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HE Conductors of this Magazine, in once more bringing their little vessel to anchor in the safe port of an Annual Volume, have to express their thankfulness for the favouring winds that have speeded them on their way. They trust that the efforts made for the amusement, instruction, and edification of the children have not been

wholly in vain.

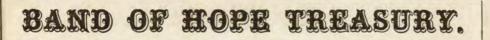
The influence of good literature and of good music cannot be over-estimated. The Conductors hope for increased help alike from Contributors and Subscribers, in order that the usefulness of the Magazine may not only be maintained, but augmented.

In face of the many temptations which surround the young in the present day no effort should be relaxed, in order to instil into their minds those pure principles that may, whilst saving them from falling into these snares, increase their usefulness to their fellow-creaturess, and keep them "unspotted from the world."

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#### No. 73, January, 1876.]

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ON THE ICE.

#### ON THE ICE.

HIS is how they have to fish in the North, when the hand of Frost has ice-bound all the waters. The old man warmly wrapped up, as you see, has cut a hole in the ice with his hatchet. Down this cavity he drops his hook and line, and

pulls up the beguiled fishes, who snatch at his bait. He has brought with him for company his two grand-children; and, in their warm wraps, they look as though they were greatly interested, and very

#### NELLY GANDSEY: A VERY SIMPLE FACT. BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Y memory furnishes me with many examples of persons never to be forgotten. There are those who stamp themselves on memory in a miraculous manner, others who make no impression whatever; yet either may be seen and conversed with for the same period of time with that result.

I saw Mr. — but for five minutes; there was nothing to render him remarkable. In only one respect was he different from the generality of "morning callers;" men who, having nothing to do, "drop in," and place you for an odd half hour in the same predicament; at least it is I believe considered well bred on such occasions to seem as if you were as idle as themselves.

I was visiting an invalid friend—a calm, thoughtful woman—who suffers much with an ever patient smile—indeed patience seems her pleasure; yet it is wonderful what she does for others. She is always thinking quiet useful thoughts, much enjoyed the fun. The intense cold makes warm clothing, and plenty of it, so very necessary, that the children look very fat and funny in their capacious coats and gloves. Another member of the party the dog—is deeply engaged in the operations. He looks as though he were not quite sure that the hole was not intended for him to dash into, in order to bring to light the shining creatures, whom the fisherman lands from time to time panting and dying upon the ground.

and in an equally quiet way manages to get some rich or influential person to put her thoughts into action.

The moment I saw her visitor, I felt he was one who deserved respect. I saw that the one thing in which he differed from the "run of men" who make calls, was, that every moment of his time was valuable; he neither desired to kill, nor to main, nor to lame, nor to hunt down Time in any way. Time had much to do for him, and he had much to do with time. In person he was neither tall nor short; he had that indescribable air and manner which is the birth-right of a gentleman; his whole deportment was what it should be; but the sweet, calm, hopeful expression of his face could never be forgotten.

I do not remember the colour of his eyes, or hair, or the form of a single feature, apart from the whole, but that whole was as bright as the face of an angel; it was a face to remember in sorrow, for it would certainly bring sunshine. He was talking, hat in hand, having risen to retire before I entered. "Just five minutes more," said my friend; "do

tell this lady the little anecdote of Nelly Gandsey; but first let me tell her what you have done for the Irish emigrants."

Then followed the introduction. I knew him well by that "good report" which hallows his name wherever it is heard, and I felt as if in the presence of one sent direct from Heaven on a mission of charity.

"You are aware," she continued, "that this friend has made two voyages as a steerage passenger, on purpose to ascertain how the emigrants are really treated; he has lived with them, prayed with them, taught them, and sympathised with them, and this summer he repeats his voyage. When he is gone, I will tell you what he has done for them on their arrival in 'the promised land.' Now for Nelly Gandsey."

" Oh, there is nothing to tell," he said, " for your friend well knows what a depth of love for 'ould Ireland' beats in every emigrant heart. My poor friend, Nelly Gandsey, was certainly not a young woman, though she always called herself a 'young craythur of a girl;' or, when illustrating, would say-'When a girleen like me made so bould as to lave her counthry, any one may follee afther.' She was the very torment of tormentors. Our country folk are not particularly careful or orderly in their arrangements, but Nelly was the most disorderly person on board. With the best intentions in the world, what was right she made wrong, what was already wrong she still more confused.

"She was, however, immediately on our getting into harbour, engaged as a servant at high wages, and I must say that I parted with Nelly cheerfully. I should not have been surprised, at any moment during our voyage, to find that poor Nelly Gandsey had thrown herself, or somebody else, overboard—in mistake! "Well, some days had passed, and I was thinking about returning, when one morning, just as I had breakfasted, (I had domiciled with a most hospitable American friend,) a stout single rap came to the door. My friend said, 'Come in; ' and enter Nelly Gandsey, looking odd and awry as usual, rather gaudy in colour, but with her bland good humoured mouth expanded into a large smile, and yet there was evidently something heavy at her innocent heart.

"'I ask your honour's pardon, and I'm proud to see ye', and wish you all honour and glory—only I thought before you'd go I'd just make bould to ask ye'r honour if you have got my stocking !'

"'Your stocking, Nelly.'

"'Yes, ye'r honour—a black leg, sir, with a blue foot—tied up, ye'r honour, in the middle.'

"My friends were too well bred to do more than smile. But when I affirmed that I knew nothing of the stocking, poor Nelly's smile relaxed, and tears gathered in her large simple eyes.

"'Then I've asked every one, and if ye'r honour hasn't it—I'm a brokenhearted ruined craythure, in my grave and out of it. Sure it was to be buried with me, it was; and I promised her—my mother, sir—that it should—and on it, and then—the heavens be her bed, now and ever, amen !—she gave me her blessing and love, to try the luck of the strange counthry.'

"'And what was in the stocking, Nelly?'

"The clay, sir, the earth of ould Ireland, lifted from under a tree my father (God be good to him) planted with his own hands in the church-yard, just over his people! Sure it was all I had left me in the wide world to keep me to meeself, and was everything I had. Oh, then, I wish ye'r honour had found it. Oh, then, heavy is my heart, for I shall never see a

crumb of Ireland's ground again-and it's not asy in my grave I'll ever be-while the world's a world."

"I made her happy," added the benevolent man, "by promising to send her a portion of the earth so dear to her: and I have religiously kept my word."

#### A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

#### BY W. HOYLE.

HAT a charm there seems to lie in the old-fashioned phrase! Who ever was tired of it-who ever thought of changing it ?- "A happy new year!" What incidents does it recall from the memory of by-gone years !- The family meeting beneath the paternal roof-the affectionate counsel and advice-the blessing invoked-the life-long lesson learned by many a wise son and daughter. Alas, also, the season recalls to many the recollections of a wasted life-opportunities lost-counsel disregarded; bitter memories of hearts and prospects blighted-to such alas, each succeeding New Year adds but a another link to the chain of sin and misery that binds them !

So the wheel of time turns round and the panorama moves on, presenting to our view life in its varied aspects: youth bold, frank, unwary, filled with hope, and eager to press along the untrodden path; age basking in the sunshine of a virtuous life, or sad with the remorse and misery of past folly. On they move, a motley crowd, animated by motives the most diverse, following a thousand different schemes, yet forsooth, all hoping in the end to secure the one object-happiness.

A happy new year! With many, alas, the wish is expressed with an air of levity that only shows how little indeed we care for the welfare of others. We grasp the hand of an erring brother and wish him the compliments of the season, let us also

show our deep concern for him by pointing out the only sure way to obtain happiness -a virtuous, holy life. The staggering drunkard with quivering lips and flowing bowl can do no less for his poor companion than wish him "a happy new year." We must stretch forth the helping hand to lift that brother out of the mire of sin and folly and show him a better way. We must seek out his starving wife and children, and by kindly words and timely aid, carry the sunshine of hope and comfort into his wretched dwelling. Christmas brings withit many opportunities for doing good, and if we can but succeed in carrying happiness to one heart or one house, it will do more to make a happy new year than a thousand thoughtless wishes.

"The quality of mercy is not strained, It droppeth as the gentle dew from heav'n Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed, It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

#### AWAKE THE GLAD YOUNG YEAR!

10) ING, happy bells, ring loud and clear, And wake with joy the glad young year.

Ring out the reign of desolation, Ring in the age of abstinence;

Ring the drunken demon hence;

Ring glad tidings through the nation.

Ring, joyful bells, ring fast and long. Awake, young year, a cheerful song;

From the white world to heaven ascending,

Fills with sweet sound the atmosphere-A song of welcome to the year,

With prophecy and promise blending.

Ring, temperance bells, ring near and far, Ring merrily-the morning star

Above the bright young year is beaming. Ring in the "good time coming" near, Ring in the best and happiest year [ing.

Here, where our country's flag is stream-

#### GREEDINESS PUNISHED.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RUCKERT.

T was the cloister Grabow, in the land of Usedom,

For years had God's free goodness to fill its larder come :

They might have been contented !

- Along the shore came swimming, to give the folks good cheer,
- Who dwelt within the cloister, two fishes every year :

They might have been contented !

- Two sturgeons—two great fat ones—and then the law was set,
- That one of them should yearly be taken in a net:

They might have been contented !

- The other swam away, then, until next year came round,
- When, with a new companion, he punctually was found :

They might have been contented !

- So then again, they caught one, and served him in the dish,
- And regularly they caught, year in, year out, a fish :

They might have been contented !

- The year, the time appointed, two such noble fishes brought,
- The question was a hard one, which of them should be caught :

They might have been contented !

- They caught them both together—but every greedy wight
- Grew sick from over-eating—it served the gluttons right:

They might have been contented !

- This was the least of sorrows—hear how the cup run o'er !
- Henceforward to the cloisters no fish came swimming more :

They might have been contented !

- So long had God supplied them of His free grace alone,
- That, now it is denied them, the fault is all their own :

They might have been contented! —Temperance Record.

#### "COME, LABOUR ON."

COME, labour on :

Who dares stand idle on the harvest plain, While all around him waves the golden grain,

And every servant hears the Master say, "Go, work to-day !"

Come, labour on :

The labourers are few, the field is wide;

New stations must be filled and blanks supplied;

From voices distant far or near at home, The call is "Come."

Come, labour on :

The enemy is watching, night and day.

To sow the tares, to snatch the seed away: While we in sleep our duty have forgot

He slumbereth not.

Come, labour on :

Away with gloomy doubt and faithless fear! No arm so weak but may do service here;

By hands the feeblest can our God fulfil

His righteous will.

Come, labour on :

No home for rest, till glows the western sky,

While the long shadows o'er our pathway lie,

And a glad sound comes with the setting sun,

"Servants well done !"

Come, labour on :

The soil is pleasant and the harvest sure; Blessed are those who to the end endure; How full their joy, how deep their rest shall be,

O Lord, with Thee !

From "The Christian Freeman," Oct. 1875.

### SIGN TO-NIGHT.

souther and





Sign to-night, sign to-night, Ere Satan's chains have bound you, Come sign the pledge, for God and man, And scatter joy around you. Sign to-night, sign to-night, Behold the work of sorrow, A million hearts are desolate, Oh wait not for the morrow. Sign to-night, &c. Sign to-night, sign to-night, A million hearts are pleading, And fathers, mothers, children too, For you are interceding. Sign to-night, sign to-night, You shall regret it never; Come join our band and fight with us, To banish drink for ever. Sign to-night, &c.

7

#### BE KIND TO THE DRUNKARD.

CHARACTERS :- Matthew and Stephen.- Matthew reading.

#### Stephen (enters whistling.)

YOU old book worm ! you've lost some jolly fun by not going out with us boys.

Matt. (looking up.) What kind of fun ?

S. Well, I don't mind telling you, if you'll ask me to take a seat.

M. (rising and placing a chair.) Do be seated, Mr. Clayton.

S. (seating himself.) We found a chap lying out by the school fence as drunk as a dog—

M. Stop a bit! Did you ever see a dog drunk?

S. Of course not; but you know very well what I mean.

M. I suppose you wish to convey the impression that he was very drunk?

S. Yes. You are so fussy, Mat. Well, we tickled his ears with straws, and he rolled over and grunted like a hog; then we put his hat on inside out, and pulled his hair through the holes in the crown; then we blacked his nose with burnt cork, and painted his cheeks yellow and his chin blue. Oh! he was the most comical picture you ever saw; I burst two buttons off my vest laughing at him.

M. Stephen, I'm ashamed of you! You'll keep the company of those goodfor-nothing boys until you will get into serious trouble.

S. Why, what harm did we do? We only teased him without hurting him.

M. It is wrong to torment or ridicule anyone who is unfortunate; and I hope you will never do it again, But where is the poor fellow now?

S. I did not finish. We got an old piece of matting, and were trying to roll him up in it, when he scrambled on to his feet and swore till the air was blue, and then tumbled over again. Just then a man suddenly came round the corner, and threatened to cane us if we did not leave; and he would have done it, too, for his cane was big, and his arm was strong.

M. I wish he *had* caned you all soundly. What happened next?

S. I don't like to tell you, Mat.; but you'll be sure to hear of it, so I might as well out with it. You see that? (takes handkerchief from his pocket and holds it up, all streaked and spotted with black and yellow.) Well, as I started to run with the rest, he caught me, pulled me along to the hydrant, and made me get this wet and wash the drunken fellow's face. I tell you, I was mad enough to bite them both.

M. Served you just right. I guess that was more than you bargained for. What next?

S. The cold water sobered the man some; for he got up, and I took my leave. But I've got news for you. Mamma received a letter informing us that Uncle Stephen Parker had returned from Europe, and was coming to stay at our house for a month; everything has been turned topsey-turvey, and lots of new things bought.

M. Why do they make so much extra preparation for a man they have never seen?

S. Don't you know? He is your uncle as well as mine; but I was named for him, and, though he has never seen me, he has said that he intends to do something handsome for me; he is very rich and has no family. Mamma gave me a good lecture this morning in regard to my behaviour; for he is very queer about some things.



M. And so Uncle Parker is coming at last! How I do wish we were not so poor; for I know mother would like to have him stay with us. But if he is rich, he has been used to much better than we can afford; and your folks are fixed so nicely he will be very comfortable there.

S. Of course he will! And now I must run home and see if everything is ready. Good-bye. (runs out.)

M. (walking slowly back and forth.) This is news indeed! It does seem as though we ought to have whatever Uncle Parker can spare; for we have a hard struggle to get along since father died. But I suppose it is all right. I am thankful mother has the promise of better pay for her sewing; she ought to get as much again. I expect that last job is ready for me to take home. (Goes out.)

(Scene II. Mat and Stephen enter from opposite sides, if possible.)

M. (joyfully.) I've seen Uncle Parker, Stephen !

S. (angrily.) And so have I; but tell me quickly how you happened to walk into his good graces just as I walked out.

M. All I know about it is this : After you left yesterday, I started to carry home mother's sewing, and I came across a drunken man, who, I suppose, was the one you were telling about. As he staggered across a gutter, he fell and cut his head. I felt sorry for him, and washed off the blood, and tried to help him up ; but I was giving it up, when some one behind me said, "Who is that you are trying to help?" And turning, I saw the man with the cane. I told him I did not know, and he helped the man to get up; and then his wife, who had been looking for him, came and led him away. The man with the cane then asked me my name, and when I told him, he exclaimed, "My dear boy, I am your Uncle Parker !" He then went home with me, and talked a long time with mother, after which he went to your house.

S. Yes, he walked in unexpectedly; and, after a talk with mother and sister, enquired for me. I heard mother call, and rushed in like a steam engine, not knowing who was there. But I stopped suddenly; for there was the man with the cane, and he rose up and frowned awfully. "This my nephew Stephen ? Impossible!" I heard this much, and got out as fast as my feet would take me. To think that he of all men should catch me at that unlucky sport! (Stamps round the stage with energy.)

M. I've told you often that you would get into trouble, Steve. But I did not finish. Uncle Parker has bought a beautiful house, and we are to live with him. Oh! I am so glad mother will have a nice home, and time to rest. And only think, Stephen, he is going to send me to college!

S. Well, I know my cake is all dough, Mat; but you deserve your good luck, and I'm glad it has come. As for me, I have learned a lesson I shall not forget; henceforth I shall be kind to the poor drunkard, and no one shall have cause to complain of my conduct in the future.

#### COLD WATER SONG.

ET good cold water, pure and clear, Inspire our hearts and warm our tongues And glistening eyes in rapture drink The music of cold water songs.

This day! how bright its glorious store Of what has been, of what shall be;

How proud the past, how dear the prize Of high and holy liberty.

And yet more proud our praises rise,

And warmer still our bosoms glow, Cold water's triumph while we sing,

Since we cold water's blessings know.

#### THE TEST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

HEN the west grew red, and the sun's bald head

- Dipped into a sea of gold,
- My love came down from the busy town, Came down like a knight of old;
- On a steed sloe-black, whose fiery track I saw through the gloom afar,

As on he came with his hoofs aflame, Like the trail of a falling star.

- And my love drew rein at my lattice-pane, And he sprang to my side in glee,
- And he cried, "Complete is the world, my sweet,
  - In this twilight hour with thee."
- And he held me fast, and he said, "At last I claim thee as mine, all mine;"
- But I turned my face from my love's embrace,

For the dew on his lips was wine.

And I cried, "My love, by the stars above, I will wed not, last or first,

With the princeliest man, be he under the ban-

Be he slave to the liquor thirst."

And he cried, "How now?" but I said, "My vow

Is registered high in heaven;

- It is me, or the *cup*; you must yield *one* up, And now is my answer given."
- My love plead long; but he found me strong

In the words he had heard me say;

And he cried in wrath, "You may keep your path,

And I will keep mine alway.

- There are maids as fair who will gladly share
  - My lot, and my cup of wine;
- And the ruddy glow of our cheeks shall show

That it harms not me or mine."

Then he mounted his steed, and he rode indeed

Like a knight of the old crusade;

And he wedded full soon, ere the full of the A queenly and haughty maid. [moon,

And he drank up his wealth, and he drank up his health,

And his youth, and strength, and grace. And now bereft, he has nothing left,

But a bloated and hideous face.

#### LENDING A PIE.

"**WI**OTHER," said Johnny, "haven't you a pie you would like to lend to the Lord?"

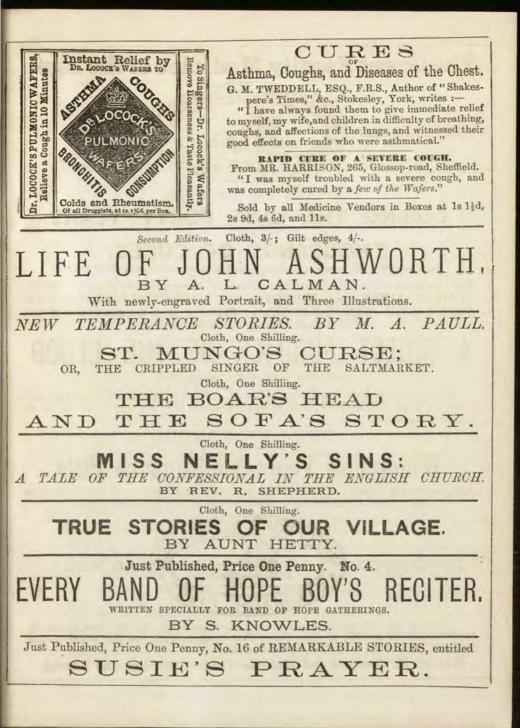
"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" she asked, for she thought at first it was a joke.

"Don't you remember," he said, "that the Bible says, 'He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord?' I don't believe old Betsey has had a pie for a long time, and I thought perhaps you would like to have me take one over to her; then you would be lending to the Lord, you know."

One of the mother's best pies went to old Betsey; only she was sorry she had not thought of sending her one before. But if she had, she would have lost Johnny's way of "putting it."

RUSKIN says that it is only by labour that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labour can be made happy.

"Onward." Vol. X., 1875. London: Partridge. Manchester: 43, Market-street. The new volume of "Onward" fully maintains its character. The motto of its conductors is the title of the periodical. To march "Onward" is their aim and endeavour. Consequently each volume is an improvement, and an advance upon that which proceeded it. Many of the articles are of very high quality, and well calculated to be of permanent use.



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Many persons have found these Pills of great service both in preventing and relieving SEA SICKNESS; and in warm climates they are very beneficial in all Bilious Complaints.

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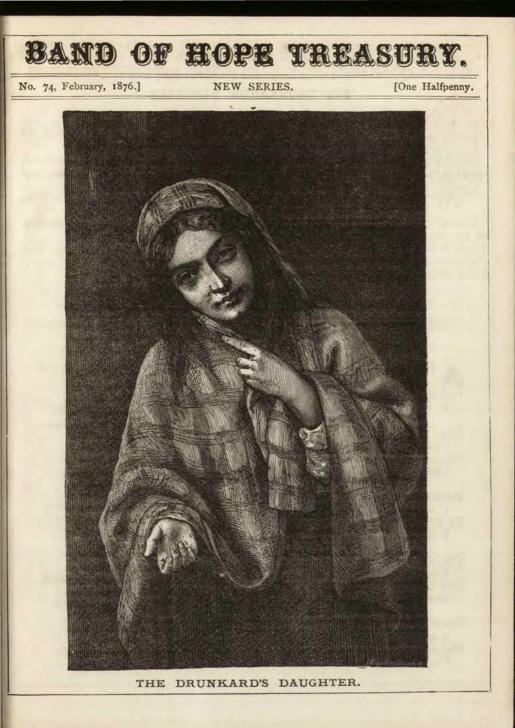
Are particularly suited to Weakly Persons, being exceedingly mild and gradual in their operation, imparting tone and vigour to the Digestive Organs.



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Prepared and sold wholesale and retail in boxes, price 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d., 1s. 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d., and 2s. 9d., by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; sent free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

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THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.



E have the pleasure of laying before our readers another sample of the illustrations of Mr.S.C. Hall's "Old Story." Of the excellence of the work we have already spoken. In this picture, from a drawing of Rudolf

Lehmann's, we see the comely daughter of the drunkard turned into the bleak streets to beg for bread. The incident is thus narrated in the poem by the reclaimed father of the girl :—

#### "Once I was a man of fame;

- And some of you would stare to hear my name :
- I sent my daughter out to beg; and drank The pence she brought me: drank and
- did not shrink;
- That daughter sits beside me now: we thank
- God and you—HELPERS—with no sense of shame:
- For death would be more welcome than the drink."

#### THE USES OF WATER.

BY JOHN W. THATCHER.

God sent a precious shower To save this little one.

Some little seeds were scattered Upon the parched plain; The sower's hopes were shattered, Had not God sent the rain.

Beside a running river There came a little dove To drink; then praised the Giver With "coos" of thankful love.

The lion, and his brothers, Are at the streamlet's brink, And multitudes of others Have met once more to drink.

Across the desert dreary, A tawny Afric sped; But see, he thirsts, is weary— His comrades find him—dead! A boat of shipwrecked creatures Is on the trackless sea, And on their ghastly features Dread thirst holds revelry.

Upon the field of slaughter A wounded warrior lay, And piteous cried for "Water!" As his life-blood flowed away.

Rich Dives, after dying, "In hell lift up his eyes"— For water was he sighing, But useless were his cries.

Yet man, God's noblest creature, Pollutes the "crystal stream," And gives a deadly feature Unto its sparkling gleam.

For Alcohol, dread potion, Doth change all nature's drink, And makes a poisoned ocean, In which our thousands sink.

O let us heed the preaching Of every thing that lives, And let us note the teaching Which nature ever gives.

#### A MOUSE STORY.

BY HELEN ANGELL GOODWIN.

WO little people set up keeping house; The head of the house was Maximus Mouse.

And Minimus was his wife, sir,

They lived in a box on a high closet shelf,

Lined with laces and ribbons and other such pelf,

A quiet, luxurious life, sir.

- Through a crack in the ceiling when hungry they crept
- To a wonderful store-room where sweetmeats were kept,

And pumpkin seeds, pop-corn, and sugar.

- But they shunned the low shelves in a very wise dread
- Of Grimalkin, whose temper was fiercer, 'twas said,

Than his far-away cousin, the Cougar.

- When three pretty mouselings were given to their care,
- They considered themselves just the happiest pair,

And the richest in all the mouse nation.

But one day an old crony of Maximus Mouse,

In search of adventure discovered his house, And looked in without invitation.

- "How are you, old comrade? So this is your wife?
- The handsomest woman I've seen in my life,

And the prettiest little ones too, sir."

- "Step right in and see us." "No, Max, I can't stay :
- But, if you'll walk out with an old friend to-day,

I'll promise you'll not be the loser."

"Don't leave us," pled Minnie. "He looks like a sot!

He will tempt you to evil as likely as not." The reply was decidedly human;

- "When an old friend comes in for a sociable chat,
- I shall do as I like, ma'am, depend upon that!
  - Do you think I'll be ruled by a woman?"
- Poor Minnie fell backward, by grief overcome,
- While Maximus gaily ran off with his chum

To where they espied on a table

A dish of nice custard, a fork, and a spoon,

And a wine-glass. "That's been there, Max, ever since noon,

But to get at it I am not able."

- How delicious it smelt! but the table was high.
- "I have it ! " cried Max, with a gleam in his eye;
  - "We'll climb up and drop from the curtain."
- It was done and the custard was just superfine;
- But to add to its flavour they dipped in the wine,

Which made them both drunk, it is certain.

- For they soon got to fighting, these cronies of yore,
- And Max lost his balance and fell to the floor,
  - While his comrade was drowned in the custard;
- Then Max staggered home and abused his poor wife,
- Till she fled through the pantry for fear of her life,

So terribly nervous and flustered,

- That, forgetting Grimalkin, she dropped to the floor-
- Ah ! never in Mouseland was Minnie seen more !

Her husband, quite sober next morning,

- In seeking to find her got caught in a trap, So the mouselings all perished ! Mishap on mishap ! Letheads of all households take warning. You may be the ruin of children and wife, And lose all life's value, if not your own life. By yielding just once to temptation. And, if you, little children, a promise will partake, make-That you of no strong drink will ever From like fate 'twill be your salvation. -Temperance Record. THE TEMPERANCE BANNER. ADELINE. UR Banner ! raise it proudly, Uplift it to the breeze! O'er dark lands bid it triumph, Afar o'er billowy seas! With anthem-notes of gladness, With choral bursts of glee, Unfurl it to the sunshine,-The bright, the glad, the free ! Our Banner ! fair and glowing, With rainbow-tinted gleam, And snow-white folds, pearl-studded ! As crown in faëry dream ! Our Banner ! ruby-spangled, Outflashing to the light,-Unfurl, unfurl it proudly ! Unfold its wondrous might ! As dew on silvery moss-banks, As spray of fountain showers The feathery fern-tufts freshening, Buds, bells, and drooping flowers; So-welcome in its promise-So-potent in its might-Ten thousand greet our Banner, Ten thousands hail its light. For 'neath its low sweet flutter, The rush of angels' wings! Dark spirits list that music,
  - Salvation-hope, it brings !

A light hath touched home-altars, Their ashes gleam and glow,

And weak ones rise to conquer A fiend-like, cruel foe.

Lo, in that track of brightness, Hopes radiant as of yore!

Hearts clasping love's sweet treasures ; Ties blent for evermore !

Hearths flooded with rich sunshine : Worn spirits glad and free—

New might for life's stern warfare-New power for victory !

Our Banner! bear it onward! Our flag of hope and light!

Young voices chant sweet welcomes, Glad echoes cheer the Right!

Avaunt the fiery Tempter That lures to death and woe!

We plant our Temperance Banner, And triumph o'er the foe.

-Western Herald.

#### UP IN THE MORNING. JAMES H. CROXALL.

"UP in the morning," hummeth the bee,

As it wanders away by the flower and tree; While the dew lies bright on bud and bloom,

And the meadows are filled with sweet perfume.

#### CHORUS.

Up, up, up, up; up, up, up, up; Be up in the morning early.

"Up in the morning," singeth the lark, As it soars away over field and park; Over the hills and the clouds so high To welcome the sun in the golden sky.

"Up in the morning," croweth the cock While the hens flutter down and around him flock,

Up in the morning till woodland and hill Re-echo his crowing so loud and shrill. —Young People's Helper.

#### ENCOURAGEMENT.

JOHN RAY was a deformed boy, pale and thin, and not always good-natured. Everybody pitied him, because he could not run and climb trees, and jump over brooks and stone walls, as the other children did. His strong brothers and sisters pitied him, and would stop to help him along with them when they were not going too far. His mother pitied him, and was patient with his crossness, and did not expect him to do anything well. His teacher pitied him, and did not oblige him to learn his lessons with the other boys. All the people who came near him pitied him, but nobody encouraged him. John was growing up with a feeling that he could not do anything and never should be of any use, and did not want to live any longer; and a very unhappy boy he was till he was twelve years old. Then the scene brightened all at once.

One beautiful June Sunday, John was walking painfully home from meeting, and his mother, coming a little after him, was sadly noticing his distorted form and slow step, when Miss Stone, John's Sunday School teacher, came up.

"Good morning, Mrs. Ray," said she, cheerfully; "I think Johnnie looks a little stronger than he did in the spring."

"Do you really think so?" answered Mrs. Ray. "I was just pitying him. My poor, lame, sick boy! He will never be able to do much, and he must have a hard life."

"I don't feel so at all," replied Miss Stone, "I'm sure he is a good boy, and he has a bright, quick mind. He will soon be interested in study, and then, I think, his health will improve, and there are many things that he will be perfectly able to do. I expect to see him a fine man yet."

John was electrified. He limped home

without minding the distance, and sat down to think over the new idea.

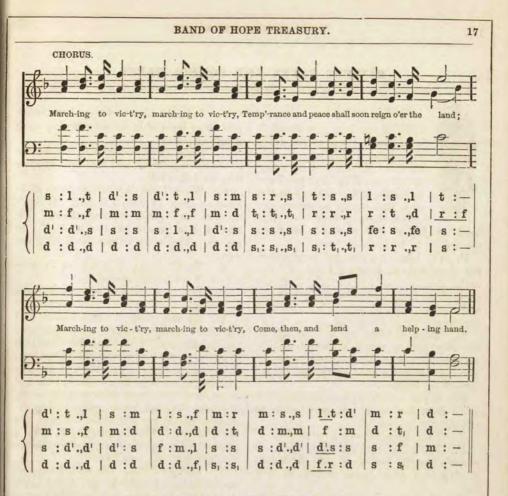
"Miss Stone knows just how I learn my Sunday School lessons," he said to himself; "and if she says I have a quick mind, and can be a fine man yet, I believe it's so. At any rate I'll try."

Next Monday John surprised his teacher with perfect lessons; he surprised his mother at night by doing his little errands well, and he surprised himself by being so bright and cheerful that nobody remembered to pity him. He was a continual surprise for a week or two, then people accepted the new arrangement, and began to expect John to do well. It was not always easily, for he was really delicate, and the habit of lazing had taken strong hold of him; but when he felt almost discouraged and wanted to give up the hard work, he remembered Miss Stone's faith in him when he was so puny and heart-sick, and he knew he could make something if he tried. People stopped pitying him, and began to believe in him as he worked his way to the head of his classes. Soon he was not only doing well in school, but doing better than the others. His health did improve as he found some interest in living, and he was able to do many things that his mother had never dreamed of for her sick boy. He was still deformed, it is true, but his face was so intelligent that everybody noticed that and not the hump on his back.

All this was years ago; but John Ray, now a thriving business man, has never forgotten how much he owes to the Sunday School teacher who discovered him, and still thinks that he never should have been good for anything in this world, or have felt courage to reach higher good than that of this world, if Miss Stone had not praised him when everyone else pitied him.

This true story is given for our encouragement and example.—S. S. Times (U.S.)





Never turn back tho' the world may allure you, Tempting the heart from its duty aside; Look to your armour, be ready for battle, Keep to your pledge firm whate'er may betide. Marching to vict'ry, &c.

Never turn back for the check of a moment, What are the strifes and toils of a day; When for the children of drunkards you labour, Duty and love bid you work, work away. Marching to vict'ry, &c.

#### SAVINGS BANKS AND LOSINGS BANKS.

CHARACTERS :- Fred, a city boy, puny and flashily dressed-Tom, a country boy, tall and stalwart.



#### Fred (yawning.)

DON'T see how you stand it here, Tom; its so awful dull! I could'nt live here a month on this old farm and dig away as you do. Why don't you have ambition and cut away to the city, and try to be somebody.

Tom (looking Fred over from head to foot? What would you have me aspire to for instance?

F. Oh, brush up, and get some gloves for your tanned hands, (*Aside*. If you could find a pair big enough); throw away those boots and cultivate your hair, and then go out and enjoy life a little and see something of the world.

T. What is there so fine to see in the city, that it would be worth giving up a good honest business for; one by which I can get a good living and lay up something besides?

F. If you wern't a goose, you wouldn't ask. Now I suppose you never went to the theatre in your life.

T. I am happy to say I never did.

F. Well, if you did go once, it wouldn't be the last time. I'd never miss a play if I could raise money to take me.

T. Then it is possible for even a city boy's funds to run low.

F. (Feelingly). I tell you, Tom, it's the greatest want of life—money, money, every time you turn yourself. Why, i could spend five thousand a year as easy —but now I don't get as many tens.

T. I suppose this want will grow greater as you grow older. I should think myself a goose, sure enough, if I didn't lay up something to start myself in business with when I am older. F. I should like to know how much you have been able to save up on such wages as yours.

T. I have two hundred and fifty dollars in the Savings Bank and shall add another fifty to it this fall.

F. Whew! that's a pile to have all in hand at once. I wish I had it. It don't do you any good rusting there. I'll borrow it of you at ten per cent., if you say so. That's more than the Bank gives you.

T. Thank you; I shall let it stay where it is for the present.

F. But how did you manage to save so much?

T By not going to the theatre and the like. Such amusements eat up money too fast for me, if I had no other objection to them. I can find plenty of amusements, that cost me little or nothing and are improving, at the same time. Now, I learned more from that chemical lecture last week, of things that will be of practical importance to me all my life, than you ever got from all your theatre-going. It was a pleasure to me at the time, and a satisfaction every time I recall it.

F. (*indifferently*). Oh, well, I suppose such things are well enough; but I never do much in that line. School didn't agree with me.

T. More the pity, Fred; for without a solid education what on earth do you expect to make of yourself? Those merchant princes you admire so much, were not uneducated boys in younger days. No, nor theatre-going, cigarsmoking, wine-drinking boys, either. If you want to ruin all your chances of success in life, just go ahead on the present track.

F. I'll marry a rich wife.

T. (with a laugh). Not if her father can help it. Prosperous business men don't pick out that kind of sons-in-law. And if you should succeed, I should call that about the meanest swindle a fellow could be guilty of.

F. (resentfully). I think you are very plain spoken.

T. Well, as you set me the example, I suppose there is no harm done. But now, look here, Fred; you used to have some sense and reason in you, when we coasted down hill together in our childhood. It can't be you've lost it all. Come, strip off your fine feathers, and go to work like a man. Stick to your business in the city, if it is an honest one, but shut down the brakes on all these money-wasting, healthdestroying and corrupting amusements. Burn your cigar-case, and never get Join some good Temperance another. order and get yourself into a better social atmosphere. It will help you wonderfully to keep good resolutions. If you don't right about face, my boy, you'll go to ruin as sure as fate.

F. (half alarmed). What a horrid croaker ! I'd qualify myself for a Temperance lecturer, if I were you.

T. I'll see what success I have on you. But, come on, I must drive to mill now, and if you like we'll continue the argument on the way.

#### SNOW-FLAKE CHORUS.

#### COUSIN MOLLY.

#### First Flake.

- JOY of the meadow-land, pride of the morning,
  - Stood a fair rose, in the summer-time gay,
- Crimson and purple tints her fine robe adorning,

And, like a gem, in her pure heart I lay,

But, when the noonday sun fiercely was gleaming, sigh,

Filled with the odorous breath of her Lightly I rose from the couch of my

dreaming, [sky ! Sped to the House of the Snow, in the

#### Second Flake.

Down in the Southern land, a bright stream is springing,

Under the shade of wild cypress tree,

There, when I wakened, the Nereids were singing,

Wonderful songs the fountain and me ! But a magical charm crept around, as I

- [come!" listened-
- Voices of air calling, "Little sprite, So, when the sunset mist white o'er me
  - glistened, [Home. I floated away to the far Snow-flake

#### Third Flake.

I had my birth in the timid eyes of sorrow--A pale orphan wept by a grave loved

- Ther home to-morrowso well, Praying that the sweet Christ would call
- And, from her heart, to the cold earth I fell. mournful story
- But upward I hastened, and bore the As near as I could to the white shining Doorof His glory,
- For, the great King of Kings on the throne Kindly regards the tears of the poor !

#### Chorus.

Far, far away, with its pearly towers gleaming,

Up in a country, that no one doth know, Where all the winter stars with cold lights

are dreaming, Snow! Standeth the gorgeous House of the

Down we are hastening, fluttering lightly, Over the fields and the forests we fly,

Till, with our crystal wings folded all whitely, we lie.

On the hushed heart of the sad earth -Young People's Helper.

#### MOTHERLESS MAGGIE.

COUSIN MOLLY.

LITTLE cottage stood by a wood, Humble it was, half-hid by flowers, But Heaven seemed very near its door, And sweetly, all through the summer hours,

The breath of the clover meads blew by, And over it bent the calm blue sky.

In and out of the open door,

Chasing the sunbeams as they fled, Dear little Maggie came and went,

With a fairer sunshine crowning her head,

Her gay voice mocked the charming trill Of Bobolink and the Whippoorwill.

- The mother's face had a strange, white look,
  - And her hands would fall with weary sighs,
- When she heard the voice of her little child,

Or looked in those merry, fearless eyes. All summer long she wasted slow, Like one who pines with a hidden woe.

Autumn came, and the blossoms died,

And the sweet, pale mother went away, Around the portal her feet had passed,

The red leaves dropped, by night and day,

And Motherless Maggie often crept To a little mound by the wood, and wept.

Where was her father? Lounging around At the tavern bar or the village store, At nightfall, or later, he used to come

Stumbling in at the cottage door; Then trembling Maggie used to creep To her little bed, and pretend to sleep. "Now, if you'd only been a boy,

I'd manage to keep ye, Mag, my bird-But, you'll have to go to the poor-house

now," So, one morning, the sad child heard,— Go away from the grave so dear ! She trembled, sick with a sudden fear.

"O, papa! my hands are very strong For six year hands ! just look at me!

I will work so hard, if you'll let me stay," And she dropped her head upon his knee.

"Go away with your tears !" he said, That's just her way—it is well she's dead.

Anything, only a woman's tears !

Or a baby's, either !—you'll just go,— I'll come," with a half-relenting voice—

"Sometimes I will come and see you though,

Hark ! that is Jim, to take you away-

Good-bye-mind all that the keepers say."

A strong hand bore her out of the room, She sobbed, and scarcely seemed to know,

She bent her meek face to the earth

And wailed with a faint voice, full of woe, She wept till the fount of tears was dry, Then turned her face to the wall, to die.

Men said, "Gore's baby is really dead— Died in the alms-house, yesterday."

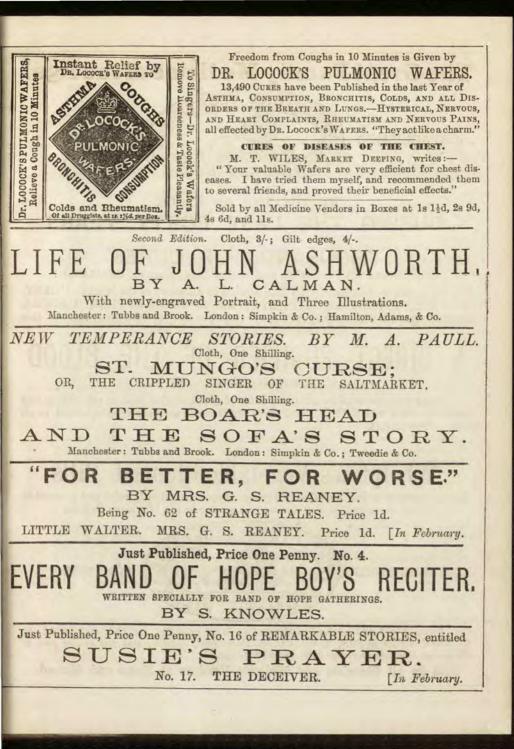
The Mother called home her little child ! 'Twas her father's *whiskey* sent her away !

Not joy above, but sin beneath,

Brings tears and sorrow, loss and death !

-Young People's Helper.

The Curse and its Cure. A Paper on Sunday School and Band of Hope. By John H. Scaife. Shefield: General Printing and Publishing Company. An earnestly written paper, in which the writer argues for the Band of Hope as the strongest help and auxiliary of the Sunday School.



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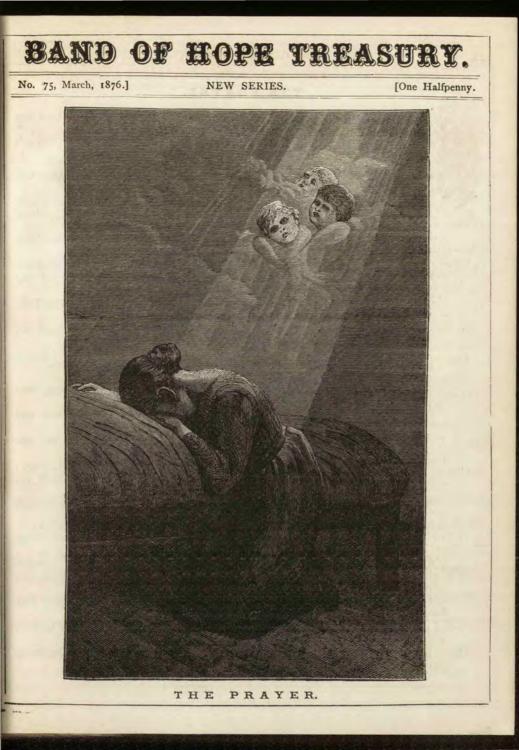
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HE illustration this month is a specimen of the engravings to be found in Mr. S. C. Hall's Old Story, of which we have already spoken with the commedation it so greatly deserves. The incident it illustrates is thus told :—

Where Virtue teaches, and where order rules.

I heard this story of a little child;

A Sunday scholar—tender, gentle, mild : One Sabbath morn her father bade her go To buy his beer : she meekly answered, "No!

'No, oh my father, do not send me there; 'The day is holy, and I may not dare!"

- 'Go, or I'll flog thee: do as thou art bid!' Again the child, with clasped hands said, 'Nay,
  - 'God's law forbids it; that I must obey.'
- 'If not,' he said, 'I'll flog thee;' and he did.
- She sought her humble room, but shed no tear:
- The father went himself and bought his beer.
- While he sate drinking it, he heard a moan,
- Something between a murmur and a groan-
- At least, he thought so : and went up the stair;
- To hear his little kneeling daughter's prayer :
- 'Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part:
- 'O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father's heart !'
- He heard and went; but soon was on the stair-
- To hear again his kneeling daughter's prayer :

#### THE PRAYER.

He sate alone—alone: what made him think

Some bitter mingled with his usual drink

And that he saw a light, dispelling gloom—

Filling the cheerless and half-furnished room;

And then a hand that pointed to the stair?

And who will say nor light nor hand was there ?---

- He rose and went : a third time heard the prayer :
- 'Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part:

'O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father's heart!'

- His Guardian Angel, though unseen, was near;
- What whisper was it entered heart and ear?

Heaven's ray was shining on the tear he wept !

On the stair-head he also knelt-to pray;

'Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part:

'O, dear Lord Jesus, change her father's heart !'

The prayer was heard : from that Godblesséd day

He drank no poison-drop; and never more

Crossed he the threshold of the drunkard's door :

The pledge he took, and well that pledge he kept,

And dearly does the good man love to hear

His little kneeling child's thanksgiving prayer;

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Teach me, Almighty God, to bear my part:

<sup>&#</sup>x27;O, dear Lord Jesus, change my father's heart!'

That fills the house and makes all sunshine there :

'Thank thee, O God! I bear my easy part: 'For thou, Lord Jesus, changed my father's heart!'

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#### WELCOME, LITTLE STRANGER.

BY A DISPLACED THREE-YEAR OLD.

UZZER bought a baby, 'Ittle bitsy sing; Sink I mos could put him Froo my rubber ring. An't he awful ugly?

A'nt he awful pink? "Just come down from heaven," Tat's a fib, I sink.

Doctor told anc zzer Great big awful lie; Nose an't out of joint zen,

Tat an't why I cry.

Mama stays up bedroom— Guess he makes her sick; Frow him in ze gutter,

If I can, right quick.

Cuddle him and love him ! Call him "Bressed sing !"

Don't care if my kite an't Got a bit of string !

Send me off with Biddy Every single day.

" Be a good boy, Charlie; Run away and play."

"Sink I ought to love him!" No, I won't; so zere!

Nassy, crying baby, Not got any hair,

Got all my nice kisses, Got my place in bed ; Mean to take my drum-stick,

And crack him on the head.

#### THE LOST BABIES.

COME, my wife, put down the Bible, Lay your glasses on the book, Both of us are bent and aged— Backward, mother, let us look.

This is still the same old homestead Where I brought you long ago,

When the hair was bright with sunshine, That is now like winter's snow.

Let us talk about the babies As we sit here all alone,

Such a merry troop of youngsters; As we lost them one by one.

Jack the first of all the party, Came to us one winter's night, Jack, you said, should be a parson, Long before he saw the light. Do you see that great cathedral, Filled, the transept and the nave, Hear the organ grandly pealing, Watch the silken hangings wave; See the priest in robes of office, With the altar at his back— Would you think that gifted preacher Could be our own little Jack?

Then a girl with curly tresses Used to climb upon my knee, Like a little fairy princess Ruling at the age of three. With the years there came a wedding— How your fond heart swelled with pride When the lord of all the country Chose your baby for his bride ! Watch that stately carriage coming, And the form reclining there— Would you think that brilliant lady Could be your own little Clare ? Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster—

How he used to love his mother ! Ah ! I see your trembling lip !

He is far off on the water, Captain of a royal ship. See the bronze upon his forehead, Hear the voice of stern command-That the boy who clung so fondly To his mother's gentle hand ? Ah ! my wife, we've lost the babies, Ours so long and ours alone; What are we to these great people, Stately men and woman grown ? Seldom do we even see them ; Yes, a bitter tear-drop starts, As we sit here in the fire-light, Lonely hearth and lonely hearts. All their lives are full without us : They'll stop long enough one day Just to lay us in the churchyard, Then they'll each go on their way. PROGRESS. CHARLES SWAIN. EN are agents for the future ! As they work, so ages win Either harvest of advancement, Or the product of their sin. Follow out true cultivation-Widen Education's plan; From the majesty of Nature Teach the majesty of Man! Take the spade of perseverance; Dig the field of progress wide; Every bar to true instruction, Harrow out, and cast aside. Give the stream of Education Broader channel, bolder force; Hurl the stones of persecution Out, where'er they block its course : Seek for strength in self-exertion; Work, and still have faith to wait; Close the crooked gate to fortune, Make the road to honour straight ! Take the spade of perseverance, Dig the field of progress wide; Every bar to true instruction, Harrow out, and cast aside.

#### LOVE THY NEIGHBOUR.

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

**B**OR others' weal let good men labour, And not for fame or paltry pelf; And mind the maxim, Love thy neigh-

As well as thou dost love thyself.

bour

Deal gently with thy erring brother, Forgive as thou wouldst be forgiven,

If here we love not one another, How can we dwell in love in heaven?

And should thy feeble brother stumble, And often fall upon the road,

Though poor, debauched by drink, and humble,

Oh! plant his feet upon the sod.

Crush not the heart that's almost broken, But light up hope and banish fear;

A pleasant word, when kindly spoken, Will heal the wound, and dry the tear.

Can we forget our own behaviour? Can we for our sad sins atone? Let him who needs no blesséd Saviour,

Be first to scourge or cast the stone!

Oh! let us make the wide world better, Than 'twas the day it gave us birth,

By breaking every yoke and fetter, And spreading light and truth on earth.

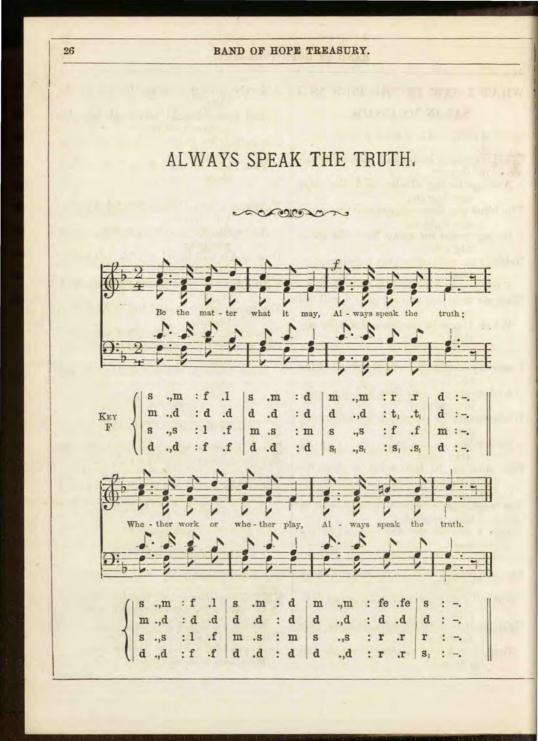
Oh! when shall we behold the dawning Of "the good time" we've sought so long,

The light of that unclouded morning, When faith shall bud in hope and song?

O friends of truth ! lift high your banners, Gleaming with syllables of light,

Waken the world with loud hosannas, Let right be mightier than might.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY. 25		
<ul> <li>WHAT I SAW IN THE FIRE AS I SAT IN MY CHAIR.</li> <li>BY L. M. THORNTON.</li> <li>PHE summer had pass'd with its beautifier fulflowers, and gathering shades told the days drawing in;</li> <li>The blind was drawn down, and the candle was lighted.</li> <li>In my room far away from the great city's din.</li> <li>Releas'd for awhile from my usual employment, I felt just as free as a bird in the air;</li> <li>Give ear unto me, and in verse I will tell you what I saw in the fire as I sat in my chair.</li> <li>I saw a young man leave the scene of his childhood And waste precious time with the reckless and gay, While wealth he possess'd, he had many companions,</li> </ul>	<ul> <li>A lovely young creature he led to the altar,</li> <li>And time brought sweet pledges his fortune to share;</li> <li>His conscience untroubled, life glided on smoothly,</li> <li>This I saw in the fire as I sat in my chair.</li> <li>Young men, take a lesson from what you've been hearing,</li> <li>And waste not your time, nor the money you get;</li> <li>How sad it will be when life's hill you're descending,</li> <li>To have to look back on the past with regret.</li> <li>You're not asked to lead the dull life of a hermit,</li> <li>Inrational pleasures you often mayshare;</li> <li>But always be "merry and wise,"—not forgetting,</li> <li>What I saw in the fire as I sat in my chair.</li> <li>LOOK NOT ON WINE.</li> </ul>	
less and gay, While wealth he possess'd, he had many	LOOK NOT ON WINE. COOK not on wine ; although the cup Be crimsoned with its ruby stain ; Look not—'tis filled with wormwood up, And blood, and burning tears of pain. Its flash is as the red bolt's glow, Lighting the paths of death and woe.	
chair. Another man pass'd, he no fortune could	AMERICAN TEMPERANCE GREETING.	
boast of, But toil'd like a bee that for honey doth roam; He'd trials to contend with, but still per- severing, Time saw him a master of wealth and a home.	E worship not at Bacchus' shrine, We offer not the sparkling wine Which glitters in the cup; But here's the drink of Paradise, Just sprinkled with our Yankee ice; Who fears to drink it up ?	





#### THE YOUNG TEMPERANCE ORATOR.

CHARACTERS :- Albert, John, Fannie, Jessie, Mr. Gordon. Albert and John enter and take seats.

ELL, Albert, I am really glad you have come back again; for you are usually the ringleader in all our sports, and we cannot spare you very well. But what is this? (Takes hold of Al's coat collar and examines

something.)

Albert. That is a Band of Hope badge. J. Band of Hope—that's a temperance

John.

society isn't it?

A. Yes. Most of the young folks at Rosslyn Village, where I have been visiting, belong to it; and, believing it to be a good thing, I joined.

J. And signed the pledge?

A. Certainly I did.

J. Oh! my; and now what will you do for cider?

A. Do without it.

J. That's easily said, but not so easily done. What does your father say about it? I know he is opposed to signing the pledge. He thinks it is not manly to "sign away one's liberty."

A. He knows nothing about it yet. Mother thinks it best to keep him in ignorance at present. She is afraid he will be very angry.

J. I guess he will; but I think it would be better for him if he would sign the pledge himself. Now, Al, I don't mean any offence; but tell me truly, don't you believe your father takes his glass too often?

A. Yes, John, I have known it for some time, and it grieves me very much. I do hope he will see the danger that threatens him, and turn back before it is too late. And now, John, I have a work to do, and I want you to help me. I'm going round among the boys and girls, and try how many names I can get toward forming a Band of Hope. Will you give me your assistance?

J. How can I, Al? You know father makes quantities of cider, and I like it as well as you do; and then, it does me no harm to drink it.

A. John, you think that my father loves liquor too well; *he* began by drinking cider, but very soon he wanted something stronger, and so will you, if you don't stop.

J. Well, Al, I'll think about it; and may be I'll join, if I can give up my cider. Have a cigar? Splendid brand. (Offers one.

A. Thank you; I don't smoke now.

J. Does your pledge forbid it?

A. It prohibits the use of tobacco in any form.

J. Well, that is going the teetotal with a vengeance! But come, let's take a walk; it is too pleasant to stay indoors. (*Rises.*)

A. I have no objection, provided we do not go very far; I expect two of my cousins this morning, and would not like to be absent when they come. (*Exeunt.*)

#### (Enter Fannie and Jessie.)

F. (Scornfully.) Well, I've heard enough to know that Mr. Albert has brought home some extra superfine notions with him. He's got so stuck up among his rich relatives that he can't even drink cider with us common people.

Jessie. You are mistaken, Fannie. Albert is too sensible to get "stuck up," as you call it. I think he has done just what is right.

F. Oh! you always were on his side.

Well, I mean to fix a plan that will make him ashamed of his nonsensical airs, and make some sport for us besides.

JES. What do you intend to do, Fannie ?

F. Oh! you'll see soon enough. Just wait a moment. (Runs out.)

JES. I hope she will not do anything to wound Albert's feelings, he is so sensitive. At any rate, she won't get any help from me. I wish all the boys about here would stop drinking, chewing, and smoking; I'm sure I should like them better.

(Enter Fannie, with glass supposed to contain cider, and a large piece of pasteboard with a string attached.)

F. Now, Jessie, (placing the glass on table,) I wish you to help me to hang this placard up against the wall. You can reach higher than I can. But don't look at the other side till it is up.

JES. I'll not help to do anything that will make Al feel badly. You must carry out your plans alone.

F. You are really mean, Jessie May! But I'll fix it, in spite of you. (Stands on tip-toe, and tries to reach a nail placed very high, but fails.)

JES. Ha! ha! that's good.

F. You need not crow quite so soon, Miss Jessie. I'll succeed, never fear. (Stands on a chair, and makes another attempt, but fails.)

JES. (Olapping her hands.) Ha! ha! ha! Try again, Fannie. Don't you wish I would bring you a long ladder?

F. (Angrily.) You just mind your own business! You never could help anybody out of a scrape. You wouldn't even prompt me yesterday when I missed that word in spelling, and so I had to lose my place in the class, But I know how to do. (Places the chair near the table, and mounts the latter, and, by standing on the edge and reaching over, succeeds in hanging

up the card. The side which she has kept concealed is turned over, and she descends from the table.) There ! how does that look ?

JES. (Reading aloud.) "MR. ALBERT GORDON, Great Temperance Orator!" Did you mark that, Fannie?

F. Only the second line. You notice it is not done near so nicely as the other. Al's father marked the name the last time I was here, to label a box for him, but did not use it. But here he comes, and John with him. (*The boys enter.*)

A. How are you, cousins? I'm very glad to see you. (Shakes hands, and John does the same.)

F. (Bowing very low.) And we are very happy to meet so distinguished a gentleman. (Takes his arm, and leads him to the table, facing the audience.) I hope you will refresh yourself with the contents of that glass, before beginning your great lecture. (Albert turns from one to the other confused and astonished; looks at the placard, and then at Fannie, who seems to enjoy his embarrassment.)

A. Really-this is-

F. (placing her hand behind his head, and bending it forward suddenly.) Bow to the audience. (All laugh.) Now we are ready to listen with profound attention. (All take seats.)

A. Well, my friends, since you will force this honour upon me, I will muster up my courage, and do the best I can. But first I must dispose of this. (Takes up glass and pours contents out of a window.)

F. O, Al! how could you waste that nice cider ?

A. The meeting will please come to order. I came home from my visit with the intention of forming a Band of Hope, and this is a good time to commence. I am sure that all young folks should be teetotalers; for then there would be no danger of their becoming drunkards in

after life, if they will only be faithful to the pledge. Some of us have fathers who drink, and we may be able to persuade them to reform. Those who have temperance fathers and friends can help those who have not; and so we can all try and do some good, even though we are young. Now, who will join my Band?

J. I will, gladly.

JES. And so will I.

A. And you, Fannie?

F. O Al! I'm ashamed of myself. I fixed a plan to mortify you and make sport of you, and I am caught in my own trap; for you are a temperance orator, even if you are a young one. I will join your Band, and do all I can for the temperance cause.

#### (Mr. Gordon, Al's father, enters.)

Mr. Gordon. And do you think I intend to let you little ones go ahead of me in your work? Not I. I have heard everything since John and Albert first entered, and, thanks to my little temperance man, shall be a teetotaler from this moment. (Lays his hand on Al's head.) I am proud of you, my son.

J. Hurrah for Al and Mr. Gordon! Mr. G. Now let's give a "hurrah" for your Band of Hope. (All hurrah !)

#### COURAGE TO DO RIGHT.

E may have courage, all of us, To start at an hour's call, To meet a foe, protect a friend, Or face a cannon-ball; To show the world one hero lives— The foremost in the fight— But do we always manifest The courage to do right?

To answer, "No," with steady breath, And quick, unfaltering tongue, When fierce temptation, ever near,

Her siren song has sung?

To care not for the bantering tone, The jest or studied slight; Content if we can only have The courage to do right?

- To step aside from fashion's course, Or custom's favoured plan,
- To pluck an outcast from the street, Or help a fellow-man?

If not, then let us nobly try, Henceforth with all our might,

In every case to muster up The courage to do right.

#### HOPE ON, AND PERSEVERE.

BY JOHN C. PRINCE.

STRIVE on, brave souls, and win your way

By energy and care;

Waste not one portion of the day In languor and despair;

A constant drop will wear the stone, A constant watch may clear

Your way, however wild and lone : Hope on, and persevere.

Strive on, and if a shadow fall To dim your forward view,

The glorious sun is over all, And will shine out anew;

Leap o'er the barriers that ye meet, And to one course adhere;

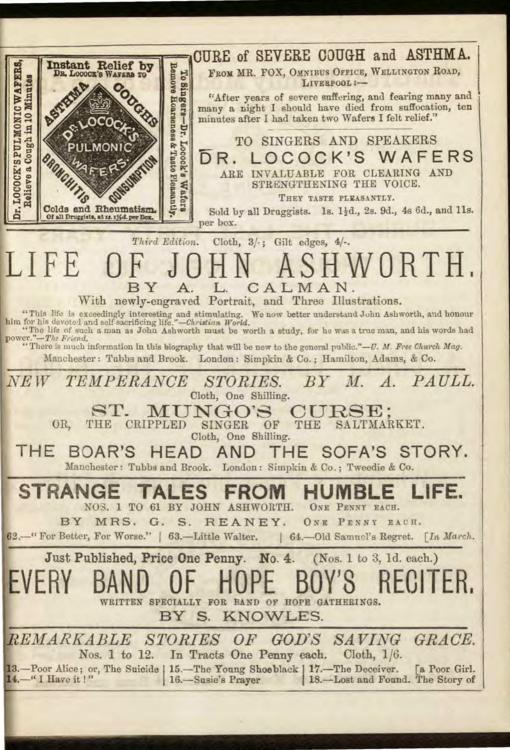
Advance with quick but cautious feet : Hope on, and persevere.

Rough places may deform the path That ye desire to tread,

And clouds of mingled gloom and wrath May gather over head;

Voices of menace and alarm May startle ye with fear,

But faith has a prevailing charm : Hope on, and persevere.



The Great Family Medicine of the Age!

ESTABLISHED



A.D. 1835.

BY THE USE OF WHICH

### DURING THE LAST FORTY YEARS

### THOUSANDS OF CURES

Have been effected; numbers of which cases had been pronounced INCURABLE !

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and other fluids of the human body.

Many persons have found these Pills of great service both in preventing and relieving SEA SICKNESS; and in warm climates they are very beneficial in all Bilious Complaints.

# Whelpton's Vegetable Stomach Pills

Are particularly suited to Weakly Persons, being exceedingly mild and gradual in their operation, imparting tone and vigour to the Digestive Organs.

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Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at Home and Abroad.





#### KITTY'S DOLL.

HIS doll is, in Kitty's opinion, the most wonderful that ever existed. It is worth its weight in gold to her, and it would be a very tempting thing indeed that would induce her to part with it. Kitty's doll is very well attended to. It has a

warm cradle to rest in with pretty covers, and Kitty generally rocks it to sleep. Then in the morning when she gets out of her own little cot, she looks into the tiny cradle to wish the doll good morning and to see how it has slept during the night. Kitty sometimes has dreams, but if dolly ever dreams she keeps them all to herself without even telling her mistress. When Kitty has had her breakfast she dresses the doll up for a walk. You will see that in the picture she has got on both hat and cape. Thus protected against the storms, Kitty takes her a long walk all round the nursery, and perhaps goes into the garden,

#### A DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY W. M. CARLETON.

BAC RS. Rogers lay ill in bed, Bandaged and blistered from foot to head,

Bandaged and blistered from head to toe, Mrs. Rogers was very low. Bottle and saucer, spoon and cup, On the table stood bravely np: Physic of high and low degree— Calomel, catnip, boneset tea:— Everything a body could bear, Excepting light, and water, and air.

I opened the blinds; the day was bright, And God gave Mrs. Rogers some light. I opened the window; the day was fair, And God gave Mrs. Rogers some air. Bottles and blisters, powders and pills, Catnip, boneset, syrups and squills, and there they have a romp together. Kitty talks to her doll a great deal, and sometimes would like to have an answer from her, but the doll has never a word to say. It is perhaps for this reason that they don't often quarrel. You see even if Kitty were to get angry and scold, the doll would only stare at her with its great wide eyes. At all events they agree very well, and are inseparable companions. The doll sits at the dinner table with Kitty, but can never be persuaded to taste anything. Though as you see it is dressed like a girl older than Kitty herself, it can't walk yet, but that may be because it is so little yet; so Kitty says. She also declares it to be the greatest darling of a doll that ever existed. She has not either washed the paint off, or let the sawdust run out, or spoiled its face or knocked its head. And in this matter there are a a great number of little girls who would do well to imitate her example.

Drugs and medicines, high and low, I threw them as far as I could throw. "What are you doing ?" my patient cried, "Frightening Death," I coolly replied. "You are crazy," a visitor said;

I flung a bottle at her head.

Deacon Rogers he came to me, "Wife is a-comin round," said he, "I really think she will worry through; She scolds me just as she used to do. All the people have poohed and slurred; All the neighbours have had their word. 'Twas better to perish,' some of 'em say, 'Than be cured in such an irregular way.'"

"Your wife," said I, "had God's good care, And Hisremedies—light, and water and air, All the doctors without a doubt, Couldn't have cured Mrs. Rogers without."



The Deacon smiled and bowed his head; "Then your bill is nothing," he said. "God's be the glory, as you say. [day!" God bless you, Doctor! Good day! good If ever I doctor that woman again, I'll give her medicines made by men. -Maine Farmer.

#### NASAL PHILOSOPHY.

(From the Spanish.)

A hulking country-clown,

With labour broke, beneath an oak, Serenely laid him down.

Then, from his blest retreat he turned A wise, admiring eye ;

While, everywhere, for all his care, Rich crops did he espy.

The landscape smiled with plenteous store, Raised from the well-tilled ground;

And, 'mid a crew of fruits, there grew Melons and pumpkins round.

Eftsoons, he upwards glanced, and lo ! Some acorns hung o'erhead,

So musingly he scanned the tree, While to himself he said :---

"Ho, ho! methinks, I now have found In Nature's plan a blot;

A berry small on tree so tall There surely should be not.

'Twere sooth a goodlier sight to see— Instead of yon wee trash—

From boughs so strong, cucumbers long, Melon and calabash."

But suddenly, while yet he spake, An acorn fell with might,

And on his nose took swift repose, As if in very spite.

Up jumped Squire Rustic in hot haste, And lustily did bawl,

" If tiny thing so much can sting, How would fat melon fall? Nay, if the pips upon the oak To large dimensions grew,

I had been left of nose bereft And eke of breathing too."

#### MORAL.

Let Providence their place dispense And end to objects all,

For Wisdom shines with glorious lines In creatures great and small.

The fishes dwell in scale or shell, In air the birds have flight,

And man shall grow to humbly know "Whatever is, is right."

#### LITTLE WORKERS.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.

"I AM a little fellow, what can I do?" exclaimed Charlie, when his good mother was pleading for the temperance cause.

"You can sign the pledge and stick to it," answered his mother.

"So can anybody," responded Charlie; "but that is not much. I thought you meant work."

"Well, that is the beginning of good work in the temperance cause," continued his mother. "No person could do much in this cause nnless he should first sign the pledge and keep it, and that you can do. So far you can do just as much as a man; and your example may influence another boy to ' touch not, taste not, handle not,' as the example of grown people will influence other grown people to do right."

Now, Charlie's mother " hit the nail on the head," as people say. Children have done much good in the temperance cause, and in other causes, too. If it be a very little that each one can do, there are so many of them in the land that the aggregate of all the littles amounts to a great deal. Children are as plenty as blackberries in July, and if all of them should do no more than to hurrah for temperance, we should have a stirring time all over the land. Here is a story that illustrates my point :—

A vessel was wrecked on the Atlantic coast. It was in full view of a village on the hillside. The people saw the ship go to pieces upon the rocks, while the storm was raging. Two or three of the crew only survived by leaping into a life-boat and committing themselves to the angry billows. The waves drifted them toward the shore, where the men from the village had gathered; but their frail craft caught upon a sand-bar, and there it stuck. In the boat was a long rope. Yankee wit soon suggested that one end of it be fastened to the boat, and the other floated to the men on shore. No quicker said than done. The rope was drifted to the shore, and all the men took hold of it and pulled-pulled-pulled-but in vain. They could not start the boat. They sent back to the village for the women to come, and then men and women pulled together. It was "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether," and still the boat was immovable. Then they sent to the village to call the boys and girls, who are ever ready to pull or play, to come and aid them. And now men, women, and children pulled steadily, earnestly, and mightily, and the boat was hauled upon the shore. Who saved the men? If the children did not pull to the amount of five pounds, they certainly pulled what was necessary to save the imperilled sailors.

Now, Charlie, never say, "I can do nothing for temperance." That is not true. Many men have been wrecked on the rocky shores of intemperance, and they are in danger of sinking. Give us a good boy's pull, and we will bring some of them to the shore.

#### OLD JIM, THE ENGINEER.

[A correspondent of the Railway News, signing himself "Sylvanas," sends the following lines, of which he is the author, relating to an old engine driver, named James Redford, "A steady and highly respected man, who has been a driver on the line through Burnley (the Lancashire and Yorkshire) for upwards of 27 years, and has not in all that time caused the slightest injury or accident to any passenger under his charge."]

#### Tune-" Old Towler."

E boast of British heroes brave, Our valiant sons of Mars, Are proud to see the banners wave Above our gallant tars;

Our bonny barks that plough the main We welcome with a cheer,

But seldom sing of a railway train, Or a worthy engineer.

With a hey ho, chivey,

Harkforward, harkforward, tantivy, Then here's to Jim, make way for him And keep the main line clear.

Then let my song your hearts inspire To trust and honour him,

That good old man we all admire, They call him Railway Jim;

He bids the stoker mind the brake, Then with his whistle clear,

He makes the sleepy pointsman quake, Old Jim, the engineer.

With a hey ho, chivey, &c.

When storms and tempests wildly rage, And lightnings rend the sky,

The lever doth his hands engage, Though thunders roll on high ;

Midst danger signals, green and red, In fogs or darkness drear,

There's one with caution looks ahead, 'Tis Jim, the engineer.

With a hey ho, chivey, &c.

When special trains the line invade Along each lovely dale,
Or shunted goods the rails blockade,
Or summer trips prevail;
With watchful eye he scans the road,
When perils dire appear,

He ne'er forgets his precious load, Old Jim, the engineer. With a hey ho, chivey, &c.

On pastures green the gazing herds Lie fearless on the grass, Among the woods the bonny birds Are chanting as we pass; The sweet sequestered glades rejoice, The hills both far and near Re-echo loud thy engine's voice, Old Jim, the engineer. With a hey ho, chivey, &c.

In winter's cold or summer's heat, I sit at ease with thee,

\*Mazeppa's throbbing voice is sweet, 'Tis always dear to me;

I've not the slightest dread, indeed With thee I've nought to fear, Then welcome to thy puffing steed, Old Jim, the engineer.

With a hey ho, chivey, &c.

\*The name of the engine.

#### ROSES.

BY JAMES H. KELLOGG.

ITH beauteous form And smiling face Bent to the breeze With winsome grace— Bright roses.

Blushing, so sweet, With crimson cheek, Of holy love They softly speak— The roses.

Their fragrant breath Perfumes the air ; Is any flower Than these more fair? The roses.

A ruddy boy I saw one day, With glowing face Adorned at play With roses.

A bright-eyed girl, On whose fair cheek The touch of health Had painted quick Sweet roses.

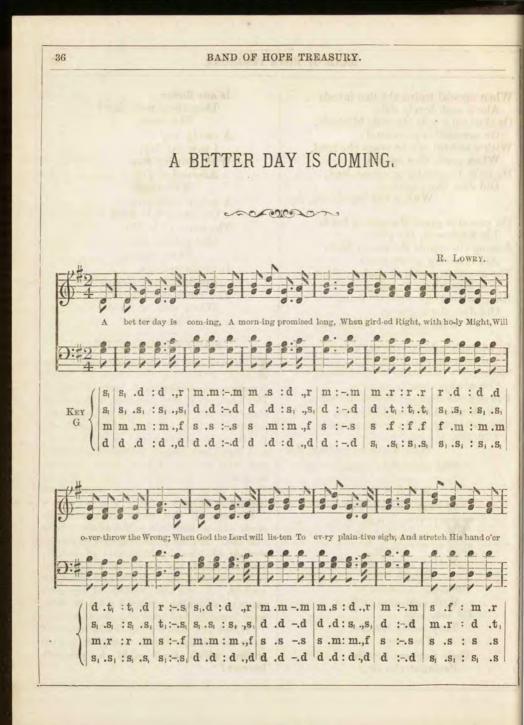
In water springs, Sparkling and clear, The brush was dipped Which painted there These roses.

#### SOWING THISTLES.

T is said that the Spaniards carried the seeds of thistles with them to Sonth America, no doubt by a mere accident. But however it was, the seed took root in that luxuriant soil and grew like a spreading prairie fire. It formed thickets so tall that a horseman might be lost in them, and furnished famous retreats for robbers and wild beasts. Whole tracts as large as some of the smaller North American States have been rendered worse than useless by them.

Perhaps all this came from a single seed. How like it is to the power of an evil life. It goes on through all its course sowing thistles in hundreds of hearts, which nourish the germs in a congenial soil, until they, too, mature and multiply tenfold. So the evil growth of sin goes on ever widening, yielding a fearful harvest from the bad seed of a single sower.

Which are you sowing in the hearts of your associates—thistle seed, or golden grain, which shall yield a priceless harvest?





No more will fill the air, But Age and Youth will love the Truth, And spread it everywhere; No more from Want and Sorrow Will come the hopeless cry; And strife will cease, and perfect Peace Will flourish by and by.

Coming by and bye, &c.

Oh ! for that holy dawning We watch, and wait, and pray, Till o'er the height the morning light Shall drive the gloom away; And when the heav'nly glory Shall flood the earth and sky, We'll bless the Lord for all His word, And praise Him by and by. Coming by and bye, &c.

#### AUNT MERCY'S NEWS.

CHARACTERS :- Aunt Mercy-Susie and Addie, her nieces.

NLY think ! Ella Wilder has had Julia Stone go home with her two nights this week, and I believe she invited her again this afternoon; at any rate I saw them walking together as far as the corner. Or perhaps Julia doesn't wait for

an invitation ; it would be just like her." Susie. "I shouldn't wonder : but they

Addie.

are dreadfully intimate all at once, any one can see that; but it won't last long, you may be sure."

A. "O, did you hear about Kate Emmerson's new suit? It is royal purple, trimmed with velvet a shade darker, and hat and gloves and everything to match ! She will put on more airs than ever, now."

S. "Dear me, she can hardly do that if she tries! But just look across the street, Addie, I do believe the Thompsons are going to furnish their parlour at last! Yes, the furniture-waggon has stopped, and there is a green rep sofa, and chairs, and marble-top table? Well, I should think it time, but I don't see how they can afford it. Millie hasn't had a new dress this winter; but she will feel grand enough now."

Aunt Mercy. (Reprovingly.) "Girls, girls! is that what you are learning at Madame Martine's select school—how to gossip about your acquaintances? Certainly that is all you have been doing since you came home an hour ago."

A. "Why, aunt, we must talk about the news, you know."

Aunt Mercy. "That depends on what 'the news' is, in my opinion; and if one's mind is filled with more important thoughts one will hardly care to discuss the trivial details of dress or conduct of friends and neighbours. Besides, they who allow themselves to indulge in all sorts of conjectures concerning the circumstances and motives of others must often fall far from the truth. For instance, you imagine Millie Thompson is enjoying that new furniture, when it does not belong to them at all; Mrs. Thompson has given up her parlour to a gentleman and his wife who are coming there to board, and they furnish it to suit themselves."

S. "Oh!—well, of course, aunt, we couldn't be expected to know that; such a 'come down' for the Thompsons! I guess Millie won't say any more about the grand parties she is going to give when their parlour is furnished."

Aunt Mercy. "I hope you do not exult in any one's misfortune, Susie, I know your heart is too tender for that; but you and Addie have both fallen into a careless way of talking, of late. Those unacquainted with you might be led to judge you very harshly. I wish, girls, you would learn to think great thoughts-I wish, instead of confining your minds to the little incidents of your daily life, that you would take in the whole world continually, and not only that but another world ! Some little things are very great indeed, and some things which now appear of vast importance are mere trifles. Shall I tell you some news that I consider worthy a good deal of thought and conversation ?"

S. "O yes, aunt, we should like to hear what you think is worth talking about."

Aunt Mercy. "Last evening, in a splendid mansion in this very city, there was a grand party. The elegant rooms were filled with beautiful ladies and courteous men, and there were flowers and music and the flashing of diamonds



and rustling of silks. The supper-table was laden with the most costly dainties, displayed upon the richest of silver. The lovely ladies sipped sparkling wine out of exquisite goblets and urged it upon the men, some of whom declined because they feared it. But the fair ladies always succeeded at last and they all drank and were merry.

Only a few blocks away, down in a dark basement, a little girl lay in a corner upon a hard bed of straw. Louey was sick and alone. For days she had been wasting with a slow fever, and now her lips were parched and dry and her wan face was strangely sunken. There had been no one to place a tempting orange in her weak little hands, or to bring nourishing broths to sustain her flickering life. A tin cup of water stood on the floor beside her, from which she sometimes drank, and a few crackers were near by in a paper, but she could not taste one now.

The long hours went drearily by and then a woman—no, the mere wreck of a woman, came in with unsteady gait. She threw herself on the floor beside the suffering child and gazed in her pallid face with something of tenderness in her look.

'Well, Louey, how do you feel to-night ?' she said, 'you'd like to have been with me ; I came past the old house-that grand old house you know-where you were born; just eight years ago this very night, too ! and oh, they are having a grand time, the lights are flashing out through the great windows and I heard the sound of music and dancing. And they have plenty of wine there, I know; oh yes, plenty of it ! We always had; and I've given as gay parties as that many a time. But the wine-yes, that is what brought us to this; and how long before some of them will come to this, too? I hope they will, yes, I hope they will !' And the miserable woman clenched her hands in bitterness of spirit, and then hastened to deaden all feelings of grief and shame with deep draughts from the fiery liquor at hand.

'Oh mother! don't drink any more to-night! do talk to me and tell me if I am going to die!' pleaded Louey, with her little strength.

But in vain; the strong fumes of the dreadful liquid had already quenched all thought and care for even a dying child; and the wretched mother soon slept the heavy sleep of drunkenness.

And Louey slumbered too, a calm and sinless slumber. The faint, grey light of morning struggled in through the small window and showed poor Louey's form motionless on the hard bed of straw—no matter now how hard. The neglected flower had been transplanted by angels to bloom in the garden of God forever.

Then the coroner came, and the doctor pronounced as his opinion that the subject had died of innutrition; and by that, you know, he meant starvation! So near, oh so near, to huxury and gaiety, and goodness too! Yet it had happened, and it will happen again.

Louey's little form was carried out of sight-oh, in such a way !--and this afternoon I found the miserable woman and tried to do her some good, but that is a nearly impossible thing to accomplish. Her husband is equally degraded. That is my 'news;' and I wish you would ponder the lesson it contains. I wish you would consider the great contrasts in life, and study the causes of suffering and sin, even while you are young. For it is during youth that you can exert, oh, such a magical influence over all with whom you come in contact! And be sure, dear girls, that you are always on the right side of every question !"

#### THE FALSE PLEASURES OF WINE.

THE wines which encircle the board of the rich,

To the lip may give eloquence rare ;

And the flash of the eye more brilliant appears

In the midst of a poisonous air.

But short-lived the pleasures that follow the draught

From a cup of the beautiful wine;

'Twill delude you to death; yet you madly persist

To be fond of the fruit of the vine.

Interwoven it soon will become with your life,

Your destiny, too, must be sealed,

If you still persist n your desperate course; Then with love we entreat you to yield.

The wine, like a treacherous friend, will deceive

And lure you to trust in its spell;

Its victims will say that potations more cool

Your talents and genius will vail.

#### WIDE AWAKE.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

THERE'S a labour to be wrought, There's a race that we must run, There's a battle to be fought, And a victory to be won For a cheated nation's sake! Ho ye people! plundered all By the slaves of alcohol; Rouse, the demon's arm to break; Wide awake, boys! wide awake!

In the councils of the great, In the hovels of the low, In the very halls of state Sits the desolating foe; Only human life can slake

His infernal thirst for blood; Up, ye virtuous brotherhood, Smite him till his vassals quake; Wide awake, boys! wide awake! See him in the holy place,

Lurking in the blessed wine; Glancing through the bridal lace,

How his deadly eyeballs shine ! Coiling like a venomed snake

In the parlour's social ring,

Strength and beauty feel its sting ; Hurl him to his burning lake ! Wide awake, boys ! wide awake !

Where the dens of haggard crime

Draw the wretch to deeper shame, Loathsome in his evil slime

Blacker vices than we name, Of the demon's cup partake;

All his garnered fruits are there, Bathing in the poisoned air;

Through his fen quick clearance make, Wide awake, boys! wide awake!

#### ONLY ONCE! AND NO, NOT ONCE!

"ONLY once," the tempter said, with smiling lip. [fatal sip: Tempted thus, the young man took the And time passed on. Hush! gently tread; Death guards this night the drunkard's bed! "Only once," the tempter said, with

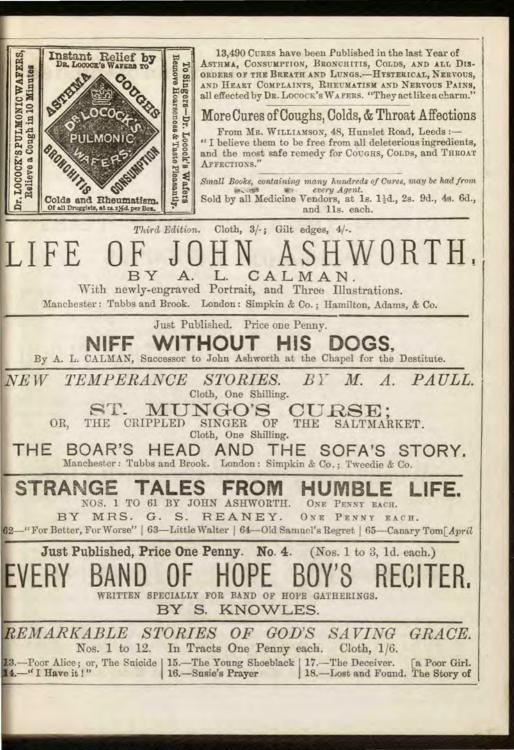
winning voice, [rattling dice : Seizing the box, the young man threw the And time passed on. What can earth have More sad than this—a gambler's grave?

"No, not once," the young man said, and rising up, [ling cup:

Wavering not, he pushed aside the spark-And time passed on. No nobler fame Has earth than his—an honoured name.

"No, not once," the youth exclaimed, and turned away. [exciting play.

Others filled his place, and joined the And time passed on. How lived that boy? A father's pride, a mother's joy !



The Great Family Medicine of the Age!

ESTABLISHED



A.D. 1835.

#### BY THE USE OF WHICH

# DURING THE LAST FORTY YEARS

### THOUSANDS OF CURES

Have been effected; numbers of which cases had been pronounced INCURABLE !

The numerous well-authenticated Testimonials in disorders of the HEAD, CHEST, BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS; also in RHEUMATISM, ULCERS, SORES, and all SKIN DISEASES, are sufficient to prove the great value of this most useful Family Medicine, it being

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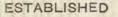
and other fluids of the human body.

Many persons have found these Pills of great service both in preventing and relieving SEA SICKNESS; and in warm climates they are very beneficial in all Bilious Complaints.

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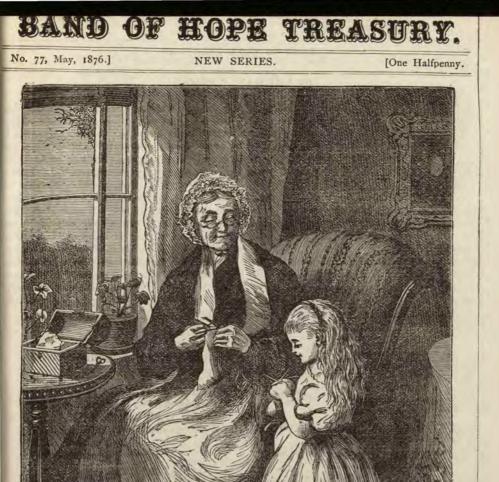




A.D. 1835.

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GRANDMA'S LESSON.

GRANDMA'S LESSON.



HE artist has depicted here one of those pleasant scenes with which many of our readers will already be familiar. Kindhearted grandmama has been taking pains to instruct little Louise in a very useful art. That little lady, on her part,

has been trying, with all her might, to master its mysterious processes. No doubt if one were to examine her work with very keen or very unfriendly eyes, we should find a crop of mistakes in it. But grandmama, though her eyes-still keen-are assisted by spectacles will, you may be sure, not pass any severe criticism upon it. She will show Louise how the mistakes have come about, where the

#### SPRING.

- THE morn is fine, the sun' doth shine, Sweetly sing the line in doth shine, Sweetly sing the birds ;
- All earth is bright with glorious light-Merry are the herds.
- Bright smiling spring doth beauties bring, Trees in verdure clad ;
- Clear rippling streams, have silver beams, Nature's heart is glad.
- For genial showers, expanding flowers, Beauties bright unfold ;
- In hedgerows green the birds are seen, Chirruping and bold.
- In mead and field, bloom half concealed, Flowers of every hue;
- From cowslips bright to daisies white, Gay with drops of dew.
- In wood and glade, deep in the shade, Modest violet blows;
- The sweetest flower in nature's bower, Though it humbly grows.
- Sweet primrose wild, spring's earliest child Decks the grassy mound,

needle has gone wrong, and where the little fingers have failed in their task. And in this way, with kind words and gentle hands, she will lead Louise on step by step. Louise, on her part, loves grandmama very much, and is determined to grow up a useful girl, and to master all the tasks that are placed before her. She knows full well that only those will be given which she ought to be able to conquer by industry and care. She knows too that when a difficulty occurs too great for her to deal with, that grandma will help her out. Kindness brings confidence and kindles industry. If Louise is a good little girl, it is a result of the law of love and kindness.

With beauty rare, graceful and fair, Springing from the ground.

What dear delights, these lovely sights, Earthly mortals bring;

Thoughts pure and fresh give happiness-Welcome smiling spring !

J. S.

#### DAISIES AND VIOLETS.

#### F. E. WEATHERBY,

**D**AISIES in the meadows sweet, Daisies hung with dewdrops clear, Where my love and I did meet In the spring-time of the year.

Daisies breathing wishful sighs, Violets speaking vain regrets, Lay them where my darling lies,

Daisies, tears, and violets !

Violets in the ferny dale,

Violets hung with dewdrops clear, Where I told the old, old tale,

In the spring-time of the year.

#### TUSCARORA'S PLEDGE.

Where the red-skinned Indian roams, Certain brave and daring white men Builded for themselves new homes.

Round them was the mighty forest, With its silence, calm and still, And across the village common, Ran a streamlet from the hill.

And the mill would clatter daily, Mingling with the children's song; Flowers were blooming, sweet perfuming--Was there any room for wrong?

Ah! then came the dread Fire Water-Brought by hunters from the East-Changing, by its horrid magic, Thinking man into a beast.

Seldom now the mill went clacking, Or the children sang or played,

And the clinging of the anvil Seldom woke the forest's shade.

To the village came an Indian Who had fallen in disgrace— Ere he tasted the fire-water He was leader of his race.

Now he came forlorn, degraded-Begging at a *white* man's door-

"I will toil and I will labour, Give me rum, I ask no more."

Much he drank, but laboured little, Rolling drunken on the green, All of mankind lost within him, He, who once a chief had been.

One day came a cry of terror, That the tribes were risen for fight, And the sunk, degraded Indian Left the village in the night.

Months flew by, the fight was over, And the Indian came back In his gorgeous paint and feathers, As still on the battle track. His old comrades of the village Filled for him a draught of rum,

"Drink, old fellow ! drink a welcome !" And the Indian stood dumb.

Flashed his eye like prairie lightning, Came his voice like thunder's sound,

"White men, I am Tuscarora! Dash the poison to the ground!

"I'm a king among my nation, Long as winds and waters roll, I am not that wretched red man

Who for rum would sell his soul !

"I have prayed to the Great Father From my lips to keep away The fire-water; brother white man. Kneel and pray the same to-day."

#### FRANK'S APPLES.

**T**RANK HOLT was a farmer's son. His father had been accustomed for many years on the birth of his children to plant a fruit tree, either apple or pear, which as they grew older, he taught them to cultivate and take care of; giving them as a reward, all the fruit which the tree bore, to do whatever they pleased with.

Frank had always taken great delight in his tree, and his earliest recollections were connected with it. Each autumn, as it came round, brought him an ever increasing store of rosy-cheeked apples; and many a pleasant treat had he given to his friends and companions.

It happened when he was about twelve years old that the tree bore more fruit than he knew what to do with. So his father advised him to take what he did not want to keep to the neighbouring town and sell it.

Accordingly one bright morning Frank jumped up earlier than usual, and after dressing himself, took a basket and filled it with apples, and having eaten a hearty breakfast, set out on his journey towards the town.

Frank thought he had never known anything so pleasant as that clear autumn morning. The birds trilled forth their merry lays; the brook babbled over the stones, and the sun brightened and cheered everything. Bright flowers and fresh green grass grew on the banks by the road side. The hedges were covered with the scarlet hip, the crimson haw, and the luscious blackberry; and the fields were filled with golden corn, gently waving in the breeze. "Never before," thought Frank, "have I felt so much the goodness and greatness of God."

The distance to the town was about four miles; and the basket of apples which Frank carried was rather heavy; but his heart was very light, and so when one arm was tired he just changed it to the other and trudged along, singing merrily.

At length he reached the town. On his way through it he had to pass the publichouse. As he was doing so, he saw lying on the ground a man dressed like a sailor, with his head resting against the wall. Frank accosted him, and asked him if he had fallen, and if he was hurt; for he noticed a nasty scratch on the man's forehead from which a little blood was flowing.

"No, thank you, lad, I'm all right." Then drawing his hand across his forchead, "Ah, I see, I've got a bit of a scratch. The fact is, I've been here ever since they turned me out last night, and I suppose I got it somehow when I was drunk. I'm awfully thirsty."

"Shall I go inside and ask them to give you something to drink ?"

"No, thank you, my lad; I've got no shot in my locker, you see, so they'll not care to trouble themselves about me."

"Well, will you try some of these apples? They are very nice, and they are my own, to do what I please with." "I don't mind if I do. I guess they'll be all the breakfast I shall get between here and Liverpool."

"Are you going to Liverpool, then?"

"Yes, I'm going back to sea, as I've got rid of all my money. Where do you hail from, young un? You're a good hearted lad, whoever you are."

"My name's Frank Holt, and I live with my father about four miles from here."

"Have you any brothers or sisters ?"

"I've a brother younger than myself at home, and a sister who is older. I had another brother who went to sea the year I was born, and we've never heard from him since. Father thinks he's drowned, but mother says she feels sure he will come back. I hope he will, I'm sure. It would be so jolly to have a brother who'd been all over the world, and seen all those strange countries that I read about. Besides he's my brother, and it would be so awful if he were drowned."

"Do you think he'd be welcome if he were to go home now, a poor man, like me, for instance?"

"Yes, I'm sure he would. But I must go now. I've got these apples to sell, and if I am not quick I shall be late. Here, take some more. Good-bye." And with this Frank ran off and sold his apples.

You may be sure that Frank was surprised when he got home, to see the strange sailor seated comfortably by the fire side, and his mother seated against him, with her arm round his neck, and tears running down her cheeks. And not less surprised was he when his father told him that the sailor was his brother, and that his return home was due to his own kindness that morning in giving the apples.

It seems that during the twelve years this brother had been twice in England, but having spent his money with riotous companions he had been afraid to go home,

for fear his lost condition should break his mother's heart. He had been on his way home the night before, and had just called in at the public-house to get a glass. From one he had got to more, and ended by getting drank, treating all who came in and finally being turned out to pass the night in the street. Had not Frank spoker to him he would have gone to sea with the intention never to return to the home which he feared to disgrace. As it was he became a teetotaler, and left the sea to assist his father on the farm, and from that time became a steady and useful man So Frank's apples, and a few kind words were the means of giving happiness to the whole family.

#### THE STATION BELL.

THE Station Bell doth loudly ring; Puff, puff, puff, the train comes in, And to alight the folks begin, Each morning.

A little child, in accents clear, Said, "Hark, Mamma, Puff, Puff is near, What joy if my Papa comes here

This morning !" And Puff, Puff, Puff, the child would cry, And think her Father must be nigh; Her Mother watched with sadden'd eye Each morning.

The Station Porter used to stare, To see them both so often there; But still to question did not dare, Each morning.

Time pass'd, and tired the sweet child grew, Her youthful heart to sorrow new, Like Puff, Puff, Puff, her hopes all flew Each morning.

L. M. THORNTON.

#### THE MOUNTAIN HEART'S EASE.

Y scattered rocks and turbid waters shifting,

-			
	By furrowed glade and dell,		
3	To feverish men thy calm, sweet face up-		
i	Thou stayest, them to tell. [lifting,		
1			
7	The delicate thought that cannot find		
,	expression,		
	For ruder speech too fair ; That, like the petals, tremble in possession,		
1	And scatters on the air.		
	The miner pauses in his rugged labour,		
3	And leaning on his spade, [bour		
)	Laughingly calls unto his comrade neigh-		
L	To see thy charms displayed.		
•	But in his eye a mist unwonted rises,		
2	And for a moment clear, [surprises,		
3	Some sweet home face his foolish thought		
	And pauses in a tear-		
	Some boyish vision of his eastern village,		
	Of uneventful toil, [tillage		
	Where golden harvests followed quiet		
	Above a peaceful soil.		
	One moment, only, for the pick uplifting		
1	Through root and fibre cleaves,		
	And on the muddy current slowly drifting		
	Are swept the bruised leaves.		
1	And yet, O poet, in thy homely fashion,		
	Thy work thou dost fulfil :		
	For in the turbid current of his passion		
	Thy face is shining still.		
1	BRET HARTE.		
	RHYMES FOR YOUNG READERS.		
	THE STARS.		
	RETTY stars, overhead,		
1	Looking down on my bed ;		
	Can you be God's kind eyes,		
1	Watching me from the skies ?		
1	Pretty stars, kind watch keep		
	Over me while I sleep:		
	Watch me well, stars, I pray,		
	Till I wake in bright day. W. C. BENNETT.		
	TT. M. LIENNETT.		

-Devon & Cornwall Journal.

46 BAND OF HOPE TREASURY. THE BRIGHT FOREVER, Music by H. P. MAIN. Breaking through the clouds that ga - ther O'er the Christian's na - tive skies, Distant 1. 0. 0. 0. 0. 24 KEY F. :s, .,d | m:-.m:f .m | m,r:d :d .,m | s :-.m:r.d | r :-.s .,d :s, .,s, d:-.d:d.d d.,t,:d:d.,d d:-.d:t,.d t,:-:s, .,s, :m "m s :-.s :1 .s s .,f :m :m .,s m :-.s :f .m s :-.m.,m :d .,d d :-.d :d .d d :d :d .,d d :-.d :d .d s :-.:d.,d beams, like floods of glo - ry, Fill the soul with glad sur-prise; And we al-most hear the -0-0- 0-0-M 0-7m :-.m:f.m m.r:d :m.m r :-.s :t .,1 s :--:s .,m f :-.1 :s .f d :-.d :d.d d .,t,:d :d .,d t<sub>1</sub> :-.t<sub>1</sub> :r .,d t<sub>1</sub> :--:d .,d t<sub>1</sub> :-.t<sub>1</sub>:d.r s :-.s : l.s s.,f : m : s.,s s :-.s : fe.,fe s : -- : m.,d r :-.f : m.s  $d := .d : d.d d : d : d : d ., d r := .r : r ., r s_1 := : d ., d s_1 := .s_1 : s_1 . s_1$ 10 0.0.0 00.0. a 0.0 e - cho Of the pure and ho-ly throng, In the bright, the bright for ever, In the 0:0' -0-2: 2: m.s:-:s.,m|f:-.l:s.f|m:-:s,.,d|m:-.m:f.s|s.f:-:m.,r  $d , d : -: d , d | t_1 : -, t_1 : d , r | d_1 : -: s_1 , s_1 | d : -, d : d , d | d , d : -: d , l_1$ s .m:-:m,,d r :-.f :m.s s :-:m,,m s :-.s :1.ta ta.1:-:s.,f d.d:-:d.,d s\_:-.s\_:s\_.s\_d :-:d.,d d :-.d :d.m, f. f:-:f.,f.

47



On the banks, &c.

#### WINE OR WATER?

CHARACTERS :- Grace Arden, a young lady-Neal Bernard, a young gentleman-Kitty Frost, a little girl of twelve.

#### Grace.

O my little Kitty took a peep at fashion and folly last night. How did you like it?

Kitty. Oh, Gracie, did you see me there? I suppose you thought it queer to see us little girls but, Fanny's mother teased

mamma to let me stay all night with Fanny; and we stopped in the parlour to see the party awhile.

G. Oh, yes; Mrs. Snow explained it to me. And a very pretty picture you little white-robed maidens made in your quiet corner. But how did you like it?

The music and the flowers and the Κ. beautiful dresses and everything was just like fairy-land. I thought somebody had found Aladdin's lamp, and I just pinched myself once or twice to be sure I wasn't dreaming.

G. I suppose it was quite a perfect thing in its way, and to one looking on must have been very beautiful. -But-

K. Oh, Gracie ! did you feel so, too ?

G. How do you mean, child ?

K, As if there was something that spoiled all the beauty of it, and made the lights grow dim, and the music a discord, and left a pain instead of pleasure?

G. Why, Kitty Frost, what do you I'll think I'm dreaming next. mean? And instead of my own little puss, sitting there so demurely, it is some old fairy in your form, come to lecture me upon fashionable folly. How old are you, godmother?

K. I'm twelve years old to-day, Miss; and I'm Kitty Frost. But I think at twelve years one can see and think and do right, don't you ?

G. True. And you have reached quite a venerable age, little one. Now

what did you see at Mrs. Snow's party that affected you so dismally? Say, pussy cat!

Κ. Just what you saw. Just what made you sigh so heavily, just now, when you said "but," and didn't finish the sentence.

G. Did I? Well, one always feels a little disconsolate, after late hours and excitement.

K. It isn't that. O I am so sorry that Mrs. Snow had wine at her party. Now aren't you, Grace? And didn't it spoil all your pleasure too ?

G. I don't know as that is any concern of yours or mine. We didn't take wine. and nobody need, unless they please, you know.

K. It does concern you, and me too, though I am only a little girl of twelve. Oh, Gracie, you might do so much, if you would.

G. I don't see how. I've nobody to look after, but cousin Neal, and I'm not his keeper.

That's just what Cain said about К. Abel, when the Lord walked in the garden and asked about his brother-" Am I my brother's keeper?"

G. If you wasn't just a little twelveyear-old puss, I'd be angry at you. Just as if I could do anything about it. If Neal Bernard isn't man enough to drink a glass or two of wine without going farther, I'm ashamed of him, that's all.

K. Well, suppose he is. There's many a young fellow that is weak, and that can't take a glass or two of wine without being led on to drink more. Now wouldn't it be better not to set wine before them? They're worth saving; and then think of their mothers and sisters and -cousins.



G. Nonsense, Kitty ! But suppose it is wrong—suppose society is all wrong, what's going to be done about it? Wine is fashionable.

K. Make water fashionable, then.

G. That's easily said.

K. And quite as easily done. If your family and half-a-dozen others banish wine from their sideboards the rest would follow your example, gladly.

G. Well, I'm glad of one thing. I never proffered the rosy wine. I never tempted anybody to drink.

K. No, you never did. But, Gracie, last night from my quiet corner, I'll tell you what I saw. Neal Bernard refused to drink again and again. But he was urged with playful raillery and pretty coaxing ways, until at last he yielded, and took a glass of wine from a white jewelled hand. I saw him turn to where you sat with such a pleading look in his eyes. It said as plain, as words could say, "I wish Grace would come and help me." But you never came to his side and said, "I wouldn't, Neal. You and I are staunch temperance people, you know." Or some other playful words. You might have done it without exciting remark. But you didn't. You sat there pale and still, when just a word from you might have saved him.

G. Saved him? As if Neal Bernard were in danger of being a drunkard, just because he drank a glass or two of wine. Kitty, you are insufferably personal, and you are gifted with a wonderful imagination for a child. You are a monomaniac at twelve years of age.

K. "I am not mad," most beautiful Grace. But hear me. I saw you shudder and turn pale, when for the third time he raised the glass to his lips. But do you know, Grace, that later in the evening he was led from the room, *intoxicated*?

G. Oh, Kitty, you will kill me! Don't

say any more about it! My talented, noble, generous cousin Neal! And I might have helped him! I might have spoken, but I wouldn't, Kitty! I was too proud. I thought he ought to be brave enough and strong enough to help himself. Oh, can nothing be done? Is there no way to stop his downward course?

[Enter Neal Bernard, who has heard the whole conversation.]

Neal. Yes, my sweet cousin, there is, there shall be a way. (Giving his hand to Kitty). Dear little Kitty, how can I thank you for saying what you have? It is true every word of it. And, but for your plain words, I might have gone on drinking wine at every social gathering till I had broken my mother's heart, and brought disgrace upon my beautiful cousin Grace, here. For Gracie, I am not brave enough to withstand such temptations as meet me in society! I am a coward. I am not strong enough to resist the voice and smile of the tempter. And, Grace, there is no use in trying to conceal the fact from you, I am in danger of becoming a drunkard ! There is but one way for me-total abstinence. I am sorry, Grace, that I am a coward and weak; but I thank God I have strength and courage enough to pledge myself to total abstinence in all coming time, now, before it is too late.

K. Oh, Mr. Bernard, I am so glad! And I don't think you are a coward. I think you are strong and brave now, don't you, Gracie?

N. Let me say it now, while I am strong—and I wish the whole world could bear me witness, as you do, Grace, and Kitty, that here I pledge my sacred word that nothing that can intoxicate shall ever pass my lips.

G. (Taking his hand). Cousin Neal, my heart says, "Amen! amen!" And I join with you in this sacred pledge, adding also this; that no word of mine shall ever

be wanting to banish from every home, this fiery curse to society—wine! Dear little Kitty has convinced me that it is just as easy to make it fashionable to drink water as wine. But, puss, how did you happen to take it into your wise little head to be such a teetotaler at your age.

K. Why, Gracie, don't you know I'm a Band of Hope girl, and a Cold Water Templar? I've known all about it this ever-so-long. I took the pledge when I was six years old.

N. You're a veteran in the cause, Kitty. (To the audience.) Dear ladies, who hear me in this audience, will you not for the sake of the young men who stand where I stood last night, upon the very brink of ruin and disgrace, take little Kitty's advice and banish from your homes that fearful curse, which issuing from the top-most wave of society, rolls its billows over every grade and rank of the great human family?

Believe me, ladies, you have great power over many a noble, loving heart. Don't, I pray you, by your influence lead them downward to darkness and death. Don't with your own hands, bind them with fetters that they can never break, thrust aside their nobler nature and shut them out from the presence of God and His holy angels. You have the work in a great measure in your own hands, ladies—shall it be for the young men of our land, disgrace or honour?

Shall it be wine or water?

#### A FABLE.

#### GEORGE S. BURLEIGH,

HITE queen of all the garden walk, A lily by the garden wall Stood like a lady fair and tall; And like a lily by her stood A lady, queen of womanhood; And the pure sisters joined in talk. The lily said, "I saw, last night,

Your gallant lover lift the wine

And touch it to those lips divine,

Low whispering, 'drink, my lily queen; Life, love, and beauty glow within !'

And you out-blushed its rosy light.

"I too am queen, O lady fair ! No more I seek the tasteless dew ; Give me that royal nectar too." The lady smiled, and poured the cup,

And deep the lily quaffed it up, And nodded in the moon-lit air.

"Sweet sister, for your flattering tongue I give thee boon: and so, good night." The lady floated out of sight,

And from the garden seemed to bear The beauty of the moon-lit air,

And leave a shadow o'er it hung.

At eve she brought the moonlight back, But not the beauty of the flower; Poor empress of the garden-bower, She withered with a sickening breath Her pearly petals drooped to death, Life, love, and beauty, dead and black !

"Alas my sweet!" the lady sighed, ", "Is love so deadly, pledged in wine ? Forever, then, these lips of mine

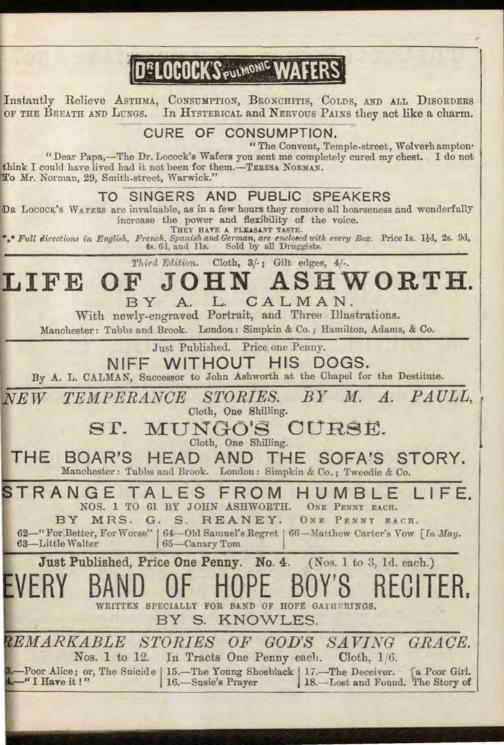
Abloom from God, shall shut their leaves

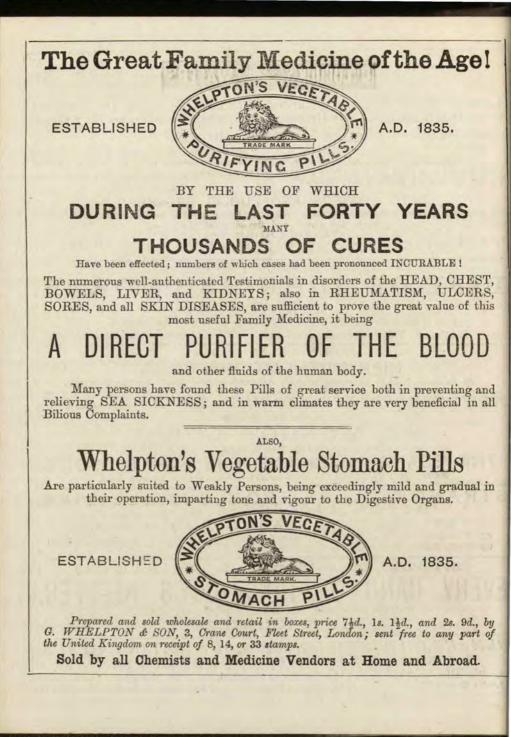
Against a cup that so deceives. Just learning life from this that died ! "

St. Mungo's Curse; or, the Crippled Singer of the Saltmarket. By M. A. Paull. Manchester: Tubbs and Brook.

The Boar's Head, and the Sofa's Story. By M. A. Paull. Manchester: Tubbs and Brook.

Readers of temperance literature are already familiar with the graphic and often graceful writings of Miss Paull. These two stories are full of interest, and exhibit in strong light the shades and some of the features of modern life.



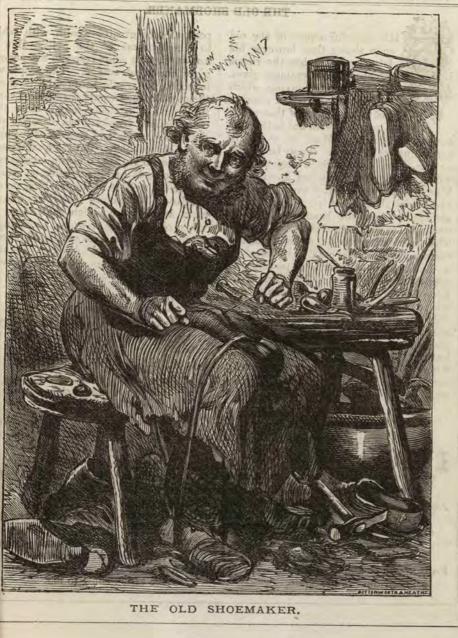




No. 78, June, 1876.]

#### NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



#### THE OLD SHOEMAKER.

HE cheerful aspect of the old man shows that however his lot may be, he has the riches which only contentment gives. That is a wise saying which declares that wealth consists not in the extent of that which a man possesses but in the few-

ness of his wants. Most of us desire something we have not. It may be wealth, or fame, or power. Such desires when wisely guided are incentives to exertion. There is no reason why every boy and every girl should not try to emulate the actions of those who have risen by perseverance to positions of trust and honour. The mere effort to do so will have a certain value. They must have, however, a due regard to their own powers and opportunities, or they will only meet the fate of the frog who wished to make himself as large as the ox, and died in the vain attempt to swell himself out. There are some attempts which only show vanity and conceit. The Old Shoemaker has learned this truth. As he sees the misery which surrounds him, and the drunken homes with which his neighbourhood abounds, he may sometimes sigh for the

#### A VISION.

#### BY ELLA WHEELER.

TN the night I had a vision, a foresight of that great day

When the Lord shall come with all His hosts, to sift the chaff and wheat.

And I saw the skies above me as a curtain swept away,

And a trumpet blast called up the dead before the judgment-seat.

From the earth and from the ocean sprang their dust to life again,

possession of greater wealth with which to remedy some of the evils. But h knows that in some respects his povert gives him an advantage. The people wi listen to his words because he is one o them, when they would turn a deaf ear t the words of a richer man. More tha one reclaimed drunkard has reason to bles the cheery words and beneficent example of the old cobbler. Many a quaint stor and cheerful rhyme he has in advocacy of what he feels to be a matter so impor ant for the welfare of the working men o England. He knows that every one ca exert an influence which shall leave th world either better or worse, according t its character. He throws his influence i the scale of virtue and sobriety. He sing with delight that verse of Bunyan's,-

"He that is down need fear no fall ;

He that is low no pride ; He that is humble ever shall Have God to be his guide."

Thus he travels through life's journey meeting sorrow bravely, cheerful an contented :-

> Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, Onward through life he goes, Each morning sees some task begun, Each evening sees its close.

And I saw the mighty columns sweep ing onward to the throne.

Rank on rank, each in his order, did th righteous Lord arraign,

Did He call those hosts before Him i an awful thunder-tone.

Those who fell, shot down in battle, those who lost their lives at sea,

Those who died on beds of sicknes rank on rank, and file on file;

But one vast and nameless column di the vision show to me.

And	" What	slew the mighty legion ?"
	cried I,	questioning the while.

- Then I saw it moving onward, till itneared the judgment-seat,
  - And I straightway knew this host to be the victims of the glass.
- And I heard the Lord cry, "Now come forth, ye souls of dark deceit."
  - And I saw a terror-stricken band with ghastly faces pass.
- And this, my spirit did divine, was that accursed crew
- Who drown the souls of fellow-men, and sell them out for gain.
- Again God spoke in awful tones, "Thou steeped in sin, on you
- Doth rest the blood of this vast host, their punishment and pain.
- Not satisfied with thine own sins and thine iniquity,
- Thou hast seduced my little ones, and shut them out from peace.
- wretched band! accursed crew! through all eternity
- Your souls shall writhe in awful depths of pains that never cease."
- shrank, appalled at God's great wrath, as boundless as His love,
- And turned away my frightened gaze to shun the dreadful sight.
- nd I saw the lamps of heaven gleaming through the skies above,
- And the vision slowly faded in the shadows of the night.

#### HE NYMPH OF THE COTTAGE WELL.

#### GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

BRING spade, and pick, and an iron bar; sep in the earth is a fountain-head, here a pure nymph sleeps on arocky bed, Unseen by sun or star ! Set free the maid ! Plunge in the sward the shining blade Of your sturdy spade;

And follow it quick [pick! With the searching beak of your hungry Open the chamber deep and wide

For a granite wall on every side;

Down through the solid rock descend With steel and fire, and never tire

- Till you reach the cell of your hidden friend.
- Ha! now she is roused by the thundershock :
- She wakes, she leaps from the cloven rock!
- She has caught the light on her stainless vest,
- And glances, and dances, and laughs to be Forever free
- From the granite load on her stifled breast ! In your hour of need
- She will climb and bless you for your deed. In thirst and pain

She will cool your lip and fevered brain. Should fire, your demon slave,

From the grated cell of his iron cave Leap up with a torch to shrivel and scorch Your sheltering walls, she will rush to save, And smother the fiend in her roll of mist.

The young cheeks kissed By her virgin lips grow pure as she. Your very garments rise clean and sweet From the rippling play of her dancing feet, Rejoicing to be free!

So now she is weaving a vail of moss And dripping fern in the rocky urn

You shaped for her dwelling; and oft across its crowning stone

A rainbow shoots in the noonday sun, When the bucket filled in her bowl below Comes up with a crystal overflow,

> And leans to the mower's lip, As if from her finger's tip, Tossed up in that sparkling drip, Was the kiss of her fellowship, That only her lovers know.

Pure, beautiful child of the sunless deep, Roused by your call from her age-long sleep,

Rich gifts her grateful love shall tell. Oh! never forget in your daily need The lovely maid from her bondage freed, The Nymph of the cottage well!

#### YOUR MISSION.

F you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking on the highest billows, Laughing at the storms we meet; You can stand among the sailors Anchor'd yet within the bay, You can lend a hand to help them As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey Up the mountain steep and high, You can stand within the valley

Whilst the multitudes go by ; You can chant in happy measure As they slowly pass along ; Though they may forget the singer, They will not forget the song.

If among the older people You may not be apt to teach; "Feed my lambs," said Christjour Shepherd,

Place the food within their reach ; And it may be that the children You have led with trembling hand,

Will be found among your jewels When you reach the better land.

Do not then stand idly waiting For some greater work to do; Fortune is a lazy goddess,

She will never come to you : Go and toil in any vineyard,

Do not fear to do and dare, If you want a field of labour You can find it everywhere.

#### THE RAGGED SCHOOL BOY.

WAY from the smoky and dirty town,

And out for the sweet and elastic air; To hill, to forest, to dell, to down,

Abroad in the fresh, and the free, and the fair;

The long train glides on its iron way,

With the merry freight of a raggedschool;

The clear skies promise a glorious day,

And each young breast is of gladness full.

The tickets they grasp in their poor thin hands, [joy;

Are tickets for health, and sport, and And so they think, as in merry bands

Together they gambol, girl and boy.

- They climb the trees, they paddle the streams, [and lane,
- They roam through forest, and field, Till, all too early, the train up steams

To hurry them back to town again.

But who is that crying ! "My little lass, Say, what's the matter that gives you pain ? "

"I've lost my ticket—I cannot pass,

And oh ! I shall never get back again !"

Then up spake a noble Ragged-school boy-

"Here, take my ticket, I'll find the way!" And then, not heeding her thanks and joy,

He started of in the evening grey.

And tramping along road gravelled and gritty, [lanes,

And trudging away through gloomy By the midnight chimes he reached the city,

With aching ankles and throbbing veins. One lesson thou dost to us impart,

Thou kingly boy, though in tatters dressed :--

There may beat a noble and tender heart Within a rude and ignoble breast. —The Quiver.

#### THE KETTLE'S SONG. BY EDWARD CARSWELL.

CHE kettle sang a merry song, And timed it with its lid; Men say that liquor makes them strong— It never, never did.

The steamer ploughs the ocean wide; What moves the wheel and beam? She steams against the wind and tide, And water makes the steam.

You see the locomotive draw The crowded train of cars, With heated water, nothing more, To pull them o'er the bars.

The mill, the engine, boat, and man, And beast (except the sot),

Derive their strength and motive power From water, cold or hot."

Then if you would be well and strong, Drink only from the stream,

And work for right, with prayer and song, And "use a little steam."

#### THE OLD WELL.

OVER me tenderly

Leans the old willow tree, [deeps, And its brown shadows float down in my All through the night-time there, Shining so calmly fair, One little star on my still bosom sleeps.

> Birds of the summer-time, Chanting a woodland rhyme,

Flutter aboveme, with light, restless wings, And 'round my borders, grow

Speedwell and mosses low, [clings. And the wild fern, with its feather plume

Children with dancing feet, Leaving the dusty street,

Leaving the dusty street, [days, Climb to my curb-stone, these long golden Innocent faces fair,

Wreathed with their floating hair,

O'er me bend, smiling with joy's sunny rays.

Tottering, faint and slow,

Age, with its locks of snow,

Pauses by me with a sense of good cheer, Memory's fadeless flowers,

Gathered in early hours,

Evermore seem to be blossoming here ! Type of a purer stream,

Where living waters gleam

With a white glory no earth fountains know, All through the Summer time,

All through the Winter rime, [flow! Down in their mossy depths, my waters

Come, then, ye weary men ! Gather around again,

Taste the pure gift and be thankful for me, Turn from your mocking wine,

Come where my waters shine, [tree! Cool with the shade of the green willow

#### DICK'S WATCH.

**B**EAR little Dick, curled by the fire, Sat watching the shadows come and

go, [higher,

As the dancing flames leaped higher and Flooding the room with a yellow glow.

His chubby hand on his side was pressed, And he turned for a moment a listening

"Mother," cried he, "I've got a watch !

I can feel it ticking right under here."

"Yes, Dick, 'tis a watch that God has made,

To mark your hours as they fly away, He holds the key in His mighty hand,

And keeps it in order night and day. Should He put aside the mystic key,

Or lay His hand on the tiny spring,

The wheels would stop, and your watch run down,

And lie in your bosom a helpless thing." He crept to my side and whispered soft,

While his baby-voice had an awe-struck sound,

"I wish you would ask Him, mother dear, To be sure and remember to keep it wound!"

BAND OF HOPE THERESORY STRIKE THE LYRE OF TEMPERANCE, AT SUWARD CARSENELL. actor allows Words by S. KNOWLES. 9:5 Strike the lyre of Temp'rance, wake the joyful lay, Spread the blissful tid-ings far a 0.0 0.0 P.a TO'0-0-0-0-0-222222 DE m.,m:m.,r | d :s, | l.,t:d.,r | m : - | r.,d :t,.,d | r.,m:f.,m  $s_{1}, s_{1}: s_{1}, f_{1} | m_{1}: m_{1} | f_{1}, s_{1}: l_{1}, t_{1} | d : - | t_{1}, l_{1}: s_{1}, l_{1} | t_{1}, d : r_{1}, d$ d.,d:d.,d | d : - r.,r : r.,r | r.,d :t,.,d d.,d:d.,s,|s, :d  $\mathbf{d}_{i_1}, \mathbf{d}_{i_1}: \mathbf{d}_{i_1}, \mathbf{d}_{i_1} \mid \mathbf{d}_{i_1}: \mathbf{d}_{i_1}: \mathbf{f}_{i_1}, \mathbf{f}_{i_1} \mid \mathbf{d}_{i_1}: - |\mathbf{s}_{i_1}, \mathbf{s}_{i_1}: \mathbf{s}_{i_1}, \mathbf{s}_{i_1} \mid \mathbf{s}_{i_1}, \mathbf{s}_{i_1}: \mathbf{s}_{i_1}, \mathbf{s}_{i_1} \mid \mathbf{s}_{i_1}, \mathbf{s}_{i_1}: \mathbf{s}_{i_1}, \mathbf{s}_{i_1} \mid \mathbf{s}_{i_1}, \mathbf{s}_{i_1}: \mathbf{s}_{i_$ way; Lo! the day is com-ing, when our land shall be, From the bondage of Strong Drink set  $m,m:m,r \mid d:s_1 \mid l_1,t_1:d,r \mid m:-\mid r,f:m,r \mid d.,s_1:l_1,t_1$ r :- | --:  $s_{1}, s_{1}; s_{2}, f_{1} | m; m, f_{1}, s_{2}; l_{1}, t_{1} | d : - l_{1}, l_{1}; d , l_{1} | s_{1}, s_{1}; f_{1}, f_{1}$ t :-- | d.,d:d.,s,|s,:d|d.,d:d.,d|d:-r.,r:s.,f|m.,m:r.,r r  $\mathbf{d}_1, \mathbf{d}_1; \mathbf{d}_1, \mathbf{d}_1 \mid \mathbf{d}_1 : \mathbf{d}_1 \mid \mathbf{f}_1, \mathbf{f}_1 : \mathbf{f}_1, \mathbf{f}_1 \mid \mathbf{d}_1 : - \mid \mathbf{f}_1, \mathbf{f}_1 : \mathbf{m}_1, \mathbf{f}_1 \mid \mathbf{s}_1, \mathbf{s}_1 : \mathbf{s}_1, \mathbf{s}_1$ CHORUS. 0 free. Glo - ry! glo - ry! let the chil-dren sing. Glo - ry ! glo - ry ! s, :1, | t, :d | r., de : r., m | f f :f | m : m d :--1-:s,:1, |t,:d r.,de:r.,m | f : 5, t, : t, d m:- | - : s, :1, |t, :d r.,de:r.,m | f d : d d : 13 r :r s, :1, |t, :d r.,de:r.,m | f d : d d :- 1 S : 5, -:-

let the e - cho ring ! Strike the lyre of Temp'rance, wake the ful lay iov m.r : m.,fe s.,s:s.,f | m : r | d.,t, : d.,r | m S d.,d:d.,s,|s, d.,r:d.,l, t,:-: f. m,.,m;:1,.,1, | se, s.,s:d.,r | r :- | m.,m:m.,r | d : t d .,r :d.,d | t, d.,d:d.,d | d : s,  $l_{1}, l_{1}: l_{1}, l_{1} \mid m_{1}$ d ... t : 1 ... 1 | S1 : -Spread the bliss-ful tid-ings far a - way, far away, Spread the blissful tid-ings far a - way.  $r_{,f}:m_{,r} d_{,s}:l_{,t} d:r_{,r} m:-r_{,f}:m_{,r} d.s:l_{,t} d:$  $1_{1:1}: s_{1.1}: s_{1.1} | s_{1.1}s_{1}: f_{1.1}f_{1} | m_{1}: s_{1.1}s_{1} | s_{1.1}: s_{1.1} | s_{1.1}s_{1.1}s_{1.1}f_{1} | m_{1}:$ 1,.,1; d .,f | m.,m:r.,r | d :t,.,t, | d :- 1,.r:d .,f | m.,m:r.,r | d :  $f_{i}, r_{i}:m_{i}, f_{i} | s_{i}, s_{i}: s_{r}, s_{i} | l_{i}: s_{i}, s_{i} | d: - f_{i}, r_{i}: m_{i}, f_{i} | s_{i}, s_{i}: s_{r}, s_{i} | d_{i}: -$ 

Strike the lyre of Temp'rance, wake the joyful lay; See the hosts returning from the fray; Fierce has been the conflict, Alcohol's no more; Praise for ever, shout from shore to shore! Glory! glory! &c.

Strike the lyre of Temp'rance, wives no longer sigh; Mothers in their anguish no more cry; Children once forsaken dance for very joy; Glad hosannas now all lips employ! Glory! glory! &c.

Strike the lyre of Temp'rance, do not lay it down ;

Your's has been the conflict, your's the victor's crown; Right o'er wrong will conquer, spite of every foe, And for ever Strong Drink be laid low ! Glory ! glory ! &c.

#### BE BRAVE.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE BOYS. BY R. S. CHRYSTAL,

Tom (coming in singing or reciting). (Tune, Hoyle's Hymns and Songs, pp. 76.)

HO is a brave boy, who ?— Who is a brave boy, who ?— He who dares defend the right, When right is miscalled wrong; He who shrinks not from the fight, When weak, contend with strong; Who, fearing God, fears none beside, And dares do right whate'er betide: This boy hath courage true; This boy hath courage true.

Harry. These are my sentiments, Tom; I go in for the genuine article—true courage. I don't mind what other people think about things, as long as I believe a thing to be right, I stick to it through thick or thin; no half measures for me, my boy; the whole hog or none, for yours truly.

Dick. But, stop a bit, it's very easy to say you'll do this or that; have you ever been tried, as I have? Have either of you been with a lot of older lads, and tried your hand at differing from them? When the ringleader of the lot has said, "Now, chaps, who says for a cigar and half a pint of 'all-slops'?" Have you ever ventured to say, "Not for Joseph, if he knows it"? I fancy not. If you did, you'd run the risk of an introduction to said ringleader's foot. Try it, my boys, try it.

Tom. You're right, Dick, I believe it is harder to do than most lads think; but when one says it, it makes one feel plucky, and he gets fresh courage to try it again, and thus he acquires a habit of selfreliance.

*Harry.* Yes, Dick, it is difficult to do; and there is many a fellow brave enough physically, who is but a sorry coward morally. As I heard our parson say once, "That the bravest soldier in the field of battle, who would rush into the very jaws of death, could sometimes be conquered by a jeer or a taunt in a common tap room."

Dick. I see what you two are driving at: you want a fellow to hit hard with his tongue, as well as to practise the noble art of self-defence. Well, lads, the fact is, that I never make myself disagreeable in company. When any fellow laughs, I laugh; when any fellow feels jolly, so do I. My motto is, follow the leader.

Tom. That may please you, Dick; but I go in for being the leader myself, and try to get others to follow me. Now, Dick, you understand this, that if the leader happens to be a drinking, swearing fellow, you follow his bad example; so that it is a mere accident if you are going right, and that will be because your leader is right. It is easier to follow a bad example than a good one, and it is braver to set a good example than a bad one.

Harry. I believe the bravest and most noble action a boy can do is to set himself the task of doing the most difficult thing. For example, if I am placed in the company of a lot of boys, and I find that they swear, drink, and smoke, and I am invited to join them, the easiest thing would be to do so; but the bravest thing would be to boldly answer no, and give my reason why.

Dick. I quite agree with you both. The difficulty I have had to contend with has been that I had no will of my own, and consequently could offer no opposition to anything wrong; but I see it is all a mistake.

Tomm. You remind me of Polonius, Dick,, when Hamlet said to him-

"Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shaape of a camel ?

Poll. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeeed.

Haam. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Poll. It is backed like a weasel.

Hanm. Or, like a whale.

Pobl. Very like a whale."

Yess, Dick, you would say your head was 1 made of green cheese, if anybody else ssaid so. But, Dick, we want to make a maan of you, and a brave man, too. Neverr agree to anything unless you think it rigght, and never be afraid to say No, no, noo.

Haarry. Dick, when you have a little time t to spare, commit this to memory—

Woould ye learn the bravest thing, Thaat man can ever do? Woould you be an uncrowned King, Abbsolute and true? Woould you seek to emulate Alll we learn in story— Off the noble, just, and great; Ricch in real glory? Woould you lose much bitter care, In your lot below? Bravely speak out when and where, 'Tias right to utter "No."

Dicck. I will, Harry, and I mean to act itt too. It's a mistake to slide along with the rabble, as I have been doing. Henceeforth I will strive to find out what is those right thing, and having found it out, ppractice it, and then set about teaching obthers to do likewise.

Tonm. That's the ticket, my boy, that's the tilcket. Now, Dick, you see there are more a ways of being brave than by giving a biggger lad a good thrashing. True braveery consists in firmly refusing to do whatt is wrong, and endeavouring to do whatt is right. Now, as this conversation

was suggested by my song (or recitation), we will sing (or I will finish my recitation) the last verse together—

Who is a noble man?

Who is a noble man? He who scorns, or words or deeds,

That are not just and true;

The here here for Main

He whose heart for suff'ring bleeds, Is quick to feel and do-

Whose noble soul will ne'er descend To treach'rous act towards foe or friend.

This is a noble man.

#### TRUE COURAGE.

A constant thwarting of our aims— Such is the Christian's life.

But He who reigns above us (The Trath, the Life, the Way), Hath promised final triumph To all who Him obey.

Then courage, Christian soldier, Stand firmly in His might, Nor fear to face a frowning world, And battle for the right.

Your weapons are not carnal, But strong and sure t' assail The fortresses of error, And o'er the wrong prevail.

The world, with all its hollowness, Is specious, false, and fair; Our way, though rough and narrow, To choose it we must dare.

Dare to leave the multitude, Dare to self be true; And, if approving conscience smile,

Dare to think-and do.

#### THE GOLDEN AGE.

THE bucket in the well and brook; The plowshare and the pruning-hook; The atlas and the spelling-book;

The lessons of the sober sage : The compass and the shepherd's crook,

Shall mark the golden temperance age, In the good time coming soon, When Temperance shall take her throne.

The broken-hearted, sad, and dumb, Shall sing for joy when heroes come, Not with the sword and bursting bomb,

But with the pledge a war to wage ; No shrieking fife, no sobbing drum

Shall usher in that golden age, In the good time coming soon, When Temperance shall take her throne.

#### A TEETOTALER-WHY?

HY am I a teetotaler? you ask, and I reply,

- If any one should be so, why also should not I?
- If duty sounds her call, should I not eager be,

A soldier of the right, to prove my loyalty?

- If there be good to get, more good may be my share;
- If there be good to give, to give should be my care.
- I know the evil wrought-nay, not a soul on earth
- Knows half the sin and woe to which strong drink gives birth.
- If that dark woe and sin can by my help be made
- Of all its sable hues to lose the smallest shade;

Or if my word and deed may shelter some, By blessing of our God, from darker doom

- to come,
- I spurn all thought of taste and fashion's coaxing plea,

- And as a firm teetotaler I proudly mean to be.
- If I touch not strong drink, no stain is on my soul

From bloodshed or foul crime caused by the toxic bowl;

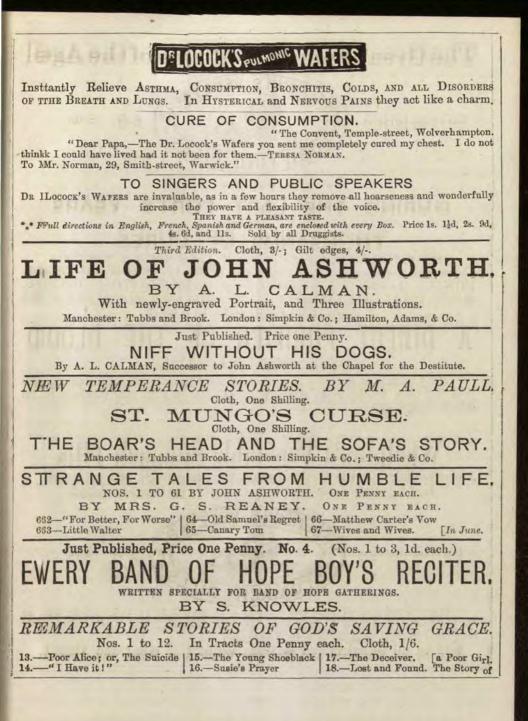
- This root of thousand plagues I nothing do to nurse,
- But try my best to rid the world from this great curse.
- Oh! sweetest comfort this. And then my prayer can fly [sky,

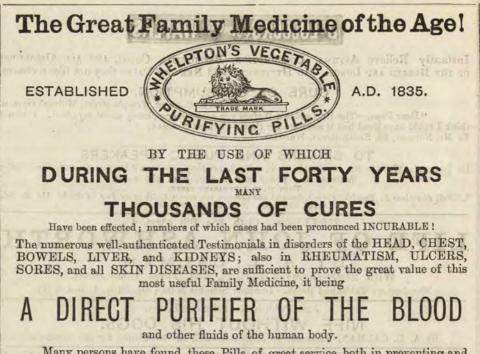
Unweighted and unchecked beyond the That snares may be removed, temptations cease to slay,

- Man's cruelest betrayers for ever speed away.
- And Christ's own kingdom come in glory and in might,
- The joy of highest heaven, and earth's supreme delight.
- Why am I a teetotaler? you ask, and I reply,
- I'm honest man and patriot, and Christian; that is why.
- And, questioners, if you the answer will pursue,
- What I for long have done, you will begin to do. REV. D. BURNS, A.M.

#### DR. JABEZ BURNS.

A number of the friends of the late Rev. Dr. JABEZ BURNS consider that no delay should occur in rendering a fitting tribute to his career as an able Minister of the Gospel, an instructive Anthor, a veteran Temperance Reformer, and an eminently useful labourer in various fields of social progress and human welfare. They propose to place over the vaulted grave in Paddington Cemetery a substantial MONUMENT; and, if the funds contributed are sufficient, also to erect in Paddington a PUBLIC DRINKING FOUNTAIN dedicated to his memory. By these structures, he, being dead, would continue to speak of the usefulness of a life consecrated to God and to the good of the world for which Christ died. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. JOHN PEARCE, 52, Parliament Street, S.W.





Many persons have found these Pills of great service both in preventing and relieving SEA SICKNESS; and in warm climates they are very beneficial in all Bilious Complaints.

# Whelpton's Vegetable Stomach Pills

Are particularly suited to Weakly Persons, being exceedingly mild and gradual in their operation, imparting tone and vigour to the Digestive Organs.



A.D. 1835.

Prepared and sold wholesale and retail in boxes, price 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d., 1s. 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d., and 2s. 9d., by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; sent free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at Home and Abroad.



#### LITTLE FLORA.



FITTLE FLORA has been in the fields gathering the sweet flowers of June, and now brimful of health and enjoyment, and with a small load of flowers, she is tripping back again to her home. Far dearer to her are these wild flowers than

those which the gardener cultivates in his garden. They are like herself-sweet and simple, and unrestrained. She feels in her own heart the same feeling which Campbell the poet has beautifully expressed :--

Ye Field Flowers ! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,

Yet, wildlings of Nature, I doat upon you, For ye waft me to Summers of old,

When the earth teemed around me with fairy delight,

And when daisies and buttercups gladdened my sight,

Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams Of the blue Highland mountains and echo-

- ing streams, And of broken glades breathing their
- balm,
- While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,

And the deep mellow crush of the woodpigeon's note,

Made music that sweetened the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune

Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of June:

Of old ruinous castles ye tell;

Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,

When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,

> And your blossoms were part of her spell.

- Ev'n now what affections the violet awakes !
- What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,

Can the wild water-lily restore !

- What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,
- And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks
  - In the vetches that tangled their shore !

Earth's cultureless buds, to my heart ye were dear.

Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear Had scathed my existence's bloom;

Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage,

With the visions of youth to revisit my age, And I wish you to grow to my tomb.

Little Flora never read these lines, and yet they are very nearly her own thoughts as she looks at the graceful forms and bright colours of her favourite flowers. Another of our English poets, Thomas Kibble Hervey, has written some verses which may very well have been Little Flora's song :-

Will you not buy my Flowers?

I have been on the primrose hill,

I have been where the lily builds silver bowers

On the edge of the singing rill,

- I follow'd the bee, where the sallow grows By the amaranth dim and pale ;
- And I track'd the butterfly's wing to the rose,

In her palace of the vale.

Choose what you love the best,-All cull'd in the cool, fresh morn ;

For I waken'd the lark from the daisy's breast

In the depths of the waving corn.

A rainbow might have dyed this wreath, It lhas every scent and hue

That is born of the west-wind's wooing breath,

Or wak'd by the early dew!

- Fragmant, and sweet, and fair Yett they neither toil nor spin,-
- But they have not known the touch of care,

Nor the taint of mortal sin :

Beside their beauty pure and lone, The glow of earthly fame,

Or the pomp and pride of Solomon, Is a vain and empty name.

Is not my calling sweet, To dwell amid beautiful things?

Flowers giving perfume at my feet, And birds—like flowers with wings?

Oh! happy they who shun the strife

Of pride, or passion's hours : And gride along the calms of life

Likce me, dispensing flowers !

#### SONG.

EELING, and rolling, Up and down the streets; Sicoffed at, and mocked at, By every one he meets; Or noble, or simple,

Or layman, or priest, Oh! who would be a drunkard, A drunkard—a beast?

Maudlin, or raving, The madman, or the fool; Sioulless, and senseless,

And every-body's tool ; Or noble, or simple,

Or layman, or priest, O)h ! who would be a drunkard,

A drunkard-a beast?

Bilabbing out the secret To-morrow he will rue; Girieving of the old friend, And fighting with the new; Or noble, or simple, Or laymen, or priest, Oh! who would be a drunkard, A drunkard—a beast?

Noisome, and loathsome, A torment, and a curse; Sowing pains in this life, To reap hereafter worse; Or noble, or simple, Or layman, or priest, Oh ! who would be a drunkard, A drunkard—a beast?

#### DREAD MEMORIES.

**2**HOUGH no blood is on my hand, There is murder on my soul; And a pale, pale spectre-band Round my pillow nightly roll!

First there comes my martyred wife, With her gentle face of woe, As it looked, when out of life Faintly sighed she, "I must go"; When so tenderly she told me, The past was all forgiven; And she prayed she might behold me, In the happy homes of heaven!

Next there comes my little Jane, With her wan and shadowy face, Whereon the hands of pinching pain, And want have left their trace; Just so as in her tiny shroud, Like a snow-drop crushed, she lay; When, sobbing, Neddy cried aloud, "Not take poor Jane away."

With a sterner look, too, he By his little sister stands; (Him they sent across the sea, And he died in distant lands;) 'Tis the look he had that day, When before the judge he said, "Father drinks my wage away,

Hunger made me steal the bread."

Never now comes round to me Night with pleasant slumbers blest; Still these phantom-shapes I see, Still they trouble all my rest.

Oh! for once but let me sleep— Sleep like that my childhood knew; Once these burning eye-lids steep In its soft refreshing dew?

See! they come, they come again ! Whither, whither shall I flee ? Flee ? alas! 'tis all in vain, Till I flee from memory !

#### TOO TRUE!

TN yonder house, where the idiot dwells, And the maniac shakes his chain, They led me on through dim-lit cells, Till my interest drooped in pain.

To one I came, where a grey-haired man Was standing all alone;

So still he stood, and he looked so wan, He seemed as if turned to stone.

I asked of him, and they told a tale, That awed down my rising tears;

Ah ! wonder not he had grown so pale,— He had dwelt there forty years !

To the camp he flew with youthful pride, Dressed out in his trappings gay,

But never once stood his troop beside, To marshal its bright array.

The night he arrived, his messmates all Cried, "Come, we'll season him well,"

And the boy he drank, and drank, at their call,

Till his senses reeled and fell.

His widowed mother heart-broken died, His sister soon after went;

Unconscious that they had left his side, To this sad home was he sent.

Since the hour when reason veiled its light,

Dead silence his lips has sealed,-

His soul still dwelt in unbroken night,-His heart been a flowerless field !

Oh! not for a world, would I the thought Should cloud my way to the tomb,

That I was one who for him had wrought His dark and terrible doom.

#### "WE GLADLY SING." W. J. COOKSLEY.

AIR-" Put me in my little bed."

E gladly sing our song to-night, For this is such a joyful time;

We greet our friends, whose smiles are bright,

While list'ning to our tune and rhyme. We're young, but not too young to think :

We see the mis'ry drink has wrought! We've signed the pledge, no more to drink

The cup with direct ruin fraught.

#### Chorus.

We love our band—our band of hope— Where we are taught to pray and sing :

To shun th' intoxicating cup,

And ev'ry other evil thing.

The little birds that sing so sweet, And gaily chirp from tree to tree,

Around the bubbling fountain meet, And sip the water cheerily.

The kine amidst the pastures green-So fleet of foot, of limb so strong-

Bend gratefully, and kiss the stream

That winds the verdant vales among.

The lovely flower, with peerless face, Which springs from earth and looks to

heaven, Sustains its fragrance, bloom, and grace,

On liquid love, which God hath given ; But if of fiery drink you pour

On root, or leaf, or petal fair,

You doom to death the precious flower! 'Twill droop and perish then and there!

With blooming flowers, and birds of song, We water quaff with growing zest;

We've joined the great teetotal throng, We know 'tis purest, safest, best;

'Twill make us active, healthful, strong, And give both mind and body scope! We learn these blessed truths among The teachings of our Band of Hope! Abbey Road Independent Chapel Band of Hope, Torquay. -Western Temperance Journal.

#### TRUANT MADGE.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

THE shadows lie sleeping on field and hill;

The cows came home an hour ago; The bees are hived, and the nests are still: Where can the child be lingering so?

O, where can the little laggard stay? So swift of foot as she ever has been;

It is not so far, by the meadow way, To the lane where the blackberry vines begin.

Her mother stands in the door-way there, Shading her eyes from the setting sun,

And up and down, with anxious air, Looks for a trace of the truant one.

Has she wandered on where the swamp flowers blow

In the darkling wood and lost her way ?

Has she slipped in the treacherous bog helow

That hides under mosses green and gay?

Nay, timorous mother, spare your fears ! Your little maiden is safe the while,

No marsh-bird screams in her startled ears:

No forest mazes her feet beguile.

She is only standing amid the rye, There at the end of the clover-plain, And pulling a daisy-star, to try

Whether her love loves back again :

And Will bends over the bars beside,— Two heads are better than one forsooth !

Leaning and looking, eager-eyed, To see if the daisy tells the truth !

-Scribner for June.

#### THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH. (From the German of Paul Gerok.) BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE bells of the churches are ringing : Papa and mamma have both gone— And three little children sit singing Together this still Sunday morn.

While the bells toll away in the steeple, Though too small to sit still in a pew, These busy religious small people

Determined to have their church too.

So, as free as the birds, or the breezes By which their fair ringlets are fanned,

Each rogue sings away as he pleases, With book upside down in his hand.

Their hymn has no sense in its letter, Their music no rhythm nor tune;

Our worship, perhaps, may be better-But theirs reaches God quite as soon.

Their angels stand close to the Father ;

His heaven is made bright by these flowers;

And the dear God above us would rather Hear praise from their lips than from ours.

Sing on, little children-your voices

Fill the air with contentment and love; All nature around you rejoices,

And the birds warble sweetly above.

Sing on-for the proudest orations, The liturgies sacred and long,

The anthems and worship of nations, Are poor to your innocent song.

Sing on-our devotion is colder,

Though wisely our prayers may be plan-For often we, too, who are older, [ned,

Hold our book the wrong way in our hand.

Sing on—our harmonic inventions We study with labour and pain;

Yet often our angry contentions Take the harmony out of our strain.

Sing on-all our struggle and battle,

Our cry, when most deep and sincere— What are they? A child's simple prattle, A breath in the Infinite Ear.



#### BEAUTIFUL MORNING STAR.

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2 Beautiful morning star, Beautiful morning star,
Beautiful morning star; Thy glories shine, O Christ divine,
Like yon bright orb afar.
Beautiful morning star, &c.
3 Beautiful morning star, Beautiful morning star,
When fears control my trembling soul,
Thy beams my comfort are. Beautiful morning star, &c.
4 Beautiful morning star,

Beautiful morning star, Beautiful morning star, Thy glory bright shall fill with light The shining land afar. Beautiful morning star, &c.

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#### LITTLE BESSIE.

CHARACTERS.-Little Bessie, Bessie's Mother (a thoughtless woman), Mrs. Johnson (a tectotal neighbour).

Mother.

ESSIE, where have you been all this time? Here I've been looking for you everywhere.

Bessie. I've been to the Band of Hope, mother. There were plenty of ladies and gentlemen there; I wish you had gone too!

M. What do I want with ladies and gentlemen? You know I've no fine clothes to put on.

B. O mother! they speak so kindly, I'm sure it would do you good to hear them.

M. Are they any wiser than other people? What can they tell me that I don't know?

B. They would tell you of an enemy that is trying to rob people and take away their lives.

M. What enemy is that?

B. They said his name was alcohol.

M. What is alcohol?

B. They said it was that which got into people's heads and made them drunk, mother.

M. If that's all they've got to tell you at the Band of Hope, you shan't go any more. Do you hear me, now? (Bessie hangs her head and wipes her eyes.) What are you crying for?

B. O mother! do please let me go again. It is a very good place.

M. Not an inch shall you go again. I'll have none of their rooting into other people's business. Let them stay at home like me, and mind their own affairs. You go and bring me a bottle of beer!

B. O mother !-

M. Not another word, now; go, I tell you, at once. (Bessie moves off.) A fine thing, indeed, that a woman of my years must be taught what to drink and what to avoid by people who know nothing about it. They shan't dictate to me, however; I'll take care of that. Let everybody mind their own business, that's what I've got to say.

[Enter Mrs. Johnson.]

M. How d'ye do, Mrs. Johnson?

Mrs. Johnson. I'm very well, thank you; how are you?

M. I'm as well as can be expected, considering what I have to endure.

Mrs. J. Don't your husband keep sober now?

M. I'm sorry to say he does not. Last week he was off three days through drinking; and things are getting so bad with me, I'm sure I don't know whatever I must do.

Mrs. J. What a pity he drinks so! I wish there was no drink!

M. It'll be the ruin of us all, ma'am, if he does not alter soon.

[Enter Bessie with a bottle in her hand, stretching her arm out, to keep the beer a long way from her mouth.]

M. Who told you to carry beer that way, Bessie?

B. A gentleman at the Band of Hope said that if mother sent us for beer, we must keep the beer a long way from our month, lest we be tempted to drink.

M. I'll give you Band of Hope, if I catch you there again! Remember what I've told you, now. Put that beer away, and go tell Mrs. Roberts that I want to see her in the morning.

[Bessie goes off, taking the bottle with her.] Mrs. J. Don't speak so unkindly to your dear child.

