# ONWARD

A BAND OF HOPE TEMPERANCE & FAMILY MAGAZINE



1896

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A BAND OF HOPE, TEMPERANCE AND FAMILY

MAGAZINE.

## VOLUME XXXI., 1896.

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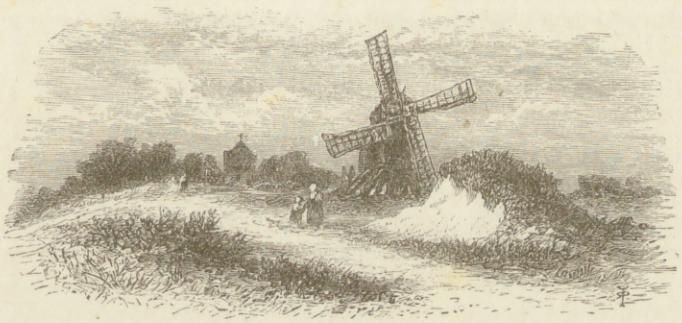

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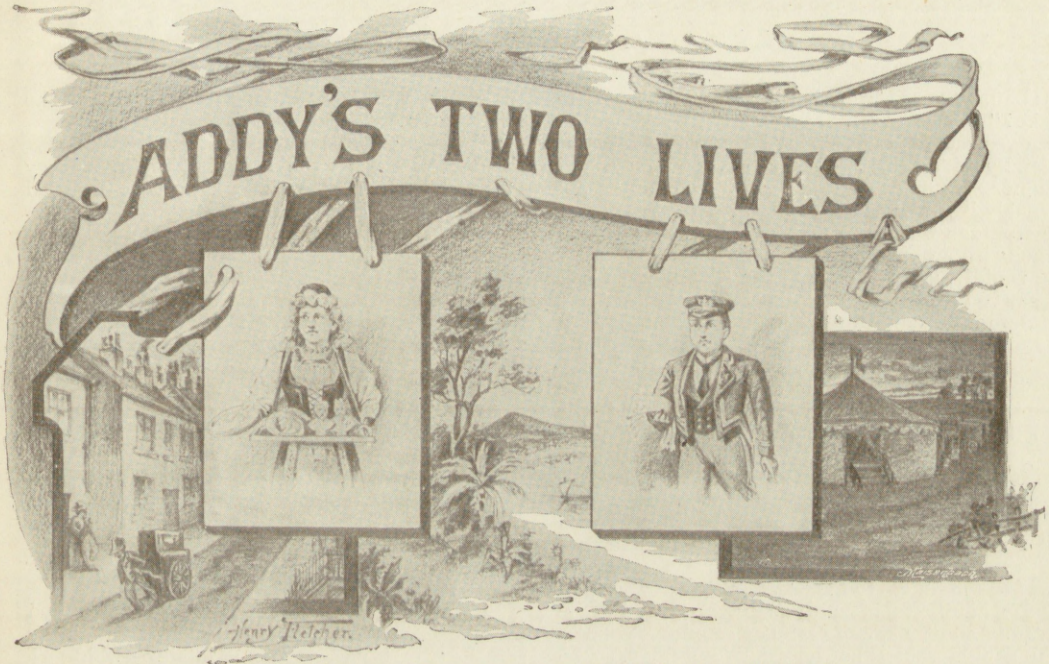


AN ORIGINAL STORY, BY RUTH B. YATES.

*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumpty Grafton," "Green & Gold," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER I.

### A GAMBLING SALOON.

"IT'S very strange what has become of young Maynard," remarked one Englishman to another as they sat upon the piazza of an Italian restaurant enjoying the cool of the evening, and surveying the gay scene around them, for it was the eve of a religious festival, and the pleasure-loving people seemed bent upon enjoying it to the full.

Groups of young folk clad in festive attire were to be seen chatting merrily, and the gay colours of the dresses lent an added charm to the quaint beauty of the old town.

The speaker was an English merchant who had come to Italy on business, a young man of fine physique, with an open, manly countenance, and clear brown eyes, that at once proclaimed him as one who might be trusted.

"Very strange," replied his companion. "I am afraid there is something amiss, for Maynard, who had been drinking freely, was openly boasting last night of having come into possession of a large sum of money, and he even drew out a roll of banknotes and displayed them here."

"You think he has been robbed and murdered?" queried Montagu.

"Hush," responded Harrop, "one dare not say what one thinks in this outlandish place, and I must say I don't care to rouse the ire of those dark-browed Italians, or," lowering his voice, "I have heard a whisper that this is a gambling-house behind the scenes, but I wouldn't like to say so."

"Arnold Montagu never feared any man in the cause of truth and justice, and if I thought Maynard was in need of help, in God's name, I would go to his aid."

"Bah! you are too quixotic altogether for my fancy. If the lad *would* put his head into the lion's mouth it is no business of either yours or mine," retorted Harrop, impatiently.

Then, turning to a waitress who was lingering near, he said angrily, "What do you stand listening for?"

"For shame, Harrop, to speak in that way to a lady. She is only doing her duty," interposed Montagu.

"Ah, well, it's no use talking to you; you are too unsuspicious. Good-bye, I must be going," responded Harrop, as he rose to depart; and Montagu was about to do the same, when an expressive appealing glance from the dark-eyed waitress made him change his mind and sit down again. "I shall remain here awhile longer," he remarked quietly, "it is too pleasant to go indoors yet, and I want to think over what you have said."

"Think as much as you like but don't act, and above all, don't drag my name into the matter for I can prove nothing."

Montagu watched Harrop as he passed out of sight amid the gay throng in the street below, which was rapidly becoming more densely crowded with holiday makers, whilst he was the only one remaining at the marble tables on the piazza.

As Arnold Montagu thought of the young man in whom he was so deeply interested, his heart went out in prayer that God would enable him to rescue the foolish young man from the vortex of sin in which he had allowed himself to be plunged by the sudden acquisition of fortune.

A shadow made him start, and looking up, he saw the same waitress by his side, who said in

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Italian, "What would the signor please to take?"

Then, suddenly lowering her voice, she spoke rapidly in English, "You are a good man, and Signor Maynard's friend, but you must act quickly if you would save him."

Montagu was about to reply, but she silenced him with a quick, impatient gesture, and went on rapidly, "Go at once to the Rivoli, and I will meet you there in ten minutes."

Before he could answer she was gone, and a man began to light the lamps, so he rose and descended into the street, turning in the direction indicated, which was only a few paces, when he paused, and standing in the shadow of the portico, watched the merry, excited, laughing throng, without seeing them; his thoughts were so fully occupied by the strange, mysterious words and manner of the Italian woman.

He was roused from his reverie by the approach of a figure closely veiled, who drew him further into the shadow, and said, "Listen! I have only a few minutes to spare. Signor Maynard spoke kindly to me as you have done, but he drank and drank, and Garcia Costello got him to the gaming tables, but he would not play, so he drugged him, and took his money, and there he lies, and if he is not awakened within three hours, he will never come out alive."

"What would you advise me to do?" asked Montagu, breathlessly.

"Bring the police and search the place; but they have done it before without avail, so listen! In the back passage there is a carved medallion of the Madonna high up on the panelling, raise your hand and press it and the door will slide open, go down with the police an hour from now and you will know all. Adieu, signor."

She was gone, lost in the crowd, and for a moment he stood like one dazed, but only for a moment; with Arnold Montagu, to think was to act, so he at once made his way to the Superintendent of Police and applied for men and warrant to search Costello's premises, as his friend, who had a large sum of money in his possesion, had not been seen since he was there last night.

At first, it seemed as if there would be unavoidable delay, but as Montagu offered a considerable sum, the difficulties vanished, and his wish was granted.

"Not that I think it is any use, signor," said the Superintendent. "We would give much to secure a conviction against Garcia Costello, but he's an old bird. He laughs at us, and defies all our efforts, for though we are morally certain of what goes on, we can get no proof."

"I will leave no stone unturned to discover the whereabouts of my friend, living or dead. He had several thousands of pounds in banknotes in his possession, which he was foolishly exhibiting at Costello's, I understand," replied Montagu firmly.

The Superintendent and a possé of men accordingly accompanied the Englishman to the now brilliantly lighted saloon, where the proprietor met them with a sardonic smile, and invited them to inspect his premises. This they at once proceeded to do, but there were no signs of Sydney Maynard, or of anything to which the police could raise objection.

"Foiled again! I told you how it would be, signor," whispered the Superintendent, as they followed Costello along a dark passage that led out into the garden behind.

Just at that moment Montagu caught sight of the carved medallion on the wall, just above his head, so he placed his hand on his companion's arm to arrest his progress; then, pressing his hand upon the face of the Madonna, he had the satisfaction of seeing the panel, against which they were standing, noiselessly slide back, revealing a flight of stone steps that led to a lighted chamber below. Instantly the Superintendent blew his whistle, and uttered a few words of command to his men.

So quickly had all this transpired that Garcia Costello found himself pinioned, in charge of two constables, before he had time to decide on a course of action; as it was, he was utterly helpless, and could only pour out a volley of oaths which nobody heeded.

Leaving a guard at the entrance, they descended the steps and found themselves in a gambling saloon—nay, a perfect den of infamy—which we will not stay to describe.

Montagu's heart sank within him as he glanced round and thought of the bright young life which he feared had been sacrificed amid such a scene of vice and corruption, but there were no traces of him now, as he eagerly scanned the faces of the occupants, each of which told a tale.

The policeman, however, advanced towards a curtain which was stretched along one end of the room, and drawing it aside revealed a recess, in which, upon a couch, lay the apparently lifeless body of Sydney Maynard.

Garcia Costello was tried, but as Maynard, on his recovery, could only give a very confused account of what had transpired, the charge of attempted murder fell through, and there was no proof that the banknotes had not been fairly lost at the gaming table, so the Italian escaped with a heavy fine for keeping an illicit gambling house, and departed vowing vengeance upon Arnold Montagu, who took no notice of his threats however; but, having completed his business, returned to England, taking with him Sydney Maynard, who was a sadder yet a wiser man than when he had left it a few weeks before.

"I don't know how to thank you, Montagu, for what you have done for me," remarked Maynard, as they paced the deck of the steamer that bore them home.

"The best thanks you could give me is to take my advice, Maynard," replied his companion.

"That I will, gladly, Montagu. I only wish now that I had taken it before, and banked that money; I did mean to do it, but I met a friend, and we had a glass or two together, and when we came out the bank was closed, and I hadn't time to go the next morning before the boat sailed, so I thought it would be all right in my pocket-book until I returned, for no one would know I had it," was the ready response.

"That fatal delay has cost you your fortune, and might have cost you your life," said Montagu, gravely.

"I don't know how I could be so foolish as to show that money, Montagu; I must have been bewitched," exclaimed the younger man.

"Then don't run any risk of being bewitched again from the same cause, Sydney," said his friend, placing his hand on the other's arm. "You would not have dreamt of doing such a thing had you been sober; it was drink that made you neglect to bank that money, it was drink that led you to boast of it, and it was drink that led you into bad company and made you stake and lose it at a gaming table, and —"

"No, no, Montagu, you are wrong there. I admit the rest, but I did not gamble, of *that* I'm quite sure, for I always had a horror of it. That fellow took me to a table, but I buttoned up my coat and refused to stake a penny, or to take any part in the game, so he laughed and said 'Ah, well, you Inglese are stupid, but never mind, have a drink,' and he offered me a glass of wine, which I drank, and then I remember nothing more until I awoke and found you bending over me," interrupted Maynard.

"Granting you that, Sydney, still drink was the cause, and my advice to you is—have nothing more to do with it.'

"No, I think that is going too far. The sudden possession of so much money unhinged me, but I am not likely to be troubled the same way again. Confound it! I wish I'd never seen Italy, I might have lived in comfort instead of having to peg away at the desk again, so you may rest yourself content, old fellow, that I won't get drunk again," responded Maynard.

"You would be much safer if you took none at all, Sydney," persisted his friend. "I tremble when I think what the consequences might have been, and, as you say, your prospects for the future are ruined even now."

"I know all that, but it's no use crying over spilt milk," retorted Maynard, somewhat impatiently, "and you can take it without any hurt, and I don't see why I cannot take a glass and let it alone as well as you, Arnold."



For some moments they paced the deck in silence; Arnold Montagu with brows knitted as though in anxious thought, then, as he turned his gaze upon the fair, delicately-moulded face of the young man by his side, whose every line denoted lack of firmness, a great yearning tenderness came into those earnest eyes. He stopped short, and taking a business card from his pocket, wrote a few words upon the back and handed it to his companion.

Sydney Maynard's blue eyes opened wide as he read the words, "I hereby promise, by God's help, to abstain from the use of all intoxicating drinks, as beverages, henceforth and for ever.—Arnold Montagu."

"What upon earth do you mean by this, Montagu?" he asked.

"Since you choose to do as I do, I will set you an example you may safely follow," was the reply.

"But I cannot let you make this sacrifice for my sake, Arnold."

"Not for your sake merely, but for Christ's sake. I have long had some secret misgivings on the subject, but your experience has opened

my eyes to the selfishness of my present course of action."

"But you are in no danger, and you have taken it and been a Christian?" said Maynard, in a tone of enquiry.

"True, and I have considered that I was doing no wrong, but now the Holy Spirit has given me fresh light through you, and I should be no longer a Christian if I did not follow that light and give up that which, though harmless enough to me, is a source of danger to others. So put your signature against mine, and let us both unite in avoiding the drink that can work so much ill."

"Well, Arnold, I don't mind signing, when a strong fellow like you has done so, and if I do promise I will keep my word."

So saying, Sydney Maynard wrote his name beneath that of his friend, and started life afresh with a better prospect of success than when he had inherited his Uncle's legacy.

*(To be continued.)*

## FUNNY SNOWBALLS.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

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

HARRY and Jim were two schoolboys, and they were great friends, and at Christmas time they went off, one fine bright morning, to Hill Top to make snowballs. They made small ones to begin with, then sent them down the hill rolling away to see how large they would be when they reached the bottom, for with each roll they gained a little more snow, and consequently when at the end of their journey were very much larger than when they first set off. How the boys laughed and shouted as some balls which were tiny ones at the top looked very big when at the bottom.

A gentleman who was watching them was evidently much interested in the proceedings, and when a bigger one than usual dropped at his feet, he looked up and said:

"Boys, your snowballs are teaching me a lesson, which perhaps you too would like to learn. Come down and I will tell it you."

Down they came, for he looked such a nice, kind old gentleman, they were sure that he had something good to say to them.

"Well!" he said, looking at their bright, rosy faces, "do you know I've been thinking as I stood here watching your fun, that there are some little sins which are very much like snowballs; they begin by being very little and insignificant at first, but as they are indulged in they grow bigger and bigger, just as the ball does as it comes down the hill. For instance, there's untruthfulness. A boy hesitates to tell a downright lie, but he does not think it any harm to try and make somebody see a thing in a different light from that in which it was intended to be seen, and he silences his conscience by saying, 'I didn't tell a lie; if they like to think so they must,' and all the time he knows that it is he who has given a false impression. By slow degrees he goes on insinuating things, then hesitating, giving only half the truth, until at last he tells a lie as easily as he tells the truth. But he began *small*.

"Then there's selfishness. Many a lad would scorn to do the things to-day that in a few years he will think no wrong. He begins by liking the best place, the easiest way, caring only a little for other's comfort, until like the snowball again, this selfishness grows big and eats out the best of his nature, and he is known as a selfish man, who will never put himself out of the way to do a kind action, but he began *small*.

"Then there's temper; many boys give way a little at first, but every time they give way it makes it easier to do so next time, until their temper becomes ungovernable. And there's strong drink, too. We all know everyone begins by taking a little; no man becomes a drunkard in a day or a week; no, it is just the 'little drops' getting into big ones that make the drunkards, and then, like your snowballs, they cannot stop themselves, but on they go, until the bottom of despair and wretchedness is reached. Funny snowballs, you will think, but are they not like them in not being able to stop, and in beginning in a small way?

"I am an old man now, but I have seen so many nice boys go down the hill like snowballs, that I always want to help and warn every lad I see. Will you take this little talk kindly from me, my lads?"

"Yes, sir, we will, and thank you, too;" and the merry-faced boys shook hands heartily with the kind old gentleman.

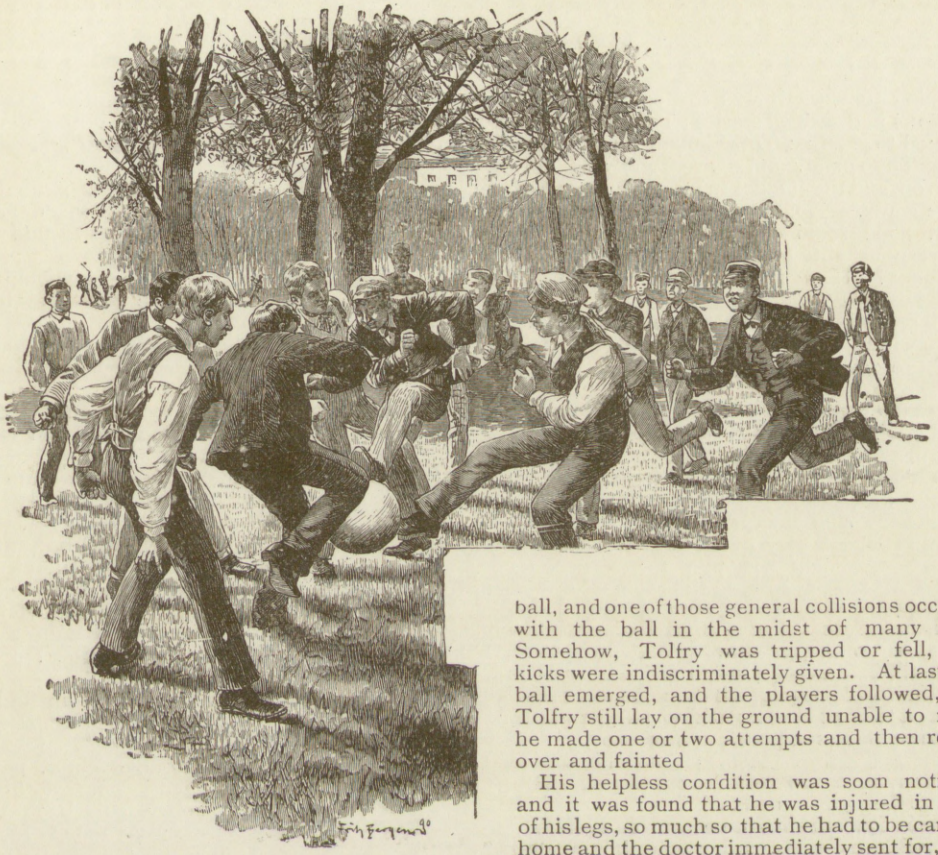
Better still, when they returned to school they remembered his words, and many a serious talk they had over the "funny snowballs."

## GOOD IDEA, BAD POETRY.

A little boy,
A cigarette,
A match wherewith to light it,
A puff, a hum, and then a smile,
Oh, he was quite delighted.

A little boy
Against a fence to steady him he stood.
A moan,
A groan,
And then——you know,
And die he thought he would.

A little boy
Upon a knee, with face towards the floor.
A heavy stick,
A mighty hand,
There wanted nothing more
To convince that boy
That he was wrong
In using tobacco.



## A FOOTBALL ACCIDENT.

By Uncle Ben.

THE works of Messrs. Ward & Co. were situated near the public park and open space for sports, in one of our Northern towns, so that during the dinner hour the young men in the employ of the large firm often took the opportunity of football practise. In connection with the employees of the Company there was a strong football team, and general enthusiasm for the game ran very high. There were two sets of games—the players for the Rugby and Association rules. Between the two sets there was much rivalry; those who played the Association game were all abstainers, which the Rugby players were not.

One day the members of the Association were having a practise on the ground before the great bell sounded which called all hands in to work. The game was in full swing, but no side was chosen. The lads and men fell into the play as they came back from dinner for exercise and amusement before turning into work. The captain, Fred Tolfry, an active and popular young fellow, had dribbled up the ball to the centre of the ground when several made a rush at it. At that moment one of the best Rugby players, named Armstrong, joined in shouting, "I'll show you dribblers how to kick." Those nearest closed in, Tolfry made a dash for the ball, and one of those general collisions occured with the ball in the midst of many legs. Somehow, Tolfry was tripped or fell, and kicks were indiscriminately given. At last the ball emerged, and the players followed, but Tolfry still lay on the ground unable to rise; he made one or two attempts and then rolled over and fainted

His helpless condition was soon noticed, and it was found that he was injured in one of his legs, so much so that he had to be carried home and the doctor immediately sent for, who declared his knee cap was seriously if not permanently hurt, and there was nothing for it but a long rest, and to bear as bravely as he could very severe pain.

The news of this event soon spread as the bell rang and all the hands poured into work. No one knew the nature or extent of the injury. As the account of the accident passed from mouth to mouth many exaggerations were made, some saying that Tolfry was almost killed and was taken home in a dying state. In fact, all kinds of reports were flying about, but no one seemed to know how the accident had occured. Some said Tolfry had fallen; others said it was a collision in which he was stunned, while others maintained he had been kicked.

There was only one who knew, and he held his peace. George Armstrong, when he rushed into the melée, felt, in kicking at the ball, he had missed it, and knew someone had received the blow instead; and when he saw poor Tolfry left on the ground he knew at once he had done the mischief, and cleared off as fast as he could because he feared it might have fatal consequences. No one thought of him as having given the kick, but he knew himself to be the cause of the misfortune.

He went back home as quickly as he could. With great fear in his heart he heard, on coming out of the works, a few casual reports as to the accident being ot a very serious nature. He felt as if the eyes of everyone were fixed on him as the cause of this trouble. That evening he hardly dared stir out, and when he came next

morning to work it was to hear many different versions and garbled stories; but all the accounts seemed to say that Tolfry might be a cripple for life. The anxiety and distress grew as the day wore on, and the conflict in his conscience became more acute. Should he confess he had done it? What good would it do? Why should he accept the responsibility of having been the cause of the accident? If he said nothing about it no one would ever know.

All day long the subject was in his mind. A voice within would not let him rest; he felt he ought to say how sorry he felt, yet he hardly could screw up courage even to go and ask how the sufferer was. But when evening was come the better feeling gained the victory.

Armstrong went to the house were Tolfry lived with his widowed mother and inquired how the patient was, and asked if he might be allowed to see him. The doctor's orders were that he should be kept very quiet, but Mrs. Tolfry said Armstrong might see him for a little time. When Armstrong entered the room he was much touched by the evident signs of great suffering Tolfry was still enduring as he lay motionless on his back. The first words of the visitor were,

"I am very sorry, I could not rest till I came to tell you I kicked you; of course I did not mean it, but I felt you ought to know I did it."

Tolfry extended his hand and said,

"Thank you for coming; I am sure you could not help it. I fell with my leg just over the ball and no one was to blame."

"Can you forgive me?" said Armstrong.

"Of course I do, and I think it very noble in you telling me that you gave me the kick."

Armstrong did not stay long; he learnt a few particulars—who the doctor was and what he said. Before leaving, he inquired if there was anything he could do?

"No," replied Tolfry, "my mother does all I need; the doctor says I have nothing to do but lie still and look up. Only come and see me again when you can."

Armstrong continued to visit the patient until a great friendship sprang up between the two. Whenever he went it was always to find Tolfry cheerful and still "looking up."

One day, Armstrong said:—"I should think you are almost tired of the game of 'looking up.'"

"I hope not," replied his friend, "I have learnt a good many lessons in having always to 'look up,' and I trust as long as I live I shall never look down again. At first I could only 'look up' for help to bear the pain, and now I am easier I can 'look up' with thankfulness and hope; for I have had so much kindness shown me that I ought always to 'look up' with praise. By 'looking up' one looks away from one s-self to One able and willing to bless. Where I only thought there was trouble, I see countless mercies; just as one comes out into the night, at first you see nothing but the darkness, but when you 'look up,' you see the stars and what light there is even behind cloudy skies. And now I am sure no one 'looks up,' to God in vain."

At length Tolfry was able to sit up and then hobble about. The doctor ceased coming; and Armstrong, who had also raised a subscription for Tolfry amongst the football clubs, paid the bill by weekly instalments out of his own savings. In time, Tolfry got back to the works; an easy post was found for him. He learnt from the doctor how the bill was paid. And though for him football games were over, the friendship between the two deepened and grew as the days passed on; and both of them learnt through a life-long experience, the blessedness of "looking up."



## A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A HAPPY New Year! a Happy New Year!
Oh, wind of the morning that singeth along,
Go whisper the message to all we hold dear,
And make it the theme of thy happiest song!
The greeting is old, yet it springeth to-day
As fresh and as free from these bosoms of ours
As ever in time that has stolen away;
And still, with a garland of sweet graceful flowers,
We frame the old message, so tender and true,
And pray, while we waft it to friends far and near,
That heaven with *its* flowers each pathway may strew,
And grant to each loved one "A Happy New Year!"

# "CHEER, BOYS, CHEER!"

## A CHAT WITH THE GIRLS.

By J. G. Tolton.



HEER, boys, cheer!" is a jolly, merry song of bye-gone days. Henry Russell wrote the music of it, and he used to sing it very often at his concerts. There are many compositions with Russell's name attached, and they are mostly inspiriting and invigorating, and calculated to drive dull care away.

It is generally the girls who wield the magician's wand, and conjure melancholy with the words: "Heigh! Presto! Begone!"

To begin with, what delightfully, bright, suggestive names you girls are blessed with very often. Just call to time a few which occur to us without studying very deeply. Eugenie—well-born, of noble descent; Louisa and Louise—heroine of the people; Ethel—noble; Maud—brave girl; Annie—grace, goodwill; Fanny—indomitable; Agnes—lamb; Ada—ornament, adorned; Beatrice—blessed. And these are only specimens. Many more could be given, not to mention the many lovely flower names which have been transferred to girls, as Rose, Lily and Daisy.

These advantages ought to count for something. A sad, gloomy, depressing, melancholy Fay is a contradiction. The label must have got misplaced. You girls should be gleams of sunshine, clear as crystal, flashing in the brightness like diamonds. I have known a few such brilliants. Where they happened to come, dejection and darkness could not possibly remain.

It is nice to hear a brother speak of his sister in these terms:—"Our Dot's a success. Things can't go blue where she is!"

Another young fellow, on being challenged as to the cause of his glumness, candidly confessed that things were not running smoothly at home because his sister Fan was away, spending a few weeks with a relative. That girl Fan would make all the male folk sing "Cheer, boys, cheer!"

But one of you is saying: "Not all the Fans in the world could blow away the cobwebs that are always clinging about my brother."

Well! there are *some* awkward brothers about, made up mostly of sharp corners and frowning brows.

But when I hear a girl giving her brother away wholesale, it is impossible for me to escape the memory of an incident known to some of you.

Fruit was on the table. Its beauty and fragrance delighted the eye and preached hope to the taste. Bob and his sister Una were invited to each take an apple. The brother accepted the invitation first, and took the one nearest his hand. He assures us he did not pick and choose. In a moment Una ejaculated:

"Oh! you greedy thing, I wanted that."

So, Miss Una, if you happen to read this chummy chat, be warned. Don't ring out to the clear sky a full and unabridged list of your brother's failings. Such a practice has unpleasant after results. Hearers are apt to leap to uncomplimentary conclusions concerning the one who is not only brimful but overflowing with complaints.

No! Go in for the bright side. Let your thoughts and feelings have frequent sunbaths, then our influence all around will be of the cheering kind. Of course, you cannot walk along the footway to school or business, singing "Cheer, boys, cheer," but, if your heart is pulsating music, your face will show it.

A happy, smiling face, seen for a moment on the street, is infectious with joy, and spreads the highest kind of beauty all around. And cheeriness makes and keeps friends, for there is always a feeling of gratitude in our heart for those blessed benefactors who set us smiling whenever they fall in our way. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of goodwill, and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lit.

There are people who will pay to see tears in a melodrama, but even they do not welcome sighs and groans when offered free. We are told, sometimes, how many things there are in nature that make all their music in the minor key—the soughing of the wind, the bleating of the lamb, the howl of the dog. Just so. But all these things have neither reason nor imagination. You and I have both, and it is demanded of us that we shall increase the number of those who sing cheerful songs.

The lark, warbling and soaring as he sings, should be our instructor, rather than the moping owl complaining to the moon—

> Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
> Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

---

Our lives are songs: God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever the rhyme or metre;
And if it is sad, we can make it glad,
Or if sweet, we can make it sweeter.

---

## IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key,
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea, broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast
For many and many a day.
If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them, every one,
From nursery, school, and street,
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

*Maud Wyman.*

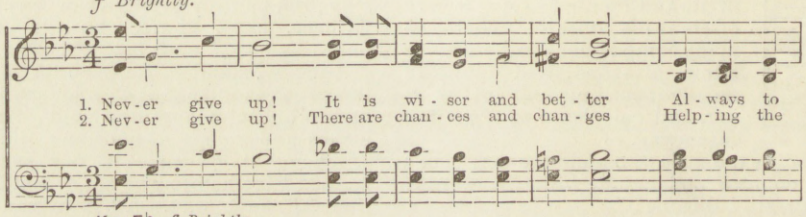
# "NEVER GIVE UP!"

(*Copyright.*)

*Words by* TUPPER, *from the* "Temperance Record."

*Music by* T. PALLIER.

*f Brightly.*




Key E♭. *f Brightly.*

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| 1. Never | give | up! | | It is | | wi-ser | and | | bet-ter | | | Al-ways | to | |
| 2. Never | give | up! | | There are | | chan-ces | and | | chan-ges | | | Help-ing | the | |
| d'.m | :— | :l | s | :— | :ta .ta | l | :s | :f | fe | :s | :— | s | :s | :s |
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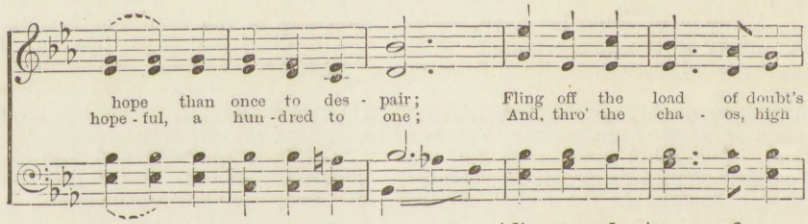


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| hope | | than | once | to | des- | pair; | | | Fling | off | the | load | of | doubt's |
| hope-ful, | | a | hun-dred | | to | one; | | | And, thro' | | the | cha- | os, | high |
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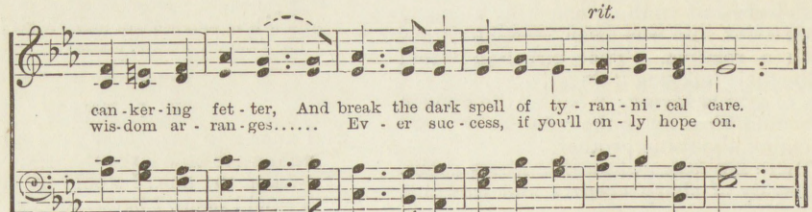


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| can-ker-ing | | | fet-ter, | | And | break the dark | | | spell of | | ty- | ran-ni-cal | | | care. | | |
| wis-dom ar- | | | ran-ges..... | | | Ev | er | suc- | cess, if | you'll | | on-ly | hope | | on. | | |
| l | :s | :f | l | :s | :-.s | f | :-.m | :f | m | :s | :s | l | :s | :f | m | :— | :— |
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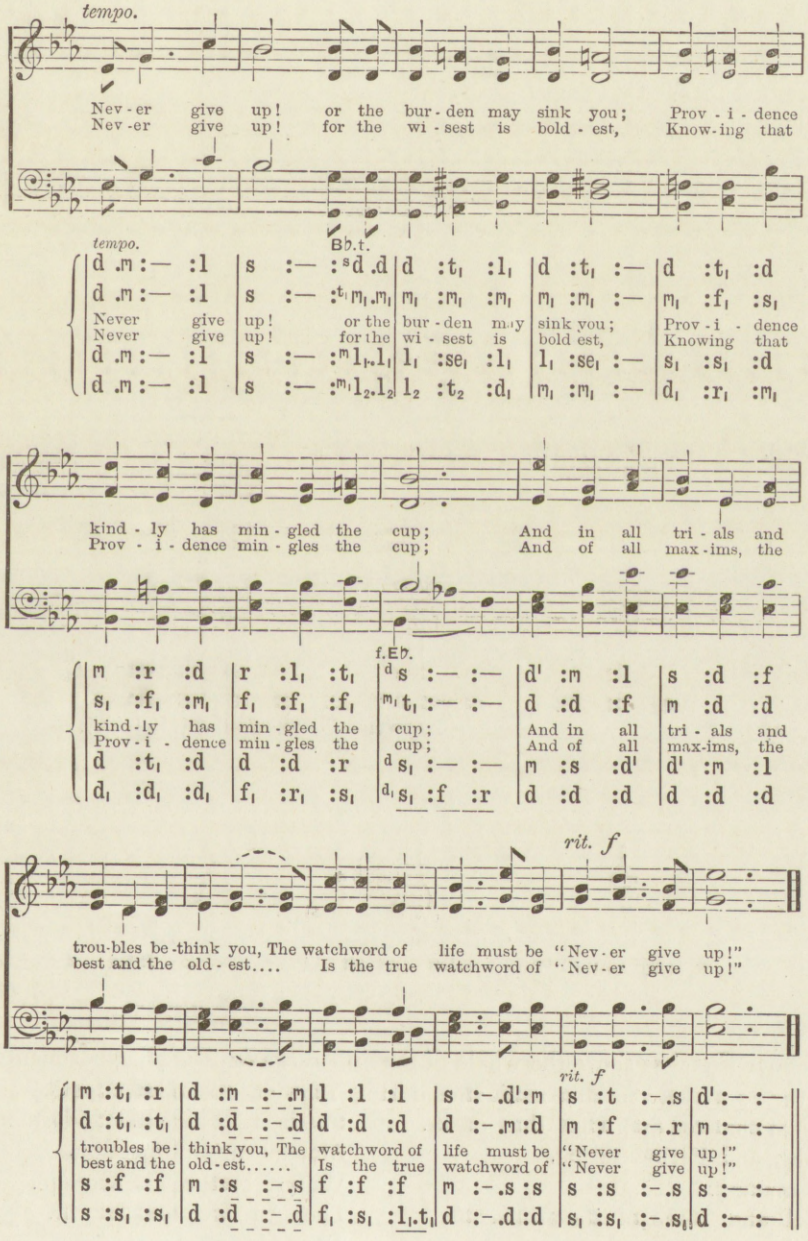
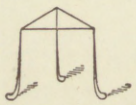
## "NEVER GIVE UP!"



# OUR LABORATORY.

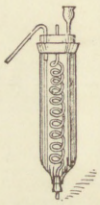
BY W. N. EDWARDS, F.C.S.


TRIPOD STAND.

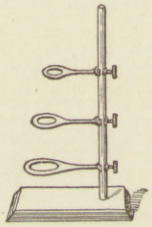

SPIRIT LAMP. 2oz.

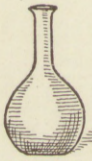

EVAPORATING DISH. Porcelain. 2oz.


BOILING TUBE. 6×1.

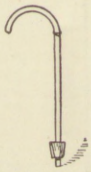

WORM CONDENSER. 9×2½


TUBE HOLDER.


RETORT STAND & RINGS.

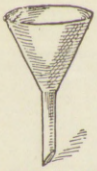

BOILING FLASK.

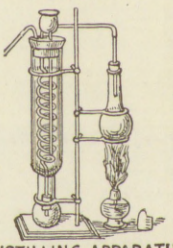

TIN DISH.

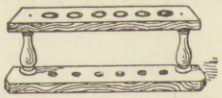

LEADING TUBE WITH CORK FOR ATTACHING FLASK TO STILL.


SMALL FLASK AS RECEIVER.


WINE GLASS.


GLASS FUNNELL. 2½ Inches.

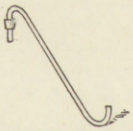

DISTILLING APPARATUS SHOWING HOW FITTED UP.


TEST TUBE STAND.


GAS JAR.


DEFLAGRATING SPOON.


HARD GLASS FLASK FOR OXYGEN.


BENT GLASS TUBE FOR FITTING TO OXYGEN FLASK.


CARBONIC ACID GAS APPARATUS.

THE above sketches show the whole of the apparatus for the 76 experiments to be shown in the 12 articles in this magazine during 1896 on the following subjects:

Chemical changes and what they mean.
Brewing and Fermentation.
Wine making.
Alcohol and some of its properties.
Alcohol and Water compared.
Alcohol, its uses.
Foods that are Heat-formers.
Alcohol and Digestion.
Water, Nature's Beverage.
The Air we breathe in.
The Air we breathe out.
A talk about Bread.

The complete apparatus as above, securely packed in box, can be supplied from the "Onward" Publishing Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester, for 15/-, or in a stained black box, with handles, lock and key, 17/6, carriage not paid.

The above sketch will be useful for reference each month during 1896.

# OUR LABORATORY.

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

## CHEMICAL CHANGES, AND WHAT THEY MEAN.

EVERY boy and girl can readily believe that changes are continually happening all around us. There are the changes of season to season—spring, summer, autumn, winter. There are changes of temperature; one day it may be hot, another quite cold; sometimes it is wet, at other times fine. There are many other changes continually going on that perhaps we do not so easily notice. We breathe in fresh air, but we breathe out something very different. As a fire burns the coal disappears; there is heat and flame, and ash and smoke, and the cinders remaining behind. All this shows that change has taken place. Wine may become vinegar, milk may turn sour, butter may become rancid; thus again showing that change is going on.

Supposing we were to take a pound of water and make it very hot in a vessel, the water would disappear and we should have a pound of steam. This would be quite unlike the water in appearance, but although so much unlike it, it would still be the same compound. One is liquid water, the other is gaseous water or steam. Now, if we apply cold to the steam it becomes water again, and if the cold is continued the water becomes ice. This is another great change. The pound of water may be converted into a pound of ice or a pound of steam—one is liquid, another a solid, and the other a gas, but although the changes are so great there has been no alteration in the composition of the water. It is the same thing all through, but in a different form. Such changes are called physical changes, because the chemical properties are not altered. But when, for instance, sugar is changed into alcohol, by the process of brewing, there is alteration in form and in the properties too. The alcohol is different in every respect from the sugar. Such a change would be called a chemical change. We must try and understand something about this by means of experiments, but first let us see what an experiment is. Supposing I take a piece of iron or brass wire in my hand, I may find out a great deal about it by trying it in various ways. I pull it, but it will not stretch like India-rubber; I bear upon it and it bends, but does not break like a piece of glass; I put it on some water, it sinks and will not float like a piece of wood; I put in the fire, it does not burn but becomes very hot. These have all been experiments, and each one has told me something about the rod. We learn about the properties and constituents of all things by experiment. The value of an experiment is that it definitely proves something.

*Experiment* 1.—Take a small piece of salt and put it in a test tube containing water. The salt disappears—it has dissolved. This teaches that salt is soluble in water, but although the salt can no longer be seen it is all there, as we may easily prove. Taste some of this water; it is salt to the taste, but we can prove that the salt is there in a better way still.

*Experiment* 2.—Pour the salt water into an evaporating dish, standing upon a wire tripod, and place the lighted spirit lamp underneath, as in Fig. 1. On gently heating the liquid the water is driven off in the form of steam and the salt remains behind in exactly the same quantity as was originally taken. No chemical change has taken place. The experiment shows us that we may alter the appearance of things without altering their properties.



FIG 1

*Experiment* 3.—The same may be shown by dissolving a little carbonate of soda in water and recovering it in the same way. Both the salt and the soda carbonate are recovered without either loss in weight or change in property. A large number of other substances may be acted upon in like manner.

*Experiment* 4.—Now take a little of the soda carbonate which, as you see, is a white powder, and put it into a large test tube. Then add to it about the same amount of tartaric acid—also a white powder. Thoroughly shake the two powders together. Nothing occurs excepting that they are mixed. Now place a lighted taper in the tube, as shown in Fig. 2. The taper continues to burn. Remove the taper and add to the mixed powders a little

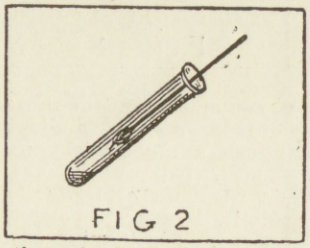


FIG 2

water. Now we can see at once that change takes place, for the powders begin to fizz and to effervesce, and on putting the lighted taper into the mouth of the tube it is at once extinguished.

*Experiment* 5.—On pouring the contents of the tube into the evaporating dish, and proceeding as in Exp. 2, we recover a white substance, but it is neither soda carbonate nor tartaric acid, but something totally different. The escaping gas, when the powders effervesced, and which put out the taper, was carbonic acid gas, and the production of this gas was a sign that chemical change was going on. The experiment is an illustration of chemical change.

*Experiment* 6.—Let us try another experiment to illustrate this. A sheet or two of Dutch metal, which is really copper beaten out very thin, and looking like gold leaf, is put into a large test tube; a little nitric acid is then added, and the whole gently heated, as shown in Fig. 3. The bright copper leaf disappears, ruddy fumes are seen in the tube, and a greenish liquid remains. Here is another illustration of a chemical change. The copper was a metal, lustrous, malleable, capable of being bent and drawn out into a wire, the product has none of the properties of the metal, but is an entirely new substance known as copper nitrate.

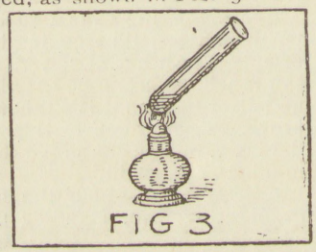


FIG 3

*Experiment* 7.—We may show other chemical changes in connection with this, for if water is added, the colour almost disappears, and now, on the addition of a little liquid ammonia, a deep blue colour is seen, and now, again, on adding nitric acid, the colour will disappear, then more ammonia liquid the colour is restored, and so on, indefinitely. This will help us to understand the diversity caused by chemical changes.

*Experiment* 8.—We have been showing some kinds of chemical change, but we must not think that all chemical changes are brought about in exactly the same way. Hold a cold clean tumbler over a burning candle as shown in Fig. 4. Almost immediately the inside of the glass becomes quite moist and wet to the fingers. Here we see the wonderful fact shown that when a candle burns, water is formed. In the fat of the candle a substance known as hydrogen is contained, and in the air we have the gas oxygen. As the candle burns, hydrogen and oxygen are chemically united, and water is formed. This passes off as steam, and is invisible, but when the cold glass is brought into contact with it, the steam is condensed and the moisture is seen. The burning of any substance is an illustration of a chemical change.

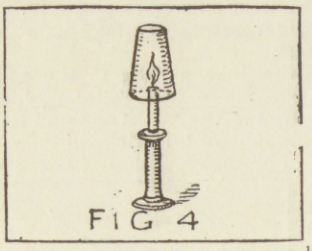


FIG 4

*Experiment* 9.—We may have one more illustration to show that we may have such changes without even the presence of fire or water. Into a large tube place a little hydrochloric acid, and shake. Into another tube put a small quantity of liquid ammonia, and shake. Keep the tubes apart from each other, and empty their contents away. One tube will now contain hydrochloric acid gas, and the other tube will contain ammonia gas, both invisible. Bring the two tubes quickly together, mouth to mouth, as shown in Fig. 5. Dense clouds of something like smoke will at once appear. Chemical changes have occurred, and from the invisible gases a new substance, salts of ammonia, is being formed.

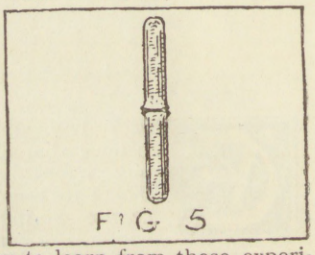


FIG 5

The lesson we are to learn from these experiments is that when chemical change takes place, the substance produced has altogether different properties from the substances used. Later on we shall learn that good foods may be made into intoxicating drinks, and that this depends upon chemical changes that are brought about by the brewer, the wine maker, and the distiller. Having learned a little about chemical changes, we shall the better understand these processes when we come to consider them.

## GO-AHEAD'S LETTER TO BOYS.

My Dear Lads,

I AM surprised to find myself with my pen in my hand, and my thoughts going out once more to you. But it is jolly to meet you all again, and your old friend "Go-Ahead" feels a lump in his throat, which, being interpreted means, "Delighted to see you."

"Ah, but," you say, "How can you *see* us?"

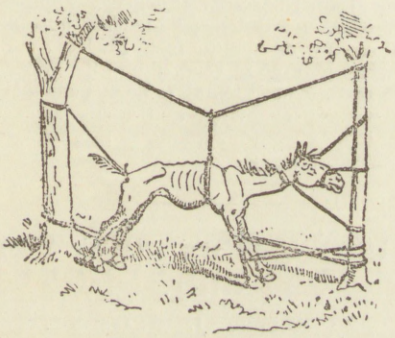
Well, there *is* such a thing as seeing with the eyes shut. Why, bless the dear lads, I can see my seven sons and daughters "as plain as a pike-staff," with my eyes *tight* shut, and I can picture *you* all, and your jolly faces and the laughing wrinkles round your eyes, and the twist of your legs as you leap that five-barred gate, and the expression of your face as you "flop" down on that extra slippery slide, and I can hear your merry shout, and see the fat snowball you have just screwed together. Yes, I can almost *touch* you—so we are *old* friends, and may we stick up for each other until we are "past the sowing and the reaping."

*Of course* I shall have something to say about DRINK before I have been with you half a jiffey. I could'nt possibly help striking out at John Barleycorn everywhere and at all times. He is my *bête noir*, and he doesn't deserve anything else but a thrashing. I heard it once said that

you should always thrash a boy every time you see him, because it is quite certain that if he doesn't deserve it *then*, he has done something *just before* that he *ought* to have had a thrashing for.

This is rather hard lines, and I must say I think it is rather rough on the poor boy; but I am *sure* that DRINK is *always* in mischief and everybody should be *down* on it at all times.

What an old deceiver King Alcohol is! Just look at this horse!



Did you ever see such a beast? It has had so much whip, and so little corn, that it can't stand up, and all the "go" has gone out of it. Whether its master says "Gee" or "Wo," it is all the same, the old legs can't stir, and the poor old back is worn out. But now suppose I were cruel enough and I were to get behind this miserable beast with a broomstick, and I were to give it a tremendous crack across its bony ribs, do you think *that* would make it go? *Yes*, it probably would. It would *compel* it to use up a little of that fast-vanishing energy which still remains in its antiquated carcase, and it would plunge forward a step or two, possibly breaking the ropes by which it is upheld. But would that crack across the ribs give it any fresh strength or add to its life? No, indeed, it wouldn't. The result would be that the little flickering atom of energy still remaining in it would be used up, and the small remnant of life left to it would be rendered unquestionably less.

How exactly is this the case with alcohol! Watch that man in life who has just passed away and what do you find? He has died at fifty when the insurance office tells us he ought to have reached sixty. Ten years has been struck off his time. How did it happen? He has been using the broomstick—alcohol. Every time he lifted the glass to his lips it seemed to enable him to take a fresh step forward, but *did* it? If it *did* enable him to get a little more out of himself *at the time*, it drew a bill on nature which *had to be paid*, and that ten years less to live is the bill that nature drew *and made him pay*. In other words, every time he lifted the glass to his lips he had to pay for it by *at least an hour off his life*.

My jolly lads, don't be foolish enough to allow a single glass of strong drink to pass your lips, *it will rob you of some of your life*.—Your affectionate friend, GO-AHEAD.

## MAKING A GOOD START.

BY A VERY OLD FRIEND.

A NUMBER of the readers of this Magazine will, no doubt, feel wonderfully energetic when they hear the bells ringing on New Year's morning. No matter how dark and dreary may be the weather, no matter how cold the wind may blow, or how much Jack Frost may work in decorating the window panes, they will be up early and down stairs at the right moment for breakfast. They are determined, as they say, "to turn over a new leaf;" father shall never more scold them for being late, neither shall there be any bad marks against them at school. All this energy is a good sign; all this determination to leave the things that are behind and to press forward in the race may be productive of good. A good start is a most important matter in bringing any undertaking to a successful end. Look at this boy working out this long-addition sum. You feel certain that any child could work out correctly such an exercise in simple arithmetic, but when the master examines it, he puts his pencil through it with a frown, and the boy has to give up part of his play hours to work it out afresh. He casts up one column and then another, they are all right; then he discovers that he made a mistake at the beginning. It was no use after that trying to get the sum right, he must start afresh and do it all over again. Here is a tall chimney. You gaze at it, you see that it looks as if any moment it would fall upon you, it is out of the perpendicular, and you wonder how the builders could have been so foolish as to have built it in that manner. One day the bricklayer placed a brick just a little way over the one underneath it, the next one followed in the same direction, and in the end the chimney became an eyesore and a discredit to those who built it. A bad starting made a bad ending.

You are thinking on this New Year's morning, and there comes before your mind many and many a good resolution which you made on New Years' mornings which are passed and gone. These broken promises lie thickly all about you, and they rise up to condemn you.

The past is past, and you will think no more of it; you gather up all your strength, and you once more determine to overcome every temptation, and with great energy you start afresh to write this new page in your history.

I want to warn you: don't put forth all your energy at once, and then quietly sink down again into your old habits. The racer starts at a slow pace, so that he may husband his strength, and be able to continue to the end. You have seen the sky rocket making its way up above our heads, sending out its hissing sound, and casting its brilliancy on every hand. How soon it is all over—there is nothing left but the stick and the darkness.

The extra zeal you are showing will only make you a laughing-stock if you do not continue to be industrious, and to persevere throughout all the months of this new year on which you are starting.

You know why the tortoise beat the hare in the race—because one was steady and plodding, the other, blustering and swaggering, had too much confidence in himself. The boy who is industrious for a week, and then idle for a fortnight, is not on the road to win the scholarship; it is your persevering, attentive boy who comes out well at the examination.

You have read, perhaps, the story of the Moravian Missions in Greenland. One of the missionaries—Swartz by name—worked on for thirty years before a single conversion took place; but when it did come there was a great harvest of souls. The oak is a long time coming to perfection, but, when it rears its giant head, and defies the storm, it lives on, and outlives a thousand other green things, which grow rapidly, like the sweet pea, and die before the year is ended.

Blowing the fire with the bellows is all very well, but see how rapidly the coal is used up, and the fire burns out all the quicker.

I want you to think, as you are determining to make this new start, that it is no use showing so much zeal if your fire is to go out in a few short weeks, and you are to sink down to your old habits of idleness and indifference. What, then, must we seek for?

CONSECRATION.

Some of you are members of the Society of Christian Endeavour. You have Consecration Meetings, and at these meetings you renew your vows to God, and you determine afresh to devote your powers to promote God's glory and the extension of His kingdom.

All young persons should, early in life, make a decision. I would ask you to think of these vows. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve." Make up your mind on whose side you will be. Shall your life be devoted to idle amusement, or will you carefully spend the hours so that you may have the right to receive "well done" at the last?

The majority of you have already determined to have no friendship with that great enemy of our country, intoxicating drink; but, remember, there is a more noble determination than that. Come up a step higher, and take your stand beside our Great Example, the Saviour of the world, who will stand by you, and help you in every conflict, and finally give you victory.

FIND SOME GOOD WORK TO DO.

An old writer tells us that the Devil has many baits to catch the industrious, but he never troubles for bait when he tries to catch the lazy; they are easily caught without any inducement. Is there no little corner in which you could find some work to do? Idleness always produces either misery or mischief; no man deserves our pity more than the one who has nothing to do, or who sees the work lying before him, has no energy to carry it out.

To educate the mind, to increase the strength of the body, to earn mony, and advance in our daily work, all this is good, and no one can blame us for occupying our time in this way.

But surely it is better to visit the sick and the afflicted, to teach some little ignorant child, or to lead some wanderer into the fold. Let each one offer the prayer of Saul: "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?"

ALWAYS KEEP THE END IN VIEW.

Do not commence a work without thinking of what may possibly be the result. When sin entices you, think of what will be the result of sin.

It is not so much what you are to-day, as it is what you will be in ten years' time. It is right to be happy, to laugh, to sing, and to be joyful in youth; it is right to be so all our lives, but this is not all. A butterfly life will have no good record to give. John B. Gough, the great Temperance orator, when he delivered his last speech, fell with these words coming from his lips: "Young man, what will your record be?" What shall 1896 record for us? Shall it be a year of good deeds, patient suffering, and noble aspiration; or shall it be a wasted, shameful life, bringing us disgrace and misery?

## LOUIE WINTER'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.



"WHY are you working so hard, child, to-night? Come, put away your work and get to your rest."

"Presently, mother, if you please; I want to get my shawl finished this evening, so that I may gladden the heart of the poor old blind lady to-morrow morning."

Louie Winter's fingers never stayed a minute for rest, her crochet hooks went nimbly in and out with the wool, row upon row was added, till at last she looked up with a smile upon her face and said,

"Well, mother, the shawl is finished, and right glad I am, for I am sure I shall be a welcome visitor to-morrow."

Louie had not long left school; for the last three months she had been working in the counting-house of Messrs. Fleming and Thompson, making out invoices and keeping accounts. She only earned ten shillings a week. That was not much to keep a widowed mother, but it was a help, and she looked forward to the time when that amount would be increased.

On her way to business she had noticed a blind woman who sat by the wayside begging. Now and then Louie made some little sacrifice, and dropped a penny into the tin box which lay

on the blind woman's lap along with the matches she offered for sale.

The blind woman had occupied that spot for several years. Winter or summer there she sat; the hot sun in summer scorching her, the cold wind in winter blowing upon her from the river near at hand. How strange must have been her thoughts as the crowds passed her, night and morning. She was always silent, always still; her eyes seemed to be always fixed on the pavement; she started as if out of a dream when a coin chinked in her box, and some kind voice said, "Good morning, mother, how are you to-day?"

One morning Louie noticed that the blind woman was covered with an old sack. She looked so wretched with the sack over her head, for the East wind was blowing off the river, and a drizzling rain was falling.

Instantly the thought came into Louie's mind that she should make the blind woman a shawl, and give it to her as a New Year's gift on New Year's day.

The two last weeks in the year would give her ample time to make the shawl; the only difficulty was how to get the money with which to purchase the wool.

Louie thought over this carefully, and at last she decided she would walk all the way to the city to business, instead of part of the way. This would enable her to save twopence a day.

"Twopence a day," said Louie to herself, "will give me two shillings in a fortnight. I am sure God will give me strength to walk. I can but try. I will try to find out the meaning of the words, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive!'"

After the first three mornings, Louie began to look forward to her walk with considerable pleasure. She was astonished that the tired feeling she often experienced was passing away, her limbs were stronger, her cheeks looked ruddy; and all remarked that she was certainly better in health than she had been for a long time.

Louie thus gained an immediate reward for her kind thought and action. All the time that Louie worked, the blind woman sat by the road side and wondered if any one would think of her in the midst of all the enjoyments of Christmas and the New Year. She had once known the kindness of children, but some were dead, and some were worse, for they neglected the mother they ought to have protected.

"No one cares for me now," she said to herself. "I am not the happy, laughing maid I once was in that smiling Devonshire village. I am old and blind, and neglected. I must either beg, or else go into the workhouse. I cannot endure that thought."

Christmas time came and passed. Louie did not forget her mother. There was the fowl, and the plum-pudding, and the mince pies, all purchased by the Christmas gift her employers had given to her. On Boxing Day, Mrs. Winter was surprised to see the shawl brought out, and Louie working at it, as if it were the greatest pleasure on earth."

"This is holiday, my child, you must not work to-day. Why not go to some simple amusement?"

"No, my dear mother, I shall get more real joy through making this little present than if I went to a hundred balls or concerts."

The new year's morning came; the shawl was finished. The greater joy was to come—to see the blind woman's pleasure in receiving it.

"A Happy New Year to you, mother. I shall be home at five o'clock sharp to tea, and will you, please, lay an extra cup and saucer, for I hope to bring home the poor old blind lady to tea."

The knock at the door at five o'clock told that Louie had kept her word, for there she was, her face all covered with smiles, and the blind woman leaning on her arm.

"This is my friend, mother," said Louie. "I am sure you will give her a hearty welcome."

Mrs. Winter examined the blind woman's face carefully. She felt sure there was some likeness in that face to some one she had known many years ago; so during tea she turned the conversation on her early life, saying how she had lived in her Devonshire home, how she had lost sight of so many of her former friends, and with what joy she would welcome the friendship of those who had been her companions in her childhood days.

The blind woman's face brightened, and she exclaimed,

"Are you not Lizzie Milton, my old school companion? I feel certain that I recognise your voice. Surely many a time we have gathered the hawthorn together, many a time trimmed our hats with buttercups, and loaded our baskets with blackberries."

"Yes, dear Mary, I am your old friend, and right glad I am to meet you once again."

It would be impossible to relate all the conversation of that happy evening. The blind woman related how she went to the United States; how a drunken husband deserted her; how a fever brought on her blindness; and how she returned to England friendless and poor.

The old friends live together now, for Mrs. Winter has found a charity by which the blind woman can pay her share of the housekeeping expenses. Louie's great delight is to sit on the stool by the fire and read some interesting book, while her mother and the blind woman listen. The shawl is on the blind woman's shoulders; the sight of which always recalls pleasant memories.

The brightest part of the story is that all are looking forward to an operation on the blind eyes, by which it is hoped sight will be, at least, partially restored.

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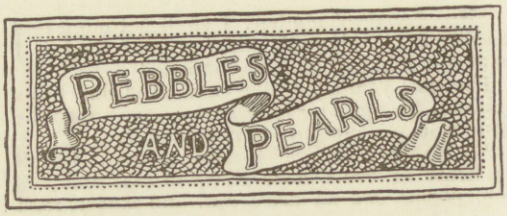
By examining the tongue of the patient, physicians find out the diseases of the body and philosophers the diseases of the mind.

President Lincoln used to tell a story about a big hussar who came to Washington during the war, and called on a street arab for a "shine." Looking at the tremendous boots before him, he called to a brother shiner across the street: "Come over and help me, Jemmy; I've got an army contract."




ALWAYS do your best, and every time you will do better.

OF all the Percy family, the noblest is Percy Vere, and the most cruel, Percy Cute.

A MEDICAL writer says that children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.

HARD words are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

"WHAT are the last teeth that come?" asked a teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just woke up on the back seat.

THE man who says he can drink or let it alone is usually the man who doesn't let it alone until it has gained a complete mastery over him, and then he says he can't let it alone.

THE following is the copy of a bill posted on the wall of a country village: "A lecture on total abstinence will be delivered in the open-air, and a collection will be made at the door to defray expenses."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher handed to her scholars little slips of paper on which was printed the question, "What have I to be thankful for?" Among the replies that were given on the following Sunday was this pathetic sentence, written by a little girl who had learned by bitter experience probably the painful truth it implied, "I am thankful there are no public-houses in heaven."

"WHERE was Magna Charta signed?" asked a teacher in a south of London board school. "Please sir, at the bottom."

FORTUNE is more equally balanced, after all, than half the world think it; to the rich it gives fear; to the poor, hope.

LET us plod, steadily plod
All along the way;
Zeal may fire and hope inspire,
But plod will win the day.

WIDE AWAKE.—Fond Mother: "My darling, it is bed-time. All the little chickens have gone to bed." Little Philosopher: "Yes, mamma; and so has the old hen."

COLERIDGE was a bad rider, One day he was accosted by a would-be-wit. "I say, do you know what happened to Balaam?" Coleridge answered: "The same as happened to me—an ass spake to him."

*Scene;* An Irish cabin. Pat is ill. Doctor has just called.

"Well, Pat, have you taken the box of pills I sent you?"

"Yes, sir, be jabers, I have; but I don't feel any better, May be the lid hasn't come off yet."

AN old worthy in the village of S———, who is noted for his eccentric habits, took very ill one day, and had to send for the doctor. When the doctor arrived, he put the usual question—"Well, John, what's the matter with you to-day?" The feelings of the doctor may be better imagined than described when John replied—"Sure and I just sent for you to come and tell me that."

DR. PEASE, Dean of Ely, was once at a dinner when, just as the cloth was removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of extraordinary mortality among lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The Dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace—"For this and every other mercy make us truly thankful."

## THE SCIENTIFIC PROCLIVITIES.

"THAT boy's a perfect wonder!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, enthusiastically, pointing across the room to her grandson, who was busily employed near the window filing up brass pivots with an energy sufficient to set an alligators teeth on edge. "I've heerd and read heaps of antidotes about ingenuous lads; but none of 'em could hold a candle to Ike. He's become a reg'lar machemist. Only a month ago he made an electoral machine; and now he's hard at work making a soldier mackerelscope, by the help of which he will be able to dissect no end of wonders in a drop of dirty water. Depend upon it, if he keeps on as he's begun, his works will one day form a constipation in the glorious ferment of the sciences." As the old lady gazed admiringly upon the embryo genius, her mental faculties became absorbed in a waking vision of the future.

## THE DIS-GRACES.

THERE are three horrid little imps,
Whose names I cannot bear;
The first, "I Can't," the next "I Won't,"
The third, "I Do Not Care."
The first sits down and folds his hands,
And says, "No use to try;"
The second, though he knows he could,
Likes better to defy
All just restraint and "lawful rule,"
And "right supremacy."
The third, "Don't Care," is worst of all,
Sulky, and bold, and rude,
He follows every crooked way,
And cares not for the good.
Children, I beg you, shun them all,
But most of all beware,
That ugly little good-for-nought,
Imp third, "I do not care."

O.H.

# ADDY'S TWO LIVES.

(AN ORIGINAL STORY)

BY RUTH B. YATES.

*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumpy Grafton," "Green & Gold," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER II.

A REVENGEFUL PLOT.

GARCIA COSTELLO, after having paid the fine, returned to his home in no amiable frame of mind, only to find that his manager had disappeared taking with him his master's illgotten gains.

His wife, the one who had spoken to Montagu, had informed his confidential customers that their last game had been played.

"Pray, who gave you authority to tell them any such thing?" growled her husband.

"The police, Garcia," she replied. "They have kept a close watch on the place whilst you have been away, and I am sure we shall be happier if we gain an honest living."

"How is it to be done?"

"By attending to the business, Garcia."

"A deal you know about it," he responded with an oath; "only for that meddling fool we should have been rich now," and he ground his teeth with rage.

"Better be poor and honest than become rich on robbery and murder," retorted his wife.

With a face livid with rage he sprang at her like a wild-beast, but she eluded his grasp and was gone.

Costello paced the room uttering curses loud and deep against the man who had wrecked his fortunes, pausing every now and then to imbibe deep draughts of liquor.

Customers thronged in out of eager curiosity to see and hear, for all the details of the secret chamber had come out at the trial, but Garcia looked so black and was so quarrelsome that few cared to stay.

Lucia, however, who felt that she ought to make some amends for the part she had played, by dint of coaxing at last got him off to bed, and then she entertained the loungers at the marble tables with a graphic description of the secret chamber, and of the wonderful fortunes that had been made and lost there; all the time taking care that her customers' wants were well supplied.

"Ah, Senora," remarked one of the men, "there has been many a deed of blood committed in that secret chamber."

"Si, si, Alphonso," she replied, "in the days of long ago, but not in our time; oh, no, not in our time."

"I shouldn't care to trust Garcia Costello too far," was the sneering rejoinder.

Costello neglected his business and spent all his time in drinking, and so surly and morose had he become that he drove away the custom, and, in spite of all Lucia could do, they were getting poorer and poorer.

The police kept such a strict watch upon the place that the old frequenters of the gambling saloon sought fresh quarters, and the legitimate



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customers gradually went where they could get better served, and then, alas, to make matters worse, Lucia fled for comfort to the wine cup, and often both husband and wife were found in a state of intoxication.

In less than twelvemonths the bailiffs took possession of the once prosperous café, and Garcia Costello and his wife retired to a low part of the town where they occupied a poor lodging.

Garcia spent his time in drinking and gambling, getting more brutal and debased as time went on, while Lucia, who seemed to have some gleams of good remaining in her, would work for weeks together with the old man who kept the lodging house at making plaster casts; then, driven to despair by her husband's cruelty, she would drink until she was reduced to the lowest depths.

After one of these sprees she would experience the utmost remorse, but, alas, it was not repentance.

One day when she was in one of her sober moods she was filling moulds for old Lektor when Garcia, who had been absent for some days, returned and demanded money from her.

"I have no money, Garcia," she retorted, "and if I had I wouldn't give it you. Go back where you have been."

He gave vent to a volley of oaths, and raised his hand to strike her, but Lektor interposed, whereupon he turned upon him, and loud, angry words passed between them.

"Who are *you* that dare to interfere between me and my wife?" shouted Costello.

"I'm an honest man at any rate, Garcia Costello. I have never been tried for robbery and murder and only escaped by the skin of my teeth," retorted Lektor with a sneer.

Before Lucia could interpose the infuriated Italian raised a heavy mould filled with plaster and dashed it at the old man's head, and he fell at Lucia's feet a lifeless body.

Rows were too common in that neighbourhood to excite much notice, and it was not until the following day that the old image maker was found lying upon the floor with his skull smashed in and the broken image lying beside him.

There was no evidence as to how he came by his death, for though many of the lodgers had heard an altercation going on in Lektor's apartment, yet this was so frequent when these fiery, excitable Italians came in maddened by drink that no importance was attached to that.

Costello and his wife had disappeared, and as circumstantial evidence pointed strongly in their direction, search was made for them, but they were nowhere to be found, so old Lecktor was buried, and very soon the whole affair was practically forgotten.

Meantime, Garcia Costello, who had been somewhat sobered when he saw the terrible result of his mad act, at once took possession of what money the old man possessed, and with his wife set out *en route* for England, where they arrived without any further mishap.

The dreadful event seemed to have terrified Costello, and he was afraid to stay near the coast, so they rambled about from place to place for some time until at last they settled down at Manchester, where they found quite a small colony of their countrymen variously employed, some as ice-cream vendors, organ grinders, or image makers, whilst others were regularly engaged as sculptors, etc., these last being the more respectable of the community.

The Costellos joined the image makers, and so obtained a fair livelihood. One day Garcia returned home with such a look of malignant triumph on his face that his wife wondered what could have happened, but she waited until he should choose to tell her.

"Who do you think I have seen to-day?" he exclaimed.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she replied carelessly.

"Arnold Montagu," he responded, rubbing his hands with glee whilst his black eyes flashed, "the man I have sworn to be avenged upon. Aye, I say! the man who robbed me of wealth and doomed me to this wretched existence; but I'll be richly avenged."

"Oh, Garcia," expostulated his wife, "surely you will not kill him, or we shall have to fly again and we cannot so easily evade the law in England, remember."

"No, no, to kill him would be too poor a revenge; death is soon over. No, no, he shall live and suffer. I will take from him the light of his eyes and the joy of his heart. Ha, ha, I will be avenged at last."

"What mean you, Garcia?"

"Listen, Lucia, and I will tell you all, for you must help me. I saw Signor Montagu to-day and I followed him. All day long I dogged his steps. When he went into his warehouse I took up my stand so that I could keep it in sight, and at last I followed him out of town until he came to a grand house, where a lovely child was looking through the window, a fairy-like creature with golden hair and blue eyes, and as he caught sight of her his whole face lighted up with pleasure and the child went from the window; but as he reached the door it opened, and she sprang into his arms and he carried her in, covering her with kisses."

"Oh, Garcia," exclaimed his wife, tightly pressing her hands together.

"Wouldn't you like such a child, Lucia, for your very own, to nurse and fondle and take care of?"

He spoke in a more tender tone than he had used to her for a long time, and the tears sprang to her eyes, for none knew but herself how strong was the great mother-love within her, nor how she had longed and prayed in those earlier and happier days for a little child upon which to lavish the wealth of love that surged in her heart.

"Don't tantalise me with what cannot be."

That was all she said, but what a world of meaning the words contained.

"Why should it not be? What right has he to have all the good things of life and us nothing? He has robbed me of my living, and I will rob him of his child. That's only fair. He'll have money left, and may have other children, but that one you shall steal away and keep it for your own. Eh, Lucia?"

"How old is the child?" she asked.

"About two or three, but you shall go and see

it, and then, if you don't want it, I will take it away and make short work of it, or else give it to some of the folks here who do want one."

Garcia took his wife next day past the house about the same time, and there, sure enough, was the little girl in the window. Such a vision of loveliness that it almost took her breath, and Garcia knew that his design was accomplished, and that he would find in Lucia a ready tool for his diabolical purpose; so he said no more, but went his way gloating over his revenge.

The woman meanwhile thought of the beautiful child until all her scruples were swallowed up in the one mastering desire to possess such a child for her own.

Day after day she returned to catch a glimpse, and night after night she dreamed of her, and as Garcia had not returned she had nothing to divert her thoughts, so she watched for an opportunity to carry out the very purpose from which her whole soul had recoiled when first her husband had mentioned it. She had looked, then longed and coveted, and now was prepared to stretch out her hand and blight the life of the man whom she had once tried to serve.

Would the opportunity never come? It seemed like it, for never was the child seen out except in the care of its nurse, and she seemed devoted to it. Lucia saw Signor Montagu pass in and out, and several times she saw Signor Maynard, who appeared to be a frequent visitor, for she noticed that the little girl welcomed him almost as fondly as she did her father.

One day when she returned home she found Garcia awaiting her in a state of semi-intoxication.

"Where is the child?" he roared as soon as she entered.

"At home with her parents," was the dogged reply.

"Off you go and bring her here," he shouted; "and if you come back without her I'll break every bone in your body."

Taking her by the shoulders he pushed her outside with a terrible oath and banged the door.

Lucia did not attempt to re-enter, for well she knew that her husband would carry out his threat, for more than once had she been the victim of his sickening brutality.

Slowly she passed along the narrow street, and as she did so strange promptings after a purer and a better life seemed to fill her heart, and she shrank from bringing that pure, innocent child under Garcia Costello's influence, for can one touch pitch and not be defiled? She, at least, had not done so, and an unwonted moisture dimmed her eye as she thought of the time when she was a light-hearted maiden carolling for very joy of heart beneath the sunny skies of her childhood's home. She caught her breath with a quick gasp as she thought of her mother, and felt glad that she would never know the depths of infamy to which her darling Lucia had sunk as the wife of a drunkard, a gambler, a thief, and a murderer, for the face of Lektor ever and anon rose before her as she had seen it when the old man lay dead at her feet; and though generally she was able to pass it over as an accident, yet there were times when, as now, it rose before her in all its horrors.

No, no; she could not, would not, expose the sweet fragile little flower to the tender mercies of such a monster as her husband had grown to be.

Was it not the Holy Spirit, who visits even those who seek Him not, that was striving to win Lucia to the right? Would she yield to His promptings?

*(To be continued.)*

## ONLY THIS ONCE.

By Uncle Ben.

"COME on, Albert!" shouted four boys who had three small sledges; "we are just going off to the dell, on the common, for tobogganing."

Albert hesitated and looked with great admiration at the sledges. The morning was beautiful, the snow covered the ground, and everything seemed to allure them to the adventure.

"Who's going?" asked Albert, greatly interested in the proposal.

"The Crossleys and the Brysons are to meet us at the common, and young Greenwood at the top of High-street. We shall have quite enough even without you, but you can come along if you like. We have plenty of ropes, and shall be able to harness two boys to draw each sledge and one to ride. Then we can take turns at tobogganing down the dell, and all help to draw the sledges up. We shall have a fine time," was the reply.

"I'm out for an errand, but it isn't very particular. I think I had better get it done and run home and ask mother if I may come," said Albert.

"That would waste too much time; beside, your mother might find something else for you to do, and you would miss the sport. Come along now, you are not such a baby that your mother won't let you go with us without permission. The weather won't last long like this. You had better look alive and come along; do the errand when you come back. It's holiday time, and you've got nothing else to do. You are a fool if you go home first, you may not get the chance again. We may not have the sledges to-morrow; if the water bears in the Manor Park they will be wanted for the ice, so make up your mind sharp. It's only this once."

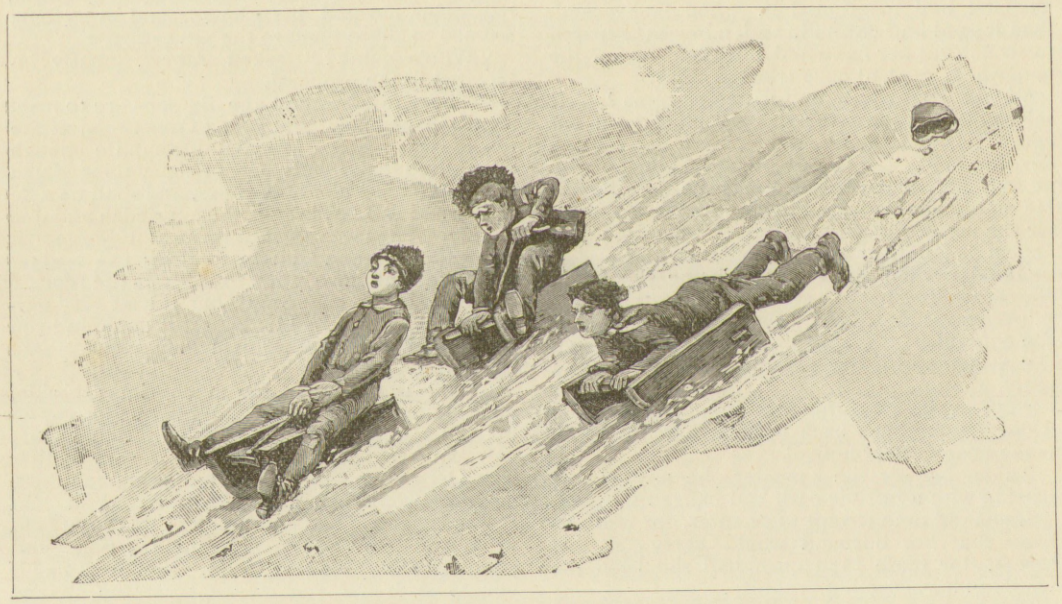
"As it's only this once I'll come along, and take this note to Mrs. Bloomfield afterwards; these others I'll post on the way," said Albert.

And so he joined his merry schoolfellows, but with a feeling that he ought to have finished his errand and told his mother where he was going, as she always liked to know what Albert was doing beforehand and not afterwards.

At the top of High-street, young Greenwood awaited them. Here the boys harnessed themselves to the sledges, and there being a slight descent away they went, pulling each other by turns and all drawing the empty sledges up hill. When they came to the wide open common, with its vast expanse of snow, it seemed to their imagination that they were in some enchanted Arctic region, with the world a white snowfield

bound by a thin mist towards the horizon on every hand, and a grey, mysterious haze that veiled a cloudless sky.

The boys with the sledges were joined by the other four who waited their arrival at the common gate. They all left the road and made their way across the trackless waste to the dell in the midst of some forty acres of untrodden snow. They shouted and ran and snowballed, plunging about like wild colts, till they came to the scene of action. Then the sledges were put in order and the first three boys got in. Off they started down the sharp decline at a tremendous pace, followed by the eager troup anxious for their turn. Slowly the sledges were dragged up on the least steep side, then the downward journey was rapidly taken by the next three, and all hands helped to haul up the little sledges. Albert got his turn, and thought the swift flight through the air one of the finest sensations he had experienced.



The boys got more and more venturesome, trying the more abrupt part so as to gain accelerated speed. All went well for some time, occasionally one was shot out into the snow by the sudden stopping at the bottom of the dell, until they started racing and taking less care. Then, somehow, a collision occured about half way down between Albert and another boy ; both were violently thrown out and rolled down to the bottom of the dell, while the spectators roared and cheered from above. Both had a rough shaking, but Albert, by some means, got his hand bent or twisted, and when he rose it was to find his wrist sprained badly and swelling with great pain.

There was nothing for it but to go home at once and make a clean breast of his doings. At first he had not meant to stay long and thought perhaps he might have got back without being asked any questions. By the time he reached home, in great suffering, his wrist had swollen terribly and was almost black. His first words were,

"Oh, mother, I never took your letter to Mrs. Bloomfield's, I posted the others, but met the Thompsons and some more schoolfellows going tobogganing down the common dell, and I went off with them, meaning to come back and take the note, but I had a spill, and look at my hand and arm."

Without delay his mother took him to the doctor, who examined him and pronounced no bones broken, but said Albert would suffer more pain than if he had broken his arm, and it would be a long time before his wrist would be right.

The note to Mrs. Bloomfield was, fortunately, of not much importance, but Albert's mother was more grieved than angry at his not coming home to tell her and ask for permission to go with the boys according to her special commands.

"How was it," she inquired, "that Albert failed to fulfill this duty ?"

He said he thought most likely she would let him go, and as the boys said if he did not come along at once they would do without him, as they only wanted three boys to each sledge, and he frankly confessed, with many regrets, that he was over persuaded by the temptation "only this once."

His mother told him "only this once" was once too often, and when people wanted anyone to do what was right it was very seldom they said "only this once." For if it were something good the more often it was done the better. "Only this once" has been the snare that has lead many astray, never to get back to the right way again. And poor Albert learnt a good lesson for manhood by a very little experience that served him well in years to come ; and his fall that day became a fall upwards.

# OUR LABORATORY.

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

## BREWING AND FERMENTATION.

ONE of the most difficult things to get boys and girls to understand is, that alcohol (the injurious substance in all strong drink) is not put in, but comes there by a natural process. In our last lesson we learned a good deal about the changes that take place in nature, and it was shown that chemical changes are of constant occurrence. Alcohol is produced in beer and ale by the process of brewing and fermentation. The brewer can use any substance that contains sugar for the production of alcohol. The substance mostly in use is malt. This is made from barley. In its natural state the barley contains a large amount of starch; when the barley is malted a proportion of this starch is chemically changed into a certain kind of sugar called maltose. Here we have some barley and some malt (*show*). On tasting the barley it is not at all pleasant, but on tasting the malt it will be found to be sweet like sugar.

Now, if we crush this malt between rollers, and put it into hot water and stir it well for a time, a lot of this sugar will be dissolved, and then if we strain off the remains of the malt we shall have some sweet water, very similar to sugar and water. (*Show some brown sugar dissolved in water to represent this*). This is exactly what the brewer does, and when he has obtained this sweet water he calls it by a new name—sweet-wort. This sweet liquid is next boiled with hops (*show some*), which impart to it a characteristic bitter flavour. The liquid is afterwards cooled and then pumped into the fermenting vats, where yeast is added (*show some German dried yeast*).

The object the brewer has in adding the yeast is to promote fermentation. Yeast is really a kind of plant, that grows very rapidly indeed when it is under proper conditions. These conditions are found in a sugary liquid, in a warm place. The cells of the yeast plant live upon the sugar, and, as a result, carbonic acid gas is given off and alcohol remains behind, whilst the yeast increases in quantity and appears as a thick froth on the surface, which can be skimmed off. The liquid is now clarified to get rid of any sediment, and is then stored in barrels ready for use.

*Experiment* 10.—Into a two-pound jam jar place two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and about one-third fill with slightly luke-warm water; stir well to dissolve the sugar (this represents sweet-wort). Now add a few small pieces of dried yeast and stir again, cover with a piece of cardboard laid loosely on the top as shown in Fig. 6, and stand for several hours in a warm place. It must not be too warm or the heat will be great enough to stop the process. Here, just as in the fermenting vat of the brewer, the yeast causes chemical changes, and we shall find that the sugar has been converted into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. On observing the jar half an hour after it has been prepared we shall see that the liquid is all on a work, there is constant motion in it, and bubbles of gas are quickly rising to the top. It is this working of the liquid that gives rise to the term fermentation.


FIG 6

*Experiment* 11.—When the fermentation has quite ceased, remove the cardboard cover and plunge a lighted taper into the upper part of the jar as shown in Fig. 7. The taper is at once extinguished, just as in experiment 4, and from exactly the same cause. The upper part of the jar is filled with carbonic acid gas. Where did this come from? It was once a part of the sugar, and it has been produced from the sugar by the action of the yeast plant.

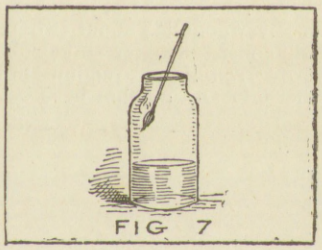


FIG 7

*Experiment* 12.—We may prove that it is carbonic acid gas that fills the upper part of the jar by another experiment. By suspending a small vessel, as shown in Fig. 8, for a little time in the upper part of the jar, and keeping the cover on, some of the carbonic acid gas will find its way into this vessel, and on withdrawing it and putting it into a little clear lime water, this will at once become turbid owing to its having absorbed the carbonic acid gas and formed carbonate of lime.


FIG 8

Lime water is made by adding water to a little quick lime in a bottle, and well shaking it. Allow it to stand and pour off the water into another bottle ready for use.

*Experiment* 13.—We have proved that part of the sugar has been turned into carbonic acid gas. The other part has been changed into alcohol.

We can prove this by getting it out of the fermenting liquid. To do this, we must fit up an apparatus as shown in Fig. 9. This is known as a distilling apparatus, and we are going to work the process of distillation. Let us learn the names of the different parts of this apparatus. (*a*) The retort; (*b*) the leading tube; (*c*) the worm condenser, which must be filled with cold water; (*d*) the receiver, in which that which is distilled over will be collected. Half fill the retort with the fermenting liquid. Fill the condenser with cold water, connect all the parts, and place the receiver in position underneath the tube leading from the condenser. Now light the spirit lamp and place it under the retort. Very soon drops of a clear crystal liquid, looking like water, will be obtained in the receiver. Let the process go on until the receiver contains about two teaspoonfuls. This will consist of water and alcohol.

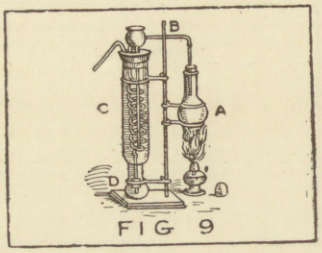


FIG 9

*Experiment* 14.—We must now find out whether there is any alcohol here or not. To do this, place some of the distillate (that is the liquid in the receiver) into a tin dish; stand it upon a tripod and gently warm it by means of a spirit lamp. As soon as the liquid begins to warm, if any alcohol is contained therein it will vaporise, and we may ignite it on the dish, where it will burn with a blue flame. The lamp may now be removed and the liquid will continue to burn until the alcohol is all exhausted. Water will not burn, and as this substance which looked like water did burn, it proves that there was something besides water present.

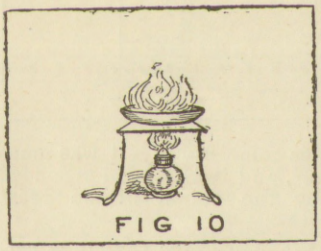


FIG 10

*Experiment* 15.—Pour on to a tin dish, as shown in Fig. 10, some methylated spirit (methylated spirit is an impure form of alcohol) and ignite. It will burn with a similar flame to that obtained from the liquid produced by distillation from the fermenting sugar. This will help us to understand that it was alcohol that burned when that liquid was heated and ignited.

*Experiment* 16.—Now we may try another way of proving that the distillate contains alcohol. Into a test tube, see Fig. 11, place a crystal or two of potassium dichromate, and add a few drops of sulphuric acid and gently warm. The result will be a beautiful ruby-coloured liquid. On passing a drop or two of the distillate into the tube, if any alcohol is present the whole will be changed, on gently agitating it, from ruby to green. This is a chemical test, and gives us further proof that alcohol is present.

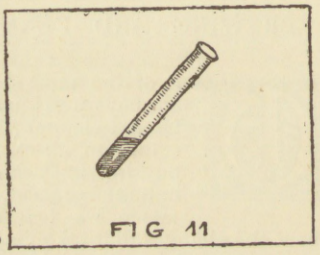


FIG 11

*Experiment* 17.—We have proved in these experiments that good sugar has been changed into alcohol and carbonic acid gas, and that whilst the gas escapes the alcohol remains behind in the liquid. Let us take a sample of the brewer's handiwork—a little ale, and put it in a flask and heat it as shown in Fig. 12. Just as the liquid boils apply a light, and we shall find that alcohol burns at the mouth of the flask. The alcohol has been produced in the ale by just the same changes as we have shown in our experiments, and we now see how by the brewer's art good sugar may be converted into bad alcohol.

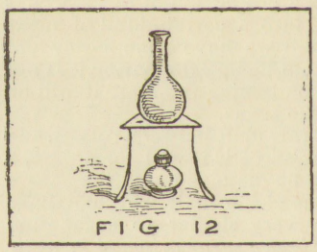


FIG 12

*Note.—For cost of apparatus see January issue.*

## AFTER THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

By John Foster.

*Scene:—The Workhouse. Sally, Betty and Gammer Green in converse.*

Sally:—Well, what did you think of the dinner?

Betty:—I thought it was a out and outer. Beef and baked taturs and plum pudding, and mince pies, and apples and oranges afterwards; I don't see how the Queen could have done much better. The Guardians hasn't got too many brains in general, but they acted sensible this time. Reg'lar good Samaritans, I call 'em.

Sally:—Didn't you miss anything?

Betty:—I should have liked some horse-radish with the beef, I don't mind owning that. I take after my dad. He give my mother her first thrashing because she didn't get him horse-radish with the beef. And the jint was bought with her own money, too, poor thing! After her little stock had melted away, he'd no call to grumble about horse-radish, for he got no beef.

Sally:—It wasn't horse-radish I wanted, it was a little moistening to the solid victuals. Water doesn't squench your thirst. It can't rise above its own level, as the Chaplain said. I'd rather have done without the mince pies and had

a glass of sweet and strong. What's your opinion, Gammer ?

GAMMER GREEN :—You know *that*, without asking, Sal. As to Betty and her good Samaritans. they're a new invented sort; the man in the Bible took the traveller straight off to the inn, and told the landlord to let him have all he wanted, and score it up to him. The victuals weren't so good in the old time, but then we had a pint of Truman and Hanbury, and a quartern of "Oh, be joyful," when dinner was done. Christmas Day, and not a drop to drink! I'm not grateful to the Guardians, I can tell you, depriving ancient old women of their chief comfort, just because they're poor and got nobody to stand up for 'em.

SALLY :—You can't say we've no one to stand up for us, Gammer. I'm sure Mr. Joliboy done his best, he fighted the teetotalers to the last, only he was outnumbered. He said that in the Silly Islands, I think it was, where he came from, the old people had their beer reg'lar every day.

GAMMER GREEN :—I wish we was in a civilized place, like America, so as we could have the Teetotal Guardians tarred and feathered and rid on a rail. A man isn't fit for a Guardian who don't drink. I remember the time when there wasn't a single teetotaler on the Board. Why, at their monthly dinners that the Parish paid for, they'd all get as mellow as Jargonel pears. Old Sobersides was the first to disturb the peace of the Board; if they'd nipped him in the bud we shouldn't have had to spend a dry Christmas.

BETTY.—I'm not so sure but the teetotalers are right. If me and my old man had been teetotalers, I shouldn't have been inhabiting this here elegant family mansion. And not chick or child left! One sat upon, another run over, and poor Bill, he was the last, never got over the clout of the head his father give him, let alone kicking him in the ribs when he was down. The drink's all very well, but as Solomon says, "the game isn't worth the candle."

GAMMER GREEN : - Shut up, Bet! This isn't a mission hall. If we're to listen to your palaver, you must give us tickets for tea.

*Enter Mr. Joliboy.*

MR. JOLIBOY :—And how are you, old ladies? Don't you wish Christmas day came every week ?

SALLY :—Thank'e kindly, sir; we was just a talking about the dinner when you come in. We was a saying how you'd been our friend on the Board and stood up for our having our drop of comfort with our victuals once a year.

MR. JOLIBOY :—So I did, Sally, so I did. I wish Old Sobersides had been at Jericho before he went and corrupted the Board with his Temperance tomfoolery. It's meanness, that's what it is, Sally, meanness under the cloak of conscience. "Gentlemen," he says at the Board meeting, "I have conscientious objections to spending the ratepayers' money on drink." Hasn't Gammer there conscientious objections to going without her drops ?

GAMMER GREEN :—In course I has, sir, this little old woman, she thought it no sin to fetch for herself a quartern of——you know what, Mr. Joliboy. If Old Sobersides thinks it a sin, let him go without; there'll be more for them as likes it.

MR. JOLIBOY :—Well said, Gammer, but I must be going. Let's see what I've got in my pocket —one half-crown and two shillings! Which is the oldest of you three ?

SALLY AND BETTY :—Gammer's the oldest by five years, sir, we're of a age.

MR. JOLIBOY :—Then Gammer shall have the half-crown and you two the shillings. Sobersides can't stop your spending that money how you like.

THE THREE WOMEN :—Bless you, sir; and many thanks for kindness. *Exit Mr. Joliboy.*

*A Week Later. Sally and Betty. Enter Mr. Joliboy.*

MR. JOLIBOY :—Good morning, Sally. Good morning, Betty. But where's Gammer ? You three are always together. In the Infirmary, I'm afraid. It's a shame the poor old girl isn't allowed stimulants. At seventy-five too. What's the matter with her ?

SALLY :—Yes, sir, she be in the infirmary. And we be afeared she'll never come out of it again, except with her poor old toes turned up.

MR. JOLIBOY :—But you haven't told me what is the matter with her.

BETTY :—Well, sir, they *do* say she's broke a leg and three or four ribs, besides a concussing of the brain.

MR. JOLIBOY :—Poor thing, poor thing, how did such a dreadful accident come about ?

SALLY :—To tell you the truth, Mr. Joliboy, it was done outside the Red Cow. You know the pavement's very high up from the road, and when she came out of the pub into the open-air, it kind of got into her head, and she gave a sort of dive and went head foremost into the road. It was too bad of Old Boozer to serve her with so much. He says she declared she wouldn't go till she'd spent good Mr. Joliboy's half-crown.

MR. JOLIBOY :—Dear me, dear me, who'd ever have expected such a thing? I hope they'll keep it quiet. If it once gets to Sobersides' ears he'll make no end of mischief out of it.

BETTY :—I'm afraid it's too late to keep him out of it. The nurse *do* tell me that he's been to see Gammer already, and, what's more, he's been reading the Bible to her.

MR. JOLIBOY :—The scoundrel!

BETTY :—I think she really wanted something of the kind, sir, the doctors say she may go off any moment. And the Chaplain, he's away at the tithe dinner, and won't be back as long as there is any of the old port left.

MR. JOLIBOY :—I wouldn't have had it happen for fifty pounds. Those tub-thumping fanatics at the Temperance Hall will never let me hear the last of it. There's a Cook's Excursion starting soon for—Kamschatka, I think it is, I'll go and get a ticket. *Exit Mr. Joliboy.*

BETTY :—I hope it'll be a lesson to us, Sally, I fear that we—

SALLY :—I'm off. *Exit Sally.*

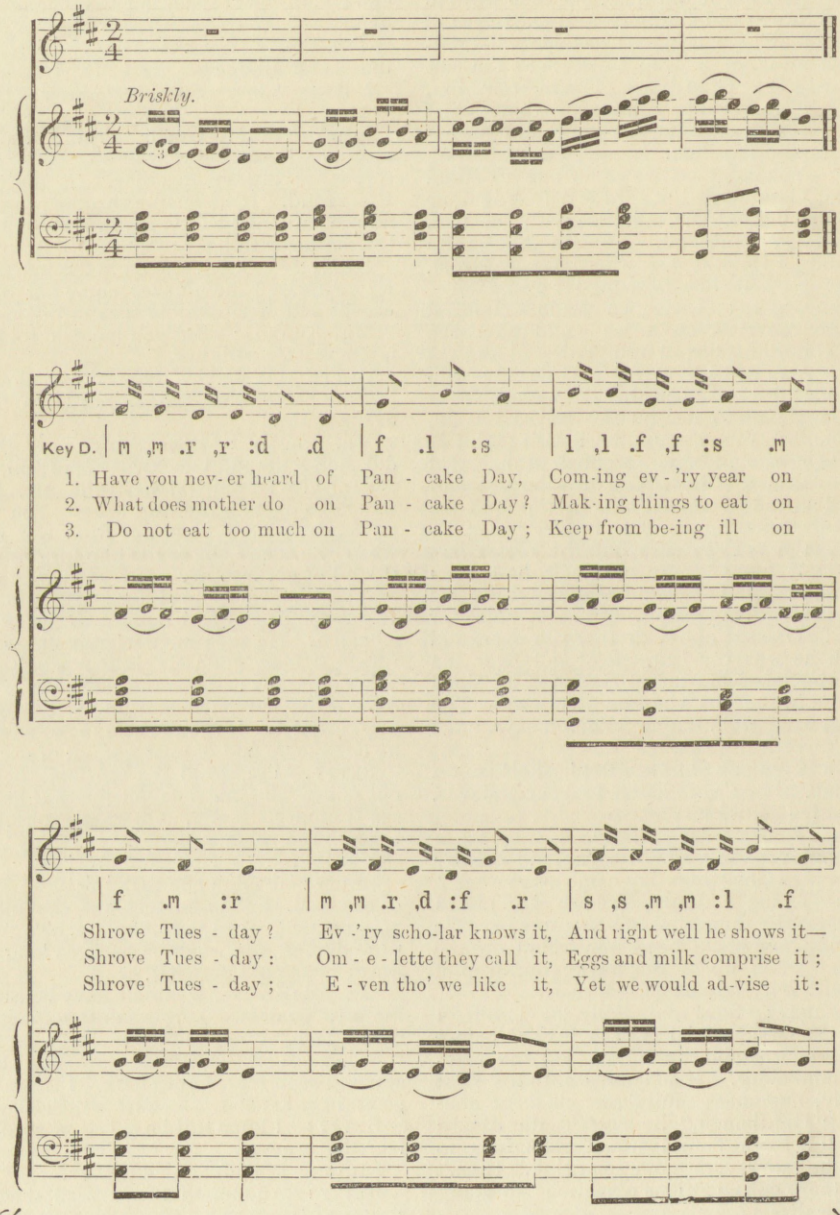
BETTY :—Ah me, ah me, I wish there'd been Bands of Hope and Temperance Societies when I was a gal. If Gammer had signed the pledge she'd have been all right now. I'll sign in Mr Sobersides' little book the first chance I get. Then if I'm tempted on my Sundays out I shall have grace given me to resist.

