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OUR NEW ISSUE.

We do not propose to introduce ourselves to our readers, as though we were quite strangers to each other. To our new (and enlarged) constituency, we may need a word of introduction, but not to our old and former friends. Yet we almost feel as though we needed an introduction to ourselves; for we feel strange in our new style, and size, and dress. It is very evident that something has happened that makes us feel strange even to ourselves. Our MAGAZINE is quite a puzzle to us to-day. This New Year brings with it many new things, many changes; and we ourselves have not been proof against the vicissitudes of the day—Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in ills! The change, however, is not very radical in its character: in one sense we are "reduced;" and in another sense we are "enlarged." Smaller in size, cheaper in price, and, some may say, less pretentious in our appearance, we are now sent forth to find our way into every possible place. Instead of being "limited," we are to be "unlimited." We have accommodated ourselves to the public, and it now remains to be seen whether the public will accommodate itself to us. Our fate is, to be "popularized," and as yet we hardly know what that means. We have magnanimously gone down among the "penny-publications," and we greatly hope the change will be for our good. Meanwhile, let us wish a Happy New Year to our friends, and a Happy New Year to ourselves!

In all other respects we remain unchanged; we are the same in principle—true and unyielding in that! Our name is unaltered, and our good old Church shall still have our best and most loyal service. Our subject, too, continues—oh, that it would abate some of its terribleness, and prove less stained with woe, and less revolting to tell of in all the full tale of its weary work! The drink curse of this country has earned for itself an evil reputation, and it needs a bold protest, and a
very consistent testimony, to keep it in check, and a very faithful and frequent exposure of its doings in order to cry "shame" upon it throughout the land. The history of the doings of drink runs in the open kennel, along our streets; it defiles the land; it is a tale of woe. In part to chronicle its deeds, is our purpose; to wage war against its might is our great mission. We desire to mount to some watch-tower of observation; to survey the social field; to take, as it were, the roofs off the houses, and as with a bird's-eye view to look down and see how the families live, how society conducts itself, and how this flood of desolation is "laid on" to almost every room and house and home of the people. It is but a thousandth part of this woe, from any given street or district, that reaches the public ear; and even then it passes by as some familiar tale oft told, and that need not be told again.

We have often thought—is it possible to make this subject attractive? or, if possible, would it be desirable to do so? Is there not something so offensive and revolting about the consequences of drink as to repel most eyes from the page that details them? Where is the novelty, seeing that, though diverse in its action, it reduces all to the same common ruin? The sentiment of the public-house is mawkish and uninteresting; and its sensationalism is too gross for any but the vilest to take pleasure in it. The main features of the drink question—hard and livid and blood-shot—may be expressed in general under the head of murders, lunacies, suicides, paupermanias, and all the departments of the crime of our country; the details are more or less horribly diversified. But it continues to be the same dull, heavysounding tale of human sorrow and of human woe.

What can we do, then, to interest the Church and people of our land in this obnoxious subject? The chief difficulty we have to deal with is this—that the self-same fiend that stalks the lanes and alleys of the city, and counts its slaves and victims by the million, is found, under other names and more elegant forms, in the houses and on the tables of the true gentility of our land. That which is the open snare of the poor, is oftentimes the secret snare of the rich; and what the felon curses as his foe, the good and the great among us fondle as a friend. How are we to distinguish in cases that baffle all our attempts to measure distinctions—the same evil thing creating the same desolation under circumstances as wide apart as the equator from the poles?
Nevertheless, we shall strive to continue our labours in this cause; and we look to the favourable support of all interested in the public weal to encourage us in our good and useful occupation.

We now seek a wide-spread sale and circulation among the masses of the people. We shall each month sound the trumpet of warning and admonition; we shall chronicle the doings of the day, for and against; we shall lay great honour on any agency that devotes itself to the antagonism of the evil; and we trust we may have God's blessing in this our work of faith and labour of love, which we undertake in His Name, for His glory, and for the good of our fellow-men!

THE EDITOR.

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LONDON BY NIGHT.

By "WIDE-AWAKE."

GOLDEN LANE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

BEING anxious to know something of the state of those of our fellow-creatures who are the victims of poverty and crime, I had for some time past felt a desire to pay a visit to some of the worst parts of London at night, hoping thereby to arrive at the truth. Having secured the services of an ex-policeman (a staunch advocate of our great cause), I agreed to go with him to his former beat, viz. Golden Lane and its adjacent courts.

Accordingly, late on Lord Mayor's Day, having doffed my usual attire, I started with Mr. S. (my guide), and a friend. Passing a theatre and a music-hall about eleven o'clock, we saw some persons coming out of them, apparently of the middle class; but, as I understand, these houses are not closed till midnight, it is to be feared that many cannot resist the temptation to remain at those injurious places of amusement until that hour. With regard to this kind of entertainment I would say "Total Abstinence" from them is best.

The public-houses and beer-shops in the Goswell Road did not seem to be doing so much business as one might have expected on that day. The streets were comparatively quiet. The nearer we
reached our destination the more Bacchus appeared to be worshipped; not only by men, but also women, just the class of persons that often solicit one’s charity.

Arriving at Golden Lane, we were in one of the most dangerous parts of London. Here we met a policeman, who became an additional leader to us. Turning under an archway, we threaded our way through a series of courts and alleys, as much like a labyrinth to a stranger as that at Hampton Court. To judge by the barrows, these courts were inhabited chiefly by costermongers. Would that we could be sure that all living there maintained themselves by industry! It is to be feared this is not the case.

We had not gone far before the services of our companion in uniform were required. A poor woman called to him to keep her husband from beating her with the poker. The policeman used rather too strong language, and forced his way in. There was the man in bed under the influence of drink, blaming his wife for the same sin; but she certainly appeared at the time to be sober. Another policeman came, and wisely tried to cool the man down by “moral suasion;” and he, having dropped the poker, we, with a few hints to him as to his duty towards his wife, left him, hoping that the storm of words had ceased.

Very many of the doors were open, which, it seems, is the case all night. Some of the houses would be none the worse for a little repairing. Before the policemen left us, they conducted us through a passage where a fortnight previously one of the city police was nearly killed. One small lodging-house was visited, but the landlord’s remarks soon made one feel like Lot in Sodom. Considering the elements that are latent in these places, the quietude was remarkable, but to what must it be attributed, when our guides told us that a very different state of things is seen on Saturday nights, especially when trade is not so dull as at present? When there is much money there is much intemperance; then these courts are full of quarrels and fights. So these “bad times” are in some respects “good times.”