M. I'll make her do my way, or else I'll see.



Mrs. J. But what if your way is not God's way?

M. I know what I'm doing. I go to church and read my Bible.

Mrs. J. The Bible says: "Parents, provoke not your children to wrath, but train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

M. I said that she must not go to the Band of Hope, and she shan't.

Mrs. J. Suppose, now, that near your house there were some dangerous rocks, and it was found that many persons had lost their lives by venturing too near the edge of those rocks; what advice would you give your child?

M. Why, I should say, "Bessie, you must keep a long way from the rocks; for if you go near them, you may fall over and be killed."

Mrs. J. Did you ever hear of anybody being killed through drink?

M. Yes, scores. I've told my husband that drink will kill him some day, if he does not alter.

Mrs. J. Just think, now, how thoughtless you have been. You admit that drink is like fearful rocks, on which many have lost their lives; you say the best way to avoid the danger is to keep away from the rocks; and yet you continue to drink yourself. Don't you see how you are putting yourself on the rocks? How can you expect to save your husband or preserve your child while you yourself are on the place of danger?

M. I never looked at it in that light before. What would you advise me to do?

Mrs. J. Why, abstain like I do. I can wash and bake and do all my house work without strong drink. I have brought a family up without it, and you can do without it too, if you will try. Who can tell but that God will make you the means of rescuing your husband? Think what a comfort that would be. Then there is your dear child—

M. (wiping her eyes). God bless her! she is a good child. I'll not keep her from the Band of Hope.

Mrs. J. She will be a comfort to you while you live, if you encourage her to do what is right.

#### [Enter Bessie.]

B. Mother, don't you feel well tonight?

M. Never mind, Bessie, I'll be all right soon.

B. Mother, we've learned such a beautiful song at the meeting to-night, and Mrs. Johnson knows it, too. May I sing it; and Mrs. Johnson, won't you help me?

Mrs. J. Not to-night, dear; you can sing it for mother to-morrow.

B. Mother, you won't keep me away from the meeting, will you ?

M. No, dear; you shall go as often as you like.

B. O goody! And won't you go with me next time?

M. You'll see, dear, when the time comes.

B. Mother, I've been praying for God to bless you and father, and—

M. (sobbing). God bless you, dear! I know why you prayed. Mrs. Johnson, have you got a pledge-book?

Mrs. J. Yes, ma'am; come right across to my house and you may sign now.

B. Yes, do, mother; and then we both can pray that father may sign too. Shan't we be happy then, mother?

[Exit.]

#### EVERMORE.

BEHELD a golden portal in the visions of my slumber, And through it streamed the radiance of a never setting day, While angels tall and beautiful, and countless without number, Were giving gladsome greeting to all who came that way;

And the gates for ever swinging made no grating, no harsh ringing, Melodions as the singing of one that we adore;

And I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling, And the burden of that chorus was Hope's glad word, Evermore!

And as I gazed and listened, came a slave all worn and weary, His fetter-links blood crusted, his dark brow clammy damp,

His sunken eye gleamed wildly, telling tales of horror dreary, Of toilsome strugglings through the night amid the fever swamp;

Ere the eye had time for winking, ere the mind had time for thinking,

A bright angel raised the sinking wretch, and off his fetters tore, Then I heard a chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling,

"Pass, brother, through our portals-thou'rt a Freeman, evermore."

And as I gazed and listened, came a mother wildly weeping,

"I have lost my hopes for ever—one by one they went away; My children and their father, the cold grave hath in its keeping, Life is one long lamentation, I know no night nor day."

Then the angel softly speaking-"Stay, sister, stay thy shrieking,

Thon shalt find those thon art seeking beyond that golden door." Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling, "Thy children and their father shall be with thee evermore."

And as I gazed and listened, came one whom desolation Had driven like a helmless bark from infancy's bright land;

Who ne'er had met a kindly look-poor outcast of creation, Who ne'er had heard a kindly word, nor grasped a friendly hand,

"Enter in, no longer fear thee, myraid friends are there to cheer thee-Friends always to be near thee, there no sorrow sad and sore;"

Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling, "Enter, brother, thine are friendship, love, and gladness, evermore."

And as I gazed and listened, came a cold blue-footed maiden, With cheeks of ashen whiteness, eyes filled with lurid light;

Her body bent with sickness, her lone heart heavy laden-

Her home had been the roofless street, her day had been the night-First wept the augel sadly, then smiled the angel gladly,

And caught the maiden madly rushing from the golden door; Then I heard the chorus swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling, "Enter, sister, thou art pure and thou art sinless evermore."

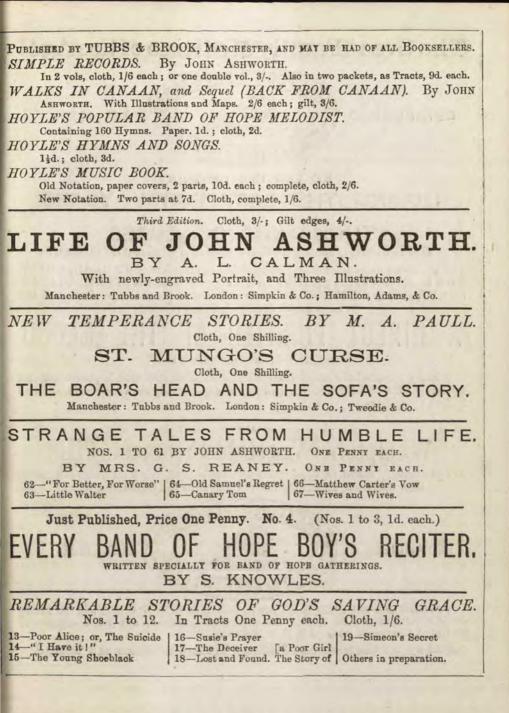
I saw the toiler enter, to rest for aye from labour,-

The weary-hearted exile there found his native land ;

The beggar there could greet the king as an equal and a neighbour-The crown had left the kingly brow, the staff the beggar's hand.

And the gate for ever swinging, made no grating, no harsh ringing, Melodious as the singing of one that we adore:

And the chorus still was swelling, grand beyond a mortal's telling, While the vision faded from me, with the glad word "Evermore."



The Great Family Medicine of the Age!

ESTABLISHED



A.D. 1835.

### BY THE USE OF WHICH DURING THE LAST FORTY YEARS

### THOUSANDS OF CURES

Have been effected ; numbers of which cases had been pronounced INCURABLE !

The numerous well-authenticated Testimonials in disorders of the HEAD, CHEST, BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS; also in RHEUMATISM, ULCERS, SORES, and all SKIN DISEASES, are sufficient to prove the great value of this most useful Family Medicine, it being

## A DIRECT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD

and other fluids of the human body.

Many persons have found these Pills of great service both in preventing and relieving SEA SICKNESS; and in warm climates they are very beneficial in all Bilious Complaints.

# Whelpton's Vegetable Stomach Pills

Are particularly suited to Weakly Persons, being exceedingly mild and gradual in their operation, imparting tone and vigour to the Digestive Organs.



A.D, 1835.

Prepared and sold wholesale and retail in boxes, price  $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ , 1s.  $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ , and 2s. 9d., by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; sent free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at Home and Abroad.

No. 80, August, 1876.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



HAPPY AS A KING.



HE picture this month represents a group of happy children enjoying themselves in the sweet Summer time. Happy as a king is the youngster swinging on the gate. It may be that he is far happier, for riches and high estate do not

necessarily bring with them happiness. The monarch's crown is sometimes worn upon a sad and aching brow. The children in the picture are light-hearted and free. They are full of fun and frolic, and swing to and fro with merry songs upon the gate. There are not many of them, but John and Kate and the rest are quite capable of raising an open-air concert with their young voices, and what they fail of in respect to melody they make up in noise. This is a happy time for children,

#### ONCE UPON A TIME.

#### AN OLD TALE.

- "ONCE upon a time," so I've heard them say,
- A very shocking famine did many thousands slay,
- When a kind rich man invited twenty girls to his house one day.
- He met them on the threshold—"You are welcome, girls," he said ;
- "And now I'm glad to give you each one a loaf of bread,
- And while the famine lasts I will see that you are fed."
- They rushed upon the bread loaves, they wrangled and they fought;
- Each tried to seize the largest, and "Thank you" was forgot;

Poor, neatly dressed, and modest, abashed she seemed to stand, when the trees are covered with green leaves and the flowers are full of beautiful colour and giving off their delicate odour. The air is filled with the songs of the birds, and in the meadows the hay is being bound up, and cornfields are aglow with the yellow sunshine. The children wander through the lanes, and pluck the flowers in the hedge-rows, and find ripe berries of rare sweetness. They find the nests of birds and gaze into them with open-eyed wonder, and if they are cruel, plunder the birds. They learn to distinguish the different voices of birds and beasts, and know the meaning of each rural sound they hear. Thus the days pass, and each of the children is as they are shown in the picture-as happy as a king.

- And curtseying, took the smallest loaf, and kissed the giver's hand;
- Then walked home like a lady, the happiest in the land.
- Next day more bread was ready, and all the girls were there,
- As noisy and as rude and as selfish as the bear;
- But one who kept behind them, was modest, gentle, fair.
- They seized the bread so rudely—I've got the best, one cries,
- And holding up a monster loaf, joy danced within her eyes;
- While gentle, neat FRANCESCA took one but half the size.
- She gave her own sweet curtsey, a smile, and "Thank you" too,
- "My mother's old and feeble, but much obliged to you;

Without so kind a gentleman whatever could we do."

I thought what God-like, heavenly har-Then off she went, that fairy-home's angel, without doubt ;mony Her mother cut the bread loaf-a fortune Blended in all that I could hear or see, tumbled out : Above-below : "Oh! the money is not ours, we will take That not one blade or flow'ret sprung in it back," they shout. vain : Off flew that little maiden to the man of All chaste as virtue, -not one blot or stain, But pure as snow. high estate ; Her benefactor saw her, and he met her But then I dreamed of man-my fellow at the gateman, (When angels come so seldom you should How he had swerved, and thus become a never let them wait.) ban "Oh, sir ! I've brought the money, we Or broken link : have found it in the bread, And in my dream I saw a dark, broad way, We have not kept a farthing, I have brought it all," she said, By which unthinking men oft went astray Lured on by drink. "We could not take the money from the hand by which we're fed." By the roadside were swinging gilded "Nay ! nay ! my little maiden, it shall be signs, yours forsooth; Writ on, "Accommodation, Spirits, I could not but reward you for your Wines;" modesty and truth ; A father grey And God will still protect you if you own Came staggering out of one, but he anon Him in your youth." Soon disappeared—but worse, ah ! worse, -Olive Leaf. FATHER FRIENDLY. the son Had learned the way. I saw the buoyant youth, his mother's THE DRUNKARD'S BURIAL. pride, CUSING in fresco, 'neath a pine-(The widowed one whose husband lately died) Where hum of bee and a meandering rill Upon the road; Their matins chimed ; His hair hung graceful; his demeanour While lambent zephyrs gamboll'd 'mid proud ; green bowers, He called, he drank,—and soon I saw a And filched rich fragrance from the crowd blushing flowers, At their abode. I sat and rhymed. I asked the cause of the astonished crowd, "The cause-the cause," a wild voice No eastern nabob lolling 'neath his vines, Veloped in smoke, and quaffing choicest cried alond, "My son, my son wines, Hath like his father died, - is dead through While woman smiled, Could ever feel half the extatic joy drink ; I felt,—as calm as the serenest sky, I cannot bear; I'm wild, I'm mad,-I sink, Would I were gone!"

Or sleeping child.

74 BAND OF HOPE TREASURY. She laughed, then grinn'd with a dread Twelve jury then were sworn for to decide maniac stare, Upon the cause by which the poor man She clenched her fist, then tore her dangdied,ling hair, Oh! blush my nation, And death-struck fell :--That jury, sitting at the self-same Inn, The sight was chilling; could I paint the Pronounced a verdict which I think a sin, "God's visitation." scene, 'Twould be as frightful as the place, I Had I been on the jury, I'd have stayed ween, All day-all night-till next evening's Where fiends do yell. shade, Before I'd given Thesablescene grew dark and darker still; Such verdict, clothed with incongruent The very drink that sire and son did kill, guile, Both cold and warm, That doth our boasted charter so defile, Was at the funeral handed round in mugs; And insults Heaven. While one professor cries, as th' pot he My friends, though this be called a dream hugs, "A sup won't harm." half told, I've seen such sights (although I'm not They drank, and some went staggering to grown old), the grave, Through ale and wine; [cure, But one had fallen asleep in th' old church But now, I think, we've found a certain nave, 'Tis-touch not, taste not, shun the And there he snored. alehouse door, The burial ended, all went to the Church And come and sign. Inn, And though 'twas Sabbath eve, those THE SEA-SHELL'S WHISPER. drunken men " THE ELL, shell, and what is the mes-Like wild beasts roared. sage Looking once more adown the dismal road, You're trying to whisper to me? I saw a slimy pit,-'twas deep not broad, I know very well you have something to Half filled with mire; tell-Black fiends were dancing round, and Some tale of the bright blue sea." from within "I whisper of beautiful caverns, A hollow voice cried "gin-we died All sparkling with gleam of pearls, through gin, As rays of light full dear to sight That liquid fire." Of you little earth-born girls. " I tell too of wonderful flowers, Turning my head I saw another reel, That deep in the ocean grow; And senseless fall beneath his waggon And an echo I bring of the music they sing, wheel, The wavelets that ripple below." And th' crimson tide Came rushing from his ears, his mouth, " Ah ! sweet is the song you murmur-The song you bring up from the sea; and nose, I cried, "help, help," none hearing, I And so, little shell, I'll keep you to tell Full often your stories to me."suppose, -From Little Folks. The drunkard died.

#### SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE.

NE of my friends is a very earnest, shrewd man, who seems to always know how to do the best thing at the right time. One day he was passing a gin-shop in Manchester, when he saw a drunken man lying on the ground. The poor fellow had evidently been turned out of doors when all his money was gone. In a moment my friend hastened across the street, and, entering a grocer's shop, addressing the master, said :---

"Will you oblige me with the largest sheet of paper you have?"

"What for, my friend? What's the matter?"

"Oh! you shall see in a minute or two. Please let it be the very largest sheet you have."

The sheet was soon procured.

"Now, will you lend me a piece of chalk?" said my friend.

"Why, whatever are you going to do?" "You shall see presently."

He then quickly printed, in large letters,-

SPECIMEN OF THE WORK DONE INSIDE.

He then fastened the paper right over the drunken man, and retired a short distance. In a few moments several passersby stopped and read aloud, "Specimen of the work done inside."

In a very short time a crowd assembled, and the publican, hearing the noise and langhter outside, came out to see what it was all about. He eagerly bent down, and read the inscription on the paper, and then demanded, in an angry voice, "Who did that?"

"Which ?" asked my friend, who now joined the crowd. "If you mean what is on the paper, I did that; but if you mean the MAN, you did that! This morning, when he arose, he was sober,—when he walked down this street, on his way to work, he was sober,—when he went into your gin-shop, he was sober, and now he is what you made him. Is he not a true specimen of the work done inside?"— *Rev. Charles Garrett.* 

#### THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

POOR squalid orphan sat crying for bread,

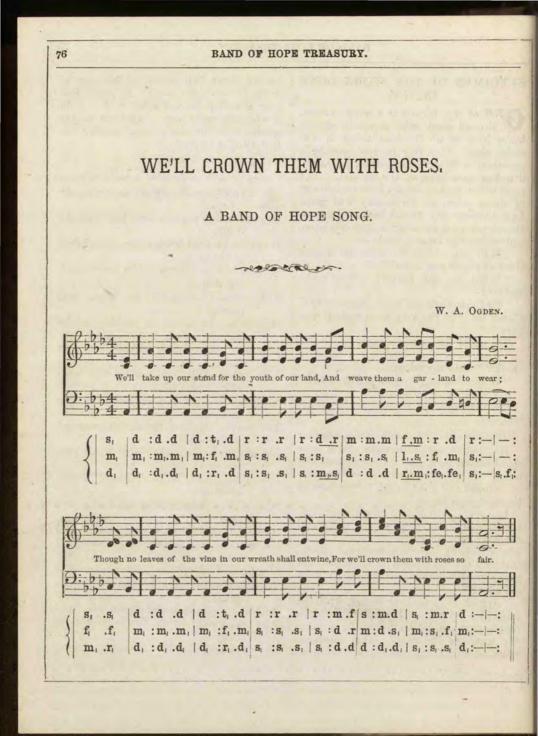
- Its once loving parents were laid with the dead;
- He plained a wild death-dirge, and sighed to the gale,
- While a tear in his eye told a heart-rending tale.
- "My father, through drinking, was carried home dead,
- My mother, heart-broken, beside him was laid :
- I, now a poor outcast, without friend or home,
- This cold, chilly night thro' the wide world must roam.
- "My best clothes are got both ragged and torn,
- The people all shun me, some treat me with scorn;
- My prayers and my tears alike can't prevail.—
- I'm pining for bread, because father loved ale.

"My mother, when living, oft told me to pray, [by day,

Oh, God of my mother, come take me to He sighed a deep sigh, he heaved his last

groan, [as a stone. And the next passer-by found him cold Ah! vendors of drink, this is no fictious tale, [by ale.

For thousands like him are made orphans





2 We'll tempt not the youth from the fountain of truth, Whose waters are pure and divine;

But we'll banish fore'er from our homes that are dear, The chalice that sparkles with wine. We'll crown, &c.

3 Our sweet household joys, the girls and the boys, We'll shield from the tempter so bold,

And we'll bind their white brows that with innocence glow, With a crown that is richer than gold. We'll crown, &c.

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#### THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

(An American Dialogue.) CHARACTERS.-Tom, Dick, and Harry.



Tom.

OW, Dick, your father as a temperance man; mine ain't. You are a Cadet and Hape Bander, and ought to know all about the cold-water cause. I want to ask you a question or two about Cadets, and Bands

of Hope, and Sons, and Washingtonians.

Dick. Well, Tom, If I can answer your questions, I shall be happy to do so; go ahead.

T. How many years ago did the temperance cause start?

D. Why, Tom, the Bible speaks of men who drank no wine, and that must have been thousands of years ago.

T. I want to know when it began in this country?

D. I heard Dr. Jewett say, in one of his lectures, that it commenced here among white men about forty years ago; but before that time there was an Indian chief who called upon the law makers in Ohio and Kentucky for a law to prohibit the sale of whisky to the Indians. Jefferson was president of the United States at the time, and he joined with the chief in his efforts to put a stop to the sale of rum to the red men.

Harry. How came our folks—I mean the white folks—to start the temperance reform?

D. Because there were so many persons, young and old, who drank to excess. Almost everybody drank beer, and wine, and whisky, and all kinds of liquors. The people thought they could not work in the hay or harvest field, in the warehouse or workshop, without liquors. Liquors were used when visits were made, and at weddings and funerals. They were placed upon side-boards, and passed around to the guests freely, and even the children were treated to liquors sweetened with sugar.

T. Were there no temperance men at that time?

D. Oh! yes; about that time that great and good man Gerrit Smith began to speak and write against intemperance, and thirty-five years ago he made a speech in the City Hall Park, New York, in favour of the disuse of distilled liquors. In New England, Dr. Lyman Beecher, Dr. Chapfin, Dr. Edwards, Dr. Hawes, and other noble men preached against the great evils of drunkenness. Soon men like Dr. Jewett, Deacon Moses Grant, and many others took sides against the drinking customs.

H. How many people were there in the United States forty years ago—can you tell?

D. Yes, I have a temperance catechism at home and that gives me all the dates, and figures and facts. At that time there were about twelve millions of people in this country.

H. How much did they drink ?

D. About seventy-five millions of gallons a year. That would be about equal to six gallons to each man, woman and child.

T. Say, Dick, do you know when the first temperance society was formed in this country?

D. In 1826.

T. That is forty-four years ago, ain'tit?

H. Was that pledge like ours?

D. No; it was a pledge against the use of ardent spirits only. In 1832, another pledge was adopted, and that excluded wine, beer, and cider and all kinds of intoxicating drinks. That is our

pledge. We Cadets, and the Hope boys, promise also to abstain from the use of tobacco and profane speech.

T. I should like to know if people can get drunk on swearing, or by chewing tobacco !

D. No; but boys and men who swear and chew are very apt to get drunk.

H. I know some good men who chew.

D. That may be, but they are none the better for chewing, and I think they would find it easier to be good if they did not chew.

#### THE VICTIM.

**T**N a cold, cold winter's night, When the snow was on the ground, I passed a tavern door,

Whence there came a jovial sound; There a pallid girl I saw,

With a timid glance, look in, And I deemed that she was seeking

Companion for her sin.

But straight my heart was smitten, For the hard, and cruel thought;

A tear upon her cheek, And a low deep groan I caught;

With sudden jerk the door flew wide,— I heard a curse— a blow—

And, at my feet, the poor young thing Lay bleeding on the snow.

I was rushing to avenge The cruel, coward blow,

When starting up she cried, With an eager voice, but low,

"Oh! do not, do not-pray, Sir; "Tis I am in the wrong;

He told me I was not to come,

But I thought him very long." As she turned again to seek

Her sad and lonely home,

I questioned her, and found,

From a far, fair scene she'd come,— Had left her mother's care,

And a loving little band,

For this wretch who swore so falsely, By her till death to stand.

As she spoke of them, the tears Were glistening down her cheek,

But on that dastard not a word

Of anger did she wreak ; She only wished, she said,

That he tarried not so late, For her head got full of fancies,

While sitting o'er her grate.

Again I passed that door, Still the mirth was loud and high,

And I almost turned to look

For the red bolt from the sky. But who that had a heart

Would not have turned to pray, That that solitary young thing Might soon be called away!

#### COME AND SIGN TEETOTAL.

ADIES! we want assistance, Come and sign; Too long you've kept a distance,

Come and sign ;

Your husbands then will love you dear,

Your children learn the Lord to fear,

Your own sweet homes your hearts will cheer,

If you sign.

We call upon you preachers, Come and sign;

Show you are feeling teachers, Come and sign :

If you a good example give,

Your hearers then will learn to live,

Poor helpless drunkards you may save, If you sign.

Oh! drunkards be persuaded, Come and sign,

No matter how degraded, Come and sign;

Perchance another drunken spree

May launch you in eternity,

And oh, how awful that would be,-Come and sign.

Parents, with due caution act, Come and sign; Fiction may be book'd a fact, Come and sign: The safest way to train the youth In virtue's path, in moral truth, Is by example—then forsooth, Come and sign.

Children, let us hear you sing, "We will sign," Make both town and country ring— We will sign, We will live happy while on earth, Pure temperance, we know its worth, Source of unmingled joy and mirth,—

We will sign."

#### "SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

T is the sweet warm rain in silence dropping,

That sinks with freshening power;

Not the wild wind-borne storm or driving torrent,

Which breaks the tender flower.

It is the keen, quick lightning, sharp and silent,

That splinters, scathes, and kills;

Not the huge bellowing of the noisy thunder,

Echoing among the hills!

It is the still small voice, whose silent pleading

Persuades the deepmost hearts;

Not the lond speech, the hoarse and vulgar jargon,

The rude stentorian art.

The mightiest forces in the world around us,

We neither hear nor see;

The shallow brooklet, pent among the eddies,

Babbles unceasingly.

The stars march on in their eternal courses, Uttering no voice or sound;

The rushing meteor flies—explodes in ether,—

Falls hissing to the ground.

The human soul whose grasp is widest, grandest,

Of things in heaven and earth,

Discovers not its royal truths and treasures,

In hours of noisy mirth.

The heart of love, bereaved, yet uncomplaining,

Bowed o'er the fresh-turned sod,

Hears whispered forth, "Be still, my son, my daughter,

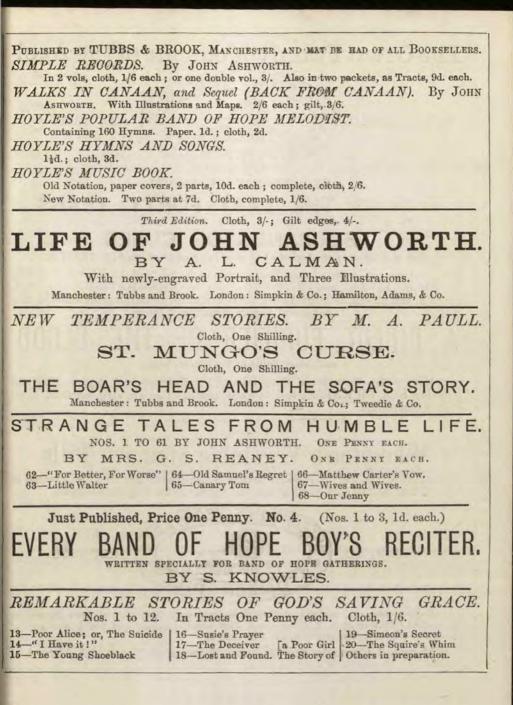
And know that I am God !"

-Scribner.

SARAH H. BROWN.

#### THE LITTLE BOY'S SONG.

List to my song— Huzza! for temperance All the day long ! I'll taste not, handle not, Touch not the wine; For every little boy, like me, The temperance pledge now sign. I am a temperance boy, Just four years old, And I love temperance Better than gold. I'll taste not, handle not, Touch not the wine; For every little boy, like me, The temperance pledge now sign. Let every little boy Remember my song, For God loves little boys That never do wrong. I'll taste not, handle not, Touch not the wine; For every little boy, like me, The temperance pledge should sign.



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ESTABLISHED



A.D. 1835.

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Are particularly suited to Weakly Persons, being exceedingly mild and gradual in their operation, imparting tone and vigour to the Digestive Organs.

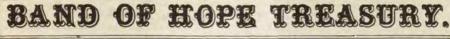
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Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at Home and Abroad.



No. 81, September, 1876.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



JOHNNY'S GIFT.



HE picture this month represents the kind action of Johnny, as he was walking down the street upon an errand for his mother, and with a basket upon his arm containing the articles which, at his mother's request, he wasbringing home for house-

hold use. As he walked cheerily along, he saw a poverty-stricken little girl looking with hungry eyes into the shop windows. Her clothes were ragged and torn, her hair hung in dirty profusion upon her shoulders, her feet had neither shoes nor stockings on them, and she had a general appearance of wretchedness and woe that went straight to Johnny's heart. She was not unlike, in appearance, the dear little sister whom Death had taken from his mother's arms not long before. He even fancied that if the dirt were off the little girl's face that she would have a resemblance to "angel Alice." He had in his hand a piece of cake, and as the little girl's eyes caught sight of it, as she was turning away from the shop window, he could see how eagerly she glanced at the delicious looking object, and how suddenly her eyes fell as she turned away. Tommy called and she turned round.

"Are you hungry, little girl?" he inquired.

She hesitated before replying, but as he repeated the question she timidly acknowledged that she was. Well indeed she might be, for no dinner and very little

#### OUR JUVENILES. JEMIMA BROWN. BRING her here, my little Alice— Poor Jemima Brown ! Make the little cradle ready,

Softly lay her down.

#### JOHNNY'S GIFT.

breakfast had been her portion. You should have seen how glad she looked when he gave her his cake. At first she thought it was only a cruel joke he was playing upon her, but the look of pity in Johnny's frank eyes relieved her.

Johnny was not content with giving her food, but asked about her home and relations. It was an old story. Her father had drunk himself to death, and her mother had fallen into the same evil ways, and had been run over in the streets whilst intoxicated. Madge had managed to scramble through several months after her mother's death by selling matches, and running errands at the low lodging house where they allowed her to sleep under the stairs. Johnny took in his head full particulars of the mournful history of this poor waif, and of the house where she might be found, and when he got home repeated to his mother the sad narrative. Johnny's mother felt interested in the poor orphan girl, and for the sake of her own dead child, took the necessary steps to rescue her from the life of misery into which she had fallen. Madge with a clean face and clean clothes could hardly have been identified with the poor lost child seen in the engraving. She was placed in a home, where the evil effects of her previous life were soon counteracted. and in a little time she became an orderly useful member of society. And this start in life she owed to Johnny's gift.

Once she lived in ease and comfort, Slept on couch of down; Now upon the floor she's lying — Poor Jemima Brown!

Once she was a lovely dolly, Rosy-cheeked and fair,

With her eyes of brightest azure, And her golden hair.

Now, alas ! no hair's remaining On her poor old crown ; And the crown itself is broken—

Poor Jemima Brown!

Once her legs were smooth and comely, And her nose was straight; And that arm now hanging lonely,

Had, methinks, a mate. Ah, she was as finely dressed as

Any doll in town,

Now she's old, forlorn, and ragged— Poor Jemima Brown !

Yet be kind to her, my Alice ! 'Tis no fault of hers If her wilful little mistress Other dolls prefers. Did she pull her pretty hair ont?

Did she break her crown?

Did she tear her arms and legs off ? Poor Jemima Brown !

Little hands that did the mischief, You must do your best Now to give the poor old dolly Comfortable rest.

So we'll make the cradle ready, And we'll lay her down; And we'll ask papa to mend her—

Poor Jemima Brown!

-Laura E. Richards, St. Nicholas for July.

#### UP, UP.

"DP, up," cried the wakeful Cock, "Did you not hear the village clock? I have been up for an hour or more, Crowing aloud at the stable door; Dobbin has gone with the boy to plough, Betty has started to milk the cow; Surely there's plenty for all to do, And all are up, young friend, but you." "Up, up," cries the soaring Lark, "Only sleep, my young friend, in the dark; Oh let it never, never be said You wasted the morning hours in bed; Out of the window glance your eye, And see how blue is the morning sky; Open the casement, your slumber spare, And smell how fresh is the morning air."

"Up, up," cries the busy Sun, "Is there no work, little friend, to be done? Are there no lessons to learn, I pray, That you lie dozing the hours away? Who would give light to the world below, If I were idly to slumber so? What would become of the hay and corn, Did I thus waste the precious morn?"

"Up, up," cries the buzzing Bee, "There's work for you as well as for me; Oh how I prize the morning hour, Gathering sweets from the dewy flower; Quick comes on the scorching noon, And darksome night will follow soon. Say, shall it chide you for idle hours, Time unimproved, and wasted powers?"

#### FARM AND HOME. TWO PICTURES.

N old farm-house, with meadows wide, And sweet with clover on each side; A bright-eyed boy who looks from out The door, with woodbine wreathed about, And wishes his one thought all day:

"Oh! if I could fly away From this dull spot the world to see, How happy, happy, happy, How happy I would be!"

Amid the city's constant din, A man who round the world had been Is thinking, thinking all day long :

"Oh! if I could only trace once more The field-path to the farm-house door, The old green meadows could I see, How happy, happy, happy, How happy I would be!"

#### WHY BOB BIDDLE SIGNED THE PLEDGE.

#### BY JUDGE CLARK.

THIS was the way Bob used to tell it: "No man in Swipetown stood higher in drinking circles than your humble servant.

"I could stand straighter under more crooked whisky, than any two men in the place.

"'Pshaw!" said I when Deacon Waterman tackled me with his everlasting pledge, 'that's well enough for weakheaded chaps without strength of mind enough to bear a square drink. But liquor never upsets me. No man ever saw me stagger, or so I couldn't say 'Constitutional amendment' without tripping.

"The Deacon only shook his head and said :---

"' It'll get you down yet!'

"'Not before I get some of *it* down,' I replied, laughing, and starting over to Dick Flipp's for another 'nip.'

"After all, there was a good deal of brag in what I said. But, then, I knew I could quit just when I pleased, and that set my mind easy.

"I came into a little money, in the course of time, through the death of a distant relative, and thought I'd take a jaunt to the city, just to celebrate his memory.

"Now, I'd never been in a big town before; but I'd heard considerable about the extortions of crack hotels, and caring more for comfort than show, I took a room at a respectable boarding-house.

"The landlady gave me a latch-key, telling me I could keep my own hours. So I started out to see the sights.

"First and foremost I thought I'd take a sort of private census of the drinking shops, merely for private reference. "I found it a bigger job than I counted on. In the course of the evening I visited more rum-holes, and sampled more kinds of liquor, than I wish to remember now even if I could.

"I persevered manfully, but had to yield at last. Such complication of drinks, I found, was beginning to muddle my ideas and tangle up my legs perceptibly. As the best thing to do, I got a policeman to put me on the way home.

"'And you'd better be gittin' there as quick as possible,' he growled after me, as I wended my unsteady way.

"'Whishis-th'house?' I soliloquized interrogatively, as I drew near the place. I don't think I could have said 'Constitutional amendment,' very distinctly then.

"I didn't remember the number, but I had a head for locality, so a travelling phrenologist had once told me.

"' Thishisit,' I answered myself confidently, staggering up the steps.

"A man came out quickly at the moment, and I took advantage of the opening of the door to enter. I felt thankful to the stranger, for I was not quite sure, in my then condition, of being able to manage my night-key very successfully.

"'Thangysir,' I stammered. But the man hurried away without heeding.

"Once up stairs I felt certain as to which was my room. The door stood partly ajar, and I pushed it open and reeled in. The gas was turned down to a speck, and as I started forward to turn it up, I stumbled over some object on the floor, and fell at length. As I struggled up, I felt my hands, which I had thrown out to break the fall, smeared with something moist, which, on turning up the gas I discovered was blood?

"Turning quickly about, a sight still more horrible met my eyes. The object I had fallen over was the dead body of a

man, covered with blood, and disfigured with gchastly wounds !

"A glance at the room and its contents proved that it was not my own, though its relative position was the same. I was evidently in the wrong house.

"I was sober enough to comprehend my damger. To be found there, with all that bllood upon me, for my clothing, as well as hands, had been stained in my fall, I knew was to put my life in jeopardy.

"I heard a sound as of some one stirring im another apartment. My impulse was too flee. With what speed I could commaind, I rushed down the stairs.

"'Sitop thief!' I heard shouted after me.

"Thank heaven the street door stood open. I had neglected to close it. Anotheer step, and I would be free. I was in the act of crossing the threshold, when a policeman grasped my collar. I was diragged back. The body of the murdered man was discovered. At whose door could the fearful crime be laid but mine? Assistance was called, and I was draggeed to the nearest station-house.

""What's your name?' asked the sergeamt in charge.

"' Simith,' I answered, with a bootless he—wcorse than bootless, for my only chance of safety lay in sticking to the truth; but my wits were dazed.

"' Which Smith?' continued the officer, with an unwinning smile.

"' John,' I replied, doggedly.

"' I thought so,' he answered dryly.

"Affter a few more formal questions and answerrs, I was locked up for the night, and a ssorry night of it I passed, what with the effects of fear and rum and couscience. How the words of Deacon Waterman kept ringing in my ears :---

"'Itt'll get you down yet!'

"It had got me down.

" Neext morning I was arraigned before

the judge, and fully committed for trial. For many weary days and nights I lay a prisoner under the shadow of the gallows; for there was proof enough against me to hang a dozen men, unless the real culprit should be discovered. My explanations and professions of innocence went for nothing.

"I had quite given up hope, when, one day, the jailor made his appearance. His look, I thought, wasn't as grim as usual.

"' Come along, you're wanted,' he said.

"The words dashed away the little hope the speaker's look had inspired. It was probably my final trial to which I was summoned, and what the result would be, did not admit of question.

"'Mr. Biddle,' said the District Attorney, to whose office I was taken, 'I am happy to inform you of your discharge. The real criminal has been discovered, and the murdered man's watch and valuables have been found upon him. Besides, he has already fully confessed his guilt.'

"My thanks were brief but earnest. The next train carried me home. From the station I struck a bee-line for Deacon Waterman's.

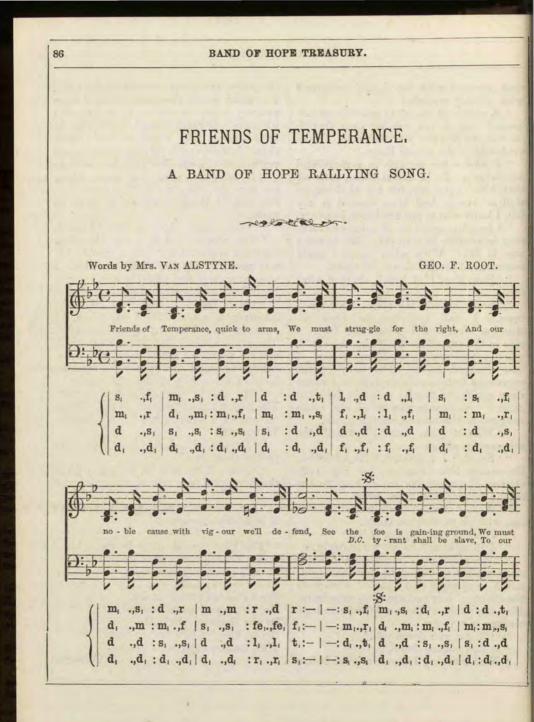
"'Deacon,' I asked, 'have you that pledge about you.'

"'There it is,' said he, taking it from the sidepocket in which he always carried it.

"I signed it on the spot, and have kept it faithfully ever since."

"CHERE'S a labour to be wrought, There's a race that we must run, There's a battle to be fought, And a victory to be won, For a cheated nation's sake. Ho, ye people! plundered all, By the slaves of Alcohol! Rouse, the demon's arm to break, Wide awake, boys, wide awake!"

Talmage.





2 Like the fatal wind that sweeps O'er the desert's burning plain, Is the deep and deadly poison of his breath; While the aged and the young, He is binding with a chain, That will lead them on by thousands down to death.

3 Throw our banner to the breeze, Let the wrongs that claim redress, Be our signal and our watchword as we go; Like the veterans of the past, We will never, never rest,

Till our weapons deal destruction to the foe. Marching, &c.

4 Friends of Temperance, quick to arms, We must struggle for the right;

And our noble cause with vigour we'll defend ; See the foe is gaining ground,

We must meet him in the fight,-

And be faithful and courageous to the end. Marching, &c.

### GRANDFATHER COLBY'S CHARM.

(An American Dialogue.)

CHARACTERS-Grandfather Colby, a very old man ; Claire, his granddaughter ; Harry, a young man.

Claire.

PENNY for your thoughts, Grandpa.

Grandfather. My thoughts were far away, little Claire. I was thinking of something that happened seventy years ago.

C. Seventy years ago! oh, Grandpa, that seems ages ago.

How can you remember so long as that? G. I do not know, my child. But so

it is. I remember the events of long ago much better than those of last week.

Harry. But, Grandfather Colby, what a hale and hearty old man you are at ninety! You can say with Shakspeare, "I bear a charmed life."

G. I never knew much about Shakspeare, Harry; but I have carried a "charm" with me a good many years. I got it seventy years ago to-day. I was thinking of it when my little Claire offered me a penny for my thoughts, just now.

C. Oh, Grandpa, did it keep you all these years in this beautiful world?

G. Yes, I think, under God, it did. I know one thing. All my companions who didn't keep this "charm," fell and perished years and years ago.

C. And, Grandpa, did that keep you well, all the time, so that you *never* had to take any doctor's stuff?

G. Yes, I do truly think my "charm" has kept me "hale and hearty," as Harry said. I have had but little sickness in all my life.

H. And has this wonderful charm kept your heart so young, Grandfather? We won't mind the gray hairs and wrinkles when they come, if we can learn to grow old gracefully, as you have.

G. Will you take this "charm" with

you, Harry, down into the years? It is a simple thing, but it would make me very happy if you will promise, you and all these children, to-night; it will make you all better and happier, and no doubt you will all carry your young hearts down to old age.

H. Tell us all about it, Grandfather. Of course, we'll promise to do anything to make you happy.

G. Wait, Harry, till you see my " charm " before you promise. Go to the chest of drawers in my room, Claire, and bring me a large leathern wallet you will find there. (She returns with the wallet.) Now, my children, I must paint a picture for you, before I show you this wonderful charm, which will seem to you a very commonplace affair, I dare say. I see a log house in a clearing of the forest. There is a bright fire apon the hearth, a spinning wheel by the wall, a chair wonderful with its carved mahogany, that came from beyond the seas. I see a young man clad in a hunter's garb, buskins upon his feet, as if he would journey far. He is kneeling before an aged woman, this stalwart young fellow-as if to receive her blessing. She is bending over him, her trembling hand upon his head, and these are the words she speaks :- " Phineas, promise thy old mother three things, before thou goest; for verily I shall see thy face no more. Thou wilt not profane God's name, or His Sabbath; thou wilt touch not, taste not, handle not, any intoxicating drink; thou wilt never use the vile weed tobacco. Promise, my son, and so shall thy days be long in the land whither thou goest." Solemnly, as my mother laid her commands upon me, I promised before her and God to obey them, and, children, I

have kept my promise. Never has one lrop of intoxicating drink passed my lips; have never used tobacco in any form; I never, from that day to this, polluted my ips with profanity. My long life, my nealth, my earthly prosperity, I owe to his, under God, I have not a doubt. I have nade many mistakes, but I have tried to blease God and love my fellow-men. The est I have left to Him; and His strong nand has helped me over the rough places, and now, at my life's sunset, without a car or shudder, I look forward to the pright eternal morning.

C. But the "charm," Grandpa, I want o see that, please.

G. The next morning I was miles way from my dear old home in the orest, but I wrote the promise I made ny mother, and here it is. That is my wonderful "charm," children—simply *pledge*, never to swear, or drink, or smoke, or chew tobacco; to love God and my fellow-men. Will you all take my charm?

C. Harry drinks wine sometimes and it makes him quite funny, but Auntie cries and says he'll break her heart if he does so any more.

H. But Harry will neither swear, nor smoke, nor drink, nor chew henceforth. (He signs the pledge.)

G. "Lord, now lettest Thon Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

### LOOK UP. BY MARIA.

HEN clouds are gathering o'er thee, And darkness vails thy way, When sorrowful and lonely,

Sad thoughts thy heart dismay, Look up! beyond earth's shadow Behold that ray of light,

Resplendent as the rainbow,

It ravishes the sight. .

Look up! the vision brightens; See! 'tis an angel's form;

Her presence surely lightens, Or checks the threatened storm;

Prepare thine heart to meet her-

A dwelling she will claim ; Thy Father bids thee greet her— HOPE is the angel's name.

### WORK.

SWEET wind, fair wind, where have you been? [the sky, "I've been sweeping the cobwebs out of I've been grinding a grist in the mill hard

by; [sigh; I've been laughing at work while others

Let those laugh who win !"

Sweet rain, soft rain, what are you doing? "I'm urging the corn to fill out its cells; I'm helping the lily to fashion its bells;

I'm swelling the torrent and brimming the wells;

Is that worth pursuing?"

Redbreast, redbreast, what have you done?

- "I've been watching the nest where my fledglings lie;
- I've sung them to sleep with a lullaby; By-and-bye I shall teach them to fly.
  - In and awar arour anal"

Up and away, every one !"

Honey-bee, honey-bee, where are you going ?

"To fill my basket with precious pelf; To toil for my neighbour as well as myself; To find out the sweetest flower that grows; Be it a thistle or be it a rose—

A secret worth the knowing?"

Each content with the work to be done, Ever the same from sun to sun; Shall you and I be taught to work By the bee and bird, that scorn to shirk? Wind and rain fulfilling His word ! Tell me, was ever a legend heard

Where the wind, commanded to blow, deferred; [murred? Or the rain, that was bidden to fall, de-

### A COUNTRY SCHOOL.

RETTY and pale and tired She sits in her stiff-backed chair, While the blazing summer sun Shines on her soft brown hair, And the tiny brook without, That she hears through the open door Mocks with its murmur cool Hard bench and dusty floor.

It seems such an endless round— Grammar and A B C, The blackboard and the sums; The stupid geography; When from teacher to little Jem Not one of them cares a straw, Whether John is in any "case,"

Or Kansas in Omaha.

But Jemmy's bare brown feet Are aching to wade in the stream, Where the tront to his luring bait Shall leap, with a quick, bright gleam : And his teacher's blue eyes stray To the flowers on her desk hard by, Till her thoughts have followed her eyes With a half-unconscious sigh.

Her heart outruns the clock, As she smells their faint sweet scent; But when have time and heart Their measure in unison blent? For time will haste or lag Like your shadow on the grass, That lingers far behind Or flies when you fain would pass.

Have patience, restless Jem, The stream and the fish will wait; And patience, tired blue eyes— Down the winding road by the gate, Under the willow shade, Stands someone with fresher flowers,

So then to your books again,

And keep love for the after-hours.

### THE WORLD IS ON THE MOVE.

BY F. L. BLANCHARD.

THE world is on the move, look about: There is much we may improve, do not doubt:

And for all who understand, may be heard throughout the land,

A warning voice at hand, ringing out.

Though gloomy hearts despaired at thesky, There's a sun to shine beyond, by-and-bye; Ere the vessel that we urge shall beneath the surface merge,

A beacon on the verge shall be nigh.

Step by step the longest march can be done;

Single stones will form an arch, one by one: And with union, what we will can be all accomplished still;

Drops of water turn a mill-singly none.

Brag and bluster float as froth o'er the wave;

Gory treason, worse than both, fools may rave;

But the honest hands that link with the solemn heads that think,

And for pikes use pen and ink, are the brave.

Let us onward, then, for Right—nothing more;

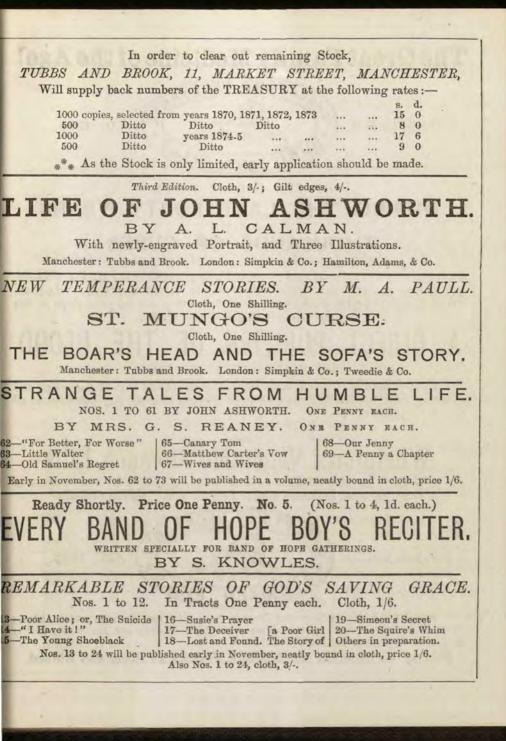
And let justice be the might we adore.

Build no hopes upon the sand ; for a people hand in hand

Can make this a better land than before.

Our country bless'd with all—look around; No tyranny nor bloodshed here is found; So, with heart and voice we'll cheer, the cause we love is dear;

May it spread in peace, nor fear those around.



The Great Family Medicine of the Age!

ESTABLISHED



A.D. 1835.

### BY THE USE OF WHICH

## DURING THE LAST FORTY YEARS

### THOUSANDS OF CURES

Have been effected; numbers of which cases had been pronounced INCURABLE !

The numerous well-authenticated Testimonials in disorders of the HEAD, CHEST, BOWELS, LIVER, and KIDNEYS; also in RHEUMATISM, ULCERS, SORES, and all SKIN DISEASES, are sufficient to prove the great value of this most useful Family Medicine, it being

## A DIRECT PURIFIER OF THE BLOOD

and other fluids of the human body.

Many persons have found these Pills of great service both in preventing and relieving SEA SICKNESS; and in warm climates they are very beneficial in all Bilious Complaints.

# Whelpton's Vegetable Stomach Pills

Are particularly suited to Weakly Persons, being exceedingly mild and gradual in their operation, imparting tone and vigour to the Digestive Organs.

ESTABLISHED



A.D. 1835.

Prepared and sold wholesale and retail in boxes, price 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d., 1s. 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d., and 2s. 9d., by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; sent free to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at Home and Abroad.



No. 82, October, 1876.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



ALICK'S DEATH.



HILE I was thus engaged, I heard some one with clogs on running in a great hurry down the street. They stopped at my door, and knocked impatiently. My heart thumped so that I could scarcely move.

The knock came again, and I hurried to the door. It was a factory lad. The first look at his horror-struck face filled me with fear, and when he found breath he said,-

"'Missis, your Alick's got caught in th' wheels, and they've taken him to th' Infirmary.' I felt the blood rush to my head, my heart seemed to stop beating, a dizziness came over me, and I knew no more.

"When I woke to consciousness, there were several of the neighbour women standing round me, one was chafing my hands, another bathing my face with water, and all were looking sorrowful. The truth at once flashed on my mind. I sprang up, and seizing my bonnet, I asked some one to care for the children while I was away.

"Oh, the anguish I felt as I hurried down to the Infirmary. 'My poor Alick' I kept saying-'my dear, good lad-my angel-and him suffering, and his mother not with him.' I could not weep; my head seemed on fire; and my heart was almost broken.

"When I got to the Infirmary, they would not let me into the room where Alick lay. The nurse said the doctor had forbidden her to let any one go near him. It might be the cause of his death.

"I had stopped in the middle of the

ALICK'S DEATH.

walk, and so stunned were my senses at the thought of Alick dying, that I had not heard the footsteps of the approaching nurse. When she touched me on the shoulder I started, and turned suddenly round. Her face seemed sorrowful, and she said .-

"'The doctor says you may go and see your son. He has been asking for you several times. But mind,' she said, taking hold of my arm, 'you must not disturb him, or he may die.

"I promised, and hurried after the nurse. She led me through several rooms, and then stopping before a closed door, she turned round and said, 'Remember!' and gently opened the door. I stepped into the room, and there, laid on a bed, was my poor Alick. The doctor was sitting on one side, and a nurse was standing close by, with a basin of water and a sponge, with which she was staunching the blood as it trickled down the pale forehead of my darling lad. How I kept so calm I don't know; but as I entered the doctor raised his head, and putting his finger up cautioned me not to speak. I went close to the bed and knelt down. I could not weep before, but at the sight of my poor, bleeding Alick the tears gushed from my eyes. His legs and hands were awfully torn, and his face was cut in several places, and I saw his curly locks were matted with gore. I looked at him for a long time. He breathed heavily; his eyes were closed, and now and again his face would assume a painful expression, as though he was suffering from his hurt. Suddenly his eyes opened, and he said in a faint voice,-

"'Mother; I want my mother!'"

From Alick's Death, No. 9, Remarkable Stories. London: Simpkin and Co.; Morgan and Scott. [See advertisement in this number.]

Manchester: Tubbs and Brook.

### WORK AND RESULTS. \*

GENTLEMAN said to me the other day: "The temperance cause is dead." It is not dead, for it was born in the church of Christ, and that which is born there can never die. Right is to triumph in the end. You and I will not live to see it, but it will come. Nero sat on the throne, clothed in purple, and at his nod men trembled. In the Mamertine dungeon a man was writing a letter to Timothy to send him his cloak, for he was shivering in one of the dungeons of the Roman capital. Years rolled on, and right and wrong contended with each other. The former died a miserable suicide, but the prisoner wrote on and finished his letter: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith "-words which have comforted millions for generations. And the world could better afford to lose all the words of eloquence that ever fell from the the lips of Roman orators, than to lose one word of what the chained prisoner wrote in his dungeon. My experience has led me to this conclusion, that we trust too much even to our organizations and to our efforts. We are in too much of a hurry; we want results immediately. We do a thing and want results to come at once, forgetting that with the Lord one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. It is God's work, and not ours—we are workers. If a man stand as a machine, and if he is connected by a band of living faith with God Almighty, he is doing his work as he will, where he will, and when he will, and occupies the highest position a man can hold in this world. God is the motive power, and our work is simply nothing in comparison with Him. Then as we put forth our efforts, let us make our appeal to Him.

I remember (and I do not know whether t was a legend or not) that a missionary

party were passing over the prairie, when one of them exclaimed, " See, see that red glare, what is it?" They looked and watched, and one old trapper, shading his eye with his hand, cried out, "The prairie is on fire, and it is spreading at the rate of twenty miles an hour. It will destroy us, and nothing will be left but a few charred bones to tell of the party passing over the prairie." "What shall be done?" The trapper cried, "We must fight fire with fire. Work! work! Pull up the grass; make the circle larger, larger, larger! Quick, quick, I feel the heat upon my brow ! Quick for your lives ! pull up the grass ! pull up the grass ! Now for the matches !"

They searched, and found two. Hastily they struck one and it failed—utterly failed. One match! and the fire coming in the distance, leaping with its forked tongue through the dry grass, at twenty miles an hour! Only one match! The missionary, baring his brow, said, "God help us; for Thy great name's sake, help us in our extremity." Every heart prompted the words, and the lips uttered "Amen." They struck the match; it caught fire, and the grass was ignited; and as the fire swept round them in a circle, they marched on triumphant, exultant, victorious.

Our instrumentalities—Temperance Societies, Band of Hope, Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, whatever they be —are as feeble as that one match. Before we put forth our efforts, then, let us reverently ask God to help us for His great name's sake : and we, with those we have worked for, shall stand in the circle unharmed while the flames play away at the distance, and we stand saved, not by our own efforts alone, but by our own efforts blessed and acknowledged by Him in whose hands are the destinies of all men. JOHN B. GOUGH.

### THE OLD HOME HALL. BY ALSAGER HAY HILL.

ACK in the old Home Hall, Father, mother, and I; And I look with the eyes of manhood On the boyish days gone by.

The house is as heretofore, The windows row on row, Staring—empty of faces, But full of the long ago.

With half distrustful tread I paced the garden plot, Till the very grass around me Seems full of forget-me-not.

The pond where I used to angle Looks smaller now than then, But still from the self-same willow I startle the water-hen.

With scurry of flight she wanders Away to her hiding-place,

And like silver leaves before her Are the shoals of the startled dace.

I walk in the old Hall meadows, And sit on the old elm seat,

Where the woodpecker clangs as he passes,

And the river runs at my feet.

May be there is little altered— But I am a business slave,

And the brother that led my pastime Lies under the Red Sea wave.

He loved the old Home Hall— There was none to match it elsewhere—

But he sleeps far out of its shadow, And I cannot follow him there.

The sisters that shared our pleasures And laughed at our bootless sport,

Are married and scattered—Alas! Love-steered to a distant port.

Back in the old Home Hall, Father, and mother, and I; Heaven is over us all,

And garners the days gone by.

-The Labour News.

### THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

O! TEMPT me not to the drunkard's draught,

With its soul-consuming gleam ! O! hide me from the woes that waft

Around the drunkard's dream.

When night in holy silence brings The God-will'd hour of sleep,

Then, then, the red eyed revel swings Its bowl of poison deep.

When morning waves its golden hair, And smiles o'er hill and lea,

One sickening ray is doomed to glare On yon rude revelry.

The rocket's flary moment sped, Sinks blackening back to earth;

Yet darker—deeper sinks the head Who shares in drunkard's mirth.

Know ye the sleep the drunkard knows? That sleep, oh, who can tell!

Or who can speak the fiendful throes Of his self-hearted hell !

The soul all reft of heavenly mark-Defaced God's image there-

Rolls down and down yon abyss dark, To thy howling home despair!

Or bedding his head on broken hearts, Where slimy reptiles creep;

While the ball-less eye of death still darts Black fire on the drunkard's sleep.

And lo! their coffined bosoms rife, That bled in his ruin wild!

The cold, cold lips of his shrouded wife, Press lips of his shrouded child !

So fast—so deep the hold they keep ! Hark his unhallowed scream !

Guard us, O God, from the drunkard's sleep,

From the drunkard's demon dream.

### "NOW, FATHER, MAY I PRAY?"

LITTLE girl, not twelve years old, Had heard her teacher say That those who truly love the Lord Will often to Him pray.

She knew her parents careless lived, God's favour never sought; And much desired that they should mind Religion as they ought.

Deeply concerned, one Sabbath night She to her father said,—

"'Twould be so nice to sing a hymn Before we go to bed."

At once he granted her request, And when the hymn was sung— "Father, may I a chapter read?" She said with artless tongue.

To this he also gave consent; Then she distinctly read The chapter through, which tells how Christ Died in the sinner's stead.

And then, with faltering voice, she asked— "Now, father, may I pray?" "No, no," he cried in angry tones,

"You do not know the way!"

'Father, I'll try, if you'll permit," The little girl replied;

And then, consenting, he knelt down Close by his daughter's side.

n earnest did the dear child pray, And humbly ask the Lord Co change her parents' sinful hearts : That fervent prayer was heard.

Her parents both were led to see How sinful they had been; And earnestly besought the Lord To pardon all their sin.

'n Wisdom's ways since then they've walk'd,

And often bless the day When their dear child so sweetly said, "Now, father, may I pray?"

### SONG OF THE REFORMED.

E come, we come, that have been held,

In burning chains so long; We're up, and on we come, a host

Two hundred thousand strong. We've snap't the chains that held us round The beer vat and the still,

Snap't at a word-nay, by a word That mighty word, I will.

We come from Belial's palaces, The tippling shop and bar,

And as we march those gates of hell Feel their foundations jar.

The very ground that oft has held All night our throbbing head,

Knows that we're up, no more to fall, And trembles at our tread.

From dirty den, from gutter foul, From watch-house, and from prison,

Where they who gave the poisonous glass, Had thrown us, are we risen.

From garret high have hurried down, From cellar cold and damp,

Come up, till alley, lane, and street, Echo our earthquake tramp.

And on, and on, a swelling host Of Temperance men we come; Contemning, and defying all

The powers and priests of rum,-

A host redeemed who've drawn the sword, And sharpened up its edges,

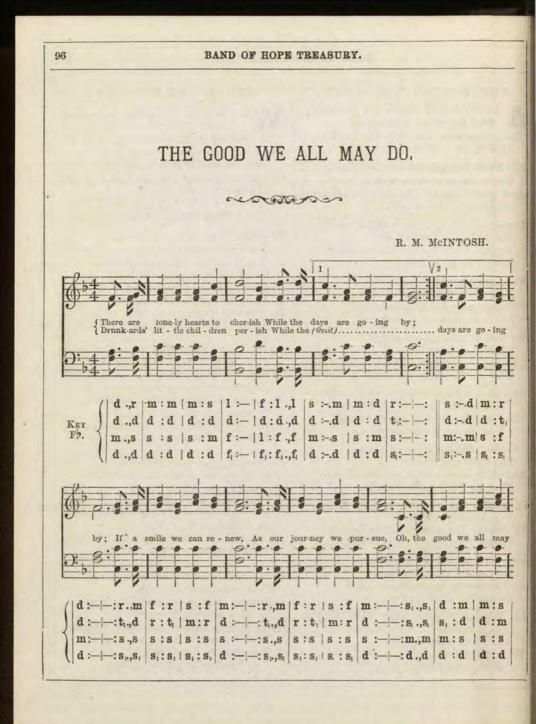
And hewn our way through hostile ranks To the teetotal pledges.

To God be thanks, who pours us out Cold water from his hills,

In crystal springs and bubbling brook, In lakes and sparkling rills;

From these to quench our thirst we come, With freeman's shout and song-

A host already numbering Two hundred thousand strong.





There is no time for idle scorning, While the days are going by; Let us give poor drunkards warning, While the days are going by; Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes,— Help your fallen brother, do, While the days are going by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by. All the loving links that bind us, While the days are going by; One by one we leave behind us, While the days are going by; But the seed of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by; Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.

### BAD BOOKS.

BY COUSIN EDWARD. A DIALOGUE FOR THREE BOYS.

CHARACTERS-David, Albert, and Charles.



OOD evening, Charley, I am very glad indeed that I have met you, old fellow, as I am anxious to know how you are getting on with Teetotalism.

Charles. Well, Albert, to tell you the truth, I have had a very hard time of it since I

signed.

A. Had a hard time of it, I don't quite understand you, Charley.

C. I mean that I have been very much troubled at the offices about it, and to add to their sneers they call me Snowball and Tea-leaves, but notwithstanding all this, I am thankful to say that I have been able to hold tight to my promise of total abstinence.

A. Bravo, Charley, I am really glad to hear such news, don't you be discouraged if they do call you names. I well remember when I was a youngster like yourself, and on entering my first situation, as soon as those about me found out that I was a Teetotaler, I had no peace for a very long time, and often did I wish myself back to school again, but I am thankful to say that the "Angel of the Lord " was " round about me" in those times of difficulty and temptations, and enabled me to keep my promise to this day. Now, Charley, the same God who helped me will help you; trust Him and you will conquer.

Albert, my dear friend, I thank you very much for your kind advice, and I hope some day-

A. All right, old fellow, no thanks required. But what is this in your pocket? (taking a book out of Charley's breast pocket,) the "Temperance Record," I suppose!

C. Oh, no, it's only a Book I bought to pass the time away.

A. Then I am very sorry for your taste for this class of Literature. I would not be seen with one of those Books for a sovereign.

C. Why, Albert, I am surprised at you. What is there wrong in the Book? I don't see it.

A. No, of course you do not, or you would not spend your money so wastefully.

### [Enter David.]

David. Hallo, Albert, what's the matter now? Why are you looking so cross?

A. Oh it's all right, David, I'm not cross, but only talking to Charley Ireland about this book, which I have just taken out of his pocket. I want to show him how he is spending his money in the wrong way, so perhaps you can help me.

D. (Laying his hand on Charley's shoulder.) Charley, my dear fellow, I won't scold you, but simply ask you to take my advice and spurn all such kind of books; the whole of them are bad from beginning to end, they poison the mind rather than make it healthy; they help to degrade our minds rather than elevate them. Ask our city merchants, our statesmen, our Christian ministers, our missionaries, and all great men and women, and last, but not least, our worthy Chairman, if they gained their positions in this world, and the hope of a higher position in the next world, by reading such pernicious literature as this, and wasting their time and money upon it.

C. But I saw you reading a tale in the "Band of Hope Treasury" the other day, and that is just like mine, every word

of it fiction and not fact; and why is mine worse than yours?

A. Pardon me, but ours is not all fiction; what we read in the "Band of Hope Treasury" are shadows of what is possible and sometimes too true, and we get conveyed to our mind some sound principles—principles that are beneficial and elevating, while your book will excite the passions, fill the mind with daring and wicked deeds, and too often lead to dishonest acts.

C. I think you will both do for Exeter Hall, yet with all your eloquence I don't see that I am wrong.

D. Then if we cannot convince you perhaps your master can. Just let him see you reading that book, then ask him for a rise in your wages next week, and see what he will say about it. Will you do that?

C. No, not this child !

D. Just what I thought he would say. He would no sooner let his master see that book than his Sunday School Teacher.

A. Dave is right there. Your master knows very well that the "Life of Jack Shepherd" will do you no good as his servant. And I have generally noticed that most masters, if they see anything in the habits of their servants which is likely to injure their physical or moral capacities, the servants generally fall a few degrees in their estimation.

D. If you are wise, Charley, you will give in, and make this matter of abstaining from bad books part of your resolution to abstain from intoxicating drinks. For as Band of Hope members we should try to do all that is good and great every day of our lives. Too often do we hear from the magistrates of the great evil done by these books upon the minds of the youth of Britain. Charley, take a warning, and tear up your book.

C. Give me your hands, my friends, I

will give in and spend my money better. (Tears up the Book.)

D. Now come with us to the Library, and there you will read something worth reading.

### WHAT TO DRINK.

THE lily drinks the sunlight, The primrose drinks the dew, The cowslip sips the running brook,

The hyacinth, heaven's blue; The peaches quaff the dawn-light,

The pears the autumn noon,

The apple-blossoms drink the rain, And the first warm air of June.

The wind-flower and the violet Draw in the April breeze,

The sun and rain and hurricane Are the tipple of the trees ;

But not a bud or greenling, From the hyssop on the wall

To the cedars of Mount Lebanon, Is steeped in alcohol.

From all the earth's green basin, From the blue sky's sapphire bowl,

No living thing of root or wing

Partakes the deadly dole. I'll quaff the lily's nectar,

I'll sip of the cowslip's cup, I'll drink the shower, the sun, the breeze, But never the poisoned drop.

-New York Observer.

### THE FATAL DRAUGHT.

CONCE beheld a sprightly youth, His cheek was bright and fair; The rosy hue adorning it,

Spoke health was reigning there.

No sorrow then had touched his heart, To him 'twas but a name, For he had scarcely yet begun

To play life's subtle game.

His friends were loving, and as kind As faithful friends could be;

His youthful bounding heart o'erflowed With happiness and glee.

His hopes were bright, his prospects fair Feared no untimely blight;

And all his hours rolled smoothly on In pleasure and delight.

A stranger yet to grief and care, He little deemed the boon That was in mercy granted him Would quite withdrawn be soon.

But soon, alas ! how passing soon All earthly pleasures fade ! The sunshine bright of life is still Attended with the shade.

He droop'd, he pin'd, his health declin'd, He sank in pale decay;

The strength of his once vig'rous frame Was wasting fast away.

His hopes were fled, his prospects fair Were blighted by the blast

That o'er his bright and happy days Like stormy whirlwind passed.

No friends had he to comfort him And cheer him through the gloom, While each succeeding moment saw Him nearer to the tomb.

A life so wretched in its end, Though blissful when begun, Oh, who would wish to live again, And do the evil done?

My youthful reader, dost thou ask Why died he thus so soon? And why so quick was he deprived Of life's most precious boon? And dost thou ask who caused him thus To fall in prosp'rous hour,

When blessings down on him were pour'd, In rich and grateful shower?

'Twas the foul fiend, Intemperance, Who with his fatal cup

Allured to sip one pois'nous draught, And then to drink it up.

For 'tis but by degrees he tempts The thoughtless to the snare,

Enticing on, and binding fast, Ere they are yet aware.

Then taste not thou that fatal cup, For with it thou may'st blend

The drunkard's short and wretched life, With his untimely end.

### THE DYING DRUNKARD.

STRETCH'D on a heap of straw-his bed-

The dying drunkard lies;

His joyless wife supports his head, And to console him tries ;

His weeping children's love would ease His spirit, but in vain;

Their ill-paid love destroys his peace, He'll never smile again.

His boon companions—where are the y?— They shared his heart and bowl,

Yet come not nigh, to charm away The horrors from his soul.

What have such friends to do with those Who press the couch of pain?

And he is racked with mortal throes— He'll never rise again !

And where is mercy in that hour Of dread, and pain, and guilt!

Through Jesu's blood, of matchless power For man's seared soul was spilt;

If Justice spurn the fear-arged prayer, That stream has flowed in vain;

And, lock'd in thy embrace, Despair! He'll never hope again.

100



The Great Family Medicine of the Age!

ESTABLISHED



A.D. 1835.

BY THE USE OF WHICH

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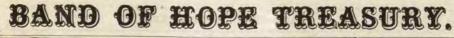
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Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors at Home and Abroad.



No. 83, November, 1876.] NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



POOR ALICE.

### POOR ALICE; OR, THE SUICIDE.

T had come to the knowledge of Alice's parents that she was often seen in the company of a young man who, though occupying a good position and of well-to-do parents, was a catholic, and known to be of a gay and frivolous disposition.

He was tall and handsome, wore fine clothes, had a pleasing manner, and the superior education he had received gave him fascinating powers of conversation. Pained at the news, Alice's mother, when alone with her daughter one evening, said,—

"Alice, my dear, I have been told that John Wildman and you are often seen walking to and from school and chapel together; is it true?"

Alice blushed a deep crimson, hung down her head, and after a few moments replied,—

"Yes, mother, it is quite true that John has on several occasions walked with me; why do you ask?"

"Because, my dear," replied her mother, "you must be aware that John, though a fine young man, and in good circumstances, is not a suitable companion for my daughter."

"He is not a companion, mother," said Alice with a little warmth; "I cannot help him walking by my side; it would be rude if I were to tell him to go away, seeing that my father is on such friendly business terms with his father."

"True, Alice," her mother replied, "I have no desire you should be rude; but," she continued, with a sweet smile, "John is such a handsome fellow, and has such winning ways, I was afraid he might be exercising a wrong influence over you, who are so innocent of the world and its wickedness. John, you know, my dear, is not a religious young man, and he attends the Catholic church.

"I am aware of all this, dear mother."

"Then you will be careful, Alice?"

"Yes, mother, I think you may trust me."

During prayers that evening Alice was not so interested as usual, and when she retired to her bedroom she sat down on a chair beside the open window, and began to think over her mother's words. Although she had said she might be trusted, she felt that John Wildman had already interested her more than she was willing to confess, and a certain rebellious spirit, for the first time in her recollection, began to rise in her breast against her mother's interference in the matter. It was her custom to kneel in private prayer before retiring to rest; but so occupied were her thoughts that she neglected this duty, and after some considerable time fell asleep. This neglect of private prayer was a serious step in the wrong direction.

Weeks passed away, and John Wildman and Alice were often seen together. To the great sorrow of Alice's parents, the old confidence between her and them was destroyed; secrets were hid in the heart of the daughter which she dare not reveal to her loving and anxious mother. But Alice was not happy; there was a silent monitor in her breast which at times troubled her much. She knew she was doing wrong, and acting contrary to the wishes of her parents, and whenever this is the case misery is sure to be the result.

From Poor Alice; or, The Suicide, No. 13, Remarkable Stories. Manchester: Tubbs and Brook. London: Simpkin and Co.; Morgan and Scott. [See advertisement in this number.]



### THE PRODIGAL.

EHOLD the wretch whose lust and wine

Had wasted his estate,

He begs a share among the swine, To taste the husks they eat.

I die with hunger here, he cries; I starve in foreign lands;

My father's house has large supplies, And bounteous are his hands.

I'll go, and with a mournful tongue Fall down before his face ;

Father, I've done thy justice wrong, Nor can deserve thy grace.

He said, and hastened to his home, To seek his father's love;

The father saw the rebel come, And all his bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his neck, Embraced and kissed his son,

The rebel's heart with sorrow breaks, For follies he had done.

Take off his clothes of shame and sin, (The father gives command)

Dress him in garments white and clean, With rings adorn his hand.

A day of feasting I ordain, Let mirth and joy abound ;

My son was dead, and lives again, Was lost, and now is found.

### INDUSTRY.

 EHOLD, fond youth, that busy bee; How swift she flies from tree to tree. Extracting flow'ry sweets:
 Thus cheerful all the day she'll roam, At evening seek her much loved home, To treasure all she meets.

Full well she knows that winter keen, Must come to blast this painted scene, With famine on the wing : Her prudent labours find repose; Nor winter's cold, nor want she knows, Till time renews the spring.

While yonder drone in sunny haunts, Who just supplies his present wants,

Nor heeds the passing hours : Soon bleak December's piercing air, Shall mock his want of timely care, And chill his vital powers.

Like the dull drone, shall he who throws Away what providence bestows, Feel pinching hours of need; While they whose care is to increase, Find, like the bee, in winter peace, And every good succeed.

### NOAH'S ARK.

HEN Noah, with his favoured few, Was ordered to embark; Eight human souls, a little crew, Entered on board the Ark, Tho' every part he might secure With bar, or bolt, or pin; To make the preservation sure, Jehovah shut him in. The waters then might swell their tides,

And billows rage and roar;

They could not stave th' assaulted sides, Nor burst the battered door,

So souls that do in Christ believe, Quickened by vital faith,

Eternal life at once receive, And never shall see death.

In his own heart the Christian puts No trust; but builds his hopes

On Him that opes, and no man shuts, And shuts, and no man opes;

In Christ his Ark, he safely rides, Not wrecked by Death or Sin :

How is it he so safe abides ? The Lord hath shut him in.

### KEEP IN STEP.

Those who would walk together must keep in step.—Old Proverb.

YE, the world keeps moving forward, Like an army marching by; Hear you not its heavy footfall, That resoundeth to the sky? Some bold spirits bear the banner— Souls of sweetness chant the song,— Lips of energy and fervour Make the timid-hearted strong! Like brave soldiers we march forward; If you linger or turn back, You must look to get a jostling While you stand upon our track, Keep in step!

My good neighbour, Master Standstill, Gazes on it as it goes; Not quite sure but he is dreaming, In his afternoon's repose! "Nothing good," he says, "can issue From this endless 'moving on;' Ancient laws and institutions Are decaying, or are gone. We are rushing on to ruin With our mad, new-fangled ways." While he speaks, a thousand voices, As the heart of one man, say— "Keep in step!"

Gentle neighbour, will you join us, Or return to "good old ways?" Take again the fig-leaf apron Of old Adam's ancient days :--Or become a hardy Briton--Beard the lion in his lair, And lie down in dainty slumber Wrapp'd in skin of shaggy bear,--Rear the hut amid the forest, Skim the wave in light cance? Ah, I see! you do not like it. Then if these "old ways" won't do, Keep in step. Be assured, good Master Standstill, All-wise Providence design'd

Aspiration and progression, For the yearning human mind.

Generations left their blessings In the relics of their skill,

Generations yet are longing

For a greater glory still; And the shades of our forefathers Are not jealous of our deed—

We will follow where they beckon, We but go where they do lead! Keep in step.

One detachment of our army May encamp upon the hill, While another, in the valley, May enjoy "its own sweet will;" This, may answer to one watchword, That, may echo in another; Bat in unity and concord, They discern that each is brother! Breast to breast they're marching onward, In a good, now peaceful way;

You'll be jostled if you hinder, So don't offer let or stay— Keep in step.

MARIE.

### THE LORDS OF LABOUR.

(BY THE LATE JAMES MACFARLAN.)

THEY come, they come, in a glorious march,

You can hear their steam-steeds neigh, As they dash through Skill's triumphal

arch,

Or plunge through the dancing spray.

Their bale-fires blaze in the mighty forge, Their life-pulse throbs in the mill,

Their lightnings shiver the gaping gorge, And their thunders shake the hill.

Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade, The heroes who wield no sabre;

But mightier conquests reapeth the blade That is borne by the Lords of Labour.

- Brave hearts like jewels light the sod, Through the mists of commerce shine,
- And souls flash out like stars of God, From the midnight of the mine.
- No palace is theirs, no castle great, No princely pillared hall,
- But they well may laugh at the roofs of state.

'Neath the heaven which is over all. Ho! these are the Titans of toil and trade,

The heroes who wield no sabre;

- But mightier conquests reapeth the blade Which is borne by the Lords of Labour.
- Each bares his arm for the ringing strife, That marshals the sons of the soil, [life
- And the sweat-drops shed in the battle of Are gems in the crown of toil.
- And better their well-won wreaths, I trow, Than laurels with life-blood wet;
- And nobler the arch of a bare, bold brow, Than the clasp of a coronet.
- Then hurrah for each hero, although his deed

Be unblown by the trump or tabor; For holier, happier far is the meed

That crowneth the Lords of Labour.

### ANGRY WORDS.

NGRY words are lightly spoken, In a rash and thoughtless hour, Brightest links of life are broken

By their deep insidious power. Hearts, inspired by warmest feeling,

Ne'er before by anger stirr'd, Oft are rent past human feeling,

By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow, Bitter poison-drops are they,

- Weaving for the coming morrow Saddest memories of to-day.
- Angry words-oh, let them never From the tongue unbridled slip:
- May the heart's best impulse ever Check them ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy, Friendship is too sacred far, For a moment's reckless folly

Thus to desolate and mar.

Angry words are lightly spoken : Bitterest thoughts are rashly spoken ;

Brightest links of life are broken By a single angry word.

### A LESSON FOR LADIES.

THE old lady sat in her working chair, Darn, darn, darn; The fire was bright, and the night was fair.

Darn, darn, darn;

The stocking was old, and the heel was worn,

And she was well furnished with needle and yarn,

And well she knew how the heel to turn, Darn, darn, darn.

She sat in her chair from morn till night, Darn, darn, darn;

And still her eye was watchful and bright, Darn, darn, darn;

For well she was used her needle to ply, And every hole in a stocking could spy,

And to mend it faithfully she would try, Darn, darn, darn.

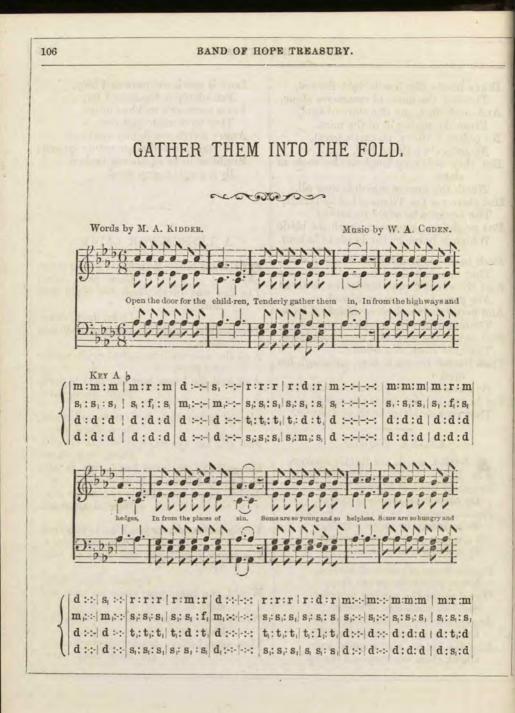
Young ladies, if ever you hope to be wives, Darn, darn, darn;

For many a call you will have in your lives,

To darn, darn, darn;

- Would you keep your children neat and clean?
- Would you save your toes from frost-bite keen?

Then never believe that darnings are mean, But darn, darn, darn.





Open the door for the children,

Gather them in, &c.

" Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

Some are so hungry and cold; Open the door for the children, Gather them into the fold. Gather them in, &c.

### WELL CAUGHT.

BY COUSIN EDWARD. A DIALOGUE FOR SIX.

CHARACTERS-Mr. Sidney Thompson and his five Cousins, David, Albert, Charles Harriet, and Emma.

(S. T. appears on the platform in a great hurry, equipped with leather bag, overcoat and umbrella. ready for a journey, is met by H. and E. who don't allow him to pass, but persuade him to stop, puts his bag & c. on table, and while talking to the young ladies the three boys gently come in unobserved and manage to get hold of the bag, undo it, and before the Audience, but behind their cousin, pull out socks, handkerchiefs, collars, and a flask and a pipe ; then follow the argument. Enter Sidney in great haste.)

Emma.

OOD afternoon, Sidney, where are you going now in such a hurry.

Sidney. Oh, off for my holidays to the Isle of Wight, good bye.

Harriet. But wait a minute.

don't be so unkind as to pass your cousins without giving them a proper farewell word or two.

S. Pray don't stop me, I shall lose my train, and that means a day's pleasure lost.

H. No, cousin, that excuse won't suit; we know as well as you do that the Isle of Wight train does not go for halfan-hour, so just stop and tell us how long you are to be away from us.

S. Well, I suppose I must give way, but you girls are a fearful nuisance.

H. Stay, of course you must, and whether nuisance or not, we are two to one this time. But, cousin, we don't want to be inquisitive, but are you going away all alone? If so, you had better take us.

S. I am much obliged to you indeed for your kind offer, but I have a friend there waiting for me already.

E. O, that's it, is it; and may I ask you, Sidney, who that friend is, is it any one I know ?

S. No, Emma, you don't know her, and it is of no consequence whatever to anvone.

H. No, of course it is not, you need not press that question again, Emma. I know who it is, it is his young Lady, and that is why he is so eager to get away from us; but he has made a mistake this time, now we have the chance we must have something from him for our Banner Fund. Where's your box, Emma? We must have something.

S. Now, this is getting too strong, it was only the other day that I gave you five shillings for something. What was it?

E. Our Annual Excursion.

S. Ah, excursion, a very fine thing too: but there, it's no use me wasting my valuable time over you in this way, here's a shilling, now let me go, where's my hat? (Makes a move to go.)

David. Let you go, no, not if I know it, cousin Sid ; what's the meaning of this flask and pipe in your bag, sir? We demand an explanation.

S. (In astonishment.) I believe I am surrounded by a lot of Juvenile Brigands.

Charles. No, no, Cousin, we do not want your life or money; only a little inquisitive you know-in fact we want an explanation as to part of the contents of your bag.

Inquisitive or not, we chiefly **A**. wanted to know, why people always carry a little black bag. Now, Cousin, tell us first, what is the use of this flask?

S. Well, it is used for carrying a useful and requisite tonic—in fact it is my chief travelling companion.

D. Rather a small companion; but why is it your chief one ?

S. When I go long journeys, of

course I want something to assist me through the fatigue and the jolting of the train, and a toothful of the contents of that flask keeps my pecker up.

C. And puts your spirits down.

A. And leaves him fit for nothing at the end of his journey.

S. It's all very well with your fun, but I am certain that if I did not have my fiask with me, I should never get there.

C. What, do you mean to tell us the engine would not go? Nonsense! Why, if the boiler was filled with whisky the thing would not move an inch. You are wrong, sir; without the aid of cold water you would not be able to go to the Isle of Wight in five hours.

S. All very nice and good, but you youngsters have got to live and learn.

E. Why we have learnt more than you have, with all your Greek and Latin; we have learnt to know that total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks is best for working, or travelling, in all climates and all ages.

A. Answer me a few questions now, Cousin. Are you in good health?

S. Yes.

A. And you are going in for the medical profession, are you not?

S. Yes.

A. And you like malt liquors, wines, and spirits ?

S. Yes, of course I do.

A. And you believe them to be beneficial?

S. Most decidedly I do.

A. Then my opinion is that you are starting your medical career—what some people call—" wrong side upwards," by believing such old-fashioned fallacies. I think I shall be the best doctor after all your College learning.

S. I must confess you know a great deal for your size; and who teaches you all these things?

A. The gentlemen who come to our Band of Hope, and show us how to set light to the stuff you have in this flask.

D. And we lay down our authority for total abstinence from the testimonies of the medical men who write the books you have to study, and who are your masters.

H. And did you not tell us the other day that you were studying for your examination?

S. Perhaps I did.

H. Then I advise you to leave off drinking, as alcohol tends to lessen the power of the mind, and makes it incapable of attending to study for any length of time to advantage.

C. And you are a Sunday-school teacher?

S. Yes, I'm proud to say.

C. James Smith said the other day, that you had been warning the class against the evils of theatres and dancing saloons, and tried to impress upon them the necessity of keeping away from such places for the sake of the spiritual let alone the moral welfare. Now I make bold to tell you, Cousin, that you are teaching them a stronger lesson, which may lead them down to the deepest depth of ruin possible, by your example of drinking intoxicants.

E. The president of our Sunday-school said last Sunday, that the work of a Sunday-school teacher was one of self-denial, and surely you will give up drinking for the sake of your class, and help them to guard against the evil influences and temptations which surround them in daily life; so now, cousin, promise us to abstain from drink for ever. Now do; here is the pledge-book.

S. Well, I must confess that within these few minutes you have taught me a great lesson, which has led me to think. I will give the subject my closest attention, but as to signing the pledge, that will

never do; why, I shall be langhed at by the fellows from one end of the school to the other.

C. But can't you stand being laughed at ?

S. Then, what will my young lady say? She will think I'm out of my mind when I tell her.

E. No, she will not; she is too sensible for that, so come along, here's the pen.

S. Now, what am I to do?

D. Write your name in copper plate style.

S. And what then?

D. Never drink intoxicants again.

S. (*Hesitating.*) Does this stop my tobacco as well?

A. Certainly it does, go on, sign away.
D. And the fellows will say you're a
"Brick," and follow your example.

S. Then I'll be a brick. (Signs, and bell rings loudly in side room.) There goes my train ! (Rushes into room.)

### THE BUCKET versus BACCHUS.

BY P. STILL.

THE bucket, the bucket, the bucket for me !

Awa wi' your bicker o' barley bree ;

Though good you may think it, I'll never mair drink it—

The bucket, the bucket, the bucket for me !

There's health in the bucket, there's health in the bucket,

There's mair in the bucket than money can see;

An' aye when I look in't, I find there's a book in't

That teaches the essence of wisdom to me. The bucket, &c.

When whisky I swiggit, my wifie aft beggit,

And aft did she sit wi' the tear in her e'ee;

But now-wad ye think it?-when water I drink it,

Right blythesome she smiles on the bucket and me. The bucket, &c.

The bucket's a treasure nae mortal can measure, [me;

It's happit my wee bits o' bairnies and

And now roun' my ingle, where sorrows did mingle,

I've pleasure and plenty, and glances o' glee. The bucket, &c.

The bucket's the bicker that keeps a man sicker— [me !

The bucket's a shield and a buckler to In pool or in gutter, nae longer I splutter,

But wulk like a freeman who feels he is free. The bucket, &c.

Ye drunkards, be wise now, and alter your choice now;

Come cling to the bucket and prosper like me;

Ye'll find it is better to swig " cauler water,"

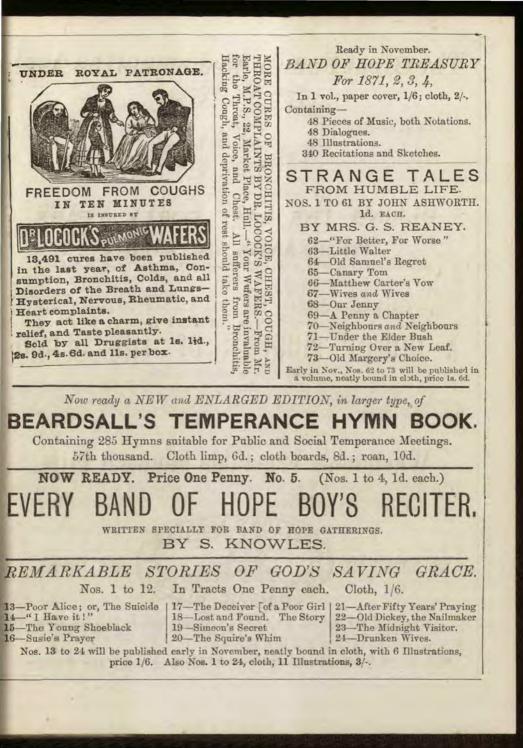
Than groan in a gutter without a bawbee ! The bucket, &c.

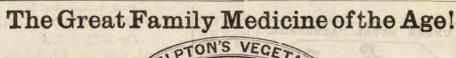
### WINE IS A MOCKER.

BY CRABBE.

ITH wine inflated, man is all upblown, [own; And feels a power which he believes his With fancies soaring to the skies, he *thinks* His all the virtues all the time he drinks. But when the gas from the balloon is gone, When sober thought and serious care

come on, [he found ! Where then the worth which in himself Vanished ! and he sinks grovelling to the ground !





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### THE YOUNG SHEPHERD.

N these cold wintry nights, when the wind howls round the house, when the garden is covered with snow, when the little birds have hard work to pick up a living, our young readers may feel glad, as they turn over their story books by

the cosy fireside, that they have a pleasanter work than that of the young shepherd who is represented in the picture. But if cold, he certainly does not look unhappy. The northern breezes make his fat ruddy face look redder than before, and he has the consciousness that he is engaged in honest and useful work, and helping his widowed mother in her hard struggle to make both ends meet. As you see him in the picture, with his goodtempered face, he reminds one of a masculine Little-Bo-Peep. Unlike that wellknown nursery personage, Johnny has no intention of losing his sheep. So that,

### A TEMPERANCE SONG. BY ELIZA COOK.

HO shall talk of strength of freedom, With a loud and fever'd breath, While they let a full cup lead 'em, To the slavery of death ?

Men of labour, wake to thinking, Shout not with a reeling brain ! Lips that argue o'er deep drinking

Ever yield more chaff than grain.

- Bravery that needs inspiring By the grape and barleycorn, Only gives the random firing
- Cunning foes may laugh to scorn.

Do ye find the hot libation, Poured so wildly on the heart, Make it fitter for its station, Whatso'er may be its part? although he has come in doors for a short time, he still keeps a watchful eye upon his charge. His mother has not yet returned, having taken some work across the wintry wold; but he is hoping every moment to see her form appear in the distance. Then he will find that, without neglecting his work, he has kept the fire in a cheerful blaze against her return. If you look at Johnny you will see that his mother has not forgotten to shield him as much as possible from the wintry weather. His dress, if poor and patched, is whole and warm. He has on shoes that can withstand the solvent action of the snow, and a warm necktie to keep the cold from his neck. Johnny is duly sensible of the kindness of his mother, and tries to repay her by his duty and affection. Let us wish them both A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

Father, husband, wife, or mother, Can ye do the work ye should, While the fumes of madness smother Human love and human good ?

Wonder not that children trample All fair precept in the dust, When a parent's foul example Robs a home of peace and trust.

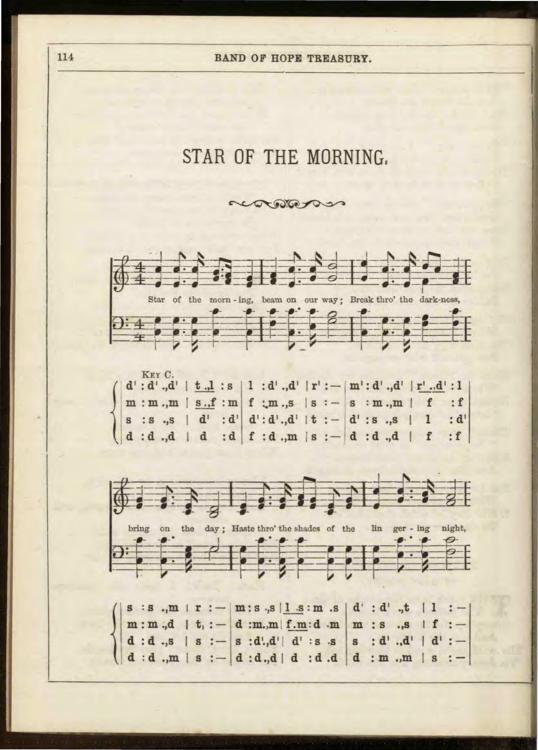
Who shall reckon all the anguish ? Who shall dream of all the sin ? Who shall tell the souls that languish At the spectre-shrine of Gin ?

Never shall we find a surer Portal to the beams and cell, Where the poor becometh poorer, Where earth seems akin to hell.



"Be ye sober!" they who struggle	He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
For the better lot below,	He's stronger than the storm,
Must not let the full cup juggle	He does not feel the storm, not he,
Soul and body into woe.	His heart it is so warm;
"Be ye sober !" if ye covet Healthy days and peaceful nights, Strong drink warpeth those who love it	For father's heart is stout and true As ever human bosom knew.
Into seed and fearful sights. "Be ye sober!" cheeks grow haggard, Eyes turn dim, and pulse-tide blood Runs too fast, or crawleth laggard	He makes all toil, all hardship, light :
When there's poison in the flood.	Folks need not be unkind, austere,
Will ye let a demon bind ye	For love hath readier will than fear.
In the chain of Helot thrall?	Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
Will ye let the lost hour find ye	For far along the lane
In the lowest pit of all?	The little window looks, and he
Oh! stand back in godly terror, When Temptation's joys begin: 'Tis such wily maze of Error, Few get out who once go in.	Can see it shining plain— I've heard him say he loves to mark The cheerful fire-light through the dark.
Shun the "dram" that can but darken	And we'll do all that father likes;
When its vapour gleam has fled,	His wishes are so few—
Reason says, and ye must hearken,	Would they were more—that every
"Lessen'd drink brings double bread."	hour
Though your rulers may neglect ye, "Be ye sober" in your strength; And they must and shall respect ye, And the light shall dawn at length.	Some wish of his I knew. I'm sure it makes a happy day, When I can please him any way.
But let none cry out for freedom,	I know he's coming, by this sign,
With a loud and fevered breath,	That baby's almost wild;
While they let a full cup lead 'em	See how he laughs, and crows, and
To the slavery of death.	stares—
FATHER IS COMING.	Heaven bless the merry child ! He's father's self in face and limb, And father's heart is strong in him.
BY MARY HOWITT.	Hark! hark! I hear his footsteps
THE clock is on the stroke of six,	now—
The father's work is done,	He's through the garden gate;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,	Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
And put the kettle on.	And do not let him wait.
The wild night wind is blowing cold,	Shout, baby, shont! clap thy hands,
Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.	For father on the threshold stands.

7,





#### LITTLE BROWN JUG.

BY NELLIE H. BEADLEY. A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. CHARACTERS-Ben Dorsey, drunkard; Albert and Lizzie, his children. (Enter Ben Dorsey, with brown jug in his hand.) Dorsey sings:

"A! ha! ha! you and me, Little brown jug, don't I love thee? Ha! ha! ha! you and me, Little brown jug, I po love thee."

(Drinks from jug.) That song was written in fun, I guess; but I can sing it in earnest. Little brown jug is all the comfort I've got now. Wife said she thought it was bad enough for me to break the pledge; but when I took to breaking the dishes, and some of them over her head, I suppose, she couldn't stand it, so she took the children and went home to her mother, and I ain't got nothing or nobody but little brown jug. (Hugs it to his breast; sits down on floor, and leans against wall; drinks; sets jug beside him.) I'm sleepy—guess I'll take a nap. (Shuts his eyes.)

[Enter Albert and Lizze, the latter walking on tiptoe, as if fearful of waking her father.]

Albert. You needn't be so careful, Lizzie; he's dead drunk, I think. (Scornfully.) Now ain't that a great looking object to call father?

Lizzie. Don't speak so, Albert; it isn't right.

A. Is it right for him to disgrace us, and treat us so badly we have to leave home? It's a hard looking home though; it was bare enough when we left, and now there isn't even a chair in the room; everything's gone for whisky. We've tried to be good, obedient children, and yet he has brought us to poverty and disgrace; and, what is worse than all, he's just breaking mother's heart. Is that right?

L. (distressed.) Of course it isn't right,

Al; but he is our father, and we must do the best we can.

A. I think we've done the best we could for a long time. We've coaxed and begged him not to drink, and mother has cried until her beautiful eyes are dim; and what does he care about it? I believe he loves that hateful brown jug more than his wife and children. (*Takes* cork from jug, and smells contents.) Phew! regular old benzine whisky.

L. (eagerly.) Let's empty it out, and fill it with water.

A. We'll do better than that; we'll empty it, and then smash it right here, as soon as he gets sober enough to know what we're doing.

L. (alarmed.) O Albert! he'll just kill us, if we do that.

A. No danger of that; he is not very lively when he's just coming out of a spree; it's only when he's going *into* one that he's dangerous. Come on; let's spill this good liquor. (*Exit with jug, followed* by Lizzie.)

Dorsey (opens his eyes). So they thought I was too drunk to know what they were saying and doing; but they were mistaken. I tell you what, Ben Dorsey, your son has plenty of spirit and courage; and he's ashamed of his father, too, that's plain. How little Lizzie spoke up for me when he talked so scornfully ! I have treated those children bad, but I never realised it so much before; and their mother-they say I am breaking her heart. Can that be so? Why, it has only been a short time ago that I would have made any sacrifice to save her a moment's pain; and she has been a loving, devoted wife. But why don't she

come back to——. Ah! here come the children; let's see what they will do.

[Enter A. and L., the former bringing an old axe, and looking bold and determined; the latter with the jug, frightened and shrinking.]

D. (pretending to be angry.) You young rascals! what are you going to do? (Lizzie screams and retreats a few steps.)

A. (bravely.) We're going to smash up this jug; and if you bring any more, we'll find them, and smash as fast as you bring them. Come on, Lizzie.

D. Smash my jug? Do it if you dare! You want to take away my only comfort.

L. Father dear, we and mother were your comfort before you got the jug, but that made you so bad we had to go away.

D. I'd like you to tell me what the jug made me do.

L. Don't you remember how the whisky you drank out of it made you beat mother and cut her head with a broken dish? And then you tried to throw Al out of the window.

A. And if Lizzie will push up her sleeve, you will see the great bruise where you struck her on the arm. (*Lizzie ex*poses her arm, on which a large purplish mark is seen. Dorsey looks at it, then covers his eyes.) If you would stop drinking, you wouldn't do such things. You loved us once, father.

L. (drops jug, puts her arm around his neck, smoothes his hair.) If you only would promise to stop, father, and love us again !

D. (with emotion.) I can't make any promises, child, I'm too weak; but you may do as you please with the jug.

A. Hurra! (Kicks jug to front of stage; strikes it fiercely with the axe, till it is broken in pieces. Dorsey rises, and the three go out hand-in-hand: the children singing"Ha! ha! ha! don't you see, Little brown jug, how we hate thee? Ha! ha! ha! don't you see, Old brown jug, we've done with thee?"

#### TIS TIME TO SHEATH THE SWORD AND SPARE MANKIND.

T HATE that sword, I hate that sword, Parading through the land; It speaks of orphans, tears, and moans, It speaks of wounds and dying groans, Of plains, where bleaching lie the bones

Of many a warrior band.

I hate that sword; it tells a tale Of misery, deep and wide, Of ruin'd towns, of ravaged lands,

Of gory fields, of burning brands,

Of woes unnumbered as the sands That lie on ocean's side.

I hate that sword, I hate that sword : Its progress all may find

In characters of blood engraved, Where'er a tyrant's flag has waved, And men by cruel laws enslaved,

A foe to human kind.

That hated sword ! I saw its form Flash brightly in the sun; From yonder ranks it supervened,

A stream of waving light it seemed, As swiftly through the air it gleamed,

And spoke of murders done.

I hate that sword; that cruel sword Has stained our earth with red :

From Agincourt to Waterloo, Its hateful blade of pallid hue Has scarcely ceased the world to strew

With dying and with dead.

'Tis time that busy slaughtering sword A place of rest should find;

Gather no longer blood, but rest-

'Tis time, indeed (those words how just)

"Back to its sheath, yes, thrust, Oh thrust

The sword, and spare mankind."

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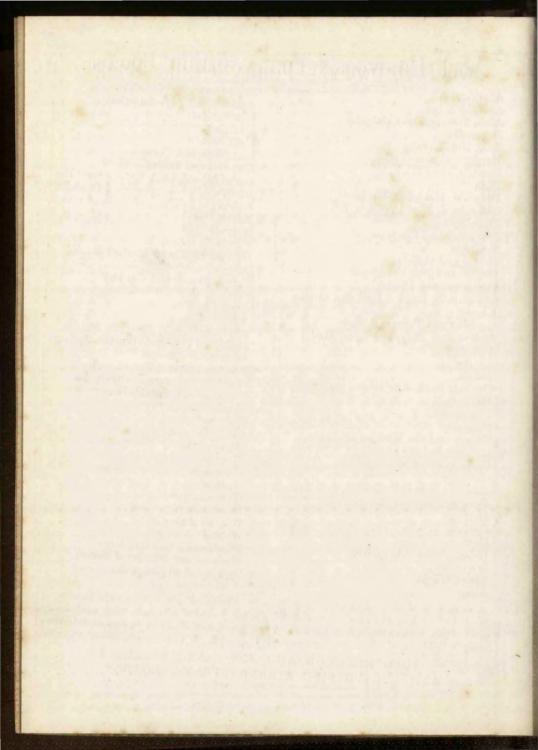
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children. In this work of teaching the future men and women of this county the dangers they should strive to avoid, the Publishers hope that their little periodical has not been without use. They invite again the co-operation of all who desire to see the children of to-day become a generation of sober, earnest, and healthy men and women. No effort will be spared on the part of the Conductors to make the Band of Hope Treasury worthy of the support of all.

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NEW SERIES.

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SLEIGHING IN THE SNOW.

#### SLEIGHING IN THE SNOW.

HOUGH the snow is on the ground, and the breath of Winter is turning it to ice, there need be no lack of healthy amusement. The blood will flow with all the greater freedom for a little active exertion. In this country we

do not have the sleighing in the snow, which the artist has shown in the picture. It may however amuse our readers to see the way in which their cousins over the water amuse themselves when the wintry winds do blow. The juvenile sleighers are evidently having a "good time of it," and they are likely to be all the better for their fun and frolic. Let us, however, recollect that, though winter may be a time of mirth for those who are warmly clad and have ample food, there are many who, by the influence of the misfortunes or intemperance of others, are unhappily exposed to the bitter blasts which pierce their scanty clothing, and add to the pangs which hunger inflicts. For these let our young readers preserve their tender pity, and give them such aid as they can, and help forward the time when intemperance shall cease, and with it much of the poverty and misery of the world.

#### DEDICATION HYMN.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

THIS house, O Lord, to Thee we raise, And dedicate it to Thy praise; And with it consecrate anew Ourselves—Thy living temples, too.

We pray, O Lord, that in this place May be displayed Thy power and grace : Thy power, to sanctify and bless,— Thy grace, to clothe with righteousness.

Here may Thy people love to meet, To talk with Thee in converse sweet; And may the Spirit of Thy love, The witness give, our faith to prove.

Here may the Prince of Peace impart His God-like mind to every heart; And may the lessons of His life Dispel all doubt, and fear, and strife.

Here may the threefold chord unite, Our hearts with Thine, O God of night; And may our efforts, men to bless, Be crowned by Thee with great success.

#### THE SONG OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

WAY, away, I burst! Who will follow me? who? I have quenched my burning thirst, And I'm off!—Whiz, whistle, whew!

With my glowing heart of fire, And my never-tiring arm, And my whispering magic wire, With its space-destroying charm.

From the city I sweep along, Like an arrow swift and true; And before the eyes of the dazzled throng I sing out—Whiz, whistle, whew !

The citizen stood in my path, [made, With the bower of delights he had And proudly he vowed, in his wrath, That his privacy none should invade ;—

My gold in his purse dropped sweet, My iron o'er his lawn I threw, [retreat, And I laughed at the calm of his snug With a merry whistle, whew !

The peer, from his old grey towers-His forefathers' proud domain-



Looked down on my new-born powers 'Tis good; for my path is fraught With a lordly and high disdain :--With boons for the country too-I waken men's spirits to life and thought But he started to see my breath With my stirring whistle, whew ! His ancestral oaks bedew; And I greeted his ear, his window beneath, I fly like the tempest's wing-With a piercing whistle, whew ! Yet the timid have naught to fear ; A great but gentle thing-The Scot on his wild hill stood, Defying my onward course; An infant might check my career. And, pointing to fountain and flood, Away, away, away! He dared me a passage to force ;--Who will not follow me? who? But my arch o'er the gulf I flung, Peasant and prince the shrill summons And the startled heathcock flew, obey As the caverned breast of the lone hills Of my proud whiz, whistle, whew ! With a tearing whistle, whew ! rung Poor Pat from his bog looked round, JESUS MY SHEPHERD. And mocked my advancing tread; But I taught him to drain the deceitful BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF. ground, FESUS my Shepherd is, And his little ones blessed me for bread; He guards His tender lamb, For famine forsook his door He keeps me with His powerful hand; When I made him my servant true, He is the great I AM. And wherever I went he passed on before To make way for the whistle, whew ! I know His gentle voice; And when from Him I stray, When I came to the crowded town, In accents mild He calls to me, They said I must stand outside; And I His call obey. But from high on their roofs I looked down, And they stared at my giant stride; I place my hand in His, Then, hiding with cunning art, And trust His guardian care; I tunnelled in darkness through, And He protects from every ill, And came rushing up in the city's heart, And points out every snare. With a fierce whia, whistle, when ! Within His arms I lie. The old Royal Mail dashed on, Safe sheltered in His breast; With its coachman and guard in state, The wolf may prowl, the lion roar, And its foaming steeds, and its bugle-They cannot mar my rest. In its glory and pride elate; [blower, Jesus, how good Thou art, To a creeping bus it shrunk, My true and faithful friend ; As my steam-cloud arose in view; Thou hast been with me every day, And its haughty guard to a cabman sunk, Be with me to the end. Came to meet the whistle, whew ! 'Tis good that I pass along; And when life's day is o'er, From the smoke of the city I bear And I am called to die, A pale and unwearied throng Receive me in Thy fold above, To the fields and the fresh sweet air. Thy glorious fold on high,

#### TEMPERANCE.

TE friends of moderation Who think a reformation Would benefit our nation; Who deem intoxication, With all its dissipation, In every rank and station The cause of degradation, Of which your observation Gives daily demonstration-Who see the ruination, Distress, and desolation, The open violation Of moral obligation, The wretched habitation Without accommodation, Or any regulation For common sustenation, A scene of deprivation Unequalled in creation-The frequent desecration Of Sabbath ordination; The crime and depredation, Defying legislation-The awful profanation Of common conversation-The mental aberration, And dire infatuation, With every sad gradation, To maniac desperation !

Ye who, with consternation, Behold this devastation, And utter condemnation On all inebriation, Why sanction its duration ? Or shew disapprobation Of any combination For its extermination ? We deem a declaration, That offers no temptation By any palliation Of this abomination The only sure foundation For its utter extirpation; And under this persuasion Hold no communication With noxious emanation Of brewers' fermentation, Or poisonous preparation Of spirits' distillation; Nor any vain libation Producing stimulation!

To this determination We call consideration, And without hesitation, Invite co-operation— Not doubting imitation, And by continuation Afford you consolation.

#### TUBAL CAIN.

#### BY CHARLES MACKAY.

**O**LD Tubal Cain was a man of might In the days when earth was young; By the fierce red light of his furnace bright

The strokes of his hammer rung; And he lifted on high his brawny hand

- On the Iron glowing clear,
- Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,

As he fashioned the sword and spear; And he sang, "Hurra for my handiwork!

Hurra for the spear and sword!

Hurra for the hand that wields them well, For he shall be king and lord!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one,

As he wrought by his roaring fire,

And each one pray'd for a strong steel blade

As the crown of his desire;

And he made them weapons sharp and strong,

Till they shouted loud for glee,

And gave him gifts of pearl and gold, And spoils of the forest free.

And they sang—"Hurra for Tubal Cain, Who has given us strength anew!

Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire, And hurra for the metal true!"

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,

Ere the setting of the sun,

And Tubal Cain was filled with pain For the evil he had done;

He saw that men, with rage and hate,

Made war upon their kind, That the land was red with the blood they

shed,

In their lust for carnage blind.

And he said—" Alas! that ever I made, Or that skill of mine should plan,

The spear and sword for men whose joy Is to slay their fellow man !"

And for many a day old Tubal Cain Sat brooding o'er his woe;

And his hand forebore to smite the ore, And his furnace smoulder'd low.

But he rose at last with a cheerful face, And a bright, courageous eye,

And bared his strong arm for the work, While the quick flames mounted high.

And he sang-"Hurra for my handiwork!"

And the red sparks lit the air;

- "Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made!"
  - And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past, In friendship joined their hands,

Hung the sword in the hall, and the spear on the wall,

And ploughed the willing lands;

And sang--" Hurra for Tubal Cain ! Our staunch good friend is he;

And for the ploughshare and the plough, To him our praise shall be:

But while oppression lifts its head, Or a tyrant would be lord,

Though we may thank him for the plough,

We'll not forget the sword !"

#### THE POOR MAN TO HIS WIFE.

Y dearest love, be not distressed, Nor let thy heart despair; Infinite Wisdom knows what's best, And what we best can bear.

Weak human reason cannot scan His providential law,

Or comprehend the amazing plan By which He rules below.

Though poverty be now our lot, And gloomy prospects rise, Contentment in a humble cot, The want of wealth supplies.

Though coarse our fare and scanty too, Our clothes of homely kind, If to His will we humbly bow,

Sweet peace o'erflows the mind.

Our real wants are very few; These few He will supply,

Who clothes the flowers in glorious hue, And hears the raven's cry.

And is a raven's ravenous brood An object of His care?

Sure, He'll provide our children food ; Oh! why should we despair?

Let anxious care which rends the heart, For ever banished be;

His voice will heal the painful smart : "Oh! cast your care on me."

"Lo, every heart's at my command ; The churl shall liberal prove,

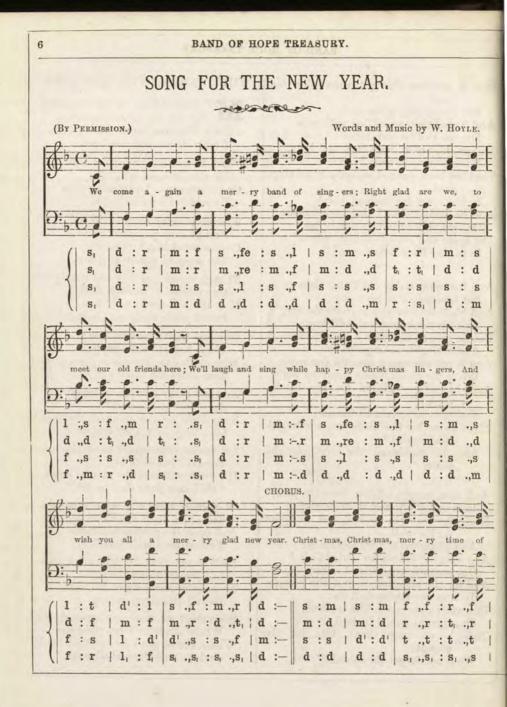
And open His contracted hand To feed the man I love."

He'll be our God, He'll be our Guide The lonely desert through ;

Then let us never leave His side, But all His steps pursue.

Soon shall we reach the heavenly goal, Where saints no more complain;

Where Christ shall be our "all in all," And we with Him shall reign."



BAND OF HOPE TREASURY. 7 fire, Christ - mas, Pile the Let all hap - py here; Old friends, young friends, be :1 s .,fe : m .,fe | s : S m 1 d t S d .,d :d .,d : d f m m:r d t, s S : m 1 .,1 :1 .,1 :1 d d : se d S S 1 .t : d r .,r :r .,r d d : t, S m m f : d : joy ful ly we greet you, And wish you all a mer-ry, glad new year! s .,s :1 .,t :1 d .,S : f .,m m : r .,r m:s 1 .,d .,1 d s d : m f m .,m : f ..f m : .,m : r : d' S d d' s .,S .,S S .,f, : f, .,f, S .,S d : d f f S .,5 : S1.,S1 d : 5,

The march of time may bring on many changes, But hearts still true will love the good old strain, The song of hope far as the wide world ranges, And thousands leap to hear it yet again.

Begone our woes, let's think upon each blessing, Which Providence still scatters round our way; Why magnify each little ill that's pressing, 'Tis wiser far with cheerful heart to say—

The New Year comes ! hope gilds the scene with beauty, Yet who can tell what troubles may appear ? Through storm and shine let's nobly do our duty, And each brave heart will find a glad New Year.

#### HOW BEST TO DO GOOD.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF. A DIALOGUE FOR THREE.

#### Margaret.

OOD evening, John. This being the first time I have seen you since this year began, I have much pleasure in wishing you a very Happy New Year.

John. Thank you, Margaret; I most heartily and sincerely reciprocate your good wishes.

M. I suppose the best way to make this year happier than the last will be, to try to be more useful to our fellow-creatures.

J. Yes, Margaret, that is the way; but I always find that, when I'm the happiest myself, then I have the strongest desire to promote the happiness of others.

M. Then that is the more reason, John, why I should wish you to be happy, and that continually.

J. I often wonder why wishing each other happiness is confined to this particular period of the year, as though it was not quite as necessary on the opening of a new day, or week, or month.

M. I don't see why such should not be the case, except that its constant repetition might make it lose its force. You know there are two ways of wishing one another happiness—one is by word of mouth, the other by kindly deeds. The latter we can express every day, without its becoming monotonous, or losing its power; in fact, the more it is thus expressed the more powerful it becomes.

J. The proverb says, "Actions speak louder than words," and I believe it's true.

M. Yes, there's a good deal of truth expressed in proverbs, and a good deal of sound instruction, too.

J. The difficulty I find is not in being unconscious of the misery and wretched-

ness by which we are surrounded, but in finding out the best means to remove it. I feel myself to be so very incapable and weak, and altogether without influence.

M. Indeed! then you are just the oneto do the work.

J. How so?

M. Do you ever read the Bible ?

J. Of course I do, and that you know right well!

M. In the Bible it is written, "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in His presence." (1 Cor. i. 27-29.) And the great Apostle Paul says, "When I am weak, then am I strong." Weak in himself, but strong in God to grapple with evil.

J. Why, Margaret, you are quite a Bible scholar, or, as our teacher would say, a theologian.

M. And so you might be the same, if you were only attentive to what you are taught in the Sunday-school.

J. Then, am I to understand, we can only do good according as we put our trust in God?

M. I did not say that, for many people, who do not put their trust in God, do good and noble acts to their fellows; but, if we would have a guarantee that our efforts to do good shall be successful and permanent, we must look to God to give us His blessing, and rely upon His help. In fact, apart from this, we cannot possibly do *spiritual good*; we may do physical or bodily good.



J. And that's something! and much too important to be neglected, I should think.

M. That I admit, but the work thus restricted is limited in its effects and duration. Men's bodies perish, but spirits live for ever. Both without doubt are essential-the one should be done, the other not left undone. The bodily good done should be the door to effect the spiritual. "If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit? Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone." (James ii. 16, 17.)

J. I see you understand the matter very well, and I thank you for making it so clear to me. Who's this? Why here comes Richard Woolley.

M. Indeed ! I shall be glad to see him again; he's been away for some time.

Richard (advancing). Hallo! is that you? I'm right glad to meet you again. I wish you both the compliments of the season!

J. & M. (together). Thank you; I wish you the same.

R. What are you two talking about ? Something sensible I'll venture to say, or I'm sure Margaret would not be engaged in it.

M. Thank you, Richard, for your kind compliment; I think time is wasted that's spent in nonsensical and flippant talk.

J. She's been talking to me like a book; and I'm sure what she's said is worthy of being put into a book. I've had good advice, good information, and good instruction gratis, unless my thanks can be considered payment.

M. To the advice and instruction, John, you are welcome. The best payment you can give me is to *act* upon it, by trying to be better yourself, and also by trying to make other people better.

R. I knew the conversation must have been sensible. What was it about?

J. How best to do good.

R. Well, John, you know what Carlyle says, "Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure that there is one rascal less in the world."

J. Thank you, Richard; you seem full of compliments to-day.

R. I don't mean to intimate for a moment that you are a "rascal." I have a much better opinion of you than that, John.

M. No, no, you simply meant that "Charity must begin at home," or in other words, that those who wish to better others should themselves be good.

R. Just so, Margaret.

J. I think I've been lectured enough. Suppose we talk about the *practical part* of the matter. What good are we trying to do?

M. I think Richard ought to tell us what he has been doing since he left home. I hope he has been going about doing good.

R. Well, I've been doing what I could, and I'm glad to say I have been the means of getting into our Sunday-school several boys and girls, who were wasting their Sabbaths in the street; and it is so nice to see them, Sunday after Sunday, coming to school with clean hands and faces. We had a recital on Christmas day, and one of the boys gave a piece. If you'll let me, I'll give you as many verses of it as I can remember.

J. & M. With pleasure, please go on. R. They are as follows :---

"Kind friends, a moment with me bear, "Tis gratitude that brings me here; No fine wrote picture to relate, But simply my experience state.

- "'Twere vain to tell you what you know, To Mount Street Sabbath School I go; Else, why before you do I stand, Surrounded by this loving band?
- "I love that school—I'll tell you why,— I was a rough and dirty boy; My parents they were poor, and so Could not for schooling pay you know.
- "One Sabbath morn, a neighbour's boy Exclaimed, with pleasure in his eye— 'Come, lad, to school along with me, Where teachers kind you're sure to see."
- "I went, but did not like so well, The reason why, I could not tell; But on next Sabbath went again, And found I liked it better then.
- "My going I did not repent, But liked it more the more I went—."

I forget the rest, but it went on to show how he had been blessed by the Sundayschool, and how he was the means of carrying good home, from which his father and mother, his sisters and brothers all received benefit.

J. I thought you were going to finish up by saying, he was one of your own reclaimed city Arabs, as they are called.

R. Well, and if it will do you any good to know it, I may say that HE WAS!

M. I am so pleased to hear it. It has done me much good, and I am sure will stimulate me to greater exertion.

J. And it has revealed to me a sphere of usefulness I never thought of before. Richard, I'll try this year to follow your good example.

M. & R. If so, then the year 1877 will will be truly happy, and a useful one to yourself, and doubtless to many more.

#### NEVER RAIL AT THE WORLD. BY CHARLES SWAIN.

WEVER rail at the world—it is just as we make it,

We see not the flower if we set not the seed;

- And as for ill-luck, why it's just as we take it,-
  - The heart that's in earnest no bars can impede.
- You question the justice which governs man's breast,
  - And say that the search for true friendship is vain;
- But remember, this world, though it be not the best,
  - Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.
- Never rail at the world, nor attempt to exalt
  - That feeling which questions society's claim;
- For often poor Friendship is less in the fault,
  - Less changeable oft, than the selfish who blame :
- Then ne'er by the changes of fate be depress'd,
  - Nor wear like a fetter Time's sorrowful chain;
- But believe that this world, though it be not the best,
  - Is the next to the best we shall ever attain.

#### SELF-CONTROL.

He feels himself a king; And what the world may give him Is but a worthless thing.

Yes, disbelieve who will, Or doubt the truth who may, He hath a joy within him That none can take away.

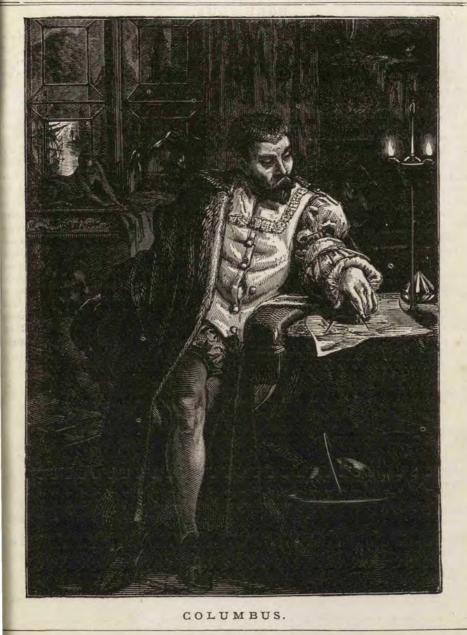
Doth he preserve the treasure— It is himself he keeps :

Or is the joy bereft him-Alas! himself he weeps.

No. 86, February, 1877.]

NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.





COLUMBUS.

T is more than four hundred years since Columbus was born. His life is one that all the young should know. It is a wonderful record of adventure and perseverance. To him we owe the discovery of the great continent of America, with which the tele-

graph now enables us to speak daily. When no one else dreamed of such a thing, Columbus, who was then earning a living by map making, became impressed by the conviction that there was land in the then dark and unexplored westward. He stood alone in his opinion. The learned scoffed at his theory, the world at large thought him mad. Firm, however, in his own conviction, he made every effort to obtain means for a voyage of discovery. His plans were scouted by the government of his own native place of Genoa, and were equally discredited by the Portuguese. At length, after many years' weary waiting, the king of Spain was induced to fit out a small expedition, and in August, 1492, Columbus, with

three vessels, started on his voyage. Notwithstanding the fears of his men he persevered, and in October sighted the Bahamas, and soon after discovered the other West Indian Islands. On a second expedition he came upon the Caribbee Islands, &c.; and on a third found Trinidad and the mainland of South America. The monarch to whom he had been the means of giving this immense territory treated him with base ingratitude. The colony planted at Hispaniola having become disordered, Bobadella was sent to supersede Columbus, who was sent home in chains. But the indignation of the Spanish was so great that King Ferdinand had to disavow all knowledge of the indignity. Columbus made another voyage after this, and then returned to Spain, where he died in poverty at Valladolid, The ungrateful king gave a in 1506. splendid funeral to the man whom he had wronged and neglected in life. Columbus was the greatest navigator of the modern world. His perseverance and courage form a lesson for all time.

#### KIND WORDS.

#### BY P. G. LEE.

IND words are like the morning sun, That gilds the opening flower, Kind words are like the blessings spread By every summer shower; They light the heart with sunny beams— They shed refulgent ray, And cheer the weary pilgrim,

And cheer the weary pligrim, As he wanders on his way.

If you have nought to give the poor, When winter's snow-clouds loom,

Oh, ne'er forget that one sweet smile May chase away their gloom ! Remember, too, that one kind word May blunt affliction's dart, And softly fall, like healing balm,

Upon the wounded heart.

Let us hear none but gentle words-No tales of dismal strife,

But only kind things whisper, as You tread the vale of life;

And try, by every word and glance, The suff'ring to beguile,

And watch them, when you speak kind words,

How happily they smile.

#### PICTURES OF PALESTINE.

#### No. 1.

#### INTRODUCTORY.

- AND of the favour'd East! thy sun hath set
- To beam on other climes with blessed Land of the East! no more thy fount is wet [away,

With waves of life that wander far But still to us thy "very dust is dear,"

- For there the Saviour lived and found a bier.
- There Eden bloomed and there the deluge rolled— [wrath—
- There grew the olive—sign of softened There gifted seers in prophecy grew old—
- There Enoch "walked" upon his holy path-
- There Moses led his heaven-befriended flock, [rock!
- Fed from the sky, and water'd from the
- That hallowed ground hath smiled beneath the flame
- That round Elijah's fiery chariot glowed; Prophets and priests and kings of holy fame
- In its old breast have found earth's last abode.
- Its waves have trembled to the Saviour's tread :
- Its quaking graves have yielded up their
- There Jacob's ladder, like the path of prayer, [life-
- Rose, angel-guarded, to the throne of There Abram, bending 'neath unrivall'd
- care, [knife-

Raised, strong in faith, the sacrificial There, Jesus left a world He came to save, And spoiled thy heritage, insatiate grave!

Land of the Christ! though fallen, to thee we turn— [dwells. In Judah's Word man's truest solace

- All weary human hearts that bleed or burn, [wells.
- Pant, like the wounded hart, for Judah's The voice that charmed the waves of Galilee.
- Still breathes the holiest peace, sad soul!

#### A DRINKING SONG.

COME, pass round the pail, boys, and give it no quarter, [your jugs, Drink deep, and drink oft, and replenish

The Turncock for ever! that opens the

#### CHORUS.

Then hey for a bucket, a bucket, a bucket, Then hey for a bucket, fill up to the brim ! Or, best of all notions, let's have it by oceans, With plenty of room for a sink or a swim!

Let topers of grape-juice exultingly vapour,

- But let us just whisper a word to the elves,
- We water roads, horses, silk ribbons, bank paper,
  - Plants, poets, and muses, and why not ourselves?

Then hey for a bucket, &c.

- The vintage they cry, think of Spain's and of France's,
  - The jigs, the boleros, fandangos, and jumps;
- But water's the spring of all civilised dances, [pumps!
  - We go to a ball not in bottles, but Then hey for a bucket, &c.
- Let others of Dorchester quaff at their pleasure, [regard—
- Or honour old Meux with their thirsty
- We'll drink Adam's ale, and we get it pool measure, [yard !
  - Or quaff heavy wet from the butt in the Then hey for a bucket, &c.

Some flatter gin, brandy, and rum on	A fig then for Burgundy, Claret, or
their merits, [a feast :	Mountain, [wish;
Grog, punch, and what not, that enliven	A few scanty glasses must limit your
'Tis true that they stir up the animal	But he's the true toper that goes to the
spirits, [beast?]	fountain, [fish!"
But may not the animal turn out a	The drinker that verily "drinks like a
Then hey for a bucket, &c.	Then hey for a bucket, &c.
	- and any for a bacardy and
The Man of the Ark, who continued our	the second s
species, [wine,	THE RIVER OF INTEMPERANCE.
He saved us by water-but as for the	
We all know the figure, more sad than	BY JAMES ANDERTON.
facetious, [wine.]	TA OI a dread a bruming river
He made after tasting the juice of the	O! a dread, a burning river, Overwhelms the land by stealth!
Then hey for a bucket, &c.	
	And its headlong currents shiver
In wine let a lover remember his jewel,	All the props of cherished wealth ;
And pledge her in bumpers filled brim-	All affection,
ming and oft;	Reason, piety, and health !
But we can distinguish the kind from the	
cruel, [the soft.	In this frightful, flowing terror,
And toast them in water, the hard or	This dread feeder of the tomb!
Then hey for a bucket, &c.	Myriads, ere they see their error,
the second s	Perish in its death-fraught womb!
Some cross'd in their passion can never	Thus unpardoned,
o'erlook it,	Rushing to their ENDLESS doom !
But take to a pistol, a knife, or a beam;	
Whilst temperate swains are enabled to	Where is this destructive water
brook it,	Ruinous to a world so fair?
By help of a little meandering stream.	Where those victims of self-slaughter,
Then hey for a bucket, &c.	Wooing hell's unmix'd despair ?
CI 11 C 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	Find a drunkard,
Should fortune diminish our cash's sum-	And behold a victim there !
total, [affairs,	And bollord a victim bioro.
Deranging our wits and our private	Yes! Intemperance is that torrent!
Though some in such cases would fly to	Mortals quaff in direful wave !
the bottle, [our cares.	Rush to crimes the most abhorrent!
There's nothing like water for drowning	
Then hey for a bucket, &c.	Plunge into a hopeless grave !
Que duishans of mater their with more	Madly heedless
See drinkers of water, their wits never	Of the Saviour's power to save.
lacking, [gaits;	Could I tomale and smather
Direct as a railroad and smooth in their	Could I tamely see another
But look at the bibbers of wine, they go	Sink the roaring waves beneath?
tacking,	Can a Christian see a brother
Like ships that have met a foul wind in	Prematurely stop his breath,
the straits.	Without striving
Then hey for a bucket, &c.	To prevent the "second death?"

Men! this vice has spoiled man's beauty! From its blight your country purge; It is every Christian's duty;

Sure, 'tis needless more to arge : Free your country From this desolating scourge !

God! beneath Thy broad protection Let the cause of Temperance be! Fill the drunkard with reflection, Set his spell-bound spirit free! Save him, Jesus!

Fit him for eternity !

#### THE MISCHIEFS OF DRINKING. BY JAMES HIRD.

HEN we think of chill starvation, When we think of sighs and tears, When we think of pale privation, When we think of doubts and fears;

When we think of raging madness, When we think of reckless beings, When we think of death-like sadness,— Nature's most distressing scenes;

When we think of horrid murder, Female virtue lost in crime; When we think of black self-slaughter, Let us ever bear in mind,

That the cursed love of drinking Hath produced the greater part; And that thousands now are sinking, Pierc'd by dissipation's dart.

#### THE POOR WOMAN'S SONG. BY MARY LEMAN GILLIES.

THOUGH lonely my cottage and frugal my fare,

Affection and truth and devotion are there: And when evening arrives, and the day's toil is o'er, [up the door.

Then my husband comes home, and I bar

He goes to the bed where his little ones lie, And I know the sweet light that then beams in his eye,

And he turns to his supper where ere it may be, to me. With a kindness of heart that is heaven I love him too well to repine at my fate-Frugality still keeps the dun from our gate: And I hope that his children may rise to repay away. The toils and the sorrows that wear him Oh ! zealous and holy and pure be their youth ! and truth ! May they hear from my lips only kindness And when mercy's mild messenger bears me from life, wife.

Leave my memory dear as a mother and

#### THE HEART.—THE HEART. BY ELIZA COOK.

THE Heart—the Heart! oh! let it be A true and beauteous thing; As kindly warm, as nobly free, As eagles' nestling wing.

Oh ! keep it not, like miser's gold, Shut in from all beside ;

But let its precious stores unfold, In mercy far and wide.

The heart—the heart that's truly blest, Is never all its own!

No ray of glory lights the breast That beats for self alone.

The heart—the heart! oh! let it spare A sigh for other's pain;

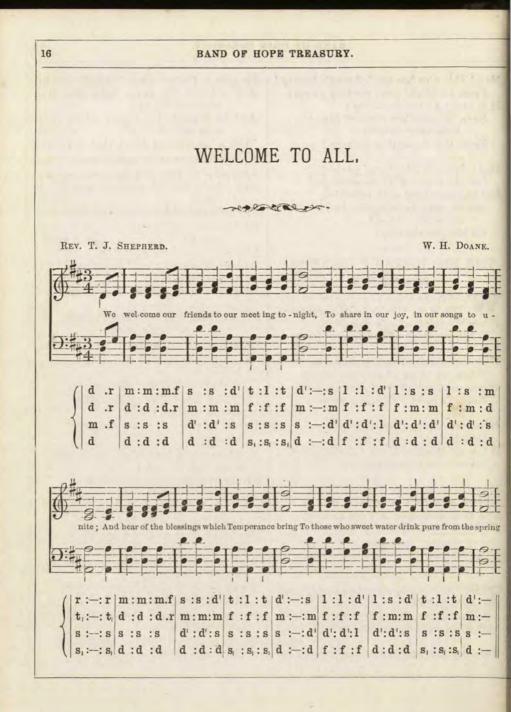
The breath that soothes a brother's care Is never spent in vain.

And though it throbs at gentlest touch, Or sorrow's faintest call,

'Twere better it should ache too much, Than never ache at all.

The heart—the heart that's truly blest Is never all its own;

No ray of glory lights the breast, That beats for self alone.



17



We bid you a welcome to-night, with a pray'r That Christ may be welcome to all who are here; That He in compassion may shepherd the old, And gather the young as the lambs of the fold.

The lessons we study, the songs that we sing, The mottoes we make, and the offerings we bring, Are all but a part of the service we owe To Jesus, who died to redeem us from woe.

At last, when our trials and pleasures are o'er, May friends bid us welcome to glory's bright shore; And then in a concert of bliss will we sing, Hallelujah to Jesus, our Savionr and King.

#### A GOOD LIFE, AND HOW TO LIVE IT.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF. A DIALOGUE FOR TWO.

#### George.

ELL, James, my boy, how are you? I am glad to meet you once again.

James. Well, really, George, is that you? Wonders will never cease ! Wherever have you sprung from?

G. I've just come over owing to a sad domestic bereavement, which has caused our family great distress.

J. It's sad to lose our friends; it leaves a gap in our midst and in our minds which it seems impossible to fill up; but I assure you of my sincerest sympathy. I trust you are not mourners as those without hope.

G. No, I'm thankful to say, we are not. My father died and left the fullest assurance that he has gone to that land where sorrow and death are unknown. He said, shortly before he was translated, "I know that if my earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

J. Such testimony must be very consoling to those bereaved. Though dying testimonies—important and solemn as they are—are not alway the true gnage of experience. The better test is, The Life—how did he live?

G. Yes, that's the safer guide. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my latter end be like his," said the Psalmist. But to die the death of the righteous, it is necessary to *live the life of the righteous*. Judged by this standard, we obtain much more consolation than from the other. My father lived a consistent Christian life. He was forty years an office bearer in the Church, and for thirty years in succession the secretary of our Sunday-school.

J. Long and faithful service is the best attachment, and no doubt He whom your father served has taken him to that place which He Himself said He had gone to prepare for those who faithfully followed Him below.

G. Every good life is a living lesson calculated to produce good impressions and influence others. "A living epistle, read and known of all men," as the Scriptures say.

J. Yes, and depend upon it, people are more influenced by what we do than by what we say. Our words and deeds should harmonize. Consistency demands this; and nothing, I think, is more to be admired than a beautiful life—a life symmetrical in all its parts.

G. And it's quite possible to live such a life. The Bible gives many illustrations of men who were morally excellent. I have many times thought what a grand thing it would be to be in a similar position to Enoch of old, of whom we read, "Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him."

J. Aye, or like old Abraham, to be called "the friend of God." He must have been good for God to give him such a title.

G. And King David, the Psalmist, we read was "A man after God's own heart." What moral grandeur there is about such lives.

J. Truly there is, but if you read the records of their lives you will find they were not free from imperfection. Both David and Abraham did that which was not right—in fact, David said, "My sin is ever before me."



G. It only shows us how weak and imperfect the best of men are. "To err is human;" and, as the maxim has it, "The best of men are but men at best."

J. There is a great deal that is worthy of emulation in every good life, but it would not do for us to make any merely human life the pattern for our own; they are all so very defective. "There is not a just man upon the earth, that doeth good and sinneth not."

G. No, but there once was! And of Him it is written, "He was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."

J. Oh, you mean Jesus Christ; but He was divine as well as human, and, I suppose, God knowing how imperfect in moral character men were, He sent His Son to be our pattern—to show us how to live. "Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps."

G. When men want to make themselves perfect in anything—arts, science, literature, commerce, or any thing else they must study the highest models; and so in morals and religion, if men would make a perfect character they must take the "most perfect" as their pattern.

J. And that of Jesus Christ was perfect. He lived in the full blaze of human criticism, and yet could challenge His foes, by asking them, "Which of you convinceth Me of sin?" And he, who having investigated His character in the judgment-hall, confessed to His accusers, "I find no fault in Him."

G. What a glorious testimony to receive; and yet it was truthfully affirmed of Christ, that He had to do with sinful men. "This man receive th sinners, and eateth with them."

J. Yea, nothing is more true than that Christ was on every possible occasion to be found among this class of people not as a companion, but as a spiritual physician; not as a partaker in their carnal pleasures, but to heal their moral and physical diseases. He did not associate with them because He enjoyed their society, or countenanced their sinful practices; but that He might by His example bless, and by His instruction lead them from vice to virtue, and from moral degradation and death to spiritual vitality and life.

G. And that is "our example." I'm afraid many who profess to follow it, do so after the fashion of His disciples, just before the crucifixion, at a great distance.

J. None of us follow as nearly as we ought, but we may make amends for the future. Christ is our example. His life was devoted to usefulness and sacrifice for men. "He went about doing good;" and, in His work, He never grew weary, though He had many insults to bear from those He wished to bless. Let both of us "follow" His steps!

G. By God's grace we will. I'll try to live for some good and useful purpose.

"I'll live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and true; For heaven that smiles above me, And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me, For the task by God assigned me, For the bright hopes yet to find me, And the good that I can do.
"I'll live to hold communion With all that is divine.

To feel there is a union

'Twixt nature's heart and mine. To profit by affliction,

Reap truth in fields of fiction, Grow wiser from conviction, And fulfil God's great design.

"I'll live for those who love me, Whose hearts are kind and true;

For the heaven that smiles above me, And awaits my spirit too;

For the cause that lacks assistance, For the wrongs that need resistance,

For the future in the distance, And the good that I can do.

J. Good resolves, George! I pray you may keep them; for there's plenty of work in the world that needs to be done, and it needs noble Christian hearts to do it, for none other can. Good-bye, my boy, I'm glad to have met you. You have my sympathy in your sorrow, and I hope you'll continue to live, that, at the end of your life, it may be said of you, for "forty years he worked for Christ."

G. Thank you for your good wishes. I sincerely reciprocate them. Good-bye.

#### HE WHOSE NAME SHALL NEVER FADE.

BY T. N. M.

**IFE'S** race is run, and to our tomb The soulless body's borne along; Both rich and poor receive that doom, The young and old, the weak and strong.

The king, upon his throue of state, The houseless wanderer, chill and poor,

Must yield themselves alike to Fate, When on this earth their stay is o'er.

What use to us are riches then? What need have we of might or power? Our wealth is grasp'd by fellow-men,

The other fades as summer flower.

Is it not gold that leaves a name, That long in minds of men doth last, That gives to us immortal fame,

Or glory when away we've past.

A gorgeous tomb our bones may hold, The passer-by looks sadly on;

- And perhaps he thinks it cost much gold— His thoughts are not of him that's gone.
- But he whose name shall never fade, But, like the sun, be ever bright,

Is he who when he's lowly laid, Men say he died a man upright.

Who wishes, then, when past away, To leave aught of his name behind,

That long may last through many a day, Let him be honest, good, and kind.

#### WORSHIP THE BEAUTIFUL.

ORSHIP the beautiful! worship the pure!

It hath a life in the meanest thing;

- The stars that are set in the heavenly floor,
  - And flowers of earth are alike from its spring:

An ocean of beauty in wind and beam

Is flooding the earth in an endless stream.

Worship the beautiful ! worship the true! The spirit of good that works in all,

- And its rays of glory will guide you through
  - This fierce rude chaos of chief and thrall;

And the film of Mammon that dims the eye Drank up in its splendid beams shall die.

- Arise from the charnel house, man, arise! What love, what hope, can gladden thee there!
- Mammon is death, when its twilight eyes Would outblazon the sun—and sordid care

Rankles in beings whose thirst is gold, Like a scourge of fire, till the heart is cold.

And the spring of life runs thickly and dumb,

Coursing away to terrible graves;

And the swarming fiends of the passions come,

To slake their thirst in its turbid waves; While the tree whence misery's dew distils, With its bitter drops the fountain fills.

Worship the beautiful! worship the pure! And the spring of life shall lose its stain;

And the fiends shall die, when the holy door

Of the fane of love unfolds again: And its spirit floats forth, like gentle wind, To reign in the bosoms of humankind.



THE NURSE'S VISIT HOME.

#### THE NURSE'S VISIT HOME.

USAN GRAY, when she had become of the proper age, instead of gaining a scanty living during a part of the year by field labour, and being partly dependent upon her parents during the remainder, resolved, if possible, not only to earn her own living, but also to help her father and mother in their declining years. Her fondness for children, and her general good temper, were great recommendations, and she had not much difficulty in obtaining a situation as nursegirl. She found everything very strangely different from what she had been used to at home, when she became an inmate of the great house in which her mistress lived. She was, however, willing to learn, and though not without faults, such as love of gossip and fine dress, was really anxious to do her duty, and so gained the goodwill of Mrs. Mortimer, who had no fear that in trusting her children to Susan's care they would come

to any harm. Nor did they. Susan would have risked her life to preserve them from any danger, and a sincere affection sprang up between her and her young charges in the nursery. Her great pleasure was in the summer time, when the weather was agreeably warm, to take out the "baby" for a walk, which usually before it ended resulted in a call at her father's cottage. Her father's once strong and stalwart form has become weakened by age and cramped by rheumatic pains, and he gazes with something like awe at the richly dressed baby, and at the wellclad nurse, as though he was a little puzzled as to whether she was really his daughter, or, as he phrased it, "some fine lady." Behind Susan is seen her mother welcoming her home, and in the doorway is the niece of Mrs. Mortimer, who, on this occasion, has come with the good-tempered nurse girl for a walk.

#### PICTURES OF PALESTINE.

No. 2.

THE STILL SMALL VOICE.

1st Kings xix. 4-15.

EARY of life Elijah came, To Horeb's holy ground, And in a cave of that dread place, A lonely lodging found.

While there the aged outcast dwelt, A voice fell on his ear: "Elijah!" said the word of God, "What seek ye lingering here?"

"Lord God of hosts!" the prophet said, "I mourn for Judah's sons, Who tread thy chosen altars down, And slay thy holy ones. "Behold! of thy prophetic line, The last, oh Lord, am I; And for my blood, unsated still, The dark apostates cry."

"Go forth, and seek the Lord of Hosts," The cheering voice replied.

Forth went the mourning seer, and stood On Horeb's awful side.

And lo! a mighty wind rode by, And rent the rocks around; But 'mid the rushing of the blast, Jehovah was not found.

Then from the mountain's troubled breast A heaving earthquake leapt; But still before the aged seer, His God dread silence kept.

Scarce sank the wild, volcanic power, Back to its darksome lair, When forth there came a flaming fire – Jehovah was not there.

Then stole a "still small voice" of love, Like music, o'er the place in mingled confidence and fear, The prophet hid his face.

Thus mourner! when the fires of pain, And blasts of trouble cease, Softly as summer's sweetest rain, Thy God will whisper peace.

Not 'mid the raging of the storm, Descends the balmy dew; But 'mid the hush of eventide, When heaven grows calm and blue.

Then patience, child of want and woe! Thy day of clouds shall flee; And in the evening of thy faith, Thy God shall visit thee. Anon.

#### LICENSE LAWS.

#### BY THE REV. JOHN PIERPOINT.

"COR so much gold, we license thee," So say our laws—"a draught to sell, That bows the strong, enslaves the free,

And opens wide the gates of hell. For *public good requires* that some, Since many die, should live by RUM."

Te civic fathers! while the foes Of this destroyer seize their swords, And heaven's own hail is in the blows They're dealing—will TE cut the cords Chat round the falling fiend they draw, And o'er him hold your shield of law?

And will ye give to man a bill Divorcing him from heaven's high sway, And while God says, "thou shalt not kill," Say ye, "for gold, ye may—ye may?" Compare the body with the soul; Compare the bullet with the bcwl! In which is felt the fiercer blast Of the destroying angel's breath? Which binds its victim the more fast?

Which kills him with the deadlier death? Will ye the felon fox restrain, And yet take off the tiger's chain ?

The living to the rotting dead The God-contemning Tuscan\* tied,

Till, by the way, or on his bed, [died— The poor corpse-carrier drooped and Lashed hand to hand, and face to face In fatal and in loathed embrace.

Less cutting, think ye, is the thong That to a *breathing* corpse, for life,

Lashes, in torture loathed and long, The drunkard's child—the drunkard's wife ?

To clasp that clay—to breathe that breath, And no escape !—O, that is death !

Are ye not fathers? When your sons Look on you for their daily bread,

Dare ye, in mockery, load with stones The table that for them ye spread ? How can ye hope your sons will live, If ye, for fish a serpent give ?

O, Holy God ! let light divine Break forth more broadly from above, Till we conform our laws to Thine—

The perfect law of truth and love : For truth and love alone can save Thy children from a hopeless grave.

\* Mezentius. See Virgil's Æneid, viii. 481-491.

#### LAMENT OF THE WIDOWED INEBRIATE.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

"I'M thinking on thy smile, Mary, Thy bright and trusting smile. In the morning of our truth and love, Ere sorrow came or guile—

<ul> <li>To thee 1 homeward came :</li> <li>O the tear was in thine earnest eye,</li> <li>And thy bosom wildly heaved,</li> <li>Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek,</li> <li>Though thy heart was sorely grieved !</li> <li>But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary,</li> <li>And thine eye grew dim and sad,</li> <li>For the tempter lured my steps from thee,</li> <li>And the wine-cup drove me mad :</li> <li>From thy cheek the roses quickly fled,</li> <li>And thy ringing laugh was gone,</li> <li>Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me,</li> <li>And still kept trusting on.</li> <li>O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary,</li> </ul>	When thine arms were twined about my	1
alone, Was nestling close to mine! I see full many a smile, Mary, On young lips beaming bright, And many an eye of light and love Is flashing in my sight : But the smile is not for my poor heart, And the eye is strange to me, And loneliness comes o'er my soul When its memory turns to thee ! I'm thinking on the night, Mary, The night of grief and shame, When with drunken ravings on my lips To thee I homeward came : O the tear was in thine earnest eye, And thy bosom wildly heaved, Yet a smile of love was on thy cheek, Though thy heart was sorely grieved ! But the smile soon left thy lips, Mary, And thine eye grew dim and sad, For the tempter lured my steps from thee, And the wine-cup drove me mad : From thy cheek the roses quickly fled, And thy ringing laugh was gone, Yet thy heart still fondly clung to me, And still kept trusting on. O, my words were harsh to thee, Mary, For the wine-cup made me wild : And I chid thee when thine eyes were sad, And I cursed thee when they smiled : God knows I loved thee even then, But the fire was in my brain, And the curse of drink was in my heart,	And mine eyes looked into thine,	
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And the curse of drink was in my heart,	But the fire was in my brain,	1
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'Twas a pleasant home of ours, Mary, In the spring-time of our life,

When I looked upon thy sunny face, And proudly called thee wife—

And 'twas pleasant when our childre played

Before our cottage door,-

But the children sleep with thee, Mary, I ne'er shall see them more!

Thou'rt resting in the church yard now, And no stone is at thy head;

But the sexton knows a drunkard's wife Sleeps in that lowly bed :—

And he says the hand of God, Mary, Will fall with crushing weight

On the wretch who brought thy gently life

To its untimely fate!

But he knows not of the broken heart I bear within my breast,

Or the heavy load of vain remorse, That will not let me rest;

He knows not of the sleepless nights, When, dreaming of thy love,

I seem to see thy angel eyes Look coldly from above.

I have raised the wine-cup in my hand, And the wildest strains I've sung,

Till, with the laugh of drunken mirth The echoing air has rung :---

But a pale and sorrowing face looked ou From the glittering cup on me,

And a trembling whisper I have heard, That I fancied breathed by thee !

Thou art slumbering in the peaceful grave. And thy sleep is dreamless now,

But the seal of an undying grief Is on thy mourner's brow;

And mine heart is chill as thine, Mary, For the joys of life have fled,

And I long to lay my aching breast With the cold and silent dead !