# PANCAKE DAY.

*Copyright.*]

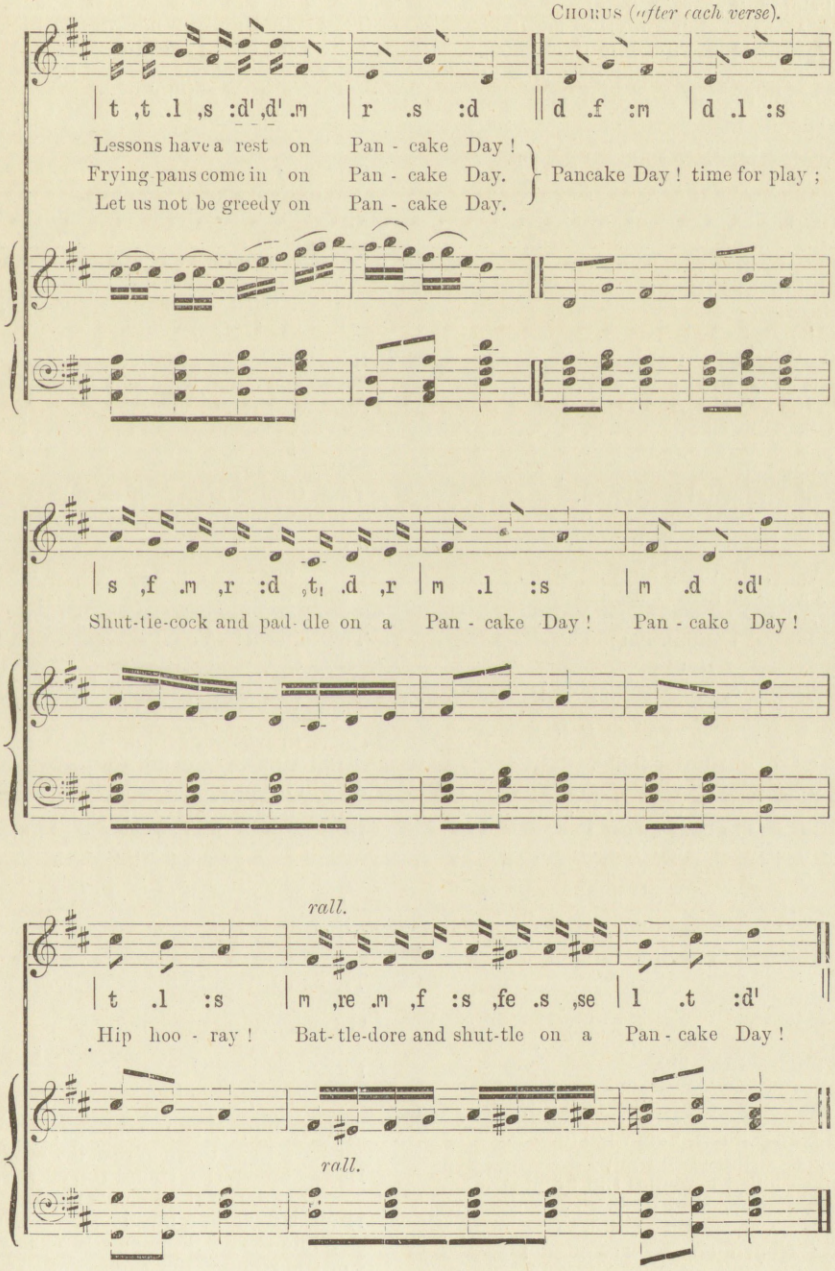
School Song.

*Words and Music by* J. GEORGE TOLTON.



# PANCAKE DAY.

CHORUS (*after each verse*).



# LIMPIN' SAL.

*An East-End London Story, founded on fact.*

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

PO! she ain't a great, fine beauty,
And she ain't a tearing swell,
Yet the blokes down in the alley,
They knows and loves her well;
And there ain't a card amongst 'em
But is gentle with the gal,
'Though they kinder smiles with pity,
And they calls her "Limpin' Sal!"

'Tain't the folk what is politest
Say the realist words of love;
'Tain't the folk what dresses flashest,
Gets the whitest wings above;
Sally talks in East-End fashion,
Yet she's got the sweetest heart,
And she ought to be a hangel,
Not a little ragged tart!

Bless yer, she's a reg'lar tough 'en;
When the fever started here,
There was Sally all amongst it,
And she never knowed a fear.
In the spots where it was fiercest,
There the little gal you'd find,
Smiling like a real born hangel,
That had left its frock behind.

Pray! Why, sir, there ain't a parson
Makes a better prayer than Sal,
Though she has to use the cockney,
Being born a London gal;
But the Master—Him in heaven—
He knows what she prays about;
'Tain't about the words He's 'ticular,
As the heart as throws 'em out.

There's a tale about our Sally,
That the alley folk all knows,
And it clings around the gal, sir,
Like the smell about a rose;
'Twas a haccident what happened,
When the kid was ten years old,
Yet it somehow turned the alley
To a little street of gold.

Sally's father was a drunkard,
So was Sally's mother, too,
And I never could quite tumble,
How betwixt them Sally grew;
She was reg'lar starved and beaten,
Such a puny little kid,
Yet she loved her parents proper,
And she served them well, she did.

Well, this haccident, 'tain't likely
I'll forget a thing like that,
Might have killed her—but the urchin
Was as nimble as a cat.
Bless yer, sir, these alley children
'Scapes from many a sorry plight;
They're as tough as little arabs,
But I s'pose God sees 'em right.

'Twas on Saturday it happened,
I remember it quite well,
'Twas dreary sort of weather,
And the rain in torrents fell;
East-End London ain't so pretty
On a dirty, sloppy night;
And on Saturday, when late, sir,—
Well, it ain't a heaven, quite.

There's a lot of things as happens,
And a lot of things what's said,
That would make a hard-faced bloke, sir,
Feel his cheek agetting red;
Sally moved about amongst it,
Like a little guidin' light,
And the sin could never black her,
For the hangels kept her white!

On that night, I seed her running
With her little naked feet,
Splashing through the mud and slush, sir,
To the gin-shop down the street,
"Goin' for father's beer," she shouted,
As she passed me quickly by,
And she tried to laugh, poor urchin,
But the tears was in her eye.

Back again I saw her comin',
But she stumbled at my feet,
And the pint of cursed stuff, sir,
Went aflowin' down the street;
Sally's face went white and sickly,
With a hawful look of fear,
That, though I ain't chicken-hearted,
Something rose and choked me here.

"Sam," she cried, so weak and trembling,
And her face more scared and white,
"That was father's only copper,
He will kill me! Hold me tight!
Tighter still! You'll save me, won't yer?
See! Here father comes! Sam dear,
Don't yer let him hurt me! Will yer?"
She was fairly blue with fear.

Course I tried to explain matters,
But a bloke in drink ain't such
As will listen to yer reasoning,
And it don't take very much
Just to rouse the brute within him,
'Till he seems a devil quite;
Such a fiend was Sally's father,
On that hawful, hawful night!

With an oath he struck the gal, sir,
Right between her poor, wet eyes,
Though I tried to hold him from her,
But yer see, I wern't his size,
He was five foot ten, and over,
Strong of fist, and thickly set;
I was but a little covy—
Well, I ain't so bulky yet.

Sally ran, he quickly followed,
Chased her there across the street;
But a cab whirled round the corner,
And amongst the horse's feet
He was lying in a jiffy;
While poor Sally seemed to know,
For she stopped her running, turning
With a cheek as pale as snow!

In amongst the wheels she darted,
She was such a little mite
That we couldn't hardly see her,
Though we heard her scream of fright.

But in less than half-a-minute,
We could see what she had done;
She had saved a drunken father,
Aye, sir; she's a plucky 'un!

We could see him slowly risin',
Splashed with slush, and scared of face,
And we saw what made us tremble,
She was lyin' in his place.
Lyin' still as any statue,
Not a single word she spoke,
For the wheels had done their mischief,
And her little leg was broke.

No! she ain't a great, fine beauty,
But she's somethin' better, sir;
For I somehow think that heaven,
Is made up of gals like her.
And the alley ain't so ugly
Since she brought her smile around;
For her little, limping foot, sir,
Seems to make it holy ground.

## GO-AHEAD'S LETTER TO BOYS.

My Dear Lads,

I WAS walking through a little town in Hertfordshire the other day, and as I passed through the market-place I saw a sight which made me feel rather sad. It was this: There was a poor bullock chained up by its neck, and left *all by itself*. The other bullocks had been unchained and driven off to their fate, but this poor beast was left awaiting its doom *alone*. It seemed to realise its position, for its eyes glared, and its sides heaved, and it uttered low moans as it strained at its chain to look round in search of its old companions. I could not help pitying it, because I have a

GREAT LOVE FOR ANIMALS,

and it is a real pain to me to see them in distress.

I passed on "in a brown study," and I had not gone many yards before I came to another sight to draw out my sympathies. Towering above the heads of the people I came to a huge, shaggy bear on his hind legs. Well, surely *this* was nothing to feel sorry about! My first feeling was a desire to see the old bear dance, and I drew up on the outskirts of the crowd to have a look at "Bruin on the hop," but I had no sooner fixed my eyes upon him than I realised that the

POOR BRUTE WAS IN GREAT PAIN.

He had a ring in his nose, and I could see that every time the *two-legged* brute, who had hold of the chain, which was fastened to the ring, gave it the slightest jerk the hapless bear groaned in agony, for its nose was evidently swollen and painful, and the movement of the chain caused it horrible torture.

The "man" came up to me with his hat asking for money, but I shook my head; I could not be made a partner in such a business as that. It's all very well to teach animals to be tricky thought I, but not to subject them to such diabolical suffering.

Well, again I started on, and a third sight stirred my soul more than either of these, for a *child* was the sufferer instead of a dumb animal, and although I love the lower animals, I love the higher ones more. Here was a poor mite of a ragamuffin with a greasy, tattered coat, and a layer of dirt on his little cheeks that would almost have grown a crop of mustard and cress.



As I looked down at his pale, anxious *grubby* face, I felt instinctively that *drink* had been busy with that poor little soul, and I said,

"Is your father a drunkard, my boy?"

"Yes, sir," he said.

Ah, I thought as much, and then I said,

"Does your mother get drunk?"

"Yes, sir, and she beats me too," was the pitiful answer.

Oh, how my heart bled for the poor little chap, and I was not long before I turned his worn, wee face into the direction of a cook-shop window, and I said,

"What would you like to eat, my man?"

The hungry little eyes ran round the stock of good things like lightning, and almost before I had got the words out of my mouth, he piped out

"Three-cornered jam tart!"

How glad I was to fill his poor little cheeks out with so modest a meal, and away he went, leaving me with a resolution more fixed than ever, to "go for" the Drink which was crushing the childhood out of this scrap of humanity, and who was only a

"SPECIMEN BIT OF GOODS"

from the great "fire-water manufactories" of Christian England.

I have great faith in the *strong lads* of England and Wales, and Scotland and Ireland, and I believe that the time has come when our boys in their teens will be too manly to touch strong drink.

How I wish every boy who reads these lines could have been in my dining-room last Sunday night. A poor drunkard came to see me, and my boy of fifteen was in the room. The drink-slave took hold of my lad's hand, and, with tears rolling down his face, he said

"My dear boy, I beseech you, *I beseech you* never to drink any intoxicants."

There is no fear of my boy ever drinking any, I am thankful to say, for he is "a chip of the old block," and *hates* it's very name, so there is no likelihood of his ever tasting it. And this is

what I want you *all* to do. I want you each and all to say from your inmost soul

"Tell me I *hate* the drink!—
'Hate' is a feeble word—
I loathe! abhor! my very soul
With deep *disgust* is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the vile drink which leads to hell.'

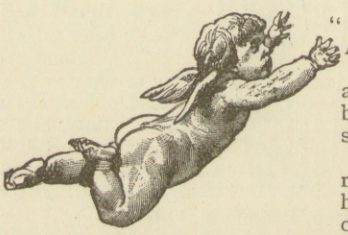
Good bye till next month.

Your affectionate friend,

GO-AHEAD.

## A STORY FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.



"ARTHUR, you've been smoking and drinking beer, I can smell you."

"Well, you're right, I have had just one cigarette, and one glass of bitter."

"And after what papa told you the other evening that the cigarette papers contained arsenic, and were very injurious, especially to growing lads."

"I don't think one cigarette will do me much harm, you know the other fellows in our football club laugh at me if I say I won't smoke or drink."

"So, after all, it's a question of moral courage; you are afraid of being laughed at. I always thought men were strong and brave; it appears to me they are big cowards, and I despise them."

Arthur Mayfield blushed deeply, and his heart, like that of Macbeth, knocked against his ribs; he knew that Mabel Gardner was a young lady of strong will, and quite prepared to carry out anything she might threaten. He got up from his seat, and walked towards the door, as if to go home, but Mabel laid her hand upon his shoulder, and made him sit down again.

"No, no, Arthur, we can't have that, you must not go away in anger, you must stop and have some supper as usual, then you can go home when your temper has cooled down."

Mabel and Arthur had known each other for some years, and somehow, they couldn't tell why, they found themselves very fond of being in each other's company; it was even whispered that they were in love.

They would not have confessed this if they had been so charged. They were both young, and hardly knew anything about love in its deeper meaning. All they knew was that Arthur was very pleased when Mabel came to his home, and Mabel was just as pleased when Arthur sat beside her at tea, or walked with her to church. Just at this moment the door opened, and Mrs. Gardner entering, the conversation turned upon other topics.

Mrs. Gardner had been a little anxious for some months when she observed the blushes on Arthur's face when Mabel took him by the hand. She loved Arthur as if he were her own son; for, having recently lost a dear boy, the presence of Arthur seemed in some slight measure to fill up the emptiness in her heart.

Her keen eyes soon observed the unusual looks upon the faces of Arthur and Mabel. She guessed that some disturbance had taken place, but, like a wise woman, she said nothing at that moment.

When Arthur had said good-night, and Mabel was left alone with her mother, she determined to unburden her heart, and so to obtain advice from the one most competent to give it, for she knew that her mother had known a bitter experience, and could tell where the road was slippery, and where Arthur would be likely to fall.

"Mother, dear, I am troubled, and I want your help," said Mabel, faltering.

"You shall have it, my dear, without stint."

"Arthur Mayfield tells me he is fond of me, and he wants me to be fond of him in return."

"And so you are my darling, are you not?

"Yes, mother, I am just a little."

"And you know I am not sorry to see it, for Arthur has a kind loving heart, and will make a noble man."

"I believe you, mother, but he is wanting in moral courage. He can bear hardships, and even blows, but not ridicule."

"But then, Mabel, you have plenty of courage, and it must be your duty to give him some of your independent spirit. If you are a wise girl, you can easily accomplish this, and thus you may become Arthur's best friend in the the noblest sense."

The conversation ceased, and both retired to rest, but Mabel did not close her eyes quickly, for she thought much on what her mother had said.

The next morning, opening her diary, she read "February 14th: *St. Valentine*," and then instantly the thought flashed through her mind that on that day, sacred to lovers, she might use her influence once and for ever to make a lasting impression on Arthur's conduct.

She knew Arthur was good; but then he loved a glass of wine and a cigarette, and he could not resist the influence for evil which such indulgences were certainly dragging him. He was beginning to stay out late, his face often carried the marks of his habits; the company he kept was not always the most select. Mabel was convinced that for Arthur Total Abstinence was a necessity.

It did not take her long to make up her mind. She would have a solemn promise from Arthur that he would resign the drink, or else she would see his face no more.

St. Valentine's morning came, and Cupid was very busy distributing his favours; the postman was late, but at last he brought a parcel for Mabel. In the gaily decorated box was a beautiful purse, and a letter containing all manner of promises, but no definite promise to abstain. Mabel was pleased, but not satisfied. "This is not enough," she said to herself, "Arthur must give me his word, and then I will trust him."

She sat down and carefully told him all she thought. It was her regard for him (she would not say affection, but it meant the same), that compelled her to ask him to make up his mind.

He must either resign his evil habits or else he must resign her; if he would send her a written promise to this effect, all would be well; if she did not receive it by to-morrow's post, she would return his present, and would ask him never to speak or write to her again.

When this ultimatum came into Arthur's hands, he awoke like a man from a dream. He saw at once that he was walking on the brink of a precipice.

"What," said he, "I am a mad man! What is that bully Webster, though he is the captain of our club, compared to my Mabel? (and here you must excuse him for he actually kissed the letter), and what pleasure have I ever derived from smoking and drinking, like the happiness I have in the society of so noble a girl?"

The required promise was soon written, and Mabel and Arthur became friends, until death shall part.

Now, if any of my readers doubt this story, let them call at the prettiest house in the village of Tilehurst, near Reading, and they will see Mabel, who is now Mrs. Mayfield, and perhaps they may see Arthur, who will tell them better than I can, how his wife saved him by her courage and tact.

## A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

CHISEL in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him;
And his face lit up with a smile of joy
As an angel-dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on the shapeless stone
With many a sharp incision:
With heaven's own light the sculptor stood—
He had caught the "Angel Vision."

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when at God's command
Our life-dream passes o'er us:
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauties shall be our own,
Our *lives* that "Angel Vision."

*Bishop Doane.*

## A FISHERMAN'S STORY.

IN a fisherman's hut, in the extreme north-east of Scotland, is a picture of our Saviour, and the fisherman thus tells its story:

"I was 'way down with drink," he said, "when one night I went into a 'public,' and there hung this picture. I was sober then, and I said to the bar-tender, 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour.' I gave him all the money I had for it and took it home. Then as I looked at it the words of my mother came back to me. I dropped on my knees and cried, 'O Lord Jesus, will you pick me up again and take me out of all my sin?'"

No such prayer is ever unanswered. To-day that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village. He was asked if he had no struggle to give up liquor. Such a look of exultation same over his face as he answered:

"When such a Saviour comes into the heart He takes the love of drink right out of it."

## "MY MOTHER'S VOICE."

BY J. G. TOLTON.



MANY songs have been composed with the intention of doing honour to mothers—"My Mother's Bible," as well as "My Mother's Voice," while "What is Home without a Mother?" was at one time more than a daily enquiry.

My mother's voice, I hear it now,
I feel her hand upon my brow,
As in that early hour,
When fever throbbed in all my veins,
Her hand first soothed my aching pains,
With healing power.

The writer of these words had lost his mother, and was deeply impressed with the idea, which is also the main thought of the song "Let us scatter seeds of kindness."

There are no sadder sighs than those which are breathed over "What might have been." And though this remark has possibly been made thousands of times, yet it is almost universally acknowledged by those young women who have lost their mother, that they did not know her value, nor fully realise all she was to them, till she was gone.

It would be well if we could appreciate our mothers while they are with us. Why do we not? Why does not every girl look upon her mother as her best friend?

"*My mother interferes so.*"

This is uttered as a kind of objection to mothers. This young lady has come to think of her mother as a sort of hindrance. Says she:—

"Why, if a letter comes for me, and mother receives it, she examines the postmarks so closely, and asks me who my friend is at Blackpool, or wherever the letter may have come from. Then when I tell her that, the good old lady asks, 'Where did you make the acquaintance, Mary?' I might have had a beautiful gem ring long since, but I dare not accept it, because I knew mother's eyes were very sharp, and she would have asked, 'Where did you get that, my daughter?' It is quite awkward sometimes how my mother interferes. Then she gets to know everything some way. I found out last week that my mother knew about a little matter which I thought was quite a secret. When I tried to find out who had spied and blabbed, all I could get was:—'A little bird told me, Mary.' I wish all such little birds were shot."

Says another young lady known to some of you:—

"*My mother is behind the times.* She does not know what I ought to wear. My mother does not realise that we must be up to date in our hats and bonnets. What suited mother when she was my

age will not do at all now. Then she has such old-fashioned notions about what is proper and improper. As if I could not take care of myself as well as anybody else can. Then my mother takes a great deal of unnecessary trouble to supervise the books I read. She shakes her good, old head many a time when she need not. Mother never heard of such books when she was a girl. Of course she didn't, the writers were not then born. Mother does not seem to know how much behind the times she is."

We grieve to acknowledge it, but a third young lady says:—

"*Mother is not educated*," or, more gently expressed, "Mother has not enjoyed many educational advantages."

The Girton girl of to-day comes to be a Bachelor of Arts, and even Master of Science. The highly educated daughter can talk very learnedly about everything, and uses the stock phrases about the "Little-go" and the "Great-go," or "the smalls" and "the greats." She knows all about "the backs" at Cambridge, and who is the best stroke of the University boat.

All this is very admirable. so long as the sweet girl graduate retains her sweetness and tenderness. But it is anything but admirable if the daughter not twenty years of age knows more than her mother. It is no compliment to University training when the daughter uses her skill in logic to reverse the opinion of her mother.

Perhaps while the learned girl was studying chemistry, botany, and divers languages, the homely matron was deeply engaged in the practical parts of domestic economy.

It is generally the mother who makes it possible for the daughter to develop her artistic faculties and become a perfect mistress of languages. It is just possible, that if the mother had not troubled so much about her children, she might herself have been cultured and æsthetic, elegant in deportment, and an authority upon music and the arts.

We cannot over-value our mother. You and I together could not compose an epitaph that would be an exaggeration of praise. Let our appreciation be unstinted *now*, while there is no question of epitaph.

And think, for a moment, how much boys owe to their mothers. Look up your biographical dictionary, and note the names of any fifty distinguished men. You will be struck with their enormous indebtedness to their mothers—Cuvier, Walter Scott, St. Bernard, St. Augustine, John and Charles Wesley, Benjamin West, and several Presidents of the United States.

A great man has eloquently expressed his appreciation of the self-denial, of the fatigues and good sense, and prayers which those mothers go through who navigate a family of girls from the edge of the cradle to the schoolhouse door, and from the schoolhouse door up to the marriage altar. That is an achievement which the eternal God celebrates high up in the heavens, though for it human hands so seldom clap the faintest applause. What a time that mother had with those youngsters, and if she had relaxed care, and work, and advice, and solicitation of heavenly help, that next generation would have landed in the poorhouse, asylum, or penitentiary. It is while she is living, but never when she is dead, that some girls call their mother "maternal ancestor" or "the old woman."

There is nothing more beautiful in nature, than the loving anxiety of a mother for her offspring. It is a touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. It is a bond of sympathy uniting the peasant to the Queen.

Some of you may not have heard an incident in Her Majesty's life, which we believe to be authentic.

Years ago, when the Royal princes were children, their governess one morning released them from their lessons much earlier than was usual. The youngsters told their Royal mamma how their teacher's voice trembled with emotion in the morning prayer, and how later the sorrowing one had broken down altogether—put her head down on her desk and sobbed out "Mother! mother!"

The day was the anniversary of her mother's death. The Queen went to the schoolroom, and said very tenderly, "My poor child, I am sorry your pupils disturbed you this morning. I will hear their lessons to-day, and to show that I have not forgotten the sad anniversary, I bring you this gift." The Queen then clasped a mourning bracelet upon the teacher's wrist. In the bracelet was a lock of the dead mother's hair.

Such loving sympathy can only be felt, it cannot be described. So one who wished to express the perfection of tenderness, put it this way:—"As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

## WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE, BOYS?

I READ of a boy who had a remarkable dream. He thought that the richest man in town had come to him, and said, "I am tired of my house and grounds; come and take care of them, and I will give them to you." Then came an honorable judge and said, "I want you to take my place; I am weary of being in court day after day; I will give you my seat on the bench if you will do my work." Then the doctor proposed that he take his extensive practice and let him rest, and so on. At last up shambled old Tony, and said, "I'm wanted to fill a drunkard's grave; I have come to see if you will take my place in these saloons and on these streets?" This is a dream that is not all a dream. For every boy in the land to-day who lives to grow up, some position is waiting as surely as if rich man, judge, doctor or drunkard stood ready to hand over his place at once. Which will you choose, boys? There are pulpits to be filled by God-fearing ministers and thousands of other honourable places; but there are also prison cells and drunkards' graves. Which will you choose?—*Selected.*

"WELL, my dear madam, and how are you to-day?" "O, doctor, I have terrible pains all over my whole body, and it seems impossible to breathe! Of course, I can't sleep at all, and I haven't a particle of appetite." "But otherwise you feel all right, don't you?"

## THE WET DAY'S LESSON.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

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

"ANOTHER wet day, oh! dear. I wonder if it is ever going to be fine again?" said Elsie Martin, as she looked out of the schoolroom window, her pen between her teeth and an unfinished exercise in her hand.

"Yes, I hope the sun will shine on us again very soon, Elsie," replied her governess, Miss Hartley, who, instead of looking disconsolately out of the window, was busy darning stockings, and very beautifully the darning was done, every other thread being taken up with a neatness and deftness which surprised Elsie.

Miss Hartley was one of those persons who believe in doing everything as well as she could do it, whether it was darning stockings, teaching, or visiting the poor in a district in which she had undertaken to distribute tracts, where her cheery manner and bright face had won the hearts of those with whom she came in contact.

She was daily governess to Elsie Martin, who was twelve years old, and an only child, and, like many only children, Elsie thought the world was made for her, and was often very discontented if the weather and various other things were not just to her mind. By degrees, however, Miss Hartley was beginning to have an influence over her for good, as Elsie could not fail to be struck with the unselfish and cheerful way in which she took all the little worries and troubles of life.

"Do you know, Elsie, I have a feeling that these wet days are to teach you and me a lesson," continued Miss Hartley.

"Have you? What is it, then?"

"Well! I can scarcely say just now, but you may depend patience is part of it, and you are learning that Elsie, darling. You are not nearly so impatient as you were some months ago."

"Dear Miss Hartley! I am so pleased to hear you say so, because I know I fail so often."

Just then a knock was heard at the door, and a maid servant came in with a note addressed to "Miss Elsie Martin." Elsie read it, and said,

"Why, it's from that poor Mrs. Jenkyns who is so ill, and she wonders, as it is such a wet day, if we could take Harold, as her nurse is taken ill. If it had been fine his aunt was to have fetched him."

"Of course we can, and you and I Elsie will do all we can to make the dear laddie happy."

So a message was sent to the effect "that Miss Hartley would be round herself in ten minutes for the little boy."

She soon returned, bringing Master Harold, a bonny bright boy of three years old, who seemed to think it a fine joke to be carried lest he should wet his feet, and he laughed and chatted away in his baby fashion, till Miss Hartley and Elsie, too, laughed heartily.

The day seemed to pass very quickly, and, though the rain never ceased, and the clouds looked very black, strange to say Elsie never noticed them, for she was so busily occupied in trying to make some one happy besides herself that she forgot the dull day, the rain, and all other disagreeable things. How true it is that in trying to make others happy we forget our own sorrows. When night came Harold begged so hard to stay "another wet day" that Elsie told him she would fetch him in the morning as soon as lessons were over if Miss Hartley would let her.

When going to bed at night she threw her arms round her governess's neck, and said, "I know the lesson now, Miss Hartley, and though the day has been so wet it has been one of my happiest, because I have thought of others besides myself, and tried to make them happy, and this wet day gave me the opportunity."

## THE BRITISH LAUGH.

Rev. T. J. Galley.

A LAUGH, a laugh, what is its worth?—
What is its market price to-day?
How can it cheer in grief and dearth?
Can it chase ills of life away?
Yes, laughter is a boon to men;
But let it from true feelings start,
And it will scatter blessings when
It springs from some true Briton's heart.

John Bull—the honest, portly John—
Still takes from life a mirthful share;
His heart-doors open to the sun,
He sees a blessing everywhere;
Smiling he bows to Father Time,
And to the winds casts care's riff-raff;
He exports still to many a clime,
The genuine, homely, British laugh.

The Frenchman gives a graceful bow,
The Italian grins and holds his hat;
The German's smile lights up his brow;
The proud Turk chuckles faint and flat;
And mirth may hide in Jewish hearts,
And joys thrill Mynheer Van der Graaf;
But all give way when John Bull starts
To give a loud, side-splitting laugh.

A cheer for John,—for honest John!
His mirth springs not from vacant mind;
In peace and war he's victories won;
He leads to freedom all mankind!
And John can value gold and grain,
He knows too what's the worth of chaff;
He'll make the old world smile again,
And scatter blessings with a laugh!

"And who would have thought that I should ever be the mother of a poet?" exclaimed Mrs. Plainfield, proudly. "Oh, well, I wouldn't worry about that," replied her neighbour, misunderstanding. "He'll have better sense when he's older."

# PEBBLES AND PEARLS.



DOLLY'S been to cooking school;
Her friends all say "How sweet?"
The cakes she makes, the pies she bakes,
Look good enough to eat.
*But they ain't.*

A WELSH jury, in returning a verdict on horse stealing, expressed themselves, through the foreman thus:—"My Lord, we find the man who stole the horse not guilty."

THE first glass has the most poison in it.

A DRUNKARD'S throat has no bottom to it.

THE devil agrees with the man who claims he can drink or leave it alone.

WE fight for the right with a masterful foe;
And if we would win we must learn to say "No!"

IF you would teach children to hate drink, give them the first lesson before they leave the cradle.

"NAME some of the most important things existing to-day which were unknown a hundred years ago," said a teacher. "Us," was Tommy's brief but quick reply.

A DISCOVERY.—Mamma: "Why did you give the baby that drum?"

Papa: "Because he makes less noise when he has the drum."

## LEARNING TO DRINK.

A ZEALOUS Sunday School teacher, who had gathered up a class of boys hitherto neglected, was one morning, after the regular lesson, talking to them about the great evils of intemperance. Suddenly she said:

"Boys, I wonder how people learn to drink?"

A bright little fellow, son of a publican, said, "I know; by tasting."

Children, don't forget this.

## WHAT ALCOHOL CAN DO.

ALCOHOL regularly applied to a farmer's stomach will remove the boards from the fence, let the cattle into his crops, kill his fruit trees, mortgage his farm, and sow his fields with wild oats and thistles. It will take the paint off his buildings, break the glass out of his windows and fill them with rags. It will take the gloss from his clothes and polish from his manners, subdue his reason and arouse his passions, bring sorrow and disgrace to his family and topple him into a drunkard's grave.



A DIFFICULT REMEDY.—The sufferer: "Do you think it would relieve my toothache if I should hold a little liquor in my mouth?"

His wife: "It might, if you could do it."

IF there is joy in heaven when a sinner repents, what happens when a boy goes into a saloon?

ILL-TIMED.—"Johnny, don't you remember your mother told you not to do that?"

Johnny: "I'm not remembering that to-day."

CUSTOMER: "Will you please chop these ribs across for me?"

Butcher: "John, just break this lady's bones for her."

"I HAVE suffered all the pains of martyrdom with my appetite for drink."

"But martyrs were burned at the stake."

"Well, I've often been dry enough to burn."

## THE ROAD IS SLIPPERY.

A CABMAN signed the pledge for Rev. Charles Garrett, but soon after broke it. Conscience-stricken and ashamed, he tried to keep out of the way of his friend; but Mr. Garrett was not to be put off. One day he found the poor miserable man, and taking hold of his hand he said:

"John, when the road is slippery, and your cab-horse falls down, what do you do with him?"

"I help him up again," replied John.

"Well, I have come to do the same," said Mr. Garrett affectionately; "the road was slippery, I know, John, and you fell; but there's my hand to help you up again."

The cabman's heart was thrilled. He caught his friend's hand in a vice-like grip, and said:

"God bless you, sir, you'll never have cause to regret this; I'll never fall again."

And to this day he has kept his word.

# ADDY'S TWO LIVES.

(AN ORIGINAL STORY)

BY RUTH B. YATES.

*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumpy Grafton," "Green & Gold," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER III.

### STOLEN.

WHEN Lucia reached the corner, where the flaring lights of the public-house sent a warm radiance across the pavement, she paused for a moment.

Through those swinging doors men, women, aye, and even little children, were passing in and out, for "King Dick" did a thriving trade, and of late Lucia had gone there more and more frequently to drown the memory of her wretchedness, thereby increasing it, but now something seemed to hold her back, and she passed the door.

"Hallo! Is that you, Mrs. Costello?" exclaimed a woman who was just about to enter, "Come in, and have a drink. You look down in the mouth."

"No, I dare not; my man will kill me if I do," was the hesitant reply, for she longed to enter, and the craving was aroused.

"Nonsense! Come along. You want cheering up a bit, and you've as much right to have a glass as he has," responded the tempter, taking her arm.

Lucia allowed herself to be drawn inside, and as she imbibed glass after glass of the fiery liquid her spirits began to rise and her tongue was loosened; she joined freely in the ribald conversation that was going on amid the motley throng, and for the time entirely forgot her errand.

"Mammy, mammy, come home, I'se hungry," piped a shrill voice, and Lucia, who always took an interest in a child, turned round, and saw a little, dark-eyed girl pulling at a woman's gown.

"Get off, you tiresome brat!" shouted the mother as she paused in the act of raising a glass to her lips, and raised her hand to strike the child.

Lucia sprang forward and arrested the blow, saying, as she did so, in an indignant tone, "For shame, Mrs. Alberti! Give the poor child something to eat."

"Ha, ha, that's good! Shows you've got none o' your own," responded the woman, with a mocking laugh.

The hot Southern blood mounted to Lucia's cheek, and all expected a row, for with these excitable Italians quarrels were frequent, but the words had touched a sore spot, and also recalled Garcia's words and the object of her own desire, so to everybody's surprise, instead of the ready blow, she merely retorted:

"If I had I should give them enough to eat, for I'd rather starve myself than let a child."

The child was still standing just out of reach of her mother's hand, which she knew from past experience could inflict no gentle blow, but the pangs of hunger had made her bold, so she was willing to risk the blow if by so doing she could get something to eat or even a drink out of her mother's glass.

Lucia fumbled in her pocket, and drawing forth a half-penny, put it in the child's dirty hand, saying "There child, take that and buy some bread."

A gleam of sunshine lit up the dark eyes as the girl's face became transformed by the smile which spread over it and revealed the pearly teeth; just for a moment, then away she sped lest her mother should take the money from her to spend in drink.

"If I gave 'em every time they say they're hungry I might do nought else," remarked the mother, "for children are always hungry."

"Aye, that they are," assented a slatternly girl, who was nevertheless the mother of three neglected little ones.

"You may think yourself lucky, Mrs. Costello, that you have not got a tribe of troublesome youngsters," remarked another Italian, "you cannot tell what a nuisance they are, and I declare nowadays, what with the School Boards and inspectors, and one thing and another, you cannot do as you like with your own."

"Some folk are never satisfied," interposed an organ grinder, "Costello tells me he is going to adopt the child of a relation. Fair as an angel he says she is, and doesn't look as if she had a drop of Italian blood in her."

"Ha, ha," laughed the woman who had spoken last. "Fancy an angel living with Costello without it's a plaster one. It wouldn't be an angel long," and she laughed loudly at her own joke.

"I don't see why Garcia and me shouldn't adopt a child if we want to," retorted Lucia indignantly.

"You can have half-a-dozen of mine if you like," rejoined the other, "it 'ud be so many less to feed."

"No, indeed!" was the quick response. "I will have no child but the one as Garcia and me have taken a fancy to, and I *will* have that in spite of anybody."

Looking round defiantly upon the motley group she passed through the swinging doors and out into the street. No hesitation *now* about her errand; her good angel had been silenced by the demon of drink.

The shops were lighted as she passed through the busy thoroughfares, for, though comparatively early, a thick fog had settled down, making the dull November day even more cheerless than the drizzling rain which had been falling all day.

As Lucia approached the home of Arnold Montagu she noticed that the blinds were drawn, and all was quiet.

She crept up to the window and looked through the half-closed venetian blinds. It was a picture of comfort.

There was a bright fire burning on the hearth, and around a cosy tea-table were seated three persons, all of whom she had seen before.

There was Signor Montagu, looking stronger than when she had been drawn to him by his goodness so long ago; by his side sat his wife, a fair, fragile creature with blue eyes and a sunny smile, who looked as if she had never known a care.

MARCH, 1896. *All rights reserved.*

The third. Ah! how well she remembered that fair, boyish face that had once roused her sympathy and led her to reveal the secret of Garcia's success.

Little did she dream that by saving his life she was blighting her own, yet so it had proved, for from that moment their course had been downward, and as she stood there gazing upon him with brain heated by the fiery spirit she had taken, the demon of jealousy was roused in her breast, and bitterly she contrasted his lot with her own. "Garcia is right," she muttered under her breath, "why should these English milords have all the good things and me have none?"

Long she stood gazing thus with bitter thoughts rankling in her heart until she saw the nurse bring in the little girl, looking lovelier than ever, in her dainty white nightdress and her golden hair falling like a halo round her fair face.

She received a good-night kiss from both the gentlemen, and then she clung for a minute with her arms round her mother's neck, and kissed her again and again before she was borne off to bed.

Quickly the Italian stepped across to the door with noiseless tread, and placed her eye to the keyhole, through which she saw the nurse disappear with the child into a room at the top of the stairs.

Stealthily, under cover of the fog which seemed to become more dense every moment, Lucia crept round to the back, as she had often done before, but she tripped and fell headlong across the path. For a moment she lay, holding her breath lest the noise should have caused any alarm.

Finding that all was quiet, she rose and crept cautiously to the kitchen window, where she peered beneath the blind, expecting to see the other servant there, but no, much to her surprise, there was nobody in the kitchen, and the back sitting room was in darkness.

If she could but manage to secrete herself in the house the rest would be easy. Without a moment's hesitation she slipped quietly in along the lobby and into the sitting room, and stood there behind the door in the dark as she heard the servant ascending the cellar steps. She went into the kitchen for a minute, and then the bell rang, and she came up the lobby, passing within a few inches of Lucia, with only the door between them, so near that the woman feared lest she should hear the beating of her heart, but she passed on into the front sitting room, and, as the door opened, Lucia could hear the sound of conversation and happy laughter.

"Ah, yes, it is ever so," she thought, "they are in the warmth and brightness, and I am left out in the dark and cold," and the woman fairly ground her teeth with jealous hate. Could it be possible that this was the same woman who, such a short time before, had been filled with longing for a purer, nobler life. Ah, when once the drink gains an entrance it opens the door for a host of unholy passions to enter.

Through the slightly open door Lucia watched the girl remove the tea-things into the kitchen, then she saw the nurse come downstairs, and heard her say as she entered the kitchen "The little darling was tired out. She's fast asleep."

Every minute seemed an hour to the anxious watcher before the kitchen door was shut and all was quiet. No time was to be lost, she must slip



upstairs unobserved. Scare had she opened the door, however, when she heard the front sitting room door open and a sweet voice say "I left the piece in the next room. I will get it in a minute."

Lucia trembled. She had only just time to shrink back against the wall behind the door when it was flung open, and Mrs. Montagu entered, humming a tune to herself, and crossed the room to the table, so close to Lucia that her dress touched the figure cowering there in the shadow, but she knew it not, so feeling over the table, she picked up the piece of music that she had come in search of, and turned to leave the room again. As she did so, the light from the hall lamp shed its soft radiance over her, and for a moment a thrill of pity sent its softening influence over Lucia's heart as she noticed the delicate whiteness of the fair face through which the blue veins showed themselves, and the transparency of the hands, but she almost fiercely dismissed the thought as her eye rested on the soft folds of the rich dark crimson velvet that set off her complexion to advantage, with its deep creamy lace at the throat and wrists.

The Italian had all the passionate love of her countrywomen for rich and picturesque costumes, and her jealousy broke forth more fiercely than ever as the lady swept past her, her rich gown touching her hand as she did so.

Mrs. Montagu returned with the music, little dreaming of the hidden foe who was even in her own house, waiting to rob her of her dearest treasure, so she seated herself at the piano and began to play. Now was Lucia's chance, so up the stairs she stole, and into the chamber where the child was soundly sleeping.

Once again her conscience smote her, and she felt that strange impulse drawing her back as she thought of the change from this luxurious room to Garcia Costello's home, but she quickly resisted the detaining impulse as she thought of Garcia's threat. Then she leaned over the cot, and gazed with hungry eyes upon the coveted treasure; then gently raising the sleeping child in her arms, she folded her beneath her cloak and bore her down the stairs and out at the front door, while the merry strains of the mother's music covered her exit.

*(To be continued.)*



# OUR LABORATORY.

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

## WINE MAKING.

IN our last chapter the processes of beer making were shown. Many people, however, do not touch beer or malt liquors. They say, "I only take a little wine; surely that will not hurt me." We shall find out whether this is true in the chapter before us.

Wine can be made from any fruit that contains sugar in fair abundance. The grape is the fruit most generally used, but currants, raspberries, gooseberries, blackberries, elderberries, and many others may be used, also such vegetables as parsnips and rhubarb.

We learned that in beer making it was necessary for the brewer to have either malt or sugar, because an important part of his work was to produce alcohol in the liquor by fermentation, which changed the sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. The wine maker must also have a fruit containing sugar because, like the brewer, he wants to produce alcohol in the wine.

Before we go further it will be as well to have in our minds the fact that in the Bible, when the word wine is used, it does not always mean fermented wine, sometimes it means the grape itself, sometimes it means the juice of the grape. In these cases we shall find that wine is spoken of in terms of praise, such as in Psalm civ., 15,—"And wine that maketh glad the heart of man." We may all eat the grapes, or drink the grape juice without any fear, and with considerable benefit and pleasure, for it contains water to quench the thirst and food substances to build up the body.

*Experiment* 18.—Into a wine-glass squeeze the juice of some grapes. A greenish-white liquid will be obtained. It has no odour, but an agreeable sweetish taste. This experiment illustrates the ancient method of squeezing the grapes into a cup held by the cupbearer and passed on to the master for drinking. The juice of the grape is free from any trace of alcohol, if the fruit that has been used is sound and wholesome. Rotting fruit might contain a trace of alcohol, because in that case the sugar would be undergoing decomposition.

*Experiment* 19.—Fit up distilling apparatus, as shown in Fig. 9. Place in the retort some of the grape juice obtained in experiment 18; connect the apparatus, and start the process of distillation. After a little time examine some of the distillate obtained in the receiver. It is clear, colourless, tasteless and without odour. As far as appearances go it is water only.

*Experiment* 20.—Place some of the distillate on a tin tray, as in Fig. 10; warm it for a minute or

two and then try to ignite. There is no alcohol present. This teaches us that when God made the grapes He made them quite free from the injurious alcohol that is found in fermented wine.

*Experiment* 21.—Now let us apply the same test that we used in Exp. 16. On the addition of a few drops of the distillate from the grape juice to the solution of potassium di-chromate no change in the colour will occur, and we may therefore again learn that grape juice does not contain alcohol.

It may be said that a little alcohol is necessary in wines in order to preserve them, for if we put some grape juice into a bottle and try to keep it, we shall find that it will go bad; but that if it is first fermented, so that some alcohol is produced, then it can be kept for any length of time. Good wine, however, can be made that has not been fermented, and which will keep for a very long time. Such wine is called unfermented wine, and it is made on a large scale by Frank Wright, Mundy & Co., of Kensington. These wines are just the same in appearance, similar in flavour, and are made directly from grapes, but they contain no alcohol. Such wines could be used safely, as it is the alcohol alone that is mischievous.

*Experiment* 22.—Procure a sample of this unfermented wine, place it in the retort of the distilling apparatus, and collect some of the distillate, heat it, as described in Exps. 20 and 21. No evidence of alcohol will be found. From this we may learn that the grape juice and manufactured wines are good and useful, so long as fermentation has not taken place, for until that occurs there is no alcohol formed in them.

*Experiment* 23.—Procure a little ordinary port wine and pour it into a wine glass. Note colour. It is red, and we may call to mind the warning given by the wise man in Proverbs xxiii., 31,—"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." We saw that the grape juice was whitish in colour, but here we have the red wine, against which the warning was spoken. The ancients knew nothing about alcohol as such. They knew that if they drank the grape juice it was not only harmless, but cooling, refreshing, and beneficial. They knew, too, that when they drank the red wine it made them drunk, and maddened them just as it makes men drunk to-day. Therefore we have the warning against it. Where did the red wine come from? The grapes were gathered and the juice squeezed out into a vessel, then the skins were thrown into the liquid. After a few days the liquid began to be coloured red, this arose from the fact that alcohol was formed by fermentation of the sugar in the juice, and this alcohol acted upon the skins dissolving out of them the colouring matter. The fact of the wine becoming red was a sign that it was alcoholic.

*Experiment* 24.—Place a little port wine in a flask as in Fig. 12. As soon as the wine begins to boil apply a lighted taper to the mouth of the flask, the alcohol will ignite, and will burn with a blue flame. This wine, therefore, contains alcohol, and whilst we might use the grape juice we must abstain from this. Such wine as this is made as follows:—The grapes are gathered in the season and brought in baskets to the wine press, here they are pulled from the stalks, and the juice is squeezed out by the pressure of a machine. In olden times the grapes would be trodden, generally by the naked feet of men and women. In the grape juice thus expressed there is much of the good properties of the grape. The juice is now allowed to ferment; it is not necessary, as in the case of beer, to add yeast, or any other fermenting agent. On the skins of the grapes as they have been growing tiny germs have been caught from the air, and these have got washed into the grape juice, and they become the fermenting agents. A thick scum rises on the surface of the liquid, carbonic acid gas is given off, and alcohol is formed.

The liquid is now clarified, and is stored in vats and casks in order to mature. Sometimes alcohol is added in addition to that formed by fermentation. Such wines are called brandied wines. Different flavours are imparted to the wines by the various kinds of grapes used, but often the wines are artificially flavoured.

*Experiment* 25.—We can see by a simple experiment that the colour of the wine, however nice it may make the wine look, is not necessary to it. Mix a little animal charcoal with half a glass of port wine and well shake. The whole mass is blackened, now pour upon a funnel fitted with a filter paper as shown in Fig. 13. The wine will filter through perfectly clear, the colouring matter having been left behind with the charcoal. The clear liquid is just as much wine, and is as rich in alcohol as before. Test it by the same method as Exps. 19 and 23.

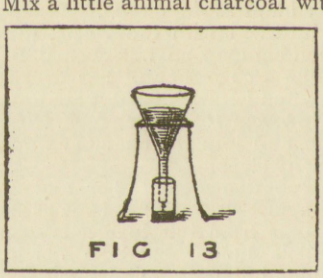


FIG 13

Home made wines and British wines are equally to be avoided, because in making them alcohol has been formed by the breaking up of the sugar. Test a small quantity by Exps. 19 and 23. This will prove the presence of the alcohol, and such liquids must therefore be avoided. From 10 to 20 per cent. of alcohol will be found in wines.

From wines and other fermented substances spirits are produced, such as gin, rum, brandy, whisky. The wine or other fermented substance is distilled in just the same way that we used the distilling apparatus in Exp. 19. These spirits are the richest of all in alcohol, containing from 30 to 60 per cent. They are therefore the most hurtful of all intoxicating drinks. When spirits contain 49½ per cent. of alcohol they are called proof spirit; below this amount they are underproof, above this amount they are overproof.

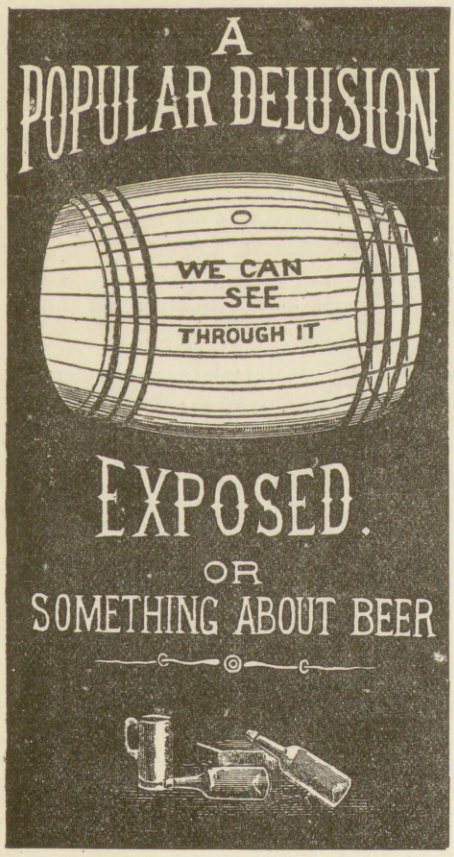
*Experiment* 26.—In olden times, before scientific tests were so well known, the strength of spirit was determined by saturating a little gunpowder with it and igniting. If the spirit was strong, on the flame dying out, the gunpowder

went off with a flash, but if the spirit was in poor quantity the gunpowder did not ignite, but remained as a sodden mass. Where the gunpowder flashed it was said to be overproof; where the gunpowder did not burn it was underproof. The experiment can be worked as shown in Fig. 14.


FIG 14

We have learned that good grapes and other fruits can be converted into alcoholic drinks, and, when this is done, we must avoid them, But then, the fruits of the earth in their natural condition are free from alcohol, and we may use them freely and with great benefit.

*Note.—For cost of apparatus see January issue.*




## A Blackboard Temperance Lesson.

STANDING on the street one day watching a Temperance procession go by, I saw a man carrying a barrel on the end of a pole fastened through the bung hole. On both sides of the barrel were painted these words: "We can see through it."

I found in reality we could, both ends being knocked out. This was a long time ago, but I have never forgotten it, and little thought at the time that I should mention it in a blackboard lesson.

Now I want you, one and all, big and little, great and small, to "see through it," the beer, whether it be a barrel of beer, a bottle of beer, or only as much as can be poured into a glass. I know of no greater delusion than that existing in the minds of the people with regard to beer; they believe in it, the idea prevails in many minds that it is beneficial and nutritious, that it is the very essence of the malt, when the facts are nine-tenths of the nutriment contained in the barley is either lost in the manufacture, or goes to feed cattle. How beer is advertised and lauded during the summer season as a "Temperance drink!" How the "Cool Lager Beer" signs abound, and the deluded drinker walks up to the bar, throws down his money, and considers he has done a sensible and manly thing in emptying the contents of a beer glass into his stomach!

Joseph Malins attended the first brewers' exhibition held in the Agricultural Hall, London, and found a barrel of Burton ale (36 gallons)—the best ale extant—analyzed, the contents—minus the water—separated and labelled as follows:

Alcohol—spirits of wine, 14¾ pints.

Dextrine—substance resembling gum, 7lbs. 12 oz.

Maltusse—sugar of malt, 3lbs. 6 oz.

Albumenoid—flesh forming, 1lb. 11 oz., and adds: Roughly recast into quarts, give the following blackboard lesson as to the waste of working men's money when spent in drink:—

### THE WASTE OF WAGES.

| | Qrts. |
|---|---|
| Water: (Innocent and Should Be Cheap) ... | 130 |
| Alcohol: (An Intoxicating Poison) ... ... | 7 |
| Gum: (Of No Dietetic Value)... ... ... ... | 4 |
| Egg-like albumenoid: (Flesh Forming) ... | 1 |
| Sugar: (Makes Fat and Imparts Warmth).. | 2 |
| Total Quarts in the Barrel ... | 144 |

Then you see there are in the 144 quarts only three quarts of a substance that can be called good, excepting, of course, the water, which costs very little, and in many places nothing at all.

144 quarts ALE, at 6d. per quart, cost £3 12s,

whilst we could purchase, in other and better ways, for two shillings more nourishment than is contained in the 144 quarts.

### KEEPING AT IT.

After a great storm a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snowbank before his grandmother's door. "How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man. "By keeping *at it*, sir," said the boy cheerfully, "that's how." This boy was a genius; for a genius is one who can take pains and keep at a thing, and not, as is sometimes thought, one who dashes off work.

# "FOR THE CHILDREN'S SAKE."

By J. G. Tolton.



THE song of which we have borrowed the title is so new that very few people are yet acquainted with it. It is none the worse for being new.

A husband and wife stood by their children's little cot, where their two little ones lay, "dreaming their dreams of golden summer-tide." Misfortune had come to the father—a threatened cloud of ruin, loss and doom. The tender wife, trying to bring a gleam of sunshine into the thick darkness, appealed to the husband amid her tears:—

"Pray, husband pray! for the helpless children's sake!
Pray to the Lord that He may pity take;
Lift up thy heart, or mine own must break!
Pray with me, husband, for the children's sake!"

With a struggling will and stammering lips he yielded. He prayed the sacred prayer he used to pray at his mother's knee many years ago.

"The prayer was heard, for, with the morning light,
Glad tidings came to dry the tears of night.
Gone was the grief, the darksome cloud dispelled;
The rescued homestead still the loved ones held."

The man's faith in his heavenly Father was never afterwards shaken. Now he ever mingles praise and prayer thus:

"Praise Thee, O Lord! Who for the children's sake
Didst hear my prayer, and tender pity take,
Grant me, O Lord, with Thee my peace to make,
Teach me to love Thee for the children's sake!"

Would that the words were ever in our minds. For the children's sake let us be brave, and bear manfully the ills that come.

*Don't scold! for the chilaren's sake.*

"Don't, Tommy, don't do that!" said a mother, not in the gentlest of tones, "you know it makes my head ache."

"Does it make your head ache, mother?" asked the child gently and with a pitying tone in his voice. He came and crept up to his mother's side, and looked at her as if in doubt whether he would be repulsed or not.

"Sometimes it does, my son," replied the mother in a much more soothing tone, "and it is always unpleasant. Will you not try to play without making so much noise?"

"Yes, mother, I'll try," answered Tommy, cheerfully; "but I forget sometimes."

He looked appealingly at his mother, as if there was more in his thoughts which he was afraid to express.

"Well, dear, what else?" the mother said, encouragingly.

"When I forget, you'll tell me, won't you?"

"Yes, love."

"And then I'll stop. But *don't scold me mother*, for then I can't stop."

The mother never forgot the little incident. In all her future did that mother strive with herself ere she spoke words which would rouse the inherited hastiness of her children. And just as far as she was able to overcome evil in herself did she overcome evil in them.

"*For the children's sake*" *let the home be bright and happy.*

If a boy finds his father's house to be something between a monastery and a prison he will get away from it to Liberty Hall with nimble feet. Many boys have been driven to destruction because the parlour was too fine, and the sitting-room too neat for them to have any of "their things" about; because the bookcase was locked up for fear the contents should be soiled, and because the literature which they fancied was condemned unread. Sister did not want "those boys about" when her stylish friends spent an evening with her. Mother must have perfect quiet; and father was seldom at home, and even then was too busy to take any notice of the boys.

If the lad can get nothing he wants at home, he will seek it elsewhere, heedless of the frightful contamination he gathers at the same time. One might as well expect a young colt to harness himself to a coal waggon, as to expect a boy to have no young fancies, no desire to see what is going on, no wish to read anything except some solemn book that his grandfather delights to peruse.

Of course, none of us would for a moment defend anything that will injure morals, manners, or health. We can bar all these baneful things out, without taking a warped view of things, and without frowning upon all innocent mirth as though it would drag the children's young souls down to perdition.

Any boy who is worth anything has in him a fund of good-fellowship, and yearns to have it reciprocated. Shall we shut our doors upon it, and let him hunt for it amongst the vices?

"*For the children's sake,*" *help to remove England's gigantic evils.*

In some cities of America there is absolute freedom from the sale of intoxicating drinks. This veto is effected by the popular vote which is taken periodically on the question:—

"Shall any Drink Licence be granted or not?"

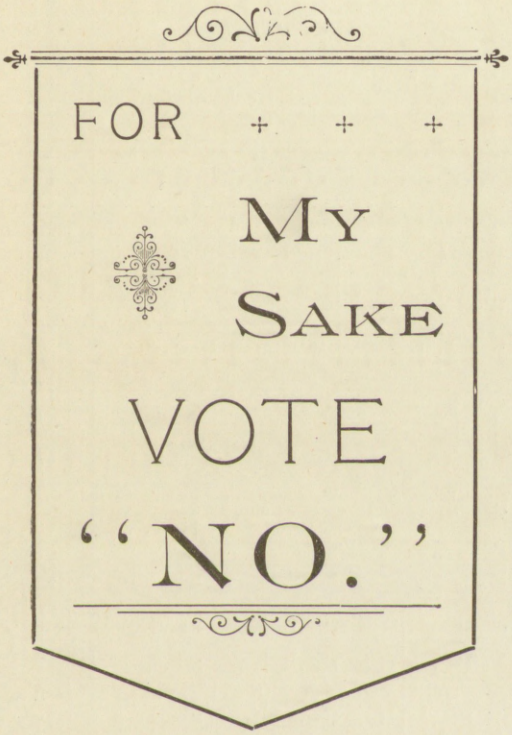
One of these votes has recently been taken at Brockton, Mass. For some days before the ballots were cast the children in the schools were decorated with a badge, which they proudly wore, and to which they constantly called everybody's attention.

Surely, every voter, who is truly a patriot, and who prays for the prosperity of his country, will take this appeal to heart. The future of England entirely depends on the boys and girls of to-day. If they could be educated as total abstainers from drink and gambling, and if at the same time the

snares and pitfalls which abound in almost every street could be done away, how brightly the future would gleam!

"For the children's sake" let us think on these things, and speak, act, and vote, "No LICENCE."

Here is a picture of the badge:—




### A TINY BIT OF A FELLOW.

A TINY bit of a fellow,
But he filled the house with noise,
Till I told him over and over again
He was worst of all the boys.

As I sat at my library table,
Trying to write for bread,
Time and again I gave it up
For the noises overhead.

And time and again I scolded him,
And begged him to keep still,
But he'd only say, between his sobs,
"Bime-by, dear Pop, I will."

And the "bime-by" is here now,
When the little man keeps still;
And there's silence—silence everywhere—
And a grave upon the hill.

I wish the hours were full of noise,
And the house a bedlam quite;
But I've only this awful silence
And that little grave to-night.




SUCH a sweet, fair face has my Valentine,
Such a tender, beautiful face;
And she looks like a princess, proud and fine,
In her garments of dainty lace.
And never a queen on her mighty throne
E'er ruled with such perfect sway,
As this little empress we call our own,
Who came on St. Valentine's day.

Like the crumples and creases exquisite,
On some wild-flower's scented tips,
Are the little dimples that softly flit
'Round our darling's kissable lips;
And as bright as the flash in the morning skies,
Of the sun-king's beauteous ray,
Are the gleamings that brighten the witching eyes
That ope'd on St. Valentine's day.

She rules us all with such regal grace,
And her power is so absolute
That we move on tip-toe around the place,
Or stand in her presence mute;
O'er her tiny cradle we often lean—
Her majesty's throne I should say—
To kiss the hand of the little queen
Who came on St. Valentine's day.

For her, just for her, the wee white stars
Rise up in the sky each night,
To weave o'er her pillow their slender bars
Of wonderful silver light;
And for her, each morning, the sun doth chase
The mists and the shadows away,
While he steals through the window to kiss the face
That came on St. Valentine's day.

Tread softly, my children; more softly still,
Our darling has gone to sleep!
And we've wrapped her so snug, lest a wind too chill
'Round her little white limbs should creep;
She is far more precious than all the world,
How precious, no tongue can say;
Though she's but a baby, just four weeks' old,
For she came on St. Valentine's day.

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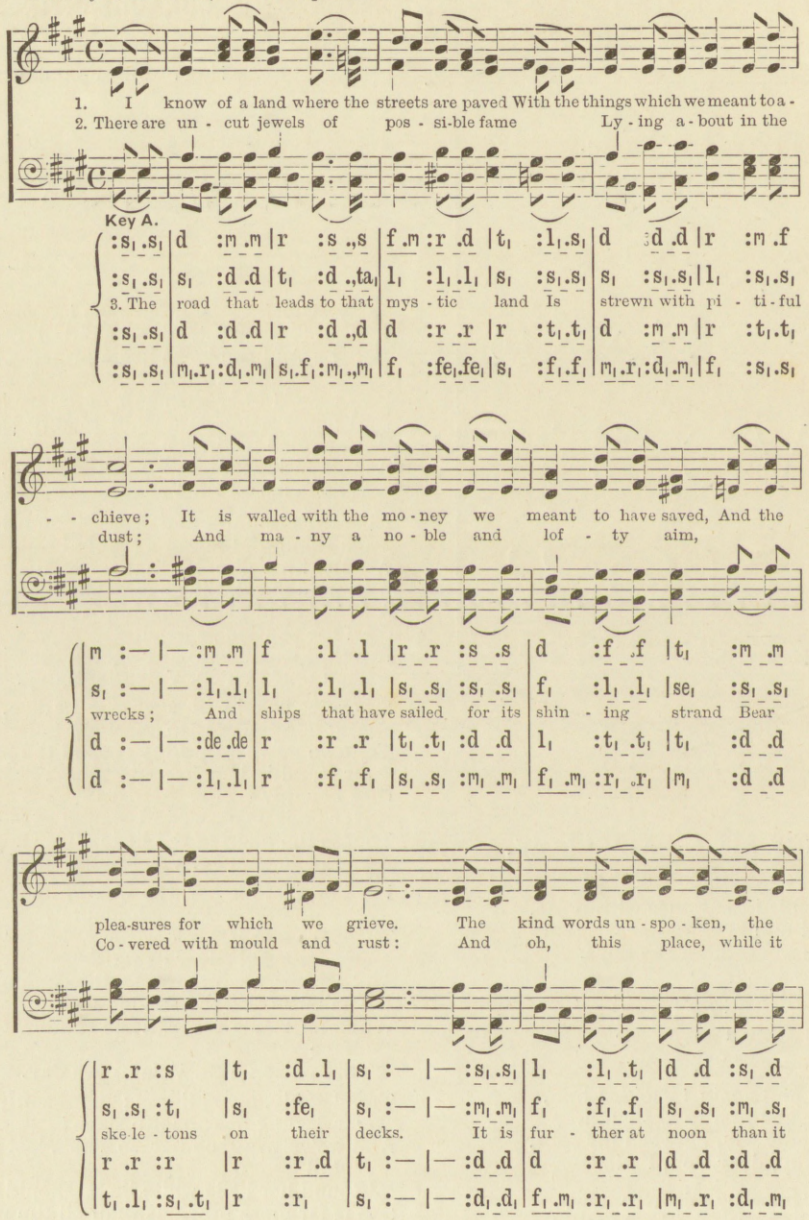
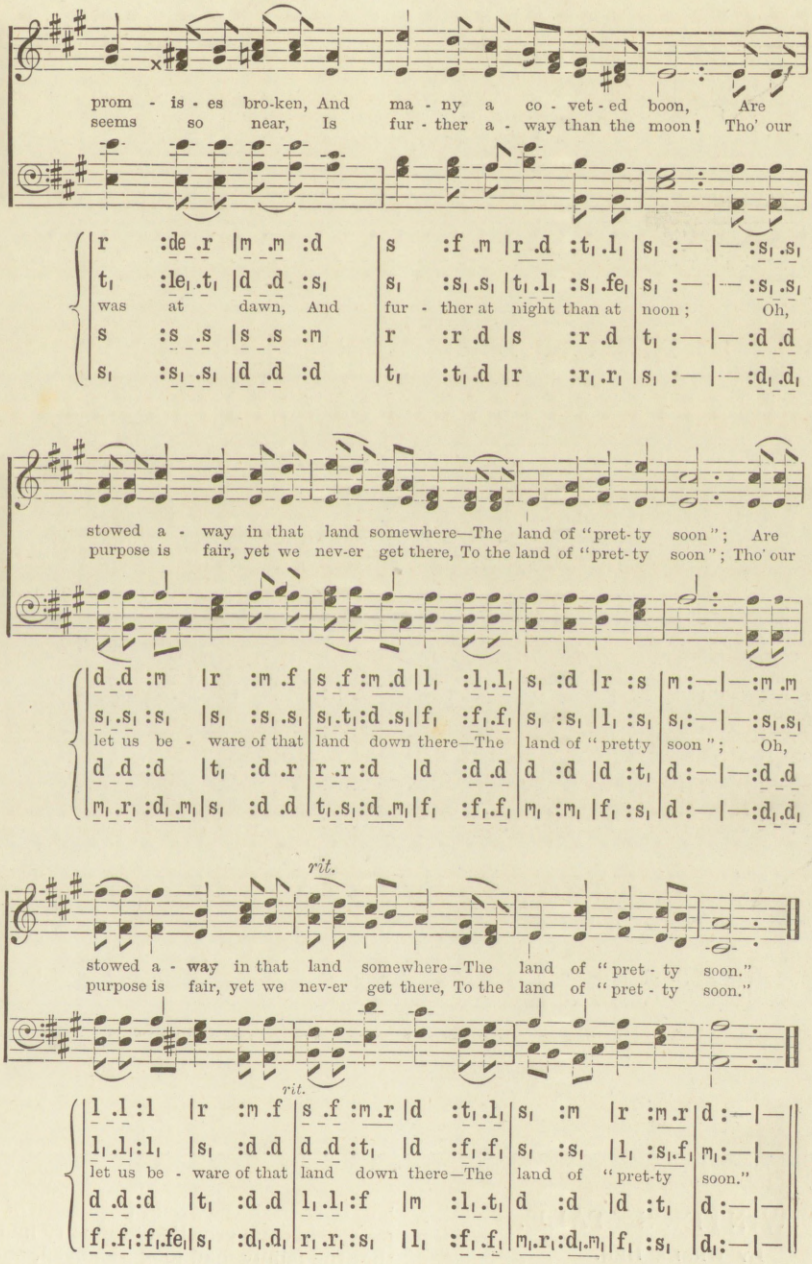
HAPPINESS is a bird that owns no cage but a pure bosom.

# THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON."

*Words by* C. A. SAVAGE, "N.Y. Independent."



## THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON."





## A WINTER'S TALE.

By Uncle Ben.

AT one of the gate entrances to a public park in the midst of a large and populous city sat an old woman who kept a fruit stall, and in winter beside the store of apples and oranges she would sell hot chestnuts, which were roasted on a stove that served the purpose of cooking and warmth on cold days. The park had once been the proud possession of an ancient family, but the growth of industry had so spread that the family had long removed, and the land had been bought for the benefit of the town. It contained a large sheet of water, which in times of severe frost was patronised by skaters. In summer the old woman did fairly well, and at times in winter trade was brisk, but she had many

"UPS AND DOWNS,"

especially "downs." Yet on the whole she managed to make a living, and stuck to her post with almost astronomical punctuality.

The boys plagued the old woman at times very much, but she put up with their doings as best she could, remarking once to a passing friend, "Boys is always a nuisance unless they are eating or sleeping; there's never no peace with boys." And as this was the natural order of Providence she had to bear with them as she did with the weather, since it was impossible for the world to proceed without boys or weather. But among the multitude of boys that worked mischief and iniquity was one little nipper called Tim, for whom the old woman had a soft place in her heart. She knew the boy's history. He had a drunken mother, who lived in the same poor street with the old woman. The father of the boy had quarrelled so often and violently with his wife that he seldom lived with her. He had occasional outbreaks of drunkenness, and had

BEEN IN PRISON

more than once. Every now and then he turned up, but was more frequently away than at home. The result was that poor Tim was much neglected, and sometimes left without food, for all the money his mother earned was spent in drink, hence he was more or less dependent on friends and neighbours for means of support. He seldom went to school, and fairly successfully dodged the attentions of the school-visitor, his extreme smallness being greatly in his favour, but he seemed to know the time would come when he might be dealt with, and feared above all things the loss of liberty and the kind provision the Government makes for truants.

Tim in great secrecy often got a meal and refreshments of unsaleable fruit from the old woman, in return for which he ran errands and did many odd jobs for his benefactress, and to his honour and credit be it known he never took or touched the stock of tempting fruit even when the pangs of hunger were worst. He honoured the trust the old woman placed in him, and she the incorruptible honesty of this worse than orphan waif.

She called him many rough names, the most affectionate of which was "you varmity Tim." He knew most of her regular customers, both juvenile and adult, and grew frightfully abusive if any of them missed their usual pen'orth when due. He took the greatest interest in the fluctuations of her trade, and in return for food and warmth he regaled the old woman with all the street gossip, sporting news, pantomime songs and jokes, and criminal intelligence. He picked up from his numerous acquaintances all the police-court information, and kept the old woman continually refreshed by infinite resettings of bad language. The coarse texture of these two lives was interwoven with threads of gold; honour, faith, and love wrought a fine embroidery on the canvas of their history.

It was strange how much in common the old woman of the fruit stall and the boy of the street had together. The two lonely souls found a common bond of union that bound them fast over a gap of fifty years. All unconsciously the strands of affection were entwined into a cable of strength. The boy was never so happy as when engaged with the old woman, and she was never so bright and contented with her hard lot as when the boy was near the stall.

At length, during one very severe winter when a fall of snow had succeeded a hard frost, the old woman had been uncommonly busy and Tim had had a good return in matches and papers with the capital supplied by her, the boy caught a bad cold. At first he took no notice, but one day, with his thin boots and ragged clothing, when the fine powdery snow had been falling most of the day, it grew evident to the old woman that Tim was very bad, in fact he could

HARDLY HOLD UP.

It was getting late in the afternoon, and the poor boy was sometimes shivering and then burning hot, and would not eat anything. He complained little, and sat by the fire looking very ill. Then, as customers were few and trade at a stand-still, the old woman took the lad on her lap, and almost instantly he fell asleep. His restless troubled breathing quite alarmed her, and she resolved to take the boy home in her little cart in which she usually wheeled her store to and from her one-room lodging. She put him in the little cart and packed up her stock, put out the fire and made for home, intending to leave the boy at his mother's, but when she got there she learnt from neighbours that the mother was out on the drink, so she took him to her own room and laid him in her own bed, and went back to fetch the rest of the things. Then she did all she could for the lad. She sat up all the night, during which time he was wandering and talking about the stall and the business.

In the morning she sought the boy's mother, who was sleeping off her drunkenness, but too incapable to do anything. She went off for a doctor who came and said the boy was too ill to be moved, so the stall was not set up that day nor for several days after. The old woman gave herself entirely to nurse and tend Tim, obeying all the doctor's orders with the greatest care. The drunken mother came and went, stung with remorse and sorrow, but pawning things and continually going to the public-house for comfort, and keeping herself more or less muddled with drink through the anxious days that followed. But the old woman wearied not and relaxed no effort that thought, tenderness, and money could provide until poor little Tim passed into the still country "where falls not hail, nor rain, nor any snow."

Next time she sat at the stall it was with a piece of new crape on the old bonnet. But she never dreamed she had done a holy service or even "what she could." The winter passed and the spring came, the birds sang, the sun shone, the green leaves appeared and the blossom fell, and the spirit of little Tim seemed in the resurrection life around her, though the tears often started to her eyes at the sound of children's feet and voices, yet gentle peace settled in her heart because she of her penury had cast into God's treasury all the living she had loved.

# THE STORY OF THREE COINS.

By Charles H. Barstow.

IN the dark cavernous deeps of a silken pocket lay a purse within whose dainty leathern cover reposed a sovereign, a half-crown piece, and a threepenny bit.

"Oh dear!" grumbled the sovereign, with a somewhat contemptuous look at its companions. "I've never been accustomed to such inaction as this, and never before have I been compelled to associate with any but my compeers. Direct from the mint it was my happy fate to enter upon the honourable career of commercial life, in the higher walks, of course, I mean," it added proudly in parenthesis. "I rule the destinies of nations. At my nod kings arise or are overthrown. I have power to overflow the land with plenty, and if I withdraw myself grievous famine is the result. Oh! you can have no idea of what use I have been in the world."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the half-crown, noting the sovereign's look of pride and disdain. "How unfortunate for the world that you are buried in oblivion here. I do hope the world will not be quite stopped in consequence."

For the life of it the half-crown could not resist this bit of sarcasm. "I've always heard," it continued, "that one is only a unit, and that one should therefore walk humbly through life, and be not puffed up with vainglory, for were one irrevocably lost one would scarcely be missed and would very soon be forgotten. For my own part, I'm glad to say I also have been of some little use in the world, for directly I came into being I was destined for a peculiar mission, which although it knew little of commerce, was none the less honourable on that account; at least to my thinking.

"'Ah, what a beauty!' were the first words I heard as the paper parcel containing myself and a number of my older sisters was opened on arriving at our destination from the bank. 'It's just the very thing I was wanting for little Mattie; that poor, sick, uncomplaining child I've had my eye upon for weeks past. How it will delight her—for I know what she will do with it, dear, unselfish child—to possess a bran new half-crown.' And the speaker lifted me tenderly in his hand to take a closer look at me. You may judge of my surprise, and even awe, when I in return glanced up and saw his face for I instantly recognised him. It was Santa Claus. How I quivered with delight to look once upon his countenance rippling over with smiles and good nature, for it is a privilege granted to few to behold in the flesh this kindest of all fairy god-fathers.

"Well when Christmas Eve came, I was dropped deeply into a dark aperture (which I felt sure could be nothing else than my grave, especially as all the world, it seemed to me, came falling on the top of me) and left at a dingy, little cottage in a dingier back street in the heart of the city.

"All through the night I ruminated on the thought of how I must have been deceived. That I had mistaken some ordinary person for Santa Claus, and that my promised destiny was a myth. But at length I felt a shock, like an earthquake, go through my prison house, and the oppression that had lain heavily upon me through the long, dark hours of the night was removed, and I was drawn at length to the light of the early morning.

"'Oh, mother!' I heard a childish voice eagerly exclaim. 'This is the best of all. Look! Look what dear Santa Claus has left me!' And I was ecstatically held up to the wondering glance of a meek-faced, tired looking woman.

"'Isn't it a beauty? Quite new! and isn't Santa Claus kind, mother? Why didn't he waken me so that I could have kissed him? Oh, he must have known what I wanted it for. You'll be able to get the shawl you've wanted so long, and so badly, now, mother.'

"'Bless you, dear, for your kind heart. You're always thinking of others before yourself. I don't mind being poor, dear, so long as I have you.' And the mother glanced fearfully at the white, wasted face of her child, folding her the while in a close embrace."

The half-crown paused a moment, and wiped a furtive tear from its eye.

"And do you know," it continued, "however long I may live I don't think I shall ever experience a happier moment than that when I was proudly handed over in payment for that lovingly-bought garment. The delight it brought to that humble home you, with your pride," glancing at the sovereign, "can never realise!"

"How I envy you both your experiences," whispered an unobtrusive, little voice from the farthest corner of the purse. "For though the sovereign, perhaps by reason of its high birth, *is* proud"—this was said very meekly as if fearful of giving offence—"still it has fulfilled the mission it was intended for, and so can look back upon a useful and honourable past. But I envy you, dear half-crown, with all my heart. Your mission was indeed a noble one. My career"—and a deep blush over-spread the tiny, tarnished face of the threepenny bit—"has been a very different one from either of yours. I was given last Christmas in the wage of a working man, who, immediately upon seeing me, exclaimed

"'Hello, here's another of those blessed "joeys." What a nuisance they are. I'll get a drink with it, or I shall be sure to lose it!'

"Little did I guess what he meant as I was handed over a counter in a gorgeous bar-room. I thought I had entered fairyland at least, everything shone and glittered so. But, alas! I was soon undeceived, for the air was foul with the odours of stale tobacco-smoke, and I heard low, ribald songs and language so foul that I almost died of shame, and before I had been there many hours I saw men and, alas! women also, who came into the place in full possession of the faculties endowed by a beneficent Creator, leave it staggering in their walk, incoherent in speech, strength and senses all gone. And that has been my daily experience since, until I was blessedly released the other day and found this quiet haven."

"Poor thing!" sighed the half-crown in deepest sympathy. "But cheer up, my little sister. Mark my words, you'll be of some real use in the world yet." And the words were scarcely spoken ere a hand brought them up to the light of day, and two dainty fingers took out the little threepenny bit, whose face was still flushed with the recital of her story, and dropped it into a huge box, on which she read, ere being consigned to its depths, "Please help the Hospital Saturday Fund."

"Thank God!" she murmured, "for work in in His service at last!"

## OLD-FASHIONED EPHRAIM.

By Rev. John Foster.



HE called himself old-fashioned, it wasn't a name first given to him by others. Of course it was taken up and used; some, new to the neighbourhood even thought he had been christened Oldfashioned, his parents being imitators of the Puritans. Really, his baptismal name was Ephraim; his family name does not concern us. Those who were acquainted with him soon came to understand that his love of old fashions was put forward as a reason for turning away from all that was evil and holding fast to all that was good. The advantage of his peculiar method was that it did away with the necessity for argument, for which Ephraim had no taste and perhaps not much fitness.

It happened that in the village where he lived was a noisy knot of talkers, who considered themselves new lights as to most of the subjects that interested the dwellers in the neighbourhood. They were for taking nothing for granted, they made no scruple of drawing a pen through the conclusions accepted for centuries, and starting fresh with ideas of their own. Their great anxiety in their dealings with Ephraim was to enlighten him as to the mistake he was making in leading such an over-scrupulous life. For one thing, they called him a Sabbatarian.

"What new fashioned sort of thing is that?" asked Ephraim, "I'm nothing of the kind."

"We're glad to hear it," they said; "then of course you'll take a ticket for the excursion on Sunday week."

They explained to Ephraim that the excursion was arranged by a new society in London as a protest against those who turned Sunday into a day of gloom and austerity. Therefore they had planned for a concert in the afternoon and a visit to a picture gallery in the morning.

"That's what you're aiming at, is it?" said Ephraim. "No, you'll not catch me going to London on a Sunday. I'm not a Sabbatarian, as I know of, but I remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

They told him that that was a law intended for the Jews, and if he believed it binding why didn't he rest on the seventh day instead of the first?

"Look here, you chaps, I'm an old-fashioned man, I always have kept the Sabbath, and I always will. I shouldn't know myself, marching off to picture galleries on Sunday morning, hearing the church bells and not going in. Besides, I've found that rags and dirt and drunkenness very often go with Sabbath breaking. Any way, I mean to stick to the old custom."

They tried to undermine Ephraim's religion by attacking the clergy.

"Why should you sit open-mouthed and listen to all those fellows tell you, don't you know they're paid to do it?"

"I had a fairish education when I was a boy," returned Ephraim, "and I never found that my schoolmaster taught me wrong because he was paid for his labour. The parsons that I've known have been a good sort; I should have been a better man if I'd minded all that they said, I'm not going to run 'em down. It's an old-fashioned rule of mine to speak of men as I find 'em."

On Sunday morning Ephraim met a neighbour evidently not bound for church.

"How now," said he to him, "are you going to the Methodies?"

"No," answered the other, "I'm off to hear Dr. Greenfields."

"And where does he preach?" enquired Ephraim,

"He preaches out in the open," said the other, "under the blue sky, and in the light of the glorious sun; do you think God can only be worshipped in a mouldy old church?"

"I never saw any mould," replied Ephraim, "but passing that by, I'm pretty sure of this, that those who worship the Creator in the fields are mostly those who have learned to praise and pray in the House of God; I've got comfort and instruction at church, and peace in my spirit, and so I shall keep on going. My father was an old-fashioned man like me, and he used to say that the proof of the pudding was in the eating it; may happen he was right, what do you think?"

Some of the men, who had picked up a smattering of such knowledge as got into the newspapers as to science and modern criticism, tried to shake Ephraim's faith in the truth of the Bible. They discovered that he knew more about these matters than they thought, more in fact, than they knew themselves. But, as usual, he didn't rely on disputation.

"I'm an old-fashioned man," he said, "and I love the old book. I'd rather die than come to fancy that what the Bible tells me about Moses, and David, and Elijah isn't true, and my blessed Saviour, where should I be without Him?"

And Ephraim went home, and read "The Lord is my Shepherd," and "Let not your heart be troubled," and said his prayers, and went to bed.

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A missionary, working at Bristol among sailors, says that out of thirty ships which in one year left Bristol for trade on the coast of Africa, the cargoes of twenty-five, for the purposes of commercial exchange, were confined to gunpowder and rum.

## Go-Ahead's Letter to Boys.

My Dear Lads,

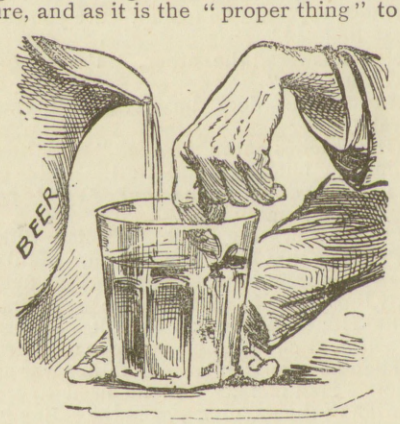
"SERMONS in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything" must be our motto in life, and it is simply amazing how we can, if we get into the habit of it, turn and twist the most ordinary events of our daily life into interesting and really useful

HELPS BY THE WAY.

I am fond of drawing, and there is no combination of lines, however complicated, that I cannot, with a few slight touches of the pencil, turn into a picture of a human face. In the same way I think we should cultivate the ability to turn the course of events *in our lives* into

SOMETHING ATTRACTIVE,

so that our daily difficulties and "crosses" should be turned into "times of refreshing," and prove to us blessings in disguise. This is "education" indeed, and a life thus lived will be "a life *worth* living." Let us get a short sermon out of this picture, and as it is the "proper thing" to have




"heads" to a sermon we will have a head, but *only one*, because "Firstly, secondly, and thirdly" might put us all to sleep. The "head" in our sermon shall include the "body," for that wasp in the glass shall be the sum total of our "meditations." The wasp in the beer represents

THE POISON ALCOHOL.

If there were no alcohol in the beer then the beer would be a teetotaler's drink. The beer jug would be as harmless as the teapot, and Temperance Lecturers would have to flit to pastures new. But this alcohol is the *charm*, and if you remove it nobody would place any higher value upon beer than they do upon toast and water. The Bible warns us against strong drink

BECAUSE OF THE ALCOHOL IN IT,

and it likens it to a stinging adder. I have often seen pictures of glasses of strong drink with the form of an adder writhing up from the contents and threateningly darting forth its fangs. We know very little about adders in this country, so we will liken alcohol to a *stinging wasp*. Many of you have never seen an adder, and you would not know one if you saw it, but you *all* know what a wasp is like, and I expect you all know what a wasp *feels* like. Whenever you see a drunkard let this thought come to you,

"HE HAS SWALLOWED A WASP."

Oh that *everybody* would refuse to swallow this wasp. I wish every boy who reads these lines could have been in my house a week last Sunday evening when a poor drunkard came in to confess to me that he had broken his pledge, a pledge that he signed 12 months ago. He sobbed like a child, and he seized my boy of 14, and he said to him in the most fervent way, "My *dear* boy let a poor drunkard, with the tears streaming down his face,

BESEECH YOU NEVER TO BEGIN."

Oh, what *could* be more affecting? I think my boy will never forget the drunkard's imploring, agonised words. The poor man had swallowed the wasp *alcohol*, and it had stung him. May his words sink into each of *your* young hearts, and you will never begin.

By the bye, did you ever hear of a drunken wasp? Alcohol will make an insect drunk as readily as it will a man or a boy. It is a *poison*, and it will do its deadly work whenever it finds its way into any living organism. Sometimes a wasp will settle on a decaying plum, and as it sucks away in all innocence at the deadly poison it will get *drunk*, and after a time it will settle down on the plum to sleep off its drunkenness. On awaking it will fly off home, still half sober, and in this state it will be "in fighting trim," and if you happen to meet it it will "go" for you as likely as not, and you will wonder what makes it so furious.

ALCOHOL IS THE CAUSE,

and just as a "a skin full" will make Bill Sykes ready to fight "any six men in the village" so the poor unsuspecting wasp has swallowed a poison, and it has made it full of fury and a source of danger to all with which it happens to come in contact, whereas if it had not been supping on "decay and corruption" (the birthplace of the poison alcohol), it would have sheathed its little sword and peaceably flown home to its nest. So, be it man or insect or all *between*, there is no safety in alcohol. Let our merciless cry be

"AWAY WITH IT."

Your affectionate friend,

GO-AHEAD.

## BURDEN BEARING.

By Isabel Maud Hamill.

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

"BEAR ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

These words were running in Esther Maclean's head all the way as she walked from school, and her face wore a puzzled expression as she opened the garden gate of her pretty home.

"No one I know has a burden that I can help them to carry, and yet the minister said we should find people weighed

down with them everywhere if we only kept our eyes open and looked about. Well, I'll try and keep mine open, anyway, for I really want to help others," she was thinking as she entered the house.

She had not been many minutes in the dining-room when she heard a cry which sounded more like a cry of temper than of pain, and she knew it came from her four-year-old brother, Charlie, whose determined self-will was already a source of trouble to those who had the charge of him — and more especially his nurse, a middle-aged woman, whose life had been embittered by constant toil, low wages, and little, if any, appreciation.

All at once the thought struck Esther, "Why, nurse has a burden to bear, I am sure, by the look in her face, but I don't think I can help her, she's so old; still, I'll go and see what Charlie is crying about, anyway."

When she entered the nursery, she was struck with the worn, tired look on the nurse's face: she was doing what the minister had suggested, keeping her eyes open, and wondered she had never noticed it before.

"Why, Jane, you do look tired. Have you had a busy day, or has Charlie been extra naughty?" she said.

"Not more than usual, Miss; but when you're at it from six in the morning until half-past ten or eleven of a night, you generally feel a bit done up by six or seven o'clock comes, leastways I do; you see I've never sat down scarcely all day—what with baby being so cross over her teeth and Master Charlie that masterful, I've not known which way to turn."

"Poor Jane! You have had a hard day, I am sure. Now, look here, this hour when I come in from school is my own to do just what I like in, and I'm going to like to take care of baby and Charlie whilst you go upstairs and have a rest. I'll call you when it's half-past six."

"Oh, Miss, I couldn't—I daren't do such a thing; your mamma would give me notice," said the astonished woman.

"No, she won't, for she's gone out for the evening, and papa too, so I can do just what I like for a while; so go, please, and you'll feel quite rested."

Jane was too astonished to say more, so seeing that the baby was nicely covered up in her cradle, she left the room.

Charlie, who had stopped crying at the sound of Esther's voice, asked why she had come instead of Jane, but she wisely gave him no answer, and soon had him happily engaged in a game of soldiers, and as one after another of his men fell down he began to laugh heartily, and no one would have recognised him as the same child of half-an-hour ago.

Besides being anxious to help others, Esther had the gift of tact in no small degree for one so young, and this now aided her greatly in her newly-formed resolution to share the burdens of others.

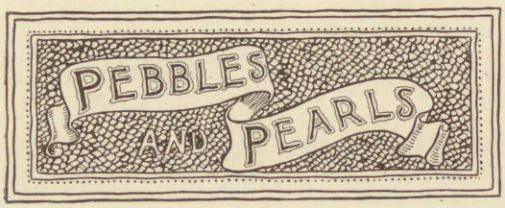
The hour passed pleasantly and quickly away, and when the nursery clock struck half-past six she was astonished; but her pleasure exceeded her astonishment when Jane came downstairs looking so much brighter and better for the much needed rest. She did not guess that it was the knowledge that someone cared for her that had really done the woman more good than the rest, and this thought had brought a smile to her otherwise rather stolid face.

Many a girl, lonely in her situation, would be cheered in her daily round of duties if she felt that her mistress really cared about her welfare.

After this evening it became quite an institution for Esther to go to the nursery for an hour, and though Jane did not often go and rest, Esther always insisted the time was her own, so she mended and made clothes for her widowed sister's children, thus in her turn lightening her burden, which was a very heavy one; but she could never have done this had not Esther come and helped to bear her's.

Thus the silken thread of "burden bearing" unwinds and reaches further and further when once it has begun to unfold. The widowed sister in her turn, because of the help she received from Jane, was enabled to do many a little kindness to a sickly, delicate child who lived next door, and whose mother was obliged to go out and work during the day, thus lightening the young mother's load of anxiety and care; but she could not have done this had not Esther in her earnest, loving desire to serve the Saviour begun by helping Jane with her burden, and thus "fulfilled the law of Christ."






A BREWER'S horse fares better than a drunkard's child.

MANY a man puts his family in the dark to help the publican to pay his gas bill.

HIGH up among the things written on the gates of hell is "Sacred Concert."

TWENTIETH CENTURY.—Farmer: Tom, press th' button 'n set th' cornfield plough goin'. Tom: Oh, pshaw! Let Bill do it! I'm tired.

THE liquor traffic is one of the most criminal methods of assassination for money hitherto adopted by the bravos of any age or country.—*Ruskin.*

LADY VISITOR: "And now, Tommy, take the case of a poor sailor who is shipwrecked, and who, after battling with the angry waves, reaches an unknown island. What would the poor sailor think on reaching the land?" Tommy: "That 'e dunno where 'e are!"



"JOHNNY, are you teaching that parrot to use bad language?" "No 'm, I'm just tellin' what it musn't say."

THE late Dr. W. B. Robertson, of Irvine, was once addressing a boys' meeting, and having delighted them with some of his racy anecdotes, he began to draw to a close by saying: "Now I'm going to point out the moral of this." "Never mind the moral," shouted a little fellow from the middle of the hall, "gie's anither story."

EVERY moderate drinker is leading an army of boys towards the pit.

THE easiest time to let drink alone is before the first drink is taken.

CUSTOMER: "I notice some shoes in the window that you have labelled 'Temperance shoes.' What kind are they?" Dealer: "They are warranted not to be tight."

CHARLIE: "Mamma, mayn't I go out into the street for a bit? The boys say there is a comet to be seen." Careful Mamma: "Well, yes; but don't go too near."

PROPRIETOR: Where is the book-keeper? Office Boy: He isn't in. His wife sent him word that the baby is asleep, and he's gone home to see what it looks like.

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## THE PLEDGE.

I PROMISE Thee, sweet Lord,
That I will never cloud the light
Which shines from Thee within my soul,
And makes my reason bright;
Nor ever will I lose the power
To serve Thee by my will,
Which Thou hast set within my heart,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

Oh, let me drink as Adam drank,
Before from Thee he fell;
Oh, let me drink as Thou, dear Lord,
When faint by Sychar's well;
That from my childhood, pure from sin,
Of drink and drunken strife,
By the clear fountains I may rest,
Of everlasting life.

—*Cardinal Manning.*

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## A NOBLE HEART.

A FEW years ago a gentleman, going through a crowded part of the city of Glasgow, noticed a pale-faced little bootblack waiting for hire. Touched by the delicate look of the child, he thought he would give him the blacking of his boots to do. Accordingly, he gave the little fellow the signal. The boy at once crept lamely towards the gentleman, and, as he pulled himself along, was nimbly supplanted by another little bootblack, who was immediately at the gentleman's feet and ready to begin.

"What's this for?" said the gentleman to the intruder, somewhat angrily.

"It's a'richt," said the new comer, brightly. "Jamie's jist a wee while oot o' the hospital, and the rest o' us take turn aboot o' brushin' for him."

Jamie smiled pleasantly by way of assuring the gentleman that his comrade's story was true.

The gentleman was so gratified by this act of brotherly kindness that he gave Jamie's friend a whole shilling for his work, telling him to give sixpence to Jamie and keep the other sixpence to himself.

"Na, na, sir," quickly replied this little hero, giving the shilling to Jamie and hurrying from the spot—"Na, na, sir; nane o' us ever tak's ony o' Jamie's siller."—*Children's Record.*

# ADDY'S TWO LIVES.

(AN ORIGINAL STORY)

BY RUTH B. YATES.

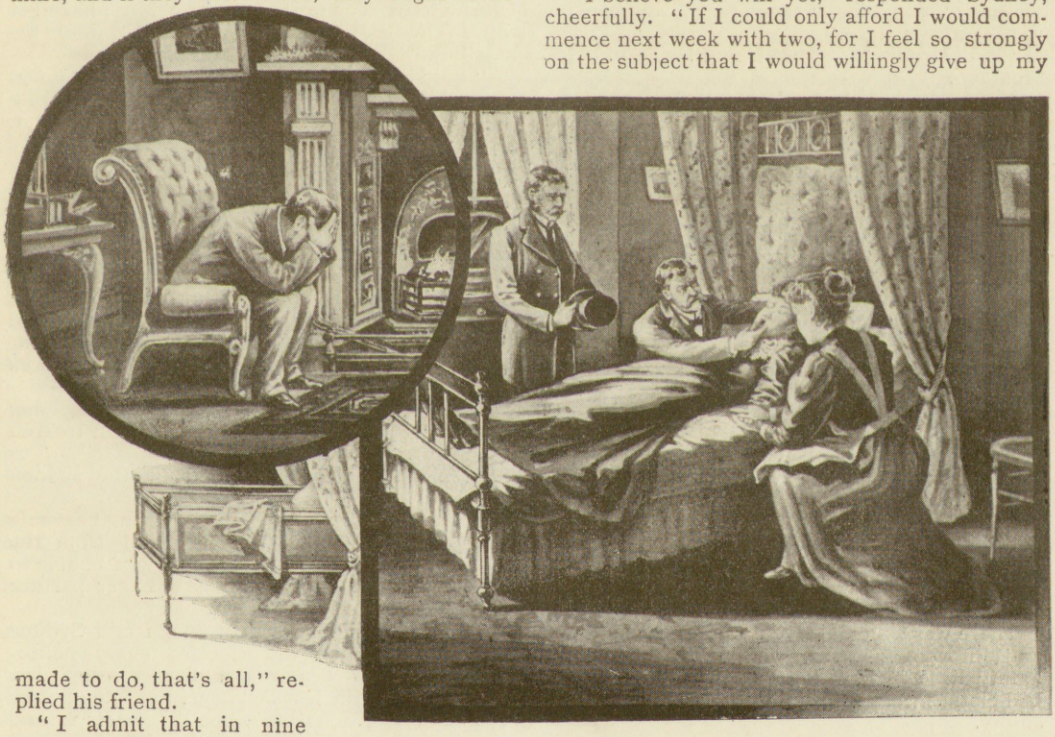
*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumpy Grafton," "Green & Gold," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER IV.

### A DOUBLE LOSS.

"WHEN you absolutely refuse to countenance my idea of founding a home for destitute girls, Arnold?" said Sydney Maynard in a tone of disappointment as he rose to go.

"I do, my dear fellow. You see I think these people should look after their own children, as I have to look after mine, and if they don't—well, they ought to be made to do, that's all," replied his friend.