To proceed—having left the two constables, we now made for other courts. In one we saw the spot where our companion had cut down a milkman, who through drinking had been led to hang himself. He also pointed out where Baldwin a forger, had lived, and was arrested by him, and whom Mr. S. prevented from committing suicide by striking a razor from his hand.

In this to all appearance poverty-stricken district, the publicans
were thriving, and one or two rows were the results. We worked our way round to a spot near a large stationery establishment. At this point we met with a man who was describing (but for whose benefit one cannot say), how and where he had a short time since fallen. The poor fellow said that being a sheriff's officer, he had been to the Lord Mayor's show. Unfortunately he could not keep his equilibrium. He was rather indignant when we accused him of a want of sobriety; but the fact was patent; and it is to be hoped, as he a man of sixty-four years of age, he will take the good advice we gave him, and seek God's grace to keep it.

Thinking that the neighbourhood of Shoreditch might present objects calling for our observation, Mr. S. took us through several streets to the High Street. By this time it was not difficult to recognize the effects of beer and gin. It being nearly 1 o'clock, the worshippers of Bacchus were beginning to leave the altars on which they had been sacrificing the powers of mind and body, given them by Him whose laws they set at defiance. We have reason to be thankful for the act passed for closing these places at 1 o'clock, thus lessening the evil by 3 hours. Who knows to what point we may not reach after a while?

Although one cannot say that all the publicans' customers were intoxicated, still very many were; and one could not but notice the extreme youth of most of them, some being literally boys and girls of about fourteen years of age, if not younger. Our guide told us that they were all thieves or otherwise bad in character. And although one could have hoped that this was not the case, still believing him to be a man of truth, and his statement being confirmed by policemen whom we met, one is bound to accept it as being correct. These characters seem so to swarm that it was almost like being near a wasp's nest. They did not, however, attempt to molest us, nor even to speak to us. We went as far as Norton Folgate; and notwithstanding the high estimation in which the Jews are held for sobriety, I learnt on this occasion that even their race give their quota to the market of vice.

Many other places, as bad as those we had seen, might have been visited; but as no new discoveries would have been made, we did not go to them. We went up Shoreditch, and made our way to a very degraded part behind the City Road. One street through which we passed, our guide spoke of as being inhabited by scarcely any one but men and women of the lowest character; and another he would not take us down, believing it to be unsafe to do so. Many a young man who
has neglected the warnings of the Book of Proverbs, has, it is to be feared, discovered its truth by bitter experience.

Crossing to the City Road, we wended our way towards home, learning from our guide such things as it would not be desirable to place before respectable readers. We continued to meet the outcasts of society, and saw quite sufficient to prove that drink did its work in two ways; first, by degrading and inciting the victimizers; and secondly, in many cases putting the victims in a position to be the prey of evil men and women.

In conclusion, I would make a few comments, and draw a few lessons. First, as to the police; though, in some cases, their constant acquaintance with the scenes they witness tends to make them feel somewhat hardened, yet they must be said, so far as the part we traversed, to be doing their duty by going to every part of their beat. Considering how much they are exposed to danger and temptation, they demand our sympathy and prayers.

I would, in the second place, impress upon all who are more highly favoured than those of whom we have written, the duty of expressing their gratitude to God, and also of striving to influence for good the youth of our land; for there is good reason to believe that some of the thieves that prowl about at night once belonged to respectable families, and many of them to our Sunday-schools, but drink and its associations have been their ruin.

It was gratifying to see, in the midst of these deserts, signs of effort made by Christians to convert and reform the inhabitants. In one of the alleys near Golden Lane there is a school, though the suitableness of one or two of the pieces to be read at the Penny Readings, might I think be questioned. In another part, near the City Road, there is also a building, used as a school and for Divine service, at the corner of one of the worst streets. By whom these are conducted I cannot say, but, from what I am told, the people of these parts are visited by the clergy and other friends. While thankful for all this, still it must be said that in order to tell them of Jesus Christ, there is much to be done amongst the heathen of this professedly Christian country. Knowing that there are other like spots in London, I would urge all who have it in their power, to help Home Mission work, and especially Temperance Societies, and all institutions designed to rescue those who are at present living in viciousness and sin.
ALDERWOOD GRANGE.

I was just seventeen when I accompanied my mother on a visit to some old friends of my late father's, whom I had not previously seen. Mr. Vernon, the head of the family, had a very beautiful but not extensive estate, situated in one of the Northern counties, and within six miles of a railway station, at which we arrived on a bright glorious evening in the early part of May.

We found awaiting us our host's second son and only daughter, Darcy and Grace Vernon. Never shall I forget the lovely vision which met our eyes, when Grace, in her tight-fitting jacket and large straw hat (hats were not then common, for it is now some years since that memorable evening), came forward with outstretched hands and beaming smile to welcome the weary, dusty travellers. She was a brunette; her eyes were large, and of that beautiful hazel tint seldom seen, but far more inviting and expressive than either black or blue; her dark brown hair hung in natural graceful curls; her features were delicately moulded, and I never saw a face which so vividly reflected all the passing emotions of the mind. People, indeed, often remarked that they could read Grace Vernon's thoughts on her countenance. Her figure was small, round, and exquisitely formed. I pronounced both it and her face perfect; but my dear mother observed something unpleasing about the mouth, almost bordering on the sensual. Nevertheless we were both completely fascinated by her lovely appearance and warm-hearted, unaffected manners.

She had been driving a low phaeton, drawn by two pretty little ponies, but now she gave up the reins to her tall, handsome brother, Darcy, and assisted my mother to seat herself by his side—"It is such a beautiful evening, I thought you would like an open carriage, and a cart for your luggage. James will take care of that, so we will start at once."

We two girls sat behind; and every moment served to increase my admiration for my charming companion. She knew the name of each fell, river, and hamlet we passed, had the most fanciful legends to relate of that fairy-like glen, or this druidical heap of stones; and varied her conversation by amusing, somewhat satirical, remarks on the owners of the snug-looking dwellings which skirted the road, or of the two or three mansions we could just see in the distance.

Darcy seemed to have little to say; but Grace strove to supply the deficiency, and frequently stood up and leant over the hood of the phaeton that she might point out anything worthy of note to my mother.

At last we reached the village of Alderwood, romantically situated amid wooded rocks on the banks of the river Alder, and in two counties, afterwards entered the iron gates which led to Alderwood Grange. I did not fail to admire the pretty
rustic lodge embosomed in ivy and
toroses (it was a remarkably forward
season, and I verily believe at that
time flowers came out earlier than
they do now); and an elegant little
bridge spanning the river which
flowed through the small park we
were traversing.