24

#### A TEETOTAL SONG.

#### BY J. C. PRINCE.

H! tempt me no more to the winebrimming bowl,

Nor say 'twill arouse me to gladness;

I have felt how it breaks the repose of the soul,

And fires every frailty to madness;

- But fill me a cup where the bright waters flow, [row;
- From that health and freshness I'll bor-'Tis the purest of nectar that sparkles

below; [sorrow. Since it brings neither sickness nor

Oh ! look not for me where the drunkard is found,

A stranger to virtue and quiet;

Where the voice of affection and conscience is drowned

In fierce bacchanalian riot :

On the hearth of my home, a more tranquil retreat, [ing,

My enjoyments are guiltless and cheer-

Where the smile of my wife becomes daily more sweet,

And the kiss of my child more endearing.

Oh! turn thee, deluded one! turn and forsake [thee;

Those haunts whose excitements enslave Be firm in thy manhood, let reason awake,

While pity is yearning to save thee.

With me all unholy allurements are past, May I swerve from my rectitude never!

No, rather than sink to the perdition at last,

One and all, I abjure them for ever!

#### THE TRADE.

NOW address the trade, and breathe a hint [gain, That all may take.—Induced by love of It keeps dispensaries of poverty, Disease, and death—'Tis like a human spider

That weaves its web by every highway side

And crowded street.

#### TRY AGAIN!

**1** 'VE often tried, and often failed, To mend my fellows' state; But still my heart has never quailed

- Before decrees of fate;
- There's always something in the breast Which whispers clear and plain,

"There's work to do; why idly rest? "Up, up, and try again."

There's magic in these little words, Which have a greater power

- Than levell'd guns, and flashing swords, In danger's darkest hour;
- And when they're used to prompt the right,

To soothe distress and pain,

They bear a tone of glorious might— "Up, up, and try again."

The little flower which lifts its head Up to the sunlit sky,

Bow'd down beneath the heavy tread, Does not lie there and die;

There is a voice borne on the winds Which vibrates o'er the plain,

And says, unheard by passing hinds, "Up, up, and try again."

And that should be the watchword cry Of all the good and wise,

Together banded, sworn to dry The mourner's weeping eyes :

To set up Love and earnest Work Where Vice and Sloth now reign;

Though long they toil, still let them try-"We'll conquer-Try again!"



27



We must bear the yoke daily :--Jesus says, "' It is easy, my burden is light;" For He knows how frail we are, yes, He knows how frail we are, And He helps us through the day and through the night.--O ye stars, &c.

All the stars o'er us shining in the sky, And the sun and the moon do His will ; And we know that by and by, if to serve Him well we try, P

p With a brighter glow our spirits He will fill.-O ye stars, &c.

We must ever be watchful !- for to-day

May, for you, and for me be the last; So the work we'll not delay, but we'll labour, and we'll pray, Till the sunset hour of life is safely passed.—O ye stars, &c.

### PUT ON THE BRAKE.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF. A DIALOGUE FOR TWO.

Reginald.

ELL, well, wonders will never cease ! Whoever would have thought of meeting with you, George Saxton? I am right glad to see you once again.

George. I assure you, Reginald, my dear fellow,

you are not more pleased to meet me than I am to meet you. "Shall auld acquaintance be forgot?"

R. Well, there's no need I hope that it should. Tell me how you have been getting on all this long time.

G. Pretty well I think; nothing to boast about in the way of success, nor yet anything to deplore in the way of failure.

R. We may call it steady progress, I suppose ?

G. You may call it what you like, but if I were asked for my definition I should say, "stationary progress," if you know what that is; if not, I'll tell you. It means no advancement, no going back.

R. I should call that stationary; it cannot be in any sense progression.

G. O yes, it can! He who can hold his own, even without actual advancement, may be said to make progress. He consolidates his position, and gains the confidence of his fellow-men, and thus he lays the foundation of *future progress*.

R. I understand you, but before your explanation I was at sea. It's like a general laying his plans and earth-works, preparing for the fight; but I thought you meant that you were getting on *slowly*, and preferred to move at a quicker pace.

G. Well, that is really the case. The progress is so slow, I feel I should like some moral or mental policeman to shout out, "Move on there, Saxton."

R. Don't be in a hurry to get rich; the genuine Englishman's motto is "slow and sure"; the Yankee's, "go ahead!" I prefer the Englishman's. Remember, George,—

> "We have not wings and cannot soar, But we have *feet to scale and climb*— By slow degrees, by more and more— The cloudy summits of our time."

G. But, Reginald, my boy, you forget that we live in an age of railways and telegraphs. These mean *despatch* and *rapidity*. We don't climb mountains *now*. If they're in our way, we make a hole and run through them. It would not pay to waste the time our fathers did in climbing as you call it.

R. Railways and telegraphs exist because of the diligent perseverance of "our fathers." If they had been your style of "go ahead men," the advantage of speed we now enjoy, would probably not have been realized to this day. They first got the locomotive perfected, then came the excavating, the building of the bridges, tunnels, &c., the laying of the sleepers and rails; this done, speed could be obtained with safety. Speed, minus safety, is a very doubtful advantage.

G. Reginald, my boy, you seem to belong to the "old school." Remember we're living three parts through the nineteenth century, and not at its commencement. Caution is all very well, but over caution is quite as bad as too little caution.

R. I don't think you can be over cautious. It is quite possible to be too nervous, and nervous timidity many times gets called by the wrong name:—



"See that the design is just and right; That ascertained, pursue it resolutely."

A great philosopher was once asked from whom he took his first lessons. He replied, "From the blind; for they never take a step without first feeling the ground under them." In other words, the blind tanght him the lesson, "Be cautious"; and, before you succeed, depend upon it, you'll have to learn the same lesson.

G. My dear fellow, you talk like a philosopher. Are you the "great philosopher" you have just referred to?

R. No, and I fear I never should be, if I adopted a course of *blind perseverance* without feeling the ground under me as I went along. You may take my word for it, safety and speed are twin sisters— "Siamese twins" if you like; separate it may be, still connected and dependent one on the other.

G. I must own you are very plausible in what you say; your advice is good. Now I think of it every engine has its stop valve, and every carriage and truck its brake. These, I suppose, you'll say are cautious appendages, necessary to regulate the safety of the train.

R. Yes, certainly, and without them there would be many accidents and collisions, which do not occur owing to these cautions.

G. Reginald, you have taught me a lesson, which I'll try to improve in my life. I must be off. Good-bye.

R. Don't hurry now, "put on the brake" for a little time, and I'll recite a piece of poetry, and that done you may go at "express speed" if you like, only remember to put on the brake of caution occasionally.

G. Now, let's have the poetry ! Come, sharp !

R. It's one of Longfellow's. I only recite part,-

- "In the elder days of art, Builders wrought with greatest care, Each minute and unseen part, For the gods see everywhere.
- "Let us do our work as well, Both the unseen and the seen, Make the parts where gods may dwell, Beautiful, entire, and clean.
- "Else our lives are incomplete, Standing in these walls of time; Broken stairways, where the feet Stumble as they seek to climb.
- "Build to-day, then, firm and sure, With a strong and ample base; And ascending and secure, Shall to-morrow find its place.

"Thus alone can we attain, To those turrets, where the eye Sees the world as one vast plain, And one boundless reach of sky."

G. That's first-rate, thank you. Now, good-bye!

R. And don't forget to "Put on the Brake."

### ODE ON DRUNKENNESS;

OR, A FEW TRUTHS, TO WHICH THE DRUNKARD IS EXPOSED.

### BY T. MASON.

TELL me, oh Drunkard ! what destroys thy peace,

Or taints thy character with deepest stains, Or what so soon prepares thy own decease Or hurls thee swifter to eternal pains?

Tell me, oh Drunkard! from what other source

Springs forth those sorrows, which o'er cloud thy brain,

Tell me what 'tis, which gives thee such remorse [pain ?

Crowding thy conscience with incessant 'Tis Rum! that Lava which o'erflows from Hell

In rapid streams along this vale of Tears. That deadly poison, whose obnoxious smell

Savours of Satan, and his hellish spheres. 'Tis this, which robs thee of thy sweet repose, 'Tis this, which leads thee from thy peaceclose, ful home, 'Tis this, which all thy frailties doth dis-'Tis this, which makes thee from thy wife to roam, dress, 'Tis this, which clothes thee in thy filthy 'Tis this, which causes thy fond children's press, tears, 'Tis this, which makes thy creditors to 'Tis this, envelopes thee, in all thy fears, 'Tis this, which leads thee on to every [cell, crime, 'Tis this, which fits thee for the madman's 'Tis this, will usher thee from out of time, 'Tis this, will sink thee in an awful Hell. Oh, then, leave grog-shops, and thy soul prepare, And strive to enter in the realms of bliss,

By frequent, fervent, pureand sober pray'r, Then shalt thou dwell, where joy for ever is.

### A WORD.

SAY what is there in a word ! Ah ! much to wound or heal; The power of many a simple word, We all have felt or feel.

A word may to the mourner's breast, Impart a joyous token ;

May rouse to deeds and duties blest, The heart half chilled and broken.

A word may damp the ardent soul, And crush the high endeavour; And bid the painful tear to roll, And quench bright hopes for ever.

- A word may cause impassioned youth, Virtue or vice to pursue,
- O! then let each one feel the truth, How much a word can do.

### WATER.

BY ELIZA COOK.

INE, wine, thy power and praise Have ever been echoed in minstrel

lays; But Water, I deem, hath a mightier claim To fill up a niche in the temple of fame.

Ye who are bred in Anacreon's school,

May sneer at my strain as the song of a fool: [learn

Ye are wise, no doubt, but have yet to How the tongue can cleave and the veins can burn.

Should ye ever be one of a fainting band, With your brow to the sun and your feet to the sand, [to spare, I would wager the thing I'm most loath That your Bacchanal chorus would never

ring there: Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell What treasures exist in the cold deep well; Sink in despair on the red parched earth, And then ye may reckon what Water is worth.

Famine is laying her hand of bone On the ship becalmed in a torrid zone; The gnawing of hunger's worm is past, But fiery thirst lives on to the last. The stoutest one of the gallent crew Hath a cheek and lips of ghastly hue; The hot blood stands in each glassy eye, And "Water, oh God!" is the only cry.

There's drought in the land, and the herbage is dead,

No ripple is heard in the streamlet's bed; The herd's low bleat and the sick man's pant

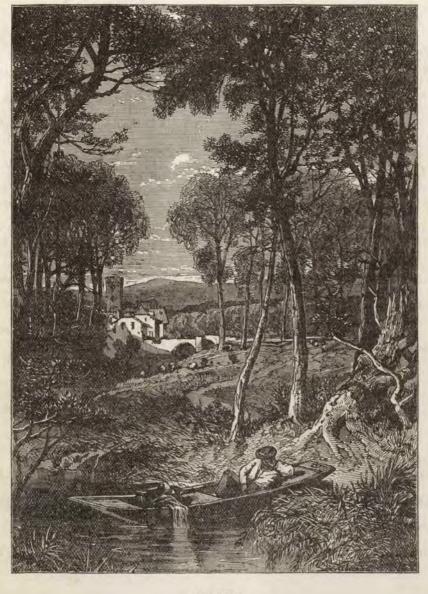
Are mournfully telling the boon we want. Let Heaven this one rich gift withhold, How soon we find it is better than gold; And water, I say, hath a right to claim The minstrel's song and a tithe of fame.



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NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



SPRING.

### SPRING.

(From the Poetical Works of James Thomson.)

POME, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come; And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud, While music wakes around, veil'd in a shower Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend. O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts With unaffected grace, or walk the plain With innocence and meditation join'd In soft assemblage, listen to my song, Which thy own season paints; when Nature all Is blooming and benevolent, like thee. And see where surly Winter passes off, Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blasts: His blasts obey, and quit the howling hill, The shatter'd forest, and the ravish'd vale; While softer gales succeed, at whose kind touch. Dissolving snows in livid torrents lost, The mountains lift their green heads to the sky. As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd, And Winter oft at eve resumes the breeze, Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving sleets Deform the day delightless; so that scarce The bittern knows his time with bill ingulph'd To shake the sounding marsh; or from the shore The plovers when to scatter o'er the heath, And sing their wild notes to the listening waste. At last from Aries rolls the bounteous sun, And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more The expansive atmosphere is cramped with cold;

But, full of life and vivifying soul,

- Lifts the light clouds sublime, and spreads them thin,
- Fleecy, and white, o'er all surrounding heaven.
  - Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfined,
- Unbinding earth, the moving softness
  - strays.
- Joyous, the impatient husbandman perceives

Relenting Nature, and his lusty steers

Drives from their stalls to where the wellused plough

Lies in the furrow, loosen'd from the frost. There, unrefusing, to the harness'd yoke

- They lend their shoulder, and begin their toil,
- Cheer'd by the simple song and soaring lark.
- Meanwhile, incumbent o'er the shining share
- The master leans, removes the obstructing clay,
- Winds the whole work, and sidelong lays the glebe.
  - White, through the neighbouring fields the sower stalks,
- With measured step; and, liberal, throws the grain

Into the faithful bosom of the ground :

- The harrow follows harsh, and shuts the scene.
  - Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
- Has done his part. Ye fostering breezes blow !
- Ye softening dews, ye tender showers descend !

And temper all, thou world-reviving sun, Into the perfect year ! \* \* \*

### HELEN'S BABIES.

AVING promised to take charge of my sister Helen's establishment (including her two dear precious children), while she and her husband were away, I made the hour and a half trip between New York and Hillcrest, and hired a hackman to drive me over to Fom's. Half a mile from my brother-inaw's residence, our horses shied violently,

and the driver, after talking freely to them, turned to me and remarked :---

"That was one of the 'Imps.'"

"What was?" I asked.

"That little cuss that scared the hosses. There he is, now, holdin' up that piece of brushwood. 'Twould be just like his cheek, now, to ask me to let him ride. Here he comes, runnin'. Wonder where of ther is ?—they most generally travel ogether. We call 'em Imps, about these parts, because they're so uncommon likely at mischief. Always skeerin' hosses, or chasin' cows, or frightenin' chickens. Nice enough father an' mother, too peer, how young ones do turn out!"

As he spoke, the offending youth came anting beside our carriage, and in a very lirty sailor-suit, and under a broadrimmed straw hat, with one stocking bout his ankle, and two shoes averaging bout two buttons each, I recognized my lephew, Budge! About the same time here emerged from the bushes by the oadside a smaller boy, in a green gingam dress, a ruffle which might once have een white, dirty stockings, blue slippers vorn through at the toes, and an oldashioned straw turban. Thrusting into he dust of the road a branch from a bush, nd shouting, "Here's my grass-cutter!" e ran towards us enveloped in a "pillar f cloud," which might have served the urpose of Israel in Egypt. When he aused, and the dust had somewhat subsided, I beheld the unmistakable lineaments of the child Toddie!

"They're-my nephews," I gasped.

"What!" exclaimed the driver. "By gracious! I forgot you were going to Colonel Lawrence's! I didn't tell anything but the truth about 'em, though; they're smart enough, an' good enough, as boys go; but they'll never die of the complaint that children has in Sundayschool books."

"Budge," said I, with all the sternness I could command, "do you know me?"

"Yes; you're Uncle Harry. Did you bring us anything ?"

"Bring us anything?" echoed Toddie. "I wish I could have brought you some big whippings," said I, with great severity of manner, "for behaving so badly. Get into this carriage."

"Come on, Tod," shouted Budge, although Toddie's farther ear was not a yard from Budge's mouth. "Uncle Harry's going to take us riding!"

"Going to take us riding!" echoed Toddie, with the air of one in a reverie; both the echo and the reverie I soon learned were characteristics of Toddie.

As they clambered into the carriage I noticed that each one carried a very dirty towel, knotted in the centre into what is known as a slip-noose knot, drawn very tight. After some moments of disgusted contemplation of these rags, without being in the least able to comprehend their purpose, I asked Budge what those towels were for.

"They're not towels—they're dollies," promptly answered my nephew.

"Goodness!" I exclaimed, "I should think your mother could buy you respectable dolls, and not let you appear in public with those loathsome rags."

"We don't like buyed dollies," exclaimed Budge.

"These dollies is lovely; mine's name is Mary, an' Toddie's is Marfa."

"Marfa?" I queried.

"Yes; don't you know about

"Marfa and Mary's jus' gone along To ring dem charmin' bells,

that them Jubilees sings about?"

"Oh, Martha, you mean?"

"Yes, Marfa—that's what I say. Toddie's dollies got brown eyes, an' my dolly's got blue eyes."

"I want to shee yours watch," remarked Toddie, snatching at my chain, and rolling into my lap.

"Oh—oo—ee, so do I," shouted Budge, hastening to occupy one knee, and in so doing wiping his shoes on my trousers and the skirts of my coat. Each imp put an arm about me to steady himself, as I produced my three-hundred-dollar timekeeper, and showed them the dial.

"I want to see the wheels go round," said Budge.

"Want to shee the wheels go round," echoed Toddie.

"No; I can't open my watch where there's so much dust," I said.

"What for ?" inquired Budge.

"Want to shee the wheels go wound," repeated Toddie.

"The dust gets inside the watch and spoils it," I explained.

"Want to shee the wheels go wound," said Toddie, once more.

"I tell you I can't Toddie," said I, with considerable asperity. "Dust spoils watches."

The innocent grey eyes looked up wonderingly, the dirty but pretty lips parted slightly, and Toddie murmured :---

"Want to shee the wheels go wound."

I abruply closed my watch, and put it into my pocket. Instantly Toddie's lower lip commenced to turn outward, and continued to do so until I seriously feared the bony portion of his chin would be exposed to view. Then his lower jaw dropped, and he cried,—

"Ah-h-h-h-h-h-h-want-to-shee-the wheels-go wou-ound."

"Charles" (Charles is his baptismal name),—"Charles," I exclaimed, with some anger, "stop that noise this instant! Do you hear me?"

"Yes-00-00-ahoo-ahoo."

"Then stop it."

"Wants to shee-"

"Toddie, I've got some candy in my trunk, but I won't give you a bit if you don't stop that infernal noise."

"Well, I wants to shee wheels go wound. Ah-ah-h-h-h-h!"

"Toddie, dear, don't cry so. Here's some ladies coming in a carriage; you wouldn't let *them* see you crying, would you! You shall see the wheels go round as soon as we get home."

A carriage containing a couple of ladies was rapidly approaching, as Toddie again raised his voice.

"Ah-h-wants to shee wheels-"

Madly I snatched my watch from my pocket, opened the case, and exposed the works to view. The other carriage was meeting ours, and I dropped my head to avoid meeting the glance of the unknown occupants, for my few moments of contact with my dreadful nephews had made me feel inexpressibly untidy. Suddenly the carriage with the ladies stopped. I heard my own name spoken, and, raising my head quickly (encountering Budgie's bullet head en route, to the serious disarrangement of my hat), I looked into the other carriage. There sat Miss Alice Mayton, a lady who, for about a year, I had been adoring from afar.

"When did you arrive, Mr. Burton?" she asked, "and how long have you been officiating as child's companion? You're certainly a happy-looking trio—so unconentional. I hate to see children all ressed up and stiff as little manikins, hen they go out to ride. And you look s if you'd been having *such* a good time ith them."

"I—I assure you, Miss Mayton," said "that my experience has been the exact everse of a pleasant one. If King Herod ere yet alive I'd volunteer as an execuioner, and engage to deliver two interesting corpses at a moment's notice."

"You dreadful wretch!" exclaimed the ady. "Mother, let me make you acuainted with Mr. Burton—Helen Lawence's brother. How is your sister, Mr. hurton?"

"I don't know," I replied; "she has one with her husband on a fortnight's isit to Captain and Mrs. Wayne, and I've een silly enough to promise to have an ye to the place while they're away."

"Why, how delightful!" exclaimed fiss Mayton. "Such horses! Such owers! Such a cook!"

"And such children," said I, glaring nggestively at the imps, and rescuing rom Toddie a handkerchief which he had xtracted from my pocket, and was wavng to the breeze.

"Why, they're the best children in the rorld. Helen told me so the first time I het her this season. Children will be hildren you know. We had three little ousins with us last summer, and I'm are they made me look older than I cally am."

"Good-bye, Mr. Burton,"

"Good-bye."

"Of course you'll call," said Miss Mayon, as her carriage started—"it's dreadally stupid here—no men except on undays."

"Uncle Harry," said Budge, "do you now how to make whistles?"

"Ucken Hawwy," murmured Toddie, does you love dat lady?" "No, Toddie, of course not."

"Then you's baddy man, an' de Lord won't let you go to heaven if you don't love peoples."

"Yes, Budge," I answered hastily, "I do know how to make whistles, and you shall have one."

"Lord don't like mans what don't love peoples," reiterated Toddie.

"All right, Toddie," said I. "I'll see if I can't please the Lord some way. Driver, whip up, won't you? I'm in a hurry to turn these youngsters over to the girl, and ask her to drop them into the bath-tub."

### SPEAK NO ILL.

### BY CHARLES SWAIN.

AY speak no ill !—a kindly word Can never leave a sting behind, And oh ! to breathe each tale we've heard Is far beneath a noble mind.

Full oft a better seed is sown

By choosing thus the kinder plan; For if but little good be known, Still let us speak the best we can.

Give me the heart that fain would hide-Would fain another's fault efface;

How can it pleasure human pride To prove humanity but base ?

No: let us reach a higher mood, A nobler estimate of man;

Be earnest in the search for good, And speak of all the best we can.

Then speak no ill-but lenient be To others' failings as your own;

If you're the first a fault to see,

Be not the first to make it known. For life is but a passing day,

No lip may tell how brief its span; Then, oh, the little time we stay,

Let's speak of all the best we can!





### THE POWER OF WATER.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF. A DIALOGUE FOR THREE.

North Market

OOD evening, Timothy. This is a heavy shower, isn't it? Are you going to the Band of Hope meeting?

*Timothy.* Yes, Peter, I am. I always make a special effort to be present when it's wet, because I know the conductor

is sure to be there; and I think if it's not too wet for him, it's not too wet for me; and, besides, many people are afraid of a wet night, and thus meetings on wet nights are generally badly attended, and this must be very discouraging to those who have to speak and take part in the proceedings.

Peter.

P. It seems to me to be rather strange that teetotalers are so much afraid of "water."

T. Well, but so it is. They commend its virtues in speech and song, but they seem to prefer its *inward* to its *outward* application in practice. No, my boy, teetotalers should not be afraid of a shower of rain !

P. I'm glad to find you are of the same way of thinking with myself; when our teachers are good enough to provide us with an evening of profitable pleasure, it's as little as we can do in return to show we appreciate their effort by being present, even though it is at the sacrifice of a little comfort.

T. Just so, my boy. It would doubtless be more comfortable to flesh and blood to remain at home such nights as these; but I think *comfort* should always yield to *duty*.

P. You are right there, Timothy. It would seem funny if there should be a large audience at the meeting on a wet night, and the conductors and speakers did not turn up; and if we only think aright, it's as much the duty of the audience to be present, as it is for the speakers and officers.

T. Who's this coming with the waterproof and umbrella?

P. Well, I declare, it's Annie Smith! I should have felt small, if I had heard of her being present and I absent, owing to the night being wet.

T. Well, Annie, I'm glad to see the rain has not kept you at home.

Annie. Rain keep me at home indeed! Not if mamma would let me come; I'm too fond of the meetings to miss one, if I can help it. Rain indeed! what harm can it do me? I've a pair of good strong boots and a good waterproof cloak, and my head and shoulders are protected with my umbrella. I shall take no harm I'm sure. There's only a few drops at a time, Timothy.

T. I admire your pluck, Miss Smith, and think you set a good example to the other girls, which I trust they will follow. I don't like the idea of wet nights making small meetings.

A. No, nor I. I don't feel that I can recite my piece near so well, when there are few persons present.

P. Are you going to recite a piece tonight?

A. Yes, and a very nice one too !

T. Can you both walk and talk at the same time? If you can, you might say it for us.

A. If you would like to hear it I don't mind.

P. I'm sure I should.

T. And if I shouldn't, I would not have asked you.

A. Well, then, this is it :-

- "I really think those friends are wrong, Who say strong drink will make me strong; The stag, the bull, the horse, I meet, Are creatures docile, strong, and fleet; Yet water, sparkling water, serves To quench their thirst, and brace their nerves.
- "And they are jesting sure who say, That drink, strong drink, will make me gay; Each warbling bird, that pipes a song, Tells me plainly they are wrong; For who can be more gay and free, Dear little merry birds, than ye?
- "They undervalue nature's wealth, Who say strong drink would give me health; The flowers are springing everywhere, Pure and fragrant, fresh and fair; Their health and vigour they sustain, With draughts of dew, and baths of rain."

P. If "baths of rain" will give health, I think we three ought to be healthy to night. My stars, doesn't it come down!

A. Don't interrupt me, Peter; let me finish.

T. Yes, let her go on. It's a nice little piece, I'm sure.

- "I think I never understood Strong drink would make me wise or good; If I'm to shun all evil ways, And serve my Maker all my days, Surely I must betimes begin To leave off every cause of sin.
- "Oh then, strong drink, I'll bid adien For ever, and at once, to you; And He, who makes all things His care, Will guard my feet from every snare, And give me wisdom, truth, and sense, To choose the paths of *Temperance*."

T. Well, Annie, that is a nice piece, and I hope you'll say it well. It's true to say strong drink makes people weak; sad, not gay; gives pain and sickness, rather than health; and as to its making people wise and good, I know no people more foolish than those made foolish by strong drink.

P. Yes, like does not always cure like. Weak water, as it is called, makes people strong in body, mind, and pocket. But I for one don't think water is so very *weak*. You know the proverb, "Fire and water are good servants, but bad masters." Keep them within your own control, and they'll serve you well; but let them have their own way, and their power is irresistible. Have you read about the Sheffield flood some years ago? It showed the power of water. Houses, mills, bridges, were swept away, as the water from the reservoir, which had burst its banks, came pouring down upon them, and scores of human lives were destroyed.

A. Yes, or think of a storm at sea, to see how strong water is! The largest and most powerful vessels are like toys and playthings to it. When it exerts its strength, none but the power of God can restrain it, or hold it in check. He alone can say, "So far shalt thou go and no farther, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

T. We have no need to go back fifteen or sixteen years to see what strength there is in water. In India, only a few months ago, it was illustrated, when vast tracts of country were inundated, and scores of thousands of lives were destroyed. No, water is anything but weak!

A. Yes, and this rain that's falling now, the drops may be small, but the large number of them make the greatest floods:—

> "The little drops of rain that fall, To moisten this terrestrial ball, Make up the ocean's vast expanse, The cataract and avalanche."

P. Here's the school at last. Doesn't it look nice, bright, and cheerful, this dreary wet night? I hope we shall have a good meeting.

T. Strong as water may be, it was not strong enough to keep us at home to night.

## HYMN TO TEMPERANCE.

HEN the first mortals' sinless hours In Eden's radiant garden flew, And all was pure as Eden's flowers, And tears were none save their bright dew, Ten thousand boughs of beauty rare, A glorious canopy entwine, And yet methinks there blushed not there, Fair though it be, the purple vine!

Gushed not at least, the ruby tide That steals away the souls of men, A torrent sweeping far and wide Once loose—we strive to check in vain ! The crystal brook—so bright—so cold— As essence pure—its source high heaven, Was drank by those of angel mould, Ere they from Paradise were driven.

But when their innocence was gone, And man was like a God no more, When care, and sin, and toil, were known, And death's pale bark oft left time's shore; They spurned the gentle murmuring brook, 'Twas all too stainless—too divine,

And in its stead—alas! they took The rosy—fragrant—treacherous wine!

And there a stream op'd on apace, Dark, wild—Intemperance its name, It banished every youthful grace, Its gifts were sorrow, pain, and shame. It quenched the lustre of each eye, It blanched each cheek of healthy red, Its course ne'er virtue hovered nigh, And death stalked grimly in its tread.

The throbbing pulse—the fevered brow, The trembling hand—the burning lip Are theirs, who to their endless woe, Of that dark stream too freely sip. As from the serpent's deadly glance, The fluttering victim may not fly, Is the lost drunkard's fearful trance, Has one awaking—'tis to die. "Dash down yon bowl of Samian wine," Its golden bubbles prize no more, No longer bend 'neath Bacchus' shrine, His long and baneful reign is o'er; The vine leaf withers on his brow, A fairer banner is unfurled, Mortals beneath its shadow bow, [world. And Temperance once more rules the

### "THY WILL BE DONE!" BY C. S.

HEN Sorrow, like the mighty streams,

Rolls swollen waves our bosoms o'er, And not a star of mercy beams

To pierce the blackness of the shore : When troublous clouds obscure our sky,

And hide the glory of the sun-Oh, God ! we lift our voices high,

And, sobbing, say-"Thy will be done!"

In the past year of buds and flowers, Thy smile has been divinely bright;

Seen in the frequent thunder showers, And gleaming through the veil of night.

Thy voice has bid Disease arrest

The footsteps of our noblest one; Yet, trusting, with a cheerful breast,

We, praying, say-"Thy will be done!"

And now that deeper woe is near, And threatening storms gleam overhead;

When Heaven's high favours disappear, And all is cold, and dark, and dead-

Oh help us with believing souls, The race appointed still to run;

And, while the thunder deafly rolls, To, trusting, say—"Thy will be done !"

"Thy will be done on earth," we pray, As it is ever done in heaven;

And so we cast our woes away, And kneel to have our sins forgiven.

Oh Father ! pierce the shades of grief, Accepting us through Christ, Thy Son;

Thus we shall own the sweet relief, And ever say—"Thy will be done !"



MAY FLOWERS.

### MAY FLOWERS.

HE pleasant Spring has come, clothed with ferns and flowers. Now for long rambles in green country lanes, where the birds are singing in the bush or aloft in the blue sky. These are pleasant days for the children who dwell in the country, or on its green border land, and those less fortunate who in pleasant spring and summer time are not able to leave the great, hot cities, may well regret their absence. But if some cannot go amaying because there are miles of houses and factories between them and the primrose banks, there are others who are prevented by sickness. Little John Rowe is one of these. Only six years old, and yet he lies on a bed of pain, which he may never leave in renewed health. Through the open window the air wafts into his little chamber the sweet smell of flowers, and he longs for the time when once more he may see the lark in the sky, and see the primroses as they nestle under the bank. Little John is patient in his trouble, and will have a glimpse of pleasure pre-

sently, for his father and mother, who have been to the village on business, have not been unmindful of their poor afflicted child, and on their way back they have plucked the flowers that he loves best, and made them into a glorious posy, beautiful to sight and smell. In the picture you may see them looking out for the flowers and ferns that Johnnie loved the best. These flowers will comfort him in his pain, and reward him for the patience with which he bears his suffering. We may learn from such examples lessons of patience and of kindness. There are many occasions in life when endurance of pain or illness becomes a necessity or a duty. There are many more occasions when by simple actions, kindly done, we may lessen the sufferings of others. A gift of flowers to the prisoner in a sick-room may be like a gleam of sunshine in a dark place. Let our young friends be on the look out for the opportunity of doing these little acts of kindness.

### PICTURES OF PALESTINE, No. 3. Vision of the Dry Bones.

Ezekiel xxxvii, 1-10.

HILE glowing Ezekiel'ssainted sonl With bright prophetic flame, The Spirit of the Great Unseen In power upon him came. That Spirit bore him as a cloud Is borne upon the gale, And set him down amid the hush Of a sepulchral vale.

Around him gazed the gifted seer, In deep expectant dread; He stood a trembling thing of life Amid unnumbered dead. For, lo! about him, cold and still, And dumb and dry as stones, There gleamed a ghastly multitude Of bare unburied bones.

And as he looked upon the wreeks Of mortals dead and gone: "Say, Can they live?" peal'd forth a voice. "Lord! Thou can't tell alone." Again the awful voice arose, "Speak to these silent bones! Speak in the spirit and the power

Of old prophetic tones.

"Say, God shall clothe your skeletons,	Cannon balls may aid the truth,
And fill your forms with breath,	But thought's a weapon stronger;
And bring them forth, an army great,	We'll win our battle by its aid :
From the abodes of death."	Wait a little longer.
The spirit of the sainted seer	
Obeys the mighty word,	There's a good time coming, boys,
And lo! like rustling autumn winds,	A good time coming;
A sound—a stir is heard.	The pen shall supersede the sword,
A sound a soit is neard.	And right, not might, shall be the lord,
As wither'd leaves together crowd	In the good time coming.
When evening breezes moan,	Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
Behold! beneath the Prophet's breath,	And be acknowledged stronger;
Bone seeketh unto bone;	The proper impulse has been given :
	Wait a little longer.
And forms of strength and beauty rise,	n an a antic tonger.
Clad by an unseen hand,	There's a good time coming, boys,
Until, a host of living men,	A good time coming;
Amid the vale they stand.	War in all men's eyes shall be
mine this is a strength on the Lond	A monster of iniquity,
Thus, blighted sinner ! can the Lord	In the good time coming.
Thy barren branches bless,	Nations shall not quarrel then,
And clothe them with the saving fruits	To prove which is the stronger,
Of vital holiness.	Nor slaughter men for glory's sake;
Thus, "dead in trespasses and sins,"	Wait a little longer.
Christ saw the souls of men,	mate a suite conger.
Dry bones amid a vale of tears,	There's a good time coming, boys,
And bade them live again.	A good time coming;
Ohl then smalt then man of God!	Hateful rivalries of creed,
Oh! then exult, thou man of God!	Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
Though trouble vex thee sore,	In the good time coming.
And though the grave thy body claim,	Religion shall be shorn of pride,
Life's weary journey o'er,	And flourish all the stronger,
A breath will wake thy silent dust,	And charity shall trim her lamp :
And break thy dreary tomb,	Wait a little longer.
And a new Eden for thy soul,	n all a third tongert
Shall wear eternal bloom. ANON.	There's a good time coming, boys,
	A good time coming,
"WAIT A LITTLE LONGER."	And a poor man's family,
WAIT A MITTLE LONGIN.	Shall not be in his misery,
CHARLES MACKAY.	In the good time coming.
AUTHOR OF "VOICES FROM THE CROWD."	Every child shall be a help,
	To make his right arm stronger,
THERE'S a good time coming, boys,	The happier he, the more he has :
A good time coming,	Wait a little longer.
We may not live to see the day,	
But earth shall glisten in the ray	There's a good time coming, boys,
Of the good old time coming.	A good time coming,

not a gloom

BY GEORGE HOOD.

Little children shall not toil, I crouch among the emerald leaves, Under, or above, the soil, Gemmed with the ruby grapes; In the good time coming, I dip my spear in the poison here, But shall play in healthful fields, And he is strong that escapes. Till limbs and mind grow stronger, Crowds dance round with satyr bound, And every one shall read and write :--Till my dart is hurled from its traite Wait a little longer. sheath ; When I shriek with glee, no friend to me There's a good time coming, boys, Is so true as the vine, the Tree of Death A good time coming; The people shall be temperate, O, the glossy vine has a serpent charm, And shall love instead of hate, It bears an unblest fruit; In the good time coming. There's a taint about each tendrilled arm They shall use and not abuse, And a curse upon its root; And make all virtue stronger, Its juice may flow to warm the brow, The reformation is begun :---And wildly lighten the eye; Wait a little longer. But the frenzied mirth of a revelling crev Will make the wise man sigh; There's a good time coming, boys, For the maniac laugh, the trembling frame A good time coming ; The idiot speech, and pestilent breath, Let us aid it all we can, The shattered mind, and blasted frame, Every woman, every man, Are wrought by the vine, the Tree of The good time coming. Death. Smallest hopes if rightly given, Make the impulse stronger, Fill, fill the glass and let it pass, 'Twill be strong enough one day :--But ye who quaff, O think Wait a little longer. That even the heart that loves must loath The lips that deeply drink; THE TREE OF DEATH. The breast may mourn o'er a close link torn And the scalding drops may roll; ET the king of the grave be asked to The plant he loveth best; [tell But'tis better to mourn o'era pulseless form Than the wreck of the living soul. It will not be the Cypress tree, Then a health to the hemlock, the cypress, Though it will not be the church-yard and yew, guest; The worm-hiding grass, and the willow He will not mark the hemlock dark, wreath, Nor stay where the night shade spreads; For though shading the tomb, they fill He will not say 'tis the sombre few, So dark as the vine, the Tree of Death. Though it springs o'er skeletons heads; He will not point to the willow branch, Where breaking spirits pine beneath ; THE DRINKER'S SONG. For a brighter leaf sheds deeper grief, And a fairer tree is the Tree of Death. ITH features bloated and pale-But where the green rice stalks are seen, Where ripe fruits gush and shine, With breathing heavy and long, This, this, he cries, is the tree for me-The toper sat over his flagon of ale, The vine, the beautiful vine ; And sang this desperate song :---

Juaff-Quaff-Quaff-In misery, madness, and woe; Mid frenzied roar, and treacherous laugh, And my reason's fading glow. Drink-Drink-Drink-From "dewy eve" to midnight hour : nd Drink-Drink-Drink, Beneath the demon's power, Whose sad and dreary reign Is in palace so dim and low; Where pleasure leads on to sorrow and pain, And is fraught with many a woe; Drink-Drink-Drink-Till the head begins to reel-Drink-Drink-Drink-Till the heart now ceases to feel. hought and feeling are gone-Why did I drink it up? nd the soul, the gem which so brightly shone, Is lost in the streaming cup. Drink-Drink-Drink-Till the moonlight wanes away-Drink-Drink-Drink-Till appears the morning grey, ot, and tumbler, and pipe-Pipe, and tumbler, and pot-Ill over the benches I fall asleep, And dream of my hapless lot. Iome-Home-Home-There is no home for me, never am happy unless I roam Far from my own roof-tree. or, oh! my wife's sad smile Strikes through my soul like a dart, o free from guile, it glows awhile, Yet sorrow is in her heart.

Ind now my lonely child, His features I never see, for his looks so meek and mild, Speak deepest anguish to me. They tell me of better days, Of gladness and joyful hours, Well spent in wisdom's happy ways, In bright and sunny bowers.

I grow untimely old-

My cheek is thin and wan— My heart more lifeless grows and cold, I scarcely feel like man.

For bound to a tyrant's car,

A weak and helpless slave, Beneath a dark and malignant star, I sink to an early grave.

What would I give to be free— To feel as I felt in youth— To gaze again on the blooming lea— And worship the God of truth ! Yet Drink—Drink—Drink— I may not break the spell; Drink—Drink—Drink— That makes my breast a hell.

To the dreary grave I go, My being and nature curst, There is no drink in shades below To quench ne'er-ending thirst. My face is bloated without, My mind is darkened within, Black thoughts encompass my mind

about,

Of grief, and woe, and sin.

With features haggard and pale— With breathings heavy and long, A toper sat o'er his muggin of ale, Telling to youths a warning tale, And sang this desperate song ....

In misery, madness, and woe, 'Mid frenzied roar and treacherous laugh, And his reason's fading glow.







### HOLIDAY PLEASURES.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF. A DIALOGUE FOR TWO.

Alfred.

OLIDAYS are jolly, arn't they Ben ?

Benjamin. Well, yes: it's very nice to have a little recreation. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," says the maxim.

A. And I suppose "All play and no work" produces the same result.

B. Yes; an overtasked mind, as well as an overworked body, may bring about paralytic incapacity and helplessness; and talents unused, both mental and physical, become enfeebled for want of active occupation.

A. You must have been studying philosophy, Ben. That reply of yours sounds awfully elever. It seems to me you must have been working hard, and not left much room for people to suspect your mind is enfeebled by idleness.

B. I don't know whether to look upon your remark as a joke or as flattery; but of one thing I'm fully persuaded, that it's better to *wear out* than to *rust out*.

A. For my part, I think it better to do neither; but, by being moderate in both work and play, to live a happy and contented life. It's all very well to be clever, and I should like it much, if it didn't entail such a lot of hard study.

B. One thing is certain, that to become clever you will need a lot of hard study. Work, to the diligently disposed, is pleasant and not irksome; and holidays are used as oil on a machine, to prevent both wear and rust, and thus to make work easy and pleasant.

A. There you go again. You seem not only to have been studying philosophy but also poetry, for that's quite a flowery illustration, or, I should rather say, an "oily" one.

B. You seem quite disposed to be funny to-night, Alfred. Tell me, what is your present occupation?

A. Well, my present purpose is "the pursuit of pleasure." Whitsuntide is a festive season, and everybody seems disposed to go in for their fill of enjoyment, and I see no reason why I should not join with "the giddy multitude."

B. Don't mistake me, Alfred; I'm not against pleasure or enjoyment. I ardently believe in both; but when you talk of *taking pleasure* with the *giddy multitude* on a *festive season*, I must acknowledge you make me feel somewhat anxious on your account. A great and good man has said, "Pleasure must first have the warrant that it is without sin; then, that it is without excess."

A. Didn't I tell you before that I tried to do both my work and my play in *moderation*; therefore your "good man's" advice is not applicable to me.

B. Well, I thought it was, because of your talk about doing as the giddy multitude did, for every thoughtful person must know that the pleasures of giddy, thoughtless people are unreal and unsatisfying; gratifying only for the moment, leaving no permanent good.

A. Perhaps, Ben, your notions of pleasure and mine are very different; in fact, I should think they are from the tone of your conversation.

B. That can easily be put right. Will you explain your ideas of it?

A. With pleasure, Ben.

B. No, of pleasure!

A. That's rather sharp for you. I really began to think you were too



serious for anything savoring of fun or wit.

B. There you're greatly mistaken, old fellow; I enjoy a joke as well as anybody, at the proper time and place.

A. I enjoy a joke at any time.

B. Well, now, let's have your definition of pleasure.

A. My idea of pleasure is enjoyment!

B. That's rather an accommodating definition. I suppose you'd define enjoyment as pleasure?

B. I suppose I should; and it would be quite correct.

B. If I admit that, then I shall have to ask you what is the *nature* of the pleasure you enjoy?

A. I think you are desirous of putting me into a sort of extemporized confessional. You evidently want me to expose my weaknesses and reveal my shortcomings.

B. I see you are somewhat ashamed of your "pleasures," and this leaves me to draw my own inferences. I presume you are fond of the billiard table, the skating rink, the theatre, and it may be (but I hope not) the bar parlour, eh?

A. You might as well put in smoking and a few other things.

B. I'd rather leave the whole lot out altogether, and substitute for them the picture gallery, the lecture hall, the Young Men's Association, an occasional concert of good high-class music, the Sunday school, and the temperance society.

A. That's all well and good in its way, but rather insipid for a fellow who wishes to really enjoy life.

B. Then you plead guilty to my supposition of the nature of your pleasures? If so, allow me to give you a few lines from a poem of Burns', and he knew as well as most men what the pleasures of the world were. He says,— "But pleasures are like poppies spread, You seize the flower, its bloom is shed; Or like the snowflake on the river, A moment white—then gone for ever; Or like the borealis race, That flit ere you can point their place; Or like the rainbow's lovely form Evanishing amid the storm."

A. Fleeting pleasures! And yet he loved to pursue them.

B. *Pleasures* are very fascinating and very deceptive, and yield no abiding peace and happiness. This is clearly shown in the experience of another poet—Byron who, after a life given up to the "pursuit of pleasure," said at its end,—

" My days are in the yellow leaf, The flowers and fruits of love are gone, The worm, the canker, and the grief, Are mine alone."

A. You seem to be well up in the poets. No wonder you were able to use such a beautiful illustration as "holidays" being like "oil."

B. The poets from whom I quoted referred to pleasures which led to no useful purpose, and gave to life no noble impulses; but the poet Young took a different view of the pleasures of life. He says,—

"Of pleasure next the final cause explore, Its mighty purpose, its final end, Not to turn human brutal, but to build Divine on human ;---pleasure came from heaven, In aid of reason was the goddess sent, To call up all its strength by such a charm, Pleasure first succours virtue; in return, Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign."

A. And I suppose you think Young's view was the right one?

B. Most certainly I do, for pleasures which abide are more to be desired than those which quickly pass away. Life is given us to *enjoy* and not to *waste*, and the enjoyment we ought to seek is that arising out of *goodness*. This gives a passport to endless joys in the world to come,

for we are told in the Bible that "In God's presence there is fullness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures for ever more." Alfred, my friend, seek such pleasures *below* as will lead to joys *above*.

A. Thanks for your good advice. I know you mean well, and would guide me right if you could. I'll try to moderate my "moderate" pleasures for the future, but it's *hard work* to break from any course of life you're pursuing. I wish I'd begun better.

B. "Never too late to mend," my friend.

A. I promise to give earnest heed to the things you have said to me. Good bye.

B. Good bye, and mind your resolves are not like-

"The snowflake on the river, A moment white-then gone for ever."

### THE LITTLE SHOES.

SOME months ago-I need not mention where-

There was a meeting in a temperance hall,

And many working men assembled there; Among them sat a man, well-dressed and tall,

Who listened anxiously to every word, Until one near spoke to him thus:

- "Come, William Turner, I have never heard
  - How that you changed so much; so tell to us
- Why you gave up the public-house? Ah! few,

I'm sure, can tell so strange a tale as you.

Up rose William at the summons, Glanced confusedly round the hall,

Cried, with voice of deep emotion, "The little shoes—they did it all !

"One night, on the verge of ruin, As I hurried from the tap,

I beheld the landlord's baby Sitting in its mother's lap.

- " 'Look, dear father,' said the mother, Holding forth the little feet;
- 'Look, we've got new shoes for darling ! Don't you think them nice and neat?'
- "Ye may judge the thing is simple, Disbelieve me if you choose;
- But, my friends, no fist e'er struck me Such a blow as those small shoes.
- "And they forced my brain to reason : 'What right,' said I, standing there,

'Have I to clothe another's children, And to let my own go bare?'

"It was in the depth of winter, Bitter was the night, and wild; And outside the flaring gin-shop Stood my starving wife and child.

"Out I went, and clutched my baby, Saw its feet so cold and blue;

Fathers! if the small shoes smote me, What did those poor bare feet do?

"Quick I thrust them in my bosom; Oh! they were so icy chill!

And their coldness, like a dagger, Pierced me—I can feel it still.

"Of money I had but a trifle, Just enough to serve my stead;

It bought shoes for little baby, And a single loaf of bread.

"That loaf served us all the Sunday, And I went to work next day;

Since that time I've been teetotal— That is all I've got to say."



### A FARM YARD SCENE.

HIS is a scene that, in the present summer, some of our young readers, if they pay a visit to their country cousins, may perhaps chance to see. What a pleasant picture the farm yard makes! Nothing very grand or rare, but a plea-

sant combination of those "rural sights and sounds" of which the poets love to sing. A ruddy farm maiden is busily engaged with one part of her work which begins early and seems to never end. So many things to be thought of and attended to, that without a clear head, and ever active hands, she would soon be hopelessly behind-hand with her work. Yet she keeps a merry heart amidst her work, and sings as blithely as the "layrocks" of the country side.

There is the farmer's man with Rover, the staunch and favourite horse, also to be seen in the picture. Three faithful friends

together! The human beings need not be insulted at being thus classed with Rover. His instinct sometimes reaches marvellously close to the action of intellect. He is steady, industrious, faithful, sure, and strong. How many of us might take a lesson or two from the good qualities of dumb creatures. It may be, and on strict search, we should find that we had not even all those that we praise in Rover, and others of the lower animals, who have been wittily called "our poor relations." That we are not as strong as Rover need not be a source of trouble; but surely our readers would not wish to be surpassed in courage, patience, and sobriety by a creature which, notwithstanding its wonderful structure, is not gifted with the light of intellect as a guide of its life. Let them think of this when next they see Rover, or are enjoying a ride upon his back.

### WHAT IS THE LIQUOR SHOP?

VAMPIRE fattening on the pain Of bleeding hearts and children slain; A foe to virtue, learning, truth,

The bane of age and snare of youth; A licensed woe and murder den, A curse and pest to honest men; A nation's burning blot and shame, Which all its noblest deeds defame; Death's gilded door, round which men wait,

And madly take the poisoned bait; A source from which pollution streams, Darkening beauty's heavenly beams; The poor man's foe and wise man's dread, Where poverty to vice is wed;

A trumpet call to all the good To join in holy brotherhood This glaring wrong to sweep away, And hydra hosts of evil slay; The misery and crime it brings To rank among departed things, Whose spectres, trembling in the gloom, Us wakeful keep, lest it resume Its blasted sway, and, daring, wage Destructive warfare with the age. Then rouse ye, all who hold the helm Of public action in the realm ! Mark well the facts within your reach, For these a fearful lesson teach Of fostering ignorance and sin In these abodes of beer and gin. If, then, from guilt you would be free, Declare this evil shall not be!

### PICTURES OF PALESTINE, No. 4.

ZION'S BLESSEDNESS. A paraphrase of Isaiah, chap. xxxiii. 20-24. ON Zion's city cast thine eyes, The scene of our solemnities! Thine eyes shall see Jerusalem blest, The fair abode of quiet rest! She shall a Tabernacle be, From change and from removal free; Her stakes unmoved, her cords secure, Through endless ages shall endure. And there to us our glorious God Shall be a place of rivers broad ; Where no armed fleet shall ply the oar, Or warlike galley vex the shore. Then shall the Lord espouse our cause, Our Judge, the Giver of our Laws, The Mighty King, whose sceptred hand, Shall bring salvation to our land ! Our foes are fallen! their tents are spread Low in the dust; no more o'erhead Their masts their haughty flags display,

Their masts their haughty flags display, And even the feeblest take the prey! And now in Zion no disease The blest inhabitants shall seize;

Those who dwell there are all forgiven, And peace is theirs, the peace of Heaven!

Anon.

### HELEN'S BABIES.—PUTTING THEM TO BED.

ITH a head full of pleasing fancies, I went down to supper. My new friends were unusually good. Their ride seemed to have toned down their boisterousness and elevated their little souls; their appetites exhibited no diminution of force, but they talked but little, and all that they said was smart, funny, or startling—so much so that when, after supper, they invited me to put them to bed, I gladly accepted the invitation. Toddie disappeared somewhere, and came back very disconsolate. "Can't find my dolly's k'adle," he whined.

"Never mind, old pet," said Isoothingly. "Uncle will ride you on his foot."\_\_\_\_\_

"But I want my dolly's k'adle," said he, piteously rolling out his lower lip.

I remembered my experience when Toddie wanted to "shee wheels go wound," and I trembled.

"Toddie," said I, in a tone so persuasive that it would be worth thousands a year to me, as a salesman, if I could only command it at will; "Toddie, don't you want to ride on uncle's back?"

"No; want my dolly's k'adle."

"Don't you want me to tell you a story?"

For a moment Toddie's face indicated a terrible internal conflict between old Adam and mother Eve, but curiosity finally overpowered natural depravity, and Toddie murmured,—

"Yesh."

"What shall I tell you about?"

"Bout Nawndeark."

"About what?"

"He means Noah an' the ark," exclaimed Budge.

"Datsh what I shay—Nawndeark," declared Toddie.

"Well," said I, hastily refreshing my memory by picking up the Bible,—for Helen, like most people, is pretty sure to forget to pack her Bible when she runs away from home for a few days,—" well, once it rained forty days and nights, and everybody was drowned from the face of the earth excepting Noah, a righteons man, who was saved with all his family, in an ark which the Lord commanded him to build."

"Uncle Harry," said Budge, after contemplating me with open eyes and mouth for at least two minutes after I had finished, "do you think that's Noah?"

"Čertainly, Budge; here's the whole story in the Bible."

"Well, I don't think it's Noah one single bit," with increasing emphasis.

"I'm beginning to think we read different Bibles, Budge; but let's hear your version."

"Huh ?"

"Tell me about Noah, if you know so much about him."

"I will, if you want me to. Once the Lord felt so uncomfortable cos folks was bad that he was sorry he ever made anybody, or any world or anything. But Noah wasn't bad-the Lord liked him first-rate, so he told Noah to build a big ark, and then the Lord would make it rain so everybody should be drownded but Noah an' his little boys an' girls, an' doggies an' pussies an' mamma-cows an' little-boy-cowsan'little-girl-cowsan'hosses an' everything-they'd go in the ark an' wouldn't get wetted a bit, when it rained. An' Noah took lots of things to eat in the ark-cookies, an' milk, an' oatmeal, an' strawberries, an' porgies an'-oh, yes; an' plum-puddins' an' pumpkin-pies. But Noah didn't want everybody to get drownded, so he talked to folks an' said, 'It's goin' to rain awful pretty soon ; you'd better be good, an' then the Lord'll let you come into my ark.' An' they jus' said, 'Oh, if it rains we'll go in the house till it stops;" an' other folks said, 'We ain't afraid of rain-we've got an umbrella.' An' some more said, they wasn't goin' to be afraid of just a rain. But it did rain though, an' folks went in their houses' an' the water came in, an' they went upstairs, an' the water came up there, an' they got on the tops of the houses, an' up in big trees, an' up in mountains, an' the water went after 'em everywhere an' drownded everybody, only just except Noah an' the people in the ark. An' it rained forty days an' nights, an' then it stopped, and Noah got out of the ark, an' he an' his little boys an' girls went wherever they wanted to, an' everything in the world was all theirs; there wasn't anybody to tell 'em to go home, nor no Kindergarten schools to go to, nor no bad boys to fight 'em, nor nothin'. Now tell us 'nother story."

I determined that I would not again attempt to repeat portions of the Scripture narrative—my experience in that direction had not been encouraging. I ventured upon a war story.

"Do you know what the war was?" I asked, by way of reconnoissance.

"Oh, yes," said Budge, "papa was there, an' he's got a sword; don't you see it, hangin' up there?"

Yes, I saw it, and the difference between the terrible field where last I saw Tom's sword in action, and this quiet room where it now hung, forced me into a reverie from which I was aroused by Budge remarking :—

"Ain't you goin' to tell us one?"

"Oh, yes, Budge. One day while the war was going on, there was a whole lot of soldiers going along a road, and they were as hungry as they could be; they hadn't had anything to eat that day."

"Why didn't they go into the houses, and tell the people they was hungry? That's what I do when I goes along roads."

"Because the people in that country didn't like them; and the brothers and papas and husbands of those people were soldiers too; but they didn't like the soldiers I told you about first, and they wanted to kill them."

"I don't think they were a bit nice," said Budge, with considerable decision.

"Well, the first soldiers wanted to kill them, Budge."

"Then they was all bad, to want to kill each other."

"Oh, no, they wern't; there were a great many real good men on both sides."

Poor Budge looked sadly puzzled, as he ad an excellent right to do, since the isest and best men are sorely perplexed y the nature of warlike feeling.

"Both parties of soldiers were on horseack," I continued, "and they were near ich other, and when they saw each other ney made their horses run fast, and the agles blew, and the soldiers all took their words out to kill each other with, when ist then a little boy, who had been out the woods to pick berries for his mamma, ied to run across the road, and caught is toe some way, and fell down, and cried. hen somebody hallooed "Halt!" very ud, and all the horses on one side stopped, nd then somebody else hallooed "Halt!" nd a lot of bugles blew, and every horse 1 the other side stopped, and one soldier imped off his horse, and picked up the ttle boy-he was only about as big as on, Budge-and tried to comfort him; nd then a soldier from the other side me up to look at him, and then more ildiers came from both sides to look at im; and when he got better and walked ome, the soldiers all rode away, because iey didn't feel like fighting just then."

"O Uucle Harry ! I think it was an *oful* good soldier that got off his horse take care of that poor little boy."

"Do you, Budge ? who do you think it as ?"

"I dunno."

"It was your papa."

Toddie had throughout my recital the r of a man who was musing on some fair of his own, and Budge's exclamation id hardly died away, when Toddie comenced to weave aloud an extravaganza holly his own.

"When I was a soldier," he remarked, ry gravely, "I had a coat an' hat on, an' muff, an' a little knake\* wound my

\* Snake: tippet.

neck to keep me warm, an' it wained, an' hailed, an' 'tormed, an' I felt bad, so I whallowed a sword an' burned me all down dead."

"And how did you get here?" I asked, with interest proportioned to the importance of Toddie's last clause.

"Oh, I got up from the burn-down dead, an' comed right here. An' I want my dolly's k'adle."

O persistent little dragon! If you were of age, what a fortune you might make in business!

"Uncle Harry, I wish my papa would come home right away," said Budge.

"Why, Budge?"

"I want to love him for bein' so good to that poor little boy in the war."

"Ocken Hawwy, I wants my dolly's k'adle, tause my dolly's in it, an' I want to shee her;" thus spake Toddie.

"Don't you think the Lord loved my papa awful much for doin' that sweet thing, Uncle Harry?" asked Budge.

"Yes, old fellow, I feel sure that he did."

"Lord lovesh my papa vewy much, so I love ze Lord vewy much," remarked Toddy. "An' I wants my dolly's k'adle an' my dolly."

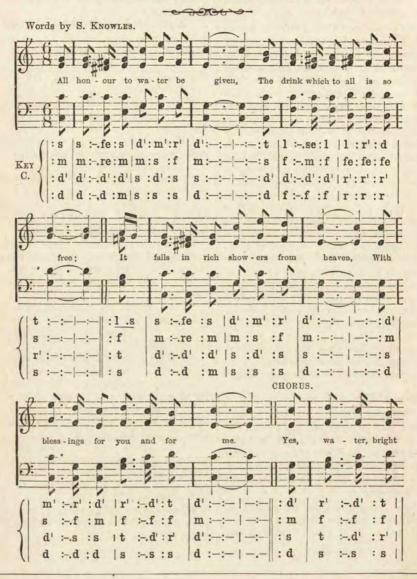
"Toddie, I don't know where either of them are—I can't find them now—do wait until morning, then Uncle Harry will look for them."

"I don't see how the Lord can get along in heaven without my papa, Uncle Harry," said Budge.

"Lord takesh papa to heaven, an' Budgie an' me, and we'll go walkin' an' see ze Lord, an' play wif ze angels' wings, an' hazh good timsh, an' never have to go to bed, at all, at all."

Pure-hearted little innocent! compared with older people whom we endure, how great thy faith and how few thy faults!

# ALL HONOUR TO WATER BE GIVEN.



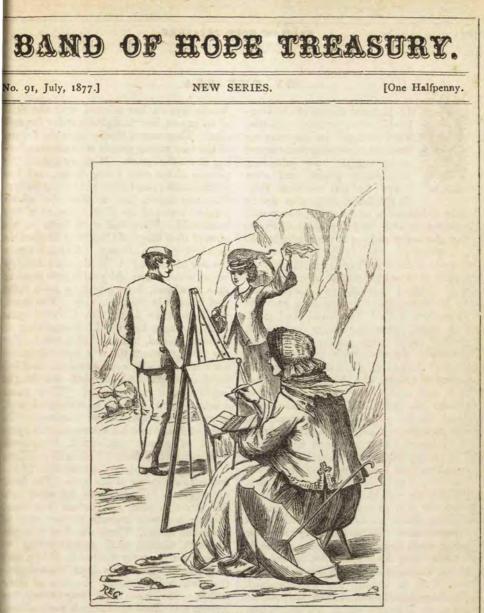


58	BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.		
	THE FOUNTAIN BY GEORGE C. CRANE.		THE STILL. IALOGUE FOR THREE.
	CHARACTERS :- Fountai	in, Stil	l, and Drunkard.
	Fountain.	1	Hold sway till the midnight air
I	AM the Fountain. Still. I'm the Still.		resounds. My wand of power is a goblet bright,
F.	My mission's for good. S. And mine's not ill.		And all bow before its magic might; A vine leaf wreath on my brow I bear,
F.	I sparkle in gems of morning dew.		And its purple clusters for gems I wear.
S.	And I in the wine cup's ruddy hue.	F.	Dashing down the hillside,
F.	I cool the poor man's heated brow,	1	Rippling through the meadows,
~.	When from his daily toil returning,		Gliding through the forests
S.	I drown his cares in the rich, red flow	11	In sunshine and in shadows;
N.	Of the ruby wine.	10	Ever moving onward
F.	'Tis the cup of burning.		With its mellow laughter,
	I'm queen of the mountain brooks!	1	Sparkling, foaming, gushing,
	And I	1	Comes the crystal water.
S.	Rule o'er the streams that dash foam-	S.	Full of life and beauty
ю.	ing by	10.	Blushing the rose's hue,
	From yon distillery's heart of fire.		Chasing the cares of the weary
	Onward they flow, and never tire;	1	With its cup of heavenly dew;
		1	Changing sorrow to gladness,
	Leaping on high, their spray they		
	fling,		Bringing joy divine,
	And they laugh as they come, and	1	Giver of bliss immortal,
77	merrily sing.	T	Glitters the ruddy wine.
F.	My throne is the top of yon moun-	F.	Deep within the bosom of the earth,
	tain high,		Hidden far from mortal sight,
	And those gorgeous clouds my		In a fairy grotto I had my birth,
	canopy;	10	Drop by drop, like diamonds bright,
	My sceptre, the rainbow; my crown,	1	Fell the dewy gems; the light
	the spray;		From a hundred fairy lamps shone
	Its pearls are the dewdrops; the first		round.
	bright ray		Each lamp was a jewel; in silence
	Of the morning sun, as he wheels	1	profound
	his car		They waited the hour when, freed
	Upward through the ethereal blue,		from the thrall
	Decks me with gems more beautiful far		Of my elfin prison-house, merry and clear,
	Than all the splendour that earth e'er knew.		I sprang forth into light on the mountain tall,
S.	In yon gilded palace I hold my court,		Where to earthly ken I first appear
~.	Where the song and jest go merrily		In a mimic torrent adown the steep.
	round;		O'er my rocky bed my course I keep;
	Where the wine cup sparkles, and		A rippling brook down the mountain-
	mirth and sport		side.

	A gliding stream through the		'Twill give you strength to make the
	meadows wide,		monster fly.
	A mighty river, hastening on,	S.	I love not scenes of misery and woe;
1.1	Till at ocean's bounds the goal is won.		My office 'tis to comfort man, not
S.	From the time when our second		pain;
	father rode		And if by chance unhappiness should
	On the heaving bosom of the flood,		strew
	My life-giving cup has banished care,		The drunkard's path, sure I'm not
	With its sparkling nectar, rich and		to blame. [here,
	rare.		But since my presence is unwelcome
	The golden beams of the sun so bright		I'll go; some more congenial sphere
	Deck in beauty the wine.		I'll find, where joy and happiness
			abound. [Exit.
	[Enter a drunkard.]	D.	And (hic) where poor drunken fools
	Drunkard. (hic) It made me tight.		like me (hic) an't found.
F.	Behold yon wretched man! With	F.	Oh! will you heed my warning voice,
	faltering tread		and break the fatal spell?
	He staggers on his way; trembling		Say, will you sign this talisman?
<u>.</u>	and slow		The songs of joy will swell
	He walks; his blinded eyes and ach-		From angel tongues in concord sweet
	ing head		around the throne above.
S	Refuse to point the path.		It matters not how fallen you are;
D.	(hic) I guess that's so.		remember "God is love."
S.	'Tis not my fault if some weak brains	T	Brother-
	Yield to the power that lies within	D.	What! call me brother! Speak not
	the bowl,		that hallowed name
	And quaff too deep its contents, till		To one so base, so low, deep sunk in
	the soul	-	sin and shame.
	Awhile forgets its earthly cares and		'Tis the first word of kindness I've
	pains-		heard this many a year.
D.	And gets (hic) most gloriously drunk,		It brings to memory one that's gone 
	(hic), and when		Oh! I remember well, too well, the
	He tries to (hic) walk, the path an't		evening that she died.
	wide enough, and then		The sun was setting in the west; she
	The ground comes up to meet him,		called me to her side,
	and he goes		And made me promise on my knees,
	To meet (hic) the ground; falls down,		before her spirit fled,
B	and (hic) barks his nose.		That I would meet her there, in
F.	Poor victim of the tempter's fatal		heaven above; she said
	power!		She saw the angels waiting to carry
	Break off thy chains ; no longer shrink		her away,
1	and cower		And with a smile upon her lip, she
	Beneath that tyrant's fascinating eye.		left her house of clay,
	Here, sign the pledge, and in tempta-	1	To join her waiting friends in that
	tion's hour	1	bright world of love,

F.	<ul> <li>Where pain and sorrow are no more; and left me here to rove,</li> <li>Friendless and homeless, through the dreary earth.</li> <li>The tempter found me, and I fell an easy prey.</li> <li>I drank to drown my sorrow; swiftly I trod the way</li> <li>That leads to the drunkard's grave. Oh! can I ever know</li> <li>Again the joy that once I knew? And is there here below</li> <li>Hope for the fallen one, who, lost in sin and dark despair,</li> <li>Is rushing onward to his doom with- out a thought or care ?</li> <li>Yes, yes, there's mercy still for you;</li> </ul>	To such a poor lump of worthless clay, Oh who could charity yield? So bring the cart, and take him away, Away to the Potter's Field! This morning he was heard to beg for a Was starving—so he said! [crust, But who so foolish the tale to trust, Or to think that he wanted bread! The death-like tones of his husky cough Were but the hypocrite's shield— So take him up, and hurry him off, Off to the Potter's Field! What right had he—the famishing wretch: Down on the pavement way, To lay himself 'neath the feet of the rich, Who are out on this sunny day! To let him lay thus, are ye not ashamed?
	break from your fetters ! Lo, The angels wait in silence, turning here below Their anxious looks : from the high battlements of heaven They watch the scene. Oh ! may a life long given To wickedness be blest by such a close As may atone for guilt that's past and bring a blest repose.	Then near let the cart be wheeled— His breath has fled, and his body is claimed, Claimed by the Potter's Field ! Ye have but a load of poor man's clay, Ye carry but pauper's bones— Then jolt him quickly out of the way, Hurry him over the stones ! Alone in a corner let him be thrown, With nothing the spot to shield, That the STARVED MAN'S GRAVE may never
D.	Give me the paper; let me sign the pledge. (Signs his name.) And now	be known, Known in the Potter's Field !
-z	<ul> <li>Heaven grant me aid, God give me strength, to keep this solemn vow.</li> <li>And may our heavenly Parent grant His blessing on this hour,</li> <li>When an immortal soul is saved from out the tempter's power.</li> <li>ion's Herald.</li> <li>E PAUPER AND THE POTTER'S</li> </ul>	NOBLEMEN. BY C. H. STUART. THE noblest men I know on earth Are men whose hands are brown with toil; Who, backed by no ancestral graves, Hew down the woods and till the soil, And thereby win a prouder fame Than follows a king's or warrior's name.
H	FIELD. BY GILBERT. ANDLE him roughly—rough as you be Heed not a gasp or a sigh, [can— but a wretch of a starving man aid himself down to die !	Than follows a king's or warrior's name. The working men, whate'er their task, To carve the stone, or bear the hod, They wear upon their honest brows The royal stamp and seal of God ! And brighter are their drops of sweat Than diamonds in a coronet.

60



BY THE SEA.

# C

HE pleasant shores of old England are an artists' paradise. They delight in its varying features, now rising into rugged rocky steeps, now subsiding into sandy plains, and ever swept by the ceaseless tide.

The chalky cliffs rise up in their whiteness in testimony of power and greatness. The waves roll and ripple over the stony and on to the sandy beach. The great sun rises in the mid heavens, and pours down his rays upon the waters, giving a thousand shades of colour, and each of them beautiful and harmonious. As he descends to his evening rest the waves are flooded in purple and gold. The moon, with her white splendour, clothes them with purity. All these changing charms make the sea-side a place of delight to all, but in an especial degree of artists, who, by long study and skill, find more in Nature to observe and admire than can be seen by unthoughtful eyes. In the picture the good tempered and rather stout lady has seated herself to sketch the bold headland before her. The waves, which a few hours ago curled round its foot, have now receded, and the hot sun has dried the beach. Mrs. Palette has caught the cool of the afternoon for her pleasant task, and she is settling down to her work with quiet determination, whilst laughing an adieu to her nephew and niece, who are rambling further along the shore. Arthur has just kissed his hand to her as a farewell signal, and Kate is waving her handkerchief. The lady rapidly sketches on her canvas the scene of beauty which lies before her.

### BY THE SEA.

eres Englishing

As she lays on her colours, with the skill of an expert, her thoughts wander far and near. They centre chiefly upon the future of the two young people who are wandering down the beach. Memory recalls the picture of her own young home, and her gentle mother, and stern yet loving father. She sees again her brother-he whom they all loved as the chief treasure of the household. They had such faith in his powers that they held nothing impossible he might care to attempt. She saw again the day of parting in the pleasant country home, when the bright youth, just passing into manhood, determined to seek fame and fortune in the great city. The tears, the hopes, the fears that followed pass once through her mind. Something of fortune gained, but at what a cost! For the temptations of the city were too much for him. Habits were acquired that led to dissipation, and clouded his bright intellect with intemperance. Then came a brief respite in which he struggled, and, apparently, conquered his weakness. In this interval came his marriage, and some years of almost unclouded happiness, wrecked by the death of his wife. Then, in an evil moment, he had recourse to the bottle as a soother of his woe. The fatal remedy was his ruin, and he sank into the grave a man old before his time. leaving his two orphans to the care of his artist sister. These she has brought up with tender care, endeavouring to strengthen them for the battle of life, and to preserve them both from the temptations which had proved the ruin of their father. She has little fear now, for Arthur and Kate are staunch teetotallers.

### PICTURES OF PALESTINE, On Monday morning he began, And so three shillings spent; No. 5. And every day the same amount BETHESDA. In foolish drinking went. "And a certain man was there which had an infirmity thirty and eight years."-John v. 5. The blessed Sabbath closed the game-**MILGRIM** spent and full of pain, His guinea all was gone; Fevered, palsied, woebegone, A full week's wage he also lost, But pains and headache won ! Cease to sigh; thy tears restrain ! Jesus disappointeth none! The eighth day came-'twas a Monday With burning thirst assailed, morn, " Leave Bethesda's porch and waters, He sallied forth, but not to work-Where the helpless drop the tear; Drink, drink alone prevailed. Look to Him who gladness scatters; Cry to Him and He will hear. He went into the beer-shop door, "Lo! He comes! the meek relieving Where he his guinea spent, From each evil flesh can know; Hoping to get a drop of drink Soothing the opprest, the grieving Of some that therein went; But as no tippling friend was found, Raising from the depths of woe. And he was feeling queer, "When thy soul, o'ercome with sadness, He thought to ask the landlady, Sick with pain and hope deferred, To trust a pint of beer. Wrestled with despair and madness, Jesus saw thee, Jesus heard ! Her ladyship, with mop in hand, "Jesus saw thee droop and languish, Was standing near the door; Jesus heard thy sob and cry; And, with a pail of water then, Was mopping up the floor. Jesus, when Thy throes of anguish He waited there, and gazed in, Fiercest were, was standing by ! (With blinking, bloodshot eyes, " Oft the wealthier and the stronger And parche'd tongue, and crack'd sore Stept before and catched the cure; The landlady espies. [lips,) Thine shall be withheld no longer-Jesus comes to help the poor !" He thought that she would ask him in Thus, methinks, some spirit bending To take one little drop, From the sacred seats on high, As he stood there with trembling limbs: Saw the lone one, and, descending, Alas! but she did not! "Just trust me for a pint," said he, Bore the tidings, help was nigh. As standing there outside ; Warnings sent, may reach us duly-He show'd the guinea spent within, But the instrument unstrung Nor thought to be denied. Owns not though the touches truly O'er its idle keys are flung.-Anon. "Trust thee !" with angry looks she "Just set thy foot in here, [cried, A BARGAIN WITH THE PUMP. And in thy face I'll dash this mop; BY UNCLE JOHN. I'll not trust thee for beer !" POHN STRANGE had from his earn-The poor man hung his head with shame, As thence he turned away; A guinea for a spree, [ings saved And sinfully resolved to have And, leaning 'gainst the pump awhile, He thus was heard to say :---A whole week's holiday.

"Now, pump, I never yet have spent A guinea here with thee ! Come, wilt thou trust me for a drink, To cool the fire in me?" Then taking hold the handle, quick Came forth the crystal stream; His burning lips unto the spout He put, but not in vain. Again he thus addressed the pump :--"I thank thee, pump, and now Hear me, my friend, my witness be To this my sacred vow : By God's help, I ne'er will again, For seven years to come, Enter a public-house to drink !" And then he hastened home.

The bargain with the pump was kept For seven years; and then He pledged himself that evermore From drink he would abstain ! He soon became respectable, And gained a happy home; Became a firm Good Templar— Is now a leading one.

A manufacturer he's become, With men in his employ; The fruits of his sobriety He cheerfully does enjoy; And often says, 'twas a good thing— Nor thought it a disgrace— That the landlady threatened to Dash the mop in his face.

And are there not poor labouring men, Who'd do as well as he, If they'd stop trading at THE BAR, And with the PUMP agree,— No more to touch or taste strong drink, And holdly to abstain, Who'd soon some better station reach, And health and wealth attain?

Wait not until your money's spent, And health and strength are gone, When you may by some landlady Be gruffly frown'd upon;

But go at once to Mister Pump, With him a bargain make; He'll always trust you for a drink,

That never brings headache.

### ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND.

NE hundred thousand men— Gay youth and silvered head— On every hill, in every glen,
In palace, cot, and loathsome den, Each year, from rum, lie dead !
One hundred thousand sons of toil
Yearly find graves in freedom's soil, From rum, good friends, from rum !
On many a wooded plain Their glittering axes rung;
Homes for their loyed ones dear to

gain, They tilled the soil, and plowed the main;

They taught with pen and tongue. Our brothers—living by our side— They *tasted*—fell—and sadly died From rum, good friends, from rum !

Up many a fortress wall They charged, with boys in blue, 'Mid surging smoke and volleyed ball, These they survived—only to fall

From rum? Can it be true? Once noble men—perchance our pride— One hundred thousand MEN have died, This year, good friends, from rum !

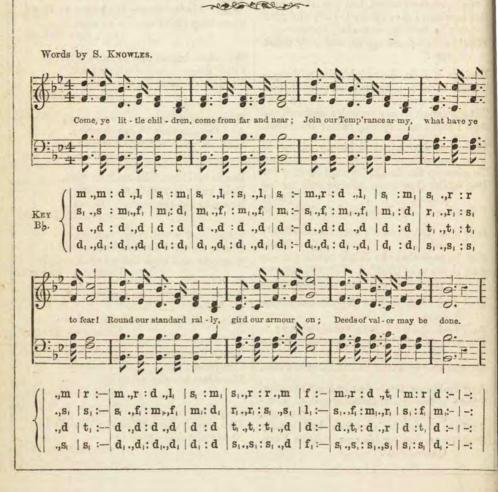
One hundred thousand hearths Are rendered desolate.

And must it be forever thus?

Must children's children feel the curse ? Friends, shall we vacillate ?

Or shall our people now awake, And with loud voice the nation shake, And cry, AWAY WITH RUM?

# COME AND JOIN OUR ARMY.





- 2 Not with carnal weapons fights our noble band, But with Truth and Virtue girded do we stand; Looking unto heaven, whence our hope and plea, That our country may be free !
- 3 Oh, the joyful moments, when our work is done, When the fight is over, and the victory won; When Strong Drink is vanquished, never more to slay, That will be a happy day !
- 4 Come then, all ye children, gird you for the fight; Soon shall darkness vanish, soon come rosy light; Soon shall homes be joyful, when from Drink set free, And our country happy be!

#### NEW CIDER.

BY AUNT JULIA. A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. CHARACTERS :- James and Dwight.

James.

OOD evening, Cousin Dwight. Glad to see you. Come, go around to our house; got something particularly nice for you. Dwight. Good! What is it? J. Some new cider. Uncle

Harper was in town yesterday, and brought us half a barrel,

and it's real nice. Mother said you ought to have some, as you are so particular what you drink, and that I must ask you to come around for a drink.

D. Much obliged, but I suppose you know that I do not drink eider?

J. You don't, eh? Why, I'm sure that I've seen you.

D. Where?

J. Why-why, let me see. Why, we were out at grandma's one Thanksgiving. Don't you remember?

D. Oh! yes; a year ago or more. That was before I found out so much about cider as I know now.

J. Found out about cider! That's all humbug. Found out it was in the pledge, I suppose.

D. I'm pledged against it; that is reason enough why I should not take it. But there are very good reasons for pledging against it, I can tell you.

J. Well, now, what are the reasons for a boy's not drinking cider? It is nothing but apple juice, and can't do anybody any harm if he should drink a gallon of it.

D. But I've seen farmers get boozy on it. Grandma's hired man did when we were there. And I knew a carpenter once get crazy drunk on it, and chase another man all over the building with an adze; and he meant to hurt him, too, and he would if he had not fallen and hurt himself.

J. Some quarrelsome fellow, no doubt, that just wanted an excuse for a fight.

D. On the contrary, he was very peaceable when not poisoned out of his senses with alcohol; and they say cider is one of the worst things to get drunk on.

J. How can it be? What is it but just apple juice, anyway.

D. It is apple juice rotted, that is what it is.

J. Rotted! How do you make that out?

D. Why, you mash up an apple, and let it stand, and how long before it would rot? Well, the juice rots just as quick, and sometimes quicker, and then it turns something else-alcohol and carbonic acid -and it is no more fit to drink than the rotten apples are fit to eat. Let it stand a while longer, and it will turn into vinegar.

J. Well, this is not so bad.

D. No, not so bad as the alcohol; but you would not think of asking me to drink a glass of it because it is "only just apple juice ? "

J. Oh! well, I am not talking about vinegar nor rotten apple juice. This new cider that uncle brought us is not rotten at all.

D. New cider, is it? That is, it was new the day it was made, and so of course it was new the next day, for it could not grow old in one day. When does it get to be old?

J. I suppose this is just made, or they wouldn't call it new.

D. Cider is made when the apples are gathered, usually in October. So this must be three or four months old. [Let the time be fixed according to the date when



he dialogue is used.] There has been ime enough for it to rot a good deal. I have very little doubt there is alcohol mough in it to go to the head pretty nickly.

J. It did go to my head last night, and I thought that was the best part of t. It makes a fellow feel real funny.

D. Funny? It makes him act like a tool, and feel like one too, if he only knew enough to judge of his own feelings. That's the way it generally serves those who get drunk.

J. Get drunk! You don't mean to say that I got drunk?

D. It seems you did, according to your own account, whether I say it or not. What is getting drunk but being poisoned by alcohol—having it go to the head, and affect the brain?

J. Oh! well, it didn't affect me much, only a little.

D. Then I suppose you were drunk only a little, but just as surely drunk as though it was done with whisky. The alcohol in the cider is the same as that in the whisky, and many a drunkard has begun on cider when a boy. You would better look out for yourself.

J. All that fuss about a little apple juice!

D. I'm not so bewitched after apple juice that I'll travel that road after it, and take it after it is rotten. Please make my compliments to Aunt Kate, and tell her that, when I am thirsty, I have plenty of things to drink that are better and safer than rotten apple juice.

#### A MISSION.

#### BY ELLA WHEELER.

SMALL as I am, I've a mission below— A mission that widens, and grows as I grow.

'Tis to let alone cider, and brandy, and gin; [of sin.

'Tis to keep well away from those potions

'Tis to make myself noble, and manly, and true; [not chew

'Tis to touch no tobacco, not smoke, and That unhealthy weed that true women detest,

And all people know is a filthy old pest.

'Tis to say unto all, what I say unto you, Let these things alone, if you would be true.

They are foes to all virtue, they lead down to shame— [good name. Shun drink and its haunts and keep your

Cold water that comes from the well is my drink, [think.

The healthiest, purest, and sweetest, I It never makes drunkards, it never brings wee-

I'll praise it and drink it wherever I go.

### YE SONS OF OUR NATION.

Y E sons of our nation, Of every vocation, Arm now for the battle Of freedom and right ! When true men are wanted, No heart should be daunted; For liberty's cause Let all freemen unite.

Speed on with ambition True, sound prohibition, And save sixty thousand

From falling each year; And all future ages, In history's pages, Shall tell the proud story To nations afar.

Shall earth's richest treasure, Yield to such sinful pleasure, And golden grains wave Over valley and plain,

That malsters may gather, To curse son and father, That innocent joys Shall be theirs ne'er again.

Let malster and brewer, And every wrong-doer, Find callings consistent

With God's holy plan. And Satan's host tremble, While true men assemble To pass the good law That shall elevate man!

Then arm for the battle ! Let truth's cannon rattle ; And soon from his strongholds The tyrant shall flee ; And thousands now living, In strains of thanksgiving Shall swell the glad chorus, "Our country is free !"

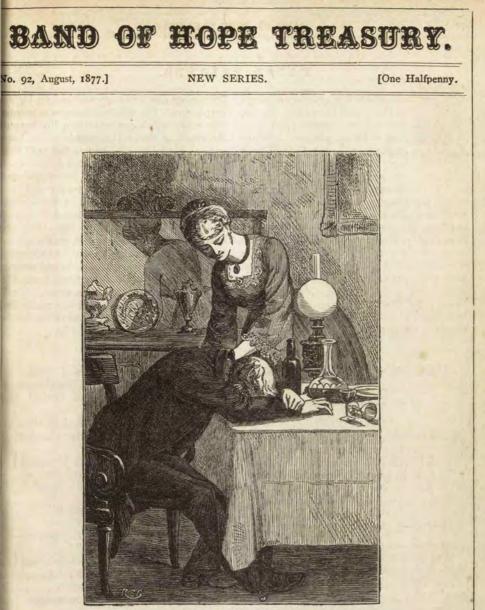
#### THE DRUNKARD.

#### BY OLIVER PERRY MANLOVE.

D IVE me drink, the drunkard said, I will not take the temperance vow, Too long this dark'ning life I've led For you to try to save me now; And I could not, with my mad brain, Share of the joys of life again. Too many evils clasp my heart For me to rend the bonds apart; For me to try to see the dawn, That breaks beyond the gloomy river, When the soul from earth has gone Back unto the Eternal Giver, Disgraced and lost for evermore. I shall not walk the sun-bright plain; And it is useless to deplore That which I cannot have again. There was a time when I could claim, Away back in the by-gone years, A happy heart and honoured name; I then had no forboding fears, And all the world was full of light,

And life to me was dear and bright. But in the tempting glass I found The demon that my soul has bound-The demon that has led me on From crime to crime, through sin and gloom, Till every joy I loved is gone, And I must meet a fearful doom, And evermore can hope to hear Fond words from love-lips kindly spoken ; But must await in doubt and fear, Until the last frail link is broken. Yon pompous man now riding by, With trotting bays and carriage fine, Who never gives one pitying sigh, First gave to me the tempting wine. My earnings helped to place him there, But now I cannot ride with him -I'm lower than his classes are, And my eyes are red and dim. Will he be punished less than I In the great eternity? He took my hard-earned gold away, And made me what I am to-day. Poor Mary wept and prayed for me, And, broken-hearted, died at last; Her grave is down beside the sea, And I can only mourn the past; Can only in my grief await The coming of a darker fate. God knows I do not wish to be The wretched being I am now; The serpent clinging fast to me, And shame and sin stamped on my brow, And in my heart a pall of gloom That dark and fatal makes my doom.

THE drunkard drinks until he has drunk all the money out of his purse, all the sense out of his head, all the honour out of his character, and then there is no difference between him and the beist. Yes, begging the beast's pardon, there is a difference. The beast can go forward and keep its way.



FALSE FRIENDS.

### FALSE FRIENDS.



HERE are few greater blessings in the world than true friends, few greater curses than false ones. In the picture there are examples of both. False friends have led this strong man into his present sorrow. The love of company has induced excesses

which have been a cause for bitter sorrow and unavailing repentance. They have led him by slow degrees from thoughtlessness into paths of doubt and crime. He is a ruined man. For the sake of the wine-cup and the false friends who pressed him with it, he has sacrificed his clean conscience and his honourable name. It is only by the forbearance of those who had known him in happier hours that he does not stand before the bar of justice for

### PICTURES OF PALESTINE, No. 6.

### THE TRANSFIGURATION.

LUKE IX. 28-36.

MID Judea's sacred hills, Jesus, a man of toil and grief, Behind Him leaves a world of ills, To seek, in prayer, a sweet relief. With Him, to Tabor's sacred brow, Peter, and John, and James repair, To see, what saints can witness now, The beauty and the power of prayer. They sleep—but as the man of woes

Pours out His soul—a sacred urn— With light from heaven His vissage glows, And all His raiment seems to burn.

And, lo ! in glory from the sky,

Two spirits of the blest descend— Elijah, destined ne'er to die,

And Moses, Israel's ancient friend.

betraying the trust reposed in him by his employers. His wife endeavours to inspire him with fresh hopes and a new life beyond the reach of the evil influences which have caused his fall. She knows full well that but for the decanter to which he has been applying for consolation he would not have forfeited his good name and the esteem of his employers. Like a true friend she would lead him from temptation and into a better course of life. But the false friends are there, the subtle spirits that have fed the excitement of the brain, and weakened his sense of right and wrong. If he cannot break away from these, the strong man, in spite of his strength, will remain a bond-slave. Let the reader beware of the false friends that reside in the wine glass and the spirit bottle.

And from their lips, in blessed tones,

High converse comes of life and death-

When, past His pains and hushed His groans,

The Lamb of God shall yield His breath. While thus they speak, the slumbering

three

Wake to the glory streaming round : "Oh! blessed Lord ! 'tis good that we Are here on this anointed ground.

"Three tabernacles let us raise," Peter exclaims in fervid tone—

"One, sainted Master ! to Thy praise-To Moses-to Elias one."

While yet he spake, a thickening cloud O'ershadowed Tabor's holy hill.

In fear the mute disciples bowed, Till brake a voice the silence still.

"This is my dear, beloved Son— His words with sacred reverence hear." The sound is fled—the cloud is gone— The Man of Grief alone is near. Back to the scenes of care they wend : No beams of Tabor gilds them there; But never can they want a friend

While open stands the gate of prayer.

Behold thy refuge, child of sin ! To God in all thy troubles flee; For, outcast ! *He* will let thee in,

And brighten life's sad vale for thee. Dark though the cloud of sorrow close Around thy path, faint not, nor fear; For One who felt the force of woes, Thy Saviour and Thy God is near.

The goodly tabernacles raise Of deeds by faith and virtue blest; These are the monuments of praise

The great Jehovah loves the best. Nor breathes a prayer so dear to God,

From Time's dark scene of toil and strife, As that which seeks Him by the road

Of a long patient, holy life. Anon,

#### THE BELLOWS.

THE Bellows is a very useless piece of household furniture. The blacksmith and the silversmith must have a pair of Bellows; but in a family there is no need of them. Dr. Franklin has said, "Time is money;" the Prompter says, "Common Sense is money." If wood be so laid upon the hearth, that it will not burn as well without blowing as with it, the man who lays it is not the wiser for experience, nor has he improved by facts within his daily observation.

My friend, Jack Lonnger, puts his coals and brands on the hearth, and piles the wood above; he then goes to work with the Bellows; he blows till the room is full of smoke, and makes a blaze; he stops, and the blaze subsides; he then plies the Bellows, till he is quite vexed; the fire will take its own time; Nature will not be hurried. Billy Trim, with the same advantages for improvement, has attended more to the principles of Nature. He lays a few chips near the log, but not quite close to it; he places the brands of fire and large coals on the top, leaving small openings of half an inch, or an inch, and then lays wood loosely over the coals. The ashes below are removed; a current of air ascends; the fire brightens, and soon kindles into a flame. Billy Trim calls this "Nature's Bellows;" every person can make it; it costs nothing; Common Sense is money. NOAH WEBSTER.

### GREEN WOOD WILL LAST LONGER THAN DRY.

© 0 will straw for cattle last longer than D hay. But the question is, which will make the best fire and most heat. Ask the brick-maker, and the potter; these people will tell you that dry wood will make more heat, as well as give it more steadily than the green. It is a slovenly practice to burn green wood. You lay a pile of green wood over the fire; it will not burn; you get kindlers, or faggots, which make a blaze ; you blow it with the bellows; it smokes: after half an hour's work, the juices of the wood are so far evaporated, that the wood just begins to burn. For some time you have a roasting fire; then the fire decays, and the room being well heated, you neglect the fire, till a few coals only remain : then you pile on another supply of green wood, which requires another half hour's labour, while you are freezing with cold.

The Prompter says, Burn dry wood, except for logs; put on but a stick or two at once; this will make a fire immediately, without bellows and without trouble. As soon as the fire subsides, feed it again with a single stick, thus keeping the air of your room of uniform temperature. This will

heat your room better, and with less wood.

Cut your wood in January and February, when it has the least sap; cut it up, or saw it, and lay it in your wood house. Then you will not be vexed for wood in summer, nor with smoking away the sap of green wood in bellows blowing.

"But (say you) I have no wood house." Then you want a very necessary building. If you cannot cover your wood, be content to pile it, in the open air, six months before burning. NOAH WEBSTER.

### A LOAN IS NOT A GIFT.

#### BY WILLIAM MANN.

WO men had each a given task Which they were to perform; The tasks were equal, and their strength; They both began at morn.

As day advanced, their energies

Began somewhat to wane, When a deceiver coming nigh Called one man by his name.

Said he, "My friend, I'll lend you strength To help you with your task."

The man received the proffered aid, And for a time worked fast.

He faster worked but for a time, Again his strength was o'er,

Again he took the proffered aid, Then on he worked once more.

After a time there came a claim, The debt must now be paid;

The man had nought the claim to meet; Another loan he craved.

But he who really gave the loans Was now inexorable;

The one through whom the first loans came No more loans could compel.

And so, the man had to pay back Out of his future store, And paying interest for the loans, By the loans lost be sure.

The other man, when he felt tired, A little time did rest;

Did not proceed on borrowed strength, Waited, until refreshed.

You may be sure he far outstript His fellow in the end;

He did his task in far less time, And did less strength expend.

You ask me now what was the task? 'Tis ought men have to do.

And the deceiver, who is he? Strong Drink,—'twixt me and you.

He comes to man when at his work, Says that he aid can lend;

Do not believe it; 'tis not true, To you he is no friend.

His aid, my friends, is simply this, He forces you a loan

From nature, which a time will lend, And then, the debt comes home.

Comes home to you, and must be paid ; If you put payment by

Nature will force a settlement, And you must yield,-or die.

Man oftimes in this form pays back, A week's illness he bears;

And nature will have full return Ere man she free declares.

The interest you pay consists In harm nought can put right,

A weakening of the arm, or brain, Which you get in the fight.

For none do fight 'gainst nature's laws But in the end they lose,

And men in health who take strong drink, Their nature do abuse.

Yet men are found such Simons pure, They take forced loans for gains;

hy, Jackasses could see through drink, With slightly increased brains.

on't say you're wise then act like fools ! Or who will you believe; 'hen next drink talks to you of strength, Tell it it does deceive.

### I MAY NOT SCORN.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

MAY not scorn the meanest thing That on the earth doth crawl: he slave who dares not burst his chain, The tyrant in his hall, he vile oppressor who hath made The widowed mother mourn; ho' worthless, soulless, he may stand; I cannot, dare not scorn.

he darkest night that clouds the sky Of beauty hath a share; he blackest heart hath signs to tell That God still lingers there. pity all that evil are; I pity, and I mourn:

at the Supreme hath fashioned all, And, oh ! I dare not scorn.

#### THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY WILLIAM MANN.

OOR ill-fed frame, poor tarnished hair, Poor sunken cheeks, once round and fair;

oor shrivelled fingers, long and thin, lere bones, with scarce a covering.

oor quivering lips, which never know Except from thoughts of long ago) he kiss, 50 dear to woman's heart, 1 sunshine, or in storm so dark.

oor wrinkled brow, each line could tell tale, if we could on it dwell; That tragedies are written there; That blasted hopes, what blank despair. Poor eyes, with all their lustre fled, Their only look a look of dread, A look of dread lest he should come Who's man and devil, linked in one.

Poor brain, ah me, what thoughts are there,

Mingled with all the present care;

What thoughts of childhood, parents, home,

Do through that brain's recesses roam.

Poor broken heart, which heaves a sigh O'er love it thought would never die; Alas ! it died while life was young, 'Tis gone, ah, every vestige gone.

Poor wreck upon a sterile coast, With all that made life gladsome lost; Yet power to taste its every ill, To drain the cup life's woes do fill.

Eyes which could see, but for the tears, Life to be glad, but for the fears; A heart to love, but none to care Whether love be or be not there.

O who would be a drunkard's wife; O who would live her joyless life; O who would feel her vain regret O'er days which she can ne'er forget.

O who would live as she does live, With none a kindly word to give, Shunned for his sake whose name she bears, He who has brought her woes, her cares.

Maidens of England, warning take, Now, ere it be with you too late; Wed not the man who loves the cup, Nor for your sake will give it up.



76 BAND OF HOPE TREASURY. WE ARE COMING. Words by S. KNOWLES. .... We are com-ing, we are com-ing, We are com-ing one and all, To the place of friend-ly 0.00.00.00.00.000 .04 1 |d.,d:d.,d |d.,s,:m,.,s, |d.,d:d.,d |d:d.,r |m.,m:m.,m S. .,S.  $m_{1}, m_{1}; m_{1}, m_{1} + m_{1}, m_{1}; d_{1}, m_{1} + m_{1}, m_{1}; m_{1}, m_{1} + m_{1}; s_{1}, s_{1} + s_{1}, s_{1} + s_{1}, s_{1}$ m,.,m, KEY Bb.  $s_1 ., s_1 : s_1 ., s_1 | s_1 ., s_1 : s_1 ., s_1 | s_1 ., s_1 | s_1 : d_1 ., t_1 | d_1 ., d : d_1 ., d$  $d_1 ... d_1 = d_1 ... d_1 : d_1 ... d_1 = d_1 ... d_1 : d_1 ... d_1 : d_1 ... d_1 = d_1 ... d_1 : d_1 ... d_1 :$ 0.8.4.8 . 201 . . greet-ing, To our Temperance Meet-ing Hall; Where the word of coun-sel's giv - en And the 0.0 m .,r:d .,m | r .,de:r.,m | r :s, .,s, | d .,d :d .,d | d .,s, :m, .,s,  $s_1 .., s_1 : s_1 .., s_1 | \underline{s}_1 .. \underline{f}_1 : \underline{m}_1 .., \underline{r}_1 | d_1 .., d_1 : d_1 .., d_1 | d_1 .., d_1 : d_1 .., d_1$ d .,S1: m1.,m 0 0.0-0 song of joy is sung, Where the gleam of health is beam-ing On the cheeks of old and young. 515 d .,d :d .,d |d:d.,r|m.,m:m.,f |s .,m:d.,m| r .,d :t, .r |d  $m_1.,m_1:m_2,m_1 \mid m_1:s_1.,s_1 \mid s_1 \mid m_1,s_1 \mid f_1 \mid m_1 \mid r_1 \mid f_1 \mid m_1$  $s_1 ., s_1 : s_1 ., s_1 | s_1 : d ., t_1 | d ., d : d ., r | m ., d : d ., d | t_1 ., d : s_1 ., t_1 | d$ d, .,d, : d, .,d, | d, :m,.,s, d .,d : d .,d | d .,d : d .,d | s, .,s, : s, .s, | d,

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY. 77 CHORUS. ff We We We are com ing, are com ing, are We are com-ing, we are com - ing, We are com - ing one and all, We are -6 b b f m .,f | - .m : 1 1 t S : .,S r r .,m d .,d .,d d .,d : d |d .,d : d .,d t, t, S : S1 ., S 1 .,SI : S d :f .,m .,d .,r m - .d r t, d .,d d .,d | d .,d : d .,d d .,S. ...d 2 S .,SI 2 S : S of friend-ly com ing one and all To the place com-ing one and all, We are com-ing, we are com-ing To the com-ing we are com-ing We are . ø. ... 0 . 0 0. 0 0. 0. b þ\_ . 0. 0. 0 -0 1 d :s .,f m .r m : .r .d 3 f .,m ,t1:d .,t1 d1 .,S1 : S1 .,S1 S1: m1.,f1 t ., t, : t, SI .m, : 1, .,S r :m .,r -: d .,d d .,d :d .,d .,d :d .,d d . d  $[s_1, s_1; s_1, s_1] = [s_1, s_1; s_1, s_1] = [d_1, d_1; d_1, d_1] = [d_1; d_1, d_1] = [d_1, d_1; d_1, d_1] = [d_1, d_1; d_1, d_1] = [d_1, d_1] = [d_1] =$ 0 . -0 greet - - ing, place of friend - ly greeting, To the Temp - 'rance Meet-ing Hall. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, To the Temp'rance Meeting Hall. 2 . 0 0:0 0 b 0. 0. 1 10 0 0 6 r t. : t, .,d r ,f :m .,r d f. : S1 ., f1 f : r, ., m, 1. m, .,t, t, .,t; : s, .,d t, ., t, .,t1 : d d ., S, : S, ., S, S, S, : t. : t, t. d,.,d,:d, |d: S1 ., S1 : S1 ., S1 S1 ., S1 S1.,S1 : S1.,S1 | S1.,S1 : S1.,S1 : S1 ., S1 We are coming, we are coming, We are coming hand in hand ; To the time of merry music We are marching on our way With our banners brightly gleaming, While each voice mingles with the strain With the emblems of our Band ; On this happy festive day.

#### ARE BANDS OF HOPE BENEFICIAL?

BY UNCLE JOHN. A DIALOGUE FOR TWO YOUTHS.

#### James.

AM exceedingly happy to meet you, Samuel! However are you getting along in these troublesome times; for is it not surprising how poor people manage to live, considering the exorbitant prices of the common necessaries of life?

Samuel. I am sorry to say I am not doing as well as might be expected. Probably you are aware that I now occupy the responsible position of head clerk in a large mercantile house in the city. I hope you are very well, and on good terms with your master?

J. I am doing remarkably well, thank you; but I am very sorry to hear that you are in difficulties. Perhaps, Samuel, it is all your own fault.

S. Yes, I am partly to blame. The governors and I have been at variance of late, by not diligently attending to my office duties. They are of opinion that a person cannot do as he likes, when not immediately under their supervision !

J. But it is obvious that your conduct has been such as to cause your master's disapprobation, by neglecting to comply with their respective orders. Perhaps the company, which you are at present keeping, is not in accordance with the position you are now holding; and, feeling it an imperative duty to kindly acquaint you with the fact, have done so in an agreeable manner as possible.

S. Well, perhaps the company that I keep is not of the highest character, and, no doubt, it is all for the best that my masters have thought it necessary to call my attention to this matter. I have resolved for the future to try and do better.

J. But apart from individual concerns, I find that you have, during my absence, made many excellent improvementsphysically and morally; and am also pleased to hear that you have notentirely overlooked the Temperance question; but have devoted, for the advancement of this great social and moral reformation, your intellectual powers and talents. The establishment of a Band of Hope in connection with the Sunday-school; the objects of which will be to counteract, as far as practicable, the terrible influences of this soul-destroying magnate, strong drink, which unfortunately pervades this happy, Christian land, will be the means, by God's blessing, of diminishing drunkenness to almost a minimum. I wish it every success.

S. Not so fast, James. I thuk it is presumptuous to attempt to establish anything of the kind, considering theamount of drunkenness and demoralization that prevails. However, I shall not take any part in the undertaking. In fact, I don't altogether approve of the scheme.

J. Well, Samuel, I am firmly convinced in my own mind of this, that wherever King Alcohol reigns supreme, Bands of Hope ought to be commenced, to ry and break down these powerful strongholds, in every town and village in Ingland. Then would the social, to say nothing of the spiritual, condition of the pople increase, and they would also be the means of promulgating the grand principles of total abstinence.

S. I am greatly astonished ideed to think that you uphold and support these unnecessary attractions to our Sundayschool; and as for promoting Tenperance reform, I believe that they do more harm than good. What are your reasons for encouraging the spread of Bands of Hope, James ?

J. Yes, I have very good reasons, Samuel. They are unquestionably the most practical means for exterminating from our midst innumerable evils caused by the consumation of intoxicating liquors; and, further, I support and encourage the organization of Bands of Hope, because I believe that they are the only means whereby we may save our children from the polluting effects of strong drink, and make them better men and women. The inevitable consequences of the drinking habits of this large community cannot be over-exaggerated. I believe these institations are designed to do a great work, if they only keep young people from touching such a dangerous commodity. Your opinion, Samuel, upon this delicate question has changed very materially since we last met. Pray, how do you account for this?

S. Well, you know, in matters of vital importance I am becoming more sensible; and therefore think that Bands of Hope do not come under my cognizance. I look upon them, to tell you the truth, as contemptible organizations, and only fit for little children !

J. But, Samuel, I can assure you that Bands of Hope are worthier of a higher reputation than you ascribe to them, the paramount importance of which is incalculable. Indeed, if the usefulness of these societies is deteriorating, the inestimable consequences to the rising generation will be of a very serious character. The time I believe has come, when Temperance Reformers ought to bring this question prominently before the public, and enlist their sympathy and co-operation in rescuing the young from ways of the destroyer. I sincerely hope that you will assist us in this work, and help to establish them throughout the length and breadth of the

land. Come, what do you say to this, old fellow?

S. Yes, that is all very good; but what are the benefits derived from joining such societies? I am very anxious to know. Bands of Hope might, I venture to predict, produce satisfactory results, if they were only efficiently conducted.

J. There are innumerable privileges connected with a Band of Hope. You hear nothing but what is calculated to improve the morals, and elevate the mind. Then there are temperance addresses. delivered occasionally, to warn us against touching this vice of the age. Taking them as a whole, there is an abundant supply of good and useful literature, which will tend greatly towards strengthening you in the principles of total abstinence. sincerely trust, however, after due consideration, you will enrol yourself as a member of our newly-formed Band of Hope, and help us to try to make it a permanent success. It may prove an inestimable blessing, not only to you, but to your companions with whom you associate, if you attend the meetings regularly, and by letting your example be consistent with the principles you profess.

S. Well, I am beyond measure astonished at you suggesting anything so ridiculous; but I will consider the matter and let you know the result of my investigation.

J. I hope, Samuel, your reply will be satisfactory, and on the side of Temperance and Truth, trusting if you do join us you will be better enabled to withstand the temptations of which you are at present surrounded.

S. Goodbye, James, and I thank you heartily for the good, sound, and practical advice you have given me.

J. Goodbye, old fellow, and do not forget your promise.

### THE MISSIONARY BOX. BY L. M. THORNTON.

TAVE you ever dropp'd a penny in the missionary box ?

If you've not, you'll feel delighted as against the side it knocks;

For you'll know that that same penny will along with others be,

Which will form a fund to send the Men of God across the sea.

They'll have to be supported, when a far off land they view;

They'll want good food and raiment, and a habitation, too;

Then think of this, when you have got a penny, little friend,

And in the missionary box, oh ! soon let it descend.

LOOK NOT ON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED.

EWARE! oh! beware!

Young stranger, take care,

When it sparkles before thee so brilliant and fair;

> And away turn thine eye To yon pure azure sky,

And think of His word who is Sovereign there.

Though at first it delight thee, Like a serpent 'twill bite thee,

And sting like an adder! Beware! oh! beware!

> If the wine cup be bright, 'Tis a treacherous light,

And will lead thee to ruin. Oh! flee from the snare.

P. P. BLISS. His Life and Work.

(Published by Morgan and Scott, Paternoster Buildings, London. Paper cover, 1/-; cloth, 2/6.)

THIS is a very interesting and instructive biography of a man who has done a great work. Although he was cut off before he had completed his thirty-ninth year, yet as composer, poet, and singer, he achieved a world-wide fame, and his hymns are sung by millions in Britain and America. The book is neatly got up and cheap. We quote the following little poem Mr. Bliss wrote for children.

### BEAUTIFUL RAIN.

EAR the music of the rain, falling down

On the roof and window pane, falling down. "Murmur not," it seems to say,

"For our Father's love to-day

Orders only in our way Good to fall."

Like the gentle falling rain

Over mountain, lake, and plain,

Will His tender care remain

Over all.

Hear the music of the rain, beautiful rain,

As the pearly drops in showers pattering Hear the sweet subdued refrain, [fall;

On the roof and window pane, Of our Father's tender love for all.

Hear the music of the rain, falling down On the roof and window pane, falling down;

What a lesson does it bring !

What a chorus does it sing !

What a message from our King, Of His love!

And we seem to hear Him say— "Come, ye children, learn My way; From My fold no longer stray;

Look above!"

Hear the music of the rain, falling down On the roof and window pane, falling down;

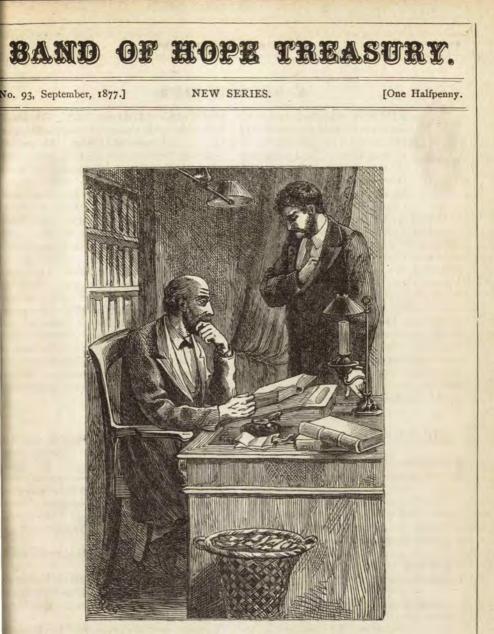
So our Father, kind and true, Showers of blessings, ever new,

O'er the good and evil, too, Still doth send;

And a cheerful song we raise,

To His honour and His praise,

For the love that crowns our days To the end.



A RUINED LIFE.

### A RUINED LIFE.

NOTHER sad scene from the sorrowful book in which are chronicled the evil results of intemperance. The young man in the picture has tarnished the unblemished name of his family, ruined his prospects in life, and brought desolation to

his home by his own reckless dishonesty. To find the money with which to purchase the goodwill of "friends," falsely so-called, who have lured him to destruction, he has embezzled the funds of his employer. Money which should have been placed to the credit of his master at the bank, has been spent in midnight orgies. Still a young man, he has deliberately sacrificed all his prospects in life. He is worse than Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. He has thrown away his chances of fortune, his honourable name, and his clear conscience for draughts of liquid poison that have undermined his

### THE YOUTHFUL ADVOCATE.

AM but a little teetotal man, And cannot do much, but I do what I can

To promote the temperance cause. I never drink ale, or any such thing As brandy or rum, wine, whisky, or gin—

Man's curse, and the cause of his woes.

I drink cold water, so clear and so sweet; It quenches my thirst, gives health to my cheek,

And brings neither sorrow nor woes. It comes from above, so bright and so free; In dewdrops it shines like pearls from the

sea; And in streams of abundance it flows.

health alike of body and soul. He stands now before his stern but sorrowful master as a self-convicted felon. He can see now that it is too late, his folly and crime Those with whom he has spent the money thus dishonestly obtained will not put forth their hands to help him, but rather rejoice at his downfall. Many of his old friends he has lost by neglect and insult He can feel now the folly of his course since the first false step when, against his own better feelings, he yielded to the temptation which he despised. Let youth beware of the first false step. They are not true friends who press you to actions which Conscience knows to be wrong To this inward monitor be true, and you shall avoid the pain and disgrace which awaited John Shephard. It is easy to tread the downward path, but when once the first false step has been taken, difficult indeed to regain the paths of temperance and honesty.

Enriching the soil, it supplies us with bread, [grassy mead, Gives life to the flowers in the green And meets us where'er we may rove. The beautiful birds in the midst of their song Stop and drink from the brook as it murmurs along [and grove. Through brake and through woodland

Would you sing like the birds with sweetness and power,

Or, blooming in beauty, ontrival the flower, With cheeks fresh and healthy as mine? Make water your drink, and unite hear and hand

To rescue and save every child in the land. And the pledge of true temperance sign. UNCLE POTTER

## PICTURES OF PALESTINE, No. 7.

### THE HEAVENLY ASSEMBLY.

"After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, hich no man could number, of all nations, and ndreds, and people, and tongues, stood before throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with hite robes, and palms in their hands; and cried ith a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God hich sitteth upon the throne, and unto the amb."—Rev. yii. 9, 10.

SAW a countless host surround The great white throne on high; I heard their rapturous songs respond Through mansions of the sky:

Arrayed in robes of purest white, They stand in bliss complete,

And cast their radiant crowns of light Before the Saviour's feet:

They sing the Lamb who once was slain, But lives again in power to reign.

No eye could scan that sainted band, No tongue their number tell;

Brought out of every clime and land, The ranks of heaven they swell;

Though once of diff'ring speech and On earth's divided sod, [voice

In one glad song they now rejoice, And praise their Saviour God;

They sing th' atoning Lamb who died, But rose again-the glorified.

Dwellers on earth, of Adam's seed-A tainted, sinful race;

From condemnation they were freed, And saved by heavenly grace;

Their robes, defiled by sin's dark stain, Were washed in blood divine,

And long they strove, nor strove in vain, As sons of God to shine :

And now the Lamb of God they sing, Who died, but lives their glorious King. Their lot on earth was marked by grief;

A life of toil they passed; But now they taste a sweet relief, And rest in Christ at last: Their tears have all been wiped away By His Almighty hand;

Their night has open'd into day In that celestial land :

And now they sing around His throne Salvation through the Lamb alone.

They nobly trod the soldier's path,

And many a struggle won; [faith They fought the fight with vigorous And now their work is done :

Aloft the victor's palm they bear, And wear His crown of gold;

In all their Captain's conquest share, Their Captain's face behold :

And now the victor's song they sing— Salvation through their conquering King.

Their blessed state 'tis yours to gain, Ye saints of God below;

Though now ye suffer grief and pain— Creatures of toil and woe:

Wash'd in the blood for sinners shed, Your garments pure and white,

Ye shall not fail, through Christ your

To reach the realms of light, [head, And join the blissful hosts who sing Salvation through their Lord and King. Anon.

THE WARNING DREAM; OR, THE BROKEN PLEDGE.

#### BY UNCLE JOHN.

EACH morning ere the sun arose, John Blake to work did go; He was a miner, bold and strong, Honest and hearty, too.

He had a kind and loving wife, Likewise three children dear:

Their marriage life had happy been Through each succeeding year.

At length a blight came o'er that home, John to the beer-shop went,

Where soon he learnt to drink and swear, And there his wages spent.

His happy home neglected was; He signed the pledge, and marked the date, That on his card appear'd; His cupboard soon was bare; His children were not sent to school, This will remind me of the dream, He to his wife declar'd. And shoeless did appear. Sometimes he did not go to work, Again his cot with plenty smiled, As he was wont to do; His children clothed and fed, But in the beer-shop spent his time His wife was happy, as when first Was to the altar led. With some poor drunken crew. One night, quite drunk, as home he reel'd, He with his family went to church, Well-dressed each Sabbath day; He by the roadside fell; He slept and dreamed an awful dream, He read God's word, and sung His praise, That he was then in hell! And earnestly did pray. He thought, while anguish fill'd his breast, Time passed away, and so good thoughts Of time he had misspent; As quickly too will pass; And if he could escape from thence, If constant watching unto prayer, He would of sin repent. Each day is not held fast. Just then a demon passing by, And so with John, in evil hour, As if his thoughts he knew, He sought the beerhouse door; Said, with a horrid grin, "John Blake, But only just to take one glass ! And so you wish to go !" And not to touch it more. "Oh, yes!" cried he, in agony, But, oh! how vain was his resolve, "Let me to earth return ; When he forgot the Lord, It's dreadful here-this horrid place And did not pray that grace to help, HE would to him afford. My very soul doth burn." "Ah! ah!" the demon made reply, Again, and then again, he went, "This once I'll let you go ! Till he had worse become ; But promise me that, twelve months hence, And filled with madd'ning drink one night Your visit you'll renew." He tried to reach his home. "Yes! yes!" John screamed, and so awoke, But as he went, again he fell, Big drops stood on his brow; Just where he fell before; He trembled like an aspen leaf, But he was taken up a corpse-But he was sober now. His features anguish bore. "Thank God !" he said, 'tis but a dream ! And then the date upon his card, But I will drink no more;" Revealed an awful fact, And, praying to the Lord for help, That he had dreamed his fearful dream He reached his cottage door. That day, but twelve months back. He told his loving wife the dream; Then warning take, and shun the drink ! "It is a warning, John," Though harmless it may seem; Said she, "you'd better sign the pledge, Think of John Blake's unhappy end, Lest you in sin go on." And of his awful dream.

### THE DISTILLER'S CONFESSION.

HAVE sold all my whisky, I've made a great gain; [have slain; hundreds, and thousands, and millions Done more for my master than robber or thief; [with deep grief. Filled hell with sad victims, and earth

 have sold all my whisky, made drunkards by scores; [their doors;
 Brought famine, and misery, and death to Daught millions of souls in my well-contrived snare;

Ind now I am going their ruin to share.

have sold all my whisky, broke many a heart; [able smart; Caused weeping, and woe, and unspeakfilled houses with mourning, robbed children of bread; [have led. And the way to perdition their fathers

Ve sold all my whisky, sunk ships in the wave; [the grave; Drove steamboats to atoms, and men to Wrecked cars upon railroads, set cities on fire, [terrors most dire. Bronght sword, plague, and cholera, with

I have sold all my whisky, and life's fleeting fast, [at last;
 My crimes and misdoings have found me fam going to meet with the millions I've slain; [pain.]
 I am going to share their unspeakable

I have sold all my whisky, ye innkeepers come, [doom; Take warning by me, and escape my sad Now cease to entangle mankind with your snare,

Before you sink down in eternal despair.

I have sold all my whisky, ye drunkards attend; [to mend, Come hasten, I charge you your doings For I tremble to meet you on that drear shore, [more.

Where offers of mercy will greet you no

I have sold all my whisky, perdition draws nigh, [die;

My days are all wasted, and now I must The pit of destruction stands open for me, Let other stake warning, and hasten and flee. —The Tribune.

### THE BEGGAR GIRL.

A new and true Version. By Colonel Shaw.

Dedicated to the Ladies of the Launceston Industrial School for Girls.

- "PITY, kind gentlefolks, friends of humanity,
  - Cold blows the wind, and the night's coming on;
- Father's a prey to the drunkard's insanity, Mother's last dress to the pawn-shop has gone.
- "Over the mountain, and over the moor, Hungry and barefoot I wander forlorn,
- 'Tis poor father's drinking that keeps us so poor,
  - And makes us to wish we had never been born!
- "Call me not lazyback, beggar, and bold enough;
  - Fain would I learn both to knit and to sew;
- But how can I learn ? When the publicans' sold his stuff,

To him father's wages must entirely go!

- "Think, while you revel so careless and free,
  - Secure from temptation, "well-clothed and fed,"
- Should drink's rinderpest reach you, "how hard it would be

To beg at a door for a morsel of bread." —People's Friend, Hobart Town.





 2 The soldiers in the glorious field, Battling for the right, Must hold their ground, and never yield, Battling for the right; Our foes on every side we meet, Our cause they never shall defeat; The temp'rance army scorns retreat, Battling for the right.
 3 We're marching on with courage bold,

We're interesting on which contage bold Battling for the right;
We're like our veteran sires of old, Battling for the right;
Our flag shall wave on every gale, Against our foes we must prevail, For truth and justice cannot fail, Battling for the right.

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#### KITTY'S TRIUMPH.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS. BY S. KNOWLES (AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER,"ETC.) [CHARACTERS:-Kitty, Rose, and Miss Goodwill.]

(Kitty enters the room where Rose is busy sewing.)

Kitty.

OME, Rose, come with me tonight.

Rose. Where to, pray?

K. Get your things on, ask no questions, but come; I think you will be pleased when we return home again by what you have seen and heard.

R. Now, Kitty, don't be after enticing me into one of your long rambles through the streets, staring in at shop windows at smart bonnets and ribbons, silk dresses and seal-skin jackets, and the like. I know you, Miss Kit, and you don't get me tiring myself out in that way.

K. But it isn't that at all, Rose; I assure you it isn't. Do come now.

R. If it isn't rambling the streets and staring, what is it? Perhaps you are desirous of calling at a certain house near the park, where a certain young gentleman of our acquaintance will be about taking tea with his ma. Fie, Miss Kitty, you make me blush, that you do.

R. Now, Rose, forshame, you naughty, teasing thing. It isn't anything of the kind, and you know it.

R. Well, dear, tell me what you wish me to do, and where you wish me to go, and then—I'll not promise to oblige you —but I'll seriously consider the subject, and I may, perhaps, comply with your ladyship's request.

K. I would rather you came without my first telling you, Rose. I assure you I am in earnest.

R. But, Kitty, dear, I am very busy, as you know. Mother wished me to finish these things as soon as possible, and I'm afraid she will scold me if I'm much longer over them. You have done your share of the work, so can feel comfortable.

K. I'll help you, Rosy, if you'll only come to the meeting. Oh, I've let it out!

R. Meeting !---what kind of a meeting, pray? Is it a Dorcas meeting, or a tea meeting, or perhaps it's a political meeting, Kitty? Are you going in for Woman's Rights, and all that kind of thing?

K. Now, Rose, you are really a provoking, teasing, foolish thing. It's neither a Dorcas meeting, a tea meeting, or a political meeting, but it is a Band of Hope meeting.

R. Why didn't you say so at first, dear, and then I could have answered you at once?

K. Because I know you are opposed to the teetotal question generally, and I thought if you could only be induced to go to one of the Band of Hope meetings you would perhaps change your opinions.

R. Kitty, I'm rather surprised that a sister of mine should connect herself with anything so vulgar as a Band of Hope. I thought she had more respect for herself and for her family. Why, child, these kind of things are only fit for poor people: You don't find persons moving in better society connecting themselves with Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Bands of Hope, and the like. I rather suspect you are degenerating a little, Kitty; I'm afraid that fussy young lady, Miss Goodwill, whom you have taken into your bosom as a friend, is doing you no good.

K. I am deeply grieved to hear you speak as you do, Rose. You are always alike. You are for ever denourcing the

Temperance question as a vulgar one, and those who join it as ignorant people. I have not cared to contradict you before, but I know more about such things than I did, and now I must deny your charges altogether.

R. But denial is not proof, Miss Kitty.

K. I don't say it is; but I can prove you are wrong. To begin with, I suppose you acknowledge that Bishops are persons who move in good society, and cannot be charged with ignorance?

R. Yes, I acknowledge that, but-

K. Now, don't interrupt, Rose. Well, the Church of England has formed a Temperance Society, and not only Bishops but clergymen of every degree have joined it. Look at that paper—(hands Rose a temperance journal)—and you will see such a roll of names that must for ever free the Temperance movement from the charge of vulgarity and ignorance.

R. Really, I was not aware of this!

K. Not only clergymen of the Church of England, but ministers of every religious denomination are advocates and workers in the good cause; also many doctors, lawyers, statesmen, lords, dukes, and ladies, seeing the terrible results of the drinking habits so freely indulged in, have set their faces against the whole traffic, and are working for its overthrow.

R. Then I am wrong, Kitty. But there is still a difference between this kind of thing and the little, petty affairs which you call Band of Hope meetings. What good have you to say of them?

K. The same as the other forms of the great movement—that they are useful, needful, and are free from your charge of ignorance and vulgarity. The conductors, for the most part, are earnest, intelligent, useful men and women, and I only wish you and I could feel as satisfied with the

manner we have spent our time and talents and money, as some of these good people have need to be. No, Rose, an object that is good cannot be either ignorant or vulgar. I feel ashamed of myself that I have been hindered so long by pride from joining those who are trying to do good to their fellow-creatures.

(A ring at the door.)

R. Who is coming now, I wonder?

K. (Pretending to look through the window)—It is Miss Goodwill. I'll run and let her in. (Exit Kitty.)

R. (Speaking in Kitty's absence.)-My sis. is about right, after all, on this question. What an earnest little puss she is when she takes a thing in hand. Here, for the last few weeks, she has been reading Temperance literature and attending Temperance meetings, and now she comes down on me in full force, like a whole regiment. But she carries the thing too far. She actually refuses the glass of sherry it is our custom to take after dinner, and I heard her telling father she thought it wrong to take it. Now, what on earth she can see wrong in a single glass of sherry I can't tell; I suppose she either has signed, or intends to sign the pledge. But here comes our visitor.

(Enter Kitty with Miss Goodwill, who shakes hands with Rose.)

Miss G. Industrious, as usual, Rose. I was saying to my brother George only to-day (who, you are aware, is home from Cambridge) that you will make an excellent wife for some young gentleman. There, now, don't blush; its only my nonsense.

K. She's the dearest, best, and most loveable darling on earth, but for one thing. I'll tell, Rosy (*lifting up her finger in a playful manner*), for you are a provoking, peevish, teasing, naughty sister, that's what you are, you dear, good soul. Miss G. (Laughing.)—Whatever is the meaning of this, Kitty?

K. Why, Rose has been calling Band of Hope meetings, and all other meetings connected with teetotalers. I won't tell you what naughty things she says about them. Do try and persuade her to join us.

Miss G. I hope she doesn't need much persuading, Kitty.

K. But she does, though; *I* can't do it. Miss G. What are your objections, Rose?

R. I think Kitty has already answered my objections of one kind, but I confess there are others which I have not named.

Miss G. What are they, Rose?

R. Why, my wilful sister already refuses a glass of sherry after dinner, which she has taken for years. We all have *just* one glass, and I think it is a bad principle which makes persons so singular in their conduct.

Miss G. In this I differ with you, Rose. If Kitty thinks she is right in refusing the glass of sherry, and has good reasons for it, she is perfectly justified. You see, dear, it is not the taking *one glass* simply, but it's the principle which she now professes.

R. But there's no harm in the glass.

Miss G. Perhaps not (though some people think there is harm in every drop of intoxicating drink); but if she takes the least sherry she is not teetotal, but is on the drunkard's side.

R. Still, she is not a drunkard.

Miss G. No, but she is an encourager of drunkenness. Some people take one glass, some two, others more, until we come to the habitnal sot. Now, all belong to the drinking class, though all may not be drunkards. But, Rose, the one glass is the starting point which leads on to the two glasses, and in thousands of cases to drunkenness and its consequent misery. Kitty takes her stand with me—"touch not, taste not, handle not,"—and thus we are safe oneselves, we do not encourage others by our example, and we are able to warn the drunkard by precept.

R. I see now what you mean, and I feel you are both right.

K. Do you, Rosy? (Claps her hands.) Well, you are a dear, good sister.

Miss G. Come with us to-night to our Band of Hope meeting, and then you will hear what our objects are, and also see how we are trying to do good.

R. Very well, I will go. Come into the next room while I put on my things. (Rose and Miss G. exit.)

K. Oh, how glad I am. Eosy will now join our Band, and we can then work together. Won't that be delightful! I am determined never, never to touch drink again; for oh, it is shocking to see the poor drunkards, and the little ragged, starving children, and the miserable homes. But while Rose is getting ready I'll just sing the new song we learnt at our last meeting.\* (Kitty rises and sings)—

Come, ye little children, come from farand near; Join our Temp'rance army, what have ve to fear! Round our standard rally, gird our arnour on; Deeds of valor may be done.

CHORUS.

Come and join our army, all ye children come, There are deeds of valor waiting evy one ! See our gallant leaders foremost in the fray, Surely we shall win the day !

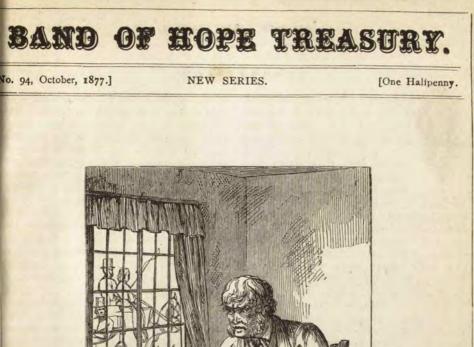
Not with carnal weapons fights our nolle band, But with Truth and Virtue girded do ve stand; Looking unto heaven, whence our hopcand plea, That our country may be free.

Oh, the joyfal moments, when our work is done, When the fight is over, and the victor; won;

When Strong Drink is vanquished, never more to That will be a happy day ! [slay,

Come then, all ye children, gird you forthe fight; Soon shall darkness vanish, soon come psy light; Soon shall homes be joyful, when fromDrink set And our country happy be! [free,

\* For music to these words, see No. 91, Trasury. The whole of the audience may join the chorus.





FALLEN LOW.

### FALLEN LOW,

S our young readers grow older in the world, there is one fact that will be constantly impressed upon their minds, and that is, the number of men and women who have fallen low through the influence of drink. Most men and women on look-

ing back to their days of childhood, and tracing the after lives of those who joined them in their light-hearted sports of long ago, will find that some of the companions of their youth have ruined their lives on this fatal rock. They will remember how even those whose future seemed the brightest, who were blessed with intellect, fortune, and friends, have mis-applied their mental powers, wasted their substance, and estranged those who wished them well. They have done this because they had not strength to resist temptation, because they were afraid of the world's sneers or misunderstandings. Take, for instance, the man whose lively portrait the artist has drawn. John Tremenhere was the son of a Cornish squire. His well-to-do father, proud of the talents of his only son, determined he should have the best possible education. Even at school, however, he contracted the habit which, in the end, destroyed all his fair hopes. He became as fitful as he was brilliant. At the university the habit

### A MISTAKE IN THE DARK. BY UNCLE JOHN.

LITTLE thin lady once went by the train,

But her name we will not declare, Or whither she went, or whither she came,—

'Tis enough to know she was there.

of intemperance had become so confirmed that he was in danger of expulsion. Yet his great mental powers, when, for a time, he could triumph over the tempter, ensured him on the whole a brilliant university career. The sudden death of his father left him when quite a young man uncontrolled master of a fortune. His intervals of application to the duties of his station became fewer, and his wild outbursts of drinking more frequent. He quickly became a confirmed drunkard, and, leaving his country home, plunged into all the folly and vice of London. His handsome patrimony in the course of little more than twenty years was utterly squandered. At fifty he was a brokendown man, penniless and friendless, with his constitution undermind by excess, and his conscience tormented by remorse. Yet even for him there is hope. Through the window of the low public-house he sees a carriage pass by containing one of the friends of his boyhood. It is this which has brought the look of torture and despair to his face. But although he may never regain his former position, nor undo the evil of his past life, he may still, if he will forswear pot and pipe, lift himself from his present degradationeven at the eleventh hour there is hope, and "it is never too late to mend."

But a large leather bag she securely held, Of which she was careful indeed;

For safety, her ticket she placed in her glove,

Ere the train went off at full speed.

She cast a side glance at those sitting around,

As she sat in the corner so steady;



- BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.
- And then at her bag, which was fully No pen can pourtray the disconsolate look crammed, [ready. That she cast on the passengers around, With something she seemed to have As she took from the bag her prized bottle of gin, And the passengers noted the large leather With the cork still pressed firmly down. bag, ing; In her haste for a drop, in the tunnel so Some folks its contents might be guessdark, But the little thin lady her prize tighter She drank from the bottle of dye, held. And now she was feeling the awful effects As if nothing else was possessing. Of taking a drop on the sly. On, on went the train, and some raised a Just then, at a station, the train was About the invisible treasure; joke brought up, While others admired the scenery around, A surgeon in haste did appear; And others spoke of the weather. He examined the bottle, and said with a smile, At length a loud whistle from the huge That the lady had nothing to fear. iron horse, Announced that a tunnel was near; 'Twas a harmless compound—that bottle And the little thin lady, as if in great of dye, To open her bag did prepare. haste, But it might have been poisonous stuff, And the little thin lady declared with a Still onward they went, as the light dissigh, appeared, Of the poison she'd had quite enough. And darkness was felt all around, When a shuffle and rattle of bottles was So ladies beware, when you ride in the heard, Do not take a drop on the sly! [train, And a quick low gurgling sound. Or perhaps you may find that your bottle of gin, And ere from the tunnel the train had Is far more poisonous than dye. emerged, A shrill cry assailed every ear,-The little thin lady had a narrow escape, "I'm poisoned! I'm poisoned!" and then And a lesson she learnt in the train; a loud scream-That there's danger in taking a drop in "I shall die!" 'twas the cry of despair. the dark, But safety for those who abstain. And then such a spluttering, and spitting, and sighing, AT THE END OF LIFE. Till the train from the tunnel ran on, When the little thin lady, with bottle in BY AGNES NEALE. STAND alone at the end of my life, With my threasers hand. Declared her life nearly was gone. With my threescore years and ten; Sighing in vain for my vanished hopes She called for a doctor, she screamed for And joys that will not come again. aid, [exclaimed; "I have drank the hair-dye!" she A horrible wreck on the tide of time, She'd mistaken the bottle, for one filled Accursed fellows, I know, with gin, With the crimson blood-stain on my hand,

And the Cain-mark on my brow.

And half the mixture she'd drained !

- And the pleasant dream of my life is o'er, And I wake, too late, to see
- Before me only God's judgment seat, And a black eternity.

My fair young wife, with her saintly eyes, Will she witness against me there?

- Because I regarded not her love,
  - Nor heeded her dying prayer.
- Will she tell how I won my blushing bride
  - With low-whispered words of love,
- The spring flowers shining beneath her And the starry heavens above? [feet,
- Less bright than her eyes were the shining And not half so fresh and fair, [stars,
- As my darling's face, were the glowing buds

That I twined in her flowing hair.

- Will she tell how I promised to cherish To honour and love her well? [her,
- And how I foreswore all my sacred vows For the sake of the wine-fiend's spell?
- Will she tell how I killed her, my darling wife ?

How her life's silver cord was riven? There was one angel less on earth that

And one angel more in heaven. [night,

- Yet I did love her, my witness be God! But the drink had maddened my brain,
- And I knew not my sin till I waked to That my gentle wife was slain. [find
- Oh, God! the wild despair of that time (I shudder to feel it yet),

When I knew beyond doubt that my wife was dead,

And the sun of my life had set.

Gone down in a horrible sea of blood,

- That rose, and must ever rise, [death Till its whelming waves of darkness and
- Shall smother my last faint sigh.
- And then—oh! merciful Father above, If Thy mercy can reach so low;
- If the Saviour's love can efface such stains, Oh pity and save me now!

I stand alone at the end of my life, With my threescore years and ten,

Sighing in vain for my vanished hopes, And joys that will come not again.

For the pleasant dream of my life is o'er, And I wake, too late, to see

Before me only God's judgment seat, And a black eternity !

-Tribune.

### HISTORY OF ALCOHOL.

BY THE REV. W. E. CHURCHILL.

LCOHOL was invented about 950 years ago by the son of a strange woman named Hagar, in Arabia. Ladies used it with a powder to paint themselves that they might appear more beautiful, and this powder was called "alcohol." During the reign of William and Mary an Act was passed encouraging the manufacture of spirits. Soon after intemperance and profligacy prevailed to such an extent that retailers in intoxicating drinks put up signs in public places informing people that they night get drunk on a penny and have some straw to get sober on.

In the sixteenth century distiled spirits spread over the Continent of Europe. About this time it was introduced into the Colonies, as the United States were then called. The first notice ve have of its use in public life was among the labourers in the Hungarian miles in the fifteen century. In 1751, it wis used by the English soldiers as a corlial. The alcohol from Europe was nade from grapes, and sold in Italy and Spain as a The Genoese afterwards made medicine. it from grain, and sold it as a nedicine in bottles, under the name of "The Water of Life. Until the sixteenth century it was kept by apothecaries as a medicine. During the reign of Henry VI., brandy was first known in Ireland, aid soon its

alarming effects induced the Governor to pass a law prohibiting its manufacture. About one hundred and twenty years ago it was used as a beverage, especially among the soldiers in the English colonies in North America, under the preposterous notion that it prevented sickness, and made men fearless in the field of battle. It was then looked upon as a sovereign cure. Such is a brief sketch of the introduction of alcohol into society as a beverage. The history of it is written in the wretchedness, the tears, the groans, the poverty, and murder of thousands. has marched through the world with the tread of a giant, leaving the impress of its footsteps in the bones, sinews, and lifeblood of our race.-Canada Casket.

"HE CARETH FOR THE SPARROWS."

Matthew x. 29, 30 ; Luke xii. 6, 7.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

E careth for the sparrows, Of greater value we; According as our day is, So our strength shall be.

He careth for the sparrows, Not even one can fall, Without He gives permission— He watcheth over all.

He careth for the sparrows, Provides their daily food,

Teaches them to build their nests, And rear their little brood.

He careth for the sparrows, And He'll for *me* provide, And help me e'er to trust Him, Whatever may betide.

He careth for the sparrows,— Hear what He kindly saith :

Wherefore do'st thou doubt my word, O ye of little faith ! He careth for the sparrows, For *me* He'll always care; My every want He knoweth, He numbereth each hair.

He careth for the sparrows, Such tiny things as they; Not one of them's forgotten, And He'll remember me.

He careth for the sparrows, Two for a farthing sold; But by His blood I'm redeemed, More precious far than gold.

He careth for the sparrows, He bids me nothing fear; Though men may the body kill, My soul is still His care.

### ONLY A LITTLE WORD.

[From a recently published volume, entitled "The Broken Plough, and other Poems," by Miss Agnes M'Lintock. Glasgow : Glass & Co.]

**G**NLY a little word ! so easily 'twas spoken;

Yet by that little word, a bond of love was broken.

Only a little look, so easily 'twas given;

Yet by that little look, love from two hearts was driven.

Only a word, a look, yet they have separated

Hearts that each other loved above all things created.

One heart is far at sea, upon the stormy billow;

She who the other owns, with tears doth wet her pillow.

O speak not recklessly! you know not what may follow;

A few unthoughtful words may cause long years of sorrow.





#### DRINKING HEALTHS.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO YOUTHS. BY E. J. HOW. [CHARACTERS :- Edward and Harold.]

### Harold.

OOD evening, Ted, I'm glad to see you; how do you feel after last night's feed ?

Edward. Well, Harold, to tell you the truth, I would not say no to another like it tonight, and by that you may guess how I feel now.

H. Then you are a little different to me, for this morning, when I got up, I felt so very funny about here (*rubbing his stomach*). It strikes me that they had a little jalap in that wine they gave us to drink.

E. Ah, Harold, if you had followed my example, and let the wine alone, and stuck to cold water, doubtless you would have been all right; but if you will have your own way, you must expect the—

H. That'll do, Ted, don't commence a lecture now, for I did not come to listen to one. I have come to give you a little bit of news that I heard in the brassfinishers' shop to-day.

E. Well, go on, and let me have it sharp, as I'm off to the lecture hall.

H. Well, a lot of us were talking about the supper we had last night in honour of our young master's wedding. Some one spoke about you. I know you won't mind what I'm going to tell you, will you?

E. Mind !----no, certainly not ! go on; tell me every word.

H. Well, one of them in speaking about you being the only one at the table who would not drink our young master and his bride's health in wine, said that he thought it would greatly affect you in rising in your situation so fast as y otherwise would have done; then anoth chimed in by saying, "That you alwa tried to make things unpleasant whe ever you went, by standing so hard a fast to the letter of the teetotal pledge and when I heard that, I felt a lit indignant about it, for although I don agree with you about teetotalism, I thin you are the most kind-hearted fellow with the firm.

E. Well, Harold, that is a little pie of news somewhat surprising; but I mu tell you it don't make me tremble much as I ought to perhaps.

H. That's on account of you having such a strong nerve. I think you have an original one of your own to star against two hundred workmen and boy as you did last night.

E. To tell you the truth, Harol without saying anything about my nerv I am very little afraid of rising in n birth in that slow way pointed out those in your shop, for if a master h any consideration for his servants at a it is mostly when they are trying to ke their heads clear, and act according their convictions. I should like to kno from the cleverest among you what diffe ence it will make to our young mast and his wife's happiness, by drinking health in that which Solomon spoke when he said, " Look not upon wine wh it is red, when it giveth its colour in t cup, when it moveth itself aright, at 1 it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth l an adder?" If I were to ask some those kind friends who have been talki so freely about me, if the wine they h last night did sting them when they h done with it, they would be obliged



onfess that it did sting them, especially their legs, for some of them could not alk very straight as they passed my ouse at a quarter past twelve. I was atching for them from my window, and know their voices well enough.

H. Now, Ted, just wait a minute, you re going on too fast; you entirely look ver that good old custom of Drinking lealths on all festive occasions. It has een handed down for hundreds of years, nd why should it be given up now?

E. Custom is like fashion, all nonense. I go in for health, peace, and omfort. Are you going to commence our life by believing in such things, or re you going to uphold this custom of Drinking Healths, at the expense of fudded heads, empty pockets, disordered tomachs, wretched homes, foodless cupboards, sorrowing wives, and ragged hildren? Are you going to uphold this ustom to increase the number of cases of lrunkenness, to increase disease, to enich the brewers, to rob the churches, to ncrease the taxes, and, worse than all, to make bread so much dearer than it should be?

H. You seem to have your points ready for a good argument, but please bear in mind that the wine the men drauk was already paid for by the firm, so that does not effect the men's pocket.

E. Oh, don't it ! that's where you are wrong ! The firm's wine made the appetite, and the men's pockets had to satisfy that appetite. What paid for the beer some of them had at the "Pig and Whistle" after we all parted ? Why the money which ought to have bought their children's boots and shoes.

H. But don't forget, Ted, that you took part in an old custom, too, yesterday.

E. And what was that pray ?

H. Why you threw some old slippers at the governor and his wife. E. So I did, Harold, but then that is a custom which is quite harmless, and that is why I take part in it. They say it brings good luck to the happy couple; but even *that* is all nonsense, as there is no such thing as "luck." I hope you will understand me rightly. There are customs good and bad, and the sooner English people do away with such ones as "Drinking Healths," the better it will be for everybody.

H. Well, Ted, I cannot stay any longer to talk this matter over with you, neither do I wish to. I now see with you that the custom practised at the present day is quite wrong. And to prove that I really think so, I will at once commence to be a teetotaler with you !

E. Bravo! I'm glad of it! Give me your hand, and I trust that you will, guided by Him who is able to keep us from falling, show your colours whenever you have a chance, and don't be afraid of those supporters of the so-called "Good Old Customs."

#### ONWARD!

#### BY UNCLE JOHN.

#### TUNE-"Hold the Fort."

COME, ye children, raise your voices 'Gainst our nation's foe; Mark the havoc drink discloses, Wretchedness and woe.

#### CHORUS.

Onward! Band of Hope boys, onward! Ever onward still;

Shouting, with the girls, press forward, "One and all we will!"

Raise the Temperance banner proudly, Hasten to the fight ;

Raise the shout of "Onward" loudly-God defend the right.

Onward, Band of Hope, &c.

See the direful foe advancing, Manhood to destroy, And by magic power entrancing Virtue to decoy. Onward, Band of Hope, &c. Hear the glaring signboards creaking, Swinging in the air; Token of the myriads shrieking, Ever in despair. Onward, Band of Hope, &c. Lo! there's thirty thousand falling! Still strong drink depraves; Every year the same bewailing Over drunkard's graves. Onward, Band of Hope, &c. See our Sabbath Schools deprived Of some little ones; And the Church of God mourning o'er Many of her sons. Onward, Band of Hope, &c. Happy homesteads filled with cursing, Children wanting bread; Widows for their lost ones mourning, 'Mongst the victims dead. Onward, Band of Hope, &c. Shall the foe depopulating, Ever onward go? Bands of Hope, with joy elating, Boldly answer "No!" Onward, Band of Hope, &c. Let the Temperance banner waving, Evermore be seen, Till our Bands of Hope unceasing, Shall the victory gain! Onward, Band of Hope, &c. THE GUTTER CHILD. HARFIET A. GLAZEBROOK. OVEMBER winds grew cold and chill, Storm signals waved o'erhead; And the cradled vessels in the docks,

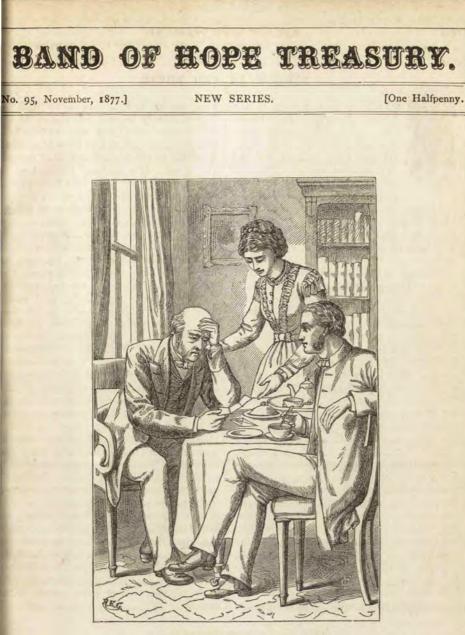
Rocked in their yeasty bed;

When, wandering in the wharfside gloom, Earth's drink-caused foes to mark,

I found a little spray of doom Crouched in a corner dark. She was no rough and uncouth child, But winning, wee, and fair, With form whereon the Fates had smiled And clustering curls of hair. A gentle face that beamed on me With glance so sweet and fond, And dreamy eyes that seemed to see Into the far beyond. The flickering street lamps gleamed afar Through clouds of blinding sleet, And crowded was each dram-shop bar, And empty every street. Why stayed she there? The reason sought I learned that oft-told tale, ["fought," The "mother" had been drunk and And now was "gone to jail." Poor child! Art thou on earth alone, Without a father's care ? And sisters, brothers, have they flown, Like thee to some dark lair? No mother's loving hand to mend Thy garments old and riven; Art thou on earth without one friend, Thou little waif of heaven? Dark is the night, and loud the roar Of tempest's voice, long dumb, But there are darker nights in store, And fiercer blasts to come. When on my hearth the bright fire glows, When faces loved I see, My heart will think upon thy woes, And breathe a wail o'er thee. Oh land! that view'st such scenes as these, Yet 'gainst their cause is dumb, By Him who ruleth earth and seas, Thy reckoning day will come !

What though in many a hidden lair, Each hapless victim weeps,

The hand of JUSTICE pointeth there— She slumbers not—nor sleeps.



SORROW IN THE HOUSE.

## SORROW IN THE HOUSE.

C

HERE is often sorrow in the house. It visits every home. The rich, as well as the poor, are subject to its visitations. Golden locks cannot bar out this dreaded visitor. There is the sorrow from death, from sickness, and from misfortune;

but worst of all is that which springs from disgrace. Look at the victim the artist has drawn. It represents a home in which there is plenty, if not wealth, and yet the shadow of a great sorrow is seen creeping over it and enveloping it as with a cloud. Men envied Mr. Goldworthy. He was a prosperous and contented man. His path through life seemed to be marked by sunshine, which was, in part, the light radiated from his own cheerful and happy temper. He was ever willing to forgive an enemy, or to help a friend. His two sons and his daughter grew up, as he thought, to be the comfort of his declining age. It was not to be. Alice, whom you see with her hand resting affectionately upon her father's shoulder, was all that a good daughter should be. Richard, whose gaze seems to penetrate far into the future, was as good a son as she was a good daughter. But the absent brother-the first bornwas a thorn in the flesh. Robert Goldworthy was a young man of fine abilities, but weak character. He had knowledge without wisdom, and cleverness without stability. He was not bad-hearted, only careless, indifferent, and incapable of refusing where refusal would have saved him from the taint of corruption. His fine natural parts, and frank open man-

ners, made him a favourite with all Unfortunately he did not cleave to tha which was good, but was as ready t accept the invitation and friendship of the frivolous or the wicked as that of the wis and good. His brilliant intellectual en dowments did not save him from passing through all the stages by which a young man reaches the degradation of being habitual drunkard. His extravagance were a constant source of grief to his indulgent father, who over and over again paid off the debts which his son had incurred in his career of folly and vice Now, on this wintry morning, the father receives a letter containing still sadder intelligence. His son, who might have been one honoured in the land, is a felon, Tempted by his loose associates, he has been guilty of the crime of forging the name of another, and is now in the hands of justice. There is no hope of saving him from the doom he has merited. This is the blow which has fallen upon the father. The disgrace of his son's crime he knows will darken his own days, and be a stumbling-block in the path of the son and daughter, whose love and duty have comforted him in the wrong-doing of his child. This is the worst evil. The guilty are never punished without involving in their pain some who are innocent. This is the Sorrow in the House which the artist has painted. Let all who are entering upon the path of life take heed that their feet do not wander into forbidden paths, causing disgrace to their brothers and sisters, and bringing down the grey hairs of their father with sorrow to the grave.

