments were deposited above them. In the cannel itself were numerous remains of fishes. The richest field for fossil fishes in the Burnley coal field was the "thin bed," the roof of which was crowded with them. Jaws, teeth, small bones, and vertebræ of many species of fossil fish were all commingled in the greatest abundance.

The various beds immediately overlying the "great mine" contained many fossils. The shale betwixt the two seams of coal contained remains of fishes, while in the layers above was a bed of *anthracosia*. The overlying beds of the roof of the "Arley mine" were also rich in fossil fishes. The roof of the "bullion" coal was composed of a dark blue lamellar shale, containing large nodules of ironstone, which had for their nuclei shells of the *nautilus* and *goniatite*, and occasionally remains of fishes. There was also found a thin layer of black bituminous shale above the coal which was very rich in fossils. A few feet above the coal was another stratum of shale containing nodules, which, when split open, disclosed fossil shells and fishes.

To make the best of his opportunities, the collector should devote a little time to the study

of a textbook of geology. With the aid of the geological survey maps and memoirs, he should make himself thoroughly acquainted with the geology of his own neighbourhood, and with its fossil-bearing capabilities. Fossils may be gathered in the stone-heaps lying by country road-sides, and the waste at pit-mouths is a veritable mine for the student.

For general geology there are many good text-books—Geikie's, Lyell's, and others. For the geology of Lancashire and the adjoining counties, there are Taylor's "Geological Essays," Mello's "Geology of Derbyshire," Davis's "West Yorkshire," and the Geological Survey Memoirs.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS

By Alfred J. Glasspool.



WITH most of my little readers that glorious part of the year—the summer holidays—is now a thing of the past. There only remains the sweet memory of delightful country scenes, a grand open ocean, a thousand children playing on the sands with spade and bucket, and all those pleasing incidents which are generally associated with a summer holiday.

The day has come to return once more to school life; the same stern teacher stands at the desk demanding attention, the same school books await hard study, the same companions are by our side, often to disturb and annoy us in our efforts to learn.

The thought of all this, on the last day of the holidays when we had to take our seat in the train to return home, came to us like a horrible vision; we shuddered at the thought; and when the day came to strap the satchel on the back, we almost cried as we made our way back to school again.

Now, my little friends, I want you just for a moment to think of the right feelings which ought to be in our minds at this time, for boys and girls, in the midst of all the fun and frolic of life, can and must think if they desire to lead a good life.

Now, come; as to our school work, is it half such drudgery as we make out?

Those Latin and French exercises: the Euclid and Algebra, may puzzle your brains, but do you not feel a glow of pleasure in your heart when your master tells you that your home lessons are correct, when he commends you for your diligence, and you carry home the prize after the examination? Besides, school life is not all hard work, there is the play-ground and the cricket field.

Those hours you spend in playing at rounders, touch, hunt-the-stag, in cricket and football, all these are very pleasant, for they promote healthy blood, and strong muscles, and so help to improve the quality of the brain.

We must try to convince ourselves that school life is a stern necessity, and that as such we must enter into it with a determination to make the best we can of it; to bear its hardships with resignation; and enjoy its pleasures with all our hearts.

Let us remember that school work is a preparation for the future. It is here that we are preparing and sharpening our weapons for future warfare; for in the great battle which lies before us, we shall find only those who have strong bodies, good characters, and correct knowledge, will be able to stand bravely in the midst of the fight.

We have great competitors. England, to hold her position, must have a race of youths and maidens who will be able to compete with other countries. How often we see the words "Made in Germany," how often when an English lad seeks a situation, he sees some young German selected to take the vacant place; for while the English boy has been idling at school, the German has been mastering foreign languages, and now is able to overcome his English competitor.

Let us never despise *correction*. You may at times feel annoyed at the master who scolds and corrects you; be sure of this, he is the best friend you have; you will thank him in the future for the hard words, and you will even be thankful for the hard blows; for correction has kept you from wandering in the downward path, and has roused you to a proper sense of your duty.

Do your work *thoroughly*. Don't crib, don't look over other boys' shoulders; don't try to get knowledge second hand; if you have a translation to work out, let it be done with care, and so try to understand what you are learning. The boy who always gets his big brother to do his home lessons, will find in the future that big brother playing the organ, while he will have to blow the bellows.

Don't practice deceitful habits. If you fall into errors, don't lie to hide them; confess them like a man, and try to do better in the future. Don't sneak on others; be a staunch friend, and then you will have friends to help you in the day of trouble.

Don't injure your health with bad practices. Some boys smoke and drink in private, they know these habits injure the growth, and prevent intellectual progress; but they like to imitate bigger boys, and thus they deceive themselves into the belief that they are men.

Don't indulge in habits about which you would be ashamed to let your mother know. This is a good test; if you tell mother your habits, then they will pass muster, otherwise there will always be some doubt as to their character.

With thankful hearts for a pleasant holiday, with muscles strengthened, blood invigorated and brain rested, let every scholar commence work with renewed vigour, and so prepare for life's struggles, which must soon be found in every scholar's pathway.

AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.

My Dear Girls,

HOW the months do whirl round! "The leaves are reddening to the fall," as the poet sings, and I have been seeing, in my journeyings during the past few weeks.

In one of my walks I picked up a spray of oak leaves, and revelled in the myriad-hued colour of their *faded* tints. It was a text and a sermon all in one, and I am afraid I was just a tiny, little bit "put out" by my companion's impatience at the interruption to our "talk."

For, indeed, I had been taken to task about my last letter to you, and told pretty straight that I was "out-Heroding Herod," for, in the matter of jam, there was no question of putting the alcohol into the food, but simply using it as a preservative, "which I suppose" even Aunt M. allows to be a permissible use?

My answer to that is simply this: that *it is not necessary, as it is affirmed to be*, for the perfect *keeping* of the article in question; and my object is to expel alcohol from the region of cookery *altogether*, and this is to be done by demonstration, *i.e, I've done the thing, therefore I know*.

"What are you going to do about Christmas, you'll forbid it even as a flavouring, I suppose?"

Oh dear me no, I forbid nothing. But I say it is simply not necessary in the preparation of healthful, tasteful food, only it will take some time to dislodge the acquired taste and mistaken notion. What we really have to do is to show people that it can be done. Prejudice is hard to fight and conquer, but patient perseverance *in the doing* will accomplish wonders.

I am sorry to say I know professing Temperance people who need this teaching, and whose principle cannot stand before the supposed necessity of brandy and wine for mince-meat and plum pudding.

Some of you will have seen an Egyptian mummy. I remember well the first one that I saw, when I was a little girl. I thought of little else for days and nights after, and see it now in my mind's eye, all wrapt round and round and round with bandages, which in the process of the years have become, as it seems, part of its very self. Well, do you know, it seems to me that many of the people I meet, living and breathing as they may be, are just like that mummy. Their real independent selves are so folded over and folded round with the customs that they have been brought up amongst, and into which they have been enfolded so gradually and so gently that they have not perceived they were becoming a bundle of Habits, so it must needs be that the building up of the New Habit will proceed slowly.

"Oh, but think of the 'burning plum pudding,' and the 'Snap Dragon,' these happy memories of childhood."

I am anxious that we should have our childhood full of what will make happy memories undimmed by anything that can cast a shadow on any home. And I think too, we shall not miss the "spirit" very much, or think less of our pudding, when we are trained from childhood without it. But then I do want us to be quite sure that it is only the acquired vitiated taste that will not be gratified with what we present instead. "Simpler manners, purer laws," it would be well for us to cultivate, and these would bring simpler food.

But you will be wondering where your recipe is coming in. Well, for those that I have referred to—namely, mince meat and plum pudding, you will have to wait till next month; but meanwhile, I'll tell you how to make a Danish dish, which is a great favourite indeed. It is generally called "Röthe Grütze," but if an English name be wanted, "Red Rice" will fit it fairly well.

Either strawberries, red currants, raspberries, or cranberries may be used for this dish. You will please choose a mould or bowl (to receive your mixture), when ready, and put it in cold water, while you go on with your preparation.

Take a pint of fresh fruit, and add half a pint of water, or if you cannot have fresh fruit, preserve will do, only then you must use less water and sugar.

Set the fruit on the fire to simmer till the juice flows freely, or till quite tender. If you have a hair-sieve, turn it upside down over a large bowl, and pour out a little of the fruit, rubbing it through with the back of a wooden spoon. Measure the liquid, and sweeten it to taste.

Put two tablespoonfuls of corn-flour, or arrow-root, or ground rice, into a bowl, and mix it with a little cold milk, or a little of the juice, coolish or cold. Bring the juice to a boil, pour over the corn-flour, stirring well all one way. Put it back into the pan, and boil till it thickens nicely—that is, till it bursts the starchy particles, which would otherwise be indigestible, and have that raw taste you may have felt in eating some milk foods. When it leaves the sides of the pan, which is another sign that it is done enough, pour it into the rinsed mould, and leave to set. When wanted, turn it out on a glass dish, and serve with cream, if you have it, and, if not, nice milk will do; or it will even be very nice by itself.

In case of using jam for this, stew a pound of preserve with a quart of water, and do as in the case of the fresh fruit, except that you may add two or three drops of cochineal, to brighten up the colour.

Now, I am sure you will all like this new dish; and with the thought of your pleasure in my mind, and a wish for your happiness in my heart, I am, your affectionate Aunt Margaret.

Mother does the most and gets the least pay.

From the mother's pulpit are preached the shortest sermons, but they do the most good.

If there is but one genuine Christian in the family, let that one be the mother.

Who first taught us to say "Our Father?" Mother.

The richest palace without a mother's love is barren.

A mother's love in the home is what sunshine is to the earth.

A FREE MAN.

By Isabel Maude Hamill.

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Ministry of a Bunch of Flowers," &c., &c.

"YOU won't catch me signing the pledge —no such rotten nonsense," said Joe Holloway, as he came reeling out of a public-house head-first, looking what he was, a regular sot.

"Who said as you was going to, or asked you to?" said another man, not quite so far gone in drink.

"Let him alone, he don't know a word as he's sayin' on. He's been on about that there pledge ever sin' that collier fellow come and preached i' th' streets; it sort a took deep hold on Joe, for if he ain't on the drink he's that moped and down sin' he heard him," chimed in another man, far more sober than either of the other two.

"Pity but such as him would sign," said a red-faced, jovial-looking man, who had just had enough to make his self-righteousness very evident.

The foregoing remarks came from the regular customers of the "Red Lion" as they walked or stumbled home, as the case might be.

Joe received various friendly helps by the way, and was landed at his own door safely about half-past eleven, to the inexpressible thankfulness of his patient, waiting wife.

"Pledge," he muttered, as he sat down on the nearest chair in a drunken, dazed way, "who says I'm to sign it? I'll see if I do. No, Joe Holloway knows better 'an to sign away his freedom. Slave! who says I'm a slave? Did you?" he asked of his wife, who stood looking the picture of wretchedness.

"No, Joe, I never spoke."

"Then somebody did, *Slave*! *Slave*!" he roared in his drunken madness, "I'll teach 'em to call a free Briton like Joe a slave, just because he pleases himself whether he takes a drop o' drink or not, and won't become a snivellin' teetotaler by—"

At this moment the door was opened, and a big, good-natured, burly-looking collier entered the room.

"Oh! Mrs. Holloway," he said, "you must excuse me coming so late, but our Mary's burnt herself awful, and I was going to ask if you'd come and sit with her, while I ran for th' doctor, but I see as you can't," pointing his hand at Joe.

"I'm very sorry, but you see he's far worse than a baby when he's like this; I daren't leave him," she said.

"No, poor chap, eh! What slaves them as takes drink makes o' themselves; they don't know what freedom means; my life's like a bird's since I give it up, as free as air—good night, I do wish I could help you, but keep up heart," and he rushed off.

Joe, meanwhile, had fallen into the heavy stupor known only to the drinker, and his wife, thankful for quiet, guided him to the couch, and covered him with an old coat.

Next day he was too ill to go to work, and feeling no better at its close, he asked his wife to go for a doctor. "Who's to pay him, Joe?" she said, "all your wages is gone both last week and this in drink, and I've not even a half-penny."

For a wonder Joe looked shame-faced, but said nothing. What could he say?

His poor wife, however, went to the doctor's, who, when he saw her, said,

"Is it that drunken husband of yours again, Mrs. Holloway? Well, if it were not for you I wouldn't stir a step after him—I'll come though." And the kind-hearted medical man, whose time and thought were given in no grudging manner to his poorer brethren, turned into his house to attend to a drunken mother's child that had burnt itself frightfully. When he came to see Joe he told him pretty plainly that if he went on drinking as he was doing he would not live many months, and that he was nothing but a slave, in fact worse than a black one, for a black could not help his slavery, but he voluntarily made for himself chains which he would soon find impossible to loose.

"Slave," replied Joe, "that's just what that collier chap said I was, and now you say the same thing, but I say I'm not; I just please myself what I do."

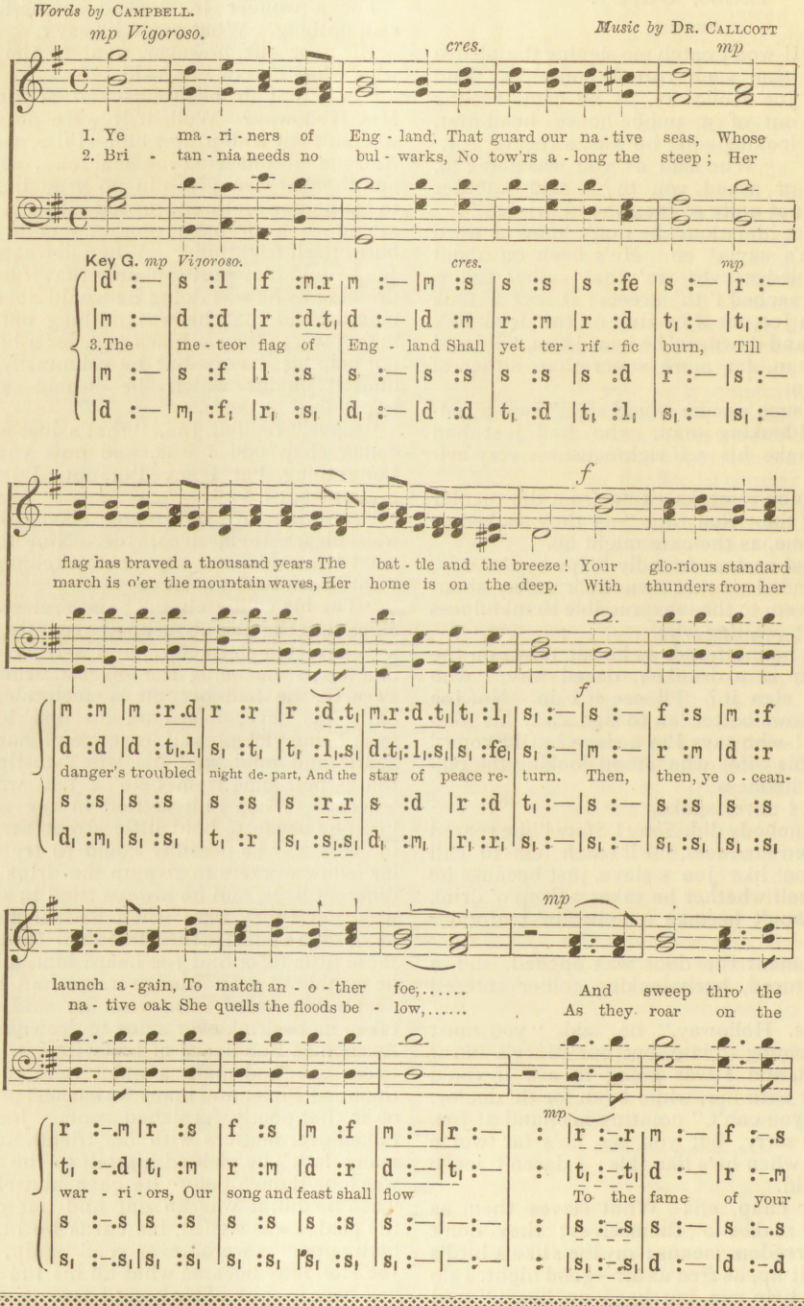
"And there are no greater slaves than those who please themselves, Joe. Now think over what I've said," and the doctor, telling his wife what to do, took his leave.

"The big collier chap," before referred to, had come into the neighbourhood recently, and was a "converted character," and a truly converted one too; from being the biggest drunkard and swearer, he had become a teetotaler, and an oath was never heard on his lips, his temper from being violent and revengeful had become gentle and mild, and his wife's testimony was that "their 'ome from bein' a hell was a little 'eaven." When Bob settled in the neighbourhood he began to hold little street services, and in every way he possibly could to try to induce his fellow workers to give up the drink and lead different lives, and he always tried to show them what *slaves* they were when British men always made such a boast of their freedom. It was at one of these little talks that Joe heard him, and though he would not acknowledge it, he had been very deeply impressed with what he said, and had taken more drink ever since to drown his misery. As soon as Bob heard of Joe's illness, he called to see him, and many a quiet read of his well-thumbed Bible, and many an earnest prayer went on in that poorly furnished room. Joe listened, talked over matters with his friend, and "after many days" he yielded himself to the Lord. It was long though before he gave himself up, but when he did, it was an out and out giving up, the pledge was signed, his cards burnt, and his betting papers were never read again, and thus Joe Holloway became what all his life he never had been in spite of his great boasting,—"A Free Man."

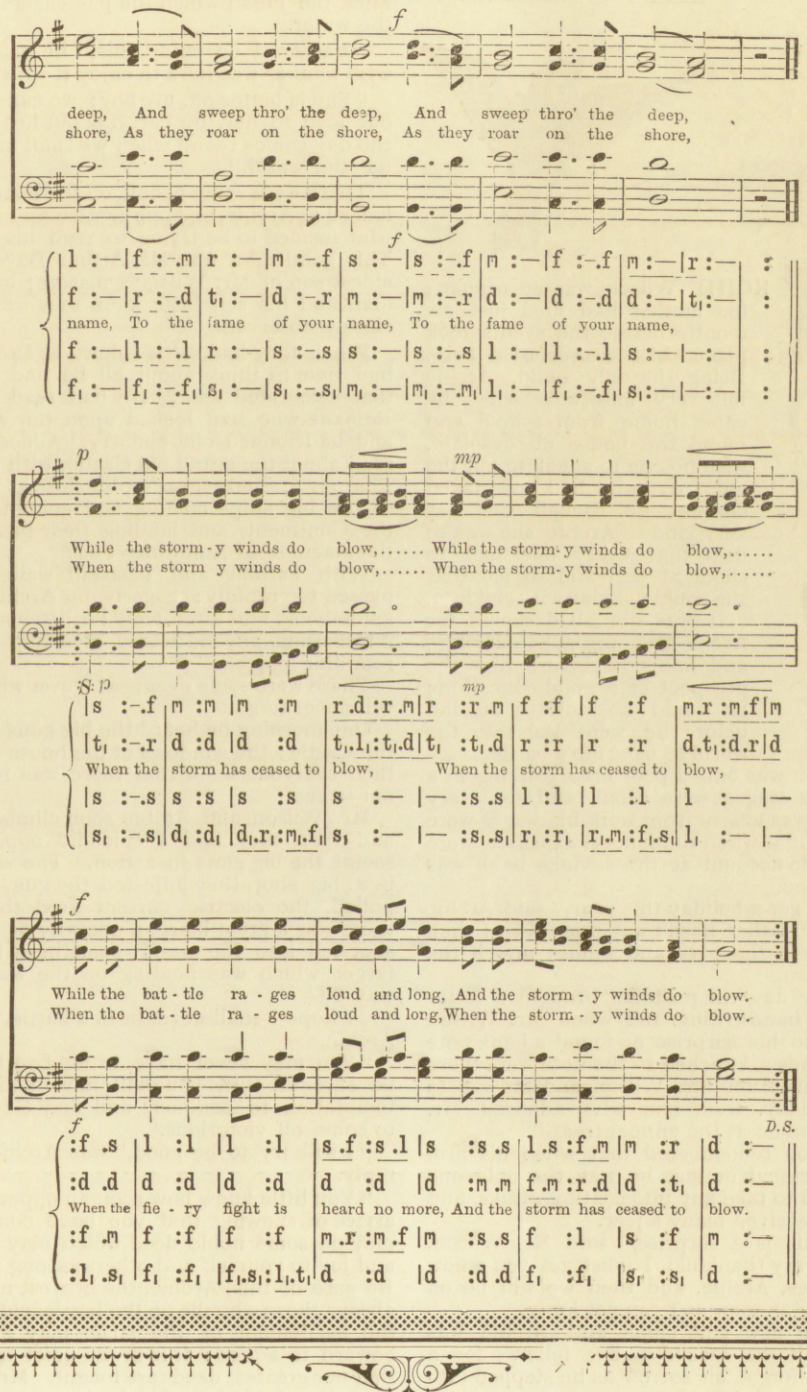
A FALLING drop at last will cave a stone.—*Lucretius.*

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Words by CAMPBELL. *Music by* DR. CALLCOTT

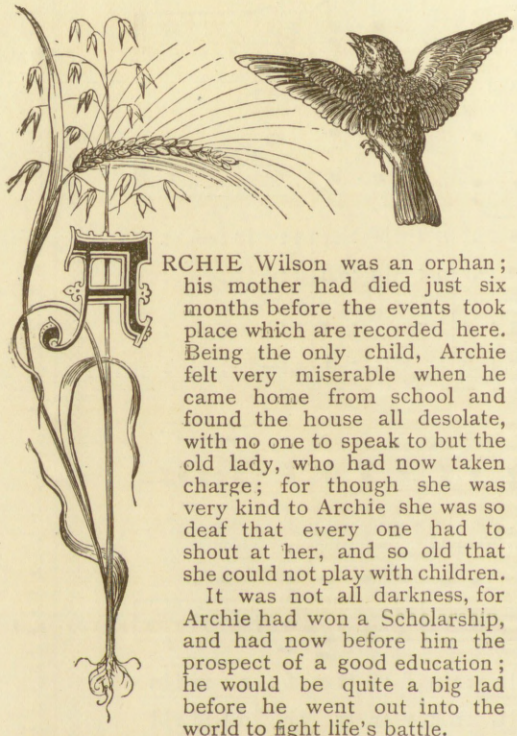


YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.