A short drive, and we reached the
old-fashioned, comfortable-looking
Grange. Our host, a thorough gen-
tleman of by-gone days, stood bare-
headed at the door, and the carriage
had scarcely drawn up before his
pretty wife made her appearance;
and from both we received a hearty
friendly greeting, which at once put
us at our ease, and made us feel per-
fectly at home.

As it was nearly nine o’clock when
we arrived, Mrs. Vernon had very
wisely arranged that we should have
a meat tea instead of dinner. But
wine and spirits were brought in
before we retired to rest; and I ob-
served, to my great surprise, that
even Grace took five glasses of port
wine, without seeming in any manner
affected by the quantity.

Mr. Vernon’s family consisted of
four sons and one daughter. Arthur,
the eldest son, was absent from home
when we arrived at Alderwood
Grange; but his return was daily
expected, and Grace told me with
glee that the yeomanry would be
called out in three weeks’ time, and
he would be required to command
his troop. She spoke of him in the
most affectionate terms; evidently he
was her favourite brother—“So
handsome, so generous, so noble-
spirited;” she was quite enthusiastic
in his praise.

The second son, Darcy, was a
lieutenant in a foot regiment, but was
now passing a short time at home.
He was gentlemanly, good-tempered,
and obliging, but evidently not over-
burdened with brains. His next bro-
ther, Henry, was preparing for the
ministry, as there was a valuable
family living awaiting his accept-
ance. I never could endure him, for
I had been brought up with such
elevated ideas of the privileges and
solemn responsibilities attached to the
clerical profession, that I could not
imagine any one would enter it from
unworthy motives, or without the
feeling that that, and no other, was
his vocation. But I was sure Henry
Vernon merely looked upon it as an
easy way of earning a livelihood, and
leading a luxurious life. Evidently
he intended, after taking the ordina-
tion vows, to enjoy the same worldly
pleasures that, at the time of which I
am speaking, formed his sole occupa-
tion. He had just managed to pass
at Oxford, and was spending his long
vacation at home. Grace came next
in age to Henry; she was two years
older than myself, and I looked up
to her as a paragon of perfection.
The youngest hope of the family, a
fine youth of sixteen, was named
George, and was a great ally of mine.
He was certainly the most talented of
of them all, and was intended for the
bar.

The day after our arrival at Alder-
wood, much surprise was expressed
at luncheon because my mother and I
only took water. “Oh! Helen, my
dear, pray don’t drink that nasty cold
stuff,” said kind Mrs. Vernon; “let
me give you a little wine, or better
still, a glass of porter. Water alone
is so very bad for people.”
I could not help glancing, while declining the hospitable offer, at my mother’s upright commanding form, and clear healthy complexion. Certainly I never saw such a specimen of vigorous though highly-refined womanhood; and I mentally resolved to follow her example, and cleave to temperance principles. I was, therefore, very grieved to notice that both beer and wine were taken freely by every one else at table, including the charming Grace.

"Her constitution required stimulants," so Mrs. Vernon declared; but we thought plenty of cold water would have been far more beneficial.

As we did not take any wine, we had a five o’clock tea (kettledrum I hear it is now called), in Grace’s boudoir, an elegant little room, in which I passed much of my time; but neither she nor Mrs. Vernon partook of the refreshing beverage. Indeed, the quantity of wine and beer they drank at luncheon and dinner, in addition to the final glass before retiring for the night, enabled them almost to dispense with tea and coffee.

I don’t mean to say they took more than many ladies do who are looked upon as models of excellence in the middle and upper walks of life; but I, who had been brought up so differently, was obliged to confess that two or three glasses of beer and four of wine daily, formed an excessive allowance for a young lady in her teens. Of course, the gentlemen indulged freely; and the most unbounded hospitality was shown towards every one who called or visited at the house.

On the third day of our sojourn at Alderwood, Arthur Vernon returned home, and we found his enthusiastic sister had not said a word too much in his favour.

A more noble-looking or handsomer man I never beheld. His manners were highly polished; for, after leaving college, he had spent two years abroad. Not only was he a most intelligent, well-informed companion, but he was also eminently witty. What a pity that there is a dark side to the picture, one that at first I did not discern, but which could not escape my mother’s clear vision. Every evening after dinner, the slightest change possible was perceptible. As I said before, I did not detect it; still it existed, and Arthur was not quite the same fascinating being he was in the earlier part of the day, charming every one in company, from the most ordinary old maid down to the youngest child.

I, however, saw nothing of this, and was only conscious that to me he was especially attentive; his eyes followed me wherever I moved; he was always anticipating my wishes, and in a thousand nameless ways he made me feel how much he was interested in all that concerned me.

I was grieved to see how little regard was paid to the Sabbath in Mr. Vernon’s family. The family accompanied us to the beautiful little village church in the morning; and as my mother and I wished to go to the evening service, Grace and Arthur went with us, but we were sure they were not accustomed to do so.

It was indeed evident that although there was so much that was attractive and amiable in the Vernons, “the one thing needful” was comparatively unheeded by them. Even family prayer was neglected, and the politeness for
which they were all remarkable, proceeded from habit and natural kindliness of disposition; it was not grafted on those divine precepts which constitute the perfection of Christian courtesy.

But I did not moralise in this strain at that time; no, my eyes were blinded, my senses were captivated; Grace was my sweet friend whom I admired more than any girl I had ever seen—and Arthur—ah! I tremble now, when I think of the danger I escaped. My beloved mother was my safeguard in the hour of peril, and I thank God for enabling me to listen to her tender counsels. The days sped on,—passed most pleasantly in pic-nic and boating parties, ascending the fells, seeing every place worthy of note, and exchanging visits with the neighbouring families, who vied with each other in showing us much friendly kindness and hospitality.

(To be continued.)

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

HELPING MOTHER.

ABOUT twenty years ago, in a small dirty street in the town of Portsmouth, which, you know, is a seaport on the south-coast of England, lived a poor woman named Margaret Hunt, and her children.

Upon the evening of a bright, pleasant day in spring, just as the daylight was fading into darkness, you might have seen Margaret sitting in the only room they had, looking very pale and unhappy, and scarcely able to keep back her tears, as she hushed her youngest child to sleep. Near her stood a little boy, about ten years old, who was trying to persuade two little sisters, younger than himself “not to worry mother;” while at the fireplace, obstinately keeping up a large fire (though the weather was quite warm) with the coals his mother had vainly begged him to leave for next day, stood a rough, ill-tempered lad of fourteen.