## THE WIDOW AND HER CHILD.

The weary wind was howling loud, The snow was falling fast, The widow's head was meekly bowed, While the storm was flying past.

Close to her bosom fast she pressed Her little darling child, Soothing its weary head to rest, 'Midst storm and tempest wild.

"Oh, heaven be merciful," she cried, "And save my darling boy; The only one whom Thou hast left To be my earthly joy."

She bowed her head, as if in prayer To God the Righteons One; Her brow was lined with many a care,— What evil hath she done?

Her life for years had been a pain, Her sorrow who can tell; Her husband dragged her down to shame, While he sank down to hell.

He once had loved "her," ah, how sad When thinking of the past; No wonder that the widow's head Was bowed, while tears fell fast.

He once had loved "her," but he fell A slave, a coward, think; "The old, old story," sad to tell, O'ercome through taking drink.

For years and years she struggled on, Enduring all the *woe*; Hoping that he would rise again To slay his tyrant foe.

At last he sank and headlong fell Into a *drunkard's* grave; The wife's dull sorrow who can tell, No hand outstretched to save.

The storm abated, and she rose Once more to wend her way, Amidst the busy strife of life, To seek a brighter day. Now let us hope her darling child Will find the path of truth,

And shun the drink, which was the curse Of his dear father's youth.

And let us each and all abstain From DRINK, the fruitful cause Of "England's" misery and shame, The breaking of her laws.

-Star of Hope, Chesham.

## AROUSE, YE CHRISTIAN WOMEN.

ROUSE, ye Christian women, And rally for the fight; Bring forth your royal banner, And battle for the right.

Beat down the giant evils Which now around you flow, And save your homes and nation From misery and woe.

Oh, fight 'gainst the deceiver, Strong drink, which lays men low, The greatest of all evils, The deadliest *foe* we know.

Arise in all your beauty, With hearts and courage true, And grapple with the evil, 'Twill die when fought by you.

Just think of fathers, mothers, And weeping children too; Then forward to their rescue, And see what you can do.

Oh, think upon your Saviour, So gentle and so mild, And see if you are striving To help each wandering child.

Thousands of orphans crying, And weeping widows now, Are poor because the spoiler Has broke each cherished vow.

And will you rest so easy, And smile upon their moan, Nor breathe one tiny whisper To ease their dying groan? No! no! with hearts so loving Rise up and face the foe; Nourish its dying victims, And lay the spoiler low. 'Twill be a noble mission, And one that God will bless, By helping you to labour To make their sufferings less. Oh, wait not till to-morrow, But labour while you may, To banish pain and sorrow Waste not another day. But seek the poor and weary, And soothe the troubled breast; Lead them to Christ, their Saviour, That He may give them rest. And who knows but a blessing Will fall upon thy head, While you are waiting, serving, Him who for sinners bled. Then rouse ye, Christian women, And rally for the fight, Bring forth the royal banner, And battle for the right. -Star of Hope, Chesham. A LISTENER IN THE STREET. BY REV. WILLIAM GASKELL. " MILL the bowl with rosy wine "-Ah! that woe-awakening sound! "Fill the bowl with rosy wine"-Let it be with cypress bound ! What hath the wine-cup done for me? Made me the soul-scathed thing ye see. "Fill the bowl with rosy wine"-Drain it till the fever burn !

"Fill the bowl with rosy wine"— Place beside the funeral urn!

Better at once in death to sleep, Than thus o'er blasted life to weep.

## A PAUPER'S SONG.

BY REV. WILLIAM GASKELL. HOUGH now I am a parish-paid, Street-crossings doomed to sweet, Time was I had a thriving trade,

And numbers helped to keep. Ah! but for one consuming sin, How prosperous now I might have been!

Though thousands now each day pass by, Without one kindly look,

How many used to catch my eye, And pleased my greeting took. Ah! but for one degrading sin,

How honoured now I might have been !

Though now when ends the long, long To bed of straw I creep, [day,

Once on soft, snow-white sheets I lay, And child-like was my sleep.

Ah! but for one vile, wasting sin, How easy now I might have been !

Though now no gentle hand is nigh, To wipe the bitter tear,

Once love stood ever fondly by, Aud friends who held me dear.

Ah! but for one besotted sin,

How circled now I might have been !

But what are these to that dread change, Which on myself has passed,—

A change so sad, so wild, so strange, I stand, and sigh, aghast !

Ah! but for one debasing sin, How different now I might have been!

Where are the high-toned thoughts of The spirit strong, and free, [youth,

The eye of light, the heart of truth, The inward melody !

Ah! but for one soul-scorching sn, How noble now I might have been!

In dreams sometimes rise up to sight, Those rose-bound days again;

But soon the hateful, dawning light Shows me my dismal den.

Ah! how I curse that murderous sin, And weep o'er what I might have been!

## DO NOT TEMPT ME.

## BY T. C. D.

A Nephalistic Lay, delivered by the Author at the mual Dinner of the Edinburgh Royal Medical Society,

O not tempt me—I'm thy brother, Though a weak and erring man; I'e are bound to one another By God's all-embracing span. like thee, must stand before Him— Thou, like me, must answer true or the talents He hath given— Be they many, be they few. Do not tempt me !

ake thy wine-cup—take it from me; Though to thee it hath no pain, et to me 'tis fraught with auguish, Searing up my aching brain; Irging thought to bring around me Visions which I loathe to see, Where grim wretchedness surrounds me, With each dark fatality. Do not tempt me !

Dost thou deem thyself a Christian, Yet so temptingly can give hat which fills this world with curses, Making life a curse to live? rom such hands as thine hath issued Passports to eternal woe, Vhere no pitying ray from Heaven O'er man's sinful path may glow.

Do not tempt me !

tive me shelter, food, or raiment, All or each may do me good; at thy wine it only bringeth Fever to my heart's best blood :

laking such as me to hate thee, That a fountain which destroys oisoning, drowning, my life's gladness— Brings to thee so many joys.

Do not tempt me !

Why then to thy lowest menial Mingle poison with his food ? or unto thy dearer children Give diseased corrupted blood ? Filling their young days for gladness Full of sickness, danger, pain— Thy example breathes of madness,

Working certain grief and shame. Do not tempt me!

Canst thou pray with lips fresh moisten'd By the fiends who rent my soul ? Ask of Heaven to grant me mercy;

Yet within thy bosom rolls

The same dark stream, as foul, as strong, As that which once polluted me.

No-no-I will not drink thy wine, 'Tis mockery to each misery.

Do not tempt me !

Would'st thou, if the power were given, Destroy yon world, that glorious star Dashing from the arch of Heaven,

Its trembling ray so soft afar?

No! thou answerest, No, I would not! Then wilt thou stay a soul divine

Which may beam in God's bright kingdom When that star hath ceased to shine. Do not tempt me !

Away the cup, it bears a sting; Though Cleopatra's pearl were there, And it were offered by a king,

With royal hand all gemm'd and fair, I would not drink. It will destroy

A pearl whose price but Christ could pay;

Thy drink is charged with agony— I will not drink—away, away ! Do not tempt me !

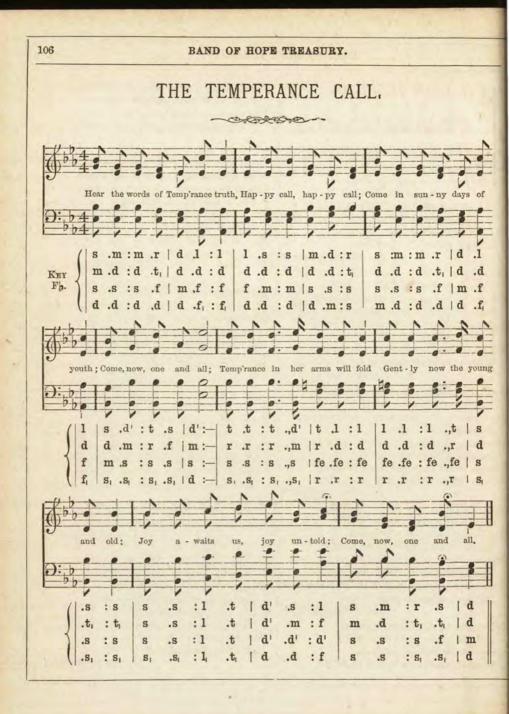
Do not tempt me—I'm thy brother, Though a weak and erring man;

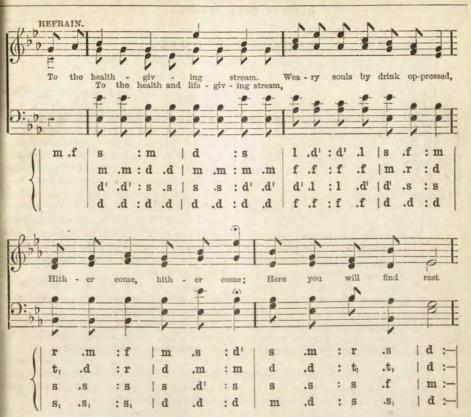
We are bound to one another By God's all-embracing span.

I, like thee, must stand before Him, Thou, like me, must answer true

For the talents He hath given-Be they many, be they few.

Do not tempt me!





- 2 Hear the stream so sweetly say, Drink of me, drink of me;
  Health and strength are found this way, Drink, O drink of me !
  Learn to drink of water pure, Other drinks are not so sure,
  All who drink my joy will share; Come and drink of me.
- What a life of joy and love, Free and full, full and free, Temp'rance makes below, above, Come, O drink df me 1
  Now the warning voice obey, Come, O come, no more delay, Temp'rance calls thee, come to-day, Come now one and all.

## TALKING STONES.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

[CHARACTERS:-George, James, and Tom.]

George.

HAT'S that book you are reading, James?

James. It's Shakespere! G. Shakespere, indeed! I suppose when you've read it all you'll think yourself mightily clever?

J. Don't delude yourself into any such supposition. Still I do hope to be somewhat improved mentally for the time taken, and the labour bestowed in reading it—in fact any one who is not better in mind after reading such writings as Shakespere's, is to be pitied.

G. Well, I must confess I've not read his writings; but as you are such a great admirer of his works, perhaps you will be able to point out some very nice parts which may be profitable to me as well as to yourself.

J. Shakespere is a great poet—perhaps the greatest poet that ever lived. But whether this is so or not, he is the greatest poet this country has produced, and we have had some good ones; such, for example, as Milton, Spencer, Wordsworth, and Tennyson.

G. I didn't ask you to give me a lecture on poets. I asked you to read me a quotation from Shakespere, the book you are now reading.

J. Well, then, take the one I've just read.-

"Tongues in trees, Books in running brooks, Sermons in stones, And good in everything."

G. That's just like a poet, to make dead and unconscious things talk. We shall have to draw upon our imagination very largely to hear a stone peach a sermon.

J. Perhaps not as much as yu may suppose. I read a book sometime since, and the author called it, "Stones crying out." If you read that book yo would soon see how stones could cry at, and for that matter preach sermons to.

G. I'd go a long way to leave stone talk. I've heard of a stone in Ireland called the "Blarney Stone," and hey say that those who succeed in kissing it talk "Blarney" ever afterward; but ht stone does not talk itself, it only make people who kiss it talk.

J. And if you are silly enugh to believe such nonsense, you can be easily deluded by "Blarney."

G. It's quite as reasonable-yea, I should say, more reasonable-han to believe stones capable of talking.

J. No such thing! Stones tok many times, and in such distinct language, that it's as easily understood as when yn open your mouth and talk.

G. Show me how?

J. I saw some gentlemen oe time looking with much interest or a ery old ruin. They went to one part of te ruins, and, as they looked upon the stnes, the stones told them quite plainly, "Te were carved by a mason in the reign c Queen Elizabeth." They went to anoter part of the ruin, and, as they locked at the stones, the stones, so to speak, cpeed their mouths and said, "We belong to he time of William the Conqueror." Andhus, as they went from one part to anoter, and looked at the various sorts of caving on the different stones, the stones tod them as plainly as possible to what ge they -belonged.

3. But, hen, the stones didn't talk?
J. Yea, I think they did. They told gentlemen all they wanted to know; y did it quietly; but mere noise is not ded to nake one's-self understood.
e deaf and dumb talk by signs, and nes talk by the same means.

F. Yes, that may be, but when people k they oight to be understood. I ght have looked at the ruin you rered to, and the stones would not have d me anything.

 That's to your own disadvantage, boy! You don't understand the inguage of stones." Some one might ak to you in Latin or Greek, you ald not understand them; they would, vertheless, be saying intelligent words those who understood those languages.
 Well, and if I'm to wait to hear stone talk, until I understand the inguage of stones," as you call it, I ill have to wait a long time.

J. You cannot tell, our little talk to-7 may at some future time be rememed by you and stir you up to study.

3. This, of course, is possible, but I nk not very probable. Studying stones y do for stone-masons and geologists, not for me.

I. It's not necessary either to be a son or a geologist to be able to hear nes talk.

F. How else then?

. You know that at the present time of of learned men are engaged in the ploration of Palestine, and other lands ntioned in the Bible ?

Yes.

f. Well, in 1868, a stone was found a place called Dhiban. This stone had it certain marks or letters. A learned a, Clermont Gennan, understood the guage written on the stone, and transit into English. The stone had on about one thousand letters, and these

contained a history of Mesa, son of Chamosgad, king of Moab. It is more than three thousand years since those words were carved on that stone, yet the stone still lives, and its voice is heard even to the present time.

G. Here comes Tom Saunders.

J. Indeed, where? I shall be glad to see Tom. They say he's taken to study, and is going to be a lawyer.

G. If so, I wish him every success, and hope he may one day wear the ermine and sit upon the "woolsack."

J. Things less likely have happened !

G. Good evening, Tom. How are you?

J. How are you, Tom? I'm glad to see you.

Tom. Thank you, I'm quite well, and I may say I'm equally pleased to see you.

G. What do you think we were talking about?

J. How should I know?

J. Why, about "Talking Stones."

T. A very interesting subject I should say.

G. Then you are like James—you believe that stones can talk?

T. Of course I do. When God gave the commandments to Moses, He wrote them on Tables of Stone. When Moses looked at the Stone, it would talk to him, and tell him what God desired him to say to the people.

J. Yes, George, and if you remember our Saviour said to the Scribes and Pharasees, "If these," His disciples, "should hold their peace the stones would cry out."

G. Yes, Christ said so, but you know He spake in parables, and doubtless this was a sort of figure of speech.

T. Nay, not so, for His words were prophetical, and were literally fulfilled !

G. In what way, and when?

J. Why, at His crucifixion !

G. Here's a Bible, show me where.

T. Refer to Matthew 27th chapter and the 51st verse.

G. (reads.) "And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to the bottom; and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent," &c. I suppose you take it that the rending of the rocks are "stones crying out"?

J. Certainly!

G. But how does that fulfil the words of Jesus ?

T. Why did not Jesus say, "If these," His disciples, "should hold their peace the stones would ery out?" The disciples had now held their peace. One had betrayed Him; another, the boldest of them (Peter), had, with cursing and swearing, denied Him; and the rest forsook Him and fled; and now that He is bereft of all, and none were left to acknowledge Him, the rocks, or stones, utter their tremendous voice, and proclaim the power of their Creator and their God. Thus, the rent rocks fulfilled our Saviour's prophecy.

G. You seem to make out a good case for yourselves. I'll think more about the matter.

T. That is right, my dear fellow. Don't forget there is a "Rock" that is also called a "Corner-stone." That "Corner-stone" is the one upon which the edifice of our lives must be erected. If we build upon any other foundation our lives will be little better than useless.

J. Those who build on any other foundation, the Scriptures tell us, will, at last, seek to be protected from the wrath of the Lamb by appealing "to mountains and rocks to fall on them, to hide them from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the presence of the Lamb." Rocks and mountains can give very little protection under such awful circumstances, but there is a Rock that will give shelter—"The Rock of Ages." Seek shelter in that Rock, and constant.

"Rock of Ages, cleft forme, Let me hide myself in Tlee."

T. The language written on all other rocks will one day perish, but the word of the "Rock of Ages" will endure for ever. "Heaven and earth shal pass awa but my words shall not pass away."

G. We must then all try, above ever thing else, to "remember the words of the Lord Jesus," words written on in perishable stone.

J. That's it. Good bye.

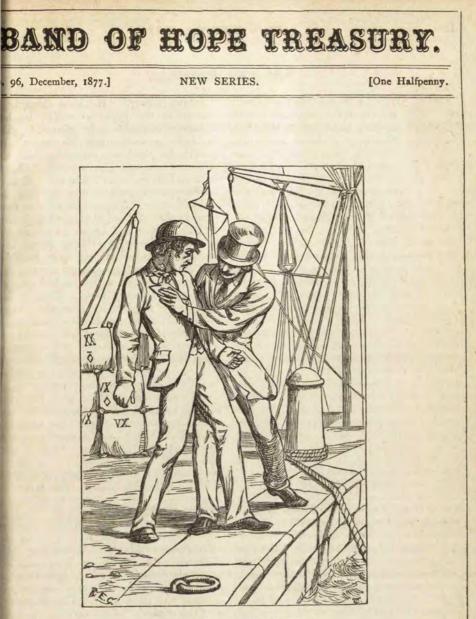
G. and T. Good bye.

## THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.

LEAVE to society a ruined characte a wretched example, and a memor that will soon rot. I leave to my parent during the rest of their lives, as muc sorrow as humanity in a decrepit an feeble state can sustain. I leave to m brothers and sisters as much mortificatio and injury as I could conveniently brin upon them. I leave to my wife a broke heart, a life of wretchedness and sham to weep over me and my premature deat I give and bequeath to each of my chi dren poverty, ignorance, a low characte and the rembembrance that their fath was a drunkard.—*Tribune*.

## CUTTINGS FOR MY SCRAP BOOI How to do God's Will.

TEACHER was explaining to he class the words concerning God angels—"Ministers of His who do H pleasure," and asked, "How do the angels carry out God's will?" Maranswers followed. One said, "They do it directly." Another, "They do it wit all their heart." A third, "They do well." And, after a pause, a quiet litt. girl added, "They do it without asking an questions."



THE TWO BROTHERS.

BROTHERS.

TWO

## Real Provide P

EGINALD and Charles Brown were brothers, and bound to each other by ties of mutual affection, similarity of tastes, and that likeness which comes from constant association in pleasures and in study. They went to the same school, they read the

THE

same books, they played at the same boyish sports. There was nothing to shew that their lives would not run in the same groove. Their father had a good business, and, in the natural course of events, they would succeed. They were both intelligent and high spirited. Yet at eighteen they came to a point where their courses in life separated never to unite again. They were both looking forward to the time when their father, according to his avowed intention, should take them into partnership. After a few years experience, he thought they would be able to manage the business themselves, and he would then retire, and spend the remainder of his days in well-earned retirement. At eighteen, however, Reginald unhappily formed the acquaintance of some young men who prided themselves, not on their talents, business capacity, or power to do good, but on their "fastness." They were drunken, and gloried in the very drunkenness which made them a byeword and a reproach. It was difficult to understand what the attraction of such company could be to Reginald. That it did attract him was too true. He saw only the superficial glitter of these brilliant but vicious young men. He did not think what dead sea apples he was about to feed upon. His home became more and more distasteful to him. He could not enjoy its quiet and pure pleasures. Like the prodigal son of old he hungered after

## "riotous living." He soon became sorrow to the home to which he had formerly brought only pleasure. Hi brother's remonstrances, his father's re proofs, his mother's sorrowing face di not turn him aside, but seemed rather t harden him in his evil courses. Finally he disappeared without warning from hi father's house. They heard of him from time to time, but only to learn that he wa sinking deeper and deeper in the mire o sin and degradation. Many efforts the made to reclaim, but all were fruitless He returned with greater zest to the des perate course upon which he had entered Five years passed away. Charles had become the head of the firm, the father' death had not improbably been accelerated by sorrow for the absent and erring son The mother had also died with a praye upon her lips for the prodigal. Charle was one day walking near the quay, when he saw a man still young reeling along dangerously near to the edge. His hear seemed to stand still, as he saw this man stumbling to destruction. He leapt for ward, and stopped the onward career o the unconscious inebriate. Another step and the drunkard would have been strug gling for life in the water! But what was his horror to find in this wreck o humanity his own brother-the Reginald of whom he had been so proud. He tool him home, but those years of dissipation had undermined his constitution. Al efforts to save him were unavailing. H died with the burden of a wasted life upon his conscience at an age when he should have been earnestly engaged in fighting the good fight. The drunkard like the wicked, "shall not live half hi days."

## ASKING AND GIVING.

"PLEASE, dear papa," cried our Harry,

"Get a rocking-horse for me! One as large as 'Bonnie Bessie'

That Kriss Kringle gave to Lee!" And the father, looking downward

On the eager, upturned face, [ing, Cheeks rose-flushed, and black eyes beam-Thought the pleader full of grace.

Yet he gave no word of answer, Said him neither yea nor nay; And the boy, with drooping figure,

Disappointed, crept away. Days elapsed, and Hal, forgetting Grief in many a merry play, Hears, one morning, papa calling : "Harry, boy! just step this way."

Harry comes with flying footsteps, Stops in wonder and surprise— Seeing—not a horse on rockers,

Thing of wood with sightless eyes— But a real, live Shetland pony,

Bridle, whip, and saddle, too ! Wonderingly, hears papa saying : "This, my darling, is for you."

Then a shout, both loud and gleeful, Bursts from Harry's rosy lips: "O papa ! How can I thank you?

May I have his name "Eclipse'? Why, I thought you did not hear me

When you did not say, 'I will;' And you've given not what I asked for, But a thing that's better still."

Thus, I think our Heavenly Father, Seeing, where our faith is blind, When some good our hearts are craving, Seeking long we cannot find, But witholds the longed-for blessing, Leaves our want unsatisfied, That he may bestow upon us

Better gifts than those denied. —Congregationalist.

## THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy, Go while it is called to-day; [in, For the years go out, and the years come Regardless of those who may lose or win: Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on,

To the army gone before; [feet, You may hear the sound of their falling Going down to the river where the two worlds meet—

They go to return no more.

There is room for you in the ranks, And duty, too, assigned;

Step into the front with a cheerful grace : Be quick, or another may take your place, And you may be left behind.

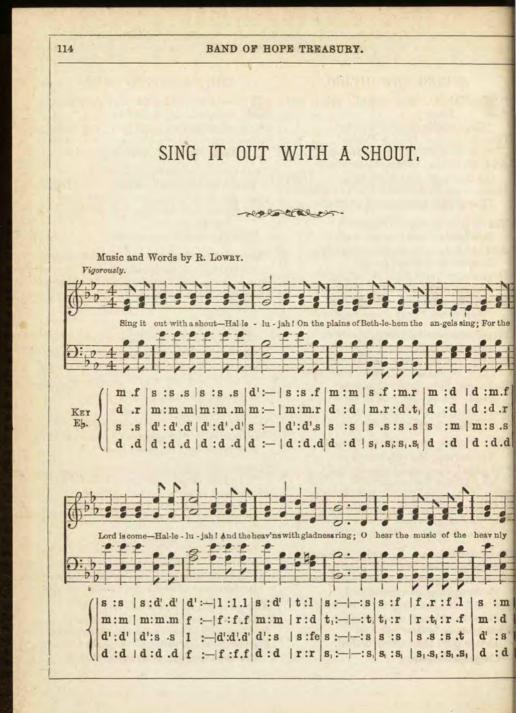
There is work to do by the way That you can never tread again— Work for the loftiest, lowliest men; [pen; Work for the plough, adze, spindle, and Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, To lay for your feet a snare; And pleasure sit in her fairy bowers, With garlands of poppies and lotus-flowers Enwreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way— Temptations without and within— And spirits of evil in robes as fair As the holiest angels in heaven wear, Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God In the beautiful days of youth; Put on the helmet, breastplate, and shield, And the sword that the feeblest arm may In the cause of right and truth. [wield

And go to the battle of life, my boy, With the peace of the Gospel shod, And before high heaven do the best you can For the great reward, for the good of man, For the kingdom and crown of God.





Sing it out with a shout, &c.

Sing it out with a shout—Hallelujah! For the world is waiting for the joyful sound; All the angels sing—Hallelujah! And the glory shines around; To every creature you may now proclaim A free salvation in the Saviour's name. Sing it out with a shout, &c.

## FRIENDSHIP.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

[CHARACTERS :- Robert, George, and Samuel.]

## Robert.

ND so you're home again for the Christmas holidays? I'm glad to see you, George, and hope you may have all the pleasure and happiness this festive season affords.

George. Thank you, Robert, for your very good wishes.

From my heart I wish you the same, and also that both you and I may be spared to enjoy a great many Christmasses.

R. And, may I add, have the pleasure of meeting each other every year.

G. Yes, you may add that, for I think it must be very pleasing in old age to have some friend whom you have known from youth.

A true friendship is always lasting. R. Sometimes friends are parted for many years; but even then the flame of love does not abate, and when the name of either is mentioned it produces a sensation of pleasurable delight.

G. You speak like a book, and if I was not acquainted with your age, I might be led to suppose you were an old man, speaking from a life-long experience.

R. It may surprise you to know that, though I am young, I can speak from experience, and you know-

"What we have felt and seen, With confidence we tell."

G. Then I must certainly conclude that you believe in the doctrine of "Transmigration." Yours must be an old soul in a young body.

R. I hope not, for I hope that my soul and body are young alike.

G. Then pray explain yourself!

R. I have five senses, and every one

of them has experienced the joys sprin ing out of a "life-long friendship."

G. Thatonly makes the mystery great R. Well, then, I'll tell you what mean. A gentleman, named Mr. M thews, and my father were boys toget They played together the same gau went to the same school, studied the sa books, and went to business at the sa time. When their apprenticeships w completed, Mr. Matthews decided to s his fortune in Australia. It is twen five years since he left England; through all these years, he and my fat have written letters to each other. short time since, my father received letter telling him that Mr. Matthews 1 decided to come "Home."

G. Isn't it strange how people w leave this country, and go to any fore land, always speak of it as home? I have heard of the children of emigrants, w speaking of England, calling it "Home

R. After Mr. Matthews arrived, father became affected with "nerve excitement." He could neither eat, re or sleep with any comfort. The friend his youth was returning, and it agita both his mind and heart!

G. How singular! I don't think letter would produce such an effect on father !

R. How can you tell? Your fat is not void of feeling? Well, the ti came when Mr. Matthews should arr And the meeting of the youthful frien was something to be remembered. Th fell on each others' neck, and wept 1 children. Their weeping produced te in all our eyes. I could understand the somewhat of the friendship of David a Jonathan, of which we read in the f

ok of Samuel, "And they kissed one other, and wept one with another," and e secret of it was, "because he loved m as his own soul."

G. They had been parted a quarter of century? "Many waters cannot quench ve," and it appears that even time cant destroy it.

R. The poet Addison says truly,-

"The friendships of the world are oft Confederacies in vice, or leagues of pleasure: Ours has severest virtue for its basis,

And such a friendship ends not but with life." G. Our teacher was telling us the per Sunday we ought to be very care-

in the selection of our friends, and ien once made, they should be constant d not fickle.

**R.** True friendship is constant, and inot be fickle. An ancient philosopher d, "Friendship is composed of a single il inhabiting two bodies."

G. He meant by that, that the souls of ends should blend in sympathy and love. R. And unless they do so blend the endship is only built upon a sandy indation, and may be destroyed—

"With every sudden gust of discontent, Or flowing of our passions."

3. The friendship you referred to was one of *choice*, but one of *growth*. It an in childhood, and continued to old . In that case it was truly a blending ouls in sympathy and love.

2. Don't let us forget that the best they friendship will come to an end.

2. But if they end on earth they may continued in heaven, for—

ll are friends in heaven, all faithful friends; nd many friendships in the days of Time egun, are lasting here, and growing still."

t. True friendships, then, must be nal? Isn't this Sam Bosworth?

amuel. Well, my friends, I'm glad to you. I wish you the Compliments of Season. R. & G. (together.) I wish you the same.

S. What is it you are talking about?

G. The subject was "Friendships."

S. A very good subject too for this season of the year; for Christmas reminds us of our greatest Friend, "He who was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might be made rich."

R. That is our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who is the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

G. Our teacher, in speaking of the fellowship of Jesus, told us that He showed His love to us by giving His life to save us; and "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

S. Christ came to make friends with His enemies. He lived on earth to teach them how to live, and He died to give them life.

R. Yes, and though He has left this earth, and gone to heaven, He is there acting as our friend, and preparing a place for us.

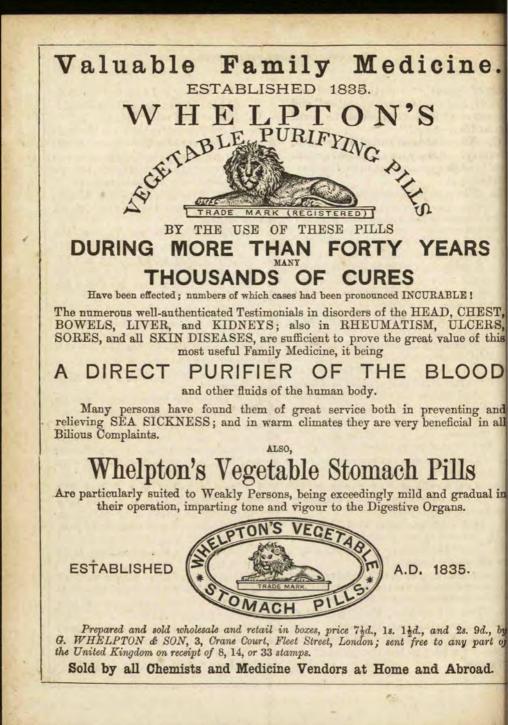
S. Whether we make friends among our fellow-creatures or not, is not a matter of any great moment; but it is a very serious and solemn matter that we make the friendship of Jesus. He is a Friend above all others, and we can always confide in Christ.

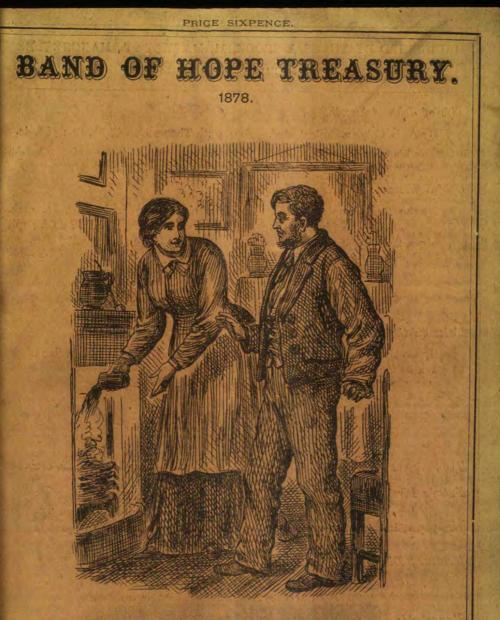
G. He is anxious to make us His friends. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

R. The point is, are we anxious to be made His friend ?

S. During this festive season we shall be feasting with our friends and acquaintances, and this will make us happy and joyful; but if we feast with Christ it will be a feast of everlasting love—a feast that will not satisfy our bodies simply, but our souls.

R. With Christ at our festive board we shall have "A Merry Christmas."





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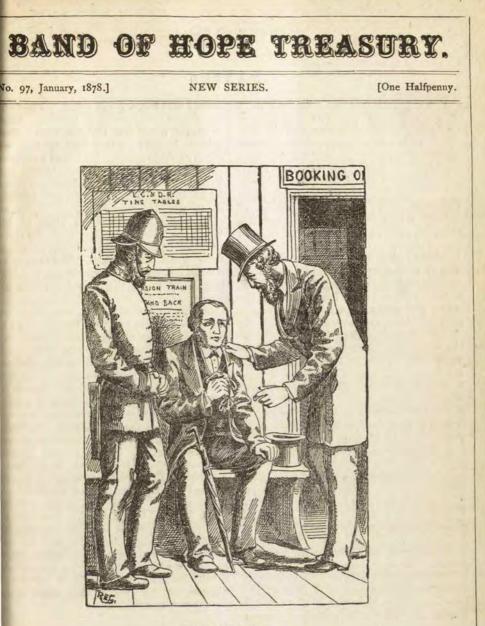
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# - A Contraction of the second se

E see here the end of a career. The darkening of the clouds around the closing years of one whose grey hairs should have gone down with reverence to the grave. Intemperance, like death, is no

respecter of persons. No condition of society, no degree of rank, no age can avail his victims. George Tremaine was one of the best known men in the town of Porteven. His business as a solicitor led him to be the trusted confident of many of the neighbouring families. He took an active share in the local affairs of the place, and was looked upon by all as a man of integrity and public spirit. So he was; but in an evil hour he allowed the social glass to exert a strong influence upon him. Without losing all the outward signs of respectability he became a confirmed drunkard. This naturally affected his business. His intellect was not so keen as in former years, for he had drugged and deadened his brain with heavy doses of alcohol. His friends and clients could not fail to notice the alteration. Who can depend upon the judgment or discretion of a man who is always muddled? Mr. Tremaine found his resources decreasing as his desire to expend them in dissipation increased. His moral sense became blunted. Though much of his private practice had departed, he still retained some valuable public appointments. He now began to sink into a lower deep. His affairs had become so desperate that he embezzled some of the public money which passed through his hands. In order to hide his guilt he was

## WANTED!

forced into forgery and fraud. Thus one sin almost always compels another. Such a course could not last for ever. Suspicions became excited that all was not right in his accounts. He heard a whisper of the doubts that were entertained, and knowing how well he had deserved them, and that detection, exposure, and punishment would certainly follow upon an inquiry, he fled from the place of his birth, the home of his boyhood, the town in which he had passed his early manhood with credit and respect. His flight, of course, confirmed the suspicions hitherto but slight of his dishonesty. When his books came to be examined it was astonishing to find how large were the sums he had abstracted to feed the cravings of a depraved appetite for drink. His heart already enfeebled by disease beat with fearful rapidity at almost every shadow that crossed his path. Justice he felt was on his track, and he scarcely hoped to elude her vigilance. Still he sped away, thinking to escape to France, and in some obscure part of the continent to hide himself from sight. He was waiting at one of the London, Chatham and Dover stations, when his worst fears were realized. He heard the words, "You are wanted !" A detective and a police constable arrested him. This is the painful scene depicted by the artist. The look of agony which passed over his face was so intense that they became alarmed for his And with reason. Before they life. could place him in the carriage the sudden shock brought on an attack of heart disease, and he died in their arms upon the platform of the station !

## LUCY'S DYING WISH; OR, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

WAS a gloomy night, and the clock struck twelve,

And Manchester streets looked drear, When a woman opened her cellar door And gazed in the darkness there.

Her countenance pale, bewildered her look, And stricken with terror she seemed,

That, as she turned back, her once bright eyes, With a maddened staring gleamed.

- "Midnight!" she exclaimed, "and the child is dying !"
- (As she turned back to her room,)
- "Will he never come?" and thoughts of her darling

Filled her mind with sadness and gloom.

- "Mother, dear mother, is the old year gone?" Said a voice quite feeble and slow,
- That came from a bed that stood near the fire, Where the scanty embers burnt low.
- "Was it the church clock that I heard just When I awoke from my sleep?" [now,
- "Yes, darling, and the New Year has come," Said the mother, who could not weep.
- "God grant," she added, with a heavy sigh, "Its end I mayn't live to see !"
- For hers was a home of wretchedness, And great was her misery.
- "Nay, mother, is it not better to say, Whatever our trials may be,--
- "O give me patience to bear it all, O God, as it pleaseth Thee ?"
- "Ah, yes," she replied ; "but without you, my My Lucy ! my darling child ! [child,
- Can I live when you are taken away? The thought of it drives me wild."
- "Yes, mother," said the child, as she laid her hand
- Against the cheek now wet with tears,
- "You must live to help poor father get on Through all the following years.
- "He will come soon, and then I will tell him With my last breath to be kind, [that ?
- And to love you, dear mother. Oh ! what is Is the door shaking so with the wind ?"

As Lucy spoke, a man entered the cellar, And reeled across the floor,

- And, in a rough voice, accosted the child, While the wind still rattled the door.
- "Well, Lucy, child ! art thou better?" he said ; "Let me look at thy bright eyes ?"
- The poor little girl that moment drew back, And gazed on him with surprise.
- "Oh, father, I'm dying !" and her breath came As she uttered a feeble sigh ; [slow,

"Did I not ask you to keep sober," she said, "Dear father, and see me die?"

- For a moment the drunken man was stunned, Nor seemed her word to comprehend ;
- Then, kneeling down beside the bed, he sob-Nor could his negligence defend. [bed,
- "Forgive me, my child !" with faltering voice, And gasping breath, he spoke again ;
- "I forgot—I did not know—" but sad thoughts Filled his tortured soul with pain.
- "Yes, you did know," the wretched wife replied;

"You knew your child was dying !"

- She felt the keenest, heart-sore misery, To see her child there lying.
- "Be patient, mother dear," then said the child, "Bind the wet cloth round his head,
- And let me talk to him; *he* loves me still; He'll listen to what is said."
- "I do, my little Luce ; I do indeed ! And I'll list to what you say ;"
- "Then, father, if you love me, what I ask You'll promise me this day.
- "It is something that will make you happier Than you have ever been before ;
- Even when you both lived within the cot, With the roses round the door.
- "The cottage mother often speaks about, When I was your own dear babe ;
- And you staid at home, and ne'er got drunk, Nor dreadful noises made."
- "Go on !" the father said ; a burst of grief Did make him like an aspen shake ;
- "I know what you want me to promise now, And I will do it for your sake."
- The dying child then whispered earnestly, And wound her arm around his neck,-
- "There are more things than one that I must And which you never will regret. [ask,

- "For I want," she said, "you to promise me, And I trust you'll be sincere,
- That you will make mother once again Truly a Happy New Year !"
- "Well, well, I will ! I'll save my money up, And buy her a bran new gown;
- She shall have my wages on Saturday, Every penny as her own.
- "I'll get my coat and trousers out of pawn, And go to church on Sabbath day;
- Will that make thee happy, Lucy, my child, Or what more shall I say !"
- "Dear father, even that will not be enough ; I want you to begin aright ;
- I want you to feel you're a sinner great— That you are guilty in God's sight.
- "I want you to feel that you deserve Even the worst punishment;
- And I want you to read God's holy book, That you may of your sins repent.
- "I want you to find how Jesus died, To save such sinners everywhere,
- From the dread punishment they deserve, In endless misery and despair.
- "And I want you to pray to God, That His own Spirit may you lead-
- As He has led me—to believe this truth : How Jesus suffered in our stead.
- "And to love Him, too, with all your heart, Ever watching unto prayer;
- Then mother will have indeed, I know, Really a Happy New Year.
- "Oh, father, promise me before I die, You'll remember what I say-
- Try to keep sober for my mother's sake, And do not forget to pray."
- Solemnly, in that hour, did the drunkard To the best wishes of his child; [yield
- And, with her mother's hand within his own, Wept bitter tears the while.
- "Thank God !" said Lucy, when her lips had To move in silent earnest prayer ; [ceased
- "Mother, be patient ! Father, in earnest be ! Then Jesus will be with you here.
- "And the New Year I shall spend in heaven Will be a happy one for all!"

Just then the clock in yon church tower The hour of one did toll.

- "Hark !" said the dying child, "was it a harp I heard ?
- An angel's harp of sweetest sound ;
- Or was it the voice of Jesus !" Sweet music Seems to fill the air around.
- "Where are you—father—mother?" then she "Oh, I cannot see you now; [asked;
- Say, 'Suffer little children...'" and she smiled, As children smile not here below.
- Her mother repeated the loving words, That Jesus spoke so long ago ;
- And a sweet smile lit up the child's pale face, And cast a halo on her brow.
- "Lord,—I—am—com—ing!" she brokenly And peacefully her spirit fled; [said,
- Her parents gazed upon her wasted form— They saw their darling child was dead !
- And from that hour a mighty change was seen In Robert Burton's daily life ; [path,
- He ceased to tread the drunkards' downward But chosed home comforts with his wife.
- Not only did he thus forsake the drink, But a good husband he became ;
- And, on the sacred records of the church, Was seen incribed his humble name.
- That New Year's Day he never did forget, Nor that dear child with flaxen hair,
- Whose artless pleadings, with her dying breath, Brought him a Happy New Year.
- Strong drink is the curse of the poor man's It robs him of earthly joys; [home,
- It embitters the life of his darling ones, And every hope destroys.
- And it leads astray from wisdom's path, The great, the good, and the strong ;
- It robs the church of its brightest gems, And deludes the myriad throng.
- It shatters the health, and destroys the life, More sure than the Upas tree;
- And the victims slain out-numbers by far The war-crushed of land and sea.
- Oh, taste not, nor handle the accursed thing, Though sparkling and bright it appears ;
- It bites like an adder, like a serpent it stings, So the holy book declares.
- Abstain ! oh, abstain ! nor touch it again ; Its use but bringeth a snare !
- But trust in the Lord—be sober, be firm, And enjoy each Happy New Year.

## ROSY'S NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

**COBBIE** and Rose stopped to rest themselves a few minutes upon a great log at the edge of the skating-pond.

"How I wish New-Year's day was over!" sighed Rose, with a thoughtful look.

"Why, dear me," said Rob, "I never knew a girl so anxious to have it come as you were a week ago."

"So I am in one way. Father always makes his Christmas presents on New-Year's day. He likes that way the best. Mother and the rest gives theirs on Chrismas. There is a particular thing I want pretty bad, which I am hoping father will give me. But you see, Robbie, what I don't like is the calling. Em and Laura have so many calls, and the young men behave so shockingly toward evening. They are all half drunk at least by that time, and I always was afraid of drunken men. Then the house is in such confusion for a week afterward, and ma and the girls are so cross. I would not for the world tell anybody but you, Rob, but our Em did act silly last New-Year. I just told father that I believe she had sipped so much wine that it had turned her head. He never laughed a bit, Robbie, but looked as sober down at the hearth-rug. I do believe he had half a mind not to have any wine on his New-Year's table any more. If once he sets his foot down, there is no use in anybody teasing him. He won't change his determination.

"Rosie," said Robbie, enthusiastically, "why could not you persuade your father over to this course? Just set it before him in strong colours. Tell him how many drunkards he will help to make if you do have wine. Tell him how dreadful it would be if your brother Tom should grow up to like it, and all that. I know you could influence him."

"I'll try, Robbie," said Rose, doubtfully.

The next time the two young friends met, it chanced to be on the same skating-pond.

"How did you make out about the New-Year's wine, Rosy?" asked the coldwater boy.

"Splendidly, Rob; I plead away like a lawyer; and when father saw how much in earnest I was, he asked if I was willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of my cause-if I would give up my furs, for instance. It came pretty hard, Robbie, but I told him 'Yes; he need not buy the furs.' So that evening he told mother. The girls cried, and we had a terrible They all thought it would look so time. mean and out of fashion; but father would not yield. He said he had put the cup to his neighbour's lips as long as he intended to. He bought ma a beautiful set of sables for New-Year, and that made her more comfortable. I did not lose my furs, after all, you see, Robbie," she added, looking down admiringly at the nice tippet and muff. "Don't you wish you were a girl, so you could have such warm furs?"

"I'll try to be resigned," said boy Rob; "but you deserve yours, Rosy, for being such a brave, good girl, and doing so much for the cause of temperance already this New-Year. I'm going to fight as hard as I can for the good cause this year, and get every boy and girl to help me that I can."

## THE HOPE OF OUR COUNTRY.

THE hope of our country-the hope of the land,

True Bands of Hope united we stand; Boldly our pledge of freedom proclaim, This is our watch word and motto, 'Abstain!' Brothers and sisters, shout for the right! Brothers and sisters, join us to-night! Help, heart and hand, our hope to sustain, Our watchword and motto—'Abstain! Abstain!'





- 2 He is a hero, staunch and brave, who fights an unseen foe, And puts at last beneath his feet, his passions base and low; And stands erect, in manhood's prime, undaunted, undismayed, The bravest man that drew a sword in foray or in raid.
- 3 It calls for something more than brawn, or muscle to o'ercome An enemy who marcheth not with banner, plume, or drum; A foe forever larking nigh with silent, stealthy tread, Forever near your board by day, at night beside your bed!
- 4 All honour, then, to that brave heart, though poor or rich he be, Who struggles with the baser part, who conquers, and is free; He may not wear a hero's crown, or fill a hero's grave, But truth will place his name among the bravest of the brave!

## "CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE."

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

[CHARACTERS :- William and John.]

## William.

HERE has been a lot of talk lately about "Cleopatra's Needle." Do you know anything about it ?

John. A little, I think.

W. I shall be glad if you will take the trouble to enlighten me upon it.

J. Well, then, what do you wish to know?

W. First of all, what is it made of? My sister's needles are made of steel, with a sharp point at one end and a hole, or eye, at the other. She has also knitting needles, crochet needles, tatting needles, darning needles, and a lot more that I cannot remember.

J. Cleopatra's Needle is not made of steel, but of red granite, which is a very hard and durable stone; it certainly is sharp at one end, but I don't think it has an eye at the other. Your sister, I am sure, would not be able to sew with it, for it is sixty-eight feet five and a-half inches long; its breadth seven feet five inches by seven feet ten and a half inches; and its weight one hundred and eighty-six tons; the cubical dimensions are two thousand five hundred and twenty-nine feet.

W. You say that Cleopatra's Needle has a *point*, but not an eye. I have read somewhere that when Napoleon Bonaparte was in Egypt he pointed to the ancient monuments and exclaimed to his army, "Four thousand years are looking down upon you." Would not this suggest that the needle had an eye as well as a point. For how could they *look* without an eye?

J. Cleopatra's Needle is a needle only in name. When Napoleon spoke to his men of the Egyptian monuments "looking down upon them," he only meant it figuratively.

W. But who was Cleopatra?

J. Cleopatra was an Egyptian Queen; she lived about nineteen hundred years ago; the people loved her very much because she was a good Queen, and to show their respect for her memory they called two of these obelisks by her name,—Cleopatra's Needles.

W. Were there any other "needles" besides these? If so, how many?

J. I think there were about fifty in Egypt altogether, but only thirteen are now known to be in existence. They are not all of the same size, the highest known being one hundred and seven feet seven inches; but the larger number of them are under fifty feet high.

W. But why they should be called "needles," I cannot conceive? I should have thought "monuments" would have been a better name.

J. No doubt it would, but probably the shape has something to do with the name. A needle, you know, is the instrument whereby two pieces of cloth can be brought together, and made into one piece; and so these Egyptian "needles" may be so called because they, by means of the threads of history, connect and bind together the ancient and the modern world.

W. That's rather an ingenious answer, and one I suppose I must accept as satisfactory. I have an impression that these needles are much older than nineteen hundred years; if so, they must have been in existence before Cleopatra's time.

J. O yes, they are very old—not less than from 3,000 to 5,000 years. The obelisk that we are interested in was in



existence in the days of Abraham, and no doubt that he and Isaac and Jacob, have all looked upon it.

W. If so, I can forgive you for saying these "needles" bind the ancient and the modern world by means of the threads of history. But where were they first erected?

J. They were first erected in the city of On, and tradition tells us that our obelisk, and the one now in Alexandra, stood in front of the temple where Moses was educated in Egyptian philosophy. On was called the "City of the Sun," and was located in the land of Goshen. You remember this was the land that Pharoah gave to Jacob and his family, in which to live and feed their flocks, and Joseph married Asenath, the daughter of Potipherah, the priest of On (Gen. xli. 45.).

W. You said On was called the "City of the Sun." Our obelisk, then, comes from the "City of the Sun" to London, the sun of modern cities.

J. Yes, London is without doubt the "Sun of Cities," as regards its size, its commercial enterprise, its literary fame, and its religious, social, and political importance. Its light may be said to penetrate into every part of our world.

W. Were all the "needles" erected in the city of On?

J. No, by no means. As far as I can remember, there were only six erected in that city, and all these have been taken away but one; the one left is the oldest of all, being 5,000 years old !

W. What has become of the others?

J. They have been taken from On, and distributed among various European cities —one in Constantinople, one in Rome, one in Paris, one in Egypt in Alexandra, and the last is devoted to London, our own Metropolis. Each one is the monument of past greatness and departed glory, and should teach the various nations that

possess them lessons of warning, as they clearly set forth the fate, or doom, of those who refuse or neglect their duty to God.

W. I see you know how to moralize! In November (1877) number of the *Band* of Hope Treasury, there was a dialogue on "Talking Stones," and I have no doubt you are able to make these "stone needles" talk. What do they say?

J. These needles are certainly "talking stones." They are covered all over with writing in hieroglyphics. These hieroglyphics are a sort of alphabet. The British "needle" records the doings of Thothmes III., who lived 1,600 years before Christ, or at the time when Joseph was in Egypt; and it also contains a record of the doings of Rameses the great, the persecutor of the Jews when in Egypt, which persecution very largely led to their deliverance in the reign of Menephatah his successor.

W. Well, then, these large stones may be looked upon as the books of the ancients.

J. Just so. Job says, "Oh, that my words were now written! Oh, that they were now printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever."

W. Their books were printed or written on stone with an iron pen, and the stones that are constantly being found from time to time tell us of the doings of men in generations long since past and gone.

J. It is a curious fact, that the "needles" are, or were, located on the east side of the River Nile, and the Pyramids on the west side.

W. What can there be curious about that?

J. The curiosity is in the significant suggestiveness.

W. Of what is it suggestive?

J. The east is the quarter from whence the sun rises, the west the quarter in which he sets.

W. Well, what of that?

J. The rising sun suggests an active life, the setting sun the close of life's little day. The "needles" on the east side record the doings of men while on earth; the Pyramids on the west are sepulchres which contain the dead. Both are monuments—the one of life, the other of death.

W. You seem able to find lessons everywhere and in everything.

J. The lesson the "needles" should teach is so to live that, when the doings of our lives shall be revealed from the records of God at the great day of account, we shall hear the Judge declare before men and angels, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

W. Stone, however hard and durable it may be, will sooner or later crumble away, and the memories recorded will be seen no more; but if our lives are good they will be "written, not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not on tables of stone, but in the fleshly tables of the heart."

J. Thus let our memorials be. Goodbye.

W. Good-bye, my friend.

## LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

The subjoined pleasant little peem is written in the dialect peculiar to the German section of the inhabitants of the United States. In this dialect "der" stands for "the;" "und" for "and;" "mit" for "with;" g for c, and c for g; t for d, and d for t; v for w, and f for v; b for p, and p for b, &c. With this key "Little Jacob Strauss" (pronounced "Strouse") will be readily intelligible.]

HAF von funny leedle poy

Vot gomes schust to my knee;

Der queerest schap, der createst rogue As efer you did see;

He runs und schumps, und schmashes In all parts of der house— [dings

But vot	off do	t. He	vas :	mine	son,
Mine	leedle	Yawco	b St	rauss.	

He got der measles und der mumbs, Und eferyding dot's out;

- He shills mine glass of rasherry, Poots schnuff into mine kraut;
- He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese-Dot vas der roughest chouse;

I'd take dot vrom no oder poy But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

- He dakes der milk pan for a drum, Und cuts mine cane in dwo
- To make der shticks to beat it mit-Mine gracious, dot vos drue!
- I dinks mine head vas schplit abart, He kicks up sooch a touse—
- But nefer mind, der poys vas few Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.
- He asks me questions sooch as dese : Who baints mine nose so red ?
- Who vas it cuts dat schmood blace oudt Vrom der hair ubpon mine hed?
- Und vhere der plaze goes from der lamp Vhene'er der glim I douse ?
- How gan I all dese dings eggsblain To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?
- I sometimes dink I shall go vild Mit sooch a grazy poy,
- Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
- But vhen he vas asleep in ped, So quiet as a mouse,
- I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings, But leaf dat Yawcob Strauss."

## CUTTINGS FOR MY SCRAP BOOK. A Child's Thought.

LITTLE girl was one bright starlight night sitting gazing into the firmament, and intently meditating upon the glories of the heavens; at last she exclaimed aloud, "Father, I have just been thinking if the outstde of heaven is so beautiful, what must the inside be?"

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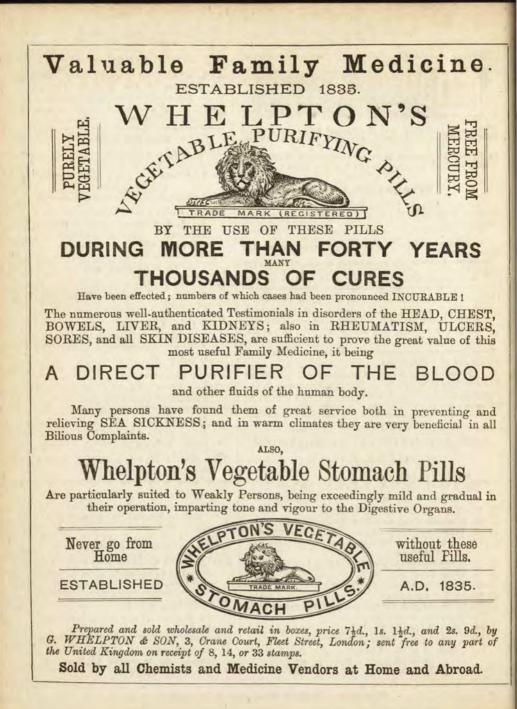
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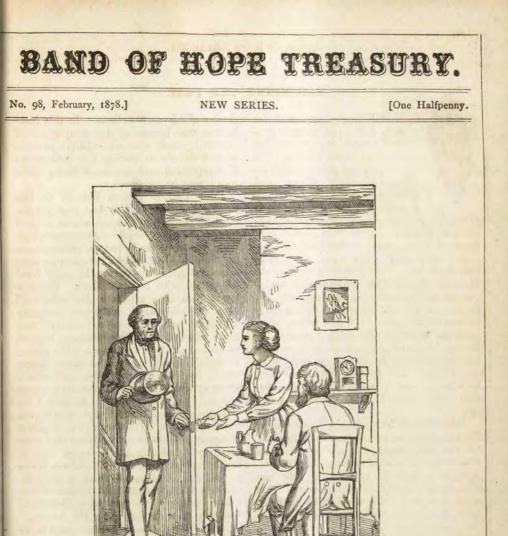
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REDEEMING THE PAST.

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### REDEEMING THE PAST.



MONGST the young men of the village few gave greater promise of a useful and honourable career than John Vernon. He was the son of parents who, although far from affluent, had taken care to give him not only a good education but a good

example. An opening occurring in a commercial house in a large city, some hundreds of miles away, he bade adieu to his native hamlet, and took up his position in the great city. There for a time he held his own against the temptations which surround the paths of young men, removed from the safeguards and protecting influences of home. After a while, however, the want of fellowship began to influence him, and without actually rushing into dissipation, he began to dally with evil things. Ere he had fallen very far, he was rescued by the influence of affection. He married at a somewhat early age.

John Vernon had a happy home, and in the peacefulness of his contented fireside, the few dark scenes of dissipation through which he had passed seemed like the memory of a horrible nightmare. He was advancing rapidly in the esteem of his employers, and his house began to be filled with conveniences and luxuries he could not have hoped for in the earlier years of his married life. A terrible reverse awaited him. He had to undertake a long railway journey on behalf of the firm, and during its continuance he became suddenly unwell. One of his fellow-passengers, with a kindness which has been fatal to so many, plied him with brandy. The fiery spirit coursed along his veins, and when he arrived at the termination of his journey, John Vernon was not reasonable

master of his own actions. In this state he was met by one of the companions of previous years, who had always taken a wicked delight in leading him into scenes of temptation and impure delight. The result may be imagined.

John Vernon roused himself at last from a drunken orgie to find that his neglect of the business upon which he had been despatched had brought serious loss upon the firm, and that in consequance they had discharged him for intemperance and inattention to duty. It went hard for a time with John Vernon. He now found that they who sow the wind will reap the whirlwind. He was sincerely repentant and anxious to retrieve, but trade was bad, and every vacancy seemed to have a hundred applicants. His house, in which he had passed so many happy hours, had to be given up, and article after article of the household furniture had to be sold for bread. At last John Vernon and his wife found themselves the tenants of a carpetless and cold garret in a poor neighbourhood. Here they were seated one morning over a frugal meal of bread and water, when a knock was heard at the door, and in response to their invitation there entered Mr. Melladew, the eldest partner in the firm where John had formerly been employed. "Mr. Vernon," he said, "I have heard several times lately of your efforts to obtain work. I have heard also how, in the midst of your disappointments and troubles you have kept yourself from the vice which caused us to part with you. I think you have been more than sufficiently punished, and as we have now a vacancy in our countinghouse I have come to offer it to you. The position is not so good, either in importance or in remuneration, as that which

you forfeited, but at least it will be better than doing nothing." John Vernon felt deeply grateful for this opportunity of Redeeming the Past, and not less grateful was his faithful wife.

Well did he fulfil his purpose, and rose again gradually in the esteem of his employer until the style of the firm became Melladew and Vernon.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

While we render thanks and praises For Thy mercies through the year.

- Thou hast given us food and clothing,
- Homes of comfort and of joy; Parents, teachers, friends to love us,
- Happiness without alloy.
- Thou hast kept diseases from us, Death's dark shade we have not known,
- And for health of mind and body, We Thy grace and power would own.
- Undearneath and round about us
- Everlasting arms have been, To preserve, sustain, and strengthen,
- And from every ill to screen.
- For the grace of Christ our Saviour, On our souls so richly poured,
- For the light of truth revealed In Thine own most holy word,
- We would render thanks and praises Triune God, alone to Thee,
- And we pray Thy constant favour May our portion ever be.

#### THE DESOLATE.

#### BY REV. WILLIAM GASKELL.

The wide warld I'm left alane, There's nane that cares for me; And yet I cling and cling to life, An' darena think to die. Ah! little, little do they ken, Thae fiends o' human kind, When daffin' wi' them i' their drink,

The weight that's on my mind ;

Ah! little, little guess the curse, Sits burning on my tongue, From out this poor bewildered heart, By scorn and loathing wrung.

Oh! Jamie dear, ye mauna look That sair, sair look at me;

It haunts we still, gae where I will; 'Twill haunt me till I die.

Ye aye were gentle, leal, an' kind, An' precious was your love; An' yet 'twere waur than death to me

- If we could meet above.
- Still, still it was nae wanton thoughts That drew me on to sin;
- But, Jamie, there were our twa bairns, Their bread I couldna win.

I was just near to kill mysel', My wae it grew sae great; But your ain words came o'er me then, "Ye'll lo'e them dearly, Kate."

What could I do? how could I bear To see them pine away—

- To watch their little rosy cheeks Grow paler every day?
- What could I do? how could I bear To hear their wailing cries,
- As up an' down they followed me, Wi' sad beseeching eyes?
- An' didna I then stoop to beg, Wi' proud an' bitter tears? An' wasna scorn my only dole, That maist the bosom sears?
- Wasna my tale a liar's deemed— The door shut in my face,— An' I, before my children's eyes, Spurned like a thing most base?

What could I do? my brain was fire, An' then the tempter came;— God! why should he in honour shine.

An' I be clothed wi' shame?

- Oh! Jamie, lie ye never heard, I' a' your life frae me, An' if it were to come again, Far rather would 1 die!
- Ye canna think, sometimes o' nights, How that sweet days return.
- When hand in hand we wandered on, Down by that wimplin' burn;
- An' how I mind the things ye spake, In your ain gentle way—
- How pure an' blessed then was night! How pure an' blessed day!
- Ah! then I was an honoured wife, An' proud ye were o' me;
- An' wha walked thro' the village street A happier pair than we!

But now I am an outcast here, An outcast mair above; An' there is nae a thing on earth That's left for me to love.

- Nor maun I think o' them that's gane, My mither an' the lave—
- My little Jean, an' bright-eyed Jem, That's sleepin' i' their grave.
- They're gane to dwell wi' you in heaven, Where I maun never be;--
- Why should they go, an' tell the things They went to tell o' me!
- Turn where I may, there's not a gleam O' hope to cheer my breast;
- Gae where I will, it's misery still, I canna, canna rest.
- Oh! that a night might cover me, Mair dark than is the tomb!
- Oh! that I might but sleep a sleep, Where thought could never come!

### KNEE-WORK.

### REV. E. A. RAND.

T DID pity my friend. He had been trying to stand up against the temptation to drink, and Satan had knocked him down again. He was blue, discouraged, heart-sick, when I found him after his fall. He was lying down in the "depths." His success in standing up had been owing to prayer. "Had you prayed?" I asked. No, he had not. Here was something to be done at once. "Let's get right down, and go to work," I said. We knelt. So I prayed. I heard him sobbing. The prodigal was coming back. Then he prayed. I heard his cry for forgiveness. We rose, and at the same time a downcast soul got up from the depths of its despair. How he smiled as he said afterwards, "I am saved !" Knee-work had done it.

And knee-work will do wonders in every direction, simply because it makes a connection with the source of all power— God. He bends in blessing as we bend in prayer. If we want to take our hearts in hand, do it with a bent knee. Penitence, peace, strength will be the result. If you want to take in hand the heart of some one else, let there be knee-work. On your knees plough up the hearts of sinners. On your knees sow in the truth. In the harvest, how the yellow sheaves will stand about us.

We get hints as to success in serving God when we look through His Word. Moses was a man of great knee-power. So were Samuel, Elijah, Elisha, Daniel, —all the Bible worthies. It is said that Peter's knees were worn rugged and callous through praying. It must have been after his fall. He wouldn't have tumbled if he had had that ruggedness on his knees. It would have made a good coat of mail for his soul.

# GOD BLESS THE BAND OF HOPE.

AIR-" God Bless the Prince of Wales." BY UNCLE JOHN.

N bonds of love united
 We henceforth all agree,
 To try and help each other
 To live quite soberly;
 In peace and concord joining,
 Our noble pledge we own,
 And pray, God bless the Band of Hope,
 And all our efforts crown.

God bless our youthful Band of Hope, We'll sing with might and main, And this shall be our motto, God bless our noble Queen.

Though we are but a youthful band, And little we can do, 'Tis little drops of water That make the rivers flow; And one brick on the other Will e'en a castle rear, And by united Bands of Hope Strong drink shall disappear. God bless, &c.

We'll stop the strong drink traffic, As far as we're concerned,
For "TOUCH NOT" is a motto We have not vainly learned;
We'll look not on the wine-cup, Though sparkling it may be,
But try to lead the million To live quite soberly.

God bless, &c.

And if we're spared to manhood, Our pledge we will uphold,
And spread abroad its principles, Its benefits unfold—
'Till thousands more united, Shall in its blessings share,
And Bands of Hope, victorious, Shall flourish everywhere.

God bless, &c.

### LOOK OUT FOR THE WOLVES.

OU never need fear, little children, to meet [street; A wolf in the garden, the wood, or the Red Ridinghood's story is only a fable; I'll give you the moral as well as I'm able: Bad Temper's a wolf which we meet everywhere, [ware!]

Beware of that wolf, little children, be-

I know of a boy, neither gentle nor wise, If you tell him a fault he gives saucy replies; If not having his way in a fury he flies.

Ah! Passion's the wolf with the very large eyes,

So ready to snap, to trample, and tear. Beware of this wolf, little children, beware!

I know of a girl always trying to learn About things with which she should have no concern :

Such mean Curiosity really appears To me like the wolf with very large ears, All pricked up to listen, each secret to share, Beware of this wolf, little children, beware!

And Greediness, that's like the wolf in the wood,

With the very large mouth, ever prowling for food,

That eats so much more than for health can be good ;

That would clear a whole pastry-cook's shop if it could;

That never a dainty to others would spare, Beware of this wolf, little children, beware!

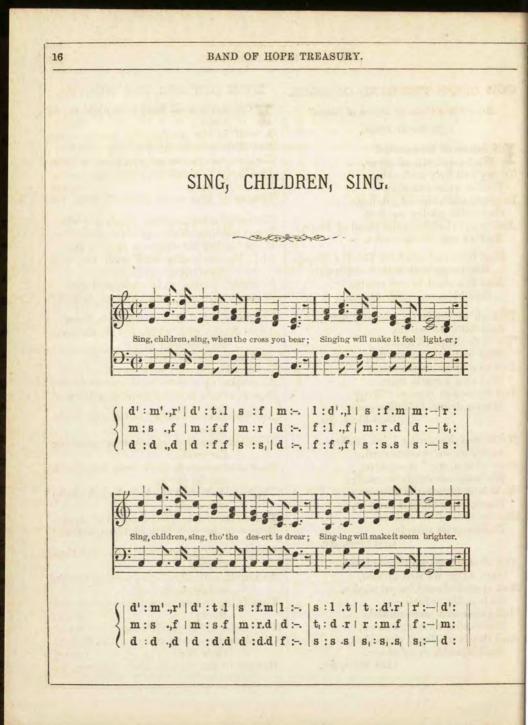
Passion, Prying, and Greediness, each thus appears

As a wolf, with fierce eyes, a large mouth, or big ears;

They bring to our nurseries fighting and fears; [tears;

They cause bitter quarrellings, trouble, and Oh, chase them and cudgel them back to their lair. [ware!

Beware of the wolves, little children, be-





#### THE RULE OF LIFE.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

### Thomas.

ELL, James, my boy, I'm glad to see you once again. I hope you are getting on in life as well as your good looks would indicate.

James. Well, I must say I've not much reason to find fault. I have had two pro-

motions in the office, and each promotion meant an increase of salary.

T. Then I suppose you'll be full of hope that the future may have stores of success awaiting you.

J. I don't trouble myself much about the future. Day-dreams may be all very well in their way, but my motto is to do my duty to-day, and to leave the future to itself, as Longfellow says,—

"Trust no future howe'er pleasant, Let the dead past bury its dead; Act, act in the living present, Heart within and God o'er head."

T. But you don't mean to tell me that when you are performing your duty to-day you have no "eye" on the future.

J. The present is built on the past, and the future will have its foundation in the present. Our duty, if rightly performed to-day, will be the basis upon which tomorrow's duty will rest.

"One by one thy duties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no future dreams elate thee,

Learn thou first what these can teach."

To-day should be the stepping-stone of to-morrow, and in climbing the ladder of life it's better to go quietly on, one step at a time, thus making progress, than to stand at the bottom round gazing at the top and making fine resolutions. T. What you say, James, may be all well and good, but every one ought to have some object in view, some end to attain in life; and just as the architect plans a building before the mason begins to work, so, in starting life, every one ought to have a plan, a purpose to pursue.

J. Plans and specifications may be necessary for building a house, but no man can make a plan of his life. The architect sees the end from the beginning, but no man, however shrewd he may be, can see the future of any life. "We know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth. *Rule* may do for hermits and monks, but not for men in active life.

T. So, you ignore rules, and have no design in life?

J. In that you make a mistake. I have both rule and design. I'm no slave to rule, but it is my rule in everything to exercise patience, prudence, and perseverance. "Whatsoever my hand finds to do, to do it with all my might," my design in life is to

"Build to-day, then, firm and sure, With a strong and ample base, Thus ascending and secure Shall to-morrow find its place."

T. Your ideas seem to me very strange ones, and altogether opposed to what I have always been taught.

J. I rather think you have not learned the lessons correctly. Do you think that James Watt, when he was a young man, laid a plan, and said, "I'll work at it, day and night, and thus invent a condensing engine?" No such thing. He worked hard, day by day, and day by day he gained experience, and as his experience developed, the result was his engine. He



had no idea when he began his study what would be the result.

T. Here comes Benjamin Thompson.

Benjamin—(approaching). Well, my friends, I'm glad to meet you. I don't think we three have been together since we were scholars in the same school.

T. No, I don't think we have. How school-fellows get scattered when they go away to business.

J. And what a variety of tastes there are among scholars in the same class. I don't think there are two who were in our class who have taken to the same profession or business.

B. No; every one has chosen a different occupation. Smith is to be an engineer, Jones a carpenter, Saunders a lawyer, Sinclair has gone abroad, and I suppose will become a merchant; and so with all of us.

T. I'll tell you another thing that strikes me now as rather singular. The lads who were the sharpest in the school have turned out the dullest, and the dullest have wonderfully brightened up.

J. That is so, I know, in one or two cases, but not in all. Hughes was always sharp, and he's sharp still; whereas Edward Griffith was as dull as dull could be, but he's turned out quite a clever fellow, and will yet be the brightest ornament of the school.

T. Yes; and there's Cartwright, who was one of the most stupid lads, but he's "developed," and now is the Secretary of a very important public company.

B. I should think Tom is telling us these things to show that there's some hope, even for him !

T. That's what I call personal. Life is made up of "lights and shades," and if I'm not a "light" I am a "shade," and shady places have their uses as well as bright ones. As I take it, the great thing is to fill the place, and do the work God intends us to do, and thus try to leave the world better than we found it, and then it won't matter very much whether we are bright or not *here*, we shall be bright enough in the world that is to come.

J. Yes, you may be right, but as for me, I believe in making the best of both worlds.

B. So do I, and I see no reason why we should not. If we make the Bible the rule of our life, then we can make the best of both worlds. The Bible says, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

J. Thus you see, Tom, my boy, the Bible enjoins upon us to be diligent in business, and says, "Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

T. Did you notice, James, that Benjamin spoke about "the rule of our life?"

J. Yes, I noticed it; and what of that?

B. I'm all attention. Every life must have its rule, or it would soon be full of blunders.

J. We were talking on that point just as you came up.

T. And James tried to make out that his life was not subject to rule.

B. Either James has made a mistake or you have misunderstood him, Tom.

J. What I wished to impress upon Tom's mind was this, that we could have rules to regulate our habits and conduct; but that we could not possibly enact rules to govern our commercial enterprises and engagements; that these were dependent so much upon others, and were surrounded by so many contingencies, that strict rules could not be observed.

B. I see clearly what you mean, but if we act up to strict rules in our habits and conduct, and these rules are founded upon honest principles, then they will influence

us in all our transactions, whether these be few or many, great or small.

J. My purpose in talking to Tom in the way I did was to disabuse his mind of the idea that he could plan out his life just like the architect plans out a building.

B. That, of course, is impossible; but still we may lay down a plan, and employ all our efforts to carry out that design as nearly as possible, and I do think that a life without a design may prove purposeless in the end.

T. You two fellows may be clever—I don't envy you. If you have "many talents" God will require much from you. "To whom much is given much will be required," saith the Scriptures.

B. Yes, but God demands of everyone, whether their talents be few or many, that they use them to the best possible advantage.

J. I intend to use all the energy and strength I possess to promote the interests of my employers, and thus secure their confidence and respect.

T. I think that is as it should be, as far as it goes, but we were not sent into the world simply to accumulate wealth. God has higher purposes for us to serve. My desire is to do my duty to God and man, and thus seek to be useful and good, and try to leave the world better than I found it.

B. That should be the "rule of life" of each of us, and I trust we shall all follow it.

### A GOOD RULE.

When urged to do a selfish deed, Pause, and your course review; Then do to others as you would That they should do to you. When doubtful which is right, which This you can safely do: [wrong,

Yes, do to others as you would That they should do to you.

Oh, simple rule ! oh, law Divine ! To duty thou'rt a clue.

Child, do to others as you would That they should do to you.

ON HEARING A DIRGE PLAYED BY AN ORGAN, ONE SUNDAY NIGHT, IN A DRAM-SHOP.

BY REV. WILLIAM GASKELL.

DIRGE! 'tis meet ; where else should breathe

The notes of grief and gloom,

If not where Sin and Folly wreathe The chaplets for the tomb?

Ah! in that low, wild, brooding strain, Well, well may fancy hear

The wail of woe, the moan of pain, The trembling tones of fear.

Faintly it gathers back again The sounds that hence have flowed,----

The sighs and groans of ruined men, From many a drear abode.

But ah ! what notes may dimly tell, How hearts have silent bled,

Hopes grown to shame, hopes turned to And children pined for bread! [hell!

What notes but feebly utter forth, How souls that looked to heaven,

Have quenched their light, and lost their And downward madly driven ! [worth,

What notes but glimmeringly reveal How far the poisonous breath

From each vice-tainted one may steal, Transmitting woe and death!

One note alone can these things show-The shivering trumpet-blast,

Which every grave shall open throw, And all the dreadful past!

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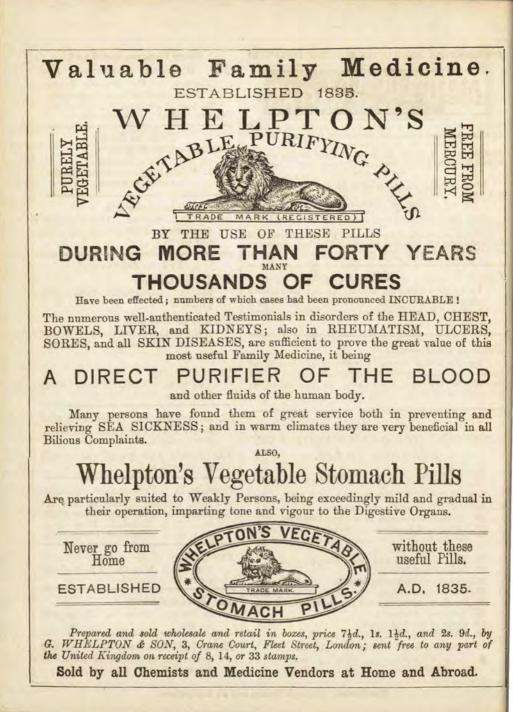
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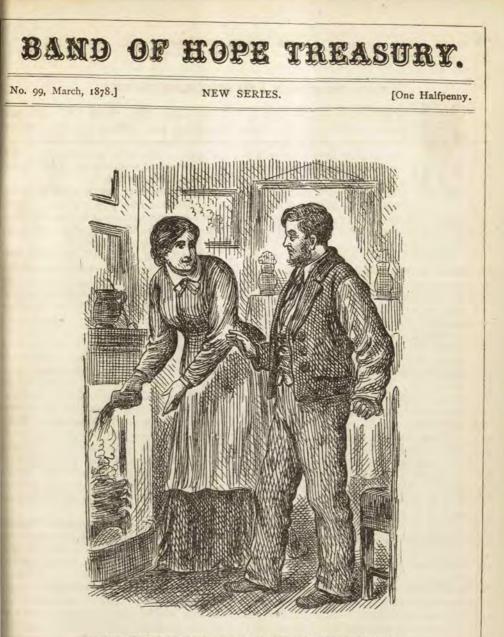
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STEPPING-STONES AND STUMBLING-BLOCKS.

### STEPPING-STONES AND STUMBLING-BLOCKS.



HANK God there *are* steppingstones everywhere in life; helps to fording streams and crossing rivers; firm rests upon which some tottering foot may stand a moment, half way between a life of the past and a holier future longed for; a step by

which men climb to higher thought and life : a power which is ever healthy, helpful, and holy.

John Belton went home from a meeting under deep conviction of sin. So many things had prepared the way to it. His favourite sister had sickened and died, praying with her last breath, "O! John, seek the Saviour in life that you may go to Him in death." His pet child had had a long illness, and her gentle speech and pretty ways, her prattle about "Gentle Jesus," and "if she went to her home where Jesus was would father come too?" All this had gently opened the door of the heart which had for long weary years been fast closed.

There was one thought uppermost in John's mind as he left that meeting,—"It's God the Holy Spirit that has convinced me of sin. I mustn't 'grieve that Holy Spirit.' I must give up my drink, or I'll soon be back again in the woeful sleep of forgetfulness! O! to have strength never to touch another drop!"

John entered his cottage—the tidiest and prettiest in that row of houses. A light was burning on the table, supper was set, and—and—yes, the good wife had not forgotten to put his glass of beer beside his plate. Now for the conflict! "I mustn't touch it! No!" "That you may—it's there! why should you waste it? Begin to-morrow!" "Ah, why should I waste it? Happy thought! I'll just take it this once. No! Shall I?" All this time John was walking round and round the table with his eyes fixed on the tempting glass. His wife saw him thus, and with her quick womanly wit took in the circumstances at a glance.

"O, if it's that that's puzzling you, Jack, I'll decide for you, my man!" and, with womanly tact, equal to her wit, Mrs. Belton took the tempting glass and emptied it bodily into the fire.

"And that saved me!" said John Belton, when months afterwards he told me God had heard his cry and forgiven him his sins. He had been attending one of my meetings that night, when the Holy Spirit convinced him of sin. I had known and visited his sister on her death-bed. All things led on to John Belton's telling me somewhat freely "how it all came about." "You see my Polly never hesitated a moment. Half the women would have thought it wrong to waste the beer. Some would have taken it themselves rather. Many would have said, 'Well, do you give it up; but I don't mean tothe little I take can't do anybody any harm.' You see any one of these things might have killed the new-born desire within me, but Polly knew what she was about. Thank God, she did just what she did !"

And I, from my heart, said, "Thank God" too; and when, as time went on, I witnessed in John Belton the new life, which grew out of the new birth, I praised God yet more to think that He permitted men and women everywhere to be "workers together with Him," and that, in no set way which might become a strain or an exaction, but in *faithfully doing the little things of life*, one by one, as they were given to be done.

Reader, are you a stepping-stone or a stumbling-block?—From "Stepping-stones and Stumbling-blocks." No. 78, Strange Tales. Price 1d. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney.

### BE UP AND DOING.

For who a single talent hides The tenfold increase misses;

With busy hand and active brain, Our strength we are renewing,

And if aught worthy we'd achieve We must be up and doing.

We wait in vain for fortune's purse To fill our lap with treasure,

And lose our interest on the notes We sacrifice to pleasure.

In misery and poverty Our folly we'll be rueing,

So while the golden moments last We'd best be up and doing.

A holiday once in a while Adds strength unto endeavour,

But who would prize a jubilee That lasted on for ever?

So if we have our work to do-And who can do without it?

We never shall accomplish much Unless we set about it.

There is no room for idle men In this great hive of labour,

Where each a duty owes himself, A duty owes his neighbour :

Beneath your feet, within your hearts, The soil must have renewing,

So from your lethargy awake-To-day be up and doing.

Old age is coming on apace— How swift the hours are flying ! And soon beneath the churchyard stone

At rest you will be lying !

Live while you live; each noble aim Attentively pursuing: For if you would to honour rise You must be up and doing. —Waverly Magazine.

# ALICE CARY'S SWEETEST POEM.

• F all the beautiful pictures That hang on Memory's wall, Is one of a dim old forest,

That seemeth best of all; Not for its gnarled oaks olden, Dark with the mistletoe;

Not for the violets purple

That sprinkle the vale below ; Not for the milk-white lilies

That lean from the fragrant hedge, Coqueting all day with the sunbeams,

And stealing their golden edge; Not for the vines on the upland

Where the bright red berries rest; Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslip,

It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother

With eyes that were dark and deep— In the lap of that olden forest

He lieth in peace asleep ; Light as the down of the thistle,

Free as the winds that blow,

We rove there the beautiful summers, The summers of long ago;

But his feet on the hills grew weary, And one of the Autumn eves

I made for my little brother A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded My neck in a meek embrace,

As the light of immortal beauty Silently covered his face;

And when the arrows of sunset Lodged in the tree-tops bright,

He fell in his saint-like beauty, Asleep by the gates of light.

Therefore, of all the pictures

That hang on Memory's wall, The one of the dim old forest Seemeth best of all.

# AN ACROSTIC.

- B AND OF HOPE TREASURY, messenger true,
- A magazine monthly, the children's "review;
- N o paper or pamphlet gives me so much pleasure,
- D raws forth such delight as this sweet, little treasure.
- O ft I sit and I read it, and study each page,
- F or wisdom it teaches to youth and to age;
- H onour, virtue, and temperance it always sets forth;
- O nward, upward its motto, and true moral worth;
- P ursue what is good, and noble, and strong,
- E ver stick to the right, and despise what is wrong.
- T rue precepts are these to guide me aright,
- R egard for them ever, will keep my heart light;
- E nvy, hatred, and malice I never shall know,
- And ne'er feel a sorrow of sadness or woe.
- S uch then I resolve, and with help from above,
- U nto Christ will I live, and embrace His fond love;
- R ejoice in His favour, and praise Him for ever,
- Y et thankful He gives me the Band of Hope Treasure.

G. W. Armstrong.

Cardiff, Feb. 4th, 1878.

### THERE'S DUST ON YOUR GLASSES.

DON'T often put on glasses to examine Katy's work ; but one morning not long since I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping. "Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired; "this room is very dusty." "I think there's dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said modestly. And sure enough the eye-glasses were at fault, and not Katy. I rubbed them, and everything looked bright and clean, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said,—"I'm glad it was the glasses and not me this time." This has taught me a good lesson, I said to myself upon leaving the room, and one I shall remember through life.

That evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so and so, and she had said so and so. When her story was finished, I said, smiling, "There is dust on your glasses, Katy; rub them, and you will see better." She understood me and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other, "Oh, there's dust on your glasses." Sometimes I am referred to, "Mamma, Harry has dust on his glasses; can't he rub it off?"

When I hear a person criticising another, condemning perhaps a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person or persons, I think right away, "there's dust on your glasses, rub it off." The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses, only the dust is a little thicker on some than others, and needs harder rubbing to get it off.

I said this to John one day, some little matter coming up that called forth the remark, "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he; "there is Mr. So and So, and Mrs. So and So, they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint; I don't know, I don't like them." "I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now." He laughed

and asked, "What is a body to do?" "Keep your own well rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not." "I will," he replied. I think as a family we are all profiting by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of—"There is dust on your glasses."—Maud Manning, in "New York Observer."

# ON A NAUGHTY LITTLE BOY, SLEEPING.

#### BY BRET HARTE.

UST now I missed from hall and stair A joyful treble that had grown As dear to me as that grave tone That tells the world my older care.

And little footsteps on the floor Were stayed. I laid aside my pen, Forgot my theme, and listened—then Stole softly to the library door.

No sight ! no sound !—a moment's freak Of fancy thrilled my pulses through; "If—no"—and yet, that fancy drew A father's blood from heart and cheek.

And then—I found him! There he lay, Surprised by sleep, caught in the act, The rosy Vandal who had sacked His little town, and thought it play.

The shattered vase; the broken jar; A match still smouldering on the floor; The inkstand's purple pool of gore; The chessmen scattered near and far.

Strewn leaves of albums lightly pressed This wicked "Baby of the Woods;" In fact, of half the household goods

This son and heir was seized—possessed. Yet all in vain, for sleep had caught

The hand that reached, the feet that strayed;

And, fallen in that ambuscade, The victor was himself o'erwrought, What though torn leaves and tattered book Still testified his deep disgrace; I stooped and kissed the inky face,

With its demure and calm outlook.

Then back I stole, and half beguiled My guilt, in trust that when my sleep Should come, there might be One who'd keep

An equal mercy for His child.

### THE DRUNKARD'S DEATH.

HAT makes this shivering, cold sensation—

Is it drink, drink?

I'm dying !---no, 'tis weak imagination; Give me drink, drink.

I've lived a life of vile transgression-Worshipped drink, drink.

But now what's use of childish, soft confession?

Give me drink, drink.

My child is doomed to live on pity, oh! cold pity,

Fruits of drink, drink!

Oh, dear ! begone thou mournful ditty ; Give me drink, drink !

My wife died broken-hearted; oh, yes, broken-hearted;

Fiendish drink, drink;

I see her—ah, the chasm! we are parted, ever parted;

Give me drink, drink.

This is water ! you are mocking ; ah, yes, mocking ;

Give me drink, drink;

I'm dying—help, help : oh, 'tis shocking; oh, oh, shocking :

Give me-giv-drink!





2 Will you meet me at the fountain? For I'm sure that I shall know Kindred souls and sweet communion, More than I have known below; And the chorus will be sweeter, When it bursts upon my ear, And my heaven seem completer, If your happy voice I hear.—tho. 2 Will you meet me at the fountain ? I shall long to have you near, When I meet my loving Saviour, When His welcome words I hear. He will meet me at the fountain, His embraces I shall share ; There'll be glory at the fountain, Will you, will you meet me there ?—Cho.

### BE PROMPT.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

# Harold.



OU'RE a fine fellow, Richard Longher, to make an engagement and come late. Promptness is the very soul of business, and he who comes late, not only wastes his own time, but that of other people also.

*Richard.* If you didn't look so pleasant over it, I should be disposed to accept your recognition as a reprimand; but your kindly smile takes away the sting your words would otherwise leave.

H. Smiles, or no smiles, promptness should be observed by everyone. It is said of an American statesman that, on one occasion, one of his secretaries came to his office very late, and excused himself by saying his watch had deceived him, his master replied, "Either you must get a new watch, or I a new secretary."

R. I should like to know who authorized you to be a mentor on these matters? I suppose your "large talk" arises from the fact that you happen to be early for once, and I accidentally happen to be late. Now, come, old fellow, you know the proverb, "Better late than never."

H. Yes, Dick, I know the proverb, but think I can improve upon it, "Better never late."

R. Harold, my dear boy, are you never late? A thousand things might arise to make a fellow break an engagement, and cause him to be late. I think people are to be blamed who make engagements, and through thoughtlessness or carelessness, do not keep them; but when unforeseen events arise there is a perfect excuse.

H. It's better, Dick, you'll always

find, not to make excuses. Excuses, to a business man, are more objectionable, if such is possible, than want of promptness. You know what the poet Pope says, "An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie; for an excuse is a lie guarded." And Shakespeare, speaking of promptness, says,—

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well It were done quickly."

R. I suppose it's no use arguing with you, you'll have your own opinions after all I say, and you don't seem to attach much importance to my opinions.

H. Your opinions, my dear fellow, to me are worth as much as anybody else's, that is, if they are sound ones; but when you have the opinions and experiences of all truly great and noble men against you, you cannot, I am sure, blame me if I differ from you, and try to change your views, and put you right.

R. Yes, yes, that's right enough; but you know that maxims and proverbs are not infallible, and sometimes they can be used just in exactly the reverse way than that for which they are intended; and you know that the experiences of men vary according to circumstances.

H. The latter part of what you say I am quite ready to admit, but I hardly think you can substantiate what you say about proverbs.

R. Oh yes, I can.

H. Give me an instance.

R. Well, I'll take a very common proverb, the one teaching early rising and its advantages,—" The early bird gets the early worm."

H. Well, and is not that true?

R. True enough it may be; but don't you see that, whilst it shows the advantage

of early rising as regards the bird, it also shows the *disadvantage* of early rising as it regards the worm. If the worm had only stopped in bed, it would not have been eaten.

H. I see; indolence can be ingenious. Dick, now, I put it to you straight, and give me a straight reply, without any evasion, Is it not better to be early and prompt than to have to make excuses for irregularities?

R. I should think no one in his senses would deny that; he who acts with cautious promptness is a hero, or will become one in a greater or less degree. They are only drones who lag behind. He who would succeed must lead.

H. That is the reason so many men have to follow; they have not sufficient decision and promptness of action to stand in the forefront,—

"We cannot all lead in the battle of life: The weak must go to the wall."

**R**. Decision and force of character are necessary to make men leaders, and none can be so without.

H. Well, then, I hope you'll not forget it, and if you make engagements keep them promptly; and if you have any duty to perform do it at once. Industry says, "That thou doest do quickly." Sloth says, "Put it off to a more convenient season."

> "Don't tell me of to-morrow; Give me the man who'll say When a good deed's to be done, Let's do that deed to-day!

We may command the present, If we act and never wait; But repentance is the phantom Of the past, that comes too late !"

R. Yes, repentance is very well in its way, but repentance cannot redeem a misspent life, or make a life of sloth and indolence into one of usefulness and pleasure. H. Time lost cannot be redeemed; its follies may be repented of and be forgiven, but time once past is beyond redemption. How necessary we should "Act in the living present," and act to some good purpose.

R. It's the only way to live a satisfactory life—a life that can be looked back upon with pleasure and gratification.

H. I trust, Richard, we may both live such a life. It's a terrible thing to waste the smallest fragment of time. I'll recite you a piece of poetry, and then I must bid you farewell. It's called—

### A LOST DAY.

"Lost! lost! lost! A gem of countless price, Cut from the living rock, And graved in paradise; Set round with three times eight, Large diamonds, clear and bright; And each with sixty smaller ones, All changeful as the light.

"Lost! lost! lost! I feel all search is vain; That gem of countless cost Can ne'er be mine again. I offer no reward,

For till these heart-strings sever, I know that heaven-entrusted gift

Is reft away for ever. "But when the sea and land,

Like burning scroll have fled, I'll see it in His hand, Who judgeth quick and dead; And when of scathe and loss That man can ne'er repair,

The dread enquiry meets my soul, What shall I answer there?"

R. That's a nice piece; send it to the Editor of the *Band of Hope Treasury*. I'm sure he'll insert it, and I trust it may be the means of showing many members of our Bands of Hope the importance of utilizing every possible moment, so that at last they may be able to give a good account of themselves. Good-bye, Harold, my boy, success to you.

H. Thank you, Richard. Good-bye.

<ul> <li>SCRIPTURE DOUBLE ACROSTIC. BY UNCLE JOHN. No. 1.</li> <li>1.—The father of one of David's mighty men;</li> <li>2.—Paul's opprobious name as follower of the Nazarine;</li> <li>3.—What Ephraim was joined unto, and then was left alone;</li> <li>4.—Jeroboam's father, a servant of king Solomon;</li> <li>5.—Third son of Ishmael, whose name a city bore;</li> <li>6.—The mountain on which Moses went, and was seen no more;</li> <li>7.—An instrument of music, on which Jubal played;</li> <li>8.—What Paul cast from the ship, ere the storm was stayed;</li> <li>9.—The fuel that Abraham took to sacri- fice his son;</li> <li>10.—One of the sons of Aaron—name of the youngest one;</li> <li>11.—Friend of one who found favour in the harvest field;</li> <li>12.—The place where John baptized, which did much water yield;</li> <li>13.—At Goshen, when Joseph his aged father met; That which he fell upon, and tears of affection wept.</li> <li>First the <i>initials</i>, then the <i>finals</i> take, A sentence will appear,</li> <li>Which forms a noble pledge of abstinence, to which we should adhere.</li> <li>THE DRAM SELLER.</li> <li>Who is it makes the rates so high ? I think I have him in my eye.</li> <li>Who is it makes our nation's woe ? Makes virtue droop, and vice to grow ?</li> </ul>	<ul> <li>Who is it robes his daughters gay Like gaudy butterflies in May ?</li> <li>Who sends his sons to th' boarding- school, To learn the graces as by rule ?</li> <li>Who is it eats the children's bread, And gives them shavings for their bed ?</li> <li>Who is it makes poor wives to weep, And robs them of refreshing sleep ?</li> <li>Who is it makes the maniac glare, And gnash his teeth, and tear his hair ?</li> <li>Who is it palls our isle with gloom ?</li> <li>Who is it palls our isle with gloom ?</li> <li>Who is it palls our isle with gloom ?</li> <li>Who is it orans our city jail ?</li> <li>Who is it builds the convict ship, And sends his customers a trip ?</li> <li>Who is it rears the scaffold high, For man to swing 'twixt earth and sky ?</li> <li>Who is it breaks the Sabbath day, While other people praise and pray ?</li> <li>Who is it that his ill-got gain Doth bear the frightful curse of Cain ?</li> <li>Who is it courts the frown of God ?</li> <li>Who is it tolls the passing bell, And sends men where I quake to tell?</li> <li>Whose traffic blighted must decay Before the pure, bright Temperance ray ?</li> </ul>

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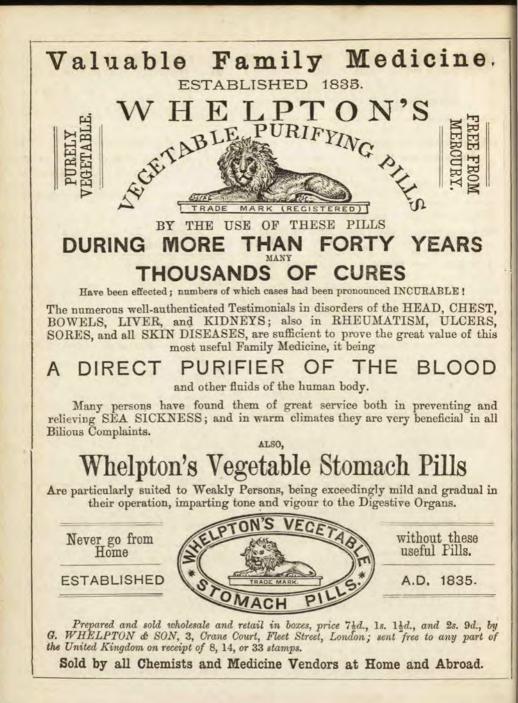
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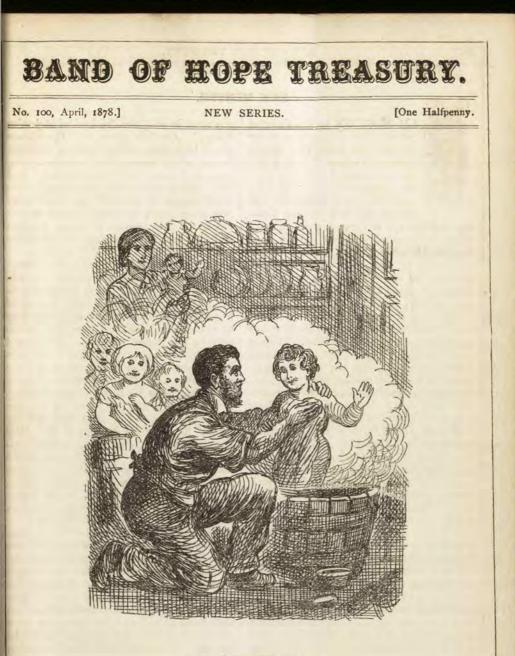
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SAM MENTON.

SAM MENTON.

faith.



AM MENTON took a cheerful view of life; things were never so bad but what they might have been worse. "Well, well," he would say, "there's no good in crying over spilt milk; it's easy enough to complain, but be on the look out for bless-

ings, and they'll be for ever turning up!" Often when coming home after a hard day's work in the factory, and finding his somewhat delicate wife tired with long standing at the wash-tub, he would coax her to sit down and have "a bit of rest, and let him just for once get the tea ready!" (How often he had "just for once" undertaken the same thing would be difficult to reckon.) Sarah Menton would brighten up, and feel ten per cent. better, while watching her husband as he busied himself in setting the tea things, cutting the bread and butter for the children, and doing the various little things suggested by "getting the tea ready."

Sometimes on "tub night" Sam Menton would insist upon his right and privilege to take his turn to bath the children, and those were bright times for the little people. O! such splashing and fun! Such racing round the kitchen with little bare feet! Such climbing up father's knees! Such rides on father's shoulder! Saturday night was the very happiest and best night of the whole week, when it was father's turn to bath them. Sometimes it was a little difficult to hush the merry voices into the solemn tones of prayer. A little burst of laughter would come just as all were kneeling down, and then there had to be a pause, and it was the mother's gentle voice which said, "Hush! the Lord Jesus likes to hear you laugh in playing time, but when you come to pray to Him

# you must be still, and think of what you're doing." Another effort, and the silence would be perfect, and all together the little voices would repeat the "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," the "Our Father," and the "God bless father and mother,"—the sweet prayers of childish lips which daily rise from many thousand homes as one voice, full of the pathos of lisping tongues and the touching eloquence of child-like

Sam Menton did not stand at anything. When, from some unexpected circumstance, "things had got a little behindhand at home during the day," instead of fretting himself and others by giving way to grumbling, he was all energy to do his part to get things straight. He did not believe, as some men do, that if the man be the bread-winner of the family, it is the wife's duty to be the care-bearer-" share and share" was his theory. He believed that many a home "got all wrong because the poor wife and mother was left by herself to bear the burden of the daily anxieties and worries. It was a hard matter," he would say, "if a husband couldn't lend an ear to his wife's troubles, and show a little sympathy for trials which, triffing in themselves, amounted, when borne alone, to a burden which was always in a measure depressing to one's spirits!"

Acting upon the principle "that a little help is worth a great deal of pity," I have occasionally seen Sam Menton (with one of his wife's brown holland aprons tied round his waist) hard at work on his knees, scouring the kitchen floor! "The missis has gone to lay down with a bad sick head ache," or "the missis has been called off to go to her mother," would be his reply to my amused look of enquiry. (Amused! it looked so comical to see him

with his apron on, and to watch his energetic movements, as he threw all his heart into the work in hand, that I could not forbear a smile, yet how I honoured the man!) Ah, some men-and perhaps some women, too-would laugh at Sam Menton for attempting to do work of this sort; but let them understand, as 1 did, why he did it, and laughter will change to respect, amusement to admiration. The man who can, at the risk of being laughed at, do anything and everything, "which his hand findeth to do," or, in other words, which come before him as something needing to to be done, is a brave man, and no fool! -From "Husbands and Husbands." No. 77, Strange Tales. Price 1d. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney.

# THE STORY OF JIMMY MYLING.

#### BY UNCLE JOHN.

JAMES MYLING was a labouring man, For odd jobs always ready; But as he to the "Anchor" went, At all times was not steady.

The "Anchor," kept by Mister Plint, Was near the quay quite handy; So Jimmy often drank *small beer*, When he'd no cash for brandy.

But one day Jimmy drank too much— 'Tis said three quarts of *tuppenny* !— But many others did the same, If they could not get *thruppenny* !

On going out, an awkward step Before the door deceived him; He stumbled, fell, and hurt his leg; The doctor soon relieved him.

He soon got well, but with a limp He ever had to jog on; And if he should a journey take, Would get a lift by waggon.

"A quart of tuppenny !" Jimmy said, "With penny loaf for munching, Would help a lame duck o'er a style, Or serve a man for luncheon !" He to the "Anchor" held through life; But it was always slipping-Slipping his wages in the till For drink that he was sipping. His wife and children wanted bread, And oft were seen in tatters; While at the "Anchor" fire he sat, And talk'd of public matters. He would reform the Government! He would have all things equal! But that he needed a reform, Now just glance at the sequel. 'Twas not too late : Ralph Holker\* then Teetotal was proclaiming; And if he had but signed the pledge, Safe anchorage would be gaining.

But total abstinence, by him, From strong drink was rejected; And the result, as oft the case, Was what might be expected.

The "Anchor" always kept him poor; The landlord often snubbed him,

When he had not the money got ; At last of home it robbed him.

For when no longer hale and strong, To work was not well able,

Nor any little odd jobs do, The "Anchor" slipped the cable.

And to the workhouse Jimmy went, His wife by death was taken ;

His children scattered, he was soon Forgotten and forsaken.

\* Ralph Holker was the godfather of the word "Teetotal," for on one occasion, when addressing a public audience, he wanted to express himself as to total abstinence from intoxicating drink, and stammered out "tee-tee-tee-total;" and "teetotal," and "totalism," became words of universal use.

### WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID. BY W. L.

IN one of our large manufacturing towns in Yorkshire, some of the teachers in a large Sunday school formed a Band of Hope. Nearly all the children who joined it were very poor, living in low crowded courts and streets where very little bright sunlight ever entered. Some of them had drunken fathers, who neglected their families to go to the public-house, and left their wives to do as best they could with the children. But there were some children from these poor families who grew fond of the Band of Hope, and would seldom miss the meetings, and tried to help their teachers by reciting pieces and singing. Others made it their constant work to try and bring others to hear the addresses which were given every week, and to try and persuade them to sign the pledge. But there was one little girl, about ten years old, whose name was Lettie, and after she had come a few weeks, began to think she must try and do all she could to do some good to those about her. She had listened to one of the speakers, who was telling them how much children can do, and, instead of thinking that she was too little for any work, she determined to try. Where was she to begin? She could not make a long speech; and people would not care much to hear her sing Temperance melodies in the streets. So she thought, "I'll begin at home!" Well, how was she to begin? She asked her little sister to come; and the next week she came, hold of her little sister's hand; and after the meeting was over, she took her sister to the secretary, and asked him for a paper to take home to her father and mother, asking their leave for her sister to sign the pledge. The next week she brought her sister again, with the paper signed, and got her pledge card. After

another week or two she came with her brother, whom she had persuaded to come. Now her brother was older than she was, but her good example had worked on him, and he also signed. But one night she came, looking so bright and smiling, with her brother and sister, and behind her father and mother came too. When all the speakers had done, and the meeting was dispersing, they came to the table and asked to sign the pledge, and you can fancy how pleased Lettie was, when they put down their names, and all the family, except the baby, were pledged teetotalers. After her mother had signed the pledge, the secretary asked her what had made them come to the meeting. She said, "Why, it's our Lettie would have us come." The reply was, "I hope she has not been teasing you about coming, and so annoyed you about it." Lettie's mother said, "Oh, no! but when she used to come home she told us all you had said at the meetings, how so many people were made unhappy by drink; and then she would tell us about the pieces that had been repeated, and sometimes sing the melodies which she had learned at the Band of Hope. And then she asked us if we would go and hear the speakers. At first we didn't like to come, but she kept on week after week, and told us that there were men and women went, so we thought we'd come to see. So you see we're here, and shall like to try and be teetotal too."

When they all got the pledge cards they were put up over the kitchen fireplace, and made quite a pretty sight. Father, mother, and children all tectotalers, brought by a little girl.

"Yes," you may say, "I have tried, and my father and mother won't come." Never mind, try again; but don't tease them about coming: always ask nicely and kindly, and if you see they are annoyed or troubled about it, wait till another time.

Then there are your schoolfellows and playmates, ask them, and tell them what you hear at the Band of Hope, and how the meetings are held, and perhaps one of them will come some night with you.

Perhaps some night, when you go to the meeting there may be some boys and girls near the door playing; you can ask them to come in, and so may be the means of doing them good.

But whatever you try to do for the Band of Hope always remember that you can pray to God to bless it, and to help you to do what is right. Some day when you are praying to Him and to Jesus to know what to do, or to help you to win some one over, your prayers will be answered. If every Band of Hope boy and girl were to start both praying and "trying" what they could do, we should soon have far more good work done. Try to imitate the example of little Lettie, who though young, poor, and uneducated, tried her best and succeeded through it all.

### THE MONSTROUS VAT.

OR, THE BLACKMAN'S FATE. By UNCLE JOHN.

H, have you not heard of a monstrous vat, That once in a brewery stood; In which there was drowned an old tom-cat, But the beer was thought very good?

Some thousands of gallons this vat would contain, Of the drink that drunkards make; And when it was out, they would fill it again,

For the moderate drinkers' sake.

For many long years this great vat was filled With the drink quite up to the brim; We've heard it declared, that a person so skilled, Might with ease sail a boat therein.

But there's a sad tale of this vat to be told, A tale that is known to be true;

That beer-drinkers all—the young and the old— Should ponder and often review. It is said that a blackman there did toil, And assist in the making of beer---The malt and the hop in the water to boil, And Paradise grains to mix there. A long plank was placed across the vat, Which the boiling beer did contain ; The blackman, in passing, fell in like the cat, And there for some time did remain. He was missed from his work, but no one thought

That in the great vat he was drowned ; Till the beer was drawn off—he was not sought—

But then at the bottom was found.

But what of the beer—each barrel well filled — That was sent the country through ?

The drinkers declared the brewer well skilled, 'Twas the best he ever did brew.

Then moderate drinkers beware ! beware ! And topers of every degree !

Lest you get a sup of the blackman's beer, Or double X C A T.

We pity the blackman who lost his life In this monstrous vat of beer ;

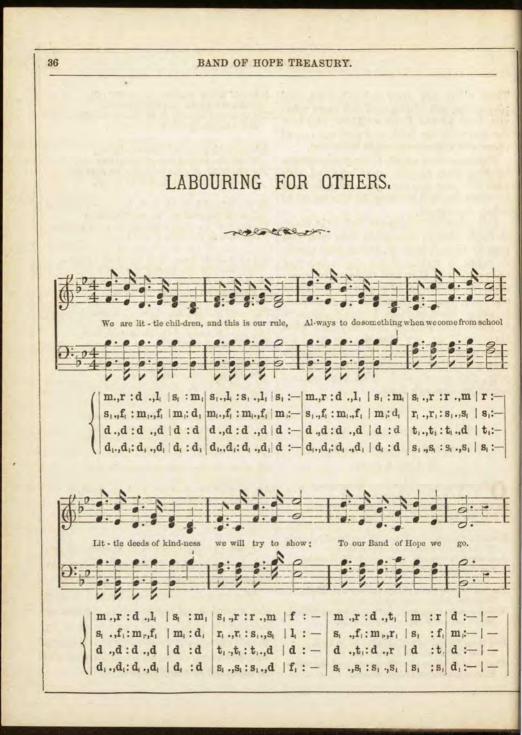
But cases of death through the drink are rife Through the country everywhere.

Look at the army of drunkards who came From the ranks of the moderate men, And at those who die in sorrow and shame, And sixty thousand are seen.

Oh, then, in pity, ye Christians, abstain From the drink that drunkards make. And ne'er let the stuff pass your lips again, For your brothers' or sisters' sake.

A weekly publication is announced entitled, "SOCIAL NOTES," under the directing editorship of Mr. S. C. HALL.

The purpose is to consider and discuss the several social topics which agitate or interest the public mind : and to do so by the aid of eminent writers, social reformers, and advocates of social progress who will be accepted as "authorities."



37



2 We are little soldiers, fighting for our cause;
While we march to conquest, loud our voices ring;
While we wear our armour, we will boldly sing
Temperance is a noble thing. Labouring, &c.

3 We are little travellers, journeying below, To that happy land where all good children go; Soon we'll reach our home where there's no pain or woe, And where sorrows never come. Labouring, &c.

### HOW CARRY MANAGED IT.

A DIALOGUE FOR BOY AND GIRL. BY S. KNOWLES, (AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER.") [Enter Charley Hughes, with letter in his hand.]

# Charley Hughes.



ELL, now, I don't know whether to go or not. Here is a letter from my old school-fellow, John Jenkins, inviting me to the Annual Meeting of their Band of Hope Society, which, he says, will be a first-rate

affair. Let me see-ah, here it is-(reads the letter)-" Do come, Charley, old boy, I am sure you will be delighted. We shall have singing, speeches, and recitations, and I know not what. Indeed, if you have never been to a Band of Hope meeting, I am sure you will be surprised, pleased, and edified. I know you are a little prejudiced against the 'Temperance notions,' as you call them, but only come, and my word for it, we shall do you good." Now, John says right, I am, not a little, but a great deal prejudiced against this namby-pamby child's play. It seems so ridiculous that these people should be for ever poking their teetotal notions at you wherever you go. In their eyes it is something awful if one takes a glass of beer or wine. They are filling the children's minds full of false notions, and setting them up as judges of what is right and wrong. There's our Carry, just turned fourteen, had the impudence the other day to tell father it was very wrong of him to allow the brewer to bring beer to our house. I could see father was much annoyed; and well he might be, for no man could enjoy his glass of beer over his supper more than he does, and yet I never saw him take a second glass. As to his ever being drunk, it is simply out of the question; he is a sober, intelligent, industrious man. When I hear these teetotalers raving about drink being a curse; when I hear them advising employers to dismiss a man, if they smell drink about him; when I know they are setting children up as interrogators and judges of their parents—it makes me almost wild. Indeed—

Carry—(rushing in and clapping her hands.) Bravo! bravo! Mr. Wiseman, what a splendid speech you are making. One would think you were addressing a large audience of sympathising listeners. What a clever brother you are, Charley; I had no idea, now, that you could speak so well, or that you had so much fire and eloquence in you.

C.—(soberly.) That will do, Carry, I don't wish you to say any more; you are getting too fast, a great deal. You have no right to speak to your brother in that kind of manner, it is unbecoming.

Carry—(making a curtsey.) Oh, sir, I beg your pardon. I did not know you had grown so much of a man that you object to your little sister being merry with you. You are only two years older, you know; but I suppose now you have begun to work you are getting prond?

C. No, not that, Carry; I am not proud, but I don't wish you to become a woman before your time.

Carry. Nor I either, Charley.

C. But I think you are in danger of it. I have seen you act, and heard you speak, very unbecomingly several times of late, and you have been much worse since you began to attend the Band of Hope meetings. If I were father I should forbid you going.

Carry-(beginning to cry.) Charley, you are unkind to speak so. I am sure

you are very disagreeable, and I don't care for you a bit. What have I done that you should be so cross with me?

C. There, don't be a baby, Carry. I didn't mean to be unkind, only I want you to keep in your proper place. I felt grieved to hear you speak to father the other day about the beer. I think you have no right to tell him what he should do.

Carry. But father didn't take it that way.

I don't know that; he seemed, I C. thought, much annoyed.

Carry. But you were mistaken; he was not annoyed. The day after he called me to him, and kissed me, and told me I was quite right about the beer, and the brewer should bring no more.

C. Did he say that, Carry ?

Carry. Yes; and what's more, father has signed the pledge.

C. Why, whatever should be do that for-he needs no pledge ?

Carry. No, not for himself, but to set you and me a good example. There, Mr. Wiseman, what do you think of that?

C. I am astonished !

Carry. But what do you think he said? C. I know not.

Carry. He said, "Carry, my child, I am afraid I have acted foolishly all these years in setting you and Charley so bad an example. I am glad you have reminded me of my duty. Keep to the Band of Hope, and God bless you, and make you useful.

C. Dear old father, how good he is! Carry. And he said more, brother.

C. Tell me all, Carry.

Carry. He said, "Try and get Charley to go to your meetings. He is a fine, spirited lad, and nothing would delight me more than to hear of his becoming an active and useful man-especially in the cause of Temperance.

C. Did he say that?

Carry. He did, brother. He is a good, kind, father; I know he would do anything and sacrifice everything for you and me. We both love him, and wish to give him pleasure, and I am sure you will take his request to heart!

C. That I will, Carry. To-night I will accede to his wish, and go to the Annual Meeting of the Band of Hope. Why, it is nearly time now; get on your things, Carry, and I will be ready in a few minutes. (Exit.)

Carry. There's another member. What a blessed cause it is. Charley will soon be one of our best workers, for whatever he takes in hand he does it with all his might. This is what we ought all to do, if we wish success to crown our Band of Hope movement. (Exit.)

# THE HONEST DEACON.

N honest man was Deacon Ray, And though a Christian good, He had one fault-the love of drink-For drink he often would.

On almost every Sunday, too, He would at dinner-time

Indulge to quite a great extent In good Madeira wine.

At church, in front, upon the side, The deacon had his pew;

Another worthy, Squire Lee, He had a seat there, too.

One Sunday morn, the sermon done, The parson said he'd talk

In language plain, that afternoon, Of sins within his flock.

He warned them that they must not flinch, If he should be severe; Idown.

Each thought their neighbour'd getdressed So all turned out to hear.

The church at early hour was full : The deacon some behind,

Came in quite late, for he had been Indulging in his wine.

And up the long and goodly aisle, He stiffly tottered on ; And by the time he reached his seat The sermon had begun. The parson of transgressors spoke, And of the wrath to flee; And soon he to the query came: "The drunkard, where is he ?" A pause-and then the deacon rose, And answered like a man, Though with a hiccup in his voice, "Here, parson-here-hic-'ere I am." Of course the consternation Was great on every side, For who'd have thought the deacon Would thus aptly have replied. The preacher, not the least disturbed, With his remarks kept on, And warned him to forsake his ways-The deacon then sat down. 'Twas soon another question came, With no more welcome sound : "Where is the wicked hypocrite ?" This made them look around. Some looked at this one, some at that, As if they would enquire Who it was the parson meant-His eyes were on the 'squire. The deacon noting how things stood, Turned around and spoke to Lee: "Come, 'squire-hic-come, you get up-I did when he-hic-called me!" The Fountain. SCRIPTURE DOUBLE ACROSTIC. BY UNCLE JOHN. No. 2. 1.-A blessing which shall never cease to be, Promised to Noah and his posterity.

- 2.—The chief of singers in Jerusalem found, Who on loud cymbals made a joyful sound.
- 3.—That which Solomon in Ezron-Geber made, [trade. And Hiram sent to Ophir in gold to

4.—The way in which untempered mortar's used, [truth abused. As likened to false prophets who the

5.—A measure of oil, the meat offering to mix, [fix.

For curing leprosy-the first two letters

- 6.—The work of one Paul charged Timothy to do, [also.
  - And make full proof of his ministry
- 7.—Jeroboam's father, who was an Ephrathite, [do right. Servant of king Solomon, but did not
- 8.—The wall on which king Jotham much did build, [fulfilled. And who, before the Lord, his ways
- 9.—That which Jesus sought taxgatherers to pay, [sea. With money from a fish took from the

Advice which every one should heed, If they in temperance would succeed, The *initials* doth disclose;

That in the finals seen, forsooth, Put not unto thy neighbour's mouth, Nor ever even use.

# ANSWER TO ACROSTIC No. 1.

- 2 Samuel xxiii. 9. 1.-DodOActs iv. 5. 2.-RingleadeR Hosea x. 14, 15. 3.-IdolS 1 Kings xi. 26. 4.-NebaTGenesis xxv, 13-16. 5.—KedaR Deuteronomy xxxiv. 1. 6.-NebOGenesis iv. 21. 7.—OrgaN Acts xxii. 19. 8.-TacklinG Genesis xxii. 3. 9.-WooD 1 Chronicles xxiv. I. 10.-IthamaRRuth ii. 9. 11.—NaomI John iii. 23. 12.-EnoNGenesis xliv. 29. 13.-NecK
  - "Drink not wine nor strong drink."-Judges xiii. 4.

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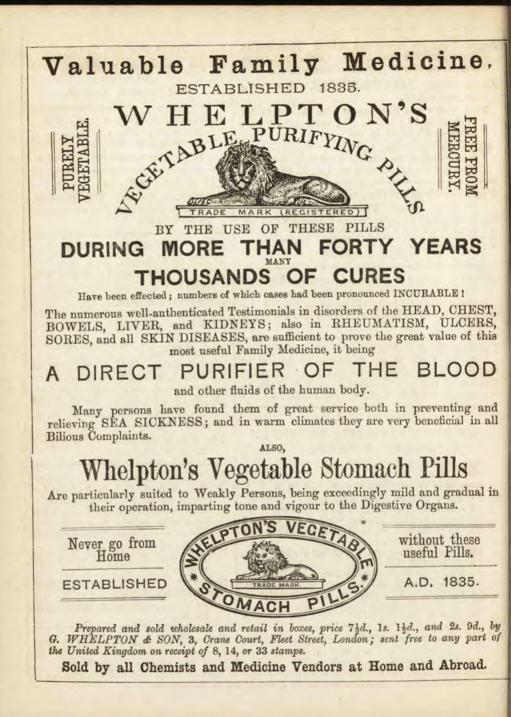
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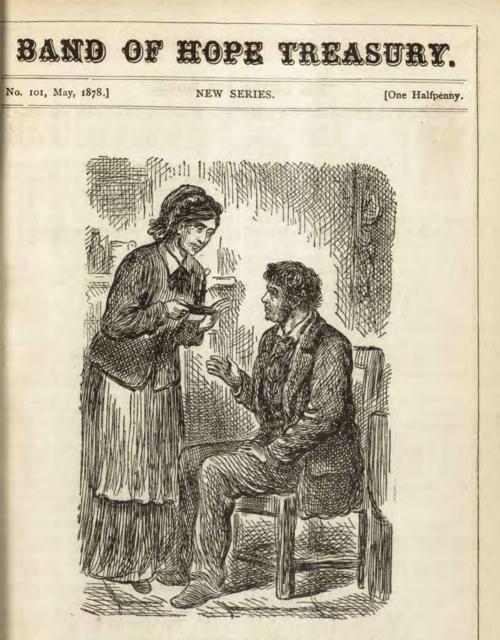
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[vants.





"FOR BETTER FOR WORSE."

# "FOR BETTER FOR WORSE."

OW long Betsy remained upon her knees that night she never knew. They were the calmest, happiest minutes—or hours she had ever known in her life. The gentle uplifting of the door-latch disturbed her. She had locked herself in : she rose

from her knees, lighted a candle, and, with a face strangely calm and radiant, opened the door. She was greatly surprised to see her husband standing there, not drunken and boisterous, as was his wont, if he happened to come home of his own accord, but quiet and thoughtful.

"Come in, lad," she said, more cheerily than she had done for many a day, "I'm sorry I've not a fire to greet you, but sit you down, I'll soon kindle one."

Sam sat down, but never spoke a word. Betsy looked at him curiously, even anxiously.

"What ails thee, lad?" she asked, pausing on her knees by the fire-grate, "is anything amiss?"

Still no answer. Betsy got up hurriedly, and went towards him. She put her hand on his shoulder, and touched his cheek. Then there came a big sob, and a voice deep and strange said,—

"Eh! lass, but I've been a bad man to ye."

Was she dreaming? Was this her husband? Sam the drunkard, the swearer, the wife beater, sobbing and penitent? Betsy took the candle from the table and looked very anxiously into her husband's face.

"Nay, but I'm not mad!" said he in answer to her look, "I'm more in my senses than I've been for many a year. Dost hear? I've been a brute, and I'll be one no longer! Eh! but my poor, poor Betsy, what I've made you suffer ! Forgive me, lass, and then I'll get a ray of hope that God Almighty will forgive me too !"

Betsy was weeping too much to answer. She sank back again upon her knees, on the spot where she had knelt so long before her husband came in, and buried her face in her hands. An arm was gently thrown around her as she knelt, and her husband's voice whispered close to her ear,—

"Could you make a prayer, lass? One for both of us, you know;" and Betsy prayed.—

"Lord Jesus, you've said, 'Come unto me.' We do come, both of us. Amen."

"Amen!" said Sam, fervently.

It was not until the next day that Betsy fully understood what had taken place to cause her husband to come home prayerful instead of drunken that ever-to-be remembered night.

"I'd gone to H-for a spree," said Sam. "I thought to have a good drink at the 'Dove-cote.' I'd got my hand on the door, when a youngster asked me to go along with him to the Town Hall. I told him it wasn't in my line, but he pressed the harder. (My! if every young chap was like him, the world wouldn't be so full of my sort as it is !) He told me a lady was going to talk to working folks. I said, 'Is't politics?' He says, 'No; something better than that. Come and see for yourself. I'll promise you a seat near the door, and if you's tired you're at liberty to come out." I liked the young chap's manner, and I went. Tired ! Come out! No, not if it 'ad lasted a week! The hymn did for me; then what she said. I thought you'd been at her to give it me, it fitted so exactly; and when



she spoke to us drunkards-my ! I cried like a babe, I know I did. O! Betsy, if I'd only heard them words when I was a lad, what a wasted life might have been spared me. Why, lass, dost remember it's over thirty years since I went in a place of worship, and there's never been parson or neighbour to say a word to me in all that time. I suppose they gave me up as hopeless, but yet I do think a word might have done it, if it had come at the right moment. It's an awful life, the life I've led, and I guess I'd long since have been glad enough to have been helped out of it. But there, God meant to do it all Himself, and He fixed last night to be the time. I've more hopes of it's lasting, because I know it's His work : I'm too far gone for aught else to reach me."-From "For Better for Worse." No. 62, Strange Tales. Price 1d. By Mrs. G. S. Reaney.

#### JACK'S LETTER.

DEAR AUNTIE,

DID you ever have A little baby brother? I have got one, and I don't think I'll ever want another.

He is not big enough to slide, Or play with hoop or ball; And mother has to tend him so, She cannot play at all.

It's always "Hnsh!" and "Jack, be The baby is asleep!" [still! And everybody in the house On tiptoe has to creep.

I wish you'd let me go and stay With you and Auntie Jane;

And when the baby has grown up I could come back again.

I'm almost six years old, you know— So tall, they say, I've grown ! And since the baby came I sleep All in the dark, alone.

I'd	be a	so good	l, dear	Auntie	Kate,
				r back.	

Oh! won't you write and ask mamma To let you take your JACK.

P.S.—I left this letter on the desk, And mamma read it through; And then she looked so very sad I cried, and kissed her, too.

- "And so my boy would go away, And leave his darling mother,
- And cares for nothing but his play, Nor loves his little brother.
- "And "-but I can't tell all she said,-Only it meant, I know,
- That I could help her when she's tired, And that she'd miss me so.
- I don't think I can go, Aunt Kate; But mamma says I may

Hold baby every day an hour, And that's as good as play.

New York Observer.

#### TEETOTALISM.

ANY explanations have been given of the word "teetotal," but the following is the correct one. Among the early converts was Richard Turner,\* a hawker of fish, whose speech was fluent, if not refined. Richard would coin words to express his meaning when others failed. About twelve months after the total abstinence pledge was first signed by Joseph Livesey and six other men of Preston, and while the controversy with those who only abstained from spirits was still warm, Richard delivered a fervid speech, in which he spoke against any half measures, and delared that "nothing but the te-te-total would do." Mr. Livesey, who was present, at once cried out, "that shall be the name!" The meeting

\* It should have been *Richard Turner*, and not Ralph Holker, in the "Story of Jimmy Myling," on page 33.—UNCLE JOHN.

cheered, and from that time the word "teetotal" was everywhere applied, as contrasted with partial abstinence. The author of the name was a staunch advocate of the cause for many years, and at his death was followed to the grave by hundreds of teetotalers, the streets of Preston being thronged by spectators. An inscription over his grave says:— "Beneath this stone are deposited the remains of Richard Turner, author of the word Teetotal, as applied to abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, who departed this life on the 27th day of October, 1846, aged 56 years."—Leisure Hour.

#### THE COCK AND THE SUN.

- COCK sees the sun as he climbs up the east;
- "Good morning, Sir Sun, it's high time you appear; [least;
- I've been calling you up for an hour at I'm ashamed of your slowness at this time of year!"
- The sun, as he quietly rose into view,
- Looked down on the cock with a show of fine scorn;
- "You may not be aware, my young friend, but it's true,
  - That I rose once or twice before you, sir, were born!" St. Nicholas.

# STRONG DRINKS NOT NECESSARY.

S to whether stimulants of any kind are desirable under any condition of climate, I hold a very decided opinion, which is, that they are not. In the hot weather of the United States a man is far better for any occupation, and more particularly for out-door work, with light temperance drink, such as lemonade, or, if a working man, oatmeal and water. This keeps the blood cool, and a man with a good constitution can stand almost any degree of dry heat, if he takes ordinary care of himself, and does not indulge in alcohol in any form. In the cold weather in the States, with a temperature that will suddenly freeze the very blood in a man's veins, it is far better not to take any stimulant, but to rely upon exercise only if he has to be out of doors, to keep himself from being frost-bitten. After taking stimulants a reaction sets in, the circulation of the blood is diminished. and the liability to frost-bite is thereby much increased.-From an account of the Social Habits of the People of the West by Mr. W. G. Cox in the report of the Secretary to the Commissioners for Victoria for the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, 1876.

# BAND OF HOPE UNION MAY MEETINGS.

THE forthcoming Anniversary Meetings of A the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union promise to be exceptionally interesting. Sir CHARLES REED (Chairman of the School Board for London), has consented to preside at the Breakfast Meeting and Conference, at which the Rev. H. S. PATERSON, D.D., will deliver an address on "Temperance Teaching in Elementary Schools,"-a very important subject at the present time. Mr. T. E. HALLSWORTH, so well known as one of the Honorary Secretaries of the Lancashire and Cheshire Union, has undertaken to prepare a paper for the Afternoon Conference, on "The Importance of Circulating Temperance Literature in connection with Bands of Hope." SAMUEL MORLEY, Esq., M.P., will preside at the great meeting at Exeter Hall, and the Rev. CANON FARRAR, D.D., and Dr. RICHARDSON, F.R.S., are announced to deliver addresses.

The Committee are prepared to send tickets (gratuitously) admitting to the Breakfast, Conference, Tea, and for specially reserved seats at the evening meeting, for delegates appointed by distant associated provincial societies.

# CRYSTAL PALACE FETE.

T gives us great pleasure to call the attention of our friends to the great Fête at the Crystal Palace, which is being arranged by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, and which will take place on Tuesday, July 16th. We are glad to learn that even an unexpected interest is being exhibited in the subject by friends in all parts of the country. Negotiations have been opened with the London and North Western, Great Western, Great Eastern, Great Northern, Midland, South Western, South Eastern, London, Chatham, and Dover, and Brighton Railways, with a view of procuring the best possible railway facilities, and the Committee have urged upon the respective Companies the importance of announcing unusually low excursion rates. Arrangements will be made which will enable the Committee of the Union to allow a liberal commission to most societies on the sale of excursion tickets.

Excellent arrangements are being completed with the Crystal Palace Refreshment Contractor for the abundant and cheap supply of all Young people under fifteen refreshments. years of age will be supplied with a substantial tea, unlimited in quantity, at 9d. each. Arrangements will also be made for the supply of milk at a cheap rate. Our friends should bear in mind that in order to arrange that no intoxicating liquor shall be sold at the Palace on the day of the Fête, the Committee of the Union have made themselves responsible for the payment of a large sum of money in the event of the attendance being short of a certain number, in the belief that they may rely upon the co-operation of friends in all parts of the country, and we have no doubt, that seeing what a thoroughly enjoyable day these Crystal Palace Fêtes afford, our friends will be prepared to take a share of the responsibility which combines with it a day of such thorough enjoyment.

All Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope within one hundred miles of the Metropolis, will be more than justified in making the Crystal Palace Fete the occasion of their annual excursion; in fact, it is with this view the Committee have arranged the Fete. There is no place like the Palace for enjoyment in. any kind of weather. Of course very young people—those, say, under ten years of age should not be brought to London, but for those above that age it would make a splendid holiday.

Although there will be many items of special interest throughout the day, the great Choral Concerts will, as heretofore, be the chief items in the programme. There are to be two choirs, each of 5,000 voices—10,000 in all, and all pledged abstainers.

The eagerness of the young people to enter these choirs is remarkable, but although the Conductor makes all kinds of stringent but necessary regulations, and an entrance fee is charged to every member, yet the applications for the forthcoming Concerts are unprecedented. Every society, almost without exception, which in past years has sung at the Palace, is wishful to do so again, whilst applications are coming in from many unexpected places. The Committee have induced all the Railway Companies to allow members of the choir to travel at half excursions rates, irrespective of This arrangement will be a great boon age. to our friends, as it will bring a larger number of bass and tenor voices, and also enable a larger proportion of many families to be present. It is probable that a Temperance Brass Band Contest will take place, which would doubtless interest large numbers.

Even if the excursion to this Palace would be a trifle less enjoyable than a separate excursion for each Band of Hope, and if no pecuniary profit would result to the societies, the Committee of the Union feel justified in urging their friends to promote the success of the Fete. They do not themselves contemplate making a pecuniary profit ; indeed, it is probable there may be a serious loss. The mere numbers which are associated with a movement, or who attend its demonstrations, it is true, may be but a slight guide as to its merits; but such is the faith of the general public in numbers, that if it can be stated that on the day of the Band of Hope Fete at the Crystal Palace, there were more persons present than on any former occasion, it will have been well worth while to have expended a large sum of money to bring this about, for the fact would give an immense impetus to the temperance movement.







- $\left\{ \begin{array}{ll} m:m:m\mid \underline{m:r}:d & l_1:=:l_1 \mid d:=:l_1 \, s_1:s_1:d \mid \underline{t_1:d}:r \mid d:=:-|-:::\\ s_1:s_1:s_1:\underline{s_1:f_1:m_1} & f_1:=:f_1 \mid l_1:=:f_1 \mid \underline{m_1:m_1:m_1}\mid \underline{r_1:m_1:f_1}\mid \underline{m_1::=:-|-:::}\\ d:d:d:d \mid \underline{d:t_1:d}\mid \underline{d::::d}\mid d:=:d \mid d:=:d \mid d:=:f_1 \mid s_1:s_1:s_1:s_1:s_1:\underline{s_1:\cdots,s_1}\mid s_1:=:-|-:::\\ d_1:d_1:d_1\mid d_1:=:d_1 \mid f_1:=:f_1 \mid f_1:=:f_1 \mid s_1:s_1:s_1:s_1:s_1:\underline{s_1:\cdots,s_1}\mid d_1:=:-|-:::\\ \end{array} \right.$
- 2 Stranger, on a rocky strand, Longing for thy fatherland, Through the gathering clouds that rise, Veiling thy natal skies; Sign the pledge, there's hope for thee, Dawning o'er the tranquil sea; Softly in smiles, not distant far, The beautiful temp'rance star.
- 3 Lonely watcher, pale with grief, Thou shalt find a sweet relief; Though thy tears unheeded fall, Jesus will count them all; Look ahead, there's joy for thee, Breaking o'er a troubled sea; Softly it smiles, though distant far, The beautiful temperance star.

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# THE GREATNESS OF GOODNESS.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

John.

OM, have you heard the news? Thomas. What news?

J. Why, that Henry Saunders has taken the first prize at the Science and Art Schools, and that he has to go up to London to complete his studies at Kensington.

T. No, I had not heard of it, but nevertheless I am very pleased such is the case. Henry is a nice fellow, and studies hard.

J. Yes, he does, and he is worthy of any honour he may receive. He must have natural genius.

T. No doubt; but beyond that he is very diligent in his habits; and diligence without natural genius will do more than natural genius without diligence in the way of making clever and useful men.

J. That may be, my dear fellow, but natural aptness is a great help when one has anything to do.

T. I don't know whether you have noticed in reading the lives of great men how they have discarded the possession of natural genius.

J. 1 cannot say that I have; it has always been my opinion that great men are the outcome of great natural mental powers.

T. I have read somewhere that a great man was once asked, "What is genius?" He made this reply, "It is patience."

J. And such is the case; great men "Learn to labour and to wait," as Longfellow says.

T. There's great art in "waiting." Paul, we are told, "waited at Athens," but while *waiting* his restless active spirit could not be idle, for his "spirit was stirred within him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry," and thus needing the blessings of the Gospel of Christ.

J. Yes, and our present Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, is credited with talking about "a masterly inactivity."

T. And George Stephenson, the founder of the Railway System, many times said to those about him, "Do as I have done—persevere."

"The heights, by great men made and kept, Were not attained by sudden flight; But they, whilst their companions slept, Were toiling upward in the night."

J. You seem to have much confidence in the power of perseverance?

T. So I have, but when I speak of "perseverance," I mean rightly directed perseverance. Misdirected effort, however diligently pursued, will end in failure, and be very little better than "beating the air."

J. Suppose then that I were to become a diligent student like Henry Saunders, do you think I should become great?

T. I am not a prophet, John; all I can say with confidence is, that you *might become great*. It's worth an effort, at any rate, and you are sure of this, that whether you become great or not you will improve yourself, probably rise in the social scale, and thus make the world better. *True greatness is goodness.* 

J. That's a nice way of putting it; but what's the use of being great unless you make a "name" for yourself, to live after you are gone?

T. John, my boy,-

"We cannot all lead in the battle of life, The weak must go to the wall;

So do to each other the thing that is right, For there's room in this world for us all.

"A coward gives in at the first repulse, A brave man struggles again; With a result of the struggles again;

With a resolute eye, and a bounding pulse, To battle his way among men."

"We cannot all *lead*," John, *but we can all be good*, and if we are only good we shall establish for ourselves a name that is imperishable, for if it is not recorded on the roll of earthly fame it will be recorded in the everlasting book of God.

J. I see you know how to preach a sermon. You had better get on to your second "head," as the preachers say.

T. You seem disposed to joke me, John; but joking apart, it's a very serious thought that merely earthly greatness is limited in its duration, but the greatness arising from goodness is endless, for it continues throughout eternity.

J. So that's your second "head," and I must say you "speak like a book;" but is it not better to have the greatness that combines the two?

T. No doubt it's best to "make the best of both worlds," but if you cannot do this, it's much better to make the best of one rather than miss both; and, in making the best of one, let that be the one which will be the most enduring, and which is the more easily attained. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," said our Saviour.

J. Did I understand you to say, "The most enduring greatness is the one most easily attained?"

T. Certainly.

- J. How can you make that out?
- T. Very easily I think.

J. Then show me how.

T. Well, in seeking earthly greatness, you have mainly to rely upon your own efforts—yea, more than that, your fellowcreatures, when they see you are intent upon rising in the world, will do all they can to hold you back, and throw hindrances in your way; but, in seeking the greatness of goodness, you have not only yourself to rely upon, but you can secure the help of God, and His power is infinitely greater than all the combined power of all men. Men are impotent to harm, when God gives you His help.

J. I've often thought it strange why men throw so many difficulties in each other's way. I suppose it arises from envy and jealousy; men don't like to see others get above them.

T. I suppose it does. Envy and jealousy are very common vices. I trust we may be saved from their power. Joseph's brethren were jealous of him, and so sold him into Egypt to be a slave; but, as in his case, goodness will rise superior to it, and pass through the ordeal no worse, but all the better for the experience.

J. You seem to have as much faith in the power of goodness as you have in perseverance.

T. I've a good deal more, John. I say to you be good, then you are sure to be great; but greatness without goodness is but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

J. I must think upon your advice, and try to act up to it.

T. You will thus be useful in this world, and secure for yourself an eternal greatness in the next. Dryden says,—

"I now begin to loathe all human greatness, I'll fly all courts, and *love* shall be my guide— *Love* that's more worth than all the world beside. State grows uneasy when it hinders love; A glorious burthen which the wise remove;

Whom heaven would bless, from pomp it will remove,

And make their wealth in privacy and love."

J. So I see you have even poets to confirm your opinion. I must leave you now. Good-bye.

T. Good-bye, my friend, and don't forget that to be truly great is to be truly good.

# BILL STICKERS BEWARE !

BY UNCLE JOHN.

"	BILL-STICKERS doth appear,	beware !"	sometimes
	D doth appear,		

As a warning to bill-stickers all,

Not to place their bills there, or anyway near, A very large door or a wall.

But now I just think, to beware of the drink, By which all poor drunkards are made ;

To the warning prepared, and plainly declared, To all in the bill-sticking trade.

- Not only to them, but to women and men, Both the old and the young everywhere,
- Is the warning proclaimed—(oh ! don't be ashamed !)—

To touch not, to taste not the beer.

Now it happened one day, in the west, people say,

Not far from the famed Cornish Mount, Five miles I declare, or to Helston more near, But this is of little account.

Tom Stickem went out, the country about, With his paste, his brush, and some bills ;

The weather being cold, on his body soon told,

He thought he was seized with the chills.

He saw with delight, an inn just in sight, And entering he seemed very bold ;

Says he, "I will sit, and just have a nip Of something to keep out the cold."

The company he found, and the comforts around,

Did cause him his stay to prolong ; He drank rather free, till he scarcely could

see,

Or in a straight line walk along.

When in the fresh air, he felt very queer, The houses he thought ran a race ;

And the hedges went round, and so did the ground,

And he thought it a wonderful place.

Instead of the road he ought to have trod, He soon with a hay-rick collided; Then Morpheus so kind, with Bacchus combined,

And his fate was quickly decided.

While in slumber he lay, so snug in the hay, A couple of larkish clodhoppers,

Who for hay did come, determined on fun, And to paste him all over with papers.

Some red, white, and blue, and yellow ones, too, \*

They pasted behind and before ;

His trousers and coat, from head to the foot, With his hat they soon covered o'er.

When poor Stickem awoke (oh, dear, what a joke),

He looked like a harlequin funny ; He scarcely knew why, but he uttered a cry-

"Am I Tom Stickem so bonny?

"Or am I a post? If so, Stickem is lost! Or am I that old stable door?

I can't be a wall—I'm round, and I'm tall ; But with bills I am covered all o'er.

- "I'm in a sad plight !--- no, it must be all right !-----
  - I'm here for the bill-sticking trade !"
- He pondered awhile, then with a grim smile, Exclaimed, "What a fool I am made !"
- And, as he thus spoke, his bonds he soon broke,

By tearing the paper asunder ;

As it hung round in strips, to get rid of the bits,

Was now a matter of wonder.

To the inn he returned, but a lesson he'd learned,

And not a drop more would be tasting ;

His only aim now was just to see how

He was to get rid of the pasting.

So bill-stickers beware, don't touch the vile beer,

Lest you some trouble may get in,

And drink-houses shun, or perhaps just for fun,

You may get worse served than Tom Stickem.

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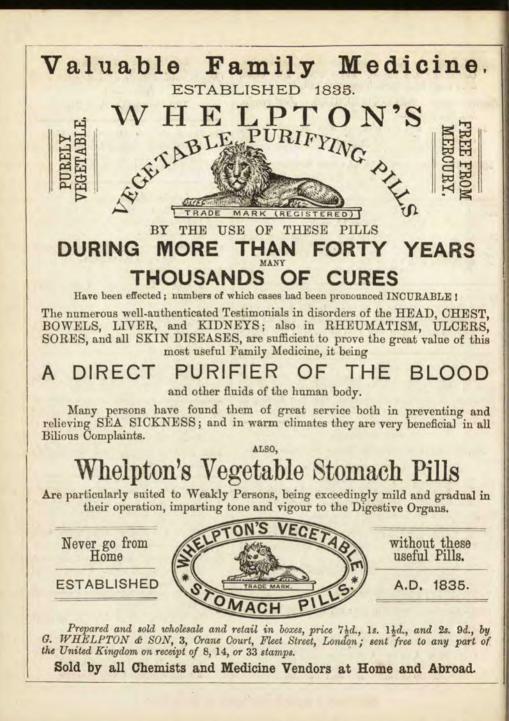
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OLD MARGERY.

ERHAPS the greatest sorrow of old Margery's life was the long absence of a son in whom her heart seemed to have been centred, more especially since she had become a widow. I could not listen to the touching account of this without tears:—

"He was all in all to me," she would say, when speaking about it. "I loved all my children, but it was for his coming and going that I watched most. And never once in his wildest days would he speak unkindly to his old mother, but all my talking and urging, and all my praying would not keep him out of bad company and mischief. He was gay and thoughtless; he got fond of drink, and then of gambling, and one day I watched in vain for his coming home. . . . Eh, but I thought I had come to the big stone across my path when Ted left me. And I went on watching for Ted's return; I always had a knife and fork laid for him, and I always kept a suit of clothes well aired, for I bethought me he might perhaps come home in rags; and every morning regular I prayed that the Lord would take care of him, and if He saw fit to send him home that day to his poor old mother. And the months and years rolled on, and never a word came; but I couldn't give up my watching and prayer. 'It will comfort him to know his old mother's on the look-out for him,' I used to say to the other children, when they told me it wasn't of no use. 'I want to be the first he catches sight of, when he turns yon corner and faces home.'

"At last there came a certain market day, when I was doing my little bit of shopping. I was turning homewards, when I came against a crowd of folks

watching for something. They told me a circus was going through the town, and advised me to wait and see the fine dresses. I did wait, but O there was something in store for me better than fine dresses. The show had got half way past, or thereabouts, when up I jumps and screams, 'That's my Ted, that's my Ted!' I don't remember no more, excepting throwing my arms round Ted's neck, as he slipped from the horse he was riding, and caught me just as I was off in a dead faint.

When I came to, Ted knelt beside me in the little grocer's shop where they had carried me; and, as he kissed me over and over again, he murmured tenderly, 'My poor old mother, my poor old mother; your Ted will never leave you again, never again.' And he was true to his word. Within a couple of days from then he had given up the circus, and taken a place as ostler at a big inn in the town where we lived then. But my poor Ted's days were numbered. His life had been wild and reckless, and his death came sudden. He broke a blood vessel. But he died in my arms, and almost the last words he says to me were, ' Mother, I've told your God many a time that I was sorry like for all I had done, and asked Him to forget it all for Jesus Christ's sake. I'm loath to think He'll deny me forgiveness.' And says I to him, 'Ted, lad, you know how for all these years I've watched and waited for your coming home? I mind God loves you even more than your poor old mother does, so don't trouble yourself to doub but that He'll pardon you.' "

Old Margery has passed away to the better land, but, "she being dead ye speaketh;" and, in the gentle speech o the life she lived—poor in this world' goods, but rich in faith—there comes an

ppeal to us to choose wisely and well in all that concerns us. Life and Death, Blessing and cursing, meet us at each step of life's journey. It is for us to choose life," that we may ensure life's blessing; t is for us to reject "death," that we may ascape death's cursing. Reader, perhaps he simple message of old Margery's lream has some meaning for your heart and life, "There is a part of your journey yet to travel, see that you take the right oad!"—From "Old Margery's Choice." No. 73, Strange Tales. Price 1d. By Wrs. G. S. Reaney.

## OUR RABBIT'S FRIEND.

<sup>UR</sup> little rabbit was very lonely— Every day he used to say : 'Dear! oh, dear! if I had only Another rabbit to help me play."

Jp and down the yard he rambled, Into each corner he peeped with care; Over the bushes he climbed and scrambled; Alas! there wasn't a rabbit there!

Now upon the fence were *cats* in plenty, Black ones, white ones, yellow and gray, Often you might have counted twenty, Prowling about by night or day.

So then our rabbit, whose name was Bunny, Made friends with a quiet, kind old cat,

And every morning, and this was funny, They seemed to be having a good long chat.

ide by side, there we watched them sitting,

Bunny and puss in the pleasantest way, Cats on the fence might be clawing and spitting, [gay.

These little friends were peaceful and

And every day when the sun is shining Out in our yard we see the pair— Bunny against his cat reclining,

Puss too happy for bones to care.

So now our rabbit is never lonely, Now if you listened, you'd hear him say, "I'd rather have a nice cat, than only A stupid rabbit to help me play." —Christian Intelligencer.

### BACCHUS.

#### BY TOUCHSTONE.

THE curse of all civilized nations, The ubiquitous curse of all time, With his wiles—with his cunning temptations.

Is sapping the strength of our clime.

He hath come with his poisonous beauty, With his terrible lures he hath come,

To entice them away from their duty, Then rob them of love and of home.

At night he is crowned with false glamour In the glare of the palace of gin,

In places of dancing and clamour, And in highways of shame and of sin.

He hath smit with the fire of false slumbers

The brightest and best in the land;

And on those, who are countless of number, He hath laid the fierce weight of his hand.

- He hath entered, like death, into houses Once hallowed with peace and with light;
- And mothers, and sisters, and spouses, Are one with a sorrow like night.

How long shall we suffer this evil To rage like a fire through the earth—

This imp, who is son of the devil, Who in horrors of hell hath his birth?

O for some marvellous spirit To strike at the heart of a foe,

Who hath robbed us of beauty and merit, And made us akin to the low.

-The People's Friend.

# WHAT TO DRINK. BY G. B.

YE been told an old couple once made up their mind, [slaughter, That since drink did such multitudes They from it to abstain would themselves

- henceforth bind, [water. To drink naught any more but cold
- So each evening, as supper was spread on the board, [ing;
- There was water alone for their drink-
- But 'twas slowly and quietly always outpoured, [ing.

While the two appeared silently think-

Till at last the old man, who his peace could not hold

Any more, nor his deep feeling smother, Said, "This stuff will ne'er do, 'tis so

tasteless and cold,

We shall have to go back to the other."

And so back to the other they presently went,

And again became alcohol drinkers;

Joined no longer the people who try to prevent [thinkers.

- The intemp'rance that puzzles our
- Yet how foolish to think, as these old people did, [water;
- That the world affords nothing but For the men who believe that God's word
- has forbid [slaughter ! Them encourage drink's merciless
- Them encourage utility increment
- That cold water is excellent, none will deny, [better:

But for supper there's something that's Even coffee, or cocoa, or tea, if you'll try, You will own I am right to the letter.

- If your thirst you would quench when the
- burden and heat

Of the day do your body encumber,

You have only to choose, there are beverages sweet, [number. Made from lemons and fruits without If you want to gain strength, if you want to have health,

- Then away for a draught to the dairy; But of that which would weaken you, rob
  - you of wealth,

And deprive of your reason, be wary.

- Yea, 'tis false that the drunkard alone may enjoy
  - The good things our great Father has given;
- And, for me, I'll drink naught but what will not annoy,

Nor unfit for enjoyment in heaven.