"I admit that in nine cases out of ten the parents' drunken habits are the cause of the children's suffering, but I do not think Christ would make that an excuse for letting them suffer, and there are others who are left destitute by death."

"There are plenty of orphan homes for them," interposed Mrs. Montagu.

"Not nearly enough to admit half the applicants I find. Oh, Mrs. Montagu, your heart would have ached, as mine did, could you have seen a little girl, not older than your Gladys, clinging to her mother's coffin, and begging to be buried too. I have tried my best to get her into an orphanage, but there is no vacancy, and the most I could do was to get her name on the list, to be voted for when half-a-dozen successful ones will be admitted, and the rest must wait another year."

"There is the workhouse, Sydney; you make much more fuss about these people than there is any need, I'm sure. I don't see why you cannot go to service quietly on Sundays, and be a good Christian, like Arnold, without going out of your way to interfere with those dirty, drunken folk who are quite content to be let alone."

"Those poor people have souls which are quite as precious as yours or mine in God's sight, and if Arnold had not gone out of his way to save me I should long ago have filled a drunkard's grave," replied Maynard earnestly.

"I can quite understand your desire to rescue others, Sydney," said Mr. Montagu, "and I wish you God speed with all my heart, and I am willing to help you, but I cannot quite see eye to eye with you on this new scheme."

"I believe you will yet," responded Sydney, cheerfully. "If I could only afford I would commence next week with two, for I feel so strongly on the subject that I would willingly give up my own bed if by that means I could shield one of Christ's little ones."

"Well, I don't feel called upon to subscribe to this now, Maynard, but I will certainly think it over," responded his friend.

"Thank you, Arnold; that is all that I ask," said the other earnestly. "Think how you would feel if your own little one were out in the streets on a night like this, without food and with scarcely any clothing; unprotected, and left to grow up amid vice and sin of every kind. How long would she remain pure and innocent?"

Arnold Montagu shuddered at the thought, and his wife said, rather impatiently,

"One couldn't fancy such a thing because it is

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impossible. I wish you would change the subject, for I'm about tired of it."

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Montagu," said the young man, apologetically; "I really will not try your patience any further. Good night! Hallo! the front door is open and the hall is full of fog."

Mr. Montagu pulled the bell, when the kitchen door opened and the servant came forward.

"Why was the front door left open, Mary?" he asked sternly.

"Please, sir, it wasn't left open, for I'm sure I shut it when Mr. Maynard came in, and nobody has been since."

"It was certainly open now. Are you certain you shut it?"

"Quite certain; I shouldn't think of keeping it open a minute on a foggy night like this, besides I should have seen it when I removed the tea-things, and neither Jane nor I have been out of the kitchen since."

"It's strange! very strange!" said Mrs. Montagu.

"We must search the house and see there is nothing stolen," said her husband. "Here's your hat and overcoat, Maynard, those are all right, but you'll stay a few minutes longer?"

"Oh yes; I must know there are no burglars. Shall I guard the door whilst you go over the house?"

Jane now advanced from the kitchen and joined the group as Mr. Montagu was lighting a taper at the hall lamp.

Into the back sitting-room and through the cellars they searched, but no one was secreted, and nothing was disturbed.

"I think it is a false alarm, the door musn't have caught," remarked Maynard as Mr. Montagu appeared, followed closely by his wife and the maids, "but it would be as well to see that all is right upstairs, and then you will feel content."

"The nursery door is open!" exclaimed Jane in a terrified voice as they ascended the stairs, and Mr. Montagu at once entered, closely followed by his wife who rushed towards the bed, gave one piercing shriek and fell senseless in her husband's arms.

There was a small stove burning in the room, and throwing a warm, softened light on the dainty little bed, with its snowy linen, but the bed clothes were thrown aside, and the bed was empty.

Sydney sprang upstairs when he heard Mrs. Montagu scream, keeping his eye on the now-bolted door, however.

"What is the matter?" he enquired.

"Miss Gladys has gone! The bed is empty," replied the girl.

"She must have got up in her sleep. Search the other rooms;" and suiting the action to the word he at once proceeded to do so, leaving the door, for he dismissed all idea of burglars, and the maids appeared to do the same, for they were no longer afraid, but looked under beds, in wardrobes, and the nurse even peeped into the bath cistern, but there was no glimpse of golden hair to be seen.

Placing his wife upon the nurse's bed, for she remained unconscious, Arnold Montagu called out at the top of his voice, as he ran from room to room,

"Addy! papa's little darling! where are you?"

All in vain; no little feet came pattering towards him. No warm, soft arms were clasped about his neck, and no sweet childish voice answered him as usual—"Addy love papa; Addy papa's own little darling."

After a fruitless search the two men met and grasped hands, and looked into each other's eyes, with a sorrow far too deep for words, as a great nameless dread crept into the father's heart. But though no word was spoken, the great loving sympathy of Sydney for his friend was expressed and understood, and the strong man trembled.

It was but a moment; this was the time for action, every moment was precious.

"Where can she be?" he faltered.

The front door was open; she must have got up in her sleep and gone out. No doubt we shall find her laid down not far away."

"Laid down in the street, in this fog! Oh, my child, my child!" he exclaimed, as he hastily put on his hat and prepared to set out in search of her.

"Please, sir, will you look at missus?"

Jane spoke in a tone that made Maynard look round and ask hurriedly,

"What is the matter?"

"She's dead!" whispered the girl.

"Here, Montagu, go and try to rouse your wife while I run for the doctor; and you take a lamp and search outside," he said to the terrified girl, and away he sped, and very soon the doctor arrived, but a glance assured him that he was not needed.

Mr. Montagu and the girl were applying restoratives in vain, for the soul had left its frail tenement.

"Heart disease, accelerated by the sudden shock."

Ah, yes, but what beside? A loving heavenly Father had called away His child from the weight of that sorrow which she was unable to bear, but through which her stronger partner must be led into fuller, nobler life.

All night long, Arnold Montagu and Sydney Maynard tramped the streets; every police-station in Manchester and district received a description of the lost little one, but though they visited every place from which it was telephoned there was a lost child in none did they find Gladys.

A constable visited the house and questioned the maids, to see if they could throw no further light on the mystery.

"Are you certain that the door was shut?" he asked.

"As certain as that I'm standing here," was the prompt reply.

"Could the child open the door?"

"No, she couldn't reach it."

"You put her safely in bed?"

"Yes, and stayed with her until she was sound asleep."

"How long was it before you missed her?"

"About three hours, or thereabouts."

"The house was perfectly quiet all that time?"

"Quiet, except for the piano playing and missus singing."

"How do you account for the child's disappearance then?"

"I have no more idea than the man in the moon; I only know I put her safely to bed, pretty dear, and then she was gone."

He turned from the nurse to the general, and asked,

"Did no one enter the house during that time?"

"Not a soul came in after Mr. Maynard."

"And neither of you went out?"

"No, indeed; it was too foggy for anyone to go out if they could help it. Why, the kitchen got full of fog because the back door was left open while I went in the cellar, and I was glad to shut it."

"Where was the nurse when you went in the cellar?"

"Gone upstairs with Miss Gladys."

"Ah!" exclaimed the policeman as he wrote something down in his note-book; then he asked again,

"Why did you leave the door open?"

"I didn't leave it open, nor I didn't notice it being open till I came up out of the cellar."

"Who did leave it open, then?"

"Jane, I suppose, and I hadn't noticed it."

"No, I'm quite sure I latched the door, but I didn't lock it," interposed the nurse.

The constable carefully examined the floor of the back passage, and then he said,

"Let me look at your shoes."

They did so and he shook his head and asked,

"Have either of you worn a pair with felt soles to-day?"

Both girls replied they did not possess such a thing.

He said no more, but inspected the floor like an Indian following the trail, up the passage, into the back sitting-room, then up the stairs to the child's room, and down again to the front door, where he arrived just as the two gentlemen returned from their fruitless search.

"Have you found her?" enquired the father, eagerly.

"No, sir, not yet, but I have got a clue," replied the constable.

"A clue! what is it?" eagerly asked Maynard.

"The child has been stolen by a women wearing felt shoes, who entered by the back door, secreted herself in that room, went upstairs and back, then out at the front door."

"What motive could anybody have in robbing me of my darling? And now my wife has gone too!" and the strong man fairly broke down as Sydney led him into the sitting-room.

"Oh, my God! my God!" he wailed, "it is too cruel."

Then conquering himself with a mighty effort he asked,

"Can nothing be done to find my child?"

"Everything that man can do shall be done, sir, and I have no doubt we shall be able to trace her now I have got a clue."

*(To be continued.)*

——o——

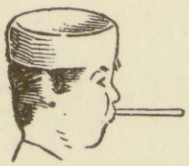
PARDON is the choicest flower of victory.

## TALE OF A BAD LITTLE BOY.

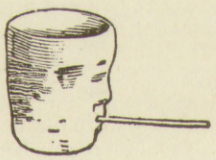
BY S. Q. LAPIUS.



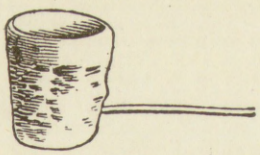
THERE was once a pretty urchin—
Hair and eyes as black as jet—
But he squandered all his pennies
On the nasty cigarette.



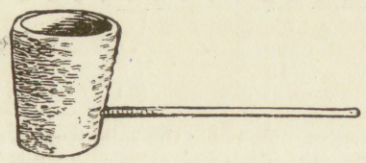
Yea, he smoked them by the dozen,
And he smoked them by the score,
Till his face was sadly altered,
But he only smoked the more.



And his father stormed and threatened,
And his mother pleaded, yet
He just shook his head and fumbled
For another cigarette.



And his eyes grew dim and misty,
And his features, once so sweet,
Changed so people failed to know him
When they met him on the street.



Till at last he grew the colour
Of a walnut overripe,
And his mother couldn't tell him
From a corncob pipe.

# OUR LABORATORY.

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

## ALCOHOL.

HAVING learned the important fact that in beer making and wine making sugar has been converted into alcohol by a chemical change, we may now proceed to learn more about the properties and characteristics of alcohol itself. Before going further let us assure ourselves, by an experiment, that all kinds of strong drink contain alcohol, but in different proportions.

*Experiment* 27.—Into flasks standing on tripods, as shown in Fig. 14, place in (*a*) a little strong ale, in (*b*) some port wine, in (*c*) some gin or whiskey; on gently heating the flasks the alcohol contained in these liquids will be driven off, and will burn with flames of various size according to the quantity of alcohol present. Malt liquors contain from 5 to 10 per cent. of alcohol, wines from 10 to 20, and spirits from 30 to 60 per cent. This is shown to some extent by the size of the flames and the length of time they will burn. A similar experiment may be used to show that cider, home-made wines, and British wines contain alcohol, and they must therefore be avoided by the abstainer. These strong drinks contain very little besides alcohol and water. This we may prove in the following way:

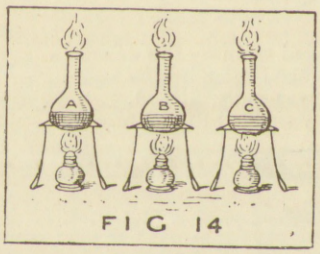


FIG 14

*Experiment* 28.—Take three evaporating dishes, arrange as shown in Fig. 15. Place in (*a*) some ale, in (*b*) some wine, in (*c*) some spirit. Now place a lamp under each and drive off all the liquid. We shall notice that the liquid in each will boil, and that after a time it will all have boiled away. In dish (*a*) there will remain a brown, gummy substance, being the solid stuff in the ale, and consisting of something very much like British gum. In dish (*b*) there will be something of the same kind, but rather less in quantity; in dish (*c*) there will be nothing at all only a stain of colouring matter on the dish.

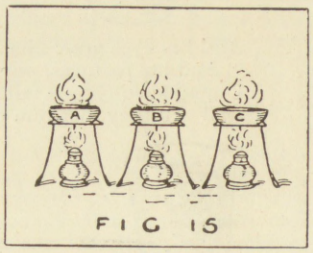


FIG 15

We may learn from this that such drinks do not contain nourishment, but are chiefly water and alcohol. We have already produced alcohol from a fermenting liquid, and when we looked at it contained in the receiver of the distilling apparatus (see Exp. 13) we saw that it appeared very much like water. Now we are to make closer observation, and we shall see that whilst it is like water in its appearance it is altogether different in character. Into a bottle of clear glass put some water, and into a similar bottle place some alcohol (spirits of wine). We shall find it very difficult to tell one from the other by simply looking at them.

*Experiment* 29.—We can easily find out which is alcohol and which is water by some experiments. Place two glasses side by side, as in Fig. 16; half fill the glasses with water. Pour on to glass (*a*) a little sweet oil. The oil will float on top of the water because it is lighter; that is to say that a glass of oil would not weigh so much as a glass of equal size filled with water. The oil swims on the water like a piece of cork would float. Now colour a little spirits of wine red or blue by the addition of a drop or two of ink, and, by means of a funnel, very carefully pour the coloured spirit on top of the water. The alcohol, like the oil, will float on the surface, and we can see just where it rests upon the water by the colour that has been imparted to it. We can learn, then, that alcohol is lighter than water, or it would not remain at the top.

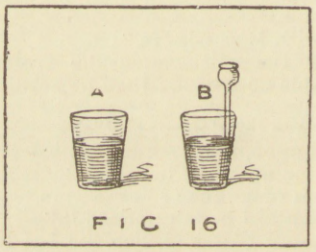


FIG 16

*Experiment* 30.—With a piece of glass rod or a spoon stir up the oil and the water in glass (*a*). At first the two seem to mix, but they soon again separate, and the oil comes to the surface. Now stir the contents of glass (*b*), the two freely mix, and do not again separate. Oil and water will not mix, but alcohol and water mix very freely.

*Experiment* 31.—Apply the nose to the bottle containing water. It possesses no odour, nor has it any taste. On bringing the bottle containing alcohol to the nose we shall find that it has a sweetish odour, and on putting the least drop on the tongue with the tip of our finger we shall perceive a hot burning taste. Water has neither odour nor taste; alcohol has both.

*Experiment* 32.—Alcohol has a very great liking for water, and wherever it can it will lay hold of this substance. Place in a test tube, as shown in Fig. 17, some water, now carefully fill remaining half of tube with some absolute (pure) alcohol. Place the thumb over the mouth of the tube and well shake. Two observations can be made; first, that the tube becomes perceptibly warmer, this is due to the chemical action of the alcohol seizing upon the water, and the bulk has become less, although the quantity taken will be too small for this to be apparent. The second observation is that an immense number of tiny bubbles are seen ascending to the surface of the liquid. These

consist of oxygen and were dissolved in the water, but the alcohol has had the effect of contracting the water and so squeezing them out.

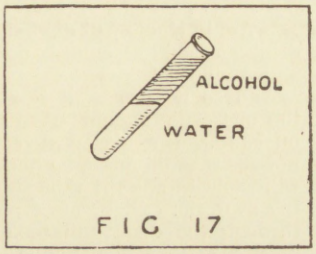


FIG 17

*Experiment* 33. Place some alcohol on a dish, and some water on another dish, as in Fig. 14. Bring a lighted taper to the alcohol, it at once takes fire and burns with a bluish flame. On bringing the taper to the other dish the water does not take fire, but the taper itself is extinguished. Water will not burn, but quenches fire; alcohol will burn, and will make a fire burn more fiercely. On the alcohol burning itself out examine the dish that contained it; there will be nothing remaining. The alcohol, then, contains no mineral matter, or it would have been left upon the dish as ash.

*Experiment* 34.—Place an evaporating dish containing water on a tripod; put some alcohol into a clean small test tube, as shown in Fig. 18.


FIG 18

On making the water hot the alcohol will begin to boil before the water does, and it will pass completely away as vapour, nothing being left in the tube. Alcohol boils at 172°, but water boils at 212°. We learn from the experiment that alcohol boils at a much less degree of heat than water, and that it contains no solid matter. We cannot show an experiment in this course to illustrate the fact, but we may here learn another important difference between alcohol and water, and that is, that water easily freezes but alcohol does not, so that it may be used for making thermometers, which register the temperature far below freezing point.

*Experiment* 35.—We may be asking ourselves the question, "If alcohol burns completely to a vapour and passes away, what kind of vapour is it?" The question may be answered by taking a small piece of sponge and putting a little alcohol upon it. Ignite the alcohol and drop it into a roomy bottle, as shown in Fig. 19. Cover the mouth of the bottle with a piece of cardboard, and the flame will be extinguished; by the aid of a piece of wire remove the sponge, and add to the bottle a little clear lime water and well shake. The lime water will become turbid owing to the presence of carbonic acid gas, which has been produced by the burning alcohol. If we had shaken up some lime water in the bottle before putting in the sponge we should notice that it remained quite clear. A part of the alcohol, then, was turned by burning, into carbonic acid gas. The only other thing produced when alcohol burns is water, and we may show its presence in the following way:


FIG 19

*Experiment* 36.—If we fill a flask full of cold water, and hold it for a moment in the flame of some burning alcohol, as shown in Fig. 20, the outside of the flask will become covered with moisture, so as to make the hand wet if passed over it. We may learn from these two experiments that when alcohol burns it is converted entirely into carbonic acid gas and water. We have learned something of the general properties and character of alcohol, and we may make a general deduction that if water is good, and alcohol is the opposite to water in everything but appearance, it cannot also be good. When we come to consider the action of alcohol, when admitted to the body, we shall see that this is the case, and that alcohol within the body is always our foe and never our friend.

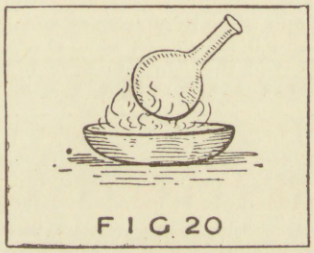
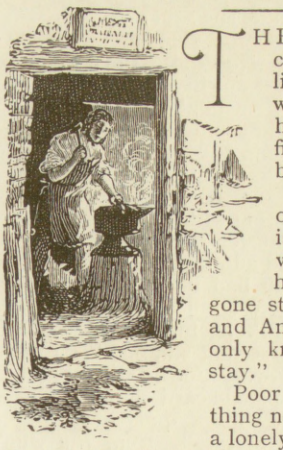


FIG 20

*Note.—For cost of apparatus see January issue.*

## THE STORY OF A MENDED HEART.

By Rev. G. Gilbert Muir.



THE clock had just chimed seven, and twilight had well set in, when Annie Noble took her seat by the kitchen fire to wait her husband's return.

"Oh dear, this is only Thursday, yet it is the third night this week he has not come home for tea, but has gone straight to the 'Chart and Anchor,' and goodness only knows how long he'll stay."

Poor soul, it was no new thing now for Annie to sit as a lonely watcher listening for Tom Noble's footsteps, and, instead, only hearing the ticking of the clock, and the beating of her anxious heart as it went thump, thump against her side. She spent her time talking to herself.

"It's drink that's done it all; no better man has ever worn shoes than my Tom, so fine looking

too; nothing thin or puny about him, but big and strong, fit for one of the Queen's own soldiers; yes, and for sure, he was a good husband; I know he loved me once, and he does now, if it weren't for the drink. It's not him, it's drink that's done it."

Then as her hand fell heedlessly in her lap she began musing, and the fire burned within her; the clock went ticking on, but still Tom did not come. Again she spoke:

"My word, it takes longer to answer prayers than telegrams. The Old Book says, 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' And it's ten year, come Christmas, since I first prayed the Lord to save him, and still I am not answered. Oh dear, it is killing me, this is."

And truly her looks did not contradict her words. You could see, everybody saw, she was a failing woman, yet she was not old, only forty-six, but resembled more the same figures reversed. Her cheeks and brow were furrowed deep with wrinkles, the only light in her eyes was the reflection of the fire. Her frame was bent and weary, which told of the weariness of her heart. Again she went on half aloud:

"I wonder does God really answer prayer? If He does, He's surely not so sharp as the Old Book tells. I know it says, 'Ask and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find;' yes, but when, I'd like to know? My word, I'm like to give up and pray no more."

But at last she heard the footsteps she had wanted, Tom was coming now. Yes, but she knew before she saw him he was drunk; she knew it by the uncertain tread upon the pavement.

"Well," growled the husband, "and what's wrong now?"

But she did not answer, only led him to the couch, that he might fall asleep, and then covered him by gentle, loving hands, and sat down by his side to wait and watch, and as she brushed from his fevered forehead the black locks of hair which ever had been her pride, she said:

"Can this be the Tom I wedded well nigh a score of years ago? Not quite the same, and yet he's my Tom. But not like the Tom he was before the 'Chart and Anchor' came to curse the place. Then he would come straight from work and sup his tea with me, and then we'd have our chat. Them were happy days. Yes, they were for sure."

But gradually did Tom withdraw his company from his wife, and transfer it to the inn. Then he came home flushed and excited, and ashamed. Then he'd be ill with bad headaches, and was humiliated with bitterest reflections, and would resolve never to drink again, and signed the pledge against his besetting sin, but his resolutions always broke down. For no sooner had he put his name to the pledge card than he longed for the drink again, with a quenchless thirst. Gradually did the light fade from the wife's cheeks, home comforts were lessened, but for these she did not care. But the loss of the husband from the home meant the loss of life to her. And so gradually her hope died out and life was ebbing away, as a cistern may be emptied by drops. The neighbours saw it, and knew the cause.

"She'll never get used to her man drinking, no never; some women don't care much. But Annie Noble will die before she gets used to drink or used to her husband going to the 'Chart and Anchor.'"

And so it was. All saw the change except the one who should have seen it at first, her husband. But his eyes were blinded; he could not see that the prize he had laboured so long to win was slipping from his side, and that through his own sin. Night after night, as he slouched through the door and took the same dreaded road, his wife would tumble upon her knees and pray. She had but one prayer, and though she used the same words day after day they were not vain repetitions, but tear drops of the heart. One night as her husband went off she prayed—

"O God, Tom has gone again, do save him, O God, he is my Tom, Thou didst give him to me, Thou knowest how good and kind he is when he's had no drink, but Lord, the 'Chart and Anchor's' too much for him. O God, Thou art strong, smite the enemy, but spare Tom. Thou art the Great Physician, heal him, before it's too late. O God, if Thou only wouldst, how I would bless Thee; none can save but Thou. I ask nothing for myself but all for Tom. Lord save him, do Lord, now, Amen."

And as the prayer ended, Annie still knelt, and the silence was only broken by the sobbing of the earnest heart. But soon the silence was broken still more, for back came the object of her prayer, and she had barely time to rise from her knees when he staggered across the doorstep, and fell full length into the kitchen. Again there rose the same question in her heart: "Does God answer prayer? Must I, after all these years of praying and trusting, give up?" she said, and whilst Satan prompted her to answer her own question with a "yes," she said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," and so day by day she prayed on the one same prayer: "O God, save Tom." Yet day by day did Tom return from the "Chart and Anchor," drunk—as drunk as if no prayer had either been offered or heard.

* * * * * *

Then came the long foreseen illness, and at last, worn and weary, Annie Noble lay down, she felt to die. The doctor came, and said, "Too late, she cannot live!" But still she prayed, and every drop of blood that ebbed away, bore with it from the sinking frame the one prayer, "O God, save Tom."

At last the truth dawned upon Tom himself that Annie was dying, and he felt it was his doing. Then he cried and prayed, "O God, I'm a murderer, I'm killing her, and I cannot help it, Lord save me from this drink. I can't save myself." This was how Tom prayed on the morning he guessed the truth, but at night he was drunk, drunk again.

"My word, but the drink is an awful enemy," said one of the neighbours, who had gone in to lend a helping hand. "Husband and wife a-praying for the same thing and still the devil conquers."

Again the doctor came and saw his patient gradually slipping away. He saw that medicine

could not save her, he knew the only remedy lay with the husband's reformation, and he told him so; he told him his wife was dying not of a fever, but of a broken heart.

Poor Tom, how he loathed and hated himself; he loved his wife, he knew he did, but, alas, he loved the drink still more. Again he vowed he would never touch again, again he prayed, again he came home drunk, drunk as before.

"Not many days more," said the doctor, "and another broken-heart will be at rest; do not leave her," this he said to the kindly neighbour who nursed the patient, "stay to the end with her." And the heavy-breathing seemed to say, "Not long."

"Hush! was that a whisper?" said the neighbour, half aloud. Again she listened, and again heard the feeble tones coming from the sick one's lips. She bent low to catch the words; it was a prayer she heard, the same prayer, "O God, save Tom, my Tom;" then the old question, faint but clear, "Does God answer prayer?" "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." "Yes, God will answer prayer, I feel He will." "If we call He will answer; yes, God answers prayer; I'll pray again; O God, save Tom."

Then she fell asleep. The neighbour said it was the sleep that would have no end, yet she woke again, and whispered still. Again the neighbour bent her ear to listen, and thus she whispered, "The Bible, please, bring the Bible."

And it was brought, and as the fragile hand of the dying woman grasped the book, it opened, as though of itself, and there she read: "Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distresses."

"See, neighbour, look how the letters are of gold; see how they stand out above all the rest; don't you see them? I do. Yes, now I know God will answer prayer. He will save Tom."

And again the patient slept, and this time her sleep was "like infant slumbers, pure and light." A look of happy content had smoothed her wrinkled cheeks, her sorrow had gone. Yes, God would answer prayer. The letters she read were like unto gold, she knew that God had opened the book, and pointed her to His own message, and that message turned the fingers of the clock, for they pointed now to life and not to death.

Then came the beating of driving rain upon the windows, swift and heavy, and it wakened her, and well it might, for it brought to her the sign to seal her message, for as she gazed through the window panes there, set in the clouds, was the rainbow, clear, distinct, and full of lustre and beauty.

"There, there!" cried Annie. "God confirms His message of the golden letters. Yes, He'll save Tom. He will save him now. God's rainbow is for me as well as Noah. It came to him after a storm to tell him it was all over, never to come again. Yes, it is for me, too, a sign that Tom will be saved. I've had the promise, and now I've seen the rainbow."

Then came the Doctor quietly, as though he were entering the chamber of death.

"How is this?" he said, as he saw the change. He could see he was in the presence of life, and not of death.

"Nay, I don't know how it is," said the neighbour, "only she says it is the promise of the golden letters and the rainbow that's done it. Them's funny remedies to heal up flesh and blood, for I reckon the rainbow was in the clouds even before Noah's day."

"It's not flesh and blood that's been ailing," said the Doctor, "it's a broken heart, and when that's mended it will soon bring back health and strength again."

Then Annie spoke up and said:—

"I know there must have been rainbows before Noah, even ever since the rain and sunshine have known each other. But God told Noah that after the flood the rainbow was for a special purpose to nudge his memory; he might forget words, but he couldn't forget the rainbow and its message. God sometimes uses old things to teach new lessons."

But the talking was too much for her; she lay back, weak and exhausted, as though she had wrestled with an angel and prevailed. The light of early days came back and filled her eyes, and again she whispered:

"God will answer prayer. Hush, who is that? Ah, I know the step," and her cheeks coloured with a rosy hue, she knew that it was Tom, and knew that he was sober, for the step was firm. She turned upon her side to meet him as he came into the room.

Tom stooped and kissed his wife and held her hand; his eyes glistened with tears, but they were tears of joy, and looked like the dew drops on the violets when the sun shines on.

"My lass, I've good news for thee, I've signed the pledge again, this time, by the Lord's help, and He's told me I've no need to try of myself, for He'll help me. No more of the 'Chart and Anchor' for me; God's book shall be my chart, and Jesus Christ is the one on whom I'll cast my anchor."

Truth to tell, Tom had been to a prayer meeting in his dinner hour at the village forge, where he worked. The meeting was conducted by two or three of his fellow-workmen, who for long had prayed for Tom, but upon this day Tom joined his prayers with theirs, and at last the answer came which brought salvation.

* * * * * *

Five years and more have passed away, and Tom and Annie Noble are full of the light and life of early days. And as you go into that bright kitchen now, as the clock chimes seven, and twilight comes on apace, you may see, not Annie anxiously looking for Tom, but Tom looking lovingly into Annie's eyes, glad and thankful for the light they shed, and for the power which they give.

Truly "The effectual fervent prayer . . . . availeth much."

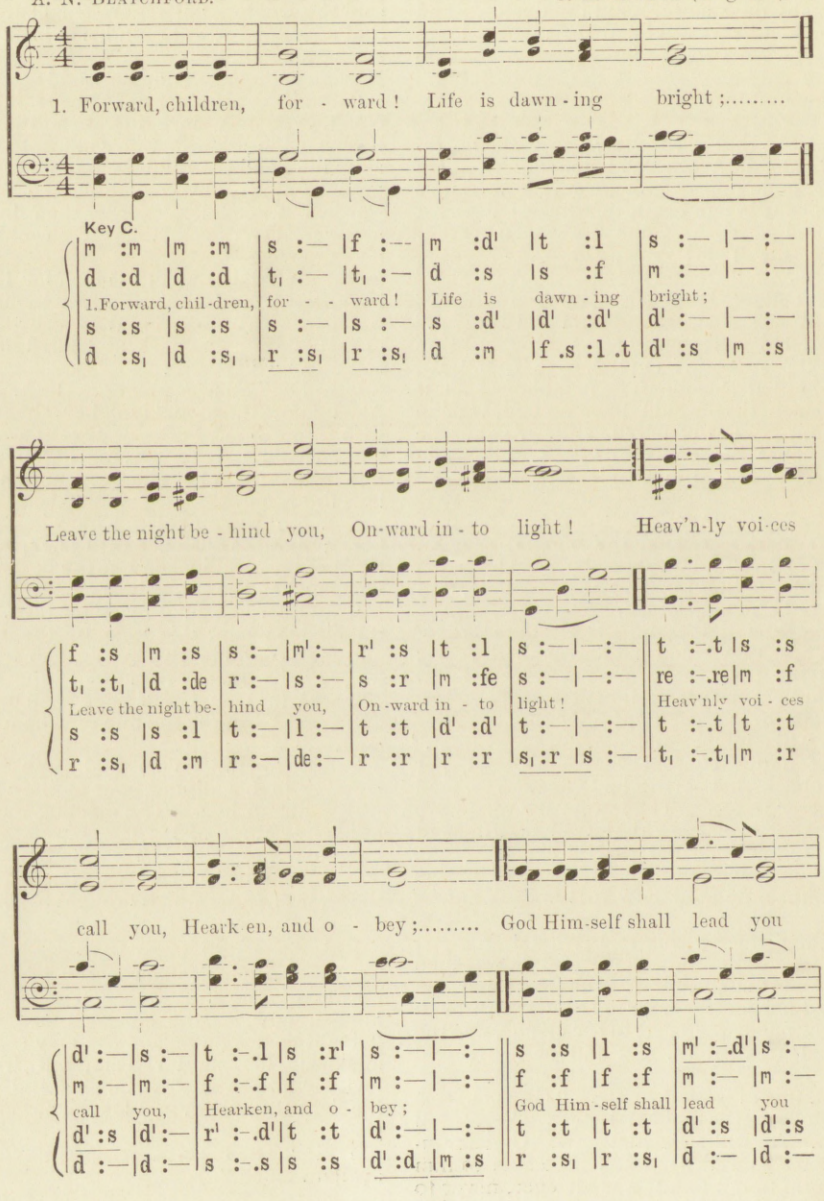
---

THIS world is full of beauty
As other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty,
It might be full of love.—*Massey.*

# FORWARD, CHILDREN, FORWARD!

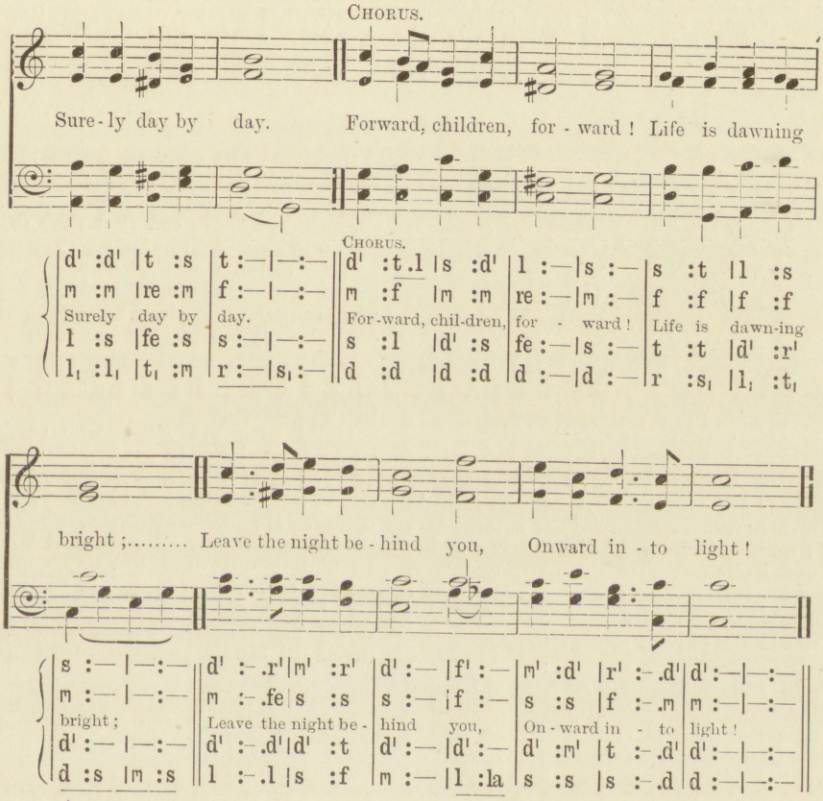
(By permission of the Manchester Sunday School Union.)

A. N. Blatchford. C. E. Kettle (Brighton).



## FORWARD, CHILDREN, FORWARD!

CHORUS.




2. *mf* Breezy spring may languish,
Fade the summer sun,
Autumn rich, and winter,
Round and round may run:
Still through falling seasons
*cr* Love shall safe abide,
Lasting as the mountain,
Steadfast as the tide.
Forward, children, &c.

3. *cr* Childhood's golden morning
Breaks in manhood's day;
*dim* Life's high noon is fleeting,
Age knows no delay.
*f* Waken, children, waken!
Gather wisdom's word;
Follow Christ your Leader,
Learn to know the Lord!
Forward, children, &c.

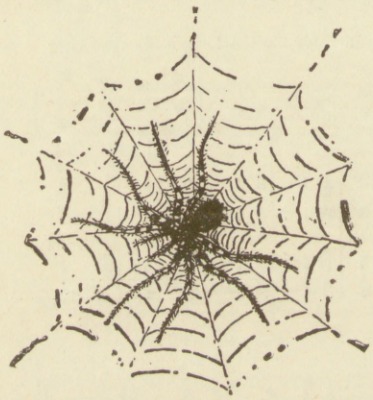
4. *mf* Days of toil are coming—
Hours, perchance, of pain;
Conflicts where the mighty
*p* Sink upon the plain.
*mf* Learn to bear you bravely;
Lean on God alway;
Ere the stress of battle,
Children, watch and pray!
Forward, children, &c.

5. *f* Soon we'll stand triumphant,
Sin and danger o'er,
Never more to sever,
On a brighter shore!
There we'll serve our Father,
Saintly souls among;
There we'll bless His mercy
In a nobler song!
Forward, children, &c.

## *Go-Ahead's Letter to Boys.*

MY DEAR LADS,

I ALWAYS think that the web of a spider is the best possible illustration of a public-house. One is a trap set by spiders, and the other is a trap set by men—that's all the difference.



I was at a railway station on one of the little branch lines of the Great Eastern some years ago, and I noticed a "web" of this sort outside the station. I remarked to the Station Master, "You've got a man-trap very near you!" As I spoke I looked across at the

TRAP OF THE HUMAN SPIDER.

The Station Master at once said:

"Ah, and it has caught *three* before I came here. Yes," he continued, "*Three* Station Masters have lost their place through *that*."

As I looked at him I saw that there was an unmistakably alcoholic look about his visage, and I said,

"I hope *you* won't lose *yours*."

He responded rather feebly,

"I hope not, sir."

But I think it is *very* probable that he has ere this made the *fourth*! Carlyle has said that Englishmen are "mostly fools." And although we may resent the soft impeachment, and decline to allow the truth of the imputation; yet, looking at the public-house system in the light of common sense we cannot but admit that there is

"A SCREW LOOSE SOMEWHERE,"

when we move heaven and earth to throw the Gospel net around our youths, and then spread a net of this kind before their feet on well nigh every step of their way.

I was walking along the other day with my little boy of seven years old, and we passed a public-house. A man was busy painting it, and he was painting it white. My little son at once said—

"Father, if I had to paint a public-house, I should paint it *black!*"

"Ah," I said, "it will do some

BLACK DEEDS

before that paint is worn away!"

But even if we *did* paint these spiders' webs black, I am afraid it would not keep the poor infatuated flies from getting inside them. Why, I passed to-day a public-house called the "Red Lion," and they were not satisfied to hang out a signboard with a lion painted on it, they must actually have a great wooden lion standing outside with its jaws open and its great teeth exposed, and its tail lashing, and its great red body, gaunt and hungry looking, stretching out over the people's heads, and a

"COME-IN-AND-BE-EATEN"

sort of look about the beast from head to foot.

Surely, if a fly escaped from a spider, it would never wilfully go back into a spider's web! And yet, such is the horrible infatuation of this human spider-and-fly system, that men may be bitten over and over again and *yet* they will hobble in and be bitten times without number. I saw a man the other day wriggle out of a public-house with both legs swollen up with gout so that he could hardly move. He had been

BITTEN BY THE SPIDER

without doubt, but the very next day he would be there again.

Oh, I wish every boy who reads these lines could have been in my dining-room the other day to have heard the voice of warning from the lips of a poor drunkard who had got bitten by the spider. He came to see me and was *then* decidedly the worse for drink although fully able to understand what he was doing. He went across to my boy of 16, and putting both hands on him, he said (and as he spoke the tears *rolled* down his cheeks), "My *dear* lad, let a poor drunkard *beseech* you, yes, with tears in his eyes, *beseech* you

NEVER TO TASTE STRONG DRINK."

I wish every boy in the world could have that poor drunkard's touching advice burnt into their very souls and marrow.

THE SPIDER HAS NO MERCY,

and few escape who once get their feet entangled in his web.

I had the following lines sent to me the other day, I don't know who wrote them, but they are worth "burning in." So let every boy drink them down, and then, I think, there will be no fear of his drinking down any of the vile mixtures which have to answer for half the human wreckage which drifts to and fro on the sea of life.

Where does a wise man spend his time?
Not in the public-house.
Where are we safe from sin and crime?
Not in the public-house.
Lost ones plodding the fatal way,
Trace their sorrow to that dark day,
When they were tempted first to stray
Into the public-house.

Where is the rôle of duty learned?
Not in the public-house.
Where is the right to manhood earned?
Not in the public-house.
Only the slave of the pewter pot,
The lover of rags and a wretched lot,
The idle hand and the hopeless sot,
Go to the public-house.

Where would you seek a faithful wife?
Not in the public-house.
Where would you look for a blameless life,
Not in the public-house.
Many a wife and maiden rare,
Knew no wrong till they entered there,
Many a reputation fair,
*Lost* in the public-house.

Where can old age its solace find?
Not in the public-house.
Where may our youth improve the mind?
Not in the public-house.
Man and woman, and lad and lass,
*Strive* these temples of sin to pass,
Danger lurks in the fatal glass.
KEEP FROM THE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

Take this advice dear lads.
Your affectionate friend,
GO-AHEAD.

## "A LITTLE HERO."

BY J. G. TOLTON.



WE are indebted to a living popular singer, who composes the music to many of the songs he sings, for the interesting and touching composition called "A Little Hero."

The story goes that a good ship sailed from Liverpool for some port across the Atlantic. Of course "a jollier crew never sailed." Yet, there was a *but* even here, as there is generally, for the first mate "was a bit of a savage."

The vessel had not been out at sea many days when a stowaway was discovered—"A poor, little, ragged, young urchin." The stern mate brought the frightened little fellow from below, and roughly demanded,

"You young rascal! How dare you trick us like this! cheating the owners and captain, eating, sailing, and all, without pay."

Wretchedly clad as the boy was, he was fair to look upon, with eyes and hair like a girl's. He replied to the scowling sailor in words something like these:—

"I have a cruel stepfather, who vowed he would keep me no longer. He brought me aboard ship, and hid me away down the stairs there. And now I have no father but the Lord in Heaven."

"You are telling me a lie!" brutally shouted the mate. "I fear the stepfather is one of these big skulkers here. Now then, the truth, speak up!"

There was no timidity in the bright open face of the boy now, as he said quietly, but with great dignity:

"Sir! I've told you the truth."

For answer, the hard-hearted sailor took his watch from his pocket, and said:—

"If you don't alter your tale in ten minutes by this watch your life shall be forfeit. We will hang you to the yardarm."

Eight minutes went by all in silence; then the awful stillness was broken by the mate's reminder that time was hurrying on.

With eyes filled with tears, the stowaway faltered:

"May I pray?"

With clasped hands, and bent knees, the little hero offered up to Heaven the prayer with which he was accustomed every night to commend himself to the protection of God and His angels.

The prayer closed with "for ever and ever, Amen." The mate's rugged heart was touched. He suddenly lifted the boy in his arms, and with emotion muttered:

"God bless you! You'd have laid down your life for the truth."

And that is why he has ever since been spoken of as "The little hero."

Before the taking of Quebec a message was sent from the British Foreign Office to the oldest general in the ranks, asking whether the attempt on the fortress should be made. The reply was "Impossible!" The next in rank was asked. "Difficult!" was his answer; and a similar response was made by yet a third. At last the messenger came to Wolfe, who said, "I will take it, or I will die!" And die he did, died in the moment of victory, at the early age of 33—but Quebec was taken, victory was achieved, and Wolfe's name immortalised.

Volumes of history are full of the records of such heroes who performed their duty with

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them."

And as we read we might think that heroes are always fighting-men, who have done mighty deeds "facing fearful odds."

Certainly, battle-fields have seen many heroes. In the Bible we read "of Gideon, of Barak, of Samson, of David also, and Samuel; who thro' faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of the fire, escaped the

edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

But, as if to remind us that heroes are not necessarily soldiers, the book goes on to say:— "Others were tortured, not accepting deliverance."

That is to be a hero, to accept torture or death even rather than deviate from truth and right.

"I will do it or die." That is the heroic answer. That is the spirit in which young men should engage in the battle of life. Heroism always wins. To be heroic is to be master of oneself, and that is the greatest of all victories. We may not always and at once carry the point aimed at. We may not always hear the shout of applause. Instead, there may be the hiss of popular disapproval. But there can be no real defeat to a brave soul, a dauntless spirit, an unflinching courage, an unwavering determination. Victory that can be seen and felt generally crowns the efforts of high purpose and noble courage.

We all, sooner or later, learn by painful experience that for all of us there are wrestlings which are not of the military kind, but contests with evil habits and desires—

"Day by day, life's lessons we are taught,
In weakness gaining strength of mind and heart,
Ready to speak the words and act the part
Of heroes who a life-long fight have fought."

## THE TWO PATS.

By Uncle Ben.

MISS O'BRIAN was a young lady who had once had a happy home in Ireland, but drink had been the cause of her father's ruin in business. And she had been compelled to leave her home of refinement, and even luxury, and take a situation to earn her own bread. She had not been trained for any special vocation, so that when the crash came she found herself glad to take the first place that was offered. She accepted, therefore, among distant relatives in England the position of nursery governess at a fairly good salary, with what most people would consider a comfortable home and easy employment. At first she was thankful for this opening, but the monotony of the life and restraints of service with all the losses she had sustained were indeed a sore and bitter trial.

Once when she had been out doing a little shopping, and was returning through the public gardens or small park of the little country town that was the scene of her new life, she happened to pass two ragged children without taking much notice. Just as she got by them she heard the little girl say, "There, Pat, that's a bit of real old Irish shamrock." The child spoke with a shrill voice and a strong accent that declared she came from the Emerald Isle. Miss O'Brian was touched by the tones, and turned to look at the children. She saw they were poor and ragged, and the fact that they had come from the land of her birth awoke a strong feeling of interest and sympathy. She noticed both the boy and girl were absorbed in each other, for the girl was pinning on to the boy's shirt a tiny spray of green shamrock which she had evidently discovered somewhere in the grounds. The boy had a few daisies and buttercups in his hand, but was proud and delighted with the honourable attention that the girl displayed in decorating him.

Miss O'Brian watched them for a moment and then retraced her steps, determined to speak to the children and ask where they found the shamrock.

The girl replied that there were lots of it growing in the rock-work, the other side the gardens.

Miss O'Brian then said, "I can tell you come from the old country; what are your names, and where are you living? I, too, come from Ireland."

With that the children became most communicative, and informed her that the boy was called Patrick, and the girl Pattie. Miss O'Brian laughed and said, "So you are two Pats?"

"Yas," said the boy, "but I'm the rale Pat, she's only Pattie."

Then Miss O'Brian enquired their surname, and learnt that it was Maloney, and that they came from county Cork, that they were warm home-rulers, but that their father drank, and they had come to England for the hay and wheat harvest to earn enough to go to America. They were living in lodgings in a low part of the town, the father, being away seeking work, had left them with their mother. All had been sold up before they came away, and they were doing the best they could to eke out a scanty living in a happy-go-lucky-way with cheerful spirits.

Miss O'Brian was touched with their simple story, especially by the common cause of their mutual misfortune. Her first thought was "Drink again; oh the misery and wretchedness it brings!" As she looked at the children the tears of sympathy came into her eyes, they were fellow sufferers from the same curse. What could she do to help them?

After a little further talk she gave them some money to spend on food, and told them that they were to come about the same time the next day to that spot in the gardens and she would be there, and would like to see them and know how they were getting on. With that they parted. She left the two Pats delighted with her kindness, and found that her own sorrow grew lighter in her pity and comparison for her little fellow-country folk so much worse off than she was.

When Miss O'Brian returned to the family she told them all about her discovery of the two Pats, and the whole circle were interested in her new found friends. She determined to try and help them, and her first thought was how to influence the children so that they might grow up free from the dangers of strong drink.

According to promise, she went to the appointed place at the time arranged, and met the two, who were waiting for her. She told them a little of her life, and how drink was the greatest enemy and curse to a home; asked the children to promise her they would never touch the evil thing, and said she would come and see their mother, and bring them two beautiful pledge cards.

A day or so after Miss O'Brian secured the

cards, and called at the lodging-house, where she found Mrs. Maloney and the two Pats. She heard all the story of their life and history; how they had once been in fair circumstances, but times had been bad, and the husband had taken to drink, so that troubles became worse and worse. Now they had come to England to earn enough that they might go to America, where they had friends and the prospect of work, and with a new start they hoped to do well.

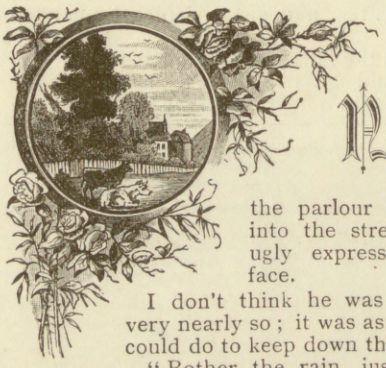
Miss O'Brian was glad to learn the father had got work, and if they could tide over the next few days for food, matters would begin to mend, as they had parted with almost everything they could spare. Miss O'Brian said she would help them if they would promise her to sign the pledge and keep it. The children and Mrs. Maloney were quite ready to accept the condition; the two Pats were delighted with their cards, and if the father agreed also she undertook to provide for them, but he must come up that he might sign the pledge. In the meantime she took the boy with her and bought them some bread, butter, tea, and sugar, which he carried back.

That night the father came, much to her surprise, and said Miss O'Brian's kindness made him feel he could not let his family starve because he would not give up the drink. So the whole family became abstainers and Miss O'Brian stood by them as a friend. All the household where she lived helped in the good cause. Old clothes were found for Mrs. Maloney and the two Pats, and at the end of harvest they were enabled to emigrate and to set out for the new country with fresh hope for a new life. And in this ministry of blessing Miss O'Brian found a comfort for her own sorrows she had never known before.



# APRIL SHOWERS.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.



NORMAN Willoughby was standing by the window in the parlour looking out into the street, with an ugly expression on his face.

I don't think he was crying, but very nearly so; it was as much as he could do to keep down the tears.

"Bother the rain, just as I was ready to go out, down it comes, it's always so on a half-holiday; besides Bert is waiting for me on the Common. I told him I would be there punctually at three o'clock."

Then he stamped his feet on the carpet, till the very ornaments on the what-not began to rattle.

At this moment Norman's mother came silently into the room, and sat down quietly at the table, and commenced to sew.

Norman calmed himself instantly, for he never could feel angry for long in the presence of his mother. She had such a gentle loving way with her; her face always beamed with a smile, her voice was like music itself; no one could ever answer her rudely, or refuse to carry out her wishes.

"Come here, Norman, and don't worry about the rain; that will soon pass away, and the sunshine will come again."

"Well, mother, isn't it aggravating? Just as I was ready to go out with my new kite to meet Bert, down comes the rain, and I cannot go."

Norman took a stool by his mother and rested his head on her knees, and soon all feelings of disappointment were gone when he felt his mother's loving hands on his forehead, playing with his curls.

"Norman, what shall we talk about?"

"Anything but April Showers, mother, for they make me angry."

"Then that's the very subject we should take, for then we shall see how very foolish it is to be angry with what God does."

"Very well, mother, you know best; but I wonder what Bert is doing on the Common; I guess he is standing and waiting for me all this time."

"Never mind Bert, I believe he is at home just as you are; his mother doesn't want him to take cold any more than I want my Norman to be ill.

"Do you know what distillation is, Norman?"

"Yes, mother, I have seen Mr. Carpenter put some salt water into a still at school, then, heating it, he has made it into steam, and the steam passing over into the receiver is cooled down, and becomes fresh water."

"That is good, Norman, you have been listening well to your teacher. Just the same thing is happening every day. The sun draws up the water from the sea, the water rises up and leaves the salt behind, and that is why the sea is so salt. Then you see the water from the sea floats about as clouds, and then it comes down on the earth as rain, hail, or snow."

"We should soon suffer if we had no rain for a time, should we not, mother?"

"Yes, at times, even in England, where we are blessed with so many rivers and springs, and where water can often be easily obtained from under the earth, there are times when the streams dry up, the rivers become shallow, and there is much suffering in consequence."

"Why doesn't the rain come down on the Arabian desert just as it does in England?"

"Well, you see, that across the desert, there are no mountains to attract the clouds; this part of the world is supposed to be an ancient sea, from which the water has gone, or else it has been lifted up by volcanic power."

"Yes, I have read that, mother, in my 'Descriptive Geography.' I shouldn't like to die of thirst in the desert."

"So you see, Norman, when the rain is coming down, you must not be angry, but feel thankful that our Heavenly Father sends us the rain, for we need it, whether it interferes with our pleasure or not."

At this moment, the sun shone out, and Norman jumped up, and asked if he might be allowed to go now to fly his kite, but when Mrs. Willoughby looked out and saw the heavy clouds, she spoke her fears and said that the kite would be ruined, and that it would be best to put off the pleasure till another day. At this, Norman almost forgot himself, and he looked at his kite, the angry words almost came out of his mouth, when his eyes fell upon his mother's face, and then he brightened up again. To make him forget his troubles, there was a loud knock at the door, and in came Bert Graham, his face beaming with joy, and his tongue talking so much, that Norman couldn't get a word in.

"Been on the Common, Bert?" asked Norman.

"No, ma wouldn't let me go; she was afraid of the rain, so when the sun came out she said I might come round to tea with you."

"That is jolly, Bert. What time are you going home?"

"Kate is coming for me at nine."

"We'll have some fun. Why it will be better than flying kites; papa's coming home early, we'll ask him for the microscope and the galvanic battery. I'm so glad it rained, aren't you?"

"So am I, for if it hadn't I shouldn't have come to tea."

And so it happened when Mr. Willoughby came home the children had a delightful evening. They learnt more about water, for Mr. Willoughby always tried to make his conversation instructive. He told them that the world was three parts water, and that a human being was composed of water in nearly the same proportion. He then explained that in all our daily foods there is a large quantity of water, the bread, meat, and vegetables being in some cases

more than half water. Besides this, he carefully pointed out that milk upon which little children thrive so well is 86 parts water out of the 100, and that in all our foods, and in all natural drinks there is not a single particle of the poison alcohol.

Then Mrs. Willoughby read a beautiful poem written by Eliza Cook, in which we are told:—

"Wine, wine, thy power and praise
Has ever been echoed in minstrel lays;
But water, I deem, hath a mightier claim,
To fill up a niche in the temple of fame.
Traverse the desert, and then ye can tell,
What pleasures exist in the cold deep well,
Sink in despair on the red parched earth,
And then ye may reckon what water is worth."

## WHO'LL BE THE BOY FOR THE PLACE?

### A PUBLICAN'S APPEAL.

JOHNSON the drunkard is dying to-day,
Dying with woe on his face;
Missed he will be at the club, bar, and play,
Wanted, a boy for the place.

Wanted, a boy! Wanted, a boy!
Out of this fair rising race;
Who'll be the boy? Who'll be the boy?
Who'll be the boy for the place?

Simonds the gambler was shot in the fight,
Died without pardon or grace;
Someone must train for his burden of blight,
Wanted, a boy for the place.

Wanted, a boy! Wanted, a boy!
Out of this fair rising race;
Who'll be the boy? Who'll be the boy?
Who'll be the boy for the place?

Mary, the wife of the drunkard, is dead,
Sadly her sorrows we trace;
Someone again to the snare will be led,
Wanted, a girl for the place.

Wanted, a girl! Wanted, a girl!
Out of this fair rising race;
Who'll be the girl? Who'll be the girl?
Who'll be the girl for the place?

Come, then, my neighbours, vote for me I pray,
Help me to win in this race;
Men who will vote for my traffic to-day
Must furnish the boy for the place.

Wanted, a boy! Wanted, a boy!
Out of this fair rising race;
Who'll be the boy? Who'll be the boy?
Who'll be the boy for the place?

Over the land peals the loud bugle call,
Someone this evil must face;
Some noble leader to rouse one and all,
Wanted, a man for the place.

Wanted, a man! Wanted, a man!
Out of this fair rising race;
Who'll be the man? Who'll be the man?
Who'll be the man for the place?

## URGENT!
## SUNDAY CLOSING ONCE MORE.

By Joseph Johnson.

THE Bill for the Closing of Public-houses on Sunday for the whole day, throughout the whole country is to be read on the 6th of May. It has secured the first place in the order of the day. Never before has the Bill had so good a position. And now, when there is no other kind of united Temperance legislation before the country, every effort should be made to press forward this simple and long delayed Act of Parliament.

It is the most possible and practical Temperance reform that is before the public. The present Government is not likely to do much for the Temperance cause, but they may be constrained to pass this simple and popular measure if great and united pressure is now brought to bear from all constituencies upon their members.

Scotland, Ireland, and Wales have enjoyed this privilege, simply because a large majority of their Parliamentary representatives in each case were earnestly in favour of the measure. England alone has it not, because the majority of English M.P.'s have been against it, although the canvasses of over a million householders show a majority of 7 to 1 in favour of the Bill. If, therefore, the united strength of such a vast majority as seven-eighths of the electorate, with the combined influence of all the Temperance and religious communities could be united into one solid phalanx, no Government could resist it, and the adverse majority of the House would be compelled to yield to the mightier majority of the nation.

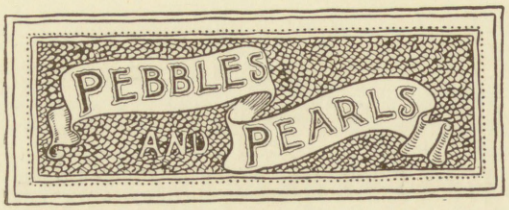
BOYS AND GIRLS MAY HELP

by asking their parents to write letters to members of Parliament. Even where the member is known to be opposed a strong appeal may be made to him to abstain from voting against the measure, so that the Temperance party of England, with the help of the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh members, who have won this boon for themselves, may be transformed from the Parliamentary minority into the national majority.

No question excepting the Abolition of the Slave Trade has ever drawn together men of all shades of political and religious opinion as this question of ending the liquor traffic on the Lord's day. No cause can be more worthy of arduous effort and strenuous determination.

May we all see to it, young and old, rich and poor, that for the glory of God, the good of man, for the sake of the children, and giving a day of rest to the 300,000 employees in the trade, that we do all in our power to rescue this holy day from this unhallowed merchandise, and to redeem our country from this national violation of the Fourth Commandment.

Wherever petitions and information are wanted for the furtherance of this cause, the Sunday Closing Association, 14, Brown Street, Manchester, will be glad to supply them.




THE first virtue, son, if thou wilt learn,
Is to restrain and keep in well thy tongue.

TEMPERANCE people do not seek to do the publican harm. Their struggle is to prevent him from doing others harm.

TEACHER: What are the two things necessary to baptism?" Small girl: "Please, sir, water and a baby."

Do not ask your boy to be manly. A boy should have only one aim, that is to be a boy. If he succeeds in that, it will be the best preparation for his being a man.

JONES: "I have discovered what started the New Woman Craze." Smith: "Let's have it!" Jones: "Listen to this testimonial in a patent medicine advertisement: 'Since taking. four bottles of your Health Restorer I am a new woman.'"

RUSSIAN OFFICIAL: "You can't stay in this country, sir." Traveller: "Then I'll leave it." Official: "Have you a permit to leave?" Traveller: "No, sir." Official: "Then you cannot go—I leave you twenty-four hours to make up your mind as to what you will do."

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## LITTLE FOES.

"*By and Bye*" is a dangerous guide
Who leads to the town of *Never*;
"*Don't care*" and "*No matter*" are foes
You'd better keep clear of for ever.

"*I can't*" is a mean little coward,
Who never will make *a man*;
*You must seek*, if you want to resist him,
The *help of his master* "*I can.*"

"*I forgot*" will bring you to trouble,
"*I shan't*" is a bad boy indeed;
"*It's no use my trying!*" you grumble,
Keep trying until you succeed.

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## HARDEN NOT YOUR HEARTS.

THE hardest hearts were soft once. The chalk which now holds the fossil shells was once moist ooze. Judas must have been once a tender, impressionable lad. But hearts harden gradually, like the freezing of a pond on a frosty night. At first the process can be detected by none but a practised eye. Then comes a thin film of ice, so thin that a needle would fall through. At length it will sustain a pebble, and, if winter still holds its unbroken sway, a child, a man, a cart. We get hard through the steps of an unperceived process.—*F. B. Meyer.*

APPETITES indulged grow strong. Beware lest the cub which you fondle and feed insensibly becomes the lion which devours you.

BUT for moderate drinkers there would be no drunkards and no drink-sellers.

E.: "You say you saw everything in Rome in three days? That's impossible!"

F.: "But you must remember that there were three of us. My wife took all the churches, I visited all the picture galleries, and my son went for the restaurants and cafés. Then we met in the evening and swapped experiences."

IF we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys who will read this. Well, here is a plan that is just as sure to save from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. It never failed, it never will fail, and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. This is the plan, and it is worth putting into practice. You don't drink now, and it seems as if you never would. But temptation will come to you, and you must be prepared with a straightforward "No."

## THE WORKING MAN'S CAPITAL.

THE working man's capital is health, not wealth. It does not consist in landed property, but in sinew and muscle; and if he persists in the use of intoxicating liquors, they will strike at the very root of his capital—a sound physical constitution. After this is lost he becomes unfit for the workshop, for no master will employ a man who wants capital. He has then to repair to the workhouse or infirmary. —*Hunter.*

WHICH WAS THE LUNATIC? (a fact).—The following conversation recently took place in one of our County Asylums:

Doctor (to patient): "You must have some whisky."

Patient (a young man, a life abstainer): "I can't take that, Sir, I'm a teetotaler. Can you tell me, Sir, how many patients you have in here directly and indirectly through the drink?"

(Doctor changes the subject.)

The patient, of course, recovered.

—*Medical Pioneer* for March.

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## WHAT DO TEMPERANCE PEOPLE WANT?

WE want the public-houses shut—
Especially on Sunday;
And if we find that answer well,
We'd try the same on Monday.

For, if we shut them all the week.
'Twould better our condition;
But Parliament is very slow
In granting us permission.

Meanwhile there is a dangerous place
That every one can close;
And that's the private drinking-bar
Just underneath the nose!

—J. S.

# ADDY'S TWO LIVES.

(AN ORIGINAL STORY)

BY RUTH B. YATES.

*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumfy Grafton," "Green & Gold," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER V.

### IN THE QUARTERS.



QUICKLY Lucia Costello pursued her way through the fog, with the child soundly sleeping beneath her capacious cloak, which served a double purpose, being used at night as a coverlet for the bed.

There were comparatively few people out of doors, and those passed her like shadows looming through the fog for a second, and then lost to sight as they hurried along.

She avoided the public roads as much as possible, and made her way along the less frequented streets, until she came out by the Infirmary. For a second she paused before crossing Piccadilly, then she ventured cautiously over, closely hugging her precious burden, which had grown very heavy by this time.

On she went, for she could have found her way blindfold if need be, until she reached the Italians' quarter, and entered her own dwelling.

Somewhat to her surprise, she found Garcia awaiting her, comparatively sober.

"Have you brought the child?" he growled, raising a heavy stick menacingly.

Without replying, the woman advanced towards the lamp, and throwing off her cloak, revealed the sleeping child.

The man gazed upon the fair face framed by its golden hair, with a look of diabolical triumph, then he said in a tone of satisfaction,

"You have done well, Lucia. Lay her down without waking her if you can."

Gently and lovingly the woman laid down the child upon the poor apology for a bed, passionately kissing her as she did so.



The little one murmured "Mamma" in her sleep, but did not wake, and the woman knelt by her side as she said in tones of passionate earnestness:

"My own, my very own! No one shall take you from me."

Not one thought did she bestow upon the suffering of the parents when they discovered their loss, or upon the cruelty of removing a delicately nurtured child from a home of comfort and comparative wealth to an abode of squalor and poverty. Her only idea was selfishness.

Garcia Costello stood looking down upon the picture with a satisfied smile. He fully realised all that it entailed both upon Arnold Montagu and his child.

He had vowed revenge, and now he gloated over the exquisite torture that the father would have to endure, not for a few hours only, but for a lifetime; and the child, ah! she should suffer as he had done. But for her father, he, Garcia Costello, would have been rich and respected; but he had come down to have to make plaster casts for a living, and she, too, should share that poverty.

He was roused from his reverie by his wife who had begun to make preparation for the evening meal.

"Here, Lucia," he said, quite graciously, "take this half-crown and go to the shop and bring something nice. We must have a right good supper to-night in honour of our little daughter. Mind you tell them that. Call

MAY, 1896. *All rights reserved.*

at the 'King Dick' and bring sixpennyworth of rum, and tell it there, too. Remember you say that we have adopted my cousin's little girl, as both father and mother are dead. The mother was English, you know."

Nothing loth, his wife set out on her errand, and as soon as she was gone, Garcia took up the lamp and stood looking at the sleeping child.

"Fair as an angel," he muttered. "Ha, ha! Lucia thinks she loves the youngster, and won't part with it. That's well. But she loves the rum better, and she'll soon get tired of her pretty plaything, and then——." He turned away without finishing the sentence, and sat down to wait his wife's return, and leaning his head upon his hand, he said half-aloud, "I must get full particulars from her; I do hope she has left no clue, and I must frighten her into keeping quiet."

Lucia soon came bustling in, and set about preparing the unusually sumptuous repast.

"Bless her little heart!" she exclaimed, glancing across, as the two sat down to the well-filled table, which, however, was destitute of table-linen, and covered with savory viands of very doubtful composition, the whole not over clean, and looking far from appetising; but Costello and wife seemed to think otherwise, judging by the rapidity with which they disappeared.

"Now, Lucia, tell me how you managed to get possession of the child?" said the man presently.

His wife, who was only waiting for an opportunity, at once gave him an account of the whole proceeding.

"You are sure no one saw you?" he asked, as she concluded.

"Not a soul."

"You left no clue whatever?" he queried.

"No, I tell you," responded his wife impatiently. "Do you think I have no more sense than that! besides it was too foggy to tell one's own brother outside, and I'm sure no one saw me inside."

"That's well," said Costello. "I don't want them to trace her."

"I'll take good care they don't, Garcia. I'll dress her in our own costume, and then she'll look bonnier than ever, and I've told everybody she's your cousin's child as we've adopted. I didn't bring her because you threatened me, I brought her because I wanted to have her for my own, and I'll keep her too."

"You'd better, now you've gone so far, as the English law is very strict on child stealing, and of course it would be you they would come down upon," replied her husband with a sneer. "I wouldn't like to be in your shoes if you ever let it out."

"Trust me for that, Garcia Costello," retorted his wife. "It's not the first secret I've had to keep for you."

"Well, well, lass, we'll not quarrel about it. So long as you don't blab, there's not much danger, for I reckon the youngster can tell no tales, and she'll soon forget."

Just at that moment the child awoke with a start, and looked round upon her strange surroundings with wonder.

"Where's Jane? Take Addy home. Addy wants papa."

"Come to mammy. Mammy's own little love," said the woman, soothingly, as she took the child in her arms.

"Take me to my own mamma. I want mamma and papa and Jane."

"I am your papa, now," replied Garcia, as he leaned forward towards the child, bringing his dark face on a level with hers.

"No, no," persisted the little one as she struggled to get away, "you are not Addy's mamma.

"No, no! Go away," shrieked the baby voice, "you are not Addy's papa. Addy wants papa."

Vainly Lucia tried to soothe the child. She only cried the more, begging to be taken home to her own bed.

The man seemed to enjoy the child's sorrow, and laughed at his wife's unavailing attempts to stop its tide, and it amused him immensely to see how the little one shrank from him in terror.

"You've about got your hands full there," he said, with an oath, "but she'll soon forget."

After awhile, however, he grew impatient at the continued wail which Gladys kept up, pleading most piteously to be taken home.

Jumping up, he stamped his foot, and shouted in a loud, angry tone:

"Stop that noise this minute!" and he raised his hand menacingly: "You have no home but this, and if you don't stop crying I shall beat you."

Gladys trembled with terror as she looked at the dark, scowling face of the man, and heard his angry tones.

She clung round Lucia's neck convulsively, and stopped crying, only catching her breath in little quivering sobs, as she hid her face on the woman's breast.

"Think on I hear no more of that noise," he shouted angrily as he left the room, and went off to the public-house.

Gladys sobbed herself to sleep in Lucia's arms, and was once more laid down to rest; the woman bent over her with a tender look in her eyes, the clasp of those soft arms had been very sweet to her, but even now another influence was at work drawing her away to the public-house.

"Bless the child! How sweet she looks. It's a pity to see her fret so, but as Garcia says, she'll soon get over it. I think I'll just go and have one glass, it wouldn't take me a minute." A quivering sob escaped the sleeper's lips. "No, I won't! I'll not leave you to-night, my beauty."

So saying, she threw herself down, and was soon fast asleep, and she remained so, until aroused by a brutal kick from her husband as he angrily told her to get up.

Gladys, awakened by the unwonted sounds, began to scream, when the half-drunken brute took her up and gave her several smart strokes on her tender skin with his heavy hand before his wife had time to spring forward and snatch the child from him, now shrieking with the smart of pain.

"You great, cowardly brute!" exclaimed Lucia, as she eluded a blow and bore the child beyond his reach. "Naughty, bad man, he shall not hurt my little Addy," she said, as

she gently rocked and soothed the child until once more she found forgetfulness in sleep.

Garcia Costello appeared to be soundly asleep before his wife again ventured to approach the bed and lay down with the child, whose breast still heaved with sobs and whose eyelashes shone with tears.

Whilst Arnold Montagu was mourning the sudden death of his fair young wife and his heart was torn with anguish for the mysterious loss of his darling child, he little guessed that in following the quest he passed almost within the sound of her voice and knew it not, but hurried on only to find the lost child he had come to see was not his but the offspring of some happier parent to whom it would soon be restored.

Next morning, Costello informed his wife that he was off for a week or so.

"Think on, you must teach that brat how to behave herself, and be quiet when I'm in, or it'll be the worse for both of you."

"She'll soon stop fretting when she gets used to us," replied his wife. "She's strange as yet."

"What is her name?"

"'Addy,' she calls herself. Adele, I suppose."

"Adele Costello. Yes; that will do. Now, remember, don't you let her out of the quarter till I come back. She's been treated as a baby, but I think she's older than she seems, and if she gets into Oldham Street or to the Market, there's no telling who might see her, and there's sure to be a reward offered; and, remember, if that child is not here when I come back—well, you know what to expect."

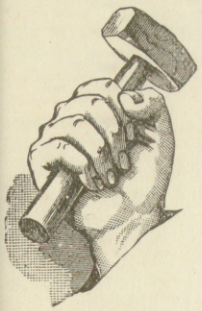
Taking up his burden of images, he was about to go, but he suddenly turned, and said: "Don't waste your time petting her, but work away, and have a fresh lot ready for me. That youngster will soon be able to earn her own living if you don't go and spoil her."

*(To be continued.)*

——o——

## Go-Ahead's Letter to Boys.

My Dear Lads,



THERE is something in this fist which I like immensely. A kind of all-overishness takes possession of me as I look at it; an indescribable sense of admiration for it, which, if I put it in words, would take the form of the well-known short but expressive sentence

"REAL BRITISH PLUCK."

We often hear of the lower animals putting on a look of intelligence which implies that "they would speak if they could," and I can't help feeling that even an inanimate object such as this carries with it an overwhelming sense of real power of utterance. I can almost hear it saying,

"I CHALLENGE THE UNIVERSE,"

and the words "deadly grip," "tight hold," "never give in," seem to be ringing in my ears as I gaze at it. What a powerful object lesson we have in this clenched fist! We can learn it without preaching a long sermon to enforce it. In fact the text and sermon can all be found in this one thought

"GET HOLD AND KEEP HOLD."

There is nothing more lamentable, no sight more sorrowful to us who are getting older than we were a quarter of a century ago, than to see how few of our lads and "big fellows" get tight hold of

THE HIGHEST GOOD.

In this age of gambling and swearing and betting there is a lack especially of *real grip* of downright *truth*. I don't say that there is no such thing as truth amongst them. I wish to avoid the pronouncement that "all men are liars," but I *do* say that this frivolous age is producing a terribly *large crop* of young fellows who are

"NOTHING PARTICULAR"

in this respect, they wouldn't be classed as *liars*, but they don't mind a "white lie." Exaggeration and romancing seem never absent from their conversation, and a kind of dread of being considered to be related to "Stiggins" makes them gloss over inaccuracies in others until the sense of "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth" is blunted, and gradually but surely the die is cast, and the wavering spirit, after being restlessly tossed about for a few years on the billows of alternate longing for truth and relapsing into

CARELESSNESS OF UTTERANCE,

becomes incapable of rigid adherence to the real thing, and a counterfeit takes its place which is at last unmasked, and, as "murder will out," so the tongue which utters deceit is eventually found wanting, and its owner is branded as "unreliable." Oh! lads,

GET A TIGHT GRIP OF TRUTH.

It is indeed worth spending your best efforts over, and if a desperate resolve is made in the strength of Almighty God He will give the power from His inexhaustible treasury. A boy wrote to me the other day saying that "he mean't to stick to his pledge as an oyster sticks to its shell." I thought it was a good resolve. Now let us all determine

TO STICK TO TRUTH

as that fist grips the mallet, then, clinging to the Rock Christ Jesus as the limpet clings to the rock in mid ocean, we shall come off

"MORE THAN CONQUERORS."

God bless you my lads.

Your affectionate friend,

GO-AHEAD.

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I WILL tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate intolerance, oppression, injustice, pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them—with a deep, abiding, God-like hatred.—*F. W. Robertson.*

# A HOME-MADE HARP.

By Uncle Ben.

HERBERT COHEN came of a musical and somewhat erratic family. Herbert's elder brother, Hydon was a clever musician, but a wastrel in character. The family were very odd and eccentric; they lived in a queer house that had no back gate, but out of the garden they could get into the country by a small flight of wooden steps, which were the delight of all children.

Herbert, when quite a little lad, one day saw




a blind man playing a harp; the man was led by a little girl who collected money in a tin cup. Somehow the sight of this blind old man and his harp entered into the soul of the child. The music of the harp, the picture of the old man, the pathos of the girl's anxiety and poverty touched the boy's heart, and fired his imagination. With the imitative instinct so strong in some children he determined to make himself a harp out of some catgut and broken violin strings that belonged to his brother Hydon, who was many years his senior, and whom he adored in spite of his wild and careless life. Herbert believed his brother, who taught music and composed a little, was a great genius and almost perfect in everything. His devotion was that of a hero worshipper. He was most anxious to try and make the harp all himself, and then, when completed, show it to his big brother.

The only friend he consulted was little Selia, a neighbour, who often came to play with him. In her Herbert confided his intention to make a harp, not so much like that of the old man's he had heard, but, as he said, "more like the heavenly harps," which he had seen in pictures that the angels held in their hands, and that the boy David carried when he played before King Saul. Selia took great delight in the making of this harp, and watched the progress of this musical instrument with the deepest interest. She entered into the business with keen zest, and would gladly have gone forth to hold a tin cup, while Herbert discoursed sweet strains of music from the twang twang of his lyre.

They sat on the top step of the wooden stairs, from which Selia could see the approach of any one from almost every direction, as Herbert wished the making of the harp to be kept a secret until finished, and he could make the strings vibrate to some sort of tune. Selia asked many questions about harps and harpers that Herbert found it difficult to answer. They discussed the glories of the heavenly harps, and hoped this one was very much like them, for it had some slight resemblance to one he had often looked at in old illustrated Bible.

Selia hoped that when Herbert had learnt to play it nicely he would teach her, for she said, "it would save a deal of trouble to know the harp well before one went to heaven." She remarked also that she wondered more people did not play the harp here if they really meant to go to heaven.

When the instrument was finished to the best of Herbert's skill, he was sadly disappointed to find he could play no tune, but Selia greatly comforted him by saying she would sing if he would just play anything and anyhow. So it was arranged they would practise together, and give the brother a grand performance when Selia should sing to a harp accompaniment played by Herbert. Selia only knowing a few children's hymns, such as "Jesus loves me this I know," and a special favourite—"Jesus lives no longer now," and "There is a better land," it was agreed that they would make a virtue of necessity, the harp being fashioned more after the heavenly than the earthly pattern, and performed only sacred music.

The secret was well kept, and the rehearsals went on undisturbed. In a day or two Hydon's birthday was due, and it was resolved that Herbert should celebrate the occasion with a musical surprise to do honour to his brother, and then he should hear the harp for the first time. The day before the birthday Hydon was informed that Herbert had a great musical treat in store for him, and at the close of an unexpected performance a birthday gift would be made.

When the morning of the day came, and Hydon had come down even later than usual before breakfast, Herbert and Selia presented themselves harp in hand for the grand serenade.

Herbert said with a low bow, "We have come to sing and play to you. Selia will sing and I will play my new harp which I have made all myself, and as it's a harp like the Bible one and the angels use, it'll only be sacred music. Selia will sing first 'Jesus loves me.' Then there will be a short harp solo, and Selia will sing 'There is a happy land.' After that I shall give you the present, and you must return thanks. Then we shall end by me and Selia singing 'Jesus lives,' and you may join in the 'hallelujah.' The performance began. Selia sang her best without any hesitation. The whole soul of devotion was in Herbert's eyes. The harp solo followed, the boy's face was all aglow, he felt himself far away. He struck the twanging strings, but the music of "the choir invisible" was in his ears, he was part of a greater orchestra than he knew. At a given signal Selia's little voice came in with the sweet old familiar words, "There is a happy land," but to the children's hearts it was not so far away, as it can never be to those "kept by the Father's hand, love cannot die" whether it be here or there. When Selia had finished the last note Herbert ran out of the room and returned with a stick which he presented, and said, "I wish you many happy returns of the day. I am sorry it's such a little present, but I thought it wouldn't matter with the music."

Selia burst in, "He bought it at Wilcox the barber's shop; it was the best he could get for the money, and he spent all he had."

Hydon was really touched; he could only say "Thank you, and I think the harp and singing beautiful."

Herbert replied, "The best is to come, it's Selia's favourite and mine, and if you would, we should like you to teach us really to play the harp that we all three might be ready when the angels come for us."

Then the harper smote the almost dumb cords of his lyre, and with up-turned face hearing in his soul the heavenly host, and almost seeing the countless throng of the white-robed saints, Selia's little voice sang—

"Jesus lives! no longer now
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us;"

and the two carolled the "Hallelujah." It was indeed a hymn of faith and hope, sung with a heart of love, and the music to which the singing went was not of this world. The child's voice rose in harmony with the hymn—

"Jesus lives for us He died,
Then alone to Jesus living;
Pure in heart may we abide,
Glory to the Saviour giving.
Hallelujah"

"Oh, but Hydon you are not singing the Hallelujah with us," exclaimed Herbert, who entered into the spirit of the hymn and sang with Selia—

"Jesus lives! our hearts know well,
Nought from us His love shall sever."

When the verse ended Herbert said cheerfully, 'You must sing, Hydon, join with us in the last verse because it's your birthday. Don't you know the words?" Hydon shook his head.

Then the boy repeated the words, eloquent with child-like sympathy and sincerity—

"Jesus lives! to Him the throne,
Far above all power is given;
We shall go where He has gone,
Rest and reign with Him in heaven."

But the brother couldn't sing. He had heard a note and call from the Father's House in the midst of a worldly, selfish, and frivolous life. He felt like the prodigal in a far country, and there was a longing to return.

Selia said, "You'll sing it with us another day, won't you?"

After a short pause Hydon said, "I will."

## JUST WHISTLE.

When times are bad, and folks are sad
An' gloomy day by day;
Jest try your best at lookin' glad,
An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle,
Jest take a rose or thistle;
Hold your own
An' change your tone!
An' whistle! whistle! whistle!

A song is worth a world o' sighs;
When red the lightnings play;
Look for the rainbow in the skies,
An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle;
The rose comes with the thistle.
Hold your own
An' change your tone!
An' whistle! whistle! whistle!

Each day comes with a life that's new—
A strange, continued story;
But still, beneath a bend o' blue,
The world rolls on to glory.

Don't mind how troubles bristle,
Just take a rose or thistle;
Hold your own
An' change your tone!
An' whistle! whistle! whistle!

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Nothing is more precious than time, and those who mis-spend it are the greatest of all prodigals.—*Theophrastus.*

# OUR LABORATORY.

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

## ALCOHOL.

THERE is a large family of alcohols. We speak of the material put into tea to sweeten it as sugar, but that is not the only sugar. That particular kind is called sucrose or cane sugar; then there is lactose, milk sugar, glucose, grape sugar, maltose, malt sugar, and others. Just as there is a variety of sugars, differing from one another in minor respects, but having the same chief characteristics, so there is a variety of alcohols. The particular alcohol found in intoxicating drinks is named ethyllic alcohol, and is obtained by fermentation from glucose, as we have already seen in the chapter on Brewing and Fermentation. We cannot enter fully into the history and details of the alcohol family, but may make acquaintance with two or three of them. Methyl alcohol is the first of the series, and this is called wood spirit, because it is obtained by the destructive distillation of wood. Methyl alcohol is very unpleasant to the taste, and it is therefore added to ethyl alcohol to form the methylated spirits that are in common use in many kinds of trade. The methyl alcohol is added to render the other spirit nauseous, so that it shall not be used as a drink. The second alcohol in the series is the one found in strong drink, and is called ethyl alcohol. Then there is another that is produced by the distillation of fermenting potatoes, and this is known as amyl alcohol or potato spirit; it is also sometimes called fusel oil.

*Experiment* 37.—On three tin trays, as shown in Fig. 15, marked *a*, *b*, *c*, let us place some of each of these alcohols—on (*a*) methyl alcohol, on (*b*) ethyl alcohol, on (*c*) amyl alcohol, and now ignite each by means of a taper. We shall find *a* and *b* readily take fire, but *c* does not; on gently heating the tin for a moment or two the amyl alcohol also takes fire. Now the contents of each tin are burning; we may examine the flames, and we shall see that there are distinct differences. That on dish *a* is non-luminous, the flame being blue throughout; that on *b* is blue, but has white luminous tips, whilst that on *c* is both luminous and smoky. All the alcohols have for their constituents, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. These, however, are in different proportions, and we may see from an experiment the fact thus illustrated. Methyl alcohol has much less carbon than ethyl, and the heat of its flame is able to burn the whole of it to carbonic acid gas, and there is therefore no luminous part. Ethyl alcohol contains more carbon, and the heat of the flame is not sufficient to burn it all to gas, and the flame is therefore slightly luminous. Amyl alcohol contains a great deal more carbon, and the heat of the flame is not sufficient to consume it, and the flame is luminous and very smoky. Examine the dishes after the flames have died out; they are all dry and clean. The whole of each of the alcohols has burned completely away, forming carbonic acid gas and water vapour, and, in the case of the amyl alcohol, particles of free carbon which passed off into the air.

The body requires a considerable amount of food containing carbon. Such foods are called carbonaceous, and may well be represented by the starches, sugars, and fats. Each of these substances contains carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and are therefore called heat givers. We shall learn in a later lesson that although alcohol, as we have seen, contains the same constituents, it does not do the useful work of maintaining temperature. Alcohol is capable of preserving certain substances indefinitely, as we may see in any museum. The specimens kept for very many years are immersed in alcohol.

*Experiment* 38.—Place in each of two large test tubes, as shown in Fig. 21, some small lumps of salt. To tube (*a*) add water, the salt will readily dissolve; to tube (*b*) add alcohol, the salt will not dissolve, but will remain in lumps in the liquid. Salt may be said to represent mineral food, and from the experiment we find that alcohol will not dissolve it, but that water will.

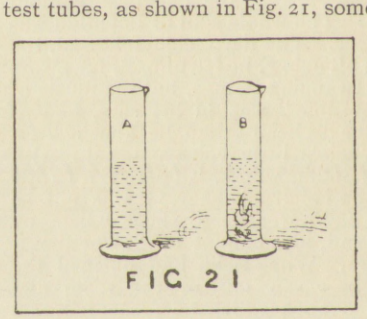


FIG 21

*Experiment* 39.—Make a very strong solution of salt by dissolving it in water, and to the clear solution of salt water add a small quantity of alcohol and let it stand. In a short time some of the salt which was dissolved will fall to the bottom of the tube as a white powder. The experiment shows that the alcohol will not permit the salt to remain dissolved, and it is therefore precipitated to the bottom. Water is a solvent for salt, but alcohol is the opposite.

*Experiment* 40.—Instead of taking salt, as in Exp. 38, let us use sugar, and we shall find that the same thing occurs. Water will dissolve the sugar; alcohol will hold it in the solid condition,

*Experiment* 41.—Add some water to a little quicklime and repeatedly shake for some time. The water assumes a milk-like appearance. On letting the bottle stand the lime falls to the bottom, and the water above becomes clear. The clear water has dissolved some of the lime and is now known as lime water. Pour off a little of this clear water into a test tube, and now add a few drops of alcohol and let the tube stand. The lime will presently fall out of solution just as

the salt did. We learn therefore that water is a solvent for lime, but that alcohol is not.

*Experiment* 42.—Into each of two tubes place a finger of bread; to one add water and well shake, to the other add alcohol and well shake. With the water the bread will be broken down, rendered soft and partly dissolved. In the case of the bread in the alcohol it retains its shape and is not reduced to a pulp or in any way softened. The experiment teaches that alcohol is not a solvent for bread, but actually renders it harder than before.

*Experiment* 43.—Into a tube place a piece of raw beef, cover it with alcohol and cork the tube. The beef will be indefinitely preserved.

*Experiment* 44.—Place a small fish, such as a sprat, in a tube, cover it with alcohol and cork the tube. Like the beef, the fish will be indefinitely preserved.

*Experiment* 45.—Place some white currants in a tube, cover them with alcohol and cork the tube. Like the beef and the fish, the fruit will be indefinitely preserved. The same would happen to any kind of fruit, but if cherries or black currants or similar fruits are taken, the alcohol dissolves the colouring matter out of the skins and the experiment is not so well observed.

Our experiments have shown us that alcohol and water are very different in their action upon the substances we have used, and presently, when we study a little about digestion, we shall see that this has an important bearing on the case. For the present we may content ourselves with knowing that alcohol will not help but will hinder the process of digestion because of its power—as shown—to harden food, whilst nature requires that it shall be dissolved.

It will be interesting here to summarise and see what great differences there are between these two liquids, both looking so much alike.

| WATER | ALCOHOL. |
|---|---|
| Boils at 212°. | Boils at 172°. |
| Freezes. | Does not freeze. |
| Will not burn. | Burns easily. |
| Puts a fire out. | Makes the fire burn more fiercely. |
| Has no odour. | Has etherial odour. |
| Has no taste. | Has burning taste. |
| Cools and refreshes the skin. | Burns and inflames the skin. |
| Necessary to life. | Unnecessary to life. |
| Makes a seed to grow. | Kills the seed. |
| Softens all foods. | Hardens all foods. |
| Is itself a food. | Is a poison. |
| Will not dissolve resin. | Easily dissolves resin. |

Here we have named twelve properties possessed by each, and they are in every case the opposite of each other. Water is absolutely necessary to life; alcohol is the opposite in every respect to water, it cannot therefore be necessary too.

The term alcohol is supposed to be derived from the Arabic *A'l-ka-hol*, meaning a subtile essence. There is an old story that its discovery was due to an Arabian alchemist, who, like many in his day, was searching for the *aqua vitæ*, or water of life, that was supposed to have the power of restoring youth to the aged. As this man watched his apparatus he saw dropping from the end of the tube into the receiver a crystal liquid, of which presently he drank. He found himself exhilarated, and his mind filled with pleasant fancies, and was filled with delight at the thought of having discovered this wonderful liquid. His fancies soon passed away, and in their place was the aching head and the exhausted energies. He thought he had discovered *aqua vitæ*—the water of life, but he had in reality discovered *aqua mort*—the water of death, known to-day as alcohol.

*Note.—For cost of apparatus see January issue.*

## NO GOOD EXCUSE FOR DRINKING INTOXICANTS.

By Ira C. Saxe.

THE man who drinks because he's hot,
And drinks because he's cold,
Then drinks because quack doctor thought
On life t'would help him hold.

The man who drinks for social cause,
Or, drinks for business gain,
Will later say, "A fool I was,
I must have been insane."

The man who drinks to make him cute,
Or drinks to make him wise,
Will find he wears a misfit suit,
To chafe him till he dies.

The man who drinks to drown the ill,
Or drinks to make him brave,
Is quickly going down the hill
To find a drunkard's grave.

The man who drinks to stimulate,
Then drinks to soothe his frame,
Though he be called to legislate,
He'll bring his calling shame.

The boy who drinks to ape the man,
And thinks it booms life's chance,
Will find his folly in the can
As he and time advance.

The girl who drinks to flush her face,
To add to beauty's store,
Sees her delusion when disgrace
Has wounded to the core.

The dame who drinks that milk may flow
Her nursing babe to feed,
Will lead the child to pain and woe,
Mis-guided mothers, heed!

To all who drink expecting good
Will flow down with the glass,
You're senseless as a stick of wood!
That wolloped Balaam's ass.

Little Johnny Talbot, in tender years, was asked, "What are you going to be—doctor, lawyer, minister, or what?" His reply carried something deeper, fuller than his years could fathom, saying, "I des Don better be a man 'fore he's any of 'em."

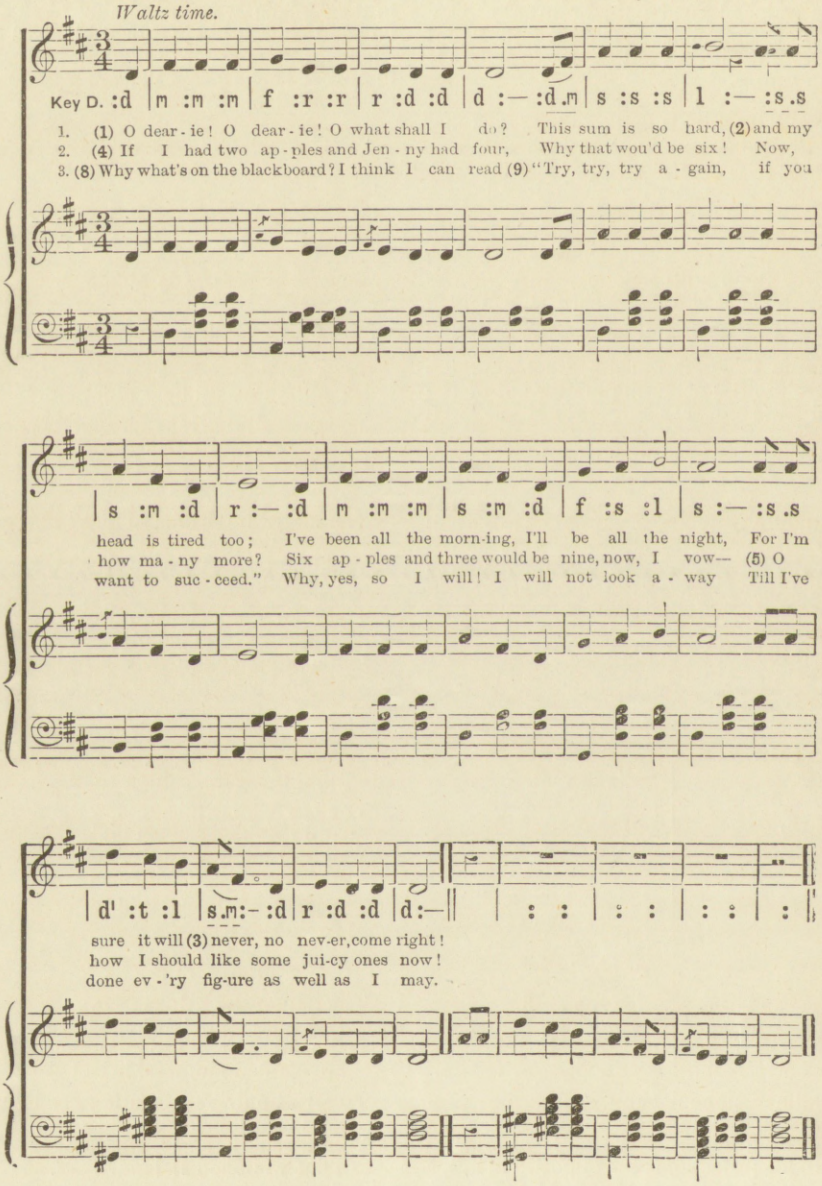
# DONE AT LAST!

*Copyright.*]

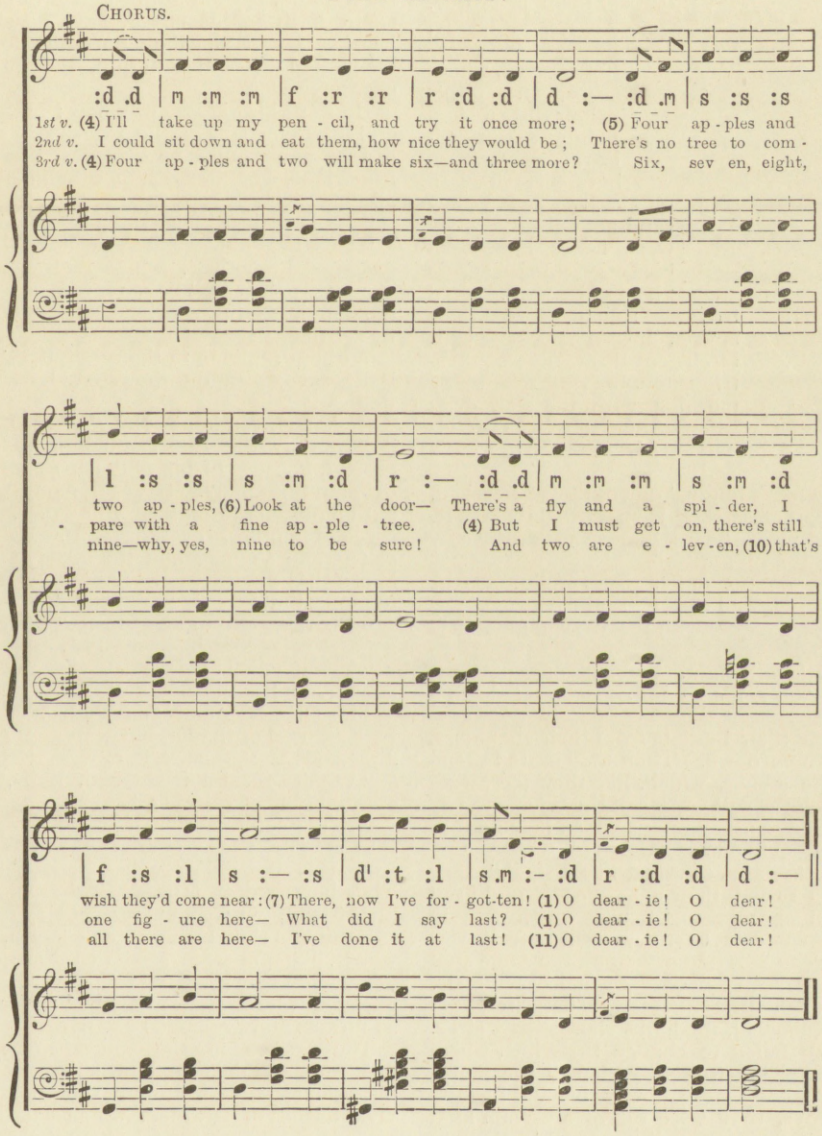
Action Song.

*Music by* J. George Tolton.

*Waltz time.*



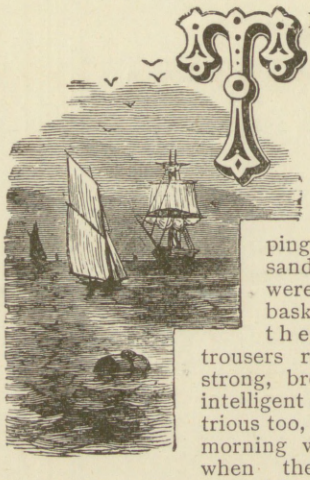
# DONE AT LAST!