“Won't father ever wake up again, mother?” asked one of the little girls, looking with terror at something lying upon a bed, in one corner of the room.

“No, no, child; he will never wake up again,—he’s dead,” answered her mother, bursting into tears, and sobbing bitterly.
THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

It was only the night before that their father, coming home from the public-house very late, and very tipsy, had stumbled over the steep, narrow stairs, and falling into the stone passage below, was killed instantly. For many years he had been a drunkard, and his wife and children had been very badly off, having only just what the eldest son chose to bring home of his own earnings, which were never very large. He was an idle, selfish lad, who cared very little what became of his mother, and little brother and sisters, so long as he could supply his own wants, and indulge his own pleasure.

So poor Mrs. Hunt’s life had been one of constant trial and sorrow, and now this last grief was hardest of all. While her husband lived, she had never ceased to hope that some day he would repent, and change and become sober and steady; but now that he was dead, suddenly struck down without one moment given him to repent or cry for mercy to God, whose Word declares that “no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of Heaven,” oh was it any wonder that her sorrow seemed greater than she could bear, or that she trembled to think of her eldest son treading in his father’s steps.

“What have we got for supper to-night?” said Ralph, roughly interrupting his mother’s sad thoughts. She told him there was only some bread; and with an angry expression, he put on his cap and went out.

As soon as he was gone, little George went up to his mother, and putting his arms gently round her neck, he said, “Don’t cry, mother; please don’t cry so. Father’s dead, but God’s our Father too; and he lives always, and he’s the best Friend we could have. He will take care of us; our teacher often tells us so, and I feel sure he’s right. Don’t cry any more, mother. I can’t bear to see you look so sorry.”

You see George had learned a good lesson at the Sunday school he attended: he had learned that there is a gentle, loving Saviour, ever ready to hear our prayers for help, and a kind, good Heavenly Father who has bid us cast all our care upon Him, for He cares for us. But Mrs. Hunt had not George’s faith and trust. She dried her tears, that she might not distress her affectionate little son; but she still looked forward to the future in fear that for her it would only contain fresh grieves and trials.

(To be continued.)
THE PUBLIC HOUSE WITHOUT
THE DRINK.

REVERSE AND RECOVERY.

"The summer flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself alone it live or die."

The structure called the Workman's Hall was built by a mortgage. At the time of the recent great monetary crisis, the sum lent was called in by the gentleman who had advanced it. The doors were suddenly closed, and bills of sale were posted on the walls. The thoughts of many hearts were revealed. Some rejoiced, others mourned. One man said, "I never go that way, but in some other direction, because I cannot endure to see the doors shut." A woman said that she dropped her washing, when she heard of the calamity, and could do no more that day. A very poor woman—poor through widowhood and affliction—who had continued to pay her penny per week to the Temperance Society to the last, said, "It was there that I heard of the evils of drinking, and first bowed my knees before God." A man said, "Whatever may be done with the Hall—if it were pulled to the ground,—I should reverence every stone in the building, for there I was set free from my bondage, and brought into true liberty." The members of different societies, attendants at meetings, and persons who in various ways used the institution amounted to about one thousand.

As soon as the fate of the building was known, a black board was chalked—"Nil desperandum," and suspended in the "bar." Various meetings were held of from fifty to two hundred, and resolutions were passed, that if time were given, they would use the utmost means to secure the house. Petitions failed. The different clubs and associations searched out other places of accommodation. The "Friends of Labour," three hundred strong, went back to the Ragged School. The Temperance Society attempted to rally within the same walls, but as they were the Life Guards of the army, like all discomfited hosts, they quarrelled among themselves, and discord raged on the very ground where they had won the citadel. The ladies who conducted the Mother's Meetings, were on search for shed or floor where they might gather their company. The Band of Hope leader took his band to his
own house, where they were massed almost to suffocation. The Young Men's Bible Class took refuge in a coffee-house, and settled down in a young ladies' school-room. The Phoenix Benefit Society went entirely to ashes, and various clubs were scattered or dissolved. Many of the men went back to the old practice at the public-houses. One of these, when again excited with liquor, got into a quarrel, fought his friend, fell with his head against a wall, and was killed.

The success of the Workman's Hall had contributed to its downfall. The erection of a large place of worship out of its materials, and the abstraction of the pastor from its proceedings, diverted many of its most active members from its meetings and offices. The staff of visitors nearly all followed with the higher organization, and the less yielded to the greater. It was the opinion of some of its friends, that it had done its work, and now that it had resulted in such proportions, its doors might remain closed, and its walls be appropriated to trade. But to those who considered the continued influx of strangers, and knew that even under the eaves of places of worship, there is a multitude of wanderers who cannot take the leap "from thence to us," without some intermediate steps of ascent, it was still a matter of duty to long for its recovery.

As a place to exercise the social character of religion and progress, the Hall supplied facilities entirely peculiar to itself. Social intercourse upon common grounds is an absolute necessity of human nature. Eating and drinking together is a bond of union even among the wild Arabs; it was incorporated by Christ in His kingdom; and it is continued by all parties, and for all purposes. Lectures, entertainments, and societies, tend to conserve the higher principles obtained in the school and in the sanctuary, and are indispensable links between the home and the house of God. Hallowing influences cannot be carried on in the same precincts where intoxicating drinks are bandied about; and, therefore, even for the church, apart from reformatory purposes, a well-appointed and well-managed establishment for social intercourse is necessary for a large proportion who float about, and may by these means be brought within the sphere of wholesome attraction.

To recover the old building was impossible, on account of the heavy liabilities it incurred, to the amount of above £2000. The opposite corner of the street was more eligible, and to be had on moderate terms. Four gentlemen were applied to, to form a joint-stock company, to purchase the lease of a grocer's shop, and to become proprietors of an unlicensed victualler's hotel, the antecedent of which had declared
no dividend! Even in this age, value is not always counted in money. In the most corrupt city in the world, the king said, "Give me the persons, and take the goods to thyself;" meaning, that the persons were more precious than the goods. The said gentlemen were acquainted with the good moral returns of the defunct institution, and were willing to come forward to the extent desired. It was a mere shop, but it was one of seven corners. The soap and candles were cleared out, and a lecture-hall was extemporized in lieu of counters and scales. Partitions upstairs were removed to make reading and meeting rooms. But we were straightened in our stomachs. Lecturing, for ever lecturing, appeals but to the sentiment, the understanding, the conviction, but the senses are the anchor-ground of habit, and unless this is unmoored, the wind blows at a disadvantage upon the sails. We therefore longed to provide homely refreshment for our neophites, as well as verbal instruction. Forsooth we all began with a stomach; and there are still those grown to man's capacity to whom a comfortable dinner or a warm cup of coffee is a preliminary inducement to enter the arcana of science, the school of morals, or the sanctuary of religion.