# PERSEVERANCE.

OU have all read the fable of the hare and the tortoise who agreed to run a The hare, depending on his fleetness race. of foot, delayed so long, that the tortoise reached the goal and won the prize. It is just this way in every-day life. If your force be less than another's, you may equal and outstrip your opponent, if you continue it longer and concentrate it more. The secret of the success of all great men is perseverance. Look at Newton, Columbus, Wellington, Wilberforce, Stephenson, and others. It was the persistent courage with which these men laboured that enabled them to overcome the difficulties that lay in their way. Remember that perseverance overcomes all difficulties.

- P erseverance wins the day,
- E ither in thy work or play,
- R eaching forward to the end,
- S teadfast to thy purpose bend
- E very muscle, every nerve;
- V anquish self nor ever swerve.
- E arnestness in anything
- R ich reward is sure to bring;
- A nd who play in earnest learn
- N oble work to do in turn. C hild, if thou wouldst prosper here,
- E arly learn to persevere.

Here is a story from the New York

Observer illustrating what we have just been saying.

A most wonderful and ingenious bird is the Turnstone. It has earned this singular name by the manner in which it procures its food, which is by turning over, with its strong, curved beak, the stones on the sea-shore, in order to obtain the insects under them.

A great naturalist, named Thomas Edward, who is now living, tells a very curious story about these birds.

One day, as he was walking along the sea-shore on the Scotch coast, near Banff, Mr. Edward saw two strange-looking little birds standing by a large object, which he afterwards found to be a dead cod-fish. Hiding in a hollow among the shingle, he watched the little creatures eagerly, for he knew they must be Turnstones, and those birds are seldom seen on that part of the coast.

These two little creatures were trying hard to turn over a cod-fish, but as it was six times as large as themselves they found their task rather difficult. Still they set bravely to work, pushing away first with their bills and then with their breasts; but in spite of their pushing the fish would not turn over, so they ran round to the other side of it, and began to scrape away the sand to undermine him, so that he might turn over more easily; and then with fresh energy they set to work, but still the heavy fish would not move. What could they do? they did not act as some of you little boys and girls when you have a difficult task to accomplish-give it up in despair, and pettishly declare it is of no use trying. No, their motto seemed to be-

#### "If at first you don't succeed, Try, try, try again."

I don't suppose they said so to each other, but no doubt they meant it; for

again they returned perseveringly to their work. Presently another Turnstone came flying towards them from the rocks, and Mr. Edward could hear a low pleasant murmur of delight at this timely help. So now there were three to tackle the obstinate fish, and many hands, or rather beaks, made light work in removing the sand; then with a long push and a strong push, and a push altogether at length they raised the fish some inches above the sand, but it was too heavy for them, they could not turn it over—down it sank again.

Poor birds! they were obliged to rest for awhile to recover from their disappointment. But still the dogged little creatures would not be beaten, thrusting their bills under the fish, they managed to lift it again, and with another united push with their breasts, at last the fish rolled over, and the brave little birds were victorious. You may imagine how they enjoyed the rich feast of insects which they found where the fish had lain.— *Christian Guardian*.

#### WEEDS.

WAS once walking with a farmer through a beautiful field, when he chanced to see a tall thistle on the other side of the fence. In an instant he sprang over the fence and cut it close to the ground. "Is that your field ?" I asked. "Oh, no," said the farmer; "but bad weeds don't care much for fences, and if I should leave that thistle to blossom in my neighbour's field, I should soon have plenty in my own." I wish all fathers and mothers would think of that. The evil weeds in your neighbour's field will scatter seeds in your own. So it is worth while to pull them up in self-defence. Every weed pulled up in your neighbour's field is a dangerous enemy driven away from your own.





Sing, sweetly sing, there is life in full measure, Temp'rance and health alway go hand in hand;
Nature bestows on us all this great treasure,
Tell of its blessing and worth through the land. Singing our happy song,
Gladly we march along,
Spreading the news over mountain and sea;
Singing of water bright,
Telling with great delight
That water pure, is the drink now for me.

57

#### MISSIONARY WORK.

A DIALOGUE FOR A BOY AND GIRL. BY JOSEPH BULL, SUPERINTENDENT OF DIAMOND-STREET BIBLE CHRISTIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL, CARDIFF.

Written for, and recited at, the First Juvenile Missionary, in Diamond-Street Chapel.

#### Alice.

ELL, George, I am glad to see you at our Juvenile Missionary Meeting to-day; and I hope that, although it is the first time of our meeting on such an occasion, it may not be the last.

George. I hope not, Alice.

Missionary work is a noble enterprise, seeing we are surrounded by so many in this so-called Christian land who know not Jesus.

A. That is true; for there is abundant evidence to show there is plenty of work for Missionaries in our beloved country, as well as in foreign lands; and I think if all men knew Jesus, they would love and serve Him.

G. They would, no doubt; and strive to become like Him. But, alas! multitudes know Him not, and are very un-like Him.

A. Very true; they break His laws, desecrate the Sabbath, and dishonour His Name.

G. There was a time when man loved God and the things He made. "God is love;" and if man had continued in His love, this earth would be a heaven below. But oh! what a change.

A. Yes, it is a sad thought; for God made man in His own image to serve Him; but the resemblance has fled.

G. Yes, sin has robbed man of his beauty, marred creation, and brought untold evils upon the human race. Heaven itself was moved by the change, and God sent His beloved Son into the world to redeem it. It seems as though all hell were moved to destroy man, and

heaven put forth all its strength to save him.

A. Yes, a great change has come upon mankind. Sin came into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. But what a blessed fact, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief.

G. Yes, it is a glorious fact, as millions in heaven and on earth rejoice to testify.

A. But still there are many millions in the world who are ignorant of the good news. I have thought what a happy day it will be when the glad tidings are made known throughout the world. They used to sing: "There's a better time coming."

G. O yes, there is a better time coming; but not in the same sense taught in that song. The better time will be when the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our God and His Christ.

A. Well, I think so; for I read that, when Jesus was upon earth, "He went about doing good; speaking kindly even to little children; and O, how lovingly He spoke to those into whose families death had entered. How He bound up the broken hearts, and dried the widow's tears. The people would have made Him King. I should be glad if the happy day had already come when Jesus was King over all the earth.

G. We may help on that glorious day, Alice, if we do our duty.

A. Please explain, George.

G. Well, we have received unspeakable blessings through the preaching of the Gospel; and our duty is plainly set before us: "Go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

A. But we can't preach.

G. Well, we may contribute and collect funds, in order to send those who can preach; and so help to bring about the happy day you so much wish for.

A. I suppose that is the object of our meeting to-day.

G. Yes; and let us pray that God may so dispose the people's hearts that they may contribute liberally to aid in the noble work.

A. With all my heart, I say, Amen. It would, indeed, be cruel to withhold the blessings of the Gospel from our fellows, by neglecting our duty. I mean to do mine.

G. So do I. I must now say, Goodbye.

# LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

ET bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded [gret, By aught that occasioned a pang of re-

Olet them in darkest oblivion be shrouded; 'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted

From ill over which it is folly to fret;

The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted: The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; O, cherish no longer [has set;

The thought that the sun of Affection Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be

stronger, [get.

If you, like a Christian, forgive and for-

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter, [has met;

When kindness of yours with reception The flame of your love will be purer and brighter [forget.

If, God-like, you strive to forgive and

Let bygones be bygones; O, purge out the leaven

Of malice, and try an example to set

To others, who, craving the mercy of heaven, Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

- Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply [debt;
- To heaven's forbearance we are all in They value God's infinite goodness too

cheaply [forget." Who heed not the precept, "Forgive and

-The Fountain.

# THE GUINEA PIG.

**1** 'VE got a darling guinea-pig, The prettiest, merriest little fellow, With coat so smooth and soft and clean,

And gaily spotted black and yellow, And when I come from school each day, You should behold us at our play !

He frisks about me with such glee, And seems so glad to see my face;

I sometimes think he's asking me

To take him out to have a race. For when the day is warm and fine I let him in the garden dine.

He briskly trots amid the roots, Nibbles the parsley fresh and green,

Now eats, now rests, as fancy suits, Or munches cabbage leaves between,

Until enough I think he's had— To eat too much, you know, is bad.

I often take him in my arms, He nestles softly 'gainst my breast,

And feeling safe from all alarms, Would soon go nodding off to rest ; But when he wants to sleep I say,

"Come, you must seek your bed of hay." When school hour comes I'm forced to go,

For duty first, that is the way; And though my step is sometimes slow,

I think that after work comes play. So says dear mother oft to me, And I must still obedient be. Farewell, I say to piggie dear,

You know I must not be a dunce,

I've got to learn to read and spell, So with goodwill I'll go at once. And, piggie, you must patient be Until your playmate is set free.

I think he understands my words, Although he cannot make reply, He looks with such attentive face.

As if he meant it for "Good-bye;" But gives instead a little squeak, Which is as near as he can speak.

MARTHA LOUISA MUMMERY.

# SCRIPTURE DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

#### No. 3.

- 1.—An instrument of Music the Hebrew children heard;
- 2.—An article by writers used, as Ezekiel declared;
- 3.—An animal, the slothful says is in the way;
- 4.—That which a multitude of sins would cover from the day;
- 5.-The first-fruits to Christ of Achaia by St. Paul ;
- 6.—Animals that eat the crumbs that from the table fall;
- 7.—First two letters of what the prodigal began to be;
- 8.—A metal that composed the bed on which King Og lay;
- 9.—The state of Felix when Paul preached to him;
- 10.--Those who dwelt in Seir, ere Esau's sons came in;
- 11.-The father of one of David's valiant men;
- 12.—One who dropped the ears of corn for Ruth to glean;

- 13.—Eliphal's father, one of the thirty David chose;
- 14.—A populous city, round which the waters rose;
- 15.—Assertion made by Job that the Redeemer lives,

And which a proof of the resurrection gives.

The first and last letters of each word, In earnest try to find;

Which will a striking sentence form, That all should bear in mind :--

Cause and effect it plainly gives, How an inebriate daily lives.

# CUTTINGS FROM MY SCRAP BOOK. THE DAISY.

OT worlds in phalanx deep, Need we to prove a God is here, The daisy, fresh from nature's sleep, Tells of His Hand in lines as clear.

For who, but He who arched the sky, And pours the day-springs' living flood,

Wondrous alike in all He tries, Could rear the daisy's purple bud,—

Mould its green cup, its wiry stem, Its fringed border nicely spin,

And cut the gold embossed gem, Which set in silver gleams within,-

And flings it unrestrained and free, O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod,

That man, where'er he walks, may see In every step the stamp of God.

#### ENVY.

**1**CO be envious is to punish ourselves severely for being *inferior* to our neighbours. If, instead of looking at what our superiors possess, we could see what they actually enjoy, there would be much less envy in the world, and much more pity.

# HAIR DESTROYER.

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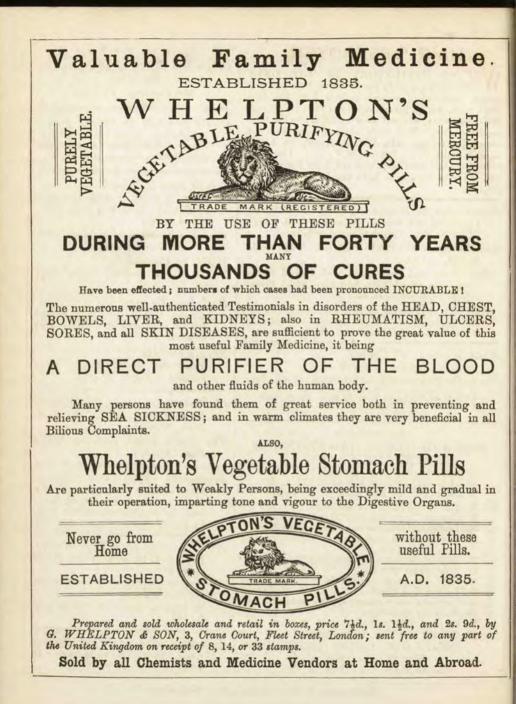
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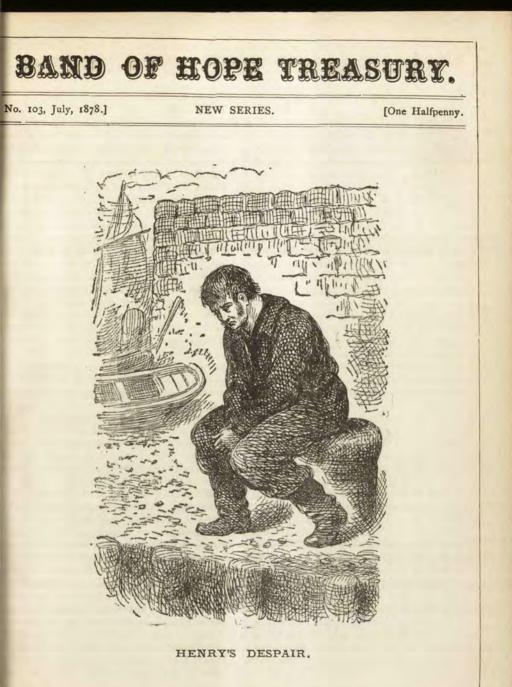
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[vants.





#### HENRY'S DESPAIR.



H drink! drink! drink! thou cursed, relentless murderer; thou withering, ruthless destroyer of every hope of earth and heaven; what evil hast thou not done? what good hast thou not blighted? Henry is but one of thy million

victims. If the bones of the hosts thou hast slaughtered were gathered in one pile, it would tower above the highest Egyptian pyramid; if the tears thou hast caused to flow were dropped in one stream, they would make it a great rolling river. And yet the makers and vendors of this destroyer, though they know what havoc it produces, deliberately prepare and sell what they are conscious will create untold misery and woe, and yet claim to be Christians, and respectable members of society. Can a drunkard inherit the kingdom of God? Does not the voice from heaven distinctly proclaim that no inebriate, no tempted, deluded victim of drink shall enter there? And if the tempted victim must be excluded. what of the tempters and victimisers? Neither the senator who creates the drink license, the magistrate who grants it, nor the brewer or vendor who uses it, can escape their individual responsibility to God and man, and there is a fearful curse pronounced on all who place a stumblingblock in their brother's way. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink; that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken." God speaks this word, and the woe will come.

"Everything that I had tried had failed, and now death by starvation stared me in the face. In this state the enemy of my soul suggested suicide. Why not end this miserable life? The past was worse than a blank; the present was a very hell of misery; the future was only horror. What had I to live for? Without friends and without hope, an exile from England, and an alien from home. It would only be one plunge, one wild shriek for help, one struggle, and then all would be over, and the music of the waves should be my requiem. I determined to take my life by drowning. I walked down by the North River, and went out upon the parapet of Pier 38. The sun was shining from above as if in very mockery of my woe, and as it tinged the waves with its golden light they seemed to smile and beckon me a welcome. There were two men making repairs at the foot of the pier, and as it was now near twelve at noon, I thought I would wait a few moments until they had gone to dinner, and then there would be no one near to rescue the drowning from the deep. But whilst waiting there my mind was busy with the memory of bygone days, and through the halls and corridors of memory's chamber came trooping hosts of recollections. I remembered how in childhood I had wandered through the wild wood, and had plucked the cowslip and the primrose, and had woven them into garlands to bedeck my baby brows. I remembered how when nature drew her curtains around son and mother, I was a sweet babe sleeping angel-like in that loving mother's arms. I remembered how my father's admonitions were still ringing in my ears, and echoing through my soul, and in the bitterness of the retrospect I also remembered how through drunkenness and dissipation I had brought that mother's 'grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.' And as I stood there in the

ecstasy or agony of contemplation, I saw, or seemed to see, the heavens open, and there was that mother, now a saint in heaven, standing before the throne of God with the long roll of her prayers unanswered, asking if her son should brave a suicide's doom, and rush into the presence of an offended Deity dripping in the blood of a self-murderer. Was it for this her Saviour threw off the robe of His divinity, and clothed Himself in the pure garb of human nature? Was it for this He went about doing good, healing the sick, raising the dead, and cleansing the lepers? Was it for this He drenched Gethsemane's heather with great drops of blood? Was it for this that amid the yelling mockery of the maddened mob, who cried ' Crucify him,' we can yet hear the still small voice, even in the agony of dissolution, praying, ' Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do'? Had her Saviour purchased and paid for, in the crimson coinage of His own life blood, man's redemption; and was not her child-the child which God had given to her-to fulfil the promise which he had made that mother upon her dying bed, with his hand locked in hers, 'that he would try and meet her round God's throne in heaven, and help to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb'? As I thought of all this I instinctively shuddered at the act which I had contemplated, and postponed, for another day at all events, that fearful deed."-From "The Red Lamp." Part 2. No. 56, Strange Tales. Price 1d. By John Ashworth.

#### THE SON'S SOLILOQUY.

#### BY UNCLE JOHN.

THE sainted form of my mother dear, By night and day seems ever near, Always awake; As erst she watched my infant ways, That I, in all my early days, Should good partake. And oft, as if upon my head, I feel the hand that gently led Her darling boy; Seeking to guide my steps aright, That fast companions may not blight, And good destroy. And then, again, that voice I hear, On my behalf, in fervent prayer, Speaking to God : "O save my boy !- my darling son !" She says, "Lest he may onward ran The downward road. "O precious Jesus! deign to hear, And answer now a mother's prayer; O save my boy ! And keep him from the drunkard's drink, Lest he in sin still deeper sink, His soul destroy." Mother ! dear mother ! hear my vow, Before high heaven I make it now, To drink no more! But for thy sake I will abstain, Nor touch the accursed thing again, Whate'er occur. Keep me, O God, I need Thy aid, Here on my bended knees I plead, Be Thou my guide! Oh, leave me not, if tempted sore; But keep my footsteps evermore, Lest ill betide. I'll seek to know my mother's God, And try to run the narrow road, The right to win : Then I shall meet her at His throne. And see the Lamb that did atone

Dear mother, we shall meet again, For Jesus will cleanse every stain From my poor soul!

For all MY sin.

Already is the work begun : Mother, I have a victory won; I am made whole.

In praise I will my time employ, Christian companionship enjoy, God helping me ! Till life's short pilgrimage is past, And with my mother spend at last— Eternity !

#### IDLE DREAMING.

BY HATTIE MATHER.

HILE pond'ring o'er the good and true,

The noble things life has to do, In fancy mounting to the skies On ladders from our hearts that rise, And dreaming of the days to come When lips are sealed or nobly dumb To words of anger, strife, and hate, To vain repinings at our fate :

How apt we are to close our eyes To duty that around us lies; To list for "music of the spheres," And, stubborn, close the while our ears To mortal strains, still passing sweet; And ever tread beneath our feet, With eyes upraised as on we go, The flowers that in our pathway grow.

We dream of good that might be done; Of days from morn to setting sun Filled up and bound with golden bands; And, dreaming, idly fold our hands, Content to let the present be, Its work undone, if only we May hope a future glorious, bright, No night, the sun a lasting light.

O souls! press upward to the height That towers above, from whence is sight Of Earth and Heaven, of Man and God; But do not scorn the lowland-sod And mountain-side; and, if you may To weaker travellers on the way Impart some strength, some kindly aid, Your own ascent is not delayed. Loda, Ill.

WHAT CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

THOUGH we may not change the cottage

For a mansion tall and grand, Or exchange a little grass plot

For a boundless stretch of land-Yet there's something brighter, dearer,

Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase Costly pictures rich and rare—

Though we have no silken hangings For the walls so cold and bare—

We can hang them o'er with garlands, For flowers blossom everywhere.

We can always make home cheerful, If the right course we begin;

We can make its inmates happy, And their truest blessings win;

It will make the small room brighter, If we let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside When the evening hours are long;

We can blend our hearts and voices In a happy, social song;

We can guide some erring brother, Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music, And with sunshine brimming o'er,

If against all dark intruders We will firmly close the door-

Yet, should evil shadows enter, We must love each other more.

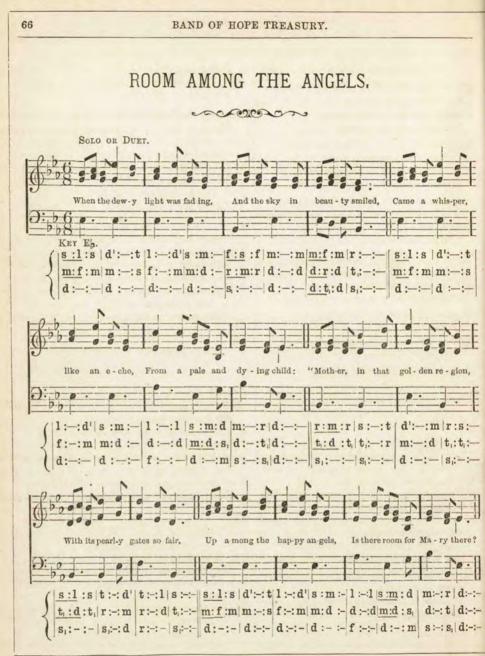
There are treasures for the lowly Which the grandest fail to find;

There's a chain of sweet affection

Binding friends of kindred mind— We may reap the choicest blessings From the poorest lot assigned.

-Waverley Magazine.

ON THE SHORTNESS OF TIME. BY UNCLE JOHN.* WIFTLY are the moments flying, Eternity is near!	The blade on which it rested before the day was done, Without a drop to moisten it, would wither in the sun.
Mortals are as quickly dying, Soon they disappear.	Suppose the little breezes, upon a sunny day, Should think themselves too small to cool
Three score years and ten, so fleeting, Swift in moments pass; Soon cut down, and ere the evening Wither as the grass.	the traveller on his way; Who would not miss the smallest and softest ones that blow, And think they made a great mistake if
Four score years, if strength abideth, All as soon are gone;	they were talking so ?
Labour and sorrow but prevaileth Unto every one.	How many deeds of kindness a little child may do !
What though many years ensuing,	Although it has so little strength, and little wisdom too.
Very short they seem ; All the scenes of life reviewing, Are but as a dream.	It wants a loving spirit, much more than strength, to prove
Blest is he each day improving,	How many things a child may do for others by its love.
Ere they disappear; And to heaven at last removing—	
Eternity is near!	THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.
Eternity! ah, who can number All its myriad years?	BY JOSEPH COOPER.
Time! too short the mind to cumber, Great the sum appears.	THE Drunkard's wife !
DEEDS OF KINDNESS.	Heaven-crested hope can scarce illume Her dram-struck, blighted heart.
UPPOSE the little cowslip should	She's hoped for years, for years, for years,
hang its golden cup, And say, "I'm such a tiny flower, I'd better not grow up;"	And every hope's been vain ; Now darkling fears, dark fears, black fears, Hang palling o'er her brain.
Iow many a weary traveller would miss	She's wept, wept, wept, and still doth
its fragrant smell ! Iow many a little child would grieve to lose it from the dell !	Ah, no! the fount is dry; The fiend despair hath stolen her sleep,
suppose the glist'ning dewdrop upon the grass should say,	And that once angel eye Is raised to heaven, to curse, curse, curse,
What can a little dew-drop do? I'd better roll away;"	Those poisons from the still, That ruined her's; but worse, worse,
* Written on his birthday, at the age of 63.	worse, Doth thousands yearly kill.



----



2 "Mother, raise me just a moment; You'll forgive me when I say, You were angry when you told me I was always in your way. You were sorry in a moment, I could read it on your brow; Bnt you'll not recall it, mother, You must never mind it now." Come, there's room, &c.

3 "When my baby-sister calls me, And you hear my voice no more, When she plays among the roses By our little cottage door, Never chide her when you're angry,— Do it kindly and in love, That you both may dwell with Mary In the sunny land above." Come, there's room, &c. 4 Then she plumed her snowy pinions, Till she folded them to rest, 'Mid the welcome song of rapture, On her loving Saviour's breast. In the bright and golden region, With its pearly gates so fair, She is singing with the angels: "There is room for Mary there."

Come, there's room, &c.

#### BEAUTY.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.



George.

HIS is a pleasant and beautiful place, Henry.

Henry. Yes, it's very nice and comfortable.

G. If I were asked to give it a name, I should certainly borrow one from John Milton, and call it "Paradise Regained."

H. There are many pretty places on earth, and this, I suppose, is one of them.

G. Pretty indeed, it's simply lovely; and everything about it combines to make it attractive. There are rivers and fields, trees and flowers, hills and dales, birds making melody, cows and sheep in the pastures, rural bridges across the rivers, and boats for rowing exercise, and with all the merry voices of children as they sport on the garden lawn.

H. Go on, old boy; I shall begin to think you've been studying Milton for other purposes than to get a name for the place, for you seem to have acquired a touch of the poet's inspiration.

G. Beautiful nature is very inspiring. I many times think the author of the hymn which says,

"Earth is a desert drear,"

must have been in a gloomy mood when he wrote it. When I sing it in school, I always leave out the first "r," and sing,

" Earth is a desert DEAR."

H. You are quite enthusiastic about the beauties of nature: are you as much so about the beauties of art?

G. I admire beauty anywhere, either in nature or art. The scene before us combines *both*, for you see in the immediate perspective a splendid cathedral, upon which the genius of man has been expended in a very profuse measure. The symmetrical proportions and the architectural adornments make it a stupendous manifestation of the highest art.

H. You seem to know how to make beautiful speeches. Is that a third kind of beauty you admire?

G. You are evidently disposed to poke fun at me. I was not aware before that I was capable of making a speech, much less a beautiful one.

H. You see how little we know what we can do until our powers are put to the test. Who are these ladies?

G. Why, Annie and Christiana.

H. and G (together). Good evening, ladies, I hope you're well.

A. and C. Yes, thank you.

A. You and Henry seemed to be engaged in a most interesting conversation, I hope we shall not interrupt it.

C. I should think it must have been deeply interesting, judging from their earnestness of manner.

H. We were talking about the beauties of nature and art, and George here was growing quite eloquent. His admiration of the beautiful seems to know no bounds.

G. Any one who cannot admire beauty is to be pitied.

A. I agree with you, George, incapacity to admire beauty would be a serious defect; and yet there are such people.

C. I have met with people who could see no beauty in a splendid landscape—a landscape that would send an artist or a poet into raptures.

H. I hope you are not aiming a shaft at me, for I can admire the beautiful perhaps as much as any of you, though I talk

less about it. I have known people go to the Royal Academy to see the Exhibition of Works of Art; they have made a great talk of what they had seen, whereas the fact was they knew nothing whatever about paintings, and could hardly tell a "gem" from an amateur "daub."

A. No, Henry, there was no intention of depreciating you. I think we have every evidence of your capacity in this particular. It's not those who talk the loudest that are the best judges. I remember seeing in *Punch* some time ago a cartoon, in which some ladies were represented as standing before some pictures at an Art Exhibition, and asking the question, "Which are we to admire?" and when these were pointed out to them, they were very loud in their praise.

G. And no doubt there are many such who wait to be told and then admire. But what's the matter with Christiana? She seems to have gone quite serious.

C. Serious; I was only thinking.

H. No doubt moralizing. I dare say the maxim, "Handsome is that handsome does," expresses her feelings.

A. And after all, what is there that is more beautiful than a beautiful character and life?

C. That's just what I was thinking. All other beauty will sooner or later fade or crumble away, but *beauty of character* will abide and

"Flourish in immortal youth."

G. You see I'm not the only one who reads the poets !

H. No, Annie, I know, is very fond of poetry. She not only reads it frequently at home, but I know she sometimes reads for the edification of others; I don't mean on public platforms, but to select parties in the social circle.

A. You ought not to tell tales, Henry. What is done among friends has no need to be noised abroad. C. You see how gracious providence is to us in giving so many beautiful things for our benefit. We should find beauty in everything if we only looked at it aright. Nature is full of it; and where beauty is marred, it is owing to the action of man. There is beauty in art, and beauty in poetry, and the mental powers necessary for the production of pictures, statuary, symmetrical edifices, &c., and also poetry, are the gifts of God.

G. Henry, what do you say to that speech?

H. I was quite charmed, but Christiana gave up before I think she had finished. I expected she would have gone on to speak about the "beauties of grace," as the preachers would call them, for these beauties, as well as the beauties of genius, are divine in their origin.

C. Well, you had better go on and fill up my deficiencies.

Henry's remarks bring to my mind A. an anecdote I once heard of two childrenbrother and sister. The brother was a fine handsome boy, the sister anything but pretty. One day they were standing together opposite a looking-glass, when the boy remarked upon his own beauty, and also upon the absence of it in his sister. The girl was pained at the remark, and informed her father of it. He took the two aside, and speaking kindly said to them, "I would have you both look into the glass every day : you, my son, that you may be reminded never to dishonour the beauty of your face by the deformity of your actions; and you, my daughter, that you may take care to hide the defect of beauty in your person by the superior lustre of your virtuous and amiable conduct."

G. You see we have got to a fourth kind of beauty, viz., beauty of person.

H. Some writer I have read, referring to the latter kind of beauty, says, "Beauty,

unaccompanied by virtue, is a flower without perfume. Beauty is an almanac; if it lasts a year it is well."

C. Lord Greville says, "The criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination; of false, that it lessens."

G. So you see it comes to this, that beauty of nature, beauty of art, and beauty of person are unenduring and perishable, and that only beauty of character will continue. Have you ever noticed how seldom beauty of person is combined with beauty of soul, and how often beautiful character shines forth in the life of persons who can lay claim to little outward bodily attraction?

A. Beauty of person generally leads to self-gratification and pride, and these are at complete variance with the formation and cultivation of a beautiful character. Pride and piety cannot go hand in hand.

C. As these seem to be our views, let us try to obtain this beauty of character. There is only one source from whence it can be derived, as I think Henry said, from God. Christ lived a beautiful life on earth, to teach us how to live. "He hath set us an example, that we should follow in His steps;" and if we follow Him we shall be like Him; and to be like Christ is to live a beautiful life and exemplify a beautiful character.

H. Christ is "the fairest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." We must all try to be partakers of His nature, and thus we shall possess a beauty that shall last when the earth and all the works that are therein shall be burned up.

A. Henry gives me credit for reading poetry. A piece from Shakespeare which comes to my mind I'll recite to you, and then I must leave you :--

- "Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
  - A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly; A flower that dieth when first it 'gins to bud; A brittle glass that's broken presently;

A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower. Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour."

G. So vain and unreal is beauty.

H. Good-bye. May we all profit by our conversation.

# ANSWER TO ACROSTIC No. 2.

1HarvesT	Genesis viii. 21.
2.—AsapH	1 Chronicles xvi. 5.
3NavY	1 Kings ix. 26, 27.
4.—DauB	Ezekiel xiii. 10, 11.
5LO (Log)	Leviticus xiv. 10.
6Evangelis $T$	2 Timothy iv. 5.
7NebaT	1 Kings xi. 26.
8OphaL	2 Chronicles xxvii. 3.
9Tribut $E$	Matthew xvii. 24-27.

"Handle not thy bottle."-Colossians ii. 21.; Habakkuk ii. 15.

# ANSWER TO ACROSTIC No. 3.

1FlutE	Daniel iii. 5, 7, 10, 15.
2.—InkhorN	Ezekiel ix. 3.
3LioN	Proverbs xxvi. 13.
4LovE	Proverbs x. 12.
5EpenetuS	Romans xvi. 5.
6DogS	Mark vii. 27, 28.
7WA (Want)	Luke xvi. 14.
8.—IroN	Deuteronomy iii. 11.
9TrembleD	Acts xxiv. 25.
10HorimS	Deuteronomy ii. 12.
11Dod0	1 Chronicles xi. 26.
12ReapeR	Ruth ii. 4-16.
13UR	1 Chronicles xi. 35.
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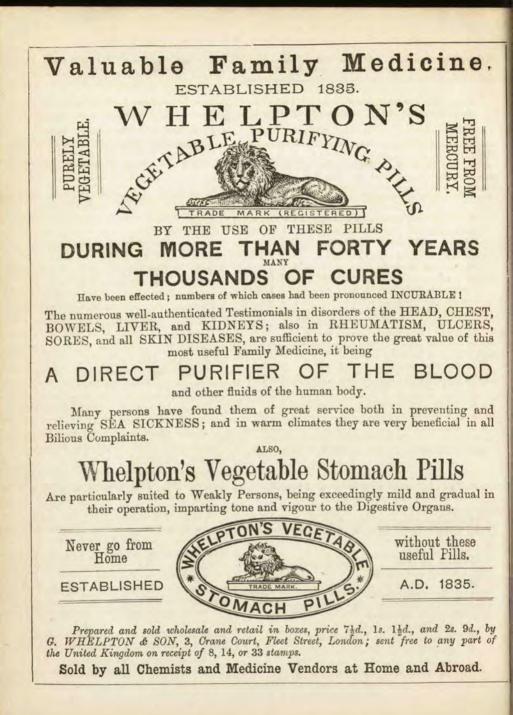
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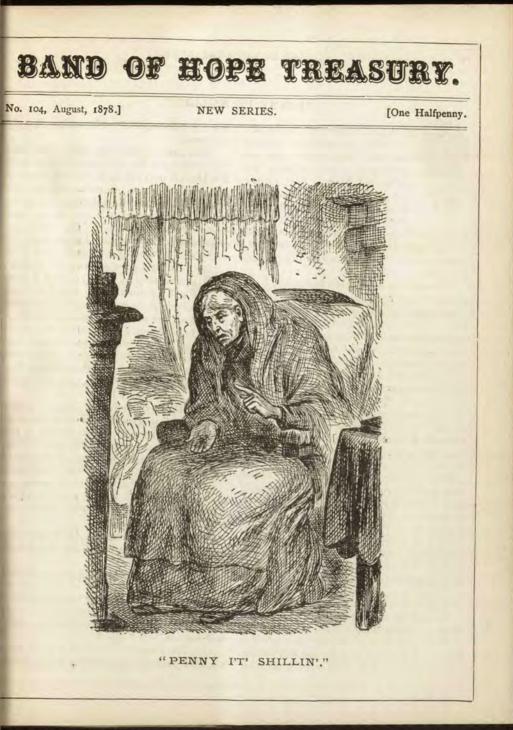
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# "PENNY IT' SHILLIN'."

MONGST other worthy characters that attended our Church meetings was a poor but remarkably clean widow, we called old Mary. She always sat in one place, and was seldom or ever absent; she was civil, courteous, and modest;

often took her part in the meeting, and her prayers and speeches, though short, were pointed. One evening, in her prayer, she said,—

"Lord, I am a miracle of mercies; I am neither deaf nor dumb, blind nor crazy; I have good use of both my hands and my feet; I have a house to live in, a clean bed to rest on, food to eat, and raiment to wear; and best of all I have Jesus Christ as my constant companion, to cheer me and comfort me every day. I have heaven on the way to heaven, and what more can I want. As for my bits of troubles, for they are bits compared with other's, I spread them before the Lord. I am a miracle of mercies ! a miracle of mercies ! Oh, bless the Lord for His goodness. Amen."

But there was one peculiarity about this good old creature that we all noticed, and that did us all good. She seldom appeared at any service, Sunday or weekday, without bringing an "offering to the Lord," as she called it. Her income from all sources was about seven shillings per week, and out of this she gave seven pence. Knowing her small income, and her thrift and care to make ends meet, I ventured to say.—

"Mary, we know you are anxious to do what you can to help in all good things, and that you willingly bring your contributions, but suppose we take the will for the deed, then you will have a little more for

home requirements." She rather sharply answered,-

"Did Jesus Christ say that to the poor widow that put her mite into the treasury? No, He did not; He spake well of her, and said she had given more than all the rich folks put together, though they had given much. I know what I am doing, and Jesus Christ knows. It has been my custom ever since I read Jacob's vow, for every shillin' God gives me to give Him a penny back ; I give a penny i't' shillin'. This is one way of proving that I love Him, for if I cannot build churches I can help to keep them going; and if I cannot go into all the world and preach the Gospel myself, I can help to send others. I have neighbours poorer than I am, and there are some in this Church poorer, and sometimes I can give a little to them. No, no; I shall give my mite, my penny i't' shillin', as long as I live."

A gentleman, hearing of Mary's "penny i't' shillin'," was so pleased with it that he sent her a sovereign. She looked at the gold for a moment, and then said, "Well, I am a miracle of mercies! a miracle of mercies! But will you please let me have it in silver. If I ask anybody to change me a sovereign, they will wonder where I got it from; they may think I have been stealing."

Silver was obtained in exchange; she turned it over and over in her hand, and said,—

"One shilling and eightpence of this belongs to the Lord. To be sure it is all His, but He lets me have the far greatest part, and I will give Him back a penny i't' shillin' very gladly, for He gave Himself for me."

Old Mary was right; God is good to us all, and constant gratitude for this good-

ness is one of the greatest luxuries of this life. When the heart is given to God, and when we love Him, how easily all other gifts follow. We are not our own, neither body nor soul. All we have we have on trust; and to show our thankfulness, according to our means, pleases God, whether it be by statedly giving out of our abundance, or, like old Mary, giving out of our poverty, a "PENNY I'T' SHILLIN'." -From "Penny i't' Shillin'." No. 59, Strange Tales. Price 1d. By John Ashworth.

### THE APPLE AND THE CHILD.

#### BY UNCLE JOHN.

That hung upon a tree; So very small, it seemed to say, "Of what good can I be?

- " There are many large and yellow, Such favourites are I know,
- And are chosen 'fore all others, That round about us grow.
- "But I'm so small and useless, I am no good at all :"
- And at that very moment It from the tree did fall.
- "Oh, dear! I now am done for!" This apple seemed to say;
- When a little child came crying To where the apple lay.
- Although it was but little bruised, It tried to hide its head,
- But the little child stopped crying When he saw the apple red.
- "Oh, it is such a beauty one! It fell down now for me!"
- And he wiped away the falling tears, And laughing jumped with glee.
- The rosy apple then was pleased, And placed its rosy cheek

Against the lips of that dear child, Said, "Taste ! I'm very sweet." And so it charmed the little child, Who kept it for a while,

Then said, "It is so very good !" And eat it with a smile.

- From this each little girl and boy May learn a moral too,
- That although small and very young Yet they some good may do.
- If brother or if sister cries, Or if in angry mood,

### Just try to comfort, not to tease, But kiss them to be good.

Be meek and kind as Jesus was, When He was but a child; His gentle ways were known to all,

His language always mild.

#### THE HIDDEN TEXT.

#### BY UNCLE JOHN.

TOUCH not the wine-cup, when filled to the brim,

Although it is sparkling and fair;

It may seem like a friend, but it leadeth to sin,

The mocker is found lurking there.

By it are the strong and the mighty laid low !

Drink it not, but dash it away;

It is death to the soul ;—in the confines below

They are raging whom it led astray.

The priest and the people are alike led away,

And all whosoever partake;

There is danger for those who parleying stay-

For deceived, they will not forsake.

Thereby may dear children never be caught;

There is safety for those who abstain : Oh, then shun the wine-cup-touch-

taste it not,

They are wise who sober remain.

Search for the hidden text; Tell it to all; Sound forth its warning note; Let great and small Echo it from shore to shore, Till strong drink is known no more.

# MY GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

HAT are you good for, my brave little man?

Answer that question for me if you can— You, with your fingers as white as a nun, You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun.

All the day long with your busy contriving, Into all mischief and fun you are driving; See if your wise little noddle can tell What you are good for—now ponderit well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet Came with a patter to climb on my seat; Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee, Under their lashes looked up unto me; Two little hands, pressing soft on my face, Drew me down close in a loving embrace; Two rosy lips gave the answer so true— "Good to love you, mamma; good to love

you."

# TELLING FORTUNES.

BY ALICE CAREY.

"Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh: for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty; and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags."—Prov. xxiii. 20, 21.

T'LL tell you two fortunes, my fine little For you to accept or refuse— [lad, The one of them good, and the other one bad: [choose! Now hear them, and say which you

I see, by my gift, within reach of your hand, A fortune right fair to beholdA house and a hundred good acres of land, With harvest-fields yellow as gold.

- I see a great orchard, the boughs hanging With apples of russet and red; [down
- I see droves of cattle, some white and some brown,

But all of them sleek and well-fed.

I see doves and swallows about the barndoors,

See the fanning-mill whirling so fast;

See men that are threshing the wheat on the floors:

And now the bright picture is past !

And I see, rising dismally up in the place Of the beautiful house and the land,

Oh! if you beheld him, my lad, you would wish

That he were less wretched to see,

For his boot-toes, they gape like the mouth of a fish,

And his trousers are out at the knee!

In walking he staggers now this way, now that,

And his eyes they stand out like a bug's; And he wears an old coat and a battered-

in hat,

And I think that the fault is the jug's.

For our text says, The drunkard shall come to be poor,

And drowsiness clothes men with rags;

And he doesn't look much like a man, I am sure,

Who has honest hard cash in his bags.

Now, which will you choose? To be thrifty and snug.

And to be right side up with your dish; Or to go with your eyes like the eyes of a

bug,

And your shoes like the mouth of a fish?

A man with a fire-red nose on his face, And a little brown jug in his hand!

# IF I WERE A MONARCH.

WISH I were the monarch, and had supreme command,

I'd close the beer and gin shop, and make a joyful land;

The prison would be empty, and better places fall, [golden rule. And every home a palace beneath the

Since Adam fell in Eden, mankind has been astray, [alway; To follow sinful customs that ruin men But drinking is an evil that buries every good, [destroying flood.

And carries many downward like some

The beasts that roam in forest, the birds that sail in air, [pain and care; Are cheerful and contented, and free from But man, with all his greatness, intelligence and skill, [will. By drinking is degraded in body and in

The good may still endeavour with lives of holiness, [to suppress; And words of truth and wisdom all evil But while strong drink remaineth, they will but try in vain [amain.

To stay the tide of evil that sweepeth on

# THE DYING WIDOW'S PRAYER FOR A MAINE-LAW.

BY JOSEPH COOPER.

HEN Jemmy signed the pledge A many years ago, My sad heart leaped for joy, Hope gleamed and banished woe; My dim eyes grew more bright, I blithe as lark did sing, Walked stately as a queen With Jemmy my liege king. Our children soon were donned

So neat, from top to toe, And laughed at chilling winds, At winter's frost and snow. With satchel, books, and slate, They skip to school each day, While health's bloom on their cheeks Rivalled the roses gay. Soon Jemmy changed his rags For West-of-England black, And never kinder husband Put broad-cloth on his back. He dressed our half-starved mop With my patched thread-bare gown, And brought me bombazines From the first shop in town. We left the low damp cellar, And took a lovely cot,-I've heard tell of a Paradise, And thought that was the spot ! And true, it was a Paradise, And would have been till now,-But oh ! those widow-making blots They broke my Jemmy's vow. He went unto his club neat clad Upon the festive day, They put gin in his ginger beer And laughed as though in play. But that was cruel play for me,-My Jemmy, from that hour, Was never sober for a day, He lost all moral power. He drank until our all was gone, Even the children's bed ; He drank till-oh! that woeful night-They found him lifeless, dead ! I fain would live to guard my boys; Oh help! I sink-I die! The widow's curse upon the drink, With His, who rules the sky ! Oh, ere I die one boon I crave-Christians, stop the taps ! And guard my pretty orphan boys,

Ere drink their virtue saps. Ah! but for them I fain would rise, Nor look o'er Heaven's brink,

Until the day when men won't sell Or buy death-dealing drink !

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY. WE DRINK THE PUREST WATER, - Statestate We drink the pur-est wa-ter, That flows in gen - tle rills, And glad-dens ev-'ry  $|s_1:s_1|m:-.r|d:s_1|f_1:m_1|r_1:d_1|s_1:-|$ d:d S. d t, :1, |s, :m  $d: d | s_1: s_1 | s_1: -f_1 | m_1: s_1 | f_1: m_1 | r_1: d_1 | s_1: - | s_1 | s_1: f_2 | s_1: s_1$ SI  $d:d | s_1:s_1 | d := s_1 | s_1:s_1 | f_1:m_1 | r_1:d_1 | s_1:= | m | r :d | t_1:d$ SI  $d: d | s_1: s_1 | d_1: - | d_1: s_1 | f_1: m_1 | r_1: d_1 | s_1: - | d_1 | r_1: r_1 | s_1: d_1$ S: 10 10 valleys and on form of life In hills. is God's mer-cy It us The 0 0 |t<sub>1</sub>:s<sub>1</sub>|1<sub>1</sub>:m|r:fe<sub>1</sub>|s<sub>1</sub>:-| ||s<sub>1</sub>|r:r|m:m|f:-.m|r:r :-.d fe :-.1.  $s_1:s_1 | s_1:s_1 | fe:r_1$ r :- |  $S_1 = S_1 : S_1 = S_1 : S_1 = S_1 : S_1$ d : d 1, :1, :-.r :r t,:-| s, t,:t, d:d r:-.d | t, :t, r, Si:ti d : d | r : r | s :-SI  $|S_1:S_1| |S_1:S_1| |S_1: - |S_1:S_1|$ sun-shine and the rain, That paints in ver-dant beau-ty The mountain and the plain. s:t, d:m r:- s, d:d | s, :s, l, :- m,:m, f, :l, | s, :t, d:--:  $s_1 d: d | s_1: s_1 | 1_1 := m_1: m_1 f_1: l_1 | s_1: f_1 m_1: - -:$ S1:S1 S1:S1 S1: $s_i | d : d | s_i : s_i | l_i := | m_i : m_i | f_i : l_i | s_i : r | d := | =:$ t :r |d :d t .:- $s_1: f_1 | m_1: d_1 | s_1:$  $s_1 d: d | s_1: s_1 l_1 := m_1: m_1 f_1: l_1 | s_1: s_1 d_1: -:$ 



### STRONG DRINK.

#### A DIALOGUE FOR SIX BOYS. BY REV. T. RYDER.

(From Kirton's Standard Band of Hope Reciter. An excellent collection of Dialogues, Recitations, and Readings.)



George (addressing the audience) ADIES and Gentlemen, I think it will interest you to hear what we have to say respecting Strong Drink, and why we have resolved to have nothing to do with it. We shall speak of it as though it were a person. (Turning to Charles) Charles,

do you know why they call him strong?

*Charles.* One reason why he is called *strong* is that he will throw any man down that likes to try him. I have known him destroy the strongest bodily frame.

Arthur. But how is it with the mind? Can he overcome that?

Edwin. Oh, yes; Strong Drink can overcome the strongest minds. I have read of many a genius who has fallen before him.

George. It is quite true. Although the mind has many strong gates and pillars, called feeling and principles, Strong Drink can carry away these gates, and pull down these pillars as easily as Samson carried off the gates of Gaza, or pulled down the pillars of the house of Dagon.

John. One of the strongest of those feelings is love, but Strong Drink can destroy even that. He has even made fathers curse their own children, and husbands kill their wives.

H. And Strong Drink takes away all sense of shame, so that men are content to be degraded below the level of the beasts.

C. Fear, too, is another faculty of the mind which this demon, Strong Drink, destroys. Neither prison, nor the lash, nor the gallows is a terror to those who follow him; in fact, they neither fear God nor man.

A. Can you tell me anything about his personal appearance? They say that he changes his dress very often. Is that true?

E. Yes: he is sometimes dressed in white; then they call him Whisky.

G. And sometimes he is brown; then he is called *Ale*.

J. Sometimes he is almost black; and then they call him *Porter*.

H. Sometimes he is red like blood; then he is called Wine.

C. Some people who are afraid of him in one dress are quite bold with him in another; which is very foolish, for his disposition is the same at all times.

A. Among fashionable people hedresses in a genteel red, and writes "Wine" on his card; but his favourite dress in other circles is a dull water-colour, or changing drab.

E. If ever you see one in red, calling himself Negus or Port; or in brown, calling himself Dublin Stout or London Porter; or in water-colour, calling himself Hollands or Double Proof, or any such name, be you sure, whatever may be said on his behalf, that you see that terrible villian, Strong Drink, and make the best of your way out of his reach.

G. Do any of you know where he lives?

J. Yes, I do. Like Diogenes of old, he is fond of taking up his abode inside beer barrels and casks.

H. And I have seen him in bottles, decanters, tumblers, and pewter pots.

C. He finds a lodging very often in cupboards and presses, and is sure to be found in the public house.

A. He likes to visit people's houses at Christmas, New Year times, and birthdays

but he don't come to our house, for we show him no hospitality.

E. There was a christening in our street the other day, and I know he was at *that*; and they tell me that a hundred chances to one but you find him at a wedding breakfast.

G. As to fairs and races, he has never yet missed one of them.

J. But it's my opinion his favourite place is down people's throats—though I've heard some say that he runs at once to people's heads.

H. Do any of you know what he can do?

C. Why, he can kindle a fire in the stomach, and drop poison in the veins.

A. Yes, and sometimes the fire is hot enough to set the blood a-boiling, and the tongue a-stammering.

E. I have heard that he is an artist. Is that true?

G. Yes; he paints noses red, and dots them with pimples.

J. He also makes handsome people slouch, and strong people shake; heads to ache, and limbs to move zigzag.

H. Besides all that, he's a great thief. He steals away the brain, and robs men of their money.

C. Yes, and he multiplies widows and orphans, he fills gaols and hospitals, and he draws many away from the house of God and the Sunday-school.

A. He has sent tens of thousands into banishment, to prison, and to the gallows, and drives at least 60,000 every year in Britain alone to untimely graves, most of whom he cheats of their souls.

E. What, then, is best to do with this dangerous foe, Strong Drink?

G. Avoid him altogether.

J. Keep out of his reach.

H. Keep from where he is.

C. In one word, have nothing at all to do with him. ("Hear, hear," from the other five.) EPISTLE TO THE CHAIRMAN OF THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' ASSOCIATION.

#### BY JOSEPH COOPER.

CEASE thy brawling, change thy calling-

Two-legged thing—and be a man! Such vile trading is degrading,

And is stamped with Heaven's ban.

Paupers making, fond hearts breaking, Vending poverty and woe;

Man ! 'tis shocking-God's laws mocking, And will prove thy overthrow.

Widows' red eyes, orphans' wild cries, Unto Heaven for vengeance cry—

And their pleadings and heart-bleedings Shall be answered by and by !

'Tis less trouble, far more noble, To give up unlawful gain;

Than be driven, 'neath frowning Heaven, With the crushing badge of Cain.

Cease thy brawling, change thy calling— Two-legged thing—and be a man!

Such vile trading is degrading,

And is stamped with Heaven's ban.

SHUT THE DOOR; OR, STOP THE TAPS.

#### BY JOSEPH COOPER.

THE "Alliance" crieth shut the door, Or close those fiery taps,

Their hinges move in human gore,

They're masked and deadly traps.

They're masked by custom grey and hoar, They're masked by British law,

They're masked by prejudices yore, And mammon's gory maw.

Law, custom, prejudice, and gain, Too long hath screened the foe,

That mocketh at my country's pain, And revels in its woe. Old custom now is changing cast, Great prejudice doth quail,

Gigantic law, too, stands aghast, Grim interest wan and pale.

So there is hope that healing flowers, O'er drink's dark tomb shall spring; May He who gives sunshine and showers, Shield them with His broad wing.

# AH BEE-ER! GLAD TO SEE YOU ABOUT AGAIN ON SUNDAYS-BEE-ER.

YM glad to see you out again, Beer, beer! Though thinking men of you complain, This fact to every one is plain, That government by you will gain; Beer, beer!

Don't mind what Sabbatarians say, Beer, beer!

Though they may sing and preach and Upon that hallowed Sabbath-day, [pray Go thou and soak the drunkard's clay, Beer, beer!

Ne'er mind the virtues thou uproots, Beer, beer!

Nor for the men thou makest brutes, Who scorn death's trappings—palls and mutes,

Th' exchequer gluts on raw recruits; Beer, beer!

Go paint red noses and black eyes, Beer, beer.

Belch fearful oaths and filthy lies, Don't notice children's pitcous cries, Nor mother's wailing to the skies. Beer, beer.

Unnerve men for their next week's work, Beer, beer.

And make them lazy as a Turk, Let them in filthy taprooms lurk, Students of Turpin, Hare, and Burke. Beer, beer. Pamper the bloated Cole-hole host, Beer, beer!

Heedless of gaol and prison cost, And orphans on the parish tost, [lost, Nor think what souls through thee are Beer, beer!

But those who vend thee on this day, Beer, beer!

And they who license them to slay, Heedless what facts or Heaven may say, The drunkard's blood on them will lay, Beer, beer.

-Punch, August 11, 1855.

# ONLY A LAD!

BY S. KNOWLES.

ONLY a lad! only a lad! But oh, my heart is often sad When I think Of the drink

That drives so many creatures mad !

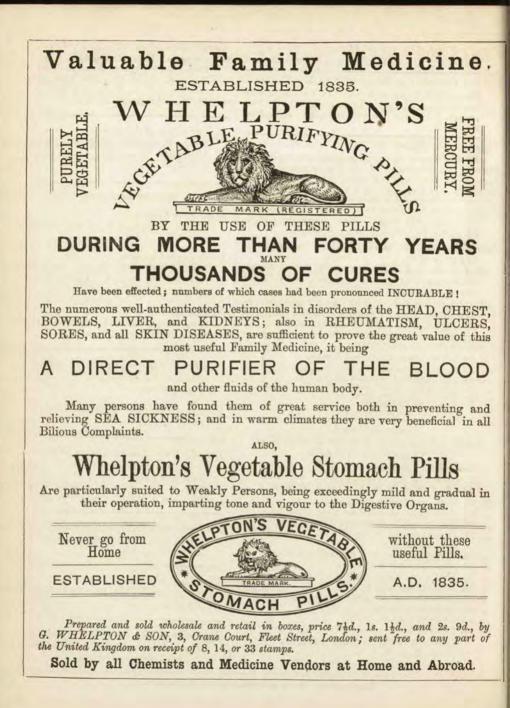
Only a lad! only a lad! A father good and kind I had; But there came Sin and shame Into the home that once was glad.

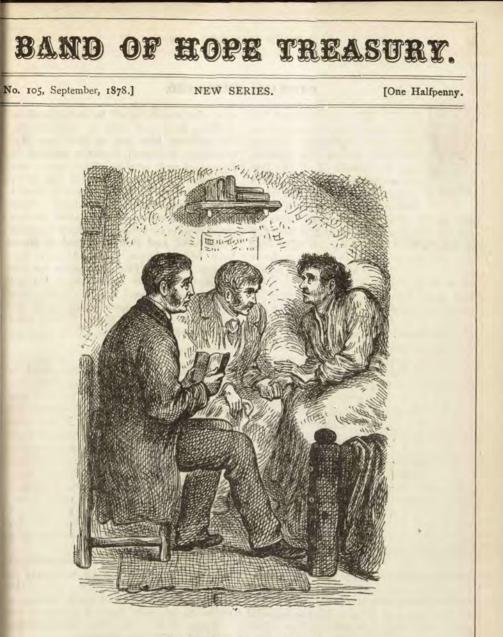
Only a lad! only a lad! In garments mean I soon was clad; Oh, the fears! Oh, the tears In silence wept, though only a lad!

Only a lad! only a lad! [me bad; Strong Drink would fain have made Through the street, With bare feet, Oft have I wandered lone and sad.

Only a lad! only a lad! I can work, though only a lad; Work and pray! Help to slay Demon Drink, though only a lad!

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CABMAN'S DEATH-BED.

CABMAN'S DEATH-BED.



APPY NED commenced his missionary labours amongst the scavengers, night men, chimney sweepers, boxers, dog fighters, and the lowest of all the low characters in Liverpool. He rose early in the morning, being seldom in bed after five o'clock,

and spent many of the first hours in prayer, that God would help him that day in the work he had to do, and make him the instrument of good to those that never heard the Gospel. This morning preparation gave him love and boldness. He had great tact, and his frank, cheerful, straight-forward way of speaking to the people, soon made him a favourite with most of them. His labours were not confined to any particular district or locality, —he went about doing good everywhere. In order to have greater power over the drunkard, he became a total abstainer himself, for he very properly said,—

"If I take drink myself, however little, my month is shut, and I have less power with the drunkard."

In most of our large towns there is a class of useful men that have been too little cared for. They are blown in the wind, battered in the rain, are exposed to all weathers, and worked seven days to the week. They hold a responsible position, and, as a rule, are honest, respectable, and intelligent. Ned was often amongst these men, and it was thought advisable by the Liverpool Town Mission Committee, under whom he had laboured from the first, that he should devote most of his time and labours for their special good, and from that time he was called the Cabman's Missionary.

The cabmen held, and still hold, the

man who was doing all he could for their welfare, body and soul, in high esteem, and address him not as Ned, but Mr. Sunners. Fourteen hundred cabmen in Liverpool and neighbourhood meet their Missionary with a smile; and woe be to the man that, in their presence, should dare to insult their kind friend. From the commencement of his labours, he has stood beside two thousand three hundred death-beds, and three hundred of these have been cabmen, some of whom are now in heaven. One of them, in his last moments, sent for his brother. On his arrival, he requested that his head might be raised a little; he then beckoned his brother to come near him. Taking hold of his hands, with a low, feeble voice he said .-

"Dear brother, you see I am near the end of this life, but I am not afraid to die. My Saviour conquered death for me, and pardoned my sins, before I was laid on this sick bed, or I cannot tell what I must have done, for I have now enough to do to fight with pain of body and shortness of breath. It was dear Mr. Sunners, or, as he is truly called, Happy Ned, that led me to Jesus. Blessed man! blessed man! And now, dear brother, I want you to come to the same dear Jesus. He will save you! He will save you! I do want to meet you in heaven! Do come to Jesus! do come! Promise you will meet me in heaven ! "

The deeply affected young man promised his dying brother that he would try to meet him in the skies. The soul of the cabman passed away to glory, leaving a smile on his pale face of death.—From "Happy Ned." No. 47, Strange Tales. Price 1d. By John Ashworth.

Some did each other blame, For pressing her to take so much; Some said it was a shame. In vain restoratives were tried, She never spoke again ! Ah, SHE WAS DEAD ! and thus to die Amidst loose fashion's train. Oh, sinner, stop ! a warning take, And heaven's music learn; Lest in a moment you may die, Unto your Lord return. To-morrow it may be too late-Just now-this moment's thine ! The next is in eternity, The present is in time. O learn the step, and seek the road, And from it never stray; Until to-morrow don't put off What can be done to-day. You then may join the ransomed host, In heaven's songs of joy, And through a vast eternity Your nobler powers employ. LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG. EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT. By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth. MY dear Young Friends,-It gives me great pleasure to address you

Some hinted at the wine she took;

once more. Time passes away very rapidly; it does not appear to be very long since I addressed you last. I hope you will bear with me for a few minutes, while I try to give you a little instruction. I have said in the heading, "Example is better than precept," and if you will look at it in a proper light, you will think so too. A person may advise another to abstain from all intoxicating drinks, yet may freely indulge himself in taking it. Now you will see that such advice would

have very little influence indeed. James would say, "O, Samuel, why do you not make up your mind and leave off drinking?" Yet, at the same time, James has not made up *his* mind to become an abstainer. Perhaps if James showed by example, by standing out boldly and manfully that he would not take any more, it is more likely Samuel would follow his example.

I may tell you, my dear young friends, that example has a greater influence than mere telling or teaching. Many distinguished ministers and men of science have become abstainers, not because they were drunkards; no! but because they saw the dreadful influence which strong drink exerted among multitudes of people, and so they made up their minds that they would leave it off, and do all in their power to advise others to do the same. Thus you see by this time what I mean by Example.

What shall I say to you-leave off strong drinks, and take it myself? I am sure this is not the most powerful, the most effective way of advocating any cause. There is a work for you to do, and you must not be surprised at my saying so, and should make no excuses. God expects us all to do something. Those who work for Him will be the happiest of all people, and will receive His blessing. You may not obtain the praise of the world, nor have any great distinction bestowed upon you; but people will love you, and you will obtain a crown which will never, never fade away, eternal in the heavens. Let us, then, be up and doing.

> "Lives of great men all remind us, We may make our lives sublime; And departing leave behind us, Footprints on the sands of time."

God has sent us here to work and not be idle, but to do all the good we can.

In bringing this address to a close, let me once more remind you that during your journey through this life, that in every good work, the force of example is greater than precept.

# ANSWER TO HIDDEN TEXT IN No. 104.

"INE is a mocker, strong drink is raging."—Proverbs xx. 1.

# DOUBLE SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC. BY UNCLE JOHN.

1.-•• NE that is like vinegar to the teeth,

Whene'er upon a message sent;

2.—The trade of him with whom Paul lodged,

When unto Joppa this apostle went;

- 3.—Peleg's son, whose age was said to be Two hundred years and thirty-nine;
- 4.—A group of stars, of which Job spoke, That doth in yonder heavens shine.
- 5.—That which Paul said the Pharisees Did tempt God to put upon the neck;
- 6.—A lucious fruit, the Israelites Did from the brook Eschol take;
- 7.—Philistia's God, in Ashdod placed, That down before the ark did fall;
- 8.—One of the brethren that Joseph sold Unto the sons of Ishmael.
- 9.—A well-known and rich perfume That Aaron used in sacrifice;
- 10.—Articles, liken'd to wise men's words, Fastened by masters of assembles.
- 11.—What sometimes are worn upon the head,
  - Which women make, 'gainst whom a woe [tear God hath pronounced. And He will These articles away from you.

The cause of England's greatest woe, The *initials* will declare;

The woe itself the *finales* state; Let every one beware,

And shun the cause, lest they be smitten, The victims cannot enter heaven.

### LANDLORD, SPARE THAT SOT.

#### BY JOSEPH COOPER.

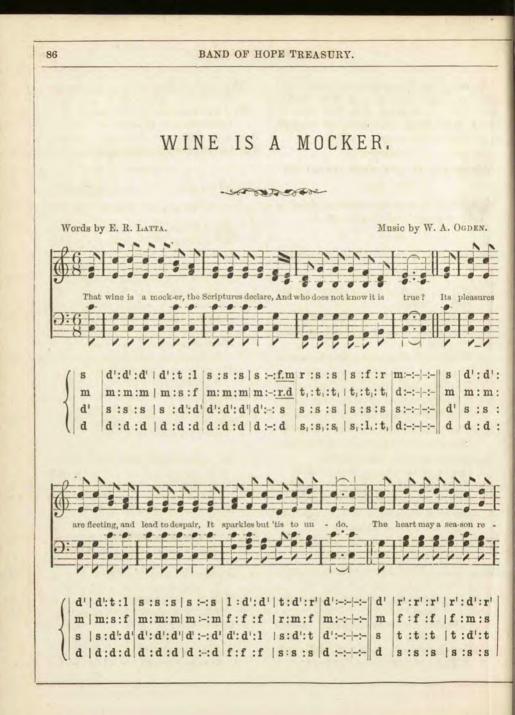
LANDLORD, spare that sot, Think of his wife and child;
Don't fill that deadly pot, It drives him crazed and wild;
His wife is bowed with care, His children cry for bread:
Oh! do the drunkard spare, I pray thee, in their stead.
He once was good and kind,

As husband e'er could be; His children then could find A place upon his knee; His wife to him was dear, She was his joy and pride; But now she quakes with fear, And trembles at his side.

'Tis drink that's stole his brain— 'Tis drink that's drained his purse; Thus all affection weaned, I quake to hear him curse. Now, see his eyeballs roll; Ah! see that maniac grin: Have pity on his soul, Don't damn it with thy gin.

And shall I plead in vain ? Wilt thou not spare that sot? Wilt thou thy garments stain, With that death-dealing pot? I sorrow for the man; I grieve for thee likewise : O, that the great "I AM"

Would open thy blind eyes.





#### ANGER.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

Richard.

FEEL very angry with you, Thomas, for making me wait so long. I must have been here at least a quarter of an hour!

Thomas. My lateness ought to have taught you the good lesson of patience. I am very sorry that you have learned a

lesson just the opposite, and allowed anger, which is certainly not one of the Christian graces, to take possession of you !

That's a very cool way of meeting R. me, after you have caused me to waste so much time.

T. It's better that I should meet you coolly, when you declare that you are heated with anger. If we were both hot, there is no telling what might be the consequence, whereas coolness coming in contact with heat will modify it, and thus both be benefited. When the temperature is even, effects are much more satisfactory.

R. So, you blame people for being angry, do you?

T. That just depends upon circumstances. Anger is sometimes justifiable, but much more frequently it is sinful ! The great Biblical Commentator, Matthew Henry, says, "Wise anger is like fire from the flint; there is a great ado to bring it out, and when it does come, it is out again immediately."

R. I think that quotation is a very unfortunate one to prove the wisdom of anger. A flint may produce only a tiny spark, which is out almost as soon as it is aglow, but what an untold mischief the tiny, short-lived spark might do, if it got into a gunpowder magazine! Actions are important or otherwise according to results produced; and so with anger, a hasty word

may do much more harm than an angry sentence.

T. If, then, you are not satisfied with what Matthew Henry says, I'll try to give you a higher authority to prove that under some circumstances anger is not sinful, but quite justifiable.

R. Let me have it then.

BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

T. Well, we read in the Bible many times of God being angry with wicked people. Our Saviour was angry with the Pharisees (Mark iii, 5). "Jacob was wroth and chode with Laban." And we read that Moses "went out from Pharaoh in great anger," and on another occasion, when he saw the calf the Israelites had made to worship, "Moses' anger waxed hot." Many more instances could be given to prove my point. Good men may be righteously indignant without committing sin, when they see the wickedness of bad men.

R. Then you mean to say that anger in a righteous cause is blameless?

T. Not always, Thomas; but sometimes a cause may be right and just, and those who interest themselves in it may feel strongly; passion or personal ambition may be the actuating motive; then, though the cause may be a good one, the supporters of it may be bad. Moses was angry because the children of Israel had done wrong and sinned against God; and Jacob, because he was accused by Laban of theft. In these cases wrong-doing was the cause of anger; and thus, I think, the anger was righteous and well-deserved.

R. So, then, Thomas, your opinion is that to be angry at sin is not sinful?

T. Just so; or, to put it in the words of a quaint writer, "He who would be angry and sin not must be angry at nothing but sin."

R. But there must be a vast amount



of anger among men which is very sinful; anger which is not against sin but *sinful* anger. The Scriptures are very much opposed to this, and condemn it in very strong terms.

T. Yea, not only do the Scriptures point out the folly of anger, they also commend the wisdom of those who avoid it. The wise king of Israel, Solomon, says, "He that is slow to wrath is of great understanding: but he that is hasty of spirit exalteth folly." "A stone is heavy and sand weighty, but a fool's wrath is heavier than both." "Be not hasty in thy spirit to be angry: for anger resteth in the bosom of fools."

R. Solomon's language is certainly very strong, but a greater than Sclomon said, "But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment;" and what a dreadful thing that must be!

T. And yet it seems to carry out your idea that anger, under some circumstances, may be right. It is anger without sufficient cause that brings the danger of the judgment.

R. Anger is its own punishment. It creates unhappiness in the breast, and seems to give no rest day nor night; as Job says, "For wrath killeth the foolish man, and envy slayeth the silly one."

T. This being the case, how wise is the teaching of Scripture, where it says, "Be ye angry, and sin not. Let not the sun go down on your wrath. Neither give place to the devil." That, as I understand it, means, if you have been unfortunate enough to have had a quarrel with any one, to make matters right as speedily as possible. "Agree with thine adversary quickly whilst thou art in the way with him."

R. But anger sometimes, yea, many times, is the outcome of a speedy impulse, and thus the effects, though instantly committed, may not be so quickly remedied. I remember reading about two boys who were playing at top. They had only one top, which they spun alternately, taking a given number of times each. The game had proceeded, when at length they began to contend and grow angry. One of them said, "It's my turn to whirl the top." The other replied, "You tell a lie." In their passion they seized each other, and in the scuffle one of the boys took a sharp knife out of his pocket and stabbed the other, by which wound he died. Thus, through anger, from so small a cause, one boy lost his life and the other became a murderer, and was sent to prison all his life.

T. Truly, "Wrath is cruel, and anger is outrageous; but who is able to stand before envy?" The great law-giver of the Chinese, Confucius, says, "When anger rises, think of the consequences," and we may accept his advice, though he was a heathen philosopher.

R. Anger is folly. The poet Pope says, "To be angry is to revenge the fault of others on ourselves."

T. Whilst the Bible points out the folly of anger, it also gives advice how to avoid it. "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

R. To avoid anger, then, we must give a "soft answer," be "slow to speak," and "rule our own spirit." Three good rules! With care we may carry them out in our lives, and thus be preserved from anger, which is the cause of many and great evils, such as malice and blasphemy, clamour and evil speaking, strife, contention, and cruelty.

T. To carry out the rules we must also be cautious in the selection of our friends. "Make no friendship with an angry man, and with a furious man thou shalt not go: lest thou learn his ways, and get a snare to thy soul." Wise words, uttered thousands of years ago, but quite as much needed now; and it would be well if we gave more heed than we do to the sage advice contained in the proverbial philosophy of king Solomon.

R. I must go, and with a quotation from the Epistle of James, I'll leave you: "Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be quick to hear; slow to speak, slow to wrath; for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God."

T. Robert, my boy, "Be angry and sin not." Good bye.

# KATY'S TALK WITH THE RAIN.

"G RAIN, rain, rain," said little Katy Blain,

"Pray tell us what you do,

Running here, running there, and running everywhere,

All the long summer day through."

"We heard," said the rain, "that the mill and the plain

Were fainting for lack of water;

So we ran all the way, never stopping to play,

Till we reached the miller's daughter.

"We heard her say, 'No grist to-day,' As she gazed at the sky in sadness ;

Then we splashed right down on her pretty white gown,

And she laughed for very gladness.

- "Then we ran with glee to old farmer Lee, Who was murmuring about the drought,
- And before he could think, we made him blink,

While his boys cried, 'Hurrah,' with a shout.

"We saw that the brook by the clover nook, Had almost dried away,

Where lame Bobby White made his pretty blue kite,

That flew to our home one day.

"So we brimmed the brook by the clover nook,

And watered all the flowers;

And filled the spring where the whippowills sing,

Thro' the bright warm evening hours.

- "Then we softly slid where the violets hid, And kissed them all around;
- And the daisies too, with their caps of blue, Every one, without a sound.
- "Now, Katy dear, speak a word of cheer To Bobby who plays by the brook,
- And tell old farmer Lee that soon we shall With him in the clover nook.
- "But we must run, for the fiery sun Will catch us if we stay,

And drink us up at a single sup, Good-day, Katy dear, good-day."

### THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

HILE standing by the drunkard's shallow grave,

His last parochial bed,

My mourning muse a sable pall did weave With a mysterious thread.

'Twas dark as hopeless death in midnight gloom,

Or horrent, grim despair;

When nought but forked lightning doth illume

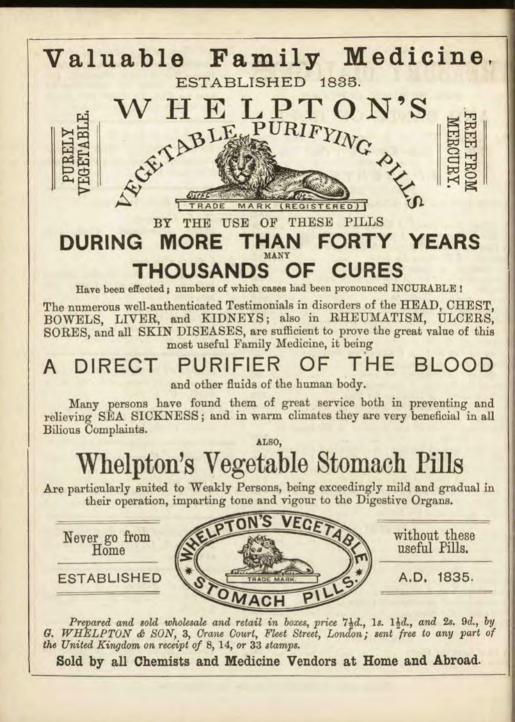
The rumbling, surcharged air.

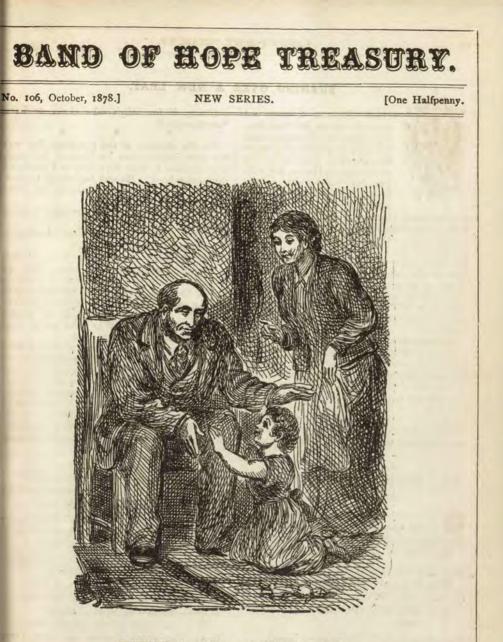
- 'Twas dark, dark! yet on it I could read—
  - "My bark, bark, bark was swamped among the weed

That springs so rampant on this deadly sea; Man—man! abstain, or you will follow me!"

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TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

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# TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.



HILE Thomas Johnson sat moodily by the fire that Sunday afternoon, thinking about his folly in spending his wages the previous evening at the public-house, Hester, his wife, put the baby down gently, saying, "Go to dadda"; and, with a crow and a chuckle, as

if he at least knew no difference to-day, the little fellow bounded off on his hands and knees to his father. Thomas watched him through his fingers ; his hands were over his face, and his tears were falling. He was just calling himself "a brute," and "wishing he were dead," as baby clutching at his leg, with two chubby little hands, looked up into his face with eyes full of laughter, and called out softly, in the sweet, lisping tongue of babyhood .-

"Dadda, dadda, baby's dadda !"

Thomas caught up his baby in his arms, and kissed him long and fervently. Then as his cheek lay pressed against his little son's, he thought of his past life, with its many ups and downs ; the growth of evil habits, which had lost him good situations; his frequent resolutions "to be different ;" his oft-repeated failures; and out of the big heart-ache, which came with all these thoughts, there sprang a

yearning, if for baby's sake alone, to have "another try."

On the evening of the following day was my first introduction to Hester's husband, who laughed a little nervously as I produced my pledge-book. He was beginning to grow a little faint-hearted. He shook his head doubtfully, and said,-

"O! I can't do that at present; I must think of it a bit first !"

"O ! Tom, do sign," said Hester, pleadingly.

"You know it would help you." "Well, fair's fair !" said Tom. "You know, wife, a year or two back, when we talked about it, you said whatever I did in the matter, you could never manage to give up the drop you took. Look here, ma'am," -turning to me,-" I'll sign if my Hester will !" and Tom looked as if he had secured a safe retreat by this suggestion.

It was only for a moment. With a flushed face and voice, which trembled with suppressed emotion, Hester said gently, as she drew near Tom, and placed her hand upon his shoulder :

"I'm ready, Tom. I've not touched a drop of anything for fourteen weeks. I couldn't be friendly with your enemy, when I came to think of it."-From "Turning Over a New Leaf." No. 72, Strange Tales. Price Id. By Mrs. Reaney.

# THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

#### BY G. W. BUNGAY.

UT in the street, with naked feet. I saw the drunkard's daughter; Her tattered shawl was thin and small ; She little knew, for no one taught her.

Her skin was fair, her auburn hair Was blown about her pretty forehead; Her sad white face wore sorrow's trace,

And want and woe that were not borrowed.

She softly said : "We have no bread, No wood to keep the fire burning." The child was ill; the winds so chill Her thin, cold blood to ice was turning.

But men well fed and warmly clad,

And ladies robed in richest fashion, Passed on the side where no one cried To them for pity or compassion.

That long night fled, and then the light

Of rosy day, in beauty shining, Set dome and spire and roof on fire,

And shone on one beyond repining.

Asleep-alone-as cold as stone,

Where no dear parent sought her ;

In winding-sheet of snow and sleet, [ter. Was found the drunkard's lifeless daugh-

### OLD JOHN CROAKER. BY W. BROWN,

### Author of "Nails in the Shoe," &c.

HEN first I went to live in our village, I used to wonder why he was called old John Croaker.

I thought it was perhaps his real ame, and so I called him "Mr. Croaker." But one day the old man told me, with a good atured smile, that his real name was Trueove, and that Croaker was only a playful ickname, fixed on him by the young folks.

As I got better acquainted with the village olks, I began to find out why poor old Mr. Cruelove got this unlucky nickname fastened in him. I'll tell you how it was. The old nan had a way with him. Everybody has. But old John's way was thought very odd. Ie felt a great interest in young people, but ie had a way of shewing it which did not lways go down as pleasant as peaches.

John didn't care to meddle with the bad boys of our village-not that John liked to see any boy bad-nay, if John could have had is will there would not have been a bad boy n the whole place; yet he shrunk from the ad boys. He was a nervous old gentleman, ind he felt himself unable to cope with rough ads. He loved gentleness, for gentleness never ruffles sensitive people; so John, old man though he was, loved to get hold of a gentle good boy. It suited him. He felt it like a soft pillow to lay his head upon. For old John, in his day, had had a full share of sore heads and sore hearts, and he felt himself the better of a soft pillow. A gentle spirited boy or girl supplied a "felt want," and refreshed him wonderfully.

But John, when he got hold of a good boy, never could help wishing to make him better! He liked as little to see a blemish on a good boy's character as you like to see a spot of mud on a silk dress, or an ugly scar on the face of a pretty girl. And John, poor old man, made this one great mistake that he fancied a good boy, just because he was a good boy, would like to have the blemishes pointed out to him. So he kept always pointing them out. This seems the reason why he got the nickname of old John Croaker.

You see John forgot to take into account an element which exists in human nature: I

mean self-love. The well meaning old man was always coming slap up against this selflove in other people, and in fact made himself a bore, while all the time he was innocently imagining that people were thankful to him for telling them their faults ! Ah, John ! a sad delusion this ! If I had had the naming of you I would have called you old John Green, not old John Croaker !

I think that the doings of an old lady in the village called Dame Buttergrundy had as much as anything else to do with the nickname Mr. Truelove had. I'll give you an instance of what I mean.

One of Mr. Truelove's young friends, Bill Smart, was as good a boy as any in our village. He was an honourable lad. He wouldn't have told a lie for worlds. Very tender hearted, too, was Bill. He could not even kill an earwig. Old John loved Bill. Now, as usual, the old gentleman was not long in noticing the blemish in Bill's otherwise fine character. Bill was conceited on one point, and as conceit and weakness are twin-sisters, Bill was weak also on that one point. Bill didn't seem to understand that knowledge had to be dug for, searched for, laboured for as a hidden treasure. and that, when you have got it, you feel modest and humbled that you have got so little. Bill, if he had read a column in a magazine on any given subject, fancied he knew all about it. In this way Bill was ready in all companies, among old or young, male or female, wise or ignorant, to set everybody right, and to contradict, inform, and instruct, upon all subjects from astronomy to the deep sea cable.

Now, this vexed old John Truelove. It was just the one fault he thought he would like to see disappear from young Bill, and he felt restless over it. He must speak to Bill about it. He would not—so he thought—be acting the true friend if he allowed Bill to go on making a fool of himself, and he knew very well that nobody else would tell him of it.

So he thought, and thought, and better thought. At last John hit on what he thought was a good way of putting it to Bill. So he did put it. It was something very kind and tender which he said, but something very plump and plain. It was like a pill in a spoonful of jam, and John thought Bill would

like the jam so much that he would not taste the pill. But John was wrong. Bill was touched on a raw spot, and Bill felt very sore.

So he went straight to Dame Buttergrundy. He thought he would try to find out if she had "as bad an opinion of him as old Croaker had," for that was the unhappy way in which Bill put it to himself.

He asked the Dame if what John had said of him was true. You should have heard the old lady's reply. Butter and honey were nothing to its oily sweetness. "You conceited, Bill ! Well, well ! what a thing to say ! Why, it's only yesterday as 1 was taking tea at the Flatters. You know the Flatters, Bill. Such nice folks ! and we got a talking of all you boys in the village, and old Mrs. Flatter she says to me, 'Well, if there's a boy among the lot as knows more than the Rector and Schoolmaster put together, it's Bill Smart !' And I says, says I, 'Yes, and so modest and shy with it all ! You can't get a word out of him,' says I. That's what everybody says about you, Bill. Don't you mind old John. He's just a croaker, that's all !"

Bill went away comforted, and feeling very bitterly towards old Mr. Truelove. But if Bill had been hid in a cupboard in the Dame's parlour half-an-hour afterwards he would not have believed his ears, when Mrs. Flatter stepped in to call on the Dame, and when the Dame detailed the whole story to her with great gusto, ending with, "Of course, my dear, we all know that Bill is a conceited young upstart, that is always poking in his word and airs as if he was everybody. But one can't tell him so, you know."

Now, all this about Mr. Truelove, and his nickname, and Dame Buttergrundy, and Mrs. Flatter, and Bill Smart, and all the other stories I often heard about old John Croaker, and the kind of people that disliked him, and the kind of man he really was, set me a thinking. Such lots of questions do float up into one's mind about it all.

1. Why do we think ourselves ill-used when told of our faults ?

2. Why do we feel most angry when the faults we are told about are most real ?

3. Why would we rather be let alone, and take our chance of being laughed at behind

our backs, than have a faithful old Mr. Truelove to tell us to our face what is defective about us?

4. Why do we all like Mrs. Buttergrundy so much better than we like Mr. Truelove ?

5. Why do we all believe her rather than him ?

6. Why do we call him old John Croaker ?

Well, there are lots of answers to these questions which float up also, but they float up in a crowded sort of way, so that we can't set them down regularly one, two, three, in answer to each question, for each one wants to be put down first. But here they are.

We don't see ourselves as others see us.

We think others consider us as nice people as we consider ourselves to be.

We think our faults are far less ugly than the same faults in other people.

We can't believe that Mrs. Buttergrundy would speak ill of us behind our backs, for she is one of our greatest friends, and we know she thinks us very nice people.

Flattery is sweet even from the lips of an idiot.

Flattery is not flattery when it is spoken to us. It is only truth then. We ourselves know that very well.

Can't you let us alone? We never trouble you with your faults. Why should you trouble us?

Now, my young friends, just think quietly over these things in your leisure moments.

Not one of you is perfect. Each of you has some blemishes which others see in you, but which you do not see yourselves. If you do see them, perhaps you think them beauty spots in you! Perhaps you christen them by nice names. Bad Temper you christen Proper Spirit; Selfishness you christen Prudence; Conceit you christen Self-Respect ; Obstinacy you christen Firmness ; and so on. But others don't give them such fine names, and others see them in a truer light than you see them. But if you don't see your blemishes, do you want to see them ? Would you like to get rid of them ? The world will not tell you of them. The world is too selfish to take the trouble. It will flatter you, and be glad to receive your flattery in return. But it will never tell you truly what it thinks of you. That must be left to some "cross old John Croaker."

Youth is the time to get rid of blemishes.

"As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." In a few more years your faults of character will become fixtures, and even a surgical operation will not remove them. The day may come when you will wish you had listened to "John Croaker."

Be wise in time, and listen to him now.

Have no connection with Dame Buttergrundy. She is a flatterer ; and "the flatterer spreadeth a net for your feet,"-at least so Solomon said, and I fancy he knew.

ANSWER TO ACROSTIC IN No. 105.

Proverbs x. 26.
Acts ix. 43.
Genesis xi. 20, 21.
Job xxxviii. 31.
Acts xv. 10.
Numbers xiii. 23, 24.
1 Samuel v. 3, 4.
Genesis xxxvii. 21.
Exodus xxx. 8.
Ecclesiastes xii. 11.
Ezekiel xiii. 18-21.

"Strong Drink."-1 Samuel i. 15. " Drunkenness."-Luke xxi. 34.

DOUBLE SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC. BY UNCLE JOHN.

HAT was it that a servant hid. And did his Lord's command abuse ?

2.-What was the second spice that God Told Moses in perfume to use ?

3.-Who were those that Paul declared Corinthian Christians should avoid?

4.-Whom did he name at Philippi, With women, who were well employ'd?

5.-What was it that at Gibeon stood, Where Solomon went to sacrifice?

6.-Who was it burnt the House of God, And every great man's house besides ?

7.- Epaal's sons two cities built, Which is the first on record placed? 8.-When Paul was at Jerusalem, What was it some therein disgraced?

When tempted with the proffered glass, Though sparkling the wine may be;

Mark the *initials*, and let it pass, And the finals your motto be;

Then a drunkard's name you'll never bear, But the blessings of temperance ever share.

### THE DRAM-SELLERS' SONG. BY REV. WILLIAM GASKELL.

GLORIOUS trade ! a glorious trade! Only think what we have made,-Ruined hearts, and blighted souls ! What can match our potent bowls?

A glorious trade! a glorious trade! Ha! it beats the soldier's blade; He at once his victim kills, We drag ours through deepening ills.

A glorious trade ! a glorious trade ! Ha! it mocks the sexton's spade; He but bodies gives to gloom, We for spirits dig the tomb.

A glorious trade! a glorious trade! Surely we shall well be paid ; Surely we shall have enough, One day of the "fiery stuff"!

# A MOTHER'S DEATH-SONG FOR HER CHILD.

BY REV. WILLIAM GASKELL.

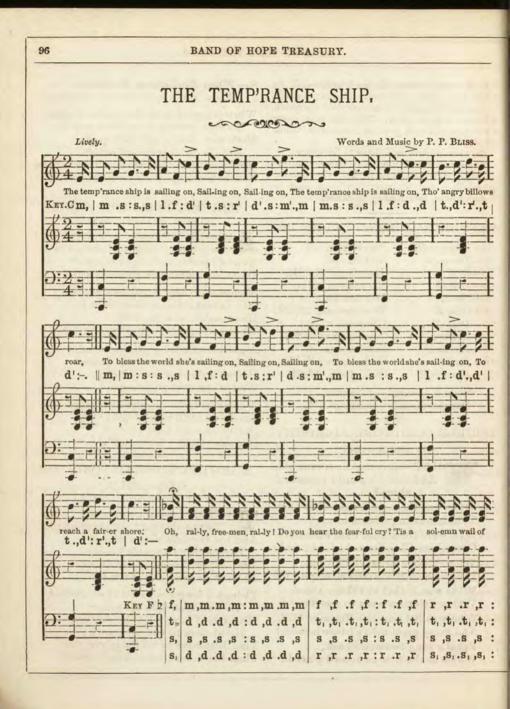
Twee well the tree, my baby, 'Twas well that thou shouldst go; And not thy father's guiltiness,

Thy mother's anguish know: Yes; happy, happy, is thy doom, To sleep so early in the tomb !

Though I long shall miss thee, darling, "Tis well that thou art gone ;

Mine might have been thy destiny, Hadst thou to woman grown :

Yes! better far to fill the grave, Than live a brutal drunkard's slave !





### FORGIVENESS.

### A DIALOGUE FOR THREE BOYS.

BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

Richard.



OM, my boy, what are you looking so black about? whatever can be the matter with you? If you had expected a fortune and been disappointed you couldn't look much worse! Cheer up! now come, cheer up.

Thomas. Looking black, indeed; you'd look black, if that Ted Jones had played you the tricks he has just played me; but never mind, I'll have it out with him yet; as sure as cats have tails and monkeys play tricks I'll pay him back in his own coin, and with interest too.

R. No doubt, Tom, "revenge is sweet; but reconciliation is sweeter than revenge." Harbouring black designs will only make your life sombre and miserable. You'd much better forget it and forgive it.

T. I'll do both when I've had my "pound of flesh," as old Shylock said.

R. So you prefer to act as a Jew than as a Christian, do you? I'd give up going to Sunday-school, if I were you, if you intend so completely to neglect what you are taught.

T. The Sunday-school never taught me, nor anyone else, to meekly kiss the hand that had done an injury. Christianity is a noble system, but it does not make men into insipid curs to take everybody's snubs; it makes men more manly. Paul and Silas were put in prison by the magistrates at Philippi, and when the magistrates found out that they had blundered in putting them there they thought to rectify the mistake by sending them out quietly. Take your Bible and read the circumstance for yourself; you'll find it in Acts 16th chapter, beginning at the 38th verse, as the minister would say.

R. You seem to be well posted in Scriptural examples to defend your conduct, though you cannot, I'm sure, find me one to support black looks and feelings of revenge.

T. You had better read what I told you.

R. (reading.) "And when it was day, the magistrates sent the serjeants, saying, Let these men go. And the keeper of the prison told this saying to Paul, The magistrates have sent to let you go: now therefore depart, and go in peace. But Paul said unto them, They have beaten us openly uncondemned, being Romans, and have cast us into prison; and now do they thrust us out privily? nay verily; but let them come themselves and fetch us out. And the serjeants told these words unto the magistrates : and they feared, when they heard that they were Romans. And they came and besought them, and brought them out, and desired them to depart out of the city."

T. There's no fawning and cringing about Paul's conduct; he had been shamefully wronged and humiliated, he resented the wrong and humiliated those who had humiliated him; and I think you will not blame Paul for so doing, or say that he acted otherwise than as a Christian.

R. No, wrong-doing ought to be punished. Paul had been punished though he had not done wrong, and the men who had punished him had no right to do so. Had Paul tried to revenge himself by "beating" the magistrates "openly," he would then not have acted as a Christian; but he had no desire to raise the rod to inflict an injury upon them; all he wanted was to teach those who had condemned him to act with greater care and caution, and to be more mindful of their duty in the future, and not to allow their prejudices to over-ride their judgment.

T. Ah, yes, that's all well enough for you to put it in that way, but suppose Ted Jones had treated you as he has treated me, would you talk like that then?

R. I hope I should; if I did not I should be acting wrongly, and contrary to the law of Christ who has said, "Love your enemies, bless them that hate you, do good unto them that despitefully use and persecute you."

T. But Ted Jones injured me without provocation; I had done him no wrong; what would you advise me to do in that case?

R. Two blacks don't make a white, nor two wrongs a right. If Ted Jones has done you a wrong, that's bad enough; but for you to do him a wrong in return only makes matters worse. Supposing after you have "had it out with him," as you call it, he makes up his mind to "have it out with you" again, where will the matter end? The ill will may continue nobody knows how long, and would remain as an unhealed sore or have to be forgiven last of all ! Which do you prefer ?

T. It would no doubt be best to have the matter ended at once, but it takes two to make such a bargain.

R. Then suppose you make Ted an offer of reconciliation?

T. How can I do that; he ought to come to me, as I'm the injured one.

R. The more reason therefore that you should go to him. If the injury began with Ted Jones let the forgiveness begin with you. Go to him and say, Ted, you did me wrong, but I forgive you; here's my hand, let's be friends.

T. But supposing he refuses it, and

won't be reconciled, what then ? I shall not only be injured by him, but humiliated too.

R. How he will accept your overtures ought to be a secondary consideration to you. Do your duty, and never mind results.

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

T. But here comes John Edwin Poole. John (approaching). Good evening, boys, I hope you're well.

T. & R. Yes, thank you.

J. What are you conversing about?

R. On the subject of forgiveness. Thomas has received some wrong from Ted Jones, and he wants to resent the wrong by retaliation. I'm trying to show him that it would be a far greater victory to forgive the injury.

J. Of course it would; to take revenge is no satisfaction; bad as Thomas may feel about the matter now, he would feel much worse after he had done his utmost in the way of retaliation. Thomas, my boy,

"-----How would you be

If He, who is the top of judgment, should But judge you as you are? Oh ! think of that ; And mercy will then breathe upon your life."

Yes, Thomas, to forgive is a great moral triumph, and they are the most god-like who can do it.

T. My better feelings tell me you are right.

R. Forgiveness has often succeeded in effecting a reconciliation when all other means have failed.

J. I remember reading about a soldier in the garrison town of Woolwich who was an incorrigible offender; he had received every punishment for his wrong doing short of being dismissed out of his regimentindisgrace. He was again brought up for trial; he did not attempt to make

any defence, except to say that he was sorry for his conduct. His previous behaviour was stated to him by the Colonel, who closed his remarks by saying, "We have resolved to forgive you." The sentence was so novel and so much surprised the man that he broke into tears, thanked his judges for their leniency, and was never afterwards known to offend; the forgiveness cured him.

T. Then I must try its effect upon Ted Jones.

R. I am glad you have so made up your mind, for you know that our Saviour taught us to pray "And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us." So that you see you cannot expect God's forgiveness unless you are prepared to forgive those who injure you.

J. Our Saviour also said that; these are His words, "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." And in another part of the New Testament we read, "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-speaking be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." So that you see we have a double duty to perform: first to ourselves, putting away evil dispositions; second to our fellows, by displaying goodness towads them and forgiving their faults.

R. If Thomas carries out his resolve, and forgives Ted Jones for his wrong doing, our conversation will have been of some practical advantage, and I hope will have done us all good.

# SONG.

# BY REV. WILLIAM GASKELL.

H! the hours that I have lost Lingering o'er the maddening bowl, Bartered health and strength for pain,

Darkening still life's darkened scroll; Ah! those hours, so vilely slain, Would I had them back again !

Oh ! the powers that I have lost, Dimmed, and deadened, and defaced;

Leaving on my soul a stain,

Time can never see erased ; Ah! those powers, so lent in vain, Would I had them back again !

Oh ! the friends that I have lost, Wounded, grieved, and spurned away;

Laughing when they did complain, Mocking when they turned to pray; Ah! those friends, so pierced with pain, Would I had them back again!

# TREASURY DIALOGUES.

BOTH Author and Publishers have had many applications to issue, in a more portable form, the Dialognes which have from time to time appeared in the *Treasury*. We believe these pieces have met with much acceptance at many Band of Hope gatherings, and have assuredly helped forward the great work of Temperance and Morality. There is nothing in these Dialognes to offend the most fastidious, and yet there is much liveliness and an amount of information rarely found in pieces written for public entertainment. We cordially recommend this little volume to the notice of our readers, and trust the demand for it will be such that a second edition may soon be required.

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A DRUNKARD RECLAIMED.—A man who was in the habit of getting drunk occasionally was one day lying on a sofa while two of his children were amusing themselves in the room. Thinking that their father was asleep, the one said to the other, "Let us play papa coming home drunk." The father, who had been watching all their proceedings, was horrified to see his little one stargering "like papa when he is drunk." Papa never tasted intoxicating liquors again.—The Christian.

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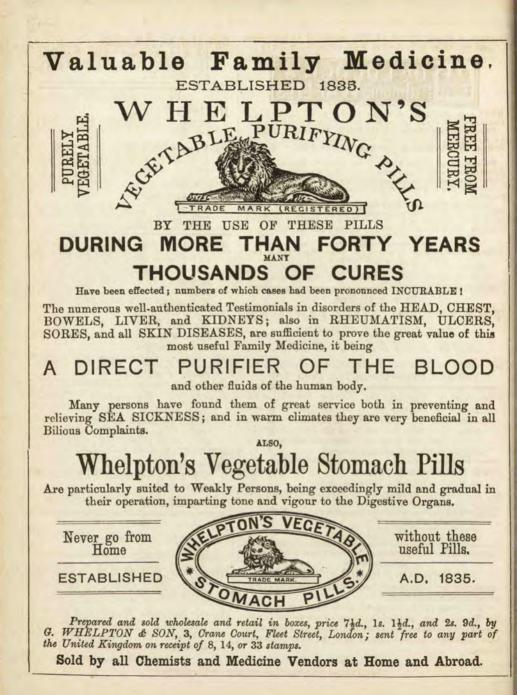
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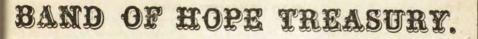
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No. 107, November, 1878.] NEW SERIES.

[One Halfpenny.



LITTLE SANDY.

# LITTLE SANDY.

ANDY was one evening sat on the lowest step of a seven-storey house—cold, hungry, and dejected. He intended to double up in some corner of the winding stairs, and snatch a few winks of sleep before morning. This was the thirteenth night

he had not been in bed,—the stairs, the manure boats on the canal, or some empty cart or old ruin, had furnished him with lodgings. For bread he had cadged about the streets, markets, or railway stations. His hair was matted; his clothes in tatters, and filthy; his hands and body the colour of mud. One of the boys of the new home saw his old companion in this state, and said,—

"Oh, Sandy lad, but you do look dirty; canna ye ga hame?"

"I ha na hame; mi mither is noo dead, an' mi father is nearly aye drunk; he kick't me out of the house, and I dinna ken whaur to go."

"Oh, Sandy, come gang wi' me, lad, an' I'll tak ye to the Brigade; they will scrub ye clean, an' gie ye clothes, an' food, an' bed; ye need only to be good an' work, an' then ye'll be grand mi boy."

Sandy looked at the speaker, and saw he was now clean and well dressed. He

### JEM AND VELVET.

#### BY MRS. J. P BALLARD.

**P**OOR little Jem ! and yet not poor, With one rich treasure close beside For Jem in Velvet had a friend, [him; Though fortune many gifts denied him.

And though the breakfast fare be slim, And dinner prove a morsel meagre, consented to go with him, and on they trudged together to Leith-street, talking all the way about the wonders of the new house. He told Sandy he would now be almost a gentleman soon; that for four shillings a week he would have new clothes a clean warm bed, good dinners, good school, and a fine playground.

"Do you pay four shillings the week?" asked Sandy.

"Yes; but if I have had a bad week and not got all the copper ready, Mr Harris will trust me; and if I get more money, he takes care of it in the bank so ye see for four shillings we are all in a new, grand home. But we all go out to work at something, for he will not let us be idle, and that is a good thing, Sandy You will soon be there now; and they will take all your dirty clothes away, and burn them—everything about you. Your cap too, lad, will be put into the fire: they will have no filth in the Brigade. Here we are now; come in."

On entering the home, Sandy's clothes were all taken away and burned, and he was at once put into a large washing tuk filled with warm water, and for once in his life he got a good cleansing.—From "Little Sandy." Simple Records, No. 1 By John Ashworth.

Still Jem a precious bit will save For Velvet's plea, so keen and eager.

Come, Velvet, though the world is dark, And all about us grows so dreary,

I'll take a lesson from your love,

In acts of kindness not to weary.

If but a half-filled cup you find, You never lose your playful cunning,



To snarling looks, though hunger bite, From eyes with mischief overrunning.

oor Jem ! like Velvet he is doomed To find full oft a scanty larder; Ind he has many things to bear, To him than hunger-pangs far harder.

t is not long since one sweet face, Where love for him was always beaming, Frew paler than its wonted white— [ing! Grew stiller than when hushed in dream-

And when they bore from out his home The one he loved above all others, The world grew dark indeed to Jem— <u>A</u> drunkard's son—without a mother!

Vhen harsh words fell upon his ear, If but a mother's smile could reach him ! Vhen rude blows crimsoned his brown cheek.

Could but a mother's patience teach him!

Che quiet of his own bare room,

With Velvet purring close beside him, What wonder if he learned to prize That love that all the world denied him?

ye whose walks in life are fair, And blooming all the way with roses, Search out the secret of dark homes,

Where Rum its hidden sting discloses!

And if but vain you deem the task, To break the drunkard's chains in sunin vain the vender's ear to reach— [der— Dead to soft tones, or tones of thunder—

There yet remains within your power The words of friendliness to offer; In aching, orphaned hearts bestow

An open hand, with generous proffer.

Cake a few roses from your path, Along his cheerless way to scatter; Your own will all the brighter bloom, And weary feet more lightly patter.

Yo-day seek Jem, in his bare room, With only Puss to share his sorrow, Fill both his hands, and Velvet's cup, And look again on them, to-morrow.

# LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

### KILLING GIANTS.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

Y dear Young Friends,—I hope you have remembered what I told you in my last Address—(September *Treasury*). I trust you will not be forgetful hearers. It is very important that you should give all the attention you can on all questions of vital importance. I mean in these short Addresses to have a word or two not only to Sunday School Scholars, but those who attend the Band of Hope. I hope the Editor will give me space for some time to come in our excellent little *Treasury*. Killing Giants! What does it mean ? Perhaps some of you may remember David and the giant,—how David, although only a youth, killed the giant with a stone and sling.

I wish you to understand that there are other giants for you and I to fight. There are plenty around us; only cast your eye which way you please, and you will soon find what lots of giants we have to encounter. Perhaps you would like to know the names of some? There is Giant Pride, Giant Anger, Giant Blasphemy, Giant Infidelity, and, although last, not least, stands that huge Giant, who has slain so many thousands, Intemperance.

I consider that you ought to be fully decided, in the first place, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks yourselves. Then you will be able to fight under the Temperance Flag, and will be very soon advised how to fight by your officers belonging to the temperance army. Perhaps you ask, what officers? I mean those of your Sunday School Superintendents and Teachers who have joined the army of total abstainers. I can assure you that you need not be ashamed of joining that army, for it has many illustrious names on its roll. The cause is advocated on the platform and in the pulpit by ministers and orators of no mean distinction, and also by a vast amount of literature. If you ask me, Why is all this machinery employed ? I answer, on purpose to kill the great Giant Intemperance, for no ONE giant does more harm than he does. I hope, my dear young friends, you will ponder over seriously the few remarks I have ad-

vanced, and may you thus use every possible effort, by the help of God, to overcome all these terrible giants. I can assure you that you need plenty of courage, patience, and hard toil to do battle successfully. But never mind that; look to Jesus to give you all the required strength. You know He has promised to give wisdom and strength to those who ask. May you seek that wisdom and peace which God gives to those who seek Him.

### LITTLE WILL.

GREAT crowd of people had gathered around [ground A small ragged urchin stretched on the In the midst of the street; and some cried, "For shame !" [name?" And others, "Can any one tell us his For that poor little body, now bleeding and still, [Will. Was all that was left of once bright little A great heavy cart had come rattling that way

Where Willie and others were busy at play, And the poor little fellow, now stretched on the stones, [crushed bones. Seemed only a mass of bruised flesh and But still there was life; and a kind doctor said, [him to bed. "We must take the child home and put He must have all the care we can possibly give, [live. And it may be the poor little fellow will

But, alas, for poor Willie, he had no nice home;

He lived in an alley, in one little room ;

And his poor mother, working from earliest light,

Had often no supper to give him at night.

But joy for poor Willie! for not far away From the place where all bleeding and shattered he lay,

Is a very large house standing back from the street, [neat, With every thing round it so quiet and Which many good people had built in Hi name [He came

Who healed all the sick, when from heave And who promiséd blessings that eve endure [the poor

To those who shall comfort the sick an So there in a room, large and cheerful an bright,

Little Willie was laid on a pillow so white The walls with bright pictures wer

covered all o'er; [before Will never had seen such a clean plac Long rows of small beds, with small table

between, [green The coverlets white, and the beds painted And so many children, all sick, but so

bright, [sight Will almost forgot his great pain at the

But the poor little boy suffered terrible pain [again

When the good surgeon came to examine Those poor little limbs; and he said that

next day [both legs away He must bring his sharp knives and cut Oh how could he bear it? Oh what should

he do? [through. So small and alone, he could never get

And then he knew well that he never could run [done.

And play with the boys, as before he had Poor Willie! he felt that in all that great

city [to pity. There was no one to help him and no one

There was no one to herp him and no one

It was night: in the hospital ward all was still, [little Will.

Save the low moans of anguish from poor When a dear little girl in the very next bed [said,

Turned round on her pillow, and lovingly "Little boy, what's the matter; are you very ill?" [worse still,

very ill?" [worse still, "O yes," said poor Will; "and what is The doctor is going to hurt my leg so To-morrow; I never can bear it, I know."

"But Jesus will help you," said dear little "Oh, how good !" said the boy, with a Sue: [for you." long, thankful sigh, [me by; "He suffered and died, you know, Willie, "But I am so small, that He might pass The child was astonished, and thus made So I'll put up my hand, just so He can reply: [Him die?" come unto me." see. "Why, Susie, who's Jesus, and what made Then He'll know that I want Him, and "Oh, Willie! how sad; I thought every [true?" When the bright sun peeped in on that one knew. You don't go to Sunday-school; isn't that little white bed, was dead! "No, I never have been," the boy made The hand was still raised, but dear Willie The sad look of pain had gone from his [die." reply: "But tell me of Jesus, and what made Him face. place; And the sweetest of smiles had taken its For far off in heaven, that beautiful land. "Well, Jesus," said Susie, "came down Kind Jesus had seen little Will's lifted long ago, hand: Because He was sorry we all suffered so, The smile on his face Christ's kissing had And would be so naughty. And He was given, in heaven. a child, And he waked in the morning with Jesus Just as little as we, but so gentle and mild, And when He grew up, He went all Dear friends who have read this sweet His hand ; through the land, story, you see . me. And healed all the sick with a touch of That trusting in Jesus will save you and And He took dear little children upon Oh, that all who of Jesus' great mercy His kneeme. have heard, Tat His word. Oh, Willie, I wish it had been you and Would, like dear little Willie, take Him But soon cruel men caught Jesus one day, M. L. V. W. And beat Him and mocked Him and took Him away, And nailed Him with nails to a great cross ANSWER TO ACROSTIC IN No. 106. of wood. [such good ?  $1 - T \operatorname{alen} T$ Matthew xxv. 18. Oh, wasn't it hard, when He'd done them 2.-OnychA Exodus xxx. 34. How He must have loved us to die on the 3.-UnbelieverS 2 Corinthians vi. 14. tree." [He help me?" 4.-ClemenTPhilippians iv. 3. "But," said Will, "if He's dead, how can 5.-HighplacE1 Kings iii. 2-4. "Why, I'll tell you," said Susie; "though 2 Kings xxi. 1-6. 6.-Nebuzar-adaN now He's in heaven, given, 7.-OnO1 Chronicles viii, 12. In the book He has left us a promise is 8.-TumulTActs xxi. 34. That whenever we want Him He'll come "Touch not, taste not." to our aid ; Colossians ii. 21. I'm so sure He loves me, I'm never afraid.

I know that He comes to this hospital

And though folks can't see Him, they feel

I know, for I've tried it again and again,

He helps us bear sickness and sorrow and

He is near.

here;

pain."

THE RIGHT SIDE, —A gentleman, addressing a large meeting of children, asked, "Boys, which is the right side of a publichouse?" "The outside, sir!" immediately responded scores of voices.



107



2 In the land of the East, in the shadows of night,
We saw the glory of thy new light,
Telling us, in our distant home,
The King Redeemer to earth hath come !
Star, star, beautiful star ! &c.

3 We have gold and for tribute gifts for prayer, Incense of myrrh, and spices rare; All that we have, we hither bring, To lay it with joy at the feet of the King. Star, star, beautiful star ! &c.

# HARD TIMES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM BETTER.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO.

[John Plane and Abraham Stainer talking together.]



John Plane.

OU see our master is bankrupt, and forced to shut up the works; it seems he has been losing money heavily. Five years ago he could have retired from business with enough and to spare for all his wants for the remainder of his days,

and now he has to sell pretty nearly everything he has.

Ab. Stainer. It is a great pity when a man like your old master loses the earnings and savings of a life time, and becomes a poor man. It is perhaps hardest if he has risen. There is no hardship in being a private, but it must be very galling after having been an officer to be forced down into the ranks again.

J. P. He will feel it all the more I am sure, because he took a great deal of interest in his men. We were not always grateful, and sometimes I dare say thwarted him in matters he wanted to carry out.

A. S. That's bad. When workmen have a good master they ought to take a delight in helping him.

J. P. There's the puzzle. He was a good master, and, though I was one of them, he had good workmen. We turned out substantial honest work from the shop, and yet you see he's lost his money, and we have lost our work, and in these hard times we shall have to look long before we meet with such another place.

A. S. Why, are the times so hard? Have you ever thought of any reason for the existence of bad trade and short work?

J. P. Well, I don't know that I have.

I suppose people have not the money to spend, but why they hav'nt it now as much as they had a few years ago, I can't tell.

A: S. You recollect Tom Swiller?

J. P. Ay, poor Tom; he was not a bad fellow when he was sober, but that did not happen too often.

A. S. You are right. You recollect what a miserable hole he lived in, what a dirty, tumble down, ramshackle place it was.

J. P. Yes, in place of having a house of his own, he'd a couple of rooms, where his wife and the children were all huddled together in a heap, and afraid that some fine night he would cut all their throats.

A. B. For two or three years before he died they had only one room to live in. Now, why had Tom Swiller such a miserable home? It seems a sin to give the name of home to such a den of vice and misery in which he lived, and compelled his family to live. Why hadn't he a comfortable house in place of a miserable dirty room, and decent furniture in place of broken chairs and a lame table?

J. P Well, I think the reason is plain enough. Tom Swiller drunk all before him. He drank the rent, and the furniture, and the children's school wage, and his wife's wedding ring. What a pretty girl she was when he married her, and what a wreck she became. There is no mystery about Tom Swiller's case. The old proverb says that you cannot eat your cake and have, and it is equally certain that you can't drink without money.

A. S. You are right. Tom Swiller was poor, then, because he drank heavily, and preferred to take his wages to the beerhouse rather than to the baker's. He

would rather have a pot of beer than a comfortable home! He was a good customer to the publican, and a bad one to the baker, the tailor, the shoemaker, the schoolmaster, the bookseller, and all the other trades.

J. P. There is no doubt of that. If the baker and the bookseller had to depend on the custom of fellows like Tom Swiller they would soon be in the bankruptcy court.

A. S. Now you have given me an answer to my question as to the cause of these bad times. I asked you just now why the times were hard? Tom Swiller's case shews us why. As a nation we have been spending with the publican the money that ought to have been paid for better houses, for better food, for better furniture, for good books, for pleasant pictures, for the education of our children, and for works of charity and piety. What would a nation of Tom Swiller's be like?

J. P. It would make the world a place not fit to live in. I can see there is some truth in what you say, but still the bulk of us are not as reckless and vicious as Tom Swiller.

A. S. Let us thank God that all Englishmen are not so lost as he was. I am as patriotic as any man; but it is false friendship which pretends that these evils do not exist. We are drinking away our national prosperity. England is an enormously wealthy nation, and yet one out of every five Englishmen is a pauper.

J. P. One out of every five! One can hardly believe it.

A. S. Mr. Hoyle has reckoned up the money we lose each year through the public-house, and he says that the direct and indirect cost of drink in our country is two hundred and sixty-two million pounds a year.

J. P. What an enormous sum. Why

it is a million pounds for every working day in the year !

A. B. Now if that money had been spent in a wise fashion, what good times we should have had. It is dreadful to read, as we do occasionally, of people dying of starvation in the midst of a wealthy city. Why the thing would be little short of a miracle if it were not for the influence of intemperance. If we took our custom from the publican, who injures us body and mind and soul, and gave it instead to those whose labour would increase our comfort and happiness, what a roaring time it would be for the home trade! The looms of Lancashire would go with a merry rattle, and in places where they are now silent we should hear the merry sounds of contented and well-paid labour.

J. P. It's a pleasant picture, and would be better for us all than these hard times.

A. S. Depend upon it, Jack, the real cure for hard times is temperance. If a man wastes his money in a public-house he has hard times. A nation that throws millions away in a traffic which brings for return crime and disease will also have hard times.

J. P. I'm glad I've had this talk with you, for you have made some things plain to me that I didn't see before. I'll take good care the publican does not bring any hard times on me.

A. S. That's right, and if you will come with me you shall make the acquaintance of some others who are equally determined to apply the temperance remedy to these hard times.

### LIFE.

OYS, think of this seriously. No life can be well ended that has not been well spent; and what life has been well spent that has had no purpose; that has accomplished no object; that has realized no hope.

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Then let us sing of Temperance, And spread its triumphs wide, Till every fallen drunkard For Temperance shall decide, And leave the haunts of misery, And seek the Throne of Grace; Till all shall know the Saviour, Our cry shall never cease.

Come, join the Temperance army, Nor stand so far away,

But, like the good Samaritan, Save drunkards by the way.

Your brother he has fallen, He's robbed of every good,

O come and try to save him, And lead him back to God.

Be like the blessed Jesus, Work while 'tis called to-day, Let not the sixty thousand

To drink become a prey; But up! and to the rescue!

Let every one save ONE ! Until the last poor drunkard

To Jesus has been won.

The makers of strong drink have another argument. They say that if they are responsible for all the evil we allege against them, then the same charge might be justly laid against hop merchants and growers, maltsters, and farmers-and, indeed, against every one who grows or sells hops or barley for malting purposes. They remind us also that many clergymen in hop-growing counties are mainly dependent upon the growth of hops. Now, there is much force in this argumentnot in defence of the brewers, for two blacks do not make a white, but against those who aid and abet, and who are accessories before or after the fact. We commend to the prayerful consideration of all such the brief but pregnant command to Timothy (1 Timothy v. 22.)-"Neither be partakers of other men's sins."-The Christian.

"There is something exceedingly irritating in the fact that a great part of a harvest, raised with infinite care and pains, instead of adding to the national wealth, and bringing rich returns, is poured, in the shape of liquid fire, down the throats of the nation that produced it; and, instead of leaving them wiser and happier, tends to impoverish them by vicious and debilitating indulgence."— The Christian.

# A WORD TO BOYS.

OY! did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe; its mines and mountains; its oceans, seas, and rivers; steamboats and ships; railroads and steam printing presses; telegraphs and commerce, will soon be given over to you? Believe it, and try to realize the fact; and, as you look upon the inheritance, get ready to enter upon its serious and solemn duties.

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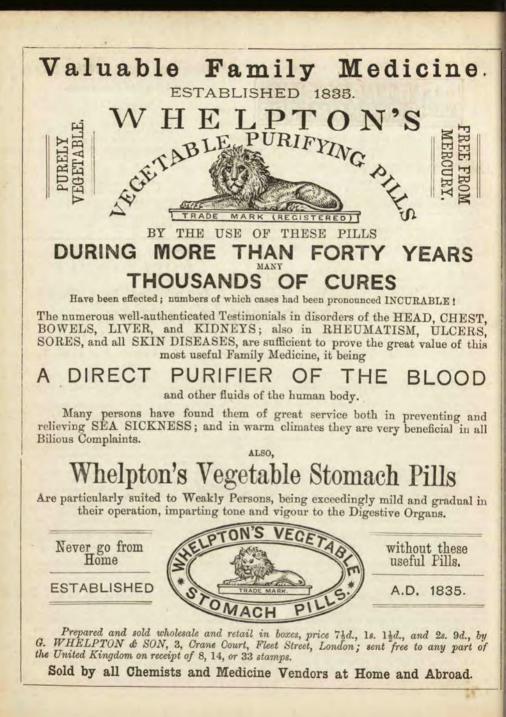
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ELL, I once used to think that nobody could be converted, and have all their sinsforgiven, and love Jesus before they were twelve or fourteen years old, but I know better now. I know the Lord Jesus Christ has

heard my prayer, and forgiven me all that I have thought wrong; and oh, I do love Him, and I am sure, father and mother, if you loved Jesus as much as I do, you would want to go to Him. Oh, I wish I could do something for Jesus; but I am so very weak. You know He says in the Bible that if we do something for those who are poor and needy we do it to Him. You know George Taylor; he is very poor, and without father and mother. have a little money in my box: if you will take it out, and buy a Bible and Hymn Book with my money, and write my name in them, I will put them in a bag and give them to him, and pray that Jesus will make them do him good."

How is it that when we are anxious to express our regard for others by giving them some good thing, and the thoughts have been seeking around for some precious object, they so often fix at last on the Bible? If a son is going to the sea, his mother gives him a Bible; if into the army, the gift of affection is the Bible; if emigrating to distant climes, the Bible; if a parting gift to one unspeakably beloved, it is the Bible; if a last bequest to an orphan child, it is the Bible. Is not this from an inward conviction that it is the most precious of human gifts? We can no more set a value on the Bible than we could value the sun or the stars, the immortal soul, or heaven itself; it is absolutely invaluable. None feel that so much as those who love it most; and young as this opening bud of eleven was, she had treasured up many of its sweet promises in her loving heart; she had there learned of Christ's love for the young, and could give from memory many portions of His sermon on the mount, and His sayings to those He healed of all manner of diseases ; and she wished to leave as her legacy to the orphan boy this pearl of great price.

The money went to purchase what she so much desired; her name was written in the books; she put them in the prepared bag; and they are now the property of the orphan boy.—"Annie Waddington." By John Ashworth.

# LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

### WHAT IS YOUR AIM?

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

WCY Dear Young Friends,—This is my third letter to you, particularly to you, for I have intended from the commencement of these little addresses to address you.

What is your Aim? Perhaps some of

you are aiming very high, at castles in the air which may be never attained. There are many young people who have merely high notions, soaring even to the clouds as it were in their imaginations, but having no fixedness of purpose. Let me ask you, "What is your Aim?" First of all you should have a definiteness of purpose. Perhaps you ask what I mean. I answer that you should set out in life fully resolved to walk in the paths of wisdom,

temperance, and religion. I would first say, seek that peace that Jesus is able to bestow—the pardon of your sins; then, depend upon it, you have made a good introduction to a life of usefulness.

Brunel, Morrison, Stevenson, Watt, Wesley, Whitfield, Livingstone, and Gough the great temperance lecturer, who has been lately amongst us,—all these had fixedness of purpose—doing their fellow creatures good in a variety of ways, all having a good aim. What is your Aim? Begin now and consider what you may do to better the world. Do not say, "I can do nothing." This is a mistake; for it is astonishing what young people may do if they try; remember that little word "Try."

Let me say, never begin to smoke. I am sorry to see sometimes boys going through our streets smoking; never begin, for habit is very powerful when formed. Never take the first glass of intoxicating drink; the first glass has been the means of making thousands of drankards. May your aim be something purer and higher, than merely puffing through your mouth smoke, and drinking that which is both ruinous to body and soul, in multitudes of cases.

Dear Young Friends, the record of crime unfolds to us the terrible evils of drink. Perhaps the *aim* of many of these were different at one time. But they gave way to this fearful curse, and thus they made terrible shipwreck, and foundered on the *rocks* of *despair*. Listen, in conclusion,

"There's One above doth all things know, And a strict reckoning keep;

God is not mocked, and as we sow So shall we surely reap."

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

ERRATA.—In the Sketch, Jack and Jill, which appeared last month, the three last paragraphs, page 114, should come before paragraph,—"So next morning," &c., page 113.

# THE MODERATE DRINKER'S DREAM.

DREAMED I'd passed the bounds of time,

Had crossed the cold black river, Had left these trying scenes of life; Yea, left this world for ever. Into the presence of my Judge Without delay was hurried, E'en stood before my Maker's bar Before this clay was buried.

But who can picture my dismay, [eve), Surprise at Jesus saying (Though prayers I'd said both morn and He had not heard me praying : Though to His house I'd come and gone, I had not come in spirit; Nor was there in the work I'd done One small degree of merit; Though in this life had asked Him oft To keep me from temptation, Yet, by example, I had led To scenes of dissipation ; Though I had sipped the pois'nous cup In strictest moderation. I added to the drunkard's ranks Full many of the nation.

Then from a pit at His left hand-The pit of dark perdition-There came my son who here had quaffed The bowl with my permission ; Through my advice, and mine alone, He took to moderate drinking. Of going beyond that lawful mark He had not e'en been thinking, When he became a loathsome sot, Which ne'er was his intention, He left the pure and limpid stream For drink of man's invention. When once to these he was enslaved, How vain was admonition ; With fruitless labour then I strove To alter his condition. He died, and reached a drunkard's hell! Nor could he sink much lower;

And here I now must reap the seed Of which I was the sower.

From ears and nostrils issued fire ! With fire his eyes were glowing ! Through every pore from head to foot The liquid flame was flowing ! Belching fire each time he spoke ! Yea, fire there is no quenching ! Though always burning, never burnt ! In molten liquid drenching !

He charged me there as author of The crimes he had committed; With scornful looks, and angry words, My moderation twitted. He said, Had I a drunkard been, It had been warning ample; He would have scorned to imitate So base, so mean example. But he had seen me sup the glass, Then at the family altar Engage in prayer, and read God's Word With tongue that did not falter. And in the sacred house of prayer For years, both night and morning, Had heard me from the pulpit give The sinner solemn warning. Through this; yes, this alone he drank, Without the least resistance It slowly, surely, brought him down, And ended his existence.

Then, with a frantic yell he sprang Into the lake that's burning ! Into the pit, from whence he has No hope of e'er returning !

But from my dream I woke just as The Judge was passing sentence, And found that time was left me still For genuine repentance; And from that hour, as you may guess, I have the bowl forsaken; And wonder now I could so long The downward road have taken.

NOVELLE.

### THE LADY'S MISTAKE. BY UNCLE JOHN.

THERE lives in the west, but I mustn't tell where,

A short little lady so prim; [such, But there's a secret I know, or told me as

That this little short lady likes gin.

- But it's nothing to me if she drinks on the sly,
  - Though some people say it's a sin !
- While others declare that she hurts none but herself,
- When this little short lady takes gin.

How oft she takes it I never have heard, And to ask, I've not thought it the thing,

Whether early or late-it's enough for to know

That this little short lady loves gin.

It was hinted one day, but that may be false—

'Twas the tea-pot that she put it in,

And often for breakfast and also for tea, Did this little short lady take gin.

- But this liking and taking brought sorrow one day,
  - And, O! what a plight she was in !
- For she drank of the benzoline bottle instead-

Did this little short lady-of gin.

She jumped, and she screamed, in a terrible fright,

And to groan and to cry did begin :-

"I'm poison'd! I'm poison'd! I surely shall die!"

Said this little short lady-"'tisn't gin."

She ran to a neighbour-no doctor was

And as she rushed franticly in, [nigh, Declared that her stomach was burning

like fire ! She had made a mistake in the gin.

Her neighbour so kind an emetic prepared,

With some water and mustard put in,

Which soon brought relief, but still she felt ill,

And shudder'd as she thought of the gin.

Some said she was tipsy—how people will talk !--

Others said, "What a pity! poor thing!" While many declared that it served her right,

For she was too fond of the gin.

It was a mistake! she had a narrow escape!

Which surely conviction should bring,

That no person would e'er benzoline take If they totally abstained from gin.

Then, ladies, beware! take a word of advice!

At once to abstain now begin,

And you ne'er the benzoline will e'er take Like the little short lady, for gin.

It is better to cast the gin bottle aside, Its contents in the ocean to fling,

Than be running the risk of losing your life,

If you should, as this lady, love gin.

For gin is well known as a poisonous drink,

And its victims will lead into sin,

And thousands have met with a terrible death,

By being too fond of the gin.

# EVERY DAY.

H, trifling tasks so often done, Yet never to be done anew! Oh, cares which come with every sun,

Morn after morn, the long years through !

We shrink beneath their paltry sway-

The restless sense of wasted power, The tiresome round of little things,

Are hard to bear, as hour by hour Its tedious iteration brings; Who shall evade or who delay The small demands of every day? The boulder in the torrent's course By tide and tempest lashed in vain, Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's force,

And yields its substance grain by grain; So crumble strongest lives away Beneath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair, Who tracks the tiger for his life, May wound them ere they are aware,

Or conquer them in desperate strife; Yet powerless he to scathe or slay The vexing gnats of every day.

The steady strain that never stops Is mightier than the fiercest shock;

The constant fall of water-drops Will groove the adamantine rock; We feel our noblest powers decay, In feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meet a heavy blow— Our souls a sudden bravery fills— But we endure not always so

The drop-by-drop of little ills; We still deplore and still obey The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death Upon the battle-field, and dares

Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath The needle points of frets and cares;

The stoutest spirits they dismay— The tiny stings of every day.

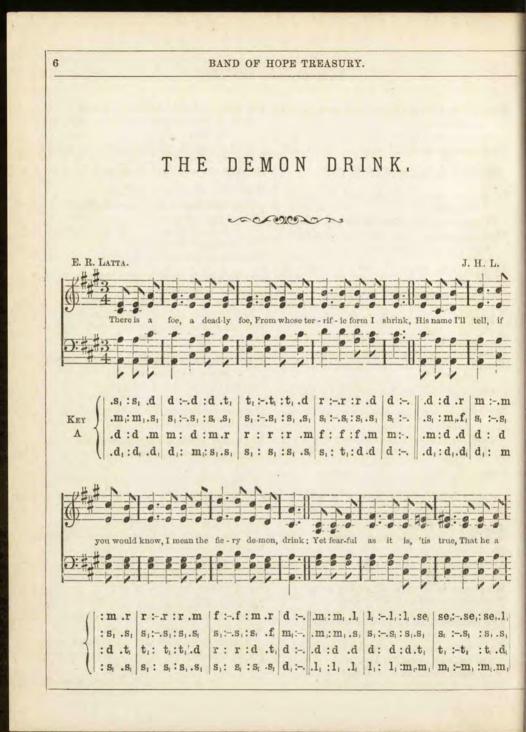
And even saints of holy fame, Whose souls by faith have overcome, Who wore amid the cruel flame

The molten crown of martyrdom, Bore not without complaint alway The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole, And more than hero's heart of fire, We need the humble strength of soul

Which daily toils and ills require;— Sweet patience grant us, if you may, An added grace for every day.

E. A. Allen in Scribner's Monthly.



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# MORAL WARFARE.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

Christiana.

HE Bible is a wonderful book, isn't it, Annie?

Annie. Yes it is; and a very interesting one too. I'm fond of reading it; in fact I never get tired of its stories, that is, its narratives or biographies, or whatever you call them.

C. But I don't mean it is wonderful simply in that respect, but in every way. Its commands, doctrines, precepts, proverbs, poetry, prophesies, and its history are all wonderful.

A. No doubt such is the case, but if I remember rightly I think our minister told us it was most wonderful because it taught us how to live, and pointed out to us our duty to God, and also to one another.

C. And if we read it carefully we shall find that it points out the experiences we shall have to pass through as we journey through life—

A. Yes, it compares our life to a race, "So run that ye may obtain," and you know when men run races they prepare themselves beforehand for the task, by training and diet, and when the race comes off they relieve themselves of any garments that would have a tendency to impede their progress.

C. This I think ought to teach us, that as life is a race, so we ought to train ourselves by the study of God's Word, and be also fed with "the bread of life;" and as to our clothes, we should disrobe ourselves of our "easily besetting sin," and be clothed in the plain and modest garments of righteousness.

A. No wonder that the superintendent of the school wanted you to become a teacher when you are so "apt to teach." Why, here he comes !

Mr. Smith (approaching). Good evening, ladies.

C. & A. Good evening, Mr. Smith.

Mr. S. May I ask what was the subject you were so earnestly talking about?

C. It was about the Bible teaching us our duty and pointing out to us how we are to live.

Mr. S. Many people only think upor the solemnity of death, but life is quite as solemn as death if we only looked at it aright. The Bible compares it to a fight and says, "Fight the good fight of faith and lay hold of eternal life."

A. I have sometimes thought that the passage, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," may be looked upon as a command.

Mr. S. Yes, I think it may, for Jesus Christ is called "The Captain of our Salvation," and it is He who gave the command.

C. And don't you think, Mr. Smith that if we do not obey the command we shall be punished?

Mr. S. No doubt of it; in fact the Scriptures give illustrations of those who were punished who would not hearken to God's voice and disobeyed His commands There is, for instance, the case of the Prophet Jonah.

A. Yes, and what an awful and dis agreeable punishment it was! I should think it would have been better for hin to have done as he was told and go to Nineveh.

C. When soldiers in the armies of thi world become insubordinate and dis obedient, they are severely punished, and I have read of them being sentenced to death.



Mr. S. Discipline is essential to right government and control, and where this is lacking disorder and confusion is the result; and an army, which ought to act as one man, or as a sort of self-acting machine, would otherwise be little better than an unruly mob.

A. That is what we read of in the New Testament about the centurion who said, "For I also am a man under authority, having under me soldiers; and I say unto one go, and he goeth, and to another come, and he cometh, and to my servant, do this, and he doeth it."

Mr. S. Soldiers, at the word of command, have to face dangers, even when they know that obedience means certain death. During the Crimean War this was grandly and yet awfully illustrated in the renowned charge of the Light Brigade at the Battle of Balaclava. The word of command was given—

> "Forward the Light Brigade!" Was there a man dismayed? Not tho' the Soldier knew Some one had blundered: Their's not to make reply, Their's not to reason why, Their's but to do and die; Into the Valley of Death Rode the Six Hundred.

C. That shows how fearless and courageous men can be. If we had only as much courage, and were as undaunted in moral warfare as these men are in physical, the world would soon be better for it; but it seems as though we were ashamed or frightened to contend against evil.

A. But we ought not to be, for we are told "nothing shall harm you so long as ye are followers of that which is good."

Mr. S. Yes, that is so, and we ought to remember that in obeying Christ's command "we go not a warfare at our own charge." "Hegoes with us and strengthens us with His presence." "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." A. The battle field of the Christian soldier is a very extensive one—all the world—every creature.

Mr. S. Yes, Christ came to take away all sin and evil out of the world—and we know that man everywhere is born in sin, so Christ sent the Gospel to every man because every man needed it.

C. In fighting battles there are always difficulties as well as dangers, and in the Christian warfare we may not expect to accomplish easy victories.

Mr. S. No, by no means, Christ does not promise this but just the reverse. He says, "Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake." "They shall lay hands on you and persecute you, delivering you unto synagogues and unto prisons; and ye shall be brought before kings and rulers;" and then, by way of comforting and encouraging them, He says, "If the world hate you ye know that it hated me before it hated you."

A. So then persecution and hatred are to be the reward of the Christian soldier.

C. Our Saviour does not deceive his followers. He honestly tells them what they must expect. When men enlist in the army of an earthly monarch they are promised quick promotion and glory. Christ holds out no fictitious inducements. He promises difficulties, trials, and temptations, and withal His presence, and after a successful life in His service an eternal reward.

Mr. S. You are correct in that, Christiana. It is "He that overcometh shall sit down on my throne, even as I also overcame, and am sat down with my Father on His throne"; but there must be the toil first, and after that the reward.

A. But Jesus says, "Go ye into all the world." How can we do that? We are not all fitted to be missionaries.

Mr. S. Had you said we cannot all go abroad I could have understood you, but

I think you are mistaken when you say we cannot all be missionaries.

A. "All the world" means Africa, and China, and India, and the South Sea Islands, and everywhere.

Mr. S. Yes, you do well to say "everywhere," for our own Christian England is included in the term "all the world."

C. And our own cities, towns, and villages, are also included in it; yea, our own neighbours and homes.

A. You are giving a meaning to the command of our Saviour such as I never thought of before.

Mr. S. I remember reading somewhere about a young man going to a minister, and saying, in course of conversation, "I feel that I have a call to be a missionary to the heathen." The minister expressed his pleasure and said, "See, here is a Bible, go and stand in the street and preach about Christ to people as they pass by." The young man replied, "Oh, sir, I cannot do that; I feel my call is to the heathen." Upon this the minister said, "You had better go home again; if you are not called to preach the gospel to Englishmen, who know nothing about Christ and His salvation, you certainly can have no call to go abroad."

A. I think the minister was right.

C. "All the world" means our homes. You will remember reading that when Andrew had found the Messiah, he went and "told his own brother Simon;" this ought to be an example to us.

Mr. S. There's plenty of scope for us to fight against sin, if we have only the disposition to do so. We need to struggle against it in ourselves, our relatives, friends, and neighbours, and if we do this, relying upon the help and skill of our Captain, we shall be able to come off more than conquerors.

C. I think this is a good time to make resolves—the threshold of a New Year. Let each of us throughout this year try to be "good soldiers of Jesus Christ," by doing all we can to make the world better and lessen the evil that is in it.

A. That would doubtless not only make it a "Happy New Year," but also a happy one as the months roll round, and also happy at its end.

Mr. S. Then I shall expect to see you both attentive to your duties in the Sunday School, in distributing tracts, and doing all you can in any way to promote the glory of God, and the good of men.

### THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

E comes not !-- I have watched the moon go down;

But yet he comes not! Once it was not so-He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow, The while he holds his riot in that town.

Yet he will come and chide, and I shall weep-And he will wake the infant from its sleep,

To blend its feeble wailings with my tears. Oh ! how I love a mother's watch to keep

Over those sleeping eyes, that smile that cheers

My heart, though sunk in sorrow fixed and deep.

I had a husband once who loved me; now He ever wears a frown upon his brow— And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip— As bees, from laurel flower, poison sip.

But yet I cannot hate. Oh, there were hours When I could hang for ever on his eye;

And Time, who stole with silent swiftness by, Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flowers.

I lov'd him then, he lov'd me too, my heart Still finds its fondness kindle if he smile;

The memory of our loves will ne'er depart ; And though he often sting me with a dart,

Venom'd and barb'd, and wastes upon the vile Caresses which his babe and mine should share; Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear

His madness, and should sickness come and His paralyzing hand upon him, then, [lay

I would with kindness all my wrongs repay,

Until the penitent should weep and say How injur'd and how faithful I had been!

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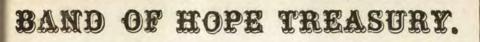
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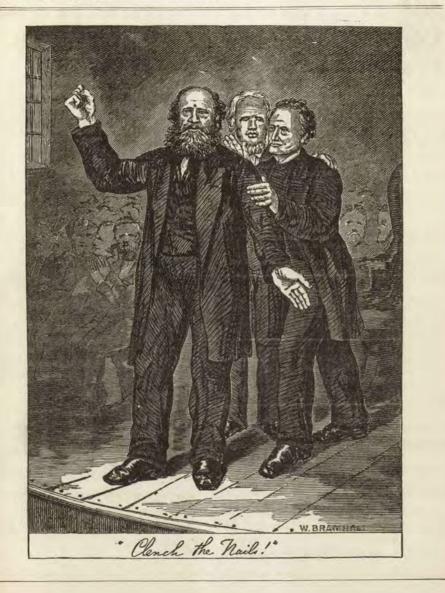
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No. 110, February, 1879.]

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### THE CARPENTER OF NAZARETH.

God made a Hedge around his servant Job, [rails

We can't describe the timber, but the Were knit so close, and built so firm and strong, [nails.

That even Satan could not draw the

The tempter still, as in the days of yore, Lurks where the sons of God meet, never fails,

And ever breaks the fence, and robs the fold, [nails.

If e'er the Shepherd fails to clench the

- The teachers in our far-famed Sabbathschools [effort fails; Would shield our youths, but oft their We know by sad experience one chief cause, [the nails. They do not use the Pledge to clench The fiend strong drink makes havoc in
- And sends our loved ones to the hulks And will do, spite of all our prayers and tears, [nails.] Until we use the Pledge to clench the

In retrospect I see a bright-eyed youth Who for a crime got sent to New South

Wales.

Who might have been a Christian teacher now, [the nails.

Had those who trained him only clenched

- Not long ago yon school rang with a voice That now is blended with foul oaths and wails;
- With curse ye Marez on her parched lips On those who ought, but failed to clench the nails.

Kind Christian teachers, we have worked long years,\* [off fails;

And still would hope—but hope deferred But still we ask, nay, beg with prayers

and tears, [Nails.

That by example you would Clench the

\* The three make over one hundred years teetotalers.

JOSEPH COOPER, NEW MILLS.

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# THE DOCTOR'S MISTAKE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

THE Doctors often make mistakes, Their physic often fails, And sometimes prove the adage true, "That dead men tell no tales."

But not of dead men is our tale : A temperance man was he— Alive, but troubled with the gout, Or somewhat, seemed to be.

He was a clergyman, 'tis said, Who good example showed, By preaching 'gainst alcoholic drink, And practised what he preached.

That 'twas not good for any one, Who would his health retain; So his parishioners he advised From strong drink to abstain.

But when a learned doctor came, His case well understood,

Or so he thought—and alcohol, He said, would do him good.

"Whisky and water—a glass—all hot!" He kindly did advise;

And to be taken every day— A glass of moderate size.

"No, doctor, no! that will not do!" He kindly did reply;

"I've preached against it all my life,-To take it I'll not try.

"If nothing else will do me good, I'm doomed to suffer still;

I cannot take the nasty stuff, So suffer on I will.

"Besides, what would the servants say, If I for water ring?

They'd guess what it was wanted for-Hot water !----no such thing." "But don't you shave?" the doctor asked, And, smiling, he looked wise;

"Ring for your shaving water, sir!" The patient feigned surprise.

"Mix your medicine glass, my friend, Whisky and water hot;

None will be wiser than yourself, What medicine you have got!"

No reasoning more—the plan was good; Conscience might plead in vain; The Doctor knew just what was right—

Had he not made it plain?

Doctor and patient both were pleased, Shook hands and parted there;

How the advice was followed out, We very soon shall hear.

Two or three weeks had passed away, The Doctor called again,

To see how his prescription worked— If it had eased the pain.

He rang the bell, the servant came, "How is your master now?"

"Stark, staring mad !" the servant said; The Doctor asked, "How? how?"

"He's mad as any man can be !" "Mad ! mad !" the Doctor cried; "What! how mad? there's some mistake." "It's true!" the man replied.

"I must see him, then !" the Doctor spoke, "But how does it appear ?

What are the symptoms? let me know-There's something wrong, I fear !"

"Lor, sir," the servant simply said, "He's mad as he can be!

He calls for water !---shaves himself Some twenty times a day !"

The Doctor made a sad mistake, As many do beside,

Who know the sad effects of drink, And yet the same provide.

How many who have been reclaimed From drunkenness and sin, By taking drink as medicine, Have fallen back again?

The fatal taste has been revived, No earthly power could stay; Which naught but drink could satisfy, Which drink could not allay.

And so the victims drink and drink, Till life they sacrifice; And boast they only follow still The Doctor's sad advice.

From this we may a moral learn, That perhaps may do us good; The use of drink is like a stream, Increasing to a flood.

The man is safe who doth abstain, But he who tastes may fall; And, like this erring clergyman, For shaving-water call.

Or something stronger it may be, Strong spirits every day,

Till health, and strength, and every good For ever's swept away.

Let doctors, then, their wisdom prove, And not their power abuse, Keep alcohol in its own place; But not for common use.

And patients should be wise in time, Ask just the reason why That alcohol should be prescribed, Or something better try.

But still the only safest plan, Is ever to abstain, Leave alcoholic medicine, And keep clear heart and brain.

HARVESTS.—All our words and deeds are seeds, which are sure to produce a crop and yield a harvest!

# LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

THE EVILS OF INTEMPERANCE.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

MYY dear Young Friends,-I am very anxious to address you once more. Sometimes we feel our weakness in so doing, yet, God giving us strength and wisdom, it is after all a great pleasure. I trust that these short addresses, to a great extent so far, have stimulated you to fresh zeal in the Temperance movement. Many cases of the sad effects of intemperance have come under my own observation. Although such vast organizations are established by the Temperance societies, yet how deep-seated the drinking customs appear to be! It is, indeed, a huge giant we have to fight against. You must not for a moment think that, because such vast agencies are employed, your efforts are not required. I can assure you that you must not stay your influence in this great cause. Let us for a few moments look at this subject under three points.

1. The drinking customs. They cling very tightly to multitudes in this country of ours, and many say that they cannot leave it off, while others tell us that it does them a great deal of good. Beer and spirit are nearly always given at funerals, marriages, and other occasions of social gatherings, but who can tell of the evils which result therefrom ?

2. Their awful consequences. We find that many people, when once they taste intoxicating drinks, go from bad to worse, until they make sad shipwreck of themselves. Many a promising young man, and many a promising young woman, have been dragged into the net of intemperance, and all their hopes blasted for both worlds. Oh, is not this a sad thing to consider?

3. The safeguard. This is simple. Let

me advise you to abstain, and do so now, if you have not done so already, for the road is slippery, in which even moderate drinkers walk. You are safe if you are off that road, and are walking on the road of Temperance and true religion. May you thus be guided by Jesus, who is our best Friend, and *One* who is ever ready to help you in every undertaking. May you thus ask Him to give you that wisdom which cometh down from above. "My son, give me thine heart."

### A CALL TO THE NATIONS.

BRITANNIA ! Britannia ! arouse thee --arouse thee !

And vanquish the tyrant that's ruled thee so long; [from thee, The soul-binding chain of the despot cast And swell the sweet strain of the freeman's lond song. [train;

Thou hast long been the leader in liberty's If thou would'st still thy reputation retain, Now banish the fiend of intemperance, and stand

'Midst the nations the freest, the happiest

Cambria! Cambria! time was when with thee, sie rung:

The mountains and valleys with minstrel-The proud baron's mansion resounded

within thee,

While poets their legends of victories sung. Once more let thy bards strike the lyre, and tell [of Hell—

Of conquests achieved o'er that dark fiend The heavy oppressor, whose poisonous breath [and death.]

Has crushed his poor victims to misery

Hibernia! Hibernia! arise now, and free thee [a bright gem,

From that which has robbed thee of many And soon will the neighbouring islands behold thee [them.

Enjoy peace and plenty, and freedom with

Yes! soon will the bright star of liberty shine

In the track of fair temperature where'er And light giving halo *reflects* like the sun Where the morning of freedom its dawn has begun.

Caledonia ! Caledonia ! advance till we see thee, [enemy fly. With thought, words, and truth, make the

There's no need of cannon or sword to assist thee;

The foe can be conquered without the sad Of widows and orphans,—whose tears of woe [to flow.

Have been caused by the warriors' career With weapons surperior we'll make our cause known.

Till the enemy's army shall be overthrown.

### THE TRUEST FRIEND. BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THERE is a friend, a secret friend, In every trial, every grief;

To cheer, to counsel, and defend,---Of all we ever had the chief!

A friend, who watching from above, Whene'er in error's path we trod,

Still sought us with reproving love;

That friend, that secret friend, is God ! There is a friend, a faithful friend,

In every chance and change of fate, Whose boundless love doth solace send,

When other friendships come too late ! A friend, that when the world deceives,

And wearily we onward plod, Still comforts every heart that grieves;

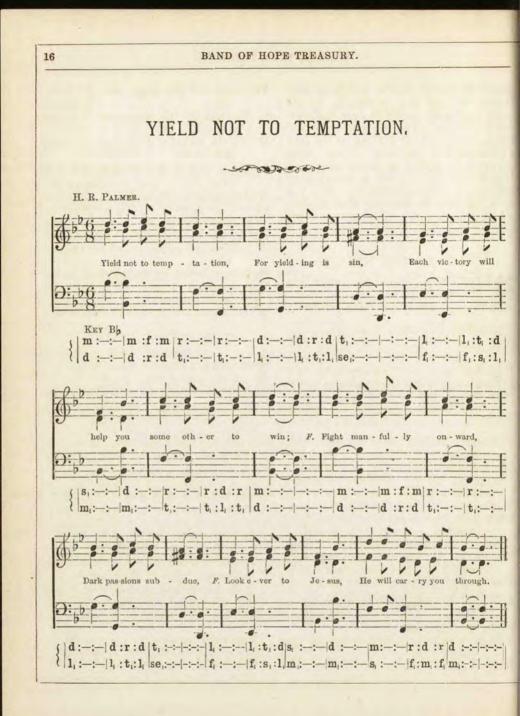
That true, that faithful friend, is God !

How blest the years of life might flow, In one unchanged, unshaken trust;

If man this truth would only know, And love his Maker, and be just !

Yes, there's a friend, a constant friend, Who ne'er forsakes the lowliest sod,

But in each need, His hand doth lend; That friend, that truest friend, is God!





 p. 2 Shun evil companions, Bad language disdain; God's name hold in reverence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true;
 f. Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through. f. 3 To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown; Through faith we shall conquer, Though often cast down; He who is our Saviour Our strength will renew, Look ever to Jesus, He will carry you through.

#### WAR.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF. A DIALOGUE FOR THREE.

James.



AR is a horrid thing; I don't know how any man can bring know how any man can bring himself to declare war, when he must know that it will cause such a vast amount of misery, wretched-

ness, disease, and death, and destroy so much valuable property. The more one thinks about it the more horrid it looks.

Douglas. It certainly is very bad, still I don't see how it is to be altogether avoided. If men and nations would always do right then there might be some possibility, but in the present state of the world I fear there is not much likelihood.

J. To talk like that is to cast a very serious reflection upon the much-boasted civilization of the nineteenth century. When nations talk, in fact, make a boast of being Christian and highly civilized, and can find out no other way of settling any misunderstanding that may arise without fighting about it, I think they at once admit that the civilization and the Christianity are of a very doubtful sort !

Matthew. I should think so too. If battles were fought upon the principles of Christianity there would not be many lives destroyed or much destitution created. "Put thy sword into its sheath, for they that take the sword must perish by the sword," are the words of Christ.