Children sit with slates and pencils before them (slates be substituted). (1) Wring hands and shake heads. (2) Put hand to head. (3) Bend body forward, and shake head to emphasize. (4) Take up pencils, look at slates. (5) Look up dreamily. (6) Start suddenly and point. (7) Look at slates again. (8) Look alert. (9) Deliberately. (10) Write answers. (11) Clap hands.

# NOT WHAT HE LOOKED.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.



THERE were three of them, just three. They were bonny, healthy, straight-limbed lads, whose faces the sun's colour brush had painted a deep red-brown, and whose bare feet the lapping waves and yellow sand kept clean. They were fisher lads, with baskets slung across their backs, and trousers rolled up to their strong, brown knees—bright, intelligent little fellows, industrious too, for they rose every morning with the sun, even when the sun was good-humoured, and got out of his Eastern bed at a very early hour indeed.

"The sky looks funny," one of them remarked, who had been christened John William Thomas, but who had never heard himself called by any other name than "Pudge."

The eyes of the other boys followed the direction of his, and saw a great expanse of sky that was a sullen grey with just the slightest tinge of orange.

"Oh! It's all right, Pudge," one of them remarked, "only it's so hot. Let's sit down a bit."

They slung their baskets from their shoulders, and threw them down. Then they seated themselves on the stones, which, like their feet, were kept clean by the salt waters of the tide.

They talked of many things which lads do talk of, when suddenly one exclaimed—

"Oh, here's Baby, crawling like a snail."

The boys raised their merry eyes, and fixed them on an approaching figure, which was in such great contrast to their own that it was difficult to realise it had grown on the same spot of earth, and been fed on the same bracing air. A small, slight figure it was, delicately yet beautifully moulded, the limbs slender as a girl's. The sun had failed to change their hue, which was a rather sickly white. Although the movements of this body were not active and healthy like other boys, they were full of a certain kind of languid grace. Poor little Baby! Poverty and bad treatment had chilled the warmth and animal spirits so natural to early boyhood, and cramped just a trifle the fine open nature. Still he was not a bad little fellow, and there were great capabilities within him which aroused into action would make of him a hero. It is not always the strongest frames that hold the strongest souls, for within delicate bodies have burned the noblest spirits the world has ever heard of.

"Now, Baby, my lad, stir your legs a bit, you're not at a funeral!" one old tar cried as he passed the lad.

But Baby made no reply. He only shoved his little fists farther down in his pockets, which contained nothing more valuable than a broken knife and a marble or two. He had grown accustomed to the rough jokes of his acquaintances, and, beyond a tiny quiver in his lip, or a slight flash in his cheek, gave no sign of even hearing them. But they hurt him for all that, for he had a sensitive nature, susceptible to the slightest sneer.

He went his aimless way now; his girlish feet still treading slowly the stones and sand. Nor did he pause until he was close upon the three fisher lads, who hailed him with many—but not all illnatured—remarks.

"Had any breakfast, Baby?" asked one.

"Has the old woman been hiding you?" questioned another; while Pudge, who rather liked the pale, small boy, moved aside to make room for him on the particular stone on which he was sitting.

Without replying to the other boys' questions Baby sat down on the spot left vacant by Pudge.

Of course, you know, Baby was not his name; it was only the title given him by the people around, because of his childish appearance and delicate little body. His real name was James but no one, not even his own mother, who was a' careless mother, ever used it. Baby he was called, and so long had the other name lain unheard that the little fellow himself was beginning to forget that he ever possessed it.

"There's goin' to be a storm," he remarked in a sweet voice that just suited his appearance.

"Then you'd better get home," was the answer. "Babies shouldn't be out in storms."

The boys laughed, and Pudge, who was the best natured of the lot, but who could not resist a joke, said,

"Won't yer be frightened, Baby, that the storm'll blow yer away?"

"It wouldn't matter if it did," replied Baby rather sadly.

At this the lads laughed louder than ever. They had no desire to hurt the feelings of their little friend, but they did really enjoy teasing him.

Baby was right; there was a storm, the like of which had not been seen in those quarters for years and years; indeed there were sailors, old ones too, who declared they had never witnessed so furious and prolonged a gale.

The orange in the sullen space o'erhead deepened and deepened until the sky became a lurid mass, which, after a time burst out with vivid flashes of lightning, which cut the air, and seemed to turn the sea into a great sheet of liquid fire. The wind rose and tossed the waves about in such wild fury that they tried to rush away from it, over the stones, over the beach, right on, even into the little streets. But the wind followed them, and dashed them about over the feet and into the face of anyone unfortunate enough to be out. But such people were very few, and in a short time the streets were quite deserted.

Still the storm went on, and on, right into the night.

And then above the shriek of the wind and the

roar of the waters was heard that terrible sound, the signal of a vessel in distress.

Quick, almost, as thought, the doors of the houses were flung open, and terrified people with white faces were rushing down to the beach. The wind tried to drive them back, but they rushed on, for human nature at such a moment asserts itself, in all its beauty and unselfishness. The God-like part of man becomes supreme in a time like that, and the great family bond of love evident.

In that human stream of excited men and women ran Baby, his soft hair blown about by the wind, and his small pale face expressing, for once, a great emotion. He was no longer inert and slow. There was not a creature there more quick than he.

In a moment or two the beach was crowded, and just a little way out across the tumbling waters a disabled vessel could be discerned struggling manfully with the mighty waves that threatened every moment to engulf it.

"The boats! The boats!" rang out from a score or more white lips. But who would man them on such a night? Who! Ah, what need to ask in good, brave England? Are there not men, aye, and women too, ready at any moment to lay down their lives in aid of their fellow creatures?

So a dozen stout, brave-hearted fellows made off to get the boats ready, but before that was done Baby slipped quietly down the stones—he was so small no one noticed him—and, untying a little cockle-shell of a thing that was lying in the water, he jumped in, and, grasping the oars in his tiny hands, pulled away right out into the boiling foam of the terrible sea.

When the people did see what he had done a great cry of consternation went up.

"Come back, Baby! Come back! Oh the laddie! The poor little laddie!"

But Baby set his teeth hard, and pulled away, while the waves fairly shrieked with laughter as they reared their foam-crested heads above the little boat, and tossed it about like a shuttle-cock.

Breathlessly the people watched it as it rose, a mere speck on the mountains of waters, or disappeared between them as though lost for ever. And the disabled vessel with its human freight was sinking lower and lower.

The life-boats were manned and put out, but every eye was fixed on that frail little thing with its one child occupant that went before them.

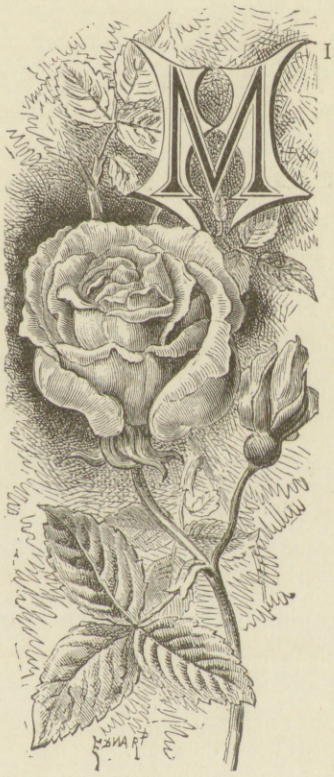
And the boys who had teased Baby that day were there breathless and excited, full of great wonder, and greater admiration. They could hardly realise that Baby, pretty, weak Baby, was out yonder upon the water pulling away, like the child hero he was, to the aid of his fellow creatures. Those boys are men now, but they often talk of that night with tears in their eyes.

Well, the sinking vessel was reached, not a moment too soon either, for its passengers were now in the water, and the first to reach it was Baby with his small frail boat, which, when the life-boats came up, was filled with half-drowned people, who owed their lives to the action of one brave boy. And they knew it, too, for they clasped his little hands and kissed his sweet, delicate face till it became redder and brighter, and indeed more like the faces of the other boys.

There wasn't a life lost that night, not one. The brave fellows in the life-boats brought every soul to shore, but the hero of them all was Baby.

# MAY FLOWERS.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.



"MISS FLORENCE Meadows."

This was the direction on an envelope which lay on the breakfast table, close to where Florence usually sat. The words seemed to look up with an inviting voice bidding her to open the envelope quickly, for there was something inside worth the having.

As the clock struck eight Florence came bouncing in, and her sharp eyes soon observed the letter.

"A letter for me," she said to herself, "and in papa's handwriting," and quickly she broke the seal.

"Just what I wanted," she shouted; "well, papa is good."

It was a season ticket for the Crystal Palace. Florence lived at Sydenham, and she had often wished that some kind friend would give her a ticket which would always admit her into the great palace of glass so beautifully designed by Paxton.

Mr. Meadows had observed this wish of his darling child; he knew that she had an eye for all that was beautiful in art, that she was passionately fond of the best of music, that her soul was entranced when a grand orchestra sent forth its harmonious sounds, or a great organ poured out its majestic melody. Above all Florence loved flowers; she never felt happier than when she was at work cultivating the little bit of garden which the builders had left behind the house.

Florence was in a delightful dream about all the enjoyments she would have for the next

twelve months, when her papa entered the breakfast room.

"Thank you, thank you, dear dad," she said, as she gave him a couple of extra kisses. "Now I shall be able to see all the grand shows, to hear the most charming music, to watch the most brilliant fireworks, and what is better than all to sit under the trees in the summer evenings, and—

"And leave your old dad at home moping," chimed in Mr. Meadows.

"No, no, papa, I shall always be at home when you want me, and then you will see how much I have learned, and how much happiness I have gained through your kind present.

Florence was not long in taking advantage of her gift; the first of May found her with several of her school companions in the Palace to see how the May flowers were looking.

Sweet odours rose from a thousand plants, and produced an exhilarating effect upon the spirits of the young girls, already full of joy at their unexpected holiday.

"Do you know what I have been reading this morning?" said Louisa Wilberforce. "I have been looking up all the information I could obtain about the games of our forefathers on the first of May."

"Oh do tell us," replied Florence.

"Well, then, you know the Ancient Romans had what were called Floral Games at this time of the year. In the early History of England we read of the King and Queen going forth on the first of May to gather flowers. In the time of Henry VIII. the Lord Mayor and the Corporation of London used to go out together to gather the blackthorn. This day among the middle and upper classes was quite a general holiday; they rose up at a very early hour to search the woods for the flowers wet with dew. These were brought back to the village while the horn and the tabour sent forth noisy music."

"Thank you, thank you so much," the girls said in chorus.

The little company now bounded away to the archery ground; then they lost themselves in the maze, and afterwards tired, they sat down under a delightful May tree bending down with blossom.

"How I love the flowers" was the expression which burst from the lips of Florence.

"And I suppose you have been hard at work in the garden?" asked Louisa.

"Yes, that I have. I am always charmed with what some people sneeringly call 'common flowers.' In a short time you should see my Virginia stock, the sweet peas climbing by the wall, the hollyhocks, and the forget-me-nots, all will be in charming bloom, if the cats will only let my flowers grow."

"We will all come and have tea with you in the summer-house," said Louisa.

"So you shall if you are good, and prepare yourselves well for the examinations, but if you come, mind I shall put you through such an examination in flowers, that if you don't know much you will hang your heads with shame."

The girls laughed at this threat, and Louisa said that since they were all to be examined it was only fair they should receive some instruction beforehand.

"You want me to be teacher as well as examiner," said Florence laughing. "Then you must remember that to get good flowers we must have good soil, good seed, plenty of rain and sunshine, and a gardener who will not be afraid to work."

"Then it is true,' answered Louisa, "that the old proverb says that March winds, April showers, bring forth May flowers."

"Yes, the cold of winter, the damp of spring, all help the development of the flower, and the gardener knows that his toil will be rewarded if he will only wait patiently till the flower has time to put on its brilliant dress."

Just then Winifred Baxter, who had been very quiet, woke up and told of an experiment she had been recently trying. She planted some sweet pea seeds in two pots, and first she daily gave them plenty of water. When they had grown about three inches above the earth she watered one with water, and the other with a mixture of alcohol and water.

The seeds provided with water produced fine healthy plants; but those who had water and alcohol to drink became weak, grew very slowly, and finally died before the blossom came.

"Bravo Winifred," said Florence, when the little lecture was finished. "You shall come to our Band of Hope, and tell all your experience to the children, and mind you bring the two pots with you. What a pity it is that so many people are still ignorant of the value of water, and still believe in the goodness of alcohol. I have never tasted a drop of alcohol in my life, and I have never known any sickness. I do hope we shall all grow useful and beautiful like the flowers. I know water will be a good friend to bring this about."

At this moment a few drops of rain fell and away they all scampered.

## THE PRIZE.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

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

"The prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

"I MEAN to get the prize; at least I shall try very hard for it," said Ellen Hancock to one of her girl friends, as they walked home from school together one lovely sunny afternoon in September.

"I mean to try, too," replied her companion; "but then you see I so often have to stay away on account of mother."

"I don't think that's fair at all, Martha, and I wonder your mother does not get someone else to help her instead of you, especially now there's going to be a prize given by Lady Bakewell; it will be such an honour to get it."

Martha's lip quivered, and a troubled look came into her face as she replied,

"You see, Ellen, we are not as well off as we used to be, and mother can't afford a servant like we used to have."

"I'm very thankful we are not poor. I should hate to have to do what you do, Martha."

"I don't like it, but the only thing is to make the best of it and not grumble, mother says, and she is so patient herself she makes me ashamed to grumble."

The top of the street where the girls had to part was reached by this time, and with a promise to meet on the morrow, which was a holiday, they separated.

Ellen Hancock was the daughter of a prosperous tradesman, and had never known what it was to deny herself anything. Her father's and mother's great idea was to bring her (their only daughter) up as a lady, and to do this they thought it necessary that she should be waited on, have everything that she desired, and be dressed in the newest fashion. They forgot that all these things combined will never make a gentlewoman, for a true gentlewoman is one who forgets her own comfort and ease in ministering to the needs and wants of others, and Ellen was always thinking of herself and her own happiness, and never of that of other people. The words of the Saviour, "I came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," had no meaning for her.

Martha Raymond had a very different home outwardly, but, though poor in the world's sense of the term, it was rich as God counts riches, for unselfishness, patience, gentleness, and love reigned there. Her father, a rising medical man, had died when only thirty-five years of age, from a fever contracted whilst visiting a patient, and her mother was left with four young children, of whom Martha, then only eight years old, was the eldest.

The small income that remained to them the brave widow tried to supplement by every means in her power. She took in plain sewing, she gave lessons in various things, and friends were very kind, so they had managed to make ends meet, but it had been, and still was, a hard struggle.

Martha was her mother's right hand in everything, and what the child contrived to do in the house before she went to school was wonderful, and when there was extra sewing to be done she had to leave earlier, and thus missed her marks, which was a trouble to her, for she was very fond of her books, and loved learning, but she never said this to her mother.

The prize which had been promised on the morning our story opens was a very handsomely bound set of books on English literature; and if there was one thing Martha longed for more than another it was books, as she could afford to buy scarcely any, whilst Ellen had merely to ask and have them.

When Mrs. Raymond heard about the prize, she resolved in her own mind that if possible her child should win it, even if she sat up later at night to work and rose earlier in the morning. "The child deserves it," she said to herself, "I am indeed blessed in my eldest daughter."

Now, Ellen Hancock had very good abilities, and all the school soon saw that the contest would be between her and Martha Raymond, but all the sympathy went with the latter, for every one loved her sweet, unselfish character, and it was to her the girls went when they wanted help in any difficulty. No one ever thought of applying to Ellen.

Weeks went by, and the two girls were keeping very even in the matter of marks, and the head mistress was delighted that Martha had managed so far to register the same number of attendances as Ellen, for she, too, loved the girl.

But there came a day when Martha Raymond's name was absent when the roll was called. Consternation prevailed in the whole class, and expressions of regret could be heard from many of the girls.

"I am sorry; she's such a dear girl," said one.

"Yes, and she's so good at home. She deserves the prize," said another.

"I love Martha. I'd rather she got the prize than myself," remarked another.

Ellen heard all these remarks in sullen silence, and then she said—

"I don't see that Martha deserves the prize at all. A girl in her position really ought not to try for it, because so much housework must interfere with her lessons, and she had much better have given up the idea."

"Not at all," chorused the girls, "she's a brick to try with all she has to do besides."

During recess, the mistress herself went round to Martha's home to enquire the cause of her absence, and she found the mother ill in bed, and the doctor just leaving the house.

"A clear case of overwork and anxiety," he said, in reply to the schoolmistress's question as to what was the matter.

"Nothing else, but then you see she's weak to begin with, and really needs more nourishing food than she gets. That daughter of her's is a little brick, but she's overworked."

When Martha came downstairs and saw her teacher, the tears came into her eyes.

"I know all about it, dear," she said kindly. "And how disappointed you must feel, but—there is always *one* prize we may gain, and you are running for it now, Martha, and if you continue to run as you are now doing, you will certainly obtain it."

The girl looked puzzled for a moment, then her face lighted up, and she said in a low tone:

"Oh! I know—the prize of our high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Oh! Yes, I do love Him."

After a little more talk the teacher left resolving that if possible she would interest Lady Bakewell in her little pupil.

The prize day, the all important day arrived at length, and when Lady Bakewell, who herself distributed the prizes, called out the name of Ellen Hancock as the winner of the first one, she said:

"Another girl, Martha Raymond, would, no doubt have been equal with Ellen for this prize, had not her noble devotion to her sick mother and her home duties interfered with her studies,

but to show how I value such work as she has been called upon to do, I give her the same number of books as the prize winner; and before you begin to clap and cheer for your companion, as I see you want to do, let me say just one word to you dear girls. Remember, though earthly prizes are very well worth obtaining, and the idea of working for one often stimulates to greater zeal, still there is another prize, which every one may obtain, and which is far better than any earthly one, however valuable, I mean the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Girls! Whatever you win or lose on earth, don't lose *this* prize; try and live unselfish, beautiful lives that will gladden and help those around you, and thus living, so run that you may obtain the prize the Lord Jesus has for all those who have served and loved him faithfully down here."

As Ellen Hancock walked slowly home with her prize under her arm, she realised that, after all, Martha Raymond was far better off than she was, in spite of the poverty of her home, for she knew that Martha was striving for the prize which had been spoken of, and that all here was of no account unless she gained that one.

## TELEPHONING A DOG.

JACK is a coach-dog who found his master by telephone. In some way Jack got lost, and fortunately was found by one of his master's friends, who went to his office, and asked by telephone whether the gentleman had lost his dog.

"Yes; where is he?" was the reply.

"He is here. Suppose you call him through the telephone."

The dog's ear was placed over the ear-piece, and the master said:

"Jack, Jack! How are you, Jack?"

Jack instantly recognised the voice, and began to yelp. He licked the telephone fondly, seeming to think that his master was inside the machine. At the other end of the line the gentleman recognised the familiar barks, and shortly afterwards he reached his friend's office to claim his property.



## DIDO.

LIE down Dido, lie down do,
Don't you hear me speak to you.

I'm your master, don't you know,
Not a chicken, or a foe.

Do not bark at me, I say,
While I talk to you to-day.

I have got a great big whip,
That could make you cry a bit.

Dido you are good and kind,
What I say I think you'll mind.

So I shall not beat you now,
For I love you, dear bow-wow.

# "HOME, SWEET HOME."

By J. G. Tolton.



NEW YORK is perhaps the greatest city in the United States of America. Broadway is the finest street in that very fine city. No one who has ever walked the length of that street can ever forget it, if for no other reason than the time it took him.

If any shops in the whole world deserve to be called *emporiums* they are the Broadway shops. The height of many of them makes one think of the Tower of Babel. Everything is worked there on a colossal scale. They have ten big fires in that city every week; and the New Yorkers have the finest bridge in the world to connect them with their next door neighbour, Brooklyn.

Some years ago, a little girl was seen trundling a hoop along Broadway. There was not much of her. She stood very little higher than her hoop. Her face was very thin and pale, but her splendid eyes made up for that. They were very fine and wondrous dark. The little girl did one thing at a time, and did it well. Whatever she did she always put her heart into it, though it might be only trundling a hoop.

The child was the daughter of operatic people. The parents were at this time filling an engagement at New York Opera House.

In the evening of the day we see the hoop-trundler, the toy is put away, and the player is watching her parents' performance through a hole in the curtain. She was a most observant child, and learnt something every time she looked. She was a favourite with all who came her way, partly because she was *so* interested in all they did. Little Miss never wore a listless, faded air, which makes people think we don't care a fig for them or their doings. The opera singers liked the child. They gave her toys and kisses; and filled her pockets with sweets many a time.

But none of the gifts could make Addie (for that was her name) think any singer on earth was the equal of her mother.

A lady singer had just finished a long aria with a trill at the end. After the singer had passed out, the audience from the front could hear faintly a trill which far exceeded in correctness the one just executed in their presence. Some one remarked—

"Why didn't she do it that way at first?"

The questioner had no idea that the vocalist was receiving a gratuitous lesson from a child. Little Addie was waiting for the performer in the wings, and with pretty, childish innocence exclaimed—

"Oh dear! how badly you did that trill. Not nearly close enough. Listen to me. There, this is the way."

To the child a perfect trill came naturally. It had not to be long and carefully taught. Addie daily received lessons in musical theory and in scale-practice, though she was not seven years of age.

A little later, anxiety and sadness came to the home where the child dwelt. The Opera Company was doing badly. Money was scarce. The necessities of life were wanting. The father felt the position most keenly, and did his best to keep the cloud away from his daughter's bright spirit.

But the quick ear of the little girl heard something which was not intended for her ear. In a moment she ran to her father, who was sitting rather moodily in his chair conversing in a low tone with his wife.

He was discussing what article of his attire should be sacrificed so that food could be obtained.

"Don't sell your beautiful turquoise pin to help us papa! I will help you. Let me be a little singer."

"You, child?" ejaculated the parent in astonishment, for the little thing was little more than seven years of age.

"Yes! I am sure I can sing well enough."

The father's eyes filled with tears.

"No! no!" he said, "what you say is impossible."

But the poverty and hardship seemed to have come to stay. The adult brains were taxed in the invention of economies to prevent their child from feeling the dread pangs of hunger. But Addie was quick to note and tender to feel, and she gave no peace to her parents till her request was granted.

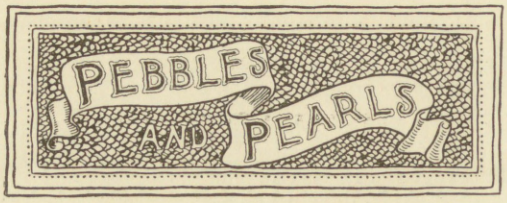
A prima donna of seven summers was announced to appear in New York.

People flocked in crowds to hear the pretty dark-eyed child. The curiosity of the audiences was gratified. Their expectations were exceeded. Said the singer afterwards:—

"I was not nervous nor frightened, and when I came on to sing alone I was not afraid of the sound of my own voice. I was full of childish faith and hope. The Bon Dieu was at my side. I became a great success from that moment. Money poured in at my every appearance, and my father and mother were once more at ease. I don't think there was a prouder heart in all New York than mine when a cosy, red brick house was bought with my earnings, and my whole family installed there."

The tiny girl, "with pale face and very big black eyes," was Adelina Patti. With her mingled memories of the past, no wonder that no singer in the world can equal Patti in her rendering of the sweet English song—

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow all there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home, sweet home!"




He Spoke from Experience.—Little James had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed, James!" replied the minister indulgently: "and what will he do with the old set?" "Oh I s'pose," replied little James, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em.

The Prudential Assurance Company is one of the few life offices that accept proposals from publicans, charging one pound extra premium per hundred pounds assured. It has been decided to raise the extra charge to two pounds per hundred, clearly illustrating what the Registrar General terms the "appalling" death-rate of drinksellers.



UNDER CONSIDERATION.

Mrs. Cobwigger: Now, Freddy, if you're not a good boy, I'll send you to bed without any dinner.

Freddy: Say, Ma, what are we going to have for dinner?

Cold Water.—Cold water is good for the constitution. It puts no gout into the toes; it puts no dimness into the eyes; it puts no trembling into the limbs. It never sets a man at midnight interviewing a lamp-post. It never turns respectable men into gutter inspectors. It never turns domestic arrangements upside down until the father is as bad off as the man who said that none of his children took after him, except his eldest daughter, and she took after him with a broomstick.—*Dr. Talmage.*

The United States Consul at Havre, Mr. C. W. Chancellor, reports that in France in 1887, they used 56,000 tons of sugar to make so-called wine, to supply the lack caused by a bad grape harvest, and that the director of the Municipal Laboratory of Paris caused 15,000 casks of so-called wine to be destroyed as they did not contain a drop of grape juice.

The Drunken Man and the Pig.—There is a fable to this effect. Once there was lying by the side of a ditch, a pig—on the other side lay a man. The pig was sober, the man was drunk. The pig had a ring in its nose, the man had a ring on his finger. Some one passing exclaimed so that the pig heard it: "One is judged from the company he keeps." Instantly the pig rose and went away.

Quite Clear.—"Can you tell me, my friend," said an elderly gentleman to the keeper of the menagerie, "what the hump on that animal's back is for?"

"What's it for?"

"Yes. Of what value is it?"

"Well it's lots of value. The camel wouldn't be no good without it."

"Why not?"

"Why not? You don't suppose people 'ud pay sixpence to see a camel without any hump on him?"

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Our readers will be interested to hear that the Proprietor of "Mellin's Food" has promoted another "Art Competition," with prizes in Money, Gold, Silver, and Bronze Medals, &c., to the value of £1,000. On looking through the advance proof sent us, we see that it is given under two sections, viz.: the Painting Section, which includes Original Paintings in Oil and Water Colours, and Black and White Sketches, and the Photographic Section, including almost every class of work with the camera.

Judging by the value of the prizes offered, and the careful arrangement of classes to meet the requirements of Artists, in all stages and ages, there is no doubt that Mr. Mellin's efforts in the cause of "Art" will be universally appreciated.

### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Band of Hope Chronicle—The League Journal—Temperance Record—Juvenile Rechabite—The Scottish Reformer—Western Temperance Herald—Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Methodist Temperance Magazine—Railway Signal—Vegetarian Messenger—Abstainers' Advocate—Alliance Record—The Banner—Sunday School Chronicle—Church of Ireland Temperance Visitor—International Juvenile Templar—Young Days—Woman's Signal, &c.

### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence, editorial or otherwise, and all books or magazines for review, must be addressed to W. P. Ingham, "Onward" Publishing Office, 124 and 126, Portland Street, Manchester.

No contribution received and accepted for insertion in "Onward," will be paid for unless agreed to in writing when accepted. Contributors must state if, and at what rate, remuneration is required. The Editor accepts no responsibility for manuscripts sent voluntarily, but if accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes they will be returned if unsuitable.

Received with thanks: Rev. J. Johnson, Mrs. Isabel M. Hamill, Rev. Jno. Foster, J. G. Tolton, Mrs. Ruth B. Yates, Mary M. Forrester, W. N. Edwards, F.C.S., E. W. S. Royds.

# ADDY'S TWO LIVES.

(AN ORIGINAL STORY)

BY RUTH B. YATES.

*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumpy Grafton," "Green & Gold," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### FLORENCE MAYNARD.

"OH, mamma, will you stitch this braid on my dress for me, please? I have just torn it, so I had to stop and change. I am afraid I shall be late."

With a bright smile and loving kiss, Florence Maynard hurried away to the sewing meeting.

Her mother sighed as she heard the door close, and rested her head upon her hand with an expression of utter weariness. "I wish Florence could have helped me a bit this afternoon, so that I could have rested; but I mustn't complain, she is a good girl, but what with meetings, and district visiting, and choir, and one thing or another, she never seems to have a minute to spare."

Mrs. Maynard's needle flew in and out as she neatly mended one garment after another, for her slender income—an annuity left by her husband—would not often permit her to replenish their scanty wardrobe.

To-day, however, a feeling of strange exhaustion kept creeping over her, and more than once her sewing dropped upon her lap, and she sighed heavily.

Listlessly she got up and made the tea, then sat down to her lonely meal. She drank a cup of tea and felt refreshed, but she could not taste food. She longed for some little dainty to tempt her appetite, but no! it had been Florence's turn to provide tea at the sewing meeting the previous week, and that had taken all the money that could be spared until the next allowance was due, leaving only sufficient to provide absolute necessaries. The heathen were benefited by so much, and Mrs. Maynard did not complain, but left the food untasted, and again set herself to mend articles that were past repair, and ought to have been replaced by new ones.



For awhile she went steadily on, then, just as she began to sew the braid on the blue serge dress, her head seemed to swim, and a mist came over her eyes. She rose with the dress in her hands, and went towards the door, but reeled, and fell upon the floor in a state of unconsciousness.

Meanwhile, Florence Maynard was the centre of attraction at the sewing meeting, where a number of ladies had gathered, ostensibly to make garments for a sale of work, but in reality the bulk of the work fell upon a few, whilst the rest made up by talking volubly, but all paid for their tea, and as the expense was borne by each of the ladies in turn, that was a considerable item of clear profit, especially as a number of gentlemen dropped in just for an hour.

"The table looks very tempting," remarked

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Florence to her neighbour as they sat down to tea, "it makes me feel quite hungry."

"Yes, those jellies look nice, don't they?" The speaker leaned forward and spoke confidentially, "This is very nice, but really, Miss Maynard, I think yours was the best tea that we've had yet."

"I am so glad you thought it good, as I certainly did my best," responded Florence cheerily, "Let me see, it's your turn next, Mrs. Smith."

"Yes, and I mean to do *my* best, too. I'm not so clever as some of you young folk at fancy dishes, but I shall provide a good substantial tea, Miss Maynard, for I do think it is real mean of some folk," here she lowered her voice to a whisper, "they never give a tea, and if you do give a hint on the subject, they tell you they can't afford it. Ah, my dear, we know better than that, don't we?"

"I think everybody ought to know their own affairs best, Mrs. Smith," Florence ventured to interpose.

"Certainly, certainly, my dear, but I do hate meanness."

The Reverend Thomas Melladew interrupted the further flow of Mrs. Smith's remarks by addressing Florence.

"I wish you would stay for a little while after the meeting, and try over some new music that I have just received. I want to select one or two pieces for the choir, and I should like your opinion."

"Her opinion, indeed!" whispered Mrs. Smith to her neighbour on the opposite side, "what can a mere child like her know about it?"

The result was that Florence stayed behind fully an hour, and when she did arrive home, she was startled to see no light in their sitting-room —they only occupied two rooms—and when she attempted to open the door, it only yielded a little way and then stopped, as if some weight was pressing against it.

Florence ran into the kitchen, which was bright and warm. "Mrs. Mason," she said, addressing the landlady, "have you seen mother?"

"La, no, Miss! What's the matter? You look quite scared."

"The room is in darkness, and I cannot open the door."

"I will come and see what I can do," said Mrs. Mason, kindly.

Their united efforts succeeded in forcing open the door sufficiently to admit of their entrance.

Florence gave a piercing scream as Mrs. Mason lit the gas and revealed the mother lying on the floor apparently dead.

"Run off and bring the doctor, Miss. He has just gone into Mrs. Robinson's."

Florence needed no second bidding. She saw the doctor coming along the street as she rushed out, and springing forward she grasped his arm and almost dragged him in before he could gain an explanation.

A glance round, however, convinced the shrewd old doctor of the true state of affairs.

"Oh, doctor, say she is not dead!" pleaded Florence.

Almost sternly he put her aside, saying to Mrs. Mason: "Help me to get her to bed. I will do what I can, but I fear it is too late. Have you any hot water?" And he glanced at the fireless grate, containing a few smouldering embers which had burnt themselves out.

"There's a good fire in the kitchen, and the kettle boiling."

After some time the doctor's efforts were rewarded by signs of life.

"Thank God, she lives," exclaimed her daughter.

"It is but the flicker before the light goes out, Miss Florence. Telegraph for your brother to come if he wishes to see her alive."

"Oh, doctor, it is surely not so bad as that! It is all so dreadfully sudden. Nothing ailed her when I went out."

"This has been coming on for a length of time, but might have been warded off for years with care. What she wanted was rest, nourishing food, and freedom from worry. Had I been called in immediately upon the seizure, she might have rallied, but now it is only a question of a few hours or days at most. Your mother has been killed by neglect."

The doctor's heart smote him immediately he had uttered these words, for the girl's face grew ashy pale and her lips moved but no sound came.

"Come, come," he said in a more cheery tone, "you didn't mean it, I know. Give me Sydney's address, and I will send on the telegram."

Almost mechanically Florence wrote out the address, and the doctor departed, muttering impatiently to himself: "That's another case where a mother has just sacrificed herself while her daughter was fancying she was doing God service. Sewing meeting, forsooth! What right had she to be sewing at a meeting while her mother was mending her gown and killing herself in doing it? I have no patience with such selfishness. 'Killed by thoughtless neglect and overwork' might be written on many a poor mother's grave, while her children win golden opinions for doing work which is not their duty. I go behind the scenes and I know."

As Florence Maynard sat by the unconcious form of her mother through the long hours of the night she felt the truth of the doctor's words. Memory brought back little incidents scarcely noted at the time, until she sank upon her knees by the bedside and pleaded for forgiveness for her cruel neglect.

Mrs. Mason came and offered to relieve her, but Florence kindly but firmly refused to leave her mother.

By her devotion now, she would strive to make amends for the thoughtless, but unintentional, neglect of the past.

Florence seemed to live through a lifetime in a single night, and as she realised her own weakness, she thought with softened feelings of the brother whom she had refused to acknowledge because he had acted foolishly.

Sydney and she had been inseparable as children, and when he had left his country home and obtained a situation in Manchester, they had kept up a constant correspondence.

How well she remembered his glowing letter

telling them when Aunt Tabitha died and left him a legacy because he was so much like her dead husband, Uncle Geoffrey, then his paying them a visit and buying both her and her mother presents, and leaving his mother a £5 note, telling her that she should never want for anything, as he was going to start in business for himself, and would keep her and his sister like ladies, but first he would gratify his longing to see sunny Italy, and he went. Then came another letter telling how he had lost his money, and very nearly his life, but Arnold Montagu—who had proved a true friend—had rescued him. The letter went on to tell how he had signed the pledge and sought the Saviour, and that he hoped his loss would prove an eternal gain.

Memory brought back her mother's tears and expressions of thankfulness that her boy had been saved from ruin, but she, Florence Maynard, had looked down upon him from her lofty height, and refused to forgive his folly and imprudence, and though her mother had written to him she had not even answered his letters, but returned them unopened if addressed to her.

Now her heart went out to him in tender sympathy, and she longed for his coming, and when in the early morning he entered she gave him a loving greeting as of old.

Sydney clasped her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. "Is mother still alive, Florry?" he asked.

Sobs choked her utterance, and she could only lead him to the bed where their mother lay as if asleep. Tears fell from his eyes as he stooped to kiss the pale cheek. It was cold as marble, for the soul had taken its flight so gently that its departure had been unnoticed by the anxious watcher.

Sydney fell on his knees and thanked God for his mother's peaceful death, and prayed that both her children might follow in her footsteps, and join her by-and-bye.

Florence sobbed convulsively as her brother led her from the room, nor did her grief seem to abate.

Sydney and Mrs. Mason managed everything, and after the funeral was over, the young man consulted the doctor, for he was afraid his sister would seriously injure herself by such excessive sorrow.

"She is learning a lesson. It will do her no harm," said the old man, bluntly.

"I don't know what to do with her," Sydney remarked. "She is simply fretting her life away, and can neither eat nor sleep."

"Get her away from here, and find her an object in life. You understand, *give her something to live for!*"

Sydney saw the wisdom of this advice, but he hardly knew what he must do with his sister in Manchester, and yet what else could he do? His mother's income died with her, and he could not afford to keep two apart; so he decided to consult Florry, and, if she was willing —he knew his landlady had another bedroom at liberty—he would take her back with him.

Florry met him at the door with more animation than he had yet seen her evince, as she exclaimed,

"Oh, Sydney, I have had such a kind letter from a friend of yours."

"A friend of mine?" he responded, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, Mr. Montagu. Here is a letter addressed to you in the same handwriting, so read it first, and then you shall read mine," said his sister quite brightly.

Sydney felt grateful to his friend even before he read his letter, for Florence was certainly better already. As he glanced at its contents he gave expression to a fervent "Thank God!"

"Arnold Montagu is now willing to do what is my dearest desire, to found a home for friendless girls," he said as he handed the letter to his sister, and she gave him hers in return, which he read with even greater surprise, for, after words of tender sympathy, the writer unfolded his scheme, and asked Florence if she would come and be a mother to the homeless little ones, and join him in bestowing upon them the love and care that would have been bestowed upon the loved ones that had been removed. "I appeal to you," he concluded, "because you have just passed through bereavement, and will love them both for Christ's sake and for the sake of her who is removed beyond the expression of your love."

"What do you say, Sydney? May I go?" asked his sister eagerly, with flushed cheek and sparkling eyes.

Sydney looked at her with astonishment. Could this be the fretful, listless girl he had left scarce an hour ago in utter despair of ever inducing her to take an interest in anything?

"Nothing would please me better, Florry, especially as he has asked me to go, too," he replied.

"I am sure Mr. Montagu must be good and kind to write such a letter as that," Florence remarked after a pause.

"He is, indeed; and yet, if any man has known trouble, he has."

"Ah! Then that will account for his knowing my feelings so well," she responded.

"I think I ought to tell you his story, Florry, for it was on the very night that Gladys was lost and his wife died that I first mentioned this scheme to him."

*(To be continued.)*

——o——

Oh! I like to read the life of a man, from the time he saved his first penny to the time when he became a millionaire; and I like to lift the bag now and then, to judge how heavy it gets as it goes on; but, somehow, there is in some of us no deep love for that man. Did a double chin ever draw out from you your largest, tenderest sympathies? Did the prosperity of a man, his accumulation of money, and the occasional clinking thereof in its receptacle, ever stir you much? No; the story of the martyr, of the self-sacrificing of the sweet white arm of a woman run through the staple of a door to keep the ruffians out from her mistress, and to save her life—these are the things that stir our heart much, and for the life of us will bring the tears of God into our eyes. —*George Dawson.*

## HOME AGAIN.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

"I HAVE come from the haunts of sin, mother,
Where the crimson wine flowed free;
Like a child grown tired of its boisterous play,
I have crept to rest at your knee.
There are threads of white in my hair, mother;
On my face there are lines of pain;
But gather me close to your faithful heart,
And I'll turn to a child again.

"I have left the busy town, mother,
With its tumult and awful roar;
To the sacred quiet of lane and hill
I am creeping to rest once more.
Oh, this white-washed cot, with its lowly roof,
Is a haven most cool and sweet
For your prodigal child, who is scorched and faint,
From the city's fever heat.

"I came just now through the fields, mother,
Where I played when a happy child;
The daises looked up through the long thick grass,
And I thought that they bent and smiled,
So I knelt to kiss them, dear little flowers,
While they lifted their pretty tips,
And fluttered them softly against my cheek,
And drooped them unto my lips.

"I heard the bleat of the sheep, mother,
That were grazing upon the lea;
And the buzz of the beetle amongst the flowers,
And the hum of the flying bee.
All nature welcomed me home again
With a beautiful, tender grace;
The river smiled, and the branches waved,
While the breezes caressed my face.

"I thought that the town was fine, mother,
With its temples so seeming gay;
I hungered to bask in its glaring light,
So I left you and went away.
But the glitter is false, and the laughter light
Oft rises from hearts of pain;
So, like a bird with a broken wing,
I have flown to my nest again.

"Oh, take me unto your breast, mother;
Let me lie on your heart awhile;
More precious than all the gifts of men
Is the love in your tender smile.
I have come from the haunts of sin, mother,
And I stand at your humble door;
Thank God, my dearest, you open your arms,
And your child is at rest once more!"

A Sunday-school teacher handed to her scholars little slips of paper, on which was printed the question, "What have I to be thankful for?" Among the replies that were given on the following Sunday was this pathetic sentence, written by a little girl who had learned from bitter experience probably the painful truth it implied, "I am thankful there are no public-houses in heaven."

## OUR LABORATORY.

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

### ALCOHOL.

A POISON is a substance that kills. Any food taken in great excess might kill, but such cases could not be defined as killing by poison. Death might arise from overloading the stomach, or bursting a blood vessel, but it would not be the substance itself that caused death. A poison is something antagonistic to life. Food supports life; poison destroys life.

Alcohol is defined as a poison because it acts in a contrary way to food. The body needs food of various kinds; for instance: mineral matter, for building up bone; nitrogenous matter, for the support of muscles, and carbonaceous substances to maintain warmth. Alcohol contains no mineral matter, it cannot therefore be a bone-forming food. Alcohol contains no nitrogen, it cannot therefore be a muscle-forming food. Alcohol does contain carbon, and it might be supposed that it is a heat-giving food, were it not for the fact that, instead of maintaining temperature, it lowers it, and thus renders the body colder instead of warmer. We may learn from this that it is a mistake for people, as they often do, to speak of alcohol as a food.

A substance might possibly not be useful as a food and yet not necessarily be a poison, but alcohol cannot come under the head of neutral substances doing neither good nor harm.

There are many books written on the subject of poisons, but every writer of such books takes care to include alcohol in his list of poisons. In a concentrated form alcohol can kill with great rapidity. We need not then be afraid to speak of alcohol by its proper designation as a Poison. In small quantities it does not kill, but the same thing may be said of strychnine, arsenic, and other poisons. We may sum it up thus: In considerable quantities alcohol will kill; in smaller quantities it does injury corresponding to the amount taken.

In the Returns of the Registrar General of England and Wales the fact is recorded that in the year 1893 no less than 2,174 persons were registered as having died of alcoholism. That is, their deaths were directly the result of using alcohol, just as death might be the result of habitually using small doses of arsenic or strychnine.

*Experiment* 46.—We may show by an experiment that alcohol has a common characteristic with other well-known poisons. Into four test tubes, as shown in Fig. 22, place a little liquid albumen, such as the white of a raw fresh egg. To tube (*a*) add a few drops of corrosive sublimate

mate and well shake. The albumen becomes congealed. To tube (*b*) add a little nitric acid and well shake; again the albumen is congealed. To tube (*c*) add some pure carbolic acid and shake; in this case also the albumen is congealed. Here are three well-known poisons, they have some very different properties, but there is one thing common to them all — they cause the albumen to become congealed. To tube (*d*) add a little alcohol and shake; precisely the same thing happens as occurred in the other three tubes, the albumen is congealed. Alcohol has this common property with these other poisons in its action on albumen.

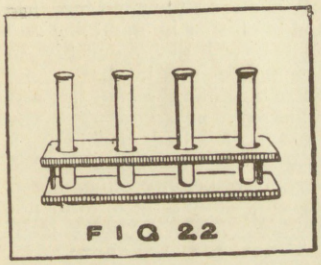


FIG 22

We have now learned how alcohol is produced, and something of its nature and properties. Later on we shall learn that alcohol has an injurious effect on the principal organs of the body. "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," and if we know the nature of a substance we may know whether to use or whether to avoid it. It may be asked here, "Has alcohol, then, no use?" Yes, it has indeed many valuable uses, but they are in the arts and manufactures; always outside the body and never within.

It will be interesting to learn what these uses are.

*Experiment* 47.—Place on a tin dish a little alcohol and ignite. Observe the flame gives great heat but no smoke. This is in itself a very valuable property, and it is applied in a great variety of ways. In recent Arctic expeditions alcohol has not been carried so that the men might drink it, but to burn in order to cook their food.

*Experiment* 48.—The smokeless flame may be very well seen if we place two flasks containing water on tripods, as shown in Fig. 23. Under (*a*) a spirit lamp is placed containing alcohol. Under (*b*) a small lamp containing colza or linseed oil is placed. Both are ignited. Flask (*a*) will remain clean; flask (*b*) will be covered with soot. Another good quality of the alcohol is, that whilst it burns so freely it is not explosive like many inflammable substances.

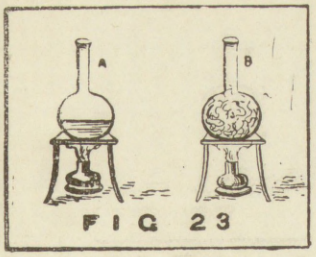



FIG 23

*Experiment* 49.—Whilst the alcohol is burning on the dish, as in Exp. 47, we may illustrate the fact that great heat is given off by sprinkling on the flame some iron filings—see Fig. 24. These will burn with beautiful scintillations, making quite a brilliant display.

We have noticed that alcohol will not dissolve some things that water will dissolve, but we are now to learn that alcohol will dissolve many things that water will not dissolve.

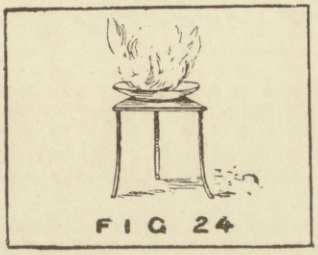


FIG 24

*Experiment* 50.—Into two test tubes place small pieces of camphor. To one add water — the camphor floats on the surface but it will not dissolve. To the second tube add alcohol and shake; very soon the camphor disappears. The alcohol remains perfectly clear, but has an odour of camphor. The camphor has dissolved. On the addition of water to the alcoholic solution of camphor, the effect of the alcohol will be neutralised, and the camphor will be apparent in the form of a white powder, which may be filtered off and the camphor recovered.

*Experiment* 51.—Repeat the experiment as in Exp. 50, but instead of using camphor use resin.

*Experiment* 52.—Repeat the experiment as in Exp. 50, but instead of using camphor use sealing wax. In each case the material is dissolved, but is thrown out of solution on the addition of an excess of water.

We learn from these experiments that alcohol is of service in the arts and manufactures, because of its power to dissolve gums, resins, and waxes. Alcohol has a solvent power on raw indiarubber, and is also very largely used in the manufacture of tinctures. Many perfumes are made by means of alcohol.

*Experiment* 53.—On two tin dishes, place some alcohol on one, and some eau de cologne on the other. Ignite the contents of both dishes. They burn with very similar flames. The eau de cologne is practically the perfume dissolved in alcohol.

Many substances may be indefinitely preserved in alcohol, as we saw in a previous lesson. This quality is of great service, as it enables us to keep all kinds of specimens in our museums and elsewhere for any length of time.

Because alcohol does not easily freeze, it is of service to us in the manufacture of thermometers *(show alcoholic thermometer)*. Water could not be used for this purpose, for as soon as it reached freezing point it would become solid, and the tube would be shattered. Because the alcohol can go far below freezing point and still remain liquid, it can supply a useful place where water would be of no service.

We have noticed a few of the uses of alcohol; but there are still a great many that we have not mentioned. It will be enough for us to know that in the scientific world it is a substance of immense importance.

Alcohol, like everything else, is of use in its proper place. It is when things are misused and misplaced that they become injurious. The taking of alcohol into the body is a misuse of the substance.

*Note.—For cost of apparatus see January issue.*

# THE RUINED ABBEY AND THE RUINED MAN.

By Uncle Ben.

ANDREW HOWELL had an uncle who lived in the neighbourhood of a famous ruined abbey, and, as a boy, to go and stay with this uncle was one of the greatest treats the holidays could bring. The uncle was a large well-to-do farmer, whose land joined to the precincts of the old abbey grounds. The boy had paid many visits to his uncle, and knew every inch of the ruins almost as well as the oldest inhabitant of the neighbourhood. He had explored and climbed about its walls and recesses; he understood its ground plan, and his uncle had explained to him its history and its former greatness, so that he made a good guide for any strangers who came to see the place. Nothing pleased him better than to be the showman, and personally conduct a party through this place of interest.

Adjoining the abbey was a large park that, like the abbey, was in the possession of an old county family which had a chequered history. The present holder of the estate was not the direct heir, who had been disinherited because he had almost ruined his father by gambling and fast living. Having behaved dishonourably in some Government appointment he had come under the power of the law, fled the country, was outlawed, and had not been heard of for many years. His father and mother had died in grief, and the property had passed to another branch of the family, but it was so heavily encumbered with mortgage that the present owner did not live at the mansion, being chiefly abroad curtailing expenses till the mortgage was reduced.

Once. when Andrew was on his annual visit to his uncle, a party of friends from a near market town had written to say that if fine on a certain day they would come over and see the abbey, bringing some relations from a distance with them.



The morning of the day appointed, the uncle, Mr. Mordant Howell, had an engagement, so he asked Andrew to do the honours and take these friends round, saying he would meet the party in the grounds and bring them back to the farm for mid-day hospitality.

The day, though not bright and sunny, was yet fair and dry. The party came in a large waggonette about the middle of the morning, and Andrew was all ready to be conductor and guide. He led the way and did his best to show them all he could. They were much interested in this beautiful old memorial of bye-gone days. In one part of the ruins a rather disreputable-looking stranger was loafing about.

One of the party remarked to their young guide,

"Is he part of the ruins, for he looks as if he had seen better days, like the abbey?"

"Oh, no!" said Andrew, smiling, "I have never seen him before; I should think he's a tramp come to beg."

With that the party went on, and the man forgotten until the inspection was finished and they were about to come away, when the uncle arrived on the scene, and, after apologising for not

being earlier, he proposed that they should cross the bridge at the end of the grounds, and go back through the park and by the mansion. As they were leaving, and passing by an old stone seat in a recess in the wall, they saw the stranger sitting there asleep. Andrew at once exclaimed, "There's the man we saw before."

And the friend said, "Oh, yes, the gentleman in ruins." Mr. Mordant Howell, laughing, said, "He looks like it," and stopped to look more intently at the man who, at the sound of the approaching voices, woke up and stared hard at Mr. Howell. He rose as if he would speak, and then seemed undecided. Mr. Howell, in evident surprise, went up to the shabby man and said something, then turned to Andrew, saying, "Take our party round by the park, and I'll meet you at the farm; I must say a word to this man, he has no business here."

With a word of excuse from Mr. Howell, Andrew, who knew the way, did as his uncle wished, and completed the work of guide, bringing the party to the farm in time for the mid-day meal, and to find Mr. Howell waiting to welcome them, and the mysterious stranger gone.

Andrew's curiosity was excited about the man, and he asked his uncle if he knew him. Mr. Howell said "He had known him once a very long time ago, and that by-and-bye he would tell the boy more about him."

After the friends had left, Mr. Howell said, "Truth is always stranger than fiction, and many a true word is spoken in jest. That man is a gentleman in ruins; he might have been the owner of all this land. I might have been his tenant, he was the heir to all this estate. His father lived at the mansion, there he was born. He was the only son, and had every advantage that money could give, went to Eton and Oxford, had splendid abilities, but was spoilt at home. At Oxford he went wrong, going into fast company, he took to drinking and betting, and was "sent down" from college, no one knew why, the reason being hushed up. But, in spite of this, if he had kept steady, so great was the respect of his name and family, he could have been Member of Parliament for this division of the county. He took his own way, and became for a time quite a noted sporting man, was in at everything—hunting, shooting, racing, gambling. He had charming manners, talked well, made himself very popular, and if he had only kept honest and steady, people would have forgiven much; but he went from one folly and extravagance to another, till he became a wild and dissipated young man. I remember his coming of age, and how we all hoped that he would turn over a new leaf. Soon after, by family interest, he got an office under Government, with good pay, but the more money he got the faster he lived. The best trees in the old park fell to pay his debts, his father's hair grew white with shame. Then came rumours that things were wrong in his office and he had disappeared. The last time I saw him before to-day, he had come home here fearfully drunk, and, raving like a madman, he said 'the hall' had been closed against him, and he would make the family and the district remember it. Shortly after he was outlawed, and unheard of, except that his name became a by-word and a reproach. The parents lived in seclusion and died in sorrow. After he had gone they never lifted up their heads in society. It was drink that made this young man's life, full of bright promise, become a wreck before he was five and twenty. He dishonoured his parents, betrayed every trust reposed in him, lost his character, disgraced his name, and never was seen or heard of till to-day. No one about here knew if he were dead or alive.

"When I saw him, I wondered why and how he had come. He told me he knew the risks he ran, but he had a wild unutterable longing to see again the old place. Ever since he disappeared he had been a wanderer in all the great cities of the world. He had fled from place to place, working at anything to get a crust, sometimes living by his wits. He had just come back from South America as a stoker, and had got money enough to come and take one more last look at the old place, 'that might have been mine. It is mine still in my dreams,' he said, 'and one thing I never forget—that once I was a gentleman, and drink has robbed me of all.'"

Mr. Howell continued: "I brought him here and gave him a meal, and told him that many of the old inhabitants would recognise him if he lingered, and that the police might be on his track. 'I know it,' he said, 'and sometimes I wish to give myself up to justice. If that could wipe out the past, I would; but no punishment of law can be like the retribution within from a guilty conscience. I have sinned and suffered, and am too deeply ruined for any penalty to touch me. I will cause no more scandal on the name I bear. I shall go to South Africa as a stoker on board a ship, and die as I deserve, in a dishonoured and nameless grave.'

"With that we parted, and of all the sad and pathetic spectacles I have ever seen, the going off and out of that ruined life seemed to me the most pitiable. The ruins of the old abbey are beautiful and venerable, but the ruin of that gentleman is one of abject despair."

## LAUGH A BIT.

HERE'S a motto, just your fit—
Laugh a little bit.
When you think you're trouble hit,
Laugh a little bit.
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the beldam's rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place,
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

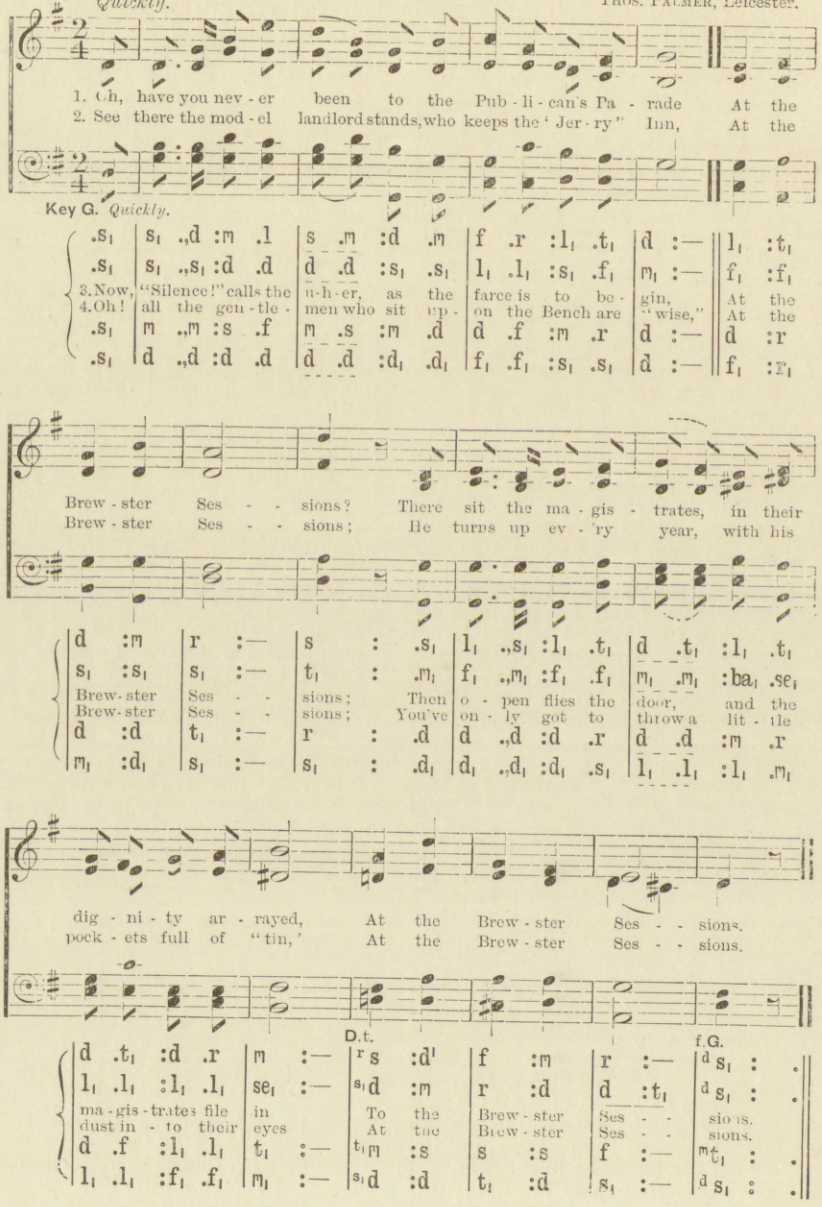
Cherish this as sacred wit—
Laugh a little bit.
Keep it with you, sample it,
Laugh a little bit.
Little ills will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and fame deride you;
But you'll mind them not a whit,
If you laugh a little bit.

—*Cheerful Moments.*

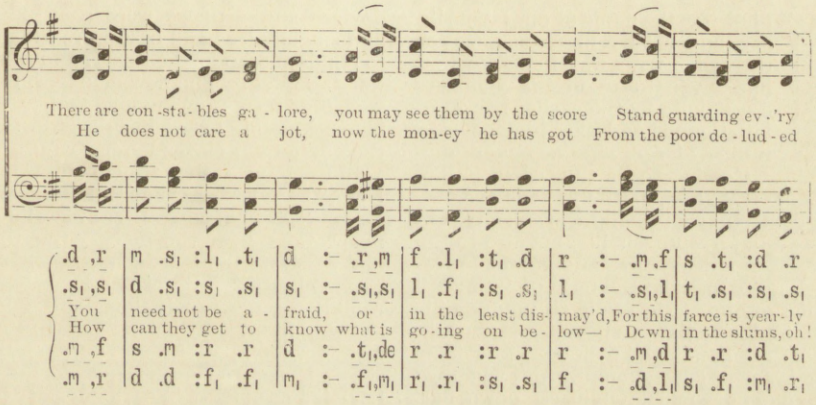
# THE BREWSTER SESSIONS.

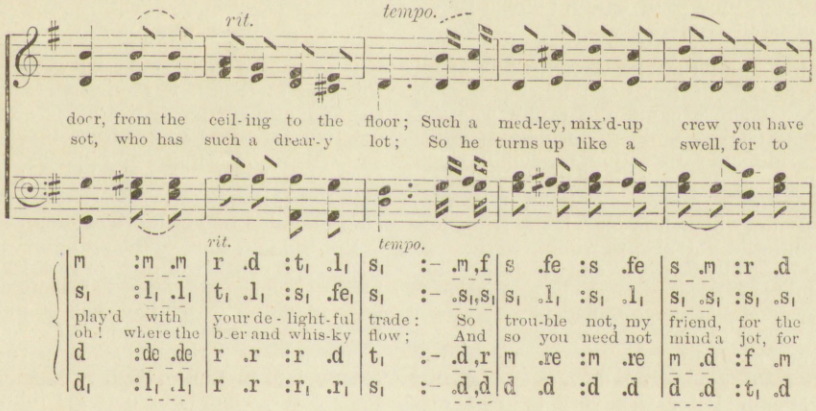
(Copyright)

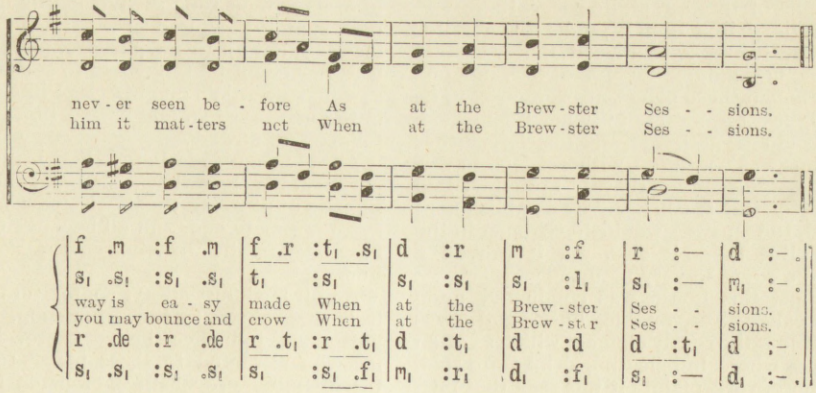
*Quickly.* THOS. PALMER, Leicester.



# THE BREWSTER SESSIONS.



# CLEVER PETER'S DOWNFALL.

*A TRUE STORY.*

By John Henry Musk.

PETER was the name of our favourite cat, and a very fine specimen of the feline tribe was he. We had him given to us in his youngest days, quite in the earlier period of kittenhood, and saw him develop into a large, sleek, beautifully-marked tabby. Coming to us thus early in life, we were able to train him, not only in the exercise of ordinary domestic virtues and graces, so that in this he was all but irreproachable, but also to the intelligent performance of evolutions and movements which quite justified the term of "clever" being applied to him. He would sit up upon his hinder legs and beg like a spaniel. He could jump through the hands and over a stick or chair with all the grace of a greyhound. And when we told him to die, he would lay himself down flat, and assume the stillness of death, enough to deceive an undertaker.

No wonder, therefore, Peter was the pet of the domestic circle, and that he was the talk of all the young people in the neighbourhood. Of course, when visitors came, the tabby was put through his tricks and performances with feelings of pride and satisfaction, especially when he went through them with skill and grace, bringing credit upon himself and upon those who had trained him, which, however, if the truth has to be told, he was not always willing to do.

As would naturally be expected to be in keeping with so valuable a possession as clever Peter, we lived in a respectable neighbourhood. It was a nice, quiet street in a Manchester suburb; we occupying one of a row of good houses, with little gardens in front, among the flowers and shrubs of which Master Peter was very fond of disporting himself in the summer time.

At the end of this street, however, there was established the "Red Lion" public house. For what purpose it had been placed there, beyond that of making money for its owner, no one knew, for though these places are supposed to be licensed to meet the wants of the neighbourhood, so far as could be gathered, the district neither asked for nor was consulted with respect to this drink shop being planted there. Probably, had the consent of the locality for its establishment been asked, the answer would have been in the negative. But there it was, and it proved a danger and a snare to very many.

For a time, this house was conducted upon what are called respectable lines, and was perhaps without the rowdy element which so often marks places where intoxicating drinks are sold. Yet, even here, very plainly it was seen that mischief resulted, for more than one mother's son had, in this place, his steps turned into paths which led to his destruction.

Ere long the landlord of the "Red Lion," who was himself the owner of the house, died, for, alas, there is no trade or occupation where the death-rate is so high as that of the drink-seller. This opened the way for a brewery company to buy the place, which they did, and put a man into it to manage it for them.

Soon there was a change manifested itself, for the new man—the supposed owner of the licence—had to make the house pay, and all sorts of devices and artifices were resorted to. Music and singing, free and easies, free lunches, sweets to children who fetched beer, and other methods were adopted. The new manager, too, was of a sporting turn, and among other things kept pigeons mainly for racing purposes. From this time dated our clever Peter's ruin.

In the days of the former landlord of the "Red Lion," so far as we knew, Peter, as behoved a clever cat belonging to a teetotal household, never went near the place. But the new man had not been there long before we discovered a change in the habits of our household pet. He would go out at such times as he before spent sleeping in his cosy basket near the fire, and stay away for long periods, and he one way or another showed such signs of feline depravity that troubled us much. We tried to curb him, to keep him in the house, and prevent him going astray, but it was to little purpose, for, given half a chance, he was out and off as before.

It was some time ere we knew the cause of all this, but at length it was apparent, and to our surprise and sorrow as teetotalers, we found our cat had taken to frequenting the "Red Lion." Yes, so it was, the publican's pigeons had attracted Peter's attention. He would stealthily go there and watch them, and we were not without suspicion he killed one or more of them.

But the end soon came, as indeed is the case with very many who are drawn to the public-house. One day Peter came home evidently very ill, so sick and bad, full of pain, and certainly in a serious condition. There could be no doubt of it, he had taken some of the publican's poison, laid by him to destroy pigeon-loving cats. Poor Peter, we did our best for him, and it was piteous to see the way the suffering creature looked to us for relief. We, acting upon advice, dosed and doctored with medicines recommended, but all to no purpose, for, strong as he was, our beautiful tabby had to succomb, and we saw him die. We dug his grave in a snug corner of the little garden, and buried him amongst the foliage and flowers.

Alas, misguided Peter, his brilliant career checked, his clever tricks stopped, and his opportunities of pleasing those who saw him brought to an untimely end, and all because of his being fascinated by the attractions of that corner public-house.

And it is almost always so, for no matter what it is that draws to the drink shop, it means a poisonous influence being exercisd. Persons may be attracted to these places to indulge in their gaming propensities, or listen to the music and join in the roystering chorus of the free and easy, or to witness the flower show, or the almanac exhibition, or to play at the billiard table, or by some other expedient, but it all means the indulgence in intoxicating liquors, and that involves the taking of poison. The drink imbibed, be it foamy ale or ruby wine, sparkling

champagne or fiery spirits, all contains in a greater or less degree alcohol, which, undoubtedly, is a powerful poison. It affects the brain and poisons the blood, it destroys the nerves, impairs the health, and shortens life. A poison that has other than mere physical effects, for it sours the temper, deranges the mind, destroys natural affections, weakens moral force, involving the loss of self-control, and too often destroys the soul.

Surely an article like this should be avoided, and the places where it is dispensed ought to be shunned. The fact that alcohol is a deadly poison cannot be successfully disputed, for authorities high and indisputable can be found to substantiate it. Just two quotations, and with which we close :—

Sir Andrew Clark says : "Alcohol is a poison. Health is always in some way or other injured by it ; benefited by it *never*."

Professor Miller declares : "Alcohol is a poison; in chemistry and physiology, this is its proper place. It kills in large doses, and half kills in small ones. It produces insanity, delirium, fits. It poisons the blood, and wastes the man. The brain suffers most injury, both in structure and function; but there is no vital organ of the body in which there is not induced, sooner or later, more or less disorder and disease."

To sum up, not only clever Peter was poisoned by going to the public-house, but all who resort thither, or use intoxicating liquors are injuriously affected too. Surely the obvious moral is: "Avoid strong drink, abstain from these fascinating, subtle, but fatal alcoholic decoctions at once and for ever, lest the poison they contain work out thy downfall too."

## Go-Ahead's Letter to Boys.

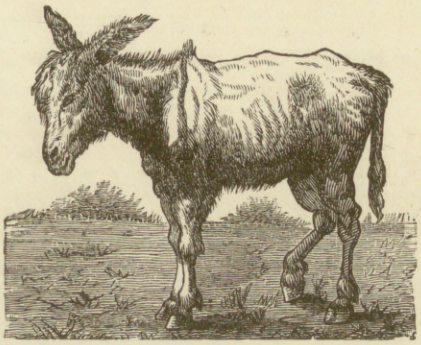
My Dear Lads,

If I had a donkey that wouldn't go,
Would I whollop him ? No ! No ! No !
I'd give him some hay, and cry "Gee wo."
"Gee up, Neddy."

SUCH is the hackneyed bit of rhyme which doubtless you have *heard*, and probably have *used*. My mind is running in the direction of donkeys just now, because I saw a big chap, (a *man*, I suppose, he would like to be called, but he hadn't got out of his teens I think, and there certainly was nothing *manly* about him), with a donkey in front of him and a stick in his hand. It wasn't a proper

"DONKEY BEATER."

but it was a horrible "progging instrument" with which he alternately goaded the poor beast, and then looked sneakingly round to see if anyone was looking at him. I felt to utterly despise the animal (the two-legged one, I mean), and if I had put a policeman on his track, it would have served him well right. There is not a verse in Holy Writ more true than



"A RIGHTEOUS MAN IS MERCIFUL TO HIS BEAST,"

and I for one should never believe in the *goodness* of a man who was unkind to his cat or his dog or even his *donkey*. How strange it is that donkeys should come in for such scorn and ridicule. Certainly, it *is* obstinate ; but I believe that those who possess a donkey have it in their own hands to make it lively and fleet of foot, or spiritless and slow. How can it possibly be expected that a donkey should become

BRIGHT AND INTELLIGENT

if it is sent out day by day with a big strong boy behind it who divides his time between belabouring it with all his might and tugging viciously at its mouth as though he would pull its head off? The poor beast feels the blows and tries to push forward, instantly there comes a furious "snag" at its sensitive mouth, which causes it such intense pain, that it slackens speed in spite of itself. Then comes another frightful blow making it almost faint (don't laugh now, because donkeys get "faint" the same as you and I do!) Between the inhuman blows and the fierce jerkings of the bit, the poor, faithful creature gets utterly dazed and bewildered, and gradually relapses into a

SPIRITLESS MACHINE

which drags its weary way through the days until the happy time comes when it constitutes that exceeding rarity "a dead donkey," and the tanner gets a jacket offered him so full of holes and perforations (the result of the brutal treatment it has received in life), that after running his eye over it, he says, "That's no good to me ; there isn't a square inch of leather in it." Oh, think all this over lads, if ever you are tempted to "go and have a spree with the old 'moke,'" and try and add to the happiness of your life by helping when you have a chance, to render the life of *even a donkey*, less unbearable.

Good-bye till next month.

Your affectionate friend,

Go-Ahead.

Fond mother ; "Yes, sir : I have a little fellow who is only ten, and yet he writes beautiful poetry." Old editor : "Well there's some hope for them when you catch 'em young ; you can whip it out of 'em easier then."



# NED AND HIS FATHER.

By Emily Alice Addison.

NED WILSON'S father was a gardener, and he was a very clever one too. The garden he tended and took care of belonged to a rich lady who was very fond of her flowers, and the first prize at the local flower show was always allotted to her, which, of course, reflected credit on her gardener, for it was he who did all the work and had the trouble of looking after the flowers.

But I am sorry to say that William Wilson had one very sad failing; now and then he took too much to drink; then, of course, he was not able to do his work properly, and the flowers would be neglected, and more than once his mistress had threatened to dismiss him.

Now this failing of his father's was a sad trouble to Ned, who was a Band of Hope boy, and learnt at the Sunday school how men and women and children ought to deny themselves and not yield to temptation when Satan tempts them to do wrong.

Ned and his father lived three miles out of the city of Brisbane in a tiny cottage surrounded by gum trees, and every morning before eight o'clock they might have been seen walking down the road together, but when they got to a place where four roads met, Ned would go off in one direction to school, and his father in another to "Briarmains," which was the name of the house standing in the midst of the pretty garden where he worked.

Ned and his father were very fond of each other, and they two had lived together ever since Ned could remember. His mother had died a few weeks after he was born, and he had never had any brothers or sisters.

Ned was a very happy boy, and he had a great deal to make him so; he was beloved by his teachers and schoolfellows, and his father made quite a companion and friend of him.

But there are very few people indeed who have not some trouble or other; even children know that life is not all sunshine, and Ned, who was now ten years old, had had his cross to carry ever since he could remember.

When his father took too much to drink he felt dreadfully sorry for him and very much ashamed. And, although as, his teacher at the Sunday School told him to do, he often prayed that he might give up drink altogether, his prayers remained unanswered. But God heard them all, for no prayer is ever offered to Him in vain, although to us, who often do not understand the way God is teaching us, it sometimes seems as though our petitions were unnoticed.

Ned generally returned home from school a

little after four o'clock, as he was "let out" as he called it at half-past three, and as his father did not reach home until after five he always lit the fire, and put the kettle on to boil, and got the tea ready, Mrs. Bates, a kind hearted woman, who lived in a cottage only a few yards away, often giving him a helping hand in cooking the sausages, or chops, or whatever they happened to have.

One hot day, towards the end of November, Ned came home from school very tired, and instead of setting about his preparations for tea as usual he sat down in a chair and fell fast asleep.

It happened that Mrs. Bates had company that day, so she did not come across as usual, and when Ned woke up he was surprised to find that it was seven o'clock, but still more surprised that his father had not come home.

He hurried on his preparations for tea, and when all was ready thought that he would go and meet his father, wondering all the while what could have kept him so long.

By this time the sun had set, and dark clouds were gathering across the sky, but Ned never noticed them, or thought of the coming storm, he was wondering so much what had become of his father.

Part of the road William Wilson had to traverse in coming from "Briarmains" to his home lay through the bush. He could have gone all the way along the high road had he preferred it, but as it was much further round he seldom did so.

Ned had only gone a few yards on the bush track when the rain began to fall in torrents, as it frequently does at the close of a hot day in the semi-tropical latitudes of Queensland.

The lightning flashed and the thunder roared, and poor little drenched Ned, by the light of one terrible flash, saw lying on the grass a few yards distant from him the prostrate form of a man whom he knew to be his father.

He went up to him, and stooping down beside him in the pitiless rain put his hand upon his face and said "Father."

A groan was the only answer.

"Father, are you hurt?" said Ned again; "it's me, Ned, tell me what has happened?"

Again the lightning flashed, and Wilson moved uneasily, then groaned again.

"Oh father, father," sobbed Ned, "what shall we do?"

At length the man spoke with difficulty, and Ned put his face close to his father's to catch the words.

"I've been drinking, lad," he said. "Never went to work at all to-day. Just here, as I was coming home, I saw a snake, and in trying to strike it, I slipped and fell forward somehow with my ankle under me, and I can't move it. The pain's awful."

"We must get help somehow," said Ned resolutely, although his teeth were chattering with fright and excitement, and he was drenched to the skin.

"For God's sake be quick, my lad," moaned the poor man. "Where will you go?"

"To Rosalie, I think, father," said Ned, naming the nearest suburb. "I'll get Mr. Carrol to come with his horse and cart, he's sure to be at home. Keep up your spirits, I'll be as quick as ever I can," and the brave little fellow ran off as fast as his legs could carry him.

Ned was fortunate in finding Mr. Carrol at home. The horse and cart were soon in readiness, and in about an hour's time they reached the spot where Wilson lay. He was very much exhausted, and in great pain; and groaned very much as he was driven along in the cart, although Mr. Carrol tried to be as careful as possible not to shake him more than he could help, but the road was rough and uneven, and by the time his home was reached he was speechless and insensible. Mr. and Mrs. Bates came across and did all they could for the poor man, while Mr. Carrol drove off again for the nearest doctor.

Fortunately the rain had somewhat abated, and the moon was struggling through the clouds, but the road was in a very bad condition, and the recent rain had made it worse.

Motherly Mrs. Bates, in spite of her attendance on Ned's father, found time to get him a hot bath and a dry suit of clothes; and when he was drinking a steaming cup of tea she had just made, she stroked his head, and called him "a little hero." Ned wondered why.

The doctor found that Wilson's ankle was badly sprained, and feared that he would have an attack of rheumatic fever.

The doctor's fears were realised. For six weeks the sick man had to keep his bed, and during that time Ned was a most faithful and untiring nurse, and Mrs. Bates did what she could for both father and son.

Ned's Sunday School teacher often came to read and talk to his father, and one day at Ned's request she brought with her a total abstinence pledge card, which William Wilson signed.

"It was the drink that brought me into all this trouble," he said, "and by God's help I will not touch another drop."

A happy boy was Ned that day, and he did not forget to thank God for answering his prayers.

All this happened four years ago, and Ned's father is still a total abstainer, and, better still, a Christian. Ned has only one more half-year to stay at school, and then he is going to learn to be a gardener like his father. But he won't leave the Sunday School, he says, for it was there he first learnt about Jesus, and how God answers prayer. And now his father loves Jesus too, and has given up the drink, he is just the happiest boy in all Queensland.

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A CLASS in natural history was called up. The teacher talked awhile about the relation of friendship between men and animals, and then asked a little girl:

"Do animals really possess the sense of affection?"

"Yes, almost always," said the child.

"And now," said the teacher, turning to a little boy, "tell me what animal has the greatest fondness for man."

"Woman," said the boy.

## GRUMBLE CORNER.

By Josephine Pollard.

I KNEW a man, and his name was Horner,
Who used to live at Grumble Corner;
Grumble corner in Cross-Patch Town,
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog; he growled at the cat;
He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at night;
And to grumble and growl were his chief delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children, wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was never a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown it used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head;
"But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner
Who lived for so long at Grumble Corner."

I met him next day, and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up, and when stocks were down;
But a smile somehow had replaced the frown.
It puzzled me much; and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear;
For it told of conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old time drawl:
"Why, I've changed my residence; that is all!"
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said Horner;
"It wasn't healthy at Grumble Corner,
And so I moved; 'twas a change complete;
And you'll find me now in Thanksgiving Street."

Now, every day, as I move along,
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women and children dwell;
And many a discontented mourner
Is spending his days at Grumble Corner,
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house in Thanksgiving Street.

## DAN.

By John Foster.

WHETHER the name was an abbreviation of Daniel, or given to its possessor as a compliment to the fifth son of Jacob, no one knew nor cared. He was anything but a credit to the little town to which he belonged. His outward appearance was conspicuously unattractive unless to the peculiar people who have a taste for rags and dirt, and think a red nose a beauty. How Dan lived was the wonder. And still more, how he obtained the liquor upon which he got constantly drunk. The boys of the town looked upon him as sent specially for their amusement. The cruel boys threw stones at Dan, the more tender hearted cabbage stumps, those who wanted an excuse for making themselves in a mess pelted him with handfuls of mud. While they administered these corrections, having learned at school that music hath charms to sooth the savage breast, they sang to him. One song was,

"Dan, Dan, silly old man,
Get along home as fast as you can!"

Another,

"Drunk and disorderly! Fourteen days.
That'll teach you to mend your ways"

Fourteen days was Dan's allowance when the police took the trouble, as they said, to run him in. The magistrate that died used to make an event of Dan's appearance before him. He administered suitable admonition to the sinner himself, and pointed morals from his disgraceful case for the benefit of the young and thoughtless. Secretly he was proud of Dan, and would have liked to make him a present when he attained to his century of committals. But the old magistrate's successor thought it better not to make a hero of Dan, and dispatched him to his stone retreat without a superfluous word.

One bright spring morning Dan emerged from his fortnight's retirement still ragged, but temporarily improved as to health and cleanliness. It is a fact never satisfactorily explained that while water drinking invariably agrees with rogues (for the authorities make all prisoners abstainers, willy nilly), it is often prejudicial, so we hear, and even dangerous, to honest men.

As Dan was walking up the main street he saw before him young Jemmy Jackson. Dan stepped out, and before Jemmy was aware of his approach clapped a hand upon his shoulder. Jemmy's first impulse was to make himself scarce; Dan was a man and he only a boy, things had happened before the hardened toper's incarceration not likely to prepossess him in Jemmy's favour. But Jemmy was a Briton, though as yet only a small specimen, and was ashamed to show the white feather, so he remained outwardly tranquil.

"I think you were one of the young gentlemen who did me the honour to march behind me a fortnight ago and cheer me with shout and song. I think I have seen your amiable countenance on

many similar occasions. It's very kind of you, I'm sure, to take so much interest in me, I'm so glad to have the opportunity of returning my thanks."

Jemmy was taken by surprise to hear such book talk from a miserable waif like Dan. Then he saw pretty plainly that he was being chaffed. Boys, even more than girls and grown people, don't like what is called irony. You may call them names or openly abuse them, but to have fun poked at them in a shy, serious way, touches them to the quick. But Jemmy had sense to know that he was in the wrong, so instead of resenting Dan's treatment he stammered forth some sort of apology:

"I'm very sorry, I didn't mean to,—I won't do it again."

"Never mind, my boy, you felt that I was an awful example and wished to add force to it. A drunkard, of course, ought to be made to feel ashamed of himself. If I remember right you were the facetious gentleman who was so importunate as to my blue ribbon. 'I say, old Dan, have you left your blue ribbon at home?' That was very droll. May I be permitted to ask if *you* are a teetotaler?"

Fortunately Jemmy was on safe ground her he told Dan he was a teetotaler, and belonged to the Senior Band of Hope.

"And go to Meetings? And how are you told to behave to the poor drunkards?"

"We are told to pity and pray for them," answered Jemmy. "One of the speakers at the last meeting said that it was by God's grace we were different from them, and that we ought to be humble and show kindness and courtesy when we——"

"What do you stop for?" said Dan, "you were getting along famously; how well you recollect your lessons!"

"Don't say any more about that," said Jemmy, beginning to pluck up spirit. "I wish I'd practised what I'd been taught as well as remembered it. But I said I was sorry I'd been rude and you ought to forget about it. Besides, you've a good deal to be sorry for yourself."

"Sorry, my dear lad, I've enough to make me break my heart."

And then Dan told Jemmy his history, how he had been a doctor, with a large practice, and a wide circle of friends and a happy home, and the prospect of having a wife and children around him. "All lost," he said, "through drink."

Jemmy had heard a great deal about the ruin that drink had wrought, but he had never been brought so close to a real case of self-inflicted woe. It was so strange, too, to have this disreputable looking man talking so reasonably, and to think of his own conduct towards him, the hooting, and the missiles, and the doggerel verses he had joined in singing. All this moved him to the extent of bringing a few trickling tears down his rosy cheeks, and only by great exertion was he able to keep from breaking down altogether.

The man noticed the emotion of the boy but made as though he saw nothing, and the two went on for a minute or two without speaking. They had reached the end of the street, and had turned up a lane that led into the country, returning after a time to the point from which they started. Jemmy knew they would be wanting him at home. "I must go," he said to Dan, but then there came a great sorrow to his heart at the idea of again seeing his friend (for that was what he seemed to him after the confidential conversation they had had together) in the disgraceful condition in which he had so often seen him before.

"But I say, Mr. Dan, why shouldn't you take a turn and give up the drink? I dare say you haven't forgot doctoring. In a little while things might be with you as they have been before."

"Why shouldn't I turn round? My good lad I don't know. There's no reason why I should ever have got into this slough of misery; there's no reason why I shouldn't struggle out of it, as Christian got out of the Slough of Despond."

"Shall I bring our minister to talk to you, sir, he'd put things so much better than I can?"

"No, no, Jemmy, if I become a temperance man you shall have all the credit of it."

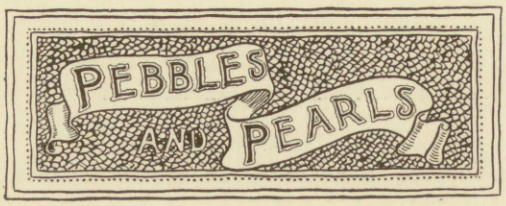
Dan *was* a changed man from that day forward. He found friends, he made good use of their help, and rising from small to greater things, in the end established himself in a comfortable practice in a suburb of the town where Jemmy Jackson was once guilty of calling after him in the street.

If the writer adds that the reformed drunkard married Jemmy's eldest sister, this story may be taken for a romance, but is true nevertheless.

## BOYS THAT ARE WANTED.

By Carlotta Perry.

"WANTED—boys," this want I find
As the city's wants I read of,
And that is so—there's a certain kind
Of boys that the world has need of.
The boys that are wanted are steady boys,
Unselfish, true, and tender;
Holding more dear the sweet home joys
Than the club or the ballroom's splendour.
Boys who have eyes for the sister's grace,
Swift hands for the household duty;
Who see in the mother's patient face
The highest, holiest beauty.
Boys of earnest and noble aim,
The friends of the poor and lowly,
To whom for ever a woman's name
Is something sacred and holy.
Boys are wanted whose breaths are sweet,
The pure air undefiling;
Who scorn all falsehood and smooth deceit
That lead to a soul's beguiling.
Boys who in scenes that are glad and bright
Feel their pulses beat the faster,
But who hold each animal appetite
As servant, and not as master.
Boys are wanted whose strength can lead,
The weaker upon them leaning;
Boys whose "No" is a "No" indeed,
And whose "Yes" has an equal meaning.
Who are strong not only when life decrees
Its bitter and heavy trials,
But can practise its small economies,
And its everyday self-denials.




A LITTLE fellow after drinking a glass of soda water said, "It tastes like my foot's asleep."

LET us be content, in work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.
*Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—If the money spent every year in this country on drink were given to a person in sovereigns, he might walk round the world at the equator and drop three every step, and then only just exhaust the supply.

SCRATCH the green rind of a sapling, or twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell of the act for centuries to come; so impressions on the mind and heart of youth are made to last for ever.

SOME shrewdness was displayed by a little girl who was to share an apple with a younger sister. When it had been divided in two she generously remarked to the little one: "Now, Katie, you may have your choice, but Miss S. (her teacher) says it is very rude to choose the largest piece."

THE fact that children of both sexes are constantly sent, in every town and city, village and hamlet, to the public-house for the family beer is a disgrace to our country. The few minutes they spend there waiting their turn to be served is a lesson in vice repeated many times a week, and the seed sown bears bitter and abundant fruit. —*Scientific American.*

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## JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S PROVERBS.

DRINKING beer will spoil good cheer.
Who boozeth over grog will soon be in a fog.
Where strong drink enters, folly centres.
The biggest poorhouse is near Gin Lane.
Don't dine at the "Sun," and sleep under the moon and stars.
Dictionaries declare that gin is a snare.
Water is good, outside or in,
To slake the thirst, or cleanse the skin.
"The Black Bear" leaves ruin on his track,
"The White Horse" carries death on his back.
Beware of Old Tom; he is apt to scratch.
Pure water is better than impure wine.
If you go to "The Woolpack" you'll come home shorn.
Playing-cards and a beer jug make many a poor man.
Small beer gives small cheer.
Strong ale makes the strong ail.
Evil habits first draw, then drag, then drive.
The safe side of the public-house is the outside.
Corkscrews have sunk more than cork jackets have saved.

THERE is as much difference between reading the Bible and reading about it as there is between eating dinner and reading the bill of fare.

THE other day an excited individual accosted a street gamin with the question, "I say, boy, which is the quickest way for me to get to the railway station?" "Run, sir," was the response.

A LADY asked one of the children in her Sunday school class: "What was the sin of the Pharisees?" "Eating camels, ma'am," was the reply. The little girl had read that the Pharisees "strained at gnats and swallowed camels."

I CANNOT think that the great soul of man,
With its accumulated wisdoms, too,
Must perish—why, the words he utters live!
And is the spirit which gave birth to thoughts
Beneath its own creation?
—*Barry Cornwall.*

"WE admit that as a body teetotalers enjoy probably a higher average of health, and have a better expectation of life than an equal number of their neighbours who use alcohol, including among the latter both moderate and excessive drinkers."—*The "Times."*

TEACHER: "John, what are your boots made of?" Boy: "Of leather, sir." Teacher: "Where does the leather come from?" Boy: "From the hide of the ox." Teacher: "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and shoes, and gives you meat to eat?" Boy: "My father."

AN Irishman appeared at his work one day with his eyes blackened, his clothes torn, and in a general used-up condition. "Where have you been?" he was asked. "Shure," he said, "and I've been to a wedding." "You mean you have been to a wake?" "No, it was a wedding. As I went in I met a man with a long-tailed coat and lavender trousers. 'Who are you?' says I. 'I am the best man,' says he; and after events proved that he told the truth."

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR NOW.—I saw an old man planting a tree before his door. He said he thought it would be pleasant to sit in its shade. Poor man! he forgot that long before that tree would cast a grateful shade, with wide-spreading branches, he would be in his grave. He ought to have planted the tree in the days of his youth, and then he could have enjoyed its shade in his old age. To have the blessedness of God's love pouring into your soul when you get old you must remember your Creator in youth.—*Dr. J. R. Miller.*

THIS was John Wesley's verdict about drink-selling:—"All who sell liquors in the common way, to any that will buy, are poisoners in general. They murder his Majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity or spare. They drive them to hell, like sheep. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who, then, would envy their large estates and sumptous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is in their gardens, their groves—a fire that burns in the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there! The foundation, the floors, the walls, the roof are stained with blood."

# ADDY'S TWO LIVES.

(AN ORIGINAL STORY)

BY RUTH B. YATES.

*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumpy Grafton," "Green & Cola," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER VII.

### IN THE INFIRMARY.



THE rain was pouring in torrents, and people were hurrying along under umbrellas, or sheltering from the violence of the sudden storm.

An Italian girl, who was offering plaster images for sale, fled for shelter into the door-way of a warehouse, and well she might, for she was clad only in the native costume of sunny Italy, which was but poor protection against the wind and rain.

Poor child! how she longed for the rain to cease that she might get an opportunity to dispose of her two remaining plaques; she dreaded having to return home with one unsold, as she knew what to expect.

The pathetic look in her eyes deepened as she gazed dreamily into the wet street, and she did not notice two gentlemen descending the stairs until one of them jostled her and made her start and let fall a large plaster plaque, upon which the figures stood up in bas-relief. It fell with a crash and broke into pieces.

"What is the price of that thing?" he asked.

"Tenpence, sir," replied the girl promptly.

Without another word he placed a shilling in her hand and hurried away; his companion, however, stopped and looked at her with kindly interest in his brown eyes.

"Why don't you go home and put a wrap on, little one? You'll get your death of cold out like this," he said kindly.

"I dare not go home until I have got some more money."

"Have you a father?" he asked again.

"Yes, sir, but he is not often at home, and when he is he only gets drunk and beats mother and me."

"Is your mother kind to you, my child?"

A troubled look came into the blue eyes that looked up into his, and the girl hesitated ere she replied,

"She is good when she is sober, but all the money goes for drink now."

"What is your name, my dear?"

"Adele Costello," was the prompt rejoinder.

"Well, Adele, I should like to talk to you, but I haven't time now. Will you come to my house at three o'clock to-morrow, and bring me two of those plaques?"

The girl looked up with a bright smile as she said,

"Of course I will, sir, if you'll tell me where it is."

"All right, then, I shall expect you; three o'clock, remember."

He took a business card from his pocket, and wrote a few words on the back. As he gave it to Adele he said kindly,

"I will pay you to-morrow for what you bring, but tell me how much you have to earn to-day?

"I've only this one left now, sir," was the cheery response.

"Take this shilling and go straight home then, will you?"

"Oh, yes. Thank you very much, sir. You are so kind."

"Good-bye, Addy, till to-morrow." The name seemed to slip out so naturally, and there was such a look of loving earnestness in the brown eyes that were bent upon her as the stranger placed his hand upon her head, that, acting upon a sudden impulse, Adele caught his hand, and pressed it to her lips.

The gentleman had gone, but he had left a ray of sunshine in Adele's young heart. The rain had almost ceased as she wended her way homewards with a brighter face and lighter step than she had had for many a long day.

The kind gentleman did not seem like a stranger to her. She had seen his face often in her dreams, and he always smiled and called her his little Addy, the very name he had used to-day. Nobody had ever called her that before; she was always called Adele or Delie.

As the child turned the corner of Edge-street, she suddenly started back and hid herself, for there, just staggering out of the "King Dick," was her father, and she knew better than to place herself in his way. So she watched him stagger half-way down the street to where another blaze of light proclaimed the presence of a man-trap, then he turned into the "Prince of Wales."

Adele gave a sigh of relief as the door swung to after him, and she passed on down the street, but the brightness had gone.

Groups of slatternly women were gathered at the doors of the houses, most of which were the abode of several families, and children of all ages and sizes seem to swarm around, but all—from the tiny four months' old baby, that had been wheeled about on a piano organ all day, and was now seated in the gutter whilst its mother enjoyed a bit of gossip, to the big boys and girls who were returning, like herself, from their day's labour—bore the unmistakable stamp of their race, and their dark eyes and dark curly hair only served to show up in contrast the fair complexion, blue eyes and golden hair of Adele.

She bore the nickname of "Costello's angel," and as she neared the house in which she lived a boy called out,

"Hello, Angel, you'll cop it. Not sold up, and your dad's come home."

The girl gave him no answer, for she seemed to shrink with instinctive delicacy from contact with the rough, noisy children of the quarter, and this Gustave, who lived in the next room to theirs, was her especial dread.

She ran quickly in, hoping that her mother would not be drunk, too, for though she was indulgent to a fault when sober, yet she would starve and ill-treat her when "on the spree."

"Come here, my precious," exclaimed Lucia, as soon as she entered, "and get something to eat before father comes home, for Gustave says

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he is in the "King Dick," and put that cast away quick, or he will go mad cos you've not sold it."

"I have got an order for that and another to pair with it, mother," responded the girl, "so I have done well to-day."

"Where is the money, Delie?"

"Here it is, mother," counting it out as she spoke. "Do you know that a gentleman knocked one out of my hand, and it broke, but he paid me a shilling for it and another one. Oh, he was so kind, gave me a shilling, and told me to go to his house at three o'clock to-morrow and he would buy a pair as well."

"You are in luck, Delie; but I don't care for you taking up with strangers, especially Englishmen."

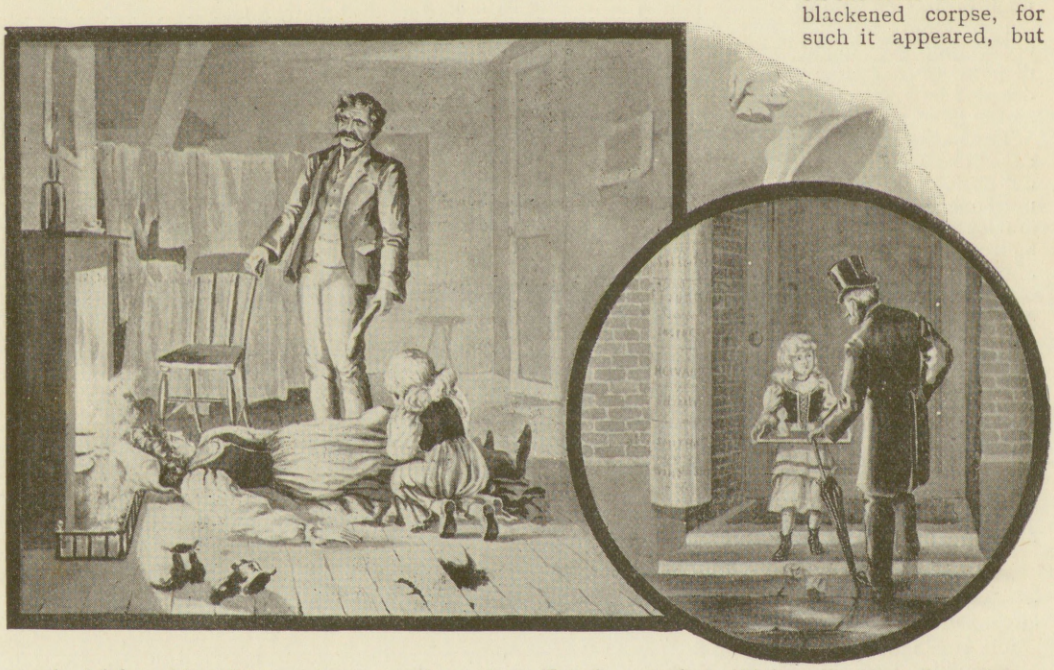
Adele went across and put her arm round her mother's neck and laid her cheek against hers. Lucia threw her arms round the girl and almost smothered her with kisses. As soon as she could take you from me," exclaimed Lucia, passionately.