ARCHIE WILSON AT DOVER.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.



ARCHIE Wilson was an orphan; his mother had died just six months before the events took place which are recorded here. Being the only child, Archie felt very miserable when he came home from school and found the house all desolate, with no one to speak to but the old lady, who had now taken charge; for though she was very kind to Archie she was so deaf that every one had to shout at her, and so old that she could not play with children.

It was not all darkness, for Archie had won a Scholarship, and had now before him the prospect of a good education; he would be quite a big lad before he went out into the world to fight life's battle.

Mr. Wilson was only a poor man, working in a factory; his wages were small, and for every moment he was absent from work his wages were stopped, so that when the funeral expenses were paid the little account at the savings bank was well nigh gone.

"I shan't get a holiday this year," said Archie to himself, "father hasn't any money, so I shall have to play in the park and amuse myself the best way I can."

That very day the postman brought a letter in a strange handwriting, and when Mr. Wilson opened it, to his surprise he found a bank note for five pounds. Attached to the note were these words: "This is for Mr. Wilson and his son to have a holiday, from one who admired Mr. Wilson's conduct at the annual treat."

Mr. Wilson remembered that when his firm had their annual outing, he was the only one who refused to take any intoxicating drinks, and for this he received many a jeer.

"Well, this is a surprise," said Mr. Wilson, "but I am very thankful; I must get you a new suit of clothes, Archie, and then we will be off for a holiday as soon as I can get leave."

When the new suit came and Archie was dressed in it, he looked a fine fellow; for a moment he forgot his sorrow as he stepped into the boat at London Bridge.

Away went the boat under the new Tower Bridge, down the river, passing many big ships till they came to the broad sea.

Archie was charmed, he laughed at the merry porpoises, he admired the seagulls who came after the bread which the passengers threw into the water.

"Father, I do enjoy this," he said, "how I wish mother was here to enjoy it with us."

"She is better off, my boy; we can best show our love to her, by carrying out her wishes, till the day comes round when we shall meet her in a better world."

There were some people on the boat who often looked at Archie, and one gentleman in particular who seemed to be trying to read his character. This gentleman was Mr. Arthur Davenport, the eldest son of Mr. Wilson's master; but the poor man and his son little knew they were being so closely observed.

When they had settled down at Dover, Archie had time to think about all he had learned of that celebrated spot. He had read of the old Romans who had looked upon the white cliffs, and had named our country, "Albion;" he had read about the grand old Castle, with its Roman Pharos; of Shakespear's Cliff close at hand; and of the big ships coming and going to and from the Continent, and landing their passengers at the magnificent Admiralty Pier.

With bathing and pleasant walks the days passed too rapidly; eagerly did Archie read the guide book, and attentively he listened to all the information anyone would give him about surrounding objects.

There were some events at Dover which Archie will never forget.

One morning he heard the big guns firing from the Castle; the windows of the house shook, and then everyone knew that there was to be firing out to sea.

Mr. Wilson and Archie soon climbed the hill, and then they had a splendid opportunity of seeing the big guns in action. The soldiers put in a big shot, they adjusted the gun, a wire was pulled, the electric current fired the powder, there was a great blaze, a quantity of smoke, the shot fell into the water, sometimes hitting the target which was floating on the water a long way off.

"I hope I shall never be in a battle," remarked Archie.

"You may never have to fight with guns, but be sure of this, you will have many a hard temptation to conquer, and may God help you to come off victorious."

"I will try to be good," was Archie's modest reply.

"You little know how soon an opportunity may arrive of showing that you have courage; you may do some noble deed which may be a credit and joy to yourself and others as long as you live. Be sure of this, Archie, the bravest men are not always those who die on the battlefield; for then the excitement of the strife may stimulate a coward to action: it is in the quiet trials of life that our greatest deeds are fought. Mrs. Garfield, the wife of the late President, when she almost starved herself to give her children food, showed

greater courage than many a soldier who has won the Victoria Cross."

Archie listened attentively to all these words, but he did not quite understand; all he knew was that he was to be brave, and under all circumstances to do his duty. He little imagined how soon he would have an opportunity of carrying out his resolution.

A few mornings after, Archie went down to the bathing place. He was soon in the water enjoying a delightful swim, for the sun was shining brilliantly, and there was just enough swell to make a swimmer happy.

He had been enjoying his swim for some minutes, when he noticed a commotion on the beach. A boat was hastily put out, and he understood that a lad who had swam a good way from the shore was in danger.

Archie was already nearly exhausted by swimming; he felt himself getting cold, so that it was quite time to get out of the water, but the thought of a life being in peril put new power into his muscles. He hurried forward towards the lad, reached him, and managed to keep his head above water, till the boat arrived and they were both rescued.

"Brave lad," said the boatman, "you have saved a life."

When Archie came to himself, he found himself wrapped in blankets in bed. To his surprise he learned that the lad whose life he had saved was Harry Davenport, who had been seized with cramp, and would certainly have been drowned if Archie had not gone to his rescue.

The two lads became fast friends. Archie has been promised a situation in Mr. Davenport's counting-house when he has completed his two years at the college, and Mr. Wilson is now foreman at the factory.

"How glad I am I went to Dover," said Archie to his father the other morning.

"And I am still gladder that I had the courage of acting up to my principles," was the father's reply, "or we should never have had the means of going."

"DOES JESUS OFTEN COME HERE?"

A LITTLE five-year-old child of poverty, being shown over a home of great wealth, as she saw the rich carpets and sumptuous furnishings, looked up into the face of the mistress, and said, "I should think Jesus must come here very often; it is such a nice house and such a beautiful carpet. He comes to our house, and we don't have any carpet. I am sure He must come here very often; doesn't He?" Receiving no reply, she repeated the question, and the answer was, "I am afraid not." Soon the child went home, but her bit of a sermon remained; and that night the lady repeated it to her wealthy, worldly husband, telling him the touching incident, and it resulted in both husband and wife seeking Christ, and opening their hearts and home to Him. It is the word spoken from the heart for Jesus, and followed by the Spirit, that does the work, whether the preacher be child or orator.

THE YOUNG SMUGGLERS.

BY UNCLE BEN.

A HAPPY family set off for the sea-side—father, mother, three boys, and two girls. The place they went to was a lovely farmhouse on the coast, some miles away from the nearest town. It was a wild and desolate spot in the winter, but in the summer it was just the place for an ideal holiday. The country inland was beautiul, the shore broken and varied with cliffs and creeks, sand and shingle.

The first day or two, 'mid the new scenes and changed surroundings, seemed strange and long, but as the children grew more at home the time began to fly, and though they rose early and were out to set of sun the days were all too short. Toward the close of their stay the whole family were to have a day's pic-nic. The young folks were to journey by the shore under charge of Horace, the eldest boy, starting directly after breakfast; and later in the morning father and mother were to set out carrying the provisions for the feast. The parents elected to go by the high road, which much shortened the distance, and appointed a certain creek where they would meet the children. Whoever arrived there first was to wait for the other party. Then they were all to take to the cliffs and walk along the downs till they came to a coastguard's station. Here they would rest and return home by a shorter way across fields and country lanes back to the farmhouse for the substantial evening meal.

The day appointed for the fulfilment of this programme came, and was all that could be desired, not too hot, but still fair and bright.

The children were up betimes and off on their tramp directly breakfast was over. At first every temptation to delay was resisted, the young people racing along the now familiar shore, Horace taking the lead and seeking all the sandy places to avoid the heavy shingle. The pace soon slackened when they came to the part of the shore that was new, and where any promise of fresh shells or seaweeds appeared, they lingered here and there and then bounded on, until most of the way was accomplished, and Horace described the creek where they were to meet their father. Suddenly one of the children exclaimed:

"Why, what is that bobbing about in the sea?"

"It looks like a box," said another.

Then the party drew as near as they could to the strange object in the water, and they saw that it was evidently a large box which was being drifted in by the tide, that was almost then at its full.

Horace took off his shoes and socks, made his way with all speed through the shallows and shoals to find a large box much knocked about by the waves and rocks, but very light and easy to bring up on the beach. To the delight of the rest of the company he proposed that when he had got his boots on again all should unite in moving the discovered treasure until their father had seen it,



and then they would open it and behold what it contained.

In the meantime the children eagerly speculated on the priceless stores the box might hold. The boys certainly thought it too light to be filled with gold; besides there was a big hole or two that made it very doubtful if they would even find many precious stones.

By combined effort they drew, or pushed, or turned over and over the box from where they first got it up on dry land to the creek or break in the downs, where their father had promised to join them. When they reached this spot, the father had not come, so they waited and rested, the younger members of the party being taken up with speculation about its worth, and what should be done to secure a perfectly fair division of the spoil. The girls were very anxious that Reggy and Bert should put their hands into the cracks, and feel if there was anything *very* nice. They were so absorbed in these considerations that only Horace observed the approach of the father, whose advent he hailed with a wave of his cap and a shout.

On the arrival of father and mother, after a long conversation it was decided that they should leave the box just as they found it, and go on their way up to the coastguard station and there give information of the find. The party of adventurers and discoverers were very loth to leave their treasure, but as they wended their way up to the flagstaff and the station a coastguardman met them, coming down to the shore. Mr. Oscroft spoke to the bluejacket, and briefly told him the facts of the case. Then the man said that the officer in charge had seen through his glass the box brought ashore by the children, and he was sent down to take charge of it, and seek to find if there was any clue as to the ownership. The man further said that some time ago a good deal of smuggling was done this way, by French or Dutch luggers coming up and dropping over a light case of brandy or cask of wine as the tide was coming in, and then the wine or spirit would be landed by someone on the watch, often on a moonlight night, and if the smuggled goods were safely secured, the transaction was paid for at some port already arranged, but the sharp look-out that they had kept had almost destroyed that sort of business.

Mr. Oscroft said he thought the box did not contain anything. They were all going up to the flag station, and before they returned, would like to know the result of the investigation. Then the blue-jacket went on his way and the party proceeded.

When they reached the top of the downs the walk along the cliff to the station was very smooth and easy. There they had their meal. and from one of the low-rooted, whitewashed cottages were able to get some tea that much refreshed them, heard some exciting stories of encounters with smugglers, and were interviewed by the officer, who said he thought he ought to detain the children as captives, for they must be a band of smugglers. He teased them, but was very kind, and let them look through his "tell-tale" glass, as he called the telescope, and

showed them all about the little station, to the joy of the young people, who were pleased with the tidiness and cleanness of all they saw. While they were busy at the inspection the blue-jacket returned, carrying the box. They all gathered round to see it opened, wondering what it would contain, and to their surprise and disappointment it proved to be only an empty box, that held nothing but a little straw. No one could satisfy their inquiries as to where it came from and to whom it had belonged. This continued to remain a mystery, but on the homeward way they talked about the great expectations and how they had all ended in nothing. The officer had told the blue-jacket he might break it up for firewood when dry, and gave to Horace the rope as a keepsake for his landing and discovering the floating box. Horace received the rope with pride, and always maintained this theory' that the box was set afloat with valuables of great worth, was first found by some fishermen who extracted all the treasure, then when empty put it out to sea again for a sell, just as little Effie likes to turn her empty egg-shells upside down and inquire if anyone wants a "nice egg."

Mr. Oscroft, moralising on the day's doings, said he thought they must all beware how they set their affection on things without knowing their worth; that unearned wealth always turned out a delusion; that treasure-trove might turn out to be treasure stolen.

OUR REFUGE.

By Beresford Adams.

AS on the bosom of a stream
The driftwood passes to the sea,
So men by evil habit borne
Pass to an evil destiny;
They never meant to drift away
From purity and righteousness,
But, yielding to temptation's power,
They forfeited life's happiness.

The tides of evil influence
Flow round about us every day,
And we may be o'erwhelmed thereby
Unless from sin we keep away;
'Tis sad to think how many pass
On iniquity's subtle wave,
To misery and wretchedness,
And on to an untimely grave.

Oh, be it ours to trust in God,
Live in His presence every hour;
Then, though we may be sorely tried,
We may o'ercome the tempter's power,
And find the Lord a refuge safe,
From evil and the evil one;
And at the last, when life is o'er,
In rapture hear Him say, "Well done."

Every drinker is not a "sot," but every sot is a moderate drinker first, and it is best not to run the risk.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

By A. J. Waterhouse.

JUST one word of advice, my lively young friend,
(And one word, as you know, is not two),
Down a terrible path your footsteps now tend,
For whiskey will beat the best fellow, depend,
And the dream of to-day, life's to-morrow may end;
Believe me, 'tis fearfully true, my young friend,
Believe me, 'tis fearfully true.

I know how the tempter assails you, dear boy,
Alas, none knows better than I!
But the gold of the wine cup turns soon to alloy,
And woe follows quick in the footprints of joy,
For the pain of to-morrow will rack and annoy.
The tempter's best vow is a lie, my dear boy,
Believe me, each vow is a lie.

I know that the boys whom you meet, my dear lad,
Are hail, good companions, each one,
With many an impulse that's not of the bad,
And they join in the mirth with an ecstasy mad;
But the bright sun of hope (Oh, 'tis terribly sad!)
Often sets ere the day is begun, my dear lad,
Often sets ere the day is begun.

I have known several "boys" in my time, dear young man,
And royal good fellows were they:
With brains which God meant, in His infinite plan,
For the noblest of deeds; but they fell as they ran,
And the hopes which we cherished, no longer we can;
But fond hearts will mourn as they may, dear young man,
Fond hearts are breaking to-day.

Ah! then for the sake of the mother, dear boy,
Who loves you as mothers will do,
Forswear, while you may, the wine cup's alloy;
Do naught that fond heart to disturb or annoy;
Encircle her face with the halo of joy,
And life will be fairer for you, my dear boy,
And life will be fairer for you.

OLD BOND'S ATONEMENT.

By Charles H. Barstow.

IT was spring-time; you could tell that, although you were in "city pent," by the gentle softness of the breeze, which had replaced the biting north-east wind by the genial rays of the sun, but above all by the lovely display of spring flowers in the city streets. Tulips flaunted their gay colours; the lilac nodded its graceful plumes, and the tall, stately narcissus, the violet and the wallflower seemed to vie with each other as to which could emit the sweetest perfume.

There was, too, a buoyancy in the atmosphere which is only felt when earth puts on her robe anew, and all nature springs to re-awakened life. You could feel it in every breath you breathed, in every step you took, and it was good if for a brief holiday you could escape from the city's grinding thrall, and enjoy the spring in the full beauty of her chosen home, the country. So thought old Bond, sitting behind the counter of his shop, on this particular evening of which I write. For twenty years he had never had such a holiday, and his thoughts went a long, long way back in the past.

Go when you would, you would always find old Bond at his post, behind the counter. He ate his meals there, and the gossips in the neighbourhood averred that he slept there also.

His personality closely resembled his business, which was nondescript, little, shrunken, and very old. His eyes, which were small, seemed to look at you as through a cloud of smoke, so dim and colourless were they.

He lived entirely alone, and no human being except himself was ever permitted to cross the threshold of his one little room behind the shop; and when the business of the day was over, his domestic arrangements were all performed by himself. He made his bed, tidied the place, and prepared his meals for the following day.

Poor old man! It was a terribly lonely life to lead, but he never seemed to mind it; at any rate he never complained; and on this particular evening he presented to his customers the same stolid appearance that he habitually did; but had there been anyone who loved him, or who took a special interest in him, they would have noticed that his eyes had a softer look, and the usually stern lines about his mouth had relaxed somewhat; and had anybody been near when there were no customers about, they would have heard him murmur softly to himself:

"Twenty years ago to-night, this very night since I drove him from my door. My poor Dick, whom I shall never see again, lying dead in the fathomless ocean."

And he looked out upon the dead wall of bricks and mortar, with eyes dim with unshed tears.

"Evenin' paper, sir! *Noos* or *Mail*, sir!"

The voice broke in rudely upon old Bond's thoughts, and he turned with a start,

"No, boy, no!" he replied testily. "My old eyes are too dim to read anything."

The boy looked wistfully at the old man.

"There aint an odd job yer want doin' now, is there, guv'ner? Yer see I aint done well wi' my papers to-night. I aint even got my own back, and I wants to earn a few coppers for a bed."

"No, I've nothing for you to do. But stay. Are you honest, boy?"

"Yes!" responded the boy unhesitatingly. "Try me, and see, sir!"

"Come here, and let me look at you."

The boy approached the counter, whilst old Bond scrutinised his features closely.

"Umph!" was the only verdict the vouchsafed. Yet adding a moment later:

"Well, you can go to the baker's, and get me a small loaf, and I'll give you a penny for your trouble." Almost before old Bond had time to settle himself in his seat again, Phil, for that was the boy's name, had returned with the loaf under his arm.

"Can I do anythink else for you, sir? I shouldn't want any hextra pay. That was a very easily earned penny."

"Not to-night, boy. But you can come round again to-morrow, if you like!"

"All right, guv'ner, never fear, I'll come!"

II.

Old Bond had begun to feel his lonely life to be very wearisome; especially as time's hand had begun to press sorely upon him. Ofttimes he was anything but fit to attend to his business, but ill or well, he always managed to open his shop at the accustomed hour. One morning, after a sleepless night, and in consequence feeling weaker than usual, he had fallen under the weight of the last shutter and hurt himself severely.

"I'll do it," he muttered occasionally during the day. "I'll do it this very night, and perhaps, who knows, my boy up yonder (lifting his eyes reverently to the ceiling) may see and take it as an atonement for my harshness to him." And sure enough when Phil came as usual that same evening, old Bond made the startling proposition that he, Phil, should make his home with him.

"You see, I'm an old, old man, Phil, and I must have somebody in the house, and I've got to like you, my boy, and I feel sure you'll prove honest and faithful." Phil was almost too astonished to speak. Launched very early on the rough sea of life, he had hitherto experienced only its buffetings; but here was a haven at length, such as he had never dreamed of.

"D'yer mean it, guv'ner? Yer not kiddin', are yer?" he interrogated with a pathetic ring in his voice. Old Bond assured him that he was perfectly in earnest.

"Well, yer the rummiest old bloke I ever came across, and the best too, guv'ner," Phil said, grasping the old man's hand, "to take a stray like me and gi' me a 'ome!" and tears shone in the eyes that looked his grateful thanks.

"But yer shall never regret it, sir; that I'll take my haffydavy on!"

III.

Time passed on, and old Bond became very feeble, and for days together he would keep to his bed. He did not suffer much pain, it was simply the exhaustion of old age; but he was happy, far happier than he had been for many long years.

Phil, grown into a fine, strapping youth, had justified the old man's trust in him, and had proved himself an unmixed blessing. It was his hand that ministered lovingly to the old man's wants; he who attended to, and, by his 'cuteness and energy, increased the business wonderfully.

It had been a hotter day than usual, and the night was close, even sultry. Old Bond, lying on his couch by the open window, looked up at the sky, which had darkened ominously.

"I wonder where Phil is? I wish he would come home before the storm breaks, which it is sure to do before long," he soliloquized. "By

the way, he didn't say where he was going, and it's very unusual to shut the shop as early as he did this evening. Well, well! It'll do the lad good to get out a bit; he hasn't seemed at all like himself lately," he continued, but obeying a sudden, unaccountable impulse, he dragged himself from the couch, and taking a little bunch of keys from his pocket, he proceeded to a little safe built in the wall in a corner of the room. Opening the cash drawer, he staggered back aghast to find it empty. The savings of his lifetime gone! With a groan of fear and pain, old Bond dropped senseless upon the floor.

IV.

When he came to himself he was lying in a large room that contained many beds. A nurse, waiting to administer a restorative, was standing on one side his bed, whilst on the other a youth knelt, his tear-stained face buried in the bedclothes.

"Where am I?" the old man whispered, as his eyes rested on Phil's kneeling form.

"Phil, my lad!" he cried feebly, as recollection dawned upon him. "My dear boy! Then you didn't desert me after all." And a look of intense satisfaction broke over his gray worn face.

"Desert you, guv'ner! Did you think that o' me?" And a passionate ring of pain sounded in the lad's voice.

"It wasn't so much the money I cared about after all, Phil. But I couldn't bear the thought that after all these years you had forsaken me, and left me to die alone at last."

"The money! Oh, yer didn't think I'd *stolen* yer money. Say yer didn't, guvner!" Phil sobbed rather than spoke.

"Only for a little while. You see I found it gone, and you, too, and I was stunned. But I've every confidence in you, my *dear* boy, since you are here," and old Bond's hand strayed feebly, yet lovingly over Phil's bowed head.

"Oh, I should 'ave told you at the time, but I didn't want to upset you, and I didn't think yer'd miss yer money just then. Listen, guv'ner!

"Many years ago, my father was imprisoned for burglary. His time was up only a few days since. He inquired for, and found me. Yesterday he came to the shop and asked for money. I gave him all I had o' my own but he wasn't satisfied, and I was frightened by the look he had when he left the shop that he'd be up to his tricks again; and so to make sure of yer money I took it whilst you was asleep, and put it in a safe place. Listen, guv'ner!" And Phil whispered in the old man's ear.

"I shall never need it again, Phil. It is yours. God bless you, my boy, and—make—you—always—worthy." And with a beatific smile, old Bond fell back upon his pillow, asleep in death.

A WITTY rogue, brought before a Parisian tribunal for a drunken riot on one occasion, assured the Bench that he was not a drunkard, but in his childhood he was bittten by a mad dog, and he had a horror of water ever since.

"NOT FOR THE LIKES O' THEE."

(A TRUE STORY),

By WILLIAM PROCTOR,

Author of "Found in the River."

JIM —— was one of the best workmen at his trade, but like many other tradesmen studied the interest of the publican rather than his own.