D. But then you must remember that when we read the Old Testament we find a great deal about wars and fighting; in fact, God Himself is spoken of as rendering assistance to those who were fighting.

J. No doubt such is the case; but if you read the Old Testament carefully you will find that there are predictions telling us that the time will come when "men shall learn war no more," and that time is, after the days of the Messiah, who is

the Prince of Peace; and we ought not to forget that we do not live under the Old but under the New dispensation, so that something better is expected from those who profess the more self-denying and self-sacrificing principles of Jesus Christ.

M. But apart from religious considerations wars are altogether opposed to the spirit of civilization. What better is a civilized man than a savage if he resorts to the same practices, and can find no better mode of settling a quarrel than by physical force? A savage makes no pretence to holding himself under restraint, but a civilized man does. I consider that it is doubly wrong for a civilized man to fight, for he knows, or ought to know, better.

D. But, you know, it takes two to make a quarrel, and however much one might desire to avoid fighting, the other might wish to provoke a war. I have read of monarchs adopting what is called "a spirited foreign policy," in order that they might divert the attention of their subjects from home matters, fearing that, owing to mis-government, their thrones might be in danger.

J. Then that would be a very wicked war, provoked and entered upon from personal motives; and that just shews the evil of having standing armies, for if these monarchs had not trained soldiers to fight for them, they would not be able to enter upon such wars.

M. I suppose that at the present time there are no less than four millions of men employed as soldiers, even in times of peace, and when the war demon is abroad there are no less than twelve millions; and these men all belong to nations that profess to be Christian.

D. But why do the men enlist? If

all the people were to protest against it the rulers would have no power to enforce military service.

M. If you could only get the people in every nation, as with one voice, to declare that they would not fight each other, then there would be some hope. Men combine in trades unions to protect themselves and their interests, and it seems to me that if they would only so combine in a "Peace Union," we should soon hear the last of wars.

J. The men who make the wars ought to fight the battles. As it is now, those who fight, and suffer, and are slain, are those who had nothing to do with the quarrel, and I think, in a great many instances, they do not even know what they are fighting about, and they fight simply because they are told to do so.

D. And not to do so would be cowardly, and show a lack of patriotism, and, you know, that to disobey the orders of those above you would be called mutiny.

M. More's the pity that men should place themselves in such a position as to slay their fellows at the bidding of another. God says, "Thou shalt not kill," and the soldier is trained for the very purpose of breaking that commandment.

J. How many persons do you think have lost their lives through the wars that have taken place during the last twentyfive years?

D. I have no idea; can you tell me? J. Why, nearly two millions and a quarter!

M. That's almost as many people as live in the whole of Scotland, counting men, women, and children, and nearly half as many as live in Ireland. What a dreadful thing we should think it, if all the people in Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Birmingham, were massacred, and yet this has been done in the wars of the last quarter of a century. It's awful to think about, and yet with these ghastly facts before us, we still hear of wars and rumours of wars.

D. If what you say is true, it certainly is very fearful. But how do you know that your figures are correct?

J. Because I've seen it in the newspapers, and the newspapers were quoting from official returns.

M. And these you may depend upon it will state as few as possible, and not exaggerate.

D. So then you think there will be more killed than they say ?

J. I'm sure of it. But, beyond those who are slain, there are those left who pine away in sorrow, or die of grief, because of the loved ones they will never see again on earth.

M. And think of the widows and orphans, and the deep poverty they suffer. Ah, war is a horrid thing! Its greatest triumph seems to be misery, poverty, and death.

D. But surely war has done some good for all the suffering endured and the money spent?

M. If judged by the cost, both of life and money, it ought to have done some good; but I fear the most costly wars are those that have been the most useless.

J. Take the Crimean war in 1852-54: that cost seven hundred and fifty thousand lives, and three hundred and forty millions of pounds sterling; and to what purpose? Why this: the Russians were defeated, but not conquered; they were kept from accomplishing their purpose for about twenty-five years, when they again entered the arena of strife in 1877, and came off victorious, and thus undoing all the good, if any, that had been done by the English, French, and Turkish armies in 1854.

D. If all wars were like that I should think they were useless.

M. One very sad, and yet natural, feature of war is this : that the vanquished many times are not fully subdued; they sue for peace because they are beaten, but a feeling and desire for revenge is enkindled; and hence, after a war is over, instead of the combatants accepting the result as final, the victorious nation has to keep a large army in a constant state of readiness, and the defeated begin to reorganize their army and strengthen it, with a view of avenging their disaster. Hence it is commonly supposed that the last Franco-German war will have to be fought over again, the French not being satisfied with the result.

D. That will also, to some extent at least, account for nations looking upon each other as natural enemies.

J. No doubt, Douglas, it will, for nations that have never been at war with each other look upon themselves as "natural friends," and thus they cultivate, in unity, the arts of peace.

M. I many times think what a glorious place this world would be if war were for ever driven from it, and the money now spent to keep up military armaments were spent to help forward the civilization and Christianization of the world. The combined national debts of Europe, caused chiefly through war, is the enormous amount of *four billion pounds*, or more than three times as many pounds as there are inhabitants living upon the face of the earth !

J. And that among nations professing to be Christian. What terrible irony !

D. It seems to me that they must be Christians without Christianity.

M. So I think. When men know and practice Christianity, and not till then, may we expect to see a better state of things; but, until that time arrives, we must work and pray to bring it about, for the time will come when "nations shall

beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," and when-

> "Man and man the world o'er Shall brothers be and a' that."

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

"INE'S a mocker!" to one and all, And with evil fraught; Lest by it thou art deceived,

Touch it not.

Though it moves itself uprightly, A pleasant taste hath got,

It stingeth like an adder badly,

Taste it not.

Though it in the glass may sparkle, And by others sought,

At last it biteth like a serpent,

Handle not.

But if thou art by it deceived,

In its meshes caught,

Be wise in time, and ne'er again Touch it not.

Day by day, in fetters binding, Sad the victim's lot;

Lest thou share the fate of thousands, Taste it not.

Like an army, see its votaries

Near the grave they've got; Try to save them! urge them boldly Handle not.

Touch not ! beware ! shun the first glass ! Or thou mayst be caught;

Taste not! but throw the bowl aside! Handle not.

Sixty thousand victims yearly Urge thee touch it not, As they leap the awful vortex,

All forgot.

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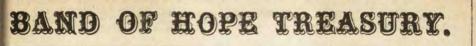
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HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

# HAPPY CHILDHOOD.

HERE are pleasurable scenes in this world that come so near to our conceptions of what the joys of heaven will be, that we are led to think God does not reserve *all* our felicity for a future state, but gives many a sweet glimpse of Paradise in

this life, teaching us how possible it is that the glowing descriptions given in the Bible of the mansions above may to some extent be realised in these dwellings below.

We think one of these pleasurable scenes is when little innocent children are at play. Who can gaze on the sunny, smiling chernbs, as they dance, and shout, and sing, without in some measure partaking of their exuberant delight, and feeling the purifying influence swelling forth from their loving hearts? Dark indeed must be the soul that feels no light beaming from their radiant smiles; hard must be the heart which melts not at The merchant, their artless songs. loaded with wealth and care, sees in them his once happy self; the vicious see reflected the purity of their past days. God has indeed ordained strength out of the mouths of these babes and sucklings, and a strength that exercises greater force than all the theories of studied philosophy. They are the Christian's pattern. Christ set one in the midst of his ambitious disciples, and told them and all mankind that it was the simple, humble spirit of the little child that constituted a preparation for heaven. When the spirit of a child is found in the vigour, candour, and experience of manhood, it is the spirit of peace, benevolence, and love that blesses and purifies the world .- From "The Children's Verdict," by John Ashworth.

# THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

E comes not !-- I have watched the moon go down;

He thinks not how these bitter tears do The while he holds his riot in that town.

- Yet he will come, and chide, and I shall weep-
- And he will wake the infant from its sleep, To blend its feeble wailing with my tears.
- Oh! how I love a mother's watch to keep Over those sleeping eyes, that smile that cheers [deep.

My heart, though sunk in sorrow fixed and

I had a husband once who loved me; now He ever wears a frown upon his brow— And feeds his passion on a wanton's lip— As bees, from a laurel flower, poison sip.

But yet I cannot hate. Oh! there were hours

When I could hang for ever on his eye; And Time—who stole with silent swiftness by— [flowers. Strewed, as he hurried on, his path with

I loved him then, he loved me too, my heart [smile;

Still finds its fondness kindle if he The memory of our loves will ne'er depart;

- And though he often sting me with a dart, Venomed and barbed, and wastes upon the vile
- Caresses which his babe and mine should share :
- Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear
  - His madness, and should sickness come and lay
- His paralyzing hand upon him, then,
  - I would with kindness all my wrongs repay-

Until the penitent should weep and say How injured and how faithful I had been!

#### CLENCH THE NAILS WITH PRAYER.

#### BY UNCLE JOHN.

" I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place." —Isaiah xxii. 23.

TUNE-"The Lost Sheep."\*

G HASTE and save the children, Ere drunkards they become; Go, speak a word of kindness, Ere they in error run.

Old drunkards once were children,

A lovely girl or boy; But moderation lured them,

And drink did them destroy. CHORUS.

To sign the pledge, O urge them ! Its power to save declare ;

And as nails driven sure, make the pledge secure,

And clench the nails with prayer.

They live with drunken parents, Or else in haunts of vice, Or through the streets they wander, With none to give advice.

They've joined the drunken army, Six hundred thousand strong !

O haste, and try to save them, As quick they march along. To sign the pledge, &c.

7

\* Hymn 54 in "Flower and Fruits of Sacred Song."

And some in homes of plenty, In every luxury nursed, With wine from off the sideboard, May one day be accursed !

Or little sweet drops sipping, From out the parents' glass,

May lead some darling children To drunkenness, alas !

To sign the pledge, &c.

Each year die sixty thousand, And drunkards' graves they fill, And onward come the children To keep the ranks up still! No drunkard enters heaven! For so God's word declares: Then haste, and save the children, While hope for them appears. To sign the pledge, &c.

# LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

#### KEEP GOOD COMPANY.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

WCY dear Young Friends,—I used to write this motto on my copy-book when a boy. Perhaps some of you may have done the same.

It is a very important thing that you keep good company. Many have been ruined through not being particular in the selection of their companions. Avoid the company of the swearer, for it very often happens that if we join in with those that swear that we may get corrupted, and learn this evil practice. We are told in God's Holy Word that we must not swear. Avoid the company of those who scoff and speak light of God's Word. Do not keep company with those who thus reject the Word of God, and make the sacred things of God into vain sport. Many a promising young man has thus been ruined through the evil influence of such.

Avoid the company of those who frequent the public-house, of those who take intoxicating drinks, for such company, I can assure you, is very dangerous. The people who would pass over this matter, and say that there is no harm in taking such drinks, give you advice that is at once not good; for, at the very foundation, there is great danger, and, we know, that there is nothing that produces such misery, and brings this country into such fearful disgrace, as the drinking customs. You are, of course, already aware that the drink is the greatest hinderance to the Gospel, and it is a great shame that such a vast sum of money is spent every year in intoxicating drinks that do such a fearful amount of sorrow and trouble.

Keep good company, dear young friends, or you will soon learn to do everything that is bad. May you ask Jesus to help you in walking the narrow road, and thus pursue the road of virtue, namely,— Religion and Temperance. I trust that you will thus be given wisdom to be careful in the selection of your companions.

#### THE DRUNKARD'S ORPHAN. BY UNCLE JOHN.

XIND lady, don't drive me away from your door,

Nor look so unkindly on me, [poor;

I ask but for bread—I'm hungry and I've had nothing to eat all the day.

No father, no mother, no friend have I My brothers and sisters are dead; [got,

They all pined away, for hard was their We oftentimes wanted for bread. [lot,

Our parents both drank till drunkards they died !

But once they were loving and kind;

And many long months our dear mother tried

Her home and her children to mind.

By a neighbour enticed, she tasted of gin; 'Twas said to drown sorrow and care!

- But sorrow untold, and troubles came in, And our home was a home of despair.
- "Tis the truth I am telling, kind lady, believe!

My parents through drinking oft fought;

And once a sad blow did my mother receive,

And now no kind mother I've got.

- They said she fell down and died on the spot,
  - And to prison my father they took;
- The blood on her cheek I have never forgot,

Nor my father's last anxious look.

- Oh, lady, forgive me, I can't tell you all; But my father I never saw more !
- Now I am an orphan!—look aged, though small,

I'm homeless, I'm ragged and poor !

O pity, dear lady! see your own little girl,

She's sprightly, and healthy, and grown;

Like her, too, I know once my head had a curl,

But sorrow she never has known.

- O get me a home where I may be taught, Where I may be clothèd and fed;
- Kind lady, O help me, for hard is my lot, My parents and friends are all dead.
- And soon I shall die, if much longer I rove [night;

Through the streets with no shelter at If I sleep on a doorstep, from thence I am

driv'n,

And I try to get out of sight.

Oh! I wish that the drink had never been known,

(And there's hundreds as wretched as me,) [my own,

Then 1 should have parents, a home of Just the same as it used to be.

### TOUCH NOT THE WINE-CUP.

**G**<sup>H</sup>! touch it not, for deep within That ruby-tinted bowl Lie hidden fiends of guilt and sin, To seize upon your soul.

That sparkling glass, if you partake, Will prove your deadly foe, And may, ere yet its bubbles break, Have sealed your endless woe.

Then pause, ere yet the cup you drain, The hand that lifts it stay; Resolve for ever to abstain, And cast the bowl away.

### COLD WATER.

POLD water, we hail thee; thou gift free as air; compare; No beverage of mortals can with thee Who drinks of thee only, will find with delight

Fresh vigor by day, contentment at night.

Cold water! cold water! the only drink given, [heaven: Like manna, descending directly from Yet men, in their vileness, have spurned thee aside, [have died. And, drinking foul poison, by millions

#### AH! THE CHANGE.

READ for my children-bread ! My prayer, oh ! do not scorn ; I cannot home with them to bed, And fast again till morn.

Not for the world would I Pass such another night; Their moaning sleep, their wakening cry, Would madden me outright.

I know what you would say; I know we might do well; And once we did! and every day God's blessing on us fell.

A happier home than our's, Though humble it might be, You might have searched about for hours,

And yet you would not see.

As sure as night came round, As soon as work was o'er,

There Richard's step-a brisk, sharp sound-

Made music at the door.

His babies on his knees,

Their mother at his side, Whate'er we did was sure to please-We were his joy, his pride.

How swift the time then fled. To books or converse given !

And when our evening prayer we said, How sweet it rose to heaven.

But ah! the change, the change, When Richard took to drink !

Sometimes those days shine out so strange, They never were, I think.

His children, then so dear, He now would scorn to nurse; And if he catch a starting tear,

Their mother is a curse.

A cellar, damp and cold, Is what our home we call;

And a few rags together rolled, The bed that holds us all.

And there we shivering lie, Without or fire, or light,

While he, who should our wants supply, Is revelling through the night.

I would not linger on, A beggar thus to be;

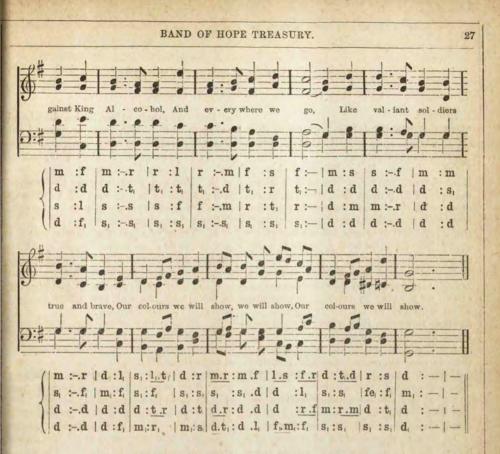
Long since unto my rest I'd gone, But these depend on me.

I would drop down and die, But who would see them fed ?

Oh! turn not from a mother's cry; Bread for my children-bread !

-Temperance Rhymes.





- 2 Our volunteers are coming fast, And still for more we call; Our Temperance cause will triumph yet, Our deadly foe shall fall.
- With cruel chains his hand has forged He binds the young and old;
  We'll snatch them from a drunkard's grave, And lead them to the fold.
- 4 Come back, deladed ones, come back, Be slaves to him no more, Denounce the power that holds you now, We beg you, we implore.
- 5 Come, join our army's noble ranks, Oh come, there's room for all; We'll gain a mighty victory yet, Our deadly foe shall fall.

#### DISPUTES, AND HOW TO SETTLE THEM.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTEONG, CARDIFF.

Edward.

OFTEN think it's very strange that nations cannot settle their disputes without fighting.

James. It is strange, and very inconsistent, too; for instance, nations make laws to punish men who fight each other, and yet the law makers are the law breakers in national matters. I should think that if it is wrong for individuals to settle their disputes by fighting, it is quite as wrong for nations.

Edward. Just so. Nations are made up of individuals, and what is wrong in a small way must be much more wrong when engaged in on a large scale. If fighting is wrong, it is wrong always and under all circumstances.

J. Well, let us be thankful that the time is coming when wars and fighting will be at an end, and when peace and love will prevail everywhere.

E. It looks to me as though that time was a very long way off when we hear so much about wars and rumours of wars.

J. It may appear to be a long way off, but we live in an age when events take place in such quick succession that an era of peace may be upon us before we are aware—railways, telegraphs, telephones, microphones, and other achievements of science are doing great things in the way of putting an end to national bitterness and enmity.

E. I have heard it said that weapons of war are now being made on such a perfect system of science, and they are so true in their work of destruction, that this alone will bring about the era of peace, as you call it.

J. In wars that took place a long time since great valour was needed, as the soldiers met each other in hand-to-hand conflict; but now, armies can fight though divided by very long distances. Skill and science have taken the place of valour to a very large extent.

E. You don't mean to say that valour is not needed now in war. I think any man must have plenty of pluck who can, without fear, engage in war.

J. There you go; the martial spirit, I see, is not dead in you. If you want an explanation of war you find one in yourself. Your dignity was touched when you thought I reflected upon the bravery of our soldiers, and you were at once ready to vindicate them.

E. Well, and they are worthy of praise for having fought the battles of their country so nobly. Our soldiers are always victorious.

J. I have no intention of reflecting upon their valour; but if they are, as you say, always victorious, then their enemies are always beaten, and that, at any rate, is not doing unto others as we would be done by. For my part, I don't like either victories or defeats of such a nature; I dislike fighting altogether. Do you know what Wellington said about fighting?

E. I don't remember; but Wellington was a great hero.

J. No doubt of it, but he was not much in love with war. He said, "The next worse thing to a defeat is a victory." In other words, he meant there can be no real satisfaction in war either to the victorious or to the vanquished.

*Henry.* Well, well, you fellows are in as serious a conversation as though the "fate of Empires" depended upon your deliberations.

J. So they do, for if everybody

thought as we do, the fate of some Empires would not be so precarious as they are.

H. Then I must look upon you both as statesmen in embryo.

E. James may be—he has been talking as though he possessed the secret of national greatness.

H. And what may that be, James?

J. PEACE! and with peace, prosperity and happiness.

H. "Peace hath her victories,

No less renowned than war."

J. Aye, and much more lasting !

E. There is a saying, "It takes two to make a quarrel," and I should think it is quite as true to say "It takes two to keep the peace." Now suppose one nation was really bent upon war, and did all in her power to provoke another nation, how could the other resist fighting ?

J. Very easily, by resisting provocation with dignity and kindness.

H. What's good for men is good for nations, and that which subdues the one will subdue the other.

J. When statesmen—Christian statesmen I mean—learn to follow the law of Christ, then wars will cease; but until they get to understand that Christian principles are only powerful when carried out *practically*, they will, I suppose, go on sharpening the sword, and keep a sufficient supply of guns and ammunition to frighten their foes and keep them in constant awe.

E. Much as I am against war I do think it desirable to be in a state of readiness against attack, or as Cromwell said, "*Trust in God and keep your powder dry.*"

H. The worst feature about being ready to resist attack is that you are also ready to make the attack. When there is talk of war, who are they that are most anxious to bring it about? Why the very men who have been trained for war. Fighting men, as a rule, like to fight.

J. We shall never have the era of peace until some nation has the moral courage to take some decided step to bring it about—and I think that if England set the example other nations would not be slow to follow. We have led the van in the past in the development of mechanical and physical science, and if we would keep the foremost place among the nations we must take the lead in moral science, and show other nations a better way of settling disputes than with the sword.

E. Well, have we not set them this good example? Did we not settle a dispute, yea, more than one, by arbitration? And what other nation has ever done that?

H. Why, the nation that we settled with.

J. That, I think, is creditable to us, and I think it was a more sensible way than by fighting to settle the matter. We can only hope and pray that ere long this, or some other equally reasonable and sensible mode will be adopted by all nations.

H. Wars, as a rule, are caused by ambition, envy, avarice, anger or pride, each one of which is an unmixed evil, and are the outcome of wicked hearts; hence before there can be universal peace the hearts of men will have to be changed and their dispositions altered.

J. When this takes place men become practical and not merely nominal Christians; and those who are practical Christians will do all they can to make men everywhere love each other as brothers.

E. No doubt what you wish for will arrive at the millennium !

H. No doubt it will, for that time will truly be a millennium.

J. I trust it may soon arrive, and will, as I hope we all will, do all in our power to bring it about.

#### FATHER IS COMING.

BY MRS. J. E. MCCONAUGHY.

"DATHER is coming home." What joy those words bring in your household, when some little watcher announces the fact to the happy fireside group! But it brought no joy to the hearts of little Belle and Rosy Hunter.

Poor things! they were so glad when the sunshine stole down their dark entry, warming up their old doorway. Then they could creep out from their dreary home with its dusky walls, and amuse themselves as best they could with their few playthings. Mother was almost always sick now, so she could give them but little attention. There was no money to replace their scant, tattered garments with new ones. Poor Belle's shoes were worn out long ago, and little Rosy's toes peeped out from hers all through the cold winter. Once they had a sweet, fresh home in the country. Once papa loved to take his little girl on his knee and call her his "little Blue Bell" for her violet eyes. He thought no rosebud so sweet as his red-lipped baby pet.

I think you have guessed the cause of the change. It was all through drink! The little ones never bounded out to meet their father when he came home at nightfall. No; they cowered in some dark corner if they could, so they might be out of the way of his drunken blows and curses.

Why was he coming home so much earlier than usual to-night? His step, too, was very different. He did not reel to and fro as he often did.

"He's got a basket on his arm, Belle. Oh, I hope there's some bread in it! I'se so hungry."

"Well, there isn't, Rosy. We'll have to go hungry to bed again, you may be sure."

"Come in, children," said the father, in

an entirely new tone, "I've got some supper for you."

The poor broken-hearted mother looked up wonderingly, half fearing she was stil asleep.

No. There was the old table set out and two big white loaves upon it, a plate of butter, a paper of chipped beef, some cheese, and cakes, and—oh! how the children's eyes danced—a quart of greared strawberries.

A good temperance brother had me John Hunter and reached out a friendly hand to him. He urged him to shake of his hard master, who was fast binding him down with cable ropes, and be a mar again. At last John yielded and put hi hand to the blessed pledge. Now his earnings came home to feed his hungry children and to buy comforts for his poor fading wife. The roses came back to her cheeks again. The ragged home wat mended, and little Belle and Rosa used to bound down the path with happy, joyous faces when either one cried out, "Father is coming!"

PLEDGE we make no wine to take No brandy red, to turn the head; No whisky hot, that makes the sot; Nor fiery rum that ruins home.

To quench our thirst we always bring

Cold water from the well or spring; So here we pledge perpetual hate

To all that can intoxicate.

#### UNITED KINGDOM BAND OF HOPE UNION

THE Committee of this Society have decided to hold a Competitive Examination in April nex of young people connected with Bands of Hope throughout the kingdom. Fifty pounds is to be awarded in prizes, and the Examination is to consist of answers to questions founded on the "Worship of Bacchus," by Ebenezer Clarke F.S.A. Further particulars may be had of the Secretary of the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, 4, Ludgate Hill, E.C.

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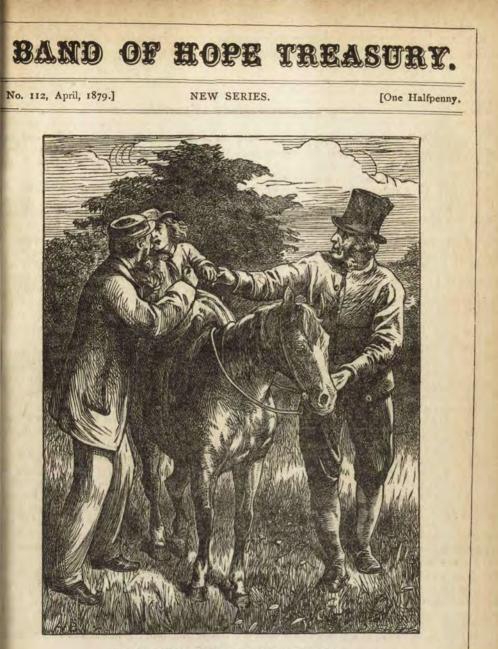
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LILY AND NANNIE AT SCHOOL.

# LILY AND NANNIE AT SCHOOL.



F you please, Miss, if so be as you don't see no objection, there's some of these 'ear little ladies as have a great mind for a ride upon the pony. If it's agreeable,I'llbringhim round." "Certainly," replied Aunt

Sarah; "bring him out into the field, Thomas. I suppose you have no objection, Mrs. Stafford?"

"I should not like any who are not used to riding to mount him, I think," replied Mrs. Stafford. "I hope he is very quiet."

"The old pony is dead," said Aunt Sarah, "and we have not had this one very long; but I think he seems to be a very well-behaved young gentleman."

"I will take care of them, Mrs. Stafford," said Uncle Walter. "I will keep my hand on the rein the whole time; they shall not go off alone."

"On that condition," replied Mrs. Stafford, "I am sure I may give the permission. You understand, do you not, young ladies, that you are none of you to ride the pony alone?"

The party then adjourned to the field, where Thomas soon followed leading the pony.

Several of the girls had mounted him, and ridden him up and down the field, led by Uncle Walter, when at length it come to Gertrude March's turn.

"I have no notion of such a slow affair as this," said she, as she took her seat, "I can manage him myself very well, thank you;" and before Uncle Walter could take hold of the rein, she gave it a jerk, striking the pony at the same time with a little switch, with which she had provided herself. Off started the pony, kicking up his heels, and galloping down the field as hard as he could go, pleased, like Gertrude, to be able to act in a more independent manner.

Now Gertrude had never been on a pony before, but having seen other ladies ride, she fancied nothing could be easier than to stick to the saddle; but to her astonishment, she found herself thrown up and down in the most uncomfortable manner, and presently losing her hold of the pommel, she slipped down, dragged along by one foot, which was still caught in the stirrup.

Fortunately the grass was so soft that she was little injured by the fall, and soon Thomas and Uncle Walter came up, and disengaged her from her dangerous position; but the ancle of the foot which had been in the stirrup was so strained that she could not stand, and it gave her the most severe pain.

"What has happened?" exclaimed she, at length, looking round with surprise, as the rest of the party came up.

"Happened?" said Uncle Walter, "why you have been disobeying orders, and must now suffer the consequence, young lady. Here, Thomas," continued he, as he set her on the pony, "take this young lady round to the house, go up the lane, and in at the back door, so as not to alarm any one, and tell Betsy to see what she can do for her foot."

So Gertrude was led off, feeling thoroughly vexed and mortified by her humiliating situation, and suffering also from the strain.—From "Lily and Nannie at School." By Annie Jane Buckland. Cloth, gilt, 3/6. (Manchester: Tubbs & Brook.)

# WITH THE TIDE.

[WRITTEN BY THE LATE MARIA SANDOW, IN 1877.]

E had come to the river-side

And the waves crept grimly all up the

strand, And closer, and closer I held her hand,— It was hard to let her go.

She started not from the blinding spray;

She had patiently trod down pain's rugged way,

Till it led to the river side.

- And the waves were all grey and gloomy, And their music seemed sad and wild,
- As with throbbing pulse, and a breaking heart,

I watched for the swell that would force apart

We two,-the mother and child.

And I knew that the swell had power, For a few short years before

It crept softly up, like a stealthy foe,

None seeing or hearing its ebb and flow, And a child from my side it bore.

Now the shadows of night fell darker, And the sun died out in the west,

And a solemn hush seemed on every side, But for the sound of the coming tide,

Nature seemed quite at rest.

But the swell came nearer and nearer, With a pitiful, wailing moan;

Then a sudden sweep far up the strand,

And I missed the clasp of my darling's hand,

And stood by the river alone.

And slowly home through the darkness Crept I to my empty nest;

And every day, by the river side,

I watch for the "swell" and the ebbing tide

That will take me into rest;

Where partings and tears are over,— Where the lost are all restored,— Beyond the gloom of this earthly strife To the radiant banks of the river of life, In the city of the Lord.

# LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

Y dear Young Friends, —You must be aware that those who live in England are more highly favoured than those who live in parts of the world where such vast numbers are taught to worship idols, and all sorts of forms of evil practices. Well, I was going to tell you that there is a great difference, and you would not like to be classed among these, for you are taught very different, and you are hearing the Gospel every time you attend your Sunday School. I have thought that a word to you on your great privileges of being thus favourably circumstanced would not be out of place.

What do we expect from you? We of course expect far more from you than we do from those who never frequent such a place as the Sunday School. Yet we find very often that many of our Sunday scholars act as though they never heard the Gospel. I have been very much pained in seeing many smoke, swear, and take intoxicating drinks. I hope that you will be very careful how you play your part in the world ; that you will take great precaution how you walk through life, for we do expect the more from those who attend our Sunday Schools, and belonging to some Sunday School ought, of course, to be an index that you are taught better, and ought to know better.

You may, I can assure you, do a vast amount of good, if you consider seriously in your minds that the influence you may exert for good towards the temperance movement, for you could work in conjunction with your teachers in this great cause. We do not, of course, look to those outside so much as we do from you; therefore I hope you see that my meaning in this address is to draw your attention for good, seeing that you go to a Sunday School. I hope, therefore, you will give this matter a prayerful consideration, and at the same time you will serve the Lord Jesus. May He help you all.

# TEETOTAL SABBATH SCHOOL. BY UNCLE JOHN.

John.

OOD morning, Tom; I've called for you

To go with me to school to-day; You know you promised that you would; Come, go with me at once, I pray.

#### Thomas.

Good morning, John ; it's very fine ; A pleasant morning for a run;

I think I shall not go to school,

But leave it for some time to come :---Beside, I do not like your rules;

You all agree a pledge to sign, That you will never touch or take

A single drop of beer or wine.

#### John.

You say you do not like such rules, From drink of drunkards to abstain,

Which ruins sixty thousand souls, And causes misery and pain.

O do but think of drunken men, Who once were little boys like we,

They learnt to drink small drops at first,

Until they came to what you see. Thomas.

But what is this to you or me? Should I refuse a drop of beer

Because some men will take too much, And then get drunk, and curse and

swear?

# .Tohn.

I'm sorry thus to hear you talk

Of those who drink, and curse and swear !

Just take your Bible-blessed Book !

And see what's said of drunkards there. This book I got at Sabbath school,

Where all abstain from drunkard's drink, And from its pages I have learnt

That drunkards into hell must sink. No drunkard can to heaven go,

To dwell with God who reigns on high ; Then we should in our youth abstain,

Lest we may wretched drunkards die.

#### Thomas.

But then to take a little drop In moderation, cannot hurt, Nor ever make me beastly drunk, To reel and tumble in the dirt.

#### John.

My teacher, he has often said,-The first glass leads to drunkenness;

And so the man is hurried on, Till sunk in woe and wretchedness.

#### Thomas.

John, what you say I think is true ; But still I do not like to sign,

For perhaps I may be asked to take A single glass of beer or wine,-

When Uncle James comes home from sea, Or when the weather's very cold,

Or perhaps in summer time, you know, Or maybe when I'm getting old.

#### John.

What can I say, my dearest friend, To show the error you are in,

So that you may, while you are young, Temperance habits now begin ?

You well remember Lucy Bright, She once was in the Bible Class,\*

How she left home, and with some friends

Soon learnt to take the fatal glass.

\* A fact.

#### In moderation she began,

But soon a drunkard she was known, And lived a short, disgraceful life;

And then her friends did her disown. At length, when drunk, in sad despair,

One dark and gloomy night she hied Unto a river; the next morn

Her body floated with the tide. Poor Lucy! If but for her sad fate,

O do from drunkard's drink abstain! O touch not, taste not, handle not:

But sign the pledge, and firm remain.

#### Thomas.

Well, John, I know it is the truth, That Lucy drank, and drowned herself;

But why should I be forced to sign

The pledge on any one's behalf? Let each one please himself, say I,

I never may a drunkard be; 'Tis time enough when I'm a man ;-Some other time we may agree.

#### John.

O, Thomas, dear, pray do but think, Such weak excuses thus to make:

Come, sign the pledge, and boldly say, You do it for the drunkard's sake;-

That by your good example here You may lead others to abstain,

And save them from a drunkard's grave, From endless misery and pain.

#### Thomas.

My dearest friend, give me your hand, I'll go with you to Sabbath-school; I'll sign the pledge, and ever more Abide by the teetotal rule.

I'll also join your Band of Hope, And many others try to gain;

I thank you, John, for leading me From drink for ever to abstain.

#### John.

Then come, my friend, the time is up, We must get there ere they begin; I never like to go to school When 'tis too late to enter in.

#### RAISE THE FALLEN.

From his pleasant native glen, Youth with restless spirit hasteth, To the crowded haunts of men;

Hidden snares and tempters meet him, Lo! he falleth by the way;

Kneel and raise him, kneel and raise him, He hath fallen by the way.

Full of pride and self-reliance, With a warrior's haughty eye, Dauntless to the world's encounter,

Manhood in his strength went by. Foes in ambush gathered round him,

He hath fallen by the way; Kneel and raise him, kneel and raise him, He hath fallen by the way.

Heavenly Father, Thou who knowest All the weakness of the breast, All the sorrows of the lowest,

All the frailties of the least,

Teach us, for our erring brethren, With a humbled soul to pray,

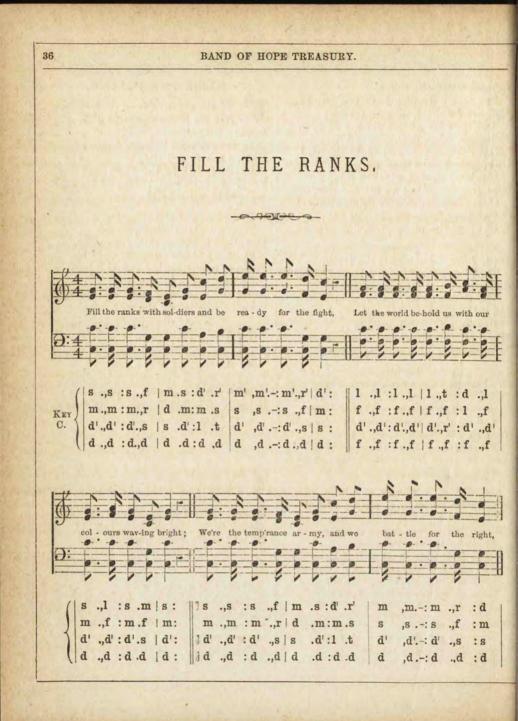
Deign to help them, deign to help them, They have fallen by the way.

#### TASTE NOT!

Should'st thou taint thy pure, sweet breath ?

Quench thy young eyes' lustrous light 'Neath its baneful, blasting blight?' No! by God's sweet goodness, no! Taste not! bid the tempter go!"

WHERE OUR FORGIVEN SINS GO TO.—A Sunday School boy once asked his teacher, "Teacher, if Jesus Christ takes away our sins, where do they go to?" The teacher in reply asked him if he ever did sums on a slate, wetted it, and rubbed them out; and if so, where the figures went?



37



2 Fill the ranks with soldiers, oh, never be afraid, First in every conflict where the tempter would invade; Bringing back the sunlight o'er the ruin he has made, Oh we'll go marching on. Rally, rally, &c.

3 Water, crystal water, from the quiet mountain rill, Cool and sparkling water, that with joy the heart can fill, Merry, laughing water, let it be our chorus still, As we go marching on. Rally, rally, &c.

#### HOW WE KNOW THERE IS A GOD.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

#### Charles.



T looks strange to me that at home and in the Sunday School we should pray to God, and yet, that neither I nor anyone else has ever seen Him !

James. To me there is nothing strange in that, because, you know, "God is a Spirit," and we cannot with our natural eves, see spirit.

C. But through our natural eyes our spirit looks out-according to what our teacher says, our eyes can see nothing ; it is the spirit inside us that sees.

J. Yes, that is so, the eyes are only the medium of sight.

C. Well, then, why cannot our spirits see spirits?

J. For this reason, because there is a material substance that prevents it. It would be quite as reasonable to expect to You see a man through a stone wall. may know he is there because you hear his voice, though you cannot see him.

C. But I have not met with anyone who has heard the voice of God speaking to him.

J. That may be so, as it regards speaking as we are now talking with each other; but a great many people have heard God speaking to them, though not exactly through their senses, yet quite as plainly through their minds and hearts.

C. I have heard of people, I think they are called atheists, who say that they do not believe that God exists because they have never seen Him.

J. Do you know what the Bible says of such people?

No; tell me, James, please. C.

J. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God"; and foolish certainly they are. I think it is very silly for anyone to say they will not believe that God exists because they have not seen Him.

C. But why should you call them silly?

J. Because there are so many things that exist that have not been seen by everybody, and would you not think it strange if people only believed in that which they had seen and refused to believe in anything else?

C. Well, perhaps I might.

I'm sure you would. Now, for in-J. stance, I have never been to India. China, Japan, or America, still I believe such countries exist, though I have not seen them.

C. But though you may not have seen them, other people have, and they have written books about them; and besides, people from those places are often visiting our country, and we see them walking through our streets.

J. But you have not seen the countries yourself, and you believe in their existence on the testimony of others; so though we may not have seen God or heard Him speak, there are those who have, and they have written about Him, and told us what He said to them. God talked with Adam. in the garden of Edon; "Enoch walked with God and was not, for God took him." Samuel was called by God when he was a little boy, and God said many things to him about the priest Eli. Moses received the law from God; and the prophets and apostles often conversed with Him.

C. These instances are all from the Bible; can you tell me of any persons not in the Bible who have seen or heard God speak?

J. There are many; in fact all really good people have heard God's voice speaking to them through their hearts and consciences.

C. People who come from Japan and China bring with them many curious things which show us plainly that such countries exist; are there any signs to be seen of God's existence from what He has done?

J. Yes, a great many. I remember reading somewhere about a boy who left his home and went to sea as a sailor. When the ship in which he sailed had got far away a storm came on, and the ship was dashed against a rocky coast and was wrecked.

C. That was more than the boy expected, I should think.

J. No doubt it was. Well, when he came to consciousness, for he was washed ashore by the waves, he found himself wet, cold, hungry, and alone.

C. Anything but a pleasant condition.

J. Well, thought he, I must look about for something to eat, or I shall die of hunger.

C. A very sensible resolution, I should think.

J. He had not proceeded far in his search for food when he met with the foot marks of a very large animal in the sand.

C. That would be anything but pleasant.

J. No doubt, and the sailor boy thought so too, for he became quite frightened, and began to think if he did not take great care, instead of finding a dinner for himself, he would become the "dinner" of some wild ravenous animal.

C. That would have been even more unpleasant.

J. Perhaps it might; still he kept on looking for his dinner, and before long he met with a rude built wooden hut, and as soon as he saw it his fears gave way to joy, for he felt that some human being lived there, and he would possibly get something to eat. C. Well, but what has all that to do with the subject we were talking about?

J. A good deal! This little sailor boy had not seen the wild beast, yet he knew there must be one, because it had left the impression of its feet in the sand; he had not seen the man who built the hut, but he knew *a man* must have erected it, for no beast, however clever it might be, could do so. It is in this way we know there is a God. We have not seen Him, but we have seen His works.

C. What you have just said puts me in mind of a piece of poetry I met with in one of the numbers of the *Band of Hope Treasury*; if you don't mind I'll recite it to you.

J. I shall be pleased to hear it; go on. C.—

"Not worlds in phalanx deep, Need we to prove a God is here, The daisy, fresh from nature's sleep,

Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

For who but He who arched the sky, And pours the day-spring's living flood, Wondrous alike in all He tries,

Could rear the daisy's purple bud,-

Mould it's green cup, its wiry stem, Its fringèd border nicely spin, And out the gold embossèd gem, Which set in silver gleams within;

And fling it unrestrained and free, O'er hill, and dale, and desert sod, That man, where'er he walks, may see

In every step the stamp of God."

J. That's really a nice piece of poetry, and quite as true as it's nice. Well now, Charles, my boy, don't let either of us forget that though we cannot see God, *He can see us.* He is everywhere, in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

C. So the Bible tells us, and I suppose it must be true !

J. Whether you suppose it or not, it is true. "None can hide himself in secret places that God shall not see him." The

darkness and the light are both alike to God.

C. People do wrong generally when they think no one is watching them; but if God is everywhere He must see all we do, whether it is good or bad.

J. And knowing that, we ought always to try to be good, so that all we do may please Him; and if this is the case, at the end of our life we shall hear Him say,— "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

#### LOVE AT HOME.

#### BY H. F. LOTT.

NEVER had a ten pound note, I care not who may know—

Nor golden brooch, nor silver chain, nor aught that's worn for show.

I've earned each pound I've had for years, by honest daily toil,

Yet few have had a merrier heart, or worn a gladder smile.

Loud demagogues have bawled for years, "You all shall soon be free,"

But loud and pithy prophecies have gained no good for me.

I've heard the factious rave and rave, and plan and counter-plan,

Yet ne'er perceived by all their schemes, I was a happier man.

I'm proud to be an Englishman—there is no land on earth

I should so much have gloried in—could I have picked my birth;

And nought ambition tempts me with, my spirit could have strung

To higher aim, than simple rhyme in Shakspere's mother tongue.

But I have had a blessed home, beneath whose humble roof

A mother's nightly prayers for me were breathed without reproof; And where my sisters' clustering love grew round my friendly stem,

And looked into my eyes with hope as l looked joy to them.

Ye who have given my lips delight, and ye whose friendly press,

Has ever held my hand in yours to welcome and to bless;

Oh ye have ever heard me say, "Whatever else may come,

There's no such joy on earth for man, as being loved at home."

If pride could see my scanty room, some twelve feet six by ten,

And take down all the chattels there, it would scarcely soil a pen;

But there are years of mother's love—in letters week by week,

A wealth that hearts can better weigh than tongues can aptly speak.

And judging hence from what I've fell whene'er I see a face

Smile-lighted on the path of life, I'm certain I can trace

The root whence that sweet influence can only truly come,

The inward joy that fills the soul when we are "loved at home."

THE POOR.—John Wesley says, "If you cannot *relieve* do not grieve the poor. Give them soft words, if nothing else. Put yourself in the place of every poor man, and deal with him as you would God should deal with you."

TEMPERS.—It is very needful for all of us to try to learn to govern our tempers, so that we may not be cross and vexed about trifles.

LESSONS FROM THE BLIND.—A philosopher was once asked from whom he took his first lessons in wisdom. He replied, "From the blind, who never take a step until they have first felt the ground under them."

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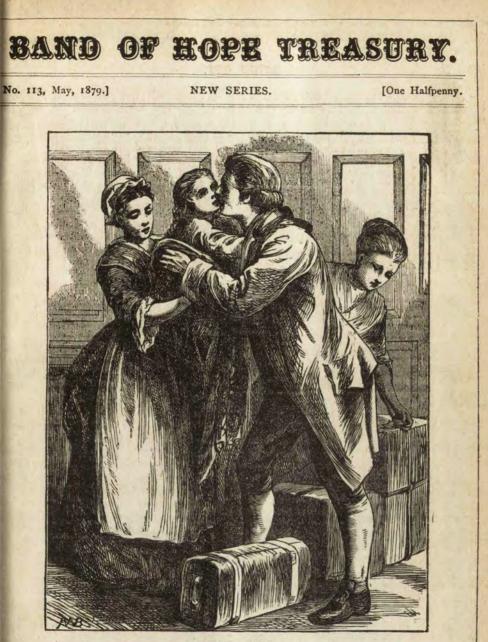
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GOING OFF.

### GOING OFF.

N our illustration this month is a scene of old English life. The artist has chosen to show us a page from the domestic history of our country about a hundred years ago. The luggage is all packed and ready, and the father has only to say farewell to

wife and child before he goes upon his There were no fast trains in journey. those days to whirl the hurried traveller from one end of the land to another with almost magical celerity. Travelling was by slow and lumbering stage coaches, roads

# JIM CARTER'S SACRIFICE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

#### BY S. KNOWLES.

Author of "Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter," &c.



IM CARTER lived in a little cottage with his wife and one son-a ad about six years old, whose name was Edward, but who was called by both parents "Teddy." Teddy was a deformed, sickly child from birth, and the doctor declared he would never be strong, or able to walk properly. This was a great sorrow to Jim Carter and his wife, who loved their little son even more tenderly than they might have done had he been a strong, healthy lad, able to skip and romp and shout, like other boys of his age. But though Teddy, as he grew older, grew no stronger in body, he had a wonderful mind, which soon began to develope. His mother had early taught him the alphabet, and he was not long before he could read words of one syllable; and such was the power of his memory that he could soon repeat all the lessons

in the book which his father had bought

were often bad, and still oftener infested by thieves and highwaymen. A man in the country who intended to visit London was only thought prudent if he made his will and arranged all his worldly affairs before trusting his life to the many uncertainties of travel on the king's highway. This is one of the many things in which the good old times were not so good as those in which we live. Let us hope that the young father who is shown in the picture escaped the perils we have named, and returned safely to the home he appears so unwilling to leave.

for him at the book-shop in a distant market town. This greatly delighted his parents. His father would take him on his knee at night, when he came in from work, and get his little Teddy to repeat over and over again the simple stories, which seemed very wonderful to Jim, who could not himself read.

One day while Teddy was sitting before the open door in a cushioned chair, and the sun was shining and the birds in the adjacent wood were singing sweetly, he was startled by the appearance of a big, burly man, with a large pack on his back, stopping before the door, and asking in a loud but kindly voice if his mother was in. Teddy called his mother, who was busy at the back of the cottage. On her appearing the man threw down his pack, and in a few moments had it unstrapped and the contents open to view. Oh, what a sight met little Teddy's eyes. There were beautiful books, with red, and blue, and orange-coloured backs; there were also magazines and periodicals, with wonderful pictures, all fresh and new. Teddy had never before seen such books; his eyes

glistened, his cheeks, usually so pale, became tinged with colour, and he felt almost strong enough to leave his chair and go nearer to the coveted treasures.

Mrs. Carter well knew she could not afford to purchase any of these expensive books, for her husband was only a farm labourer with small wage, and they had nothing to spare for extras of this kind. The man, however, was very obliging; he showed Teddy many pictures, and seemed glad that, though he might do no trade, he could at least give pleasure to the deformed but intelligent little fellow before him.

"Oh, mother," whispered Teddy when looking at a beautifully illustrated copy of the Bible, which the man told them was coming out in shilling monthly parts until completed, "Oh, mother, I do wish we were rich; we would buy this beautiful book, wouldn't we?"

"Yes, dear child," said the mother, with a pang of sorrow at her heart, "we would; but we cannot afford at present, I wish we could."

"See here, ma'am," said the man, "I'll trust you, and you can pay me when you have the money."

"It is very kind of you, sir; but my husband and I never get things on trust, and I mustn't do it in this case; though I am sorely tempted, for my poor little Teddy's sake, he is so fond of reading."

Teddy looked up into his mother's face, and seeing her anxiety, said,—"Never mind, mother; some day you will be able to buy me one; I don't think I care till then."

(To be continued.)

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN.

E meet again our God to praise, And Zion's songs to sing, Our Ebenezer now to raise, To Christ our benezels King

To Christ our heavenly King.

His mercies, through another year, With grateful hearts we own,

And bow ourselves in humble fear, Before His glorious throne.

Thanks, praise, and love, which are His due, With joy to Him we give,

His precepts ever keep in view, And for His glory live.

Our hearts, upon this festal day, We consecrate anew:

Oh, Saviour, now accept, we pray, Pardon, convert, subdue.

Thine own we are—Thy special care— Guard and protect from ill.

And for Thyself our hearts prepare, And with Thy Spirit fill.

And thus prepared by Thy rich grace, For joys at Thy right hand,

May we behold Thy glorious face, And in Thy presence stand.

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

Cardiff, March 16th, 1879.

#### THE TAILOR'S GOOSE.

#### BY UNCLE JOHN.

H. I have such a funny tale, Just list while I recite it; Tis of a tailor and his goose, I doubt not but you'll like it.

This tailor's name was George, but then To strong drink he'd a liking,

And often drank a drop too much, To larkish feats inciting.

His wife and children suffered much, And sometimes bread were wanting,

While at the ale-bench he was found On his good fortune vaunting.

It happened once, on Christmas-day, That this unruly sinner

His boon companions did invite To come with him to dinner.

'I've got a prime goose!'' Georgie said,
"And cabbage too in plenty!
But then I know the wine is out,
And the beer-barrel empty.
But you, my friends, my esteemed
(He hiccoughed as he said it,) [friends!"
'Can do without the wine or beer,
For once we shall not need it."
"We'll join and get a good supply !"
Said one who there was drinking;
'To wet the goose I feel inclined-
It wants it, I am thinking."
Twas soon agreed—the landlord called—
To whom they gave an order
For beer enough; when asked to pay,
It put them in disorder.
The tailor and his jovial crew,
Although to pay were willing,
If they had only got the cash,
But then they'd not a shilling.
However, they resolved to dine,
If nought but goose and cabbage !
And off they went to Georgie's house-
For drink they'd try to manage.
Arrived at home-his wife was there,
With cupboard nearly empty—
No Christmas cheer awaited her,
Not even bread was plenty.
"Come, lay the cloth !" the tailor said ;
His wife, alarmed, was trembling; "I've brought these gents with me to dine;
Now, mind there's no dissembling.
"Come, Ann, be quick! is the goose ready?
We cannot here be waiting !" She answered not, but shook her head,
As from the room retreating.
Then George the table laid with care, A bed-sheet thereon placing,
With broken plates, a few old knives,
Which some might think disgracing.
"Sit down, my friends, I'll fetch the goose!"
Said George, sincerely looking,
ward George, Sincerery rooking,

"Perhaps it may be a little hard— "Tis not for want of cooking!
"It's been upon the fire at times, For months, I can assure you! I'll fetch it in, as Ann is gone; Its looks may sure allure you."
Soon George appeared, but covered o'er What they supposed was goosey, And laid it on the table there, Which looked all things but cosy.
Again he left, and then came back, A large tin careful bearing; "Here is the <i>cabbage</i> , friends," said he, "Now does it not look cheering?"
Then seated round the table, they Were looking for potatoes, And other things to grace the board, Of which friend George took notice.
"I've none!" he said, "for wife forgot To purchase some, I tell you; But we must do without for once
And then exposing to their view The goose and cabbage really : It was a tailor's goose, you know, And cloth he'd cabbaged freely.
They at each other stared, and then To leave were quick preparing,— "You'd better stop to dinner, friends!" George then was heard declaring.
Said one to George, "You are a goose! The ninth part of a man, sir!" And all being drunk, or nearly so, A row at once began, sir.
Each one then proved himself a goose, Or something far more foolish, Till the police did interfere, And they became quite coolish.
Not only George, but many more, Are led to do things meanly; When drink is in the wit is out,

And then they act unseemly.

If you should be invited out

By any drunken sinner, Pray bear in mind the tailor George, His goose and cabbage dinner.

But best of all, when you abstain From strong drinks that allure you, Twill save you from being thought a Or worse, I can assure you. [goose,

### LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

#### I DON'T CARE.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth. E trust to build up each other with words of encouragement and stimuation in the cause of religion and temperance. There must be no less zeal in all Christian work at the present day; in fact, our prayer should be that the Lord may increase our zeal and usefulness in all movements which have for their object the moral and spiritual advancement of mankind.

The heading of this address is a very common expression used among the young, and I must confess I do not like it. Young people now-a-days are greatly in advance in many things which, I think, it were better they were a little further behind.

I don't care! What is the odds? I will take this glass of beer. Come on, Jem; mother will not know; we shall not take long drinking ONLY one glass. Many young people now walk our streets who, if they were asked how they first began to drink, would answer that they were enticed to take the *first glass* by evil companions; and when advised by kind friends not to do so, their language was, I don't care !

I hope you will not use such careless language. "I don't care!" has brought many a promising youth to the gallows, drawn many a Sunday-school scholar from his school. I don't care for father and mother! I don't care for teacher! These are introductions to evil, just as when we take the first glass, the first pipe, through which many a promising youth has made sad shipwreck, and foundered on the rocks of error and ruin.

I am sorry to tell you that during my experience in the Sunday-school I have even heard this expression used, and I have not a very good opinion of such young people. Let me advise you to be careful in using such words. Let me say to you all—You have many giants you are called upon to fight. Intemperance is one which seems to require great resistance. Much has been done to storm the great stronghold Intemperance, by the eloquence of advocates as well as by literature.

The temptations of this life are many, and you need to be on your guard, always watching unto prayer; if we meet any trouble, there is our safeguard,—having God on our side, and thus be watching the enemy whenever we are assailed.

We know God will take care of those who trust Him. We have read of those who were in their history upon earth sorely persecuted, and their lives even sought, yet God, amid all these things, took care of them and protected them. Let me tell you that these were they who did *not* say, I don't care; but they cast all their care upon Him who careth for them.

I must bring this address to a close. May you not forget these few remarks I have made. May you thus be able to go forth using your influence for good. Try to avoid carelessness of expression in your conversation, especially to those who are your teachers, and are trying to teach you for your good.

> "Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian, Heaven is before thee."

WAKE THE SONG OF JOY AND GLADNESS. Words and Music by W. F. SHERWIN. With spirit. 254 . 0 2 2 2 Wake the song of joy and glad-ness, Hith-er bring your no-blest lays ; Banish 6 0  $d:s_1 \mid l_1:f \mid m:-r \mid d:t_1,d \mid r:r \mid m:r \mid r:-\mid -:m,r$ m .,r KEY S. .,f  $m_1: s_1 | f_1: l_1 | s_1: -.f_1 | m_1: f_1, m_1 | s_1: s_1 | fe_1: fe_1 | s_1: -. s_1, f_1$ t :- -: t, ., t,  $d:d | d:d | d:- | d:r., d | t_i:t_i | d:d$ Ab. d .,d  $d: m_1 | f_1: f_1 | d_1: - | d_1: s_1, s_1 | s_1: s_1 | r_1: r_1 | s_1: - -: s_1, s_1$ d .,d 5-0 Sing sad - ness, Pour-ing forth your high-est praise! to ev-ery thought of 1. 0 Dh 5-0 0.0 |1, :f |m:-.r|d: |d.,m|s :f |m:r d :----.,1, d : s, S. S, :1, |S, :S,  $\mathbf{m}_{1}:\mathbf{m}_{1} \mid \mathbf{f}_{1}:\mathbf{l}_{1} \mid \mathbf{s}_{1}:-\mathbf{f}_{1} \mid \mathbf{m}_{1}: \mid \mathbf{s}_{1}.,\mathbf{s}_{1}$ S. :---S .,S d :d | d :f d:d | d :d d :- | d : m.,m m:---t, .,d  $d_1: d_1 \mid f_1: f_1 \mid d_1: - \mid d_1: \mid d_1 . , d_1 \mid m_1: f_1 \mid s_1: s_1 \mid d_1: - - - d_1: \mid d_1 : d_1 \mid d_$ S. .,SI D Him whose care has brought us Once a - gain with friends to meet, Who with lov - ing -05 ·O. a 0 1 100000 50 f:f | -: m.,r | d :r | m : fe | s :- | -: s .. f t,:d | r :m m :r d :t, |d :d r .,r d : t, r:r | -: d .. t t,:---: s,:1, |t,:d, m :s |s :r r :-S .,S S :f | s:s | -: s .,f r:r s:s  $s_1: s_1 | s_1: s_1 | s_1: s_1 | -: s_1 , s_1 | 1_1 : s_1 | d : 1_1 | s_1: --$ -: t, ., t, d :5,





2 Some who came with songs and banners, On our last great festal day, Now are singing glad hosannas Where the angels homage pay; In the presence of His glory, Jesus' praise they chant above, Telling still "the old, old story," Precious theme—Redeeming Love !

3 Thanks to Thee, O holy Father, For the mercies of the year; May each heart, as here we gather, Swell with gratitude sincere; Thanks to Thee, O loving Saviour, For redemption through Thy blood: Breathe upon us, Holy Spirit, Sweetly draw us near to God.

### SUNDAY CLOSING.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

Alfred.



OU teetotalers are very wily. If you cannot get what you want in one way you try another, and if you cannot get all you want

you ask for a part; in fact, it seems to me that teetotalism has assumed so many forms that you only need "to pay your money and take your choice," as the motto has it.

Thomas. You know, Alfred, the Scriptures tell us to be "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves;" and if, to meet the prejudices of people, the Temperance movement has adapted itself to the many ideas that prevail upon the subject of drinking, it is that something may be done to check its growth.

Now, for instance, there are the A. Good Templars, who have sworn eternal vengeance on the Liquor Traffic; there is also the United Kingdom Alliance, which desires to "totally suppress" the traffic, and yet opens its membership to persons who are not teetotalers; yea, I believe there are even publicans who are subscribers to its funds; and there is the Sunday Closing Association, which seeks to close the drink shops on Sundays.

T. I quite admit what you say to be correct; but don't you see that all these societies or associations have all the same object in view-namely, suppressing the drink traffic. If we get Sunday Closing we gain one-seventh part of our purpose, and that would be a great thing.

A. But do you really think it would be fair to close public houses on Sundays -that is, I mean, all the day?

T. I must own, Alfred, that your question much surprises me; I thought better things of you. Does not the Bible say, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work; but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord Thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

A. Ah, yes, that was a commandment given by God to the Jews, and, no doubt, it is right that it should be observed by us as well as by them; but, you know, the Jews were not like us-a nation of business men-employing so much time in travelling about in all parts of the country. Now suppose all hotels and other public houses were closed on the Sunday. what would the traveller do?

T. In my opinion there has no right to be any trayellers on Sunday, for the command is as much against travelling as it is against trading; but suppose travellers need hotels-and without doubt they do-do you for one moment suppose that all the people who frequent public houses on Sunday are travellers?

A. I should not like to say that they are.

T. So, then, your traveller argument against Sunday Closing is its own refutation. No, Alfred, my boy, if public houses were only used for the convenience of travellers on Sundays, they would be very little used indeed. All the talk that's got up about travellers is only a subterfuge conceived by those who like to spend their Sabbaths in the bar-parlour.

A. That's rather strong, my boy; you seem to forget that this is a Christian country, and the laws of the land are in favour of having public houses open on Sunday. Now do you suppose that our parliament and statesmen would sanction this if it was wrong, and if they could not see some valuable point gained by opening them?

T. I don't know what parliament and statesmen can see, but any law that is opposed to the law of God cannot be right, even though sanctioned by the parliament of the country. God's laws are above man's laws.

A. But you cannot get over this, that the laws of the country are against you; and you know that we are told to submit to those who are set over us as rulers.

T. All I can say is so much the worse for the laws. That which is morally wrong can never be legally right, and as these laws are certainly wrong, we should do all in our power to get them changed.

A. I am prepared to admit that the drink traffic is an evil, and causes much misery, crime, and destitution, and I should like to see it very much restricted.

T. And there is no day in the whole week when so much money is spent in drink as on the Sunday. Thus Sunday, which ought to be a day of rest and happiness, is made into the one which is the chief source of crime and misery, simply because public houses are open on that day.

A. But don't you think if public houses were not open on a Sunday, those who want to drink would devise some means of obtaining it? Shutting the houses does not take away the desire for drink.

T. No; but it takes the temptation away, and many persons are so weak that, though they want to do without drink, they are unable to resist when the temptation is put in their way.

A. Well, to such it would no doubt be a blessing; but under existing circumstances I cannot see that it would be just and fair to the publican to close his house when he took his license supposing that he would be able to trade on the Sunday.

T. As the law stands now it is unjust. The grocer, the baker, the draper, are not allowed to open their places of business on Sunday, and these businesses are a benefit to the people; whereas, on your own acknowledgment, the drink trade is a curse. If it is right to sanction that which is a curse, it surely cannot be wrong to sanction that which is a blessing, and yet such is the case?

A. You seem to have me at every point. I'd better give in.

T. I think you had, and I also think you had better do all you can to make Sunday Closing an accomplished fact.

A. It is so now in Ireland and Scotland, isn't it ?

T. Yes, it is, and before it was sanctioned there, there was a great out-cry against it; but since the benefits have been realized the people have no desire to go back to the old system. Crime is reduced to a very large extent, and the streets, which were noisy with the songs, shoutings, and fightings of the drunken people, are now quiet and orderly.

A. Such being the case, I should think the sooner public houses are closed in England and Wales the better. But are not publicans as capable of seeing the improvement as you are? And if they are, why do they not help the cause?

T. Publicans are aware of the better state of towns and villages through the discontinuance of the drink trade on Sundays, and they are not slow to own it, for a vast majority of them are in favour of closing. They want it; but there are others among them who do not want itmen who care alone for their own selfish interests and profit; and thus, those who favour Sunday Closing, say, "If we close our houses, those who remain open will get all our trade, and if we won't accommodate our customers on Sundays, they won't let us do it on the other days."

A. It seems to me that there is some plausibility in that argument.

T. No doubt of it, and hence the necessity of closing them all, and thus putting all publicans on the same footing.

A. So say I. I like fairness all round -no preferences or partiality.

T. A short time since you were talking about justice, were you not?

A. Yes, I said something about it.

T. Well, now can you consider it just or fair that in all other trades there should be a full day free from toil, and in many trades a day and a half; for many get not only Sunday, but also a half day on Saturday, or some other day in the week, and yet those who are employed in public houses, though they begin early in the morning and work until late in the evening, have little or no cessation from toil from one year's end to the other?

A. No, that is neither just nor fair; but, then, those who find them employment are the very people who themselves have the holidays—the day and a half—you speak about.

T. This is so, and hence if the parliament of the country enacts laws to prevent artizans working too many hours in the week, on the ground of keeping the health of the population in good condition, I think it would be equally right for the parliament to make a law in favour of the servants of publicans, for their health is as precious to them as is the health of any other section of the working classes.

A. I think you are right, Tom, my

boy. All success say I to the Sunday Closing Movement!

T. To that I say ditto !

### THE LITTLE SUP.

THE temperance cause, I wish it well, It cries, "to help come up."

Help, you that choose, but for myself, I love a little sup.

The noble effort I approve, And ever cry it up,

But I will not sign the pledge, because I love a little sup.

The doctor says, "It hastens death," And why not quit the cup?

And so I would, but—I know why— I love a little sup.

The preacher urges next, "'Tis sin, And shames the church," give up!

My secret plea is stronger yet, I love a little sup.

Ten thousand tortured wives cry out, And beggared babes, "Give up !"

I hear their cries, and pity, but-I love a little sup.

The spirits lost in anguish shriek, "O quit the poisonous cup !"

I feel the terror strike! but, still, I love a little sup.

All arguments I can out-brave That bids, "the pledge take up;" This one is proof against their force,

I love a little sup. Though groans, and blood, and death,

and hell, All cry, "Forsake the cup!"

I knew 'twere best, but then-but then I love a little sup.

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PLAY AFTER WORK.

### PLAY AFTER WORK.

HAT a joyful time they are going to have now that the lessons are finished. They will be soon down stairs, as there is to be a children's party, where there will be romping, and riddles, and singing, and sweets, and

all manner of devices for making the time pass pleasantly. There is Alice-that is the tallest girl-and thoughtful Jessica, with her long ringlets, ready to take care of the younger ones who have not had the same experience of merry evenings, and therefore need not only the attention of the grown up people, but also the sisterly kindness of those nearer their own age, in order to keep them from danger or mishap.

Little Fanny has been learning by heart some poetry to recite during the evening.

### JIM CARTER'S SACRIFICE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

### BY S. KNOWLES.

Author of "Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter," &c. (Continued from page 43.)



HE pack-man both saw the look and heard the words of the and heard the words of the crippled boy, and was much touched; so holding up the beauti-

fully illustrated part of the family Bible, he said .--

"Here, my little man, take this and look it through. I shall be round again to-morrow, when you can let me have it back. It belongs to my master, and I have to account for each part, and I am not so well-off, or I would give you one for nothing."

"Oh, thank you, thank you very much,"

and is already afraid that the joyful excitement has driven it from her memory. You see her asking her elder sister Grace to hear it at once again. Grace, who has been for some days past trying to impress the lines on Fanny's mind, is quite willing to listen once more, and to prompt her whenever an awkward word will persist in keeping out of the way. The other girls are also willing to wait and hear Fanny rehearse her piece for the last time before she says it in the big room below where all the company will be assembled to listen to it. Fanny's memory is not one of the worst, and she has been trying very hard to master the verses, so she is quickly at the end of the poem, and then Alice, Fanny, Grace, Jessica, and Dorothy all troop down together, and are soon in the full enjoyment of hunt the slipper, blindman's buff, and kiss in the ring.

said little Teddy, his face beaming with smiles. "I will keep it very clean, and have it looked all through by you call to-morrow."

Mrs. Carter saw no harm in this arrangement, and expressed her thanks for the kindness shown to her boy. The man soon had his pack strapped up and thrown over his shoulders, and with a cheery "Good morning, my little man; good morning, ma'am," he went on his way.

What a happy day that was for Teddy. He looked at the wonderful pictures again and again, and his dear mother was frequently hindered in her work by his calling, "Come and look, mother; oh, do come, isn't this beautiful?"

When the father returned home at night, Teddy told him all about the

gentleman with the pack of beautiful books, and how he had so kindly left this one until the morrow for him to look at. Jim Carter's eyes dimmed with tears as he watched the delight of his child. The pictures were as pleasing to him at they were to his little son, and he was never tired of looking at them. But what gave him most pleasure was to hear Teddy read out of the Book; and it was later than usual before the happy household retired to bed -Teddy to dream of the pictures he had been looking at, his father and mother to talk over how they could manage to purchase the parts monthly, which would cost a shilling, but which would yield such delight and pleasure to their darling child. So small was Jim's wage, and so carefully had Mrs. Carter balanced expenditure with income, that every penny was needed for daily returning wants, and even to save the small sum of threepence weekly was more than she could clearly see her way to do.

In running over in his mind the various items of expenditure, there was one little item which troubled Jim a good deal to-night, though he had never before been troubled in like manner. He lay thinking, and thinking, long after his wife had gone to sleep. The more he thought the more troubled he was; until at length he came to a determination, which was a sort of victory over self, and then went to sleep.

"Wife," he said next morning, just before leaving the cottage to go to the farm, "you may tell the gentleman to leave the part, and to bring a fresh one every month."

"Why, Jim," said his wife in astonishment, "how is it to be done? I thought we couldn't see our way to it."

"No more we could, lass," and Jim put his hand on his wife's shoulder as she sat in the chair, "no more we could, lass; but I can see it now." "How, Jim? I'm so glad, I can't tell you, for Teddy's sake."

"Aye, lass, aye," said Jim, brushing a tear off his cheek, "it's for his sake I'm going to do it."

"Well, dear Jim, what?"

"Why, lass, give over smoking. It costs more than the price of the number every week for tobacco, and I'll do without it."

Mrs. Carter's face was full of admiration. She knew how fond her husband was of his pipe, and she had never begrudged him the tobacco; and to think that he was going to give it up so freely for the sake of their darling child, filled her heart with pride that she had so kind and noble a husband.

### (To be continued.)

### HELPING GOD TO MAKE THE FLOWERS GROW.

A LITTLE GIRL TO HER MOTHER.

### BY JOSEPH COOPER.

ONE hot and sultry summer's eve, After a scorching day, A sweet girl with a watering-can

To the garden went her way;

And as she sprinkled drooping plants, Her stainless soul did glow

To think that she was helping God To make the flowers grow.

A mother, with a mother's care, Went out to seek her child,

And seeing her engaged at work Enquired with accents mild ;

"What are you doing there, my love? I should be glad to know."

The child replied, "I'm helping God To make the flowers grow."

'Mid clashing tenets, dogmas, creeds, This child's the one for me;

It seems a photograph of Him Who died upon the tree.

He spent His time in doing good, Relieving pain and woe In deserts wild and wilderness, Helping God's flowers to grow. 'Tis written, He said, " Learn of me," Be trustful as a child. [world While passing through this sin-stained Walk blameless, undefiled. Be beacon-lights set on a hill, A good example show. Haply your upright walk and talk May help God's flowers to grow. The fields are ripe for harvest-time, The labourers are few ; Take spade, or rake, or water-can, There's work for all to do. If you can't plough the stubborn field, Or reap the corn, or mow, You may remove the weed, and help To make God's flowers grow. Cut down, root up the Upas trees The wicked one hath sown, -Some that have stood for centuries, Till they they are hoary grown; Those licensed dens that dole out death. And drape the land with woe, Help us to close them if you wish To help God's flowers to grow. Legions of learned, earnest souls Are preaching with their might, Wooing, also beseeching men To come to the true light; But while the preacher buildeth up, Dram-vendors doth o'erthrow ; Christian, abstain, if you would help To make God's flowers to grow. Friends, you may help with a kind word, Or sweet and gentle smile, To lift the withered, drooping head Of a stricken son of toil. We all can work on sunny days, Likewise 'mid winter's snow, By "remembering the forgotten" Will help God's flowers to grow.

### LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

### WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth. We ought to be very thankful that we are spared to meet once more to talk a little for each other's advantage. You must be aware that every time we meet together it is to build up each other in principles of a Christian nature. I have thought that the above subject would not be out of place to bring before your notice. The question, of course, must be answered by yourselves, and that individually; for every one will have to give account to God at the last day—What we have done, and what we have neglected.

What have you done for Jesus is an important question which you ought most seriously to ponder! I hope that Jesus is your friend and guide. Ask Him to make you useful.

What have you done for the Temperance cause? is another question of importance. You know that the Temperance movement is one in which your influence may be usefully exercised.

Temperance literature is a branch of usefulness of the best kind. What have you done towards circulating or extending the sale of the many excellent magazines published to aid the cause of Temperance? It is astonishing what good can be done in this way. I should like to stimulate all my young friends to do what they can. Do not forget that little word "try." I dare say some of you hope in your mind that many would give up the drink, seeing what a great evil it is. Well, there are various things we hope for in this life, and Temperance people long for those who take intoxicating drinks to leave off doing so. We often hear the drunkard say that he hopes to reform; he hopes to be a sober man. Our advice should be,

Give it up now, and give it up altoether." I trust you will do your best egarding this important question. We hould, my dear young friends, use what alent we have for the good of those round us: in a word, the Temperance novement is one to which you ought to end a helping hand, and you will get our reward. "Whatsoever thy hand ndeth to do, do it with thy might." lay Jesus bless and help you all.

### SPARE THAT GLASS.

### BY C. ALLEN.

AIR-" Woodman, spare that tree."

OUNG man! spare that glass, Taste not another drop; Withstand the tempting cup,

Now is the time to stop. Hast thou a mother dear,

Who watched thy early years? Avoid the fatal glass, And spare thy mother's tears.

Hast thou an honoured sire, Art thou his fondest pride? Blast not thy father's hopes, Nor his advice deride.

Now leave the flowing bowl, It sparkles to betray; Trust not the tempter's wiles.

But dash the cup away.

Hast thou a sister, too, Thy childhood's youngest friend? Wound not her gentle love, Her finest heart-strings rend. Hast thou a brother, one Who trod life's path with thee? Who shared the youthful sports

In innocence and glee?

Young man! shun that cup, Taste not another drop; In mercy to thyself, Now is the time to stop.

### THE ERRING.

OHINK gently of the erring; Ye know not of the power, With which the dark temptation came, In some unguarded hour. Ye may not know how earnestly They struggled, or how well, Until the hour of weakness came, And sadly thus they fell.

Think gently of the erring; Oh! do not thou forget, However darkly stained by sin, He is thy brother yet. Heir of the self-same heritage, Child of the self-same God. He hath but stumbled in the path, Thou hast in weakness trod.

Speak gently of the erring; For is it not enough,

That innocence and peace are gone, Without thy censure rough?

It sure must be a weary lot, That sin-crushed heart to bear ;

And they who share a happier fate May well their chidings spare.

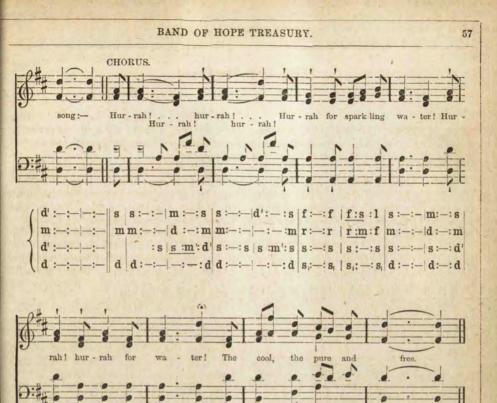
Speak kindly to the erring ; And thou mayest lead them back, With holy words and tones of love,

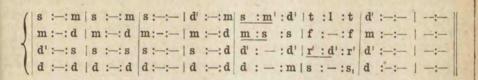
From misery's thorny track. Forget not thou hast often sinned, And sinful yet mayest be;

Deal gently with the erring then, As God hath dealt with thee.

Do the brewers, and distillers ever pray? "Who would envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God cleaves to the stones, the timber, the furniture. The curse of God is in their walks, their groves,-a fire that burns to thenethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floors, the walls, the roof are stained with blood."-John Wesley.

HURRAH FOR SPARKLING WATER. H. P. MAIN. Hur - rah for spark-ling wa - ter ! The cool, the pure and free ; The sil - very splash-ing s |s :-: m | s :-: d'|s :-:-|m:-:m|d :-: d | r : d :r |m:-:- | -:-: s |s :-: m | s :-: d' m m:-:d | m:-:m m:-:-|d :-:d d :-:d | t ::1, :t, d :-:-| -:-:m m:-:d | m:-:m KEY D#. gives us health and vi - gour, It That mur - murs o'er the It lea. . - ter. d':-:-|s:-:m'|r':-:t|1:t:1|s:-:-|-:-||s|t:-:t|d':-:d'|r':-:-|s:-:s s :-:s | fe: - : fe s:-:-|-:- | s | s :--:s | s :--:m f :--:-| r :--:s m :-:- m :-: s -:-- s r':--:r' d' :--:s s:--:-| d':r':d' t:-:s :-:- d':-: d' t :-: r' -: t.r -:- |s f:-:f |m:-:d t;:-: d :-:-|d :-: d r :-: r | r :- : r S: -2 makes us bold and strong; Un - furl the temperance ban - ner, And this shall be our d':=:d' | r':=:r'|m':=:-|-:=:m',r'| d':=:t | d':=:1 | s:=:-|m:=:d.m| s:=:d' | t:1:tm : -: d | s : -: s | d : -: -: d | d : -: d | d : -: d | d : -: s | s : -: s |





2 Hurrah for sparkling water ! We love the pearly rill, That glides along the valley, Beside the woodland hill. The merry, laughing water, We hail it with delight; It fills our hearts with gladness, And makes our dwelling bright. 3 As many streams uniting In beauty wend their way To seek the mighty ocean, And mingle with its spray.
So may our growing numbers Our strength and union prove, Till all shall reach the haven Of joy, and peace, and love.

### STOP THE TRAFFIC!

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

William.

OBERT, my boy, I am told you have become a teetotaler, and joined the Band of Hope. Is this so?

*Robert.* The information you have received is quite correct, and if you are still in doubt, I'll show you written evidence. Look here (showing card), here's my card of membership.

W. (reading.) "I, Robert Dawson, hereby promise to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as beverages, and to do all in my power to prevent the use of them by others." So you have not only pledged yourself to act foolishly, but also to get as many more to act in the same way. Good! but you won't get over me, I'll promise you!

R. So you think I have acted foolishly in joining the Band of Hope. You'll perhaps allow me to differ from you in that opinion. I used to think exactly as you do on the matter; nay, not to think, for when I began to think about it, then I came to the conclusion that teetotalism was the only correct thing, having right and truth on its side.

W. Well, then, my dear fellow, if such is your opinion, no wonder you want to get other people to adopt your views.

R. William, think of this: in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland there is spent nearly one hundred and forty million pounds sterling per year in strong drink, and if that is not enough to convince any one that it is full time to diminish or put a check upon "the trade," as it is called, I don't know what is.

W. That's certainly a very large sum of money, but you know the larger the business done the more profitable it is for those who are engaged in it. If I were in business I should try to do as much as possible,—pushand enterprise are essential to prosperity.

R. No doubt you are right in that, if the matter you have in hand is worth the pushing; but if not, then the less pushing done the better. Rather, say I, "Put on the brake," and check it as much as possible.

W. People engage in business to make money, and no doubt this is the motive of those who keep public-honses and gin palaces. So you cannot blame them if they try to increase their business so as to add to their wealth.

R. You are right again, my boy that is, in principle. You know in doing business two parties are expected to derive a benefit, the seller and the buyer, and no doubt this is the case in most businesses; but in the drink trade the benefit is onesided altogether : the seller alone has the benefit, the buyer receives no good but only harm by the transaction.

W. How can you make that out? The buyer gets that for which he pays his money. It is not forced upon him. He voluntarily asks for his beverage, and receives it. If he did not want it he would only need to keep out of the publichouse.

R. In that you may be right again that is, to some extent. I know that if people would only keep out of publichouses the evil would be abated; but, you see, they don't keep out, and the temptations to get them in are very great. My policy is to remove the temptation out of the way. Stop the traffic!

W. But you have not shown me that the drink trade is only a one-sided benefit. R. That, to my mind, is not difficult to show. The publican pockets the cash, and is thus increasing his riches; the customer swallows the drink, and, when paid for, he is the poorer.

W. And so you might say the same as it regards "the butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker." These tradesmen all manufacture their respective goods, and when sold they pocket the cash; the customer pays for what he gets, and thus is poorer, insomuch as he has less money in his pocket.

R. In that you are wrong, my boy. The baker gives a good and useful loaf for the money paid. Bread is the staff of life, and essential to our well-being; the butcher gives the much-loved sirloin of every Englishman, and the candlestick maker gives value for the money he receives. All these tradesmen give a *beneficial consideration* for the money they get, but not so the publican.

W. There's the point of difference between us. I contend that the publican gives a good value to his customer as either the tailor, or baker, or any one else.

R. The grocer supplies that which is beneficial, and does the people good who use his several articles; but the article supplied by publicans is the source of untold injury to those who use it. His commodity injures health, destroys the happiness of families, creates crime, pauperism, lunacy, and many untold evils. Do you call those things "good value"? So far as I am concerned I attach no value to them, or so little that I would like to see them and the drink, which is the cause of them, swept for ever from off the face of the globe.

W. That certainly is a "sweeping" desire. Perhaps you would like to have the publican also under your "besom of destruction."

R. Nay, if the drink traffic was gone the publican would no longer exist, and he might turn his attention to some other, perhaps less lucrative, but more respectable business.

W. So you would have mercy on the sinner whilst you would destroy his trade?

R. The trade is bad, and its fruits are bad—bad always, and the sconer we stop the traffic the better it will be for all parties concerned.

W. Aye, and ruin the publicans !

R. That would be a sad affair certainly. I should be sorry to ruin anybody, but the drink trade is not so sensitive on the point. Those it has ruined would make a vast army, greater and more numerous than the largest army of any country in the world. Drink has destroyed its millions and saved but few, if any.

W. That's a terrible indictment !

R. But not more terrible than it merits. Take up any newspaper, on any day you like, and you will see the most startling records of what drink is doing. It incites to every known crime, murder not excepted; in fact, in nearly every great crime committed it has played a prominent part. Drink is bad. Stop the traffic! say I, and thus wipe out its awful stain.

W. But if what you say is true, why does not parliament step in and make laws of prohibition?

R. It will come to that no doubt in course of time. Parliament does not seem to interfere with great national evils until they have become so great that their removal is necessary for the safety of the state, and the health and morals of the people.

W. But if your statements are correct that time has arrived with the liquor traffic.

R. And what question creates so much commotion and anxiety in the country? The evil is acknowledged by every one, and every one—publicans included—are

desirous of seeing a change. All that is needed is a statesman who can devise means to effect a cure. Teetotalers know the only effectual remedy—stop the traffic.

W. Aye, aye! soon said, but other people who are not teetotalers, and not drunkards either, don't want the traffic stopped, and they have as much right to be heard as the teetotalers.

R. I never said they had not. I only pointed out that they knew the effectual remedy.

W. Certainly, if stopping the traffic would only make people content; but don't you think ingenious people would find out ways of evading the law, and thus supply a demand by illegal means?

R. That might be so, and no doubt it would, still they would have to be exceedingly diligent to provide by illegal means as much as would satisfy the present demand of one hundred and forty million pounds sterling; and those who are set to see that the law was carried out would have to be exceedingly inattentive to their work if they did not detect the law breakers before they could do their illegal trade, to even one-tenth of that amount.

W. Closing the houses would no doubt greatly restrict the drinking habits of the people.

R. Then close them, and let's run the risk of the unlawful trade. Much better to let evil be done unlawfully than to surround it with the protection and authority of law as at present. William, my boy, to remove drunkenness we must "Stop the Traffic!" Good-bye.

W. Good-bye, my friend. Success to your efforts.

LEARN in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside, but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances alone ever do.

### SIGH FOR THE DRUNKARD. BY HAGUE.

FOR the drunkard sigh, The tear of pity shed, And haste to snatch the victim from His vice so foul and dread.

Ye who yourselves are free From drink's accursed thrall, On to the rescue; heart and voice Employ at duty's call.

Put every effort forth This human wreck to save, And let him not uncared for fall

Into a drunkard's grave.

O who can tell the depth Of anguish, grief, and shame, That preys upon the drunkard's soul,

When drinks do not inflame !

But, 'spite that grief and shame, Again the "curse" he seeks; And quaffing deep the liquid fire,

Loud in its praise he speaks.

Nought is too dear for him To sacrifice for this—

His honour, health, his kindred, aye, His hope of future bliss.

Ye moderate drinkers, view This slave of sin and vice; Deny yourselves for him, O dare To make this sacrifice.

Give up your *darling* glass, Come join the Temperance Band, And aid to tear up root and branch,

The scourge of our fair land.

To extirpate the "curse," To crush the monster vile,

To banish drink for ever from Our own, our lovely Isle.

O for the drunkards sigh, The tear of pity shed,

And haste to snatch the victim from His vice so foul and dread.

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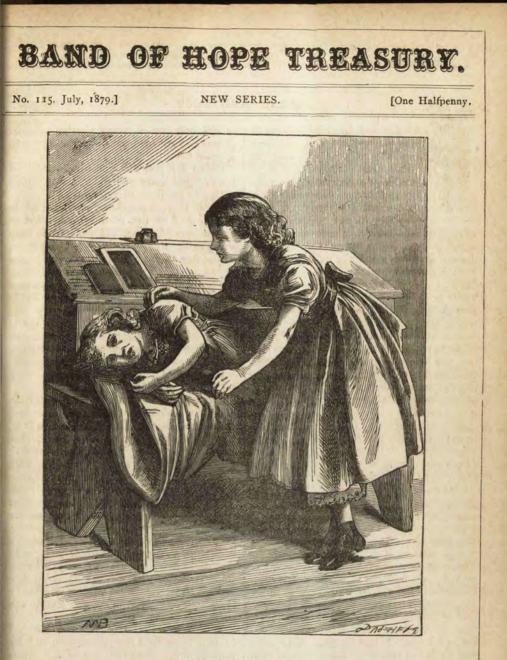
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SARAH AND LUCY.



### SARAH AND LUCY.

ARAH and Lucy both went to the same school, and there was not a very great difference in their ages. They were playmates, and generally were very good friends. Lucy, although not a bad girl, was not very amiable in her temper. She

gave way to sudden gusts of passion, which swept like a storm through her. distorting alike her body and her mind. Under the influence of these passionate feelings she would utter reproaches and make accusations which had no foundation in fact, and for which she was afterwards sorry. One fine summer day Lucy was extremely wishful to get away from what she called "stupid lessons," and out into the bright garden, where the sun was pouring down his warm rays, and deepening the many colours of the flowers. But, as is often the case, the more haste the worse speed. The sums would not come right, and spelling was more eccentric than usual, and the copybook was desecrated by two or three painfully conspicuous blots. Lucy began to feel in a very bad temper. Everything was going wrong. There was a bee went buzzing about in the garden, as though to taunt her with being unable to join in its delight. Sarah, in passing Lucy, stumbled by accident against her, and this added another to the blots which already disfigured the copybook. This was too much for Lucy's bad temper. and she accused Sarah of having jostled her intentionally, In a very few minutes she managed to reproach Sarah with every real or fancied wrong she could remember. The teacher was obliged to interfere to restore peace. When the play hour came the strife was renewed. Lucy insisted that Sarah had spoiled her copybook, and that it was only one of many similar actions. It was in vain that Sarah endeavoured to appease her.

""You did, you *did*, you DID," screamed Lucy, "you know you did. I won't play with you or speak to you again."

With these words Lucy marched off to the far end of the garden, and tried to amuse herself alone. It was not so easy without her almost inseparable playmate, and as her anger cooled down, she began to feel how difficult it was to do without her usual companion. Anger had caused her to be unjust to Sarah, and now Pride prevented her from saying that she was sorry for her fault. No, she thought she would suffer anything rather than let Sarah know how much she wanted her company.

She was so full of these not very pleasant thoughts, that she did not take very particular notice of the way she was going. She stepped on a stone in the path which slipped so quickly from beneath her foot as to throw her to the ground. In fact, she had sprained her ankle so severely that she could not rise. What should she do? The other children and the teachers were down the lane, far beyond call. Sarah and Lucy were alone in the garden. Sarah was not likely to come near her after her passionate outburst. As she lay on the garden walk, Sarah, who was walking about and grieving over her playmate's bad temper, happened to turn her eyes in that direction. She was astonished to see Lucy lying on the ground at the other end of the long walk, and immediately forgetting her grievances, she ran to see what was the matter.

With a good deal of trouble she managed to help Lucy into the class-room, and by putting some cloaks on one of the forms made her a sort of bed on which she could rest. Sarah then took off Lucy's boot and stocking, and was quietly bathing the injured ankle when the teachers and the rest of the scholars returned.

In thus returning good for evil, Sarah had her reward, for the friendship and love between her and Lucy became stronger than before. Lucy was so much ashamed of her injustice to one who had proved so kind and true that she made great efforts to conquer the evil temper which at times made her a torment to herself and others. And she succeeded. Thus Sarah conquered, because she returned good for evil.

### JIM CARTER'S SACRIFICE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

### BY S. KNOWLES,

Author of "Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter," &c. (Continued from page 53.)

T was not without a struggle that Jim abandoned the pipe, for habits long indulged are not easily overcome; but when the desire for "a smoke" came upon him, he thought of Teddy, and of all the joy and sunshine his sacrifice was bringing to his beloved, crippled child.

As the months passed, and the new parts of the Bible were brought by the kind-hearted pack-man, and were paid for by the money which before had been puffed into the air, Jim's heart swelled with satisfaction. He began to think how many little comforts, and even necessaries, might have been purchased for his wife and child had he but put out his pipe years before, or, better still, had he never begun to smoke at all.

Teddy, at first, was mostly attracted by the pictures. Soon, however, his mind became engrossed by the Word itself. Propped up in a chair by the open door, with the sweet scent of the honeysuckle and the wild rose, and the song of the merry birds wafted from the adjacent copse, he would sit hour after hour pouring over the matchless and wonderful stories of the sacred book, reading them again and again, each time with increased interest and pleasure.

At night, when Jim had finished work and had tea, he would carry Teddy up the lane to a little grassy knoll on which he loved to recline when the evenings were warm. There he would repeat to his father the story of Joseph, who was sold for a slave and afterwards raised next to a king; of Samson slaying the lion; of little David and his victorious combat with the big giant Goliah; of Elijah fed by the ravens; and of Daniel cast into the den of lions. His father listened in a spirit of awe, admiration, and delight, for the stories were new to him as they were to his child.

Interesting as the Old Testament was, the New Testament was even more so. The story of the birth of Christ, heralded by the angels' song, at Bethlehem, and the subsequent history of the Saviour as a child, a boy, and a man, with the crucifixion, resurrection, and ascension, made a deep impression on the crippled boy's heart, and strange thoughts flitted through his mind. Oh, how he wished he had been near Jesus, that he might have been blessed; for, as he told his mother, it would have been so easy for the kind Saviour, who could bring a dead man to life, give a blind man sight, and make lame men to walk, just to have said,-"Teddy, be strong."

One day Mrs. Carter had been busy washing at the back of the cottage, and on coming in to see if her boy needed anything she was startled to find his chair empty, and he nowhere to be seen. After gently calling and receiving no answer, she went to the foot of the stairs, and hearing his voice she softly ascended. On reaching the top she beheld him knelt by the side of his bed, with clasped hands, engaged in prayer. She stood and listened, her whole frame trembling with pent-up emotion.

"Dear Jesus," he was just saying, "I do love you very much, because you was so very good to the poor and sickly people; and I do wish you would make me a good boy, because sometimes I am not thankful, and I wish I could run about in the lanes and fields, and I am afraid I make dear mother and father sorrowful when I talk to them about it. Dear Jesus, I have crept up here to ask you to help me to be very kind and very good, and give me a new heart and then I shall love you ever so much more than I do. And, dear Jesus, bless father and mother, and make them to love you, and we shall all be so happy, though we are poor. Thank you, dear Jesus, for sending me the beautiful book, and I do like to read it, and father was so kind to give over smoking to buy it for me. Bless everybody, and make everybody good."

Before Teddy had got to the end of his prayer his mother was on her knees at the top of the stairs, the tears fast flowing down her cheeks; and when he ceased speaking she went and folded him in her arms and kissed him passionately, for she felt more than ever how precious to her heart her poor, sickly child was.

"Wife," said Jim one evening, when Teddy had been put to bed, "I feel somehow as if I wasn't altogether right."

"How, Jim? You are not poorly, are you?" and a shade of concern passed over the face of Mrs. Carter.

"No, it isn't that. I am as well as ever I was in health. But the reading of the Bible has made me feel as if I wasn't as I ought to be, and I'm a good dealtroubled about it."

"I have felt the same, Jim," said his wife, looking tenderly into her husband's face, "but Teddy and I have been talking and praying over it, and we have both been made very happy."

"Why didn't you tell me?" said Jim, a little reproachfully.

"Why, husband, we have been telling God about you every day, and Teddy said "The good Spirit will show father the way and lead him to Jesus." I'm so glad, dear Jim, that you feel as you do. Jesus is waiting to make you His child, and to take away all your trouble."

(To be continued.)

### BOBBY BRIGHT AND HIS PIPE. BY UNCLE JOHN.

CH! have you not heard of *old* Bobby Bright,

As home from some drunkery walking; Although he ne'er spoke to those that he met,

To himself he always was talking?

"Twas said that he always followed his nose, As he tried in vain to be steady,

And keep a straight line in passing the street, Though the drink always made him top heavy.

But there was a time when Bobby was known As a useful Sabbath school teacher,

When he had not the least liking for drink— Some thought he might be a preacher.

For a useful man was young Bobby Bright, A member of Christian society;

He prayed with the sick, to prayer-meetings went,

A pattern was he of sobriety.

But, alas! he was led the FIRST GLASS to take, By those who should have known better;

For some persons take it to keep out the cold, And others to keep cool in hot weather.

But glass after glass increased very fast,

In what some folks term moderation; But poor Bobby discovered, when it was too late.

That drink caused him much botheration.

And thus by the drink he was fast led astray, Till everything good was neglected;

No longer in prayer and praise was he heard, And to visit the sick he objected.

- It led him to think that a pipe in his mouth Would much improve his gentility;
- But his smoking soon led him to greater excess,

And he joined in the drunkard's hilarity.

- And thus, by the moderate use of strong drink, Which some so-called Christians indulge in,
- He became an inveterate drinker of beer, And a stiff glass of grog would indulge in.
- But now he was known as *drunk* Bobby Bright, As oft for a week he went spreeing;
- And while at his cups he was jolly and free, At home he was disagreeing.
- Now sometimes his drinking brought him disgrace,

And often it brought him vexation,

From those that he met at the public-house— A place that's a curse to the nation.

- One night, having been on the spree for a week, And seeming very stupid and sleepy,
- A lot of young fellows, fond of a lark, Resolved on some fun very speedy.
- Poor Bobby, who dreamt not of what might occur,
- Had placed his long pipe on the table,
- Which the youngsters with gunpowder quickly filled,

And said that to smoke Bob was not able.

But Bobby, half sleeping, caught up the pipe, Which he found all ready for lighting,

As the rogues had put some tobacco on top, In the fun they were now delighting.

"Not smoke, did you say?" as the stem in his mouth

He placed, with the air of a smoker !

- And went to the gas-when the landlord ran
  - And exclaimed, "O dear! what is the matter?"
- Poor Bobby was down on the floor in a fright, For the gunpowder loudly exploded !
- And groaning he cried, "Help! help! I am killed!"

For the pipe was heavily loaded.

Meanwhile his tormentors had made their escape, [serious;

And the consequences might have been But he, poor fellow, more frightened than hurt, Only seemed a little delirious.

Old Boniface termed it a capital joke, And laughed at poor Bobby's disaster!

And provokingly said, "How is your poor nose?

Shall I get you a vinegar plaster ?"

- But Bobby was not inclined for a joke, Nor the landlord's ironical jeering;
- He rushed from the place, and reeled to his home,

And some folks said he was swearing.

- For persons who drink, very often will swear, And many bad things will be doing;
- The system is bad, and leads thousands wrong, And oftentimes brings them to ruin.

Now some might suppose this a cure would be Of his drinking and smoking propensity,

- And that he would sign the teetotal pledge; But he disliked the sober fraternity.
- His work was neglected, forsaken his home, His health and his strength fast declining;
- He refused to take the advice of his friends,
- That he the pledge would be signing.
- Thus he stands as a beacon, a warning to all, A finger-post pointing the road,
- That leadeth to misery, want, and despair, And far from the kingdom of God.
- Shun, then, the FIRST glass! look not upon it! There's a serpent that lurketh within;
- That around the soul of its victim entwines, And wounds unto death with its sting.
- Let Christians beware how they place in the A stumbling-block for a brother; [way
- For they never will offer the drink that If they truly love one another. [offends.
- Let them think of the soul that for ever must That no drunkard in heaven will be, [live,
- Ere the bottle they place to a neighbour's mouth,

Lest for ever they accursed may be.

- Let them think if a soul—one priceless soul— Is lost through their evil misdoing,
- How will they stand in the reckoning day, And answer for that soul's ruin?

SHALL WE BE AFRAID? D. F. HODGES. MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN. I Vivace. N NN . -0 5 0 0 0 0---0 du - ty Shall we be a - fraid? my Bro-thers, shall we fal - ter When the call of 0 . 0.0 d .,s, :d .r m.s:f.m r "s, : r .m m :-.m f :-.m m:rKEY d :-. S, S. .S. : S. .S. : S. S. ., m. : S. .S SI S1 ., S1 : S1 . S1 S1 :-. S1 m .,d s :-.d d.m:r.d d : t, t, ., t, : t, .d r :-.d : m.f A#  $d_{1}, d_{1}: d_{1}, d_{1}$ d. :-. d  $d . d : t_1 . d$ S : 51 S1 ., S1 : S1. S1 S1 :-. S1 0 And bids us fight the wrong? Shall we be a - fraid to plunge in - to the wa - ters, -1 1 1 1 1 .f m ., a : m.f s :-.m f .1 :s m :-. r .s, : r .m :-.r S. f S1 ., m1: S1 .S1 d :-. S, SI .SI : SI .SI S, :-.f, f, S1 .S1 : S1 .S, S, :-. m :-.d t, r : m .r d :-. d .,d : d .r t, .t, : t, .d r :-.t. .f d :-. d ...d : d ..d d :-.d S1 . S1 : S1 .S. SI .SI : SI .SI S. :-.S. S CHORUS. .6 bat - tle with the cur-rent, how - ev - er rough and strong. Shall we be a - fraid? Ø 0 0 1 d .d : r .m f .1 :-.f fe :-. m.d :r.t. d :- | r .,t, : r .8 m, .m,: s, .t, 1 .f :-.1 s, .m,:f, .r, m, :- t, ., s, : t, .t, 1, ÷-. d .d : t, .d d .d :-.d d .s, :s, .s, S, :- || r .,r : r .r r 3-1  $d_1 . d_1 : s_1 . d_1$ d :-S1 .S1 :-. S1 S1 .S1 : S1 .S1 S1 ., S1 : S1 .S1 r :-.



2 How the black waves dash against the shore so rocky. How the night winds wail like moanings for the dead ? And the pale night shows us many struggling victims Amid the angry billows now breaking o'er their heads. Shall we be afraid ? &c.

3 See the hand uplifted ! take it quickly, brother ! Quick, before that soul is plunged in depths of crime ! Quick, before the siren weaves her chords about him, And drifts his unsaved spirit beyond the shores of time ! Shall we be afraid ? &c.

### STOP THIEF!

### A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

### Richard.

ELL, Teddy, my boy, are you still as zealous in "riding your hobby"—temperance, or rather teetotalism—as you once were?

Edward. Of course 1 am, if not much more so. My zeal only increases as the evils of intemperance become more known to me. But why do you try to draw a distinction between teetotalism and temperance?

R. Why, because there is a great difference—tectotalism is entire abstinence, temperance is moderation.

E. I see you belong to the old school. The temperance cause has made such an impression on the public mind that teetotalers are now looked upon as the "temperance" party, and those who drink at all, no matter how small the quantity, are associated in the public mind as allied with the drink party. It was not so at one time, but the country is now divided into two great parties—abstainers and non-abstainers; and the battle of the *barrel and the bottle* will have to be fought out on these principles. "They who are not with us are against us."

R. Then you put the drunkard and the moderate drinker in the same camp, do you? Why the moderate drinker has no more sympathy with the drunkard than you teetotalers have.

E. Why, Richard, teetotalers have great sympathy with the drunkard; they would rescue him from his degradation if they could. It is the drink we abhor. Moderate drinkers seem to me to have no sympathy, or very little, with him, or they would show it by making a sacrifice for him, and doing all they can to keep temptation out of his way. R. You seem to be very sharp. You know that I meant moderate drinkers had no sympathy with *drunkenness*.

E. Have they not? I think they have, or they would not make so many drunkards; for, you know, drunkenness is not acquired at once; it is arrived at on the "gradual development theory," as Dr. Darwin would say. First, the first little drop; second, the moderate use; third, the longing desire for drink; and fourth, the fully developed drunkard, loathsome and offensive in his habits to his friends and acquaintances, and a reproach to himself.

R. I see you know how to put it. Are you studying to be a preacher? You evidently know how to divide your subject into parts.

E. Why, here comes Charles Peraudeau, my French friend. He looks rather gloomy this evening. I wonder what's up; something unusual I dare say, for he generally looks very cheerful. Bon soir, monsieur, are you not well?

Charles. Oh yes, I am quite well, though not in as good spirits as I might be. I hope you are well?

R. Oui merci.

C. Je suis bein aise.

E. We are just talking about drink and drunkards.

R. And Edward is very anxious to close public houses, and thus stop the trade in drink. You won't sympathise with him in that, will you?

C. Indeed I do, for I think drink is a great curse in England, and ought to be used much less than it is. Englishmen's drink is too strong, and they drink too much and too often.

R. For my part I don't see that it

would be right "to rob the poor man of his beer," as the saying has it. Men may surely drink when and what they like!

E. So you think it would be *robbery* to stop the drink traffic? I think it would be *stopping the thief*, and the best cry that could be raised against "the trade" would be "Stop thief!"

C. Indeed you are right, for drink does rob a good many men of their senses, and their fortunes, too.

R. Well said, monsieur ! That's not bad !

E. But that's not the only robbery committed through drink. Wives are robbed of husbands; children are robbed of parents; houses are made destitute, and robbed of comfort and joy; men and women are robbed of their senses; human hearts are robbed of their affection and love, and souls are robbed of eternal life. *Drink is the thief*, and he is allowed to go on with his nefarious work, and if an attempt is made to stop him the cry is at once raised, "What, rob the poor man of his beer?"

C. It is the drink, I think, that makes the "poor man." I know many men who are poor and might be rich but for drink. They do drink too much.

R. From what monsieur says I think Edward might add to the long list of robberies, "Drink robs money from the purse."

E. And so it does, and then the person robbed is "imprisoned" in a workhouse, a lunatic asylum or the gaol, if not in the charnel house of death; whilst the robber is permitted to go free, protected by the strong voice of public opinion, which acknowledges the evil drink is doing, yet is afraid to interfere with "the liberty of the subject," as it is called.

R. So you think the injured is punished, whilst the thief escapes ?

C. That is so. If a man stole my

coat, and I caught the thief, he would be sent to the bastile, and punished; but strong drink, which does so much mischief, is not stopped, but rather encouraged, for fresh public houses are often being opened, and the more that are opened the more mischief is done.

E. Bravo, monsieur! I'm glad you take so much notice of what's going on around you. There are many anomalies to be found in this country, but the greatest of all is the drink traffic. It is undermining the physical, mental, social, and religious life of the people, and makes this country, which in everything else is

> "The first flower of the land, First gem of the sea,"

into a bye word among the nations.

R. That's rather disloyal, my boy.

E. Nay, not at all. With all my country's faults, I love her still. But how much greater and more powerful she would be if this one source of her weakness were removed, it is impossible to say. I love my country, but I am not blind to her faults; and to show my loyalty, I intend by my example to do all I can to stop the drink traffic, and cry alond, with all my might and main, "Stop thief!" until King Alcohol is in the bondage of perdition, and chains of darkness, for ever and ever. The true patriot's desire is to see the drink traffic abolished once and for ever.

### WHAT A PITY!

HAT a pity people drink, Losing all their senses ! If they would but try to think. They wouldn't have such fancies.

For what is ale or porter, Making heads to ache? It is but poisoned water, Making nerves to shake.

Will you now, my friends, allow A little boy's advice ? You'll never have a drunken row

In your teetotal house.

I beg that you the pledge will take, And throw the drink away; Do it for your children's sake, And do it right away.

-The Temperance Banner.

### LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

### BE FIRM.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

WIY dear Young Friends,-There was a youth one day who was met by other boys, and these boys asked him to come with them to a public house, and have a glass of beer. This youth did not care much about it, but they got him inside the public house, then they offered him some beer, and began to laugh at him because he did not drink as quickly as they did. This youth, who could not bear to be laughed at, made a boast that he would drink as much as any of them. Alas! he did drink to such an extent that by three or four o'clock in the afternoon he lay dead! What a sad thing, dear young friends, that this poor lad did not show greater firmness! What a sad end Oh, if he only had the courage to say, "No!" and "be firm !" You see what danger there is in mixing with bad company. Perhaps you remember my address some time since on "Keep Good Company." I hope you have not forgotten what I told you then.

Be firm to your principles. Do not give way when you are laughed at by bad boys. There are those who have no fear of God before their eyes, and they are constantly trying to entice others away from the paths of virtue and religion. You remember that little text, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

Be firm, and do not break your promise when you become an abstainer from intoxicating drinks.

Be steadfast. Be unmovable. Depend upon it a firm principle in doing what is right will save you much trouble and misery.

> "Stand up! stand up for Jesus! Stand in His strength alone; The arm of flesh will fail you— Ye dare not trust your own."

Yes, my dear young friends, there must be no compromise with the world. Jesus will help us.

> "If you cannot speak like angels, If you cannot preach like Paul, You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say He died for all."

I hope you will not forget the subject "Be Firm," but will endeavour at all times, by the help of Jesus, whenever you are tempted to that which is sinful, to be firm and learn to say "No!"

### NEVER WEARY.

You will have your sure reward; You must ever do your duty In the vineyard of the Lord.

Do not falter; but keep onward To a brighter world above,

Where the angels watch your coming With smiles of welcome and of love.

If you sometimes feel discouraged, "You must keep this thought in view,"

There awaits a crown of glory

For the patient and the true.

-The Temperance Banner.

HE is happy who considers water his only and best drink.

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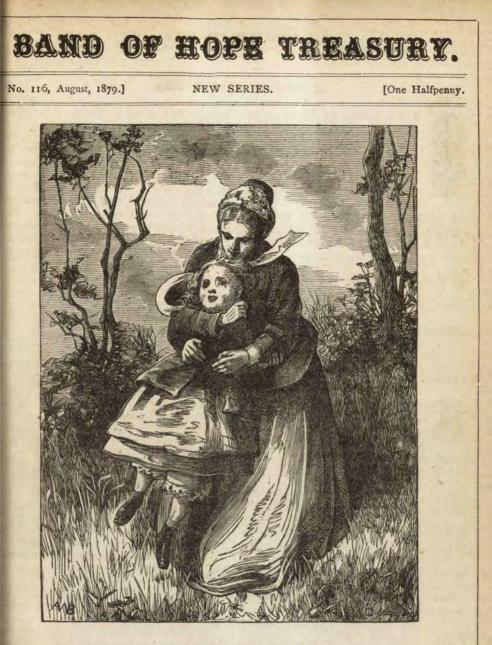
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A FOULISH LITTLE GIRL.

### FOOLISH LITTLE GIRL.



N this picture we have a representation of a foolish little girl. Out in the pleasant fields, instead of giving herself up to the enjoyment of the sight of pretty flowers, and the song of the birds, she has allowed herself to fall into two mistakes of fright

and temper. The buzzing of the bees alarmed her, and instead of taking her nurse's word that no harm would come to her from them she began to cry. Then a solemn looking cow on the other side of the bridge on hearing the noise, stared into her face with a look of blank wonder. At this her cry turned to a scream, which increased in loudness as nurse tried to pacify her. At length, as she refused either to be silent or to move, nurse seized this foolish little girl, and carried her off still screaming. In this way the foolish little girl contrived to turn into pain what would otherwise have been pleasure. Instead of enjoying a pleasant out, she made herself ill and unhappy. The afternoon was spoiled by the temper and want of confidence of a foolish little girl.

### JIM CARTER'S SACRIFICE, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

### BY S. KNOWLES,

Author of "Every Band of Hope Boy's Reciter," &c.

### (Continued from page 63.)



EVERAL days elapsed before Jim fully realized the plan of salvation, but at length he was able, by the guidance and help of the Holy Spirit, to cast his burden on the Lord, and from that time he joined his wife

and child in living a godly life. It was a beautiful sight to see Jim, his

wife, and Teddy, before retiring to rest of Teddy read a portion of an evening. Scripture, his father engaged in prayer, and the mother breathed forth a thanksgiving from the depths of her soul. They were very, very happy in their humble cottage home.

But one day Teddy startled his mother by quietly saying,-

"Mother, do you know I feel as though I was going to leave you."

"Don't talk so, Teddy; you make me

sad. Your father and me would be very lonely if we hadn't you."

"Yes, I know you would; but, mother, if Jesus takes me it would be wrong to grieve, because all He does is right. I feel tired and weak every day, and sometimes I long to go to heaven. Nay, don't cry, mother. If I die, you'll come to heaven before long, and father too, and then we shall be happy for ever."

Teddy was right. He had been daily growing weaker and weaker, and he felt, though he rarely said anything, that he could not live long. His father brought new milk and fresh eggs which the kind farmer's wife sent on hearing of Teddy's growing weakness; but nothing gave him strength. He was soon unable to leave his bed. Oh, with what tenderness, night and day, his mother watched over him; and how his father prayed and prayed to God for strength to bear the trial which he now knew must soon come.

"Father," said Teddy one night as the father sat beside his little bed, "Father,

did you ever regret giving up your pipe to buy that precious Bible?"

"Never," said Jim, bursting into a flood of tears, "never, my child. Would that I could make some greater sacrifice for you. It has been a great blessing to us all."

"Oh, yes, it has. I want just to thank you, father, for giving it up."

Jim couldn't speak; his heart was too full. Next morning, just as the sun was throwing his first rays over the bright green earth, and the sparrows were chirp, chirp, chirping on the cottage eaves, and the lark was shaking the dew off his wings ready for his lofty flight and matin song, the spirit of Teddy passed away to God and heaven.

The last words he whispered, as his weeping parents stood over him, were,-

"Father, mother, come soon; I will watch for you. Come!"

The cottage had lost a treasure. Jim seemed dazed for many weeks after. His wife had often to kneel in prayer for strength and comfort. But now they can visit the little grave, where they have planted many sweet flowers, and talk of Teddy as not lost, but gone before.

They prize the precious Bible, which has proved such a blessing, and which was purchased by the sacrifice of Jim's pipe.

(Concluded.)

### THE BAR-MAID.

SAW a lovely girl—it was at church— Sheknelt before her Makerin the beauty Of maiden meekness. As she lifted up Her calm blue eyes in confidence to heaven, And her sweet lips were parted in low prayer,

I thought that never had been seen on earth Such likeness unto angels. Presently She approached the Supper of the Crucified, With diffidence and in humility of step, Revealing loveliness of heart. And there, As she partook the symbols of His death— With trembling, touched the blest memorials—

riais-

Her eyelids swam with tears of penitence, And holy hope and joy that passeth words. Woman, I said, though ever beautiful,

And everywhere attractive, unto me

Thou art truly lovely when devotion lends Its halo to thy charms.

That Sabbath day

- Again I saw her—'twas the same—she stood
- Beneath her father's roof. From the high altar
- She had hastened to her home for other service.

It was a room unseemly to the sight,

- Ranged round with cups and flasks on which was seen
- The name of Alcohol. The place was filled With vulgar men. The thoughtless youth was there
- Just learning his sad lesson. Aged heads,
- Clustering and ripening for the grave, were there:
- And there the filthy debauchee. Strange oaths
- And laughter rude I heard. The jest obscene
- Went round; and some were reeling in their drink.
- And she, yes, SHE, that beauteous one, that sweet
- Young blossom stood amid that tainted crew,

As 'twere a pure bright spirit, suddenly

Brought in its skyey freshness to the damned.

She stood behind the bar : her lily hand

Poured out the nauseous draught, and mixed and reached

The poison to those outcasts. With a leer That withered up, methought, her virgin charms,

Those bad men gazed on her, and laughed

and drank; [the cup, And still they drank, and still she filled And gave it them, and heard their brutal And songs of hell. [talk

Her sire is counted one Of the pillars of the church; he duly prays, Gives alms, and deems himself a journeyer To heaven; and he his daughter places A daily oblation, acceptable [there, Unto the MOLOCH RUM; and, unrebuked, For money offers up his innocent child, And she, obedient, thus is sacrificed !

### WHEN LOVE GROWS COLD. BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

COHERE is peace within the house, Though the wild winds storm, There is joy within the house When the heart is warm; But there's trouble every day Till the year is old, And sorrow worse than death, When love grows cold. There is sunshine on the way When the heart is light; There our pleasant fancies play When the hearth is bright: But o'er earth's attractive things There's a flood of darkness rolled, Oh. a worse than wintry shroud, When love grows cold. There are words that burn like stars-Oh, how deep they shine ! There are smiles that light the soul With a joy divine; But the anguish and the pain Cannot e'er be told That settle on the heart When love grows cold. Two work in unison sweet When love burns bright; Two share in every bliss

From morn till night;

But the world is not too wide Hearts estranged to hold,

Nor the grave too dark or deep When love grows cold.

There's a curse upon the house; There's an evil in the land;

There's a canker at the heart; There's a blight on every hand;

No fragrance to the flowers,

No value to the gold,

No peace or comfort anywhere When love grows cold.

### THE MOUSE AND HER PROMISE.

LITTLE mouse fell into a brewery vat,

And lay in distress till espied by a cat;

"O pussy! kind pussy! do help me, I pray!" [away."

"If I do," said the cat, "you will run right "Oh! no, Mrs. Puss, I will certainly stay." So in went a paw—a struggle and splash, And Mousy was safe, and off like a flash. "Contemptible wretch! without honour

or shame, Is it thus," cried the cat, "that you per-

jure your name?" [trice "Hold, hold! Mrs. Puss, I will show in a That my sense of honour is exceedingly

nice; [with a snicker, But who could expect me," said mouse, "A promise to keep that I made when in

liquor?"

### A PITIFUL STORY.\*

BY MRS. L. E. ALLEN.

ALE were the lips which uttered This story not long ago, And the eyes were dim with a sorrow

Which cometh from human woe;

And the words come low and broken From the torn and bleeding heart,

Where years on years had rankled The pain of a poisoned dart.

\* Read before the Woman's Union of Jackson Michigan, U.S.A., during the Crusade.

"'Twas a fearful night in the winter The winter of sixty-four,

When round my lonely dwelling The wild winds beat and tore;

The rain which in daylight had fallen Had turned to a frozen sleet,

And lay like a sheet of silver Adown the desolate street.

"'Twas long and long after midnight I had waited and waited alone—

None, none but my God to be near me, And list to my desolate moan.

My light shone out in the darkness, My fire was burning bright,

For my husband, my erring husband, Was out in the fearful night.

"And colder I grew in my terror-I waited so long, so long,

For my heart to the wreck of my idol Still hopefully, tenderly clang.

Then I thought I heard his footsteps Come staggering on through the gloom,

And they sent a chill to my heart-strings Like the threat of a terrible doom.

"And nearer they came, and nearer, And paused by the outer door,

And I heard a voice and footstep I had never heard before.

I opened the door affrighted, And saw but a stranger face

Where the flush of a fatal wine-cup Had crimsoned and left its trace.

"'Come, hasten!' he said, 'good woman, Your husband is dead with drink,

And the man who sold him the poison Has a heart as black as ink,

And he swears he will turn him helpless Out in the storm to lie,

When he knows that out in the tempest Alone he would perish and die.

"'Perhaps if you went to his rescue, And whispered a word in his ear,

He might wake from out his stupor And hearken the message to hear. You never need fear to trust me, For I am my own worst foe,

But I hated to see him lying All dead and cold in the snow.'

"So I wrapped my garments about me, To shield me as best I might,

And went, with a drunken stranger, Out into the pitiless night-

Down through the streets of the city, Down to the haunts beneath,

Where the soul is chained to a monster That clingeth and clingeth till death.

"Oh, the sight that darkened my vision May you never witness, I pray,

For there lay the one I have promised To honour, and love, and obey.

He opened his eyes in wonder As he heard the unwonted sound

Of my voice in that den of terror, And dizzily looked around.

"Then the little of manhood in him Came out in a flush on his face,

And upheld by myself and the stranger, He staggering left the place.

So many times since have I sought him, 'Twixt midnight and break of day,

And out of that place of torment Have led him reeling away.

"Then he went to his country's rescue, Himself but a tyrant's slave—

And the wreck of his noble manhood

Now sleeps in a nameless grave. While my heart was crushed and bleeding,

My cry was, day by day,

'How long shall the wicked triumph? How long shall Thy people pray?'"

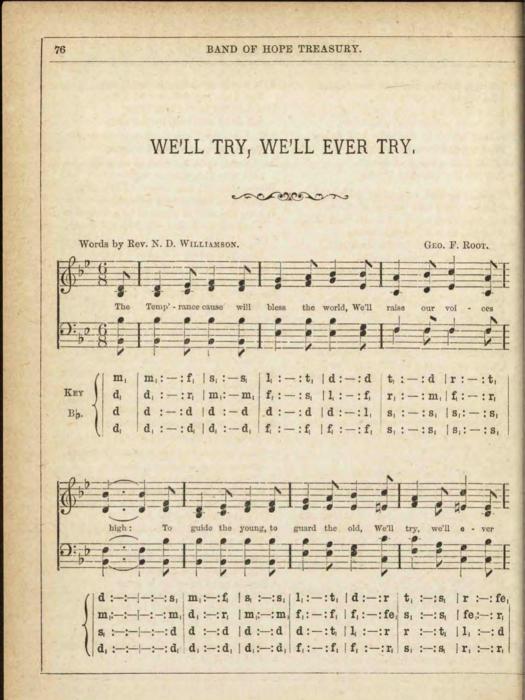
So the plaintive story ended, So the pale lips paused to say :

"Say to the Christian women

There is need for them to pray. Let the bondage of self be broken,

And set all Thy people free, Till the world shall be rid of this evil,

And brought to a knowledge of Thee." —The Crusade.





We'll help our fellow-members, too, Keep our good pledge aright : For when we see the tempter near, We'll whisper "Honor Bright !" And since our friends can, by their help, Make ours an easy task, Their aid in keeping this our Pledge, We'll earnestly all ask.

But best of all, we're sure of aid From Him who rules the sky. And so we'll sing with reverent minds,

Our God will help us try !

Yes best of all, we're sure of aid From Him who rules the sky,

And so we'll sing with reverent minds, Our God will help us try.

# PLUCK UP THE ROOTS.

# A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

Thomas.

our teacher last Sunday afternoon, wasn't it, John ?

good one, but really I forget what it was about.

T. Forget! Well, you must have a bad memory. Do you ever forget about the school treats?

J. Not if I know it; the treats are too great an attraction to forget them, and, you know, they don't come as often as our lesson. We have two lessons every week, but only two treats in a year.

T. Then I should say you ought to remember the lessons best as you get most of them.

J. That's not bad; but what was the lesson about to cause you to think so much of it?

T. Why, about its being everyone's duty to resist that which is bad.

J. Oh, yes, I remember now; he told us about different sorts of evil which we had to guard against, such as lying, swearing, idling, and drinking.

T. So he did, my boy. You see you only needed to have your memory refreshed to bring the whole of the lesson back to your mind. Didn't you notice how strongly he spoke against strong drink, and showed how that evil was the cause of so many more.

J. Yes, he certainly spoke very strongly, and I think he proved too much! How can drinking make men swear?

T. Drinking usually leads to bad company, and bad people meeting together encourage each other in evil, and swearing is a very common habit among those who are not good. J. How then does it lead to lying?

T. Why, those who like drink resort to all kinds of devices to get it, and to all kinds of deceptions to keep people from knowing it. They lie in two ways by their actions and by their words.

J. How does it lead to stealing? I know that those whe are in the habit of gambling sometimes resort to the practice of using other people's money—not that they want to steal, but they hope to win, and, if so, they intend to restore the stolen money; but gamblers often lose and then the crime comes out.

T. And then the character's gone, and ruin and imprisonment the result. Will you please to tell me, John, where it is that gamblers meet?

J. Why in gambling-houses !

T. And what sort of houses are gambling-houses? Is there any kind of goods sold there, eh?

J. You force me into a corner, Thomas. I suppose you want me to say that gambling-houses are hotels and public-houses, and thus you will associate drink with gambling; and, as I have admitted that gambling and stealing are closely allied, you will connect drink with them, and thus produce a trio of evils with drink as the fountain head.

T. That's just what I desire to do. Drink and crime of every sort clasp hands and pledge eternal friendship. Remove drink, and crime will be greatly diminished; but so long as it exercises so much power, we shall have abundant need of gaols, asylums, workhouses and penal settlements.

J. You seem to have taken a great interest in the lesson, for you can speak on the subject almost, if not quite, as well

as our teacher. I don't know whether I dare go on with any more questions, for you appear to upset me on every point.

T. Ever likely, my boy; that which is good is sure to overcome evil, and truth must triumph over error.

J. Just so. On the question of *idle*ness we are of one opinion, for those who love drink waste much time over the glass.

T. And as to Sabbath breaking, there are few public-houses but what are open for trade on Sundays. These employ persons to deal out the drink, and thus the buyer as well as the seller violates the Sabbath, and breaks the commandment of God.

J. Here comes Robert Graham.

Robert. Hillo, my friends! how are you? What's all this talk about?

J. Why, Tom has been trying to show me that drink is the cause of a great deal of the evil we see around us.

R. You surely don't need to have that proved to you? You only need to keep your eyes and ears open, and you'll have it proved to you every hour in the day.

T. You see, John, Robert is on my side.

J. Yes, no doubt, for he, like yourself, is a teetotaler, and thus he looks at these things through spectacles of the same colour.

R. You don't need spectacles at all to see the evil drink is doing; and its effects are black enough, that there is less need to have "coloured spectacles" to throw a still deeper shade over it.

T. Crime is black enough and drink is its cause !

R. True, and I think we ought to do all we can not to whitewash crime, but to remove its cause.

J. So say I, and I think it is everybody's duty to resist evil to the very uttermost of his power. T. So I see you are coming round.

J. Nay, my boy, I have no sympathy with wrong doing; and, if drink is the cause of evil, the cause should be removed, and the effect will cease.

R. That's just what I say. I am reminded of a little incident I read some time ago of two boys who were set to weed a garden. One got on quickly because he only plucked the part that was seen; the other worked slowly, but he took up the weeds, "root and branch." The "quick" boy's weeds soon grew again, but the one who took out the roots found his work was permanent, and thus satisfactory.

J. I see what your anecdote means. Crime and pauperism are the weeds; drink is the root; pluck up the roots, and the weeds die.

T. Yes, you may punish crime as much as you like, but it will continue to grow so long as the root is allowed to remain.

R. Let us, then, enter the vineyard of the world. There is much that is good in it, but sadly over-grown with tares and weeds. Let us each do our part to pluck them out, and in so doing not neglect to "pluck up the roots."

# WHICH IS THE GREATER SLAVE? BY S. C. C.

OLD there, hold, stop! Just picture to yourself an old man with locks hoary with the storms of seventy winters running, as hard as an old man's legs will allow him, up that field. He is dressed in brown fustian—the very type of an old farmer; for he really is a farmer. Close behind him runs his big son, calling after him to stop. Imagine this, and you will see such a sight as I did in Yorkshire last summer. But the big son overtakes him, puts him on the ground, and pulls off his

shoes, carrying them home with him, leaving the old man shoeless. "I'll go, I'll go." "Well, you may go," the son replies. That old man is a drunkard. It was a curious sight, and I couldn't help watching it with feelings of amusement, pity, and compassion. When in his sober moments, that old man has as good a heart, and works as hard as any farmer in the county; but when the frenzy for drink overcomes him, all those better qualities fall away, and he becomes a crazed and horrible maniac, and for many weeks he does no work, nor anything, but drinks, and drinks, and drinks, and his relations hide his shoes, or his clothes, to prevent him going to the alehouse. Yet often, they tell me, that fails, and he may still be seen half clad, half naked, hatless, and shoeless on his way to that horrid haunt, a most despicable and a wild monomaniac.

And yet this is only one case among thousands of similar cases. Then, is not drink a debasing, degrading thing-a thing which wrecks the lives of men and women, that brings misery to thousands of homes, and pain and wretchedness to thousands of children? It is beguiling, ensnaring in its nature, and fearful in its results. It entices the body and the soul of man in its fearful clasp. That drunkard there is a ten-fold more abject, miserable slave than king Cetewayo's fearless warriors, or the slave of a Turkish harem. There was once a slave who stood up in a meeting of his brethren in Virginia and said : "Bredren, this poor old body of mine is Master Carr's slave; de bones, and de blood, and de flesh are all his; but tank God my soul is de freeman of de good Lord Jesus." There is no drunkard on earth can say that. No; he is a slave, body and soul; every faculty he has is in a bondage far more terrible than that of the poor negro. The bond-

age of the drunkard is self-inflicted-once he was God's own creature, spotless and free from all guile; now he has lost those heaven-sent gifts, and bartered them away with his soul for that most senseless of all earthly things-a glass of beer. It is a most fearful thing, yet every day there are men-old men and young men, aye, and women, too-going down the stream of life, impelled to an early grave, by this great curse of drink. And what have we to do, we children, who are so young, and we men and women, to stop these men from going down this current in this horrid way? Why, we have to fight for the complete annihilation of the traffic in drink. It is a big task, and there are thousands who fight against us, thousands whose sole business is to push their weak brethren into the gurgling stream. Our duty is to fight against this murderous business with all the might and power that God has given us, and with His help we will fight until we conquer.

# NOTICES.

Sixth Annual Report of the London Temperance Hospital. We are informed that this valuable institution has had 725 in-patients, and 6,155 out-patients, since it was opened in October, 1878. Subscriptions in aid of this great work will be gladly received by the Secretary, 112, Gower Street, London.

The Band of Hope Chronicle. This quarterly magazine is published at One Penny (January, April, July, and October) and is well worthy the attention of members of Bands of Hope. To Conductors of these Societies it must be of great service. We would recommend our readers to order a copy from their Bookseller. Published by the United Kingdom Band of Hope Union, 4, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

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MY LAST NIGHT WITH AUNT ALICIA.

# MY LAST NIGHT WITH AUNT ALICIA.

N this last summer evening my aunt and I had been sitting together in the drawingroom, and she had been telling me of many little scenes in past years, which seemed now to rise with peculiar vividness before her eyes; speaking of

her feelings under certain trials and temptations through which she had passed, and of the wisdom and love which had led and sustained her through all her journeyings in this wilderness. Just before I bade her good night, she repeated the following beautiful lines :-

'They are all gone into a world of light, And I alone sit lingering here;

# Their very memory is bright, And my sad thoughts doth cheer.'

"I lighted my aunt's candle before I quitted the room, and left her sitting in her arm-chair before the open window, looking forth into a glorious summer night.

"When I entered the room the following morning, I was surprised to see my aunt seated as she had been when I left her. I spoke to her, and receiving no reply, I went up to her, fancying she had fallen asleep, and took her hand. It was cold and dead ! She had 'fallen asleep,' indeed, but it was the sleep which knows no waking."-From "Lily and Nannie at School." Published by Tubbs and Brook. Manchester.

# THE TEETOTAL CLOCK.

#### BY UNCLE JOHN.

#### John.

H! have you heard of the Teetotal Clock ? It's a wonderful one, I assure you ; It is working correct with our brave Band of Hope, And it's one that will not allure you.

#### Thomas.

A Teetotal Clock! Pray what do you mean? Or when was it made, John, pray tell me? Has it been going long, and does it keep right? Or have you got one you could sell me?

#### John.

10017

It was made long ago, at Preston I've heard, By Livesey, and Teare, and some others ;

It haskeptvery good time, and never stopp'd once, Since'twas made by those Temperance brothers.

#### Thomas.

I was going to ask you the clock to describe, But then you are not a clock maker;

I am sure it must have cost a very large sum, Expended in time, material, and labour.

John.

Although I am not a watch or clock maker, Of this clock I think I can tell you,

Just as if I had been a long time in the trade, Or if I had got one to sell you.

First, then, I must say, this clock represents Our country, that is sadly dranken,

For broad is its face, it extends far and near, With thousands in misery sunken.

The Teetotal Societies are the figures around, And so plain that people can see them,

And the Bands of Hope stand as the dots there between,

Which help t' show the time of the day then. The advocates are the wheels going round,

The committees prove a good regulator,

And the money that's given acts as oil and weights, Which help all the wheels to work sweeter.

#### Thomas.

It is, indeed, a most wonderful clock ! Does it strike? Have you heard it?

But, John, you have quite forgotten the hands, Although that you never prepared it.

#### John.

Thank you; so I have. Then, Thomas, I'll tell you

What I think that the hands represent-Why the Temperance journals and Teetotal books

Of which there are scores now in print.



These tell of the progress of the Temperance cause As a clock does the time of the day;

And the Teetotal Clock strikes loudly and strong, With a sound that can ne'er lead astray.

At our meetings and festivals it often is heard,

And the speakers, you know, are the strikers; And who never yet gave an uncertain sound,

Or so say some newspaper writers.

#### Thomas.

If Temperance magazines are the hands, as you say,

The "Band of Hope Treasury" is a good one ! "Tis the small hand that tells the hours of the day, And twelve times a year do we get one.

#### John.

A very good thought, and I think it points right, And keeps to the time to a minute ; 'Tis true to the mark—it is never behind,

And lots of good things there are in it.

#### Thomas.

I should like all the members of our famed Band of Hope,

To have this hand wherewith to guide them; The "Band of Hope Treasury" is the hand I mean, A halfpenny a month will provide them.

#### John.

There is one thing more I had nearly forgot, And a clock is of no good without it; And that is the pendulum to keep it agoing, And very few persons will doubt it.

And the Abstinence pledge in the Teetotal clock Is the pendulum to keep it agoing ;

For as one drops off, another comes forth, As death is the members removing.

#### Thomas.

But is the Teetotal Clock not likely to stop, Or sometimes to go a little too slow? I think that you told me it never stopp'd once, But with clocks such things happen you know.

#### John.

It never can stop while the weights are supplied, The gold, and the silver, and copper ! And a good collection, if made here to-night, Will keep it in working most proper.

#### Thomas.

Well, John, and I think that it never will stop, Till our country is drunken no longer; And our Band of Hope boys and girls I am sure Will keep it a going the stronger.

#### John.

And if some should come forth and now sign the pledge,

The pendulum will still be kept swinging; Which causes the ticking, and that represents Some very good melody singing.

#### Thomas.

Then let us all join in a melody now, And thus give intemperance a shock! We cannot do better than sing "ONE AND ALL," "Hurrah! for the Teetotal Clock!"

TUNE-" Hurrah for the bonnets of due."

Our country is dranken, we know, Strong drink does its votaries mock, But we'll do all we can to drive it from our land,

Hurrah for the Teetotal Clock.

Hurrah for the Teetotal Clock, Hurrah for the Teetotal Clock, That's working so grand all over the land, Hurrah for the Teetotal Clock.

Though the publicans stand in array, And boast of their spirits in stock,

The time may soon come, when they will have none,

Hurrah for the Teetotal Clock. Hurrah, &c.

The brewers may boast of strong beer,

The vintner of sherry and hock,

But our brave Band of Hope still louder will shout Hurrah for the Teetotal Clock. Hurrah, &c.

The beer-shop must surely come down, And that with a terrible shock,

Though drunkards may hug both the bottle and jug,

Hurrah for the Teetotal Clock. Hurrah, &c.

Those who boast of their moderate drops, Or keep their strong drink under lock, Will find moderation is all botheration, Hurrah for the Teetotal Clock.

Hurrah, &c.

But the Temperance cause must prevail, For it stands as firm as a rock; So let us rejoice, and sing heart and voice, Hurrah for the Teetotal Clock. Hurrah, &c.

# LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

# BE USEFUL.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

WI Y dear Young Friends, -we should endeavour to live a life of usefulness while we are journeying through this world. This life is schooling time; we should thus, by the help of God, try to live for a purpose. Our lives, I can assure you, may be spent far more pleasantly and bring us unbounded satisfaction when they are rightly used for good.

I am sure there are many ways in which you may do good, and thus be useful. Mary may help her mother in several ways, if she only sets about it. Little things are very important, and they amount to very great assistance in this life. Tommy can run and do many useful things for father. When he is sent to fetch anything, he should do that very willingly and cheerfully. I am very much grieved at times in seeing how young people ireat their parents, when just asked to do any little thing which so easily is in their power to do. This ought not to be. The power and influence of the gospel would produce different fruit.

Let me advise you to live the gospel. This is more important than too much talk. Let me remind you that the blessed Jesus is always looking on you. May you ask His help and mercy, that He may take away your sins, then you will be happy, and thus receive a reward at the last day.

The Temperance cause should ever claim your attention, seeing the very baneful effects produced by the drinking customs of this country; seeing the great crimes which are perpetrated; seeing the great numbers who go down to a drunkard's grave; seeing the great sums of money wasted to produce all these fearful evils. Oh, may we be up and doing, and thus

live a useful life. I trust you will all remember the remarks I have advanced from time to time in these little lectures, and hope they may be the means of making your lives more useful. May the Lord bless you all.

> " Little drops of water, Little grains of sand, Make the mighty ocean, And the beauteous land."

# THE DRUNKARD'S SONG.

[This "Song of the 300,000 Drunkards of the United States," was published about the year 1834 in the Feople's Magazine of Boston. It is equally applicable to the present time, only with this difference, that we now double the number, and call it the song of 600,000 Drunkards.]

E come! we come! in sad array, And in procession long, To join the army of the lost, Six hundred thousand strong.

- Our banner beckoning on to death Abroad we have unrolled;
- Famine, and care, and wan despair, Are seen upon its fold.

Heard ye what music cheered us on ? The mother's cry that rang

- So wildly, and the babe that wailed Above the trumpet's clang.
- We've taken spoils, we've blighted joys, And ruined homes are here ;
- We've trampled oft on throbbing hearts, And flouted sorrow's tear.
- We come of this earth's scourges. Who Like us have overthrown?
- What woe hath ever earth like that To our stern prowess known?
- We come! we come! to fill our graves, On which shall shine no star;
- To glut the worm that never dies, Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

<sup>-</sup>Christian Worker.

# THE CRY OF THE CHILDREN. A PLEA FOR THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY L. A.

O you hear the cry of the children, Throughout our beautiful land? Ah! look at their tears, my brother; And turn away if you can.

Ask them why their young feet are weary, When life is only begun? They stumble in darkness, oh my brother, When there is a beautiful sun.

Their hands are tired with toil and struggle, They should be dimpled and fair;

They should only gather sweet flowers To twine in their sunny hair.

Childhood, lovely, beautiful childhood, Take all the sweet joys away, This life becomes like a starless night, Just after a sunless day.

Why, oh why, are the children weeping? Sister, Brother, don't you know— Can't you catch this bitter wail— "Father drinks, and we are all poor!"

God pity the poor drunken fathers Who infest our goodly land ! But still more pity the child

Who is being reared by drunken hands.

# GIVE US GOOD LAWS.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

E pray for pure and simple laws, Tempered with equity and right; Not statutes woven with the clause

Which hides the honest fact from sight.

In every freeman's breast a spark Of patriot fire with truth ignites;

And traitors' hands upon the ark

Are withered when the lightning smites.

For thirty silver pieces, told Into his hands, Judas of yore

Betrayed the Master; and he sold His own sweet peace for evermore.

Akin to him is he whose kiss Betrays constituents he scorns; He crucifies with laws amiss,

And crowns humanity with thorns !

When common law is common sense, In simple statutes plainly writ, It is the sword and the defence Of all who wisely honour it. The faithful legislator stands

True as the magnet to the pole: No bribe shall ever stain his hands, No perjury pollute his soul.

Now we, the sovereign people, plead For local prohibition laws; Not dreary documents to read,

Not essays on effect and cause,

Not points of order in debate, Not tactics of the partisan;

But just laws, for the small and great, To guarantee the rights of man:

Laws that will lock the public chest, And seal it with a magic seal;

Then, like the treasure in the breast

Of honour, which no thief can steal, Robbers will seek in vain to thrust

Aside the bolt of destiny: Their schemes will fail; for who will trust

Them with the people's golden key?

"The good time coming" soon will come, When honest men with honest laws

Shall strike the bold rum-seller dumb,

And right, not might, shall win the cause.

Oh! then our land indeed shall be Foremost among the nations brave;

The asylum of the strong and free, Where stripes and stars in glory wave! —Temperance Orator.

86 BAND OF HOPE TREASURY. TEMPERANCE SONG. BATTLE W. H. DOANE. 0: 0. . 4 For-ward, sol-diers, bold and fear - less, Sound the Temp'rance Prove your cour - age call; : -8 5 -0 | d' : d' d :-.m | s t :-.t | d' : m' r': :5 m :-.s d :-.m | s : 5 d :-.m | s :5 m :-.s d':s S :-. S S : 8 S : d :-.m | s : 5 d :-.m | s :5 m :-.s d' : m f' :-.f' | m' : d d : 5 t::-.m s r' :-.r' d :-.m | s : s m :-.s d' : d' | d' : d d :-.m | s : 5 S: REFRAIN. ٠ 0 0 -0 0 -0 -65 .. .0 . the con - flict, in Dare to fight, though small. Lift - loft the flag of Temp-'rance, 2 0 . .0 : d' 1 : t d : m' m :-.s | d' :-.r' d' d' :m':-.m' | m':-.r : t d m :-.s | d f :-.1 5 S : 5 S - 24 S :-.S S :-.S S S s : 5 d :-.f d : d' m :-.s | d d :r m': d d':-.t : d m :-.d' r m :-.s | d' : m | d :-.r : d f :-.r S 2 S d : d :-.d m f m 6 ٠ 6 0 0 0 a 6 0 1 d -.9 Hold it high and strong; Shout th'abstainer's hymn of tri-umph, Swell the bat - tle song. ): -0 10 : m' r d :-.m | s : s m :-.s | d' : d' | 1 :-.r d' d':-r :-.r' r . : t fe : fe S :-.S S d :-.m | s : s m :-.s | d' ; 5 f :-.1 S S m: : d' t m :-.s | a' : d' :-.t 1 d t d :-.m | s : s d':-.f' m':r d 15 d :-.m | s : s | m :-.s | d' : m | f :-.r 18 :5 d :-S :-.S | r :r S :---: Onward, fearless, press to conquer, Holdfast is his word. Faith our shield and hope our helmet, Strong Drink's host we face; Marshalled in a righteous contest, Workers in the cause of Temp'rance, Certain is the race. Catch the order of the Captain, Wield the Temp'rance sword; Bravely face the foe; Swell the triumphs of your army, Banish sin and woe.

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EXERCISE SONG.



# CONSCIENCE.

#### BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF. A DIALOGUE FOR TWO CHILDREN.

Bertie.

AY, dear, we must try to be good this evening at Ethel Abercrombie's party, must we not?

May. Mamma says we should always try to be good, not only when at a party, but also at home and school, and wherever else we may be.

B. It is not very easy to be always good, is it, May?

M. Well, no, not always easy, but we can always be good, if we try in the right way.

B. I should like to be always good, if only to please mamma and papa, because they wish it.

M. And so should I; but mamma says being good makes us happy, and being naughty very unhappy.

B. And so it does. I know that when I do as I am told, and please mamma, there is something tells me I have done right, and makes me feel glad; but if I have been disobedient and cried, there is something tells me I have done wrong.

M. And I have just felt the same, Bertie. Mamma says that is Conscience, and God has put it in us to tell us what is right and what is wrong.

B. May, dear, do you think everybody has a conscience?

M. Yes, everybody !

B. But everybody's conscience does not seem to be like mine : if ever I do wrong I am made unhappy, and can never get happy again until I tell mamma about it; and when I tell mamma, and do as she bids me, then I am happy again.

Yes, everybody has a conscience; М. mamma says so; and everybody's conscience ought to be like yours, and it would be so, if everybody did as you do; but they don't. Tom Jones, one day, stole some of Fred Morgan's marbles, and ran away His conscience would tell with them. him he had done wrong, but he did not care what his conscience said, and so he kept them, although they had been stolen.

B. That was very naughty, and I think if I had taken the marbles, and my conscience told me it was wrong, I would have gone straight back to Fred Morgan and given them to him.

M. And to have done so would have been right, and then your conscience would have condemned you for taking them, and approved of your giving them back.

B. It was very good of God giving us a conscience to guide us in that which is right.

M. Yes, it was. It must be very wicked to take no notice of it, and act as though we had none. We should always listen to what conscience says, and never do what it tells us is wrong.

B. There must be a great many people who do not heed what their conscience says.

M. How do you know, Bertie?

B. Why, look what a lot of little boys and girls are seen in the streets clothed in rags, and without shoes and stockings.

M. I know there are, but that does not show that they take no notice of what their conscience says.

B. Perhaps not, but it shows that they have unkind fathers or mothers.

How do you know that? M.

B. Did not mamma tell us that the parents of many of these ragged children were fond of strong drink, and that they loved drink better than they loved their boys and girls?

M. Yes, mamma did say so.

B. Well now, May, do you think if their fathers and mothers had consciences, and did what their consciences told them was right, that they would continue to love drink better than they love their children?

M. No, I do not.

B. So that whenever I see dirty, ragged boys and girls, I can pity them, because I know that their fathers and mothers do not listen to what their consciences tell them is wrong.

M. Yes, and such children are much to be pitied, for some of them might have been quite as happy as we are, if their fathers or mothers had only been guided by their conscience.

B. You know little Johnny and Mary Lewis, they went to school with us. They left the school, and went with their parents to live a long way off, I think to some country far away over the sea. I heard papa tell mamma that that would not have happened, only Mr. Lewis was so fond of drink, he spent nearly all his money on it, and was not able to pay for bread, and clothes, and schooling. Was not that very wrong?

M. It was very wicked. I hope our papa and mamma will never be like that.

B. May, how can you think such a thing? Do you think our papa and mamma, who love us so much, could be so unkind?

M. I am sure they could not, so long as they listen to what conscience says; but, you know, Mr. Lewis drowned his conscience in drink.

B. Then, May, when we say our prayers we must pray, "Lead us not into temptation," and mean our papa and mamma as well as ourselves, for God knows what we mean quite as well as what we say. M. Yes, Bertie, let us do that, for mamma says papa has many temptations to do wrong from men with whom he does business; and if we ask God to help him to always do right, and whenever he is tempted to do wrong to speak to him through his conscience, God will answer our prayers, and keep us ever a happy and loving family.

# NURSING BABY.

HAT! Mary, has mamma reposed In you a trust so high, That you may carry thus about

That darling little boy ?-

Then careful be—but, ah, you know: Your eyes to me do tell

That you from every hurtful thing Will guard dear baby well.

If you should let that sweet one fall, His little form to bruise,

What then of poor mamma when she Should hear the awful news!

Oh! earth would be a dreary place, Of peace and pleasure void,

If pain or dread her fair one smote, His loveliness destroyed.

And careless girls have been ere now Who thought too much of play,

And e'en with baby in their arms, Their thoughts have strayed away,

And they have let their brother fall, And then for long, long years

The sight of his deforméd frame Has caused them bitter tears.

Then careful be, and try to keep That precious little elf

From suffering free, till he shall be As big as your own self.

And baby has a soul, you know, That also needs your care,

That you may lead him in the path Of love, and praise, and prayer.

His big bright eyes will watch and note Your every end and aim, And what he finds you do and say,

He'll say and do the same.

Then let your actions all be fraught With grace by Jesus given, And you shall help your brother thus To find his way to heaven.

GEORGE BARRY.

# THE BAND OF HOPE MOVEMENT.

THE Committee of the United King-dom Band of Hope Union have just announced the result of a competitive examination of Band of Hope Members, which took place some time since, and in connection with which about £150 will be awarded by the Parent Society and its various branches. The examination took place at 217 different places in various parts of England, Ireland, and Wales, and was participated in by 2,959 young people from nine to twenty-one years of age. The questions, which were founded on a work entitled, "The Worship of Bacchus, a Great Delusion," by Mr. Ebenezer Clarke, F.S.S., had not been previously seen by the competitors, and it appears that the answers exhibit a high degree of 207 prizes have been awarded, merit. and honourable mention made of 247 additional competitors, whilst a handsome certificate has been presented to each deserving competitor. The object sought by the Committee in arranging for this examination has been largely attained, viz., the imparting of sound temperance teaching to young people. We are infomed that throughout the United Kingdom there are now nearly four thousand of these Bands of Hope, or Juvenile Temperance Societies, with an estimated membership of nearly half a million young people, from seven to twenty-one years of age.

# A TINY DROP OF WATER.

TINY drop of water Upon the mountain high, Was heard to sadly murmur With a low complaining cry,-"There flows a shining river; How I should like to be A drop upon its bosom, Borne gently to the sea! "For a gallant ship out yonder In the channel I espy, And she soon away will wander With the flag of liberty. What can a drop of water Do on the mountain lone? United to my brothers, I could help to bear her on : "And then when bless'd Redemption Glads the savage far away, With peaceful exultation E'en I, a drop, could say-' We bore her on her mission, We helped to spread the sound Of glorious, great Salvation, Alone in Jesus found.'" Thou lone, unpledged abstainer, The rain-drop whispers thee: Art thou thyself a gainer? Oh make thy brethren free! Though weak while isolated, By union we are strong;

At once, then, come be rated With the brave abstaining throng.