And this was the way of it—Said Timber to Stone, "I want you to come along with me some night to our public, and hear what our chaps talk about." Says Stone to Timber, "What sort of a public is yours?" "Oh, we have what we like there." "Anything good?" "Sometimes we have some music; sometimes singing; and sometimes a chap as knows how to shave, gets up and takes us off a bit, and gives us a brush down. I've seen the fellows turn out like gents after they have been there awhile." "Humph," said Stone. "Well," said Timber, "come and smoke a pipe, and I'll find the drink and the 'bacca.'" "Agreed." He came; but going along Stone said, "Hallo, Timber, thee beest going to take me to some Methodist place or another." "Never mind," said Timber, "come and see." Stone liked the looks of the corner, for it was not like a church nor a chapel. Going in, he sees Compo there and Plumbo and Pasty, and a man that he used to call Streaky.

After making the best of himself upon the settle he was told there was something on upstairs. It was a discussion class, where a shrewd good man, like Paul in the school of Tyrannus, disputed with the wise men of fustian. Stone learned that he did not know everything, and that there was another side, the antipodes to the world he had seen in the "Dragon" parlour. Stone came again; and shortly after with a white hat, a nobby cane, and Albert, from whence he graduated till he drew near to better things; and so it was with many.
THE NEW YEAR—1869.
(From the German of Gellert.)

BY THE REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.

AIR: "Jerusalem the Golden."

Who gives the sun its glory,
   The light to thee, fair moon?
Appoints our habitations,
   Bids Time to hasten on?
'Tis God, the mighty Father,
   Ordains our nights and days;
Our years are in His keeping—
   To Him be all the praise.

Who was, Who is, Who shall be,
   To Him with grateful tongue,
Let hymns of joy be ever
   And holy praises sung—
For Old Year now departed,
   The course that now is run,
For life and all things helpful,
   That He for us hath done.

Bless, Lord, to us Thy children,
   The year begun to-day,
All needful strength imparting
   To help us on our way;
No perfect gift withholding
   Of glory or of grace,
If, first of all desiring,
   We seek Thy Righteousness.

If, Lord, it be Thy favour,
   To grant me joy and rest,
Or crosses fit me better—
   Do as it seems Thee best;
But leave me not unaided,
   To bear the good or ill,
But bend my heart, my Father,
   To seek to do Thy will!
THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

Thy people seek Thy counsel,
   Great Father of us all;
To whom this year brings sorrow,
   Uphold them lest they fall!
Give joy to every mourner,
   To each good deed success;
Thy Reign on earth establish,
   And our loved Monarch bless:
That wise and equal justice,
   Establish'd sure may stand,
That virtue and contentment
   May dwell within our land;
Be Thy true faith respected,
   Nor aught of wrong be done;
Grant this, O gracious Father,
   Through Jesus Christ, Thy Son! Amen.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

WHEN the Massachusetts Legislature reverted six months ago to a licence policy, the friends of temperance in this country believed that the reaction was spasmodic, and would be only temporary. The recent State elections in Massachusetts have proved that their expectations were well founded. General Neal Dow, in a letter to the Secretary of the United Kingdom Alliance, says:—

"In Massachusetts, the presidential election was of particular interest and significance to the friends of temperance and prohibition. The last Legislature repealed the Maine Law in that state; and a new Legislature was elected on the 3rd inst., the day of the Presidential election. The result has been a triumphant success to our friends, and a crushing defeat to the licence party. The Senate consists of forty members, thirty of whom are anti-licence men; and the prohibition party is almost equally strong in the Lower House; while the Governor elect is a warm and earnest friend of the Maine Law. All over the state the 'P.L.L.'s' (anti-prohibitionists) have been defeated, only three having been elected outside of Boston. Our friends in Massachusetts are astonished as well as delighted at the completeness of their victory; and, with elated spirits, and a treasury more abundantly supplied than ever before, are carrying on the work, preparatory to the re-enactment of the Maine Law. We are inspired by your example to renewed efforts and more persistent and systematic endeavours to accomplish thoroughly the object at which we aim—the redemption of our country from the curse of the drink traffic."
LIFE SKETCHES.
(From London Refuges and Reformatories.)

I.—GEORGE ELLIS.

In a narrow, uphill turning, leading out of one of the main thoroughfares to the city, stands a large and lofty building, a noble witness to the efforts constantly put forth by the Christian dwellers in our great metropolis to help and rescue the poor and wretched ones, who, alas! are so numerous amongst us—Field Lane Ragged Schools and Night Refuges for the Homeless Poor. From the experiences of this institution, and of similar institutions, we propose this year to give the readers of the Magazine certain sketches of the lives and sufferings of the homeless and hopeless ones who find within its sheltering walls a timely refuge from present misery, and a help for the future; of those who, beginning life with a good name in an honourable position, and with unclouded prospects, have seen their sun go down while it was yet day; and, through misfortune, the unfaithfulness of friends, or, what is, alas! too common, their own deviation from the straight path of sobriety and uprightness, have sunk into the depths of misery and poverty, whereby the life that might have been made noble and useful, has been all but extinguished in utter darkness. Then, through the gloom, an outstretched hand was visible, kind voices were heard speaking words of hope and comfort to the hopeless and weary, kind faces were seen bending over the fallen, and, raising him up and bidding him, once more clothed and in his right mind, go forward on his life-way rejoicing.