"You fool," roared a voice from behind. "I'll kill you if you tell her," and Garcia Costello struck his wife such a blow with his heavy stick that she fell to the ground, striking her head against the fire-grate, and igniting the handkerchief that she had thrown over it.

Costello, in his mad rage, snatched the card from Adele's hand, and flung it on the fire, shouting, "I'll teach you better than to go after anybody but me."

The girl eluded the blow, and sprang to her mother's assistance, calling for help, as she was now enveloped in flames. Gustave, who had followed Costello to the door to "see the fun," rushed in and assisted Adele to roll her in an old bag and stifle the flames, while the drunken brute looked on unmoved.

"Oh, father, you have killed poor mother at last," exclaimed the girl, as she sank exhausted on the floor beside the blackened corpse, for such it appeared, but



speak, Adele said, "Do you know, mother, the gentleman didn't seem a bit like a stranger. I seem to have seen him before in my dreams—just the same kind face, only not so sad, and a beautiful lady, and all was light and warm and nice, but it must have been only a dream, for I have always lived in Edge Street, but I want to see him again to-morrow, he was so good and spoke so kind."

A frightened look came over the woman's face as she said, "You mustn't have such foolish fancies. Where does he live?"

Adele drew the card from her pocket and read slowly and distinctly the words, which were:

Mr. Arnold Montagu,
Beach House,
Stanley Street,
Oxford Road.

"My darling! My darling! They shall not

Garcia gave her a kick, and sitting down began to get his tea.

Gustave, however, soon spread the alarm through the neighbourhood, and then ran off to the police-station, and in a very short time both sufferers were removed on an ambulance to the Royal Infirmary, for Adele was very seriously burned, as well as suffering from nervous shock, and brain fever intervened, so that for weeks she knew nothing of what was passing around her.

Lucia Costello was not dead, but injured beyond all hope of recovery. She rallied for a few days, but in an agony of suffering.

She asked again and again for Adele, but she was unconscious. Then she moaned in agony, as she cried, "Oh, God, my punishment is greater than I can bear. I shall die before I can tell her, and I have forgotten his directions."

In vain the nurse besought her to tell her what

was troubling her, as it would ease her mind. But no, Garcia's threats were sounding in her ears even now.

She listened to those who came to speak to her of the Saviour's love, but it did not seem to reach her heart.

Kindly and tenderly the nurse tried to lead her thoughts away from herself to Christ, but all in vain.

The magistrate, a cold, stern man, came to take her depositions, but she said as little as possible, only in answer to questions, that Garcia was drunk and struck her as he had often done before; she fell and caught fire.

The nurse, who knew her end was near, read to her the story of the thief upon the cross, and as she had finished, she saw the dying woman's eyes were fixed upon her with an expression of eager interest, and she murmured, "Lord, remember me!"

"Read that again!" she whispered presently, The nurse did so, and then remarked,

"The same Saviour who pardoned the dying thief is waiting to receive you if you are sorry for your sins."

"I am so sorry I stole her, but I wanted a child, and Garcia had sworn he would be revenged on her father, so—so—"

The nurse bent eagerly over her, but her breath was almost gone.

"Who does the child belong to?" she asked anxiously, but there was no response.

There was a feeble murmur, and she listened, hoping to catch the name, but no, the words were "Lord—remember—me."

The soul had fled and taken its secret with it, if such there was, so the nurse resolved to say nothing about it at present, for it was no use raising false hopes in the child's breast, and making her discontented with her lot, for the woman might have been only rambling after all.

(*To be continued.*)

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An examination of the *Metal Workers'* advertising columns reveals the following:

"Must be competent, reliable, total abstainer."
"Must be sober and industrious."
"Want a man who is sober and capable."
"Must be temperate."
"Must be sober."
"Strictly sober"
"Strictly temperate."
"Must be practical and sober."
"No drunkard need apply."
"Steady job to sober, reliable men."
"Strictly temperate and industrious."
"Drinking men need not apply."—*Kansas Templar.*

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The more I examine and travel over the length and breadth of England, the more I see the absolute and indispensable necessity of temperance organizations. I am satisfied that unless they existed we should be immersed in such an ocean of immorality, violence, and sin as would make this country uninhabitable. — Lord Shaftesbury.

## "OUR DAILY BREAD."

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

GIVE us this day our daily bread!"
The children are praying, praying,
In the places where Nature doth softly tread,
The gifts of her heart displaying;
Where the sky is blue and the earth is green,
And each breeze hath a wondrous story;
Where the heavens seem close to the land to lean,
To lend it their golden glory,
The prayer sweeps on through the space o'erhead—
"Give us this day our daily bread!"

And the Heart of infinite, boundless love,
To the children bending, bending,
Sends down an answer from worlds above
To the fervent prayer ascending;
For the earth uncloses her royal heart,
And the corn grows green and tender,
And the children smile with their lips apart,
As it ripens to golden splendour;
For they know, as they watch it spread and spread,
"The Father" has sent them their "daily bread."

"Give us this day our daily bread!"
The children are pleading, pleading,
With lips that have lost their childish red,
Through the heart's unceasing bleeding;
But the roar of life is loud and strong
In the world around them throbbing,
And their voices are only weak and young,
And broken with bitter sobbing;
Still, through gathering shadows and mists that spread,
The cry goes upward for "daily bread."

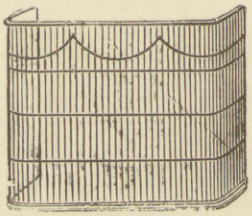
And "The Father" answers the sobbing prayer,
For the corn grows yellow, yellow;
While the sun-fire darts through the warm, soft air,
To kiss it to fulness mellow;
And the rains come down with their fresh'ning powers,
But the children, pleading, pleading,
Grow weary and faint through long, long hours,
And think that their God's unheeding;
For they know not the cornfields for them are spread,
They know not their "Father" has sent them "bread."

For the drink-fiend has opened his ponderous jaws,
And the children are cheated, cheated!
While trampled to earth are God's holiest laws,
And the end of His love defeated;
The fiend grows fat, for the Government
And churches caress and lead him
To where, with the food for the children sent,
The fathers and mothers feed him;
And still he is pampered, and stroked, and fed,
And the little ones robbed of their "daily bread."

## Go-Ahead's Letter to Boys.

My Dear Lads,

I SUPPOSE everybody likes pictures. I know it sounds "big" to say, "Oh, pictures are all very well for children;" but you watch a man of forty when he takes up a new book to look at it, he will first read the title, and then he will open the book and hunt for the pictures as eagerly as a cat hunts for a mouse, and when he has had a good look at all the illustrations he will settle down and begin to read. Yes, pictures have a charm which *nobody* really despises at heart, although children get the credit for being the only ones who care for them. It is because I know the added interest given to a "talk" when it is illustrated, that I always like to use eye-gate as well as ear-gate.



What is this? A bird-cage? No! A book-case? No! What is it then? Why,

A FIREGUARD,

to be sure. And what is it for? It is for keeping people from tumbling into the fire, and for keeping the fire from leaping out to seize upon the room and its contents. Now it seems to me that the

TEETOTAL PLEDGE

is like a fireguard, for it keeps every faithful "son of his mother" who signs it from tumbling into the fire of intemperance; and it keeps back the licking flames of the desolating curse of alcoholic liquor, so that they cannot reach him. Let us have two earnest thoughts about

FIREGUARDS AND TEETOTAL PLEDGES.

A fireguard should be *big enough to cover the fire.* The pledges that used to be taken many years ago only caused people to abstain from *spirits*, and left them free to drink wine; but they proved to be of no use, for people got into the fire of intemperance through *wine.* So it was found that

THE FIREGUARD MUST BE MADE BIGGER,

and now it covers not only spirits, but beer and cider and home-made wines, as well as port and sherry and claret, and

ALL OTHER DRINKS WITH ALCOHOL IN THEM.

I hope your pledge is a *big one*, with the bars close together, so close that nothing can get through except tea and coffee and cocoa, and milk and lemonade and water. Don't go in for a lot of teetotal drinks (so called), they generally are very nasty and often very unwholesome, and *sometimes* are not teetotal drinks at all, but contain a considerable percentage of alcohol.

Then, a fireguard

MUST BE FASTENED TO SOMETHING SOLID.

If we stick a fireguard up against the fire, and leave it to stand alone, it "topples over" as soon as little Billy leans on it, and then there is nothing between Billy and the fire, and he tumbles in and gets burnt. Therefore, we always fasten the fireguard safely and firmly into something solid. Just in this way *your pledge* must be fastened to something solid. What can you fasten it to in order to make it *perfectly secure?* Ah! there is a solid rock that we must fasten it to, and

THAT ROCK IS CHRIST.

On Christ the *Solid Rock* I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

What is the secret of the many broken pledges we hear about? I know. The secret is, *the fireguard has not been fastened to anything.* Have a *well-made* fireguard, my lads, *fasten it up thus*, and you will be *safe* from the

CRUEL FIRE OF INTEMPERANCE,

which has shrivelled up ten thousand boys before you, like a parched scroll.

Believe me,
Your affectionate friend,
GO-AHEAD.

## THE STORY OF GRUMBLE TONE.

THERE was a boy named Grumble Tone,
who ran away to sea.
"I'm sick of things on land," he said,
"as sick as I can be!
A life upon the bounding wave will suit a lad like me!"

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth,
For he did not like the vessel, nor the dizzy, rolling berth,
And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight,
But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right,
And so he journeyed on and on still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair, he dined in courts, they say,
But always found the people dull, and longed to get away
To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow,
He reached that final bourne at last, where all of us must go,
But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was that, north or south, where'er his steps were bent,
On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent;
For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*


Rev. Jos. Johnson.
Mr. W. N. Edwards, F.C.S.
Mr. Thos. Palmer.
Miss M. Forrester
Mrs. Isabel M. Hamill.
Mrs. Ruth B. Yates.
Mr. Jno. G. Tolton.
Mr. E. W. S. Royds.
SOME OF
OUR WRITERS,
1896.

# OUR LABORATORY.

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

## FOODS THAT ARE HEAT-FORMERS.



ONE of the wonderful things about the human body is the way in which it is kept warm. Many young people have the idea that it is the clothes they wear that makes the body warm, but this is not so. Our clothes may do something towards keeping us warm, but the heat itself has its origin in our food.

We have all seen a steam engine, and we know that it has no power in itself; it is only when steam is supplied that the engine shows what work it can do. Where does the steam come from? It is obtained from water by the means of heat, and the heat is obtained from some kind of fuel. The principle thing then to make the engine work is the heat required to produce the steam. Our bodies are in this respect something like the engine. We must have a certain amount of heat or we cannot work. The body of every healthy person is about 98 degrees of temperature within. This temperature must be kept regular. It must not be 94 one day and 96 another. We should be seriously ill if that were the case. With the steam engine the fire must be fed with fuel or the engine will cease to work. With our bodies the case is the same; we must have fuel in the shape of food or the body will cease to act. There is a great difference between the work done by the fuel for the steam engine and the work done by the food we eat. In our case, not only does the fuel sustain the warmth of the body but it has to keep every part in good repair.

Coal is the food for the steam engine; it is very largely composed of stuff called carbon, and we shall find that those foods that can help to make our bodies warm are also rich in carbon. The diamond, most beautiful of all precious stones, is composed of carbon, but there, it is in the form of rare and lovely crystal. The black-lead pencil that you use is made of material called graphite. This is also carbon, but it is in a different form to that of the diamond. Charcoal, coke, lampblack, and soot also consist of carbon, but again in a different form to either the diamond or graphite.

There are facts, however, to show that the substances are really the same in composition, but different in character. If we were to take half an ounce each of diamond, graphite, and charcoal, and burn them separately in suitable apparatus, we should find that the same amount of heat was evolved, and the same amount of carbonic acid gas was obtained and nothing else.

We must learn this fact, that when carbon is burned, whether very slowly or quickly, it gives out heat and forms carbonic acid gas.

We must next learn what kind of food it is that contains carbon and that will give us this necessary heat. We must not think that food contains carbon mixed with other things. The carbon is in the food in an altogether different form to charcoal or soot. It is there chemically combined with other substances, but that it is there we may easily prove by experiment. The foods that can give the warmth we require are called *carbonaceous*, and they consist of such as contain either starch, sugar or fat.

*Experiment* 54.—A candle is composed of fat. When we light it, heat is given off and carbonic acid gas is produced. We might therefore feel certain that the fat is rich in carbon. If, when the candle is alight, we hold a cold saucer in the flame, as shown in Fig. 25, we shall obtain upon the saucer a thick deposit of carbon, all of which, a few moments earlier, was locked up, so to speak, in the fat of the candle. If we could treat any fatty food in the same way as the candle we should find out that all such foods were rich in carbon.

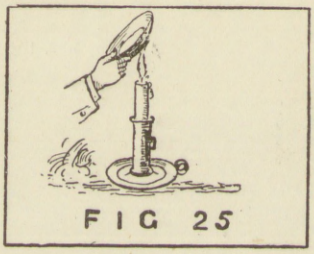


FIG 25

*Experiment* 55.—Let us fix a piece of candle to a wire, and, after lighting it, lower it into a clean, dry bottle, as show in Fig. 26. The candle will continue to burn, because it can still get a supply of fresh air through the open mouth of the jar, and the impure air that is formed can escape by the same way. After the candle has burned for a few minutes cover the mouth of the jar with a piece of cardboard, and in a moment or two the candle will be extinguished; and now, on relighting and putting it into the jar again, it will not burn, and as often as we repeat the experiment the candle will be extinguished. The burning of the candle used up the oxygen of the air in the jar, and has produced in its place carbonic acid gas, in which the candle cannot burn.

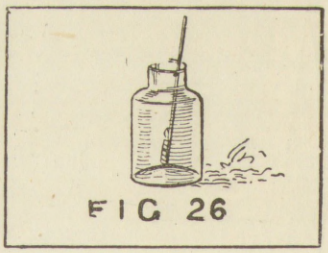


FIG 26

*Experiment* 56.—Pour into the jar in which the candle has burnt a little lime water (see Exp. 12), and we shall notice that the water which was perfectly clear, at once, upon shaking it, becomes quite turbid or milky. This is due to the carbonic acid gas being changed into carbonate of lime, and it is this latter substance that gives the milky appearance to the water. We have again proved by this experiment that the fat of the candle contained carbon, or it could not have produced carbonic acid gas.

*Experiment* 57.—Pour into a tumbler some lime

water, place in it a piece of glass tubing as shown in Fig. 27, and gently breathe for a few minutes through the tube, allowing the breath to bubble through the water. We shall observe that the water, which was clear at starting, becomes turbid in exactly the same way that occurred in the bottle where the candle burned. We are breathing out carbonic acid gas. The carbon in the foods we have eaten has united with the oxygen in the air we have breathed in; heat has been formed in doing this, the body has been warmed, and the carbonic acid gas is breathed out. The process in our bodies is something like that of the burning candle in the bottle.

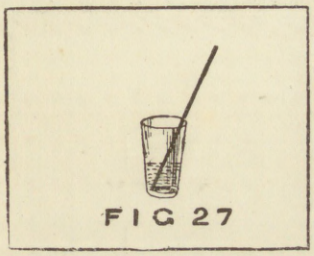


FIG 27

*Experiment* 58.—Sugar is a very different substance from fat, but we shall find that it is equally a good heat giver. Grind some loaf sugar to powder, put a teaspoonful into a tumbler standing in a saucer, as shown in Fig. 28. Add a little warm water to dissolve the sugar to a thick syrup, and then cautiously pour in some strong sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol). The syrup at once turns black and thickens, aud the tumbler becomes very hot. The water is driven off in the form of steam, and soon the tumbler is filled to overflowing with a black mass of charcoal. [*Note.—Great care must always be taken in using sulphuric acid. It is highly corrosive, and will burn holes in the clothes and blister the skin if it comes in contact with it. It is not inflammable.*] The whole of the carbon in this black mass was locked up in the sugar, just as we found that carbon was locked up in the fat. We learn from this experiment that sugar, like fat, is rich in carbon, and is a good heat giver when taken in the form of food.

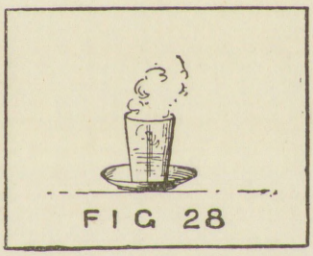


FIG 28

*Experiment* 59.—We can show the same fact in another way with perhaps a little more display. Grind some loaf sugar to powder. Also crush to powder, without friction and separately from the sugar, a little chlorate of potash. Mix carefully some of the powdered sugar with about half the quantity of chlorate of potash, and place in a tin dish, as shown in Fig. 29. Now dip a piece of glass rod in sulphuric acid, and touch the heap on the tray with it. The whole mass will immediately take fire and burn vigorously, leaving behind a black heap of charcoal. Here again heat was evolved, and carbon is shown to be a constituent of sugar.

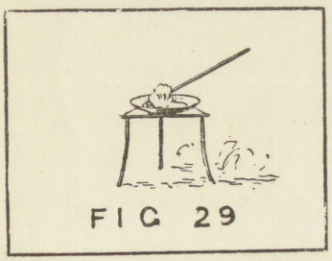


FIG 29

*Experiment* 60.—There is still another carbonaceous food to speak of. Into a large test tube place a little starch, flour, or bread, and heat over a spirit lamp, as shown in Fig. 3. Dense fumes of smoke will be given off, a disagreeable odour will be evident, and remaining behind will be a cinder of charcoal.

*Experiment* 61.—Instead of putting starch into the tube, place a lump of loaf sugar there and heat it in the same way. A similar result will be obtained, but in this case the fumes given off may be ignited, and they will burn with a smoky flame.

The object of all these experiments has been to establish the fact that certain kinds of food are rich in carbon, and that these foods are heat givers. In Exp. 37 we learned that alcohol also contains carbon, but we must remember that it is not all substances that contain carbon that are good and useful for the body. Oxalic acid, prussic acid, carbolic acid, laudanum, and many other highly poisonous substances contain carbon. Foods that can sustain heat must contain this substance, but many things that do contain it are not foods. Alcohol is one of these. The reasons for saying that alcohol is not amongst the heat givers are as follows:

The body loses heat by the action of alcohol; this is demonstrated by the thermometer, and by the fact that under the influence of alcohol less carbonic acid gas is given off in the breath. As the production of carbonic acid gas is the source of heat, if there is less gas produced there is less heat produced too. This is supported by the experience of travellers in cold regions, who are unanimous in showing that alcohol lessened their power to stand against the cold, and this could only be because there was less heat within.

## MAKER AND MADE.

A REMARKABLE argument was once used by a German adventurer who was lecturing in London, his theme being the great glory of mechanics as a science.

"I tell you w'at," announced this learned gentleman to an interested and amused audience, "de ting dat is *made* is more superior as de *maker*. I shall show you how it is mit some tings.

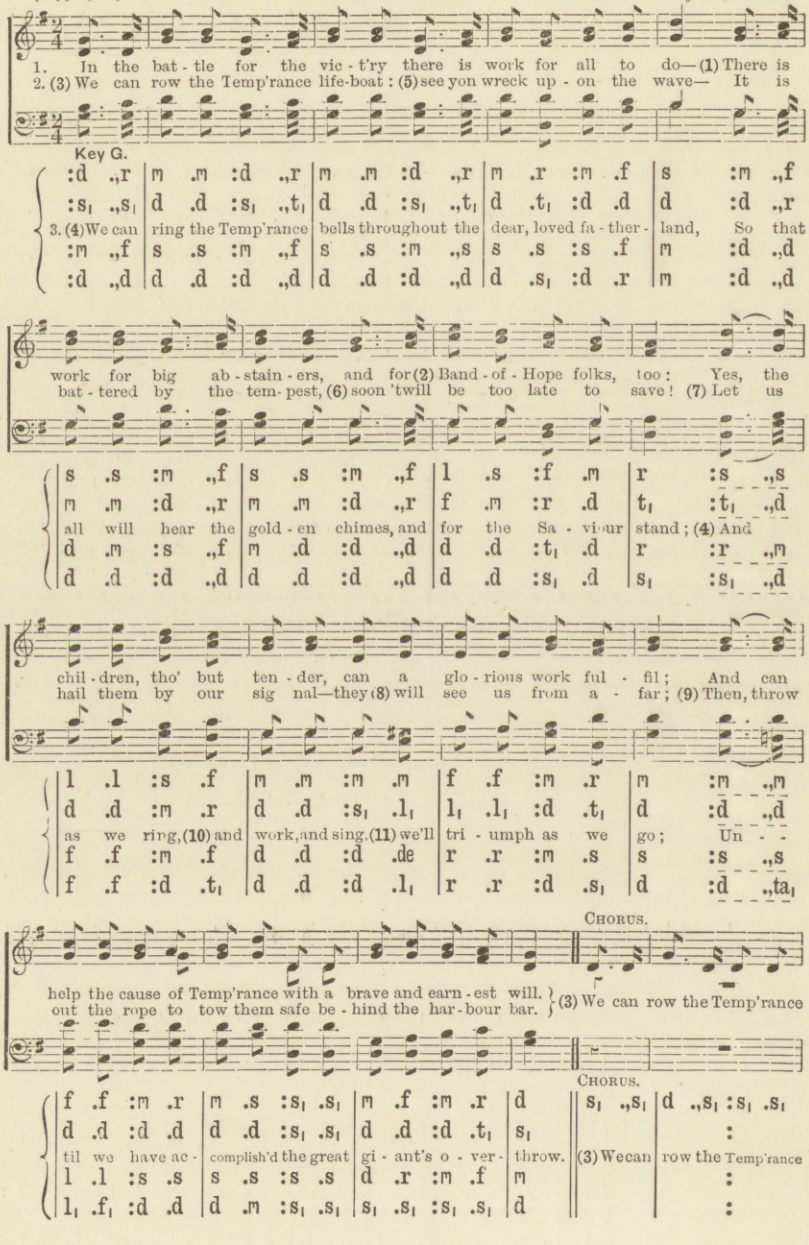
"Subbose, now, dat I make de round wheel on de coach. Ver' well; dat wheel roll five hundred mile! An' me—I cannot roll one single leetle mile!

"Subbose I am de gooper, an' I make de big barrel for to hold de sauer-kraut. Dat barrel he hold gallon an' ton! An' me—I cannot hold more as two, tree quart, mein friends—not more as two, tree quart!"

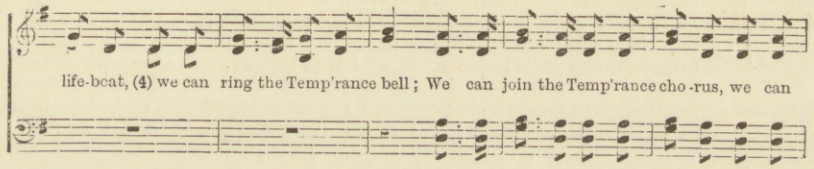
His audience evidently saw the point, to judge from their applause, and the lecturer, beaming with satisfaction at his own powers of argument, proceeded to other branches of his subject.

# WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

(*Copyright.*) **Action Song.** *Words and Music by* R. SEMPLE.



# WORK FOR ALL TO DO.

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| d .s$_1$ :s$_1$ .s$_1$ | d .,t$_1$ :d .r | m :r .,r | m .,r :r .r | m .r :r .r |
| :s$_1$ .s$_1$ | s$_1$ .,s$_1$ :m$_1$ .s$_1$ | d :s$_1$ .,s$_1$ | d .,s$_1$ :s$_1$ .s$_1$ | d .s$_1$ :s$_1$ .s$_1$ |
| life-boat, (4) we can | ring the Temp'rance | bell ; We can | join the Temp'rance | cho-rus, we can |
| : | : | :r .,r | m .,r :r .r | m .r :r .r |
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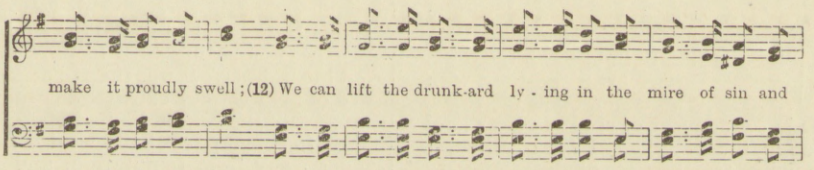


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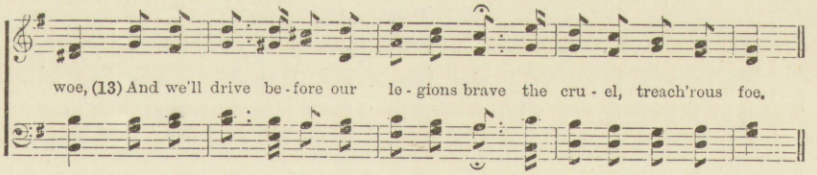
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| m .,r :m .f | s :m .,m | l .,l :m .,m | l .,l :s .f | m .,m :r .d |
| d .,t$_1$ :d .r | m :d .,d | d .,d :d .,d | d .,d :d .r | d .,l$_1$ :se$_1$ .l$_1$ |
| make it proudly | swell ; (12) We can | lift the drunkard | ly-ing in the | mire of sin and |
| m .,r :m .f | s :d .,d | m .,m :d .,d | m .,m :m .l$_1$ | d .,m :f .d |
| d .,t$_1$ :d .r | m :l$_1$ .,l$_1$ | l$_1$ .,l$_1$ :l$_1$ .,l$_1$ | l$_1$ .,l$_1$ :l$_1$ .l$_1$ | l$_1$ .,d :t$_1$ .l$_1$ |




| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| t$_1$ :s .s | s .,s :fe .s | l .s :f .,l | s .f :m .r | d |
| se$_1$ :d .t$_1$ | d .,de :r .s$_1$ | r .m :t$_1$ .,d | d .t$_1$ :d .t$_1$ | s$_1$ |
| woe, (13) And we'll | drive be-fore our | le-gi ns brave the | cru-el, treach'rous | foe |
| m :m .f | s .,m :r .m | f .m :r .,f | m .r :d .r | m |
| m$_1$ :d .r | m .,l$_1$ :r .d | t$_1$ .d :r .,f$_1$ | s$_1$ .s$_1$ :s$_1$ .s$_1$ | d |

(1) Raise right hand as high as possible. (2) Lower left hand near the ground. (3) Imitate rowing. (4) Imitate ringing of bells. (5) Point to a distance. (6) Raise both hands in supplication. (7) Wave handkerchiefs. (8) Raise hand and shade eyes. (9) Imitate throwing out of rope. (10) Wave hands. (11) Mark time till end of verse. (12) Stoop down. (13) Push out with both hands and mark time.

# ALFRED MOSTYN AND HIS UNCLE.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.



ALFRED MOSTYN was looking at a map of Europe. He found the principal rivers, the mountains, the capital cities, and he examined the boundaries separating one nation from another.

"I wonder if ever I shall have money enough to travel on the continent; it doesn't seem like it; but there is no telling what I may do in the future."

Then, having delivered himself of this little speech, he emptied the contents of his trousers' pockets on the table, and carefully examined every item, talking to himself all the time.

"A brass button, with an anchor upon it—that's off my reefer jacket; a piece of chalk—very useful to draw a line in the playground for overbacks; a pen-knife with two broken blades—not very grand, but it will still sharpen a pencil; two pennies—my week's pocket money.

Then Alfred set himself to calculate how long it would take to save enough money to take him to Paris. Twopence a week would make one hundred and four pence in a year; that would be eight shillings and eightpence. But the fare alone would be nearly a sovereign, even if he went at half price, for he was just under twelve; but, alas, before he could save the money he would be old enough to pay full fare, so he gave up the idea and spent an hour dreaming of the glorious descriptions of the foreign capitals which he had read in his Geographical Reader.

He was roughly awakened from his day-dream by a smack on his back. This startled him very much, for he had not heard any footsteps in the room and believed himself to be quite alone.

"What! Alfred, my boy; why so interested in the map of Europe? Have you, like myself, a great bump which the phrenologists tell us means we would like to travel?"

The boy looked round in mute surprise, then recognised that the speaker was his Uncle Henry, whom he had heard say had made a fortune in Canada, and was soon expected home in old England.

"Yes, Uncle Henry, I have; how I should love to see Paris, and the other great cities of the continent."

"And so you shall; for if all I hear about you is true, you are just the lad I want for a companion."

As Alfred was alone in the four small rooms which Mr. and Mrs. Mostyn and their son occupied, he had to interest his uncle till his parents returned. They soon got into deep conversation, and Uncle Henry told how he had, as a youth, saved up enough money to pay his passage to Canada; and then he described how, by industry and perseverance, he had succeeded on his farm, and now he had enough money to keep him for the rest of his life.

Alfred looked thoughtful, and then he asked, "And, Uncle, how did you manage to save, for I suppose you were just as poor as my father, your brother, when you were young?"

"I was poorer, Alfred, because my father, your grandfather, died when I was ten years of age, and I had to work and keep the home until my mother married again, and I was free to go. You wonder how I got the money. I always looked at a penny carefully before I spent it; I never spent any money in tobacco or drink, I had few pleasures, I made hay while the sun shone, and in time the pennies multiplied into sovereigns."

Alfred's face blushed as he heard this, for he thought of the penny cigarettes he had got out of the automatic machine, for, young as he was, he loved a quiet smoke with some of his school companions, and the few pence he had given him quickly disappeared in this way.

Uncle Henry looked round the shabby room in which he was sitting with feelings of pity. He loved his brother. It was the sad accounts he had heard of his wasteful extravagant life which had been part of the reason he had come home. He wanted to spend part of his wealth in taking his brother away from temptation, and give him a new start with purer surroundings.

As he sat thoughtfully musing on what might have been if his brother had lived a different life, there was a sound of heavy footsteps on the stairs, and then a loud knock at the door.

"Come in," said Alfred.

A constable entered, his face bearing marks of sorrow as he asked, "Is Mrs. Mostyn at home?"

When Alfred told him that she would not be at home for some hours, the constable said to himself, "then she will be too late."

"What is the matter?" asked Uncle Henry.

"I do not like to tell you, sir, before the boy."

"He is a brave lad, and can bear bad news."

"Then sir, I fear by this time Mr. Mostyn is dead."

"Dead!" exclaimed Alfred and his uncle at the same moment.

The tale was soon told. The unhappy father had been run over near the Mansion House. Half-intoxicated, he had been unable to thread his way in the maze of traffic at that spot—his death was certain. Alfred was an orphan, and his mother a widow.

Uncle Henry has kept his word. Alfred has had a long trip on the continent, he has seen the Seine, Nôtre Dame, and all the grand buildings of Paris; he has looked upon the field of Waterloo, and admired the grand Hôtel de Ville at Brussels; he has listened to the bells of Antwerp Cathedral, and has admired the Dutch pictures at Rotterdam and the Hague.

All this over, the widow and the orphan boy have arranged to go to Canada with Uncle Henry, and no doubt Alfred will make a noble man, for he has a good heart, and has closed his mouth against that intoxicating cup that did so much harm to his father.

# Bobby and the Telescope.

By Uncle Ben.

BOBBY DAWSON'S father and mother took him to the sea-side when he was between four and five. He was much amazed at all he saw; he could hardly believe that the sea was all water.

"Where does it all come from?" he asked.

Bobby called the sea, "the big water." He liked to wade and paddle with other children, but he was afraid to go near the sea by himself. He had a wholesome dread of doing anything alone. Young as he was he could be trusted to go by himself because he was very cautious.

Bobby was very friendly disposed, and had no fears or shyness with grown-up people. He made friends with everyone he met, and treated all with such an easy, familiar air that he had a large circle of acquaintances wherever he went. He was no respecter of persons; the poorest woman, or any beggar man was always spoken of and spoken to as a "lady" and "gentleman."

Bobby made intimate fellowship with the men at the coast-guard station, near to where his parents were lodging; and as it was very early in the season, and there were only few visitors at this little sea-side resort, the boy paid a daily morning call at the station, and became quite popular with the men. One sergeant, in particular, took very kindly to Bobby, and the two became very great chums.

Whenever this man was on duty, and Bobby saw him about, he made for him at once and entered into conversation with him, asking all kinds of questions. What time he got up and went to bed; what he liked best to eat. Bobby, in return, told his friend all about his toys and home, his last birthday, and said to him one or two hymns and little verses of poetry, and inquired what might be the sailor's favourite selections in this line. Most of those the sergeant mentioned were beyond Bobby's knowledge, but when he named "Hold the Fort" the child was delighted.

Thus the strands of friendship were spun by mutual consent into the cords of love and attachment. The sailor was drawn to Bobby not only by the child's winning way but because he had lost a little boy about the same age as Bobby a year or so ago. Another bond of union between the old and young friend was that both were abstainers.



One day, when Bobby went to pay his morning call at the station, the sergeant was on duty with the telescope in his hand looking at a big ship passing out to sea on the horizon.

"What's that you've got?" asked Bobby.

"It's my eye of faith," said the sailor.

"It's what?" remarked Bobby.

"I call it the eye of faith because what I cannot see with my natural eyes I can see quite plainly when I look through here."

"Can I see? May I look?" asked Bobby.

"Yes," said the sergeant; and having adjusted the telescope he kept it steady for the boy to see through by placing it on a beam that held the flag-staff and signal-post firm.

"You must shut one eye, and cock t'other wide open, and clap it to the little glass and look hard."

Bobby did as he was told and said, "I don't see nothing."

"Now," said the sailor, "is it sea or sky?"

"I don't know; I think it's sky."

"Now?"

"It's sea."

"Now?"

"It's bits of both."

"Keep steady, then, and you'll see something."

"Oh yes, here's a great big ship, as big as the world; it's like a moving house. I can see the people on it, and the little windows—it's gone away, all gone; there's nothing left."

"The sailor moved the glass, and Bobby got another view of the ship. The sailor asked if the boy could see her flag.

"Oh yes, I can!" exclaimed Bobby.

"There is one at her stern, and one at the mast head," said the sailor.

"There now, I see the end one—how fast it goes—it's nearly gone—now it's out of sight."

Then the sailor showed the boy the big ship he had seen through the glass, and it looked like a small boat far away against the sky line, with its long trail of smoke behind, so that Bobby could hardly believe it was the same.

Bobby was greatly delighted with this wonderful glass. He had one or two more peeps through the telescope, and saw some smaller craft much magnified, but nothing like the ocean liner he saw at first.

The sailor tried to explain to Bobby that this spy-glass brought distant things near, and made small things great, and that was why he called it his "eye of faith;" and how by this the unseen was made visible. But Bobby was too young to take in all this, only he got hold of the name the sailor gave to the telescope and said, "I do like your eye of faith."

"Yes," said the sergeant; "it's a good instrument, and by it 'I can read my title clear to mansions in the sky,' thank God."

"I can't read yet."

"But I hope you will one day."

"Perhaps I'll be a coastguardsman when I grow up, and have an eye of faith all to myself."

And with that Bobby scampered off, full of gratitude and thanks to the sailor, to tell his father and mother all he had seen through the "eye of faith."

## FOR HER SAKE.

By "Old Cornish."



SOME one has said that stories are like bees—they carry the sting in their tails. But sometimes they are like the wise man whose eyes are in his head. So shall it be with this story that goeth forth out of my mouth, or, to be more strictly correct, that floweth forth from the nib of my pen. And happy is the youth who has the wisdom to discern and the aptitude to apply the lessons from the first page of this paper to its close.

John Quincy Adams once said, "All that I am my mother made me." And Lord Langdale was not one whit behind in his estimate of her worth: "If the whole world were put into one scale and my mother into the other the world would kick the beam."

Nations come out of nurseries. And the makers of history are mothers, who have the moulding of the future men. And blessed is the boy who from his earliest childhood is impressed with the conviction that it is better to suffer than sin.

Now of such an one will I speak. And I seek no greater joy than to know that the recital of this simple story has been a source of inspiration to others to copy this splendid example.

Once upon a time it was my privilege to be in the company of a wise and witty few.

There was a rollicking old captain, as fine a specimen of a seaman as ever stepped upon the quarter deck of a ship, and as fond of a yarn as a rook is of a worm. There was a canny Scotchman of a lawyer, who could tear an argument to tatters as easily as a draper could slit a few yards of calico from the roll on his counter, and who would sometimes hurl his invective upon the head of his opponent as if he meant to annihilate the miserable man. There was a pensive but pious old parson, whose speech, like an intermittent spring, would spurt forth little streams of wisdom that were worth their weight in gold. And there, too, was a professor, a quaint but quiet man, with a face clear cut as with the chisel of a sculptor, whose eyes looked out from under the eaves of his eyebrows as stars look out from a midnight sky, and from the corners of whose mouth, as from an ambush, there would leap out the wealth of wisdom or the weight of scorn.

Just as I was entering the sanctum, the voice of the excited old captain was heard exclaiming, as to a man at the mast-head of his ship, "Give up my grog! Why, I would as soon give up my old sweetheart of a wife."

"Splendid!" cried the lawyer, as he clapped the captain on the back. "Splendid, my friend! You are made of the martyr stuff, sure enough. But here is the blessed old parson insisting that I fling my cards into the fire. And he says that it is sinful to bet, and that it is a species of gambling to stake a few pounds on a game. Gambling indeed! Why it is as mustard to meat. A game of cards without the excitement of a risk! Bah! It is as insipid as water without a dash of whiskey to take off the chill.

"But, by-the-bye, professor," said the lawyer, "why on earth don't you smoke? Here you are as glum as a ghost at a funeral. And here is my old friend, the parson, launching his denunciations at me as he hurls the thunderbolts of his anger upon his country clowns. But bless him! That's a trick of his trade; he is bound to protest. But come, Mister Professor, give me your views on the matter. A word to the wise, you know, is enough."

"But where are the wise?" adroitly asked the professor. "And beside," he remarked, "my views may be no more acceptable than the thunderbolts of the parson, though neither so heavy or so hot."

"Capital!" cried the captain. "Give it to him, professor. Pay him back in his own coin. No mercy to a lawyer. He is as cruel as the grave and as voracious as the sea. Hit him hard, professor; hit him hard! He deserves all he gets, except his fees. And those come to him not because of the exercise of his brains, but as a result of the superabundance of his brass. But professor—if I may be permitted to use the words of my friend—this limb of the law—why on earth don't you smoke?"

"For one very good reason," solemnly answered the professor. "I once had a friend, and for her sake I abstain."

"Ha! ha!" roared the captain, "if I didn't think there was a blessed gal about the binnacle."

"And I'll bet," interjected the lawyer, "that the professor is as great a slave to his sweetheart as the skipper is to his glass."

"No betting allowed!" ruled the parson, in his most sepulchral tone of voice.

"But," continued the lawyer, "in the name of goodness, professor, why not have the inspiration of a pipe? Here you sit a confounded old crank. You will neither drink, nor play at whist, nor touch a card, nor taste a pipe. Why, rather than be such a slave to a sweetheart, I would see her to Jericho, petticoats and all. Why, man alive! smash your fetters to atoms, and enjoy the luxury of a smoke."

"Enjoy the luxury of a smoke!" sadly replied the professor. "Alas, I tried the luxury once, and I found it a costly and cruel thing. Smash my fetters to atoms, do you say?" And the tones of his voice made them tremble as he spoke. "Then I should break the very bands that bind me to the throne of the Everlasting God. No, never! Never, gentlemen, never!"

"Nonsense! nonsense!" said the lawyer in a pet, as men sometimes are when severely pushed by a truth. "State your reasons plainly why you do not smoke."

"But are you open to reason?" quietly asked the professor. "Perhaps, as the captain says, I had better keep my breath to cool my broth."

"Bravo!" shouted the captain. Then in his rough and ready speech he cried, "Blow away, professor, blow away. Rather a hurricane in rounding the Horn than a confounded calm in crossing the Line. Why, I remember a time in the neighbourhood of the Cape when it rained like marling spikes the whole of the live-long night, and the wind roared as if it would tear the very teeth out of your head."

"But I object," interrupted the lawyer. "If the professor is to favour us with his views on the subject of smoke, then let him state them calmly, soberly, and without offence, as the parson would have said. But, bless him for ever, he takes such a time to say such a little; the parson I mean. No offence is meant to your riverence, as Paddy said to his priest, when he struck him with a shillilah on the nose. But I forget. Beg pardon, professor. The floor of the house is yours. I resume my seat."

"Yes, and stick to it," roared the captain, "as you lawyers are wont to stick to your clients' crowns."

"Gentlemen," commenced the professor, "I was brought up a Band of Hope boy, and have continued so ever since."

"Yes," sarcastically interrupted the lawyer, "and I am afraid you will be nothing but a boy, an old boy, to the end. For goodness' sake prove yourself a *man*, and have a drink."

"Then as to cards," continued the professor, "I am a disciple of the great and good Charles Kingsley, whose views on the subject are so well known to my friend."

"Bosh!" interjected the lawyer. "Kingsley was a crank."

"Then, as to tobacco," said the professor, "I never tried it but once, and I'll never touch it again, so help me God!"

"No swearing allowed out of court," protested the lawyer.

"And," continued the professor in tones tremulous with emotion, "the vow I then made, and made for her sake, I have kept, and with the help of my God, will keep it to the end."

"Stop, professor, stop!" said the parson. "Let us clearly understand. Who was this 'her' of whom you so affectionately speak? Was she your sweetheart, or—who?"

"My mother!" promptly replied the professor, whereupon the three—captain, lawyer, and parson—rested their chins upon their breasts, and flung their eyes upon the floor. "And I am not ashamed to confess," he continued, "that I have always regarded it as one of the greatest blessings of my life to be tied to the apron strings of my mother. Ah, gentlemen, those have held me when the stoutest ship's hawser would have snapped as tailor's thread. And, God knows, I wouldn't exchange the apron strings of my mother for the finest freedom in the world!"

"Now, no preaching, professor, if you please," interjected the captain. "That is the province of the parson; we cannot permit you to trespass upon his reverence's rights."

"But I was going to say," observed the professor, "that one of the earliest lessons I remember to have received from my mother was on the subject of smoke and drink. Yes, she was an enthusiast, if you like. But her enthusiasm has been the salvation of her son. Alas, that I should have disastrously denied the doctrine I once held as divine, for, cruel coward that I was, I succumbed to a batch of collegiates, and smoked a cigarette.

"Gentlemen, that was my first and last smoke. It set my very brain on fire. My conscience smote me like a hell. And as I walked home that evening, remorse preyed upon me like a tiger. The very stars, looking out of that wintry sky, seemed to scare me with their wolfish eyes. And a foul fiend at my elbow seemed to grin at me, and shriek, 'Coward! Sneak! Traitor! You have betrayed a mother's trust! You have bought the smile of your collegiates at the price of a mother's tears! You have trailed her honour in the dust! You have sacrificed her confidence for a smoke! Shame on you, you miserable wretch—you who have proved yourself unworthy to be called her son! And but for the fact that she is your mother, she would smite you from her presence with the fiery flashings of her eye.'

"Gentlemen," he sobbed, "I would to God I could wipe the memory of that moment out;" and he passed his thin right hand across his brow in the most dramatic way. "But I can't. It lives! It lives! She—my mother—thank God, has forgiven me. But how can I forgive myself! Go where I will, do what I may, the memory of that moment haunts me like a ghost. And the greatest grief of my life is that I once betrayed a mother's trust."

The professor stopped, and wept like a child, whilst his three silent companions suffered from confusion of face. At length he resumed:

"Years have passed away, but the cracking of the frost under my feet that winter's night I hear even yet. The bitter biting winds I feel even now, not nipping me to the bone, but scorching me to the very marrow as with flame. Yes, and I remember too the flushed and feverish condition I was in as I crossed the threshold of my home.

"'What is the matter?' asked my mother as I entered the room where she sat. 'Why you look so hot!' she exclaimed. 'Aren't you well?' she enquired. Then, pale with anxiety, she rose and came across to me on the couch where I reclined, and putting her hand upon my burning brow, she stooped to give me a kiss, when shrinking back with disgust, she exclaimed, 'Ugh! how you smell of tobacco! You haven't been smoking a pipe, have you love?'

"Oh, how the thoughts flashed across my brain like mad. At first I was tempted to evade. Then a lie leaped to my lips, but I crushed the cursed thing in an instant and I said, 'No, mother, only a cigarette.'

"'Only a cigarette!' she exclaimed, and her words cut me through like a knife.

"'Yes, mother,' I stammered, I scarcely know how, 'only a cigarette.'

"She flung her great loving but sorrow stricken eyes upon me for a moment, and then hurriedly turned away to hide the tears that like a cataract leaped down her cheeks. But her grief was too great for suppression, and she sobbed aloud.

"At length she exclaimed, 'Oh, Freddy! Freddy! A mother's love sold for a cigarette! A mother's trust sacrificed for a smoke!'

"My agony was intense, and burying my face in my hands—for I was ashamed to look into my mother's eyes—I said, 'Can you forgive me, mother? Forgive me this once?'

"'Forgive you, my boy!' she replied, 'yes, seventy times seven.' And her words fell upon me like the sweetness that comes from the sense of forgiven sin. And flinging her arms around my neck she exclained, 'Freddy, I forgive, and trust.'

"'But mother, I have played the hypocrite,' I said. I have done out of your presence what I wouldn't have dared to have done in. I have acted the part of a deceiver. I have sold my birthright and blessing—the trust and love of my mother—for the sake of a cigarette. But I will do it no more.'

"'Let us pray!' she replied with a calm but dignified demeanour. And kneeling by my side she took my hands in hers, and, putting them together, as she did when I was a child, asked God to give me grace that I might keep my vow.

"Gentleman, one of the greatest joys of my life is that I have kept the vow, and by the help of God and for the sake of my mother, I will keep it to the end."

The professor ceased, but the captain was so overcome that he sobbed, and said "And sold a mother's love for a cigarette!"

And the parson, with a disposition to improve the occasion, pathetically remarked, "But what a costly smoke!"

"Excuse me, my reverend friend!" interrupted the lawyer. "We need no further remarks upon the subject. The professor has made his point most uncomfortably plain. And by heavens, that fellow would be a fool who, after what we have heard, would sacrifice the love and trust of his mother for all the cigarettes in the world."

## "SWEET MARIE."

By J. G. Tolton.



VIENNA, like many another old city on the Continent, is well provided with narrow streets. Nothing could make these alleys really beautiful, but the quaint and varied style in which the houses are built goes a long way to prevent some of the streets from being absolutely ugly.

The citizens themselves do much to vary any possible monotony of plainness by their artistic taste in sign-boards, and other shop decorations.

In one of the streets of Vienna was a sign-post, which no passer-by could fail to notice, as he was informed that Father Keller was a hair-dresser. He had not much of this world's goods, but he was happier than many a prince. Happiness is an article that is best when home-made.

When folk have to depend upon imported goods, they are apt, many a time, to run short both in quantity and quality.

On the day we saw Father Keller, he was very anxious. A terrible storm was raging over the city. The thunder and lightning were having a terrific time, while moisture came down in floods.

The two daughters of the house were safely under cover, but the favourite of the family—a young lodger named Joseph—was probably out under the raging elements, with but little protection of clothing.

Citizen Keller's anxiety was increasing every moment. He could not long remain in one place. He ought to have been busy at a wig he was making, but his restlessness was uncontrollable.

With the wig in his hand, the hair-dresser entered the little room where the girls were watching the raging storm through the window.

"Children!" he exclaimed, "Joseph is out in all this storm. I am quite concerned about him. I am as uneasy as if he were my very own. He seems to have captivated us all. Is it his music, or his manners, or what? And you two are every bit as much concerned as I am."

The sisters did not open their lips, but their looks said more than words could have done.

"Dear! dear! wherever can the lad be?" the kindly hair-dresser rattled on. "Perhaps with that ugly old Italian music master. What's the fellow's name?"

"Porpora, papa," said the eldest girl Johanna.

"Well! perhaps Porpora has carried him off to copy more music for him. That lad never seems to think about himself. Whatever any of those music people ask him to do, he does it. He is ready to serve everyone for the love of God. I am sure he would be delighted to clean Gluck's shoes, if that music-man would only play something for him. I have heard him say, many a time, that music is the most heavenly thing in the world; and is worth everything else, all put together. But then, what does he get for it? All his devotion and labour for these music-folk, all this running after old Porpora does not bring him in one farthing. Poor young man! But the lack of money does not trouble him. You never see him with a gloomy face. Nobody hears him utter a discontented word."

"True! and he keeps us from feeling discontented and sad when things do not run smoothly," said the daughter Doretta.

"Ah! what a wonderful thing music must be, if you get possessed by it, as Joseph is."

The old man had renewed his theme.

"Joseph sits up in his garret on his music stool as if he sat on his throne. He even forgets, whilst playing his strange music, to eat or drink. And it all makes him so happy. I declare when Joseph greets me first thing with his cheery 'Good morning,' it is just as if a wreath of roses were put round my heart."

"Come in!" for a low tap was heard at the door. Joseph stepped in, literally wet through. The girls and their father uttered a cry of dismay as they saw the water fall from the youth's saturated garments. But the dismay was all on one side. The enthusiast did not share it.

"I started back when the great drops began to fall, but I had not taken many steps when I heard beautiful music. I stopped to listen. I knew the house and who lived there. I leaned against the open window, and so perfectly caught the rapturous strains. Words cannot tell what they were like. I forgot the thunder and lightning and storm as I listened to that wondrous music. It was the great Gluck who played. I heard every note, and could not turn away till the music was finished. But I am tired; and I think I am wet. I must lie down."

For once, the youth did not need much persuasion to go to bed, and kind hands ministered to him with hot drinks.

Great as had been the anxiety of the father and girls when the storm was raging, the trouble was greater next day. The youth was in high fever. He lay unconscious, with burning cheeks and scorching breath; but he seemed to listen to heavenly music, for now and again would escape from his lips, "O how divine!"

Johanna sat for hours by the sick bed, her tears flowing fast. The father could do no work, what he attempted was spoilt.

"I always said he would either die young, or become great, and now I see he must die."

At last the crisis approached. The burning hue faded from the fevered cheek, face and lips became deadly pale. The breathing grew feebler.

"This night the young man will die," the doctor sadly but confidently said to Johanna.

This conclusion overwhelmed the tender girl. She rushed to her own room. She fell on her knees, and for a long time knelt speechless. At last words came: "Gracious heaven! let him live. If thou requirest an offering accept me, take my young life; but spare him. Save his life. Hear my prayer, and my days shall henceforth be devoted to the Master."

Johanna's prayer was heard. Joseph recovered, and his recovery was most rapid. As his strength returned, so did his happy smile and his blithe manner. How proud and delighted was Johanna, when the great and noble sent to inquire concerning the convalescence of the young musician.

Joseph pulled through the most serious illness of his life, and lived to a ripe old age, composing music up to the last, such music that the world will never let die.

For Joseph was Joseph Haydn, of whom everybody has heard.

And Johanna! did she keep her vow? Yes! the beautiful, loving, tender-hearted girl took the veil, and became a nun in the convent of St. Ursula, and received the name Marie.

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## DOING AS THE BIRDIES DO.

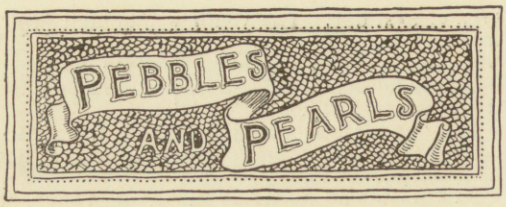
THE birdies fly across the sea,
When comes the pretty spring,
Without one drop of wine or ale
To strengthen nerve or wing;
And if I ever travel, too,
I'll do as little birdies do.

The birdies work through all the day
On temperance food and drink;
If they did not, their nice warm nests
Wouldn't be so nice, I think;
And as they show me what to do,
I'll work and play on these things, too.

The birdies do not spoil their songs
By tipsy tones and ways;
But temperance music do they sing
Through summer's sunny days;
And when I sing, I'll sing the same,
Nor be by birdies put to shame.

Yes, I will be teetotal, quite,
Just like the merry lark,
And like the kind sweet nightingale,
That cheers us in the dark:
For little boys and girls, I know,
Than birdies should e'en wiser grow.

FAITH CHILTERN.




INNOCENCE is the softest pillow.

REAL knowledge can be acquired only by slow degrees.

ONE of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.—*Bulwer.*

NO DIFFERENCE.—Waiter: "Brown bread or white, sir?" He: "It makes no difference to me; I am colour blind."

HE: "I've bought you a pet monkey to amuse you, darling." She: "Oh, how kind of you! Now I shan't miss you when you're away."

"WELL, Mary, how do you like your new place?" "I can't tell yet positively; you know the first day the ladies are always politeness itself."

A SINGULAR PLURAL: "Liz," said Mr. Kil-jordon's youngest brother, "do you say 'woods is' or 'woods are?'" "Woods are, of course," she answered; "why?" "'Cause Mr. Woods are in the parlour waitin' to see you."

PLEASANT FOR THE NEIGHBOURS.—Friend: "I should think your daughter's four hours' practice on the piano would drive you crazy." Hostess: "Oh, not at all. She opens all the windows, and most of the sound goes outside."

LORD WOLSELEY AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.—It may not be generally known that the Commander-in Chief has long been an earnest advocate of Temperance. Here is one of his utterances on the question a year or two ago: "There are yet some battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom, but the most pressing enemy at present is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also." The Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir George White, it is interesting to add, holds pretty much the same views.

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## LIQUOR NOT NEEDED.

THE reported successful effort to reach the North Pole was commanded by a practical prohibitionist. Dr. Nansen, in setting forth his plans, said: "For drinking we shall have nothing except water, which we shall get by melting snow. This water we may, however, mix with lime-juice and sugar, or with milk, or make tea, chocolate or soup of it, and thus we shall have pleasant drinks. A good drink is also water mixed with oatmeal. Spirituous drinks will not be allowed." These are his own words.

SPEAK little, but well, if you wish to be considered as possessing merit.

A GOOD SUBJECT.—Mother (severely): "How dare you take the money from your missionary bank?" Willy: "Didn't you say I was a regular little heathen?"

SHOCKING.—Cholly: "What's youah hand bandaged for, old chap?" Archie: "Weumatism, old man. Me bwhute of a man bwought me a cold saucah with me coffee this mawning." Cholly: "The wascal!"

THE mother of a little boy, three and a half years old, had, to please him, given him some money to put into the plate in a church in a village when the offertory was going on. The gentleman collecting the money thought it unnecessary to hand the plate to such a mite, and was retiring without doing so, but was suddenly made aware of his mistake by the youngster exclaiming, to the great amusement of all near "Stop! I have not paid yet!"

A GENTLEMAN having got out of all patience with one of his servants, called him up, and after giving him a sound scolding, wound up with the stereotyped phrase, "We must part." The servant stood scratching his head for a moment, and then said, with a look of much concern: "Sorry am I that we must part, yer honour; but if we must, may I make bold enough to ask where your honour's going?" The fellow got another trial.

A CURIOUS TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—A very curious Temperance society exists in the Siberian village of Ashlyka. Every year, in September, the members meet in the church and make a solemn promise to abstain from wine and spirits for a whole year. They also sign an agreement that any person breaking the pledge shall pay a fine to the church and submit to be spat upon by his more continent fellows. The most peculiar feature of the whole business, however, is that the members, on the one day of the year when the pledge expires, allow themselves wine and brandy during the few hours that intervene before the pledge for the ensuing year is made.

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## A WORD.

A MOTHER sat at the fireside of home, and her darling boy sat with her. Love and peace seemed hovering over them. A word from that mother's lips was treasured up in the heart of the boy. Years rolled on. The boy had gone from the parental roof, and his voice was heard in the halls of his country. But through him spoke the holy influences of a mother, and a nation felt the power of that fireside word. Again it is night. A fair-haired boy looks imploringly in the face of a worldly-minded mother and inquires of holy things. That mother utters a word that crushes for ever the germ of eternal truth. A word fitly spoken is like dew to a drooping flower. One badly spoken is like the word that never dies, and a word unuttered may affect the world for weal or woe.

# ADDY'S TWO LIVES.

(AN ORIGINAL STORY)

BY RUTH B. YATES.

*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumpy Grafton," "Green & Gold," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER VIII.

NANA.

WHEN Adele recovered consciousness at last, she at once asked for her mother. The nurse merely said her mother had been very ill; but she must be quiet, and not ask questions.

She lay still for awhile trying to think, and gradually the circumstances came back to her, and she shuddered as she thought of her father's cruelty. He had often told her he hated her, and would kill her yet, and she really believed he would.

The poor child felt very lonely, for she had been taught to look upon the English as enemies, and well she knew that many of them were inclined to treat foreigners with scant courtesy.

In the next bed was a patient with a dusky face, that at once showed she was not English. Adele felt drawn towards her, and as both grew stronger, they became very friendly.

Adele told all her story, to her new friend's great indignation, who told her in return that her name was Nana, and that she was a Hindoo snake charmer at a menagerie now performing in Manchester, and offered to take her with her as they wanted a boy assistant, and Adele could dress as a boy, and then her father would not find her. "I should be very glad if I never saw father again, and I'm sure he wouldn't care, but I couldn't leave mother. Poor mother! She loves me, Nana, when she's sober, though she's awful when she's drunk."

On Thursday afternoon, being visiting day, friends of the patients were constantly coming, and Adele watched them with interest, though she could not help the tears starting to her eyes as she noticed that every patient in the ward had a visitor but Nana and herself. Most of them had several, though not more than two were allowed to remain at once. Nearly all of them brought flowers, and Adele followed them with longing eyes.

A young lady, with a very sweet face, who had a bunch of bright yellow jonquils in her hand, noticed the look, and taking some of the flowers from the rest, said, in a kindly tone,

"Would you like a few flowers, my dear?"

"Oh, thank you, miss. They're beautiful!"

The lady smiled as she saw the pale face light up with pleasure, and passed on to the bedside of a girl, who exclaimed as she approached,

"Oh, Sister Florence, I am so glad you've come."

Adele did not hear the reply, but she treasured up the name, gently repeating, "Sister Florence, what a sweet name!" as she lovingly stroked the precious blossoms, that seemed somehow to recall those dreamy memories of long ago.

She was startled from her reverie by a voice at her side, speaking with the well-known Italian accent.

"Hello, angel! Not ready to run a race yet?"

"Gustave!" exclaimed the girl, "who would have thought of seeing you here? I am almost well, now. The nurse says I am to go to Monsall, and then I shall get my discharge."

"I thought I'd like to know how you was," said the boy.

"How is mother, Gustave?" she asked, eagerly.

"Why, don't you know? Haven't they told you?"

"Told me what, Gustave? I know nothing. Please sit down and tell me all you know."

Nothing loath, the boy sat down and told his tale. "Your father got locked up, and I went again him; but he got put back to the 'sizes. Some think as he'll get off with a month or two, 'cos your mother said as it were an accident, but if he do, I shouldn't like to stand in your shoes, for he'll kill you as sure as a gun now your mother isn't there. I shall clear out, I can tell you, for I can make ice-cream anywhere, and I shall take care to give him a wide berth; but you can't, so he'll just have to kill you, I s'pose."

"But mother? You haven't told me about her, Gustave."

"She's dead! She died in this 'ere place, and a jolly good thing for her as she did, 'cos she'd never have been well again, for she was burnt up to a cinder."

"Dead! Mother dead!" repeated Adele, as if she could scarcely grasp the thought; then, as her blue eyes filled with tears, Gustave rose hastily, saying,

"I wouldn't cry about it if I were you, angel, for she was none too good to you. My mother says you wouldn't have been bad so long if she hadn't pawned your cloak, and let you get wet through time after time."

Nana had been listening intently to every word that had been uttered, but she let Adele have her cry out without interrupting her.

"It'll do her good, poor child," she thought.

When Adele turned to her, as she expected, she gave her very hearty sympathy, expressing her sorrow at her mother's death, which, however, she had guessed before from the way in which Adele's questions had been answered by the doctor and nurses.

After the child had grown calmer, she began to think over what Gustave had said, and from what she knew of him by bitter experience, she felt that the boy was right, and that Garcia Costello would wreak his vengeance on her unlucky head, quite regardless of consequences.

"Nana," she said, "I can never go home any more, or father will be sure to kill me; I know he will, because he hates the sight of my face."

"Then he shall not have the chance of seeing it, Adele, and, as he is in prison, no doubt they will send you to the workhouse unless some relative is willing to take you."

"I have no relatives that I know of; mother has some friends in Italy, but I don't know anything about them," interposed Adele, "and if I went to the workhouse, father would soon find me there."

AUGUST, 1896. *All rights reserved.*

"Let me be your mother, Adele," said Nana, then quickly correcting herself, she went on, "No, not your mother, because I have not been married; your—your *aunt*—that's the word; I want—will you come with me?"

"You are good and kind, I should like to live with you. Do you get drunk, though?" Adele suddenly asked.

"No, no, we don't get drunk; it's you white folks that get drunk. Hindoo more sense," replied Nana, showing her white teeth.



Nana was discharged a few days before Adele, and arranged to send her a letter, telling her where she would meet her, and the letter would be signed Nana Rosetti, but it would be from her, as that name would arouse no suspicions.

Adele waited anxiously for the letter, but it did not come until the very day that she was to get her discharge. How eagerly she opened it, and read, written in a laboured hand:

"My dear Adele,

I am glad to hear you are almost well, and, as your father is still in prison, you had better come to live with me until he is out again. I will meet you at the Wellington Monument, Piccadilly.—From your affectionate aunt,

"Nana Rosetti."

A man in uniform came, and Adele heard him say that he had brought an order for the house, but the doctor said he thought she was going to live with relations.

"If she has any, all the better," said the man, laughing.

So Adele was questioned, but Nana had told her to say nothing but show the letter, so she quietly held out the letter, which seemed to satisfy them, and she was permitted to go; but she heard the man say,

"She's strangely fair for an Italian."

Of course, she was dressed in the native costume, as she had been when she entered the infirmary.

Adele hurried along the corridors, for she didn't feel safe until she was outside, then she quickly made her way to the monument, where she had so often stood when offering casts for sale, but Nana was not there. She hesitated, and looked troubled, when a woman, enveloped in a large cloak, and with a shawl over her head almost covering the face, came up to her; then

she drew the shawl slightly aside, and said, kindly,

"I am waiting for you, Adele;" then drawing a large woollen shawl from under her cloak, threw it over the child, wrapping her up warmly, and Adele was glad of it, for her kerchief and her hair had been burnt off on that terrible night.

"Come along, Adele," she said kindly, as they pursued their way along Market Street, and on until they got into Greengate, and turned up a dingy-looking back street, where Nana stopped before a second-hand clothes shop, saying to Adele,

"Now, do just what I tell you, and ask no questions."

She entered the shop, and Adele followed. Nana walked straight through the shop into a back room, dark and dingy, where piles of boys' and men's clothing were heaped around.

An old Jewish woman followed them, and turning over a pile of half-worn garments, drew out several suits, saying, as she spread them before Nana,

"Any of these will fit the young shentleman, I think."

The Hindoo looked them over while Adele stood by, enveloped from head to foot in the shawl with only a wee bit of her face visible, but taking a keen interest in the proceedings, nevertheless.

Nana cast aside those that were too coarse or too far worn, leaving only three—a very light tweed, considerably soiled, a dark grey, and a blue serge. Then she turned to Adele for the first time saying,

"You can try these on, and see which looks best."

Just then a customer came into the shop, and to Adele's great relief, the old Jewess bustled off to attend to her, though she kept a close watch all the time through the little window, and Nana assisted Adele to disrobe and try on the blue serge, for the girl at once objected to the dirty light fawn, and she said this jacket was too tight, so the dark grey was tried on. This was a trifle big, but Nana said that was a good fault, so this was decided on. A cap was next chosen, and Adele looked like a pretty delicate boy, her closely cropped hair, which was only just beginning to grow, aiding the delusion.

Nana and the old woman haggled for some time over the payment; at last they came to an agreement, the whole of Adele's previous attire being thrown in, so that when she left the shop her father would not have recognised her, and she had not on a single garment that she had on when she entered.

The Hindoo also left behind the shawl that she had worn over her head, so that no one who saw the pair enter the shop would have recognised them when they left it.

Adele wondered what the old Jewish woman would think about her, but she needn't have troubled, for the shop was situated too near Strangeways Gaol for its owner to be surprised at any attempt at disguise.

"Now then, we will turn towards home," said the Hindoo, cheerily, "but first we must decide on a boy's name. It must be an easy one to remember, or else you will be forgetting to answer to it. What was that boy's name that came to see you?"

"Gustave," replied the girl. "Gustave Adolphe Grizoni. His father is Italian, but his mother is French."

"Adolphe, that is very like Adele, so that we call you. Remember, now your name is Adolphe Foscara. You might have taken an English name only for your accent, but the foreign names take best.

"My father won't find me now," said the girl, who was feeling very uncomfortable in her unfamiliar dress, but in whom the dread of her father's brutality seemed to have mastered every other feeling.

"He wouldn't know you if he saw you; besides we shall leave Manchester in a few days, and get away into the country again. If you will only try to forget that you ever were a girl we shall manage very well, and as you will have to be a great deal with me at first, I think you will manage, and I will teach you Hindustani."

"I will try my best, Nana," replied the boy, as we must now call Adele.

"Very well, Adolphe, here we are! I must introduce you to the manager, and then to my snakes. You won't be afraid of them, will you, for they are my pets?"

"I don't know. I never had a pet only once, that was a little kitten, and that wicked Gustave killed it for fun."

The manager, a sharp little man, who was very busy giving orders, and apparently attending to a dozen things at once, merely glanced at the new comer, as Nana said,

"This is the nephew I told you of."

"All right, show him round, and then we'll see what sort of stuff he's made of."

Donning native attire, Nana obeyed.

Adolphe shuddered, as the roar of a lion seemed to shake the ground, but said nothing as he followed Nana past the various cages to where a number of serpents were coiled; as they approached, Nana uttered a few words in a strange language, when the snakes raised their heads, and Adolphe could see their glittering eyes. Their bodies swayed to and fro, and they each and all appeared about to spring upon them; but Nana opened the door and entered, singing as she did so a low monotonous chant. The snakes swayed to and fro, as if keeping time to the music, and then remained perfectly still with their eyes fixed on the Hindoo.

Nana took one of them up and wrapped it round her waist like a belt, another coiled round her throat like a living necklace, and then she took up one, and saying a few words which Adolphe couldn't understand, it coiled itself round her bare arm, and so she went on until her whole body seemed wreathed with snakes who seemed to understand what was said to them.

She held out one to Adolphe and told him to touch it, as it wouldn't hurt. This the boy did. So far he had been deeply interested in the whole performance, and then and there received his first lesson in natural history.

(*To be continued.*)

# OUR LABORATORY.

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

## ALCOHOL AND DIGESTION.

WE have learned something about the kinds of food that help to maintain the heat of the body– starches, sugars, and fats. It seems strange that the food we eat should be capable of being turned into warmth and strength. This will be more easily understood by a knowledge of the process of digestion. We chew food in the mouth, and in doing this the food not only gets broken up, but is also mixed with the watery juice of the mouth called saliva ; in this there is an active agent called ptyalin, which acts readily on starch, turning it into sugar.

*Experiment* 62.—Place a little starch in a test tube, well shake it up with water, the starch is insoluble. Now take another portion of starch, add a little water, and then about a thimbleful of saliva. Plenty of this will flow into the mouth when a small piece of india-rubber, or similar substance, is chewed for a few minutes. On shaking the starch in the water it does not dissolve, but all settles again at the bottom of the tube. On shaking the starch with saliva it does not again settle but is permanently soluble. The ptyalin has acted on the starch, changing it into sugar. We learn from this that digestion begins in the mouth, and that it is not only a mistake but very injurious to bolt our food. It must be well chewed and then swallowed. The masticated food passes down the gullet into the stomach; here, by muscular action, it is thoroughly mixed with another fluid called gastric juice. The active principle of this is called pepsin. This acts on the other parts of food, excepting fats, upon which it only has slight action, and changes these insoluble foods into substances called peptone, which are soluble. The fats have been broken down by the pepsin ; they are still fats, but in a more liquid condition.

*Experiment* 63.—In a test tube place a little water, and then add a little oil ; well shake together : at first the two seem to mix, but on standing they soon separate again, the water going to the bottom of the tube while the oil remains floating on the surface. The dissolved foods and the fat in an oily condition pass out of the stomach into the intestine ; here the process of digestion is completed. There are still two other active agents to consider; these are the pancreatic juice, which finishes any work that may have been left undone by the gastric juice, and bile, which acts directly on the fats, rendering them into a kind of soluble soap, or, as we should say technically, emulsifying the fats. Ordinary soap is soluble, but it is made from fat which is quite insoluble in water. The fat is acted upon by an alkaline substance, such as lime or soda, and the fat is thereby changed into a soap. The bile juice does practically the same thing in digestion, so that every part of the food that can be so made is rendered perfectly soluble—insoluble starch into soluble sugar by the saliva ; insoluble nitrogenous matter into soluble peptones by the gastric and pancreatic juices, and insoluble fat into soluble emulsified fat by the bile. The great and important lesson to learn is, that nature in the process of digestion renders food soluble. All that will help in that direction is an aid to nature ; all that prevents solution in any way is an hindrance.

*Experiment* 64.—Into two test tubes place some white of raw fresh egg. The tubes contain a yellow viscid liquid, as shown in Fig. 30. To one add some alcohol and well shake. The white of egg becomes congealed, so that the tube may be inverted and the egg will not run out. To the other tube add water and well shake; the white of egg dissolves in the water and both mix freely, so that on observing the tubes after the experiment, one has a thick mass of congealed white stuff, and the other a thin and liquid mass.

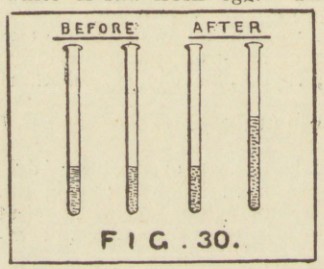


FIG. 30.

The experiment illustrates the fact that alcohol is not an aid to digestion because its tendency is to withdraw water from substances, and thus to make them harder, whilst water tends to dissolve them and thus make them more easily digestible. We shall see the importance of this when we remember that it is only soluble food that can get into the blood stream, and any food that does not become soluble is of no use whatever to us, for it is from the blood that every part of the body is kept in good repair, and that the necessary heat is maintained. The dissolved food must pass through a membrane in order to get into the blood, and this process is called absorption.

*Experiment* 65.—Mix some sand and sugar with water. Take a piece of dry sponge and cover it entirely with two or three folds of very fine muslin, and dip it into the water containing the sugar and sand. The sugar will dissolve and will pass through the muslin and enter the sponge with the water, but the sand not being able to pass through the fine muslin will be left behind. The sugar represents soluble food; the sand, the insoluble. The muslin represents the membrane or walls of the blood vessel, and the sponge itself may represent the blood. If we had mixed alcohol with the sugar and sand, the sugar would not have dissolved, so we may learn that alcohol retards solution of food, and thus hinders the process of digestion.

*Experiment* 66.—We may try an experiment

which will show us that under exact conditions small quantities of alcohol tend to prevent the absorption of a soluble substance through a membrane. Take four glasses, into one place water, into the second strong ale, into the third sherry wine, into the fourth whisky. Dissolve in a separate vessel a little permanganate of potash in water; we get a deep purple solution. From a sheet of parchment paper fold four funnel-shape cones, taking care not to crack or break the substance; there must be no hole in it on any account. Into each of these cones pour some of the permanganate solution, and place the tip of the cone an inch or two into each of the glasses, as shown in Fig. 31. If any of the coloured liquid soaks through it will be seen in the liquids in the glasses. In the case of the water, in a few minutes the colour will be absorbed through. In the case of the ale it will occur after a much longer time. In the case of the sherry it will be still longer; and in the case of the whisky it will not occur at all. The only deduction we can make from the experiment is that the water aids the absorption, and hence the liquids readily mix, but that the alcohol hinders it for a more or less longer time, according to the amount that may be present in the ale, the sherry, or the whisky. Alcohol hinders the processes of digestion because it tends to harden food, and because it renders the membrane less capable of absorption.

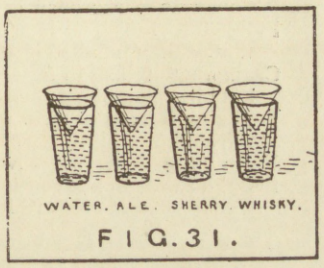


FIG. 31.

*Experiment* 67.—We may take any food—bread, meat, potato, currants, fish, sugar, salt—and immerse it in alcohol, and we shall find that it may be indefinitely preserved. This is a very good quality if we are wishful to preserve substances, but in our bodies nature demands that the substances should be broken down, decomposed and utilised to repair the body. Enough has been shown to help us to understand that alcohol cannot do this work, and it is better that we should avoid its use altogether.

*Experiment* 68.—Take a tumbler full of water, and prepare a cone of parchment paper as before. In a separate vessel mix some potassium chromate and burnt sugar with water. The water will become a very dark brown, almost black. Pour some of this into the inverted cone, and place the apex of the cone in the water in the tumbler, as in Exp. 66. Soon the water in the tumbler becomes yellow. The water in the cone remains as dark as before. The potassium chromate has dissolved and passed through the membrane; the burnt sugar will not dissolve, and cannot pass through. The experiment illustrates that soluble substances can pass through the membrane and thus get into the blood, but that insoluble substances are left behind.

*Note.—For cost of apparatus see January issue.*

## *Go-Ahead's Letter to Boys.*

MY DEAR LADS,



THINK we will have a little change this month, and we will turn our monthly letter into a pleasant chat between old John Salt (the fisherman), and Miss Lydia Lovegood (the district visitor). John has settled down on a little heap of sand, and Miss Lydia thinks it a good chance to put in a word edgeways, so she starts the conversation.



*Miss Lydia:* Well, John; how long it is since I had a talk with you! I never seem to catch you at home when I call.

*John:* No, Miss; I dussay ye down't. The fact is I can't affoord to sit indoors.

*Miss Lydia:* I wish your poor wife could *sit* indoors, John. How *tired* she must be of always lying on her back.

*John:* Yes, Miss, that she be, but that won't alter it. If I was to gi'e my right 'and I couldn't change it, could I?

*Miss Lydia:* No, John, but there's something you could change.

*John:* You're right, Miss; I could change a shillin' this 'ere blessed moment, and drink your 'ealth if you was to gi'e me one!

*Miss Lydia:* Ah, now you've just opened the door, John, and I shall pop in. It is about this drink that I want to talk.

*John:* Well, Miss, I knows you ain't much of a one for liquors, but you won't take no offence I 'ope.

*Miss Lydia:* Offence! No, of course I won't; you are the person who ought to take offence.

*John:* Who with, Miss?

*Miss Lydia:* Why, with *yourself* of course. If you would only quarrel with *yourself*, John, it would be the best broil that you ever got into.

*John:* How so?

*Miss Lydia:* Because when you set to work to fight John Salt you will be on a fair way to conquer your neighbour.

*John:* I don't quite understand it, Miss; I ain't no schollerd.

*Miss Lydia:* The wayfaring man though a fool shall not err therein, John.

*John:* I can't read, Miss.

*Miss Lydia:* And yet you may read your title clear to mansions in the skies.

*John:* I wish I could, Miss, I 'ope I shall die right.

*Miss Lydia:* In order to die right you must live right. Now, to be straight with you, John; I happen to know you went home drunk last night, and that your poor wife, who is as helpless as a babe, was lying there trembling for hours waiting your return, and dreading to hear your footsteps.

*John:* That's as true as I sit here, Miss, and I have *a'most* decided never to drink another drop till me dyin' day.

*Miss Lydia:* Almost, but *lost*!

*John:* Not so bad as *that*, Miss.

*Miss Lydia:* You are on a rotten plank, tossing about on a wild and stormy ocean, John, until you have got an anchor.

*John:* I've spent a tidy lot at the "Hanchor,' Miss, in my time.

*Miss Lydia:* I know you have, John, and it has brought no return except an aching head, a sad heart, a crippled wife, and a miserable home.

*John:* Ah, and drink has done it all, ain't it, Miss? Beer has made my old 'ed split many's the time, and I know it's made me sad, not when I was a drinkin' of it, but arterwards ye know. Then as for my poor, crippled missis, *that* was beer too, and it were my ugly fist as did it, and it has made misery for us both. I'll tell ye what, Miss, I've done with it.

*Miss Lydia:* Good, very good; now let the next step come—be a downright good man, all round, God helping you.

Now, lads, we must say farewell to our two friends. Let us see to it that we take Miss Lydia's advice, and old John Salt's example.

Good bye,

Your affectionate friend,

GO-AHEAD.

## ONWARD!

BY MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.

THERE'S a stain on Mother Nature—
To her scenes that are the fairest
Comes this blight, which spoils the beauty
Of her gifts - the purest, rarest;
On her emerald breast it lieth,
Foul of odour, dark of hue;
From this stain, Oh brothers, cleanse her,
She is looking up to you!
From "the Traffic's" deadly blight
Wash her garments, make them bright—
Onward!

There's a shadow on our cities
That was never born of weather,
Falling on God's precious creatures,
Where they huddle close together;
Cramping intellect in fetters,
Robbing men of manhood's aim,
Dragging woman's virgin whiteness
Through the filthiness of shame.
From "the Traffic's" ugly stain
Save the women! save the men!—
Onward!

There's a vulture midst the children,
At their life blood ever sucking;
From the gifts that nature gave them
All the best, and sweetest, plucking;
Lying heavy on the young ones,
Robbing them of hope and trust,
Dwarfing soul, and slaying body,
Pressing childhood in the dust.
From "the Traffic's" heavy hand
Save the children of the land!—
Onward!

O'er the great machine of labour
There's a deep, thick rust that spreadeth:
And where once industry flourished
Poverty now slowly treadeth;
While the armies of the idle
Swell and swell to vast proportions,
Full of mutterings of rebellion,
Angry as tempestuous oceans.
From the rust "the Traffic's" made,
Lift the noble wheel of trade!—
Onward!

In our legislative chamber
Still we find "the Traffic" lurking,
Snapping at each pure proposal
For the country's better working;
Pressing with its heavy body
On the makers of our laws,
Staying every chance of progress,
Holding England in its claws.
From "the Traffic's" degradation
Save our House of Legislation!—
Onward!

There's a serpent, sleek and slimy,
Creeping through our holiest places,
While our preachers of the Gospel
Bend them to its foul embraces;
Crawling to our very altars,
With its hideous trail of sin,
And religion's name is darkened
While the churches let it in.
From "the Traffic's" endless shame
Save the Church, in Jesu's name!—
Onward!

A LADY taking tea with a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. "Really, I cannot," she modestly replied; "I don't know how many I have eaten already." "I do," unexpectedly cried a juvenile, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table, "you've eaten eight, I've been counting."

# + + + PLAY WELL + + +

By Uncle Ben.

MARY ELIZABETH, and a little boy named Owen were very fond of cricket. The boy was eleven, and played in his club at school, but not, of course, in the first eleven. He took a great interest in the chief county matches. His sister caught from him the cricket fever, and knew the names of the most famous players in all the county teams. They played make-believe matches between North and South, Gentlemen and Players, All England and Australia. They would take the place of their favourite bowlers, Richardson, Hearne, and Mold, as well as of famous batsmen, Grace, Abel, Read, Jackson, Paul, Ward, and Sugg.

Owen would say to Mary, as she took the bat and went in, "Now you must play your best, for it's Surrey *versus* Gloucester, and you are Grace and I'm Richardson."

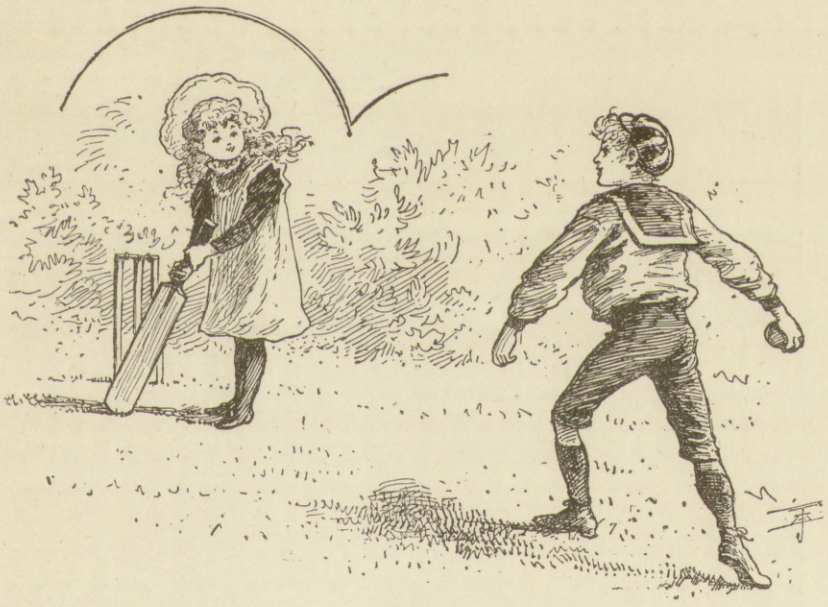
Mary would do her very best, and so she got to play very well, and tried to play in good form and style. She was not like some girls that play cricket, who never know when they are out. If she were bowled, or caught, or got before the wickets, and the ball touched her, if the imaginary umpire in answer to the "how's that?" declared "leg before," out she went. Once, when she played a ball right on to her wickets, her brother said, "Go on, we won't count that."

Mary said, "Oh, but you must, it isn't fair, it wouldn't be in a real game," and out she went.

Her motto always was "Let's play fair." This sense of honour in the game, and always playing by the exact laws of cricket so far as they knew them, made them both careful and accurate in their play, and the habit grew with them.

It was Owen, the boy, who loved cricket with such ardour that by his intense enthusiasm he kindled in his little sister's heart a similar love for the noble sport. She once went to see a local match, but could find little or no interest, although she understood more about it than many of the ladies there. It was her affection for her brother that gave her pleasure. She caught his spirit, and cricket became the most glorious of games, but without him to play with it had no pleasure.

The boy loved to study the score and averages, taking the keenest delight in the theoretical side, and nothing pleased him so much as to witness a county match of importance. Once when in London he went with his father to Lord's to see a match between Middlesex and Kent, the general outline of which match was reported to Mary on returning home.



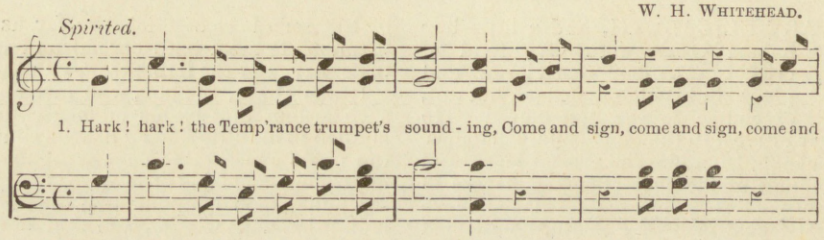
Thus these two children learnt to play well, and to do that is a good preparation for the future. Always to do one's best, and never to play unfairly is to find an education that will help to fit the children for the noblest work God can give them to do.

No boy or girl can play too well; they may play too much. While you play, do so with all your heart and soul, and then, when the time comes for work, to do it with all your might is to make the best use of life and to get the best pleasure it can yield.

# HARK! THE TEMPERANCE TRUMPET.

W. H. WHITEHEAD.

*Spirited.*




KEY C. *Spirited.*

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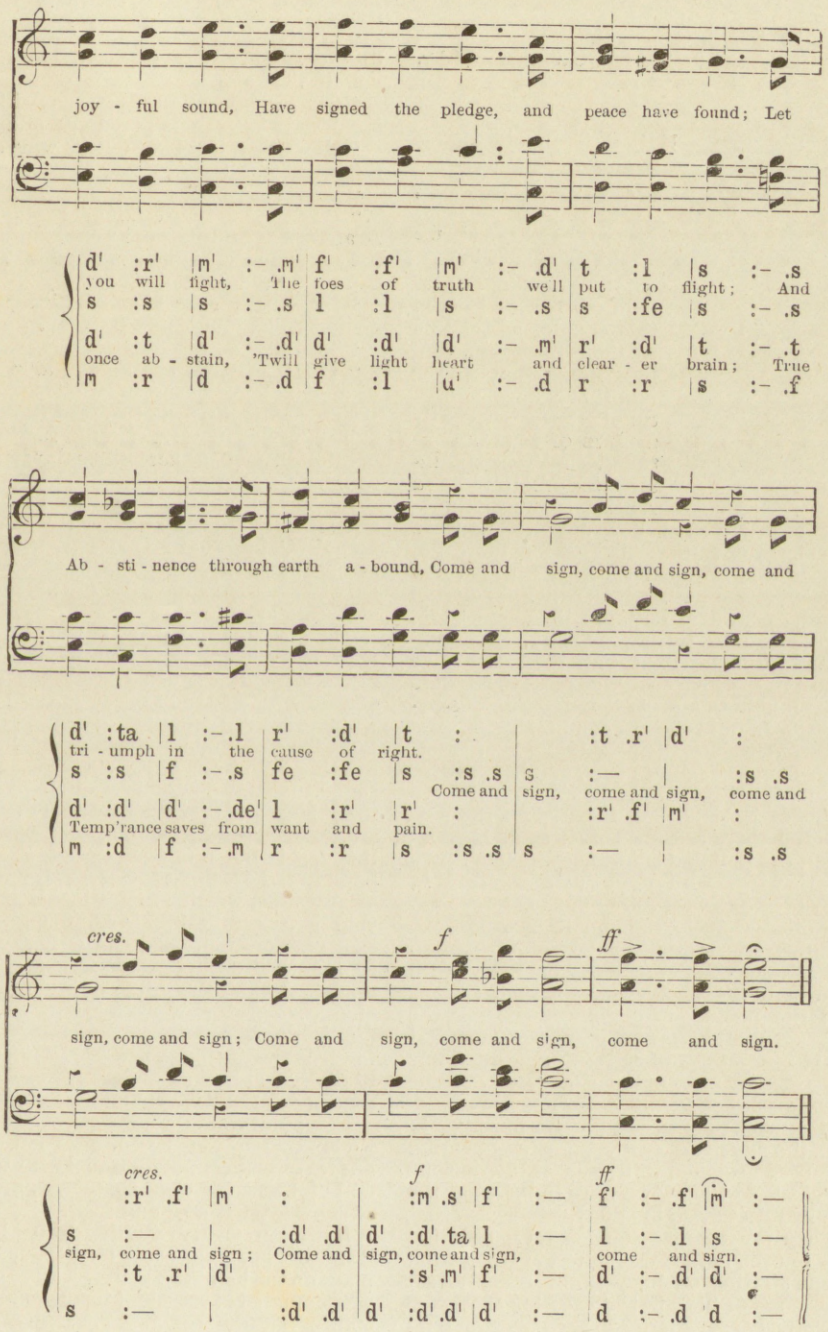
## HARK! THE TEMPERANCE TRUMPET—(*continued*).



# A DAY'S ROUND WITH A COUNTRY DOCTOR ON THE EAST COAST IN WINTER.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,
*Author of "Our Jennie," "The Vicar's Repentance," &c.*



HERE is an old rhyme which runs thus:

In England there are cities three,
London, York, and the Burnhams by-the-Sea.

The inhabitants of Burnham (in Norfolk) claim this couplet as relating to their Burnham, and by so doing establish the fact that "once upon a time" it was evidently a place of some importance. Now it is interesting merely as a relic of ancient times, and the once proud city is little more than a large country village, or rather villages, for there are seven Burnhams grouped together within three or four miles of each other. Burnham-Westgate or Market, Burnham-Sutton, Burnham-Ulph, Burnham-Deepdale, Burnham-Ovary, Burnham-Norton, and Burnham-Thorpe are their respective names, and in the long centuries past, these were evidently all united, and were the Burnhams-by-the-Sea, spoken of in the old couplet.

Burnham-Westgate, the principal one of these, is a rather long straggling place, and boasts over a thousand inhabitants. It is situated on the north side of Norfolk, and borders on the sea, and in winter there are few colder spots in England, when the hail and snow, accompanied by a biting east wind, with a peculiar sting in it, come driving along with a tremendous force.

The doctor's house, a long, low, white one facing the green, stands as a beacon of hope to many an anxious soul, and here from early morn till late at night the people may be seen gathering from the neighbouring villages during the hours of consultation, for he is the only medical man within a radius of several miles. Time varies according to the number of patients to be seen in the surgery and village, when the doctor can start on his rounds, but on the morning in question the dog-cart with Jim, a beautiful thorough-bred attached to it, was at the door by eleven o'clock, so I knew we were in for what the doctor called "a fairish long day."

A country practitioner starting on a round of twelve or fourteen miles is a different thing from a town one starting on his. If the latter forget his stethoscope or his surgical dressing case, it is a comparatively easy matter to turn back or send for it, but nobody wants to go five or six miles for the missing instruments, hence a regular overhauling of the dog-cart and its contents has to take place before a start can be made.

"Now Giles," to the boy standing at the horse's head, "is that box in?"

"Yes, sir," touching his forelock.

The box in question contains various minor drugs, which may or may not be needed on the round.

"The bottles for Mrs. A., I don't see them, run to the surgery, I must have left them on the counter."

Giles disappears and returns with two good sized bottles neatly papered and addressed.

"Now then, the bag, quick, why did you not see it was in?"

"Please sir, I—"

"Don't waste time talking," replied the doctor. Again Giles vanishes and appears this time with the well-known, rather shabby black bag, which has been the friend of years.

"How many rugs have we?" again says the doctor, as he jumps into the trap.

"Two sir."

"Two! why, we shall want four to-day, this wind will almost cut us in two."

The obedient Giles dives into the house again, and returns with two large fur rugs, and oh! delightful luxury, a hot water bottle; and thus equipped we set off.

Jim pricks up his ears, holds his head high, and starts as though he knew it was the "Thornham day," and that he must get over the ground as quickly as he can. The wind whistles in our ears as we drive along, and the clouds look heavy and ominous.

Our first stopping place is Burnham-Deepdale, a pretty village, sheltered on the south by a range of well wooded trees, near the German Ocean. As we round a corner, Jim pulls up without a word from his master opposite a cottage, for sure enough there is the little blue flag hanging out of one of its windows. This flag is a signal that the doctor is wanted by someone in the village, and that when he goes in and inquires, all necessary information will be given him; if this flag is not hung out, he knows that no new patient requires his services, and passes on, thus saving time, which is so valuable on these long, cold journeys. Whether Jim understands this sign I cannot tell, but I can only say he appears to do. Whilst the doctor is engaged at several houses, I take the opportunity of visiting the church, which is very ancient, and is built of flint in the Norman style, and has a quaint round tower. Inside there is a font which dates back to the Saxon period, and on it are carved figures representing the twelve months of the year.

In a short time the patients are seen here, and we are on our way again, the road on which we are travelling running parallel with the sea shore, and oh! how the wind roars now, and fine flakes of snow are felt now and then.

Burnham-Ovary-Staith (the latter word "staith" is an old word for harbour) is the next place on the list. At one time a large trade in grain was done here; vessels of heavy tonnage used the staith, but the sea has gradually receded, and sandhills now form a conspicuous object in the landscape, which has a rather desolate, God-forsaken appearance. Norfolk is a county for old churches, and here we find another with an old

cross near it. As we are driving off, two women come shouting after us saying "the doctor is wanted at the other end of the village," so Jim has reluctantly to turn round (for *he* knows it does not mean turning homewards), but he does it with a good grace, and we are soon at a queer looking cottage, with quaint marine figures in the patch of garden in front; these indicate that it is the residence of a coastguardsman—numbers of these may be seen all along the coast. Here the box of drugs comes into requisition, and the doctor leaves the poor mother with a brighter face, and hope in her heart.

On we go again to Brancaster, now celebrated for its golf links. A club house has been erected and the tiny place has become, during the summer, a fashionable resort. The beach is a delightful one of firm sand, and is a great favourite with pic-nic parties; the air is particularly strong and bracing (too much so for some people), and in winter of course very trying. Snow is falling sharply now, and the wind drives it in our faces, nearly blinding us, and the keen frost which has prevailed for two or three weeks makes driving rather difficult work, more particularly as Jim is not quite as fresh as when we started nearly three hours ago. The doctor, dear fellow, has his thoughts so much occupied by his patients, how he can best relieve this one, or how help that one, that he is apt to forget the reins and let them lie somewhat loosely on the horse's back, who nevertheless holds up his head and gallantly faces the storm.

Suddenly, without any warning—how such things happen no one can ever tell—Jim is down, and there we are all in the snow before we know where we are; fortunately no one is hurt, and Jim is on his legs again, shaking himself vigorously before we have had time to realise that he has been down. He is none the worse, except for a bit of a scratch, so after looking over the trap and harness, and assuring ourselves that all is right with them, we get in amidst absolute silence. After this we go along very steadily until we arrive at a cottage just outside Thornham village, and here without being told, Jim stops of his own accord. Yes! there is the slate hung on the wall underneath the low window ledge, and when the doctor jumps down, he manages to decipher five or six messages. This slate is the signal in these parts when he is wanted, and in the summer he reads the messages without getting out of the dog-cart. The number of visits made to and around Thornham are numerous, and it is already dark, and we have many miles yet to go even if no one else requires his services. Returning we have to trust to the horse's sagacity as much as to our own sight, for the thick flakes of snow prevent us discerning any object unless we are close to it. Oh! the dreariness and intense cold of that drive!