Give now your time and talents, Your voices and your prayers,

Your less or greater powers To break the strong-drink snares.

So you, a single droplet,

Our cause will help to raise, For e'en a drop of water

Shall have its meed of praise. HENRIETTA NOEL-THATCHER.

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Too Late ! The Wanderer's Return. Little Tom Brown. Song of the Drunkard. Little Mary's Prayer. A Little Beer. A Dialogue for Two Girls.

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Where's the Harm? A Dialogue for Three "Poor Mammy is so Cold !". Father has Signed The Wretched Drunkard Only a Lad Crippled Ben Haste, Boys, Haste How Carry Managed R. A Dialogue for Two They Like It Dr. Quack and his Patients. A Humorous Dialogue for Four

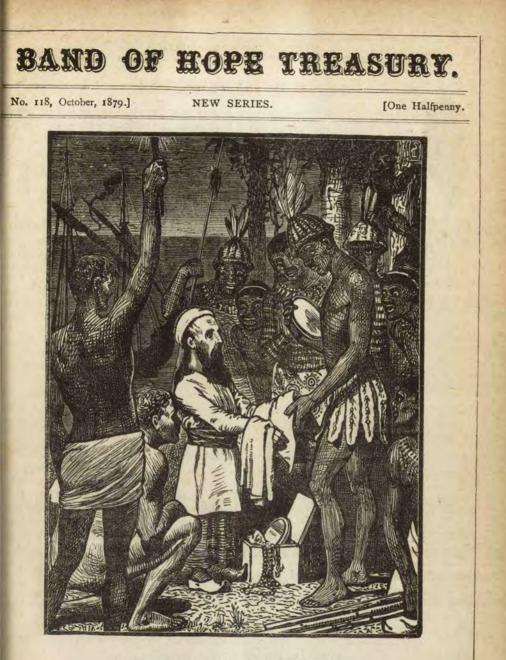
#### Contents of No. 9.

The Sorrows of Mr. Snooks; or, the Troubles of a Bachelor. A Humorous Dialogue for Ten Eawr Dick is Off Again Why I Hate Strong Drink The Young Teetotaler Demon Drink Good Advice Conscience in the Morning I Love the Water Away with It What Susan Did with Her Birthday Severeign. A Dialogue for Two.

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COMMERCE, THE PEACEMAKER.

# COMMERCE, THE PEACEMAKER.

RTISTS too often choose as their subjects the glory and horror of the battle-field. Our picture for the present month shows the operations of the "fair, white, winged peacemaker, Commerce," who carries not the sword, but food,

raiment, and the graces of life, wherever her foot finds rest. The Asiatic merchant, dwarf though he be, is bringing to these savages the first elements of civiliza-The influence of Commerce is tion. antagonistic to all war. Under its sway these rude savages will lose something of their barbarity, and find that life has purer pleasures than bloodshed and slaughter. In one respect this Asiatic offers a model that our Christian merchants might well follow. He will not offer to his customers intoxicants for barter. That is an infamy he leaves to Europeans. The introduc-

# ABSTAIN FROM ALL APPEAR-ANCE OF EVIL.

1 THESS. v. 22.

THE flames distilled, what misery they produce ! What evils spring from malt's besotting With these, crime, poverty, come like a good. flood .--These drown in lust, and banish every Dire are the effects on reason's seat, the skin. brain,-The falt'ring tongue, the pimpled, bloated The staggering gait, the foolish gazing eye, Sure warnings are the drunkard soon shall die.

The burning draughts have nought of nutriment,spent; The strength of ale and wine is quickly tion of rum and other spirits has been the ruin of savage nations, who, but for their baneful effects, might have learned the arts of peace. Fire-water has killed off the greater part of the North American Indians, and has had a similar effect upon other primitive people when they have come in contact with the vice of Europe. Commerce, when thus perverted, is an instrument of evil. When rightly conducted it is like mercy blessing him, and gives to him that takes. If you examine the picture you will see that, as the fearless merchant shows his wares, his fine clothes, glasses, beads and trinkets, the fierce intentions of the savages vanish, their uplifted spears are put down, and they learn with pleasure that a man can come amongst them whose desire is not to kill, but to teach them how they may add to the decencies and pleasures of existence.

While cheaper food would lasting vigour give,

Insure us health, and make us longer live.

Let youth beware, and shun the brink of fate;

The greatest glory is the sober state ;

Take the first glass-a second follows noon. soon,

Good name and smiling hopes go down at

A single glass first steals your time away, A second called, your seeming friend will pay;

Prepared for the third, your passions gain The place of reason, pride and folly reign.

And what is moderation but a cloak ? The oft raised axe will fell the stoutest oak :

One traveller on danger's brink may tread, [they dread. But numbers following find the abyss	For he had forsaken his home for "the house With a picture over the door;" And his wife and child oft wanted bread— But why should they have been poor?
Millions of drunkards, first but moderate slaves, [graves; Debased by foulest crimes, now fill their Grace, mercy offered, met with no regard, Till in despair they found their just	He earned at least two pounds a week, When he to his labour did go; But often he drank for many a day, The <i>stuff</i> that bringeth much woe.
reward. Then should we wish our virtue to main- tain, The best, the surest way is to abstain ;— Give up all drops, and real tee-total be,	"I've just been thinking," his wife then said, "If the child had a bunch of grapes, How nice they would be to cool her throat, And to quench the heat that escapes." "I saw some just now," the drunkard replied, "And perhans I may got a fam."
Lust and temptation from our breasts would flee.	"And, perhaps, I may get a few ! I'll go to the 'Crown,' and ask Mistress Smith, She cannot deny me I know."
THE BUNCH OF GRAPES. BY UNCLE JOHN.	Again he staggered away through the street, To the house where he all had spent, And seeing the landlady alone in the bar, To ask for the grapes he went.
WHERE was a little thin-faced, fair-haired girl, With a bright and a sparkling eye ; And the hectic flush on her sunken cheek, Was a token that she'd soon die.	"Give you some grapes, you drunken lout ! Go buy for yourself and your child— "She's dying !' you say—what's that to me ? You seem to be going it mild !"
Her lips were dry with the feverish heat, She longed for a cooling draught; But her mother had nought but water to give, And she eagerly drank of that.	Poor John hung his head, and crept away, And he thought of what he had heard ; "Twas better you had saved your money, you scamp,"
"Had I some grapes !" the mother thought, As she gazed on her dying child, Who was calmly lying as if asleep— But she opened her eyes and smiled.	"I'll do so," said he, "if I'm spared !" Then he searched his pockets for a penny or two, That yet from his wage might be left ;
" Dear Mother," she said, "O, do not grieve When I shall be taken away; In Heaven, with Jesus, we'll meet again— For that I do earnestly pray.	In the corner a bright silver shilling he found, As if to buy grapes it was kept. He purchased a few of the finest he saw,
And I pray that dear Father may sober be, As he was in years gone by ; When he used to go with us to church, And called me his only joy."	And determined soon to buy more ; Then hastened at once to his home and his child, But his heart was heavy and sore.
Just then a noise at the door was heard, For the drunken father had come; And he reeled in the room by the side of the bed,	Great joy he experienced to witness his child, The rich luscious fruit to devour; That she really seemed better for eating a few,
And he saw what neglect had done.	Than she'd been for many an hour.

- The lesson he learned that day at the 'Crown,' Was not to be easily forgotten,
- And no more he went there his wages to spend,

Where he had the whole spent so often.

- He got for his child many good things, Prime oranges, apples, and cakes ;
- But he never forgot to purchase the best And largest bunches of grapes.
- The dear little girl but lingered awhile, And ere she was taken away,
- John Thomas became a Teetotaler, And he also learned to pray.
- He often referred to the scene at the 'Crown,' As the best of his drunken escapes,
- When he 'scaped from the chains strong drink had forged,

By being refused some grapes.

A moral from this may be quickly drawn, And which it is wisdom to learn,

That he who invests his money in drink, Will never get any return.

# ANOTHER WRECK.

#### BY S. C. C.

"RECOGNISE in you Mr. S. Blackburn, formerly of Broadhurst, and I am G. H. Franklin, formerly of the same place. I have been out of employment for three months, and am in distress. If you could oblige me with a little money I should be extremely grateful." So ran the contents of a letter sent into a shop in one of our great towns in York-shire. The letter was borne by a little boy, while the writer was standing in a wretched condition in the street outside. The handwriting showed traces of former skill, but there was that tremulous waving of the strokes which showed the nervousness of the writer. Let us look at him. It is a bitter cold winter's day, and the few clothes he wears ill protect him from the severity of the weather. His face is all blue and black with cold ; his bloated cheeks and swollen lips tell us much of his manner of life, but the small hands, the intelligent gleam from those eyes, and the fine features of that head, indicate to us that this man must have known better days. We will look at his history.

He was "born and bred" in one of those lovely valleys which run across from the western side of Yorkshire. His parents reside in a little mansion, and are of that class which Yorkshire people call independent. They possess lands and living, and are looked upon by the dalesfolk as rich people. George is sent to the neighbouring Grammar School, and completes his education by going to college. He is like many another ambitious young man, he has got a good education, and wishes for a good business. For when a young man finds he has got a better education than many around him he somehow imagines he must have a superior track He looks around after leaving through life. school for something to his mind, and has an idea to be a cotton manufacturer. Between him and his parents the thing is settled, and he takes a large mill in a neighbouring valley. Years roll on, but the business is not such a good job as he had presumed it to be. A cold indifference to the trade comes over him, and things do not prosper so well. He begins to frequent the drinking saloons, the music halls, and theatres of the neighbouring town. Then a strange idea comes over him. romantic ideas owing their birth to these dens of infamy. He resolves to try his fortune in America.

So he gave up the business to his father and departed. In one of the large cities in the United States he stays a few years. But that horrible drink fiend has now begun to grapple him in its avenging claws, and he is carried far out with the tide of depraved morality. He returns home again, but he is a lost man ! He is no longer that handsome young man who once mixed in the best society, and who could take the customary glass of wine at dinner. That fearful passion had so overgrown him, that he was now completely in the Devil's hands. He struggled to free himself from its warping chains ; he foresaw the dreadful result; that struggle was fierce and long, and once he overcame it-for a few months-but he slid back again into the terrible bonds, there was no shaking them "I knew," he once said, when in his off. better self, "I was not my own man, my soul was not my own ; I confess before you that I could not resist ; I could not, to save my life,

pass a place where drink could be got; I was in the Devil's hands, and I am there now."

His father had meanwhile gone on with the concern during his absence, and it was going on when he returned. But through immoderate speculations, which had turned out bad, and through mismanagement, an evil tide had set in which could not be stemmed. Besides this, ugly rumours of their position "Rumour will break a man's got afloat. neck," is a local saying, and to some extent true. But here it was, and the crash came. The whole of their property: house, furniture, everything went into the creditors' hands. The home was broken up, and the family dispersed, each member having to do the best he could for himself. George tried many jobs. But the intemperate career on which he had begun to run could not be left. He had entered the outer circle of the whirlpool ; had thrown care to the winds. He thought of holding on there, but almost unknowingly, he was drifting nearer and nearer to the From one situation to another he vortex. passed on, lower, and still lower, and with this drink passion had come over him a disposition-natural, certainly, one of the chief causes of his fall-of nervousness, and he became irritable, and ever changing, until in the winter of 1878, he had reached that depth of depravity, and had become a beggar, an outcast ! In his utter want he had gone to one whom he known in his better days.

(To be continued.)

# GOOD RULES.

1. TO hear as little as possible what is to the prejudice of others.

2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it.

3. Not to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report.

4. Always to moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is unkindness towards others.

5. Always to believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given to the matter.

# LOVE FOR WATER.

LOVE to speak of water, That cool refreshing drink, Which muddles not the senses, But assists men to think.

I love to speak of water, When sparkling in the sun, Like diamonds, pure and precious, I love to see it run.

I love to speak of water, When others praise their beer; And recommend its qualities, The broken heart to cheer.

I love to speak of water, In preference to wine; Its good and wholesome quality Will never, never pine.

I love to speak of water, If offered rum or gin; And try to save the drunkard From paths of vice and sin.

I love to speak of water Which cheers the weary brain, And drops in lovely showers On flowers, field, and plain.

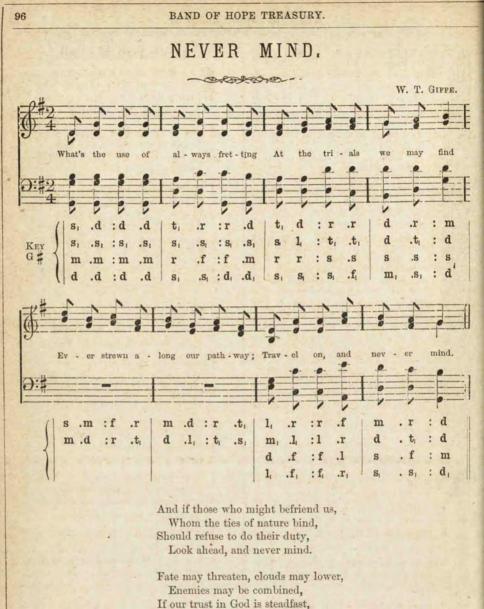
I love to speak of water, When in the rivers bright, It praises the Creator, As it reflects the light.

I love to speak of water To those in distant lands,

When crossing sandy deserts, Moving in merry bands.

I love to speak of water, The birds' delightful drink, Singing in woods and meadows, Beside the rippling brink.

I love to speak of water, And if you'd happy be, Leave *Drink* and bad companions, And be for ever free!



He will help us, never mind.

----

JOHNNY'S LESSON. Moderato. W. A. BURGETT. Oh, John-ny come here, and look at the cat! No-tice how nice - ly she wash - es her face : 0 0 0 . 0. 0.1 6 1 1 | m:-:m r :r :r | d :-:m :m :m m S:S : S f :f m:m:m | r:-:-: f d d :-: d t :: t : t d :-:m:m:m d :d :d t, :t, :t, d :d :d t:-:-KEY D S d':d':d' s :--:s f :f :f m:-:-S :S :S S :S :S S :S :S S :-:d d:d:d | d :--:d s, :s, :s | d :--:- d :d :d | r :r :r | d :d :d S .:-:-0 Now rub-bing this cheek, now rub - bing that, Care - ful - ly put - ting each hair in its place, . . 11 :1 :r m:m:f s:-:-:1 f:f:f|m: S : 8 : 8 -:-d :d :r m:-:f :f t : d :f m:m : m r S :5 : 8 s :s :d'|d':-:d':d':d d': d' : 5 S : 5 : 5 S d :d :d | d :--:f, :f, :f, S. :S.:S S .:--: 5 | d : d : d s,: s,: s, d John-ny, you dear lit - tle dir ty elf, I'm sure you're a a-shamed of your - self. lit - tle . 1 in the d':d':d' | t :t :t 1:1:1 | s:-:s | 1 :1 :1 S :s :m s:f:r |d:-:-:m:m :5:5 f:f:f |m:-:m f :f :f | m : m : d m S m:r:t, | d : d:-:- | d:-:d' d':d':d' | d':d':d' d d':s:f m:-: $d::=: | d :=: d | f_1 : f_1 : f_1 | d : d : d | s_1 : s_1 : s_1 | d :=:$ d : -:-:-You're playing for marbles down on your knees; Grabbing for angle worms under the ground; Riding the fences, climbing the trees, Th dirtiest fellow that's anywhere round. O, Johnny, O, Johnny, what shall I do? This is what puzzles me evining and morn, With a dear little fellow like you, Who's always dirty and tumbled, and torn. Johnny, if you don't do better than that, I guess I will send you to school to the cat. Dear little fellow, you need not feel hurt, For children besides you have played in the dirt.

# The Band of Hope Treasury: its Mission and Work.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

Robert.

ELL, Teddy, my boy, how are you ?

*Edward.* Ah, Robert, is that you? I'm glad to see you once again. As to my health that's all right, and I hope yours is the same.

R. Yes, thank you, it is. I don't meet with you now as much as I did when we went to school together and attended the Band of Hope Meetings.

E. I always liked to go to the Band of Hope Meetings. The addresses and recitations were always very nice. What a lot of trouble the conductors put themselves to to entertain and do us good.

R. Yes, and not only that, I was very fond of the magazines they provided us with: The Band of Hope Treasury, The Adviser, Welcome Words, and a lot of others.

E. I was always fond of *The Treasury*, it had so many nice pieces of music, recitations, anecdotes and pictures.

R. Yes, it is a very good magazine; my father says he is very fond of it, and looks for it every month with much interest.

E. No doubt it is doing a lot of good, as it teaches not only children but grown up people the wisdom of having nothing to do with strong drink.

R. You are right there, Teddy, my boy. Alfred Smith told me that his father never drinks now, and when I asked him how it came about, he said it was through something his father read in the Band of Hope Treasury.

E. That's very good, I'm sure, for Alfred's father was rather too fond of drink, and wasted his time in the publichouse when he ought to have been at his work.

R. Yes, Edward, that shows how important it is to use our little magazines by lending them to other people to read. Alfred's father would never have gone to a temperance meeting, but, you see, the meeting went to him, so to speak, and a happy result followed.

E. Happy in that case, for both Alfred and his little sister are much cleaner and better dressed than they used to be. Have you noticed that, as a rule, dirtiness and drunkenness go together ?

R. That's easily accounted for. Drink makes poverty, and poverty made by drink produces neglect and carelessness. When parents neglect themselves they are sure not to care much for their children.

E. And thus children are ill-fed and badly clothed; only half-washed, and that not often, and are left to grow up as human weeds in the great garden of the world.

R. Aye, truly, weeds they are, despised and rejected, with none to care for them, or seek to snatch them from their prospective life of vice and sin.

E. I think, in that, Robert, you are in error. Our Bands of Hope and Sunday Schools seek to do that, and the *Band of Hope Treasury*, about which you spoke so highly just now, has the same object in view, viz: the reclamation of the "City Arabs" as they are called.

R. Yes, you are right there; but I was referring to their natural, or rather, I should say, their unnatural parents. Sunday Schools and Bands of Hope are said to be "England's Glory," but these would not be needed if parents would only do their duty.

E. I think drunken parents are

England's disgrace, and if I had the power I'd punish them severely; for they not only do harm to themselves but to others.

R. Punishment is not always the best way to cure an evil. Kindness sometimes prevails where severity would fail. It is no doubt cruel for parents to neglect their children for the sake of drink; but the best way to cure the evil would be to take the drink out of the way by closing the public-houses where drink is sold, and thus remove the temptation.

E. That's what the United Kingdom Alliance wants to do, is'nt it?

R. Yes, and not only the United Kingdom Alliance, but also all true Temperance Reformers.

E. You mean *reformers of intemperance*, for temperance people are already reformed.

R. You are mightily sharp, Teddy, to-night; but who is this coming along?

E. Why, it's William John Frounce. He's the secretary, is'nt he?

R. Yes, he is; and he attends to his work very energetically—his heart's in it, and he wants to see the Band of Hope prosper.

William (advancing). Well, friends, where are you going? You know it's our meeting to-night.

E. Oh yes, we know that, and intend being present, that is, I do, and no doubt Robert does to.

W. That's right. It's the magazine night. We generally have a good meeting when the magazines are distributed.

R. If I come, will you let me have one?

W. Certainly, my dear fellow; two if you want them. We generally have some to spare.

E. And what do you do with the spare ones?

W. Come and see. You shall have one or two, like Robert, if you'll accept of them. E. Thanks. We were only talking just now about the good these magazines do.

W. Good they do! Why we could not get on without them. We could hardly make a meeting interesting if it were not for the magazines. They supply us with recitations and dialogues, short sketches, and music to sing, and this comes quite fresh month after month.

R. The printing office is something like a spring of water, always giving, and yet never exhausted.

E. What magazines do you use most? W. The Band of Hope Treasury is the one we like best and find the most useful. It is the most varied in its selections, and just suitable for children's meetings.

E. I half expected you would say that. I was very fond of it, and read it with much pleasure and profit.

W. Yes, it's a little gem, and fills a noble place in the juvenile temperance movement. I really don't know what we should do without it.

R. Oh, you'd manage somehow, you would never give up the work, even if every magazine was discontinued tomorrow.

W. I don't know that. If the work was not given up, it would be far less attractive, and far more difficult to do. You know if you are always taking the contents out of a vessel it will soon become empty, unless a fresh supply is put in, and so with the conductors of Bands of Hope. Their stock of arguments and anecdotes would soon be exhausted unless they could get a fresh supply.

E. So then the Band of Hope Treasury and the other magazines are literary jackalls that provide platform lions—for that's what speakers are called—with food to sustain their eloquence.

R. Edward's trying to be funny, but he's about right. W. Let us be thankful for the privileges we possess, and use them aright. If we have great advantages God may require great results from us, when He calls us to give an account of our lives. If we get good from the books and magazines we read, let us make them known to as many people as we can, so that they also may derive benefit.

E. That we do get good we all admit, and we cannot do better than circulate as far as possible our little silent messengers as they come to us month by month, and so here goes three lusty cheers for *The Band of Hope Treasury*, and the other Temperance Magazines.

# AN OLD STORY NEWLY TOLD.

COMMY, prowling on the lawn, Spied a sparrow just at dawn Up and at her labours; Secure and sweet she hopped along, Or flying westward sung a song That roused her sleepy neighbours.

But Tommy meant to break his fast : "That tune, song sparrow, is your last

Whatever you intended. Just light down on the grass again, I'll eat you up in seconds ten, And so your story's ended."

The sparrow is a little chit And plain of dress, but full of wit; So, when upon the grass she lit,

And Tommy at a bound Had whisked her off behind a tree And growled, "Ill make a meal of thee," She plucked up courage, "Tom," said she,

"Just set me on the ground ; And do, I pray you, have the grace Before you eat to wash your face."

Tom was a cat of high degree And used to good society; "Your words are wise, you bird," said he, "Though you're a silly creature;" Knowing that manners make the man, He set her down and slow began, With dignity (cats only can)

To wash each solemn feature.

Scarce was his paw across his nose Before aloft the sparrow rose, From tallest tree the garden grows

She sends him down a song : "Oh, Tommy, don't you wish you could, For breakfast have a sparrow good ? Birds are such dainty tender food, And all to cats belong."

Tom eyed her with a rueful grin ;

"I must say, bird, you took me in, But long as I've to stay Upon this earth so full of cheat, Of artful birds and all deceit, My breakfast when it's caught I'll eat, My face wash when I may."

And so You know Do all the race of cats Until this day.

# A VERY GOOD REASON.

THE superintendent of a Sunday-school having organised a splendid strawberry treat for his pupils, thought it time, at the close of the repast, to connect some lesson with their evident appreciation of the fruit. "Have you enjoyed these berries to-day?" he asked. "Yes, sir; yes, sir," came from all sides with unmistakable heartiness. "Well, children, if you had seen these berries growing in my garden, and had slipped in through the gate, without my leave, would they have tasted as good as now?" "No, sir," was the prompt reply. "Why not?" asked the gratified superintendent, anticipating the virtuous answer obviously "Because," said one of the suggested. little flock, "they wouldn't have had sugar and cream with 'em."

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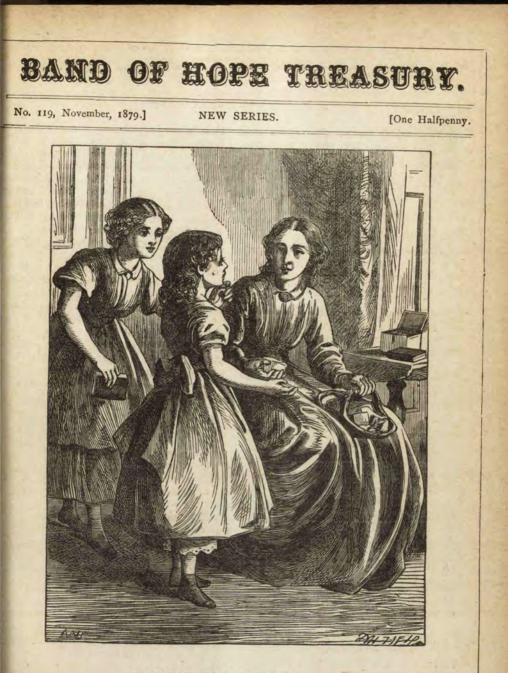
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A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

# A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING.

OME time ago we saw a sheet hung up in one of the rooms of a house where we were visiting on which was printed, "A Place for Everything, and Everything in its Place." We thought it a very good motto, and felt sure if every house-

hold had this sheet before them day after day, and the members thereof attempted to follow out the advice there given, there would be more peace and happiness, more order and regularity than is usually found in most families.

Our illustration this month depicts two girls and their mamma. Jane and Alice, like many of their young friends, have got into careless ways, throwing down their hats and cloaks anywhere, instead of hanging them up in the places prepared for them; leaving their school books in odd places, so that nearly every day much time is lost in search of a missing lesson book. Sometimes they have to go to school without it, and have a cross for their negligence and carelessness, instead of a mark for having learnt their lessons.

Their mamma has just found a small box in Jane's work-basket, which had been lost for days, although it had been much sought for by both girls. The box should have been left on the dressing-table in their bed-room, but somehow it got into the work-basket, and covered up with the usual work in it. Mamma talked to them about their careless ways, and earnestly impressed on their minds the importance of orderly and tidy habits. Both the children promised to be more careful in the future. If they fulfil their promise, they will have a happier time, and find the troubles and difficulties of school and home life much more endurable than they have hitherto been.

# THE CHILDREN'S ARMY.

WORD to the little children, The children good and true : Come, join the temperance army, And fight the battle through. Here's wine, and beer, and cider— Fair little snakes that creep Around our own dear hearth-stones, And fatten while we sleep.

Boys, set your heel upon them, Don't toy with them, I pray;

For they'll sting you while you pet them, While they seem in sportive play. Here's the dirty page, Tobacco, Who waits on the rum-king, And to his treacherous clutches Does many a victim bring. Don't take a filthy meerschaum Or odorous cigar
Into your rosy lips, boys; 'Twere better, sirs, by far
To lose your tops and marbles, Your skates and treasures fine,
Than to lose your hope of manhood In tobacco or in wine.
A true and noble boyhood Will make a manhood fine;
Then shun the treacherous cider,

Tobacco, ale, and wine. And join you all together In a legion good and true,

To fight for truth and temperance Till you see the battle through.

Mrs. E. J. Richmond



# ANOTHER WRECK.

#### BY S. C. C.

## (Continued from page 95.)

HEN a man is brought face to face with poverty through his own is the n his sober moments, he oft recalls his earlier and happier days. Still much more so when prought to the task of humbly begging for harity from those he knew when in that etter life. His mind reverts back to his position then, and his position now. He sees, oo, those whose calling he had once scouted, and, like the prodigal son, that he had once oathed, he would now gladly accept. He ees his whole life over again in a dream, and nis very soul burns as a living fire. He has ad good parents, an excellent education, with neans, and a good business to go on right hrough life; but where are these now? Echo only answers, Where ?

Have you ever watched the sun, at the close of a bright autumn day, sink down behind he western hills? He grew so mellow, and colden, and glorious, so tranquil, and yet so peautiful, that you could sit and look right in nis face. Then as you watched, until the upper disc was just visible, you have seen the ree tops and mountain tops flooded with a inge of his golden mellow light. You have at and mused on the scene until he has fairly one from you, and you have looked again. The golden glow is not there—it has gone; out the remembrance of that sunset has been o you a thing of beauty, an earthly joy. It as mingled with your dreams of the fair and eautiful -- the heavenly paradise-- and the etting of that sun has been remembered by rou for ever. The rising of this young man -ave, thousands of such young men-has been milliant, and effulgent, and the setting might nave been like his-mellow, and golden, and dorious; but they have passed into shadow, nd chaos, and darkness. We love not to hink of their former brightness. No, it is oo horrible !

And yet we often hear men tell us we must stucate the people, teach a man to respect nimself, and then he will govern himself. Did education prevent drunkenness in this ase? No, the most degraded drunkards we

have, are the men who have been well educated. Education may do two things-it puts into a man's hands a power for good or evil. By its help a man may rise far above his original level, soaring higher and higher, grasping and overcoming all the fetters which may intercept him, until he rise to the pinnacle of fame, and become as a god ! And by it he may have a power to do the most diabolical things. It will drag him down into a mire, deeper and blacker, than if he had never known it.

We will take another case. Go with us now down into the alleys of this great city. You see a number of children playing around. Whose are they? Ask that little boy down there, with wan cheeks now made all a-glow by his hearty play, what his father does, what does his mother, and he will tell you. He is sent out every morning to sell matches or small wares. His parents know exactly what he must bring home, and he knows too. Sometimes, however, he has had a bad day of it, and has been unable to dispose of all his little things. Well, that's nothing to these parents. Money they want, and money they will have. They want drink, and this little boy must bring the money at all hazards. So the poor, little fellow in his dilemma takes to stealing, and in a little while he finds out that stealing is an easier way of getting on than selling matches all the day, and in the end that lad becomes an avowed thief. Then, we appeal to you, how will you educate those children until the drink has been taken away from their parents ? There is nothing in the world more debasing, degrading, demoralising than drink !

We must work for the complete annihilation of this accursed traffic; this bartering of human lives; curse of the souls and bodies of fellow-men; the bane of our nation! The end of our labours is still far off. But the time will come. We want help. Much depends on our young men. We want their shoulders to the wheel. Then, with a vigorous, united, and yet steady push, a ball will be set rolling, which, by God's grace, will not stop nor stay, until the drink traffic is known no more among men, and the thing will be swept off from the face of our land.

# TO THE DRUNKARD.

**B**RUNKARD, thoughtless drunkard, stay;

Look above, around, within ; Mercy smiles ;—away—away, From thy darling haunts of sin.

Round thee—yawn the hungry graves; To thee—conscience cries, "Prepare!"

Yonder—roll the boundless waves Of unutterable despair.

Soon-disease shall bow thy head ; Soon-thy limbs refuse to roam ;

Soon-the grave shall be thy bed, And eternity-thy home.

Hasten, then, thy lamp to fill; Raise thy suppliant voice in prayer; Turn thy steps to Zion's hill,

And to meet thy God prepare.

Work—while smiles the precious day; Wait not—mercy now implore;

In yon fountain wash away Guilt's deep stains, and sin no more.

# THE

GREAT STRIKE AT BANELTON.

BY THE REV. THOMAS FRENCH.

COME, give me your kind attention, and I'll tell you a very strange tale, About the great strike at Banelton, a town in the Vallis Vale.

'Twas not among mines or colliers, weavers or any such like ;

But laugh as you will, when I say it, the drinkers were out on the strike.

Throughout the whole of the parish, from Bagshots to Fidler's End;

From Bainbridge to Martin's Gully and Dingle to Darby's Bend, All up over Battleton Common, and far down to Hillsley's Dyke,

Every one without any exception, the drinkers were out on the strike.

Squire Carter came down to the Session, and sat in the Magistrate's chair,

And he looked round with amazement to find that no prisoners were there.

"Why what have you done with the drunkards and poachers from Carman's Pike?"

"Please your worship," the officer answered, "the drinkers are out on strike."

- Poor Boniface pulled a long face, as he sighed for the day gone past,
- When artisans crowded the "Castle," as long as their money did last;
- He said he had lost all his spirits, save brandy, and gin, and such like,

And vowed he would end his existence, if the drinkers continued on strike.

- The pawnbroker's shop was deserted, the windows exceedingly bare,
- For pledges long held were re-purchased, the clothing and other things there,
- So the owner he printed a notice, and hung it up on a spike,

"Business here is suspended, while the drinkers continue on strike."

- The police were reduced in number, because they had little to do,
- Of the paupers both indoor and outdoor there never had been so few;

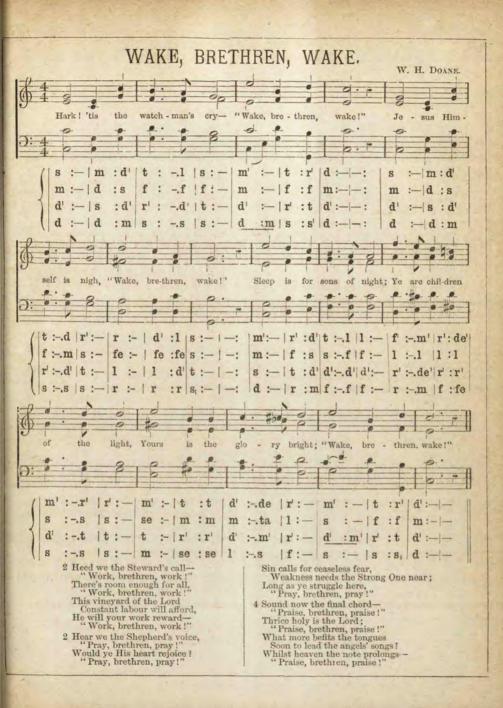
Said the people who paid the taxes, "We have never seen the like,

So exceedingly light are the poor rates, since the drinkers have been on strike."

In the cottage of Jones the joiner, vast changes had taken place,

Bringing gladness and joy to the children, and roses to every pale face;

O, WHAT CAN LITTLE HANDS DO? GEO. F. ROOT. . 0 0. ò. what tle do To please the King Heaven? can lit hands of 0 0 8 0. ø 0:5 100 0 6 SI d :-. d d .d m :- | - : d m : -.d d : t, d : r :---SI SI : t d - : S d : S. : f. m. : S. S .SI S m :-. m m .m : 5 S :m S -.f m . r d S d -- : d :-. d d .d : d d d -.f. S. : S d ÷ .... 0 ø 0 - 20 The lit tle hands work That will some try sim ple may some -0 10 ø 0 Ø 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 ø 2 0 2 2 : 1, SI : t, : 1, S, : m d -: SI 1. 1 1, : t m. f. : S. : f. m, : - : S. m -: m. f. : f. S. d d : : d d d :-: d d : d d d : -:-: d : d d : f. d :-: d, f, -: f f : f f : d, :-: d, f : : f, 4 0 2 -0 -01 -6 - 7 . 0.00 grace to want sup - ply, Such mine be given, Such mine be given. to grace ø 0. . 0 . . ):5 28 0 6 ø 0 10 10 . 0 1 10 2 10 r :--: f m:-:- d:-:d m:-:r t,:-:r d -: m d :--: m S :-:r :-:--:d :-m.:-: S. m: t. d -: d 1  $s :=:= m:=: d t_1 :=: t_i r :=: t_i d$ d -: d r : 5 ------: 5 S  $d_1 := : d_1 | d_1 := : d | s_1 := : s_1 | s_1 := : s_1$ The little eyes can upward look, 2 O, what can little lips do To please the King of Heaven? Can learn to read God's Holy Book-Such grace to mine be given. The little lips can praise and pray, And gentle words of kindness say-4 O, what can little hearts do To please the King of Heaven? Young hearts, if He His Spirit send, Can love Him, Maker, Saviour, Friend, Such grace to mine be given. Such grace to mine be given. 3 O, what can little eyes do To please the King of Heaven?



## DECISION.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF. A DIALOGUE FOR TWO.

William.



OU seem to be in a meditative mood to-night, George, my boy. Come, cheer up, and look lively. It's no use being in the dumps

and letting everybody know it.

George. I'm far from being "in the dumps," as you call it. I was only thinking about a matter that has been on my mind very much of late, and I can hardly decide what course to adopt in reference to it.

W. So, then, you are halting between two opinions. To be undecided is to be weak. Now, what is it that's troubling you so much, if it's a fair question?

G. Oh, yes, fair enough; but I know. before I tell you what it is, the answer I shall get from you.

W. So, then, it is a question upon which you appear to know that my mind is fully made up.

G. I believe so; in fact I am sure of it.

W. My mind is made up on many questions; for instance, I am decided to be a Christian, and to do all the good I can in life, by getting as many people as possible to love the Saviour. I am decided to be diligent in business, and serve my employers to the very best of my power. I am decided to improve my mind as much as possible. I am decided to be prompt in all my engagements, and I am decided not to steal, swear, or tell untruths.

G. You seem to be a very determined -I mean very decided-character, and such being the case, I don't know that I can do better than let you be my father confessor, though in all the points you have stated you are decided upon you have not

mentioned the one that I am undecided upon.

W. Whatever can that be then ?

G. Why, the drink question.

W. I thought that was included in the one in which I told you I am decided to be a Christian, and to do all the good I can.

G. Then, in your opinion, all those who profess to be Christians must of necessity be teetotalers. Eh?

W. I did not say anything of the sort. There are many good, noble, and Christian men who are not teetotalers. I can only speak for myself. In my opinion Christianity and teetotalism, if rightly understood, are the same-they both seek to remove evil and to do good.

G. So, then, Christianity makes men teetotalers. Can you say that teetotalism makes Christians?

W. Certainly; teetotalism has been the means of bringing many to Christ. It has raised many from drunkenness to respectability, and from respectability to religion.

G. But there are those who become teetotalers and never get any higher; in fact, who make it their religion.

W. Don't say their religion. Call it their hobby if you like, for teetotalism is not religion.

G. But I have heard them speak of it as though it were.

W. No doubt you have, and so have I; but this arises from ignorance. It is like thanking the clouds for rain, or a field for the corn that grows upon it; or the sun for the light and heat that it gives forth. Men in times past worshipped the sun, because of the good it did them, not knowing the God who gave the sun its

power to shine; and so with drunkards. They know that they have been blessed by temperance, and so they give it the glory that ought to be given to God, and which, no doubt, when they become more enlightened, they will give to Him.

G. I see you know how to put it. It's very well to be charitable, and perhaps you are right. You admit that people can be Christians without being teetotalers, and teetotalers without being Christians. Now, the first of these is what was troubling my mind when I met you, and as you have given the subject more attention than I have, I must accept your opinion as final, and set my mind at rest on the matter.

W. I should be very sorry indeed to misguide you. I think it is not a question that my opinion can settle for you. It is a matter for your conscience. If, as a Christian, you feel you ought to be a teetotaler as well, then you do wrong if you are not one.

G. That's the point that troubles me. There's something—my conscience, I suppose it is—tells me to identify myself with the temperance cause, and yet there is something also that keeps saying to me, "What's the good."

W. Then I should advise you to join; in fact, with you it becomes a duty.

G. So I think; but if I did join the teetotalers I should be laughed at at home and among my friends, and called all manner of names.

W. What of that; you are not a coward, are you? Obey your conscience, and thus quiet your doubtful, troubled mind, and treat laughter and ugly names with the contempt they merit. Act an heroic, manly part; do right, and the smile and blessing of heaven will be with you.

G. Thanks for your good advice. Your words encourage me and bring me to a decision. W. Always let duty and conscience be your guide, Take little notice of what men say, but always seek to know that what you do has the sanction of your heavenly Father. Good bye, my friend, and may you keep your good resolve.

## THE WRECKERS.

EARK! to the roar of the surges, Hark! to the wild winds' howl; See the black cloud that the hurricane urges Bend like a maniac's scowl!

Full on the sunken lee ledges Laps the devoted bark;

And the loud waves, like a hundred sledges, Smite to the doomed mark!

Shrilly the shriek of the seaman Cleaves like a dart through the roar;

Harsh as the pitiless laugh of a demon Rattles the pebbled shore.

Ho! for the life-boat, brothers;

Now may the hearts of the brave, Hurling their lives to the rescue of others, Conquer the stormy wave.

Shame for humanity's treason! Shame for the form we wear!

Blush at the temple of pity and reason Turned to a robber's lair!

Worse than the horrible breakers, Worse than the shattering storm,

See the rough-handed, remorseless wreckers Stripping the clay yet warm.

Plucking at girlhood's tresses, Tangled with gems and gold;

Snatching love-tokens from manhood's caresses,

Clenched with a dying hold.

What of the shrieks of despairing? What of the last faint gasp?

Robbers, who lived would but lessen your sharing :

Gold—'twas a god in your grasp !

Oh! yes, I am small; and so is the edge Boys in their sunny brown beauty, Of your broad axe; but it spreads Men in their rugged bronze, Women whose wail might have taught away To a noble head, and the chips must go wolves a duty, When it hews to the line with blow on Dead on the merciless stones. blow! Tenderly slid o'er the plundered Shrouds from the white-capped surge; I have signed the pledge, the guardian Loud on the traitors the mad ocean thunpledge, dered-That none who walk are too small to Low o'er the lost sang a dirge. sign. 'Tis the little end of the Too small? Wo! there are deadlier breakers, wedge Billows that burn as they roll ! That starts the crack in the knotted Flanked by a legion of crueller wreckerspine; Wreckers of body and soul; Let it begin there, and it rips Traitors to God and humanity, The sturdiest oak into basket strips. Circes that hold in their arms Blood-dripping murder and hopeless in-I have signed the pledge, the beautiful sanity. pledge; Folly and famine by turns. I will keep it—it keeps me no less; You guard young corn with a sturdy Crested with wine redly flashing, guess: hedge. Swollen with liquid fire, Our young souls need it as well, I How the strong ruin comes fearfully We little blades beginning to shoot dashing, Have a tempting look to the old black High as the soul walks, and higher ! goat! Virtue, and manhood, and beauty, Hope and the sunny-haired bliss, I have signed the pledge, the glorious With the diviner white angel of duty, pledge; And though I am small and my years Sink in the burning abyss. are few, What if the soul of the drunkard I grow-'tis a smart boy's privilege ! Shrivel in quenchless flame ? And I'll pick up time as fast as you ! What though his children, by beggary The wedge grows into me, one live bough, conquered, As the buds you set in a sapling grow. Plunge into ruin and shame? I have signed the pledge, the living God has come in to the wreckers, Murder has taken his prize : pledge; One chance the jail and the poor-house Gold, though a million hearts burst on the breakers, lose; Smothers the crime and the cries ! There's one less chance for the river dredge C. C. Burleigh. To be clogged with a sot in its dripping ooze; I HAVE SIGNED THE PLEDGE. And one bid more for the crown that AVE signed the pledge, the temperwaits The virtuous man at the golden gates. ance pledge! George S. Burleigh. Such a little boy as I? you say;

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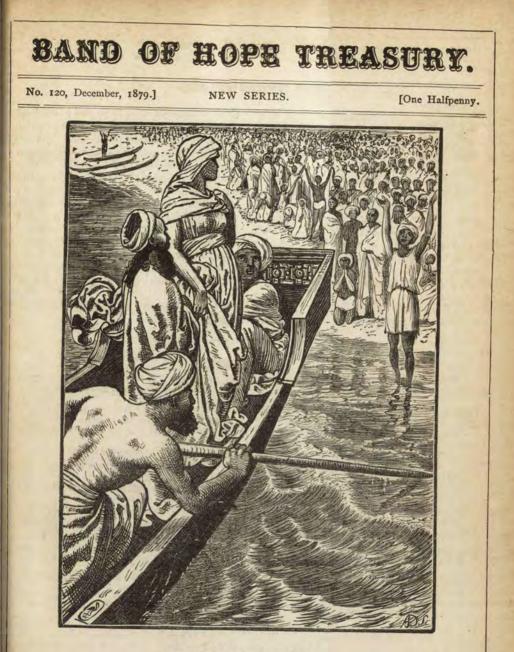
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THE UNKNOWN SEA.

THE UNKNOWN SEA.



E in England are so used to the sea that girds our island home that we can hardly imagine people to whom the wide expanse of waters is all unknown. Yet there are thousands in our own land to whom it is only a

name. How much more ignorant must those races be who are destitute of the art of navigating the great deep. Their thoughts and knowledge are bounded by the waves. They know nothing beyond. What lands may exist, and what people may dwell, beyond the limits of the wave they know not. What courage is needed for the first voyage from such a land! Such is the scene shewn in our engraving. Two natives of a far-off country are venturing to leave their fatherland to cross the great deep, and to explore the mysterious regions beyond. The people of their land are assembled on the shore alike astonished and dismayed. Some are weeping at the departure of their friends, whilst others are invoking the aid and blessing of heaven upon their voyage. Let us hope that they will have a safe voyage over that unknown sea, and that they will return to their friends and relations with great joy, bearing back all the blessings of civilization; but not those vices that turn its sweetness into bitterness and gall.

## BILLY TREEVE; OR, POLLY'S CHRISTMAS SURPRISE.

## BY UNCLE JOHN.

EXAVE you heard of the public, the sign "Fifteen Balls,"

"One and All," as the Cornish folk say; For there served an ostler, his name Billy Treeve, And for beer he spent threepence a day.

No matter how little or much that he earned, Three glasses of beer he would take;

He'd have one in the morning, and one at midday:

His night-cap he'd never forsake.

Without a night-cap of beer, he never could sleep, Or so he was heard to complain; [week,

But threepence a day was one and ninepence a And a family he had to maintain.

In addition to beer, he loved his pipe, And that cost him ninepence a week;

The money he spent in tobacco and beer, At the school his children would keep.

But if they'd no bread, he'd have bacca and beer, And his wife had to toil very hard; [about,

So the children might starve, and in rags go For his home he did not regard. So matters grew worse, and often he spent

In drink more than threepence a day; [said He sometimes got drunk, and his master had He surely must turn him away.

But just at this time a meeting was held, By a few of the Teetotal band,

And some who'd been drunkards remarked in their speech,

How they had been saved as a brand.

Yea, just as a brand had been saved from the So they from a sad drunkard's end, [fire,

And now they had plenty, and peace in their homes,

Where each one had been as a fiend.

They advised the drankard at once to abstain, And the ale-house for ever forsake;

And the moderate man, whether Christian or Jew, Should sign for the poor drunkard's sake.

Billy Treeve happened then to pass by the door, And stopped for a moment to listen; [heart,

A few words that he heard sank deep in his And tears on his eyelids did glisten.

The speaker declared that his home once was Than any he had ever seen; [worse

For he spent all he got, and his wife struggled His dear little ones to maintain. [hard

BAND OF	H	OPE	TR	EA	ST	JRY.
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the second s	
"That's me !" exclaimed Billy, as he slunk from	She scarcely had entered the room, when a knock
the place;	Came again with rat-a-tat-tat! [beef,
But he made up his mind to a plan :	'Twas the butcher's boy with a large piece of
The money he spent in tobacco and drink	With the mistletoe stuck in his hat.
He would save, and once more be a man.	Then the grocer's man came, with a basket so
Next morn, at his work, he longed for a drop, But he manfally battled the foe, And never again touched that or the pipe, And daily a better man grew.	That he tottered under its weight; [full And Polly, bewildered, said, "It's all a mistake! It's for some one in the next street!"
His master, with pleasure, observed the change, Nor wished with Billy to part; He was always at hand, and did his work well,	"No, no!" said the man; "It's all right," said As they laid the whole on the table; [the boy; And Polly began to cry as she said, "To pay for these we're not able."
With his master's interest at heart.	There was sugar and tea, and candles and soap,
But nothing was said to Polly at home—	And coffee, and coccoa, and jam,
She knew he was sober and kind;	With a large piece of cheese, and wrapped up
But he had a plan,—was determined some day	Was a very fine Christmas ham. [secure
That to her he would open his mind.	Just then Billy came in with a parcel so huge,
For twelve months or more he weekly saved	That he scarce could find room for it there;
The amount that he formerly spent,	When Polly exclaimed—"O dear, I'm afraid
With a few extra pence that he often received,	We're ruined! Oh, Billy, look here!"
All into the savings' bank went. The sum of ten pounds to his credit now stood, And the winter was now drawing nigh, And he thought that at Christmas he'd Polly	Then Billy exclaimed, "It's all right, my dear," As he wiped off the tears from her eyes,— "For a long time," said he, "I've cherished the thought That at Christmas I would you surprise.
surprise, For many good things he would buy. It was Saturday noon, and the following week, On Monday would be Christmas day, When their came a loud knock at the door of	"Since I gave up the drink my money I've saved, And now these things I have bought; I have also paid the half-year's rent, And all the receipts I have got.
their house, As Polly was working away. She just had been saying, "Here is Christmas	"And here's a new gown, and a pretty warm shawl, And some things for the children to wear; Just open the parcel," and he gave her a kiss,
And we've very little in store; [come, Thongh Billy keeps sober, I've still much to do To keep off the wolf from the door. On going to the door—"Does Mr. Treeve live	Saying, "They're all paid for, my dear." The children flocked round to see the fine things, There were stockings and shoes not a few,
here?"	And many things else that suited them well,
Asked a man, with a cart-load of coals;	And everything there was quite new.
"Billy Treeve lives here," said Polly, as she	'Twas good tidings indeed, and great joy they all
Tried to hide her gown full of holes.	All through that glad Christmas time ; [felt
"Here's the coals!" said the man, which made	The husband and father had forsaken the drink,
"It is not for us!" she replied; [Polly stare,	And now he was in his right mind.
"It's quite a mistake—it's for some person else,	On that Christmas day to the house of our God
But it's here Billy Treeve doth reside !"	They all went together once more,
"There's no one of that name in this street that	And with thankful heartsthey offered Him praise,
I know,"	And in prayer they did Him adore.
Said the man as he backened the cart;	And now, as Mister William Treeve he is known,
"Take care, missus—stand back! 1'll leave them	But he is not an ostler there;
just here !"	He has two fine horses and a cab of his own,
And then he made haste to depart.	And all through giving up beer!

Then go and do likewise, ye lovers of drink; Save the money you foolishly spend ; For there's nothing that will give to a man such respect As being able to stand his own friend. There's the Savings' Bank open each day in the At the Post-office, near your own door ; [week, Just put in the principal, either shillings or pence, And of interest you will be sure. There are many who spend in tobacco and drink A very large sum every year, Which if they put by, in a very short time, As pounds in the bank would appear. Then abstain from strong drink, tobacco give up, And stick to the little word TRY ! Try to do without drink-try your money to Try to make your own fortune-try ! [save-But the best TRY of all is to try to serve God ! And to seek for His aid every day ; Just now try the plan that Billy Treeve tried, And you may be as happy as he. There are many who've tried the Teetotal plan, And found it to answer quite well; They have never regretted giving up drlnk, And the pipe they loved so well. THE EFFECTS OF WINE. PROVERBS XXIII. 29-34. HO hath sorrows ? who hath woes? Who hath babblings? who hath Causeless wounds? and fancied foes? [strife? Reddened eyes ? embittered life ? They that tarry at the wine, They that love the feast and song, They that mingled drink combine, Early haste and tarry long. Look not on the wine when red, When it foams and sparkles bright, Lo! it hides an adder's head ! Like a serpent will it bite. Wantons then will charm the eye, Things perverse thy heart disclose, On the billow shalt thou lie, At the mast-head seek repose. "I was stricken," thou shalt say-"Yet when beaten felt no pain-When shall wake a brighter day? ---- I will seek it, yet again !

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## THE RUMSELLER.

HO decks his shop with dainties rare,

And spreads them round with taste and care,

To draw the young and thoughtless there? The Rumseller.

Who, that the youth may not be seen, Where tipplers drink destruction in, Erects before his door a screen ? The Rumseller.

Who to entice the honest clerk, When he's returning from his work, Deals out his poison after dark? The Rumseller.

Who keeps the young apprentice long, Enticed by tales and vulgar song, And teaches him to practise wrong? The Rumseller.

Who causes tears like floods to flow From those whose children early go To wretchedness, and crime, and woe? The Rumseller.

Who chills the heart that once was kind, The conscience scars, and makes him blind.

And fattens on the deathless mind? The Rumseller.

Who makes the youth a hardened sot, His life on earth a perfect blot, And murders souls, yet feels it not? The Rumseller.

O, who to ruin daily leads Immortal minds—and with the seeds Of infamy the spirit feeds? The Rumseller.

Who should I as infection shun, Lest I for ever be undone? That wicked and deceitful one, The Rumseller.

CHRISTMAS BELLS. Words and Music by J. H. L. 2 Christ-mas bells are sweet-ly ring-ing, Joy to the hap-py sons of men, Chil-dren's voi-ces glad-ly sing-ing d ... d : m .s 1.s:s.m s .1 ,s :f .r d .r : m d .,d :m.s 8 :5 .m d ...d : d .m f.m:m.d m.f.m :r .t. KEY đ .t':d d .. d : d .m f.m:m.d DI m.,f:s d'.d':d'.s d'.d',d':1 .s.f .d .f :s m .. f : s .d' S d'.d':d'.s d ... d : d d .d : d.d d.d.d:f.s,f m.r:d d.,d:d.d d.d:d.d .d CHORUS. Praise to their God and Sa - viour. Merry, merry Christmas, Merry, merry Christmas, Joy and pleasure 0 -0-0 .1 .s : f.m .r d : d'-. s ,s .s ,s :1 .s m,m,m,m:s.m f .m :r.d m.f ,m : r.d .t. d : m-, m,m.m.m:f.m d ,d .d .d :m.d r .d :t..d .d'.d' d' .s.f m : s-. d',d',d',d':d',d' s ,s .s ,s :d'.s .s :f.m S d .d.d : s. .S d : d-. b. b: b, b. b, b b. b: b, b. b, b S1 . S1 : S1 .d Repeat pp. with-out mea-sure, Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas, Mer-ry, mer-ry Christmas, Hail: the hap - py day. 0.0 0 m.f:1 .8 S ,s .s ,s :1 .s m,m.m,m:s.m S .,d':t .r d d .r :f .m m,m.m,m:f.m d ,d .d ,d :m.d m .,m : r .f m S .s : d .d d',d',d',d':d'.d' s ,s .s ,s :d'.s d'.,s :5 .S 8 b. b: b. b b. b: b, b. b, b b. b: b, b. b, b d .,d : S1.S1 d 2 Shepherds heard the wondrous story, 3 "Peace on earth," good will to mortal, "Glory to God" the angels sang, Christ has opened heaven's portals, Glory to God for ever.—Oho. Watching upon Judea's plains, How the Lord of life and glory Ransomed the fallen nations.—*Cho.* 

## "GOOD CHEER."

Philip.

OW quickly the years seem to Foll round. Here we are, almost at the end of another year. 000446000 The December magazines remind us that Christmas is near.

Frank. So they do, my boy, and very welcome reminders they are. I like It's always a jovial time. Christmas. You know, Phil,

"Christmas comes but once a year,

And when it comes it brings good cheer."

P. I suppose you mean the magazine called "Good Cheer."

F. Nay, I don't. I mean good cheer in the shape of geese and turkeys and plum-puddings.

P. You talk as if you were only halffed all the year round, and as though you were going to pay up for past deficiencies by becoming a gormandiser at Christmas.

F. Nay, I get plenty to eat, trust me for that; but Christmas cakes and puddings are made specially good and thus I like them all the better.

P. You really surprise me. I can understand workhouse children or ragged school children talking as you do; but from one with so many home comforts as you have, it's positively astonishing.

F. What, have you become a Vegetarian, Phil, and renounced for ever the good things of this life?

P. No, I have not; but I think I have a little more sense than to anticipate the coming of Christmas simply because of what I shall eat and drink.

F. Christmas and currant puddings always go together in my mind; and may they never be separated !

P. "Let us eat and drink, for to-mor-

row we die," was a maxim of the heathen, but the Christian says, "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Can you say that your mode of eating at Christmas tends to the glory of God; or, is it not rather like that of the heathen?

F. You must be preparing yourself for a Sunday-school teacher, or a preacher, or something of that sort, the way you talk.

Far better either the one or the P. other, or both, than to have no idea higher than eating and drinking.

F. You talk as though you didn't care for Christmas feasting, but I know better; you are as fond of it as anybody, if you'd only own it.

P. No doubt you are right; but I wish you to draw a distinction between Christmas feasting and Christmas excess. But to make a feast attractive something more than food is necessary.

F. What is that?

The great attrac-P. Why, friends. tion of Christmas to me is not the eating and the drinking, but the fact that I shall meet those whom, it may be, I have not seen for a year, or even for a longer time; and a hearty shake of the hand, and a genuine, heart-felt smile from those I love, far outstrips the blessings of the most bountifully loaded table.

F. Ah, yes; I like that as well. Christmas, you see, combines blessings.

Certainly, for it is not only a sea-**P**. son when we get good, but it gives great opportunities of doing good. It brings, or ought to bring, the rich and the poor into closer relationship with each other, because it celebrates the birth of our Saviour, "Who was rich, yet for our sakes

became poor, that we through his poverty might be rich."

F. When you preach your first sermon, Philip, let me know, and I'll promise you I'll make one of your audience. You seem to quote scripture quite readily.

P. And 1 ought, and so ought you. It is everybody's duty to study the Bible. You know our Saviour said, "Search the Scriptures," and searching means deep study. God has given us the Bible to guide us through this life to heaven, and if we neglect our guide, it is more than probable we shall go astray, and it may be get lost.

F. Why, look here, here comes our friends, Ellen and Matilda Ahier.

P. To be sure; I've not seen them for a long time.

(Ellen and Matilda approaching.)

P. Good evening, ladies. It is an unexpected treat to meet with you; I hope you are well.

Ellen. Thank you, Philip, we are quite well, and hope you are the same. You have been away a long time. We began to think you had quite forgotten your old friends, and if it had not been that your parents lived here, we might, I suppose, have given up all hope of ever seeing you again.

Matilda. You see my sister is just as serious and as prosy as ever. She has just been giving me a lecture on my foolish conduct; but you know I don't care very much what she says to me.

F. And Philip has been preaching me a sermon because I said I liked Christmas pudding.

M. He used to like it himself before he went to college, but now I suppose he is becoming too learned to care for such things. He goes in for what are called "intellectual feasts."

P. Matilda seems disposed to be funny and to want to crack a joke, but I can assure her and Frank also that an "intellectual feast" is much more lasting, and affords far greater pleasure than that which only gratifies the appetite.

E. You see, Philip, they are only young yet. Let us hope that as they grow older they will increase in wisdom.

F. Don't they both talk as though they were mightily wise?

M. That they do. I have told my sister many a time that her efforts to sober me are sure to fail.

P. Nay, nay, Matilda; I think you talk a little rashly at times. What your sister says to you she means it for your good.

M. I don't doubt that, but I don't believe in "long-faced piety." We can be just as good and do quite as much good with a light heart and a smiling face.

F. Aye, and a good deal more. Openhearted cheerfulness sends sunlight into dark minds.

E. So you've tried it, Frank, have you?

F. Of course I have. I hope you don't think I've lived so long in the world and never tried to do a bit of good?

P. Hear, hear, Frank; you are a better fellow than you were leading me to suppose. Now, tell us what you have been trying to do.

M. Don't, Frank; it may sound like boasting on your part, and you know that Solomon says, "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

F. Thank you, Matilda, for so nicely coming to the rescue.

E. Well, then, perhaps you'll let me speak for him. I know that if he is fond of Christmas pudding himself, he's not selfishly fond of it. He's more than once made a sacrifice to enable others—poor people, I mean—to have a good Christmas dinner, which they would not have had but for Frank's generosity. P. Good, good, that puts me to the blush. I never did such a thing in my life. Frank's made a sacrifice. Good! that's the noblest kind of generosity.

M. So, you see, we foolish and unlearned people may be quite as good in a practical sort of way, and without talking about it, as divinity students and sedate maidens.

P. Matilda, you are very sarcastic and provoking. But this I'll say, I'll try to let my preaching, as Frank calls it, be practical, and I'll try to do good as well as teach it.

E. There's plenty of scope, for we find poverty, destitution, pauperism, and crime almost everywhere, and if we do our duty we shall all try to remove as much of it as we can.

F. Don't you think that the drink traffic is at the bottom of it all?

M. Of course it is.

F. Then we ought to try to destroy the root.

P. Then you are a temperance advocate, Frank?

F. I advocate temperance, though I like a good dinner of turkey and plumpudding at Christmas.

P. Well, you've taught me a practical lesson which I shall not soon forget, and I'm much obliged to you for it.

E. And so we all are, and I'm sure nothing will please Frank better than to know that we all follow his good example.

M. Precept and practice, both are good, but practice is best; precept tells people to be good, practice shows them the way. Precept is do as I say, practice spreads happiness everywhere.

P. Well, then, if we all try to practise what we believe we shall add to the happiness of others, and there can be no happiness greater than that which springs from doing good.

F. That is the best Christmas feast,

Phillip, my boy, and I hope you may often enjoy it. I must go, and, in parting, I may say I wish you all a very happy and merry Christmas.

TEMPERANCE HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

## BY UNCLE JOHN.

AIL! ever hail! the auspicious day! Hail glorious, sacred morn! On which the Saviour first appeared, On which the Lord was born.

May every voice in lofty strain, Be raised to sound His praise; May every lisping tongue be loosed To join the angels' lays.

"Glory to God—good-will to men ; Let peace on earth begin ;" Let drunkards songs be turned to praise

Blest day! for sinful man ordained, For drunkards, swearers too; That all might share eternal bliss, And 'scape eternal woe.

The sacrifice for sin.

"Glory to God !"—poor drunkards now May sing the angels' song :—

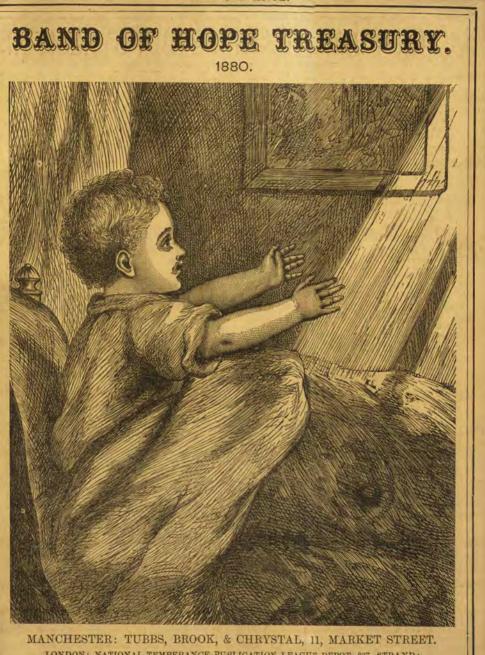
They've thrown the "cup of death" aside, And praise the Three in One.

Then let us hail the auspicious day, And praise the God of heaven ;---

"Good-will to man," for drunkenness Shall from our earth be driven.

- O God of Truth! blest King of kings! O deign to hear our prayer!
- O bless the cause of Temperance, And make our hearts sincere.
- May every land Thy glory know, And Temperance embrace;

And may the simple pledge be signed By all the human race.



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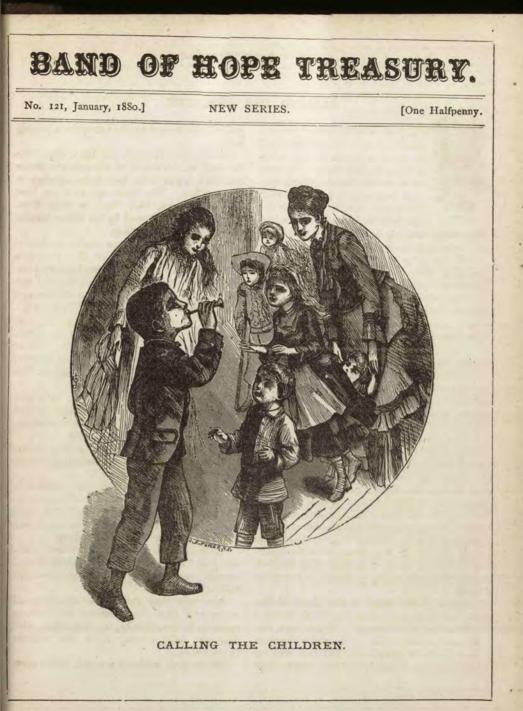
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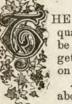
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## CALLING THE CHILDREN.



HE best way to make you acquainted with the children will be to show them to you altogether, as they were to be seen on a certain bright afternoon.

A boy who might have seen about ten summers before the one which he was now enjoy-

ing, came running up the steps, and in at the open hall door; then, seizing a whistle which hung by a ribbon behind the door, he blew three loud blasts upon it, with a moment's pause between.

This was Jimmy—Dr. Brooks's son. Jimmy had hung the whistle there himself, and made all the household understand his plan by means of many explanations.

"When you want Mark to come in, you must blow only once—a good long toot, you know, but only once. When you want to call me, whistle twice; and when all the children are wanted, whistle three times. Now just try it, please, mamma, and see if it is not useful !"

The plan worked very well, so everybody declared; and they were all quite used to it by this time.

So, as the sound of the third note died on the air, the hall, which had been very quiet before Jimmy came in, was suddenly alive with the patter of little feet, and the echo of eager questions, as the children gathered round Jimmy to know why they were called. It was plain, from the haste with which they came, that they fancied there was something pleasant in store for them.

Sister Ruth came to the door of the parlour, with a book in her hand, to ask: "What is it, Jimmy?" Ruth was Dr. Brooks's eldest child. She was not much over thirteen years old, but she was so tall, and so womanly in her ways, that

you would have thought her quite a young lady.

Rushing in through the back door into the hall, at the sound of the whistle, came the little folks, who had been at play in the garden. The foremost, and the first to hail Jimmy, was Paul, a rosy, fiveyear-old boy, followed by his sister Laura, two or three years older.

Laura and Paul were really orphans; they were the children of Dr. Brooks's brother, who had died suddenly, very soon after the death of his wife. They did not feel like orphans, for the good doctor and his wife had adopted them as their own.

After Laura, another little boy followed, more slowly, walking as if he were tired. This was Arthur,—quiet, little Arthur Manning. He had been for several months under Dr. Brooks's care, and was just like one of the family.

Arthur was a motherless boy, too; and his father had been very thankful to find so pleasant a home for him in the country, and with such kind friends.

Up the door steps, one at a time, came little three-year-old Allan, calling, "Wait for me! Me, too, Jimmy!"

And, at the sound of the children's voices, came toddling to the sitting-room door, the other baby,—darling Jessie, with Mamma close behind her, coming to see what all the excitement was about.

Such a chattering you never heard, unless you happened to be, as Mamma found herself, in the midst of seven children, all talking at once.

And now that you know who they all were, and how this houseful of children came to be one family, we will listen, and find out why Jimmy blew the whistle three times.

He waited, without a word, until even

little Jessie had reached him, and then he asked, "Who wants to go over to Grandpa Deane's?"—"A Houseful of Children." Tubbs & Brook, Manchester. Price 5/-.

## EPISODES OF A WASTED LIFE. By Uncle John.

The was his mother's Benjamin,-her only son,-

And she a widow ; but all her earthly joy

- Seemed centred in her child. With anxious care she taught
- That infant mind the one thing needful, and daily sought
- To train him up for God—the God she loved and served ;
- And prayed that her dear boy from sin might be preserved.
  - He loved his mother, and was obedient to her word ;
- Was ever faithful, kind, and did much help afford [at last

In little things. At school won honours, until

The ladder's top was gained, and he to manhood passed.

But ere he'd reached his eighteenth year, so great, so good,—

He, as a local preacher, in the pulpit stood,

- And preached the gospel unto crowds of listening souls,
- On whom the word of Truth with mighty power falls, [then,

And many a pentecostal day was witnessed Such power and influence did his prayers

- attend.
- Soon he was sought to fill a somewhat higher sphere,
- And was to college sent, that he might thus prepare
- For the Established Church ; but, sad to tell,
- Having nearly reached ambition's heighthe fell !

Just like a stately barque, that while at sea,

In which some secret worm had knawed away Upon her timbers, and unperceived had wrought

Its deadly work, and dire destruction brought;

So he, through moderation in strong drink, was led [dead !

On step by step to ruin, till hope was almost That fatal first one glass of wine, in *friendship* given.

Was but the germ of that dread worm, securely That undermined that noble edifice—the man, And wrecked him ere his ministerial work began.

Kind charity bids us draw the veil across

The scenes of many years of drunkenness, and loss

Of energy and usefulness for God and man— His many acts of meanness, and each petty plan He formed against his mother's property,

- Until she, in grief, reduced to saddest penury.
  - At length he seemed to be reformed; and soon regained

A place of honour; and for a while refrained From taking but a glass of drink (through which he fell).

And as Unitarian minister, he well

Did labour for a few short years beloved by all; [fall.

But he was doomed, alas, to meet a greater Here he was honoured by the noble and the

great, [wait. With servants at his will, daily on him to Their carriages oft bore him to the house of God.

And took him back again in state to his abode.

'Twas at their tables that he drank, at first to please

That which was only feeding still his sad disease

Of drunkenness, until his degradation came-Drunk in the pulpit ! alas ! how great his shame !

Again he sought his mother's one-room home, and there

- He found an earthly friend, who still could share
- Her scanty morsel with her son-her Benjamin-
- And who could pray that God would save him from his sin :

For still she loved him, only as a mother can,

She loved him as her only boy, although a man.

A wretched outcast now, by every friend forsook- [look

No helping hand held out, no sympathising Towards him cast, but passed and shunned by one and all,

He seemed fast hastening to a deadlier fall.

But in the midst of awful misery and despair He heard the good Samaritan, called James

Teare !--Bidding his fellow-men from strong drink to abstain,

And principles of true sobriety maintain.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not the accursed thing,"

He cried, "that nought but misery and sorrow bring;

For total abstinence alone can drunkards save,

And keep from grief and woe, and an untimely grave."

The welcome news this almost-lost poor drunkard heard !

In it a ray of hope of better days appeared ;

And he resolved the temperance pledge to sign, And by God's help the fell destroyer to resign.

Old friends soon gathered round him nowa sober man-

He grew respectable, and was respected by the clan

"Teetotalers!" with whom he soon became

A valiant champion of the cause, with honoured name;

He told his sad and dismal tale of drunken-

When called upon a crowded audience to address,

For hundreds listened to his eloquence-

His appeals pathetic, and his sound common sense ;--

- His mother's boy-her Benjamin-her only son;
- And she, nigh four score years, now filled with peace and joy,
- To see him thus engaged, thanked heaven for her boy
- Thus saved by abstinence from the accursed thing,

That to her home in former days did sorrow bring.

At length the mother died in peace with God and man,

"An old disciple," who had loved the gospel plan

For more than fifty years ; but ere she passed away

- That God would keep her Benjamin she prayed day by day.
- He survived that holy woman but a few short years,
- And spent his life, his energy, his strength, his tears,

In winning back the drunkard to sobriety,

And warning moderate drinkers 'gainst inebriety.

He urged one and all for ever to abstain :

To touch not, taste not alcoholic drink again. Oh, may to all his life a warning prove,—

The wasted portion of his life. May it remove From every mind objections to the Temperance cause,

And ever guide mankind to observe its righteous laws.

## THE FORTUNE TELLER.

WOW I'm going to shake my teacup when I've drunk my cup of tea;

I very often do it, just a fancy, don't you see?

But I've heard it said some people can tell fortunes very true,

Yet I cannot understand it in the slightest --pray can you ?

Oh yes, I understand it, —pass your cup this way to me;

Aye, there's fortune smiling on you in the future, I can see;

Friends are vieing with each other, and you triumph over foes;

There is deathless honour for you, there is victory and applause.

And now for the conditions,-I must read you them to show

If you wish to have the fortune you must toil for it, you know;

- You must win your friends by friendliness, by kindness kill your foes,
- And conquer faults, both great and small, if you would earn applause.
- Yes, let your heart be in your toil,—nay, start not with surprise—
- For if you want a wreath you've got to fairly win the prize;
- And when you've won it fairly, take my word it will wear well.
- Now, dear, confess l've told the truest fortune I could tell.

SOPHIE B. ARROW.

## LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

## BE FAITHFUL.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

Y dear young friends,—Be Faithful is the subject for this address. I thought it desirable to take this subject as an incentive to faithfulness in all your duties pertaining to this life.

We have had it thrown in our face (as it were) sometimes by those who had made a profession of being abstainers, but eventually proved unfaithful, and again gone on the path of those who take the intoxicating drink. We have also been taunted because of some who once made a profession of being the followers of Jesus, but who, alas, have gone from the path of the just. I trust that my young friends, whom I am addressing, will consider very seriously the importance of being faithful in what you have made a professionwhether a Christian or an abstainer. Our blessed Lord says, "He that endureth to the end shall be saved."-Mat. x. 22.

You have need of the help of Jesus if you wish to be faithful. Yes, "Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering," &c.—Heb. x. 23.

Many a promising youth has made sad shipwreck through neglecting prayer, watchfulness, and faithfulness. Yes, you can very soon go back again to the world without you look for help—and that help must be more than earthly. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10.

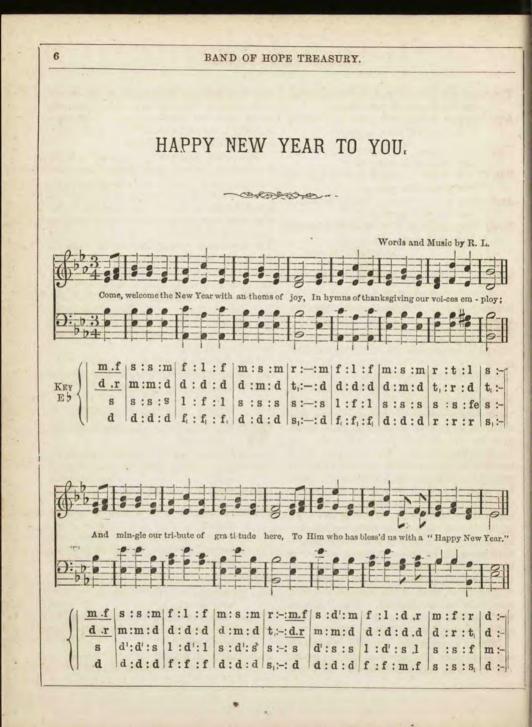
We must, dear young friends, be faithful even in little things ; the smallest concessions may prove very destructive to your well-being and progress. Ours is a great battle in which we have to fight. You who have joined the temperance ranks -the temperance army-must not flinch. You must not retreat, but must stand in the front, and you, young as you are, may wield a powerful influence, and strike a great and heavy blow against intemperance and the drinking customs of this country. Only be faithful. "To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God."-Rev. ii. 7.

I hope that you will not go away without being blessed by the Lord to greater faithfulness in every good work.

## "OUT IN THE COLD."

ISTFULLY waiting outside for admittance,

Tearfully listening for one soothing word, Painfully plodding life's wearisome journey, less ignored. Scorned by the proud,-by the thought-Dragging his life out in search of that [could see; finger Which points out his path, if he only (But missing) he finds himself deeper and not get free. deeper In despond's foul slough, whence he can-Oh ! ye who have toil'd for the laurels and of gold, won them, Whose fame is acknowledged in letters Pray deign to encourage your painstaking brother [cold !" Just ready to perish there-" out in the SOPHIE B. ARROW.





At each year's returning may joy be thy guest, Till life's fading sunshine shall sleep in the west; And when at the Judgment we all shall appear, Oh! then may we greet you with a "Happy New Year!"

"Happy New Year" to you, &c.

## SAVING AND DOING.

A DIALOGUE FOR THE NEW YEAR, FOR THREE. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

Joseph.



EAR me, how time flies. It does not seem long since we were wishing each other a happy New Year before, yet a whole year has gone

by, and 1879 is numbered with the past, and 1880 lies before us, with its hidden but certain experiences.

Maria. You seem to be in a doleful mood, Joe; you might at any rate have wished me "A Happy New Year" for 1880, instead of preaching me a little sermon on "the flight of time."

J. Well, Maria, forgive the oversight, and allow me to wish you a very, very happy New Year.

M. Ah, yes; that's all well enough when you have been prompted to it. Good wishes come spontaneously from the heart.

J. And so do mine; but you forget that you are just as much at fault as I am; you have not even reciprocated my good wishes.

M. I do so, nevertheless. Perhaps I'm disposed to find fault too much, and you may be a little too forgetful. So, as we are mutually at fault, we must be mutually merciful.

J. All right, Maria. I'll forgive you, and hope you'll pardon me.

M. So I will; and now I'll express in words what I feel in my heart, and wish you a very happy New Year.

J. Thanks; but whilst I was, as you say, forgetful, I think it does no harm to reflect upon the past as well as look forward to the future.

M. Certainly not; that is, if you don't reflect too much upon it. It seems to me that we do so many things that are not worthy of being thought about, and to

meditate upon them would make the New Year sad rather than happy.

J. And so it might; but don't you think we ought to review our lives, so that we may avoid the wrong-doings of the past in the future?

M. Do you know what the poet Longfellow says ?

J. What is that?

M. "Trust no fature howe'er pleasant, Let the dead past bury its dead, Act, act in the living present, Heart within and God o'erhead."

J. So, you think, he means to tell us we are not to reflect upon our past lives?

M. Nay, I hardly think that. It seems to me that the teaching contained is to obliterate "the dead past." There is a sense in which the past lives. The past is the foundation upon which the present rests, and if the foundation were removed, the whole structure of our lives would fall to pieces.

J. Speaking of foundations brings to my mind another of Longfellow's poems, of which I am very fond. It is called "The Builders," and begins,-

"All are architects of Fate,

Working in these walls of time; Some with massive deeds and great, Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low;

Each thing in its place is best; And what seems but idle show,

Strengthens and supports the rest.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure, With a firm and ample base;

And ascending and secure

Shall to-morrow find its place."

There are many other verses, and I would advise you to get the poem and commit it to memory.

M. Longfellow is a very excellent

poet. I like his pieces very much, and read them often. They are simple and practical, and have an elevating tone about them. I think no one can read them without being greatly benefited.

J. I am glad to hear you say that, for there is no poet I like better than Longfellow. But here comes William John Trounce.

William. (Approaching.) Good evening, my friends. I wish you both a very happy New Year.

M. and J. Thank you, William, very much. I heartily wish you the same.

W. The good wishes of our friends are always acceptable. I know of nothing better except it be for each of us to do all we can to add to each other's happiness.

J. That's just like you; you always go in for the practical.

W. Nothing like it, my dear fellow. Now, as I was coming on, I saw an old man fall down through putting his foot on a slide some boys had made on the pathway. There was soon a number of people round him. One asked, "Are you hurt much?" Another expressed pity, and several voices exclaimed, "Poor old fellow !" I went and helped him up, and knocked the snow off his coat. He thanked me most heartily for what I had done, and I left him, feeling that a helping hand was of far more service than the most sincere expressions of pity.

M. Well done, William, I commend you for what you have done, and I hope as you have begun the New Year so well you will continue in the same course. What you have just said puts me in mind of one of Eliza Cook's pieces. If you'll let me I'll recite part of it to you.

W. and J. Do so, Maria. I shall be pleased to hear it.

M. The verses are-

"'Tis good to speak in kindly guise, And soothe where'er we can;

Fair speech should bind the human mind, And love link man to man.

But stay not at the gentle words, Let deeds with language dwell:

The one who pities starving birds, Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true Must lend a helping hand,

For those who talk but fail to do But build upon the sand."

W. That's true.

J. So it is; words may be good, but deeds are better.

W. Well, now, cannot we three make up our minds that we'll all try to do all the good we can, in all the ways we can, to all the people we can, in every place we can, at all the times we can, and as long as we can?

M. I don't see why we should not, and if we should meet again next New Year, we can tell each other what we have endeavoured to do, and compare notes.

J. Just so; I'm quite agreeable, and will do my part; and thus, as the days pass by lay a good foundation for the days to come to rest upon.

W. And what a grand thing it will be if, at the close of the year we can reflect upon the fact that every day contains the record of a good action; why there'll be three hundred and sixty-five.

M. And there's something else we must not overlook, and that is to try and do nothing wrong during the year. It will be very sad if at the end of the year we have to place side by side with the three hundred and sixty-five good deeds, three hundred and sixty-five bad or doubtful ones.

J. Aye, so it would; we must mind the *debit* as well as the *credit side* of the *ledger*, as my employer would say.

W. So we must, or we may coun-

teract all the good we do, and so lose our influence.

M. I could not help thinking, when William was referring to the old man who fell through slipping on the ice, what a great number of people there are who fall through the temptations which are in their path in the shape of drinking houses. As I go through the streets I see persons of nearly every age going in or coming out of the various taverns and vaults; men and women in a state of intoxication, and children covered with rags from head to foot; nay, worse, both head and feet without covering at all.

W. You are right there, Maria; I know of no field that needs greater attention from Christian workers than that of intemperance. Drink makes sad havoc among all classes of the people, but it is more especially seen among the lower classes, who have not the same opportunity for hiding their faults as those who are better off.

J. But there are other evils beside drunkenness. We cannot close our ears to the oaths and vulgar language we hear in the street, and I think it is the duty of those who know better to correct this evil as well.

M. So it is; but the root of all evil, or nearly so, is the drink.

W. Do you notice how Maria puts a strong emphasis upon the words "the drink?" It's true, we need not characterize it by any particular name. When "the drink" is referred to, everybody knows it is not coffee, or tea, or lemonade that's meant.

J. The definite article "the" has a peculiar definiteness when applied to "the drink" and "the trade." There are many other drinks, and many other trades, but these stand out prominently from the vastness of the evil they do.

M. Drinking is a vast evil, and there-

fore great strength will be needed to over-

W. That it will; our strength will sount for but little.

J. But many littles make much.

"Let not any be dismayed, Every one may give some aid To the true; Grains of sand make up the hill, Smallest drops the ocean fill, Live and do."

M. We must each do our part, be it ittle or much; and if this is done with a sincere desire to benefit mankind and promote the glory of God, we shall be rewarded with the Divine approval, and have the blessing of heaven resting upon us.

## RESIST TEMPTATION.

NE day I saw a telegraph boy pick up in a shop a shilling, which a lady had dropped who was standing in front of him. He thought that no one saw him, but I was watching him anxiously. Quickly he slipped the money in his pocket. Then there was evidently a struggle going on within him; he grew red and pale by turns, then his conscience accused him, and he felt that he was doing wrong. Instantly he took the shilling from his pocket, and handing it the lady said, "Please, ma'am, this is your shilling; you dropped it."

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OUT IN THE STORM.

## OUT IN THE STORM.

EAVY, pelting drops they were; and the children glanced up at the darkening sky, and then at each other, in alarm.

"I declare!" cried Jimmy, "Mamma is a good weather prophet, after all! Come, Laura, we had better get across

the river again as fast as we can."

But before they could find the way back to their crossing-place the storm was upon them; and what a storm it was!

"Oh, Jimmy, see the river, how it foams."

"And the water is getting higher. Why, Laura, I don't believe we can cross on the stones again to day."

"Then, what shall we do?"

"We must go round by the bridge, when it stops raining, Lautie!" added Jimmy, "Mamma knew best. I coaxed you into this scrape, and I'm real sorry!"

"It isn't all your fault. I wanted to come!" said Laura; and then she hugged his arm, and they were both silent, looking out upon the fury of a storm which filled stouter hearts than theirs with dismay, that afternoon.

The children themselves, as soon as they might venture out from their hidingplace, had hurried up to the bridge, to find it gone. They must follow the river, in its winding course, around to the bridge next below. But it was hard work making their way along through mud and water, and over broken limbs of trees, all tired and wet as they were.

Very thankful they were, as they reached the bridge, to see their father coming to meet them. He had driven down the river directly, scarcely knowing what he feared.

"How did this happen, Jimmy?" he asked, as they were driving rapidly home.

Jimmy told the whole story, and his father said not a word more, only drawing the lap-robe closely about Laura, who was shivering as if in ague.

A little while after, as she sat wrapped in a blanket, with her feet in a pan of hot water, the little girl found words to tell her kind auntie all about the disobedience, and the punishment they had suffered.

Jimmy took most of the blame to himself, in telling his story. His father went with him to his room, to see that everything was done to prevent his taking cold from the exposure. I do not know what he said to him while there; but Jimmy was very quiet and thoughtful when he came down to get his supper, and he was especially so at the time of evening prayer.

THE SPIDER'S LESSON. TYRANT in my border dwells In Austrian black and gold; Wrought all in silver are his cells, Fine-spun, a thousand-fold.

His dwelling has no dingy roof, Nor dismal underground; The sunlight gilds its slender woof On fragrant bushes bound.

And at his levée, every morn, Such brilliants do appear As ne'er in any court were worn By Christian monarch dear.

No prison dungeon has this wretch Where victims, out of sight, His cruel jealousy may fetch

And keep in hopeless night.

Yet subtle stratagems he springs On harmless passers-by,

Winds his soft silk about their wings, And hangs them up to die.

I came to sweep his work away With swift, impatient hand; But here the lesson of the day

He teaches, as I stand.

The tyrant Luxury doth so Our wingèd souls entwine, And binds us fettered in a show, To mock the free sunshine.

The subtle web afar I'll leave Of flattering deceit; The gorgeous spider shall not weave His fetters for my feet.

The eye that views the heavens in faith, • The hand with justice armed, Can see the snare that binds to death, And scatter it, unharmed.

-Scribner.

## THE LITTLE HERO.

WHAT HAPPENED ABOARD OUE SHIP. AS TOLD BY OLD BEN.

WOW, lads, justa shortyarn I'llspin you, As happ'd on our very last run, 'Bout a boy as a man's soul had in him, Or else I'm a son of a gun.

From Liverpool port out three days, lads, The good ship spun over the deep,

The skies bright with sunshine above us, The waters beneath us asleep.

Not a bad-temper'd lubber among us, A jollier crew never sailed,

'Cept the first mate, a bit of a savage, But no better man ever was hailed. One day he comes up from below deck, A graspin' a lad by the arm,

A poor little ragged young urchin, As should ha' been home with his marm.

An' he asks o' the boy, pretty roughly, How he dared for to be stowed away,

A cheatin' the owners and captain, A sailin' along without pay?

The lad had a face bright and sunny, An' a pair of blue eyes like a girl's, An' he looks at the scowlin' first mate, boys,

An' shakes out his long shinin' curls.

An' he says, with a voice sweet an' pretty, "Twasmystepfather brought meaboard,

And hid me away down the stairs, there, For to keep me he couldn't afford.

"And he told me the good ship would take me

To Halifax town, O, so far !

And he said, 'Now the Lord is your Father, Who lives where the good angels are.'''

"It's a lie," says the mate: "not your father, But some o' these big skulkers here,

Some milk-hearted, soft-headed sailor.

Speak, men! tell the truth! do ye hear?"

- "Twarn't us," growled the tars as stood round him; [brine;
- "What's your age?" says one son of the "An' your name?" says another old salt fish.

Says the small chap, "I'm Frank—just turned nine."

"What a child!" says another bronzed seaman

To the mate, who liked it not well;

- "Let him go free to old Novy Scoshy; I'll work out his passage mysel'."
- "Belay," says the mate, "shut your mouth, man;

I'll sail this here craft, bet your life.

An' I'll fit the lie on the man as he told it, As square as a fork fits a knife."

I'm a rough an' a hard old tarpaulin Then knittin' his black brows with anger, As any blue-jacket afloat, He tumbles the young 'un below ; An' says he, "P'rhaps to-morrow'll change But the salt water sprung to my eyes, lads, "An' I felt my heart rise in my throat. you; If not, to Dave's locker you'll go!" The mate kind o' trembled and shivered, An' nodded his head in reply, I took him some dinner, be sure, mates : An' his face 'came all white of a sudden, Such an eater ! I ne'er saw his match ! An' the hot light was quenched in his An' next day, just as it struck six bells, The mate brings him up from the hatch, eye. An' the little chap kneels on the deck there, An' plants the boy 'fore us amidships-An' his hands he clasps over his breast, His eyes, like two coals, all alight-Just as he must ha' done at his home, lads, An' he says, through his teeth, mad with At night-time when goin' to rest. passion, An' his hand lifted ready to smite : An' softly the word comes, "Our Father," Low an' clear from that sweet baby lip; "Speak the truth, lad, and then I'll for-But, low as they was, heard like a trumpet give you; By every true man on that ship. But the truth I will have; speak it out-It wasn't your father as brought you, An' all o' that prayer he goes through, But some o' these men hereabout." mates. Then that pair o' blue eyes, bright and To "forever and ever. Amen." An' for all the bright gold o' the Indies winning, Clear an' steady with innocent youth, I wouldn't ha' heard him agen : Looks up at the mate's bushy eyebrows, An' when he had finished, uprising, An' says, "Please, sir, I've spoken the An' lifting his blue eyes above, [heaven, truth." He says, "Lord Jesus! O, take me to 'Twarn't no use-the mate didn't believe Back again to my own mother's love !" him. For a minute or two, like to magic, Though every one else did aboard; We stood every man like the dead, Then roughly and tightly he seized him, Then back to the mate's face comes rushing An' cried, "You shall hang like a The life-blood again, warm and red. gourd." Off his feet was that lad sudden lifted, An' he snatched the watch out of his An' clasped to the mate's rugged breast, pocket, While his husky voice muttered, "God Just as if he'd been drawin' a knife. bless you, "If in ten minutes more you don't speak, And his lips to his forehead he pressed. lad, Then aloud says the mate, "God forgive There's the rope, an' good-by to your life !" That ever I used you so hard : It's myself as ought to be strung up Eight minutes went by all in silence, Taut and sure to the ugly old yard." Then the mate said, "Speak, lad-say "You believe me? you do?" said the your say." His eye slowly filling with tear-drops, youngster, He faltering says, "May I pray!" "Believe you!" he kissed him once

me

more-

"You'd ha' laid down your life for the truth, lad !

Believe you ?-from now evermore !'' Now, if that little chap ain't a model

For all, young or old, short or tall;

An' if that ain't the stuff to make men of, Old Ben just knows nothin' at all.

## LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG. Ask.—Matthew vii, 7.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth. Y dear Friends, —Our subject will be very easily remembered by all. You know who it is that tells us to ask —Jesus, the Great Teacher, who spake as never man spake; and, therefore, we ought to give the more earnest heed to His words, for they are life. May we find Jesus here with us, and giving us good and holy desires, and, at the same time, may we each and all "Ask, and it shall be given us."

Abstain! Let us ever remember to ask Jesus that we may abstain from all intoxicating drinks, and every form of evil, while we are in the world. The Lord will hear our prayer.

Sin! Look at what an amount of sin and suffering there is in the world, and the greatest amount of sorrow and woe is produced by drink. Indeed the great sinfulness of drink is manifest. Look at the drunkard's home. We can hardly give it the name of home. Let us pray and labour for the Lord to prosper the great work of Temperance.

Kind! Let us endeavour to be kind to the drunkard, by trying to advise him to leave alone the drink. May we ask the Lord to change his heart, and help us to promote His cause. Oh, do not laugh at the drunkard. May we thus remember our duty; we, who are taught better, to show an example. "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Let us, dear young friends, thus remember that prayer must not be forgotten. The smallest here may pray. "Ask, and ye shall receive." Do not forget our little text, "Ask"; 1. Abstain; 2. Sin; 3. Kind. Let us sing before we go,—

"Let us gather up the sunbeams," &c.

## JESUS LOVED THE CHILDREN.

## BY UNCLE JOHN.

JESUS loved the children, When He was here below, With loving smile He cheered them, His arms around them threw. Jesus loved the children, And we must love them too;

And from strong drink must save them, Before they drunkards grow.

Jesus loved the children; "Forbid them not," He said, "To come to Me"; but by drink From Him they may be led.

Jesus loved the children, And took them in His arms;

And we from drink must shield them, With all its fancied charms.

Jesus loved the children, And bless'd them as of heaven;

Strong drink we must not give them, Or we may not be forgiven.

Jesus loved the children; Teach them to love Him too;

Nor ever leave or send them Where strong drink is sold to go.

Jesus loved the children, Then let us love them all;

In abstinence let us them train, Lest by strong drink they fall.

We'll lead them to Jesus, And tell them of His love, And pray that we meet them,

In that bright world above.

### LIFT HIGH THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Contrates ---





- alaster

#### TRUE BENEVOLENCE.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF. A DIALOGUE FOR THREE.

James.



wouldn't give the snap of my finger for a fellow who wouldn't do a good turn if he could. Why, to me, the turn if he could. Why, to me, the greatest happiness in life arises from doing good to those in need.

Charles. And from talking about it after it's done, I suppose ? There's a great deal too much generosity of the wrong sort. There are few persons who care much about being benevolent unless it can be made known to others.

J. Well, don't you see when good deeds are done and made known it stimulates others to emulate them.

C. That sort of talk is well enough in its way, but it does not accord with the teaching of the New Testament.

J. Why, Charlie, my boy, the New Testament, above all other books, teaches benevolence as a duty both to God and man.

C. That, I quite endorse, but the manner in which the benevolence is to be displayed is hardly like the way you put it. Your idea seems to be to advertise the good we do, whereas the New Testament teaches secrecy .- " Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

J. Then the generous deeds of men would never be known.

C. In that you are mistaken also; good deeds to men should be done from love to God, and He who sees every action and knows every thought, will at the right time allow it to become known. Our Saviour said, "But when thou doest alms, "let not thy left hand know what thy "right hand doeth : that thine alms may "be in secret; and thy Father which " seeth in secret shall reward thee openly."

J. I suppose you intend that as a reproof. Eh, Charlie?

C. If the cap fits, well; but such was not my intention. I hope, however, it will keep you from sounding the trumpet of your own good works. Good works accompanied by a boastful spirit lose their character entirely, and instead of doing good to " him that gives " and " him that takes," they degrade the giver and humiliate the receiver. The noblest deeds of men will never be known until they are announced at the day of judgment to an assembled universe. But they certainly will be known, for the secrets of all hearts will then be opened.

J. That's a very nice way of putting it; but it's a long time to wait until then.

C. I am sorry to hear you talk like that, for I know you have done many a generous act, but, to my mind, it takes away a good deal of the nobleness when you look for human praise. The consciousness of doing good ought to be its own reward.

J. You surprise me by the way you talk. I have often wondered how it was so many people liked you, and spoke well of you, and yet I never knew that you were particularly generous ; perhaps you act on the quiet, and look forward to the day of judgment to have it made known?

C. Perhaps I do, but, as you say, it's a long time to wait until then ; nevertheless I'll try to wait.

J. Why look here, isn't this Ann Dawson?

(Approaching.) I have been Ann. noticing you two for a little time, and I was struck with the earnestness of manner exhibited in your conversation ; you might be discussing matters of eternal importance. 1 hope I shall not interrupt you. \_

J. and C. No, by no means, I am glad to see you and hope you are well.

A. Thank you, I am.
C. You were saying we might be C. You were saying importance; discussing matters of eternal importance; I assure you we were, for the day of judgment had something to do with it.

A. That sounds very much like one of James' topics. He has a great notion of putting things off until that particular time. What is his theme to-day ?

J. Why, that generous deeds should not be noised abroad by the one who performs them. That they should be done quietly, and if need be, wait for their proclamation until the day of judgment.

A. Well, and I think you are right, but this I have noticed that however quietly a good deed is done, it is sure to ooze out sooner or later. I suppose, James, you think no one knows of what you have done for John Smith? Why he is so grateful to you that he tells everybody he meets about it, and is very profuse in his expression of gratitude.

C. Oh, oh ! that's it, is it? So you see you get praise before the day of judgment, for what you are doing. May I ask what it is James has done for John Smith?

J. Nothing, very much, at any rate nothing that needs to make the fellow " profuse " in his gratitude.

A. It's not so much what you did as the way you did it that creates the gratitude.

Well, you might tell me what it is C. that James has done to merit this deep thankfulness on the part of John Smith. Smith is anything but a desirable object upon which to bestow charity, and to give him good advice would be like "throwing pearls before swine " as the scripture saith.

J. I only got him to sign the temperance pledge.

A. Is that all? I think not. James saw him going home in a state of intoxi-

cation some time since, and he would certainly have got into the hands of the police, but James took charge of him and led him to his own house. The next day he visited Smith when he was sober, and talking of the previous night's adventure, asked him to sign the temperance pledge.

C. And of course he did, like many others have done, to break it again.

J. Nay, my boy, he kept it and is a teetotaler now !

A. When James gave him that advice, he asked him if he was a teetotaler, and James not being able to answer YES-he replied, "Well, no, I am not a pledged one; but, if you'll sign, I'll sign with you for company, and we'll each try which can keep it longest."

C. I'll back James for that.

A. I hope they both will keep their pledge as long as they live.

C. I must confess I had noticed an improvement in the appearance of Smith, but I did not know how it had been brought about.

A. No, you see, James does not talk about the good he is doing; he does it and leaves the talking to others.

J. And it would be none the worse if the talking was dropped altogether. We surely may try to benefit our fellow creatures without desiring every body to know it.

C. That's been my weakness in the past. I'll try to follow James's example in the future, and though the day of judgment is a long way off, I'll try and exercise patience and wait.

#### FAULTS.

HAT are another's faults to me? I've not a vulture's bill To peck at every flaw I see, And make it wider still. It is enough for me to know I've follies of my own : And on my heart the care bestow, And let my friends alone.

### SOW, SEW, AND SO.

So the farmers sow ! Busy, busy, all the day, While the children are at play, Stowing, stowing close away Baby wheat and rye in bed, So the children may be fed, So, so, so.

Sew, sew, sew, So the mothers sew ! Busy, busy, all the day, While the children are at play, Sewing, sewing fast away, So the children may have frocks, Trowsors, coats, and pretty socks, So, so, so.

Sow, sew, so, So they sow and sew; S, and O, and W, This is what the farmers do; Put an E, in place of O, This is how the mothers sew,— So they sow and sew for you, So without the W, So, so, so. —Rosa Graham, in "St. Nicholas" for January.

### THE WIFE'S APPEAL. AIR-"Once Again."

"THE warmth of all your love has flown, And coldness reigns instead ! You leave me now for hours alone; Why did we ever wed ! I little dreamed that you would change And break your marriage vow ! But woe to me ! it's not so strange— For Drink's your PARTNER now !" "Do not drink again !—Do not drink again !

My heart you're breaking !- Is appeal in vain ?

Do not drink again !- Snap the tyrant chain !

Fond hope is waking,—Be yourself again ! Cease to give me pain !" CHORUS—"Do not drink again," &c.

His quiv'ring lip revealed the truth That yet some love remained; The poison of the serpent's tooth Had but affection chained. "To marriage-vow I will be true, I'll cease to give thee pain! But just to-night I fain must woo My 'partner' once again!" Then she cried again—"Do not drink again! My heart is breaking!—Is appeal in vain? Do not drink again !—Snap this tyrant chain !

Fond hope is waking,-Shall it sleep again?

Shall it sleep again ? "

CHORUS-" Then she cried again," &c.

He strode away to his delight— The palace, with its glare ! Her supplicating voice to-night Rang thro' the heavy air. Her words—"For Drink's your PARTNER now !"

Thrilled thro' his brain and heart.

That night he signed the PLEDGE, and now Fulfils a Templar's part.

- Both of them abstain—She ne'er cries again;
- "My heart is breaking—Is appeal in vain?"
- Drinks he not again.—Snapped the tyrant chain !

Fond hope is waking-Shall not sleep again.

Shall not sleep again.

CHORUS-"Both of them abstain," &c.

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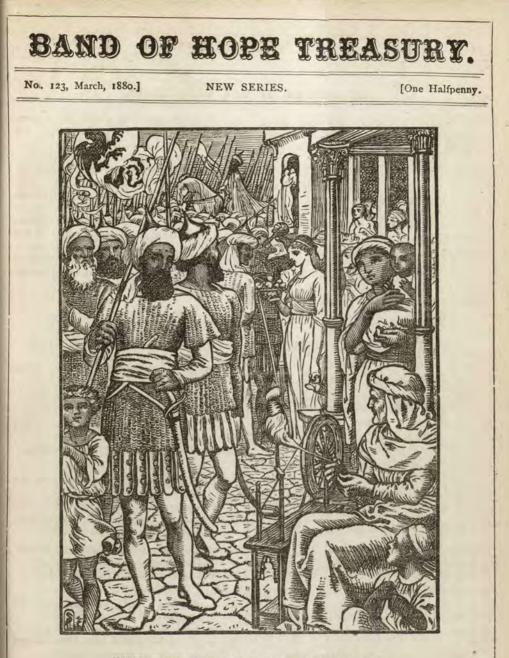
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THE RETURN OF THE CONQUERORS.

### THE RETURN OF THE CONQUERORS.

AR at the best is a cruel thing, and yet it has its nobler side. All war seems alike foolish and wicked in the clear light of Christianity, and yet few of us would refuse the tribute of our admiration to those who had risked life and limb in defending the land of their fathers, and the homes of their children, from the hostile aggression of some tyrant who, maddened by the greed of power and lust for blood, had sent his mercenaries to ravage the fair fields and wreck the peaceful homesteads of those who had wrought him no ill deed. Our artist has drawn

one of these aspects in which war is seen at its best. The foe that threatened the city have been beaten off, and the valiant men are returning to their homes where each may rest under his own vine and figtree, no man making him afraid. The joyful maidens greet them with offerings of fruit and flowers, the old woman gives them her blessing as she plies her wheel, and all rejoice at the disappearance of the dark cloud that had threatened the peace of the city, and all are full of gratitude to those whose strong arms and stout hearts have wrought this deliverance.

### "SING JESUS, GRANDPA!"

BY UNCLE JOHN.

- "SING Jesus, grandpa!" said a darling child,
  - As it lay in its cradle at night;
- "Sing Jesus, grandpa!" and he sweetly smiled,

And the old man smiled with delight.

"Will Allen sing too?" asked the aged man,

And the little one nodded assent;

And with quivering voice the old man sang,

While the child to list was content.

- 'Twas "I love Jesus, hallelujah !" And then the cheerful "Yes, I do !"
- And soon the infant's voice was heard So sweetly, "I love Jesus too!"
- And thus together they sang with glee, Their song of a Saviour's love;
- And the old man prayed that they might sing

With the angels in heaven above.

But when the sire his song would stay, As he sat by the cradle side,—

"Sing Jesus, grandpa! and sing Allen too!"-

For these words were often supplied.

- Then, "I love Jesus!" again and again Was cheerfully sung, with the "Yes I do!"
- And then came in the additional words, "Jesus loves little Allen too!"
- "And grandpa, too," would the loved one sing,

His brothers and sisters never forgot; His father and mother in his song of love,

And his grandma too, he brought.

And often was sung this favourite hymn, Till the darling was fast asleep,

While angels around his cradle bed Did their nightly vigils keep.

At length the loved one-too good for earth-

The kind Shepherd took to His fold; No longer of Jesus with grandpa he sings, But he doth his Saviour behold.

- And now he is one of the angel band That sing in the realms above;
- For he's safe in the streets of the city of God,

With the Saviour that doth him love.

- Now grandpa must sing of Jesus, alone, While spared to sojourn below,
- For his years are nearly three-score and ten,

And he knows that he soon must go.

- But he lives in the sure and certain hope To meet little Allen again, [ones
- And then in the home of the ransomed To join in the angelic strain.
- And there to sing "Jesus," and tell of His love,

Where parting of friends is unknown;

In the mansions the Saviour went to prepare

For those that He calleth His own.

### A SAILOR'S STORY.

BY C. R. GRIFFITHS.

H! lads, 'tis many a year ago Since I went to sea to forget my woe, And if you'll listen, mates, a spell, I'll give you the tale as it befell. It seems to me as I backward look As if 'twere a leaf from a story book; But 'tis gospel fact each word I say— Would 'twere a dream that had passed away.

But now to my tale : I loved a lass— Ah! pretty as ever gazed in a glass, With two great eyes of heav'nly blue, And a wreath of hair of golden hue; A laugh so sweet—I remember still How at its sound my heart would thrill; I remember still how I would stand At a touch of her little dimpled hand Like one in a trance, and oft at night, When the evening star o'erhead shone bright,

Have we wandered hand in hand together, Among the fields of blooming heather. Well, mates, to be brief, I had to go From that village home for a year or so: And when I returned I was to claim My blue-eyed Nelly for my bride; I never thought that sin or shame Could come and our two lives divide. Well, I went away, and night and day, Whether at work, asleep, or at play, Where'er my footsteps chanced to roam, My darling's face would to me come; And I toil'd with a will, and time sped on, Till two long years had come and gone. Ah! me, how well I recall the day, When I bent my steps on my homeward

way;

How light was my heart as I passed along The well-known roads, and many a song I sung, and many an old and valued friend I met ere I came to my journey's end. I entered the village street at last, My breath came quick, my heart beat fast, Each step took me nearer my love, my life, Each step took me nearer my promised wife. But seeing a crowd, for a moment's space I paused, and pushed my way through the crowd,—

Great heaven! before me face unto face I stood with my Nell, of erst so proud ! In wild disorder her golden hair Fell on her snowy shoulders bare, And the winning smile, the innocent look, Betraying her thoughts like an open book, All, all had flown; and groaning loud-Full in the midst of that gaping crowd-I fell at her feet. Ah! mates, 'twas long Ere I again was about and strong, For my wits went all astray I think,-I would fancy myself by the ocean's brink, And there in a craft not far from shore Was my darling girl, and never a boat, Or a boatman near to take an oar; And I knew in that sea no craft could float. And then I would fancy I heard her cries, Calling out for help to the stormy skies,

And I'd shriek and struggle, till once again	I is for idle; be up and at work,
The darkness of death fell over my brain.	Industrious too, then no duty shirk.
Well, lads, there is little more to tell, Save how to drink my idol fell.	J is for justice; oh, strive to be just,
'Tis the old, old story, you know it well,	Like unto Jesus, who should be your trust.
How drink weaves around us a magic spell, How we struggle, but all our efforts are	K is the knowledge in which we should
vain,	grow, know. That more and more of our Saviour we'd
We cannot break loose from the mighty chain!	L is for light, and for life, and for love,
I loved her then, mates, I love her still,	These are the best gifts that come from
And off to her flower-decked grave on the hill,-	above.
Where she lies in the hush of a long re-	M is for mercy; oh, blessed is he, The merciful man where'er he should be.
pose,— I steal from the busy town away,	An N is for no; oh, always obey
When the sun in the west like a fire-ball	The Saviour's injunctions, yea, yea, and
glows,	nay, nay.
To kneel alone on her grave and pray. —The Wiltshire Witness.	O is for obedience; that is the path That leadeth to mercy, and far, far from
	wrath.
THE ALPHABET IN RHYME.	P is for prayer, a weapon of might,
BY MISS. A. D. WALKER.	Without it Christ's children fail in the fight.
IS the armour Christ bids us to bear, We learn how to use it in answer to	Q is for quelling the turmoil and din
prayer.	Made in the world by the devil and sin.
B is the battle which we are to fight,	R is the rousing ourselves for the fight,
'Gainst Satan and sin, for God and the right.	And also for resting when on comes the
C is commander of Christ's valiant band,	night. S is for searching the Scriptures of truth,
Though Satan oppose, for Him they will	Studying them, too, in the days of our
stand.	youth.
D is for don't do anything wrong; Look up to Jesus, for Satan is strong.	T is for trusting now wholly to God, And taking to Him ourselves and our load.
E is for entering at the strait gate;	U is for useful; 'tis everyone's place
Enter it early, 'tis dangerous to wait,	To strive to be useful, and ask for God's
F is for fear ye the Lord and great King, Pray to Him daily, and His praises sing.	grace.
G is for gaining the victory at last,	V is for vile, but you need not be vile, Just imitate Him who never knew guile.
When all the conflict and fighting are past.	W is for wisdom; oh, precious indeed
<b>H</b> is for hours; oh, how swiftly they go; Bearing us either to joy or to woe.	The gem that God gives, if we ask in our

.

X is for expect vast things of the Lord, In answer to prayer He's pledged you His word.

Y is for yielding, and Y is for you; Yield you to all that is lovely and true.

Z is for zealous; oh, let your heart burn With zeal for the Lord, as a grateful return.

### LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG. AVOID EXCUSES.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

Y dear Young Friends,—Let us consider for a few moments these two little words, viz.: Avoid Excuses. You know of course the meaning of the word —avoid. It means that we should keep away, turn way, not to do anything which we are requested. Excuses—we should never if possible make excuses when they may be avoided.

There are many who pass over many things by falling into this error of making excuses. Therefore, dear friends, avoid excuses. I may be addressing many who are on the side of Temperance. To such I speak more particularly that you should avoid making excuses in not doing anything for the furtherance of the Temperance movement.

Let me advise you that you should at all times remember that there are many things you may do, and a variety of ways in which you may communicate the principles of Temperance. Every little effort on your part helps to push on the great Temperance cause. Avoid excuses. Many young people I have come in contact with who, when asked to do something, have readily made excuses, although perhaps that very time was their best opportunity of doing good. Multitudes, by making excuses, put off doing anything. See what fearful evils the drink is producing in our midst, yet we see great—too great indifference—by many who are called by the name of Christ. I hope you will remember that by the help of Jesus something may be done by all.

"Work, for the night is coming; Work, through the morning hours; Work, while the dew is sparkling; Work, 'mid springing flowers."

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth, do it with thy might."

### ONLY A BOY.

ONLY a boy, with his noise and fun, The veriest mystery under the sun; As brimful of mischief, and wit, and glee As ever a human frame can be,

And as hard to manage as—what? ah me! 'Tis hard to tell.

Yet we love him well.

Only a boy, with his tearful tread, Who can not be driven, must be led; Who troubles the neighbours' dogs and cats, [hats,

And tears more clothes, and spoils more Loses more kites, and tops, and bats,

> Than would stock a store For a year or more.

Only a boy, with his wild, strange ways, With his idle hours, or his busy days; With his queer remarks and his odd replies.

Sometimes foolish, and sometimes wise; Often brilliant for one of his size,

> As a meteor hurled From the planet world.

Only a boy, who will be a man, If nature goes on with her first great plan; If intemperance, or some fatal snare, Conspire not to rob us of this our heir,

Our blessing, our trouble, our rest, our Our torment, our joy! [care, "Only a boy."

-The Youth's Temperance Banner.

### WAIT TILL THE TRAIN STOPS.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF. A DIALOGUE FOR THREE.

Charles.



HAT a wonderful age this is! It seems to be all activity and life; and with all the facilities we have for knocking about,

we seem as though we could not get about fast enough.

That's true, Charles. I have William. often noticed when travelling, even by express trains, how impatient most people are to get to the end of their journey, and when the end is reached, they have not patience to wait until the train stops, but jump off the step on to the platform while it is in motion.

C. That I always consider to be very foolish; the risk run is hardly conpensated for by the time saved.

W. And I have many times noticed that those who jump out like that, instead of gaining, lose time-the train having kept in motion gets before them.

C. It's the same in many things in this life. People run dangerous risks for that which is no advantage to them. They are eager to reach the goal, and cannot wait till the train of safety stops.

W. Yes, many men, who are shrewd and clever in many things, lose all through impatience; they desire to go too fast and get rich too soon. Have you noticed even in books what a lot are now published with the words, "Analytical," "Condensed," or "Abridged" attached to their titles? This simply means that the world is so busy in everything that it cannot travel the royal road of learning that our fathers trod, but must have everything cut short.

C. There may be some excuse for that, because the press turns out so many books now that, to keep abreast with the literature of our times, our reading men and students have only time to skim the surface, and, you know, the cream lies on the surface.

W. So it does. Cream no doubt has it uses, but who could live on it? I fear the cream we get in many books now is only that taken off what the house-wife calls "sky blue milk."

C. I was reading somewhere that, in the days of the Puritans, the ministers then preached sermons two or three hours long. Just fancy a minister or a clergyman doing that now !

W. And yet these sermons of the "Puritan divines," as they are called, are read to this day; and I have heard it said that our leading preachers read these sermons in order that they may become possessed of the beautiful thoughts which they contain.

C. No doubt a couple or three centuries ago men thought hard and deeply. The age of Queen Elizabeth was distinguished for its great and learned men. It was a clever age, and produced some of the brightest intellects this country has known.

W. Why, look here, Charlie; here comes our old friend, Henry Simpson. I'll venture to say, if we tell him what we are talking about, he'll bring in his hobby temperance by some means or other.

C. And he's plenty of scope, too, my boy. Risk without reward. Who runs a greater risk, and who has less hope of reward than the drunkard?

Henry. What's that Charlie is saying about the drunkard? I thought that was my special theme. Now, mind what you're about, for if you infringe my

"letters patent," as the inventor says, you must expect my displeasure.

W. You could hardly have hit the subject of our conversation better than you have, if you had known what we were talking about.

C. I thought so myself.

H. Indeed! then it must be a wonderful coincidence. What may that subject be?

W. Charlie just defined it as you came up, "Risks without rewards," and we were talking about the folly of jumping off trains before they stopped.

H. And Charlie thought that was like the drunkard, did he?

C. Well, in one sense I did; for, as I look at it, the drunkard runs serious risk without a compensating advantage, just as the man who jumps off a train in motion runs the risk of accident to life or limb, and at the most he could only gain a moment or two of time as a set off, a minimum advantage for a maximum risk.

H. I'll forgive you this time for infringing my "royal letters patent," for you've put my teetotal argument as well as I could have done it myself. Thank you, Charles, for a good idea. "Wait till the train stops" is a good motto for temperance people, for drunkards, and for a great many more beside railway travellers.

W. I expected you would be able to turn the subject into that groove. You have an aptitude for applying and making everything illustrative of your hobby.

H. My hobby? It's one I am awfully fond of riding. If there is one thing above another which my soul abhors, and which I think is the arch curse of our country, it is DRINK. It finds its way into many homes, and never leaves until it has established desolation in otherwise affectionate hearts. It is a wolf attired in the clothes of a lamb—coming in, that we may show hospitality to our friends, but when it leaves it is only at the price of blood, or a reputation lost to all sense of shame, if not of virtue, ruined both for time and for eternity.

W. That's a sweeping charge to bring against drink.

C. But not a bit more sweeping than it merits. If I had my way I'd use the besom of destruction, and sweep it into the vast Atlantic Ocean; nay, for there it would destroy many good and useful fishes made for the use of man. I'd sweep it back into the bosom of him whose invention it is to enable him to ruin human souls, destroy domestic happiness, and create a moral chaos in this beautiful world of ours.

H. If I don't mind I shall have to hand my "hobby" over to Charlie. He seems to have got his soul fired with indignation against this wretched traffic; and no wonder, for the mischief it's doing is beyond calculation.

W. I didn't think that, for I've seen somewhere tabulated figures setting forth how many drunkards there are, how many are in lunatic asylums, how many are in workhouses, how many are in hospitals, yea, and I verily believe it went on to show how many are in their graves through drink.

H. And so have I seen such figures, and yet the effects of drink are beyond calculation. I remember during the Russo-Turkish war—I think it was at the siege of Plevna—reading that, on the occasion of the last great sortie, no less than 16,000 men were placed hors de combat. Does that 16,000—large as the number is—indicate all the misery and suffering of that one sad day's horrid work? Nay, many of the men slain and wounded had left wives and little ones to bemoan their loss, and, it may be, that quite as many hearts were broken as there

were men slain on that awful day. So with those slain and wounded by drink. Who can be connected with a drunkard and not participate in the drunkard's disgrace?

C. That's right, Henry. I know what drink can do if it only once gets people in its power. It is better to wait in the train of temperance till it stops, and the journey of life is over, than run the risk of jumping off too soon and breaking my leg, thus having to go through the rest of my days with feeble step and shattered frame. Hurrah for temperance and safety say I!

But, in your narrow way of look-W. ing at things, you forget that there are few, comparatively speaking, who meet with accident by jumping from trains when in motion.

H. And so there are few, comparatively speaking, who become drunkards out of the vast numbers who drink; but these "comparative few" ought to be saved if possible. Railway companies have a bye-law prohibiting passengers leaving the train when in motion. This is to save the "few," for none can tell who may be embraced within the few. therefore all are prohibited. So with drink. It is our special aim to save the "comparatively few," therefore we warn all, as none of us can tell upon whom the demon drink may lay his hand, and pull him under the wheel of death.

C. William, my boy, "let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." Be warned. Drink to many is only another word for death and destruction. May we all escape its power. To drink is risk without reward. Better, far better, listen to the warning words, "Wait till the train stops."

-----

### HYDROPATHY.

OME they brought her husband "tight,"

She nor spoke nor uttered cry; No; she coolly struck a light,

With a purpose in her eye!

On the floor they laid him down; Then her speech again returned,

And she gave an angry frown, And her eyes with fury burned.

"Take him out of that!" she cried, "Bring him out into the air;"

And they bore him by her side-He so foul and she so fair.

"Lay him by the pump," she said, "Just beneath the water spout "-

And she calmly shook her head As she pumped the water out.

He was nearly dead with whisky,

She the proper thing did do; By the pump he grew quite frisky-The cold water brought him to. -The Tribune.

### TEMPERANCE ARITHMETIC-SUBSTRACTION.

BY VIRGINIA F. KENT.

A dime and for a day by day A dime or so for drinks to pay; Take from your work an hour or two When to the drinking-place you go; Take from the home your love and care, The smile from wife and children dear; Take from yourself your dignity, Your self-respect, your equity, There's little left And what remains? To show on either side-for theft, A sad reminder, meets your eye, And fearful thoughts of by and by. Yet God, who made you, and who knows Your weakness, wanderings, and woes, Can all the evils quick remove, And fill your heart with peace and love. Can you not trust Him, then, though late, To open to you heaven's gate.

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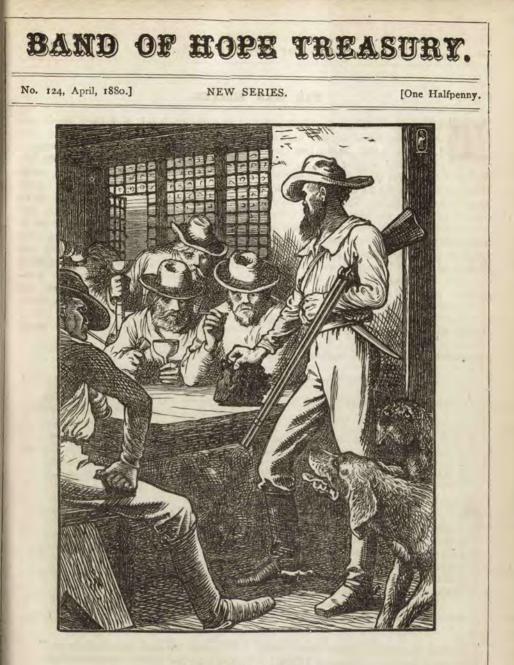
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THE MAN SLAYER.

### THE MAN SLAVER.

HE warfare between the black and the white races on the borderlands between barbarism and civilization is generally an exhibition of the worst passions of humanity. The barbarity is by no means all on the side of the barbarians. The white settlers, who should show the better way of Christian life to the ignorant savages, are too frequently blinded by the lust of gold and of power, and too much demoralized by gambling, and still more by intemperance, to work anything but evil. Of this the picture gives a striking incident. The tall stalwart miner brings into the liquor shop of the ranche the head of a human being who he has slain, and places it The startled proudly on the table. drunkards gaze with momentary horror at the ghastly head, and then break out into rapturous applause. Whether the dead man was in the right or in the wrong they care not. He may have lost his life in defending all that was dear to him, or he may have been killed whilst his own hands were red with murder. Of this they think not. He is one of the hated blacks, and the man who has shed his blood is, in their eyes, a hero. They cheer him with drunken friendship, and celebrate the murder of the black man by a disgusting carouse, in which at last their own combative passions are aroused, blows are struck, knives are drawn, shots are fired, and finally the slaver is slain,-for whoso sheddeth man's blood by man his blood shall be shed.

### ALL ROUND THE YEAR.

[A volume of poetry has recently been published in America, entitled "Apple Blossoms," and written by two children—Elaine and Dora Goodall, who each began to write at the age of 9; the elder finished her share of the book at 13, and the younger one at 11. This is one of of their poems.]

LL round the year the sun shines bright,

The pale moon sheds her softer light, The day a brilliant beauty shows, The night in drowsy stillness goes : The massive links of mountain-chains, The dimpled swells of fertile plains,

The boughs of trees, the roots of flowers, At least, are always here; And Nature keeps here sacred powers All round the year.

All round the year the brave hearts beat, The ruddy limbs are strong and fleet; With youth and health the tokens lie Of glowing cheek and flashing eye; No chilling influence need we know, 'Mid Summer shine or Winter snow:

Warm hands to clasp, warm lips to press, Warm friends, for ever dear, Warm life, and love, and happiness All round the year.

All round the year the cultured mind A higher culture still may find, May press beyond the surging throng With yearning deep, and labor strong : The star of Science knows no cloud, The flower of Art no snow-cold shroud,

No season moves the busy brain,

The brain that's strong and clear; With equal force we toil and strain All round the year.

All round the year the trusting soul May find the word of promise whole;

The eye of faith, once firmly stayed, No doubt can move, no sorrow shade; The flight of time, unknown above, Breaks not our Father's boundless love,

Unbroken be the tranquil light That folds our lesser sphere, As ever pure, and calm, and bright, All round the year.

Then mourn not, friend, the cutting air; The fields so white, the trees so bare; Let no false grief employ your tongue, Nor wish the year for ever young; The flower must fade, the leaf must fall, But one great Power is over all;

If thro' the ceaseless round of change, One changeless will appear,

Unmoved, undaunted, may we range All round the year.

### "DROWNED AT THE DOCKS."

### BY HARRIET BEAVAN.

"Deceased, when last seen, was the worse for liquor."

T was only a paragraph, lightly found, Of a foreign youth in the docks found drowned.

A few short lines all the story told,

And Fancy filled up the outline bold.

"Left ship-got drunk-pawned clothesand then

Turned back, but ne'er seen alive again!"

'Twas thus that the tragedy lay unbared, Alas! for the few who read and cared.

Some classed this woe with an unmoved beat

With the last sensation, or juggler's feat. That boy who died on our English shore Was a drunken sailor to them—no more ! So they read unmoved each telling line,

As they sipped their coffee and drank their wine.

Ah, God ! are our hearts of stone ? Oh, when

Shall we feel for the woes of our fellow men?

Like heartless puppets our parts we play In Life's strange comedy, wild and gay. We breathe small pity, and take no blame

O'er the thousands who're marching to grief and shame, [heal. Whom our love might rescue, our pity O, merciful Father! teach us to feel!

Ah, me! when the dismal news flies forth On the lightning's wings to the distant North.

What forms will bend o'er the tiny scrap That tells the tale of the dread mishap!

What lips will wail o'er Life's vanished dreams [screams! With broken sobs and heartrending And shrinking from thoughts that souls Believing now, then disowning all, [appal, Breathe the anguished cry of a stricken

breast— [rest ! "O, Lord, Thou knowest"—and groan the

What grief will visit that distant spot

When his ship comes home and he cometh not!

What lips will whiten, and cheeks grow When his comrades utter the dismal tale ! What torture will shorten each gasping

breath [death! To feel that his death was a hopeless What a cloud will come o'er Heaven's

clime so fair [there!

To know that their loved one will not be And the days will come, and the days will Each weighted still with a load of woe. [go,

And Life's gay scenes on their hearts will jar,

And earth seem empty, and Heaven afar!

Till Time's smooth waters the wound will lave,

And bring them nearer his distant grave.

Ah, many a mother the ocean o'er

Has cursed the name of our English shore. Our glittering drink-shops—the drink

fiend's mart- [heart. Have wrecked her hopes, and crushed her So she turns her face, with tearful eyes, To the shore where her murdered darling lies.

And asks her God, will He not repay? Yes, vengeance cometh! Who now can say,

I thank Thee, Father, on bended knees, I have no lot in the death of these; No blood of theirs on my skirts is found, These murdered sailors, thro' drink, "FOUND DROWNED!"

### GENTLY LEAD ME.

### BY UNCLE JOHN.

**GENTLY** lead me, precious Saviour, While I pass through life's rough In Thy sight may I find favour, [way; Never from Thy keeping stray.

Though from Thee I seek to wander, In temptation's evil hour,

Cast me not from Thee asunder; Keep me by Thy mighty power.

Guide me daily; yea, each moment May I feel that Thou art near;

Keep me free from Satan's torment, With the love that casts out fear.

O surround me in the darkness, With Thy arms of boundless love;

And from danger keep me scathless, Till I join the hosts above.

When death's icy hand is creeping O'er my heart, its throbs to stay,

May I then, in Thy safe keeping, Calmly, safely pass away.

Then when God His chosen bringeth, They who safe in Jesus sleep,

To the home where gold harps ringeth, I shall rise from slumber sweet.

Keep me, then, O precious Saviour, While I pass o'er life's rough way, Till I join the heavenly choir,

Safely keep me day by day.

### IN THE NEST.

GATHER them close to your loving heart-

Cradle them on your breast;

They will soon enough leave your brooding care,

Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair-

Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,

That their restless feet will run;

There may come a time in the by-and-by,

When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh

For a sound of childish fun.

When you'll long for a repetition sweet That sounded through each room,

Of "Mother," "Mother," the dear love calls

That will echo long in the silent halls, And add to their stately gloom.

There may come a time when you'll long to hear

The eager boyish tread,

The tuneless whistle, the clear 'shrill shout,

The busy bustle in and out,

And pattering overhead.

When the boys and girls are all grown up, And scattered far and wide,

Or gone to the undiscovered shore,

Where youth and age come nevermore,

You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them close to your loving heart,

Cradle them on your breast;

They will soon enough leave your brooding care,

Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair-

Little ones in the nest.

-Otago Witness.

### RAILWAYS.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

#### William.



EADING ! reading ! reading ! always reading; I wonder you You seem to care more for books

than for anything else. You very seldom join in the games like the rest of us. Your chief, if not your sole amusement, appears to be expressed in this one word -" Books."

Thomas. Well, and what greater pleasure can there be than that afforded by books? If you only knew the true delights of reading, you certainly would not be much surprised that I find pleasure, yea, even as you call it, amusement in it.

W. But you read such queer books! Those that I have noticed in your hands seem to me to be so dry and difficult to understand that I could not even read them, let alone find amusement or pleasure in them.

T. You surprise me still more. If I meet with a dry and tedious book I should just as readily put it on one side as you would; but I don't find many such books. Every book is interesting, if not to the reader to the one who wrote it.

W. Why, Tom, you are trying to be funny. I shall have some hope of you yet. I thought you were becoming too prosy to ever think of being witty.

T. You see how you may mistake even your friends. Some books are deep and profound, and need hard thinking to understand them; others are superficial, and the mind is not exercised to any great extent to follow the writer. The first class may be called work, the second recreation. Both have their uses, and all things considered, it may be that one is quite as useful as the other. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," is an axiom quite true; yea, almost as true as to say all play and no work makes Jack, or William, or anybody else very stupid.

W. I suppose you think you are giving. me a rap? Am I then to conclude that your motive in reading so much is that you may be wiser, or rather less stupid, than your fellows?

T. Nay, that would be rather a selfish motive. I read because it gives me pleasure-the pleasure knowledge alone imparts. Books make dead men live, as Longfellow says,-

"The pleasant books that silently among

Our household treasures take familiar places, And are to us as if a living tongue Ffaces. Spake from the printed leaves or pictured

W. So you condescend to read poetry as well as philosophy?

T. I told you that reading was both work and recreation, and poetry-that is ordinary poetry-is as beneficial a recreation as one need desire.

W. Well, now, what's that book you've got in your hand ?

T. It's one about railways, and deeply interesting it is.

W. But what do you either know or care about railways?

T. I know very little, hence I am trying to know more by reading about them; and as to what I care, well, I care to know something if possible about anything or everything. "Reading," you know, William, "makes the full man."

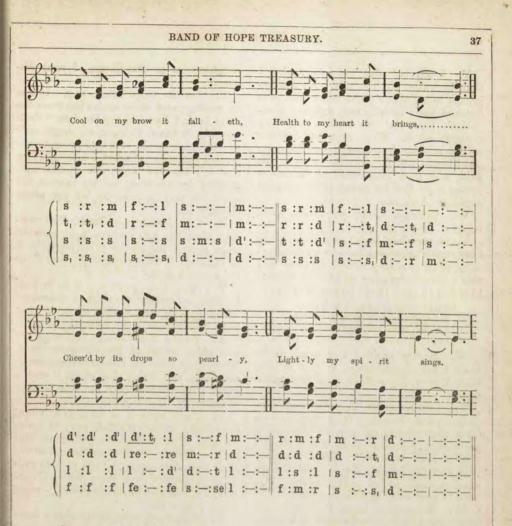
W. But what possible good can it be to you to know about railways? You are not going to be an engineer or a railway director.

(Continued on page 38.)

### GIVE ME NO FATAL WINE CUP,

to to to





Give me no fatal wine-cup When I am pressed with care, Greater would be the burden, Harder its weight to bear. Give me the drops that glisten, Pure from the mossy rill, Drops that refresh my spirit, Making me cheerful still. Give me no fatal wine cup, Crushing the joys of home, Into the dens of evil, Tempting my feet to roam. Beautiful, sparkling water, Murmuring glad and free, Laughing amid the sunlight— That is the drink for me. T. I am not able yet to say what I shall be before my life ends. My reading proves to me that a great many men have finished their lives in very different occupations than the one with which they commenced it. Why, even the founder of the railway system—George Stephenson—began life by minding cows in the field, and then afterwards he became a collier boy; but he ended it the greatest engineer of his day.

W. Perhaps, then, you have some hopes of future glory?

T. I certainly have very little glory now, and if greatness is to be my lot, then it must be in a very remote future. But this I never even give myself the trouble to think about. Don't forget, William,—

> "One by one thy duties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each, Let no future dreams elate thee, Learn thon first what these can teach."

W. Poetry again. You seem to be more fond of recreation, as you call it, than I was disposed to give you credit for.

T. You see again how you may misjudge your friends. Why there is no book that affords me greater pleasure recreative pleasure—than Tom Hood's "Wit and Humour." Hood certainly was a droll fellow. In his wit there's wisdom, and in his pathos piety. You should read him, he'd do you good.

W. Why, look here, Tom, who are coming—Alfred John Smith and Richard Longhead.

Alfred. Well, friends, how are you today? Isn't it strange we should just drop on you; for, if I must confess the truth, we were talking about you.

*Richard.* You see it's a verification of the old adage, "Talk of the old boy and he's sure to appear."

A. I've told you what we are conversing about, and if it's a fair question, pray enlighten us on the theme of your discourse.

T. One far more interesting. It was on reading, and arose somewhat from the little book I have in my hand on "Railways." William thought we ought only to read such books as would promote our present interests, whereas I have the idea that it's best to store our minds with general information, as we cannot tell what we may require as we jog along through life.

R. I hold with you, Tom. The wellread man has many advantages, and the more a man knows the more likely he is to succeed. "Knowledge is power," as the proverb says.

\*W. But what good can it be to Tom to read up on the question of railways? What has he to do with them, or what possible prospect in the future?

A. Why a great deal. Railways are our chief mode of travelling on land. Everybody, from the richest to the poorest, use them, and surely that which is such a great public convenience must be worthy of study.

T. That remark of Alfred's, about everybody using the railway, is quite correct. This little book points out that no less than *five hundred and seven millions* of tickets were issued by the various railway companies last year, without considering the season tickets which a great many people use.

R. It is really astonishing what a large quantity of trains run every day. I don't know how many there are, but we can form some idea from what I saw in the papers the other day, that no fewer than nine hundred and fifty trains pass Clapham Junction every twenty-four hours, and during the busiest part of the day they go through at the rate of *seventy-five* per hour, which is you see more than one a minute.

W. That is really surprising; I should not have thought it possible; but how do you know your figures are correct?

T. Ah, there you go! If you only read more than you do, you would know whence such information was obtained. I can assure you the figures are quite correct, for they are got from the returns the railway companies send to the Board of Trade, which you know is one of the departments of our government.

A. If William is surprised at what Richard has just stated, perhaps he will be more surprised when I tell him that this country is not more that 600 miles long, and perhaps from 300 to 400 miles broad, and yet it contains nearly 17,000 miles of railway kines, long enough to make two iron belts or girdles round the entire globe upon which we live.

R. You see, William, the necessity there is for reading. These figures, much as they surprise you, appear in books year after year, and a little diligence would put you in possession of the information. In days gone bye, when our grandfathers were going a journey of fifty or a hundred miles, the distance was considered so great that that they made their wills before venturing away. If they were alive now I wonder what they would think, if told that the mileage traversed by our railways in one year was equal to 210,000,000, or a journey to the sun and back again, with about 30,000,000 of miles to spare.

W. Come, come, you fellows are only trying it on ; you want to see what you can make me believe. But I must have it on betterauthority than your simple word before I'll credit it all. Why it seems to me that it would take all the money there is in the world to accomplish all the great things you state. And yet you leave out all the railways in France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, and other European countries, besides those in America, Asia, and Australia.

A. And such is true. The railways in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland alone have cost  $\pounds 650,000,000$  sterling, and they yield in profit to the shareholders as dividends about  $\pounds 27,000,000$  per annum.

W. The more you tell me the more I am staggered. I'll believe what you say when I read it for myself.

T. That's right, William, begin to read,

and then I've hope of you. Just let me tell you as a fact, which you can believe or not, as you see fit, for your belief or doubt won't affect the fact, that in the United Kingdom there are 12,500 locomotive engines or equal to one to every mile and quarter of line that has been laid down, and there are 400,000 railway carriages, trucks, and wagons. That is a very large quantity, and if they could be put into one unbroken train they would reach from London to Inverness in the north of Scotland and back again ! What do you think of that ?

R. Oh, let him read if he doubts our word. We've no interest in telling him things that are not true. Read, William, read, and don't depend on second-hand information. Books are open to you just as much to us. Open them and study their contents, and the more you do so the greater will be your surprise, that you are surrounded by so much that is wonderful. Shakespeare said, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in our philosophy," and depend upon it there are things going on around us which we do not see, or, if we see them, do not fully comprehend them.

A. There's one subject I should like us to have talked about, and that is, to see if we could suggest anything that would give profitable employment to people who travel by rail. What an enormous lot of time must be wasted by the 500,000,000 who travel every year.

R. Well, you know, it's not everybody who travels who wastes the time; for instance a barrister can study his brief; a minister his next Sunday's sermon; a politician his political address, and so on; still there are only a comparatively few, the bulk of travellers only waste the time.

W. I saw an old lady busily at work one time knitting a stocking. She kept her fingers at work, and yet she could talk to her fellow passengers, and enjoy the scenery as the train passed along through the country.

T. That was a simple and yet useful way of passing the time; but men could not knit stockings, that's woman's work.

A. True, but there might be some equally easy occupation that men could engage in. I have read somewhere that 200,000,000 hours are wasted yearly in railway trains. If that time

could be profitably employed, and the remuneration received was at the rate of a labourer's wages, say sixpence per hour, it would yield  $\pounds 5,000,000$  sterling, and that's worth considering.

W. I have heard of sailors passing their spare time when at sea in doing needlework. They were not ashamed of being laughed at. It only needs some few people to set an example, and the rest would follow in course of time. As Alfred suggested this subject, I shall expect next time I see him travelling by rail, having with him his needles and wool; it surely would be worth sixpence an hour.

R. The question is no doubt a good one one to be thought over at leisure. If we discuss it now we may only add to the national waste of precious time, so we had better separate. William, don't forget your resolution to read. There will open up to you a new world, if you "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

### MOTTOES IN RHYME.

BY CHARLES ALLOWAY.

Sign the pledge and keep it ! Many thousands die through drink ! Who sow ill-health, will reap it !

Think before you drink ! Temptation's always handy ! Sober boys make sober men ! Beware of beer and brandy !

Dash the liquor down ! God's gift to man is water ! Make others happy when you can ! Bad drinks are gin and porter !

Battle with the bottle ! Strong drink should be a stranger ! God's blessing on the Band of Hope ! King Alcohol's in danger !

### CHOOSE THE NARROW PATH.

BY C. F.

ITTLE children, you are travelling, Though the pace to you seems slow, Swiftly going on a journey,

And the way you may not know.

Every birthday is a mile-stone, Marking off the road that's past; On you hurry to the next one,

Never knowing which is last.

Time is ever hastening onward, There's a broad and narrow way;

One will lead to death and suffering, The other straight to endless day.

Choose the narrow one, dear children, Jesus died that way to make,

And God loves you all so dearly, Loves you for His dear Son's sake.

Little hands, the thorns will prick them, Older feet the briars have torn,

Christ is waiting, do not heed them, Trust His love and hurry on.

Little children, there are many Travelling on a cheerless road, Not one thing to cheer the mile-stones, For they chose the path that's broad.

Little children, do not linger, There is danger in delay, While the light of youth shines round you, Choose ye now the narrow way.

-The Christian Colonist.

### NOTICES.

The Little Captain. (National Temperance Publication Depôt, Strand, London.) A deeply pathetic story, showing how misery, degradation and crime are brought on by the accursed drink. It onght to have a large sale.

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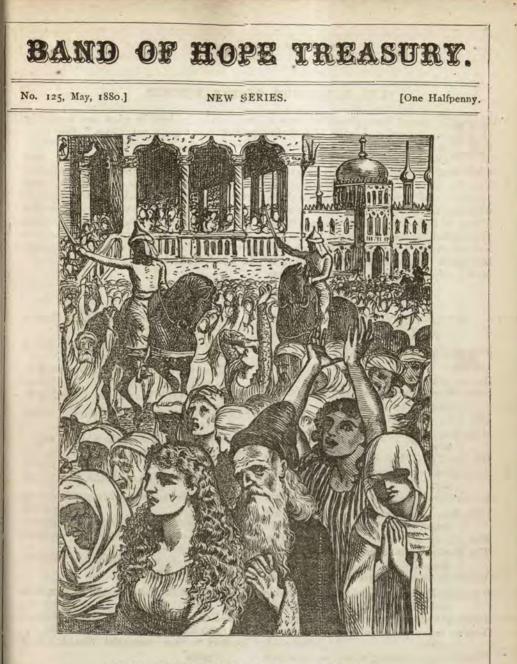
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THE PROCESSION OF THE WITCHES.

### THE PROCESSION OF THE WITCHES.

HE artist has represented here a scene connected with one of the grossest superstitions. There are still some ignorant people who think that some of their neighbours can alter the laws by which God governs the universe, and torment and torture those who may have offended them. Once upon a time, if a child fell ill, it was said to be "bewitched," and some poor old woman was accused of attempting to kill it by charms and spells. Now, if such an accusation is made, people laugh at the folly of those

### MY LOVE TO THE WORLD. BY SARAH LOUISA MOORE.

"INTY love to the World," said a sweet little child, [dow, and smiled. little child, [dow, and smiled. As she peered through her chamber win-"The World should be happy, so full of good things, [brings. But love, after all, the most happiness " My love, then, dear World, I give to you [brow ! now. Oh, that I could kiss all the care from your For riches bring cares, I have heard papa say. I wish a good fairy could take them away. "My love is not much, for I'm only just [from heaven ! seven. But, oh, my dear World, love comes down The Saviour, you know, loved you better [down to die. than I. When, to show His great love, He came "I'm afraid you've a great deal of trouble [dull rain. and pain; I thought so, just now, as I watched the You've many poor children without any [often said. bread. 'And things growing worse,' as mamma's

who make it; but in what are foolishly called the "good old times" the supposed witches were often hung, or burnt to death. Look again at the picture, and you will see a procession of supposed witches, young maidens and venerable women, who are being taken to the place of execution—there to be murdered in the name of justice for the imaginary crime of witchcraft. Let us be thankful for the greater wisdom on this matter of the age in which we live.

- "And then there's the war (which I don't understand),
- But I know it means fighting in some foreign land.
- 'Tis dreadful to think of ! (papa says so too) [you!
- And surely, dear World, 'tis a trouble to
- "Do you know that I pray for you every day?
- 'Tis only a very few words which I say,

But I shut my eyes close and clasp my hands tight, [each night.

And beg Jesus to bless all the dear world

- "Don't you sometimes, when you feel very sad, [quite glad,
- Sigh for the time, till your heart grows When the Lord from all eyes will the tears
- wipe away,
- And with His own comfort your sorrow will stay?
- "'Tis a beautiful thought, and I know it is true. [for you;
- And I'm sure it was written on purpose So try to be happy, and long as I live
- My love to thee, beautiful World, I will give."

### FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE.

BY UNCLE JOHN. TUNE—" Meet me at the Fountain." (See "Band of Hope Treasury," March, 1878.)

 ye who proclaim glad tidings Of a risen Saviour's love,
 By dying for little children; Go, seek them for heaven above.
 There are thousands being trainèd To drink, to smoke, and to swear;

Let not a drinking example, With your precepts interefere.

Chorus.

O then, for their sakes abstaining, Try some dear children to win,

And from the snares of intemperance, Go, gather the children in.

Ye who at school some dear ones teach The truths of God's sacred Book,

Do not forget to tell them ne'er On the drunkard's drink to look.

There are thousands being taught daily The drunkard's brawling and song;

In the licensed houses learning Lessons that will lead them wrong.

O then, for their sakes, &c. And, ye parents, mind home lessons,

For children will imitate,

And if you use the drunkard's drink, They will of the same partake.

There are thousands led to ruin,

By home example alone,

Then banish drink from the household, Lest you mourn some darling one. O then, for their sakes, &c.

Let one and all for example, Abstain for the children's sake,

And ne'er again of the drunkard's drink, At home or abroad partake :---

Lest in the day of God's reck'ning, When the last great trump shall sound, At your hand they may be required,

And you may be guilty found. O then, for their sakes, &c.

### TO ALCOHOL.

BY G. H. WOODCHESTER.

ENCE demon, hence ! I'll have no more of thee !

Too often has thy spell enchanted me;

Too oft have I been conquered by the wiles, Nor saw the hell that lurked beneath thy smiles:

I'll own that thou hast fascinating powers, So had the serpent in fair Eden's bowers; But his temptation gave to sorrow birth,

And thou'rt of him, thou greatest curse on earth.

Hence, demon, hence ! for when again I sup, [cup.

Water, not wine, shall fill the sparkling

Hence, demon, hence ! he who temptation flies,

Rather than brave its power, is truly wise; I would not taste again for wealth untold, The ruby wine, e'en though the cup was gold.

May I be shielded from the demon's power, By heavenly aid in dire temptation's hour; May strong resolve surround me like a hedge,

And I will bless the hour I took the pledge. Hence, demon, hence ! I ne'er again will sup, [cup.

Though Jove's ambrosial nectar fills the

### "MISCHIEVOUS JOE."

### BY E. A. HUTSON.

Both great and small. His books to spoil How hard he'll toil; And oft to play He'll run away, His lesson left For other day.

At top or kite He'll play with might; Nor does he think How soon the brink Of danger's gained, Till he's constrained By word and rod, The path he trod To turn him back, To learning's track; Where searching for True wisdom's lore, He there may find Food for the mind.

Awhile he'll work Hard as a Turk, But let a fly Come buzzing by, And off goes Joe On stealthy toe, And leaves to fate Both book and slate. Oh ! foolish Joe ! To idle so. Some day you'll rue What now you do, Unless you great Improvement make.

### A TALK WITH A RUM BOTTLE. BY G. W. BURNHAM.

"COME, now, let us reason together." That's what I read in the Book today; and that was not all—"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Somehow I feel that that was meant for me; so come now, old friend, let you and I reason together.

You and I have kept company for a long while. When we first became acquainted I was young and happy. I was called a fine looking young fellow. I was always well dressed, enjoyed the confidence of the community, and was prosperous in

business. The love of one of the sweetest women that ever graced the home of mortal was mine. A darling boy played about the house, or watched with loving earnestness for "papa to come home," whose golden curls rivalled the sunbeams in their beauty, with the beautiful deep blue eyes of his mother, and voice as sweet as robin's note.

You crossed my path. In an evil hour I yielded to your seductions. I was fascinated by your enchantments. Often I neglected my loving wife and darling child for your company. Sometimes, when, with tender pleadings, my wife would urge me to break your acquaintance, I have felt ashamed of myself and resolved to do so; but somehow we'd meet again, and again I would be captivated by you.

At last I came to love you better even than her whom I had sworn to love and cherish while life lasted. I loved you, alas ! too well. The more I loved you the worse You robbed me-aye, you treated me. more-in robbing me you robbed others You robbed the community of a also. good citizen, and an honest, sober, business man. You robbed my once happy home of its happiness and comforts. You robbed my wife and child of their food and clothing, and not content with that, you MURDERED THEM BOTH! You robbed me of my friends. You robbed me of my clothing. You robbed me of my peace, and of my manhood. You robbed me of my health, and made me the trembling wreck that I now am. You robbed me of my wife and child, who were as dear to me as my own heart, till you enchanted me with your satanic seductions !