One day his daughter, who was servant at a public-house, returned home rather hurriedly. "Father," she said, "my Missus's daughter has been measured for a pair of new boots, and they are a mis-fit; I tried them on and they fitted me beautiful. I asked Missus if I might have them and pay for them out of my wages, when she burst out laughing and said, 'They're not for the likes o' thee;'" and the poor girl burst into tears.

Her father sat in his chair, with elbow resting on the table, and his chin buried in the palm of his hand. The father thinking——; the daughter sobbing.

"Not for the likes o' thee!" ejaculated Jim. Then his whole countenance changed as if he had formed some deep resolution. "Not for the likes o' thee," he said, looking at his motherless bairn. "Who's made 'em?"

"George Sharpe down the street," replied the girl.

"All right; thee get back to thi place and nivver mind boots." When his daughter had gone, Jim sat for awhile as if in deep thought, then suddenly rising to his feet he seized his hat and hurried down the street to the shoemaker.

"I hear tha's made a pair o' boots for t' Landlord's dowter at Ship yonder," said Jim, as he entered the shop.

"Aye, but they're a mis-fit, and I have 'em on mi hands," replied the man.

"Well, if tha'll trust me a week a'll tak to em, as they just fit my dowter."

"All right," replied the shoemaker, and Jim left the shop with the boots.

He went straight to the public-house called the Ship, which had sailed away with much of his hard-earned money, walking up to the bar he called his daughter by name, handed her the boots, saying:

"Put 'em on, lass; we'll see if they are 'not for the likes o' thee.'"

The landlady, standing near, grew purple with rage, and exclaimed, "an empty cart makes a deal o' rattle!"

"Aye," replied Jim, "and I've seen full unstumble o'er;" and telling his daughter to follow him, left the house never to return.

The landlady saw she had made a mistake, tried to apologise, said she did not mean to offend, etc., but it was all to no purpose; she had lost her best customer. "Not for the likes o' thee" had touched the father's heart; "Not for the likes o' thee" had opened his eyes. Jim signed the pledge, gave his heart to God, and it has been my lot to sit at his feet both with pleasure and profit.

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

RESOLVE slowly, act swiftly.—*Tupper.*

"FRACTIONS is awful tough," said Tommy. "I'll be glad when I'm a man like pa, and can forget all about them like he has."

THE man who is taking phosphorus for spring medicine is trying to make himself a match for any one.—*Boston Transcript.*

IF for ten years England could get rid of drink, she would at that time become such a paradise as men would hardly recognise.—*John Bright.*

HER TRANSIENT GLORY.—Jack: What colour would you call Miss Fitz's hair?

Jess: Now, really; I haven't seen her for a week or two.

"I HAVE often wondered," said the newly arrived missionary, "what became of my predecessor." "Oh!" remarked the cannibal, "he went into the interior."

LORD WOLSELEY AGAINST THE DRINK ENEMY. —"There are yet some great enemies to be encountered, some great battles to be fought by the United Kingdom; but the most pressing enemy at present is DRINK. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also."

WHEN the workmen in our foundries are doing their heaviest tasks they drink nothing but oatmeal water. When Captain Webb swam the channel, and Weston walked his thousand miles, and Adam Ayles, the Arctic explorer, got nearest to the pole, they did it without a drop of stimulants.—*Archdeacon F. W. Farrar.*

"YOUR friend, Miss Blank, seems to be a very strict teetotaler," said a man, commenting on a girl who refused to eat plum pudding with brandy sauce.

"Strict doesn't express it," replied the girl's chum. "Why, do you know, she's that particular she won't heat her curling tongs over an alcohol lamp."

DR. LANDER BURNTON, in *Cassell's Book of Health*, writes: "Notwithstanding the apparent stoutness and strength of beer drinkers, they are by no means healthy. Injuries which to other people would be but slight, are apt to prove serious in them; and when it is necessary to perform surgical operations upon them the risk of death is very much greater than in others."

HELOISE (eight years old): "What does transatlantic mean, mother?"

Mother: "Oh, across the Atlantic, of course. But you mustn't bother me."

Heloise: "Does trans then always mean across?"

Mother: "I suppose it does. Now, if you don't stop bothering me with your questions, I shall send you right to bed."

Heloise is silent a few moments.

Heloise: "Then does transparent mean a cross parent?"—*Brooklyn Life.*

WHY is a policeman like a rainbow? Because he rarely appears until the storm is over.

"BOB, how is your sweetheart getting along?" "Pretty well; she says I needn't call any more."

"PA," said little Tommy Trigger, "can't you spare enough money to buy me a gun?" "My son, I am going to get you a gun when I can spare a boy, not before."

"DID you divide your bonbons with your little brother, Mollie?" "Yes, mamma; I ate the candy and gave him the mottoes. You know he is awfully fond of reading."

"WHAT does g-l-a-s-s spell?" asked a backwoods teacher; but there was no answer.

"When the window is broken what do you put in it?" was the teachers' next question.

"Pap's ole hat," said one of the boys, promptly. His was not a Temperance Home.

"THE Temperance movement is many-sided. It avails itself of the aid of the magistrate, the medical man, and the social economist. It seeks to remove temptations to drink; it labours to provide counter-attractions—both weaning and warning the drunkard from his vice. But its main hope is in the example of abstinence set by individuals."—*Rev. John Foster.*

I ATTRIBUTE my physical and mental vigour entirely to Temperance—a combination of both into old age entirely to total abstinence. Let no one tell me I could augment either by even a limited use of alcoholic drinks. I know it would be an error; I know the strength of my hand to write, and the power of my brain to indite, would be less instead of more by taking even 'a little' of the poison."—*S. C. Hall.*

AN APT RETORT.—At a certain temperance meeting there was a little "too much religion" to please a member of the audience. "A fig for your parsons!" said this irreverent individual. "The man who invented gas did more good than all the parsons in creation." This speech was resented by some on the platform, but one of the speakers quickly restored harmony. "Let us all enjoy our own opinions," said he. "If on our death-beds we desire the consolation of religion, our friend should not object. If he likes to send for a *gasfitter*, that's his business, not ours."

MEDICAL ADVICE.

TAKE the open air,
The more you take the better;
Follow Nature's laws
To the very letter.

Let the physic go
To the bay of Biscay;
Let alone the gin,
The brandy and the whiskey.

Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dream 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.

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER;

OR

JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

By EDWARD ARMYTAGE.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

GEOFFREY ORMOND, a man of great talent who has given way to reckless dissipation, watches his younger friend, Frank Crawford, enter the "Lion," and laments that they are both on the downward path. This feeling is deepened when, at his lodgings, he talks with Little Mary, the child of John Dudley; her father is a drunkard and a gambler. Dudley goes to a gambling house. Meets Frank Crawford, who plays cards with Fruse and suspects that he is cheated. Dudley breaks the bank at *rouge-et-noir*, and is robbed and mortally wounded on his way home. Dudley found wounded in the street is identified by Fruse and Crawford. Little Mary, who has just gained from Geoffrey a pledge of reformation, is summoned to her father's death-bed. John Dudley dies, and Mary is adopted by Geoffrey. Fruse proposes to Kane (who had also been in the gambling house on the night of the murder), that they should try to gain the reward offered for the detection of the murderer. Fruse suspects Kane of the murder of Dudley. By frightening him with a pistol compels him to confess, and also to hand over Dudley's pocket-book which he had stolen. Description of Mr. Blough, publisher, who is about to start a new magazine. Geoffrey, who has turned over a new leaf, is appointed editor. Ormond meets Crawford, and learning that he is pressed by Fruse to pay a gambling debt offers to lend him the money. Geoffrey takes Jeannie Crawford to see Little Mary. Fruse apologises to Crawford for the harshness of his previous demand, which he withdraws, and expresses a wish to adopt Little Mary. The *Round Table* appears. Geoffrey takes Little Mary, who is ill, to recruit at Silverdale, where they visit Castle De Vere. In the picture gallery there is the portrait of a lady whose face is the face of Little Mary. Fruse informs Kane that John Dudley was the brother of the last owner of Castle de Vere, and that if Robert De Vere, who went to America years ago, is dead, Little Mary will be the sole heiress. Kane sets out in search of him. Fruse proposes to Mary. She refuses him, as she prefers Crawford who had gone to West Africa for his firm. A year afterwards, when he is expected home, news is received of the wreck of his ship and loss of all hands.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEN Kane stepped upon English ground the first hand stretched out to him was that of Fruse, who greeted him with every appearance of cordiality. After a few words of welcome, Fruse's anxiety to learn the result of Kane's journey became so manifest, that that individual said,

"I see I must relieve your mind on one subject. Robert Houghton is dead. Of that I have full proof."

Kane had aged terribly since Fruse had last beheld him; the long black hair was thickly strewn with threads of silver-grey, and his sunken eyes and bent form gave him an air of premature age and decay. The two friends adjourned to a hotel, and partook of some refreshment; the meal was a silent one—their conversation would not admit of being overheard by any chance waiter, or habitué. After the meal was concluded, and sundry glasses of grog had been disposed of, they resorted to the cliffs, fitting listeners to secrets such as theirs. The night was a somewhat tempestuous one, and not a single soul was visible.

"You will be curious to know the particulars of my journey," said Kane. "On going to the address you gave me, I found that Houghton had left there several years before. With much difficulty I succeeded in tracing him to New Orleans, but found that he had been a truly wandering spirit. I followed his footsteps from city to city, and from State to State. I have seen every variety of life there is among the American people. I have squatted round the gold diggers' camp fire, and have sat down in almost every gambling hell in the country. It seemed like a chase after a Will o' the Wisp. I was ever close upon his footsteps, yet never seemed able to come close up to him. At last I I found that Houghton had returnedto Europe; I followed in his wake—Baden-Baden, Vienna, Paris in every haunt of vice and poverty almost did I follow him. In Paris I came up with him. Drink and gambling had made a complete wreck of him; and when I first saw him, he was lying on his death-bed, in a wretched garret of the Parisian Bohemia. Nothing on earth could have saved his life, and he died with his head upon my breast, blessing *me* as his benefactor—me, whom you sent to murder him, if need be."

"Unless you have been maligned, it would not be the first of his family you have murdered."

"Spare your taunts. There is not a moment of my life, asleep or waking, that I have not before my eyes, the dead body of John Dudley. How my soul has been tortured with agony and regret since that fatal night, the God against whom I have sinned so deeply, only knows."

Fruse was surprised at this exhibition of remorse; it gave him some uneasiness; what if Kane should deliver himself up to justice?

"Nonsense," responded Fruse. "You have been over-worked, and have grown morbid. Don't turn faint-hearted now that the prize is almost in our hands."

"You have not yet told me how you propose to avail yourself of the information you have obtained," said Kane.

"Well, my dear Kane," said Fruse coolly, "the proofs of Richard Houghton De Vere's death which you have brought with you, makes John Dudley's daughter the next of kin of William De Vere, and consequently the heiress of Castle De Vere, and all the broad lands of Silverdale."

"That I quite understand, but you are no relation of hers, nor are you her guardian."

"I am not her guardian, you say truly, nor am I a relation, but I intend soon to be her nearest relative on earth. As sure as I am a living man she shall be my wife."

Fruse uttered these words in a tone of concentrated earnestness, and with the air of one who felt his own strong will must sooner or later prevail.

"But she is a mere child. You pointed her out to me once—a pretty girl with a pale face and sad eyes, who looked as though she would not live long."

"My dear Kane, a few years make a wonderful difference; she might have been a mere child when you saw her, but she is now a very charming young woman, I assure you," replied Fruse.

"And has she consented to become your wife?" enquired Kane.

"She has not; on the contrary, she has twice refused me, and yet she shall be mine."

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"And why does she refuse? Are her affections bestowed elsewhere?" asked Kane.

Fruse laughed sardonically, and replied,

"She was engaged to be married to Frank Crawford, but he was drowned in the wreck of the *Firebrand*, so that I have now no rival."

"And have you no remorse; do you feel no regret at sacrificing the happiness of a being so young and pure? Leave her to bear the great sorrow that has fallen upon her, and do not force this marriage upon her," said Kane.

CHAPTER XXII.

Kane regarded him with amazement. "Are you mad?" said Fruse. "Surely you are not going to turn preacher. Who has most cause for remorse, I or you?"

"I tell you," said Kane solemnly, "I tell you that since the fatal night when John Dudley died, I have borne about within my breast the very pangs of hell. The memory of that dreadful deed is burnt into my soul. I see it ever in the broad daylight, and it haunts me in the visions of the night. Even your cold heart would pity me did you know the daily damnation which I endure. Not a day comes in which I do not regret the hour wherein I was born. Day by day I curse the weakness that led me into temptation. Fruse, my hands have been reddened by the blood of my brother man, and yet I was once a frank and innocent lad."

"Your brain is overwrought, Kane, you must not harp on these recollections," said Fruse, who, for reasons already given, did not wish to encourage Kane's disposition to lament over the past.

"These recollections form the subject of my meditations day and night. Why should I add further villainy to my crimes?"

"A perfectly rational question, Kane, and one which I will answer to you. If, by the not very complimentary term you have just used, you mean why should you aid my plans about the De Vere property, the answer is not very hard to seek. Your share of the plunder will be a good one, and if you do not go by my directions, but choose to brave me, you must take the consequences. My friendship makes you secure, but my enmity will quickly bring you to a felon's death."

"I know the extent of your power, and have duly weighed all these things. Death has no terror for me. I have longed for it ever since the night at Glair's."

"Then, what do you mean to do?" said Fruse. "Let us understand each other clearly. Do you desire to be denounced as the murderer of John Dudley, or do you intend to share with me the De Vere property?"

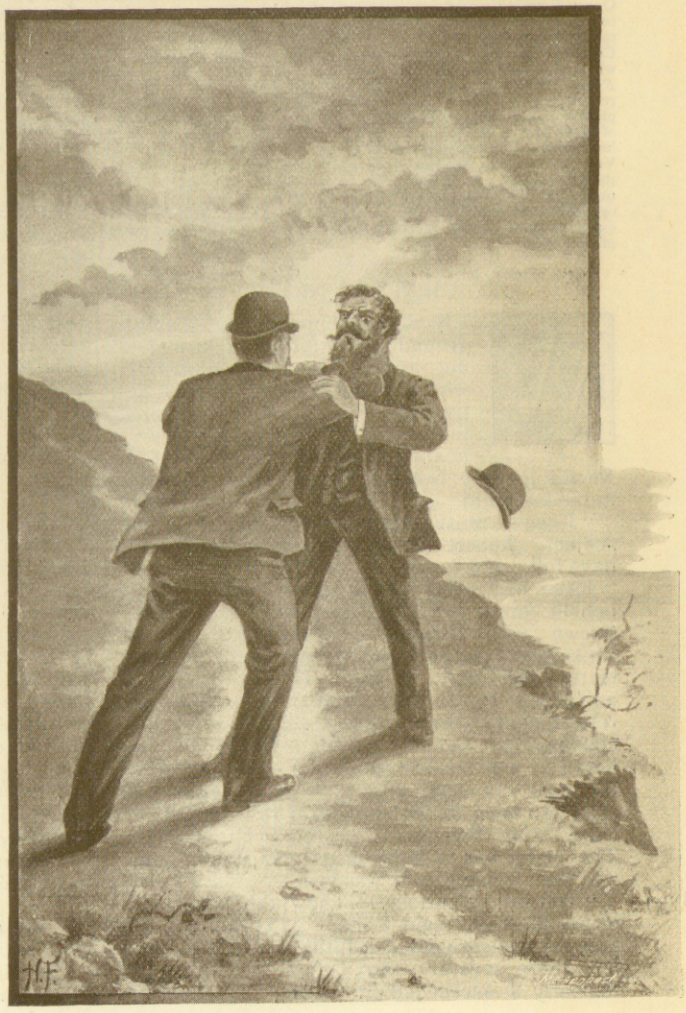
"I am weary of life," said Kane, "and intend to see right done to Little Mary, come what may. I give you warning, so that if you choose you may, in another country, repent your own evil life."

These words filled Fruse with consternation. The deep tone of sincerity in Kane's voice, and the dreadful earnestness of his manner, showed him that Kane's resolution was taken.

"Had Robert Houghton been alive," continued Kane, "he would have returned with me to claim Castle De Vere; as he died childless, I shall aid Little Mary to gain her patrimony, and then I shall give myself up as the assassin of her father."

The face of Fruse assumed a diabolical expression as Kane gave utterance to this determination. If he allowed him to carry it into effect it would at once blast all his hopes. The death of Crawford would avail him nothing if Kane made known to Little Mary the story of his villainy, and exposed him as a mere mercenary fortune-hunter.

The prize was a great one, and had been the object of his exertions ever since the night on



which the pocket-book of the murdered man had come into his possession. And now that success was certain—now that the cup was raised to his lips,—lips that were eager to drain it to the last drop—it was to be dashed from his grasp by the man whom he had counted as a mere tool, to be thrown aside when it had served his purpose. And now this slave, this man, whose very life was in his power, and whom he could hand over to the hangman at once, dared to thwart him. Then darker thoughts crowded into his mind. After all, what stood between him and the accomplishment of his plans but this man, who was known to no one in the place, whose arrival in England was known only to himself. So the deadly thought grew up fearfully distinct within the recesses of his dark soul. The stormy night, the solitude of the cliffs, the roaring sea below, seemed to tempt him to the commission of the deadly crime, that would rid him of this man who dared to stand in his way. To hurl him over the cliff on which they were now standing would be but the work of a moment, and no one would know but that the stranger's death was accidental; at length, the demon within him became too strong for him, and, with a cry of rage, he flung himself upon his foe, but Kane, though taken unaware, was no unformidable opponent. They closed in deadly struggle, each glaring with mortal hatred on the other, and locked firmly in each others grasp, they fell heavily to the ground. They were within a foot of the edge of the cliff, and below could be heard the voices of the waves as they beat upon the rocks. Fruse strained every nerve to free himself from the death-like embrace of Kane; his struggles were in vain, and the next moment the two men rolled over the cliff, down through the blackness of the night, to the cruel rocks below.

(To be concluded.)

FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

BEHIND THE CLOUDS.

THERE they moved—like sorrowful, grey-robed spirits, moved slowly, wearily across the cold damp space—the great dull clouds of winter.

Little Marjorie, from her hard bed, in the bleak, bare attic, watched them with wondering wistful eyes, that saw in their vapouring bodies tired lives seeking, always seeking rest. They passed her dirty little window, one by one, while she wondered where they came from and whither they went. Poor wandering clouds!

Marjorie was the ten-year old daughter of drinking parents. Her short life, drawing fast now to a close, had been as devoid of love as the squalid house in which she lived had been devoid of sunlight. Her little heart craved and hungered for affection, for love is the natural food of childhood, and is as essential to the young, opening life as the light is to the budding flower. But the childish heart hungered in vain. The only creature that loved little Marjorie was a poor, half-starved dog, who crept every day up the rickety old stairs to lick the thin small hand, or lay its wet nose on the cold white feet.

Marjorie's parents cared for nothing but the drink, and night after night the dying child was left in the darkness of the lonely garret while they squandered their money in the nearest alehouse, or lay in their drunkenness upon the kitchen floor. Through the weary, dragging hours the heavy eyes watched the clouds floating, floating, and the small childish mind floated with them, away, away into strange places, into unknown spheres.

"I wonder, Lady," she said one day to the shaggy-coated dog at her bedside, "I wonder, Lady, what the world's upstairs is like. I would so like to see behind the clouds, to get just one peep at the place above the world's grey ceiling. They say that good little girls who die go up there, Lady, right up there, over the clouds, miles and miles. It's a long way to go by one's self, isn't it, doggie? and I'm only a little girl, such a very little girl, and I've never been anywhere out of this place in my life, never! I wish they'd let little dogs up there, I'd take you with me, and then you'd never be hungry or cold any more!"

The soft, pathetic eyes of the dog—those eyes that appeal to us for sympathy, and seem to say to us, "Oh ye who have eternity before you, be kind to us who have nothing but our little lives"—fixed themselves upon the face of the child—the small, pale face which rose out of the shadows, with the whiteness of a pearl and the purity of a flower.

It was a wild, dark night, and the wind that shook the frail windows had the wail of a lost spirit. Gathering its mysterious forces together, it threw itself against the army of black clouds, and breaking them into small parts, scattered and drove them across the sky. In the corners of the room the shadows grew deep, and as the night advanced they crept out of the corners and wandered stealthily, noiselessly along the walls, and across the floor, stretching their long bodies, twining and twirling like spirit serpents. It was a lonely hour and a lonely place, and the little child pressed close to the only living thing near her. The life of the child, which was all spirit, sought in this its last earthly hour warmth and friendship from the life of the dog, the life which, we are told, is without spirit. And the dog-life understood, for a shaggy, rough head laid itself gently, so gently down in the little one's cold bosom, and a dirty paw rested lightly on the thin shoulder.

"Look, doggie, look! The clouds are breaking! There! There! Can't you see? The grey ceiling has broke—broke, Lady, and I can see through into the world's upstairs. Oh, how beautiful it is—how beautiful! See, some one is looking through, some one with hair just like gold. Oh, doggie, who can it be?"

Darker and darker grew the lonely attic, closer and closer pressed the dog to the child's bosom. Her wee hand wandered softly over his head, up and down, up and down, the restless fingers twining through the rough hair—in and out, in and out.

"You never knew what lay behind the clouds, did you, Lady? Well, I'll tell you. It's not a garrett, though it *is* on top. It's a lovely country, doggie—oh, such a lovely country! Such pretty flowers—prettier than the flowers in the market! I'm going, Lady, for the lovely angel in the clouds is calling me—calling me, little friend! Good-bye, doggie, good-bye!"

The feeble hands clasped the dog's head closer to the quivering little bosom, but the eyes were still fixed on the far-off sky. The hours went on, and still they lay, child and dog, but there was only one life now in the little attic, for the clouds had parted to let a white soul through, a child's soul that had hungered for love, and had at last found it in the world's upstairs, in the country behind the clouds.

BEING AND DOING.

By Uncle Ben.