When we were within three miles of home, a boy ran into the road shouting "Telegram! Telegram for the doctor!" This we found had been sent from Brancaster, after we had left, to the next village to intercept the doctor. A man had fallen on the ice and broken his leg, so we had to turn back once more. Poor Jim! he needed many kindly words and much encouragement, besides the whip, before he could be brought to realise that he must trot the outward instead of the homeward way. That turning back when the goal is nearly attained, and the warmth and cosiness of the home fireside are being thought of with such delight, and when one is perished with cold, and hungry and faint from want of food is perhaps the most trying part of a country doctor's life in winter. That day's experience was a revelation to me of what he has to undergo.

We did reach home at length, but not until eight o'clock at night, having been out nearly ten hours. Of all we underwent, how we drove into a hedge bottom and somehow scrambled out, all unhurt, how the doctor had to lead Jim for nearly a mile, and how the lamp in the dog-cart would not light on account of the oil being frozen, I must leave to my reader's imagination. From the experience then gained, I do not want another day's drive on the East coast of Norfolk in winter for a very long time.

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## THE TWO FISHERMEN.

By JOHN FOSTER.

### I.

*MRS. PETERS.*—Three weeks, my dear, and only a few odd shillings! What's to become of poor fishermen I don't know. There's hardly another business like it; here you are, ready to face the danger, and brave the cold and wet, and not enough from all the toil to buy bread for us all, let alone the hundred and one things a large family like ours needs to keep going comfortably. The Bible talks of the heavens being as brass, and the earth as iron, I don't know what the sea's been like lately; why don't the fools of fishes come into the net?

*John Peters.*—My dear Polly, don't be unreasonable, they'd show more folly in coming in than in keeping out if they'd got any choice in the matter. And as to the three slack weeks, what are they? Don't we lay our account with bad seasons? You talk about not having enough money to buy bread,—isn't there a good piece of beef in the cupboard, and a side of bacon hanging up, and all sorts of other good things? Didn't you get Tom and Bill nice new boots last week, and aren't you going out to-night to buy yourself a bonnet? I'm afraid, my dear, you women are rather given to grumbling.

*Mrs. Peters.*—I don't mean to grumble, John, but you know it always goes against the grain with me to take money out of the savings bank. Why, it was getting hard on to sixty pounds.

*John Peters.*—What a mercy we've such a nice little stock to draw upon! Look what wonderful luck we had two or three months ago; four weeks running the total of my share in the boat went into two figures. I oughtn't to say luck, I should rather say the benefit came from the good hand of God.

*Mrs. Peters.*—I should say the benefit came of your turning teetotaler.

*John Peters.*—I know it came *through* that, but surely, dear, you'd have me bless the Lord who disposed me to it?

*Mrs. Peters.*—Ah, John, you was always a better man than me.

*John Peters.*—I don't see as I could help being that, dear; but bless you, I'm not a blaming of you. I don't like to draw upon our capital, as old Johnson calls it, any more than you do, but it's part of the dispensation, as I may say. Most working men get their money regular, and know better what they have to trust to.

*Mrs. Peters.*—It's a very dangerous thing when you come to think of it, John, that careless, happy-go-lucky chaps such as Frank Hickman should have such piles of sovereigns coming in to them all at once; they're bound to spend 'em. Then when the slack time comes where are they?

*John Peters.*—Poor Frank! I heard a bad account of him yesterday.

II.

*Mrs. Hickman.*—They won't give anything on the waistcoat, Frank, they say they wouldn't have it at a gift.

*Frank Hickman.*—Is there anything else you could try?

*Mrs. Hickman.*—No, we've come to the end; there's only the house left, unless we all lie down and die. I shouldn't mind much if we did.

*Frank Hickman.*—It seems hard lines; and there's that selfish old Peters and his wife a-rolling in the lap of luxury, and not caring what becomes of us poor unfortunates. Why, yesterday I saw their eldest girl bringing home from the baker's a great leg of pork, and what's more, it was stuffed, for I smelt the sage and onions.

*Mrs. Hickman.*—Well, if it's any comfort to you to remember it, I told you how it would be; it's your own fault that you're not as well off as Peters. Ten pounds you chucked away in one week, and drunk you were every blessed day of it!

*Frank Hickman.*—And didn't I offer to sign the pledge on the Monday afterwards, and didn't you tell me not to be a noodle?

*Mrs. Hickman.*—Of course, blame your innocent wife, that's always the way with you men. Did I get drunk all that week you were making a beast of yourself?

*Frank Hickman.*—You had your share of the drink at any rate. I suppose you're an older hand than me, and can carry your liquor better.

*Mrs. Hickman.*—Of all the insulting things to say of your own wedded wife, she you swore at the altar to love, honour and obey—

*Frank Hickman.*—That's a lie at any rate. If you've got any feeling why don't you quiet those poor little crying children?

*Mrs. Hickman.*—It's only food can quiet 'em. If you was half a man you'd get it for them if you had to steal.

III.

*Mrs. Peters.*—And how's all with you, neighbours? not very well, I'm afraid.

*Mrs Hickman.*—We're starving, that's our complaint. Not a soul of us has tasted food to-day—yesterday we only had a crust or two.

*John Peters.*—Dear, dear! Oh, Frank, why did you let it come to this? You might have said a word to an old friend.

*Frank Hickman.*—The fact is, John, I was ashamed. I knew I'd earned nearly as much as you, and you'd saved your gains, and I'd squandered 'em—it isn't fair to come upon you now. I've just been calling you selfish, but I felt it wasn't true when I said it. Why should you spend your honest savings on a ne'er-do-well like me?

*John Peters.*—There, shut up old fellow! That nice looking girl nursing the baby can go out on some errands for me, I'm sure, and the nipper can turn nurse while she's gone. I'm so sorry we didn't come in before.

IV.

*Frank Hickman.*—You have been good friends to us!

*Mrs. Hickman.*—You should have seen the children, we'd a hard job to keep 'em from hurting themselves; poor little things they hadn't tasted a proper meal for weeks.

*Mrs. Peters.*—Don't say any more, what would our religion be worth if it didn't teach us to help one another?

*John Peters.*—Well said, Missis. You were always a kind-hearted chap, Frank, you'd have done the same for us if you'd been up and we'd been down.

*Frank Hickman.*—It's good of you to say so. But take it that you're right, it will be my turn now to help, and if I'm to be ready for that I must follow your example and sign the pledge. You won't call me a noodle this time, my dear?

*Mrs. Hickman.*—I will not, for I shall sign with you; and there's another thing, I shall not call you, a kind husband, to bring things up against me like that. When you join Mr. Peters' Temperance Society I hope you'll learn better manners.

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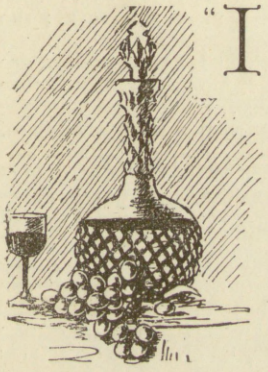
# GILBERT FROST'S DOWNFALL;

## OR IT "BITETH LIKE A SERPENT."

By Hesperus.



"I TELL you, Mary, you are ruining the lad body and soul, and preparing a rod for your own back that you will feel heavily one of these days!"

"Nonsense, Alice; the boy will take no harm. I could do with you teetotalers but you are so frightfully bigoted. You see one take a single simple glass of beer, and then you conclude that one is on the direct way to perdition. It's nonsense I repeat. Gilbert is not strong, and Dr. Thompson strictly ordered me to give him at least a bottle of stout each day. As if that could harm anybody, much less a growing lad like Gilbert!" This was said in a very indignant tone of voice.

"All the same, I assert that you will be a very fortunate woman if you escape evil consequences as the result of your indiscretion, to use a very mild word."

"You are like a raven, Alice; croak, croak, croak all day with never a change in your tune. You always did look on the dark side of things, and never saw the shining silver lining in life's clouds. Now I'm different, I never anticipate trouble. Time enough to cross the hill 'difficulty' when one gets to it, and not a moment before, say I. And as to the question in point, I don't for the life of me see why, because I choose to follow the doctor's orders in giving my boy a glass of stout a day, you should take it for granted he will become a drunkard. I hope he takes too much after me for that to become possible," said Mary proudly.

"You can't deny that there may be a taint inherited from the paternal side, Mary. Gilbert's father escaped certainly, but you know as well as myself that his grandfather was anything but a sober man, and died desperately poor in consequence, and his uncle William, although not a drunkard in the ordinary acceptance of the term, lost his life through an accident, caused by a too free indulgence in strong drink. Surely these are reasons good enough, without looking further afield, why you should hesitate and think of a like fate, or possibly worse, overtaking your only child. What an awful thing it would be, Mary, should he live to curse the day his mother taught him to drink intoxicating liquors!"

Such conversations as the foregoing had often taken place between Mrs. Frost and her sister in by-gone days, but no good result had followed, and now ten years later Mrs. Frost often felt constrained to wish she had taken her sister's advice. She had no fears on Gilbert's account—who had now grown into a fine, handsome young man—or persuaded herself that she had not; but she did wish that he would resort less frequently to the billiard room at the Royal Hotel; and once or twice she had fancied his gait was not quite so steady as it ought to be, and his speech had been thick and halting. But she comforted herself with the specious thought that "young men must have their fling;" nevertheless she had remonstrated with him on one or two occasions, only to be silenced by a few loving words.

"Never fear, little mother; I know how to take care of myself. It's the only enjoyment I get and I work hard enough, goodness knows. You keep an easy mind, dear, and you'll see I'll keep myself perfectly respectable."

But was Gilbert keeping "perfectly respectable?" Had his mother known how he spent his leisure hours, and in what company, she must perforce have been rendered terribly uneasy, for the Royal Hotel was patronised by one of the fastest sets of the "gilded youth" in the town of A———, and Gilbert had almost insensibly been drawn into it.

Expensive wines and spirits were nightly freely indulged in. Heavy bets were made on the games at the billiard tables, and this, of course, cannot be done without the expenditure of considerable sums of money. Now Gilbert's private means were very limited, but being a young man "of spirit" he would not accept favours he could not return; and thus a net of shame was gradually being drawn around him from which, alas, ultimately he found it impossible to escape.

It came about in the old, commonplace way. He was entrusted with certain moneys of his employer. One day he found himself in great difficulties. He had contracted a "debt of honour" and he had not the wherewithal to discharge it. A long out-standing account owing to the firm had unexpectedly come in. "Who would be the wiser if he borrowed the money for a day or two, until he could retrieve his fortunes, as he must do shortly? luck could not be always against him." Fatal reasoning! He was tempted and he—fell.

Is it necessary to state the money was never refunded? On the contrary, further sums were appropriated, and his employer's books so manipulated that detection was warded off for a time, but as was inevitable, the day of reckoning came. He was called before his chief, and charged, not with "borrowing," but with *embezzling* his employer's money.

Alas! notwithstanding his protestations and pleadings for mercy, he was sternly handed over to the law, and is at this moment expiating his crime in gaol.

Who shall speak of the bitterness of his remorse? Will it bring forth fruits meet for repentance? Let us all pray that it may.

And how shall we tell of his widowed mother's overwhelming grief over her "one ewe lamb's" disgraceful downfall? "Oh, if I had only heeded my poor sister's warning. Woe is me that my hand gave my unhappy boy the first taste of that which has proved his ruin!" So ran her most bitter reflections, with many moanings and tears.

Children, can you guess why this true story is written? I think you can. It is a warning not to touch, taste, or handle the intoxicating cup. You are all familiar with the Bible words, and be very sure they are true.

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

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

"Look not upon the wine when it is red. . . . . At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

## "THE BLOOM IS ON THE RYE."

By J. G. Tolton.



THERE used to be a singer who told us "the bloom is on the rye" more sweetly than any present-day vocalist. "*England's greatest tenor*" is one of the sweet memories of the past; yet we are not going to mourn over the dear, dead days beyond recall, nor to sing "O give to me the good old days of fifty years ago," as if there were no good *new* days. For the bloom is on the rye now, and so will it be probably next year. Taking one thing with another this year is good enough to be going on with.

Act! act in the living present,
Heart within, and God o'erhead.

Year by year, the farmer works on the soil, ploughs it, harrows it, and sows good seed, feeling sure that he is not toiling in vain. His hopes are rewarded. In time he sees the bloom, his heart rejoices, and his bountiful harvest is safely gathered in. And we, who are not farmers, break up the fallow ground, and sow little seeds of kindness, and drop tiny grains of truth here and there. The day comes when we can sing "The bloom is on the rye."

In our Bands of Hope and Juvenile Temples we regularly go on with our work of sowing Temperance seed.

In the Day Schools lecturers and teachers instruct the children concerning the terrible evil of the poison alcohol. The seed may remain for a long time in the darkness, but it *is* there, and it will appear above the soil,—"first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

Men who are clever at figures reckon up how many millions of money are yearly spent in intoxicating drinks, — wasted, and worse than wasted. Sometimes, men sigh and say, "men and women are drinking more than ever; the drink bill increases."

We would remind them that teetotalers are increasing too, Band of Hope members are more in number than they were.

Some time ago, I met with a fancy sketch of one who thought herself stationed outside this world of ours, say on one of the other planets of the solar system. She looked down on this lower world, having the power given to her to see all that was going on, and this is what she says:

"I witnessed the display of perhaps the greatest ill that curses the world, to-day. It was the vice of intemperance. In every form and detail I saw that loathsome evil. The poor man in the low drinking dens of cities. The foolish youth at bars of gilded hells. The men and women of society in their homes of luxury. The secret drunkard stealing, with bottle in hand, from an unknown hiding place, rising at night to sip the deadly poison, and chuckling with triumph over the cunning that cheated friend and foe.

"Alas! poor fool! One eye was upon thee, and saw thy trembling hand and reeling footstep, and knew of the lies that the morrow would frame to excuse the pallid face, and burning throat, and shaking hand, or the diseases that one by one creep on to fasten on thy shattered frame—the temple thou hast desecrated in very wantonness, and over whose ruins thou shalt yet live to weep, when none may comfort thee.

"Countless were the pictures of this most hateful evil: ruined homes, broken hearts, prostituted gifts, desecrated genius, falsified hopes—a long, and bitter, and most terrible array.

"And the Church looked on with apathy, or pointed to its empty ceremonials as safeguards; and the law made paltry regulations at which the maddened crowd jeered in witless triumph, and the State folded its arms, saying, 'it concerns not me, I but regulate duty and taxation,' and none were brave enough, or strong enough, to raise the cry that should sweep those devil's institutes from off the face of the earth, and show men how to be brave and strong, chaste and temperate, zealous and bold in all causes of good and of truth."

But although all this is terribly true, we will not be discouraged. If the sad ones cry, "Will the night soon pass?" we can reply, "The day is approaching—the bloom is on the rye."

As we look at the bloom this glorious August time let us ask ourselves is any of it ours? Did we sow anything? Have we done the few tasks that lay close to our hands? If we have, we can rejoice and be glad. If we have not, let us say little, and think the more. Let our thoughts be resolves—resolutions to be on the side of purity and right. We can all help on the cause of good and of truth. That is what we are here for—for the good that we can do.

# OLD DICKORY.

By John Foster.

## I.

### FATHER AND SON.

*Father.*—I want a word with you, Master Jem. What performance was that with which you were delighting your schoolfellows this morning? It must have been something very funny, I should think, from the roars of laughter that followed the display. As far as I could see it wasn't a very dignified exhibition on your part—your hair was in your eyes, and your cap was off, and you were tumbling about in a most extraordinary fashion. Come, my boy, tell me what it was all about?

*James.*—Oh, it was nothing, father, we were only having what you call larks.

*Father.*—Pardon me, Jem, but I don't think you should say *I* call acts of foolery larks, I don't remember ever using the word.

*James.*—When I said what *you* call larks I didn't mean you in particular, but anybody or everybody; all our fellows talk about larks. But I say, father, did you hear that Farmer Jones's horse ran away with him last night?

*Father.*—If he did, Jem, you may be sure he's stopped by this time. Let's have the other affair settled. The fact is you've excited my curiosity, come, tell me the truth, there's a good lad.

*James.*—You *are* making a fuss, dad; it was really nothing, I was pretending to be a tipsy man.

*Father.*—I fancied that was what you were aiming at—I don't want to flatter you, but there were some touches of nature in your reading of the part. Did you work from a model?

*James.*—You want to know too much, father, please don't ask me any more.

*Father.*—I think it's you who are making a fuss, mine is a very simple question to answer.

*James.*—Well, father, if you must have it, it was old Dickory I was imitating.

*Father.*—Do you mean *Mr.* Dickory, my good friend and valued business connection? What opportunity had you of seeing him in such a disgraceful situation? Why, it was only last night he was dining with me.

*James.*—That's just it, father dear; I'd gone to bed, and as I heard a great deal of noise when the party broke up, I looked out of the window and saw you helping old—I mean Mr. Dickory down the steps, and then I opened the window a little way and heard him singing about being a free-born Briton. But I'm awfully sorry I've grieved you, father, I'll not do it again.

*Father.*—Never mind, Jem, it isn't often I have occasion to scold, I must say.

## II.

### HUSBAND AND WIFE.

*Wife.*—What's the matter, dear, you seem rather put out?

*Husband.*—Of course, my dear, I was dreadfully annoyed at old Dickory's disgraceful conduct last night, but since then I've found out that Jem knew all about it—it has vexed me more than you can imagine.

*Wife.*—However did Jem come to hear of it? I never said a word.

*Husband.*—It was the horrid noise Dickory and Lumpkins made going out that woke him; he got out of bed and looked out of the window and saw—well, what there was to be seen, and this morning he gave his schoolfellows a really creditable (if I may use the word) presentation of Dickory in his cups.

*Wife.*—The young rascal!

*Husband.*—It's the *old* rascal I'm angry with.

*Wife.*—Do you mean Dickory?

*Husband.*—No, my dear, I mean myself.

*Wife.*—But what had you to do with it?

*Husband.*—I had almost everything to do with it. If it hadn't been for my good old port, he'd have gone away sober enough. He might have fuddled himself with whiskey when he got home, but that wouldn't have been my fault. I've had some serious thoughts about the matter before now. I can't get it out of my head that I'm an accessory to the abominable vice. Then there's Jem—boys don't pay too much respect to their fathers as it is, one needn't give them occasion for irreverence. I've a very great mind to be consistent and chuck up the whole thing.

*Wife.*—You don't surely mean you think of becoming a teetotaler? And even then you wouldn't act consistently in providing for others what you wouldn't take yourself.

*Husband.*—But I wouldn't provide it.

*Wife.*—You couldn't possibly give a dinner without wine. Why, if Mr. Dickory dined with us and you gave him cold water, he'd think you meant to insult him, and you would lose his custom, and break up a friendship that had lasted for——

## III.

### THE TWO OLD FRIENDS.

*Dickory.*—I'm afraid I've come at an inopportune moment—I hope Mrs. Sutton will pardon me.

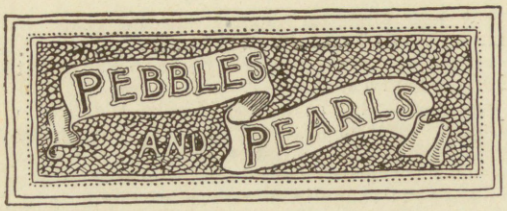
*Sutton.*—Not at all, my dear fellow. My wife is pleased to see you.

*Dickory.*—It is good of you to say so, for my own part I'm ashamed to look you both in the face. I don't know what excuse to make for my terrible breach of manners; and I'm grieved to say it wasn't the only time I have offended. The last time I was overcome I made a solemn resolution never to take more than two or three glasses, but there—we're poor creatures at the best.

*Sutton.*—Look here, Dickory, what do you say to you and I taking the ——. Now, my dear, don't put in your word, unless it's to encourage me in my good resolutions. I'll take the pledge, Dickory, if you will.

*Dickory.*—Done, my dear old friend! Not that you need take it, I dare say, but it's very kind of you all the same; and it will be a good thing for your boy Jem; he's a spirited young shaver, and might easily be led wrong.

*Sutton (to himself).*—I'm glad you don't know *how* spirited.




MUSICIANS beat time, soldiers mark time, and idlers kill time.

"WHERE was Magna Charta signed?" asked a teacher in a south of London board-school.
"Please, sir, at the bottom."

WHEN a young man starts out to get a drink and passes an old drunkard on the way, we wonder that he doesn't think of him.

JUST THE IDEA.—Little Dot: "Uncle George says I am too loquacious. What does that mean?"
MAMMA: "That means you talk too much."
LITTLE DOT (after reflection): "I s'pose big words was made so folk could say mean things without hurting anybody's feelings."

COLLEGE PRESIDENT, sternly, to misguided youth: "I hear you have a cask of wine in your room!"
Youth: "Yes, but the doctor ordered me to take wine for strength, sir."
College President, less sternly: "And are you growing stronger?"
Youth: "Yes, I know I am, for when the cask was first brought I could scarcely lift it, and now I can carry it about with great ease."

ALCOHOL A POISON.—You may reform a liar, but you cannot reform a lie. You may reform a drunkard, but you cannot reform the "drink." Total abstinence from lying is the only cure for a liar. Total abstinence from alcohol is the only certain cure for a drunkard. A lie is a lie, whether a little one or a thumper; alcohol is poison, whether by the barrel or by the smallest glass.—*The Index.*

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## BICYCLING HELPS.

IF we may judge from the newspapers, every form of industry is suffering except the bicycle industry; that is certainly booming. One authority states that the presumable expenditure for bicycles thus far will reach the sum of £20,000,000. Among those who seem to suffer most are theatrical managers, who say that everybody goes out wheeling in the evening, and the theatres are empty. Next come cigar stores. These complain that men do not smoke while on their wheels, and that the falling off in the number of cigars consumed is enormous. Now the publicans are complaining. They say their wares are being deserted for "soft drinks," as bicycling, more than any other sport, requires a clear brain and steady nerves. Then let the bicycling business go on, until every man has his wheel and takes his daily ride.

MORE people enter gaol through the public-house doors than in all other ways combined.

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

CHARLIE (aged 4), having Bible lesson.—"Mother, why was Adam told not to eat the fruit? Was it to be kept for jam?

A LITTLE boy one day urged his mother to come out and have a game of cricket with him in the back yard, but she excused herself.
"That's just the worst of having a woman for a mother," he said, with a look of great dissatisfaction.

THE following was written by a Persian gentleman who is learning English by the aid of a small text book and a dictionary, without any other instructor: "In small time I can learn so many English as I think I will come to the America and go on the scaffold and lecture."

"NEVER could understand," said the shabby-looking pilgrim, who was lounging near one of the entrances of the football ground during a Cup match, "how these turnstiles work. What moves them?"
"It takes sixpence to make this one move," answered the cold, unsympathetic gatekeeper.

THE fact that children of both sexes are constantly sent, in every town and city, village and hamlet, to the public-house for the family beer is a disgrace to our country. The few minutes they spend there waiting their turn to be served is a lesson in vice repeated many times a week, and the seed sown bears bitter and abundant fruit.

IT is not generally known that Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the famous French actress, is a total abstainer. She does not use, and has never used, wine or any other intoxicant, and to this she largely attributes the remarkable preservation of her bodily and mental vigour. She drinks but little tea or coffee, confining her beverages mostly to milk and water. She is liberal with her baths, and takes abundant exercise.

DR. JOHNSON'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.—The first years of man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks never can be wise. Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short and miserable. Let us consider that life is of no long duration, and that in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comfort but the esteem of wise men and the means of doing good. Let us, therefore, stop, while to stop is in our power; let us live as men who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced.—*Rasselas.*

# ADDY'S TWO LIVES.

(AN ORIGINAL STORY)

BY RUTH B. YATES.

*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumpy Grafton," "Green & Gold," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER IX.

### DISAPPOINTED.



NANA was delighted to see that Adolphe evinced no sign of fear, especially as the manager passed while Adolphe was playing with one of the snakes, and repeating a sentence of Hindustani which Nana had just taught him.

He admired the animals, especially the tiger, which he thought he should like to stroke, much to Nana's amusement, who told him that he should see them in their native jungle; but she was glad he was not afraid, as that was one great point gained.

So Adolphe was admitted, and donned the livery of the menagerie, his first service being to carry the snakes from their cage to the arena where Nana went through her performance.

Arnold Montagu vainly waited for the arrival of the girl who had promised to bring the plaster plaques, not that he cared about them particularly, but he had taken a great fancy to the child.

Her blue eyes and golden hair reminded him so forcibly of his own lost darling, his little Gladys, of whom he had never heard anything since the night that she so mysteriously disappeared.

He had searched for her far and near, and advertised month after month, offering a hundred pounds reward for her restoration; but not a syllable had he heard, and now eleven years had rolled away; sad, weary years that he could not have borne but that his sorrow had drawn him closer to the Saviour, and softened his heart, and he had found comfort in trying to lessen the sorrows of others, and lead them to the same source of comfort.

His whole heart seemed in the work of the mission which Sydney Maynard and he conducted in one of the lowest slums of the city, and their efforts had been crowned with abundant success, for the devoted band of noble Christian workers that rallied round them had been raised from the deepest degradation, and were trophies of Christ's power to save.

He had brought to his own home a number of young girls who had been left friendless, and so saved them from careers of crime by placing them in a Christian home, away from their vicious surroundings, where Sister Florence trained them for domestic service with untiring patience.

These thoughts passed through Arnold Montagu's brain as he sat with his head resting on his hand waiting for Adele to appear, but she came not.

He looked at his watch, and began restlessly to pace the room; still no signs of his little visitor.

He sat down and tried to write, but those pleading eyes and that sweet, pathetic face would come between him and the page. It was two hours past the time.

He left the sitting-room and passed into the next, where a dozen girls of various ages were seated round a table, spread with good wholesome food, while pouring out the tea was Sister Florence.

She looked up with a bright smile as Mr. Montagu entered, which was reflected upon every face.

He glanced round the table, spoke a few kindly words, and then withdrew.

Arnold Montagu felt strangely disappointed; he had hoped to see again the face that had haunted him all night long.

"Florence," he said as the two sat down to tea, for Sydney Maynard had gone out of town for a week's holiday. "I am so sorry that Italian girl I told you of did not come as arranged, for I was extremely anxious to do something for her."

"Perhaps she couldn't get the other plaque to bring you to-day; she may come to-morrow."

"Doubtless; but I have been suddenly called away on business that may detain me for some time, so if she comes in the meantime you might make full inquiries, and ask Sydney if he will interest himself in her until my return. I hope we can get her parents to let us have her here," he responded.

"If she has parents, and can earn money by selling these things, it is scarcely likely they will want to part with her," Florence remarked.

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," said Mr. Montagu, absently; then, suddenly changing the subject, he said, in a tremulous tone, "Florence, it is my darling's birthday; she would have been fourteen to-day. And though it is eleven years since she was taken from me, the wound is just as fresh as ever, and something about that girl recalled her so forcibly that I should like to befriend her for Gladys' sake."

"When Gladys comes back she will find that many lives have been made brighter for her sake that never would have been had she not been sent away, Arnold," said Florence in a tone of deep sympathy.

"I don't mind telling you, Florence, though most people would laugh at the idea after all these years, but I have never given up hope, and it is the cherished dream of my life that I shall find her yet."

"Sydney and I often talk about it, though we have never ventured to name it before you, and we constantly pray for her restoration," said his friend.

"You think it possible she may be still alive?" he asked eagerly, as a drowning man would clutch at a straw.

"As far as I can understand, Arnold," Florence said very gently, "your whole life was centred in the child; and in your selfish love you would have ruined your idol and neglected all other claims upon your sympathy. God saw your danger, and in His tender love He removed the object of your worship, just as He removed Joseph from Jacob under like circumstances;

 *All rights reservea.*

and I firmly believe that when you have learnt the lessons of heavenly wisdom He wants to teach you, and your heart has been enlarged, and your sympathy widened by the sorrow through which you have passed, God will restore to you your lost little one just as he restored Joseph to his father."

"God bless you, Florence; you have cheered my heart and strengthened my faith. I thank God for bringing you here, for you have been a comfort to me ever since you came," said Arnold, warmly.

"One touch of fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," she replied, "and you touched the chord in my heart that no one else had reached, for do you know, Arnold, that I, too, had just passed through severe discipline, for I was encrusted in selfishness, and only wanted to serve God in my own way? I did all sorts of church work that was congenial to me, and for which I was praised and flattered, and thought I was doing God's service, and my dear mother, whom I fondly loved, was neglected, and I saw it not until she was stricken by death. Then, when it was too late, I awakened to the fact that she had been killed, her life shortened by the lack of those loving attentions that I might have rendered, and I felt verily guilty of murder in God's sight. I received His forgiveness, but I could not forgive myself, and I gave way to utter despair, for I could make no reparation; she had passed beyond the reach of my care, and I almost think I should have lost my reason if your letter had not come just when it did, asking me to do this for *her sake.* That gave me something to live for. I came, and for some time I tended these poor girls as I would have tended my mother if I could have had her back. This ensured them loving care, but it did not give me satisfaction until at last I laid all at my Saviour's feet; and now I love to tend and help them for the sake of Him who has said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me.'"

"Thank you so much for telling me all this; we shall understand each other better now. I see your meaning; the idol is still enthroned in my heart; everything is done for my darling's sake, and not for Christ's sake. I never saw it in that light before, but I will seek for Divine grace and guidance."

Mr. Montagu went on his journey, and Florence anxiously looked out for the young Italian, but she never came. She could not go to inquire about her, for though she had her name she had no address, and though she went again and again to look for her she could find no girl offering plaster figures for sale.

One of the girls in the home had to be removed to the Infirmary, and Florence visited her whilst there and took her flowers.

When Sydney returned, she told him about the Italian girl who seemed to have produced such a strange effect on Arnold, and how she had promised to come but had never been.

"That is very strange, Florrie," said her brother; "I never heard of an Italian with fair hair and blue eyes, and Arnold is not easily impressed."

"Don't be romantic, Syd.," she responded, "I daresay her mother is English, so that's easily explained."

"Have you heard her name, Florry?" he asked again.

"Yes, here it is." Arnold wrote it down. "Adele Costello; that's foreign enough for you surely."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Sydney, springing to his feet; "I see it all now. Didn't Montagu recognise the name?"

"He said it sounded familiar, but he couldn't tell where he had heard it unless it was in Italy long ago."

"I know where he has heard it to my cost. Florry, that girl is Arnold Montagu's child, and it's all my fault she was stolen," said the young man excitedly.

"I don't understand you, Sydney; how could it be your fault?" asked his sister in a tone of interest.

"You remember me going to Italy with aunt Tabitha's legacy in my pocket—simpleton that I was? Well I got to drinking and gambling in this Costello's house; at least they took me to a gambling table, and when I wouldn't play he drugged and robbed me. Arnold Montagu had the house searched, and rescued me, and got Costello into trouble; and the villain swore a terrible oath that *he would be revenged on him.*"

"You think he came to England and stole the child?"

"What do *you* think? His name is Costello, and Gladys always called herself Addy. Put the two together, and it will account for the resemblance that struck Arnold so much, and her non-appearance strengthens the supposition, for of course they would not let her come."

"Still, it is only supposition, Sydney, for the name may be a common one," remarked Florence, thoughtfully.

"It may be, but I don't think it; however, I shall follow up the clue, and trust to God's guidance," responded her brother.

He resolved to keep a sharp look-out for the girl, as he did not want to arouse suspicion, for his opinion was that the name had been recognised and Adele was being kept out of sight for the present until the gentleman had forgotten her, and then she would be about as usual, so he merely kept his eyes and ears open as the time slipped by.

One day as he was going along Stretford-road, he saw an Italian man selling the very plaster casts that Florry had described.

He stopped and spoke to the man, who appeared to know very few words of English, but in answer to the question, "Where do you live?" he replied:

"Great Ancoats," in very imperfect language.

However, when Sydney addressed him in Italian his face brightened and he poured forth a perfect torrent of words.

Sydney asked did he know anyone of the name of Costello; but the man shook his head and said that he knew very few in Manchester, as he did not live in "the quarter," but perhaps Signor Alberti could tell him.

Young Maynard found his Italian almost as

much at fault as the other's English, and the conversation was carried on in a strange mixture of the two languages.

"Do you know the Italians' quarter?" Sydney asked, for it suddenly struck him that this man might get him the information he wanted without arousing suspicion, for if he could only get to know that there was such a person as Garcia Costello and that he had a fair child, he would at once put the police on his track.

"Si, signor," replied the man, showing all his white teeth.

"Well, I will give you this" (holding up half-a-crown) "if you will find out for me whether there is a man named Costello lives there, and if he has a daughter who sells these things."

"I will soon find out that, signor," responded the man eagerly.

"Meet me here then at this time to-morrow, just opposite the School of Art. Can you get to know by then?"

"Yes. I will get to know to-night, signor."

"I will give you this," replied Sydney, as he again held up the half-crown, then slipping it into his pocket he bade the man good-bye and turned away.

The Italian watched the young man as he walked briskly along the road, and muttered to himself:

"The English Milord has fallen in love with this pretty Italian, I suppose, and wants to see her again. Ah, well, that is not my business. I will tell him what he wants, he has a good face."

When Sydney returned home he recounted to his sister all that had passed, and expressed a hope that he should at least get some information about Adele, whether his theory as to her being Gladys was correct or not.

Arnold Montagu had written several times to ask if she had put in an appearance yet; and now he was expected home in the course of a few days.

Florence listened with eager interest to his story, and then said as he concluded:

"I have had a visitor to-day, Sydney."

"Indeed;" replied her brother, "is that such an uncommon occurence?"

"It was Mrs. Smith, and she was telling me—"

"All the latest scandal of the society papers, or else the last horrible murder, I suppose. I have no patience with that woman's morbid tastes," interrupted Sydney.

"She was talking about an Italian named Costello, who is awaiting his trial at the Assizes," Florence went on, unheeding the interruption.

"Ah! What for? Tell me all about it," he said, in a tone of excitement.

"What! Pander to your morbid imagination?" asked his sister in a teasing tone.

"Don't, please, Florry! I am terribly in earnest about this matter, for I owe so much to Arnold Montagu that I would give my very life to serve him, as but for him I might have been now lying in a drunkard's grave. He found me a poor, weak, characterless slave of circumstances, and he has made a man of me, standing by me, strengthening my weak points, and teaching me decision of character. Whatever there is of good in me to-day, Florry, I owe under God to Arnold Montagu, and I love and honour him with all my heart."

"Not more than I do, Sydney," responded his



sister with a tender inflection in her voice that made him look up quickly. A blush spread over her face as she saw the questioning glance, but she merely went on:

"Mrs. Smith was saying that her husband thought that horrible Italian would get off, but she thought that hanging was too good for such a villain. Of course I knew nothing about the matter, so she told me what she had read in *The Evening News* about an Italian who had knocked his wife into the fire and sat down to get his tea while she was blazing, and how her daughter, a young girl, had tried to put the fire out and screamed for help. The girl was much injured, and but for a neighbour's boy would have been burnt to death too. The lad, who is 16, gave evidence against the man, who was put back to the Assizes. His wife has since died, and the girl, who is recovering, is in the Infirmary, but will have to be sent to the workhouse."

"I never heard a word of this. When did it occur?"

"On the very night that Arnold had spoken to that girl who was selling figures. I remember the date so well, because Arnold told me next day that it was Gladys' birthday," said his sister as Sydney leaned forward to listen.

"Well?" he said expectantly.

"Of course I asked a number of questions, telling Mrs. Smith that we should have a vacancy in the home shortly, and I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Montague offered to take the child instead of letting her go to the workhouse. From what I could gather from the boy's evidence the man was in the habit of drinking and ill-treating his wife and child, a delicate girl with golden hair and blue eyes who was known by the name of Angel."

"Did you hear the man's name?" Sydney asked.

"Garcia Costello, Mrs. Smith said," replied his sister, "she didn't remember seeing the girl's name."

"This appears to be important information," said Sydney, thoughtfully. "I was away at the time or I should have seen the case, for, of course, I didn't see any Manchester papers out in the country."

"Do you know, Sydney, that the last time I went to see Jenny there was a girl in the same ward with big blue eyes, who looked so lovingly at the flowers I was carrying, that I stopped and gave her a few? Her pale face flushed with pleasure, and now I remember she spoke with a foreign accent as she said gratefully: 'Oh, thank you, Miss, they are beautiful.' I wonder if that could be Arnold's long-lost darling."

"I am fully convinced that this Adele is she, as both Costello and his wife are dark as night."

"Won't Arnold be delighted? I do wish we could get her home before he comes."

"I'm afraid we shall scarcely manage that, but we can try."

"To-morrow is visiting day, so we can go to the Infirmary and see her at any rate," said Florence, with animation.

"I must also see my Italian and give him his half-crown, though I daresay I know all he can tell me now, but every link in the chain of evidence must be preserved in order to establish the child's identity; but I think the birthmark on her left shoulder will be sufficient for that."

Sydney and Florence Maynard went together on the following day, he having asked off from business for the afternoon.

They found the Italian at his post awaiting the gentleman's arrival. He managed to explain to their satisfaction all that they already knew, and also that Adele was not Costello's own child, but only one they had adopted when about two or three years old. The neighbours said she belonged to a cousin.

Sydney thanked him and gave him the promised half-crown. He then accompanied his sister to the Infirmary, only to find that they were too late.

Adele Costello—who *was* the patient to whom Florence had given the flowers—had been discharged the day before, but she had not gone to the workhouse, an aunt having offered to take charge of her for the present.

"Who is the aunt?" asked Sydney, anxiously.

"Her letter was signed Nana Rosetti and as she came to meet the child she did not give her address, but I suppose it will be somewhere in the Italians' quarter," replied the nurse.

"Where is the Italians' quarter?" Florence inquired.

"In Edge-street, behind Shudehill Market," was the reply.

"Do you know if the girl had any particular mark on her?" Sydney asked again.

"She had a large birthmark on the left shoulder."

"Thank God!" he exclaimed with such fervour that the nurse looked at him with astonishment.

He quietly placed in her hand one of the police notices issued years ago giving a description of Gladys Montagu.

"The mother confessed that she had stolen her, but died before she could give particulars," remarked the nurse.

## A BABY ADVOCATE.

Sir John Bridge's court was the scene of a charming little incident on Saturday, 11th July. Patrick Mehan, a licensed pedlar, was charged with disorderly conduct, and his wife was in court to hear the case against her husband. Luckily, she brought her child, a bright little baby of two, who, as soon as he saw his father, greeted him with "Daddy, daddy dear." This was Patrick's salvation, for when he proceeded to make excuses for his conduct, Sir John Bridge stopped him short by saying: "You have someone in court who pleads for you much better than you can do for yourself. As you entered the court I saw your child in its mother's arms, and it cried out 'Daddy' in a way that convinces me that you have been a loving father. In consequence, I shall give you one more chance." So the child of two (who during the proceedings kept kissing his mother and telling her not to cry) has thus early in life proved himself a friend of the family. Let us hope that Patrick will keep the pledge which, at the instance of the magistrate, he readily promised to take.

# OUR LABORATORY.

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

## WATER—NATURE'S BEVERAGE.

EVERY living thing depends upon water for its existence. The wild beasts of the forests, the domestic animals at home, the insects, the birds, the reptiles, all of them must have water. The trees, the grasses, the flowers, all need it too; so that we can safely say that where there is no water there is no life. The astronomer tells us of the surface of the moon, and he gives us pictures of its mountains and craters and plains, but he never speaks of its rivers and fountains, its cascades or its oceans. The moon is waterless, and hence there is no living thing—neither bird nor beast, nor tree nor flower. We may easily see, then, that not only does water assist to sustain life in a wonderful way, but it brings beauty in an immense variety of forms—the snow-capped mountains, the glacier, the imprint of Jack Frost's finger upon the window pane; the spring, the river, the water-fall, the sea. In a thousand different ways water makes the world bright and beautiful.

If we think of ourselves we see that water plays a most important part there, for about four-fifths of our bodies are made up of this substance. The same may be said of the foods we eat, and this will help us to understand why it is said that water is a natural food. The body demands it, and in our foods nature, to a large extent, supplies the want. Here is a list of ten foods with per centage of water they contain by weight:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Wheat | 14 | per cent. |
| Maize | 14 | ,, |
| Peas | 14 | ,, |
| Oatmeal | 13 | ,, |
| Rice | 14 | ,, |
| Potatoes | 75 | ,, |
| Cabbage | 75 | ,, |
| Carrots | 84 | ,, |
| Meat (lean) | 75 | ,, |
| Eggs | 75 | ,, |

Whatever beverage we may use let us be sure of this fact, that it is the water in the beverage that quenches thirst and satisfies the needs of the body, and nothing else. There may be other substances in the beverage, and these may be good, but they cannot do the work of satisfying thirst and supplying the body with its necessary water. It will be interesting to learn a little about the physical and chemical properties of this wonderful substance. In our first chapter we learned something about the changes of water from ice to liquid, and from liquid to steam. Now we must pursue the subject a little further. Pure water is not at all common, and indeed it is very difficult to obtain water absolutely pure. It is not found anywhere in nature. Rain water gathered in the open sea, or at places far distant from any houses, is the purest form of natural water, but owing to the fact that some of the gases of which air is composed have been dissolved in it, it is not absolutely pure. A very pure form of water can be obtained by distillation.

*Experiment* 69.—Fit up the apparatus, as shown in Fig. 9. In the retort place some water; set the apparatus to work. That which is collected in the receiver is pure water. The water in the retort was changed to steam, which is a gas; all impurities in the water which were not gaseous or volatile are left behind, and the water collected in the receiver is fairly but not absolutely pure. It is purified of all solids that were in solution.

*Experiment* 70.—Place a little ordinary water in an evaporating dish, as shown in Fig. 10; boil all the water gently away by means of a spirit lamp. The dish on cooling will be found to contain a powdery residue. This will probably consist of carbonate of lime and salt, which substances were dissolved in the water, but are now recovered.

*Experiment* 71.—Add to this powdery residue a drop of hydrochloric acid. The powder will dissolve with effervescence, showing that it consisted of a carbonate.

*Experiment* 72.—Evaporate a little distilled water in the same way as in Exp. 70. We shall find that when the water has all boiled away the dish will be perfectly clean, there will be no residue. We may therefore purify water by the process of distillation.

Some of you would like to know what these impurities in water consist of. Although we call them impurities they are not hurtful; indeed, to a large extent, they may be beneficial. It is water that is rendered impure by sewage, or by decaying animal or vegetable matter, that is injurious.

*Experiment* 73.—To a little ordinary water, in a test tube, add a drop or two of a solution of ammonium oxalate. A whitish colouration will be given to the water. This will be due to the presence of lime in some form or other. Lime in small quantities is not hurtful. Repeat the experiment with distilled water. There will be no change on adding the ammonium oxalate.

*Experiment* 74.—In another test tube place a little ordinary water, and add a drop or two of solution of silver nitrate. The water will again be turned whitish owing to the presence of very small quantities of common salt. This again is not injurious but beneficial. Repeat the experiment with distilled water and there will be no change. By distillation the lime and salt have been removed.

*Experiment* 75.—A certain portion of oxygen from the air is dissolved in water. We may prove this by the apparatus as shown in Fig. 32. The flask is completely filled with water, and the bent tube is also completely filled, the open end is dipping under water in a basin. Over this open end a test tube, also completely filled with

water, is inverted. The lamp is lighted and heat applied to the flask. As the water gets hot and presently boils the oxygen gas that was dissolved is squeezed out, and the bubbles are collected in the test tube, so that in a few minutes a considerable quantity is obtained. It is this oxygen that gives sparkle and freshness to water. Taste distilled water out of which the oxygen has been driven—it is flat and insipid.

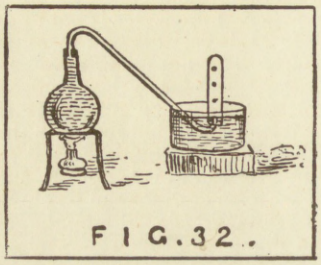


FIG. 32.

*Experiment* 76.—Water has many wonderful physical properties, and some interesting experiments may be shown. Fill a tumbler completely full of water, as shown in Fig. 33, and cover it with half a sheet of stiff paper. The glass may then be quickly turned right over and held upside down; as long as the paper remains intact the water will not come out of the glass. Now admit the slightest bubble of air and the whole comes rushing out at once.

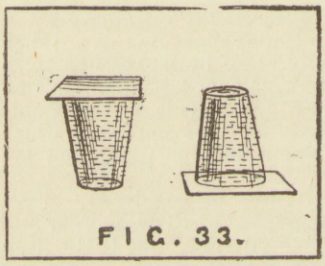


FIG. 33.

*Experiment* 77.—Take an empty tumbler and invert over a basin of water, and now press the glass down into the basin. The inside of the tumbler will not be wetted owing to the air not being able to escape. This illustrates the principle of the diving bell. There is not room in the tumbler for the air and water too.

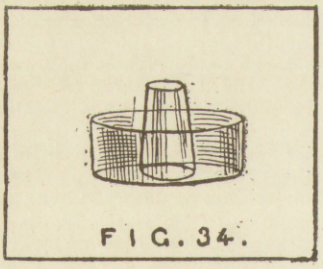


FIG. 34.

*Experiment* 78.—In this case (Fig. 35), the tumbler is filled with water, and a piece of bent glass tubing or india-rubber tubing is placed in it, as shown. On drawing all the air out of the tube with the mouth the water begins to flow, and will continue to do so until the tumbler is empty. This principle is that known as the syphon, and depends on the pressure of the air on the surface of the water.

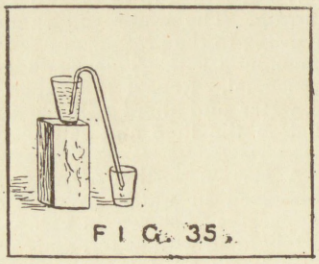


FIG. 35.

*Experiment* 79.—When any substance is dissolved in water the density or thickness of the water is increased. A ship does not float so low in the water of the sea as when in the river; the reason being that the salt in the sea water renders the water heavier, and in a sense thicker; and so the ship is lifted a little higher than it was in the river. We may show this by an experiment, as in Fig. 36. Into jar (*a*) place strong salt water, and then a fresh egg; the egg will float at the top. Half fill jar (*b*) with salt water, and then carefully fill up with fresh water and place in the egg; it will sink through the fresh water and will float on the top of the salt water, half way down the jar. Jar (*c*) fill entirely with fresh water and place in the egg; the egg will sink to the bottom. The salt added to the water so increases its density that the egg cannot sink through it.

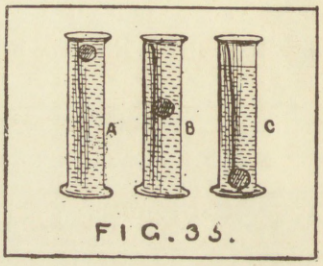


FIG. 36.

*Experiment* 80.—Water is composed of two gases—hydrogen and oxygen. These are not merely mixed; they are chemically combined. In Fig. 4 we get this fact illustrated, and the experiment there described may be repeated here.

*Experiment* 81.—We may prove the same fact in another way. Half fill a tumbler with water, and throw into it a very small pellet (about the size of a hemp seed) of the metal potassium. The metal floats upon the water, abstracting the oxygen and setting free the hydrogen. So much heat is generated that the hydrogen gas as it escapes takes fire and burns round the floating piece of metal. (Potassium must be kept in rock oil. It can be handled and cut, but it must on no account come into contact with moisture or it will at once cause fire). It is wonderful to think that water is composed of these two gases.

*Experiment* 82.—Water may be cleansed from impurities by a filter, but it cannot be purified in that way from anything that is in solution. Mix some sugar and some sand with water; after well stirring pour it on to the filter, as shown in Fig. 37. This is an ordinary funnel with a filter paper. The water will come through, the sand will be left behind. On tasting, the water will be found to be quite sweet. Many other curious and wonderful things may be said about water. The important lesson to remember is that of all beverages water is the best, and the only one absolutely necessary.

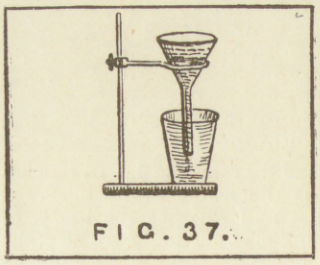


FIG. 37.

# "SHINE YER BOOTS, SIR?"

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

"SHINE yer boots, sir?" "Shine yer boots, sir?" These words were uttered by several boys in such an earnest manner, as if they really meant business.

There they sat all in a row, side by side, the boot-boxes nicely polished, the brushes by the side, the blacking boxes open, the bottles of brown polish, and the polishing rags, all waiting for the customer who should be kind enough to put his foot on the boot rest.

Most of these boys looked strong and healthy, for their open-air life was good for growth and strength, they fixed their eyes on the boots of the merchants and clerks as they hurried along, and their demands for business made some of the gentlemen ashamed that their boots were so clean, that there was no need for the shoe-black's attentions.

How they laughed, how they chaffed each other, just to pass away the idle hours.

"I wish it would rain, and make the streets muddy," said Jack Simpson to his friend Bill Farmer, "then we should get some customers. I declare, since the streets have been asphalted, we can hardly make enough to buy bread, leave alone cheese."

"I say, Jack," answered Bill, "have you noticed Tom this morning? I'm afraid he isn't long for this world." Bill spoke in such a kind-hearted manner, you wouldn't have believed it possible from his rough exterior.

"You're right, Bill, Tom wants a lot of nourishment, but he can't get it, for his father is too fond of the pint-pot. I wish the people would come out in dirty boots, and give us poor fellows a chance."

Tom Fielding was indeed an object for pity, more fitted to spend his time in a convalescent home than in the streets. He sat quietly by the side of his box, waiting patiently for the money he was so anxious to earn. The fact was, Tom had recently come out of hospital, his thin face and bony hands showed clearly that he was very far from strong, indeed, it did not need a doctor's eye to see that a deep-seated disease was very nearly his master.

Tom loved and deeply sympathised with his mother. He felt such a pleasure in being able to earn a few shillings to help keep the home, that while in the hospital he deeply grieved that he could not contribute his mite to the home expenses. Tom was so different to the other shoe-black boys, he was so gentle, and his influence was always for good over the other boys; they softened down in conversation and conduct in in his presence, they forgot their roughness when he needed help, they loved to see him smile, and to hear his thanks.

Just at this moment, as Jack and Bill were talking about Tom, a tall, thin gentleman, evidently, from his appearance, a stranger in the town, walked up in a rapid manner, and gave a quick glance at all the boys' faces, then he placed his foot on Tom's box and told him to fire away, for he was in a rush, and wanted to catch the next train.

Tom took up the brushes, but before he could apply any blacking to the boots, Bill pushed him on one side, and then taking his place began vigorously to polish the stranger's boots.

"I guess I want that lad to polish my boots," said the gentleman with a decided New York accent, "I guess he needs the money much more than you."

Bill paid no attention to these remarks, but continued to fire away till a most brilliant polish appeared on the boots, so that the stranger could not help expressing his admiration.

"But now just tell me," he said, "why that pale-faced lad there cannot clean my boots, I wanted him to have the job."

Bill looked up smilingly and replied, "Well, sir, you must know Tom is just out of hospital, he is too weak to work, so we take it in turns to clean his customers' boots, it was my turn, so that was the reason why I pushed him on one side and took his place."

The gentleman's heart beat quickly, he looked at his watch, he had just three minutes to catch his train, should he hurry away and say no more? No, his kindly nature bid him stay, if it were only to learn something more about Tom; for there was a time in his history when he too was a poor boy, and had to toil hard for a few pence; his heart told him that as God had blessed him, he ought to bless others.

He placed a half-crown in Bill's hands, telling him that he was to keep half for himself, and to give the other half to Tom.

Bill thanked him, and then handed the whole sum to Tom, saying that none of them ever kept the money they earned from Tom's customers, he always had it all, and they sincerely wished they could give him more.

The moisture gathered in the stranger's eyes; he thought of the many hard bargains he had made, by means of which he had become rich. He had never in his whole life ever shown such disinterested kindness. He could never have imagined it possible that a shoeblack boy should have been able to show him so clearly the meaning of the words, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."

He looked again at his watch; the train was gone, he had an hour to spare before the next train would start; he hailed a cab, and invited Tom to take a seat by his side; they hurried away, and Tom soon found himself at a tailor's, where he was completely clothed in a new suit, and orders given for all he could want to wear for at least twelve months.

"Tom," said the stranger, "I guess we'll go home and surprise your mother. I have a liking for you, and I'll see if I can't get some roses on your pale cheeks in a very short time."

So it came about Tom was sent to a home by the side of the beautiful sea; the stranger kept up a correspondence with him, he was soon strong, and in a short time he will go to New York, and take a position in his new friend's business.

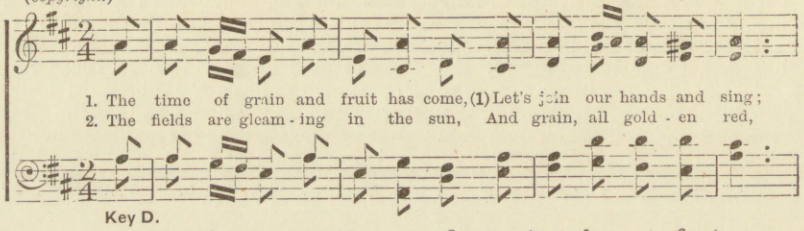
Bill has promised to go as well, and let us hope he will often show what kind deeds a loving English heart can do.

# GLAD AUTUMN DAY.

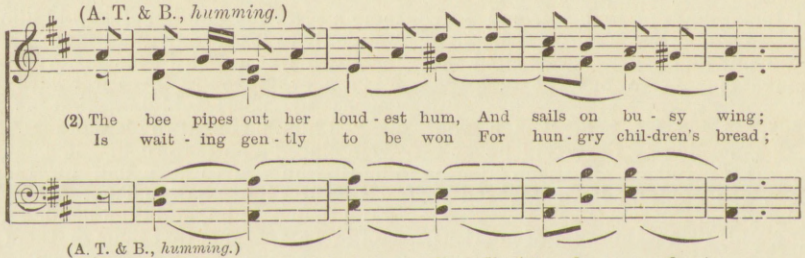
(*Copyright.*)

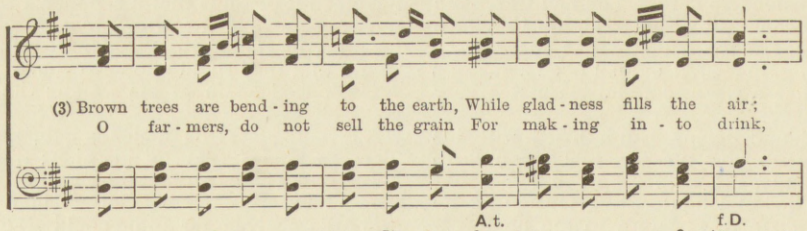
**Action Song.**

*Words and Music by* R. SEMPLE.

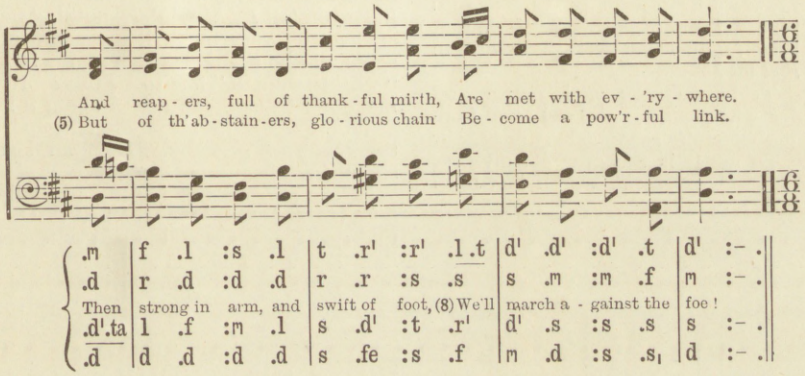



(A. T. & B., *humming.*)



# GLAD AUTUMN DAY.

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| .d | r | .d | :d | .d | r | .r | :s | .s | s | .m | :m | .f | m | :- | . |
| Then | strong in | arm, and | | | swift of | foot, (8) We'll | | | march a - gainst the | | | | foe ! | | | | | | |
| .d'.ta | l | .f | :m | .l | s | .d' | :t | .r' | d' | .s | :s | .s | s | :- | . |
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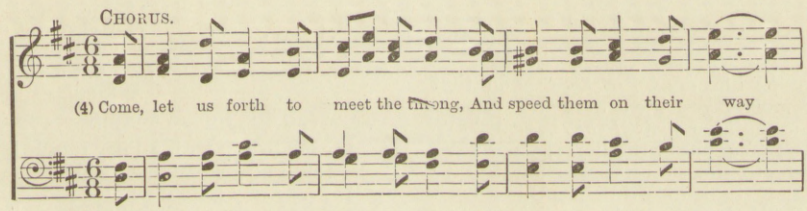


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| Chorus. | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
| :s | s | :- | :d' | s | :- | :l | t | :r' | :t | d' | :- | :l | l | :- | :l | t | :- | :d' | r' | :-:- | \|-:- |
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| (4) Come, | let | us | forth | to | | | meet | the | throng, And | | | | speed | them | on | their | | way | |
| :m | s | :- | :s | t | :- | :s | s | :- | :s | s | :- | :d' | d' | :- | :d' | t | :- | :l | r' | :-:- | \|-:- |
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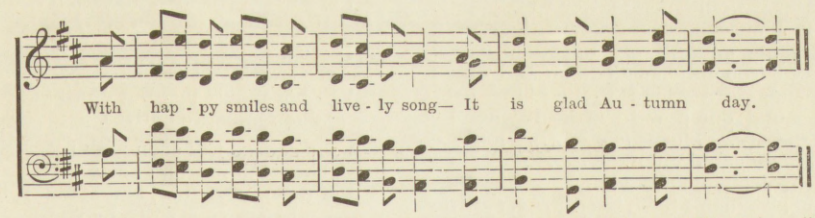


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| :s | m | :r | :d | r | :d | :t$_1$ | d | :t$_1$ | :l | s | :- | :f | m | :- | :r | f | :- | :f | m | :-:- | \|-:- |
| With | hap | - | py | smiles | and | | live | - | ly | song— It | | | is | | glad | Au | - | tumn | day. | | |
| :s | m' | :r' | :d' | r' | :d' | :t | d' | :t | :l | s | :- | :t | d' | :- | :l | s | :- | :s | s | :-:- | \|-:- |
| :s | m | :r | :d | r | :d | :t$_1$ | d | :t$_1$ | :l$_1$ | s$_1$ | :- | :s$_1$ | l$_1$ | :- | :f$_1$ | s$_1$ | :- | :s$_1$ | d | :-:- | \|-:- |

(1) Join hands. (2) Alto, Tenor, and Bass hum their parts. (3) Bend heads and bodies. (4) Mark time all through Chorus. (5) Link arms together. (6) Imitate gathering fruit. (7) Imitate mowing. (8) Mark time.

## Go-Ahead's Letter to Boys.

My Dear Lads,

THERE was a remark once made as a brewer's dray went past laden with its usual pile of barrels: "I wonder how many *black eyes* there are in *that* lot?"

Truly we may well pause and consider when we see the ugly and foul-smelling wooden receptacles pass our door. To me it is the greatest mystery how people can fancy *any* drink which has been corked up in a dirty-looking



I should not even like my water treated in that way; and if any of you have ever been over a great drink manufactory *as I have*, and have watched the washing out of the barrels, *as I have*, you would come to the same conclusion I have come to, namely that to drink anything from barrels which pour forth such a lot of putrid black filth when they come home to be washed, may suit my next door neighbour but it won't suit *me!* So even from the standpoint of "be clean," I think we may well say "no thank you" to any of these corked-up iron-hooped kegs of spoiled and often *very* dirtied water. But there is no *sin* in drinking dirty water, and if it were *only* dirty water it would not matter to anybody. Alas, there is something *much* worse than that, there is a lurking *deceitful* foe in every barrel which poses all the time as a friend, and which *has* been posing as a friend to mankind ever since Noah found out how to make it when he came out of the ark. The *actions* of this foe are dirty, and nobody can deny it. True, many stick up for it on the principle of loving their enemies, I suppose, but although I have lived for very little less than half a century I have never yet met with *anybody* who had a *true* word to say in its favour. It's all deceit, deceit, deceit, from beginning to end, proving beyond a shadow of doubt that Solomon's words as to the *deceptiveness* of strong drink (Proverbs xx., *v.* 1) are as true now as when they were penned.

One champion of the barrel will say: "A drop from a 'four and a half' of beer will help you to work." It's all DECEIT, it will do nothing of the kind; it will weaken every muscle in your body. How can you work better with weakened muscles? Another will tell you that a glass from a barrel of good old crusted port will help you to "make blood." DECEIT again!

I once offered fifty pounds if there is not more blood-making property in a garden cabbage than there is in a bottle of the best port wine in the country, and I am *still* ready with my offer! Another will tell you that a "tot" out of a barrel of stout will *nourish* a weakly woman. DECEIT again! and of a most miserably ignorant kind!

Take the water out of your "tot" after you have drawn it from the reeking barrel, and what have you left? Absolutely nothing but a bit of sticky stuff very much like a scrap of cobbler's wax and about as thick as a penny! Would the "weakly woman" like to *eat* this? No, it would make her feel worse to *think* about it!

Where does the strength-giving part come in then? *Just no-where.* It is all sham, sham, sham, from beginning to end.

Leave barrels and bottles, my jolly boys, to take care of themselves, and go to God's beautiful perfect drink, the elephant's ale—pure sparkling WATER—when you are thirsty.

Your loving friend,

GO-AHEAD.

## PUT DOWN YOUR FOOT, BOYS!

NOW, Temperance Boys, put down your foot,
And show you're made of leather;
We want some boys of pluck and grit,
Who don't mind stormy weather.

Strong drink, with all her power and pelf,
Shall never make us rue it,
If every boy puts down his foot,
And says "She shall not do it."

Pure water stands a perfect drink,
The drink of God's creation,
Put down your foot, no further go,
Be firm, resist temptation.

If at your work, or if at home
You see the beer jug near you,
Put down your foot, and keep it down;
Don't flinch if others jeer you.

If men, so called, have not the pluck
To check Old England's vices,
You boys must just put down your foot
When appetite entices.

Your cheeks will soon with roses glow,
The doctors won't come nigh you;
Put down your foot, and stamp it down,
And keep your roses by you.

Our cause is waxing very strong,
We're bound to be victorious;
If English boys put down their foot,
Our conquest must be glorious.

Depend then, on the Lord of Hosts,
And Christ the Saviour cherish;
In God's great name put down your foot,
And alcohol shall perish.

Then when you've killed this giant foe,
And drink has knuckled under,
Our God we'll praise for godly boys,
Who've rent its power asunder.

So now, my boys, wake up to life,
And saying "Now or never!"
Put both feet on the giant's neck,
And keep them there for ever.

# HAPPY DAN.

By Uncle Ben.

LITTLE DAN was born a cripple—both legs so helpless that he could hardly make any use of them. The doctors said that in time, if he grew to be a healthy and strong child, it might be possible for him to undergo an operation, and have both legs broken and set properly, so that he would be able to walk.

The boy grew and crawled about, but could not walk; he was always happy and contented, amusing himself in many ways. When put on a chair he could not get off, and had to be lifted about always. As he learnt to talk and sing he became very bright and intelligent, full of laughter. He had few toys and picture books, but made the most of all he had. He kept a box, wherein he put all his earthly treasures—any birthday or Christmas cards, or little gifts that came to him.



It was most pathetic to see how patient and contented little Dan was; his face always had a sweet smile. His mother used to say he was no trouble, always good and quiet, quite the light of the home. When a friend went to see him he would show all his treasures, even to a few old buttons and a lead medal, and an old iron bolt, and say, "You haven't got such a store of things, have you?" and shake his tin money box and say, "I'm rich, there's lots of money in there. I don't think there are many boys who are so well off; it's because I'm lame and everybody is kind to me."

It was strange and wonderful that he did not know his home was poor, though he knew how beautiful the flowers were, for he was often taken out in his little cart.

At last the time came when the doctor said it would be best for him to go to the hospital. So he was taken there. At first he cried a little, but he soon made himself at home and happy. He was kept some days before the operation took place, and made friends with all the patients and nurses in the ward. When the operation was performed it was successfully done, and Dan said he did not know anything about it, for he was fast asleep all the time, and saw and heard nothing. He was very brave when his legs were dressed; he suffered much, and the doctors praised him for his courage, because he never cried or made any fuss. The head surgeon often talked to him, and so did the others, for he was a great favourite with all the staff. Once the doctor who performed the operation said to him,

"My little man, we have put you to a lot of pain, but you are always happy."

"Yes," replied the child, "I am always happy; everybody is kind to me."

"I wish I could be like you; I quite envy you."

"Well, you see, it's like this, God makes me happy because I am lame; perhaps if you were lame you would be always happy."

"It's very nice for you to think like that," said the doctor. "Here is a bright sixpence for you, and I hope when you are well and walk about God will always keep you happy, my brave little man."

One day a friend came to the hospital to see Dan. The moment the lady entered the ward Dan saw her and clapped his hands and shouted,

"Here's my friend, I knew she would come to see me."

Dan was greatly delighted to have this visitor all to himself. He was very fond of this lady, and she brought him some flowers in her basket and some sweets in her pocket, which the nurse said he might have, and eat one in the morning and one in the evening. To which contented Dan said,

"If I only have two a day, nurse, they'll last all the longer."

He prattled away to his lady friend and told

her of all the comforts they enjoyed in the hospital, and what nice things they had to eat, and how he loved all the nurses. When the lady was going little Dan gave his love to everybody he knew, and thought he should soon be out of the hospital, and when he came home he should begin to walk; and he said to her as she was leaving, "Don't you wish you were a fortunate boy like I am?"

The lady went away feeling humbled and thankful for this spirit of cheerful contentedness in the midst of suffering like that in the hospital, and she reflected on the moral influence of little Dan, and contrasted it with the selfishness of a woman who had said to her in reference to some domestic affliction, "I am thankful to think there are some folks worse off than I am." And also of a story, still more gross, about an old gentleman who was riding along in his carriage when a firebolt fell and killed the coachman. The old gentleman said that "Providentially it struck the box seat."

The spirit of the little boy made its impress on her heart, and she mused with gratitude how the bitter winds are tempered to the shorn lambs; so that out of the mouths of babes the simple strain of perfect praise may rise, even in the midst of pain.

## LORD WOLSELEY AND THE DRINK TRAFFIC.

*Apropos* of Lord Wolseley's letter, read at the annual meeting of the Army Temperance Association, it may not be generally known that the Commander-in-Chief has long been an earnest advocate of Temperance. Here is one of his utterances on the question a year or two ago:—"There are yet some battles to be fought, some great enemies to be encountered by the United Kingdom, but the most pressing enemy at present is drink. It kills more than all our newest weapons of warfare, and not only destroys the body, but the mind and soul also." The Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir George White, it is interesting to add, holds pretty much the same views.

## IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles were kept,
No matter how large the key
Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard,
'Twould open, I know, for me.
Then over the land and the sea broadcast,
I'd scatter the smiles to play,
That the children's faces might hold them fast,
For many and many a day.

If I knew a box that was large enough
To hold all the frowns I meet,
I would like to gather them every one,
From nursery, school, and street,
Then folding and holding, I'd pack them in,
And turning the monster key,
I'd hire a giant to drop the box
To the depths of the deep, deep sea.

—*Maud Wyman.*

## POLLIE'S HOLIDAY.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE breeze was singing across the way,
When Pollie went out from the city grey,
With her head as high as a little queen,
And her happy face rubbed bright and clean,
And as she ran through the busy street,
The great sun gilded her small brown feet,
While she chirped like a cricket, and laughed out gay,
For you see it was Pollie's holiday.

The clouds danced over the world's great roof,
As "the iron horse with its ponderous hoof."
Bore the child away to a land of flowers,
A perfect Eden of hills and bowers,
And the heart of the waif grew light and fair
As a bubble that dances in sunny air,
And she clapped her hands in her wild delight,
As the sweet green country burst on her sight.

For never in all her life before
Had she been away from the city's roar,
Not once had she seen the glorious land,
Just as it comes from Nature's hand,
Nor heard the wild birds, nor seen the hills,
Hemmed round with a ribbon of silver rills,
Lighting their summits in stately grace,
Right into the wonder of sun-kissed space.

Her world was the alley all dark and small,
Where first in the gutter she learned to crawl;
But to-day she was winging in wondrous flight
To a world of beauty, a land of light;
And the great train whistled a merry song,
As it carried the mite of a child along,
Like a big, strong bird, it flew away,
Still singing of Pollie's holiday.

Had ever the sun such a noble gleam?
Was there ever such warmth in his generous beam?
Was ever the country so fresh and bright,
As when it burst on her gladdened sight?
And surely the birds ne'er sang so high
As when this waif of the slums drew nigh,
For all nature joined in a chorus gay
To welcome the child on her holiday!

She had left the train, and was running now—
The hair blown back from the childish brow;
At the curve of the road she stood quite still,
Her bright eyes turned to a distant hill;
'Twas surely some vision, some wondrous dream,
All scent, and music, all glow and gleam!
Ah, ha! It was hers! this world of flowers;
All hers, if but for a few brief hours.

She shook the branches above her head,
Then away o'er the emerald fields she sped.
The daisies clung to her twinkling feet,
Ah! the little daisies, so soft, so sweet;
She laid her lips in a wee, white cup,
Then to her bosom she gathered it up,
And the daisy smiled right glad and gay,
For it knew it was Pollie's holiday.

She climbed the hill with its heather crown,
Then, shrieking with laughter, she rolled right down.
She bathed her face in the streamlet clear,
That gurgled and rippled against her ear;

She chased the butterfly over the plains,
And gathered the nuts in the crooked lanes,
And danced, and romped in a field of hay,
Ah, how happy she was on her holiday.

And when the eve, with her shadowy hand,
Came shyly and gently across the land,
She whispered "good-bye" to hill and plain,
And took her place in the mighty train;
And though there were tears in the eyes that turned
To the Western sky, that still gleamed and burned,
Not all the world, no matter how grey,
Could take from her life that perfect day!

## FREDDY AND THE GUAVAS.

By Emily Alice Addison.



WHEN I first knew Freddy he was a delicate-looking baby, with very white cheeks and big blue eyes, and so tiny that he was dressed in long clothes. His nurse was very anxious that he should be dressed in short frocks, as she did not like the long clothes at all, so when he was six weeks old he began to wear the pretty frocks and pinafores that she had made for him. But Freddy continued so fragile and delicate that the doctor said he must go away from Brisbane—for Freddy was a little Australian baby—where it is often very hot indeed, to the Blue Mountains, near Toowoomba, where it is delightfully cool. Of course, Freddy's mother went, and his sister and brother too, and a new nurse, and his father used to come from Brisbane every week, on Saturday, and stay until the following Monday. This seemed to be the turning point in Freddy's little life; he became well and strong, and cut his teeth, and only his father and mother remembered that he had ever been delicate at all.

By the time Freddy was five years old he looked much stronger than his brother Edward, who was two years older than he was, and he was so big a boy that he could wear Edward's clothes, and no one could tell that they had not been made for him.

Several changes had taken place in Freddy's home since he was a baby, and there had been troubles and losses which, however, did not trouble him at all.

It was when Freddy was five years old, and his parents were living in a cottage in the bush, among high hills and gum trees, that a little boy, called Charley, came to stay with them.

Freddy and he used to play about the grounds and have a great deal of fun together, and although at times they used to quarrel and say they were not speaking to each other, they very quickly became friends again.

A little while after Charley came Freddy's father received a letter from an old friend in England, saying that his son, a young man nearly twenty years of age, was coming out to Queensland, and he would be very glad if he would let him stay with him for a time.

Gladys, Freddy's sister, who was ten years old, noticed that her parents looked grave, and often sad, when they spoke of Francis Chisholm, and she wondered why, but it was not until she was several years older that she understood the cause.

This was the reason. Francis Chisholm was an only son, and much to the grief of his father and mother, who were pious, God-fearing people, he choose for his associates young men who laughed at religion and often took too much to drink. Francis was beginning to do the same, and it was in the hope that he would lead a new life that his parents sent him to Australia.

At first it really seemed as though he were going to do so, and Freddy's father and mother were quite hopeful about him, and had good news to send to his anxious parents. But by degrees he resumed his old habits, and often came home late at night, and then the worse for drink.

One day when Gladys and Edward were at school and Francis Chisholm was lying on the sofa feeling very miserable and suffering from a dreadful headache, the result of having taken too much whisky on the previous night, Freddy's mother had to go to town, and the maid was busy, so he and Charley were left to their own devices.

"Come, and play 'humpy,' Charley," said Freddy, "near the guava trees."

"Perhaps we had better not go there, Freddy," said Charley, in a hesitating sort of way, "you know there are some guavas there that we can reach and we might want to take them if we went there."

"Pooh," said Freddy, "I'm going anyhow."

"Well, then so am I," and off they both scampered as fast as their legs could carry them.

The little boys played together for about ten minutes and then they said they could not play that game without Gladys and Edward, for it took four children to play 'humpy,' because one must be the father and another the mother, and then there were only two who could be uncle and auntie, and then they had no dolls. Gladys put them all away before she went to school.

"I say, Freddy," said Charley, as they sat upon the grass, "do you see that guava, it's quite ripe?"

"Yes," replied Freddy, looking at it longingly, "I can just reach it, there'll be no harm in my feeling it, will there, Charley?"

"I think not," said Charley, rather doubtfully.

"Why, it's come off in my hand," exclaimed Freddy. "I didn't pull it at all."

"Let me have half, Freddy," said Charley.

"No, you just put your hand on that one that's hanging near you, and see if it will come off as mine did. Don't pull hard."

"Why, I do declare it has," said Charley; "and I only just touched it."

The little boys ate the guavas, and found them so nice that they took another and then another, until there was not any ripe fruit left upon the tree.

Then they both felt very much ashamed of themselves, and hoped that no one would have a walk round the garden that day, and especially that no one would go near the guava tree. They were very unhappy when they returned to the house, and were afraid every time anyone spoke to them that they had been found out. But nothing was said about the guavas, and the children went to bed at the usual hour. As Freddy was saying his prayers, he felt that he should like to tell his mother what a naughty boy he had been, but he was afraid she would be angry with him, so he did not do so.

The Bible tells us that our sin is sure to find us out sooner or later, and it was not long before Freddy and Charley suffered from the consequences of their wrong-doing.

About eleven o'clock, after Freddy had been asleep for some hours, he awoke, feeling very ill; he was sick, and had much pain, and when his mother went to him she at once perceived that he had eaten something that had disagreed with him.

Then Charley was sick too, and the little boys felt that it would be of no use to tell a story, and say they had not taken any fruit out of the garden, for Freddy's mother seemed as if she knew already that they had, so when they were both laid down in their beds again, they told her all about it.

Mrs. Chettle was very sorry to hear that they had been so naughty and deceitful, and Freddy could not help crying when he looked into his mother's eyes, for, child as he was, he saw that she was very sorrowful indeed.

The little fellow did not know that she had just been having a very serious talk with Francis Chisholm, and that she was in great trouble about him, for her husband had told him that unless he became sober and steady he could not stay in their house; and Mrs. Chettle thought of his father and mother in England, and what a sad letter she would have to write to them by the next mail.

"I'm so sorry, mother," said Freddy, sobbing. "I won't do such a thing again."

"And I'm sorry, too," said Charley, "and I won't do it again."

"You must ask God to help you, dear children," Mrs. Chettle said, "and then the next time you are tempted to do what is wrong you will be better able to resist the temptation."

"Will you kiss me, mother?" asked Freddy.

"And me too?" said Charley.

Mrs. Chettle kissed them both, and then knelt down by the bedside and prayed very earnestly for the children, and asked God to forgive them both for Christ's sake.

The following morning two little boys with pale cheeks ate their breakfasts very quietly and soberly, and Freddy noticed that Mr. Chisholm hardly ate anything at all, and that he too was looking very pale.

When breakfast was over he happened to be alone in the room with him, and he went up to him and said, "I've been a naughty boy, and I ate some guavas when I shouldn't have done, and they made me bad and I'm not going to do so any more."

"How do you know that you are not, Freddy?" asked Francis.

"Because mother prayed that I mightn't, and I've prayed too, and God's awfully strong and clever, you know, and if you keep on praying to Him and say 'for Christ's sake'—mother always says 'for Christ's sake'—He will keep you from doing naughty things."

"Freddy," said the young man gravely, "I've been a naughty boy too, but I do want to be good."

"Why don't you pray to God then," asked Freddy, "and say 'for Christ's sake,' as mother does?"

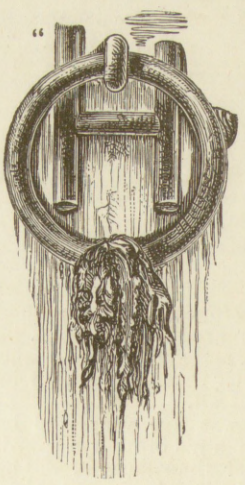
The child's simple words caused the young man to study the Bible earnestly, and he found out, not only where his weakness lay, but where he could go for strength, and from that day he began fighting a battle against sin and Satan in which he ultimately came off the victor.

Francis had to struggle hard and fight valiantly, but the Lord was on his side, and when he asked God to help him 'for Christ's sake,' he always obtained the help he needed.

## THE CONTRAST—A LESSON FOR BOYS.

By Isabel Maude Hamill.

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



"I do hate my lessons! I wish I might grow up without learning anything," said Harold Harding as he sat in the pretty garden under a big Japanese umbrella, swinging his geography book idly backwards and forwards.

"I hate geography worst of all," he continued, "history next, sums next, spelling next, and——"

"Is there any lesson you like, Harold?" enquired his gentle mother who was sitting knitting socks for him in an arm-chair.

"No, not one," he replied defiantly.

"Then I am afraid my Harold will grow up a dunce," and Mrs. Harding sighed.

"I don't care if I do."

"Harold, you must not say 'I don't care,' it grieves me very much to hear you."

Harold looked sulky and did not reply. He was an only child, and his mother, who was a

widow, loved him very, very much, but she was greatly troubled to find how self-willed he was becoming, and very naughty about learning his lessons. She was anxious that he should get on with them because she was not rich, and therefore hoped that Harold would by his ability and hard study make his way in the world, as she had no money to give him. Prize day came, and all the school was in a state of great excitement and anxious to do honour to Charlie Morton, the boy who stood first in almost every subject. He had worked very hard, for his mother, like Harold's, was a widow, and his one desire was to get on so that he could earn something and make the end of her life as happy and as free from care as possible. How different he was from Harold! When the gentleman who gave away the prizes called Charlie's name for the fifth and last time he said, smiling at him,

"My boy, you are a credit to your mother and your schoolmaster, and if you live and God gives you health, some day you will be a credit not only to them, but to your land."

Charlie's face flushed with pleasure at the kind words of praise, and his mother who was present could scarcely help tears of joy coming into her eyes.

Harold, of course, felt miserable, still he was not sorry in the right way, and as he walked home he muttered to himself,

"I daresay I shall get on quite as well as that conceited Charles; any way, I am not going to fash myself with learning."

* * * * *

"Who are those two men talking to each other so earnestly?" said one gentleman to another as they stood on the steps of the Royal Exchange in Manchester.

"Don't you know? Why I thought every one knew Charles Morton, he's the rising barrister of the day, and he is only about thirty-four or five."

"Dear me! is that Charlie Morton, the lad who years ago took prizes and gained scholarships wherever he went?"

"The very one, and his mother looks younger and happier to-day than she did when I first knew her; but the other man—you notice he looks very shabby and untidy—is what we term a 'waster;' he was at the same school as Morton, had the same chances, but he was *idle*, never tried to learn and was looked upon as a dunce. Now, he is just a clerk—in fact little better than an office boy—in a merchant's office, and he has taken him out of pity, on account of his poor mother who is heartbroken, but he is very little use as he spells badly and cannot write grammatically, so practically they give him the work a lad of fifteen could do."

"How sad! What a difference in the two men, one beloved and respected by every one, and the other a regular 'waster' as you say, and both had equal chances when young."

"Yes, they had, only with this difference, Morton determined he would rise in the world and be of some use to humanity, and he began in the right way by not despising his lessons, doing all the small things of life well, and by so doing he made himself fit for the greater things, and God has prospered him. Harding thought it did not matter about lessons, so he never learnt them properly, consequently when more important work was offered him he could not do it because he had never done the small things to begin with, and now it is too late, as he can never be a boy again."

Boys, remember that the way you work when you are young is preparing the way in which you will work when older.

## THE TONE OF VOICE.

IT is not so much what you say
As the manner in which you say it;
It is not so much the language you use
As the tone in which you convey it.

"Come here!" I sharply said,
And the baby cowered and wept.
"Come here!" I cooed, and he looked and smiled,
And straight to my lap he crept.

The words may be mild and fair,
And the tones may pierce like a dart;
The words may be soft as the summer air,
And the tone may break the heart.

Few words but come from the mind,
And grow by study and art;
But the tones leap from the inner self,
And reveal the state of the heart.

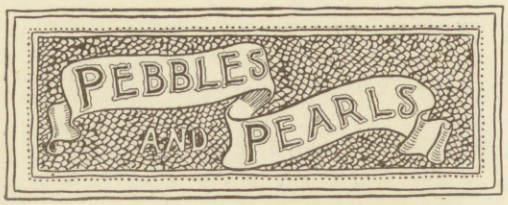
Whether you know it or not,
Whether you mean or care,
Gentleness, kindness, love, and hate,
Envy and anger are there.

Then would you your quarrels avoid,
And in peace and love rejoice;
Keep anger not only out of your words,
But keep it out of your voice.

## A FABLE FOR THE YOUNG.

DID you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller? Once a miller was wakened up by his camel trying to get its nose into the tent. "It's cold out here," said the camel, "I only want to put my nose in." The miller made no objection. After a while the camel asked leave to have its neck in, then his forefeet, until little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forth-putting beast. "If you don't like it you may go," answered the camel. "As for me, I've got possession, and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now."

Do you know what the camel is like? Bad habits; little sins. Guard against the first approaches, the most plausible excuses, only the nose of sin. If you do not you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you will be overpowered before you know it.




If by any miracle England was made sober, the average value of life of the people would be increased one third.—*Sir B. W. Richardson.*

The Royal Commission will print huge blue-books of damning evidence and leave them to rot on dusty shelves.—*Dean Farrar.*

Temperance Orator: "What is it that drives men to drink?"

Voice from the crowd: "Salt fish'll do it!"

Benevolent stranger (giving his host's son a ride on his knee): "Well, do you like that?"

Ingenuous infant: "Oh yes, it's almost as nice as being on a real donkey."

When someone remonstrated with an old publican for enticing in the boys, he replied, "Oh, it is beezness, beezness—the old drinkers will soon be dead, and where will my beezness be if I don't get the boys?"

A Candid Witness.—In the examination of an Irish case, for assault and battery, counsel, on cross-examining one of the witnesses, asked him what they had at the first place they stopped. He answered, "Four glasses of ale." "What next?" "Two glasses of wine." "What next?" "One glass of brandy." "What next?" "A fight, of course."

A Valuable Testimony.—Mr. John Mason Cook, the sole managing partner of the famous firm of Messrs. Thomas Cook and Sons, in a letter says: "All I can say is that, as a life teetotaler with over 60 years' experience in all climates, the more I travel and the more I see of all classes of society, the more I am convinced that ours is the only safe plan for the great majority of human beings, and the more thankful I am for teetotal grandmother, parents, wife, and family, and I hope to keep on until the end of the chapter."

Drink and the Labour Question.—Mr. Isaac Doxsey, F.S.S., sends to *The Star* an instructive comparison in figures which show how money invested in breweries and railways works out for the worker. The comparison is between the North-Eastern Railway and Guinness's Brewery. He has arranged them, for simplicity of comparison, in parallel columns:-

| | N. E. Railway. | Guiness's. |
|---|---|---|
| Capital ... ... ... | £50,000,000... | £14,000,000 |
| Workmen employed... | 38,000... | 2,000 |
| Spent in wages ... ... | £3.250,000... | £100,000 |
| Profits, 1893 ... ... | £600,000... | £700,000 |
| Workers per million capital ... ... ... | 760... | 143 (142·85) |
| Annual wages paid per million capital ... | £65,000... | £7,142 |
| Average wages per man | £85 10s. 6½... | £49 10s.11d |

Latest sign for a Dentist: Drawing—Music—Dancing.

The governess was giving little Tommy a grammar lesson the other day. "An abstract noun," she said, "is the name of something which you can think of but not touch. Can you give me an example?" "A red-hot poker!"

From "only" one word many quarrels begin,
And "only this once" leads to many a sin,
"Only a penny" wastes many a pound,
"Only once more" and the diver was drowned,
"Only one drop" many drunkards has made,
"Only a play" many gamblers have said,
"Only a cold" opens many a grave,
"Only resist" many evils will save.

A story is current in the Orient of a wise old sheik, who gave to a young Arab prince, from whom he was about to part, a list of crimes, and bade him choose the one which seemed least harmful. The young prince turned in horror from murder, theft, and loss of virtue, and told the patriarch he would choose intemperance. "You have chosen that," said the wise old man, "which will bring you all."

Close it Up.—A man who kept a liquor saloon in Raleigh, N.C., went to hear Sam Jones in Durham, was convicted and converted, and at once telegraphed to Raleigh: "Close up my saloon; I am done with the business." So any person who has any affinity or touch with the God that cannot look upon iniquity with any degree of favour, will be done with the saloon in every form that shall support or sustain it.

A Bad Bargain.—The travelling agent of the Union Pacific Railway is a man of ideas. He has been distributing a Temperance card at Montreal, on which was the following:—"From a bushel of corn a distiller gets four gallons of whiskey, which retails at 16 dols. The Government gets 3·60 dols.; the farmer who raises the corn gets 40 cents, the railway gets 1 dol., the manufacturer gets 4 dols., the retailer gets 7 dols. and the consumer gets drunk."

## A CHILD'S INFLUENCE.

A gentleman lecturing said, "Everyone has influence, even that child," pointing to a little girl in her father's arms.

"That is quite true," cried the man. At the close he said to the lecturer, "I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help speaking. I was a drunkard, but as I did not like to go to a public-house alone, I used to carry this child. As I approached the public-house one night, hearing a great noise inside, she said, 'Don't go, father.'

"'Hold your tongue, child.'

"'Please, father, don't go.'

"'Hold your tongue,' I said.

"Presently I felt a big tear fall on my cheek. I could not go a step further, sir. I turned round and went home, and have never been in a public-house since. Thank God for it, I am now a happy man, sir, and this little girl has done it all, and when you said that even she had influence I could not help saying 'That is true, sir.' All have influence."—*Good Templars' Watchword.*

# ADDY'S TWO LIVES.

(AN ORIGINAL STORY)

BY RUTH B. YATES.

*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumpy Grafton," "Green & Gold," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER X.

### THE MENAGERIE.

ADOLPHE—as Adele was now called—had multifarious duties to perform, being, along with another boy, the general lackey of the establishment.

This boy was inclined to be very friendly and sociable, but Nana warned Adolphe that though he might be as friendly as he liked yet he must on no account take him into confidence and betray his secret.

The dread of Garcia Costello was too firmly planted in Adolphe's mind for the warning to be needed, and those years had not been spent in his house without lessons of shrewdness having been implanted far beyond his years.

The other boy informed Adolphe in confidence that his real name was John Smith, but he took the name of Jacques L'Estrange because people thought foreign names sounded grand, so the manager gave them names.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Twelve," replied Adolphe, who did not really know his age, Lucia having sometimes said one age and sometimes another; but Nana had told him to say twelve.

"I am turned fourteen," said Jacques, "and you are nearly as tall as I am, but not half as strong. You can't lift any heavy weights like I can; but if you're only sharp you'll manage. I expect you'll do for sword throwing. The other fellow got sent away because he was so frightened. He would jump, and that spoiled it all, beside being dangerous."

"What is it?" asked Adolphe.

"That chap over there can throw swords till he can split a hair. He never makes a mistake. All you've got to do is to stand quite still while he throws them, and they stick in the wood all round you; but they never hit you, only you feel as if they would, and want to jump out of the way; but if you can make yourself stand quite still the first time you will soon think nothing about it. I have had a sword at each side of my face and one over my head; and when I have stretched out my hand, so, he has thrown one between every finger without touching. If you can stand still you'll have a good place; but if you can't you'll have to go about your business, in spite of Nana, for I'm strong enough to do something else now. I hope to be a lion-tamer some day."



Jacques went off and Adolphe stood thinking of what he had just heard. It was a terrible test, but if others could do why not he, for if he was a boy—and Nana said he must always think of himself as such—he must be as brave as other boys.

OCTOBER, 1896. *All rights reserved.*

He sought Nana and told her what he had heard, and she told him that she possessed a talisman that she had brought from India, and that whoever wore it possessed a charmed life—no sword could hurt them.

With much ceremony and repetition of mysterious words she fastened a belt round Adolphe's body and said: "Now you bear a charmed life. You need not move a muscle if a hundred swords were flying round you, for they cannot hurt you."

"Thank you so much, Nana," said Adolphe, kissing the Hindoo affectionately. "I shall not be afraid now, and will do anything so that father may not find me."

"He will never find you while you stop here," replied the Hindoo; "but you are getting a big boy, so you mustn't kiss me before the others or they will laugh at you."

The manager let Adolphe be present at the sword-throwing performance, and he saw that Jacques took no harm. Then he was told to take his place, and warned that it might cost his life if he moved.

Adolphe stood like a statue. Only one throw had been intended at first, gradually increasing the number until he became accustomed to it; but so impassive did he appear that the whole performance was gone through without a slip.

"Have you done that before?" asked the manager, as the swords were withdrawn.

"I have never even seen it done before, signor," was the quiet reply.

A murmur of applause ran through the group of performers who were looking on. Even Nana's stolid features relaxed into a smile.

"You are a brave boy, Adolphe. You have done so well that you shall take the public performance to-day," said the manager approvingly.

Adolphe breathed freely; he would not be sent away, for he had stood the test. It would be hard to say which had stood him in greater stead—the fear of being sent back to Garcia Costello or unbounded faith in Nana's charm. Perhaps both had something to do with that unnatural calmness.

Jacques congratulated him very warmly afterwards. "Adolphe, you're a regular brick, for all you look so puny. Why, it took me nearly three months to learn that, and here you've managed it first go. Shake hands, old fellow. I can't tell you how glad I am. I shall get promoted now."

Adolphe grasped the other's hand warmly, for he felt pleased, though he perfectly understood that Jacques was not entirely disinterested.

The time passed quickly on until the night before the menagerie was to leave Manchester, and Nana (who had been out) returned in time for the evening entertainment, when everything passed off as usual; but as it was their last night most of the troupe went out afterwards for a stroll, and Jacques asked Adolphe to accompany them. Nana gave him a quick glance, so he quietly refused, as he had so often done before, merely saying "He preferred to stop with Nana."

"Ha, ha," laughed the boy. "That's what I can't make out. I think Nana charms *you* like she does the snakes."

Adolphe laughed good-humouredly, but stayed behind. The time spent alone with Nana was a real treat, for the Hindoo was very kind, though superstitious, and Adolphe was never tired of listening to her strange, weird tales.

At first Adolphe had looked forward to a quiet hour with Nana in order that he might drop his disguise and be natural for awhile; but no! Nana was firm. He must forget that ever he had been a girl. He was Adele no longer.

To-night, however, her first words were:—

"I am so thankful we leave Manchester to-morrow for your sake, Adolphe. There is a large reward out for any information that shall lead to the discovery of Adele Costello, and a full description of you is given on a police notice in nearly every window."

"Do you think father has put it in?" asked Adolphe.

"No, no, child. He'll offer no reward; but I expect they want you to give evidence against him at the 'sizes."

"You won't tell of me, will you, Nana?" and the beseeching eyes were raised to her with a pathetic look that went to her heart.

For a moment she clasped the child to her breast, talking rapidly the while in Hindustani, then she said: "I would rather die than betray you, my Adolphe."

Adolphe had gone to bed and was asleep long before the others returned, all more or less in a state of intoxication.

Jacques was what he would have termed "jolly"—able to walk steadily, but having drunk enough to make him unusually talkative and merry, even for him. He shared Adolphe's room, which was only separated from Nana's sleeping apartment by a thick curtain.

"Hello, old fellow," he shouted as he gave him a poke. "You've missed a treat; we've had such a jolly spree."

"Glad you've enjoyed yourself," responded Adolphe in a sleepy tone.

"Wake up, man, and have a drink," and he pulled a bottle of whisky from his pocket as he spoke and offered it to Adolphe. Just at that moment Adolphe caught sight of a dusky face peering at him from behind the curtain with such an expression that he instinctively shrank from the bottle as though it had been poison.

"Thanks, Jacques, but I won't have any. Tell me where you've been."

The question was an opportune one, and put the half-drunken lad on another topic, or he might have stuck to his point and insisted on his friend drinking with him. He gave an exaggerated description of all that had passed, and finished up by telling of the reward offered.

"Eh, don't I wish I could find that little wench! Wouldn't I soon have the fifty pounds, and then you and me 'ud start a menagerie of us own. I'd be lion-tamer and you should be swordsman and snake charmer and everything else, and we'd make lots of money, and—"

"And go to bed," said a voice behind him, and turning he saw Nana standing behind him. "Lie down at once and let me hear no more noise, or I shall report you. You'll wake the lions."

Without a word the lad threw himself down on his pallet without stopping to undress, Nana

keeping her glittering eyes on him all the while, until he pulled the coverlet over his head to escape from her gaze, and was soon snoring heavily.

Seeing the look of terror in Adolphe's eyes she said: "Come and sleep in my room to-night, Adolphe. You are not well, and need care." So saying she motioned to him to go, and raising the light palliasse she carried it to the other side of the curtain. Arrived there she sat down on a box and made Adolphe kneel before her and promise that he would never taste intoxicating drinks of any kind.

"Now, remember," she said, in a low, hissing tone, that frightened Adolphe and made him think of the snakes; "remember, I say, if you touch one drop of Jacques' whisky I will give you up."

The frightened child begged her with tears not to do so.

"I never will if you don't drink," she replied.