George Ellis was the son of a Baptist minister. Brought up by pious parents, carefully trained and educated, and well provided for, his early life gave promise of great usefulness, which promise would doubtless have been fulfilled but for one wrong step, which proved fatal to every good prospect. This was his unsuitable marriage. His wife, who had seemed all he could desire, soon proved to be unfitted for the position of his friend and companion, for she gave way to a love of strong drink; and, beginning by a little, gradually became a confirmed drunkard. The remonstrances of her husband and friends were utterly useless in restraining her from the ruinous course she
had commenced; and in her downward descent she dragged with her those who should have been her chief care and consideration. Yet her husband bore with her. Three times she sold their home during his absence on business, and each time he replenished it, until, at last, he could no longer bear up against his continued misfortunes. He was almost maddened at the thought of his disgrace, and longed to flee from the scene of all his sufferings; and, bereft of home and friends, his wretched wife in a drunkard’s grave, he left Manchester, and walked to London “on tramp,” having no means of paying the expenses of his journey. Arrived in London, homeless, friendless, and weary, he knew not where to look for a night’s lodging or a meal. In this state he was directed to the Refuge; and the master says of him: “He was dressed very shabbily; his boots had dropped from his feet. He was, in fact, one of the most pitiable objects that ever entered our Refuge.”

He stayed there for a few weeks, and then, suitable clothing having restored him to a respectable appearance, and the advice and counsel and kindly sympathy he met with, having calmed his mind, and raised a hope that even now, with life yet before him (he is only thirty), he may retrieve the position lost through no fault of his own, he has begun life afresh. A good situation was procured for him, and he is striving to fulfil his duties there honestly and faithfully, not without feeling the influence of the cloud which overshadowed his early life; but the dark cloud has a silver lining, and faith and hope are still cheering him on. We close with a letter written by George Ellis to the master of the Refuge:—

“DEAR SIR,—I desire to express my best thanks to you for the kind and valuable assistance rendered to me whilst an inmate of the Refuge, though no feeble words of mine can express my deep sense of gratitude. At a time when I believed myself beyond all hope, forsaken by friends, haunted by painful reflections of the past, cast down by present helplessness, and made wretched by prospects of future gloom, you lent me a helping hand, which I shall ever have cause to remember with gratitude. You have rescued me from sorrow and misery, and I thank you for all your kindness, and trust that for the future Divine guidance may direct my path in life, and strengthen me to avoid the temptations by which I am surrounded.”

And this great temptation of drink we are striving to restrain. May our efforts be redoubled in this coming year, and our Heavenly Father crown them with success.

E. A. W.
MONTHLY LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

I THINK, Mr. Editor, if some kind correspondents, in our leading Temperance centres, would from time to time supply your "London Correspondent" with facts for insertion in this letter each month it would add much to the interest, not only of this letter, but of the Magazine itself, in its new and popular form.

The monthly tea-meetings of the Christian Temperance Society, Mill Hill, Middlesex, were resumed in the National Schoolroom on Tuesday evening, the 17th Nov., when there was a good attendance, both at the tea and at the open meeting afterwards. The president, Rev. B. Nicols, the vicar, gave the opening address, in which he congratulated the meeting on the gradual progress the cause is making everywhere, establishing the fact by several known instances. The president was followed by Mr. M. Hurst, of Camden Town, a thorough working-man, and a tried abstainer, who detailed a very extended experience of the many advantages attending total abstinence from every kind of intoxicating drink. This plain, practical, and energetic appeal was well received, and five additional names were inscribed on the pledge-roll.

A new association has been lately formed at Holme Eden. The Rev. Canon Battersby, of Keswick, attended as a deputation at the opening meeting, and the schoolroom was well filled. More than thirty names were enrolled; and the Revs. Thompson Philips and W. H. Valentine also became pledged abstainers. There has also been a meeting at Cottisford, Oxon, at which the Rev. Mr. Turner, Rector of Dedington, spoke.

Mr. Harrison, of Iden, writes as follows:—"Our association is, I think, going on admirably. We had our first meeting on Saturday evening last. The Rev. G. W. Webb, of Great Horton, came; Mr. Wetherell, the Scripture Reader of St. Paul's, Manningham, also came, and brought some of the fruits of the Temperance cause, in the shape of some reformed drunkards—fine, bonny-looking Yorkshire fellows—rescued from the fangs of the horrid Moloch, drink. Then we also had Mr. Waterhouse, a parishioner of mine, who has been an advocate of the cause a great number of years. We had some telling speaking; none more so than the unsophisticated, homely talk of Stanley and Pratt, two of the men who came with Mr. Wetherell. My own Scripture Reader, I am happy to say, is very warm and earnest in the work; he acts as hon. secretary, and is doing good service in the cause. During the meeting on Saturday evening a drunken man came in, a man, I fear, too far gone to be worked successfully upon. He was, however, before the meeting broke up, prevailed.
upon to sign the pledge for a limited time. The following evening (Sunday) I went to see one of my hopeful reformed men who was at the meeting, and asked him if he would go down and see the man. He was happy to do so, and found the man had determined to try and keep his promise. My Sunday scholars are taking the matter up warmly; and I believe we have entered upon a work which will be owned and blessed by God to the furtherance of His glory and the temporal and spiritual good of a large number of my people."

Our Manchester and Chester Diocesan Association friends have lately held their Second Annual Tea Meeting. It was well attended. Mr. Thomas Dale presided. Mr. James Taylor reported progress since the last annual meeting. During the past twelve months ninety Branch Societies had been formed. In fact, over 1,000 meetings in all parts of the two dioceses had been held, and upwards of 20,000 had signed the pledge. The number of voluntary speakers was 170, lay and clerical. The number of Branch Societies was 100, having over 31,000 members. Besides reclaiming the lost, this society had supplied to the educated and Christian public accurate information respecting the character and nature of strong drink, and diffused information from undoubtedly medical authorities. Tracts had been scattered by the thousand, and circulars containing short and pointed facts and statistics sent to all the magistrates, clergy, and leading laymen of the two dioceses. By these and other means, the Society had made its influence felt. Every day they had new calls for help. Mr. Hugh Birley (the newly-elected M.P.) assured the meeting how much their great cause had his deep sympathy. He considered it the highest that could be advocated. He felt the necessity for supplementing such efforts by Parliamentary measures for the removal of the existing temptation. Mr. D. T. Woodward, Mr. Metcalfe, Rev. W. R. Keeling, Mr. R. Whitworth, and others, also addressed the meeting.

I have received the following testimony from a medical friend, M. R. C. S., which I beg to commend to the notice of the faculty, and of all whom it may concern:

"In compliance with your request, I give you the following slight account of a case which has come under my care. Mr. — suffered with severe head-ache for many years, apparently without any cause, and having consulted several medical men, and taken various kinds of medicine without advantage, was recommended to leave off all stimulants. Accordingly, the one glass of ale only at dinner, and one of sherry afterwards, were discontinued, and small doses of steel and quinine were taken for about a month. This plan of treatment was commenced June 21st; and in a few days the head-aches entirely left, and have not once returned up to this time, November 30th. I may also observe that tonics had been frequently tried, but without effect, while the patient was taking stimulants."