CECIL and Maud were brother and sister. They had been left orphans early, and had been brought up by an uncle and aunt. Both the children were sent to boarding school, but always met for the holidays, which were spent at the uncle's home, who was a draper in a small country town. In the summer they were taken to the sea-side to their mutual delight, and generally went to a fresh place every year, by this means seeing many new parts of England.

One memorable time the annual visit was made to the coast of Devonshire. The weather was fine, and the brother and sister allowed perfect liberty to go out and be together as much as they liked. The day after their arrival they took a long morning walk over the cliffs, and when they came to a warm, sunny nook overlooking the broad expanse of the ocean they rested.

Then Cecil said to his sister, "Uncle told me this morning as we came back from our bathe that he should like me to think of what I shall do when I leave school. He has sometimes asked me before, but now I must make up my mind and decide. If I choose one of the professions he thinks that as I have passed the Cambridge examination I ought to go on and prepare for matriculation at London or one of the Universities, and if I select to go to business he thinks I might take what special study was needed, and leave school at Christmas or next summer as the case may be."

"Have you any fixed choice?" inquired his sister eagerly.

"No, I can't say I have. I am not clever enough for a lawyer, and do not fancy being a doctor. I think I know what uncle would like, and that is for me to help him in his business. But I do not care about the drapery shop and mixing with 'the young people.' It's a dull, monotonous trade. I should like better some nice out-of-door's life."

"Where the work is put out and the hours are easy," said Maud, laughing. "What do you say to the Civil Service; that is surely respectable enough. But I think your objection to the drapery is only what dear father would have called 'nasty pride,' and uncle's wish, I am sure, ought to have great weight. I know father would think so after all he and aunt have done for us."

"There is no taking up father's business. Beside, I know I have not the brains he had. My tastes only lie in music, but I should never be a good professional musician, and I am not cut out to teach."

"You see, if you can put up with the 'shop,' you have a good business to hand, and in time, I dare say, Uncle would take you into partnership, and you could have many opportunities of taking up music as an amusement and recreation. I know our dear mother would say, 'it does not so much matter what one does for a living, so long as it is honest work.' She often said, 'it's not the *doing* but *being* that makes all the difference;' and I am sure both father and mother would sooner see you behind the counter with a pencil sticking out over one ear, helping uncle, and being a comfort to aunt, than that you should be in a bank with young swells, trying to keep up appearances."

"I do remember mother's words about being good, and all else would come right. Do you recollect once, at Sunday School, a student came and gave an address on a 'Hive of B's,' and the bees he let fly were, 'Be Good,' 'Be Honest,' 'Be Truthful,' 'Be a Gentleman,' and then he said, 'Now, boys, for the queen bee, the best of all the 'B's,' the most important of all. What is it?' And one lad answered, 'Be off, Sir,' and we all roared with laughing; and he said as the time was up, he would. When we came home and told mother, she said I ought to have known, and said 'to be a Christian,' or 'to be like Christ.' And then I remember she said, the day might come when I should have to choose what I would do in life, and she hoped I should choose first to be a Christian gentleman, then choose to do what God would have me do; and if I was in doubt, say—'What would father and mother like me to do?'"

"Well, I am sure they would wish you to go into uncle's business, unless you felt a strong call of duty for some other work."

"Yes, I think so, too; but things look so different at a distance. Just look at that little boat, far away below, how unimportant it seems, what a dot of a thing, like a toy; but how different to those who are in it. And if the men in the boat can see us, we must be as specks to them, and yet here am I deciding the most important question. But the real work and business I have to do looks ever so much more indistinct than that boat is now."

"That is so; but if you were to tell uncle honestly you have no strong choice or special fitness for any one trade, therefore you felt free to



try the drapery without being drawn to the business except for the purpose of helping him, would he let you try how you seemed to like it? If it proved very distasteful, and the butcher's shop seemed more fitted for your talent, then you might turn your attention to that line of business.

It has many branches: The swell butcher is the army man, the scientific butcher is the surgeon, the simplest butcher is the pork butcher. I don't wish to see you a butcher, but that's a hundred times better than the wine and spirit trade."

"I think that a good idea—not the butchering line, but a fair trial with the yardstick and counter jumping; at any rate, some exercise in that line will be well for my ambition and my pride," said Cecil.

So it was decided, after some further talk together, that they should all frankly discuss Cecil's future career in family conclave that evening. This was done with mutual satisfaction, and it was then definitely resolved that Cecil should leave school at Christmas, and enter the business with the new year for six months' or a year's trial, as the case might seem to require.

The decision then taken was never repented, and in after years Cecil became a temperance mayor of the little country town when in partnership with his uncle. The memory of his mother's words, "*being* before *doing*," became the influence that made him a Christian gentleman draper.

HEALTH CHATS.

By Walter N. Edwards, F.C.S.

WASTE AND REPAIR.



A VERY common belief used to be that the human body was renewed once every seven years. The fact is, however, that renewal is going on every hour and indeed every moment of time. Every action of the body necessitates the using up of material. Thus if I walk, the muscles display force and energy, and this depends on the using up of some material that can be converted into force and energy. It is quite true that we cannot discover at the close of the day any part of the body that may be worn or wasted, but that does not prove that there has been no waste. A steam engine at the close of the day shows no sign of wear, but as it goes on year after year these signs shew themselves, and the time arrives when the engine is entirely worn out and worthless. The falling of a drop of water continuously on the same place on a stone will wear it away in the course of a long time, each drop, therefore, that falls must do something, although imperceptibly, towards this.

The wearing away of the body is of this imperceptible kind, and is all the less apparent because in a healthy body (excepting that of an aged person) renewal occurs at the same time.

Let us try to understand how this takes place. Without going into the science of the matter, we must comprehend that every part of the body is built up of very minute cells, each different part having its own particular cells, differing in shape and construction from those of any other part. Thus, the bone cell is different from that of the muscle, and the muscle cell is different from that of the skin, and the skin cell is different from that of the nerve, and so we might go on with every part of the body. Each of these cells, so minute that only a powerful microscope can reveal it, has to some extent an individual existence, and is capable of selecting from the bloodstream that material necessary to its sustenance. Let us think of the skin, for instance, and we shall see how this cell life works. After wearing a garment next to the skin for two or three days, and then shaking it, we shall find that something like fine dust falls from it. This dust is simply worn out and dead skin cells rubbed off from the exterior of the body. The outer-skin is composed of cells that have almost finished their work, whilst just beneath there are in the true skin the living and growing cells, receiving nourishment and sustenance from the blood by which they are surrounded. These are constantly growing and pushing their way towards the surface, and in doing so, they force older cells outwards until they die and are rubbed off, and in their turn these living cells will follow the same fate.

We have this great fact before us, that new cells are continuously being formed on the inside, and old cells are continuously being rubbed off the outside of the skin, so that it is always being renewed. One of the great advantages of a tub every morning is that it assists in the process of removing these dead and useless cells, and so aids in keeping the skin in a healthy condition.

What we have said of the skin is true of every part of the body, excepting that the waste and dead cells are carried off by the blood stream instead of being rubbed off, as is the case with the skin.

Another illustration of this cell life is seen in the case of the bones. Bone, like every other part of the body, gets its nourishment from the blood, for the bones are traversed in all directions by minute tubes, called Haversian canals, through which blood vessels pass. The outside of a bone is hard and composed practically of dead cells. In growing life new cells are constantly being built upon the inside wherever the blood-stream is flowing, and so the bone that is thin and soft in infancy grows and strengthens with the growth of the body. When a bone is broken, and it is properly set, the two ends will grow together again and become just as strong as it was before being broken. In this case nature sets to work, and large numbers of new cells are formed at the fracture, these gradually die and harden into solid bone, and so the fracture is repaired. The most wonderful thing about this plan of waste and repair is that each particular kind of cell can withdraw from the blood just the kind of food it requires.

All food to be of use must find its way into the blood. In our foods there are many different substances of use to the body. Thus we have Nitrogenous substances. This will be largely withdrawn by muscle cells. Mineral matter: this will be mostly used up by the bone cells. Phosphates: these will be used by the nerve cells. And so every different kind of cell takes from the blood that flows over it that part of the food that is required and lives and grows upon it, and so every part of the body is sustained. It must be remembered that new cells are only formed when in contact with the blood, but as we cannot find any part of the body, however small, where the blood does not flow, excepting the hair, the enamel of the teeth, the skin, and the finger nails, we shall see that cell life can go on everywhere.

From all this, we can see that Nature's plan of keeping the body alive and in good health is

to build up new material as fast as any is either used up or worn out. Some people have urged that if we could only retard the waste, we should be just as well off, and not require so much food, and for this purpose the use of alcohol has been recommended. It is possible that in some small degree alcohol does retard waste, but any interference with natural laws cannot be indulged in without harm resulting. When it is remembered that alcohol cannot in any sense lay claim to being a food, that it does not give sustenance, and that its apparent good effect is entirely delusive, in addition to real harm to the heart, brain, and nerves being accomplished by it, we shall see that the body is better without it. Laziness will retard waste, but no one will urge that the body is the healthier in consequence.

Nature's plan is, that the waste and repair should go on, and we shall find that all that encourages this conduces to good health. Cleanliness, work, exercise, are all great promoters of health, but they are all at the same time good users up of material.

The body wants taking care of, if we are to live long and healthy lives. To ensure this we must avoid all excesses, either of work or of play, or of any other kind. We must take suitable food regularly, keep the body carefully clean, allow ourselves a moderate amount of sleep, and avoid both the use of strong drink and tobacco.

These are simple rules, but they must be followed if we desire a long and healthy life.

The engineer finds that his engine wants careful attention, both in cleaning and oiling, and that the amount of steam he gets from the boilers depends very largely upon good stoking. We may learn the lesson by not treating these complex machines, our bodies, with less consideration than the engineer gives to his engine.

"LOVE THE GIVER."

SO runs the legend on a little cup that is placed on a certain clean white cloth before a little girl every morning for breakfast.

There is a beautiful mystery, a sweet ambiguity that puzzles one about its exact meaning. Is this the interpretation thereof? That love is the giver of this gift as love is the great bestower and mighty giver of all small mercies as well as of every great and good gift? It is love and only love that gives the cup of cold water, or of sweet milk, or of the pure juice of the grape. It is love that gives alike the cup of sorrow and medicine, as well as the cup of joy and blessing; the cup that over-flows with plenty, or holds the bitter dregs of grief. Or are these words a silent prayer, a patient continous request to love back the one who has given the cup? Is it, then, to chide our ingratitude and rebuke our forgetfulness, to remind one of thankfulness and praise? But should the giver ask reward or seek for payment, great or small, for any gift bestowed? Is not the gift marred by a prayer for return of affection? Should we not give the cup of blessing freely without hoping for aught in response? For the highest giving is without any recompense. Is not the divine word true to-day—"Thou shalt be blessed, for they cannot recompense thee."

We cannot love in obedience to a demand, but only in response to influence that comes as the birds sing in spring, or the flowers open to the sunshine. When once we feel love is the giver we can scarcely restrain the impulse to love the giver unsought for and unasked. For love begets love as light begets vision. In light we see light and all that it reveals; in love we know love and all that love can give. And so we learn to love not the giver for the gift, but the lover for the love, and for love's sweet sake alone we come to love the giver "of every good and perfect gift," both small and great.

TEETOTALERS TO THE FRONT AGAIN.

A MINERS' LEADER.



MR. S. WOODS, M.P.

MR. S. WOODS, M.P., the new Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, is the Vice-President of the Miners' Federation, and, owing to Mr. Ben. Pickard's ill-health, has had charge of most of the recent strikes and negotiations of that great combination. This has been a gain all round, for Mr. Woods, while quite as able as his chief, is much more even tempered, and is also more sanguine in temperament.

He is a typical miners' leader—drove a pit pony when he was eleven, and was in turn pitman, check weighman, and miners' agent. He is now the head of the Lancashire miners, and at the general election won a striking victory by wresting the representation of the Ince division from the Conservative M.P., who had held it since 1885. He is a Baptist local preacher, a Sunday School teacher, and a teetotaler. In Labour matters, he stands midway between Mr. Fenwick, the ex-secretary, and Mr. Tom Mann, the other candidate for the post. He is a strong advocate of the Miners' Eight Hours Bill, and was elected secretary by a combination of the Federation Miners and the Lancashire Cotton Operatives. He is 48.

KEEP THIS TILL SUMMER TIME.—Little Tommy (taking a walk on a very dusty road): "What becomes of people when they die, mamma?" Mamma: "They turn into dust, dear." Tommy: "What a lot of people there must be on this road, then!"

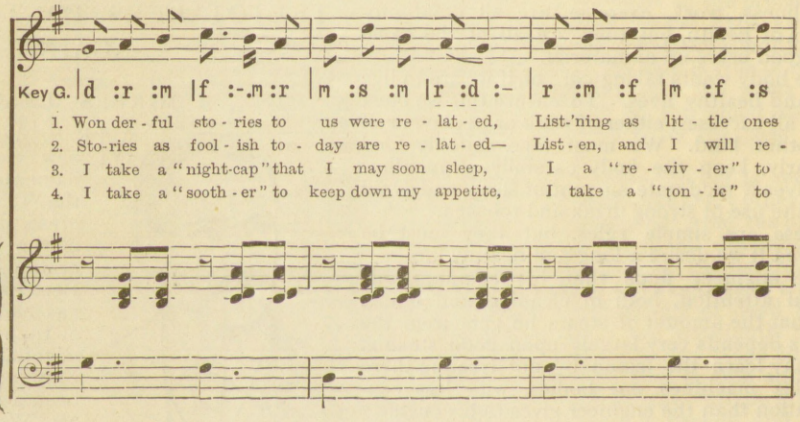
WONDERFUL STORIES.

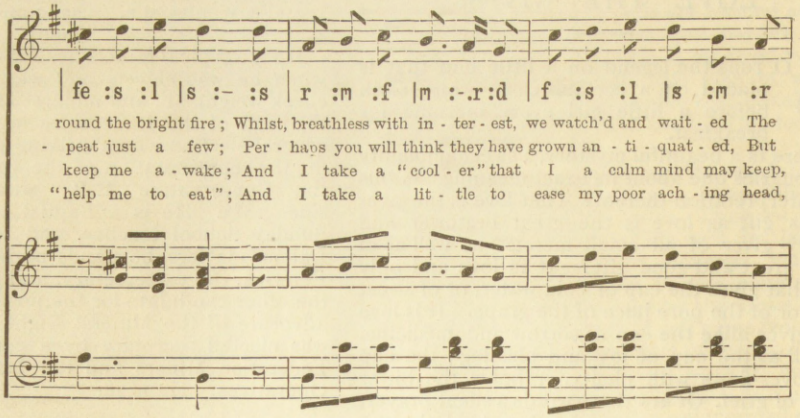
T. PALMER.

Lively.

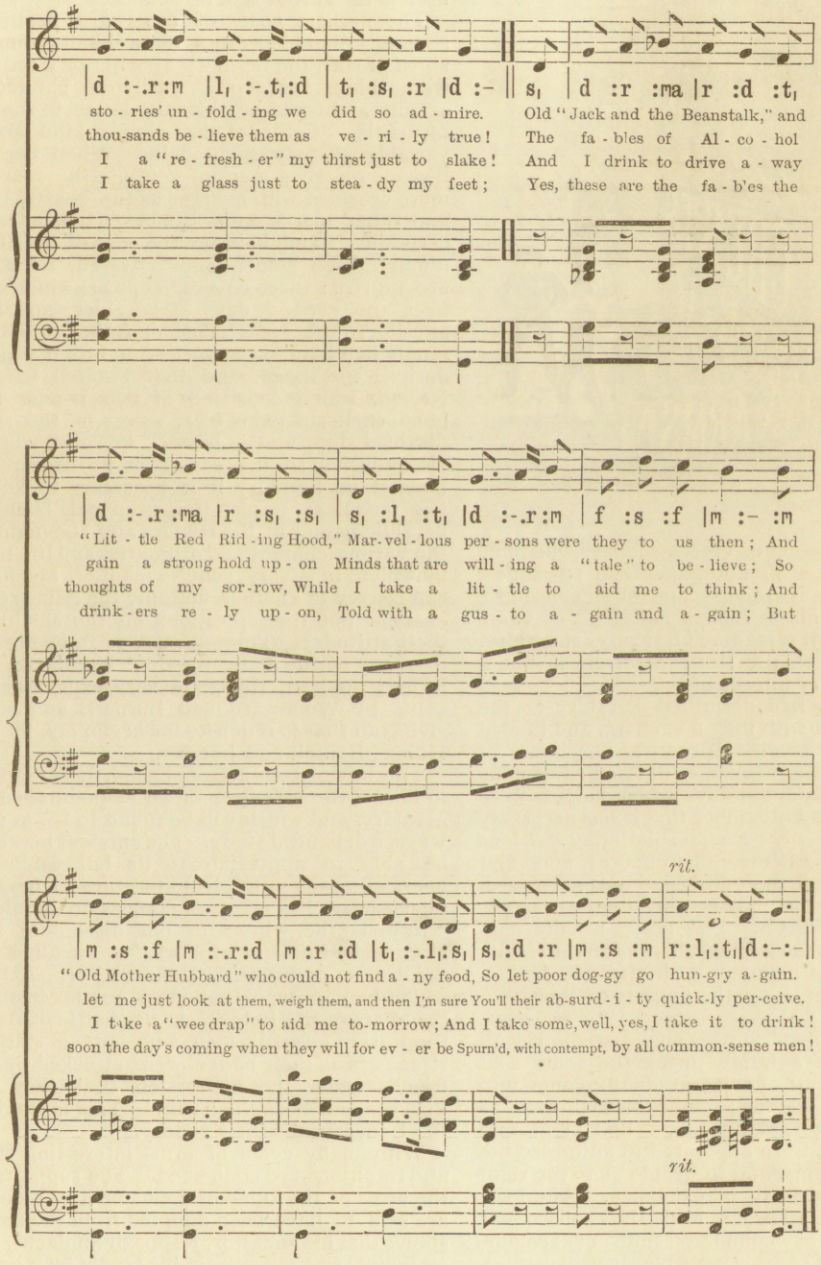
rit.

CHILDREN'S VOICES IN UNISON.



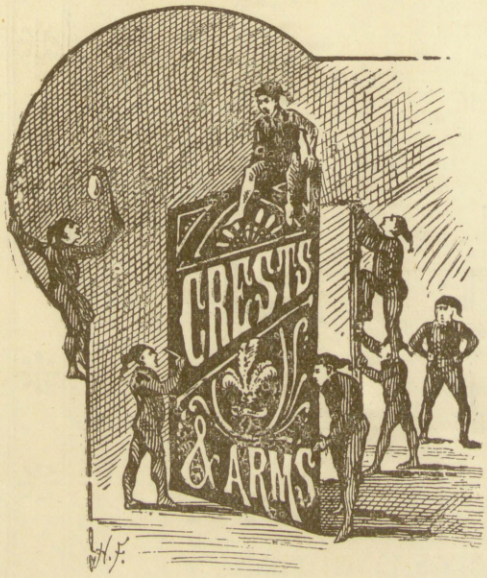


WONDERFUL STORIES.



HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

By Ernest Axon.



THE collection of crests, such as one finds embossed on notepaper and envelopes, does not give much scope for the collector's energy, nor is such a collection of value or interest when it is made. The study of heraldry, however, of which the study of crests is but a small part, is very interesting.

A great man has described heraldry as the science of fools with long memories, and indeed it is, for what are called "practical purposes" of little value. It was originally devised as a means of distinction in the old days when knights were so completely clad in armour that it was necessary to have some easily recognisable badge. Lions and dogs and other simple charges were first appropriated, and then other animals were used, and some extraordinary beasts invented—dragons, cockatrices, and such. The crest, usually consisting of one of the leading charges on the shield, was worn on the helmet. At first, these distinctions were adopted by the knights of their own sweet wills.

In a short time arms became hereditary, all the members of a family using the same coat and crest. A code of rules gradually came into existence, and heraldry became as elaborate as a science, and special officers, called kings and heralds at arms, were appointed to authorise the grant of fresh arms, and to decide as to the right to bear coats already in existence. After the invention of gunpowder, and the consequent disappearance of complete suits of armour, crests and coats of arms were purely ornamental, though it was still regarded as essential that all families claiming to be noble or gentle should be entitled to use them. The arms having no longer to serve as a distinctive mark on the battlefield there was no necessity for adhering to simple and easily-recognisable charges, and the heralds allowed their fancy full play, and some of the coats of the last few centuries are of such a nature that they could not possibly have been borne by a knight in battle, and even if they had been possible they would have been utterly useless for purposes of distinction.

The earliest coats of arms are beautifully simple. A golden cross on a blue ground, a sheaf of corn (on heraldry a garb); or a red lion, were things that could easily be painted on armour and could be recognised even in the heat of battle. Coats of this simple kind are invariably of very early date. When heraldry became merely a mark of gentility the coats got more crowded with charges as the beasts, birds, and other marks were called. The contrast is certainly striking between the coat of the Butler family, three golden cups covered, on a red ground (Gu: three covered cups or) which dates from the earliest days of heraldry, and is an allusion to the great office of Butler, which the family had held for centuries, and from which it derived its name, and that granted to Lord Nelson, which consisted of two bends, three bomb-shells, a palm tree, waves of the sea, a disabled ship, and a battery in ruins, which is also allusive to the career of its bearer. To understand heraldry it is necessary to know a few technical terms, the principal being the heraldic names of the colours and the names of the various charges and ordinaries and the terms, by which, in a very concise manner, one herald can convey to another not only the names of the charges but their positions on the shield and their attitudes. This knowledge can be obtained from any of the many heraldic handbooks published; the best, though a very expensive one, being by Woodward and Burnett, and others, giving all that is requisite for beginners, by P. E. Hulme, Boutell and Jenkins.

This having been accomplished, there is nothing to hinder the extension of an acquaintance with heraldry, and which will be found to be, in many ways, a delightful study. The amateur herald will be able to appreciate to its full extent the many allusions in English literature to heraldry. Shakespeare has many references to heraldry—"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious by this sun of York," is an allusion to the badge of Edward, Duke of York, a badge which had an important effect on the history of the Wars of the Roses. At the battle of Barnet, the Earl of Oxford's men, who bore a star with streamers as their badge, were attacked by their friends under the impression that they were Yorkists and bore the "sun." This mistake lost the Lancastrians their victory.