"I will never, never touch it as long as I live."

"Very well; I am satisfied," said the Hindoo in the same low tone, though the heavy breathing of Jacques proclaimed him soundly asleep.

From her box Nana drew out sundry mysterious articles, and baring Adolphe's shoulder she soon obliterated all traces of the birth-mark by covering it with some preparation that matched so well the colour of the skin, that it would only be detected by a close observer.

"There now, be careful with Jacques, and if he talks to you again about the reward don't look frightened, but joke back, and tell him what you would do with fifty pounds if you had it." Now, lie down and go to sleep; we shall have a busy day to-morrow.

Very soon Adolphe was in the land of dreams, but Nana lay awake thinking. As she looked at the sweet, pale face, with the blue veins showing through, she wondered how anybody could mistake it for anything but a girl's, and it answered the description in everything but the hair, which was now closely cropped, giving the only bit of masculine appearance that could be imagined.

Both Nana and Adolphe breathed more freely when they had left Manchester far behind. From place to place they went, seldom staying more than a week at a time. Adolphe soon discovered that Nana and himself were the only performers who did not get drunk occasionally, but she stood by him firmly, and as all the others regarded the Hindoo with a strange, superstitious dread—believing her to be possessed of miraculous powers—they dared not incur her fierce displeasure, so by-and-bye Adolphe was left free to pursue his own course in the matter.

Jacques informed him that he mustn't vex his aunt on any account, as she kept all sorts of charms in that box of hers, and she could charm people just as well as snakes, for when the lion-tamer got an ugly scratch, and everybody thought he had gone mad, Nana brought out a charm and cured him. Adolphe, who knew the contents of that box, was well aware that it was only the effect of a simple remedy wisely applied, but he said nothing.

Now that they were far away from Manchester, Adolphe was no longer obliged to remain indoors, and as he grew accustomed to his strange disguise the fear of detection gradually wore away, and the pale face assumed a more healthy hue.

Nana proved a true friend as far as her knowledge would permit, but she knew nothing of a Saviour's love, consequently she could not teach him of that, and the rest of the troupe were utterly irreligious and dissipated, never uttering the name of God except in oaths. Though Lucia Costello had surreptitiously taught the child to cross herself and kiss the crucifix, yet—as Garcia Costello was an avowed infidel, and her own belief nothing more than a superstitious reverence for the crucifix, and had no effect on her life, as a natural consequence—the child had no clear ideas on the subject, and knew nothing of god or of Christ, except that the names were used as oaths. It seems almost incredible that in Christian England a child should grow up in such heathen darkness, when the glad tidings of salvation were being proclaimed on every hand.

Adolphe seemed to shrink, however, from the gross forms of vice and sin in which his present companions indulged, as if some unseen power held him back.

Ah! he was shielded in answer to earnest prayer which was being constantly offered on his behalf, though he knew it not. His peculiar position also proved a safeguard, for not one of his companions had for one moment guessed his secret.

He had almost learnt to think of himself as a boy, and often would he throw himself on the grass at Nana's feet and pour out to her the deep longing of his soul after a purer and a better life.

"Do you know, Nana," he said one day, "that I sometimes seem to have a dim recollection of living in a beautiful place where I was loved and petted, and where a kind gentleman—with eyes like the one I told you of whose card my father destroyed—kissed me, and there was a beautiful lady and sweet music. I seem as if I could not quite remember, and yet it is more than a dream. I cannot understand it.

"It must have been in a former life, Adolphe."

"What do you mean, Nana?"

"We Hindoos believe that when we die we pass into another form of existence, and that if we have been good and virtuous in one life we shall be happier in the next; but if we do wrong—bad things—we shall have to suffer in the next life until we have atoned for the evil."

"It is strange," mused Adolphe, as he lay back looking up at the blue sky and vainly striving to comprehend the mystery. Presently he remarked: "I should like to be good like you, Nana, and never grow to be like the others."

*(To be continued.)*

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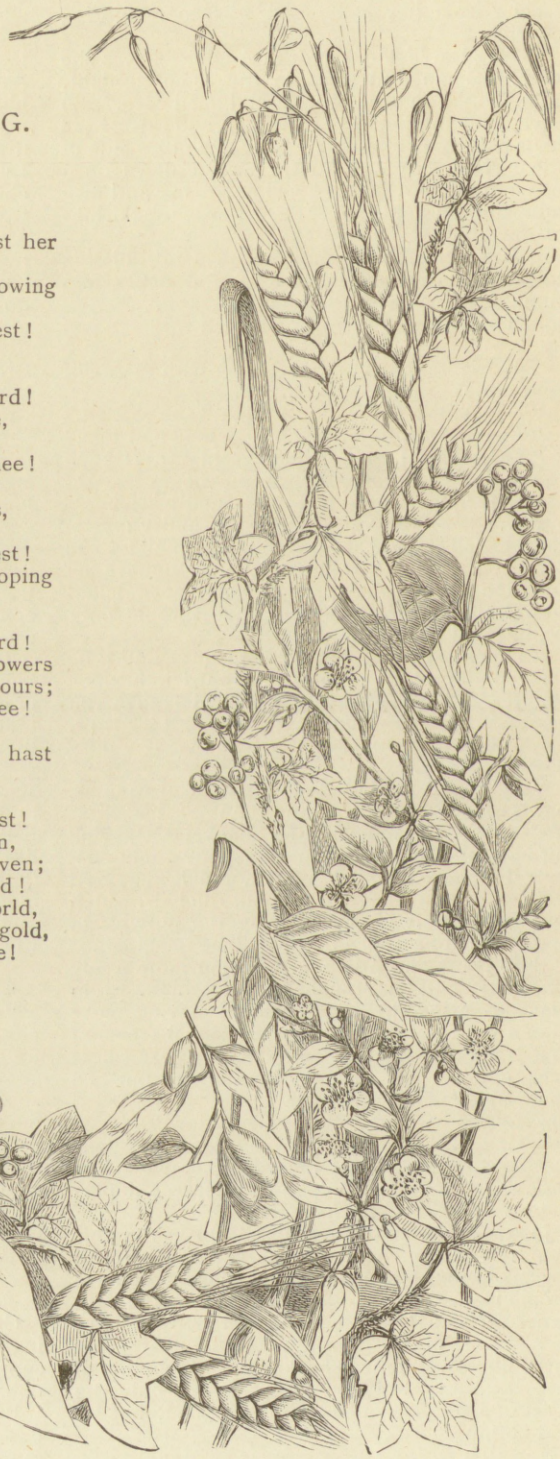
GOOD WORK.—The very consciousness of trying for real excellence in anything is a great support. It takes half the sting from failure and doubles the joy of success.

BE SINCERE.—Ape no greatness. Be willing to pass for what you are. A good farthing is better than a bad sovereign. Affect no oddness; but dare to be right though you have to be singular.



## A HARVEST THANKSGIVING.

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

THE earth hath her children against her knee,
And the milk from her bosom is flowing free;
We thank Thee, Lord, for the Harvest!
Her hands are laden with precious bread,
There's a crown of fruit on her regal head;
For the Harvest, we thank Thee, Lord!
For Thy loving grace, and Thy tender care,
Which have turned to richness the very air,
We thank Thee, Lord! we thank Thee!

The wheat we have tied into stately sheaves,
And plucked the berries from dying leaves;
We thank Thee, Lord, for the Harvest!
We have been where the apples were drooping down,
Rosy, and russet, golden, and brown;
For the Harvest, we thank Thee, Lord!
For the blessings which fell in wondrous showers
From those hands of Thine, to these hands of ours;
We thank Thee, Lord, we thank Thee!

We come to the feast, Lord, which Thou hast spread,
The noble banquet of fruit and bread;
We thank Thee, Lord, for the Harvest!
For the "daily bread" to Thy children given,
We thank Thee, Our Father, which art in heaven;
For the Harvest, we thank Thee, Lord!
For Thy love which is written across the world,
With the trailing vine, and the wheat's rich gold,
We thank Thee, Lord, we thank Thee!

# OUR LABORATORY.

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

## THE AIR WE BREATHE IN.

NO one can live very long without breathing. Day and night, asleep or awake, at rest or at play, the work of breathing goes on. There are some kinds of air that we cannot breathe—for instance, in a coal mine, after an explosion, there is what is known as "after-damp." This consists of poisonous gas, and often causes more deaths than the explosion itself. Sometimes men descend into a well, or into a brewer's vat, and are brought up lifeless. They have been suffocated by breathing in poisonous gas. If it were possible for us to enter one of the great gas holders at the gas works, our lives would speedily come to a end, because the invisible gas that is contained there is not the right kind for us to breathe. It is important for us to know a little about the right kind of air to use. There is a difference between the air of thickly populated towns and that of country and seaside places. In the latter we get the air fresh and pure as nature gives it. In the towns the air is rendered to some extent impure by the smoke and fumes from factories and houses and from other causes. We may, perhaps, understand the subject better if we think of it in three ways—how we breathe, why we breathe, and what we breathe.

A curious thing is, that we do not will to breathe. We go on doing it without thinking anything at all about it. The air flows in and out of the lungs according to a natural law, which may be best understood by an experiment.

*Experiment* 83.—For this we want a glass jar with the bottom cut off. Into the neck a tightly-fiting cork is inserted; through a hole in which push a piece of glass tubing having two branches as shown in Fig. 38. On the end of each of these branches an india-rubber bag is securely tied. The open bottom of the jar is now covered with a piece of leather. If the leather bottom is pushed up, air is squeezed out of the two bags and passes out of the glass tube. If the leather bottom is pulled down to the dotted line, air passes down the glass tube and inflates the two bags. This fairly represents the way in which we breathe. The chest is an air-tight chamber like the glass jar; the tube in the throat, called the trachea, is like the glass tube passing through the cork. Inside the chest it branches to the right and left lungs, just as our glass tube branches to the right and left india-rubber bags. At the bottom of the chest is a membrane called the diaphragm, which works up and down by muscular contraction, just as we may work the leather covering up and down. In addition, there is in the human body a movement of the ribs which we cannot show. The principle is the same however. When the chamber is enlarged by the downward movement of the diaphragm the air flows in, and when the chamber is lessened in size by the upward movement of the diaphragm the air is pressed out.

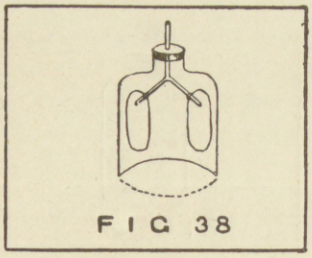


FIG 38

Why we breathe is the next important thing to consider.

*Experiment* 84.—A lighted candle placed on the table continues to burn until the candle itself is quite burnt away. If the candle be covered with a large jar, as shown in Fig. 39, we shall observe that after burning for a short time it gradually becomes dim, and soon entirely goes out. Our bodies are, in a certain sense, burning like the candle, but very much more slowly. They are, however, burning fast enough to make some heat, for if I put a thermometer under my tongue it shows a warmth of 98 degrees, and on the palm of my hand it shows between 60 and 70 degrees of heat.

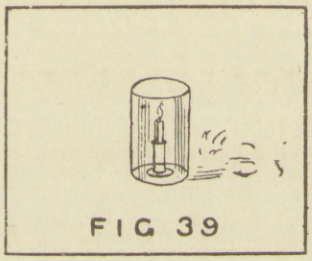


FIG 39

When the candle was burning the carbon of the fat (we have already learnt that starches, sugars and fats are rich in carbon) united with the oxygen of the air to produce carbonic acid gas, and heat was generated as a result. When, however, the candle was covered by the jar the amount of oxygen was limited, and soon the candle had not sufficient to unite with any more of the carbon of the fat, and the work ceased, and no more heat was given off. The reason we must have air containing oxygen is precisely the same as that of the candle. It is necessary that heat shall be maintained in the body. We eat foods containing carbon; these are digested and pass into the blood; we breathe the air into the lungs, and there it also passes into the blood, and together the carbonaceous foods and the oxygen are carried by the blood to the muscles, and there the carbon unites with the oxygen and produces heat and carbonic acid gas, about which we shall learn something in our next chapter. On a cold day, if we go for a sharp walk, we soon get warm, and presently glow with heat. In walking, the muscles have been at work using up larger quantities of carbon and producing more heat. If we had sat still, the heat produced would have been less, and we should have felt very cold. The oxygen of the air is carried in the blood by very tiny bodies called corpuscles. These are so small that they

cannot be seen without the aid of a microscope. Three thousand of them laid flat, side by side, like a row of pence upon a table, only measure one inch.

An important thing for us to remember is that alcohol lessens the power of the corpuscles to carry their full supply of oxygen, and thus again we may see that it is our enemy, and does injury to the body.

*Experiment* 85.—It is difficult to understand how a liquid like the blood can absord a gas like the oxygen of the air. We may illustrate the fact that liquids can absorb gases in the following way:

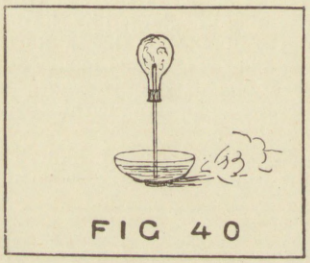


FIG 40

In a tumbler or basin place some solution of blue litmus. On adding a drop or two of vinegar this turns red. Fit a flask with a good cork and a long piece of glass tubing, one end of which has been drawn out to a small bore; this end is on the inside of the flask. Pour into the flask a little solution of ammonia, replace your cork with tube fixed, heat for a moment or two over a spirit lamp, and then invert over the litmus solution, as shown in Fig. 40. The water will absorb the ammonia gas so rapidly that it will rush up the tube and play with a fountain-like jet until the flask be filled with water. The colour of the water in the flask will be blue, whilst that in the basin remains red. The water has been turned blue by the ammonia gas which it has absorbed.

The blood coming back to the heart by the veins of the body is purple, because of the impurities it contains. When this purple blood is sent into the lungs it receives oxygen, gives up its carbonic acid gas and becomes bright red, and is now ready again to go into the arteries to be conveyed to every part of the body. Alcohol, as we have already seen, tends to hinder this good work.

Now we must have a few experiments to enable us to learn what we breathe.

*Experiment* 86.—A basin of water is placed upon the table, and a very small basin or a piece of cork floated upon it. On this a small fragment of phosphorus is placed and ignited, and immediately covered by a bell jar, as shown in Fig. 41. The phosphorus burns and the inside of the jar is filled with white fumes, which gradually dissolve in the water, so that presently the contents of the jar become quite clear, when it will be observed that the water has risen about one-fifth of the way up the jar. The phosphorus used up the oxygen of the air, but did not use any of the nitrogen of the air. We may therefore learn that air is composed of about one-fifth oxygen and four-fifths nitrogen. We breathe the nitrogen in and out without using any. It simply dilutes the oxygen so that it is just of the right strength for us to use.

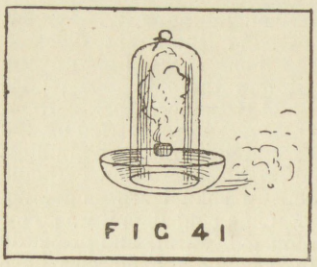


FIG 41

[*Note.— Phosphorus is a dangerous thing to handle. It must always be kept under water, and must never be touched by the fingers; it can be cut under water with an ordinary penknife, and can be dried by gently pressing between folds of blotting paper.*]

*Experiment* 87.—Oxygen gas may be prepared by heating potassium chlorate and manganese dioxide. The mixture can be bought already prepared under the name of oxygen mixture. Some of this is placed in a hard glass flask connected with a leading tube passing into a basin of water, as shown in Fig. 42. A bottle is filled with water and inverted over the end of the tube. Heat is applied by means of spirit lamp. The oxygen is given off and displaces the water. Four jars should be collected, and corked ready for use, or they can be stood mouth downwards in saucers full of water.

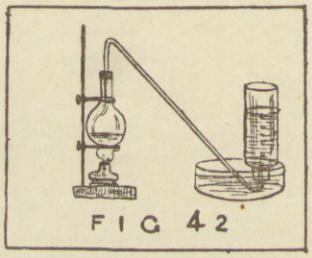


FIG 42

*Experiment* 88.—Fasten a piece of candle to a short length of copper wire, and lower it into a jar of oxygen. The candle will burn with intense brilliancy whilst the oxygen lasts. We may learn from this that the better the supply of oxygen in the air we breathe, the better we shall burn, or in other words the healthier we shall live. Any impurity in the air lessens the good effect of the oxygen. We have seen that alcohol has a similar effect, because although the oxygen may be there the alcohol lessens the power of the blood to carry it.

*Experiment* 89.—Place a small piece of phosphorus on a deflagrating spoon, ignite, and immerse in a jar of oxygen. The phosphorus burns with intense brilliancy.

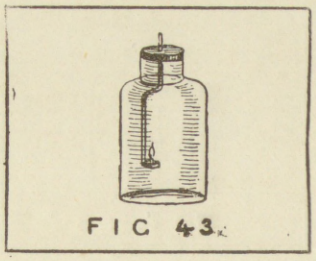


FIG 43

*Experiment* 90.—Use a piece of sulphur instead of phosphorus as in the last experiment. In the air the sulphur burns very feebly, but in the oxygen with brilliancy.

*Experiment* 91.—Use a piece of oak bark charcoal instead of sulphur, as in last experiment. It can only be made to smoulder in the air, but will burn with beautiful scintillations in the oxygen.

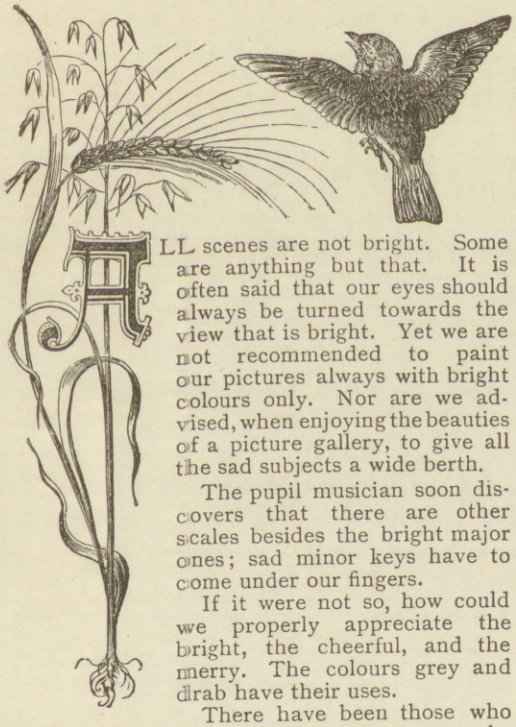
*Experiment* 92.—Make a spiral of thin iron wire by winding it round a pencil or similar

article. Attach to one end a small piece of taper and the other end to a cork. Ignite the taper, and when it has almost burnt away hang the spiral into a jar of oxygen; the iron will burn freely. The jar should contain some water, into which the globules of molten iron can fall; otherwise it will be shattered.

All these experiments show that oxygen has the power to support combustion in a remarkable degree; and it is this power which renders it so necessary to us in order to support vitality.

## 'SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.'

By J. G. Tolton.



ALL scenes are not bright. Some are anything but that. It is often said that our eyes should always be turned towards the view that is bright. Yet we are not recommended to paint our pictures always with bright colours only. Nor are we advised, when enjoying the beauties of a picture gallery, to give all the sad subjects a wide berth.

The pupil musician soon discovers that there are other scales besides the bright major ones; sad minor keys have to come under our fingers.

If it were not so, how could we properly appreciate the bright, the cheerful, and the merry. The colours grey and drab have their uses.

There have been those who have told us that life's brightest scenes are to be found in dissipation and worldly enjoyment.

An operatic song written in this spirit runs thus:—

> "Bid the ruddy nectar flow,
> Wine's the soul of joy below;
> Bless'd by Bacchus, rosy wine,
> Makes a mortal half divine."

Should anyone express a different opinion to that of the poet, he is discounted as "a water-drinking critic." But nobody will give Charles Lamb that name.

Speaking of himself he says: "At first I began with malt liquor; I took my degrees through thin wines; through stronger wine and water; through small punch to those juggling compositions, which, under the name of mixed liquors, slur a great deal of brandy or other poison under less and less water continually, until they come to next to none, and so to none at all."

In terrible words, Lamb tells how the chains of his drinking habit became rivetted. He is afraid that those who read "may recoil from it as from an overcharged picture. But what short of such a bondage is it (asks he) which, in spite of protesting friends, a weeping wife, and a reprobating world, chains down many a poor fellow?

"Many a time have I wept, as I thought of my own condition. There is no hope that it should ever change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard, I would cry out to all those who have but set one foot in the perilous flood.

"Could the youth, to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, look into my desolation to see all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of death out of which I cry hourly to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation.

"If a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the nearest clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermit!"

Surely to see such an intellect as that of Charles Lamb so enthralled and fettered is anything but one of the "scenes that are brightest."

But scenes quite as dark as Lamb's have been known to change. The pledge has been signed. God's aid has been invoked that the pledge might be kept. Let the man tell his own story.

"When I signed the pledge, I had sold every scrap of my furniture that anyone could be prevailed upon to buy. Besides, I was deeply in debt. For some time there seemed little improvement to my social position. Possibly folk were dubious as to my ability to hold up. In time I was sought by an employer who believed that if permanently sober, I had great ability. He offered me a salary of two hundred pounds a year.

"In my present situation I receive double that income. My family are prosperous and happy. In physique, in person, in capacity, I am a hundred per cent. better than when I used to go and 'enjoy myself' every night."

The operatic poet needs to alter his lines thus:

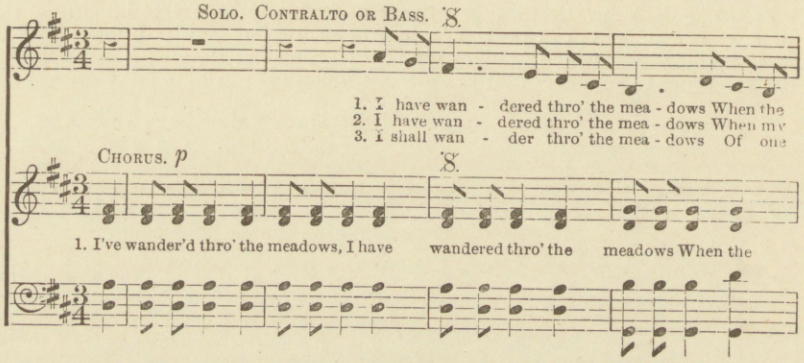
> "Bid the ruddy nectar *go*,
> Wine's the *death* of joy below."

There can be no scenes permanently bright which take their colour from the wine when it is red.

One sin opens the door to another.

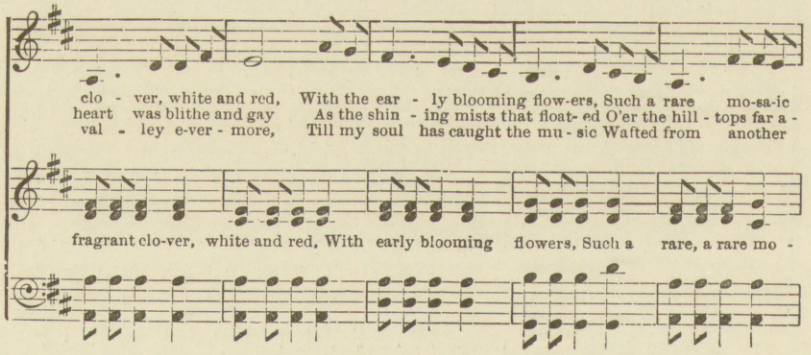
# I HAVE WANDERED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

G. F. ROOT.



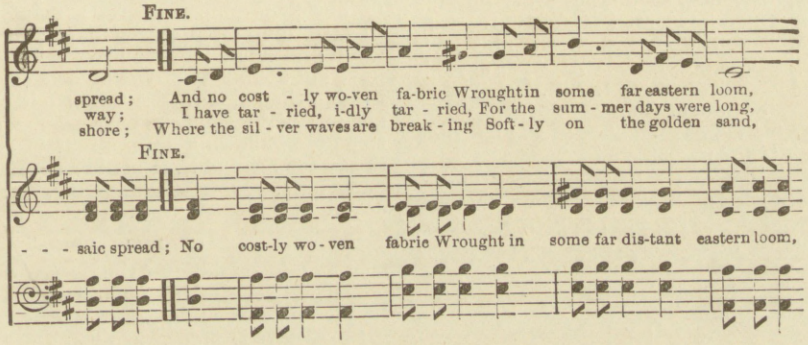

KEY D. SOLO. CONTRALTO OR BASS.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| : | : : | : | :s. f | m :- .r :d .t$_l$ | l$_l$ :- .d :t$_l$ .l$_l$ | |
| CHORUS. p | | | 1. I have | wan - dered thro' the | mea - dows When the | |
| | | | 2. I have | wan - dered thro' the | mea - dows When my | |
| | | | 3. I shall | wan - der thro' the | mea - dows Of one | |
| :m | m.m :m :m | m .m :m | :m | m .m :m :m | f .f :f :f | |
| :d | d.d :d :d | d .d :d | :d | d .d :d :d | d .d :d :d | |
| 2. I've | wander'd thro' the | meadows, I have | | wandered thro' the | meadows When my | |
| :s | s.s :s :s | s .s :s | :s | s .s :s :s | l .l :l :d$^l$ | |
| :d | d.d :d :d | d .d :d | :d | d .d :d :d | f$_l$ f$_l$ :f$_l$ :f$_l$ | |
| 3. I'll | wander thro' the | meadows, I | shall | wander thro' the | meadows Of one | |



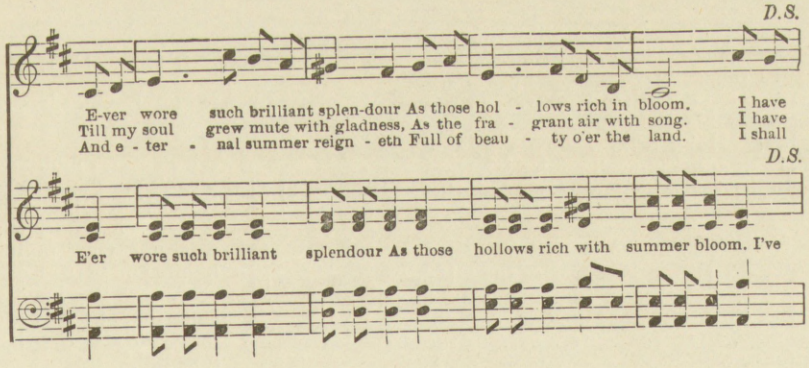

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| s$_l$ :- .d :d .m | r :— :s .f | m :- .r :d .t$_l$ | l$_l$ :-.d :t$_l$.l$_l$ | s$_l$ :- .m :m .r | | |
| clo - ver, white and | red, With the | ear- ly blooming | flow - ers, Such a | rare mo-sa- ic | | |
| heart was blithe and | gay As the | shining mists that | float-ed O'er the | hill - tops far a- | | |
| val - ley e- ver- | more, Till my | soul has caughtthe | mu - sic Wafted | from an-other | | |
| m .m :m :m | r .r :r :r | m.m :m :m | f .f :f :f | m.m :m :f | | |
| d .d :d :d | t$_l$.t$_l$ :t$_l$ :t$_l$ | d.d :d :d | d .d :d :d | d.d :d :t$_l$ | | |
| heart was blithe, was | blithe and gay As | shining mists that | floated O'er the | hilltops far, so | | |
| s .s :s :s | s .s :s :s | s.s :s :s | l .l :l :d$^l$ | s .s :s :s | | |
| s$_l$ .s$_l$ :s$_l$ :s$_l$ | s$_l$.s$_l$ :s$_l$ :s$_l$ | d.d :d :d | f$_l$.f$_l$ :f$_l$ :f$_l$ | s$_l$.s$_l$ :s$_l$ :s$_l$ | | |
| valley e - ver, | evermore, Un - | til I catch the | music Waft-ed | from an-o - ther | | |

## I HAVE WANDERED THRO' THE MEADOWS.—(*Continued.*)




FINE. KEY A.

| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| :d :— | $t_1 m_1 . f_1$ | $s_1$ :– .$s_1$ : $s_1$ . d | d :$t_1$ | :$t_1$ .d | r :– .$f_1$ : $l_1$ . $s_1$ | $m_1$ :— |
| spread ; | And no | cost - ly woven | fabric Wrought in | | some far eastern | loom, |
| way ; | I have | tar - ried, i-dly | tar - ried, For the | | summer days were | long, |
| shore ; | Where the | sil-ver waves are | break-ing soft-ly | | on the gold-en | sand, |
| :m.m :m | $^m l_1$ | $s_1 . s_1 : s_1$ | $s_1 . s_1 : s_1$ | | $t_1 . t_1 : t_1$ | d .d :d |
| :d.d :d | $^d f_1$ | $m_1 . m_1 : m_1$ | $f_1 . f_1 : f_1$ | | $f_1 . f_1 : f_1$ | $m_1 . m_1 : m_1$ |
| far a-way. | I've | tar-ried, i - dly | tarried, For the | | summer days were | long, were long. |
| :s.s :s | $^s d$ | d .d :d | r .r :r | | r .r :r | d .d :d |
| :d.d :d | $^d f_1$ | $d_1 . d_1 : d_1$ | $s_1 . s_1 : s_1$ | | $s_1 . s_1 : s_1$ | $d_1 . d_1 : d_1$ |
| far off shore, | Where | silver waves are | breaking softly | | on the gol - den, | golden sand, |




KEY D. *D.S.*

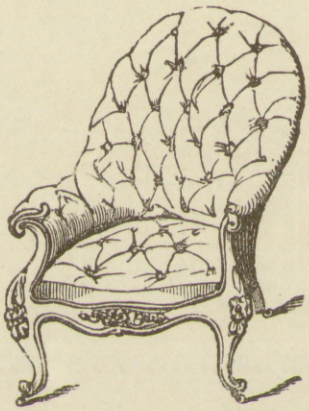
| | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| :$m_1$ .$f_1$ | $s_1$ :– .m :r .d | $t_1$ :$l_1$ :$t_1$ .d | $s_1$ :– .$l_1$ :$f_1$ .$r_1$ | $d_1$ :— | : $^d$s .f | |
| E - ver | wore such brilliant | splen-dour As those | hol - lows rich in | bloom. | I have | |
| Till my | soul grew mute with | glad - ness As the | fra - grant air with | song. | I have | |
| And e - | ter - nal summer | reign-eth Full of | beau - ty o'er the | lan . | I shall | |
| :$s_1$ | $s_1 . s_1 : s_1$ :$s_1$ | $l_1 . l_1 : l_1$ :$l_1$ | $s_1 . s_1$ :$s_1$ :$t_1$ | d .d :d | :$^s$r | |
| :$m_1$ | $m_1 . m_1 : m_1$ :$m_1$ | $f_1 . f_1 : f_1$ :$f_1$ | $m_1 . m_1$ :$m_1$ :$f_1$ | $m_1 . m_1 : m_1$ | :$^m t_1$ | |
| Till | e'en my soul grew | mute with gladness, | And with joy-ful | song, with song. | I've | |
| :d | d .d :d :d | d .d :d :d | d .d :d :r .$s_1$ | $s_1 . s_1 : s_1$ | : $^d$s | |
| :$d_1$ | $d_1 . d_1 : d_1$ :$d_1$ | $f_1 . f_1 : f_1$ :$f_1$ | $s_1 . s_1 : s_1$ :$s_1$ | $d_1 . d_1 : d_1$ | :$^d d_1$ | |
| An- | summer e - ver | reigneth Full of | beauty o'er the | land, the land. | I'll | |

## Go-Ahead's Letter to Boys.

My Dear Lads,

WHY, in the name of all that is sensible, should not every working man have an easy chair to sit in when he comes home after his day's work is done? "Ah," you say, "it is all very well to *talk*, but it can't be done. There are so many ways for a poor man's pence that they won't 'run' to arm chairs."

Now that is all "fiddlesticks," and I am absolutely certain that every labouring man not only *ought* to have but really *could* have quite as snug a little bone-rester as this if he made up his mind to it.



How often do you see a chair like this in a really *poor* man's home? Very, *very* seldom, I am afraid, and yet I repeat *he could have it if he liked.* How? Carry round a petition? No! Borrow of his mother-in-law? No! Keep his wife extra "short"? No! Make little Billy go without shoes? No! Starve himself? No! How, then? Simply by *making* himself stop putting his money in

A BAG WITHOUT A BOTTOM,

and by refusing to let the landlord of the "Pig and Whistle" sit in the chair that ought to be under *him.* Just think of it for a moment. Here is a *very* poor man, a farm labourer, earning the miserable pittance of

ELEVEN SHILLINGS A WEEK,

and he has got a wife and four children to keep, not one of them earning a sixpence towards the rent or the baker's bill. Are easy chairs within *his* reach? It almost seems cruel to say "yes," but yet I must say it because it is *true.* Watch that dear man, Hodge, on his way home. He feels tired and "spent," and he drops into the "corner shop," where liquid fire is sold at four times the price it costs to make. Poor Hodge would call for a *pot* if he dared, but he is no drunkard, and he would rather pinch himself than hurt his family, so he has a pint *only*, and he pays his hard-earned two-pence and goes on his way feeling that he has been exceedingly careful, and that nothing less than a pint a day can possibly keep him in any degree of health for his constant labour and incessant toil. But

WHAT HAS HE GOT TO WORK ON

out of that little investment? Scarcely a particle of muscle-forming material; scarcely anything to give him force or vigour; in fact, if he had spent one single half-penny of it in food he could have got double—yes treble, and even *more* than treble—the amount of strength out of it than he got out of his pint of beer. Suppose, then, instead of swallowing down a pint of drink, which, to say the least of it, is neither nourishing, thirst-quenching, or strength-giving, he had just devoted the money, or say three-parts of it, to an

"ARM-CHAIR FUND,"

he could, in six months' time, have over a *golden sovereign* to visit the upholsterer with. How simple and easy and *practicable* it is, isn't it?

Boys, have *one idea* when you grow to be men; and let that one idea be to help to crush into pulp the cruel, *detestable* liquor traffic which trades on the ignorance of the poor, and lives only to subtract from the sum of the labourer's comforts (and truly they need *no* reduction) all that can be taken away, leaving him with bare walls, and his children often with bare bones, and his wife with a bare cupboard, and bare boards to sit on. Live for this, my lads; in the name of my Master I pray you live for this, until, at any rate, the Church of Christ awakens out of her sleep and rises as one man to seal the doom of the liquor traffic.

Your affectionate friend,

GO-AHEAD.

## AFTER THE HOLIDAY.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.

"I AM so sorry, mother, to give you all this trouble and expense, but it wasn't my fault."

"No, my darling; I know it was not your fault. I do not blame you in the least; I am only sorry that you have had so much suffering, and that after the holiday you are a prisoner in the hospital."

"Never mind, mother, don't cry; I shall soon be well; and then I shall come home when I am strong. I shall soon be big enough to go to work and earn the bread."

Mrs. Wilson patted her son, Albert, on the head and kissed his brow more than once, while the tears burst from her eyes and rolled gently down her face.

You must know that Mrs. Wilson was a widow; she had been left with four children—Albert was the eldest, and he was only ten years of age. He had been attending a Board School and had made wonderful progress. Mr. Tomlinson, his teacher, was very anxious that he should continue his education, and, if possible, pass to a school of a higher grade. He was grieved when he saw the boy's pale face, for he knew that

many a day Albert came to school with only half a breakfast, and with a hungry stomach it was very hard to learn.

One afternoon, Mr. Tomlinson asked Albert to stay behind, as he had something to say to him.

"How would you like a fortnight's holiday by the sea, Albert?" said the teacher.

"Very much, if it were possible, sir, for I have never seen the sea."

"Never seen the sea!" said Mr. Tomlinson to himself, and then he thought of all the joy the boy would certainly have when he once found himself on the sands, and could watch the waves dashing against the cliffs.

"Well, Albert, I can send you away with a number of other boys to a cottage at C——, where you will have plenty of food, and kind friends to take care of you; then you can play all day on the rocks and sands; you can catch crabs, bathe, and make sand castles, and do whatever you like."

"Oh, thank you, sir, thank you," said Albert; and his heart beat so rapidly and his eyes filled with tears, he could hardly see out of them.

It was soon all arranged; Albert was ready on the appointed day, with his little parcel of clothes under his arm; then he walked to the railway station. There was Mr. Tomlinson with several other boys; they were all hurrying, and all in such an excited state as they kissed their mothers, who had come to see them off. A stranger might have imagined they were a company of Dr. Barnardo's boys going off to Canada.

A loud cheer and a waving of hats, and then the train was soon out of the station, soon past the chimney pots, and then out into the lovely country, where the lambs were playing in the fields and the birds carolling so sweetly; poor Albert could hardly believe it was the same world.

They must have been in the train at least a couple of hours when one of the boys shouted, "There's the sea!" and then all heads pressed forward to the open windows, or looked through the glass.

"I shall have a dip this afternoon," said Jack Edwards.

"And so shall I," answered Albert; "we'll go in together, Jack; it won't hurt us, will it?"

"I should think not; it is jolly, especially when a big wave comes and lifts you right off your feet."

How happily the days past. Mrs. Meadows, at Laburnum Cottage, was a second mother to the boys; indeed, I am sorry to say, some of the boys found her much kinder than their own mothers at home.

The bread and milk disappeared quickly at breakfast time; the meat pudding went the same way at dinner. Indeed the boys couldn't make it out that they could have as much as they wanted to eat. They were not long indoors you may be sure. How many wonderful things they saw on the sands; there was the jumping shrimp, the crab that made its home in a whelk shell, the mussles, and the barnacles that attached themselves to the piles of the pier; then the starfish, and the lovely seaweeds and anemones they found on the rocks. Albert now began to realise the existence of many things about which he had only read before.

It was on the Saturday before the Monday when they were to go back home that a benevolent looking gentleman, who had watched the boys for some time, came up to them and said:

"Boys, would you like a sail?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir; thank you!" was the immediate reply.

"Well, then, come along on to the pier, and we'll all go out for a couple of hours."

There, at the head of the pier, was a little yacht, bearing on its flag the name of *Sunflower*; it belonged to Mr. Crawford, who had invited the boys to come with him on the sea.

"All ready?" shouted the captain, when the boys were seated.

"Yes," said Mr. Crawford; "let go the ropes!" and then the yacht skimmed over the water as if it had been alive and made of feathers instead of a heavy mass of wood, lead and canvas.

Away they went, past the lightship; then they tacked about, and some of the boys began to look very white, and to wish they were on the land once more. It was now Mr. Crawford found—of course quite unexpectedly—a big basketful of buns, and such a number of bottles of ginger-beer and lemonade; and, of course, having made the discovery the boys didn't stop to ask any questions, but immediately proceeded to find a convenient haven for them.

"That's right, boys," said Mr. Crawford; "enjoy yourselves when you get a chance; you'll have plenty of trouble in the future."

And, indeed, if he had examined some of their clothes he might have been quite sure they had plenty of trouble even at present.

They were getting near the pier when Mr. Crawford noticed that another yacht was getting dangerously close to them.

"Look out, Bill!" he shouted to the man who had the rudder in hand.

Bill did look out, and tried all he could to escape a collision, but it was no use, the other yacht came straight against them.

There was a fearful crash; the boys shouted with fear. Albert, who was standing on the seat holding on to a rail, was thrown into the water; and the other boys fell together on the deck. There was great confusion, and Albert was crushed against the pier, so that when he was rescued he was in an almost dying condition.

This was the reason Mrs. Wilson came down to C——, in response to Mr. Crawford's telegram, and why Albert expressed his sorrow at the anxiety she was suffering.

"Don't be too anxious, Mrs. Wilson," said Mr. Crawford; "your son is in no danger, he will be quite well in time. The boatman of the yacht which ran into us had, I am grieved to say, been drinking. It is the old story, so often repeated—drink is the cause of untold misery."

"I know that to my great sorrow," replied Mrs. Wilson.

She could, if she had desired, have told Mr. Crawford a long and awful story. Albert is still in the hospital, but Mr. Crawford has promised that he shall have all he needs when he is well.

## NELLY MORGAN'S DOLL.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

*Author of "The Realities of Life," "Our Jennie," &c.*



NELLY MORGAN was a very selfish little girl, all her toys she wanted for herself; the warmest corner in the nursery; the softest cushion; and above all, the big doll that mother had bought for all the children to go shares in. Maggie and Jessie, her two sisters, felt all this very much, and often told mother with many sobs and tears that "Nelly had had the big dollie *all* afternoon, and said she was the eldest girl, so she had a right to it, and they must have the old wooden one, and the broken nosed one with its arms off."

"And I don't always like to nurse an ugly dollie, mother," Jessie would add passionately. "I do love to kiss the pretty one and hold her in my arms and love her."

Then mother would talk kindly and lovingly to her little girls and tell them "they must all pray for Nelly, because she was really unhappy though she had the doll, for selfish people were never happy."

One day Nelly seemed more selfish than usual, and more determined than ever to have her own way; and though Nurse had put the doll on the top shelf of the cupboard and said no one was to touch it whilst she was out of the nursery, Nelly said to herself, "I will though;" so she climbed up by putting one chair on the top of another, then a hassock on the top of all, and by their aid she clambered to the shelf where dollie was, and caught hold of her, but just as she was getting down the top chair fell over with Nelly on it, and somehow she fell upon her arm and broke it. Her screams soon brought the nurse, who was quickly followed by her mother. What a sight met their eyes, Nelly on the floor screaming with pain and dollie smashed to atoms by her side. The doctor was sent for and by his skilful, kindly aid, the poor arm was set; but oh! what weeks of pain Nelly had, and how she wished over and over again she had never tried to get the "big doll."

During the time of suffering, though, she learnt what a selfish girl she had been. When she saw how her mother, and even her younger sisters all waited on her, and gave up their time to amuse her, never thinking of themselves or their own pleasure, she often felt ashamed of her own selfishness, and made up her mind she would be a better girl, and try to be unselfish when she was once again in the nursery with her sisters, and she did. Her mother bought her a lovely doll for herself, and when she heard Jessie and Maggie admiring it and wishing they had one like it, she said,

"It shall be yours as much as mine; I've been a horrid, selfish girl, but I mean to try and be better. You have all been so good and kind to me whilst my arm was bad, and I do want you to know I am sorry, so my own dollie is yours too, and you can have it whenever you want."

Nelly often felt selfish and did not become unselfish all at once, but she tried, and better still she asked God to help her.

## MY CROWN OF JOY.

By Fred. J. Brooke.

MY crown is not a coronet,
With pearls and rubies rare;
Nor yet a costly robe of state,
Surpassing rich and fair.
Nor do I find in stocks and shares
What makes one feel a pride;
Nor titles, lands, or palaces,
With piles of gold beside.

Nor is the sound of loud applause,
Nor is the world's esteem,
With name and fame and flattery,
The thing for which I dream.
The wild excitement of the chase,
The sound of huntsman's horn,
May captivate and satiate
The so-called nobly born:

But this thing has a charm for me
And fills me with delight—
The pressure of a friend's right hand,
And love's divine requite.
That pressure it is better far,
And it has higher worth
Than all the golden dreams that fan
The avarice of earth.

The laughter of the bairns at play,
Their kisses warm and sweet;
The roguish light within their eyes
Are charms I love to meet.
And when they fling their arms around
My neck in childish glee
I think I hear the music of
Life's sweetest melody.

And there is one with wrinkled brow,
And footsteps tottering,
To whom the gloaming time has come
With conscious deepening:
Yet is there often in her voice
An earthly paradise;
And there is sunlight in her face,
And love-light in her eyes.

But this is my best crown of joy,
My permanent delight—
'Mid frowns and fears, 'mid cares and tears,
And human wrath and slight—
The story of the Father's love
To me through Jesus given,
And I, redeemed, for ever made
A citizen of heaven.

# THE PILOT'S GLASS.

By Uncle Ben.

DURING a heavy sea mist a merchant ship, homeward bound, ran on to a bank of sand, some few miles from land, on the south-east coast, off a lonely and desolate shore. The sea was calm and the weather fair. When the veil of grey fog lifted, all the boats that could be got went out to the stranded vessel to see what help they could give. As the tide was low it was hoped that at its flood it might be possible to move the vessel off again. But all the combined strength of the boats which went to help was of no avail.

The event caused a good deal of excitement among the few inhabitants of the little hamlet, composed of fisher folk. Three children of one of the men who had first seen the distress of the ship, and had hastily summoned what aid he could, watched the departure of the boats from the shore with much interest, and waited eagerly to know the result. After what seemed a long absence one of the boats returned, reporting that the ship was too fast to be got off, and that the nearest port must be telegraphed to for two tugs to come to the assistance of the ship aground. The delay would be of many hours, and, if the wind rose, it might become perilous.

When the father of the three children returned, confirming the story that nothing more could be done until the tugs arrived, the elder girl asked her father how it could have happened, for never before had a ship been known to strike the sand bank unless driven by great stress of storm. The father said he had spoken with one of the mates, whom he brought ashore, and was told by him that the pilot who was in charge of the vessel had taken too much drink, and got out of his reckoning, and that his extra glass or two would cost him pretty dear, as most likely he would lose his certificate.

"There," said the father, "is another lesson for you Band of Hope youngsters. A big ship like that gone ashore in a calm sea, all the delay and expense, and very likely some damage to her keel, through a glass too much. If I had my way, all pilots at sea and engine-drivers on land should be pledged teetotalers. There ain't no safety on sea or shore wherever the drink is, for there's sure to be mischief and danger."

It wasn't till the next day, at high water, with a rising wind and with very much trouble, that the two tugs were able to drag off the stranded ship; and she proceeded to her destination, where it went hard with the pilot, who got his discharge, and was dismissed the service with disgrace.



The children lived to remember the event, for that day a baby was born in the home, and it was called Peter, after the name of the ship—*Peter the Great*—that went ashore in a calm sea.

The members of that family were secured from the perils of strong drink because, from the pilot of the household to the new baby, they were all life abstainers.

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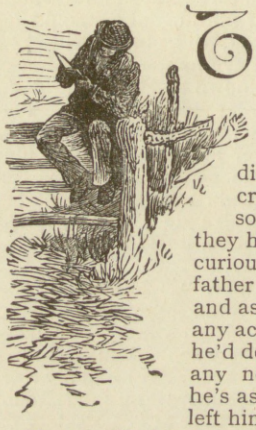
Example is better than precept, and if it be our duty to persuade the drunkard to become an abstainer, it is surely our duty to do this in the most effectual way. What would be the probable effect produced upon the drunkard by witnessing a company of persons of Christian character enjoying themselves over their wine? He would be likely to reason thus: "What is right in them cannot be wrong in me. I see many excellent people indulging in it without excess, and surely I need not be more strict than they."

# HONEST JOHN.

By John Foster.



THAT is what people call my grandfather. *I* don't speak of him so, it wouldn't be respectful in a little boy. But I *may* say that he deserves the name. He dislikes anything mean or crafty or dishonourable as some silly children say they hate a frog or a toad. The curious thing about my grandfather is that he seems as hurt and ashamed when he hears of any act of dishonesty as though he'd done it himself. And when any noble conduct is shown, he's as glad as if any one had left him a fortune.

My grandfather is a great reader of the newspaper. One of the treats I have is to listen to the tit-bits he gives us nearly every morning when he's come to the end of his own reading. After he'd done reading a few weeks ago, grandmother and I could see he had hit upon something very much to his liking.

"Capital, capital, capital!"

"What's capital?" says my grandmother.

"I never saw anything to equal it in all my days."

"But tell us all about it, grandfather," I struck in.

"Wonderful I call it, and so complete,"

"My dear John," my grandmother said, taking hold of his shoulder and giving it a shake, "don't keep your wonderful things all to yourself, let us have a chance of wondering."

"I'm sure I beg your pardon," answered my grandfather. "I shall only be too pleased to tell you all about it. This is the story. Near to Northumberland Avenue a carman was lifting a box out of his waggon when it dropped and burst open, and the contents were scattered far and wide."

"What *were* the contents?" I said eagerly.

"Don't be a naughty boy and interrupt, or I shan't tell you the story. You would never guess what were the contents of the box. It was full of pennies; ten pounds' worth of them. How many would that be?"

"Two thousand four hundred," answered I, after going through a little calculation.

"Good boy! Well, all these pennies rolled about the street, and directly there was a wild scramble for them. Workmen, costermongers, shop-keepers, crossing-sweepers tried which among them could secure the most coins. Just when he was wanted, up came Mr. Policeman and borrows a basket of a greengrocer close by, and calls upon the scramblers to put their takings in. When the collection was finished, he took it to the Bow Street Police Court so that the authorities might count it. How much do you think was recovere l out of the ten pounds lost?"

I said half, my grandmother said three-quarters.

"Wrong, both of you," shouted my grandfather, full of glee. "The whole of the money was there, not a single coin was wanting."*

We agreed that it was indeed a most remarkable thing. It showed how human beings influence each other for good as they often do for evil. My grandmother suggested that honesty was catching, like measles, for no one could suppose that all those who collected the pennies were as honest habitually as on that particular occasion.

"Yesterday," said my grandmother, "I saw a very different side of human nature. I went, as you know, a half-crown ride into the country in a waggonette. After the conductor had gathered in his fares, he counted the total over twice, looking very much perplexed. As it happened, I was able to penetrate the secret of his anxiety. The conductor, in one or two cases, had to give change. A nice looking, respectably dressed young man in taking his change started and seemed about to speak to the conductor, but in almost the same moment appeared to change his mind and kept silent. I was sure when I noticed the perplexity of the conductor that the young man was the culprit. It would have been most painful to me to have spoken to the young man, but I felt I should have to do it if the conductor did not find his own way out of the difficulty."

"You'd have been bound to do it," said my grandfather.

"However," my grandmother continued, "I wasn't put to the trial. The conductor's face suddenly changed, and, with an indignant look and speaking very sharply, he said to the young man, 'I gave you change for a sovereign by mistake for half-sovereign.' The foolish man took the half-sovereign out of his pocket and returned it without a word; the eyes of all the other passengers were fixed upon him, and his face was scarlet. I was angry with him, but when I saw his shame and misery I pitied him too."

"I should think so," said my grandfather. "But he would have been more to be pitied if he had not been so publicly put to shame—

'And you all know, security
Is mortals' chiefest enemy'

It is better for the thief to be found out and punished, than by impunity to be encouraged to go on in his wicked way."

"But, grandfather," I said, "Isn't it temptation that has to do with these things? If grandma's young man—

"My dear boy, you musn't call him *my* young man."

"You know what I mean, grandmother, if he hadn't been tempted by the mistake the conductor made, he would have remained honest—it seems to be a matter of chance"

My grandfather explained to me that the yielding or not yielding to temptation depended on the state of a man's heart, that there was no chance in the case. When the spark fell upon gunpowder there would be an explosion, when it fell upon stone or marble it would straightway go out. Then he went on to talk about his mother, and told us a story about the working of

*A fact, vouched for by the daily papers a few weeks ago.

conscience that she had told him and his sister sixty years before.

"I don't know if she got it out of a book, or if it happened in her own experience, I only know I've never read it or heard of it excepting from her dear lips. There was a children's party, so the tale ran, and all was fun and frolic. But the sport was interrupted and the faces of the little people became grave as it was rumoured that an article of value, I forget what it was, had disappeared. It seemed to be a case of theft, but all the children protested their innocence. At last the master of the house said that he had a plan to find out the truth. An old lady, a friend of his, had got a magical hen, through whose agency the author of any crime could be exposed. So after a time the children were ushered into a dimly lighted room, in the middle of which was the old woman with her wonderful hen in a basket. 'Now,' said the gentleman, 'each boy and girl must one after the other stroke the back of the hen; those who are innocent will take no harm, but when the hand of the thief is laid upon the back of the sagacious creature she will turn and peck it, and it's a dreadfully sharp beak she has!' So the experiment was made, and the children returned to the other room. 'Oh dear, oh dear,' said a little girl, 'my hands are as black as soot.' 'And so are ours,' said the rest; all but one boy who seemed rather proud of displaying his hands and showing that they were clean and white. 'This young gentlemen' said the master of the house, 'is the thief;' and so indeed it turned out."

"I suppose," said I, "that the old woman blacked the back of her hen?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if she did," replied my grandfather.

"But, I say, grandfather," I asked again, "would the hen really have pecked the hand of the thief if he had stroked her?"

"He didn't give her the chance," my grandfather answered.

## SOME OF THE BIG THINGS OF THE WORLD.

THE largest bridge in the world is that between New York city and Brooklyn; the length of the main span is 1,595 ft. 6in., and the entire length of the bridge is 5,980 ft.

The loftiest active volcano is Popocatapetl, which means "smoking mountain," thirty-five miles south of Puebla, Mexico; it is 17,748 ft. high, and has a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 ft. deep.

The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior, 400 miles long, 160 miles wide at its greatest breadth, and having an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean depth is 900 ft. and its greatest depth about 200 fathoms. Its surface is about 635 ft. above the level of the sea.

The biggest cavern is the Mammoth cave in Edmonson County, Kentucky. The cave consists of a succession of irregular chambers, some of which are very large and fantastically beautiful. They are situated on different levels and in some cases are traversed by navigable branches of the Subterranean Echo river, in the waters of which blind fishes are found.

The longest span of wire in the world is used for a telegraph in India, over the river Kistuah, between Bezorah and Sectyuagrum. It is more than 6,000 ft. in length and is 1,200 ft. high.

The biggest tunnel in the world is that under the St. Gothard on the railway from Lucerne to Milan. It runs 900 ft. below the village of Andermatt, and 6,000 ft. below the Kastelhorn peak. The tunnel is 26½ ft. wide, and is 18 ft. from floor to roof. It is 9½ miles long and is hewn out of the solid rock through the heart of the mountain.

The largest bell is that of the Kremlin, Moscow. Its circumference at the bottom is 68 ft., and its height 21 ft. In its stoutest part it is 23 in. thick, and its weight is computed to be 443,772 lbs. It has never been hung and was cast near the spot on which it now stands. A piece of the bell is broken out, the fracture having been occasioned by water being thrown upon the bell when it was heated by the building erected over it being on fire. The interior of the bell makes a good sized room.

The biggest fortress is that of Gibraltar. It covers a rocky promontory jutting out into the Mediterranean Sea. It is three miles long and three quarters of a mile broad. The central rock rises to a height of 1,435 ft., while around it are a series of unassailable precipices. It takes 7,000 men to garrison the fortress, which is considered to be impregnable.

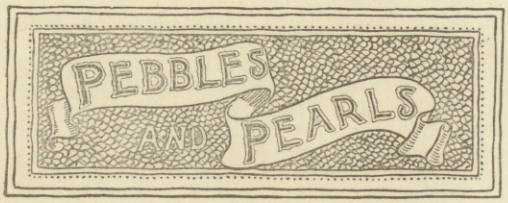
Of monuments, the largest is that of the Obelisk at Karnac on the banks of the Nile, near Luxor. It stands on the site of the ancient city of Thebes. It is 122 ft. long and weighs 400 tons. It is cut out of one piece of stone, and is supposed to have been erected in memory of Hatasu, sister of Pharaoh Thotmes III., in the year 1600 B.C.

The Pyramid of Cheops, near Memphis, in Egypt, is the biggest mass of building. In its complete state it comprised 89,028 cubic ft. of masonry. Its height was 479 ft., and the total weight of the stone of which it is composed is estimated at 6,316,000 tons.

The longest rivers of the world are as follows: Missouri, Missippi, 4,194 miles; Nile, 4,020 miles; Yang-tsze-Kiang, 3,158 miles; Amazon, 3,063 miles; Yemsei-Selenga, 2,950 miles; Amur, 2,920 miles; Congo, 2,883 miles, and the Mackenzie, 2,868 miles.

The great wall of China stands unrivalled as one of the biggest things in the world. An engineer who has made the subject a special study on the spot, calculates that it contains 6,350 millions of cubic ft. of material, this quantity being sufficient to build a wall round the globe six feet high and approaching two feet in thickness. This stupendous work was constructed in the comparatively short period of 20 years.

The ten largest cities in the world are as follows: London with a population of 4,764,312; Paris, 2,269,023; Canton, 1,500,000; New York, 1,449,000; Aitchi (Japan), 1,322,050; Berlin, 1,122,330; Tokio (Japan), 987,887; Philadelphia, 875,000; Calcutta, 766,298; and Vienna, 726,100.




AT A VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT.—The Cat: "I am very sorry to have to leave this place. They've been very kind to me, but the style of living doesn't at all agree with me."—SCRAPS —From the *Vegetarian Messenger*.

AUNT DOROTHY: "How many commandments are there, Johnny?" Johnny (glibly): "Ten." Aunt Dorothy: "And now, suppose you were to break one of them?" Johnny (tentatively): "Then there'd be nine."

A CURIOUS CALCULATION.—If the money spent every year in this country on drink were given to a person in sovereigns, he might walk round the world at the equator and drop three at every step, and then only just exhaust the supply.

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

"WE admit that as a body teetotalers enjoy probably a higher average of health, and have a better expectation of life than an equal number of their neighbours who use alcohol, including among the latter both moderate and excessive drinkers."—*The Times*.

EXPERIMENTS have been made by Dr. Buehoeri[n] submitting working bees to a regimen of alcoholised honey. The effect is astonishing. They revolt against their queen, and give themselves over to idleness, brigandage, and pillage until they are cast out by their fellows.

## WHERE A POLICEMAN IS NEVER SEEN.

A LITTLE secluded Dartmoor village, known as Buckland-in-the-Moor, is in the fortunate position of not having had a pauper among its inhabitants for close upon twenty years. The village is also noteworthy from the fact that it is without a public-house and does not possess a policeman.

With the exception of one small estate held in trust for the church, the whole parish is owned by the squire. The farms are only small, and the occupiers, as a rule, are able to work them with only occasional assistance beyond that provided by their families.

The squire seems to take a paternal interest in the people, for if sickness keeps the men home a week or so he pays their wages as usual. If they go "on the club" they receive 10s. a week, and he adds the amount necessary to make up the total of their wages; while those not in a club receive half-pay. When men are too old for work they are continued on the pay-list.—*Tit-Bits*.

NOT IN ANY NEED.—Old lady: Well, here's a penny for ye; but I should hate to feel that I was encouragin' ye to drink. Tramp: I don't need encouragement, mum.

"SAM," said one little urchin to another, the other day; "does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?" "I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder, "he gives me a good flogging every day, and says I merit two!"

"BERTIE, dear," said a lady to her little boy, "take this shilling to Betsy, and tell her to go to the market and buy a shilling's worth of eggs, but she must not get crate eggs." "Mamma," said the little boy, "what sort of a bird is a crate?"

CICERO ON TEMPERANCE.—"Temperance is the unyielding control of reason over lust, and over all wrong tendencies of the mind. Frugality is not so extensive as temperance. Temperance means not only frugality, but also modesty and self-government. It means abstinence from all things not good, and entire innocence of character."

No man oppresses thee, O thou free and independent franchiser! but does not this stupid pewter pot oppress thee? No son of Adam can bid thee come or go, but this absurd pot of heavy wet can and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetite and this accursed dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy liberty, thou entire blockhead.—*T. Carlyle*.

THE following extracts are from examination papers recently handed in at a public school in Connecticut:—"1. From what animals do we get milk? From the camel and the milkman. 2. The hen is covered with feathers; with what is the cat covered? The cat is covered with fleas. 3. Name an animal that has four legs and a long tail. A mosquito. 4. Name two kinds of nuts. Peanuts and forget-me-nots."—*Harper's Round Table*.

THE strongest man in the world is a Canadian, who is credited with being able to lift 3,000 pounds weight. Here is his testimony in his own words:—"For two years I have abstained from alcohol and tobacco, which I used before to take regularly, and am three times better off since then. I gained in strength to lift 700 pounds more in these two years. Liquor is a bad habit; tobacco, too much of it, is bad. I am three times better off since I gave them both up." The verdict here is—Alcoholic liquors hinder the development of the muscular powers.

## EACH ONE HAS A PLACE.

Do what you can, being what you are,
Shine like a glow-worm, if you cannot as a star,
Work like a pulley, if you cannot as a crane,
Be a wheel greaser, if you cannot drive a train.

Be the pliant oar if you cannot be a sailor,
Be the little needle, if you cannot be a tailor,
Be the cleansing broom, if you cannot be the sweeper,
Be the sharpened sickle, if you cannot be the reaper.

—*By the late Judge Payne.*

# ADDY'S TWO LIVES.

(AN ORIGINAL STORY)

BY RUTH B. YATES.

*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumpy Grafton," "Green & Gold," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



ONE Sunday Nana said she was tired, and laid down to rest, so Adolphe wandered out alone as the others were mostly engaged in gambling and drinking.

He wandered aimlessly along, glad to get out in the pure air, thinking of the strange and wonderful things that Nana told him about her native country, when he was suddenly arrested by the sound of music. He paused and listened.

It seemed to come from a little building that lay back from the road; so he went near to the mission chapel and stood by the open door to listen, when a gentleman came out and courteously invited him to enter for a moment. Adolphe hesitated, but the stranger repeated his invitation.

"Step inside, my friend; we have a bright, homely service, and we will make you very welcome."

"Thank you, sir," responded Adolphe as he followed the kind-spoken gentleman, who conducted him to a seat near the front and gave him a hymn book, having first found the place. The tune had been played over, and now the people were beginning to sing very heartily, "One there is who loves thee."

Adolphe glanced round: it was a plain room with a few texts on the walls, and a rustic congregation, evidently farm labourers and their families principally, who were ranged along the wooden benches, but all sang as if they meant it, and Adolphe soon forgot his surroundings, and joined his clear treble to the singing. Then a young man stood up and began to tell a story, to which Adolphe listened with eager interest.

He described a good shepherd who had a hundred sheep, which he watched and tended and cared for, leading them to the greenest pastures and the clearest water; but one silly sheep rebelled against his loving restraint, and thought she would rather be free to explore the mountains that towered above the peaceful valley in which the sheep were safely folded. So graphic was the description that Adolphe seemed to see the sheep peacefully grazing and hear the rippling of the water.

The preacher went on to tell how the discontented one wandered round and round the hedge, seeking a place to escape, and, choosing a spot which was thinnest, pushed and pushed until it made a gap and wriggled through, tearing off its wool and hurting itself, but—it was free.

On and on it wandered, nibbling the grass as it went, and, oh, how sweet were those forbidden pastures. Farther and farther it wandered, each step taking it away from the fold, rejoicing in its freedom, and all unknowing that it was approaching the brink of a terrible precipice.

Over it went with a despairing cry, striking against the jagged rocks as it fell down, down, until it would be dashed to pieces—but, no! see, it has fallen upon a bush that is growing from a fissure in the rock, and there it lies, bruised and bleeding and ready to die.

Meantime the good shepherd comes to lead his



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sheep to the fold ere night comes on, and as they file out of the field he counts them according to his usual custom. One, two, three, four, up to ninety-eight, ninety-nine, a hun——. No, he must have made a mistake for the first time in his life. Again he counts them. Ninety-nine. One is missing. Ah! it is that fair, frail, delicate one that most needs the shepherd's care.

With a heavy heart the shepherd led home his flock, and when they were safely folded, he called his dog and set out to seek and to save that which was lost.

He took a great coil of rope, for he feared greatly lest the wanderer should have fallen over the precipice or been torn in pieces by the wolf who was ever prowling round.

On and on he went, searching first this side, then that, amid the fast gathering gloom, until at last, weary and sad at heart, he reached the edge of the precipice; if it had fallen down upon the jagged rocks below there was small chance of the poor thing being alive at all.

He leaned over and gave the familiar call, then listening intently, he fancied he heard a feeble bleat, and straining his eyes he caught sight of the poor sheep caught upon a friendly bush, quite unable to help itself. Its very struggles only tended to loosen its support and hasten its fall into the terrible abyss below.

Quickly the shepherd unwound the rope, and at last succeeded in getting it over the shoulders of the wanderer; and slowly and surely, at the risk of his own life, he drew up the poor bruised and mangled, but still struggling sheep, until it was safe once more, then he placed it on his shoulder and returned home rejoicing.

Adolphe, who had scarcely breathed during the recital, now drew a deep breath of relief. The preacher, however, went on to tell the meaning of his tale; and he told how all we like sheep have gone astray, but God loved us still, and the Good Shepherd, the Lord Jesus Christ, came down from His bright home in glory on purpose to seek and to save the lost. Not only did He risk His life, but He actually gave it, and died a cruel death for your sake and mine. "My brother," he said, looking directly at Adolphe, "those longings that you feel after a purer and a better life are the voice of the Good Shepherd calling you to Himself. Will you let Him save you, or will you keep on trying to save yourself, until death comes, and you are lost for ever?

"Oh, my dear friends, the Saviour has sent me to tell you that He is longing to save you; and if there is one poor wandering sheep here to-night who wants to be saved, if you will come forward to this front form we will point you to Jesus."

Without a moment's hesitation Adolphe walked to the front, and asked, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"Will He save me? I do want to be good, but I don't know how."

The little congregation knelt in prayer, as the preacher commended this wandering sheep to the care of the Good Shepherd.

They sang a hymn, to the words of which Adolphe listened with feelings of wonder and gratitude, though he could not quite understand what it meant.

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful gleam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

With pitying eyes the prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and—O amazing love!
He flew to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He sped;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead

O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak!

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

The preacher pronounced the benediction and the congregation dispersed, but Adolphe remained with the preacher and a few of the workers.

After some conversation, the preacher explained the plan of salvation, simply and plainly, as to a little child, and his words met a ready response in Adolphe's heart, and he was enabled to trust Christ as his Saviour with a child-like faith that brought joy and peace to his soul, and he returned home rejoicing, after promising to come again.

Adolphe recounted to Nana all that he had heard, and longed for her to share his new-found joy; but was disappointed to find she did not embrace the offer so eagerly as he had done.

He went to see the preacher again, according to promise, and found him very willing to answer his questions, and satisfy him that Christ had made a full atonement for sin, and that he would not have to atone for them himself in a future life, as Nana had taught him. He also gave him a small copy of the New Testament, and Adolphe promised to read a portion every day, and also to attend service every Sunday, wherever he might be.

Adolphe read aloud to Nana, and they talked together over what they read; for to both it had the charm of novelty.

It may seem strange that a child who had received the rudiments of education in a Board school should be so wofully ignorant of Scripture teaching; but Garcia Costello—taking advantage of the bye-law—had objected to his child being present during Scripture lessons, as he would not have her taught such rubbish, consequently she had been allowed to work sums in the class-room during Bible lessons and religious exercises. So now the study of the Saviour's life and teaching was no task-work, but a keen enjoyment.

Gradually Nana's heart was touched by the record of the beautiful, unselfish life and sacrificial death of the Lord Jesus Christ, and she too became a faithful follower of the meek and lowly Jesus.

This drew the strange pair still closer together. It was not long before their comrades discovered that Nana and her *protégé* had "turned saints," and severely was their new-found faith put to the test, for many were the scoffs and jeers they had to bear, and many the petty persecutions they had to endure. But the very simplicity of their trust gave the victory, especially in the case of Adolphe, who, following the preacher's advice, constantly sought the guidance of the good Spirit of God, and rapidly grew in grace and in the knowledge of God.

When they once more returned to Manchester, prepared to make a longer stay than usual, as it was Christmas time, and the manager hoped to make his visit a great success, Adolphe had no longer the haunting fear with which he had left it in the spring, for God would take care of him.

True to his promise, he sought a place of worship on the day after their arrival, being Sunday. It was night. All day he had been kept busy, for Sunday was not a day of rest in the menagerie, as the animals must be fed and attended to and all got in readiness for opening on Monday; however, a few hours always fell to his lot, of which he took the best advantage.

Nana was too tired to go out, as she had often been of late, but she said it was only the cold, for though she had been in England so many years, yet, like the snakes, if not kept in a heated atmosphere, she grew torpid in winter.

"Go, Adolphe, and remember all, and tell me what you hear."

Adolphe went out as the bells were ringing, and well-dressed people were hurrying along in all directions, for the air was cold and frosty.

There were churches with lofty steeples, into which fashionable throngs were passing, but Adolphe felt no inclination to enter them, so he left the wide streets and passed on to where he remembered there had used to be a mission hall, which Garcia Costello had forbidden his child to enter on pain of death. Now, some strong influence seemed to be guiding his footsteps thither.

Adolphe entered; the room was well filled, but a gentleman conducted him to a vacant seat near the front, and supplied him with a hymn book.

Adolphe opened it and grew so interested that he did not notice the entrance of the preacher until he gave out the hymn. Then, with a start of surprise, he looked up. Surely he had heard that voice before!

The face too, seemed familiar, where could he have seen it? Gradually there came to his memory kindly words spoken to a poor girl selling plaster casts, and Adolphe knew that the speaker was Arnold Montagu. Oh, how he longed to tell him why that promise had not been fulfilled; but no, a glance at himself showed the impracticability of such a course, for how would he be likely to associate the tall, gentlemanly youth in a grey suit—which had just begun to fit him properly now he had grown into it—with the poor, half-starved Italian girl? and for the first time a doubt arose in Adolphe's mind as to the rectitude of the change.

There was not a more attentive listener in the hall that night; every word seemed to come from the speaker's heart as he spoke from the text, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

After the service, he and the gentleman who had found Adolphe a seat, shook hands with the people as they passed out, and an electric thrill seemed to pass through Adolphe's frame as he felt the grasp of that hand and met the gaze of those kindly eyes.

"Have you found the rest of which we have been speaking?"

"Yes, sir, I know that Christ is my Saviour," was the steady response.

"May God bless and keep you, my boy," said Mr. Montagu heartily. "I hope you will turn in with us again; we should be glad to find you some work to do if you will join us."

"Thank you, sir," replied Adolphe, "I am only in Manchester for a few weeks, but I will come again next Sunday."

So father and daughter again met and parted, and they knew it not though each felt strangely drawn to the other.

"Did you notice that boy who sat in front, Sydney?" remarked Mr. Montagu as they stood together.

"Yes; I couldn't help thinking what a pretty girl he would make," responded young Maynard, with a smile. "He promised to come again, didn't he?"

"I hope he will, for I feel strangely interested in him."

The band of workers now gathered together to ask God's blessing upon the day's work, as was their wont.

*(To be concluded.)*

## TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.

### A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER'S DIFFICULTIES.

By Helen Bristow.

"I WISH we did not observe Temperance Sunday in our school!"

Frank Groves looked up from his Bible to make this remark. He was spending the last few minutes before he went to Sunday School in trying to see his way out of a difficulty, and he could not do it.

His mother, a singularly sweet-faced woman, who sat reading on the opposite side of the fire-place, smiled at his words and looked surprised.

"Was it really you who spoke, Frank? I thought you were such a thorough teetotaler!"

"Well, mother, it is just here," the young man replied, laying aside his books, "In that class of mine I have one boy who interests me perhaps more than all the others. He is the son of the man who keeps 'The Duke of Marlborough,' but there is no trace of the trade, as far as I can see, about him. He is very open to influence, and I know that he is a more serious lad now than when he first joined the class. One cannot help

seeing when a real impression has been made, and I am quite sure that Overbury is very much impressed. Now, I must be careful, there is a certain pride about him that makes me feel how quickly he would resent any remarks that touched his family or friends; I have, therefore, been most guarded in my allusions to the drink subject since he joined. But this afternoon I must either ignore the entire subject, and take a different lesson, one quite out of the course, or I must run the risk of seriously offending this lad and driving him from the school. There can be no half-measures, for the verses we are to read together deal with the drink question and that only. What would you do, mother, in such a case?"

"Do thy duty, that is best,
Leave unto thy Lord the rest."

was the quiet answer.

"But what is my duty?" again demanded the young teacher, this time speaking half impatiently.

"Surely, to deal with this question as you would with any other, the importance of which you felt and acknowledged. If you knew a boy in your class to be living in a house where he would constantly see acts of dishonesty, for instance, would you feel that you must, or even might, ignore the eighth commandment in your teaching? Would you not rather enforce it all the more earnestly?"

Frank's brow cleared a little. "Thank you, mother," he said, after a moment's pause. "Yes, I suppose it is a parallel case. This boy sees drunkenness winked at, encouraged continually, and probably takes it all as a matter of course, and imagines that no wrong is being done. You are right, we ought to be plain about these things, whatsoever the result."

And yet, though Frank saw now what was his duty in this matter, he went to the Sunday school with somewhat apprehensive feelings regarding the scholar in whom he had become so much interested. Would he take offence at the discussion of the subject, and leave, and gradually, perhaps, lose such impressions as he had received on the Sabbath afternoons? Then came to his mind the couplet his mother had quoted, and he took comfort from it. After all, he must leave results.

The teaching commenced. Frank's class was composed of boys whose ages varied from twelve to sixteen. It was not an easy class to manage, and the last teacher had failed utterly; but Frank had succeeded beyond his own and other people's expectations. Looking round this afternoon on the ten boyish faces turned towards him, he was conscious of a thrill of emotion. Ten souls—life, eternity before them, and from him they might learn the truth which would make them free indeed! He drew inspiration from the thought. God helping him, he would not fail in his duty.

The lesson consisted of selected verses from the twenty-third chapter of the Book of Proverbs.

"You see, boys," said the teacher, when these had been read, "it is a Temperance lesson to-day; or rather, it is a total abstinence lesson, for the wise man goes so far as to say, 'Do not look at the wine.' That must mean what we know as teetotalism."

As the teacher spoke, the eyes of several of the boys turned towards Fred Overbury, and a little titter went round the class, followed by an audible remark from his nearest neighbour.

"That won't suit one of us, at any rate!"

Frank was about to reply to this, when Fred suddenly interposed—

"Be good enough to mind your own business, Mike, will you? If my father do keep a public, what's that to do with it? I'd be a teetotaler all the same if I'd a mind to. But I haven't!"

Frank gave the boy a look of warm interest, but said nothing by way of a direct answer, as he had not been addressed.

As the lesson proceeded, however, he was very conscious of the fact that one member of the class was listening far more intently than all the rest, and that that one was the son of the publican.

Having once entered upon his subject, Frank knew no hesitation, but talked fast and earnestly of the duty of thinking of these things, of the folly and sin of drunkenness, of its results, woe, sorrow, contentions, babblings, wounds, redness of eyes—of its cure, how difficult, how often ineffectual.

"Boys, what is better than cure?" he stopped suddenly to ask at this point.

"Prevention," was the ready answer given by two or three in a breath.

"Then how can we prevent a man or a boy from becoming a drunkard?"

"By not givin' him nothin' to drink," said the youngest lad present.

The teacher assented without correcting the grammar, which he thought of no importance whatever on this occasion. "But suppose we are thinking of ourselves; then it becomes a question of not taking rather than of not giving."

"No one's got any right to think as we shall be drunkards!" remarked a sullen-looking boy who sat opposite Overbury.

"We don't intend to be," added the latter. "Isn't that so, mates," glancing round the class, and then turning to Frank with something like indignation in his eye.

"And did you ever know any lad who started with the intention of becoming a drunkard?" asked the teacher. "It's just the people who don't intend who find the temptation too much for them. Listen here:" And then followed a typical story of one who had started with bright prospects, and had meant to do well, and who, in spite of that, early filled a drunkard's grave. Frank had known the man in business in another town, and he told of his downfall in a tone of deep feeling, which added much to the effect of the story.

"But there," he said, after the moment of hushed silence which succeeded the narrative, "we may, at all events, conclude that there are some here to whom this temptation to drunkenness will not come; let us hope and pray that it may never come to any. What shall I say now for the sake of those, who, when they are middle-aged men, may be able to look back and say: 'There was never any period in my life when I

was likely to be a drunkard?' Is there no lesson here for such as these? Wait a moment. Look at that thirty-second verse: 'Biteth like a serpent, stingeth like an adder.' Now, think! You are English boys; some of you at least, I believe, are Christian boys, and there is something at large in your country as dangerous as a deadly serpent. What will you do under these circumstances? Will you go on your way as quietly and contentedly as possible, because, whether right or wrong, you believe that you are so clothed that its bite cannot penetrate to your flesh and do you harm? Will you say: 'Oh, never mind, it can't hurt me, I'm all right?' Or, will you all go out well armed, determined to find the creature, and kill it for the sake of others?"

"Teacher," said Overbury, reaching forward and speaking earnestly, "What about folks as don't want to be saved from it?"

"They are comparatively few, if it is really biting them, Fred. But even then, what course do we take with people who recklessly run into danger? Why does a porter pull away a foolish person who is trying to get into the train as it is leaving the station? Does anyone argue: 'Oh, he enjoys doing it, if he doesn't care about the peril of it, why should we?'

"No, thank God, all Englishmen have, more or less, the feeling that they must look after their brothers as well as themselves. At all events, all Christian Englishmen have."

Realising how the time was speeding, Frank touched quickly upon some other sides of the subject, until the superintendent's bell stopped him. Then he produced a small book with a black cover.

"After the address," he said, "will anybody who is willing to be a pledged abstainer come up to me?"

* * * * * *

When Frank went home rather late to tea, it was with a radiant face.

"Who do you think was the first of my boys to put his name in my pledge book?" he asked his mother, bending to kiss her as usual.

"Overbury, the publican's son," she answered, without a moment's hesitation.

"You guess well!" he said, with a laugh. "He is a little fearful for results though. He dreads what his father may think of it."

"He must do what you have done, my boy, his duty, and the rest must be left to God."

That was just what Fred Overbury did; and the day came when his father was won over to the same side as himself.

"Ah, sir," he said to Frank years later, "I shall always remember that Temperance lesson you gave us. I'd been thinking a lot about the subject, and it was just what I wanted. It was just the 'word in season.'"

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"No one can deny that there is a great deal too much drink in this country, and that much of the crime and much of the pauperism, and almost all the degradation prevalent in this country are attributable to the cause of drink."—*Lord Rosebery.*

# OUR LABORATORY.

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

## THE AIR WE BREATHE OUT.

THE air that we breathe out has very different properties from that which we breathe in, and of which we learnt a little in the previous chapter. In addition to the nitrogen and oxygen in the air we breathe in there is also a small amount of carbonic acid gas, but in the air we breathe out there is a very considerable amount of carbonic acid gas, and a proportionate amount less of oxygen.

*Experiment* 93.—This fact may be proved as follows: Fit a flask with a good cork having two holes bored through it. Bend two pieces of glass tubing, one long enough to reach the bottom of the flask, the other long enough to just pass through the cork. In the flask put a little clear lime water. Place the short glass tube in the mouth and draw air through. Air will enter the long tube and bubble through the lime water, but no change will be observed owing to the very small amount of carbonic acid gas. Now place the long tube in the mouth and breathe air out of the lungs. The breath will pass down the tube and bubble through the lime water, which will at once be turned milky owing to the large amount of carbonic acid gas that is contained in expired air. This carbonic acid gas has been formed by the union of the carbon in the foods we have eaten with the oxygen of the air that we have breathed in.

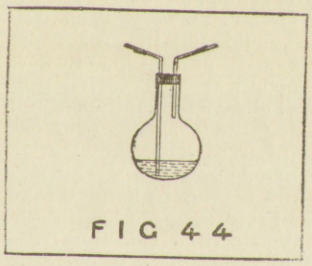

FIG 44

*Experiment* 94.—Fasten a piece of candle to a wire. In a bottle put a little clear lime water. Ignite the candle and lower it into the jar, as shown in Fig. 45; let the candle burn for a few minutes, then cover the mouth of the bottle with a piece of cardboard. The candle will quickly expire. Remove the candle and shake up the lime water in the bottle; it will at once become turbid owing to

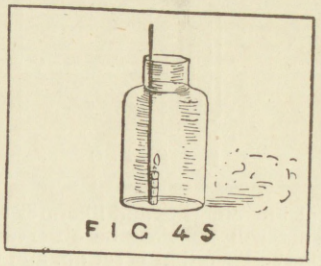

FIG 45

the presence of carbonic acid gas. The experiment illustrates very well that which occurs in the human body. The fat of the candle contained carbon; the air in the bottle contained oxygen; as the candle burned the carbon united with the oxygen and carbonic acid gas was produced, as shown by the experiment. Heat was also produced. Dr. Prout, who lived in the early part of this century, carried out a large number of experiments to ascertain whether the using of alcohol affected the air we breathe out. The result of these experiments, extending over some years, showed that when wine or other alcoholic liquors was taken the amount of carbonic acid gas given off was decreased. This was at first thought to be a good thing, but when it was ascertained that the decrease of carbonic acid gas was due to a lessened supply of oxygen it was seen to be a bad thing, for a lessened supply of oxygen means a lowered vitality and less ability to resist disease. The lessened supply of oxygen arises from the fact that alcohol hardens the oxygen carriers (red blood corpuscles) and thus renders them less able to carry the oxygen so necessary to good health.

Carbonic acid gas is breathed out by all forms of animal life, and is emitted by every fire and lamp and candle that burns, so that immense volumes of it are every moment of time being poured forth into the air. Yet, if we could analyse the air every day we should find that there was no increase in the quantity of this deadly gas. God works in a wonderful way, and He has provided that the air shall always be kept pure and free for us by making the carbonic acid gas necessary to the life of trees and plants. The leaves absorb carbonic acid gas from the air and decompose it, using the carbon to build up the stem and branches and returning oxygen to the air. We must not suppose from this that trees could flourish best in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas. They want the fresh air too, but at the same time they do this wonderful work of removing the carbonic acid gas from the air we breathe, thus preventing it from becoming impure.

It will be interesting to learn something of the preparation and properties of this gas.

*Experiment* 95.—Fit up a bottle, as shown in Fig. 46, with thistle funnel and leading tube. In the bottle place some fragments of marble. Then pour down the funnel some dilute hydrochloric acid. Marble is calcium carbonate, and as soon as the acid comes into contact with this it forms calcium chloride and liberates carbonic acid gas. This will at once be observed by the copious effervesence that is set up, and the current of gas that is passing down the delivery tube. In the absence of marble ordinary chalk may be used, with dilute sulphuric acid. The manufactured chalks will not do for this purpose. To collect bottles of this gas simply stand the empty bottle by the side of the apparatus, and place the delivery tube into it so that it reaches the bottom. To ascertain when the jar is full, bring a lighted match or taper to the mouth of the bottle. If it continues to burn, the bottle is not full; but if it is at once extinguished, the bottle is completely filled with carbonic acid gas. This gas being much heavier than air it collects in the bottle, driving the air out before it. The specific gravity of air is about 14·4, but that of carbonic acid gas is 22.

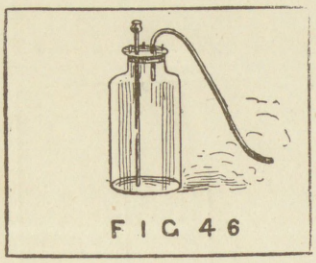

FIG 46

*Experiment* 96.—This difference in weight may be shown in a simple way as follows: Into an empty tumbler plunge a lighted taper. Nothing happens, for the tumbler is full of air and the taper continues to burn. Fill a jar with carbonic acid gas, and pour it, as shown in Fig. 47, into the tumbler. The heavy carbonic acid gas will fall into the tumbler and diplace the lighter air. After a minute or so remove the jar and plunge the lighted taper into the tumbler; it will at once be extinguished. Pour a little lime water into the tumbler, it will at once become turbid. The experiment proves that the carbonic acid gas must be heavier than air.

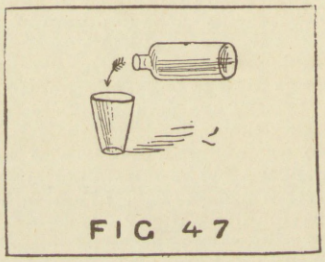

FIG 47

*Experiment* 97.—The experiment may be shown in a much more striking and positive way by means of a fairly delicate pair of scales. Remove one of the pans and attach a glass beaker, as shown in Fig. 48, exactly counterpoise with weights. Now bring the delivery tube from the gas generating apparatus into the beaker without touching it. After the gas has passed for a minute or two the glass beaker will be found to descend, the gas being heavier than the air it has displaced.

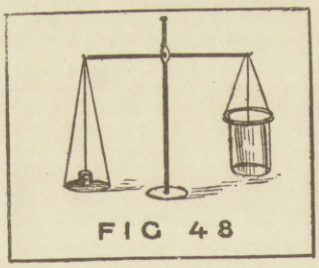

FIG 48

*Experiment* 98.—A curious thing about this gas is that it can form carbonates and bi-carbonates. When we breathe into lime water, calcium carbonate is formed, and this being insoluble in water the turbidity is produced by the infinitely small particles of that substance. We saw in the generating apparatus that when hydrochloric acid was added to marble it was dissolved, and carbonic acid gas produced. If we now add a drop of hydrochloric acid to this turbid lime water we shall see that it at once becomes clear. The calcium carbonate has been dissolved and the turbidity vanishes.

*Experiment* 99.—Instead of leaving off breathing

into the lime water as soon as the turbidity appears, let us continue for a long time to breathe through it, and we shall presently see that the lime water becomes clear again. This is owing to the fact that calcium carbonate was at first produced, and then, as we sent more and more carbonic acid gas into the water, the bi-carbonate was formed, and as this latter substance is soluble in water we can understand how it is that the turbidity disappears.

*Experiment* 100.—Nearly all drinking waters contain bi-carbonate of calcium, but on boiling them the bi-carbonate is reduced to the carbonate, and it is this insoluble substance that forms fur upon the inside of kettles in which water is being constantly boiled. Put some water in a glass flask on a tripod, as in Fig. 12, and boil for a few minutes; the water, which was perfectly clear, soon becomes turbid from the cause just named. On standing, this turbidity settles on the bottom of the flask. On adding a drop of hydrochloric acid it at once clears up.

*Experiment* 101.—Fill a jar with oxygen gas, add a little clear lime water and well shake; nothing happens. Immerse a lighted taper in the jar, it burns with intense brilliancy for a moment or two, then becomes dim. Cover the jar with a piece of cardboard—the taper is extinguished. Remove the taper and well shake the contents of the jar; the lime water now becomes turbid, that which was oxygen has now become carbonic acid gas.

The lesson we have to remember is, that our bodies are doing similar work—taking in life-giving oxygen, using it to give our bodies heat and vital force, and giving back carbonic acid gas. Alcohol, as we have seen, hinders this good work, and therefore we should avoid it.

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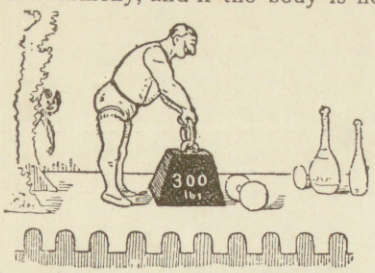
*The whole of these Chapters, including Chapter xii., may now be had in Text-Book form, as "Temperance Science Lessons," including questions for each chapter and a copious index, bound in a handy form for the pocket. Price 6d., post free, from the "Onward" Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester.*

## Go-Ahead's Letter to Boys.

My Dear Lads,

I SUPPOSE there is nothing more musical in the ears of "a growing boy" than to hear someone remark about him, "What a strong chap he is!" Weakness is almost a sin in the eyes of a schoolboy, and I think it is right that it should be expected of every boy to be *strong*. I believe God *intends* you to be strong, and even if you have not the best chance of strength through being descended from parents who are not very powerful, yet by good plain diet, plenty of exercise, and a pure heart it is astonishing how muscles will develop and vigour will take the place of weakness.

Never rest satisfied unless your muscles are tough and hard. *Make* them tough and hard and you will find it will be better to have hard muscles than a carriage and pair. Soft feather beds make soft muscles, and soft muscles go with soft brains very often. The mind and the body work in perfect harmony, and if the body is not kept




braced up by *exercise*, the mind will become as "flabby" as the body, and you will soon be like a man who wrote me last week. He has indulged the flesh for years, and now he writes "I am only a quarter of a man!"

I dare say you may never be a champion weight-lifter. I don't know that it is to be desired, but you need never be only a quarter of a man, and you will, I hope, be able to lift as much as your neighbour, and, perhaps, a little more. To do your fair share of this or any other exercise of strength there is only one golden rule after you have learnt the diamond rule of moderation in all lawful and healthful things, and the golden rule is

LET LIQUOR ALONE.

A few weeks ago some of the best athletes in New York allowed themselves to be interviewed by the great American newspaper, *The Voice*, and, after *The Voice* had well pumped them for information as to the secret of their strength, it writes: "These men are of sound intelligence, and they insist that

EVEN MODERATE DRINKING IS A POSITIVE INJURY TO AN ATHLETE."

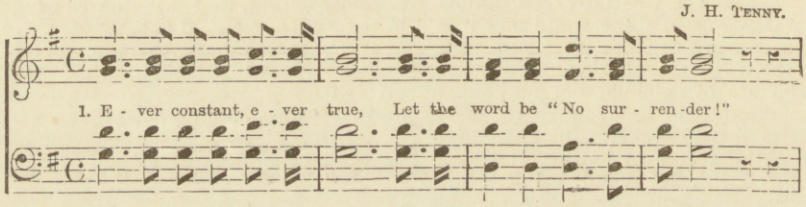
Again and *again* and AGAIN, then, we *pound* it into you, don't *look* at it, don't *want* it, don't *touch* it, don't *drink* it, but dread it, despise it, turn your back on it, *run away from it*. Oh, the danger of listening for one moment to the "one glass" tempter. Regard everybody who tries to persuade you to believe in the "just a drop" creed as your enemy, and look upon those who hold up the beacon light to warn you against *any* as your best friends. The director of the St. George's Athletic Club says "The moderate drinker cannot last." Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest these words, my lads.

Your affectionate friend,

Go-Ahead.

# NO SURRENDER!

J. H. Tenny.

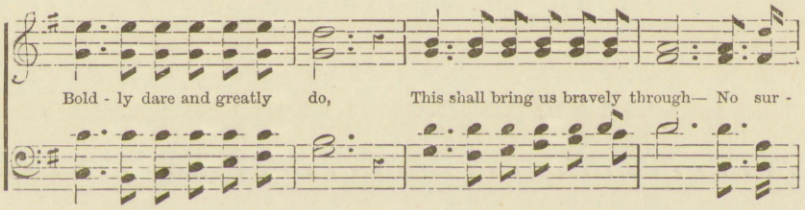


1. E - ver constant, e - ver true, Let the word be "No sur - ren - der!"

Key G.

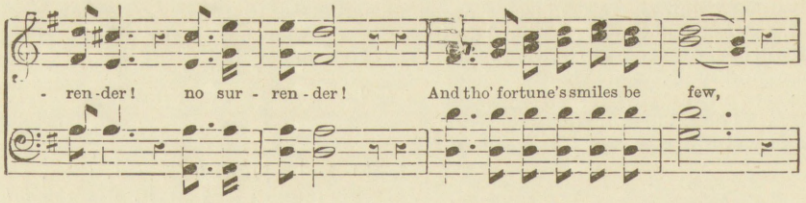
| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| m :- .m | m .m :f .,f | m :—\|—:m .,m | r :r | s :- .r | m .m :—\|-. : | | |
| 2. Nail the colours to the | mast, Shouting | glad-ly, "No sur- | render!" | | | | |
| d :- .d | d .d :d .,d | d :—\|—:d .,d | $t_1$ :$t_1$ | $t_1$ :- .$t_1$ | d .d :—\|-. : | | |
| s :- .s | s .s :l .,l | s :—\|—:s .,s | s :s | r :- .s | s .s :—\|-. : | | |
| 3. Con - stant and cour -ag -eous | still, Mind the | word is "No sur- | render!" | | | | |
| d :- .d | d .d :d .,d | d :—\|—:d .,d | $s_1$ :$s_1$ | $s_1$ :- .$s_1$ | d .d :—\|-. : | | |

Bold - ly dare and greatly do, This shall bring us bravely through— No sur -

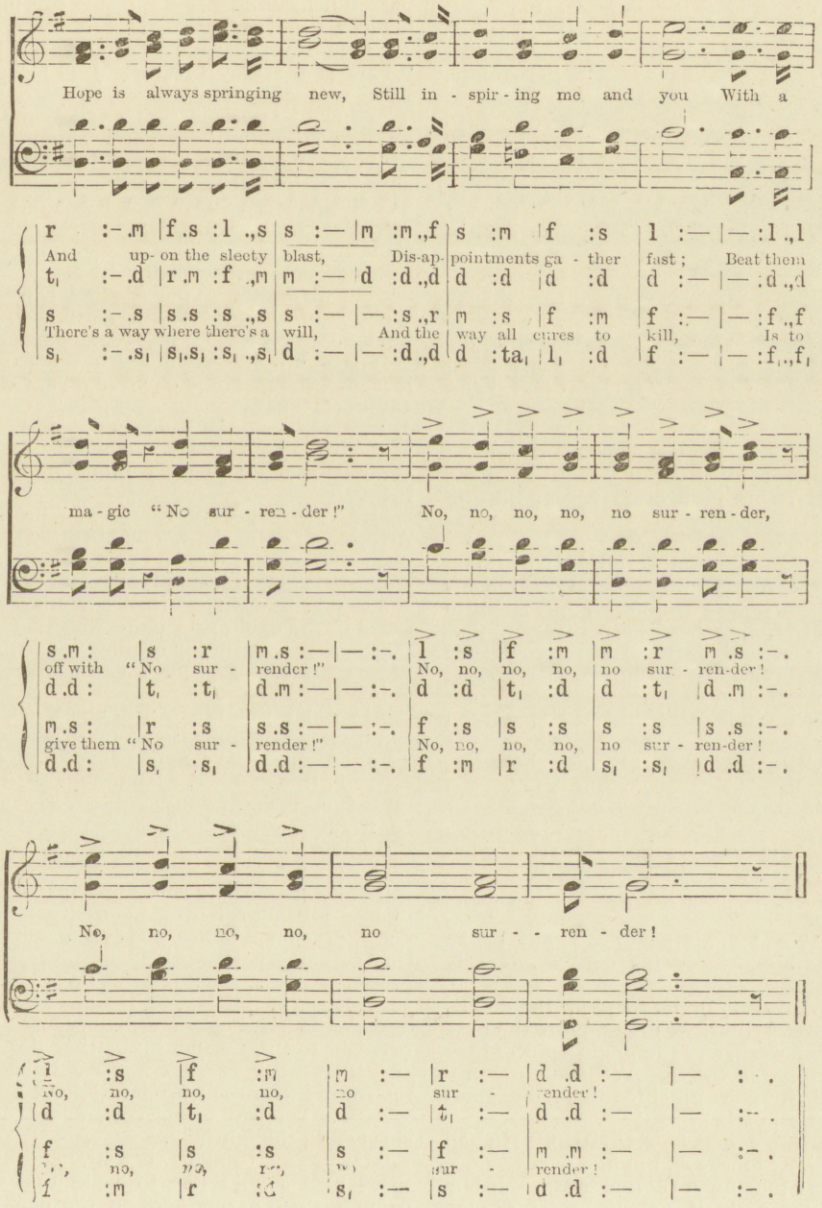


| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| l :- .l | l .l :l .l | s :—\|—: | m :- .m | m .m :m .m | r :—\|—:r .,s | | |
| Trou - bles near are all but | past, | | Serve them as you did the | last ;— No sur- | | | |
| d :- .d | d .d :d .d | d :—\|—: | d :- .d | d .d :d .d | $t_1$ :—\|—:$t_1$.,$t_1$ | | |
| f :- .f | f .f :f .f | m :—\|—: | s :- .s | s .s :s .s | s :—\|—:s .,r | | |
| Bat - tle, tho' it be up | hill; | | Stag - ger not at seeming | ill ;— No sur- | | | |
| $f_1$ :- .$m_1$ | $f_1$ .$s_1$ :$l_1$ .$t_1$ | d :—\|—: | d :- .$t_1$ | d .r :m .f | s :—\|—:$s_1$.,$s_1$ | | |

- ren - der! no sur - ren - der! And tho' fortune's smiles be few,



| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| s .fe:— \| | :fe.,l | l .s :—\|-. : | r :- .m | f .s :l .s | s :—\|m : | | |
| render, | No sur- | render! | Though the skies be o- ver- | cast,..... | | | |
| $t_1$ .$l_1$ :— \| | :$l_1$ .,d | d .$t_1$:—\|-. : | $t_1$ :- .d | r .m :f .m | m :—\|d : | | |
| r .r :— \| | :r .,r | r .r :—\|-. : | s :- .s | s .s :s .s | s :—\|—: | | |
| render, | No sur- | render! | Hope, and thus your hope ful- | fil, | | | |
| r .r :— \| | :$r_1$ .,$r_1$ | $s_1$.$s_1$:—\|-. : | $s_1$ :- .$s_1$ | $s_1$ .$s_1$ :$s_1$ .$s_1$ | d :—\|—: | | |


Hope is always springing new, Still in - spir - ing me and you With a
And up- on the sleety blast, Dis-ap- pointments ga - ther fast; Beat them
There's a way where there's a will, And the way all cures to kill, Is to
ma - gic "No sur - ren - der!" No, no, no, no, no sur - ren - der,
off with "No sur - render!" No, no, no, no, no sur - ren-der!
give them "No sur - render!" No, no, no, no, no sur - ren-der!
No, no, no, no, no sur - - ren - der!
No, no, no, no, no sur - render!
no, no, no, no, no sur - render!