May I be allowed to ask of all our friends their most zealous co-operation in extending the circulation of our Magazine in its new and cheaper form? Each can now help, as our price is brought within the reach of all.
CRIME AND DRINK.

The amount and measure of Crime in this country can be calculated only according to the statistics furnished by that proportion of evil-doing which comes under the cognizance of the magistrate. All else is private woe, home sorrow, secret crime, hidden deeds, works of darkness that never see the light. All this, no doubt, leaves its sad record chronicled somewhere—in broken hearts, and ruined homes, and shattered fortunes—told in sobs and sighs, written in deep furrows on the brow, and in cheeks channelled with care; but none of this enters into the cut-and-dry calculation of Criminal statistics—the figures, the tabular statements, the weekly returns, the newspaper paragraphs, or the portfolios of official men. It is in this as in most other things—from that which is known we guess at that which is unknown; and if the unwritten measure of crime bears any proportion to that which is tabulated and recorded, the land must be indeed defiled from the outermost extremities to its very innermost core. The combined testimony of the most experienced men—judges, magistrates, clergy, etc.—goes to establish the fact that the larger proportion of this sad total is caused by Drink. And this is far from being the full tale of Drink and its doings. Much is no doubt revealed in the public reports and returns; and as to the rest, “is it not written in the chronicles”—of the broken hearts, and blighted hopes, and unheard sighs, and unseen tears of the sin-stained and sorrow-stricken ones of England?

For systematised statistics of crime we must look to the official Criminal returns; and occasionally we are favoured with a commentary on the text by the Reports of Prison Chaplains. There are few among our readers who do not remember with respect the Reports issued by the late Mr. Clay, Chaplain of Preston Gaol, and of the late Mr. Kingsmill, Chaplain of the Pentonville Prison. Many great
moral lessons were by these men deduced from the tabulated figures; and columns of cold and naked statistics were clothed as it were with life, and became instinct with the story of those they represented. To the names of these men, and of others who might also be mentioned, we may now add that of the Rev. William Caine, recently appointed to the office of Chaplain to the Gaol of Salford Hundred. Mr. Caine’s First Report to the Bench of Magistrates has just been issued; and we may express a good hope that it will be followed by many equally forcible expositions of Crime and its Causes, until the Causes shall have become so thoroughly understood as to suggest their proper remedies, or at least some mitigation of their force. Mr. Caine has long been a consistent fellow-labourer with us in the great Temperance Reformation Movement; and we cannot help feeling a considerable amount of interest in his official labours among the criminal class of Manchester and its neighbourhood.

Mr. Caine’s charge amounts, on the average, to the number of 5,575 prisoners. He informs his Bench of Magistrates that he has inquired minutely into the antecedents of 1,000 of these unhappy persons; and reports that “there is a mournful sameness in the lives and crimes of most of them.” Of 296 female prisoners, 165 confessed that they were habitual drunkards, and 54 of them had drunken husbands. Of 704 males, 480 admitted they were drunkards, and many of these are not yet twenty years of age! Many of the younger prisoners attributed their fall to the example at home of drunken fathers and mothers. A significant fact in connection with all this, is that of the 1,000 prisoners as many as 593 had attended Sunday-schools. Would it not be well for Sunday-school teachers to give heed to this fact, as to a large extent accounting for the agency that accomplishes the spoiling of their labour? Of the 5,575 criminals, as many as 1,647 have been committed directly for drunkenness.

Mr. Caine’s Report contains an honest and candid acknowledgment of the many causes and agencies that act as contributories to the “full gaol.” He enumerates, besides the drink, the neglect of education, the ignorance, the bad example at home, gambling, the too-ready facilities to crime thrown in the way of the unruly youth; but, intensifying all these, is the strong drink, and especially the Sunday drinking. A comparison of the committals on each day of the week gives a fearful and
awfully-suggestive preponderance to the Monday commitments as the result of Sunday tippling. And so it is all the country over; and our Legislature is still slow to learn how urgent is the call to deal with this particular phase of the evil.

Of drunkenness among women, Mr. Caine speaks very unhopefully. Observing that "some women here have been in prison seventy times for drunkenness," he proceeds to say—

"I have long been of opinion that a prison is not the place for drunken women, as instances of the restoration of drunken women are exceedingly rare. In fact, a well known physician has said, that in his long experience of more than forty years as a physician, he never saw one drunken woman reclaimed. At the late meeting of the British Association at Norwich, I advocated the provision of some place for the safe keeping of these unfortunate beings till the temptations of the liquor traffic are taken away. I was rejoiced to see the remarks of Mr. Raffles, the Liverpool stipendiary magistrate, a few days ago, on this subject, as they entirely agree with my own long-expressed opinions. He said: 'With regard to the punishment of drunkenness, my experience leads me to the conclusion that to the habitual drunkard no punishment is a really efficient corrective. In the treatment of the wretched women whom I have from time to time before me, I have sent them for one, two, and three months, and then to the sessions; and I find that though they may get twelve months at the sessions, as soon as they are liberated they resume their former habits of dissipation. The only remedy which I can think of is the provision of some place in which confirmed drunkards can be received and treated as lunatics.'"

We shall continue to watch Mr. Caine's labours with interest and attention. We are persuaded that he will trace effects to their antecedent causes, and that he will not leave the Magistrates or the public in ignorance of the manifold seeds of evil that are permitted to grow and bring forth their fatal fruit in our midst. Mr. Caine is addressing himself to his task in the spirit of a John Howard or of an Elizabeth Fry. We feel hopeful as to the success of his labours; and so long as he continues to bestow so large a measure of his attention to the education and spiritual instruction of the prisoners while under his charge, we have every reason to believe he will be the means of bringing about, at least in Salford Gaol, his own earnest prediction—"That our prisons will be turned into colleges for the instruction and education of the ignorant, of both sexes and of every age."

R. M
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

By "Will-o'-the-Wisp."

I.—ON THE DRAMA OVER THE BAR.

AM an ignorant old fellow, Mr. Editor; and the older I get the more ignorant I seem to grow. Puzzling questions of all sorts crop up on every side, clamouring for answers which I am quite unable to give. So I come to you for your assistance.