With many coats of arms interesting stories and traditions are connected. The supporters of the arms of the Duke of Leinster (two monkeys) are said to have been adopted from the circumstance that his ancestor, Nappagh Simiacus, when an infant, was taken from his cradle by a baboon and carried to the top of the Abbey of Tralee. After carrying the child round the battlements, the baboon brought him down safely and laid him in his cradle. The crest of the Traffords, a man with a flail, commemorates the disguise adopted by the head of that family, when pursued

by his enemies after a mediæval battle. The crests and coats of the Frankland, Geary, Gough, Floyd, Pasley, Ricketts, Milne, Munro, and many other families are allusions to the naval or military prowess of their first bearers. Lord Harris's crest, the royal tiger of Tipoo Sultan, commemorates the capture of Seringapatam by the first lord. Others are canting, that is, bear some punning reference to the family name, as the tree of the Forrest family, the coot of the Cootes, and the lamb of the Lambs. The crest of the Coleridge family of Ottery St. Mary, an otter, refers to their residence.

It frequently happened that additional crests were granted for distinguished services. The first Lord Combermere received such a grant in honour of his service in the Peninsular war; the crest which he thus became entitled to use being a dragoon of the 20th regiment, mounted on a black horse, and in the act of charging, with the word *Salamanca* on a scroll over his head.

Other crests and charges were intended to symbolise the occupation or civic services of the bearers, as the "demi-lion holding a shuttle," of the Peels, the great cotton spinners; the serpent in the Leech crest and in the Gull arms, and the fasces in the crest of the Moon family. The Gull coat besides the serpent—the symbol of the medical profession—contains three gulls, a canting allusion to the family name, and the plume of the Prince of Wales, whose medical attendant the first baronet was.

A study intimately connected with heraldry is that of book plates. Book plates are marks of ownership intended to be pasted inside books. They are usually heraldic but many are pictorial, and in their collection and study there is sufficient occupation for the spare time of a lifetime.

AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.

My Dear Girls.

BEFORE setting to our task of working out the recipes I promised you, I think it will be well if I clear the way a little further as to the objection that will be urged against my recipes. For, as soon as you speak about mincemeat without brandy, and plum pudding without port or sherry, or both, and brandy, your friend, who is custom-bound, looks upon you with the air that she would look pitifully upon one who has lost their reason.

But, now, the whole thing is so simple that our readers who are not old enough to practise these recipes have sense enough to follow the argument by which the whole system of alcohol in cookery is demolished, swallowed up, finished, done for. And yet next Christmas I shall have to speak and write against it just the same.

You tell me you are going to make mincemeat without brandy this year. Someone will speak up and say, "But it won't *keep*."

Why, that's what they said about the jam. Only here, instead of being placed on the *top*, it is *mixed* with the material we are going to eat.

But you reply, "Why won't it keep?" And, in nine cases out of ten, the answer you will get will be, "Oh! because—it won't." At least that has been my experience.

Well, let us take the mincemeat: there is nothing in it except the suet (and beef, where people put it in, but that is not often done now) that requires *spirits* to preserve—everything else is preserved enough in the sugar and juices. So that, in order to settle the matter, it seems quite simple to leave the suet out. And I can assure you vegetarian mincemeat is a very nice preparation indeed, and very satisfactory. If you will try this, as I have done, you are quite ready, when the objector says, with turned-up nose and curled lip, "Oh! but without suet and without brandy that *could not* be nice," to say, "Eh, yes! but it is, and I've tried it."

But, supposing the suet to be absolutely necessary, the only thing needful to meet the case is to make *less* of it, so as not to need to keep it so long. All the same, my mincemeat keeps, at least, *would* keep—but it never gets the chance—for twelve months, and I think it *ought not* to keep longer; if there's any left by that time it should be "passed on" to some less favoured friend.

"Well, but the flavour's not the same, you know." "No; it's a great deal better."

Then the enemy's last shot; "Oh, that may be all true, but I'm not a fanatic, and I don't like to seem 'cranky.'"

I'm not quite sure that it is not time to hammer a bit at this last rather unanswerable speech, unanswerable because when you come to deal with it it has nothing in it, for I know of cases where some members of the family have desired to be free from the alcohol altogether, and the mother, or elder sister, says, "No; if you can't eat it as it's made you can be without."

Now, where is the "fanatic" here? For nothing is easier than to make *both* kinds of mincemeat. It does not even mean more labour, it is only taking out enough of the teetotal mixture before adding the alcohol, which is always put in last.

Now don't forget, dear girls, that every argument for spirits in Christmas-fare is absolutely met, except the "I don't like."

"NE PLUS ULTRA" MINCEMEAT.

Materials required: 1½ lbs. apples, 1½ lbs. brown sugar, 1 lb. suet, 1 lb. muscatel raisins, ½ lb. sultanas, 1 lb. currants, rind and juice 3 lemons, ½ lb. candied peel, teaspoonful each of powdered cloves, cinnamon and grated nutmeg, ¼ oz. strong essence vanilla.

Shred the suet quite free from stringiness and chop till it is just like coarse oatmeal. It will help you somewhat if you sprinkle the least little bit of flour over it. Stone and chop the muscatel raisins. Clean the sultanas and currants by rubbing them with a little flour sprinkled over, in the corner of a dry cloth. This will remove

the dust, and pull off all stalks. Chop these also and add to other ingredients. Peel, core, and chop finely the apples. Add the sugar. After having wiped the lemons, grater the rind *thinly*, into the mixture, squeeze the juice also into it, taking care no pips fall in. Shred and chop the candied peel, and add the flavourings. The great secret is to *mix thoroughly as you add each ingredient*. You couldn't imagine what a difference this makes. Stir up *right well* from the bottom of the vessel. Taste it when all the ingredients are in, and supply more seasoning, if necessary. If moisture be needed, add a little milk.

Have your jars quite ready, perfectly clean and dry. Fill, cover with paper brushed with olive oil, and then cover with paper—either gummed or plain. Keep in a cool dry place. Now for the

PARAGON PLUM PUDDING.

Materials: ¾ lb. bread crumbs, ¼ lb. flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, ¾ lb. suet, 1½ lb. muscatel raisins, ½ lb. currants, 6-oz. candied peel, 6 or 8 almonds, 1 grated nutmeg, ¼ lb. moist sugar, ¼-oz. mixed spice, 2 lemons, 3 or 4 eggs, a little milk.

You make your bread crumbs by a grater, wire sieve, or fork, so don't be beaten for want of a tool. Place these, the flour, and salt in a large bowl; shred and chop the suet as for mince-meat, cut the muscatel raisins and chop them, after removing the pips. Chop the currants (having cleaned them as before) and the candied peel.

Scald the almonds in boiling water, remove the skins, and chop or pound very finely. Grate the rind of the lemons, add the juice. Add seasoning and sugar.

Break the eggs singly into a cup, to test their soundness, and then pour into a bowl, where you will beat them with a fork just enough to mix. Add this to the mixture in the large bowl, and if it is not moist enough make up with a little milk. The mixture *must not be too moist*, or the pudding will be heavy. Be very careful about this.

You will have a stout pudding cloth ready; wring it out of very hot water, sprinkle it over with flour, put the mixture in, and tie very firmly, leaving a little room for the pudding to swell. In tying, leave a loop on the string to hang up by. Have ready a pan of water, which must be boiling when you plunge the pudding in. Keep the water boiling all the time, and as you have to supply what is lost by evaporation, see that the water you put in is boiling also. Have a nail or hook ready to hang it on straight from the pan. Don't set it down on a plate while you find a place for it. Boil for 7 or 8 hours. When wanted for use, two hours' boiling will be enough.

Now, I must confess to you that I do not myself care for this plum pudding, thinking it too rich and expensive; but "Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes must bring good cheer," and so I have given you this recipe. Next month I will give you a cheap one, and, to my mind, much nicer one, with sauce for both, and pastry for the mince pies.

Till then, I am your affectionate

AUNT MARGARET.

HER MOTHER'S FACE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE CITY.

BY CHARLES H. BARSTOW.



IT was Christmas Eve. Not a typical Christmas by any means, for frost and snow were conspicuous only by their absence. But it was cold, oh, so cold! For days the wind had been blowing from the east, and even those who were suitably clad shivered beneath their comfortable garments, and hurried quickly along as if anxious to exchange the dreary streets for the comforts of the fireside. For, as many said as they hailed each other with seasonable greetings, "It is enough to freeze the marrow in one's bones; if it would only come a good fall of snow it would be warmer." Ah, it would be warmer! But I wonder how many of the ill-clad, starving poor, who drag on a wretched existence in direst poverty would have echoed the wish. A good fall of snow meant to these misery intensified. Foodless, fireless, and multitudes of them homeless, what an awful prospect a "good fall of snow" meant to these.

As if to add to the prevailing discomfort a drizzling rain had commenced early in the evening and had fallen persistently for several hours, until the streets, usually so full of busy, active life were almost deserted. The cars rolled quickly on their way for passengers were few, and the cab-drivers, lounging disconsolately on their stands, occasionally flapped their arms vigorously across their shoulders to bring life and warmth to their frozen fingers. But towards nine o'clock the rain ceased, and the sky, which had been darkly overcast, cleared, and from its dark deeps the stars twinkled brightly. Their glittering rays fell athwart a group of people gathered around a girl who stood off Market Street playing upon a violin the popular airs of the day. Her fingers were stiff with the cold, but mechanically they performed their accustomed task; and her audience, too musically uneducated to be critical, listened with delight to the cheerful melodies she evoked. But presently, as if forgetting the motley crowd that surrounded her, and with a far away look in her beautiful dark eyes, the music changed, and from the common,

unrefined airs she had been playing, she glided into a different class of song altogether. And now the passionate, soul-stirring melody of "Ye Banks and Braes" stole softly over the hushed multitude. As the notes rose and fell upon the quietude of the street more than one pair of eyes were moistened by the emotion called forth by the plaintive rendering of that most pathetic of all Scotch airs, and one man who had stood on the outermost fringe of the crowd pressed eagerly forward as if anxious not to lose a note of the music, and in a quavering voice, that sounded suspiciously unsteady by drink, took up the strain to the end.

"Play it again, lassie! Ye dinna ken the pictures it brings back to my mind!" he pleaded, raising a pair of blood-shot eyes to the musician's face, upon which the full light of a street lamp fell. But with a startled cry he fell back, for the sight of that face sent a keenly-barbed arrow through his seared conscience, and the past years spent in unholy living rose up like an avenging angel before him. "My Jeanie! My poor Jeanie! Risen from the dead!" he muttered brokenly; and it was a wild, haggared face that was raised to gaze once more upon the girl's features as she held out the little tin mug for the copper he might be disposed to give.

"Who are you? What is your name?" he eagerly inquired, breathlessly awaiting her answer.

"Jeanie Hope!"

"My God! Not my Jeanie! Ah, no, that cannot be, for she is dead!" Something in the tones of the man's voice struck a familiar chord in the girl's memory; and the muttered words sent a strange shock to her heart. Could this man, this evident drunkard, with the blood-shot eyes and bloated face, be the father she had been in quest of for so long, through so many of our great towns and cities? A shudder of disgust and horror passed through her as she realised with the quick intuition of a woman that it was so.

Noting with keen eyes the inquisitive glances of the crowd, she moved quickly away, saying in a low voice as she did so:

"Wait for me when the people have gone, and I will talk further with you!"

Accordingly when the crowd had dispersed, and Jeanie had carefully and lovingly put her violin in its case, she turned to the man awaiting her. He stood in the shadow, but there was sufficient light to enable her to see strong signs of the emotion that evidently swept through him. With his hands thrust deeply in his pockets and his head drooping forward upon his breast, and the tears unheeded trickling down his face, horribly marred by drink, and falling thickly upon his beard, Jeanie's heart, as she looked, was stirred within her, and infinite pity overcoming her first natural feeling of repulsion, she moved quickly forward, and placing her hand upon his arm she breathed one word,

"Father!"

"Then you know me, lassie!" he muttered, brokenly, as a deep shudder passed through his frame.

"Yes! Come with me!" And placing her arm tenderly through her father's, she led the way through the dreary streets to her humble lodging on the outskirts of the city. A cheerful fire was burning in the grate as they entered her room, and the kettle was singing merrily on the bar. With the aid of her landlady, to whom a hurried explanation had been given, a simple, but appetizing meal was soon prepared; and William Hope and his only child sat down together to break bread for the first time for many years. On the eve of the Saviour's birthday, Jeanie thought, with a keen throb of hope in her heart, at the happy omen.

After the meal was finished explanations followed. William Hope told how he had left her, Jeanie, with her grandmother after his wife's death, until he had found such employment as would justify him in sending for her. How he had wandered long in a hopeless search for work, until he had been successful at length. How the habits of the drunkard had gradually fastened themselves upon him, until he was "holden with the cords of his sin," and all natural affection was deadened within him, and how all his earnings save the barest allowance for food, lodging and clothing, were spent to gratify his craving for strong drink. And Jeanie had related how on the death of her grandmother she had left Scotland, and had visited many of the larger towns, earning sufficient with her violin to maintain her in decent poverty, always with the hope of meeting with her father at length.

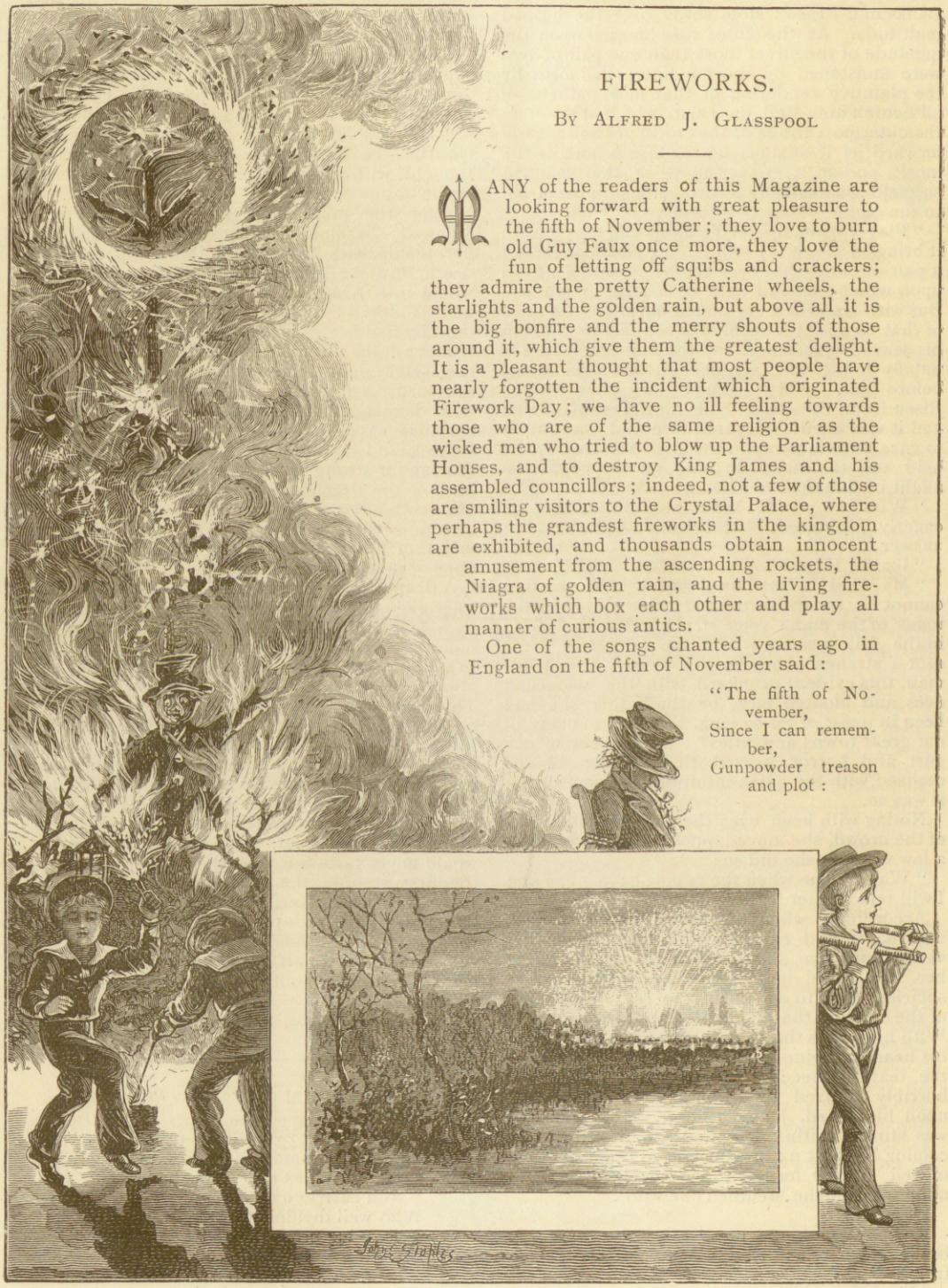
A deep silence had fallen upon the two after their recitals were finished, broken occasionally by a deep sob from the man as he ejaculated in murmurs little above a whisper, "And I promised to take her place to the bairn, to care for her always. O Lord, I have erred and strayed from Thy ways like a lost sheep . . . . . and there is no health in me . . . . I will arise and go to my Father!" Ah! at length, like the prodigal son, he realised the enormity of his offence, the poor exchange he had made for his manhood, how for years he had been eating the husks of life with the swine; and with Jeanie's hand clasped closely in his he resolved that, with the help of God, he would never taste the intoxicating cup again, as the first step in the path of rectitude. And Jeanie, her heart overflowing with gratitude, and her eyes shining with the joy of God's elect over the sinner that repenteth, hailed with a glad voice the message of "Peace and goodwill to men," as it rang out from the steeples of a hundred churches,

"Christians awake, salute this happy morn."

THE SUM OF IT ALL.

THE boy that by addition grows,
And suffers no subtraction,
Who multiplies the things he knows,
And carries every fraction;
Who well divides his precious time,
The due proportion giving,
To sure success aloft will climb,
Interest compound receiving.

Dr. Ray Palmer.



FIREWORKS.

By Alfred J. Glasspool

MANY of the readers of this Magazine are looking forward with great pleasure to the fifth of November; they love to burn old Guy Faux once more, they love the fun of letting off squibs and crackers; they admire the pretty Catherine wheels, the starlights and the golden rain, but above all it is the big bonfire and the merry shouts of those around it, which give them the greatest delight. It is a pleasant thought that most people have nearly forgotten the incident which originated Firework Day; we have no ill feeling towards those who are of the same religion as the wicked men who tried to blow up the Parliament Houses, and to destroy King James and his assembled councillors; indeed, not a few of those are smiling visitors to the Crystal Palace, where perhaps the grandest fireworks in the kingdom are exhibited, and thousands obtain innocent amusement from the ascending rockets, the Niagra of golden rain, and the living fireworks which box each other and play all manner of curious antics.

One of the songs chanted years ago in England on the fifth of November said:

"The fifth of November,
Since I can remember,
Gunpowder treason
and plot:

This is the day that God did prevent
To blow up His King and Parliament.
A stick and a stake,
For Victoria's sake;
If you won't give me one
I'll take two;
The better for me,
And the worse for you."

In modern days, the boys usually tell us how Guy Faux was guilty of treason, and they wind up with the determination that he shall be punished with

"A Pennorth of cheese to choke him,
A pint of beer to wash it down,
And a jolly good fire to roast him."

Of course this is all in fun; for the boys who shout this out lustily would not hurt a fly; and as we listen we can only wish that all the beer in the kingdom was poured down the throats of guys instead of into the mouths of men.

If I might offer a little bit of advice to my young readers I would say, don't spend too much of your spare cash on fireworks, and when you have them don't annoy other people when you let them off; remember you are playing with gunpowder, you may meet with a serious accident if you are not careful; but with care, if you must have your fun, you may obtain it, and have no eyebrows singed, or fingers blown to pieces.

I think you will agree with me that a display of fireworks remind us of this fact, that *earthly pleasures soon fade away*.

We fasten the big pin holding the Catherine wheel to the tree, we place a light to the wheel, and in a minute round it rushes, showing a great variety of colour. We stand and admire it, but alas, its pleasure is soon over, in a minute or two all is darkness. We run about the garden with the golden rain or the starlights, we throw the squibs into the air, we fire the crackers, we light the various coloured fires, we look at the Roman candles, and we laugh and shout and enjoy the fun.

The brilliancy soon goes out, there is nothing left but the empty cases which strew the garden paths, or disfigure the lawn. The next morning these remind us of our fleeting pleasure.

Just so all earthly pleasures fade away; the merriest party comes to an end, the longest holiday has its last day, the most pleasant picnic must terminate when the evening shadows remind us that it is time to pack up and go home. We must not despise pleasure because it fades, that cannot be helped; but we must, at the same time, try to obtain that real pleasure which will never fade away. These are the days when the very poorest have much pleasure. Our grandfathers thought a day's holiday a grand event; now, many of the poor children of our towns are taken into the country for a fortnight. At this we should rejoice, that the poor and the helpless are not forgotten in our pleasures.

We must not forget that the most genuine pleasure is to be found in trying to make others happy, and in placing our faith in our Heavenly Father, who will give us true happiness, and in the future take us to that land

"Where everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers."

There is another thought; we should seek those pleasures which will not *leave an evil memory behind*.

It would be a sad end to our firework display if the next morning finds us unfit for school; if we get up with bad appetites, so that our breakfast remains untouched, our tongues coated with a white slimy matter, our cheeks pale, and our eyes sunken. All pleasure should fit us more for work; if it does not do this then it is bad pleasure, and the sooner we leave it off the better.

I am sure if we arrange our fireworks properly we shall, the next morning, only have the pleasant memory of brilliant colours and real hearty fun.