# ARTHUR MARSHALL'S JOURNEY TO DUBLIN.

By Alfred J. Glasspool.



"FATHER, do come and look at the engines."

"Certainly, I shall expect you to tell me all about them."

"Then I am afraid you will not learn much, for though I want to be an engineer I don't know much about engines."

Mr. Marshall laughed at this frank statement of his son Arthur; he admired this trait in his son's character, this habit of confessing his own ignorance, and especially the persistent manner in which he endeavoured to gain knowledge.

Mr. Marshall and his son were taking a trip on the *Lady Hudson Kinahan*, one of the steamboats running from London to Dublin. It promised to be a glorious trip, for they were to spend four days on the sea, and during the journey they had the opportunity of visiting several ports, where Arthur expected to see many sights about which he knew nothing, except what he had read in books.

It was not to be wondered at that the boat was hardly out of the docks when Arthur commenced his exploration of the vessel. He had climbed the captain's deck, he had examined the cabin, he had looked into the sailors' quarters, but nothing had interested him so much as the machinery by which the boat was hurried along on its journey.

Arthur stood watching the movements of the machinery, and expressed his delight at seeing so beautiful a piece of work.

"Though we do not understand all the details of these engines, Arthur, we may admire the ease with which they work, and the mighty power they show in fighting the waves. We shall see presently how much we are indebted to good engines when we reach the Irish Sea."

This was Arthur's first long sea trip. He had been several short journeys, but had never before slept on the sea; being a thorough English boy he loved the sea, and felt deeply grateful to his father for making him his companion.

Arthur was charmed with many unusual sights. At Portsmouth he saw the *Victory* on which brave Nelson died. At Plymouth he visited the dockyard and saw a great war vessel being built; he went up the old Eddystone lighthouse, and learned more by his short conversation with the keeper than he had learned from many pages of reading.

When the night came on, and the various lighthouses and lightships were passed, Arthur had much to say to his father, so they told each other all they had read, and they felt so happy, so contented, because they could see in all that passed before their eyes the work of a mighty and loving Father.

"Isn't this charming father?" said Arthur. "This is a lovely holiday. Just look at those lights on the water."

Arthur had noticed that as the ship ploughed its way through the waters, sometimes in the white spray and sometimes in long streaks, there shone out from the water such a glorious sight as only those who have seen it can imagine.

"That streak of light, Arthur," said Mr. Marshall, "is the phosperescence shining on the backs of the fish disturbed by the ship. These fish are chiefly sprats. They are found swimming on the top of the water in large numbers early in September. They do indeed look beautiful."

It was on this evening—the first day of the journey—that Arthur came running to his father with a solemn face.

"There are quite a dozen passengers, father, in the cabin who are singing and shouting in such a disgraceful manner. I think they must be tipsy."

Mr. Marshall went below and he saw that Arthur was quite right, a number of young fellows were singing all kinds of foolish songs. The stewardess was opening bottles of beer as fast as she could; and though it was Sunday night, the scene in the cabin was more like that seen in a taproom on a Saturday evening than what might have been expected on a Christian boat on the Sabbath.

"I think we had better stay on deck till there is a little more quiet," remarked Mr. Marshall. "I am sorry these young fellows disgrace themselves in this manner. I am happy to say they intend to get off at Southampton, so we shall not be troubled with them another night."

"They never would behave like that but for the drink, father."

"You are right my son, the drink causes them to lose all control over themselves. The drink once in the common sense is soon out. You see this machinery how easily it works, it is under proper control. You pull this lever and the boat goes slower or quicker, or it stops entirely. The engines do their work well, because they are obedient to the master brain that directs them, and their work is not disturbed by any enemy interfering with their proper duties."

Arthur listened attentively, and then he said slowly and thoughtfully,

"Don't you think it very strange, father, that these men should like to be in that hot, close cabin instead of out here on the deck watching those shooting stars and admiring all those glorious bodies in the heavens?"

"I am not surprised, I can assure you, Arthur. Once a man becomes a lover of alcohol he loses his love for all that is beautiful, he becomes debased and degraded, he is satisfied with the common and mean things of life; the glories of

nature have no charms for him, he is not a man in the right sense of the word, he is a mere mass of flesh and bone controlled by a giant who is his master and gaoler."

"I'll take good care that I won't allow that giant to be my keeper. I'll keep out of his clutches as long as I can."

"For ever, my son, if God gives you grace to hold fast to the pledge."

A few days after this Arthur and his father were standing by the side of the statue of Father Mathew in Sackville Street, and admiring the benevolent features of the good priest who had done so much to promote the cause of total abstinence.

"What a pity, father, we haven't another Father Mathew," said Arthur.

"That may be so," answered Mr. Marshall, "but if all the Band of Hope children will be faithful we shall soon get a sober England. We want more faithfulness to the pledge, and then the work will be done."

Arthur made no reply, but he thought much, and inwardly made many good resolutions.

Let us hope that he will keep them, and that through his efforts many children may be encouraged to fight against the drink.

## MOTTOES.

He is idle who might be better employed.—*Socrates.*

The more we do, the more we can do.—*Hazlitt.*

Trifles make perfection.—*Michael Angelo.*

Good thoughts are blessed guests.—*Spurgeon.*

Live up to the best that is in you.—*Longfellow.*

Laziness grows on people.—*Sir Mathew Hale.*

Every man has need to be forgiven.—*Herbert.*

Hear cautiously, decide impartially.—*Socrates.*

Act well your part; there all the honour lies.—*Pope.*

To succeed, be ready when opportunity comes.—*Disraeli.*

A dull axe never loves grindstones.—*H. W. Beecher.*

Never try to get something for nothing.—*Wedgewood.*

Reputation is the shadow which character casts.—*J. L. Pickard.*

## IN THE DOORWAY.

*(SKETCHED FROM LIFE)*

By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

HUSH, Jimmie! There's somebody comin'!
Stoop back in the shadows, so!
It's the p'liceman, I alleys can tell him,
Acrunchin' and tramplin' the snow.
Don't breathe so hard, Jimmie, he'll hear yer,
And bend yer face down out of sight,
Or he'll see yer, as sure as yer livin',
It shines in the darkness, so white!

"Hush! he's here—grip my hand, closer! closer!
Don't be feared, he'll be past in a crack,
Then we'll have a long sleep, snug, and jolly,
We'll 'waken afore he comes back.
Duck yer head!—Ah! I knowed as he'd see yer.
All right, sir, we're movin' along,
It was only my brother got tired, sir;
He ain't very hearty, or strong.

"Come Jimmie, lad, let us be goin',
We've no where to go to, I know;
I think that the snow would be jolly
It it didn't get into yer so.
But it seems to push into my body,
And it gives me a horrible pain—
Is the bobby still watchin'? I wish, Jim,
We was back in that doorway again.

"I feel awful tired, just like droppin',
And as sleepy as sleepy can be.
There ain't no white sheets and warm blankets
Awaiting for you, Jim, and me.
But I wouldn't mind that, if they'd let us
Lie quiet for an hour, Jim, or so,
In that doorway—it ain't askin' much, lad—
Just a board out of reach of the snow.

"There, he's gone—well, for that I am thankful.
Just shove yerself into that hole,
And I'll settle in front, then you fancy
I'm a nice bit of red burning coal.
But yer can't, for I'm all of a shiver,
More like a big figure of snow.
Never mind, I can keep the wind from yer,
And that is a somethin' yer know!

"We'd feel a bit stronger to-morrow,
If they'd let us lie quiet to-night;
There's nothin' as good, Jim, as sleepin',
For setting a little cove right.
It's better than food, doctors say, Jim,
When a fellow feels bad in the head,
And they know, for they've studied men's bodies;
Still, I think I could do with some bread.

"I don't feel so terrible hungry,
Though I do feel a little bit sick.
We haven't good characters, Jimmie,
Or we might get a breakfast on tick.
Still yer not very wicked; no brother,
Yer don't do so much that is wrong,
Such as cribbin', and tossin' and swearin',
It's a pity *you* can't get along.

"They say God will send us the bread, Jim,
If we ax in a humblish way.
Well, that's what the preaching man told us,
Yer know, at the mission one day.
And He does send it, Jimmie, I'm certain,
'Though it don't drop straight down to each one,
But He sends it to others to give us,
That's the way that we covies get done.

"Look at father! the money God sent him
He wasted in whisky and beer;
If he'd given us our share, little Jimmie,
We wouldn't be lyin' in here—
But there, yer tired, little brother;
Don't the snow look most beautiful white?
Are yer cold?—See, I'll put my arms round yer,
An' look out for the bobby—Good night!"

# ALGIE'S RIDE HOME.

By Uncle Ben.

MR. and Mrs. Horton went to a farm for their summer holidays with their only child, a little boy of four or five years old, named Algie. The weather was warm and fine; most days they were able to take excursions to the places of interest in the neighbourhood. Sometimes they drove, at other times they went by train, taking their lunch with them and returning for a tea-dinner. Algie was a famous little walker, and always went with his father and mother.

One day all three went off by train in the early morning to a little station some three or four miles away. From the station they walked to a beautiful park, where they had a delightful picnic. Early in the evening they started for the return journey, as they thought, in plenty of time to catch the train, but as they mistook the road they got to the station some time after the train was gone, and then found that no other stopped there that night. So there was nothing for it but to walk all the way back to the farm. It was very hard on poor Algie, who had been walking and running about all day, and was quite tired when he reached the station. After a rest the station-master told Mr. Horton that there was a pleasant path that would take them across a beautiful common, and then by fields, which was rather a nearer way than going all round by the main road, which was very hot and dusty.

Algie, although he was tired, set off between father and mother until they came to the common, which was like a beautiful park; then he said his feet were getting so achy that his father took him up in his arms and put him on his shoulders, and because he had been so good and brave a boy Mr. Horton told him the following stories to make him forget his weariness:

"Once upon a time, so runs an old Hindoo legend, there was a king's son, who once strayed from the Royal Palace where he was born and wandered away from his home and native city. By chance, as it seemed, he was met by a forester, who took the lost child to his home in the wild jungle. Every search was made for the little prince, but nowhere could he be found or heard of, so, to the grief of all the Court, it was thought some tiger or beast of the woods must have devoured him. The young prince grew up with the children of the forester and forgot all about his royal home, and believed himself to belong to the outcasts with whom he dwelt. At length, after many years, when he had almost grown to be a man, he was discovered by one of his father's Ministers or servants, who knew him by a mark on his arm, and his likeness to the king. Then he told the lost prince who he was, and revealed to him his real character. So the poor wandering outcast of the forest knew himself to be the royal heir; and great were the rejoicings of the Court when his old father welcomed him home once more."

"And what became of the kind forester who took care of the little prince all the time?" asked Algie.

"I don't know, but I should think the king would reward him, and when the prince came to the throne I should think he would treat his old protector very kindly."

"Do you know any more stories about lost boys? And if it could be a prince I should be glad."



"Well, there is a German fable, very much like the Indian myth, that runs like this:

"Once an ancient king had a baby boy, born in the palace of splendour, where lived a wicked courtier who hated the king. On a certain day, when the king and court were all busy, this bad man of the royal household secretly stole away the baby prince, and sold him to some merchants to be taken to a far country. It was said the shock of this trouble was so great that the queen died of grief; and in years to come, when the old king lay dying, in great sorrow that he left no heir to the crown, the wicked courtier began to repent of his evil doings, and confessed his deed of wrong. Then he started on a journey to find the lost prince. After a long search the courtier came on some faint clues, which he diligently followed up until, having passed through many difficulties, he discovered the prince and identified him as the missing heir. He found the king's son a slave, in rags, wretchedness and misery. When the courtier saw the prince working in the mines among the lowest and most degraded his hard heart was touched with pity. He told the poor slave that this was not his true place, because he was a king's son and heir to a throne, and bade him cast off his rags and put on the royal robes that he had brought. The slave at first only laughed, the others mocked, and none believed the story. At length, by much entreating, he accepted the evidence and believed himself to be the king's son. Great indeed was the joy when 'he came to himself' and realized his true position, and knew that he was no longer a slave, but the free-born heir to the crown he had done nothing to deserve."

"Did the old king live to see his son come back?" asked Algie eagerly.

"No, I think not, for the story ends without telling us; and if the father saw the lost prince I feel sure we should have been told. You know there is a better story with a deeper and wider meaning than these parables of the king's lost sons, where we read how the father saw the son coming back 'when he was yet a great way off, and ran to meet him and fell on his neck and kissed him.'"

"Father, I don't think I shall ever go away from you," said Algie.

"I hope you will grow up to say that to the heavenly Father all the days of your life, my boy," replied Mr. Horton; "and remember, no one can pluck you out of the Father's hand, not even drink can steal you away from Him if you let God keep you ever by the side of Jesus."

In this way the journey was beguiled: sometimes Algie walked a little, and sometimes rode on his father's back, until Mr. Horton said, "Here we are, like the lost prince, back again safely after our wandering."

Then Algie, getting rather sleepy and tired, said, "If ever I was to lose my way, and be a lost boy, I am sure you would find me, wouldn't you, father."

"Amen," was all Mr. Horton said.

## "THE HEART BOWED DOWN."

By J. G. Tolton.

DR. SOMERS was a skilful medical man. Like many another doctor he often had a case which baffled him, for ailments sometimes spring from a diseased mind more than from a disordered body. One day, after visiting a patient, the doctor sat so long in a brown study that his tea became cold, and his buttered toast remained untouched upon his plate.

Suddenly, he addressed a strange question to his wife, as their daughter sat by listening and watching.

"Can she arrange flowers well?" The good mother did not need to ask her husband to explain his pronoun. She knew their child Elsie was in her father's mind as he spoke of flowers.

Mrs. Somers could give Elsie a good testimonial for the arrangement of flowers, for the child took charge of that especial duty, and made the duty her delight. Every day the sitting-room was rendered cheery by the presence of fresh flowers, and no reward could have been greater to Elsie than her father's approval of her taste.

Turning to his daughter, Dr. Somers said:

"Then make up a little bunch such as you would wear in your dress, and take them every day to the lady who has recently come to the Belvidere Boarding House."

"The strange, stern lady? I have never spoken to her."

"Never mind! Just ask for her, go straight in, and present the flowers. Pay a little visit, you know, never mind whether she makes you welcome or not."

The little girl feared the welcome would probably be very small, but she was not accustomed to make difficulties.

"How long should I stay, do you think?"

"Let me see," said the doctor, "about five minutes. Don't make it less, if you can possibly help it. Try and stay that time, unless the lady is positively rude to you, and drives you out."

Dr. Somers said no more; his duties called him away, and in a minute he was gone.

It was Elsie's turn to sit in a brown study now.

A task had been set her that was not delightful to anticipate, however it might turn out. Her thoughts were disturbed by the gentle voice of her mother:

"I think lilies of the valley would be nice to begin with."

Mrs. Somers took it for granted, then, that the unpleasant task would be attempted. The little girl pulled herself together (as we say), and in a very short time Elsie and a bunch of lilies were at the door of the boarding house.

The strange lady occupied a room all to herself, and took her meals alone. The servant preceded the little visitor along a narrow passage, knocked at a door, announced "Miss Elsie," and quietly departed.

The child's heart went pit-a-pat as she looked towards the forbidding lady. A figure in deep mourning, the hands folded in the lap, a face as sad as it could be made. The voice was to match as it began in chilling tones:—

"I have not the pleasure ——." Instead of completing her sentence, the lady abruptly added—"a little girl!" in *such* a tone.

Any little girl who heard the words set to that music could measure the amount of her welcome. Had the door been left open, the visitor and the flowers would probably have beaten a hurried retreat. But the child made a supreme effort and said—

"I am Elsie Somers; my father sent me to ——."

"To bring those flowers, I presume. I am indebted to your father."

Yet no smile, no request to her visitor to be seated, no attempt to take the lilies, not even a look of gratification. There was an awkward silence, which seemed to last an hour.

Elsie broke it by advancing a step, and enquiring,

"Should I ring for some water for them?"

"I don't approve of flowers in water." What a rebuff! What could the little messenger do? She did not know. So she timidly laid the tiny lilies upon the table and said—

"I must go now."

The lady in black did not speak, but made a stiff formal bow, which Elsie could never forget, if she lived as long as the patriarchs.

She could never go again, *never*. Next day Mrs. Somers said to Elsie, "My child, take a few pink and blue hepaticas, the lady will like them."

Sorely against her inclination, the little girl approached the lady's lodgings with a little knot of bright flowers in her hand. The reception was worse this time.

"So you are come again. It is a pity your father should take so much trouble. You can put down the flowers and go away."

"Can I not do anything for you before I go?"

"Of course not. You are a strangely officious little girl."

Elsie was not flattered by this criticism, as she retired without making any further remark,—officious or otherwise.

Dr. Somers was at home when Elsie returned, and the girl laid bare her wounded spirit to her father. He soothed her, and explained to her that kindly offers *do* receive unworthy treatment in this world sometimes. Perhaps the lady was in great trouble. Elsie could only sum up the whole matter by saying—

"Father, dear, I really hope you will not send me to that lady again."

"Very well, child. Please yourself."

The next day, as the hour came for carrying the flowers, Elsie's mind was uneasy. She felt that she ought to try again, and yet thought she could not. The girl took a walk without any flowers, but seemed drawn in the direction of the Boarding House, and looked at the drawn blinds and passed by.

"*Perhaps the lady was in great trouble.*"

Elsie could not get away from that thought; so, late as it was, she procured some violets and made her way back to the Belvidere.

"I thought you were not coming. You are late."

The lady held out her hand as she spoke, took the violets and placed them in her waist belt. That action removed much of Elsie's discomfort, and entirely changed the determination "never to go again!"

Every day for a week the child paid her visit, and each time there was a noticeable improvement in the lady's demeanour. At the end of the week, some gentle word uttered by the girl touched a tender chord in the lady's heart. She caught the little one to her, covered her face with kisses, and broke out into sobs and tears.

"Oh! my dear! My little one used to say just that word. My child! my child!"

Elsie ran home for her father. She could not assuage the lady's torrent of tears. The doctor was delighted. The case had baffled him. His every effort to arouse his patient had failed. He truly surmised that the lady's illness was the result of a rooted sorrow. He must erase that trouble from the brain before his prescriptions could do any good. Her heart was bowed down by weight of woe—the loss of husband and only child,—and Dr. Somers believed that *his* child would have more lifting power than he. His experiment was successful. After those healing tears, the doctor could effectively work.

It would be hard to say which of the two felt most happiness from the result of Elsie's devotion to duty—the child, or the lady, who afterwards described herself as "a thawed iceberg."

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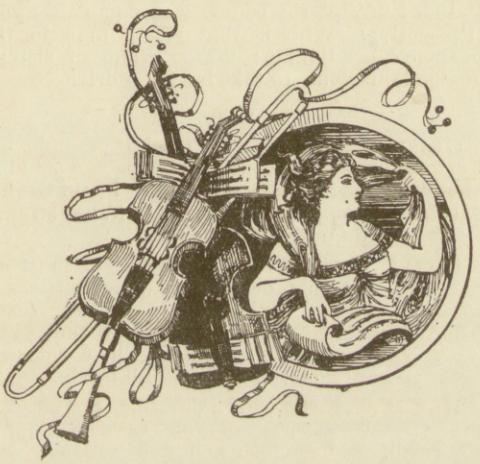
No Success without Work.—When Charles Dickens said that all that he had accomplished had been achieved by diligent, patient, persevering application, he only stated what has been the experience of every successful man. Nothing is more important to young men than that they should early learn and fully comprehend this great truth. It is step by step, by toilsome effort added to toilsome effort, that all great achievements are made. As has been well remarked, there is no royal road to learning. Neither is there any royal road to anything else of great value in this life. Work—steady, long-continued and regular application—is the only price for which anything worth the having can be bought. There is no great success of any kind without great labour.

# DRUM AND FLUTE.

By Isabel Maude Hamill,

*Author of "The Realities of Life," "Our Jennie," &c.*



THE band was playing loudly, the drum was making a terrible noise, and all the instruments seemed to be giving out large volumes of sound except the poor little flute, and try as he would he could not get his piping voice heard, at least so he fancied. Presently, however, there came a lull, and all at once, to his great surprise, he found he was the only instrument making any sound at all. He felt quite nervous, but soon gained confidence and acquitted himself very creditably, but it was only for a minute or two, for soon the big drum was bumming away above everything else, and the poor little flute's voice was again drowned. When all was over, and the last sound had died away, the people clapped loudly, and everyone seemed very pleased with the performance.

"The drum was grand" said a man as he passed close by the chair on which the little flute lay.

"Ah! that it was; it makes a fine noise" replied another as he went out.

"Yes," thought the flute, "everybody likes noise, and nobody cares for my weak voice. I wonder what they put me in this band at all for among so many big trumpets, bassoons, and cornets. Oh dear! it's very trying."

When all the audience had gone out the instruments began to talk amongst themselves; nobody heard them, but then they have a peculiar way of speaking of their own which none but themselves can understand.

"Well," began the drum, "if I were that flute I should be ashamed of belonging to us. Just once we heard his voice. Why he makes no noise worth speaking of, he's no good at all.

"No," replied the trombone, "it is we who do all the work, and now and again he joins in. It is noise people want, and I am sure you do your part."

"Indeed I do, and everyone seems to enjoy it. But the flute, why he's regular at his post, and that's all that can be said for him. I wonder he does not retire."

"I can't see any use for him myself," next spoke the cornet.

As the flute listened to all this talk unobserved (he was so small that he was hidden by a piece of music on the chair), he wished more than ever that he could leave the band, where evidently he was believed to be of no use whatever, and when night came and the band had to play again, he was so nervous that his voice was weaker than before. Still he did his best, and, after all, his notes were beautifully clear and sweet, though not loud.

"Ah!" remarked a musician when the concert was over, "by far the most refined and exquisite bit in the whole piece is that part the flute plays. Only real lovers of music could detect the soft, sweet notes that keep coming in beneath the volume of sound, gliding in and out so beautifully. It was a real treat."

"Mother," said a little boy as they left the concert room, "Shall I tell you which I liked best of all the instruments?"

"Yes, George, which was it?"

"Oh! the flute. It was so lovely, and though the drum and all the big ones seemed to try and drown it, they could not, it was so clear."

"It has been a lovely concert," said a lady to her friend as they came out. "But oh! that little bit where the flute comes in is the loveliest bit of all."

The poor little flute hearing these remarks could hardly believe his ears; could it be true that he really was of use and even appreciated? Evidently so, he felt quite encouraged, and resolved that he would in future always do the very best he could, no matter what the drum and the bigger instruments said, for he had learnt that it is not always those that make the most noise that are, after all, most liked.

Boys and girls remember this, that it is the quiet, patient, plodding persons, who make very little outside show in the world, that often do more real and lasting work than the noisy, blustering ones; and though perhaps people may not always see through their quiet unobtrusive manner the worth hidden underneath, God knows all about it, and some day they will be surprised, as the little flute was, to hear the words, "Well done."

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A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking.

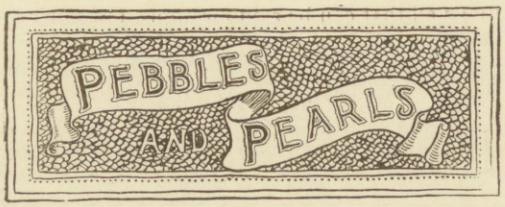
"Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite.

"It is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend."

"Convince me of that, and I will promise, upon my honour, to do as you tell me."

"Well, friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again."

Surely this was a simple remedy. The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it and became a sober man.




"You say she tried to stop the 'bus by whistling at it. Did she make a success of it?" "Yes, in a way. It wasn't her whistling that stopped the 'bus, though, it was the face she made."

Alcohol is not food; it is a poison. Every writer on toxiocology so regards it; and as such, a place is given to it in the class of narcotic or of narcotic-acid poisons.—*John Bell, M.D.*

Agnes: "It seems wicked to eat those dear little spring lambs that gambol on the green!" Paul: "Don't worry, dear, they are never eaten while they are able to gambol."

"My nephew is not content with a gig," explains Mrs. Topsy Turvey, "but he goes and gets two horses, puts one in front of the other, and drives about the country in a tantrum."

"Susan, just look here. I can write my name in the dust on the top of this table." "Lor', mum, so you can! Now, I never had no edgercation myself."

In one of the large towns of Warwickshire is a good-sized inn, which shall be nameless, whose burly landlord has the misfortune to possess a nose of enormous proportions. A short time since he injured his proboscis in such a manner as to necessitate it being strapped with court plaister. A customer who called one day was being served by the landlord, when he noticed his customer gazing very intently at him, and was presently asked rather dryly: "Where are you going to?" "I am going nowhere," the landlord replied, "and why do you ask?" "Oh, 'cos I see you've got yer trunk labelled."

Ireland has always been famous for quaint and smart answers of its carmen.

The following occurred to a country gentleman who was driving from the county assizes one very cold, wet day.

On arriving home, he offered the driver a glass of whiskey, which, of course, was accepted. Going into the house he returned in a few minutes with a decanter, and a glass which, when filled, he gave to the man, and, thinking to put in a good word for the Temperance cause, being a teetotaler himself, he said:—

"I would not give you this, only the day is so bad, and you have had a long drive; but let me tell you that every glass you drink is a nail in your coffin."

The man quickly swallowed the spirit, and held out the empty glass, saying:

"Sure, your honour, as you have the hammer in your hand, you might as well drive in another one."

It is now generally acknowledged that even the moderate habitual use of stimulants has a tendency to keep the heart in an unnatural state of excitement.—*Dr. R. Bentham.*

Bobbie: "What are descendants, father?" Father: "Why, the people who come after you. (Presently): Who is that young man in the passage?" Bobbie: "That's one of sister's descendants come to take her for a drive."

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Grandma: You'll hardly think it possible, but I can remember the time when people couldn't see through a stone wall at all! Little Granddaughter: Couldn't they, really? What strange stories you do tell, Grandma!

Little Howard had been told he must be punished, but that he could choose between a wipping and being shut up in a dark closet. After a moment's painful thought, he said: "Well, papa, if mamma will do it, I'll be whipped, but if you are going to whip me I'll be shut up."

Her Majesty the Queen describes the effect of the "trade" as "a curse;" Lord Randolph Churchill, as "devilish and destructive;" Mr. Gladstone, "a scandal and a shame;" Sir Wm. Harcourt, "a poison in politics as well as in society;" while Earl Cairns designates the places of business, "traps for working men," and Lord Rosebery affirms that the nation is in danger of being "throttled" by the traffic.

A Monster Petition.—The Queen has signified her willingness to receive the petition which has been signed, in 44 languages, by her women subjects in all parts of the world, praying for increased protection against the evils of the liquor traffic and the opium trade. The petition contains over 7,000,000 signatures and endorsements, obtained during the last few years by the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union. As it would be impossible to present to the Queen the immense roll containing all these names, the pages have been photographed and bound in two large volumes. The names of Miss Frances Willard, president of the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union, and Lady Henry Somerset, vice-president, head the list.

Duties of Youth.—Once more, the young man's supreme duty of keeping his body in soberness, Temperance, and chastity may be rightly regarded in the light of honour paid to father and mother. The keenest wound which can be inflicted on a father's heart comes from this side. A son honours his parents when he keeps himself pure, when he strives against temptation, when he prays for help against sensual sin. But especially I would ask you to regard the duty and the blessedness of purity in the light of honour done to a mother. He most truly and completely honours his mother who honours womanhood; he honours womanhood who shrinks from profaning a sister by an impure look, or word, or deed; he honours his mother who avoids like poison anything which, if known to her, might bring a blush to her cheek or cause a pang to her heart.

# ADDY'S TWO LIVES.

(AN ORIGINAL STORY)

BY RUTH B. YATES.

*Author of "Old Jacob's Ghost," "Grumpy Grafton," "Green & Gold," &c., &c.*

## CHAPTER XII.

CONCLUSION.



HEN Adolphe returned he found that Nana had been taken suddenly ill during his absence, and the doctor, who had been sent for, had shaken his head and said that she could not rally, her end was near, as it was a bad case of heart failure.

She seemed very weak, but perfectly conscious, and was anxiously awaiting Adolphe's arrival. Immediately he entered, she exclaimed eagerly,

"Go back, and bring the preacher to me, Adolphe. Be quick."

Adolphe rushed off; but when he got outside, he hesitated for a moment. It was a long way to the mission hall, and the preacher might be gone, but he knew not where else to go, so he breathed a prayer and sped onwards.

Turning a corner, he ran into a lady and gentleman who were coming from the opposite direction. By the light of the street lamp Adolphe at once recognised the gentleman as the one who had found him a seat at the mission hall.

He addressed him in a tone of breathless eagerness. "Oh, sir, you belong to the mission? Nana is dying, and wants to see a minister. Will you come, please?"

"Go at once, Sydney," said the lady, seeing that her companion hesitated. "I would rather you went. I shall soon be home."

"Very well, Minnie; if you don't mind, I will go with the boy."

He did so, and the two were soon hastening back.

"Who is it that is ill, my boy? Your sister?"

"Oh, no; she is the Hindoo snake charmer at the menagerie, but she has been as good as a mother to me," replied Adolphe. "I dread having to stay here after she has gone, and the doctor says she cannot get better."

They had now arrived at their destination, and Adolphe led the visitor at once to the Hindoo's bedside, saying, "Here is the good minister, Nana."

"You may go now," said the Hindoo; "Adolphe will stop with me."

The woman who had been tending her hurried away. She had no relish for religious conversation

"Do you realise that God, for Christ's sake, has forgiven your sins, my sister?" asked the young man as he bent over the Hindoo.

"Yes, oh, yes, I have no fear; I know He has gone to prepare a place for me; but oh, sir, will you see to Adolphe? Promise me that, and I can die happy."

"Is this Adolphe?" he enquired, placing his hand on the boy's head as he knelt by the bedside holding Nana's hand and sobbing quietly.

"Yes, sir, but he is not really a boy but a girl, only—"

The Hindoo gasped for breath, and Sydney replied, "That being the case I can promise you that I will find her a good home, where she will be well cared for by Christian friends. But why this disguise?"

"I did it, sir, because I was afraid of her father finding her, and—." There was a moment's pause, and then a bright smile lit up the dusky countenance, and raising her hand she pointed upward, and gasped "Beautiful! beautiful!" and the spirit fled.

Gently Sydney Maynard raised the weeping Adolphe, and said in a tone of tenderest sympathy, "Your friend has gone to be with Jesus. We can do no more for her, but I must look after you, according to my promise."

"Hush," replied the boy, "no one here even guesses, for I came here as a boy. Here is Madge, so treat me as if you knew nothing. I will tell you all another time."

"Will you show me the way back, please?" Sydney said, turning to Adolphe when Madge had entered, and was preparing to perform the last offices for the dead.

"Certainly," replied the boy, "I will take you back on to the road, and then you will be all right."

As soon as they got away Sydney said to Adolphe, "I could not go without asking you one or two questions. Is it true that you are a girl?"

"Quite true; but Nana dressed me like a boy, and changed my name, and got me on at the menagerie, and I have been with her ever since. She has been very kind to me."

"Are you willing to be dressed properly and go to live in a girls' home?"

"I should be very glad, indeed, if I thought father wouldn't find me, for I cannot stay at the menagerie now Nana has gone. I have been thinking all the way home to-night whether it was right for a Christian girl to pretend to be a boy."

"It cannot be right to act a lie," said Sydney gravely; "but I will make arrangements with Sister Florence, and then I will come and see you again."

A sudden light sprang into Adolphe's eyes as they stood together under the lamp where they had met.

"Sister Florence!" he exclaimed in a tone of eager interest, then suddenly remembered, and stopped short.

"Do you know her?" asked the young man.

"I saw her once long ago, and she spoke kindly to me."

"What is your real name, Adolphe?"

"I would rather not tell you, and then you cannot make a mistake. Nana wouldn't even let me think of myself by it lest I should forget, and they might find it out."

"Very well, I will not press it."

Florence Maynard and Arnold Montagu were very much interested in Sydney's account of what had passed. "We must have the poor girl away from that place as soon as possible. I was so much struck with her eyes, they were so like those of my own darling. Oh, that it might be my

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child, my Gladys!" and the strong man bowed his head and groaned in agony of spirit.

"The sooner we get her away the better. I will make room for her," said Florence. "It must be horrible for the poor thing."

"Yet I can quite understand the Hindoo woman thinking she would be safer amid such company as a boy than a girl," remarked Sydney.

Sydney had some difficulty in getting Adolphe away, as the manager decidedly refused to part with him, saying he must have six months' notice. However, as there had been no agreement, Mr. Maynard pointed out to him that he could not claim more than a month; and, as that was now due, he was willing that the boy should forfeit it, and also, if he agreed to that, he would make him a present of £5, as he might have some inconvenience before he could fill his place. If he refused to set him at liberty, he should simply take him before a magistrate, and he would not get the £5.

The manager felt the force of the argument, so he merely grumbled a bit, declaring that he should never be able to fill Adolphe's place, but he took the money, and allowed Adolphe to depart in a cab with Mr. Maynard the day after Nana's interment, bearing with him the box which Nana had given instructions to Madge, when she was taken ill, was to be given to him, as it would be of no use to anyone else.

Truth to tell, the woman had first looked inside, but seeing that it contained mysterious looking bottles and herbs, had been afraid to touch them, and so it was delivered to Adolphe as the snake charmer had requested.

Few words were exchanged between Sydney and Adolphe as they rattled along, for both felt the false position, and both were occupied with their own thoughts.

Regarding the face before him attentively, a strange idea struck Maynard, but he resolved to leave all questioning to Florence. She always got on so well with the girls.

"Is this Beech House?" asked Adolphe as the cab stopped, and before Sydney had time to answer, Florence met them and bore Adolphe away before any of the inmates of the house could get a glimpse of him.

Arrived in her own room, she left him there and soon reappeared bearing a tray containing a cup of tea and a plate of bread and butter.

"Sit down and get this, my dear, whilst I see to the girls having their tea, and when you have changed your dress and rested a bit, I will introduce you to the others. I hope you will be very happy here."

Adolphe looked round the cosy room, and a strange feeling came over him as he remembered Nana's words about a previous life. He had never been in this house before, yet every article of furniture seemed familiar.

He had just finished tea, when Sister Florence returned bringing in a black dress and said, as she held it up,

"I got you a black dress as you have just lost your friend, and here is a full outfit of underclothing. Shall I assist you, dear?"

She refrained from calling her by name as she was determined not to call her Adolphe, and she wished to win her confidence before she asked any questions.

She gave all necessary assistance, just as a mother would have done, talking cheerily the while, telling her about the various inmates and their doings. When at last the toilet was completed, Florence was surprised to see before her a refined young lady, the only drawback to her appearance being the closely cropped hair.

With a smile, Florence placed her in front of the glass. For a moment the girl gazed in silence, then suddenly burst into tears as she said,

"How good and kind you are, Sister Florence."

Florence drew the weeping girl to her bosom; she quite understood the relief to give way to her feelings after the strain that had been put upon her for so long.

"I want you to let me be a mother to you, dear. Will you love and trust me?"

"I do love you, Sister Florence. I have loved you ever since you gave me those flowers long ago."

"What do you mean?" enquired Florence eagerly, as she stood with her arm round the girl.

"Let me tell you all about it, please," and the girl poured into Florence's sympathetic ear the story of her life.

"Well, Adele, I cannot tell you how thankful I am that God has led you here. You have passed through sorrow. Can you bear a great joy if God sends it?"

Adele smilingly assured her that she could, meaning, of course, the joy of finding such a friend.

"I will tell you a story now, Adele. Listen."

Florence told of the loss of Mr. Montagu's darling and subsequent discovery, and so on.

Adele listened with wide-open eyes as she recognised herself in the story.

"Is not Garcia Costello my father, then?" she exclaimed.

"No; he is no relation to you whatever. He has been justly punished, and is now undergoing fifteen years' penal servitude."

"Thank God for that!" said Adele, trembling with emotion. "Who then is my father, Sister Florence?"

"Mr. Montagu; he——"

"Mr. Arnold Montagu?" exclaimed the girl with rapture. "Oh, it is too good to be true. I am afraid I shall wake and find it all a dream. He is always coming to me in dreams."

"It is no dream, Gladys, but a glorious reality. My dear friend will be happy once more."

"Gladys?" repeated the girl enquiringly.

"Yes; that is your name: Gladys Montagu. But you used to call yourself 'Addy,' 'Papa's little Addy,' and so, I suppose those people called you Adele."

"When shall I see my own dear father, Sister Florence?"

"I will send him up to you, dear, and leave you to introduce yourself in the very room from which you were stolen."

Florence left the room, and as she did so the girl turned and caught sight of herself in the mirror. She could scarcely realise that it was her own image that she saw reflected there, for her eyes were sparkling and her cheeks glowing with excitement.

"Father, dear father!" she exclaimed, springing forward as Mr. Montagu entered the room.

For a moment he stood transfixed, then he folded her in a close embrace.

"Gladys! My own darling. Have you come back to me at last?"

We draw a curtain over the interview as too sacred for other eyes to rest upon.

It was long ere father and daughter could think of anything but the rapturous joy of being restored to each other; then Arnold Montagu poured out his soul in gratitude to his Heavenly Father, and Gladys uttered a heart-felt Amen.

Sydney Maynard was in ecstacies that he had been permitted after all to be the means of her restoration.

That same evening Arnold Montagu sought a private interview with Florence, and asked her if she would consent to be a mother indeed to his child, and she did not hesitate to give her hand where her heart had long been bestowed.



What a happy party they were that gathered together that Christmas. Miss Millard had arrived. She was the lady whom Gladys had seen with Sydney Maynard on that eventful night, and to whom he was soon to be married.

Sydney had gone to meet a friend, and as the four sat round the fire awaiting his return Gladys thought that her cup of happiness was indeed full. but another drop had yet to be added.

When Sydney entered with his friend, she gave an involuntary exclamation of pleasure, and the young man looked at her with interest as she was introduced to him, for Sydney had told him her story on the way.

"Now, father, my happiness is complete," said Gladys, as she placed her hand upon his arm, "for this is the minister who first led me to the Saviour, and never shall I forget his description of the good shepherd seeking his wandering sheep."

"Can it be possible?" exclaimed the young minister. "Are you really the youth whom I have so often thought about and prayed for as being placed in circumstances of such great temptation?"

Sydney's friend now received an even warmer welcome than would have been accorded to him.

Never did the angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good will to men," find a more heartfelt response in the hearts of those who spent their Christmas at Beech House, for through the darkness they had been brought into light, and through sorrow each had entered into the joy of full trust in the Saviour, and glad Christmas chimes were pealing in their inmost souls.

* * *

Five years had passed away. Happy years they had been to Gladys Montagu, for her father had been married to Florence Maynard on the same day that Sydney had led Minnie Millard to the altar; and Gladys had found in the one a wise and loving mother, and in the other an elder sister, and when a little son was born to Florence, Gladys had rejoiced greatly, and it was at her request that he was called Sydney.

Engaged in happy service, the time had passed quickly; but now another crisis in her life had come, for she was about to leave her dearly-loved father, mother, and little brother for a still dearer one.

Percy Graham, who had long ago led her to the Good Shepherd, had been a frequent visitor to Beech House, and Gladys and he found in each other kindred

spirits, and when he was appointed to the foreign field, he told Gladys, what she already knew, that he loved her with all his heart, and asked her to join him in his work.

Mr. and Mrs. Montagu gave their full and free consent, and now Gladys was making preparations to accompany her husband to Ceylon, where he was going to tell of the Saviour's love.

Little Sydney was deeply interested in the proceedings, and when his sister unwrapped a mysterious-looking article, and stood regarding it with tearful eyes, he eagerly said, "What is that, Addy? Let Syd look."

Gladys let her brother look at the trinket, and then she kissed it reverently, saying to her mother, as she laid it carefully by,

"I shall always keep this charm for Nana's sake, and though I no longer believe it to be possessed of miraculous virtues, yet I am sure that God allowed my faith in it to take away all fear in that trying ordeal in answer to my father's prayers."

"Yes, dear Gladys, God can make use of the most unlikely instruments to accomplish His own purposes."

"I like to think that He made use of Percy to bring Nana into the light, although they never saw each other. Percy says it was due to my influence, but if he had not given me that Testament, Nana would never have given up her Hindoo superstitions and trusted only in Christ's atonement, as she did—of that I am very sure. Do you know, dear mother, it really seems to me sometimes as if I had already lived two lives, as Nana used to teach me."

"I think your strangely eventful life, dear Gladys, is a living commentary on the promise that 'All things work together for good to them that love God.'"

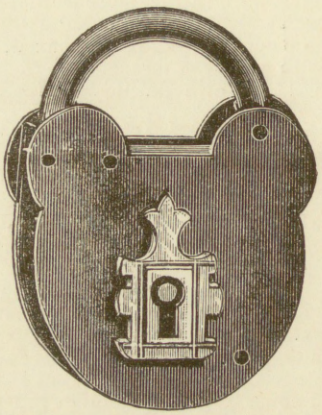
FINIS.

*This story is now issued in volume form, and will make a capital Xmas or New Year's reward book. May be had, in handsome cloth binding, price One Shilling (post free), from the "Onward" Publishing Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester.*

## Go-Ahead's Letter to Boys.

MY DEAR LADS,

WHEN we have filled a box with anything we value, and we want to take care of its contents for future reference, we often PADLOCK IT; and when we have turned the key, and have got the key snugly reposing in our pocket, we feel safe. Now we have come to the last month in the year, and your old friend "Go-Ahead" will soon have finished his twelfth letter to you, and he wants you to put the twelve letters in the box of your *memory*, and fasten it firmly with the strong, unyielding, unpickable



OF UNFORGETFULNESS.

I know it is not easy for a boy to swallow *much* bread with his jam, and I dare say I have given you some big lumps sometimes, but I hope you have taken some good bites of the bread, and munched it up *well*, while your eye was running over the page in search of the jam. It is wonderful how soon a healthy appetite gets used to *good bread* when we are thoroughly hungry, and we then learn to look upon "Fancy bread" as *not our sort*, and to prefer a loaf of substantial stuff with some *heart* in it. It is just so with our reading. Some boys are never satisfied unless they are poring over "Comic Cuts" and "Ally Sloper," and "Rare Bits;" but, believe me, my lads, it is *poor fare*—there is *no heart in it*, and when you have read a page you are no better, but rather the worse. It is not nourishing—it is

STARVATION DIET.

There is no single word in it, from the top of the page to the bottom, which will inspire you to live for God or your fellow-mortals. It is all vapid and senseless, and sometimes directly *dangerous*, reading, which will build up a mind and memory so vain and frivolous that your company will only be sought by the careless and even immoral; and the time will come when you might as well be a turnip on two broomsticks as a human being, for all the good you will be in the world. Oh!

CRAM YOURSELVES WITH WISDOM.

Seek it *first* from God; *then* from every source which has the right ring about it. Go in for fun by all means; but let it be *clean* fun. I wouldn't give a brass button for a boy without fun and humour; but hunger after the *kernels*, don't try to eat the shells.

Christmas will be here in a few days. I want you to have plenty of good "square" mirth, but don't forget in the middle of it to take a slice of your pudding to old Mrs. Hungry. There's nothing to be ashamed of in that. Bless the boys; when I was a "nipper" I used to carry a big jug of soup to Mary Bowden, an old woman in the town where I lived, and I can see her grateful old beaming face yet. It's ever so much better to have a face like dear old Mary Bowden's imprinted on your soul after five-and-thirty

years than to remember the faces of half a score of boys who talk twaddle year in and year out, and who say words and tell tales that they wouldn't let their mother hear for a five-pound note.

A MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS

to you *all*, and may the God of Peace and Goodwill be a welcome guest in the middle of all your merriment.

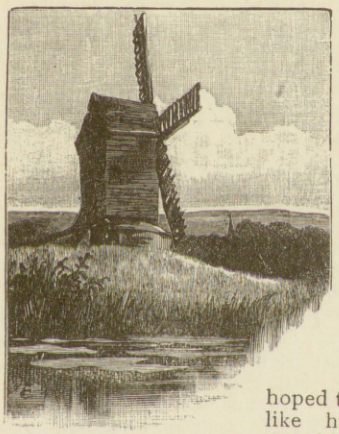
Believe me, Your affectionate friend,

GO-AHEAD.

## JACK BARTON'S TRIUMPH OVER TEMPTATION.

By ISABEL MAUDE HAMILL,

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



JACK BARTON was the eldest son of a family of seven; his father, who was a hard-working conscientious medical man, had recently died, and, in consequence, Jack's future prospects were looking very dark. He had hoped to be a doctor, like his father, but now his mother could not afford the college fees, and so he had to give up the idea, and try to find a situation where he could be earning something at once.

But situations are not to be had for the asking, and day after day he walked about the town applying at all the places he thought likely, but with no success. Then one day, when he was feeling very depressed, there came a letter from a wealthy firm of brewers offering him a very good situation as clerk in their establishment. At first when he read the letter he felt quite delighted, but, when he began to reflect, the joy died out of his face; how could he go and help in any way the sale of the very thing which had been the means indirectly of his father's comparatively early death, and yet—his mother and the younger children wanted money badly—what was he to do?

"I'll see what our minister says about it?" he thought to himself, so he put on his hat and set off at once for the minister's house. He found Mr. Richton in his study busy preparing his next Sunday's sermon with a glass of whiskey and water by his side.

"Does this help him to think?" wondered Jack as he noticed the decanter.

"Well! Jack, I am glad to see you, my lad, have you met with anything to suit you yet?" said the minister kindly.

"Well! I hardly know what to do, so I have come to consult you, Mr. Richton."

"Very glad to advise you if I can, I am sure; what is it you want to ask me?"

Jack replied by showing him the letter he had received, which, after reading carefully through, he laid on his desk, saying,

"A very good offer indeed as far as I can see, Jack, why do you hesitate?"

The sensitive colour came to the lad's face as he answered,

"Well! I don't like the idea somehow of going into that trade, and then——"

"Ah! yes, I know, your poor father; still, because he took a little too much at times that does not say you should not go into a business that will make money. Everything may be abused, and because one man has not strength of character enough to say 'No' that is no reason for condemning a whole trade; I should certainly advise you to take this situation, the salary is very good."

"I know it is" replied poor Jack, "and that is what tempts me to accept it, and yet——"

"Oh! Of course if you have scruples don't let me persuade you, but all the same I think in your present circumstances you would be foolish to refuse such an offer."

After a little more talk Jack left, thanking Mr. Richton, but with his mind still wavering.

As he was returning home he met another friend who also strongly advised his acceptance of the situation, and he thought as he entered his home it would perhaps be the best thing he could do. He went straight to the room in which his father had died, and as if by a lightning flash he saw his duty clearly. Money, what was it against conscience and principle, or what worth if obtained at the expense of other's misery?

"My boy! Never have anything to do with strong drink. It has made your mother's life one long anxiety and shortened my own; it is a curse."

These words, uttered by his father in that very room, and on the day he died, seemed to ring in his ears, and kneeling down by the bed he prayed that God would give him strength against all temptation, even though he had to suffer.

He wrote and politely declined the offer, and then told his mother what he had done.

She laid her hand gently on his arm and said, "Jack, your refusal is worth more to me than gold and silver. God bless you, as I am sure He will."

About a week after this an old doctor, who had been a friend of the family for years, wrote and offered to take Jack as a pupil, pay all his college expenses, and hinting that as he had no son of his own perhaps in the future he might ultimately succeed him in his practice. How Jack and his mother rejoiced it is impossible to say, and they did not forget to thank God in their newly-found joy. Jack remained true to the principle of his early youth, and as a medical man has been the means of doing much good in spreading a scientific knowledge of the value of temperance.

Years after he met the minister, an old man before his time, who said, "Ah Barton, you were right and I was wrong, but I am too old to start afresh."

## PEACE UPON EARTH.

By the late William Hoyle,

*Author of "Hymns and Songs."*

WHO shall foretell the glories of that time
When peace and love shall reign supreme on earth?
Were every home through all the coming years
Illumined with the loving smile of heaven,
And every heart responded to the call
Of God's free Spirit working in each breast,
What joy and peace, what happiness would reign
Among the multitudes in every place!
The quiet hamlet and the busy town,
The stately mansion and the humble cot,
All would reflect the light and love of heaven
In every thought, in every word and deed,
And every man would for his comrade feel,
And banish every thought of selfishness;
The greed for gold, for place and power would cease,
And every demon that disturbs our peace
Would hide his hideous form in very shame;
The little child upon its mother's lap
Would nestle peacefully with cherub face,
And grow from year to year in beauteous form;
The aged sire, in his declining years,
Would feel no fears, no sorrows for the past,
His hoary locks, the index of a soul
Peaceful and calm, and ripe for endless bliss.
The young man entering into joyous life,
With all the force and freshness of his days,
Free from the blighting influence of sin,
The victor of himself—to do and dare—
And hold the reins on every foe within.
The maiden fair, in grace and comliness,
Fresh from the fold of truth and innocence,
Her heart responsive to the voice of love,
Would feel no terror for the coming days;
Her sphere, the circle of a happy home,
Where children dance and sing in joyous mood,
The fruit and promise of the better life.
Peace upon earth, yea, peace in every breast;
My brother, it is God's free gift to man—
God's love to all through His eternal Son,
Who died to save us all and make us one;
One in the circle of domestic life,
One in the busy haunts of industry;
As brothers so to live with noblest aim,
To lose ourselves and win the good of all,
To hush the wail of discontent and strife,
And spread the bounties which kind Providence
Hath sent for all. O, brothers, let us try
Each for himself begin the better life;
The light of truth is rising o'er the hills,
To fill the world with radiance and joy,
And every man within his very soul
May feel the impulse of a higher power;
God's strong right hand held out to grasp his own,
To walk in love and so to walk with God;
And let the Eternal Spirit lead us on,
Through all the windings of a busy life,
As comrades all and worthy citizens,
Till earth shall catch the glorious beams of heaven,
And all creation hail the better time.

## OUR LABORATORY.

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

### A CHAT ABOUT BREAD.

BREAD is a staple food all the world over; it is generally made of wheat, barley, rye, or maize. It is one of those absolutely necessary foods, that we use every day and yet not tire of them. In this country bread is generally made of wheaten flour. It could be equally well made from barley flour, but barley bread is not so white and light as wheaten bread, although perhaps quite as nutritious. There are several good things to say about bread. Every particle of a loaf may be used, none need be wasted; there is something in the loaf to build up muscle; to supply material for the bones; to keep the body warm, and to promote the growth of brain and nerve. It is like milk, almost a perfect food. If we analyse a loaf we find that it contains water, keeping the bread moist; albumenoids, which supply the nitrogenous material for the muscles; starch, sugar and fat, all rich in carbon, which supplies the body with its heat-giving material and mineral matter, to build up bones and to give food to the brain and nerves.

Some people have spoken of beer and other malt liquors as liquid bread. This is a great mistake; there is no comparison between beer and bread when considered as foods. The mistake has arisen amongst the ignorant because of the fact that barley may be made into good bread, and they have supposed that when barley is made into beer, that the good qualities found in the bread will also be present in the beer.

We have already seen, in Chapter II., that the barley must undergo several chemical changes when being made into beer, and that finally very little indeed of the original good substance used can be found in the beer produced from it. In a whole barrel of beer containing 144 quarts there are only 3 quarts of nutritious matter to be found, the remainder of the contents of the barrel consisting of dextrin (no value as a food) 4 quarts, alcohol 7 quarts, and water 130 quarts.

In the making of bread there is none of the complicated work that occurs in the making of beer, and there is none of the loss of good food material. The process is a simple one; the wheat is ground in a mill and the husk removed as bran, the remainder being the white flour in common use. In some cases the husk is not removed, but the whole of the corn is ground together; this is known as whole meal flour, and is preferable to the white flour, because it contains all the good qualities of the grain.

The flour is mixed with water, kneaded into dough, shaped into loaves, put in the oven and

baked into bread. In all this there is no chemical change to speak of, and in the loaf we get identically those good qualities provided by the hand of nature in the corn.

Sometimes yeast is mixed with the dough and it is left for a few hours to ferment. When this is done there is a small degree of chemical change, some of the sugar in the flour being changed into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. This gas blows bubbles in the dough and it is said to rise, thus making the bread light and spongy in character. The small quantity of alcohol formed cannot, however, be discovered in the bread, because in the act of baking, the heat of the oven has sent it off in the steam which escaped from the bread. There are other ways of producing the carbonic acid gas and making the bread light, without the use of yeast.

The chief point for us to remember is, that in making grain into beer there is great loss of nutriment and considerable production of alcohol, but in making grain into bread, there is no loss of nutriment, and the same good qualities found in the grain are discovered in the bread.

*Experiment* 102.—Crush some wheat or barley, put it in a flask with some water, stand on a tripod and boil over a spirit lamp as in Fig. 12. The contents soon become pasty in appearance. A large bulk of the grain consists of starch which is insoluble in cold water, but becomes soluble in the boiling water and is therefore washed out of the grain. Set this aside to cool.

*Experiment* 103.—Prepare a small quantity of iodine solution by adding a few fragments of iodine to some water in which potassium iodide has been dissolved. The solution will have a deep ruby tint; add a few drops of this stock solution to half a tumbler of water, until a rich tint is obtained. Place in the tumbler a few strips of ordinary writing paper. Instead of assuming the colour of the liquid as they would do had the tumbler contained ink or any dye liquid, the paper will be turned blue just as far as it has been in the liquid. This blue colour is due to the formation of starch iodide, and its appearance is a proof that the paper contained starch. Wherever any substance containing starch comes into contact with iodine, this blue colour is always developed. Iodine solution is therefore a test for the presence of starch.

*Experiment* 104.—Place in the iodine solution some rough unsurfaced paper, a piece of washed rag or sticks of wood, no blue colour will be shown, for these substances contain no starch.

*Experiment* 105.—Into the flask in which the grain has been boiled and which should be quite cold, add a little of the iodine solution from the tumbler; the whole contents turn blue. The experiment proves that the grain in its natural condition contains a large proportion of starch.

*Experiment* 106.—Dip a piece of bread into the tumbler containing the iodine solution; the bread will also assume a dark blue appearance. We therefore see that the raw material, the grain, is rich in starch, and that the finished article, the bread, is also rich in that substance. This proves to some extent the point that just those properties found in the grain are present in the bread and in about the same proportion.

*Experiment* 107.—On a piece of fine muslin place a tablespoonful of flour, screw the muslin up into the form of a bag and place it in a basin of water; now with the thumb and finger work the flour about in the bag under the water. The starch will be washed out of the flour and find its way through the fine holes of the muslin. After a time remove the muslin from the water and open it out. A glutinous mass will be left on the muslin which can be drawn out into shreds. This is the gluten of the flour and is the part that contains the albumen.

*Experiment* 108.—Scrape the gluten from the muslin, mix it with a little soda lime, transfer it to a test tube and heat over a spirit lamp; fumes will quickly be given off smelling something like burnt feathers. Moisten a piece of red litmus paper and hold it in the fumes as shown in Fig. 49. It must not be allowed to touch the side of the tube. In a moment or two the paper which was red will turn blue. This is due to the presence of ammonia, and this latter substance has been derived from the nitrogenous matter contained in the gluten.

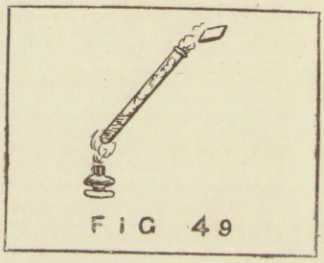


FIG 49

*Experiment* 109.—Treat a small piece of bread in the same way by mixing it with soda lime and heating in a tube. The fumes from the bread will have the same effect upon the moistened red litmus paper as the fumes from the flour. The experiment again proves that the substances found in the grain are also present in the bread.

*Experiment* 110.—On heating some beer with soda lime and holding the litmus paper in the fumes no result will be obtained; the amount of albumen in the beer being so small in quantity that it cannot be detected by this means.

*Experiment* 111.—Heat a little flour in a dry test tube alone over a spirit lamp. The flour will give off copious fumes and will leave behind a charred mass of carbon. The experiment shows that the grain is rich in carbonaceous material.

*Experiment* 112.—On heating a piece of bread in a dry tube alone, the same result will be obtained as with the flour, thus again proving that what nature gave us in the grain we also have in the bread.

Bread is a natural food laden with that which is good and useful for the body. Beer is an artificial food containing very little nutriment indeed, and a certain amount of alcohol which is always injurious. Our lesson shows us that the making of the grain into beer is a wasteful process, but that in making it into bread the good qualities of the grain are retained and become of great service to mankind.

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*The whole of these twelve Chapters may now be had in Text-Book form, as "Temperance Science Lessons," including questions for each chapter and a copious index, bound in a handy form for the pocket. Price 6d., post free, from the "Onward" Office, 124, Portland Street, Manchester.*

# REJOICE AND BE GLAD!

*Words by* Dr. Bonar. **Christmas Carol.** *Music by* J. George Tolton.

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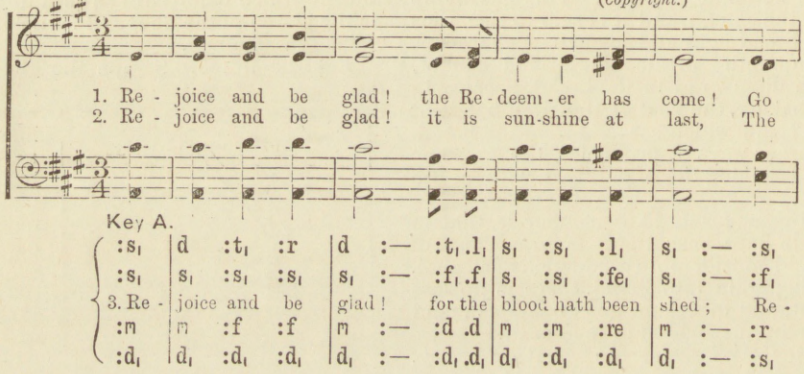
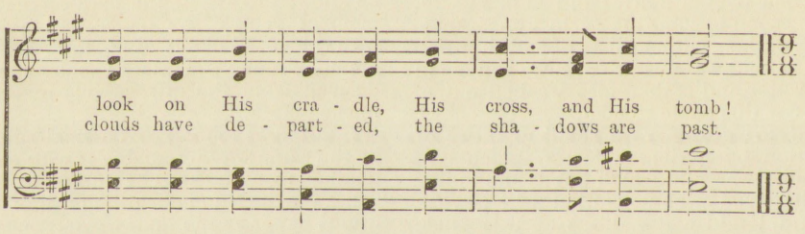


1. Re - joice and be glad! the Re - deem - er has come! Go
2. Re - joice and be glad! it is sun-shine at last, The

Key A.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| :s₁ | d | :t₁ | :r | d | :— | :t₁ | .l₁ | s₁ | :s₁ | :l₁ | s₁ | :— | :s₁ |
| :s₁ | s₁ | :s₁ | :s₁ | s₁ | :— | :f₁ | .f₁ | s₁ | :s₁ | :fe₁ | s₁ | :— | :f₁ |
| 3. Re - | joice | and | be | glad! | | for the | | blood | hath | been | shed; | | Re - |
| :m | m | :f | :f | m | :— | :d | .d | m | :m | :re | m | :— | :r |
| :d₁ | d₁ | :d₁ | :d₁ | d₁ | :— | :d₁ | .d₁ | d₁ | :d₁ | :d₁ | d₁ | :— | :s₁ |



look on His cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb!
clouds have de - part - ed, the sha - dows are past.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
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| f₁ | :f₁ | :f₁ | s₁ | :s₁ | :t₁ | s₁ | :- | .l₁ | :l₁ | t₁ | :— | ‖ |
| demp - tion | | is | fin - ished, | | the | price | | hath | been | paid. | | ‖ |
| r | :r | :t₁ | d | :m | :f | d | :- | .m | :fe | s | :— | ‖ |
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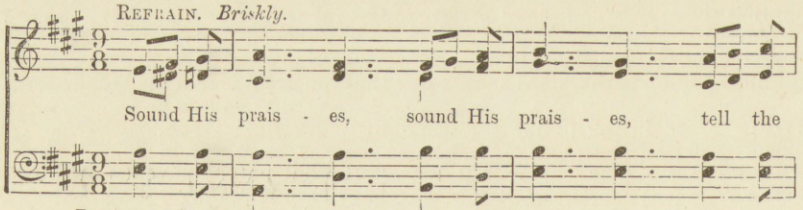

Refrain. *Briskly.*

Sound His prais - es, sound His prais - es, tell the

Refrain. *Briskly.*

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| \|s₁ | :l₁ | :t₁ | d | :- | :- | \|l₁ | :- | :- | \|l₁ | :t₁ | :d | r | :- | :- | \|t₁ | :- | :- | \|d | :r | :m |
| \|s₁ | :fe₁ | :f₁ | m₁ | :- | :- | \|f₁ | :- | :- | \|f₁ | :- | :l₁ | t₁ | :- | :- | \|s₁ | :- | :- | \|m₁ | :f₁ | :s₁ |
| Sound | | His | prais | - | es, | | | sound | His | | prais | - | es, | | tell | | the |
| \|d | :- | :d | d | :- | :- | \|d | :- | :- | \|r | :- | :r | r | :- | :- | \|r | :- | :- | \|d | :- | :d |
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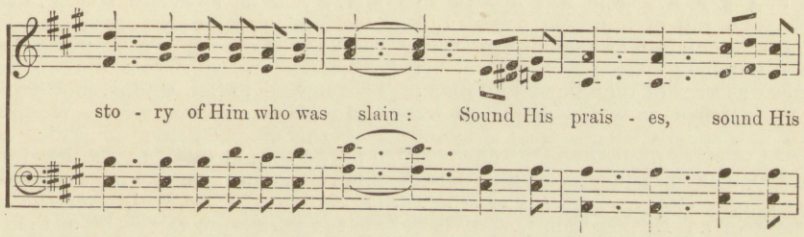
## REJOICE AND BE GLAD!

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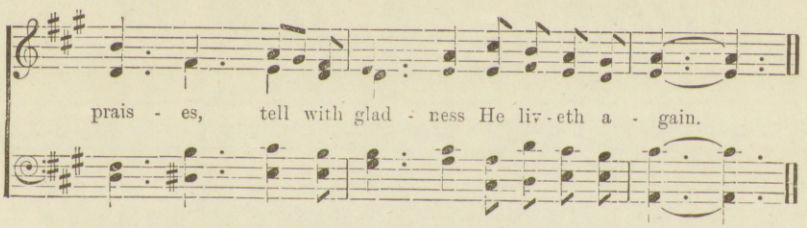
| $l_1$ :- :- | $t_1$ :- :$t_1$ | $t_1$ :$s_1$ :$t_1$ | d :- :- | - :- :- | $s_1$ :$fe_1$ :$f_1$ | $m_1$ :- :- | $m_1$ :- :- | $s_1$ :$l_1$ :$s_1$ |
| sto - | ry of Him | who was | slain : | | Sound His | prais - | es, | sound His |
| r :- :- | r :- :r | f :m :f | s :- :- | - :- :- | d :- :d | d :- :- | d :- :- | d :- :d |
| $s_1$ :- :- | $s_1$ :- :$s_1$ | $s_1$ :$s_1$ :$s_1$ | d :- :- | - :- :- | $s_1$ :- :$s_1$ | $d_1$ :- :- | $d_1$ :- :- | $m_1$ :- :$m_1$ |

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| r :- :- | $l_1$ :- :- | d :$t_1$ :$l_1$ | $s_1$ :- :- | d :- :m | r :d :$t_1$ | d :- :- | - :- :- |
| $f_1$ :- :- | $l_1$ :- :- | $s_1$ :- :$f_1$ | $f_1$ :- :- | $s_1$ :- :$s_1$ | $l_1$ :$s_1$ :$f_1$ | $s_1$ :- :- | - :- :- |
| prais - | es, tell | with | glad - | ness | He liv - eth | a - | gain. | |
| $l_1$ :- :- | r :- :- | m :- :r | r :- :- | m :- :d | f :m :r | m :- :- | - :- :- |
| $f_1$ :- :- | $fe_1$ :- :- | $s_1$ :- :$s_1$ | $t_1$ :- :- | d :- :$m_1$ | $f_1$ :$s_1$ :$s_1$ | $d_1$ :- :- | - :- :- |

4. Rejoice and be glad! now the pardon is free!
The Just for the unjust has died on the tree.
Sound His praises, &c.

5. Rejoice and be glad! for the Lamb that was slain
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
Sound His praises, &c.

6. Rejoice and be glad! for our King is on high,
He pleadeth for us on His throne in the sky.
Sound His praises, &c.

7. Rejoice and be glad! for He cometh again:
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.
Sound His praises, &c.

# MERRY MARTHA.

By Uncle Ben.

OH yes, Martha was our nurse, and of all the good souls that ever lived she was one of the best. She was always so bright and full of fun. So merry and cheerful that we children were always kept happy by her unfailing spirit of good humour. She had endless sources of amusement and play; even when these failed on a wet day, and we could not go out, she had a ceaseless store of stories she used to make up that simply filled us with delight. One of our chief favourites was a kind of Swiss Family Robinson narrative, which gave an account of an English family, very like our own, that by a shipwreck was cast upon an uninhabited island, and there we saw ourselves depicted in scenes of thrilling adventure and sat breathless to hear of the wonders of Providence that always delivered us from the most appalling perils.

Martha's gifts were many and varied, she would assist when we played chapel or funerals, in dressing up or shopping. She made-up Bible games for us to make Sunday happy when all our toys and playthings were put away from Saturday to Monday. She was good at making rhymes or reading poetry or prose; especially were we charmed with her rendering of Wordsworth's "Idiot Boy," and Jonnie's "Burley Burley." Nothing was ever too much trouble to keep us good. She was always in her element when the nursery was filled with shouts of laughter, and so we grew to love and idolise our Merry Martha. Sad indeed was the day when she left us to get married! We wept as though we had lost our all.

We quite hated Mr. Corbolt for taking our Merry Martha away from us. But he did not take her very far; we were glad, for she often came over to see us. After nurse left us we had a governess, which we did not like at first, because, up to her coming, mother had taken us and taught us all we learnt. We did not appreciate this change in our domestic life, but after a bit we settled down to the inevitable and got on pretty well. But we never lost our affection for our good nurse, and, after she went, all her virtues were more valued by us than ever.



When the summer came she invited us all to go to her cottage for a long afternoon and tea. We looked forward to this treat for many weeks, and counted the days until the great event came. We were to be driven over soon after an early dinner, as Mrs. Corbolt lived in a lonely little house some three or four miles away in the country, and we were to be fetched again in the evening by our man, Thomas Thumwood, who looked after our pony and garden. The day seemed a long time in coming, but at last it arrived, and, though somewhat cloudy and dull at first, turned out to be fine and beautiful.

We three children enjoyed the drive very much in our little pony chaise. The smooth gravel road looked bright and clean between the hedgerows and the grass patches, with over

hanging foliage. When we arrived at the end of the little lane that led off from the high road to the cottage, Cyril got out to tell Martha we had come, shouting "Here we are! here we are!" and rushed through the open door; then Mr. Corbolt came out and carried Sybil, while Cecily walked, holding the little bag with our pinafores and scarves for the evening. Martha was as delighted to see us as we were to see her. We felt a little shy just at first, but almost before we heard the wheels of the chaise grinding on the road we began to make ourselves at home. It was such a queer, old-fashioned cottage, with a thatched roof and low ceiling, and big beams. We wanted to inspect the whole place, and then to go out and see the dogs, that were chained up to their kennels, barking furiously at us strangers. By-and-bye we fed the chickens and fowls, and so the time passed until nurse got tea. It was a beautiful spread, and considering we were not allowed to have currants, all our favourite delicacies were provided, including buttered toast and three-cornered puffs with lots of jam inside. The home-made bread and butter was in itself fit food for the gods, and the unbroken silence that prevailed after grace alone revealed our entire occupation as we preyed like young tigers on the provisions. When replete with our mercies, we helped nurse to clear away, and then ran about the garden and outhouses to our heart's desire.

All too soon, Thumwood and the pony came to take us home, in a lovely sunset that deepened into a still, clear, sweet twilight. After many good-byes, and getting in and out of the pony-chaise, at last we drove off, waving farewells until Merry Martha could no longer be seen. Then we told Thumwood of all the fun we had had, and the names of the dogs, and some of Mr. Corbolt's adventures with poachers, which seemed to interest Thumwood more even than our account of the cat and her two black kittens. As we were driving slowly along in the gathering dusk, in a narrow part of the road, round a sharp corner, the pony shied and almost overturned the chaise. The object that had frightened the pony, whose name was Jessie, was the figure of a man lying across the side of the road. Thumwood gave the reins to Cyril to hold, while he got out and patted the startled pony until it was quiet and stood still, and then went to the prostrate form in the road, while we watched with breathless and nervous interest to see what would take place next. We feared the poor man was dead or hurt, but Thumwood did not think so, for he stood over him and spoke very roughly, and said: "Get up, you stupid fool, or you'll be run over as sure as you're born."

Then he shook the man, and tried to get him up, saying—"You drunken idiot! You were all but run over this time. Get up, will you?" and with that he gave him a good kick.

Whereupon Sybil called, "Oh, Thumwood! do be kind to the poor man—he may be ill."

"He's not ill, miss—he's only dead drunk and wants rousing with a horse-whip. I'd leave him, only the next trap that comes by in the dark will run right over him."

At last Thumwood got the man on his legs, but he was so bad he could not stand. The fellow looked as if he had been once respectable, but was in a fearful state now, covered with mud and dirt, for he had evidently been down many times. His clothes were torn, and he had lost his hat. He was very polite, and kept nodding and bowing to Thumwood, and mumbling—"Thank you kindly—couldn't get round the corner—very bad road—won't go home till morning—all right—give us your arm, old fellow-children pretty well I hope!" This he shouted out so that the children laughed.

Then he said, "Hish—hish—shouldn't laugh, my dears, at a drunken man—sad spectacle for the young!"

"Which way do you want to go?" asked Thumwood.

"Don't mind at all—nearest way to next pub. Shan't go home till—morning."

"I don't know what to do with the fellow," said Thumwood. "We can't take him back with us; I'll have to put him in the ditch a little further on, and when he comes too a bit he'll find his home as best he can."

"Thank you kindly—plenty good enough for an abstainer like me, and very cheap—you *are* a gentleman to leave me in the ditch."

This made Thumwood rather cross, so he dragged the wretched being along, who kept saying: "Thank you kindly-you haven't got a copper, for I am very dry—should like to drink health of children," till they came to where the road was wider, with a grass border and ditch, when Thumwood pushed the man down, and came back to the half-amused, half-frightened children.

There was something so strange to us. I think it was the first time we as children had seen a drunken man certainly never any one so bad and helpless. It made a deep impression on us all: the black figure on the road, so nearly run over by us; then that staggering, helpless form that fell over into the ditch. Thumwood's contempt, wrath, and indifference seemed almost as cruel as our driving away and leaving that human being in a wet ditch to the solitude of the night; we could not forget it. It lived in our memory and became fixed in our imagination, and the grim humour of those pathetic words—"Hish—hish—shouldn't laugh, my dears, at a drunken man—sad spectacle for the young!"—made for us a life-long lesson.

## INEFFECTUAL PREACHING.

I SAID to a friend on leaving church, where we had listened to an eloquent and most interesting intellectual discourse: "The speaker has been speaking from his head to my head, not from his heart to my heart; so that, though I may be a little wiser than I was, I do not feel any better; though I may have more light, I have no more love; and, therefore, to me, the discourse has been unprofitable, since the object of preaching should be to lead the hearer to see, to desire, and to press toward the 'meliora.' If it does not that, 'tis but as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

# "BEAUTIFUL SNOW."

By J. G. Tolton.



"IS it not beautiful?"

Everybody allowed that it was. Snowflakes make a pretty picture. And the snow was falling in good earnest. Silently and regularly the flakes came down, covering the roads, the trees, the gardens. All was robed in white. One does not need to be a poet to see beauty in the falling snow.

Longfellow told of the children's delight as they

> "Catch the burning sparks that fly
> Like chaff from a threshing floor."

But children just as eagerly hold out their hands to catch the snowflakes as they fall like feathers from the wings of a spotless dove. Beautiful snow!

Yes! it is beautiful, if we are warmly clad and comfortably housed. But there are thousands whose clothing and shelter are insufficient, and we should do well to think about these others sometimes.

Harold and his sister May were looking out of the window of their comfortable home as they ejaculated

"Is it not beautiful?"

But they had not forgotten the others who might fail to recognise the beauty because of the chilliness of their surroundings.

As the brother and sister were watching the thickly-falling snowflakes Harold said "Sissy, I think we have got almost enough."

May did not need to say "enough what?" She knew what was uppermost in her brother's mind. For months they had been denying themselves little comforts that they might amass twenty shillings. Between them they had purchased a patent bank for sixpences, which could not be opened till forty coins were enclosed. Then—Heigh! Jack Robinson!—the wonderful little box would fly open to have its forty sixpences exchanged for a golden sovereign.

"We have thirty-six, have we not?" was May's answer to the almost-enough question.

"I cannot be sure," Harold said slowly, as if he was calculating as he uttered the words.

"Well, we have each put by our weekly threepence twenty times. *That* I *do* know," said May.

"Yes! that tots up to ten shillings" Harold said quickly, for he was considered clever at mental arithmetic.

But neither of the children had been able to keep a correct record of the stored-up gifts of relatives. May had received a bright florin from her uncle Jack. It was a severe struggle for her to part with it for four sixpences, but she made herself do it, as she herself said. The four small pieces of silver had swelled the banking account.

Harold and May were growing anxious. They had kept the purpose for which the sovereign was intended a profound secret. The falling snow made the children wish very sincerely that the last sixpence was in hand.

* * * * * *

"Grandma, I is cold!" said a thin, delicate child to an aged woman who had passed through more than her share of trouble and sorrow.

"Are you, dear? Nestle closer to me, and you will be warmer."

Alas! there was not much warmth to be gained by that process, for the old woman's blood was thin, and she was every bit as chilly as her grandchild.

"O, how it *does* snow, grandma!" and the child turned its blue eyes toward the window of the scantily furnished room.

The child's parents had been dead some years. Indeed, Winny Pearson could scarcely recall their features. No other relative was known but the aged grandmother.

Widow Pearson had been put to severe straits since her last remaining son died, for he was the prop and support of her declining years.

Winny nestled close, more to please her grandmother than for any bodily warmth that might be hoped for.

"I does love you, granny," said the little one, looking up to the other's face, and smiling as brightly as she could.

"I know it, my darling."

The grey-haired woman sighed wearily as she answered. Death for herself she would have welcomed joyously, if the little one had been in good hands. But the burden of her life was the inability to provide the child with sufficient food and warmth.

It was Christmas-time, and there was such a little bit of fire, and no more coal in the box. The one bed, which had to suffice for both old and young, had very little covering; so that the bed-time prospects were no warmer than the chilly day.

Little Winny's words, "I is cold," pierced Mrs. Pearson like a knife; but there was no remedy for her wound but patience and hope.

As the two sat locked in each other's embraces, a gentle knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed granny as cheerfully as she could.

In response, there walked in a brave boy and a bonny girl, whom we have seen before. The boy carried a large brown-paper parcel. Its size and weight had made the bearer's face glow with warmth. The girl carried a basket of food. The Good Samaritans seemed glad to deposit their burdens.

Harold and May had that morning received a shilling each from a kind friend, and, thrusting

their gifts into the patent machine, the second sixpence released the spring, and off flew the lid of the save-all.

Now the children's secret could be told. The twenty shillings were destined to buy a thick, warm pair of blankets for Mrs. Pearson. The mother's heart was touched as she heard her children's story, and she promised not only to go with them to the drapers, but also to pack a basket of provisions.

That was how comfort came to the poor lone widow on that snowy day.

Harold opened his parcel, and displayed the blankets ; at the same time he laid the remaining two sixpences on the table.

"This ought to go for coal" the bright boy said, with all the certainty of a grown man.

Without stopping for anybody's advice he ran out to the nearest coalyard, and asked that a small supply of fuel should be brought at once. Harold spoke as if he meant it, waited till the order was weighed, and put into the little waggon. Then he walked beside the big, strong lad to show him where delivery was to be made.

When Harold and the black diamonds reached Mrs. Pearson's, the basket of good things had been set out upon the table. Soon there was a blaze in the fire-grate, and as little Winny held her hands towards the warmth she looked perfectly happy, as she said

"I is not cold now, granny, are you ?"

"No, my darling. God is good !"

Harold and May looked on as the grandmother and child partook of their warm meal. They felt this to be the happiest moment in their lives.

And who shall say which was most blessed—the giver or the receiver ?

## NEVER SAY DIE.

KEEP moving ! keep cheerful ! though empty your purse ;
Though Fortune be stingy, and Fate be perverse ;
Keep moving ! don't loiter ! misfortune defy,
And pocket your grievances ; Never say die !

Discouragements wait you, but keep a stout heart,
And though you get laughed at, take all in good part ;
"Perseverance," the motto on which you rely,
Be honest and truthful and never say die !

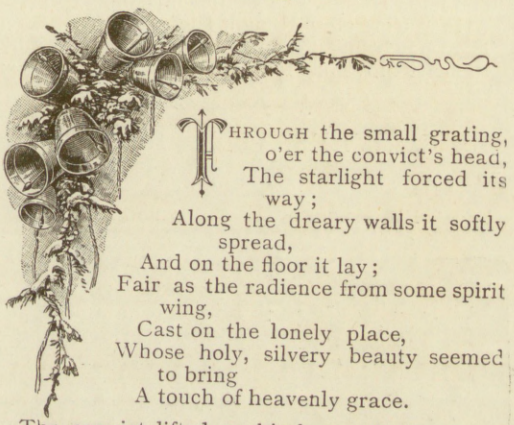
In battling the world you may get some hard thumps,—
Don't heed them—and never give way to the dumps ;
Keep moving ! you're sure to succeed if you try,
So pluck up your spirits and never say die !

You'll be weary, no doubt, of all work and no play,
The same thing is wearying day after day ;
But keep plodding on, and be "patience" your cry,
For you'll win in the end if you never say die !

Whatever your station, or country or age,—
Whether tinker or statesman, apprentice or sage,—
Here's a piece of advice which to all will apply,
It's—Go to work manfully ; never say die !

## THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

BY MARY MAGDALEN FORRESTER.



THROUGH the small grating, o'er the convict's head,
The starlight forced its way ;
Along the dreary walls it softly spread,
And on the floor it lay ;
Fair as the radience from some spirit wing,
Cast on the lonely place,
Whose holy, silvery beauty seemed to bring
A touch of heavenly grace.

The convict lifted up his haggard eyes,
Heavy with unshed tears,
And on the tiny patch of midnight skies
He saw his boyhood's years ;
The sweet, old garden where he used to play,
The open cottage door,
The broken gate, the pretty flower-decked way,
With branches drooping o'er.

And while he felt the starlight gently steal
To kiss his weary brow,
He heard the Christmas bells, whose mellow peal
Came o'er a world of snow ;
His heart was hardened with a crust of years,
His soul with sin was bound,
Yet thrilled and melted into sudden tears
Before the holy sound.

Upon his spirit lay the brand of shame—
The fearful stain of crime,
Which, like a shadow, would enshroud his name
Through all the lengths of time ;
Yet in the holy peal which rose and fell,
And seemed to call that name,
In the sweet message of the Christmas bell
There was no note of blame.

It seemed to come from Bethlehem's quiet breast,
With tender, chastened tone,
Across a noisy world of wild unrest
It wandered on and on ;
It was the God-child speaking to the land,
With voice so sweet and strong,
And e'en the breezes seemed to understand,
And wafted it along.

It reached the convict, and it spoke to him
Of great eternal love,
That still would wrap him round when weak and dim
His earthly hopes might prove ;
It stole into the chambers of his heart,
Awakening echoes there
That thrilled his blood, and made his white lips part
In broken words of prayer.

"Come unto Me!" the pealing bells rung out;
"I am thy Hope, thy Rest;
The bloom of sin hath wrapped thy soul about,
Seek mercy on My breast!"
The felon smiled, and to the Christmas bell
He murmered, "Nought I fear,
Thou has brought heaven unto my dreary cell,
Christ's love has found me here!"

## A CONVERSATION IN THE NIGHT.

By ALFRED J. GLASSPOOL.



"HAVE you seen the big box which the carrier brought this morning?"

"No, what box do you mean?"

"Why, the box containing the Christmas presents; come and see, we shall find it in the scullery."

Florrie Wiseman hurried away with her brother, Norman, to inspect the packing case in which were hidden from sight those delightful gifts destined to give them such joy on Christmas morning.

"Father Christmas has been good," said Florrie, as she tripped merrily down the stairs, "he has sent the presents nice and early."

"Don't try to stuff me!" answered Norman; "I know who Father Christmas is; it's papa, of course, who goes to the shop and buys all our toys, and a good papa he is."

Norman was quite right, for leaning against the scullery wall, just opposite the copper, was the big rough box which had excited so much attention.

"I wonder if my big dolly's inside," said Florrie.

"And my butcher's shop, do you think it is there?" chimed in Norman.

"Of course it is, papa always buys us just what we want; how I wish to-morrow was Christmas."

The children hurried away to the dining-room, where dinner was waiting for them, their tongues chattering all the time, and their hearts beating so rapidly with the happy expectation of Christmas joys. But the dolls inside the box were not at all happy; they did not like being stuffed so tightly in the box; they tried hard to get a little more breathing space, but it was no good, they could only wait patiently till the happy hour of their deliverance should arrive.

They were wise enough, however, not to talk during the daylight, but when the house was quiet, the gas turned out, and nobody about but Tom, who was having fine sport with the mice, the dolls could restrain themselves no longer, and commenced a conversation to pass away the dreary hours of their confinement.

Now I must tell you that inside the box was a big doll, larger than any new-born baby. It had a lovely English face, although a label on it said that it was made in Germany; down its back hung the most glossy of auburn hair, though only a simple article of dress covered it. It lay in its cardboard box quite warm and snug, and no doubt would have slept day and night, if it had not been for the noise that some of the occupants of the packing case continually made.

Close by the doll was a packet containing a butcher's shop, which was indeed a pretty model of a German village butcher's; outside, the joints were arranged on a number of hooks, and inside a quantity of carcases were waiting to be cut up. The butcher stood at the door inviting the customers in; there were the scales to weigh the meat, and the man with his tray waiting to carry it home; the lady clerk sat in the counting house, ready to receive the money.

On the right of the butcher's shop was a mechanical cat, you had only to turn the key a few times, when the cat would run along the carpet, and pretend she was industriously occupied in catching mice. On the left was a drummer boy holding a drum; you only had to wheel the little platform on which he was placed, when he beat his drum, nodded his head, and rolled his eyes as if he were thoroughly enjoying himself.

There were many other toys, about which I have no space to tell, but they were all very much pleased when silence reigned in the house, and they could have a chance of a little gossip.

"Are you not tired of being shut up here?" said the big doll to the drummer boy.

"Yes, that I am, I wish I could get out," and then the drummer boy beat on his drum and rolled his head.

"Be quiet there," shouted the butcher, "don't make such a row, or you will disturb that dear little girl who peeped at us so often yesterday."

"What a darling she is" answered the doll. "I hope she is to be my mistress; she'll dress me up in fine clothes, and I shall have a happy time."

"And if her little brother is to pull me about" replied the drummer boy. "I know he'll be careful not to pull me too hard, so that I shall not break my nose. I have heard dreadful tales of how some toys are used, I could fill the inside of my drum with tears."

"Then why don't you tell us one of your

stories," said the cat, "it would help to make the night short, as there are no mice to catch in this dreadful prison."

At this the butcher, the doll, and the drummer boy all laughed so loudly that the cat's tail got quite stiff with anger; they all knew that a doll cat couldn't catch mice. No wonder they laughed at such idle boasting.

"Well, be quiet all of you" said the drummer boy. "Do you know, I once had a dear brother, and he went to live in a fine house. You would have thought they were all nice people there, but he hadn't lived there a week when the master of the house came home late one evening, seized hold of him, and threw him into the fire. Oh dear! he was dreadfully burnt, and never properly recovered of his wounds."

"Why, whatever was the matter with that dreadful man?" asked the doll.

"I heard some one say that he had been drinking, and didn't know what he was doing," replied the drummer boy.

"Just what I thought," said the doll, "I always find that people who drink alcohol are very unkind to dolls. I am sure no respectable toy would have any dealings with the poison they put into their mouths."

At this remark there was a loud "hear, hear," all over the box.

"We're all right in this house," chimed in the butcher. "You needn't be afraid, my little darlings. I heard the children talking about getting somebody to sign the pledge. We shall be kindly treated, our lives will be long, and our limbs whole."

"We are very lucky to get into such a house," said the doll.

"Hush! hush!" said the lady clerk in the butcher's shop, "don't you hear the servant's footstep on the stairs. I can see the light of her candle; let's all be still."

So when Louisa came into the scullery to get some coal out of the coal cellar there wasn't a sound to be heard.




# THE NEW-BORN KING.

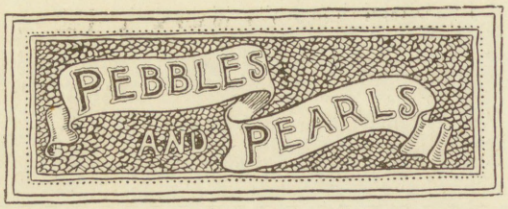
By Mary Magdalen Forrester.

AWAKE from your sleep, my children!
The shadows have passed away,
And the East is illumed with glory—
'Tis the smile of the rising day
Revealing the sacred story,
Writ over the morn's bright wing,
The history of Love eternal,
The story of Christ the King.

The tapping against your windows
Is the winds of the early morn,
Who have lifted their fresh, young voices
To tell you the King is born;
The greatest and grandest anthem
That ever the world shall sing,
They are chanting around your casement
The anthem of Christ the King!

And a voice from each towering steeple
Is joining the sacred song
That ariseth in clarion beauty,
And tenderly sweeps along.
And hearts that are crushed and broken
Are laid on that anthem's wing,
And borne to the humble stable,
The birthplace of Christ the King!

Awake from your sleep, my children!
The shadows have passed away,
And Bethlehem's babe is opening
The path to eternal day.
Your souls are the fairest blossoms
The world at His feet can fling,
Then awake ye, my little children,
And welcome the new-born King!




THEY are slaves who dare not be in the right with two or three.

To be trusted is a greater compliment than to be loved.—*Macdonald.*

DISTRUSTING everybody is a good way to have the friendship of nobody.

HEAVEN'S MONEY.—There is a good deal of heaven's money in circulation on earth.

THE laws which are most in force are not those that are printed in statute books.

"SIX feet in his boots!" said Mrs. Partington. "What will the imperence of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that a man had six heads in his hat."

"I say, pa, heard the news?" said Tommy.
"No, what is it?"
"Why, they ain't going to have the lamp-posts any longer."
"I am surprised, what's the reason?"
"Because they're long enough already."

A CYCLE race had ended, and the victorious winner was being carried into the pavilion, when an excited old lady inquired, "What is the matter?" "They are carrying him off the field, ma'am," said a gent. "He has broken his own record." Old lady: "Poor fellow! I always said these machines were dangerous; always some one being killed or injured."

SMITH and Brown, running opposite ways around a corner, struck each other.
"Oh, dear!" said Smith, "how you did make my head ring!"
"That's a sign it's hollow," said Brown.
"Didn't yours ring?" said Smith.
"No," said Brown.
"That's a sign it's cracked," said his friend.

SPEAKING at Ramsbottom, Mr. Joseph Leicester said he had been introduced to the Emperor of the French, and had honoured him with his company. He had also had the honour of being a member of the House of Commons, whilst many of his mates became members of Lambeth workhouse. He had kept company with the Prince of Wales. As a British workman he had gained a gold medal, and had earned the highest wage of any *bona-fide* working man living, and he had done it all on the pump. He had told his master that he neither believed in long hours or low wages, and he objected to potatoes being fried in their own fat. He also told him that the best of everything was good enough for him, because he worked for it. He was now 69 years of age, and had never touched drink in his life. There was no man in his trade living at his age in Great Britain.

To succeed one must sometimes be very bold and sometimes very prudent.—*Napoleon.*

THE great secret of success in life is to be ready when your opportunity comes.—*Beaconsfield.*

A rustic youngster, being asked to take tea with a friend, was admonished to praise the eatables. Presently the butter was passed to him, when he remarked: "Very nice butter what there is of it," and observing a smile, he added, "and plenty of it, such as it is."

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## OUR SHADOWS.

IT is narrated of the great sculptor, Michael Angelo, that when at work he wore over his forehead, fastened to his artist's cap, a lighted candle, in order that no shadow of himself might fall on his work. It was a beautiful custom, and spoke a more eloquent lesson than he knew. For the shadows that fall on our work—how often they fall from ourselves.

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## STRIKES.

STRIKES are quite proper, but mind you strike right;
Strike at your vices at once with you might.
Strike off the fetters of fashion and pride,
Strike at the follies which swarm at your side;
Strike at the customs which lead men to drink,
Strike for the freedom to think and let think.
Strike out a course of your own: be self made,
Strike your own anvil, and whine not for aid.
Strike for your friend and be thoughtful and kind,
Strike for the truth, and speak out your mind;
Strike in the strength which comes from above,
Strike for the cause of peace and love.
Strike not with the fist, and give no man a blow,
Strike in this spirit which blesses the foe;
Strike in that fashion, strike home and strike straight;
Strike now, my old friend, there's no reason to wait.

*John Ploughman.*

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**PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.**

Band of Hope Chronicle—The League Journal—Temperance Record—Juvenile Rechabite—Western Temperance Herald—Irish Temperance League Journal—The Temperance Chronicle—Alliance News—Methodist Temperance Magazine—Railway Signal—Vegetarian Messenger—Abstainers' Advocate—Alliance Record—The Banner—Sunday School Chronicle—Church of Ireland Temperance Visitor—International Juvenile Templar—Young Days—Woman's Signal—Ceylon Temperance Chronicle—Young Abstainer, &c.

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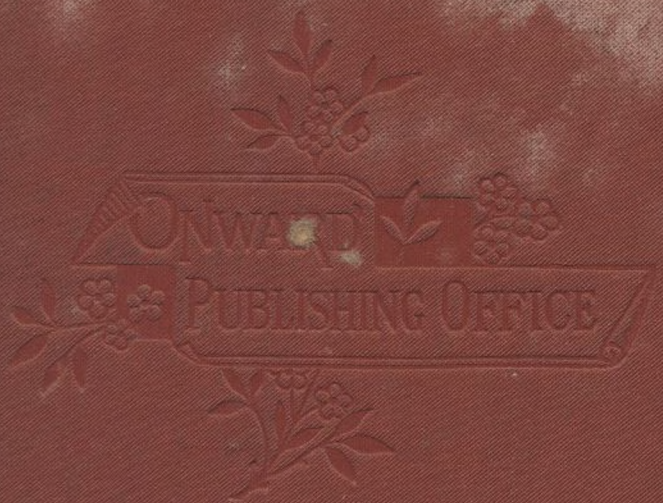
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