But now the scales are fallen from my eyes; and now I can see you in all your HORBID DEFORMITY. Here you and I part company. I have found a friend who is able to keep me from your power. I will walk with HIM, and once more I'll be a man.

### SONG OF THE HOUSE-FLY. BY THOMAS RUSSELL. Chorus-

What a gay, happy fellow am I, Says the fly;

What a jolly bright fellow am I; I live at my ease,

And do as I please,

And I never go hungry nor dry, Says the fly,

I never go hungry nor dry.

LL people provide me with butter and bread,

And dainties the sweetest and best;

- Wherever the banquet or board may be spread,
- I'm always the earliest guest. [grace, I'm first in my place, and I never wait
- But into all dishes I dip;
- I wish but to test which of all is the best, And then of the choicest I sip.
- But soon I get frisky, and skip on the wing,

And pay for the good things I eat,

As flying around in their ears I will sing, A song so delightful and sweet.

Though little am I, none can say I am shy, As I kiss all the guests on the cheek ;

The old and the young, though they hear not my tongue,

What more should I say could I speak.

A brisk little lad who got suddenly sad, Put his hand in the form of a scoop,

And pulling along o'er the table like mad, He caught the poor fly in a swoop.

- He opened his hand in a sly kind of way, And holding the fly by the wing—
- "You call that a song! Let us hear how you pray, [sing.

You have sung the last song you shall

You make rather free with the things that you see, [feast,

One would think you were lord of the Though only a stranger and pauper you be;

Why you ought to be civil at least.

You buzz all about in each ear with a shout,

Till you rouse us to anger and strife,

So now you await on your untimely fate, The reward of a plundering life."

-Otago Witness.

### THE BEST GIFT.

ROUND the cradle that thy childhood bare [pitying eyes, Came God's own angels, with their

And gazed upon thee in a still surprise To see beyond heaven's portals aught so

fair. [gave to thee They brought thee precious gifts. One The gift of beauty for thy body's grace,

Deep-smiling eyes to light a dreamy face, And perfect limbs as young Apollo's be.

And set the crown of genius on thy head, And one bestowed a heart like woman's own, [breath.

And said, "I give thee everything in one. [me Death.

- "So shalt thou never tread the weary ways
  - That lead men up the dusty slopes of Nor feel the fierceness of the noonday strife,

Knowing alone the morning of thy days.

For thee the dew shall linger on the flower; The light that never was on land or sea

Shall have no momentary gleam for thee, But brighten into love's immortal hour.

Thy beauty's grace shall never know decay.

Nor Sorrow lay her hand upon thy heart;

Neither shall chill mistrust thy spirit slay, But like a star thy life shall pass away,

Its light still shining, though itself depart,

Until all stars are lost in one eternal day." —Harper's New Monthly.

Strong as the sea, and trembling at a Last, a veiled figure bent above the bed.

In heaven I am named Love; men call





### THE RED NOSE.

### A HUMOROUS DIALOGUE FOR THREE.

BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," ETC., ETC.

CHARACTERS:

ARTHUR—A seedy-looking gentleman, with a large, red nose. JERRY—A plain-spoken countryman, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, knee-breeches, and leaning on a stout walking stick. Boy—A member of the Band of Hope, carrying pledge book.

(Enter Arthur, his hands in his pockets, and his hat at the back of his head. On reaching the centre of the platform he pauses, passes his right hand across his brow, and soliloquises thus :--)

T'S no use a fellow trying to make headway; here I've been struggling and working and scheming for the last dozen years, and I'm about as

well off as when I started. Nay, I'm worse, for I owe money here and there and everywhere, and I see no chance of paying my debts. The fact is I'm an unlucky ne'er-do-weel. Some folks can get on—it seems no trouble to them. Everything they put their hands to prospers. And some of them are perfect noodles, too. That's what I can't understand. It makes me wild to think that an ignorant clodhopper should be so lucky while an intelligent man like myself should gradually sink lower and lower. I can't understand it at all. I'm—

Jerry (who has entered while Arthur has been talking.) What's that thou cannot understand, lad? Thou shouldn't talk so loud to thyself, and let everybody hear thy troubles.

A. Why, Jerry, I'll just put the matter plain that puzzles me. How is it that an uneducated man like you have succeeded in business, and are, I suppose, worth your thousands, while a person of education like me am always in debt and difficulties? Come, now, how do you account for it?

J. (putting his head on one side, and looking at Arthur in a knowing manner.) Well, well, it wouldn't tak' a very clever chap to answer that question, my lad. Mun I tell thee plain?

A. Certainly, I want you to speak

out. Let's hear the truth, if you can give it.

J. Thou wants to know why thou hasn't succeeded, seeing thou art such a clever chap, eh?

A. Certainly, that's just it.

J. Well, now, if thou'll just go home and look in th' glass—I mean th' lookingglass—and pay particular attention to the colour of thy nose, I think that will account for all *thy* failures, at any rate.

A. Come, come, Jerry, you are too personal; that's what I call insult.

J. Well, thou can call it what thou likes, my lad; but I say thy nose will tell thee why thou hasn't succeeded in business, and why thou art in debt. A chap's nose isn't a bad business gauge, I can tell thee.

A. Tut, nonsense; a person cannot help his nose.

J. Yes, he can. God didn't make thy nose the same colour as it is now, nor yet did He make it as big. It's too big and too red, my lad, and it's cost a lot to train it up to its present condition.

A. You are an old—well, I'll not call names. But, Jerry, if that's all the answer you can give to my question, you might as well have kept your mouth shut. According to your reasoning, a man with a red nose cannot prosper, and I suppose a man with a white nose is sure to do, eh?

J. Nowt o' th' sort, lad; I didn't say that at all. I know lots o' men as have white noses, and little noses too, but they never will prosper, because they are short

o' brains. Now, my lad, it's different wi' thee. I've known thee for many a year, and I know there's not a man in a' England, Scotland, or Ireland as could do better than thou could—that is if thou wasn't so fond o' sitting in th' bar-parlour, smoking a long pipe, and drinking whisky.

A. (indignantly.) Who told you I was fond of such things?

J. Gently, gently, my lad! Who told me? Why, I say again, that nose o' thine says as plain as a nose can speak, "The owner hereof has drunk as much whisky as 'ould scald a pig." I pity thy nose, for it has to suffer innocently.

A. (stepping aside and waving his hand.) Good day, Jerry. I might have expected such remarks from an ignoramus like you. I hope when we again meet you will have learnt better manners.

J. Aye, I hope so, too. But, lad, thou may be vexed as thou likes at old Jerry. but what he says is true. See, look here; I've been told a score o' times that thou has been seen coming out o' th' "Brittannia" late at night, with thy hat cocked a one side, and thy legs none so steady; and when I've heard I've said, "Poor lad, he's none going th' way his good owd mother would have him go. Such carryings on are sure to end in debt and disgrace, and happen ruin." Does thou think if I'd gone a spending my brass at th' public-house I should ha' been as well off as I am to-day? No, no; I should ha' been like thee, in debt and difficulties. I tell thee, lad, and thou knows it's true, when a man drinks he not only wastes his brass, but unfits hissel for business. A clear head, a stout heart, and a steady walk are necessary for every man in these days if he wants to rise i' th' world. And if thou had only kept off drink thou'd ha' been a great deal richer than I am, for thou art a great deal cleverer in every way.

A. Perhaps you are right, Jerry !

J. To be sure I'm right. It doesn't tak' a professor to tell that much. And it's no use thee denying that drink has been th' cause o' thy failures. Give it up, lad, give it up; and then old Jerry's word for it, thou'll soon be out o' debt, and out o' danger, and there'll be some chance o' thy nose coming back to its proper colour and shape.

A. I shall feel ashamed of my nose after this, Jerry, and shall fancy everybody is looking at it.

J. And so should I be ashamed o' such a nose as thine—though the nose can't help it. If thou'll sign the pledge, and tak' to drinking water, as I do, thou'll not need to be ashamed o' it long. Bah, I haven't patience wi' men who spend their own and other folks' money in a bar-parlour, and then go whining about, saying they are unlucky, and all that sort o' nonsense. Good day, lad! Tak' owd Jerry's advice, if thou wants to prosper.

A. Good day, Jerry. (Jerry hobbles away.) Well, old Jerry is a bit blunt, but there's truth in his words. I've been my own enemy, and have no one to blame for my misfortune but myself. How many scores of pounds have I wasted on drink! I dare not think of it. And as old Jerry says (feels at his nose) my nose tells the tale pretty plainly. Well, I'll mend my ways, and I hope my nose too! Who's got a pledge, I wonder? (Here one of the Band of Hope boys steps forward with a pledge and pen and ink.)

Boy. Here you are, sir !

A. Ah, my lad, have you been listening to me?

B. Yes, sir; we are always on the look-out for those who wish to become tectotal. There's the pledge, sir; sign your name, and then we shall be glad to have you as a member of our society.

A. What society is that, my boy?

B. The Band of Hope Society. Come, sir, put down your name.

A. I will, my boy, I will. Here goes! (Here the Band of Hope Boys give three cheers while Arthur signs the pledge.) FINALE.

### BE INDUSTRIOUS.

OHERE is full enough to do-Enough for me, enough for you; Don't be lazy : Drive at something; keep a driving, If you would be rich and thriving.

Do not sit and suck your thumbs, Waiting till some business comes; Don't be lazy :

Who will pity when you sputter, Lying idly in the gutter?

There's a garden to be dug, There's a cistern needs a plug; Don't be lazy.

You can plant, or you can harrow, Pull a truck, or wheel a barrow.

Stir about, and you will find Something that will suit your mind; Don't be lazy : 'Tis a truth that's worth your knowing-Idleness is always growing.

Labour-labour, and be wise-Labour, for the earth and skies;

Don't be lazy : Work to bless, restore, and save; Work to triumph o'er the grave.

### MAN OF TOIL.

BY J. C. PRINCE.

AN of toil! wouldst thou be free? Lend thine ear to Reason's call; There's folly in the drunkard's glee-

There's madness in the midnight brawl; The ribald jest, the vulgar song,

May give a keener sting to care;

The riot of a reckless throng

May lead to ruin and despair: Let Truth unloose thy fettered soul,-There is no freedom in the bowl.

Man of toil! wouldst thou be wise? The paths of moral light explore;

Pierce the human heart's disguise, And track its motives to the core;

Creation's boundless beauties scan.

Observe its wonders-search its laws; Look on the vast harmonious plan,

And learn to love the Eternal cause: Let Truth illume thy darkened soul,-There is no wisdom in the bowl.

Man of toil! wouldst thou be blest? Give thy purest feelings play;

Bring all that's noble to thy breast,-Let all that's worthless flee away.

Let generous deeds bid sorrow cease,

Let gentlest words thy live employ; Scatter the seeds of love and peace,

And reap a harvest full of joy : Let Truth make glad thy heart and soul,-There are no blessings in the bowl.

### LINES FROM COWPER.

THE Excise is fattened with the rich result

Of all this riot; and ten thousand casks, For ever dribbling out their base contents, Touched by the Midas fingers of the State, Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.

Drink and be mad, then; 'tis your country bids!

Gloriously drunk, obey the important call! Her cause demands the assistance of your throats-

Ye all can swallow, and she asks no more.

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### FISHING.

Q

ERCY SMITH is pleased now and then to have an hour or two for fishing, and as he has no lessons to learn, and no copies to write

this bright sunny day, he has gone to the small stream which runs near to his happy home, where he is plying his rod with, I fear, but indifferent success. After some time spent in whipping the water, his sister Gertrude joined him, and is as anxious as her brother that they shall have something to show Mamma as the result of their labours. The bottle, I fancy, will be no heavier on its return, than when Percy set out with it, and the children will regret their bad fortune. No doubt the little fishes will be happier in their own pool than in the narrow limits to which they would have been consigned had they been caught; and if the children would only think for a minute or two they would be glad the fishes are still darting about in their own element, with a probability of many enjoyable days before them.

### THE LANDLORD'S GOOSE.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

**T** HAVE a tale, a funny tale, List, Moderate Drinkers all, Drunkards and Little-drop men too, Wine-bibbers great and small.

Poor Josey Brown, a noble youth, Was his fond parents' pride; But ere he reached to man's estate 'Twere better he had died.

To strong-drink he became a prey; First by example taught

By those who should have better known, And Josey's welfare sought.

Two Christian men—or passed as such— Worked in the same employ,

Who daily had the drunkard's drink, Fetched for them by the boy.

And he, poor lad, must take a drop, Although he first refused;

But if he did not as they did, He simply got abused.

So time passed by; he grew a man, And had a family;

But all his cash was spent in drink-He lived in poverty. Through drunkenness he lost his work, No one would him engage, Unless when sober, some odd jobs He'd get for paltry wage:

But sad to tell, to other means He sometimes would resort, To get the money to buy drink, At least, so said report.

But once we know he sadly fell, And humbled too was he— Became the sport of Boniface,

Who served him cruelly.

'Twas on a cold and dreary night That Josey left his home,

And sought the landlord's bright fireside Because at home he'd none.

And Christmastide was drawing nigh-That time of joy and peace,

When angels sang a Saviour born, Goodwill should never cease.

Josey had from the landlord earned A shilling on that day,

And having now received the same, To spend it he did stay.

While sitting there, a servant brought Some butter from the store—

And soon she added more.	"Oh, no!" sa My wife wi
'Twas long ago since Josey saw Fresh butter such as that !	The butter, m He now felt
For at his home 'twas salt and poor, But often rancid fat!	"You wanted "A pretty l
He longed to taste it once again, And thought a single pound,	There's no goo So why suc
If he should take it on the sly, Would not be wanting found.	"You'll take a Another gla
The thought was father to the deed ; One pound he took away,	You like the b No such wa
And put it in his hat, but soon He rued it bitterly.	He kept his vi A second gl
The landlord saw him from the bar, Joe thought the act unseen; And Boniface resolved that he	But Joe had le And begged
Should pay for acts so mean.	"I've had enor While fast t
Then coming to the kitchen door, To Joe he kindly spoke— Invited him into the bar !	Dripping adov He looked a
Determined on a joke. "Sit down, old friend," he said with glee,	"Enough!" the "We'll baste
"Here, by the warm fireside; The night is cold, and something warm I quickly will provide."	Butter makes Joe glanced
Suiting the action to the word, He placed Joe by the fire, With brandy-grog, all smoking hot,	"You cannot g Is fully dres You'll stop to I'll treat you
Which made poor Joe perspire. He poked the fire most vigorously,	"A friend, inde
And put more coals thereon : This fire will roast a goose !" said he; From Joe escaped a groan.	"You've bee "Twas curséd.d You've used
Drinking the fatal liquid down, He burnt his lips and throat;	"'Twas drink t You've puni
Poor Josey vainly sought.	I'll never drink Before high
Sit down, my friend," the landlord cried, "We're going to baste a goose !	"You've had m For drink yo
You cannot well refuse!"	And now you'v My crime I'v
the set of the set	
	and the second s

"Oh, no!" said Joe, "I cannot stop, My wife will want me home!" The butter, melting on his head, He now felt trickling down!

"You wanted home !" jeered Boniface, "A pretty home indeed !

There's no goose there, nor fire, old boy, So why such anxious speed ?

"You'll take another *pound*—just one? Another glass, I mean !

You like the *butter*?—no, the grog— No such was ever seen !"

He kept his victim by the fire; A second glass prepared; But Joe had lost his appetite— And begged he might be spared.

"I've had enough to-night," he said, While fast the butter ran,

"Enough!" the landlord, laughing, said, "We'll baste the goose yet more; Butter makes excellent dripping, Joe!"

Joe glanced towards the door.

"You cannot go until the goose Is fully dressed, and then

You'll stop to supper, Joe ! you know I'll treat you as a friend !"

"A friend, indeed!" poor Joe exclaimed, "You've been my enemy;

"'Twas drink that led me to the crime-You've punished me severe;

I'll never drink another drop, Before high heaven I swear!

"You've had my earnings day by day, For drink your hands supplied; And now you've laughed and jeered for My crime I've not denied." [this,

Dripping adown his face and clothes— He looked a wretched man !

<sup>&#</sup>x27;Twas curséd.drink that brought me here, You've used me cruelly.

- "Go!" said the landlord, "basted goose! I want no drunkard here
- To steal my butter—go, I say-Nor here again appear !"
- "'Twas such as you that led me on To this," poor Josey cried; Yon'ye took the money that I earned,

Which I my wife denied !"

Poor Josey sought his wretched home, Humbled and filled with grief, He thought how drink had lured him on, Till now—he was a thief!

And in the darkness of his room He prayed to be forgiven; And there resolved no more to drink, And pleaded help from heaven.

He kept his vow; and soon became Respected as of yore; His home and family were blest, And wanted bread no more.

And best of all, he sought the Lord, His sins were all forgiven; And now he lives a life of peace, With happy hope of heaven.

May drinkers all a warning take By Josey's fall, and shun The houses where *such geese* are made, And plucked, and often "done."

Gay feathers, which the drink supplies, No drunkard's children wear;

The landlord's daughter, or his wife, In these betimes appear.

Though friendly oft the landlords seem, As Joe found to his cost, 'Tis but a ruse to gain an end, Or some poor goose to roast.

Shun every place with gaudy sign In which they drunkards make; Or, like poor Josey, you may rue One sad and frail mistake. Perhaps be basted like a goose, As 'tis by landlords termed;

And so be humbled, jeered, and plucked, Before you are reformed.

Wait not for such a sad mishap; From dang'rous drink abstain;

Buy your own goose, and baste it too;-The moral here is plain.

### LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

### THE WAY OF THE RIGHTEOUS. ,

"But the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."—PROV. iv. 18.

text young Friends.—This is a beautiful text. Let us look for a few moments at some of the words it contains.

"Path." You know what a path is. You know that when you go through the fields there is very often a path to walk on, and a path means a way. You know, too, the way to the school or to such and such a place. "Just." This means, of course, the good; those who serve the Lord, and love Him, and have an inward experience that they are the children of God. They thus shine, and show to the world that they belong to Jesus. You know that Jesus has told us to let our light so shine before men. Thus, you see that the way of the righteous shines more and more unto the perfect day. Find out these texts : John v. 35; Acts iv. 13; vi. 15; Exodus xxxiv. 29; John viii. 12.

I hope you will let your light shine; that you will, by the help of Jesus, use your talents and influence for good. You cannot do so properly until Jesus has made you His. Your sins must be taken away, and you must feel you are pardoned. I

trust you will think over this text of Scripture which I have taken this month for my address.

> "God of my life, be near; On Thee my hopes I cast; O guide me through the desert here, And bring me home at last."

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

### DON'T SELL MY FATHER RUM.

BY MRS. NELLIE H. BRADLEY.

ON'T sell him another drink, please ; He's reeling already, you see, And I fear, when he comes home to-night,

He'll beat my poor mother and me. She's waiting in darkness and cold,

And dreading to hear him come; He treats us so bad when he's drunk, Oh ! don't sell him any more rum.

I heard mother praying last night, She thought I was quite sound asleep;

She prayed God her husband to save, His soul from temptation to keep.

She cried like her poor heart would break; So trying to comfort her some,

I told her I'd beg you to-day Not to sell father any more rum.

Why don't you have something to sell That will not make people so sad;

That will not make dear mothers grieve, And kind fathers cruel and bad?

Ah me! it is hard; and I see You're angry because I have come;

Forgive a poor, sad little girl, And don't sell her dear father rum !

### ONLY!

T was only a little blossom, Just the merest bit of bloom; But it brought a glimpse of summer To the little darkened room. It was only a glad "good morning," As she passed along the way; But it spread the morning's glory Over the livelong day.

Only a song, but the music, Though simply pure and sweet, Brought back to better pathways The reckless roving feet.

Only! In our blind wisdom How dare we say it at all? Since the ages alone can tell us, Which is the great and small. *Chicago "Advance.*"

### LIZZIE THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

• H! fierce are the winds of the winter, And cruel and sharp the sleet, As it falls on the face of Lizzie,

And pierces her bare, cold feet,

As forth she goes, through the winter snows,

Over the frozen street,

Down to the low, foul beer-shop; And she pauses, and enters here.

"There is a coin—our last, sir, And I'll take it all in beer.

Pa said I must, though we've never a crust, And mamma will die, I fear.

"And hurry, oh ! please, sir, hurry ! For papa is wild to-day;

And he threatened to beat and whip me, If I lingered upon the way.

This coin is the *last*—but hurry fast, And fill up my can, I pray."

Then into the street she hurries, With her dark eyes wide with fear; And I know in the eyes of the angels,

In heaven there shines a tear.

Ay, they weep, I know, for the child below, Who carries her can of beer.

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY.

By permission from The Standard Book of Song, published at the National Temperance Publication Depot, 337, Strand, London.

The Best of all Liquids. T. WARR. . . --A old - en time, And liv'd in sic - et who sang in the clas po a 2 0 10 1 2 1 A B P 0 2 V De-clares ful flowing rhyme, That the best of all his quar - ter, in beau-ti -. 0 He hon -our'd the land wherehe lov'd to dwell, And li-quids is wa ter! 0 æ 0 . 1 0 2 5 0 2 2 2 But he the most good when he - ny fine things he taught her, did ma 20 0 10 0 0 0 0 -011 --1 2 li is quids tell, That the best of all ter. to wa wrote an a 10.0 -0 0 Ø 3

### THE BEST OF ALL LIQUIDS.

KEY Eb.	T. WARR.
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A po - et who sang in the	old - en time, And lived in a clas - sic
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b: b: b! b!b: b  b:)	$ 1_1 := :1_1  s_1 := :s_1  d :d :d  m :=.r:d$
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{ loved to dwell, And many	fine things he taught her; But he did the most :s $ 1:-:1 $ $1:-:-$  se:-:1.d! d! :d!:d!
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good when he wrote to tell,	That the best of all li-quids is wa - ter.
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 2 Other bards may have sung in the praise of And its sparkling be echoed by sages While oft anon doth its praises shine, In both ancient and classic pages;
 3 It keeps the head clear, and it keeps it cool, It is good for both son and daughter;
 6 Of health and of strength it's the golden rule, That the best of all liquids is water ! wine, And its sparkling be echoed by sages While oft anon doth its praises shine, In both ancient and classic pages; But a laurel we'll wreathe for the poet's brow, Who risked fame tho' he wooed and sought

her; At the shrine of his genius and truth we'll Who sang in the praise of pure water.

cause.

Nor your tectotal principles barter ; But say without doubting, or fearing, or pause, The best of all liquids is water.

### ABSTINENCE.

A DIALOGUE FOR TWO. BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

Edwin.

ELL, Charles, my boy, I'm told you've become a teetotaler. Is it so?

*Charles.* Whoever told you that certainly cannot be accused of "slander," unless on the principle of "greater the truth greater the libel."

E. So, then, report speaks truly? I can only say I'm sorry you have taken so unwise a step, and hope you may soon see your folly!

C. I should be very ungrateful not to acknowledge your kindly feelings, and appreciate your good-intentioned hopes; but may I be allowed to say your sorrow is not needed, and your hope (D.V.) will never be realized.

E. New converts to any cause are always the most zealous, and proselytes are noted for being the most bigoted; but time tempers furious zeal, and bigotry ultimately has to yield to common sense.

C. Edwin, my boy, let me suggest a little care on your part, or your strong language may lead me to think you are a "new convert" to drink, and if so, an excess of zeal in that direction may lead you to anything but a desirable haven drunkenness.

E. That's not bad as a bit of repartee; but my language is none too strong; in fact, the strongest terms are sadly too weak to express one's abhorrence for those who cannot use the provisions of nature in moderation and without abuse.

C. I agree with what you have just said to some extent, but don't you see you are using strong language, and expressing abhorrence at those who do not abuse "the provisions of nature," as you call it, but who show their moderation by their abstinence. E. "Moderation by abstinence" eh? That's one way of putting it, certainly! But I hold that they who abstain from drink and they who take it to excess are weak alike, for one says, "If I touch it I shall fall," the other shows by his practice that he is its slave.

C. The misconception of a principle leads many good people astray; and I think you don't understand the principles of total abstinence, or you would never talk in the way you do.

E. What are they then?

C. They are founded on the teaching of the Bible and the example of our Saviour, and may briefly be summed up in two words, "self-sacrifice," or "selfdenial."

E. If you could show me that the Bible enjoined abstinence from drink you will do what I've not been able to do.

C. The Bible deals with fundamental principles, and does not often particularize. I know there's no direct commandment, "Thou shalt not drink," but there are numerous warnings and entreaties against it. You know, Edwin, many people are led astray through drink; weak people true (and some strong in every other sense), under these circumstances the Bible lays down a great principle which is expressed by Paul in the eighth chapter of the 1st Corinthians, and amounts to this, that sacrifice becomes a duty if by it a fellow-creature can be benefited.

E. I am prepared to acknowledge that we are all morally bound to carry out our convictions, and even to make a sacrifice to this end; but I fail to see that I or any one else, is bound to give up a luxury or pleasure simply because other people abuse it.

C. I don't know that there is much, if

any, luxury or pleasure in taking drink. To me it is most objectionable, and as unpalatable as any of the nauseous concoctions known by the name of drugs or medicines. The *smell* of some of the drinks that men indulge in is enough to almost make me sick, and if the taste is as offensive as the smell it must be horrid indeed.

E. That only shows a personal weakness. Likes and dislikes are very various. What is food for one class of people would almost be poison to another. You could not live on the food of the Laplander, for instance, and he would not care much about the food you eat. Surroundings and circumstances must be considered.

C. The cases are not parallel. The Laplander lives in a cold and frozen region, and heat producing food is necessary for his existence; hence he eats the food an all-wise Providence has provided, and which is suitable to his case. In the question of drink in this country these peculiar circumstances do not exist. Drink is not essential to existence. It can be done without as well, yea, better, than with, as can be proved by the many thousands of people who do without it, and are as healthy in body, mind, and spirit as those who take it.

E. I don't feel disposed to accept these assertions of yours as correct, simply because you make them. I am not ignorant of the fact that strong partizans can only look at great questions from a one-sided view. They think they have got hold of the truth, and every opposite opinion is incorrect.

C. I don't want you to believe anything I say, simply because I say it. Go to any Life Insurance Company you like, and see who will be taken at the lowest premium,—the drunkard, the moderate drinker, or the total abstainer. It is a rule, I believe, to take the abstainer at a lower rate than those who partake of strong drink even in small quantities.

E. If such is the case, then that would show that temperance, or teetotalism, had an advantage.

C. There are Insurance Societies which take no policies except those of temperance people. I don't know that there is one anywhere which makes it imperative that people should drink. Temperance policies are considered the best; and the healthrate returns show that disease and death make fewer victims from the temperance ranks than from any other.

E. That would go to show, then, that drink creates disease, and disease produces death.

C. That's my argument from the very beginning of our conversation; and I hope you are able now to see the advantage of teetotalism.

E. It no doubt has advantages, but it must have its disadvantages as well.

C. No doubt it may have disadvantages of some sort. It's always a disadvantage to have to oppose a popular custom, even though that custom is a wrong one; people laugh at what they consider *singularities*, and it's not over nice to be laughed at.

E. No, it's not pleasant, certainly; but any one, with truth and right on his side, could surely stand and resist laughter.

C. Men, for truth and right, in the past, have suffered imprisonment, torture, and death, and have endured willingly and patiently, knowing that error must be overcome by truth, and wrong by right. History clearly teaches this, and thus we are encouraged in our social and moral reforms "to labour and to wait," as we feel sure we shall win sooner or later.

E. A very celebrated statesman once said to his political opponents, "Time is on our side : you cannot fight against the future." So I suppose you think time is on your side.

C. I'm sure of it, Edwin! But why did you say "your side?" I would much rather have heard you say "our side."

E. Well, I could say our side, for no one wishes more sincerely than I do to see the progress of temperance and sobriety.

C. Then join those who are seeking to accomplish this object. Give up your prejudices, and never again say you are sorry to hear that your friends are engaged in so noble a work.

E. I understand the temperance question better than I did, and I must confess that it was prejudice that made me speak as I did. I'll try to mend my ways, and seek to give everybody credit for good actions, even though I cannot see eye to eye with them.

WATER LILIES. EHOLD the water lilies, How wonderfully they grow! Unseen, untended, springing In gardens far below, And upward ever yearning To catch the sunny glow. 'Twas God, our Father, planted The tiny seed down there; He gave them life, and watched them With never-ceasing care, And smiled upon their climbing Into the sunlit air. He clothed them with rare beauty, Which 'tis a joy to see,

And bade them in their meekness Whisper to you and me,

"If God so cares for lilies, Will He not care for thee?"

### WATER OR BEER?

DEVOTED minister of the Gospel, whose efforts for the cause of temperance have been much blessed by God, was once dining with a family, when the lady who presided at the table said, "Ah! I do not like your doctrine; you go too far in refusing the good creatures of God."

No notice was taken of the remark by the minister at the time. At length he said, "Pray, madam, can you tell me who made *this*?" holding up a glass of water.

The lady replied, "Why, God, I suppose." "Then," said the minister, "I think you do us an injustice, when you accuse us of refusing the good creatures of God."

Silence again reigned. By and by the minister said, "Madam, pray can you tell me who made *that*?" pointing to a glass of *beer* which the lady had at her side.

"Why, no, sir; I can not exactly say. I suppose the brewer and maltster."

"Then," replied he, "allow me to say there is some apparent inconsistency in your first remark. You prefer taking a thing that man has made, to that which God has so very bountifully provided; and yet accuse me of rejecting God's good creatures, because I prefer water to beer! Let me leave the matter to your more serious consideration."

### NEVER WEARY.

You will have your sure reward. You must ever do your duty In the vineyard of the Lord.

Do not falter; but keep onward To a brighter world above,

Where the angels watch your coming With smiles of welcome and of love.

If you sometimes feel discouraged, "You must keep this thought in view,"

There awaits a crown of glory For the patient and the true.

## EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER. BY S. KNOWLES.

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### WON'T YOU HAVE SOME?

TTTLE ROSIE is standing at the garden gate with her hands full of the pleasant gifts of the summer. She feels within her the happiness of light-hearted childhood, and is especially glad now that the winter winds have become stilled, and the flowers and fruit are all aglow. Rosie does not desire selfish enjoyment, but would share her pleasures with others. Indeed the safest way to be happy in this world is to make others happy. And so, though she is a shy lassie, she stands with her hands full of fruit, and asks some passing wayfarer "Won't you have some?" There are few persons more disagreeable in the world than selfish children. There are few more lovely than unselfish children. Selfishness shews itself in small things as well as in great. Little Rosie, who is willing to give a share of her bright flowers, in the coming years, will be willing to give such help as she can to those who may need substantial assistance as to sympathy and kindness, which is more precious than gold. If children are wise, they will cultivate this spirit. It will make them good men and women.

Э.	UT	IN	THE	COLD	WORLD.
----	----	----	-----	------	--------

UT in the cold world, out in the street, Out in the highways our friends we shall meet,

Some with pinched faces, and some with cold feet.

Lingering and waiting their lost friends to greet.

Open the windows! Open the doors!

And bid them a welcome to home's happy floors :

Treat them so kindly, for do you not know

That kindness will conquer wherever you go?

Out in the winter, out in the snow,

Out to the streets the little ones go,

- Seeking for father, whose children all know
- He is spending his money for drink and for woe.

So young and so tender, so pretty and fair,

Is that little lady with long golden hair; Then bid her a welcome, for do you not

know

That kindness will conquer wherever you go?

Out in the cold rain, out in the sleet,

Out in the bare world with poor naked feet:

Running from gin shop to gin shop to seek A once loving father! so tender and meek; Hark to her pleadings at every door!

List to her breathings, her sad fate deplore!

Then bid her a welcome, for do you not know

That kindness will comfort wherever you go?

Out in the midnight, out in the day,

Wearing that young life in sorrow away, Seeking for father, so far gone astray,

Quaffing the wine cup by night and by day!

Look at her tender frame, drooping and old !

Look at her quivering, so bitterly cold !

Then bid her a welcome, for do you not know

That kindness will solace wherever you go!

Out in the cold world, out in the street, That dear little lady you no more will meet !

For death has now called her with summons so fleet,

With angels in glory, her Saviour to greet! Then seek out the drunkard, and seek him the more,

- For the sake of the dear one that's gone on before !
- Do bid him a welcome, for surely you know
- That kindness will conquer wherever you go! G. H. S.

### FIVE MINUTES MORE TO LIVE.

YOUNG man stood up before a large audience in the most fearful position a human being could be placed. He stood on the platform of the scaffold. The noose had been adjusted around his neck, and in a few moments more he would be in eternity. The sheriff took out his watch, and said.

"If you have anything to say, speak now, as you have but five minutes more to live."

Oh! what awful words for a young man to hear, standing there in full health and vigor. Shall I tell you his message to the youth about him? He burst into tears, and said, with sobbing,

"I have to die! I had only one little brother. He had beautiful blue eyes and flaxen hair; and oh! how I loved him. But one day I got drunk, for the first time in my life. I came home, and found my little brother gathering strawberries in the garden. I got angry with him without cause, and killed him with a blow from a rake. I knew nothing about it until I awoke next day and found myself tied and guarded. They told me, when my little brother was found, his hair was clotted with his blood and brains. Whisky has done it. It has ruined me. I have only one more word to say to the young people before I go to stand in the presence of my Judge. Never, NEVER, NEVER touch any thing that can intoxicate!" As he said these words, he sprang from the box and was in eternity.

Think what one hour's indulgence in drink may do! This youth was not an habitual drunkard. Shun the deadly cup, which steals away your senses before you are aware of it; for you cannot know the dreadful deeds you may commit while under its influence. C. G.

### SEVEN STAGES OF DRUNKEN-NESS.

The following very clever parody appeared in a recent issue of *Public Opinion*, affording another proof (if any were needed) that this is indeed the question of the day:—

IL the world's a "pub."

And all the men and women merely drinkers;

They have their hiccups and their staggerings;

And one man in a day drinks many glasses, His acts being seven stages. At first the gentleman,

Steady and steadfast in his good resolves;

And then the wine and bitters, appetiser, And pining, yearning look, leaving like snail

The comfortable bar. And then the arguments,

Trying like Hercules with wrathful front-

- To refuse one more two-penn'orth. Then the mystified,
- Full of strange thoughts, unheeding good advice,
- Careless of honour, sodden, thick, and gutt'ral,

Seeking the troubled repetition

- Even in the bottle's month ; and then quite jovial,
- In fair good humour while the world swims round,
- With eyes quite misty, while his friends him cut,

- Fall of nice oaths and awful bickerings; And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts Into the stupid, sipping, drunken man
- With "blossoms" on his nose, and blearyeved,
- His shrunken face unshaved, from side to side

He rolls along; and his unmanly voice, Huskier than ever, fails and flies

And leaves him-staggering round. Last - scene of all,

That ends this true and painful history,

Is stupid childishness, and then oblivion-

Sans watch, sans chain, sans coin, sans everything.

### THE DYING DRUNKARD.

- AISE me up gently; there ! Oh! give me a breath of the pure, cold air !
- I am dying at last;

I am going so fast;

But no one will care how soon I am cold.

- They will hurry me under the damp, dark mould,
- And "only a pauper," they'll say as they pass;

"Another poor wretch is buried ; alas!

That all were not lying beneath the sod

Who set at naught the great laws of God."

Bring water, I pray;

I drank nothing else in my childhood's day !

How it ran by our door!

How it leaped on the shore !

- Oh! Why did I drink from the poisoned bowl
- That has wrecked my life and ruined my soul?

That has laid in the grave my lovely wife, And filled my life with bitterest strife !

Why are you here? Can you say me a prayer ?

Do you think I can find forgiveness up there?

What a wretch I have been !

None but God knoweth how great is my sin:

But the bowl I've forsook.

Have you 'mong you a book-

- The Book that tells of the "prodigal son?"
- Ah! the life that God gave me is almost gone;
- The shadows are deepening, my eyes are dim.
- I have heard your prayer and beautiful hymn;
- I may be forgiven-God knows alone-
- I shall trust and hope to behold His throne !

I am going; good-bye!

No one loves me down here. I hope that on high

My pure wife waits for me,

By the great crystal sea.

- She loved me till death, so true was her heart,
- 'Twill be sweet thus to meet her, never to part,
- Where no tempter can come, on a glorified shore.
- My life has been bitter; I'm glad 'tis most o'er:

Your faces look sad; oh! strive ye to save

Some youth from despair and a vile drunkard's grave ?

-Temperance Advocate, W.A.

### THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

WOW the temperance army's marching, Firm and stords is the Firm and steady is their tread; See! the veterans they are leading,

Marching boldly at the head.

Now the temperance army's marching, On to battle now they go;

See! the young men are undaunted, Braver our country ne'er will know.

Now the temperance army's marching, Next the young men come the youths,

Shouting loud, "We'll save the drunkard, And we'll teach him holier truths."

Now the temperance army's marching, With the children in the rear; They're resolved to fight and conquer, And to live in holy fear.

Now the temperance army's marching, See their banners how they wave; Love their motto, Christ their captain, Drunkards they're resolved to save.

Now the temperance army's marching, And will march for evermore, And their triumphs shall be sounded Round the world from shore to shore.

### KIND WORDS.

HAT a world of deep sweetness There is in the tone That comes to us kindly When weary and lone : Enwreathed with the laurel, What rest could we find, If love never cheered us, With words that are kind.

The floating of music, When morning is bright, May fall on the spirit Like droppings of light. For O, they are pleasant— The hymns of the birds; But never, no, never, So sweet as kind words.

I've sat in the shadow Of twilight's short wing, And dreamed about angels And songs that they sing, They're lovely—such visions By fancy combined, But O, how much sweeter Are words that are kind. O thou, who art favoured With fortune and friends, In whose cup of gladness No bitter drop blends; Wherever the tempter Is spreading his snare, Remember, I charge thee, Thy brother is there. And though all degraded, And sinful, and blind, Thou yet may'st redeem him With words that are kind.

### OLD RYE MAKES A SPEECH.

WAS made to be *eaten*, And not to be *drank*; To be thrashed in a barn, Not soaked in a tank.

I come as a blessing When put through a mill; As a blight and a curse When run through a still.

Make me up into *loaves* And your children are fed; But if into *drink*, I will starve them instead.

In bread I'm a servant, The eater shall rule; In drink I am master, The drinker a fool.

Then remember the warning, My strength I'll employ, If eaten, to strengthen; If drank, to destroy.

Edward Carswell.





### JOHN MASON'S RESCUE.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR MALES AND ONE FEMALE.

BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," ETC., ETC.

Enter John Mason, dressed in ragged clothes, dinged hat, and shoes whose soles are held together by twine. Reaching the centre of the platform he pauses, and examining his clothes, delivers himself as follows :--

ELL, I'm in a wretched condition. My garments are bursting through everywhere; my old hat, do what I will, is

getting worse for wear; and as to my shoes, I'm afraid they won't hold together much longer, even with the assistance of twine. As to my linen-the less said about it the better; I keep my coat buttoned round my throat to secure warmth. and to hide the fact that I'm without shirt! Times are bad with me, and no mistake. I haven't a single halfpenny to buy food with-I'm cleared out. But I must have money. Ah, here's a man coming; I'll beg a copper from him. It's the first time I ever begged in my life; but what's a poor fellow to do? He must have food. Now then for it !

(Gentleman approaches; John whines and touches his hat.)

John. Have pity on a poor starving wretch. Haven't tasted food since yesterday morning. Spare a copper, sir, to buy a morsel of bread.

Gentleman. Why don't you work, fellow?

J. Can't get work, sir—no one will engage me; I'm too shabby.

G. Tut, nonsense; I'd break stones by the wayside before I'd beg as you are doing. What's your trade—what can you do?

J. I have no trade, sir !

G. Ah, I see; you don't like work, that's about it. Well, my man, I don't give my money away to lazy people. I have to work, and if you want bread you must work. (*Passes on.*) J. I'm unlucky. I thought he was going to give me something. The man has no feeling. But I must try again; better luck next time. Ah, here's another gentleman coming. (*Gentleman approaches*.) Please, sir, will you spare a triffe to buy bread. I'm hungry, sir, and haven't a halfpenny, or I wouldn't ask.

G. Don't bother me, fellow, or I'll set the police on you. Do you think I've nothing to do with my money but to throw it away on every lazy, ragged vagabond who accosts me? Off you go!

J. Much obliged, sir; no harm I hope. May you never become poor as I am, nor know what it is to be hungry.

G. I'll attend to that, fellow. Don't try your dodges on me—it won't do. I'm not a fool. (*Passes on.*)

J. I can't stand this sort of treatment. A fine man that to talk to me! He doesn't know me, but I know him, though. He has had many a good dinner at my table, and drunk many a bottle of wine at my expense. What a fool I've been ! I can't bear to think of it. But I must have money, or I shall throw myself into the river. Ah, here's a lady coming -I'll try my luck with her. Surely she will give me a triffe. (Enter tall, stifflooking lady with large umbrella.) Please, ma'am, can you spare a triffe for bread?

Lady (putting her hand to her ear). What is it you want?

J. (loudly) A few coppers, ma'am to buy bread.

L. Oh, it's about ten o'clock—can't tell exactly.

J. Why the lady is deaf; I'll try and

make her hear. (Very loud) I want a few coppers to buy bread.

L. Oh, yes; you must turn down the next street on the right, and when you reach the bottom take the second turning to the left. You'll see the house—a large building—at the bottom.

J. Well, she is deaf, and no mistake; but I'll make her hear and understand. (Opens his mouth, points down his throat and shouts as loud as he can.) I'm hungry, ma'am; can you give me a copper or two?

L. Ah, yes; of course, of course. You will get all information there. Very kind to people, I believe. Good morning. (*Passes on.*)

J. (staring after her.) Well, that's a poser! Bad as I am, I feel inclined to laugh. The old lady thinks I want the poor-house; and no wonder. Ah, me; what shall I do? My head is splitting with pain, and my throat is as dry as an old parchment. Oh, for a few coppers! I'm a poor wretched outcast, with not a friend in the world. But who is to blame for it all? Ah, John Mason, John Mason, you who once held up your head with pride as a successful business man, whose house was the resort of gentlemen of position, whose wife and children were among the happiest of earth's creatures, you, you yourself are alone to blame. You have brought misery on those you loved, have disgraced your friends, have squandered your substance, have sunk to your present wretched condition for what? Oh, I shall go mad ! (Covers his face with his hands, and bursts into tears.) Ah, Carry, Carry, my dear loving wife, how could I treat you as I did ! You tried your best to save me-you pled and wept and prayed-but I was a fool, my darling, mad with drink. And oh, my two sweet children-how have I disgraced you ! Better you should never see me more; better I should die than live. I'm but a

misery to myself, a disgrace to my friends, and a pest to society. I will ramble away down by the river side, and where no eye but God's can see me will throw myself into the water, and thus end a life which might have been the brightest, but is blighted and blasted, and all through yielding myself a slave to DRINK ! (Moves away.)

(Enter an old man, with white hair, dressed as a Quaker. Coming up to John, he lays his hand on his shoulder.)

Quaker. Friend, where art thou going? I have been listening to thy words, and feel compassion for thee.

J. (starting, and looking round). Oh, sir, let me go; leave me to myself!

Q. Nay, friend, that will never do; I will not leave thee to thyself, because thou art hungry and needs comfort. If thou wilt come with me I will give thee food and clothing and shelter, and I will do what I can for thee. My wife will be glad to see thee, and my daughter Deborah will converse with thee, and we will try and get thee into a more cheerful spirit.

J. Oh, sir, I am unworthy of such kindness. Go your way, for I am worthless.

Q. Nay, friend, thou art not worthless. Thou may have done wrong, like the rest of mankind, but thou art still God's child, and I will help thee to thy Father's home again. I love thee much, because thou art a brother, and I will do what I can for thee. Come.

J. Ah, sir, your's are the first kind words I have heard for many a day; but how can I accept your friendship?

Q. Don't trouble thyself at all. Come to my house, and we will try and make thee happy. I know thee, John Mason, and I know thy life. Nay, do not start— I knew thee as a boy. And I know thy good wife and thy little children, and I want to restore thee to them !

J. My Carry and the children ! Q. Yes; they love thee yet. There, come with me, and I will help thee to be a better man. (*Puts his arm within John's.*) J. God bless you, sir ! God bless you ! . [Exit arm in arm.]

### THE USELESS ALE AND BEER MEASURE.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

Who e'er attended steady, Was always foremost in the class, By having lessons ready.

But, ah, alas! one day he failed; His task was not forthcoming; The table that he had to learn He thought was useless summing.

His master said, "How's this, my boy, You have not learned the table?

I've always found you do work well-I know that you are able."

- "Well, sir," the lad, in quick reply, Said, with a deal of pleasure,
- "You see it's of no good to me, To learn ale and beer measure."
- "Why not? my lad," it's to be learnt, As well as all the others;
- The other boys have ne'er refused, Nor yet your elder brothers."
- "But I'm a Band of Hope boy, sir ! My pledge will not allow it;
- I shall not buy or sell strong drink, But ever disavow it.
- "My father says it's of no use For me to trouble 'bout it;
- For he's resolved, and so am I, Do all we can to rout it.
- "Both ale and beer, and brandy too, And all drinks sold by measure, That tend to drunkenness and sin, We look on with displeasure.

"So, if you please, sir, pass it by ! This table so displeasing;

For if I get it in my mind,

It always will be teasing."

- The master pressed the task no more; The lad went on progressing,
- And learning's ladder climbed with ease, The higher staves possessing.
- Now, boys, a lesson learn by this, And girls may also share it,
- If members of the Band of Hope, Stand boldly and declare it.

Denounce strong drink in every form! Be firm ! and ever fearless !

And like the noble boy at school In learning be not careless.

You may not learn a useless thing, Even ale and beer measure; But everything to do you good

Or that will bring you pleasure.

"THE FATAL THREE :" DRESS, THE DANCE, AND THE DRINK.

ONE-gone-gone.

Yet her cheek was once as fair as a rose

Fresh with the dews of the dawn. On a cold hard bed she lies,

As her life ebbs fast away,

- She has chosen the path of sin and shame, She is now their helpless prey,
- And but for the Dress and the Dance and the Drink

She had not been led astray.

Sisters, look at it well,

Is there no lesson for you,

To save the young and the yet unfallen, Is there nothing that you can do? Oh! teach them not to think

By aught that in you they see,

That beauty or pleasure or strength can be In the gift of the fatal three, [shores

Who strew with such pitiful wrecks the Of time and eternity.

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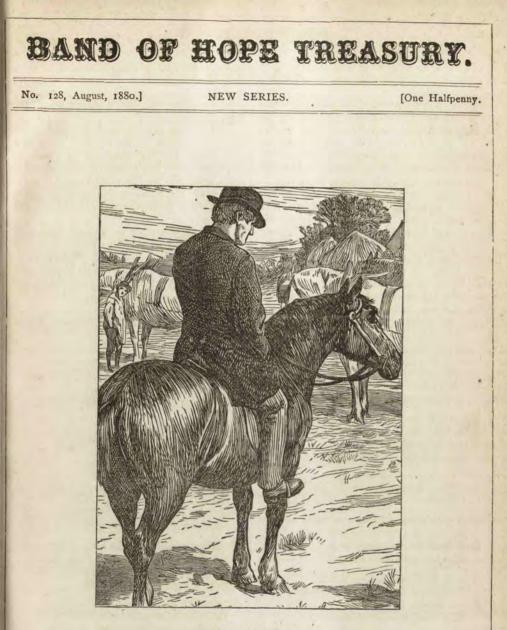
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THE FARM.

### THE FARM.

T is very pleasant to spend a week or two in summer at a Farm-house; to witness the men and horses working in the hay-field, and to hear the merry laugh of the happy youngsters who

are permitted by the Farmer to have an hour or two's play in tossing the grass.

During the hay and corn seasons the master anxiously notes the weather, and earnestly prays, if rain is staying his progress, that the clouds may disperse, and the sun burst forth, so that his large crops may be safely gathered. A farmer's life is by no means unmixed with care. A heavy thunderstorm may sometimes destroy his hopes of a profitable return for the year, and long continued drought may so parch the earth that his crops may be poor, and much below an average.

Happily He who rules all things for the best never fails us in sending sunshine and rain. It may seem to us that we have at times too much of rain and too little sun, but as the seasons roll on, we find that His promise never faileth, and that here or there there is abundance for all.

The horses are an important factor on the farm, and in our illustration this will clearly be seen. We hope both master and men are kind to the dumb beasts, and that the whip is seldom, if ever used, but that they are well fed and not overworked. Kindly treatment will, we are sure, have a beneficial influence both on man and beast.

### SAVE THE GIRL.

A SEQUEL TO "SAVE THE BOY."\* BY UNCLE JOHN.

AISE the Temperance banner high, Let it to the world unfurl, While its motto we descry, Save the girl, save the girl.

CHORUS.

Save the girl! save the girl! From the drink curse save the girl!

Christian mothers! fathers, too! See the serpent round her curl; Oh! the fatal draught forego: Save the girl, save the girl.

Sisters, brothers, lend a hand, Snatch her from the fatal whirl Of the vortex of our land : Save the girl, save the girl.

\* See page 66, present volume. May be sung to the same music. For her sake give up the drink, From your homes the wine-cup hurl; Keep her from temptation's brink : Save the girl, save the girl.

Moderation's customs stay, Urge not fashion's dizzy whirl; Put the little drops away: Save the girl, save the girl.

To the rescue while you may! Act not as a drunken churl, Lest from virtue she should stray: Save the girl, save the girl.

Christian ministers, arise! Now the sacred mandate furl— Drunkards can't to heaven arise: Save the girl, save the girl.

Guide her! guard her! evermore, As a precious, priceless pearl, That for ever must endure : Save the girl, save the girl.

### THE DRUNKARD'S DITTY.

IP, hip, hurra! hip, hip, hurra! I'll spend to-morrow as to-day. Some folks call me a drunken sot, Because I call for t'other pot; Teetotalers curse me book and bell, And tell me I shall go to hell. A fig for all their botheration, Good ale's the glory of a nation; Never let your clay get dry, That's my maxim—so says I, Hip, hip, hurra! hip, hip, hurra! Another pot, just to moisten the clay.

Hip, hip, hurra! hip, hip, hurra! My wife came bothering here to-day. I wonder what business the woman had here,

But I sent her home with a flea in her ear; Says she, you know we've nought to eat, Says I—then go and beg in the street. Do you think I'm going to trouble my

head, Or waste MY money to get YOU bread? None of your nonsense, off you go, I shall be home in an hour or so. Hip, hip, hurra! hip, hip, hurra! Never believe what the women say.

Hip, hip, hurra ! hip, hip, hurra ! What's the matter with me to day ? (hic) Bless us, how funny and queer I feel, Why tables and chairs are dancing a reel. (hic) I don't exactly think all's right, Why, the glasses and jugs are going to

fight. Down they go I do declare !

I'll just have a look where the pieces are.

The drunkard rolls beneath the table; To help himself he is not able. His jovial comrades let him lay, And drink his health with hip, hip, hurra!

### ILLUSTRIOUS ABSTAINERS. BY R. HAMBLY.

AS war its gallant heroes, Crowned in the bloody fight? (Would God 'twere all for justice, True honour, and the right.)

Has science, too, its savants Of gentler school than Mars, Who plongh the great deep's fountains, And grope among the stars?

We point to other heroes, We show men equal wise; Behold the van of Temperance!

Its leaders who arise.

"Illustrious abstainers" From alcohol in drink, Because its direful evils No longer they will blink;

Its sting of deadly sorrow, Its crushing, serpent coils,

Which strew with mangled manhood Our own and kindred soils.

Its shadow on the homestead, Its curse upon the life, Its cruel blows for children, Its horrors for the wife;

Its war against all goodness Of home, or church, or school; Its other name for devil! So man, so God, doth rule.

'Gainst this doth Farrar thunder From heights of thought and prayer,

And Wilberforce the younger, His utmost labours share.

'Neath Gough the platform quivers With horror at the wrong !

And Lawson's keen lance shivers With blow so straight, so strong.

'Gainst this did *Guthrie* witness, And *Father Mathew* preach, Till stricken hearts by thousands Their loving light did reach.

Praise Edward, child of nature, Mourn Havelock the brave, And Goodenough, the sailor, Now in his martyr grave.

Mark Plimsoll in the Senate, A Morley and a Bright,

With Burt, a prince of workmen, And others equal right.

- A Thompson 'mong the doctors, A Richardson and Lees,
- A Wolseley, peerless soldier, A Hayes across the seas;

With thousands equal hearted, And some of equal fame, Who vow against this giant ill To work with might and main.

### LITTLE LECTURES FOR THE YOUNG.

### GAIN SOME.

By Thos. Heath, Jun., S. S. Superintendent, Plymouth.

E should never give up, dear young friends, in anything that is good. We should never get tired while we have health and strength given us. I am glad that so many are here at our Band of Hope Meeting. It shows that you are not tired of attending its meetings. I trust that you will ever foster good intentions, and that the example of your being here may be seen by many who are outside, but who have not as yet decided to serve and labour for the temperance cause. Let me urge you to carry out as well as you can, you who are in the temperance ranks, our subject this evening, "Gain Some." I trust you will not allow yourselves to remain indifferent, but that you will use your utmost endeavours to induce others to join our ranks, and thus strengthen the already great temperance army.

Press those with whom you come in

contact who are still undecided, still halting between two opinions, and cantion them that they are on dangerous ground. You know there is danger on a frozen sheet of water where there are many cracks, and you would consider you were failing in duty if you neglected to warn those who were sliding thereon, and who were not aware of its dangerous condition. How much more then should you warn those who are trifling with the dangers of moderation, which too often lead to a drunkard's grave.

You may gain some in various ways: in your work and in your play, in your day school and in your Sunday school, in your home and in the street, in your pleasures and in your conversations at your Bands of Hope. You can also gain some by a temperance tract, which costs but little, so that you see you may in a variety of ways gain some. May we all ask Jesus to help us in every good work, and thus prosper all our efforts.

### LITTLE MISHAP.

**I**ITTLE MISHAP has lost her nap, And what shall she do about it? It's not on her pillow, nor in her night-cap, And she cannot be happy without it.

Just by mistake she stays wide-awake,

- As long as the hours are shining ;
- Though sunbeams make her pretty eyes ache

While she watches the cloud's silver lining.

But Little Mishap, in her mother's lap, As soon as the stars are winking,

Without setting a trap, will catch the stray nap,

And fall asleep without thinking !

-Mary N. Prescott.

### GRANDMOTHER'S SUMMER, LONG AGO.

**B**EAR old Grandmother lifts her eyes To where in the distance the mountains rise;

She sees the shadows so cold and gray

That are born of the drear November day; She hears the rush of the mountain breeze, As it brushes the leaves from the stately trees.

And she watches the sunshine, scant and cold,

With a vague regret for the year grown old.

The meadows are lying all still and brown, Their summer's harvest at last cut down. And Grandmother longs—though it be in vain—

For the breath of the summer-time again, The scent of the clover and new-mown hay,

The meadows bespangled with daisies gay, The hum of bees, and the reaper's song, And the brook that chattered its way

along.

Dear old Grandmother! Long ago, Ere time had sprinkled her head with snow,

The summer of youth for her was sweet, And spread its treasures beneath her feet, Till she forgot in her heart so gay That summer must *sometime* pass away, The merry season grow gray and cold, And youth turn silent and sad and old.

And now she sits in her old arm-chair; Wrinkled her cheek and white her hair. Over the hills the clouds pass by, Over the earth thin shadows lie. In Grandmother's ear soft voices call, On Grandmother's heart their echoes fall, And the last faint beams of the setting sun Warn hill and valley that day is done. Patient Grandmother! Well she knows That when stern winter shall lay his snows Over the landscape, over the hill,

Her longing heart, grown calm and still, Under the spotless drifts will lie;

Never again to breathe a sigh

For the days of summer and youth long past,

Nor grieve for the skies now overcast.

-M. D. Brine.

### FOR THE CHILDREN.

INDLY thoughts for the children, Although they may never know The anxious and loving feelings, Which oft in our bosoms glow.

Kindly smiles for the children, To cheer them in life's rough ways; The sunshine of deep affection, Still shedding its cheering rays.

Kindly words for the children, Gently, but firmly give; That the words of friendly counsel May help them in truth to live.

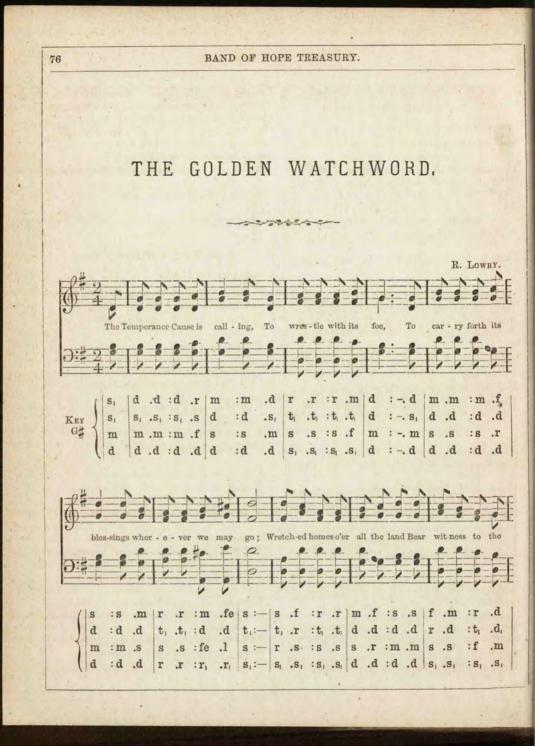
Kindly acts for the children, Helpful and strong each day; To lift them if they should stumble; To lead them the heavenly way.

Kindly prayers for the children, For when word and act shall cease, Our prayers like a benediction, Shall bring a more lasting peace.

Then fail not to smile your welcome; Let your thoughts and words breathe love,

And your acts be born in kindness, For your prayers are heard above.

-William Bryant.





### SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENARY, 1880.

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE YOUTHS.

BY G. W. ARMSTRONG, CARDIFF.

Thomas.



HAT a commotion there is in the country just now about Sunday Schools. Everybody seems to be talking about them;

and some people, who, I should think, have hardly seen the inside of a Sunday School, are praising them up to the sky.

George. Well, you know, Thomas, this year is the Centenary, or Second Jubilee, of Sunday Schools, and as all jubilees are associated with joy, why should not Sunday Schools celebrate their second jubilee with gladness and pleasure?

Henry. Well said, George; I quite agree with you. Sunday Schools have done and are still doing a great and a good work in the country ; and if great historical, military, and naval events are not deemed unworthy of jubilee celebrations, I see no reason why Sunday Schools should be left out in the cold.

T. I see; you two are great admirers of Sunday Schools. For my part, I don't see any necessity for making so much fuss about them; and besides, I have read somewhere that Sunday Schools have been in existence above one hundred years, yea, more than two hundred years.

G. I don't doubt but that what you have read is quite correct. I understand that there were various Sunday Schools started long enough before the days of Robert Raikes; in fact, a Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, named Carlos Borromeo, commenced them in Milan in the sixteenth century, and I believe they are continued to this day.

T. Well, then, why should Robert Raikes have all the honour ?

H, He has not all the honour, for those who did such work before him are equally deserving of credit for what they did; and, for my part, I give it them with quite as much pleasure as I rejoice in Robert Raikes; but I decline to take the crown from the brow of Raikes, or deprive him of his well-merited honour of being the founder of Sunday Schools.

T. That's good! The first man who established a Sunday School must be the founder of them : then honour the founder and not Robert Raikes.

G. Not quite so fast, Thomas, my dear fellow. History shows us that most great events are of gradual growth-of slow development. The men who suggest an idea are not, as a rule, the men who see that idea accomplished.

H. No, far from it. Martin Luther gets the credit of being the founder of the great moral and religious reformation of the sixteenth century, and yet many good and noble men had been engaged in the same work long years before Luther was born. There had been Wycliff in England, Savauorola in Italy, Jerome in Prague, and John Huss in Bohemia, besides many others not so greatly distinguished.

T. You seem to have made this subject a study, Henry. I quite see your idea; and, now I come to think of it, it is quite correct. Smeaton and Newcomen, Cawley and Savery were engineers before Watt; and Cugnot, Trevellick, Blenkensop, and Blackett tried to construct a railway locomotive before the days of George Stephenson, and yet James Watt and George Stephenson have the honour of being looked upon as the founders of the different branches of mechanical science in which they employed their great mental powers.

G. And so I wish the same rule to be applied to Robert Raikes and Sunday

Schools. Carlos Borromeo of Milan, Joseph Alliene of Taunton, Mrs. Catherine Boavy of Flaxley Abbey, Miss Harrison, Theophilus Lindsey of Catterick, and James Heves of Little Lever, and no doubt many others, if it were only known. had Sunday Schools and did good among the children of the poor, but their work was only local, whereas the work of Robert Raikes began at Gloucester and spread until the whole country was covered from John o' Groats to the Land's End, and now we find them in all parts of the world -in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, Australia, and the Isles of the Sea; yea, whereever we find Christianity there we find Sunday Schools.

T. Can either of you tell me how it was that Sunday Schools did not spread owing to the efforts of those other good people?

H. That may be difficult; but I have heard it said it was because Wesley and Whitfield, by their preaching, were creating an earnestness in religious matters in the minds of the people.

G. That, no doubt, might have had something to do with it, but then it does not answer Thomas's question, because most of the others who had worked in Sunday Schools were equally favoured, for most of them lived during Wesley's time, and yet their work did not spread.

T. Do you think it was because the Queen and the court at that time heard of the work of Raikes, and interested themselves in it?

H. That might also have something to do with it; but Sunday Schools are religious and not political institutions. The work was rather the work of God that of man.

G. I think I can find another reason, and that is, that Robert Raikes was the proprietor and editor of a newspaper, and he employed its pages in circulating informaton about the value and advantages of Sunday Schools, and thus they became widely known throughout the kingdom.

T. Well now, if we put all these reasons together, I may get an answer to my question. The Sunday Schools founded by Robert Raikes flourished because of the earnest preaching of Wesley and Whitfield; because they were patronized by royalty; because the work was of God and not of man; and lastly, as the preacher would say, because Robert Raikes had a newspaper in which he made known the beneficial effects of Sunday teaching upon the young.

G. What a lot of reasons; I should hardly have thought so many good reasons could have been given; but you see, "In the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom," as the Scriptures say.

T. I think we have got on very well, so far, with our conversation. I know you'll both think me very ignorant, but I cannot help that, when I confess that I know very little about Robert Raikes. Have either of you read his life?

H. I should have thought pretty nearly everybody had read the life of Robert Raikes, and as to what you say that you cannot help your ignorance, is, I think, a great mistake. Books are just as much open to you as to anybody else, and if you don't read them it is entirely your own fault.

G. I think you are very severe upon Thomas, and that way of talking to him may not have any good effect. I must also confess that I have not read a life of Raikes, and yet I think I am not altogether ignorant on the subject.

H. Indeed: then you ought to be ashamed of yourself.

T. I have always been told that it is better to confess ignorance and obtain information, than to assume knowledge and remain ignorant. As you are so very knowing, Henry, perhaps you will give yourself the trouble to enlighten the darkness of your ignorant friends.

H. Nay, nay, my boy, that would hardly be just to you; it might teach you to be lazy. What I say is, *read for yourself*; and then, it would hardly be fair to the author of the book, for if I tell you what it contains you will not buy a volume, and thus there would be one or two less sold !!

G. That's rather an ingenious way of getting out of the difficulty. Apart from Robert Raikes being the founder of Sunday Schools, his life was much the same as that of the bulk of men in his own station, and if he had not founded Sunday Schools the world would have heard little or nothing about him.

H. That may be true, but Sunday Schools will ever be his memorial, and keep his name green in the history of his country and of the world.

T. But I should really like to know something more about him.

G. Then, I fear, you will have to do as Henry suggested—read for yourself.

H. Nay, I'll hardly be so bad as that. If you'll let me, I'll tell you what I know about him.

T. With pleasure.

H. Then, as George very truly said, there's nothing very striking in the life of Robert Raikes except his one great work, Sunday Schools. The thoughts produced on my mind were that he was a prudent man; that he was a benevolent man; that he was a man of simple earnestness; and also that he was a pious, or a religious man.

T. Those are all good qualities, but they belong to many other men as well as Robert Raikes.

G. Robert Raikes and Sunday Schools must ever be combined, and to look at him from any other standpoint is to place him in the crowd of ordinary, though very good men. H. Robert Raikes is a man worth imitating. If we cannot, like him, be the founders of Sunday Schools, we may use our energies and abilities to spread them, and make them more efficient.

T. That's making a practical application of the subject, and we shall at any rate expect to see Henry more energetic in school work for the future.

G. If the Centenary celebration has that effect it will do immense good. Sunday School work was humble in its origin but magnificent in its results. It is for us to help to continue them. The work is one which angels watch over with kindly interest, and one which God Himself approves, by offering as a reward a neverfading crown.

#### OH, WHAT A WORLD IT MIGHT BE !

And Fortune prove less blind. With Love's own voice to guide us—

Unchangingly and fond-

With all we wish beside us,

And not a care beyond.

Oh! what a world it might be, More blest than that of yore;

Come, learn, and 'twill requite ye, To love each other more.

Oh! what a world of beauty A loving heart might plan—

If man but did his duty,

And helped his brother man.

Then angel guests would brighten The threshold with their wings,

And Love divine enlighten The old, forgotten springs.

Oh! what a world of beauty A loving heart might plan—

If man but did his duty, And helped his brother man.

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# RICHARDS' BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING.

IN the Premises at the corner of High Street, which RICHARDS has just opened to meet the daily increasing requirements of his trade, Parents and Friends of Children will find a degree of comfort and completeness in the arrangements which can only be met with in a large concern, and in one specially built for the business. The Stock must naturally be extensive and varied; it is also fresh in the Newest Styles.

In consequence of the large amount of room at disposal, a Stock of Fancy Suits is kept, for the display of which there has not been space in the Shop at the corner of Spring Gardens. RICHARDS intends to continue selling at a low rate of profit, the large increase in his last year's trade has amply rewarded him for the great reduction he made in his prices. A few leading prices are given, but Clothing of the lowest and of the very highest class is kept in stock, all of equally good value.

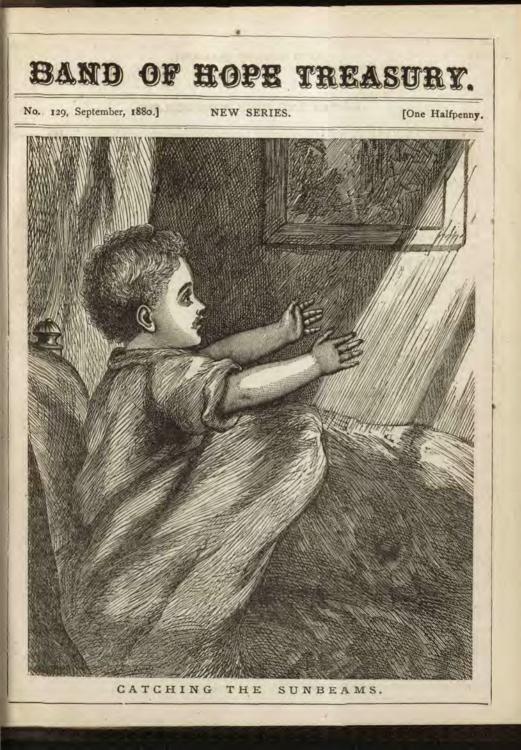
Boys'	Knicker Suits	from	3/6	Boys'	"Athole"	Suits fro	m 12/6
Boys'	Sailor Suits	"	3/6	Boys'	"Sydney"	Suits "	14/6
Boys'	"Prince" Suits	>>	6/9	Boys'	Scotch Kilt	Suits "	15/6

A Variety of Fancy Suits in Worsted, Diagonals, Velvets, and Best Makes of Tweeds, from 15/-.

Youths' Tweed Knicker Suits		from	10/6
Youths' Black and Blue Knicker Suits		"	21/-
Youths' Tweed Trousers Suits		"	12/6
Youths' Black and Blue Trousers Suits	•••	,,	25/-

LIST OF DEPARTMENTS. MEN'S READY-MADE CLOTHING. YOUTHS' READY-MADE CLOTHING. BOYS' READY-MADE CLOTHING. WORKING MENS' TAILORING. SELECT MEASURE DEPARTMENT.

# RICHARDS, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.



### CATCHING THE SUNBEAMS.

ITTLE Herbert has just woke up in his tiny cot. At first he is a little puzzled at the sudden change from the land of dreams to the land of reality. He feels a sense of loneliness, for his brothers and sister have been up long ago. He feels almost like a detected sluggard, and like to one of whom his nurse sometimes sings, he is inclined to "slumber again," when through the window-pane there came pouring a flood of golden sunlight. Herbert, in his delight at this beautiful vision, jumped up in bed, and opened his little arms as though

he would hug the sunbeams in the same way that he hugs his mama and his nurse, to show how much he loves them. His face is full of the delight which he feels in his heart at the sight of this golden ladder stretching from his little cot right up to the "heavens so high." It is a Jacob's ladder, and up and down it the angels might come and go. Let us all keep our hearts open to the joy that comes from beautiful things, and love the light of the sun. We may remember that those who love the darkness better than the light are said to do so because their deeds are evil.

## NOT TO-DAY, FATHER, NOT TO-DAY!

#### BY UNCLE JOHN.

WAS in the pleasant summer time, The sun was bright, the sky looked As at the station many folks [clear, For an excursion did appear.

Amongst the crowd a father came, The mother, and a girl and boy, And, hastening on towards the train, The children did the scene enjoy.

But passing near a public house, The father seemed to linger there, As if inside he wished to go And get a drink of muddling beer.

"Not to-day, father, not to-day!" Exclaimed the girl, and held the hand That led her on, more firmly now, As if she would her sire command.

Her anxious look, her pleading voice, Proved irresistible that day: The father caught her in his arms, And quickly hastened on his way.

Saved by that darling child was he From tasting then the fatal draught, That might have brought them sad distress, Instead of pleasure which they sought.

And all may here a lesson learn, When they for pleasure go away, Think of the whisperings of the child— "Not to-day, father, not to-day!"

When by temptation pressed most sore In vile intemperance to stray, By moderation's subtle voice— Exclaim, "Not to-day, not to-day!"

Or when at home, by custom lured, However appetite the mind may sway, Send not a child to fetch strong drink— "Not to-day, father, not to-day !"

Through all the varied scenes of life, Let this the motto ever be,

When tempted drunkard's drink to take, Say, "Not to-day, oh, not to-day!"

BAND C	)F HOP	E TRE	ASURY.
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<ul> <li>I've seen my companions laid low,— Cut off in the midst of their prime, By rum, that inveterate foe,— That parent of sloth and of crime.</li> <li>Some perished from home, and forlorn : No kindred nor relative near;</li> <li>With none but the stranger to mourn, Or drop the compassionate tear.</li> <li>For three paltry cents I have seen The rum-seller deal out the curse,</li> <li>While poverty meagre and lean Peeped out of bis customer's purse.</li> <li>The tipplers would guzzle new rum, And then at the groggery meet;</li> <li>And when they set out for their home, Had business both sides of the street.</li> <li>I've seen the once promising son Drink deep at the maddening bowl,</li> <li>Till reason was hurled from its throne; Then he in the gutter did roll.</li> <li>I've witnessed with pain and regret, The deep degradation and woe!</li> <li>Such scenes I can never forget,</li> <li>Yee seen station and woe!</li> <li>Such scenes I can never forget,</li> <li>I've seen station and woe!</li> <li>Yee station and woe!</li> <li>Yee station and woe!</li> <li>Yee seen station and woe!</li> <li>Yee with station and woe!</li> <li>Yee station and woe!</li> <li>Yee station and woe!</li> <li>Yee station and woe!</li> <li>Yee with station and woe!</li> <li>Yee station and woe!</li> <li>Yee with station and woe!</li> <li>Yee station and woe!</li> <li>Yee</li></ul>	A BEACON TO THE BEWILDERED; OR, THE EXPERIENCE OF JOHN ROBIE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE. THUS far in this valley of tears, O'er life's rugged journey I've come; I now am well stricken with years, And soon I expect to get home. I've lived in that age of the world When Alchy held absolute sway, While down to destruction he hurled His victims in fearful array. Rum brings to the once cheerful hearth The bitterest anguish and pain : "Tis Satan's vicegerent on earth, And wretchedness comes in its train. Afflictions and sorrows abound Within the poor drunkard's abode, While he in the grog-shop is found, Profaning the name of his God.	I've witnessed the struggles of some, Who strove to escape from the snare; So strong was the thraldom of rum, At last they gave up in despair. No teetotal pledge was there then, The brightest of hopes to inspire; No kind Washingtonian friend To pluck them as brands from the fire. I've seen with unmingled delight The dawn of a happier day, When parties and sects can unite The teetotal flag to display. The people have opened their eyes,— A time of rejoicing has come,— The public begin to despise The murderous traffic in rum. As soon as the pledge I had signed, I found there was work to be done; 'Twas clearly made known to my mind
<ul> <li>By rum, that inveterate foe,— That parent of sloth and of crime.</li> <li>Some perished from home, and forlorn: No kindred nor relative near;</li> <li>With none but the stranger to mourn, Or drop the compassionate tear.</li> <li>For three paltry cents I have seen The rum-seller deal out the curse, While poverty meagre and lean Peeped out of bis customer's purse. The tipplers would guzzle new rum, And then at the groggery meet; And when they set out for their home, Had business both sides of the street.</li> <li>I've seen the once promising son Drink deep at the maddening bowl, 'Till reason was hurled from its throne; Then he in the gutter did roll.</li> <li>I've witnessed with pain and regret, The deep degradation and woe!</li> <li>Such scenes I can never forget,</li> </ul>	I've seen my companions laid low,-	I'd some little errands to run. I've heeded the voice from within,
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Such scenes I can never forget, For reason's feast shall be our own-	I've witnessed with pain and regret,	Then draw your chairs, and sit you down,
	Such scenes I can never forget.	
While life's purple current shall flow. We'll sup with wit and harmony.	While life's purple current shall flow.	TTT INT

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The sun is hid behind the hill, But leave not yet my calm abode, For soon reflected on the rill, The moon will light your homeward road.

No drugs I give, the sense to drown— The mind's clear eagle glance to dim; From meals like ours were never known The frenzied brain—the tottering limb.

The clouded mind, the heart unkind, At parting may we never see; Our little band, the dawn will find At toil, as blithesome as the bee.

This thought be ours, while life's decline Scarce knows the sting of mortal pain, We have not marr'd heaven's gifts divine, Nor have our moments flown in vain.

It is not wine—it is not wine That gives such lastre to our eyes! The night may come, the dawn may shine, We sleep in peace, with joy we rise.

### COLD WATER.

Sung at the Cold Water Celebration, Boston, U.S.

N Eden's green retreats A water-brook that played Between soft, mossy seats, Beneath a plane-tree's shade, Whose rustling leaves Danced o'er its brink, Was Adam's drink, And also Eve's.

Beside the parent spring Of that young brook, the pair Their morning chant would sing : And Eve to dress her hair Kneel on the grass That fringed its side, And made its tide Her looking-glass.

And when the man of God From Egypt led his flock, They thirsted, and his rod Smote the Arabian rock, And forth a rill Of water gush'd; And on they rush'd, And drank their fill.

Would Eden thus have smiled Had wine to Eden come? Would Horeb's parching wild Have been refreshed with rum? And had Eve's hair Been dressed in gin, Would she have been Reflected fair.

Had Moses built a still, And dealt out to that host, To every man his gill, And pledged him in a toast, How large a band Of Israel's sons Had laid their bones In Canaan's land?

"Sweet fields, beyond death's flood, Stand dressed in living green,"

For, from the throne of God, To freshen all the scene, A river rolls, Where all who will May come and fill Their crystal bowls.

If Eden's strength and bloom Cold water thus hath given— If, e'en beyond the tomb, It is the drink of heaven— Are not good wells, And crystal things, The very things For our hotels.

#### THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

PRETTY deer is dear to me, A hare with downy hair; I love a hart with all my heart, But barely bear a bear. "Tis plain that no one takes a plane To have a pair of pears;

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A rake, though, often takes a rake	A TEETOTALER'S APOLOGY.
To tear away the tares.	THE glass you offer I, with thanks de-
All rays raise thyme, time razes all;	wine.
And, through the whole, hole wears.	Thanks for your kindness. Neither ale nor
A writt, in writing "right," may write	Nor fiery spirit I'll accept from thee.
It "wright," and still be wrong-	As proof of cordial hospitality.
For "write" and "rite" are neither "right,"	I value not the less your generous mind.
And don't to write belong.	And, lest you think me churlish or unkind.
Beer coften brings a bier to man,	Will give the reason; and am certain you
Comphing a coffin brings,	Must then approve the act, and reason too.
And too much ale will make us ail,	I dare not taste; there's danger in the
As well as other things.	drink !
The person lies who says he lies,	To me it seems like standing on the brink
Whien he is but reclining;	Of that dark precipice where thousands fell,
And, when consumptive folks decline,	Whose fearful histories I have studied well:
They all decline declining.	Men of repute for genius, education.
A quail don't quail before a storm-	Religious teachers, rulers of the nation.
A brough will bow before it;	These stood as firm as we stand in our day.
We cannot rein the rain at all-	And yet they lost their balance. Who
No earthly powers reign o'er it.	can say
The dyer dyes awhile, then dies;	But we, like those whose ruin we thus see,
To dye he's always trying,	From the same cause may find like misery?
Until upon his dying-bed	Do I distrust myself? you ask. I do!
He thinks no more of dying.	And yet I know myself as strong as you
A son of Mars mars many a sun;	In mind and will, my self-respect as high;
All deys must have their days;	And I am sure this fact yon'll not deny-
And every knight should pray each night	That it requires much firmness to with-
To Him who weighs his ways.	stand [hand
'Tis muet that man should mete out meat	That which is offered by your liberal
To freed misfortune's son;	It proves not mental weakness that I've
The fair should fare on love alone,	signed [stant mind
Else one cannot be won.	The temperance pledge. It needs a con-
A lass, alas! is something false; Of fiaults a maid is made;	To resist temptation from the friend we
Her waist is but a barren waste-	Prize; [despise.
Though staved sho is not stail	Not friendship's offering can a friend
Though stayed, she is not staid. The springs spring forth in spring, and	And here the pledge a shield is, a defence
shoots	To resist temptation. For on what pretence
Shoot forward one and all;	Can a true friend, then, urge that thing on me
Though summer kills the flowers, it leaves	Which compromises honour?
The leaves to fall in fall.	Thus, you see,
I would a story here commence,	The temperance pledge gives power to self- denial,
But you might find it stale :	And strength for conflict in the day of trial;
So let's suppose that we have reached	From custom's thraldom it thus sets me free:
The tail end of our tale.	This, then, to you is my apology.
and the state of t	,, to for is inf apology.

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. 86 BAND OF HOPE TREASURY. THE RISING STAR. ----MRS. A. L. DAVISON. J. H. F. b 3 1. O'er Ju-dah's hills a star a - rose, A starwhose gleaming ray Should her-ald to a 2. Where'er its ho - ly lightshould fall, The nations should be healed; And in its beams sal-3. The watching shepherds saw with joy That gleaming star a - rise; They knew its mean-ing in its beams sal -4. And as they watched, the angels' song Came sweetly to their ears- The song that still grows  $\partial_{b}^{+}$ 0 ... . 0--0 . 0 S, d :t 11 : S.  $|1_1:s_1| |m_1:m_1| |s_1:f_1| |r_1:s_1| |m_1:-|-:s_1|$ d :t. 1, :S,  $: m_1 f_1 : m_1 | d_1 : d_1 m_1 : r_1 | t_1 : r_1 d_1 := : m_1$ SI m.: S. 1 f. m. : s. f, : m, S. SI :SI d : d d:d | s, :s, s, :s, | s, :t, d :--:d S : 5. d :d  $d_1 : d_1 \mid d_1 : d_1 \mid d_1 : d_1 \mid d_1 : d_1 \mid s_1 : s_1 \mid s_1 : s_1 \mid d_1 : - |-: d_1 \mid d_1$ S. :d,  $d_1: d_1$ CHORUS. IC -6 0 dark-ened world A new and fair - er day. va - tion's plan To man should stand re-vealed. and the sight Was bless-ed in their eyes. on and on To earth's re-mot-est years Oh, star of hope! Oh, star of light! What years. 17 -0 0 -0-0 1 : s, | m, : d t : Sr 1 : fe, s,:r -: S r :-.re : d d :t, t, : 5  $f_1 : m_1 | d_1 : m_1 | r_1$ :r, r. : r r.:--S f, :-.m. | f, :m m, : r, IT, : S, d : d SI : 5 SI : t, d:d t .:--SI t, :--t, :d d :r r : 51 d, : d,  $|\mathbf{d}_i:\mathbf{d}_i|\mathbf{r}_i$ :r, r,:r, S1:- -: 1 S S, :-. S. S. : S. SI SI SI :SI 1 5 0 0. Óh, joy thy ris - ing bore ! star of hope ! Oh, star of light ! Shine on for ev -er more. 0. 0 ... . P. -0 0. . P. P. P. .0 0 0 0 . 0 00 2 10 10-0 0-. 10 h 1 f :m | r :d  $t_1 := | =: s_1 | d := t_1 | d : d | d := t_1 | d : l_1 |$ s, :d | d :t, d :- -: SI :SI SI :SI s, :-- | :s, 1, :-.se, 1, :1, 1 :-. se, 1, :f, m1: S1 | S1: S1 | S1:- -: t, :d m:-.m | m :m f :-.f r :m f : f:d d :m r :f m:--: S. : S. S, : S, Si:- - $-: s_i l_i := l_i | l_i := l_i | f_i := f_i | f_i := f_i | s_i := s_i | s_i := s_i | d_i := -:$ 

BAND OF HOPE TREASURY. 87 TEMPERANCE BELLS. ----W. S. WM. STEVENSON. 1. Hark ! the temp'rance bells are ring-ing, Joy-ous mu-sic fills the air; Strength & hope their tones are 2. Long the ty - rant foe hath tak-en Cherished loved ones for his own; Now his cru-el power is 3. Brothers ! come, the hosts are forming; Sisters ! join the proudarray; Bright the hills with tints of 0 -6 d ...r m:m m.f:s 1 s:m -: r,m f:r | m:d r:- -: d.,rm:m | m.f:s.1 KEEY d:d | d : d d: d |-: t, d r: t, | d: d t; - -: s, s, d: d | d : d G# m ...f s:s|s.l:m.f m:s|-:s.,s|s:s|s:fe|s:-|-:m.,f|s:s|s.l:m.f d .,d d:d-d:d d:d |-: s.,s, s:s, | d:l, s:- -: d.,d | d:d | d : d CHORUS bring-ing Tothe homes where dwelt despair. Hear the bells, joy-ous bells, Chime the shak - en. Soon will fall his tottering throne. morn-ing, Dawn-ing of a bet-ter day. 0.00 0.0.0.0.0 1 Hear the bells. joy-ous bells. m:s |m:r |d:--: ||s.,f |m:- |-:r.,m |f:- |-:m.,r s:m -:s .,f d:d | d:t, d:--: m.,r d:d |-:t...r d : - 1 - : d ., t, -: t ... d m:s : S .,S s:m s:f m:-|-: :S.,S | S : S., S | S : S ., S d : d d:d s:: s, d:--: :d.,d | d: -: S. .. S. an-them of the free; Hear the bells, mer-ry bells, Sound the temperance ju-bi lee ! 5 Hear the bells. Merry bells, m:1 |s:fe|s:--:m.,f| s: - | -: f., m f: - | -: m., r | d : m | s : t, | d :-|-: d:d | t, : 1,  $-: d_{n}r m: - | -: r_{n}d | l_{1}: - | -: l_{n}d | s_{n}: d | t_{n}: s_{n}$ t:-S. :--: s:m r : 1 r: : S., S | S : :d..d|d:f.,f|m:s|r:f m :- |-: d:d |r:r, S :--:d.,d | d : : f, , f, f, : f, , f, s, : s, s, : s, d, :--:

## MISS SPRIGGINS' WORK.

### A DIALOGUE FOR THREE GIRLS.

BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," ETC., ETC. Maggie is sitting on a chair, reading a book. She suddenly throws the book down with apparent disgust, reaches her

sewing, and speaks as follows :--

M sick of reading the namby-pamby books that are printed now-a-days. One can't get hold of a brave, honest story. They are all about drunken men and drunken women, who ill-treat their children, and half-starve them; then some good angel comes on the scene-a maiden lady, of course-who talks goodygoody to their parents, and finally induces them to go to chapel, where they learn to be pious. I suppose the maiden-lady angels wear big bonnets without ribbons, plain black dresses without trimmings, have cork-screwringlets, long solemn faces, and go about with tracts in their hands. Bah! I can't bear such people. If one were to take notice of these tales one would fancy the world was full of drunkards and wretched children. I'm sure such isn't the case. The world is a happy place, and I don't believe there are so many wicked people in it. (Knock is heard.) Come in.

(Enter Jane, servant-maid.)

Jane. Please, Miss, a lady has called and wishes to see you.

Maggie. Did she give her name?

J. . No, Miss; I didn't ask her name.

M. Then you ought to have done. Have I not told you again and again, that when any one calls to see me you must ask their name. Haven't I?

J. Yes, Miss; but I'd clean forgotten.

M. Then don't forget again, or I shall be very angry. You may show the lady in here.

M. Now, I wonder who can wish to see me at this time of the day. No one of importance, that is certain. (Knock.) Come in! J. Here is the lady, please Miss.

M. All right, Jane; you may retire. (Exit Jane.)

Miss Spriggins (wearing large untrimmed bonnet, plain black dress, ringlets, and carrying tracts). Good morning, Miss Margaret, I hope you are well.

M (aside). I expect this is one of the maiden-lady angels. What a horrid creature! (To Miss Spriggins.) I am quite well, thank you; pray take a seat. (Hands a chair, and Miss S. sits down with a "thank you.") I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance.

Miss S. You must have heard of me, I'm sure. I'm Miss Spriggins, the ladymissionary of this district.

M. Oh, indeed; but I don't remember to have heard your name before. Pray, why have I the honour of this visit?

Miss S. Well, Miss Maggie, I have called to ask your kindly assistance towards a poor family who are in great need. The father was, till recently, a drunkard, and the mother is dead and lies in the house, and there is no money to bury her with. The poor children are in rags, and have nothing to eat. It is a sad case, Miss, very sad indeed.

M. But what can I do? You don't expect me to go and bury this dead woman, and clothe and feed the children?

Miss S. Of course not; but you might assist by giving a little money towards the cost. *I* will see the money is rightly spent; indeed I promised the poor woman before she died that I would do this, and take a kindly oversight of the children. You see, Miss, someone *must* look after them, as the husband is as helpless as a child himself. He has been a terrible drunkard!

M. But I don't see why I should be asked to help a drunkard and his children. Why was the man a drunkard? He ought to have been a sober man, and then I suppose he wouldn't have been so poor?

Miss S. Ah, Miss Maggie, you have yet much to learn. You see, if all people did right there would not be any need for the exercise of Christian charity. If you saw the wretched sights that I see, and the misery that I am brought into contact with, you would learn then what great need there is for those who know what is right and live good lives to help the wicked and the ignorant to become better. And as to the poor children—they are the victims of their parents' folly, and are unable to help themselves.

M. But why do you trouble yourself about these low people?

Miss S. I cannot help it, my dear !

M. You cannot help it! Do you mean you are obliged to do it for the salary you receive—to help you to live?

Miss S. No, not so. I cannot help going among the poor people, not because I am paid for it—for what I receive is very little—but because I feel sorry for them, and desire to help them to live better lives. Thank God, I have persuaded not a few drunkards to become teetotalers, and by His blessing they are living in comfort. I have little money to give, but I strive to give them the best I have—advice, sympathy, kind words; and I plead with them to accept the best of all gifts—the blessed Bible.

M. Well, I am glad you have called, for I thought such persons as yourself were but working for a living. But why do you dress so strangely?

Miss S. Am I dressed strangely? Well, my dear, I try to be plain, and I cannot afford to follow the fashions. I don't object to smart dresses and fine bonnets for those who can afford to buy them; but they are out of my reach, and I think if they weren't, I shouldn't wear them. My work is among the poor. To reclaim the drunkard, to comfort the widow, to assist the orphan, to speak a word for Jesus this is my work.

M. Oh, I feel ashamed of myself for having entertained such wicked thoughts of persons like yourself. See *(takes out her purse)*, here is a sovereign; when you need more call and see me. I have been very selfish, and must try to be less so.

Miss S. Ah, Miss Maggie, there is plenty of work to do for such as you !

M. Such as me! What can I do?

Miss S. We have a Band of Hope Society, where we teach the young never to touch strong drink. *There* is a field for you to work in. You could get acquainted with the children, and through them their parents, and you might do much good.

M. But, dear Miss Spriggins, I must first of all be a teetotaler myself. I must set my own house in order before I attempt to instruct others to do it. Pray call and see me again soon.

Miss S. (rising and shaking hands). I will, dear Miss Maggie. May God bless you. (Exit.)

M. Well, I have been charging these people wrongly. Miss Spriggins is a nice person, and, oh, what good she must be doing! What am I doing? Simply nothing. I'm a selfish, useless being, careless of anybody but myself. But I will be better. I will do something for the good of my fellows; and I think I will become a member of the Band of Hope. I wonder now whether the Band of Hope people will have me among them?

(Here several voices must call out, "Yes; come and welcome," &c.)

M. Thank you for your hearty invitation. (Exit.)

AUNTY DO AND UNCLE DON'T. White Note and Aunty Do Took a little boy in charge; Such a boy ! With eyes so blue, Bright and twinkling, and so large. Feet that never could keep still, Hands most oddly given to clutch;	<ul> <li>'Do this, dearie,'—'tis all day, Will has never once said 'won't.' So I guide in work or play, That's the wrinkle, Uncle Don't."</li> <li>—Cottager and Artisan.</li> <li>A CHILD'S VOW.</li> </ul>
<ul> <li>Bold and bonny, merry Will,</li> <li>"Fond of books?" "Not very much."</li> <li>"He's a lad, and lads should be Ruled by men," said Uncle Don't;</li> <li>"Goody, leave the boy to me, He must learn my 'will and won't.""</li> <li>So wee Willy brought his books Slowly into Uncle's den;</li> </ul>	BY ELLA WHEELER. CIDER I will not sip, It shall not pass my lip, Because it has madedrunkards by the score. The apples I will eat, But cider, hard or sweet, I will not touch, or taste, or handle more.
Mixed up lessons, lines and hooks, Drew, not letters neat, but men. "Musta't," "don't," the long days through, Very tired grew boy and man. "Well," said Uncle, "this won't do, Where's the hitch in my good plan?— I advise him, I command,	The ruddy red wine cup I never will lift up, A snake is coiled beneath the gleaming wine: A deadly poison thing, And he will bite and sting; I see his fierce eyes thro' the bubbles shine. I will not taste of gin,
Threaten, punish,—yet 'tis sad That we make no way at all, I can't think what ails the lad." Sweet and loving Aunty Do Grieved to see the child grow dull, Kissed and fondled till Will knew That her heart with love was full.	It leads to vice and sin; And so do brandy, ale, and rum, and beer. But God has made a drink Better than all, I think— Cold water; that we never need to fear. It does not steal our brains,
By degrees his Uncle left Will to Auntie's gentler care, Presto! tasks were gladly learned With a gusto very rare! "Why, how is it?" Uncle said— "Will grows clever, strong, and gay,	It does not give us pains, It quenches thirst, and does not leave a sting. That is the drink for me— Cold water, pure and free, That gushes from the pearly mountain- spring.
Just as ready for his work As he is for fun and play. That I spared no pains, I'm sure, Taxed my pocket, hands, and brain, Dipped again in learning's store That my teaching might be plain." "Yes," said Aunty, "that you did, What you say is very true; I but followed in your lead, Only 'don't' I change to 'do.'	NOTICE. Little Blue Jacket, and Other Stories. By M. A. Paull. National Temperance Publication Depôt, 337, Strand, London.—A collection of six interesting Temperance Tales, written in simple yet touching language. The book is neatly printed, and bound in a tasteful manner, and will no doubt have a large sale amongst our Temperance friends.

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#### Contents of No. S.

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#### Contents of No. 11.

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REDDY and Lucy are two city-bred children, but sometimes in the summer or autumn they are sent down to the old farm, where grandfather and grandmother are always glad to see them, and to give them a hearty welcome. Everything is so different in the country. In place of the flagged pavements there are the grassy fields; the street cries are replaced by the lowing of the cows and the bleating of the lambs; instead of here and there the melancholy song of a caged bird there is a full choir of winged choristers who make the greenwood ring with their joyous songs. And then the river! The river in the town is as black as ink and as evil as poison, but here it runs through sunny fields a pure and crystal stream, in whose depths the fishes can be seen darting along. Then there is a boat, and Freddy wishes that he were big enough to row it in the stream. You see in the picture he seems to be trying to push it off from the shore, and Lucy clings to him half afraid ; but there is no danger, for the boat is securely fastened to the shore, and so the children can only "make believe" the voyage of discovery that has so much attraction for their imagination. It is fortunate for them that it is so, or Master Freddy's daring spirit might easily lead them into some dangerous scrape. But by and by they will have a grand sail, as soon as some one can be spared from the farm to take them down the river. Then at their case in the boat they may see the farms and uplands that stretch along each side of the shining river.

#### SIX LITTLE FEET ON THE FENDER.

N my heart there liveth a picture Of a kitchen rude and old,
Where the firelight tripped o'er the rafter And reddened the roof's brown mould,
Gilding the steam of the kettle That hummed on the footworn hearth,
Throughout all the livelong evening, Its measure of dropsy mirth.
When the first dash at the window, Told of the coming rain;
Oh ! where are the fair young faces, That crowded against the pane ?
While bits of firelight stealing Their dimpled cheeks between,
Went struggling out in darkness

In shreds of silver sheen.

Two of the feet grew weary One dreary dismal day,

- And we tied them with snow-white rib-Leaving them by the way. [bons,
- There was fresh clay on the fender,

That weary winter night,

For the four little feet had tracked it, From the grave on the bright hill's height.

Oh! why on this darksome evening, This evening of rain and sleet

- Rest my feet all alone on the hearthstone? Oh! where are those other feet?
- Are they threading the pathway to virtue, That will bring us together above?
- Or have they made steps that will dampen A sister's tireless love.

-Otago Witness.

## TAKE A STAND.

TF temperance men would take a stand, And show their true position, Nor yield a point to friend or foe, Or scheming politician ; If they would fight for principle, For justice, and for right, And whatsoe'er they find to do, Would do it with their might, Our land, which now is so corrupt That all good men abhor it, Might lift her trailing banner up, And be the better for it. If those for whom we cast our vote Would not so oft betray us, And, weakly shrinking from their trust, On error's side array us ; If they would only bravely stand And face the wily foe, And in each point of right or wrong Say firmly yes or no,-Our land, which now is so corrupt That all good men abhor it, Might lift her trailing banner up, And be the better for it. -Christian Statesman. DO YOU DESPISE THE TRIFLES?

The HERE are numberless small duties that we are obliged to perform that are not always pleasant, and yet they are necessary to make way for larger ones; thus the great undertakings of life all start from little beginnings. A kindly glance warms the heart, a light caress wins an answering smile, a loving kiss drives away bitter feelings. Simple acts are easy to perform; we need not go through life waiting to give pleasure in a grand way by and by, when opportunities are about us every day and hour for doing little deeds that go so far towards adding to the happiness of every human being. Don't despise the trifles; they cannot be overlooked if one would be successful in any undertaking; they are the details that go to make up the grand whole—but in the long and ardnous pursuit after the solid and substantial things, we are apt to take no heed of the little things that give fragrance and colour to life, that help so wonderfully towards its sweetness and enjoyment.

## TEMPERANCE AND THE RIGHT.

POR Temperance, Justice, and the Right! we cheer the burning words—

- A battle-cry that thrills us like a thousand unsheath'd swords.
- It rings along the crowded streets, and stirs the busy squares,

And fires as with a lightning flash the workshops' murky airs.

- It rouses to no bloodied strife—this noble battle-cry—
- A fitter never shook the airs of an applauding sky.
- 'Tis Duty's voice that bids us come; 'tis Truth that heads the van,
- And fast and wide from every side we gather, man to man.
- Within the palace of the great the holy call is heard,
- And also where, before the forge, the brow of toil is bared.
- The shepherd hears the clarion call high on the bleak hill brow,
- The glensman in his lonely hut, the rustic at the plough;
- It calls on men to bury creeds, if but for one brief hour,
- To sink the jealousies of place, the haughty pride of power;
- And shoulder unto shoulder laid, to dare the holy fight.
- Which echoes with the battle-cry-for Temp'rance and the Right !

- When marshalling for the coming fray, the foe is on the track ?
- Awake from apathy and ease, from dreams of chance and trust,
- And let the weapon'd votes ye bear show neither blot nor rust;
- And lo, in long and deep array, the million voters come,
- A grander music in their tread than roll of trump and drum;
- The grave and gay, the rich and poor, united heart and hand
- To wrest from blind ambition's grasp, the honour of the land;
- That peace may reign, and commerce still assert o'er land and sea
- The triumphs born of trade and toil-our true supremacy.
- Ho, gather then ! all true-soul'd men, and dare the noble fight-

Your conquering swords the stirring words -for Temp'rance and the Right!

-Weekly Mail.

#### ONE NIGHT WITH GIN.

LL take some sugar and gin, if you please;

I've a hacking cough perhaps 'twill ease; Exposed myself yesterday; caught a severe cold— [told.

And something warm-for it's good, I am

Some say it's injurious; and no doubt it is To men who can't drink and attend to their biz;

I have my opinion of men who cannot Drink now and then without being a sot.

Wasting their lives, stunting their brains, Binding their families in poverty's chains, Seeking a bed in the gutter, like swine, Forgetting they're human for whisky and wine.

But of course you don't sell to that class of men; [ing in them;

Don't blame you—correct—there's noth-They're a damage to trade; they injure your bar

More than their purses contribute, by far.

- Another glass, if you please; that's excellent gin;
- My cough I think's better than when I came in; [say?

Import this yourself? From Holland you Like your taste for pure drinks. Here's

a five; take your pay.

By the Temperance Society I'm annoyed and perplexed, [vexed-

Coaxed to join their society until I am A piece of absurdity too foreign to think, That one can't indulge in a good social drink.

Over myself I know I've control,

I can sip now and then from the rich flowing bowl,

Drink or not drink, do either with ease-What a pity all men can't do as they please !

Have a drink, did you say ? Thank you, here's luck ; [truck.

That's the genuine article—no common When I start, prepare me a flask of that old. [cold.

For I'm certain it's helping my terrible

So fill up the glasses, and now drink with me,

I've plenty of money—if you don't believe it, see; [ten;

Look at these fifties, these twenties, this Here's to you, drink hearty, and (hic) fill 'em again.

Stranger, (hic) I'm getting tired on my feet, [a seat.

So let's fill up and drink, (hic) then find (Hic) I like your appearance, (hic) can see in your face

That confidence in you is never misplaced.

- With your permission, I'll (hic) rest here a spell,
- For, mister, (hic) the fact is, I'm not (hic) feeling well.
- Guess you may give me (hic) a glass of that best;
- I think it's first rate for a cold (hic) in the chest.
- Heavy eyes, heavy heart, thirsty, and mad;
- The gin is all gone, the head's feeling bad; The tongue's dry and parched; he calls
- for a drink

To waken his wits and help him to think.

- Then looks for his friend, the one of last night, [polite; So winning and pleasant, so kind and
- But he's gone, and a rough-looking man's in his place, [face.

With a dark, evil eye and a coarse, bearded

He's told that his "friend," so genial and witty,

Receiving a despatch, has just left the city;

The wretched young man then feels for his purse,

Only to ejaculate " Gone !" with a curse.

He appeals to the bar, charges robbery, theft, [left, Calls for the man he's informed has just Then gently reminded they do not permit Their establishment cursed in a mad drunken fit;

That he never lost money, had none to lose, Himself a thief, vagabond, thus to abuse

A respectable house, where gentlemen come

To socially quaff their ale, gin, and rum.

Then rudely cast in the cold, open street, Moneyless, hungry, nothing to eat—

No food for thought but reflection of shame, [pain.

And a head half-crazed with a sobering

### GOING DOWN HILL.

STORY they tell of a lunatic man, Who slid down hill on a warming-pan, Hesteered himself with the handle, of course, And checked away as he would to a horse.

- His legs, it is true, were somewhat in the way, [say:
- And his seat rather tight, if a body might But he landed all right at the foot of the hill. [still.

And, for all that I know, he is sitting there

You smile at the story, and wonder how folks [hoax;

Can get from their brains such a terrible But sliding down hill is many a man

On a much worse thing than a warmingpan.

Some are going down at full speed in their pride.

And others who on their stinginess slide; But the strangest way of taking that ride Is to go, as some do, on a beer-jug astride.

Beware of such coasting, or like Jack and Jill, [hill; You'll make sorry work in getting down Beware! for, with what other evil you tug, 'Tis nothing like sliding down hill on a jug.

#### GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEE.

"LANDLORD, give us a glass of your whisky !"

"Where is your money, lad?"

"I haven't any. Trust me, as you have done, please!"

"Not if you have no money. Water is good enough for you. Go home, boy."

"So it is, so it is !" said the young man; "I'll take your advice, landlord, and go home, resolved never to drink any thing but water. It will be better for me." So away he went, resolved to profit by the advice.





Stand, firmly stand, &c.

#### THE NEW PLEDGE.

BY JULIA COLMAN.

PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS :- President, Secretary, George Hoyle, Henry Faber, Jasper Clark, Edward King, and as many members as desired.

(A Scene in the society room. President in the chair, other officers and members in their places.)

Secretary.

EORGE HOYLE is accused of breaking his pledge.

President. George, what have you to say for yourself?

George (steps out and stands). Not guilty.

Pres. Who is the first witness in this case?

Sec. Jasper Clark.

*Pres.* Jasper, please tell us what you know about it.

Jasper (standing). I was in at Mr. Townsend's last Saturday night, when George Hoyle and Eli Townsend came in all wet from fishing. Mrs. Townsend brought out some cherry brandy for Eli, and told him to drink it to prevent his taking cold; and she gave some to George, and he drank it.

Pres. What have you to say to that, George?

G. I took it as a medicine.

Pres. Were you sick?

G. No! But I was afraid I should be. Pres. People generally wait till they

are sick before they take medicine. G. I thought if I took medicine to prevent my becoming sick, that would be still better.

Pres. But you did not take it by order of a physician.

G. The pledge does not require that.

Pres. Well, then, is everyone to be his own judge?

G. He can for all the pledge says to the contrary. But my father says he would as soon trust Mrs. Townsend as any physician in the place, and much

sooner than he would Dr. Lettson, who gets drunk every day.

*Pres.* If we can choose our doctors in that way, suppose we should all take the advice tipsy Jim gave us when he found us all shivering without a fire one evening, and take a little cordial to keep us from getting cold. Would you agree to that?

G. No; but I do not see that it would make much difference whether you took it by the advice of tipsy Jim or tipsy Dr. Lettson.

Pres. Let us look at it in another light. Suppose you were a reformed man—had once been a drunkard, like many of the men who are now members of temperance societies. Now, taking medicine of that sort would be the worst thing you could possibly do—serve you worse than a dozen colds. Don't you see that would not be a safe rule?

G. Yes, but I am not a reformed man.

*Pres.* True, we want a society that will be safe for a reformed man or anybody else. We want no two rules about it.

G. Then why allow it for medicine at all, if it is not safe for reformed man to take it, and you want no two rules?

Pres. (a pause.) Well, I did not make the pledge. (Another pause.) What shall we do with this case? (Looking around.) Has any member anything to say about it? (Another pause.)

J. If we want a society where the reformed man and everybody else would be safe, and no two rules about it, why not have a pledge not to take alcoholic liquors at all for any purpose? If the

reformed man can get along without them for medicine, we can; and do you not all thinks that it would be the best way?

Henry Faber. I like that idea. It does seem to me that we are the safest not to tamper at all with anything that has done so much mischief and killed so many people. It was taking distilled spirits for medicine that first got the people to taking them for drinks.

Eddward King. But isn't it just possible that we might need to take them for something. Isn't such a step rather venturesome?

J. Not half so venturesome, to my noticon, as it is to foster the idea that we needl this terrible poison. My father says he has not taken a drop of alcohol in any shape for forty years, and I think I can do without it as well as my father has. Who will pledge with me for total abstaining?

E. I don't think it fair to change the pledige after you have got us into the society.

Hf. We ought not to do that, of course, unless all agree to it. It they do not, there is another thing we can do. Those who wish to go in for "No Alcohol" put "N.A." after their name on the pledge book. Here goes for my name. (*He* writtes in the book.)

J., I'll agree to that. (Signs.)

Gf. That means something, and I like it. (Signs.)

HI. I move that action in George's case: be postponed indefinitely.

Pres. All in favour say ay.

Alll. Ay.

*Pres.* Secretary, please put N.A. after my name.

Siec. I will, and alter my own too.

E. Here, I don't like being left out in the cold. (He takes the book and writes, and! all the rest do the same.)

J. Mr. President, I would like to ask Hemry where he found this capital idea. H. My grandfather told me that the first pledges of our temperance societies were against distilled liquors only, and not against cider, wine, and beer. But when they found these too would make drunkards, they began to take the pledge against them by writing "T.A." after their names, which means "total abstaining," and they did this until they had a total abstinence pledge. So I thought we could mend our pledge until we got a better by adding "N.A.," which means that we will not take the stuff at any time nor under any circumstances.

Pres. A capital idea, and I hope we shall have a pledge like that very soon. All in favour of that rise and sing "Stand, firmly Stand." (All rise and sing.)

#### DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass He turned them into the river lane; One after another he let them pass,

Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill,

He patiently followed their sober pace; The merry whistle for once was still,

And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy ! and his father had said He never could let his youngest go;

Two already were lying dead,

Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done, And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,

Over his shoulder he slung his gun,

And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat, With resolute heart and purpose grim,

Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,

And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then hath the lanes been white. And the orchard sweet with the apple bloom; And now, when the cows came back at night. The feeble father drove them home. For news had come to the lonely farm That three were lying where two had lain ; And the old man's tremulous palsied arm Could never lean on a son's again. The summer day grew cool and late, He went for the cows when the work was done; But down the lane, as he opened the gate, He saw them coming one by one. Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess, Shaking their horns in the evening wind, Cropping the buttercups out of the grass; But who was it following close behind? Loosely swung in the idle air The empty sleeve of army blue, And worn and pale from the crisping hair Looked out a face that the father knew. For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn, And yield their dead unto life again; And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn In golden glory at last may wane. The great tears sprang to the meeting eyes: For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb, And under the silent evening skies Together they followed the cattle home. -Harper's Magazine.

## KINDLY WORDS.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

HO can estimate the value Of one word kindly spoken; Or tell the good that may follow To some heart nearly broken?

A word in season, spoken in love, May save a soul from error;

Or it may lead to God above The one that's filled with terror.

A little word (with mother's tears), Has proved a blessing often,

To some dear child in after years The cold hard heart to soften.

A father's word, the thoughtless boy Oft passes by unheeded; But may it not his mind employ,

Some day when it's most needed.

Like scattered seed, kind words will grow, And fruit may be expected ;

Although the process may be slow-The soil appear neglected.

A kind word to some erring youth Intemperate habits forming, May lead him in the paths of truth, While yet in life's fair morning.

That simple word "ABSTAIN" has won Some thousands back from drinking;

When spoken to each fallen one, In drunkenness fast sinking.

Let words of kindness ever flow, Nor harsh ones e'er be spoken; They'll come as freely forth you know, And are of love a token.

Kind words may heal a wounded heart, Or stay a soul from sinning; Let every one, then, do their part,

By kindness some one winning.



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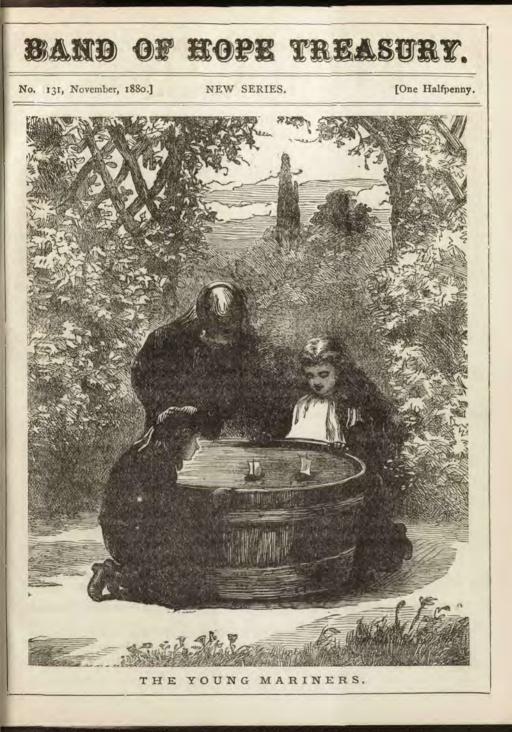
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#### THE YOUNG MARINERS.



HE wooden walls of old England have been celebrated for ages, and the same instincts that in

the past gave our nation such gallant sailors as Sir Francis Drake, Captain Cook, and Lord Nelson, are still active. Almost every English boy wants to have as one of his toys a wooden boat that may float upon a mimic ocean. Nor are the girls exempt from this feeling. The spirit that led Grace Darling to brave the perils of the stormy ocean in order to rescue the despairing crew of a shipwrecked vessel, animates, we hope and believe, many of the girls of England.

In the picture the artist has shown us how this passionate love of the sea manifests itself. In the pleasant garden of an inland house, far away from the rock-bound coast and the smell of the brine, a group of happy children are amusing themselves with a miniature representation of the great deep, and of the ships that sail over its mighty waters. A capacious tub filled

with water, two tiny boats, with their small sails full spread, are enough to make Jack and Tom and Mary feel as delighted as though they were watching the vessels from the cliffs of Dover. The breezes that sometimes burst into wild storm and hurricane are happily absent, and all that takes their place is the breath of the young mariners who represent the winds of north and south, and blow their small vessels hither and thither. If shipwreck comes here it will cause no sorrowing hearts. The grief and anguish wrought by the ocean when it dashes the gallant vessel on the cruel rocks, or engulfs it in the abyss, are as nothing when compared with the sorrow and trouble caused by the great ocean of intemperance, whose fatal waves have overwhelmed so many who were confident of their power and strength to resist. The Band of Hope is a haven of safety which we hope our young readers will never desert.

## THE GATES OF GOLD AND THE GLORY BEYOND.

#### BY UNCLE JOHN.

Tune ...... "Even me."

OON the golden gates shall open, Ransomed sinners to receive, All the cords of life be broken, Weary pilgrims to relieve. Evermore, evermore,

Be with Jesus evermore.

Upward, heavenward, fairly going, Borne on angels' wings along, Beyond the clouds our way pursuing, Till the night of earth is gone. Evermore, &c.

Oh, the rapture! when beholding Dearest friends, who to us beckon, As the gates of gold unfolding, We shall within be taken. Evermore, &c.

There to see the blessed Jesus, Who for us His life did give, That He might from sin release us, That we might for ever live. Evermore, &c.

There to see old friends and kindred, Who have reached the glory land, Some whom Satan often hindered, Now are safe at God's right hand. Evermore, &c.

There to climb God's holy mountains; There to see the great white throne;

There to drink the living fountain, Ever gushing, flowing on ! Evermore, &c.

- There to join the rapturous singing Of the bright angelic band !
- Where the golden harps are ringing, Touched by some scraphic hand. Evermore, &c.
- We shall there behold the glories, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard;

Only read in good old stories,

- In God's Book alone declared. Evermore, &c.
- From glory unto glory soaring! Bliss unfathomed ! joys untold !

Joys, for which the soul is yearning, Shall for ever then unfold. Evermore, &c.

#### THE TRAFFIC IN DRINK.

An Address dedicated to Publicans. BY "JUAN."

T is a lamentable fact that drunkenness, with all its attendant evils, is on the increase. The most distressing of which is the spreading of this evil amongst the women of our land-many wives, mothers, and sisters seeming to delight in the intoxicating draught, which is licensed "to be drunk either on or off the premises." If such is the case—and he would be a very bold individual indeed who can say that it is not so-it is evident that unless immediate steps are taken to put down the terrible monster, we shall find ere many years have passed away that the English people, as a nation, are retrogressing both morally and physically. Of all trades in the world that of making intoxicating drink is the worst. How many of such pray to God that His blessing may rest upon their business? And how ungrateful-especially when they tell us that drink is one of the products of mankind -to live in a state of unthankfulness for all the blessings we receive and enjoy from His bountiful store? Can the publicans conscientiously ask God to protect them and their trade, when they know, as well as we do, that ninety per cent. of the crime committed in this country emanates either directly or indirectly from the commodity which they offer for sale? How they reconcile one with the other I cannot understand. But there will be a time when the secrets of the earth shall be revealed, and all things brought to light; when we shall have to give an account of everything we have done, whether it be good or evil. Can publicans-I mean those who keep publichouses expressly for the purpose of making men and women drunk, and depriving them of their money and of their virtuesay that they have raised them above the beasts of the field, and brought them to the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus? I am afraid the sentence on such will be loud and shrill, " Depart from me, ye workers of iniquity; I never knew you ! "

Let us, who are still working in the Lord's vineyard, strive to the utmost of our power to try and free our country from the enthralling grasp of Strong Drink. We must do it not only for the sake of the victims themselves, but from a consciousness that we are doing nothing more nor less than our duty. Strive by precept and example to win the drink-bound slave from the tyranny with which he is oppressed, and from the yoke of sin which is fast dragging him down to the bottomless pit. And may we have the satisfaction at the last of knowing that we have done whatsoever we could for the benefit of our fellow-creatures, and hear the "well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord !"

#### VOTE YES, OR NO.

BY THOMAS R. THOMPSON.

OTE yes, and the vile demon drink Shall raise its awful head on high, That man, the noble work of God, May helpless in the gutter lie; The drunkard's wife may starve and weep, And the poor children, all forlorn, In their degraded sphere become Victims of drink and vice and scorn.

Vote no, and love and peace will dwell In the poor saved inebriate's home; His wife will thank the God above

Her husband never cares to roam; The children, in their joyful glee,

Have learnt to meet him with delight; No more he drinks the drunkard's drink,

Because you voted for the right.

Vote yes, and many an only son Will cause his mother's heart to ache, For she with bitter sorrow finds

His promises are made to break; His craving appetite demands,

And drink, he feels, must be supplied; And so from paths of rectitude Helpless he wanders far and wide.

Vote no, and mothers good and true Will shower blessings on your head,

For many a son will be restored Whom drink a helpless victim led;

Drunkards will learn to walk erect, And many a home be filled with joy, And many a son will be reformed, And many a mother bless her boy.

Vote yes, and paupers multiply, And crime of every sort will reign, And man degraded will become

A needless sufferer of pain;

Transformed, he will no longer seek To raise and help his fellow-man,

But to the deepest, darkest depths With bitter hate drag all he can. Vote no, and He who made the world Will bless and crown the righteous deed;

Your prayers and votes with one accord Ask that the drunkard may be freed;

And God, the high, the just, and great, The double action will approve,

Because its promptings are sincere, The pure outgrowth of fervent love.

### ALL HAVE GOT THEIR WORK TO DO.

BY ERNEST WATMOUGH.

HY these murmurings and repinings?

Who can alter what is done? See the future brightly shining,

There are goals yet to be won.

Grieving is at best a folly,

Oftentimes it is a sin;

When we see a glaring error We should a reform begin. We must all be up and stirring, With determination true; [men, Young and old men, rich and poor All have got their work to do.

Though we see on looking round us, Man to wickedness is prone,

Though the worldly snares surround us, Virtue's paths are rarely known,

Well we know that in our nature Is a spark of life divine;

We must free the soul from thraldom,

If we wish that spark to shine. We must all be up and stirring, With determination true; [men, Young and old men, rich and poor All have got their work to do.

When we see a man's opinion Fettered by a bigot crew,

Who would hold him a weak minion To their soul-enslaving view?

We must aid him in the struggle For the freedom of his thought,

Knowing 'tis a glorious battle, That in such a case is fought.

We must all be up and stirring, With determination true; [men, Young and old men, rich and poor All have got their work to do.

Life is but a scene of labour, Every one his task assigned, We must each assist our neighbour, When we see him lag behind; We must strive by education Man's condition to improve, And bind men of every station In a bond of mutual love. All must then be up and stirring, With determination true; [men, Young men, old men, rich men, poor Ye all have your work to do.

## BE BRAVE, MY BROTHER!

E brave, my brother ! And let the wine-cup pass ; Gird up thy strength, for much it needs To shun the social glass. It may be a beauty's hand That proffereth it to thee; Put on thine armour to withstand Such two-fold witchery. 'Tis not alone the battle-field That needs a hero true, There's many a strife in calmer life That needs a hero too. Then be brave, my brother, And let the wine-cup pass; Gird up thy strength, for much it [needs To shun the social glass. Be strong, my brother, Refuse the glowing cup, Although it needs thy utmost strength Sometimes to give it up. Where genial spirits meet,

And friends around thee press, Put on thine armour to defend

Thy path in gentleness.

For many a joyous feast And hospitable board May prove as rife with battle strife As battle fields afford. But be strong, my brother, Refuse the glowing cup, Although it takes thy utmost strength Sometimes to give it up. Be firm, my brother, And joys will soon be thine; The joys of peace and happiness Surpass the joys of wine. To help destroy the serpent's sting, Make bare the lion's den, Removing much that's dangerous From 'mongst thy fellow-men; 'Tis surely worth the striving for, And worth thy ablest powers, To clear the way for better days In this fair world of ours. Then be firm, my brother, And joys will soon be thine-The joys of peace and happiness, Surpassing joys of wine. -Temperance Orator.

## AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

"A M I my brother's keeper?" Yes! Bound by the social ties, Which link us to our fellow-man, Can we his soul despise?

His sympathies are ours to share, His weal our heart's desire,

Our aim a brother's happiness, Should all our thoughts inspire.

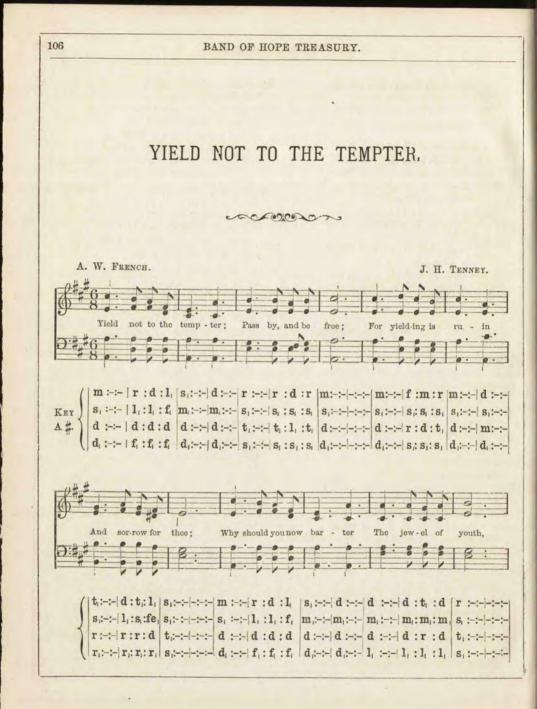
Yes! resting on each brother's head, A brother's welfare hangs,

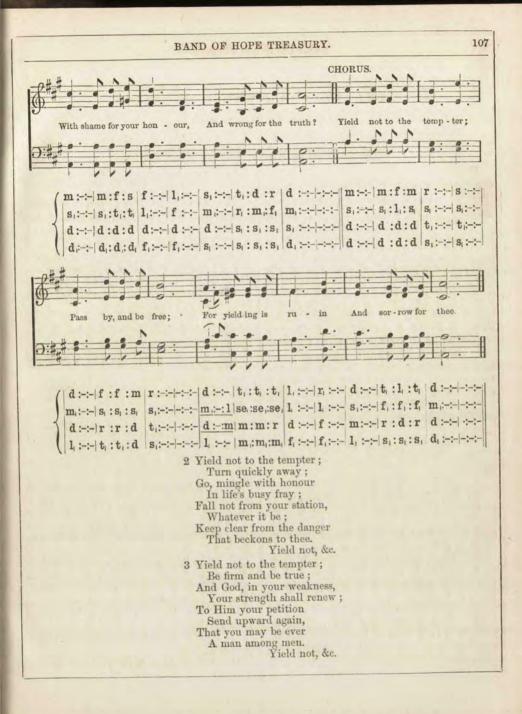
God at our hands his blood will ask ! Should we not save his pangs ?

Then turn, oh, turn a brother's lips From death's destructive snare;

Lure, lure his steps towards heavenly rest,

God's smile will greet you there.





#### THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR.

BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," ETC., ETC.

SCENE :- Hetty Sorrel sitting on a couch or easy chair.

Hetty.



H, I wish the doctor were here. I can't tell what has come over 6 me, for I feel so weak and ailing that I can scarcely stand. Mother

says she thinks it is a severe cold I have got; but I don't think that is what is amiss with me. I have had colds often, and I never felt as I do now. I have such a weariness, that I fain would be continually lying on the couch, and this cough (coughs) is very troublesome. Sometimes I think I am going to die. It would be hard for one so young to dievery hard. I have such a happy home, and such dear, loving friends, and the world looks so bright and gay, that I cannot bear the thought of dying. But -(knock.) Dear me, how startled I was at a simple knock on the door. Come in. please.

(Enter Mary, the servant-maid.)

Mary. Please, Miss, the doctor has arrived.

H. And where is mother, Mary?

M. She has only a few minutes since gone out. I think she has taken Widow Jones some soup for her sick boy. She said she would be back almost directly, for fear you might want her.

H. Dear, kind mother; she is always thinking how to do good to others. Will you please ask the doctor to step in here, Mary ?

М. Yes, Miss Hetty (exit).

H. How kind every one is. Mary, though only a servant, is a good-hearted, obliging girl, and would do anything to please me. (Knock.) Come in.

#### M. The doctor please, Miss Hetty. (Enter the doctor.)

Thank you, Mary; you may retire. H.

Doctor. Well, my dear, so you are not as well as you might be, eh? (Draws up a chair and sits down, taking Hetty's hand in one of his, while with the other he pulls out his watch, and times her pulse.) Ah, yes; a little feverish. Put out your tongue, please. There, that will do. How long have you felt poorly?

H. I have not been well for some weeks, but it is only the last few days I have felt worse.

D. Ah, yes; just so. Can you eat pretty well

H. No, sir; I have scarcely any appetite; indeed, I can scarcely bear the sight of food.

D. Ah, just so. Can you sleep?

Yes, I can sleep; but when I H. awake I feel no better.

D. Just so; just so. Well, my dear, there is nothing seriously wrong with you -nothing serious. You are weak and require strengthening. I will send you a bottle of medicine which will improve your appetite, and you must take other things to strengthen you. Where is your mother ?

H. She has gone to see a sick boy belonging to a poor widow; she won't be many minutes now before she is back. Have you some message to leave?

D. Yes; but I'd rather have seen your mother.

H. I will give her the message if you dare trust me.

D. Oh, I dare trust you, of course.

Now be careful in telling her my orders; don't make any mistake. I want her to get you plenty of beef-tea; it must be strong, and made from the best of beef. About ten o'clock in the forenoon she must cook you a tender mutton chop, to which you must have just one glass of port wine—the best port that can be got. We'll soon have you well again.

H. I will try and remember the prescription, sir; and will take the beef-tea and the mutton chop, but, pardon me, I cannot take the wine!

D. Cannot take what, child?

H. The wine, sir; I am a tectotaler, and a member of a Band of Hope, and I cannot break my pledge.

D. Tut, tut; what nonsense is this! You must do as your doctor tells you. Teetotal, indeed! No wonder you are ailing. Don't be a little simpleton.

H. I hope I am not a simpleton in refusing to take strong drink, sir. I have heard and read so much of the evil it does in the world, that I dare not take it!

D. (growing angry). I tell you you must take it. What does a girl like you know about strong drink as you call it? You have got your head filled with nonsense by those fanatical teetotal folks; they ought to be flogged.

H. Hush, please, don't talk like that. I am afraid *you* are not a teetotaler.

D. Me a teetotaler—not I, indeed ! I have drunk a bottle of port a day for the last dozen years or more, and feel all the better for it. I tell you teetotalism is all humbug.

#### (Enter Mrs. Sorrel while the doctor is speaking the last few sentences.)

Mrs. S. (putting her hand on the doctor's shoulder.) I am sorry to hear those words fall from your lips in the presence of my daughter, sir. Why are you discussing such a subject? D. Why, bless me, have you come? Then I hope you will manage your little daughter better than I can.

Mrs. S. Pray explain. My daughter is generally tractable enough !

D. That may be to you; but she has been refusing to take what I have prescribed.

Mrs. S. Pray what is your prescription, sir?

D. Beef-tea, mutton-chop, and-

Mrs. S. Well, sir, what besides?

D. Why a glass of port wine.

Mrs. S. And did she say positively she would not take the port wine?

D. That she did; but I hope, by your persuasion, she will see how silly it is to object to such a delicious medicine.

Mrs. S. On the contrary, Doctor, I hope she will show her wisdom by not only now but always refusing to take strong drink, even under the guise of medicine. I feel prouder of my daughter than I ever did.

D. What, madam, are you foolish as well as she? I must bid you good evening, for I can have nothing to do with a patient who will not take the medicine I prescribe, and who is encouraged in her opposition by her own mother, who, at any rate, ought to know better.

H. Don't be angry, Doctor. I am sorry if I have offended you. You do not know what a horror I have of drink, and you don't know how much I love my Band of Hope; and how could I ever go to another meeting if I began to drink wine! No, no; I cannot do it!

D. If you don't take it you may die, I tell you.

H. I hope not, sir; but if it is God's will that I die because I refuse to take something which destroys so many human creatures, body and soul, then I shall bow to His will. "My pledge I must not break," as one of the Band of Hope boys

said when reciting, the last time I was at school.

Mrs. S. I think, Doctor, you might prescribe something less objectionable.

D. Well, as you are so stupid about the wine, let the child have the beef-tea, and instead of the port give her plenty of new milk.

H. Oh, thank you, Doctor; that I can manage.

D. What a little stupid you are! I'll get out of the way, or you'll be making me into a tectotaler. Good evening.

H. Oh, I wish you were a teetotaler, sir, what good you might do?

D. (putting on his hat, and walking away.) Tut, tut; what nonsense! Send down to my surgery for the bottle of medicine; we must try and cure her, stupid as she is. Good evening (exit).

Mrs. S. (stooping down and kissing her child). I am so pleased that you refused to countenance the taking of drink as medicine, my dear. Poor Widow Green told me that her husband first began to love drink through the doctor ordering him to take a little occasionally; from a little he took more, until at length he became a sot, and ultimately died a drunkard. My child, better far die than fall into sin.

H. I never will touch drink, dear mother, not even when it is given as a doctor's prescription.

Mrs. S. I am glad to find that the instruction you have received, both at home and at school, has not been forgotten in the hour of temptation.

H. And I am thankful, mother, that I have had such wise instructors.

Mrs. S. Come, now, I will help you into the other room, where the fire is brighter. I hope you will soon be better, and able to join your young friends at their Band of Hope gatherings, and then you can tell them all about the story of the Doctor's Prescription. (*Exit.*)

#### THE REVEL.

BY CHARLES W. EVEREST.

ASS along that "O be joyful!" Circulate the poison free: Drink and strive to banish sorrow; There's enough for you and me.

Drink-for woe lies in the bowl:

Drink—for anguish lurks concealed : Drink—nor fear to taint the soul :

Drink-for death will be revealed.

We are "Freemen!" "Independent!" "We can stop just when we choose!"

Then let's drink, nor be so fearful, Nor mind we've a soul to lose.

Drink—for see our wives stand weeping, And our infants cry for bread :

In the grave they'll soon be sleeping : Soon be numbered with the dead.

Drink—for hoary sires entreat us To resign the fatal cup:

Drink—nor heed a mother's anguish : Drink—and drink damnation up!

Drink—for see the gallows becks us, And the prison opens wide:

And shame stands with arms extended To destroy our hopes and pride.

Drink—for while we quaff destruction Others feel the poison too;

Yes, the darts that wound our bosoms, Also pierce our loved ones through.

O, what pleasures greet the drunkard! What blest scenes to him extend!

Therefore drink, nor be so fearful!

Drink-nor heed the drunkard's end.

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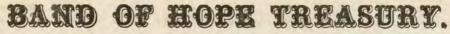
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No. 132, December, 1880.] NEW SERIES.

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#### SEE-SAW.

ERE are little Jack and Joan having a game of see-saw. Jack has gone up, up, up with so much force that his hat has flown off, and he will have to remain bareheaded, for up there he can't run after it. Joan has got no hat to be troubled, and all that the breeze and the jerky motion can do to her will be to blow away some of the flowers that deck her hair, and to make her sunny locks a little wilder than usual. Now, how long will

#### this last? They cannot go on for ever, but it will be a long time before they are tired, for there are few sorts of play that they like better, and when they are quite wearied they will sit down on the grass, and eat the apple between them, and then hand in hand run home together to their kind mother, who will find that the morning air and pleasant play has made them as hungry as hunters, and made their faces glow with the bright colour that comes from healthy exercise.

#### THE HEALTH OF TOWNS;

IN A COLLOQUY BETWEEN THE INVALIDS.

- SAYS Leeds to Nottingham, "Ah! how d'ye do?"
- "So, so," says Nottingham, "and how are you?"
- Says Leeds, "I am with an epidemic troubled,
- And fear my hospitals must soon be doubled."
- "How's Liverpool?" says Manchester. "Oh dear !"
- Says Liverpool, "I'm going fast I fear;

I am with contagion positively teeming,

And you, I think, are very poorly seeming."

"I am," says Manchester, "extremely ailing;

In all my quarters typhus is prevailing.

- And how is Birmingham?" "I'm doing badly,"
- Says Birmingham; "my breathing plagues me sadly;
- I sometimes almost fear my heart's cessation;

I know what's killing me-bad ventilation.

How are you, London, rolling in your wealth ?" "Alas!" says London, "money isn't health. "Tis true I roll in wealth, as in a flood,

But, also, I'm compelled to roll in mud;

My cesspools, sinks, and sewers are neglected,

Hence by all kinds of ailments I'm affected : I'm devastated by a host of fevers,

Which rage in Spitalfields among my weavers.

In Clerkenwelland Houndsditch, and about My filthy ward of Farrington Without,

Measles and smallpox—spite of vaccination—

Are thinning fast my crowded population; Consumption, too, for want of air and water, Amid my denizens spreads wholesale slaughter.

Then I've pneumonia, pleurisy, gastritis, Mumps and marasmus, jaundice, enteritis. Forth from my reeking courts and noisome alleys

Breaks fatal pestilence in frequent sallies; Lurking meanwhile, like fire in smouldering embers,

I've erysipelas about my members.

My children, too, have rickety affections, And strumous constitutions and complexions.

I'm always ill, in every kind of weather; In fact, I've all your ailments put together. Of physic I despair: I want ablution; My system needs a thorough revolution— At least, a very sweeping reformation,

Not only of my streets but Corporation." Quoth all the other towns, "That's our condition:

We want the scavenger--not the physician."

#### A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

#### BY PARSON LOT.

- T chanced upon a merry, merry Christmas eve,
- I went sighing past the church, across the moorland dreary-
- "Oh! never sin and want and woe this earth will leave,

And the bells but mock the wailing round, they sing so cheery.

- How long, O Lord ! how long before Thou come again !
  - Still in cellar and in garret, and on moorland dreary,
- The orphans moan, and widows weep, and poor men toil in vain,
  - 'Till the earth is sick with hope deferred, tho' Christmas bells be cheery."
- Then rose a joyous clamour from the wild fowl on the mere,
  - Beneath the stars, across the snow, like clear bells ringing;
- And a voice within cried,—"Listen!— Christmas carols even here!

Tho' thou be dumb, yet o'er their work the stars and snow are singing.

- Blind; I live, I love, I reign; and all the nations through
  - With the thunder of my judgments even now are ringing :
- Do thou fulfil thy work but as yon wildfowl do,

Thou wilt heed no less the wailing, yet hear through it angels singing."

#### BE HAPPY AT HOME.

E happy at home, whatever be thy lot, Whatever thy calling, or station in life;

- Be it palace or cot, be it humble or not,
- Let the place of thy rest be no dwelling of strife.
- The world may look cold, and the storm may grow high,
  - And the tyrant may press thee and crush thee to earth;
- Thou canst bear the dark eye, that thy faults would descry,
  - In the refuge of home, in the joy of its mirth.
- Be happy at home! let the libertine scorn, Or call thee a coward, or pleasureless swain:
- Let him fill up his horn, and tipple till morn,
  - For thine is the pleasure, and his is the pain.
- The world may caress him, and bless him to-day,
  - For it giveth its joys to the well-garnered store :
- But in poverty's day, it will spurn him away,
  - For it frowns on the man who can purchase no more.
- Be happy at home! no matter how poor! Let it be thy kingdom, thy pleasure and boast;
- Thou'lt have comfort in store, that will pleasure thee more
  - Than the whole world can give, when thou needest it most.
- Be happy at home! it will gladden thy heart,
  - And save many stripes from the chastening rod;
- And when Death, with his dart, shall bid thee depart,
  - Thou mayest find thyself nearer to mercy and God.

114 BAND OF HOPE TREASURY. THE ANGELS' SONG, R. L. R. LOWRY. With energy. 0.0.000 Roll-ing down-ward thro' the mid-night, Comes a glo - rious burst of heaven-ly song;  $\underset{A2}{\overset{K_{EY}}{A2}} \left\{ \left| \begin{array}{c} \underline{s_{i}}, \underline{l}_{i}, t_{i} \\ m_{i}, ., m_{i} \\ d \\ d \\ ., d \\ d_{i}, ., d_{i} \end{array} \right| \begin{array}{c} d : d \mid -: \underline{d}, \underline{m}, s_{i} \\ m_{i}:\underline{m}_{i}| -: \underline{m}_{i}, \underline{s}_{i}, m_{i} \\ s_{i} : \underline{s}_{i} \mid -: \underline{m}_{i}, \underline{s}, s_{i} \\ s_{i} : \underline{s}_{i} \mid s_{i}, s_{i} : \underline{s}_{i} \mid s_{i}, s_{i} : \underline{s}_{i} \mid \underline{s}_{i}, s_{i} : \underline{s}_{i} : \underline$ CHORUS. full of sweet-ness, And the sing - ers are an an - gel cho - rus throng. Glo - ry. 



#### THAT ALL DEPENDS!

A DIALOGUE FOR THREE.

BY S. KNOWLES, AUTHOR OF "EVERY BAND OF HOPE BOY'S RECITER," ETC., ETC.

SCENE :- Room in which two girls are silting. Louisa (in walking costume) has called to invite her friend Kate Rankin to a social party, and the conversation, which is supposed to have gone on some time, is continued thus :-

Louisa. HEN you will come, Katie? Kate. That all depends!

L. Depends ! on what, pray ?

are going to have.

L. Why, Kate, you are growing quite prudish, I do declare. When I called to invite you last year, you were delighted, and said "Yes" in a moment; but this year you don't seem to care for my invitation at all. I think your affection for me is fast dying out.

K. Oh, no, no; don't say that, please. I love you just as well as I ever did; but, dear Louisa, I have rather different thoughts upon certain subjects than I used to have!

L. Yes; I think so, indeed, when you wish to know what sort of a party we are going to have before you will consent to come! There was nothing wrong at our last party, was there?

K. Well,-perhaps-at least, I mean yes, and no.

L. That's a strange answer, at any rate—yes, and no; pray, what was wrong?

K. Why, dear Louisa, you know I have recently been attending certain meetings connected with our school—

L. Oh, I see, I see, Miss Katie! You are determined to renounce the pomps and vanities of this wicked world! You don't think parties are suitable to one in your frame of mind?

K. Not exactly that, Louisa; had you waited a little I should have explained more fully. L. Oh! (makes a bow) I beg your ladyship's pardon, for being so rude.

K. The meetings I have been attending are not what you would call religious meetings; they are Band of Hope or Temperance meetings; and I have been so convinced of the evils resulting from the drinking usages of our country that I have signed the pledge, and am now a teetotaler.

L. What! don't you take wine?

K. No; nor any other drink that will intoxicate. And, dear Louisa, I have no wish to go to your party if you intend to have what I cannot help but see to be dangerous drinks there.

L. Poor Kate; how sorry I am to see you turned so squeamish. Pray, did you ever see any harm come of the little wine drunk at our parties?

K. I must speak plainly, Louisa—yes, I have seen harm.

L. When and where, pray?

K. The very last party I was at, at your house, my own brother drank too much wine, and became quite foolish; and I am not sure but he takes more now than he did then. I know that both father and mother have had many troubled hours about him.

L. Well, go on, please.

K. Then, I noticed young Howard at that party frequently helping himself to some liquor stronger than wine which stood on the sideboard, and you cannot have forgotton how his sister Maude watched him with tearful eyes, and at length begged your father to remove the tempting bottle away from the room. Ah,

Louisa, that young man has since almost brought ruin on his home; and his poor widlowed mother and only sister are heartbrolken at his conduct.

L. But, really, Kate, you don't blame the party for all that! The young men must like the drink or they would not take so much of it.

K. I cannot but blame anyone who mayy provide intoxicating drinks at these sociial parties, because it is an encouragememt to those who are weak and who, as you put it, like the drink, to take it with impunity. If the drink is there, it is tanttamount to saying there is no harm in takiing it. It is a dangerous custom, and is attended with much mischief.

L. I think I begin to see what you mean. But I am sure you don't think my parcents intend harm when they supply wimes and spirits.

K. Oh, dear, no; I know they mean nothing but kindness; it is to show their hospitality. But it is a great and dangerous mistake!

#### (Enter Mr. Rankin.)

Mr. R. Ah, Louisa-you here! How are you?

L. Quite well, thank you, sir. Kate and myself are just talking about our coming party, and she is crying down the use of intoxicating drinks.

Mr. R. Glad to hear it. Kate could not be much more usefully employed.

K. Then you are a teetotaler, Mr. Ramkin, as well as she?

Mr. R. Yes; and it would be well for our country if everybody were teetotal. Drink is a curse—a dangerous foe to all that is good and a friend to all that is bad. I do hope you will have no drink at you party this year; otherwise I cannot let my children go.

L. I will speak to my parents about it. I am sure they will do nothing wrong, or that has even the appearance of wrong, if they know it.

Mr. R. You are right, my dear. They need only look at the matter fairly and I feel sure they will cease to place that which is a snare to so many on their tables and sideboard at their evening parties. I wish we could banish drink entirely from social life; in the meantime we who see the evil and the danger must do all we can, by example and by precept, to bring about a better state of things.

L. I never heard so much talk on this subject before; nor have I, indeed, thought about it at all.

Mr. R. I must leave you two to continue the conversation. Kate is quite able to either reason on the question or impart information. Remember me to your parents, dear. (Shakes hands and retires.)

L. I must away, too, Kate. Why, how earnest you all seem to be in this matter; I am quite taken by surprise. (*Rises to go.*) I will call in again tomorrow and let you know more about the party. I think you may rest assured we shall have no more of that which your father calls a dangerous foe at our social gatherings.

K. Of course, Louisa, neither father or I wish to interfere with anyone's freedom in any way; but we cannot countenance, by our presence or otherwise, the use of strong drink.

L. I quite understand you, dear Kate, and am glad you have spoken out so plainly.

K. I must be plain on this question. You must come some evening to our Band of Hope Meeting, and then you will see how we are trying to train up the young in the principles of total abstinence from all intoxicating beverages; we have such pleasant, enjoyable gatherings.

L. I will come with you with pleasure; for the present, good-bye Kate. (*Exit.*)

#### THE DRUNKARD'S GRAVE.

SAW a youth in his father's hall, Whose joyful areas a state of the st Whose joyful eye and aspect gay, Showed a heart yet free from passion's thrall.

Light as the billowy ocean's spray; That youth generous, virtuous, brave, Yet now he fills a drunkard's grave.

I saw by the midnight taper's gleam, A tireless student pensive pore,

O'er history's page, or some noble theme, That poets have sung in classic lore.

> Yet now the green willow doth o'er him wave,

> And also he sleeps in the drunkard's grave.

I saw an old man, whose locks were grey, Silvered by care and the length of years;

Unmoved by these signs of speedy decay, And untouched by his children's fre-

quent tears; Those children may weep, but they cannot save

That erring man from a drunkard's grave.

The young, the old, the brave are there,

The proud and the humble together sleep;

The father caught in the guileful snare,

And the son who could once o'er his father weep.

The rich, the poor, the free, the slave, Go down in crowds to the drunkard's grave.

A BACCHANALIAN.

BY ROBERT NICOLL.

THEY make their feast and fill their They drink the rosy wine- [cups-They seek for pleasure in the bowl-Their search is not like mine. From misery I freedom seek-

I crave relief from pain;

From hunger, poverty, and cold-I'll go get drunk again !

The wind doth through my garments I'm naked to the blast; [run-

Two days have fluttered o'er my head Since last I broke my fast.

But I'll go drink, and straightway clad In purple shall I be;

And I shall feast at tables spread With rich men's luxury.

My wife is naked—and she begs Her bread from door to door;

She sleeps on clay each night beside Her hungry children four!

She drinks-I drink; for why? it drives All poverty away;

And starving babies glow again Like happy children gay !

In broadcloth clad, with belly full, A sermon you can preach;

But hunger, cold, and nakedness, Another song would teach.

I'm bad and vile-what matters that To outcasts such as we?

Bread is denied-come, wife, we'll drink Again, and happy be.

#### PLEASURES OF SOBRIETY.

(FROM AN OLD PAPER.) AN little thinks That while he drinks, And quaffs the flowing bowl, He breeds dull care, Creates despair In future for his soul. Man little knows When thus he throws His sorrow to the wind, He sows a seed Will only breed More deep in memory's mind. Then leave your wine, Though 'tis divine, Enjoy a sober smile-It has no smart, But cheers the heart, And lasts a longer while.

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IN the Premises at the corner of High Street, which RICHARDS has just opened I to meet the daily increasing requirements of his trade, Parents and Friends of Children will find a degree of comfort and completeness in the arrangements which can only be met with in a large concern, and in one specially built for the business. The Stock must naturally be extensive and varied; it is also fresh in the Newcest Styles.

In consequence of the large amount of room at disposal, a Stock of Fanney Suits is kept, for the display of which there has not been space in the Shop at tithe corner of Spring Gardens. RICHARDS intends to continue selling at a low rate i of profit, the large increase in his last year's trade has amply rewarded him for tithe great reduction he made in his prices. A few leading prices are given, but Clotthing of the lowest and of the very highest class is kept in stock, all of equally goood value.

Boys' Knicker Suits	g from	3/6	Boys' "Athole"	Suits fr	om 122/6
Boys' Sailor Suits	23		Boys' "Sydney"		
Boys' "Prince" Suits	>>	6/9	Boys'Scotch Kilt	Suits ,	, 15%/6

A Variety of Fancy Suits in Worsted, Diagonals, Velvets, and Best Makes of Tweeds, from 15/-.

Youths'	Tweed Knicker Suits			from	10//6
Youths'	Black and Blue Knicker	Suits		 "	211/-
	Tweed Trousers Suits		•••	"	12//6
Louins	Black and Blue Trousers	Sults		 99	255/-

LIST OF DEPARTMENTS.

MEN'S READY-MADE CLOTHING. YOUTHS' READY-MADE CLOTHING. BOYS' READY-MADE CLOTHING. WORKING MENS' TAILORING. SELECT MEASURE DEPARTMENT.

## RICHARDS, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