All Band of Hope workers strive to give to their members genuine pleasure; they do not wish to rob them of pleasure, but they want the pleasure to be innocent.

Intoxicating drinks, in most cases, leave sad memories, for the man who has taken many glasses of wine at night rises up in the morning thirsty, feverish, his head aching, his hands trembling, he can do nothing with pleasure. You look at him, and think how different from the laughing, talking man of last night. Very likely this man will be a week recovering from his drunkenness; he has wasted money, he has ruined his health, he has nothing to look back upon with pleasure. The drink has stung him, poisoned him, and if he is not careful his life will be shortened.

Let us hold fast then to our pledge of total abstinence, for it will help us to enjoy innocent pleasures; it will prevent our pleasures sinking into sin, and will serve to strengthen our determination to look for pleasure which will last for ever.

KEEPING THE ELDER MEMBERS.

In a paper, entitled "Our Senior Members and Temperance Benefit Societies," read at the Autumnal Conference of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, held at Portsmouth, Mr. Fred. W. Brett, Vice-president of the Cardiff and District Union, gave an interesting fact showing the value of Juvenile Rechabitism as a retaining agency. He said:—"The 'Work and Win' Tent, No. 627 (Cardiff), which I established in 1888, now has 198 members, and a careful examination of the books shows we have never lost a single member over 13 years of age, except by transfer to the Adult Tent, which, of course, is the main reason for which the Juvenile branch exists." Mr. Brett also stated that nearly 3,000 juveniles were drafted into the Adult branches in 1893, and the number is increased every year. There are now some 70,000 members in the Juvenile section of the Order.

"I think," said the fond parent, "that little Jimmy is going to be a poet when he grows up. He doesn't eat, and he sits all day by the fire and thinks and thinks." "You had better grease him all over," said Aunt Jerusha. "He's going to have the measles. That's what ails Jimmy."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

EVERY time a wise man makes a mistake it teaches him something.

TEACHER: "Jimmy, what is the chief product of the Malay peninsula?" Jimmy: "Malayria."

THE man who keeps his mouth shut prevents microbes from getting in and foolishness from coming out.

THE man who is always wanting you to "forget and forgive" should be freely forgiven and then entirely forgotten.

NEWSDEALER: "I haven't the change; you can pay me to-morrow." Gentleman: "But suppose I should be killed to-day?" Newsdealer: "Oh, it wouldn't be a very great loss."

WHEN will God dispel our night?
When we are ready for the light.
When will He bid our sorrows cease?
When hearts cry out for heaven's own peace.
When shall we see the "Better Day"?
When Christians work, and watch and pray.

LITTLE BESSIE GEE, a three year old, was talking with her grandma one day about her acquaintances and friends, and saying, "I love" this one and "I like" that one. Grandma said, "You do not know any difference between 'like' and 'love,' do you?" "Oh yes!" Bess replied quickly. "It's kisses. Peoples I love I kisses—peoples I likes I don't."

THE publican has vested interests in brick and mortar,
The mother has vested interests in son and daughter,
The brewer has vested interests, but who will say
A mother's boy or girl is not of greater worth than they.

ENTHUSIASM is the motive power that accomplishes results. When you do a thing, do it with a will; put your whole soul and energy into it. Stamp it with your own personality. Nothing was ever accomplished worth calling "success" except sustained and vitalised by this energising force, either in individuals or organisations.

THE EXACT LEGAL DEFINITION of drunkenness has long puzzled magistrates, police superintendents, and others, but a bench of magistrates have declined to permit the solicitor for the defendant in a police case to sum the question of intoxication up in the following four lines, said to have been written on the fly sheet of a law manual.

He is not drunk, who from the floor,
Can rise and drink, and ask for more;
But drunk he is who prostrate lies,
Without the strength to drink or rise.

It was held that, however excellent a definition this may be in the general sense, it is hardly one that could be accepted as workable in ordinary police-court procedure.

THE philosopher who said that all things come to him who waits, might have added that the man who goes after them gets them much quicker

"IT is my deliberate opinion, that the use of intoxicating liquors is unnecessary to the healthful human constitution, and that the strength which they seem to impart is temporary and unnatural. It is a present energy purchased at the expense of future weakness."—*Dr. Kaye Greville, of Glasgow.*

ONLY.

From "only" one word many quarrels begin,
And "only this once" leads to many a sin,
"Only a penny" wastes many a pound,
"Only once more" and the diver was drowned
"Only one drop" many drunkards has made,
"Only a play" many gamblers have said,
"Only a cold" opens many a grave,
"ONLY RESIST" many evils will save.

IS IT FANATICAL?—"It is a cheap device to brand the temperance movement as fanatical. Now I deny that it has a single feature of fanaticism; for it is based upon physiological principle, chemical relations, the welfare of society, the laws of self-preservation, the claims of suffering humanity, all that is noble in patriotism, generous in philanthropy, and pure and good in Christianity."—*William Lloyd Garrison.*

HOW TO MAKE TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D., of Brooklyn, speaking on "Total Abstinence for Young Men; How to Make it General," says: "To make our young men total abstainers, we must convince them of four things: 1. Nature is against alcohol; it is not the natural fruit of the vine, but the product of decomposition. 2. The Bible is against alcohol. 3. The Church is against it, and must be; a tippling pastor is worse than any ten grogshops. 4. The State is, or ought to be, against alcohol, as alcohol is against the State; it is against law."

ALCOHOL AND THE HEALTH OF THE ARMY IN INDIA.

THE highest officers in our army in India continue to bear unmistakable testimony on the marked influence for good on the health and conduct of our soldiers. General Sir H. Collett has stated that in an army of abstainers there would be one-hundredth part of the present crime, and one-tenth part of the present sickness. General Sir G. S. White has said that if he wanted men on whom he could depend, who would most readily turn out in an emergency, and who could be entrusted to perform any duty, he would go straight to the rooms of the Army Temperance Association. The admissions into army hospitals in India last year were, of total abstainers, 5 per cent.; and of non-abstainers, 10·4 per cent. Minor offences were only 1·5 per cent. among the abstainers, against 6·7 per cent. among the non-abstainers. There was but one courtmartial on 1 out of every 1,224 water drinkers, while there was 1 out of every 19 of the others. Mental and bodily health both benefit by abstinence.—*British Medical Journal.*

THE GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER; OR JOHN DUDLEY'S SECRET.

By Edward Armytage.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Geoffrey Ormond, a man of great talent who has given way to reckless dissipation, watches his younger friend, Frank Crawford, enter the "Lion," and laments that they are both on the downward path. This feeling is deepened when, at his lodgings, he talks with Little Mary, the child of John Dudley; her father is a drunkard and a gambler. Dudley goes to a gambling house. Meets Frank Crawford, who plays cards with Fruse and suspects that he is cheated. Dudley breaks the bank at *rouge-et-noir*, and is robbed and mortally wounded on his way home. Dudley found wounded in the street is identified by Fruse and Crawford. Little Mary, who has just gained from Geoffrey a pledge of reformation, is summoned to her father's death-bed. John Dudley dies, and Mary is adopted by Geoffrey. Fruse proposes to Kane (who had also been in the gambling house on the night of the murder), that they should try to gain the reward offered for the detection of the murderer. Fruse suspects Kane of the murder of Dudley. By frightening him with a pistol compels him to confess, and also to hand over Dudley's pocket-book which he had stolen. Description of Mr. Blough, publisher, who is about to start a new magazine. Geoffrey, who has turned over a new leaf, is appointed editor. Ormond meets Crawford, and learning that he is pressed by Fruse to pay a gambling debt offers to lend him the money. Geoffrey takes Jeannie Crawford to see Little Mary. Fruse apologises to Crawford for the harshness of his previous demand, which he withdraws, and expresses a wish to adopt Little Mary. The *Round Table* appears. Geoffrey takes Little Mary, who is ill, to recruit at Silverdale, where they visit Castle De Vere. In the picture gallery there is the portrait of a lady whose face is the face of Little Mary. Fruse informs Kane that John Dudley was the brother of the last owner of Castle de Vere, and that if Robert De Vere, who went to America years ago, is dead, Little Mary will be the sole heiress. Kane sets out in search of him. Fruse proposes to Mary. She refuses him as she prefers Crawford who had gone to West Africa for his firm. A year afterwards, when he is expected home, news is received of the wreck of his ship and loss of all hands. Kane returns to England. Fruse meets him and learns that Robert De Vere is dead. Fruse explains his proposal to marry Little Mary. They quarrel and both roll over the cliff on which they were standing.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEEP gloom had hung over the household of Ormond since the news of the wreck of the *Firebrand* had become known. A deep despondency had settled over the countenance of Little Mary, and she had become listless and unaffected by outer circumstance. Ormond and Jeannie were unspeakably pained when they looked upon her, and had ceased trying to comfort her, for they were comfortless themselves. About the time when Fruse was reading his letter from Kane, another was put into the hand of Ormond by Jeannie, who had just received it from the postman. It was also from Kane, and contained an earnest request that Ormond would meet him the following evening at the Ship Hotel, Bowver, and Kane would then reveal to him matters of deep importance relating to the death of John Dudley and the future of his daughter.

Ormond instantly decided to keep this strange appointment, hoping, at least, that the information he might gain would have the effect of arousing Little Mary from her stupor.

Ormond passed the letter to Jeannie, and told her of his decision; and, accordingly, he proceeded by the next train to Bowver. It was about dusk when he arrived, and on going to the hotel named, and in answer to his inquiry after a Mr. Kane, he was informed that he, in company with another gentleman, had just left the house. From the description of Kane's companion, which Ormond elicited from the waiter, he rightly conjectured him to be Fruse, and in answer to his further inquiries, one of the waiters pointed out the road they had taken. The night had by this time settled down dark and blustering; the road pointed out to him was lonely and uninviting, namely, the road to the cliffs, and he stood irresolutely gazing out into the cheerless night, and then at the bright fire in the smoke-room. At length his impatience to learn what Kane had to communicate got the victory, and he dashed out into the night, and followed in the wake of Fruse and Kane. He climbed the steep road up the cliffs, he walked along the slender path that seemed to overhang the roaring seething waves below, with ear alert and eye strained to its utmost tension. At length, from out of the blackness of the darkness, he thought he could distinguish sounds other than the sighing of wind and wave. He stopped. Yes, the sound was unmistakable; it was the sound of voices. Hurrying on, the figures of two men—locked in each other's arms, and swaying to and fro as with the breeze—loomed huge before him, and then, with a loud cry, the two forms disappeared over the cliff. He rushed forward, but it was only to hear a dull thud echo from the rocks below. Horrified at the terrible tragedy he had just witnessed, he hastened back to the hotel to procure assistance. He procured the aid of some half-dozen hardy fishermen, and with much difficulty they succeeded in reaching the spot where the two bodies lay, still tightly clasped in each other's arms. They bore them back to the hotel, and as the light fell upon the white and upturned faces, Ormond recognised Fruse and Kane. Medical assistance was at once procured. Although Fruse was quite dead, it was found that a faint spark of life yet lingered in the breast of Richard Kane. As soon as he recovered consciousness, he asked the physician, in an earnest voice, how long he might yet hope to live? The case was too utterly hopeless for him to attempt to deceive his patient, and he therefore frankly told Kane that his sands were nearly run out. He could not hope to live more than twenty-four hours. As soon as this intelligence was communicated to him, he inquired whether Ormond had been faithful to the appointment, and when Geoffrey sat down by his bedside, Kane said, with a faint and weary smile,

"The hour that I have desired so long has at length arrived. I have sinned deeply, but I have also suffered much. The wicked shall not live out half his days, and so you see me doomed to death before my span of life is half fulfilled. I have much that is strange to communicate to you, and as I am *in extremis*, you had better procure a magistrate that I may make a solemn affidavit of what I have to tell you."

With little delay the attendance of a magistrate was obtained, and Kane proceeded to make a full confession. The horror of his hearers as he avowed himself to be the murderer of John Dudley may easily be imagined. Still greater

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was Ormond's astonishment when he heard the dying man detail the history of his connection with Fruse, of his journey to America and its object, and finally, that the little orphan whom he had found friendless and alone was no one else than the heiress of the De Veres.

Kane had wished to have seen Geoffrey before going to town to meet Fruse, but that intention had been frustrated by the eagerness of Fruse to learn the result of his mission.

The strength of Kane was ebbing fast. Strong stimulants had to be administered to give him sufficient energy to conclude his narrative.

"From the moment," said the dying man, "in which Fruse expressed to me his projects about Silverdale, I determined, whilst apparently agreeing to them, to defeat his plans. My mind was full of agony and remorse for the fatal crime of which I had been guilty, and I resolved, as the only reparation in my power, to search out the true heir, and then yield myself up to justice. Had Robert De Vere been still living, he would have returned with me to claim Castle De Vere. As it is, you will have no difficulty in establishing the claim of John Dudley's daughter."



After a brief pause, he added in a whisper so faint that Ormond had to bend his head over him to catch the trembling accents, "Fruse said she had an angel's virtues; ask her to pardon me, and to pray for her father's unhappy murderer."

He fell back—dead.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ormond having thus passed the night by the death-bed of Kane, promised to return to the inquest, and proceeded by an early train to Smokeville. On arriving at the little cottage, he was met at the door by Mrs. Goodly, whose entire deportment betrayed a sense of mysterious importance.

"There's a gentleman waiting to see you, Mr. Geoffrey," said she.

Astonished at the idea of a visitor at so early an hour, Ormond hastened into the sitting-room to see who the new arrival might be. His abrupt entrance disturbed two, at least, of the occupants of the room. On a sofa sat Little Mary, radiant with smiles, and by her side a brown-bearded man, into whose face she was looking with mingled fondness and admiration. His arm was round her waist in a very loving fashion. A cry of joy and astonishment burst from Geoffrey as the stranger turned towards him, and he beheld the face of Frank Crawford. The two friends embraced each other, and then Frank had to recount his adventures again for Geoffrey, and Mr. Blough having just dropped in, Crawford had four eager listeners in Jeannie and Ormond, Mary and Blough. To say that perfect joy once more assumed its rule over the quiet household would but faintly paint the happiness they felt in having one once more with them "who was dead, and is alive again, who was lost and is found." Jeannie, happy in the possession of her husband and brother, Little Mary proud of this lover who had been preserved to her from the jaws of death, and Mr. Blough, pervading the entire room with an atmosphere of demonstrative cheerfulness. And so Frank told them of the wreck of the *Firebrand*, and of the dreadful sufferings of the few who escaped. How for days they had floated despairingly over the wide waste of waters, and had at last been picked up by a foreign ship and carried safely to port. One letter which he had sent had not reached its destination, and when he had reached the cottage Mrs. Goodly had screamed in mortal fear to see what she thought must surely be the ghost of the man who was thought to have perished miserably in the mighty deep.

When Frank had finished his strange story, and Little Mary had had the tears which had

gathered during its progress kissed off her pale face, Jeannie demanded, in a sweetly imperious manner, that Geoffrey should give an account of himself during his absence at Bowver. The sight of Crawford's bronzed visage had driven from Geoffrey's mind all thought of Fruse and Kane, but when thus recalled to memory he gave them a succinct account of the strange revelations made by Richard Kane. So there were more congratulations for Little Mary, and Mr. Blough jokingly inquired which she would sooner part with, her claims on Mr. Frank Crawford, or on the inheritance of the De Vere's.

To which she replied by kissing Mr. Blough's cheerful visage, bidding him at the same time to behave himself or she would repeat the punishment.

And so our little story draws to a close, whilst all goes merry as a marriage bell.

The statements made by Richard Kane were amply confirmed by subsequent investigations, and after an interval of the law's delay, Castle De Vere became the property of Little Mary.

Before this took place, however, that lady was no longer Miss De Vere, but had exchanged that appellation for the more matronly title of Mrs. Frank Crawford.

They live at Silverdale, and Geoffrey and his wife often visit the lord and lady of Castle De Vere, and the prattle of children's voices is heard in the long and antique corridors; and amongst the little folks at Silverdale there is a sturdy Geoffrey, and another Little Mary, a Frank, and a Jeannie, all of whom Mr. Blough systematically and conscientiously attempts to bribe from their natural allegiance by presents which he produces from pockets that have become as famous as those of Burchell.

Kane and Fruse sleep in unhonoured graves, by the side of the deep-sounding sea; no mourners stood round as the corpses were lowered into the earth, no living relatives ever came to gaze upon their resting places.

In the great city of Smokeville, in an obscure churchyard, is an humble gravestone, on which is engraved the name of John Dudley. Summer or winter there hangs upon it a garland of flowers, the tribute of a loving daughter to the memory of an erring father.

Shall we close our history in the words of the fairy tales dear to the heart of childhood, "And they all lived happy ever after?" Alas! no, our friends had not a career all sunshine. Sorrow did not pass them by. Care came an unwelcome guest and sat beside their fire. They took their joys thankfully and their griefs with patient and hopeful hearts. The blessings they had received they strove to impart to others, and wherever there was a wrong to be redressed their aid was not asked in vain. Temperance, education, religion had in them constant and untiring helpers. Their own experience had taught them something of the dangers and difficulties of life, and made them anxious to make straight the paths for the feet of others. So if there came into their lives storm as well as sunshine they met it bravely, and, sustained by mutual love, found to every cloud a silver lining.

THE END.

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FIRESIDE FANCIES.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE LAST LEAF.



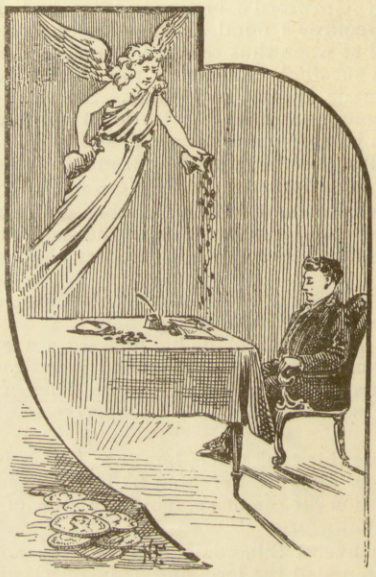
AM the last, the very last leaf on the old parent tree. My sisters have been swept away by rude wild winds, or have dropped, sere and dead, upon the narrow way. My beautiful sisters, whose light, graceful bodies danced in the sunny air, whose sweet low voices sang in the scented breeze. How short the life of a leaf or flower seems, and yet how rich, how full, how perfect it is. A few little months ago and I was not; a few little months hence and the place that knows me now will be vacant. Even now, the sap in my veins is running dry; the little green dress that Nature robed me in is faded and brown. I am dying, I know that I am dying, and yet I feel no pain, no sorrow. It is only my poor, small withered body that is dying, for the great spirit of life that is in me will burst forth again in warm glad beauty when the blushes of spring dapple the skies and the breath of spring ripples the stream. I know this, because a little bird told me. He came to me last spring when I was only a tiny baby; oh, such a tiny baby, and he fluttered and chirrupped and laughed so much that I really thought something must be the matter, so I asked him. "Oh, you dear little thing!" he sang, "I *am* glad to see you again," and he laid his downy breast against me and kissed me with his tiny bill. I was surprised, because I could not remember ever having seen him before. I told him so, and you should have heard him laugh. "Of course," he said, "you cannot remember, because you have been asleep. I saw you drop from the tree last autumn, your little dress all faded and tattered, and you lay on the road until the people trampled you down into the earth, but they couldn't kill you for here you are again more beautiful than ever. Of course you've got a pretty new dress on, but I know you, that I do!" and he closed one little twinkling eye, and nodded his brown head at me

in such a knowing way that all the birds in the lane began to titter, and the amber sun parted his curtains of fleecy clouds to see what was the matter. I did love that little bird, he was so talkative. Every day he used to fly away to the village and bring me back all the news. There was never a christening, never a wedding, and never a funeral but I knew all about it. Once when things were a bit dull in the village he took it in his little head to go off to the city. The city is some miles distant, and he was absent three or four days. When he returned his wee brown coat was covered with dust, and he was so tired and ill that we couldn't get a word out of him. He carried in his bill a small drooping leaf, which he laid at my side, and then with a good-night kiss he went to bed. I spoke to the little leaf and asked her where she had come from. Oh, she had a sad story to tell me, poor, wee shivering thing! I pressed my warm cheek against hers, and tried to cheer her, but she did nothing but tremble and sigh. She was a city leaf, frail and weakly. She told me, in a small quavering voice, that she had never seen the hills or the meadows before; the voice of the river babbling over the pebbles was new to her, and yet—would you believe it?—she longed, and actually cried to be back in the dark, cold, weary city. "I want my mother!" she sobbed, "my dear old mother!" My bird friend told me that her mother was a poor stunted old thing, with no beauty or grace and very little life, but the leaf loved her and called for her all through the bright warm days and deep cool nights. "Take her back," I said to my bird companion; "take her back." And one day he took her up in his bill and flew off, but she died on the way, and he buried her deep down in a quiet glen, where nothing but the voice of companion leaves or the twittering of happy birds broke the silence. I grieved for that poor little exile, who died so far away from all who loved her. Now I, when I come to die, will let my little life go out on the dear bosom of my mother tree. And even if some wind tear me from her arms I will find a grave in the silence of her shadows. I am the last leaf. The arms that rock me are naked; the breast that pillows me is cold and dry. I am going to sleep for a few months, and then in the fresh beauty, in the exquisite glory of the spring I shall awake. Awake! with new sap in my veins. Awake! 'neath the blue of the sky and the gold of the sunlight. Awake! above the green of the earth and the silver of the stream, and the leaping waters and fluttering birds will sing me a welcome.

THE ARCTIC REGIONS.—Captain Adams, of the *Arctic*, conducted his fishing without serving supplies of spirituous liquors to the crew. This is the first time in his long experience that Captain Adams has commanded a teetotal ship; and he says that a cup of coffee in the depths of an Arctic winter is worth any quantity of whisky or rum. He never received better service at the hands of a crew than from his compulsory teetotalers.

HOBBIES FOR BOYS.

BY ERNEST AXON.



COINS.

UNLIKE most of the things which boys collect the collection of coins requires a little expenditure of money. It is not necessary to spend much, but it is rarely that a collection can be made without at least some payment. In the collection of coins it is almost essential to restrict oneself to some particular period. No boy or man either could hope to make anything like a complete collection of all the coins that have been issued, and it is wise for him to recognize this fact and to confine himself to a period or country which he may hope to have reasonably complete. The most beautiful coins that have been issued are the old Greek ones, but a collector of these must be prepared to pay more in some cases for a single coin than would support an average family for a year.

The beautiful series of coins, about the size of a florin, issued by the Romans and known to collectors as middle brasses, is also of great interest. It was struck under the authority of the Senate of Rome, and on it in bas-relief is told the whole story of the Roman Empire, the portraits of the Emperors and their children, with allegorical representations of important events. On one coin is a picture of Judea weeping under a palm tree to commemorate the subjugation of Judea by Titus; on another Britannia, and so on. Every event of importance was recorded on the coinage. But these also are beyond the reach of most boys, though odd specimens may frequently be obtained for a few pence.

A branch of coin collecting which is well within the reach of all is that of the copper coinage of England. The number of coins is not great, and

the price always moderate. The only drawback is that it is of little historic interest. The earliest English copper coins were issued by Charles II., in 1672, and bore a bust of the king on the head, or obverse side, and a figure of Britannia on the tail or reverse side. A halfpenny and a farthing were struck. At the same time a tin farthing was issued. The same values, but in tin, were issued under James II. and William and Mary. William and Mary also issued copper halfpence and farthings. William III. issued a halfpenny and a farthing. Queen Anne issued a farthing only. This is popularly supposed to be worth a fabulous amount of money, but this is an error, for good specimens can be obtained for ten or fifteen shillings.

George I. issued the values of halfpenny and farthing. His coins are all common, except those of 1717 and 1718, which are rare. The coins of these two years are thicker and smaller than the others, and are generally known as "dumps." Of George II. there are two varieties, one with a young head and the other with an older one. George III. issued several styles of the halfpennies and farthings. They are all common, except one halfpenny of 1772, which had the king's name mis-spelt, and for the return of which it is said a reward was offered by the Mint. In 1797 the first copper penny was issued, and at the same time a very clumsy coin, value twopence, was issued. The later sovereigns have all issued poth pence, halfpennies, and farthings, and they are all very common. Our present Queen issued the first half-farthing. The copper coinage was superseded by our present bronze coinage in 1868. In bronze, a new coin, the third of a farthing, was issued.

Without much expense it is possible to obtain specimens of the coinage of all our sovereigns, either in copper or silver. It will be noticed that from the time of William III. each king's bust faces a different way on the coins to that of his predecessor. William faced the right, Anne the left, George to the right, and so on. To those who wish to collect English coins Jewitt's "English Coins and Tokens" is of value. Of wider interest than the purely English coins are the various colonial issues which Mr. D. F. Howorth has described in his "Coins and Tokens of the English Colonies." In collecting these Colonial coins we realise the immense extent ot the British Empire. Greek, Arabic, English, Persian, Nagari, Bengali, Cinghalese, Chinese, and French inscriptions appear on these coins. Amongst the Colonial issues there appears the only English coin having direct reference to any historic event—the Bahamas halfpenny of 1808, which commemorates the expulsion of the pirates from that island.

Another line which might be of great interest is the collecting of the coins of Republics. In Europe there would not be many of these, but they would include the coins struck for the Commonwealth of England, and, if the collector has a long purse, those of Oliver Cromwell, which are without doubt the finest issues of the English Mint. In France there are the coins of three Republics. The quaint coins of the first Republic are dated not according to the year of our Lord, but according to the Republican calendar—the year 1 or the year 3. As a kind of transition between the first and second Republics and first and second Empires, some of the coins have the heads of the Napoleons as Dictator and as President. These were soon, of course, superseded by the issue of coins with the Imperial titles on them.

The separate cantons of Switzerland issued coins, but these were superseded by the coinage of Switzerland, and are now somewhat scarce. Interesting above the majority are the coins issued by the Republic of Rome, in its short existence under Garibaldi in 1849. Spain, when it was a Republic, had a coinage. In America the field is larger, and the coins of the United States alone are very numerous. All the other Republics have issued coins, and some of the separate states of Mexico have had coins of their own, notably Sonora. The negro Republic of Hayti issued coins which bear, somewhat in the French style, the year of their independence, those of 1840 being dated also "An 43."

As to the keeping of coins, all that is necessary to say is that they should be kept under lock and key in a mahogany cabinet. In this should be shallow trays with round places for the coins. The trays should not be made of cedar wood, as that deposits a kind of varnish on the surface of the coin. Under each coin should be placed a paper with a description of the coin and its price, and the person from whom it was obtained.

AUNT MARGARET'S LETTERS TO THE LASSES.

My Dear Girls.

MY pen wants to run away with me to-day, but I must bind it down and get to business at once. So I start with

PEG'S PLUM PUDDING,

For which we take 6-oz. flour, two teaspoons baking powder, 2-oz. stale bread crumbs, ¼-lb. suet, ¼-lb. currants, ¼-lb. Valencias, ¼-lb. sultanas, 2-oz. candied peel, grated rind and juice of one lemon, 6-oz. raw sugar, half a grated nutmeg, half a teaspoon cinnamon, one egg, milk.

Place flour, salt, and baking powder in a bowl, rubbing the powder between the fingers, to free it from grittiness. Rub the stale bread on a grater, or through a sieve, chop the suet till it is like bread crumbs, using a little flour now and then to free the chopper from stickiness. Clean the currants and sultanas by rubbing in a corner of a clean cloth, on which you will have laid a tablespoonful of flour. Stone the Valencias and chop them with the candied peel, add sugar and seasoning, grate the rind off the lemon thinly, not taking any of the white pith. Beat up the egg, mix with a little milk, and then stir up the ingredients very thoroughly. Wring your pudding cloth out of boiling water, sprinkle

it over with flour, tie lightly, leaving a little space for the swelling of the pudding. Meantime, you will have placed a plate at the bottom of a pan large enough to boil your pudding, and have it three-parts filled with boiling water. Boil for three hours.

This pudding is best to be used when made, or, perhaps, I had better say, made as it is wanted. Still, it will keep a little while, and needs only to be boiled up for an hour in that case. Be sure not to set it down on a cold surface while you "get a dish or something." Much of the success of these things depends upon the forethought shown.

Well, now, we want a sauce for these puddings.

The Feast-Day Sauce is made as follows: Take an ounce of butter, and melt in a little stewpan, over a gentle heat. *Melt*, mind, *not* brown. Add to it an ounce of flour, rubbing the two together with the back of a wooden spoon. Then add—drawing the pan mostly away from the fire while you do this—very gently and by degrees, a quarter-pint of water, and afterwards a quarter-pint of milk, rubbing down all lumps as you add the liquid, until it is perfectly smooth. An ordinary teacup holds a quarter of a pint. Keep stirring till it boils. Flavour with sugar and vanilla, or essence of almonds (but be careful how you use this), lemon juice, nutmeg, or indeed any flavouring that you may prefer.

If you wish the sauce richer, use *all* milk, instead of water and milk, or, after your sauce is made and has got cooled a little bit, add the beaten-up yolk of an egg. I do not approve of so much *richness* of food, but we want to know how the things are done and where a *little* only is taken, and it is a treat as *now*, we may not be too severe.

Speedwell Sauce is almost as effective as above if made carefully. Take a tablespoonful of arrowroot or cornflour, mix to a paste with a little cold water; pour over this a pint of boiling water, or milk, adding sugar, lemon juice or vanilla to taste. If the sauce should be too thick, of course you would add a little more liquid.

Now for our pastry. You will know that there are several kinds, such as puff pastry, flaky crust, short crust, according to the kind of food it is intended to enclose.

I am bound to confess to you that I could not hope to convey to you the art of making puff pastry. I have a lovely recipe. I have turned out some delicious tarts. But the "knack" that means success, is like the accent of a foreign language—it needs *practical acquaintance*, and *then* it isn't always successful, as a lady of my acquaintance knows, for she promised me half-a-sovereign if I would show her how to make pastry like mine, and I did. We went into the kitchen and I made her see and help to do all the recipe, and she took home trophies of her skill—but she never succeeded again!

It will console you, however, to know that I think puff pastry, properly so called, not only too troublesome for you to make, but too indigestible when made, for you to trouble to make it.

I find an excellent substitute in the one I am going to give you, and which is the one I am in the habit of using myself, only don't be discouraged if you don't succeed the first time. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try, try again."

We will look round then particularly, and see that we havn't anything to look for just when we want it, and our hands are all over flour. We will grease our patty pans and have them at hand. See that our oven is getting in trim, though if we don't put baking powder in, the paste won't hurt much by being kept a little while in a cool dry place.

On the table or near us, we shall find a large bowl, paste board, roller, patty-pans, cutter, flour, water, butter (or clarified dripping) salt, lemon juice, egg mincemeat.

Into the bowl place half-a-pound of flour, quite dry, add to it half a saltspoon of salt and a teaspoon of baking powder (if you are going to bake immediately), and having mixed these well together, *break* into the flour six ounces of butter. Notice the word "break"—*not squeeze* or *press*. But this, dipping the pieces of butter into the flour and getting them covered with it, and repeating this till at last you have just little bits between the finger and thumb, and the whole is like coarse oatmeal. A little practice will soon make it plain. Having got it thus far, make a little well in the centre of the flour, drop into it half the yolk of an egg, and half a teaspoon of lemon juice. Stir this with a little water, using a wooden spoon, and gradually absorbing the surrounding flour, making such additions of water as are necessary. It is not possible to say precisely how much water will be needed, flour varies so much in its power to absorb moisture, but the paste should not be wet or sticky.

Flour the board and rolling-pin well, lay down the dough, roll out to the thickness of a quarter of an inch. Fold the paste over towards you. Turn the rough edges to the front. Roll out and repeat this twice. Then take as much as will make two or three pies, and roll out till about the eighth of an inch. Cut with your cutter—if you haven't a proper one, the lid of a tin will do. Lay the round of paste on the greased patty-pan. Fill with mincemeat. Brush the edge of the paste with milk. Place a second round over the mincemeat, press the edges together and bake in a brisk heat about quarter of an hour. Dust over with sifted sugar before serving.

But needs must be that I draw to a close. I seem to see you gathered round your myriad family tables at Christmas-tide, and my heart throbs with faith and joy in your young life, and this is what you seem to be saying to me:

"For God and Home and ev'ry Land,
We stand a true and loyal band
United all;
To crush the curse that doth enthral,
And bind in chains King Alcohol
Our Mission grand."

"Room for the Right! make room before us
For Truth and Righteousness to stand;
And plant the Holy Banner o'er us
For God and Home and Native Land."

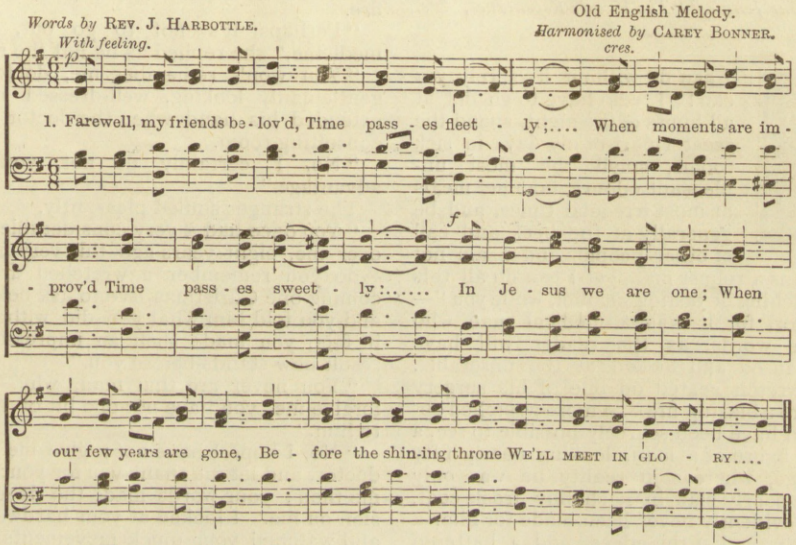
And if you will listen you will please hear an echo sweet and loving, "Room for the children, room." From your affectionate

AUNT MARGARET.

THE FAREWELL HYMN.

Words by REV. J. HARBOTTLE.

Old English Melody.
Harmonised by CAREY BONNER.



2. *pp* The woes of life we feel,
And its temptations;
cres. But let us nobly fill
Our proper stations.
f Soldiers of Christ, hold fast,
The war will soon be past;
ff When victory comes at last
WE'LL MEET IN GLORY.

3. *f* And, oh, what joys shall crown
That happy meeting!
We'll bow before the throne,
Each other greeting:
Refreshed—again we start,
p Though for a while we part,
f Yet, always joined in heart,
WE'LL MEET IN GLORY.

Key G. *pp* *With feeling.* *cres.*

:d	d :- :r | m :- :f	s :- :- | f :- :-	m :- :r | d :- :t_1	d :- :- | - :- :r			
:s_1	d :- :t_1 | d :- :d	d :- :- | r :- :-	d :- :l_1 | s_1 :- :-	s_1 :- :- | - :- :t_1			
1. Fare-	well, my friends be-	lov'd, Time	pass - es fleet - -	ly; When			
:m	m :- :s | s :- :s	s :- :- | s :- :-	s :l :f | m :- :r	m :- :- | - :- :s			
:d	d :- :s_1 | d :- :r	m :- :- | t_1 :- :-	d :- :f_1 | s_1 :- :-	d_1 :- :- | - :- :s_1			

f

m :- :d | f :- :m	r :- :- | s :- :-	s :- :l | s :- :fe	s :- :- | - :- :s				
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d :- :l_1 | f_1 :- :fe	s_1 :- :- | t_1 :- :-	d :- :l_1 | r :- :r_1	s_1 :- :- | - :- :s_1				

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Je - sus we are	one; When	our few years are	gone, Be - -				
m :- :f | s :- :s	s :- :- | s :- :-	f :- :s | s :- :s	s :- :- | s :- :-				
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fore the shin - ing	throne WE'LL	MEET IN GLO - -	RY.				
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THE DOCTOR'S CHRISTMAS EVE VISITOR.

A TRUE STORY.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.

IF *I* can do without it, surely *you* can! I, who have to go out at all hours of the night, spend the greater part of my days in sick rooms, smell the most unpleasant odours, take my meals at most irregular times, and be generally at the beck and call of other people, and I am not by any means a robust man, yet I can do all this without touching or tasting alcohol, while you"—

The doctor, for it was a medical man who spoke these words, as the reader will have guessed, paused and looked at the miserable, shivering wretch seated on one of his surgery chairs before a blazing fire. A more wretched object it would have been scarcely possible to see, a gaunt, thin figure of a man, looking nearly fifty years of age, whereas in reality he was only thirty-four, poorly clad in a shabby frock coat, which had evidently never been made for him, a limp collar, frayed at the edges, and a battered hat, which he kept twisting and twirling about in his hands. The man thus addressed began some whining story about unfortunate circumstances from boyhood, and other people's lucky chances, &c.

"Now, look here my good fellow, don't talk like that to me; I know from your very appearance that some time or other you have had as good a chance in life as most men, and you have lost all through drink, as many a thousand has done before you. But it's Christmas Eve, and I don't want to turn you out without the means of getting a shelter. Here's half-a-crown for you, and if you profit in any way from what I have said, come and see me on some other Christmas Eve; but promise me as a man of honour that you won't spend a penny of that two-and-six in drink."

"I will not," replied the man, much moved, "there's my hand on it."

"That's right," replied the doctor; "who knows, perhaps this may be a turning point with you. Good night, God bless you; I'm off to a case."

All the time he had been talking the busy little man, who looked "worn in the service," had been packing up bandages, liniments, &c., and stowing them in his little black bag, which had, like himself, seen years of service.

When the surgery door closed behind him he said to himself, "Never see that fellow again, I guess. Well, I tried to help him a bit, poor creature, he seemed very low down in the world;" and with these reflections, and others on the love of God to the fallen world, the busy town-worked doctor set out on his errand of mercy.

* * * * * *

"Please sir, there's a gentleman wants to see you in the consulting room, he won't give his name, he says you won't know him."

"Very well, Maria, I'll be with him soon," replied Dr. Colwyn. "They can't let me alone even though it's Christmas Eve," turning to his wife who sat peacefully gazing into the yule log fire.

"Perhaps it's not to go out, dear, only medicine," she replied as he left the room.

"You won't remember me, doctor," said a gentlemanly looking, well-dressed man, as he extended his hand when the doctor entered the consulting room.

"No, I certainly do not, you have the advantage."

The stranger smiled pleasantly.

"You once had a very considerable advantage over me, eight years ago this very night—think—do you remember a wretched drunken man coming one Christmas Eve to ask help from you, and you told him what you did without alcohol, in fact, you made such an impression that the result now stands before you."

"You never are that man, why—but, really, forgive me, you have not one bit of resemblance to him."

"No, I hope I have not; give me your hand, doctor, and let me thank you for your kindness to me then; your words made the deepest impression on me. I looked at your hardworking face, and watched your quick movements as you put up what you required for some case, and I felt you were the true metal, your words had the genuine ring. And then there was your own personal example thrown in, which was *best of all*. I had so often been talked to by humbugs before, who, whilst they told me to become an abstainer, took wine themselves, and their words made no impression; but you were different, and as I walked away from your surgery, I kept repeating to myself, "He can do without; why should not I?" And I resolved that very night to give it up. To make a long story short, I went to Australia, and being sober, I soon obtained lucrative employment, and I have never looked back since. I landed in the old country yesterday, and I determined one of the first persons I would call and see should be yourself, and I am so thankful that you are alive and well to hear of the good you did a poor fellow creature eight long years ago. God bless and reward you, Dr. Colwyn."

The doctor, who thought very little of what he did, could scarcely believe his words had been made such a blessing; and when he re-joined his wife, there was a happy look in his face she was quick to notice.

"What is it, George?" she said, softly.

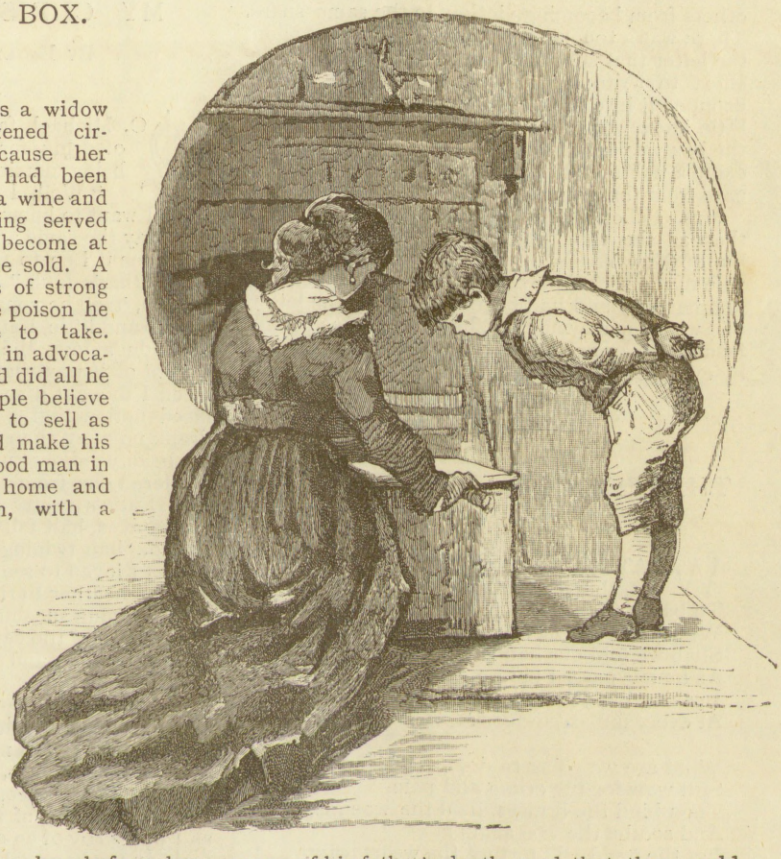
"A man to whom I spoke eight years ago to-night, about becoming an abstainer, a drunkard then, has just been to thank me for what I said; he followed my advice, and is a changed character. It is a rich reward," he replied.

"How delightful! What a happy Christmas Eve! Shall we thank God, dear?" And they did, as the carol singers pealed forth their Christmas anthem.

"Nearly all the crimes in Rome originate in wine."—*Lord Acton, Supreme Judge of Rome.*

THE CHRISTMAS BOX.

By Uncle Ben.



MRS. PULLEN was a widow living in straitened circumstances, because her husband, who had been connected with a wine and spirit merchant's firm, having served his employers too well, had become at last a victim to the article he sold. A terrible warning of the evils of strong drink, he slowly died of the poison he recommended other people to take. He practically spent his life in advocating the claims of alcohol, and did all he could to honestly make people believe in its so-called virtue and to sell as large a quantity as he could make his customers buy. He was a good man in private and had a happy home and wife devotedly fond of him, with a little lad of whom he was lovingly proud.

After the death of Mr. Pullen the little lad, Edgar, went to some charity school to which his father had been a subscriber, and the mother tried to let lodgings. It was a very uncertain livelihood, giving her continual anxiety. Her life was very sad, the recollections of the past brought grief, the struggle in the present was great, and little hope of brighter days lay before her. The one joy was the return of Edgar from school for the holidays. But these times of gladness were all too short for both. The Christmas holidays especially had many memories that made the festive season a very dark and trying time. She did her best to make it as bright as possible for Edgar, but her fears for the future oppressed her lest the taste that had been the cause of the father's death should reappear in the boy, and therefore she banished all drink from the house.

On the first Christmas after Mr. Pullen died, just before Christmas Day, there came to the house a box, "carriage paid." This arrival caused much excitement with Edgar, who felt sure it must be a present from some one. Mrs. Pullen was busy when it arrived, and it was put in an outhouse by the little back kitchen, but before dinner she found time to see about opening it. The box was firmly fastened down, so that Mrs. Pullen had some trouble to prize it open. Edgar looked on with eager excitement. At last the lid was forced back, then to Mrs. Pullen's great surprise she found it was a case of wine, with a kind note from her husband's late employers, asking her acceptance of the gift with their best wishes.

Mrs. Pullen did not know what to do. She felt it was impossible to keep the present. Explaining to her little boy that wine was the cause of his father's death, and that they could not touch it, and therefore she could not conscientiously send the wine away as a present to anyone else, not even to an hospital. It seemed to her that there was no choice. She had nothing else to do but to return it with thanks, and though she feared this might offend the senders, and perhaps prevent them doing anything further for the boy, the more she thought about it the more she was convinced that this was the only course she could pursue.

Edgar was very much disappointed that the box contained no nice things for him, and though his mother told him what she intended to do, he did not like the idea of sending back the box; "besides," as he remarked, "it would cost money, and the friends would be hurt."

Mrs. Pullen told him it hurt her very much to have to return the present so kindly meant, but, she said, "this stuff poisoned your father; it is doing more harm than anything else in the world; we cannot keep it, and dare not use it." The next day Mrs. Pullen wrote a very nice letter, saying how grateful she was for the kindly thought and good wishes, as well as for the handsome present, which she was obliged to return as neither she nor her son ever took strong drink, and since as they knew it had been a fatal temptation to her husband, she had come to the determination not only to keep her boy free from temptation, but to do all in her power to save

others from becoming victims to the same snare. There was a touching, pathetic, brave tone about the letter that she was all unconscious of. The effort to write it was very great, and as she dropped it into the post she said, "The firm will little know what that has cost me." After this the box was despatched, and a day or two later came a polite and formal acknowledgment of the case from the firm.

Mrs. Pullen felt relieved, and even grateful, that, as she thought, the matter had dropped, but on New Year's Day a letter came from the wife of the senior partner saying how much she and her husband had been touched by the letter, and with much sympathy she enclosed five pounds from her own private income that did not come by even the sale of intoxicating drinks.

THE YEAR THAT IS TO COME.

E.J.L.

WHAT are you going to do, dear friends,
In the year that is to come,
To battle that fearful fiend of death
Whose messenger is rum?
Shall we fold our hands and let him pass
As he has passed before,
Leaving his deadly poisoned draught
At every unbarred door?

What are we going to do, dear friends?
Still wait for the crime and pain,
Then bind the bruises, heal the wounds,
And soothe the woe again?
Let the fiend still torture the weary wife,
Still poison the little child,
Still break the suffering mother's heart,
Still drive the sister wild?

Still bring to the grave the grey-haired sire,
Still martyr the brave young soul,
'Till the waters of death like a burning stream,
O'er the whole great nation roll?
And poverty take the place of wealth,
And sin and crime and shame,
Drag down to the very depths of hell
The highest and proudest name?

Is this our mission on earth, dear friends,
In the years that are to come?
If not, let us rouse and do our work
Against this spirit of rum;
There is not a soul so poor and weak,
In all this goodly land,
But against this evil a word may speak,
And "raise a warning hand."

Then "lift" a warning hand, dear friends,
With a cry of "Home and Hearth."
Adding voice to voice till the sound shall sweep
Like Rum's death-knell o'er the earth;
And the weak and wavering shall hear,
And the faint grow brave and strong,
And the true and good and the great and wise
Join hands to right this wrong.—*Golden News.*

MY CHRISTMAS TUMBLE.

By Emilie Searchfield.

"NO, Michael, father says you are too fond of drink for him to say "yes" to our being married."

"Well, I didn't ask what your father says, I want to know what you say about it."

"I say the same as father."

"Then if I go to the bad 'twill be your's and your father's fault."

"No, 'twill be your own fault."

So I and little Kate Jennings talked out on the common among the flowering heather, and the upshot of it was that our wedding was put off, when I thought it so near, all because of a strait-laced notion that I drank too much. Well, I drank no more than others. There was a marvel of beauty about us that evening, when we sundered one from the other, so to speak—what with Katie's pretty flushing face, her winsome brown eyes, half full of tears, half full of hopeful love, her hair twining and curling on her forehead, just as I loved to see it, under her drooping hat, and the heather to right and left of us, all alight with evening sunshine. A lark, too, was singing above us, and the calm, blue heavens seemed to be hearkening and watching. 'Twas no light thing she did, poor girl, when she put me from her so quietly, just as womenkind are given to do, when they feel the deepest. I tried to forget her, but I couldn't, and many were the times, between that and Christmas, that I saw the poor little maiden herself peeping over the muslin blind from the window of her cottage home after me, as I passed by of an evening, with my carpenter's tools on my back. I knew she loved me, and no shame to her either, seeing I had pestered her into doing so, only there was this drink question coming between us, and spoiling all. One or the other must be laid down—love or drink—well, I drank no more than others. Now, one and another about my home knew, somehow, that it had come to this with us, and all eyes were watching me.

Of course, my companions in sipping said, "Let the girl go; I'd never be bound down by a woman before hand;" and I, like the fool I was, went in for strong drink right mightily, and for a month or two carried it with a high hand. But when it was nigh upon Christmas, some one brought me a note from Kate, a tender, womanly message. It was bidding me, in God's Name, to give up drink with Christmas and the New Year, and she would yet be my wife. It touched me, the tender, innocent wording of the little note, and for days I tasted no liquor stronger than tea or coffee. Then our chaps noticed I never went to the "Red Lion," and made it so hot for me with their jeers and jokes, that what could I do but fall in with them again. Thus Christmas Eve found me. How, in my better moments, I told myself that this was the evening when I would go up and make all straight with Katie and her father, for I felt love must be master. "Stronger than death," said the Bible; surely, it was stronger than strong drink! "Now or never,"

I said, on Christmas Eve morning, and in the evening I was in the same mind—I would be a total abstainer and win a good wife. My name ought to have been Reuben, for, certainly, unstable as water I found myself at nightfall dropping in with my companions for a glass and just a look at the papers. I never knew how it was, but I know they roasted me, jeered at and persuaded me, almost beyond endurance—then there was my craving for the insidious poison when once I was within the "Red Lion." And when I came out, didn't my seducers clap me on the back, yet taunt me all the time with my disloyalty to my pretty Kate.

"I'll e'en go and see her now," said I in my foolhardiness, and away I went the short cut across the meadows and over the flood hatches. The full moon was high in the heavens, the ground hard as iron with frost, the grass in the meadows white with frozen moisture, and in many places the sides of the stream were coated with ice, but by the flood hatches all was too wild a fury and tumult of water for frost to have any power. Now, I had no business trying those dangerous hatches, with scarce a footing at all for an adventurous crosser in the daytime. No, I was not drunk or it would have been worse for me, but just addleheaded; and, before I knew aught but a horrible sensation, I was swinging in midair, holding on with clutching hands to the hatches, and that dark waste of seething waters beneath my feet, clamouring as if it waited for me. Once I looked down. Oh! it was terrible in its grandeur, with the moonbeams glancing over it. I thought of Niagara Falls. I thought—a wild chaos of thoughts haunted me—and, above all, the sweet, touching remembrance that mayhap Kate was waiting for me—thinking of—praying for me. Lithe of limb as I was, try ever so madly I could not climb up to life and safety. All the frost covered meadows slept in the moonlight, and I was alone with my fate. My hands were becoming numbed in the intense cold, my limbs the same. Away down a good distance was the millhouse, with lights above stairs; and, nearer than that, Kate's cottage home; I could see her very window as I raised my eyes, with its star of light glimmering out among the moonbeams.

I shouted myself hoarse, but no voice, no footstep fell upon my ears. Hours and hours seemed to have passed, I should have judged morning to be breaking if the moon had not still been high in the sky. And, oh! the Christmas bells! How they clamoured and called! Their sweet music seeming to tell of something I had lost—a long, happy life with one who loved and waited for me, and all through drink. I hearkened till their jingling said nothing but "Drink!" I was dropping asleep. I wellnigh lost my hold once, and again I tried to pray, but 'twas Katie praying, not I.

"Michael! Michael!" cried a clear young voice—it was Katie, and I was saved. Her father's hand clutched me up from my perilous position, and I was saved.

Yes, doubly saved, from that hour—rescued from the drink curse by a good woman's love which could deny itself, and a good woman's prayers poured out. She watched and prayed for me that night, and heard my cry when the millfolk did not, and so her hand and her father's wrought my rescue.

My comrades say when I turn from the "Red Lion," "He's thinking of Miles's flood hatches," and I let it pass; but I know I am thinking of something holier, purer, and all-embracing—how that I, siding with the Temperance folk, may be helping some poor weak brother by my example, and, may be, hastening the fulfilment of many a pleading sister's prayers. As for Katie, my wife, her eyes always fill with tears when she passes the flood hatches, where, as she says, I had my blessed Christmas tumble.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING AND BRANDY SAUCE.

A YOUNG man sat at a hotel table with a gentleman and a lady friend, for whom he felt the greatest respect. The waiter said to the gentleman, "Will you have pudding with brandy sauce?" "Yes," was the answer. The young man's craving for strong drink was aroused at the mention of the brandy sauce, and he also was about to reply affirmatively to the waiter's question, when his lady friend quickly said, "Pudding without brandy sauce, if you please." "Without brandy sauce," came the young man's reply. Afterwards, in the parlour, he said to her, "I want to thank you for doing me a great favour." She looked astonished. "You do not know what it meant to me when you said at the dinner table, 'Pudding without brandy sauce, if you please.'" He then told her his struggle against strong drink, and how near he had come to falling, saved only by her timely example.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

OVER hills and over plains
Clash a thousand bells;
Each the same great truth proclaims—
Each the story tells.
Old, old story, ever new,
Wondrous story, ever true.

Sound the truth o'er all the nations,
Wide the joy-bells fling;
Christ has lived—our bright Exemplar,
Brother, Lord, and King.
Sound, Christmas bells—ye seem to say,
"God's peace be unto all this day!"

AN English health officer to whom cases of infectious diseases must be reported, has recently received the following note from one of the residents of his district: "Dear sir, I beg to tell you that my child, aged eight months, is suffering from an attack of measles as required by Act of Parliament."

WHAT ROBERT MERCER DID.

By "Daisy Whish."



SNOW, snow, snow; nothing but snow for miles and miles. It lay over the earth about a foot deep, and considerably more in the drifts. A cold, piercing north wind blew, which made one shiver to the bone, and even at a quick pace Robert Mercer and his companion, William Clarkesbury, could hardly keep warm at their extremities.

They were both respectable lads (especially Robert, the elder of the two), and worked together on a farm in the neighbourhood. A great affection had sprung up between these two lads, who from childhood had been brought up together. As they walked home through the carpet of wet snow they were talking gaily on the subject of cowardice.

"Oh! who is afraid of anything?" exclaimed Robert. "Now come, old man, you are not, are you?"

And Robert put his arm through that of his companion and through the gathered gloom looked at him inquiringly.

"Well," stammered William, rather ashamed of his own weakness, "I think I am;" and he looked down into the snow, and thoughts rushed into his head of wild spirits and evil beings which had been said to have been seen in the neighbourhood.

"Of what?" exclaimed Robert, and he turned up his coat collar so as to be more protected from the cold.

"Of unearthly beings," answered William, and he felt the colour rise to his cheeks, as it was painful for him to acknowledge his cowardice, for he had striven hard against it.

"I don't believe there are such things, Willie. Why, lad, what makes you think there are?"

"The men were talking of ghosts which have been seen in the churchyard, and Tim Stones declares he saw one the other night, and that the churchyard is haunted."

"Stuff and nonsense," cried Robert, indignantly. "Don't believe it, my lad," and Robert put his hand kindly on his companion's shoulders.

They had turned into a side lane which was deeply bedded in snow, and it was still coming down at no little pace. The lads stopped at a small cottage.

"Good night, William," said Robert, and he went off whistling, leaving William alone, who promptly turned into the cottage with a deep sense of thankfulness that his home lay not half a mile further.

Robert trudged on his way; he was a thorough Christian and trusted in God. His mother being left a widow when very young with two small children, had endeavoured with what laid in her power to train her children up in the way they should go.

When Robert arrived at his home—a cottage similar to William's—he quickly opened the door, knocking the snow from off his boots.

"Well, Esther," he said in a cheery voice, "you look warm in here."

"Where's mother?" he added, gazing with blank amazement at the empty seat in the corner of the fire-place—which was his mother's usual place—as she was always there to welcome him after his day's work was done.

"She's not well," Esther explained, pouring out her brother a cup of tea, "so I have persuaded her to go to bed early, and I hope she will be better soon;" and she fetched some fried bacon from the oven and placed it before Robert, who looked very grave.

"If she's not better in the morning, I had better fetch the doctor, don't you think so, Esther?"

"It certainly would be wise," answered Esther, "but don't worry, Robert, I think mother will be all right," added she, as she noticed the anxious look on her brother's face.

Robert had the remainder of his tea in silence—as Esther went up to look at her mother—and after attending to his few household duties he retired to bed, being very tired, and also anxious about his mother.

* * * * * *

"Robert! Robert!" and Esther Mercer rushed into her brother's bedroom. "Mother's worse, you must go for the doctor."

Robert started up, and fear instantly made him wide awake, and springing out of bed he responded:

"All right, little woman, I will go at once, you go to mother, do all you can, the doctor shall be here as soon as possible," and he hurried on his clothes with all speed, and taking his boots in his hand he slipped quietly down stairs, fearing to disturb his mother more than was necessary. Esther had made up the fire, the kettle was boiling, and a steaming cup of tea was waiting for Robert.

"Drink this, Robert, I thought you would like it before you went out into the cold," said Esther, handing her brother the cup.

"Thank you, Esther, dear," he replied; "but don't be alarmed, mother will be all right," he added. "Keep a brave heart."

And Robert affectionately kissed his sister, and having put on his boots, opened the door and disappeared out into the night, amid snow and slush. The moon was up, and it had ceased

snowing, and long shadows crossed Robert Mercer's path as he commenced running at a quick pace.

"I will go across the meadow and through the churchyard, it will cut off a distance of half a mile," mused he, and, suiting the action to the word, he jumped over the stile and walked briskly towards the churchyard, whistling gaily as he went.

As he neared the church, a sweet voice floated on the air. Robert stepped back, but only for a moment. "It's fancy," he said aloud; but closer and closer came the voice, and louder and louder.

"Oh! could it be fancy, a voice so sweet and gentle?" and Robert stood again to listen, with his hand on the churchyard gate. "No, it is not fancy, but I will brave it," and he opened the gate, and, stepping softly on to the gravel path, he walked for a few steps. Here and there long shadows appeared across his path, and he started at every sound. The sweet voice had stopped.

"It was only fancy," thought Robert, and he turned round the side of the church. "I would not have thought I was such a fool; but what's that?" and Robert trembled all over. The sweet voice had begun again, and immediately in front of him stood, clear and distinct, against the dark hedge, a form, ghastly in the moonlight, its long white apparel swept the ground, as it eagerly glided towards the graves.

Robert shrunk behind the door, and with nervous anxiety hurriedly scanned the moving object who fell on its knees beside a grave, and wringing its hands together as in some grief fell forward on the grave.

"My God!" cried Robert, and as quick as lightning he sprung towards what he feared. No fear now, he knew all!

"The Rector's daughter walking in her sleep, and on such a night as this," and he lifted her into his arms, and hurried off towards the rectory, which, as luck would have it, was on his way.

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"Oh! thank heavens!" and Mr. Coddon's—the rector's—voice trembled "Is she dead?"

"No, sir," and Robert Mercer placed the white, unconscious form into the rector's arms.

"My poor darling, where was she? Where did you find her?"

"In the churchyard, sir," and Robert went on and told the rector everything.

"Saddle the horse, be quick!" cried the rector to his frightened manservant, who stood aghast beside his master, "you shan't walk, my brave young man, you have saved my daughter's life;" and Mr. Coddon sunk wearily down on the sofa beside his daughter.

In a few minutes Mr. Coddon's horse came round, and amid many thanks and good wishes Robert rode off on the search for the doctor.

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To Esther's great relief the doctor pronounced her mother's illness not to be very serious, and in a few weeks she was down again. Not so with Mr. Coddon's daughter, she was ill for weeks and weeks; and when the bright warm weather came it was Robert's work to wheel her about, as the night's walk in the snow had rendered her legs disabled.

When William Clarkesbury heard of his companion's bravery, and good place, with three or four shillings more a week, he wished from the bottom of his heart that he could only be half as good and brave as Robert; and from that time he turned over a fresh leaf, as the old saying is, and tried to be more like his Saviour.

ADVICE TO BOYS.

WHATEVER you are, be brave, boys!
The liar's a coward and slave, boys;
Though clever at ruses,
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys;
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers ot light,
Be open, above board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys!
The man gentle in mien,
Words, and temper, I ween,
Is the gentleman truly refined, boys!

But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys!
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming;"
In fun or in earnest, be true, boys!

—*Mother's Friend.*

TENDER TO 'EM.

CANON WOODHOUSE, at a meeting in Manchester, told of his standing and watching the beauty of movement with which the horses made their "side march" in turning the tramcars round. He spoke of it approvingly to the guard, and his response was,—

"Why, sir, you only have to be tender to 'em and they do as well as any man or woman can."

No doubt this man spoke what he had proved by being himself tender to the horses he had to do with.

MEDICAL TESTIMONY.—The following declaration was signed by 2,000 members of the medical profession in the United Kingdom:—"That the most perfect health is compatible with total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages, whether in the form of ardent spirits or as wine, beer, ale, porter, cider, &c.; that persons accustomed to such drinks may with perfect safety discontinue them entirely, either at once or gradually, after a short time; that total and universal abstinence from alcoholic liquors and intoxicating beverages of all sorts would greatly conduce to the health, the prosperity, the morality, and the happiness of the human race."

PEBBLES AND PEARLS.

THE saddest bird a season finds to sing.

A FLOW of words is no proof of wisdom.

BY wholesome food and drink the appetite is satisfied, by alcohol it is excited.

DR. WILKINSON, surgeon to the Tynemouth Volunteer Life Brigade, says, "It is a fatal mistake to give half-drowned persons brandy."

"WHAT is the feminine of tailor?" asked a teacher of a class in grammar: "Dressmaker," was the prompt reply of a sharp little boy.

A GOOD Templar conundrum by a brother in an up-country Lodge—"Why should a Good Templar not have a wife?" Because he cannot support her." (Sup Porter.)

TRAMP (*entering taxidermist's*): Do you stuff all kinds of things here?
Taxidermist: Why, yes.
Tramp: Well, I wish you'd stuff me with a good dinner!

BURGLARS ABOUT. — Little girl (weeping): "Somebody has stolen my doll."
Mother: "Your doll! Which one?"
Little girl: "The oldest and nicest one of all, the one that didn't have any legs, or arms, or hair, or eyes, or anything."

MEDICAL.—The medical profession do not teach that wine, beer, porter, or spirits, produces strength. And I would add that all the claret in the universe would not manufacture one drop of blood.—*Dr. Lombe Atthill, President Royal College Physicians, Ireland, on October 14th, 1890.*

HUSBAND comes home later than usual from his club. To avoid disturbing his wife he takes off his boots and steals into the room on tiptoe. But, vain precautions, his wife begins to yawn. Quickly determined, he goes to the cradle of his firstborn, and begins to rock it singing a slumber song the while. "Whatever are you doing there, Karl?" "I've been sitting here a couple of hours trying to get the baby to sleep." "Why, Karl, I have got him in bed with me."

THOUGHTS FOR LABOUR LEADERS.

There are 4,000,000 cases of preventible sickness every year. If all houses were as healthy as a prison, working men would live eight years longer.—*Lord Playfair.*

If the capital of £50,000,000, now invested in the N.E. Railway Company, was transferred to the liquor business, instead of employing 38,000 men as it now does, it would only employ 7,100, and thus throw 30,000 men out of work.—*Good Templars' Watchword.*

If twenty shillings are spent on blankets, eight go to the workmen; if the same sum is spent on broadcloath, eleven shillings go to the workman; if on books, sixteen; if on strong drink, two.—*Sir G. Trevelyan, in Birmingham Town Hall.*

How is the earth divided? By earthquakes.

Two words can make a long sentence, especially when a Judge says "Twenty Years."

IF you forbid your boys to do that which they see you do daily, do you suppose they can have proper filial respect for you?

AN IRISH ADVERTISEMENT.—"New-laid eggs, twelve for one shilling; good eggs, twenty-four for one shilling; eggs, fifty for one shilling; eggs for electioneering purposes, two hundred for one shilling."

THE following letter is that of an Irishman, and was sent to his son at school:—"I write to send you two pairs of my old breeches, that you may have a new coat made out of them. Also some new socks that your mother has just knit by cutting down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten dollars without my knowledge, and for fear you may not spend it wisely, I have kept back one-half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, except that your sister has got the measles, which we think would spread among the other boys if Tom had not had it before, and he is the only one left. I hope you will do honour to my teachings; if not, you are an ass, and your mother and myself your affectionate parents."

THE TEACHER WANTED.—"The Gospel of Thrift, if it is to have effect, must be preached to those who have to earn their daily bread. The real teacher of thrift will be the preacher who warns the working man away from the gin-shop, and instructs him how he may best invest his savings in banks and insurances, in friendly and benefit societies."—*Telegraph.*

DR. GUTHRIE'S FAVOURITE TEXT.

"I LIVE for those that love me,
For those that know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my coming too.

For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do."

BOARD SCHOOL DEFINITIONS.

COMPURGASION—When he was going to have anything done to him, and if he could get anyone to say not innocent, he was let off.

Function—When a fellow feels in a funk.

Civil War—When each side gives way a little.

Precession—(1) When things happen before they take place. (2) The arrival of the equator in the plane of the elliptic before it is due.

Zenith—(1) A quadruped living in the interior of Africa. (2) A kind of wind.

Parable—A heavenly story with no earthly meaning.

The Four Seasons—Pepper, mustard, salt, and vinegar.

Alias means "otherwise"—e.g, he was tall but she was alias.