And, first of all, I want to know what peculiar and special merit is possessed by the keeper of a public-house—in what respect he is to be considered so much more worthy a member of society than his neighbours—that he should have peculiar and special protection afforded to him to do that which most other people consider a daring and wanton violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of all Sabbath-day legislation. Tell me what particular service is rendered to the State by the keeper of a drunkenery to entitle him to openly advertise, and carry on unchecked, a series of Sunday-evening semi-dramatic entertainments?

Somewhat doubting the evidence of my senses, as I read over the contents of a handbill announcing a series of those entertainments, I went last Sunday night to a gin-shop in a leading thoroughfare to hear selections from Shakspeare, followed by a farce. The proceedings were quiet enough so far as Shakspeare was concerned; but I cannot answer for the reception of the farce, as the Shaksperian part of the entertainment was really a trifle more than I could well sustain. An irregularly-shaped room, capable of holding some eighty persons, had a small raised platform at one end, with a piano. On this platform a man with a flat, tallowy face, relieved by a black moustache, placed a reading-stand, turned on a jet of gas, and, addressing the twenty or thirty persons present, told them he was going to read two scenes from Henry the Fourth. The parts of the play read were the celebrated scene on Gad's Hill, and at the Boar's Head in Eastcheap.

While the reading progressed visitors continued to come in, till forty-four were present. Of these about half were the loutish youths with whom we are, unhappily, too well acquainted in the streets—lads of about eighteen, patrons of short pipes, slang, and general ill behaviour. Three of them planted themselves by my side, and authoritatively ordered the waiter to bring "a pot o' black stuff," and
discussed it, with a second, over a low-toned conversation of their own, in perfect oblivion of Prince Hal. There were eight girls, of that well-known type which, aiming to be “fast,” stops short at “flash.” An odd-looking, sharp-featured man, with a blue cloak and blue spectacles, located himself in a corner with a glass of gin-and-water, and attentively watched the reciter. I suspect he was a rival in the profession. Half-a-dozen unmistakable mechanics, in their Sunday clothes, leaned upon the tables, drank beer, smoked long pipes, and seemed as though they had an honest intention of disentangling some meaning from the stream of monotonous sound which poured upon their ears. How far they might have succeeded I cannot tell.

Sir, as I sat here for three-quarters of an hour, very little at my ease, amongst company very little to my liking, two questions rose in my mind, one of which I can answer myself, the other I leave to you.

1. What brought the people together? Certainly no value for the writings of the dramatic authors whose names were advertised. Of the forty-four present it is very doubtful if four had the least appreciation of what was read to them. There was, it is true, a feeble titter in a corner at “Thou horse-back breaker, thou huge hill of flesh,” but whether it rose from a perception of Shakspeare’s humour, or something nearer home may be debated. No; I fear it was the pleasure of doing something which had a look of illegality about it. These people would never have dreamed of listening to a dramatic reading, even with the accompaniments of beer and tobacco, on any ordinary evening. But on a night when theatres are closed by law, when churches are everywhere open, when the present tone of society is in favour of an abstinence from light amusements, and the coming face to face with the great duties of the life that is, and the contemplation of the life that is to be,—it is so delightful to run counter to all this,—to all conventionalities, even when they have a Divine sanction.

2. What is the meaning of “respectable and well-conducted?” When the time comes round for re-licensing the B— H—, O— Street, should some antiquated piece of ignorance like myself urge these Sunday-evening readings as a plea against the renewal of the license he would be promptly stopped by the query, issuing from magisterial lips, “Is any complaint made in the neighbourhood?” and the reply from the police-serjeant, “A verry respectable and well-conducted house indeed, yer wertchup.” That is, it is not a house of call for garotters and burglars; only a manufactory for everything that renders social life uneasy, dangerous, impossible. An answer will oblige.
MERE STATISTICS.
"Tabulated figures, and columns of cold and naked statistics."—LEADING ARTICLE.

Concise and comprehensive! But
Could units into language bound,
The horizon would swell forth with words
From Highgate top to Erith Sound.

But, dumb as mutes, they hold their breath
Of thanks that were articulate,
And mutter not a syllable
Of whispers that with blessings met.

And there were curses loud enough,
And maledictions down the stairs,
From spirits drunken with their lusts,—
But ledgers count them not 'affairs.'

No tinkle give they of the tears
That love has wiped from wounded time;
No symbol of the tear that swells
As pity touches secret crime.

Groaning, the archers pressed along,
And many a jaded bowstring broke,
And many a warrior wounded lay;
But not a word a unit spoke.

The iron yoke asunder flew,
And songs of freedom rose to Heaven;
But not an integer withal
Is to the smallest fraction riven.

Coldly the column fills the page,
While angels oft to joy return;
For figures ne'er could fill the fires
That make a seraph's bosom burn.

Coldly they fill the columns down,
Yet figures only represent
The catalogue of guilt and shame,
To which our loving hearts are sent.
THE PUBLIC HOUSE WITHOUT THE DRINK.

(Continued from page 16.)

The philosopher who said that the British lion could always be depended on when well fed, understood human nature; and now that provision is made for the constant wants of the body, those whose part it is to minister to the immortal mind can pursue their high calling in the lecture-room, or, as occasion offers, in any of the departments of the establishment.

Of course, moral results can only be effected by moral agencies. To go on eating and drinking requires no impetus, and no monitor; but to direct the heart to truth, to captivate it with the love of moral excellence, to display the beauties of character, to invite a donation, and worship and praise to the Redeemer of the world—the Prince of glory—requires the angel of the Church, the cherub to cry "Excelsior!" It were useless to establish eating-houses to renovate a people, although as a subtraction from drinking-houses the gain to morality would be immense; but together body and soul may be eliminated, and Zaccheus is realised again. He comes for some furtive object to a sycamore-kind of institution; the Master is there, a recognition supervenes, and the slave to an absorbing passion is set at liberty—salvation is come to that house. In the antecedent Hall, Captain and Mrs. Bayly were constant elements in the proceedings. These were by and by withdrawn, together with a halo of friends whom they introduced. The new Hall is posted in a mediocre position, to be wrought out by two or three ordinary persons, such as might be found near any five corners of the metropolis. It is the wish of those who promoted it that the City missionary of the district shall reside in the house, so that the current affairs may be under definable outline, and that there may be a preceptor where precept is required. Here the lay preacher holds his meetings and his classes, and here he finds many an opportunity of conversing with a man whom he never in his visits finds at home. Confessions are made over a cup of coffee or a basin of soup; and many a man has become rigged out, and sent to fill a vacant seat in the house of God through...
the acquaintance he has formed with the friend who poured into his ear, upon the threshold, the words which his conscience approved.

The work of the City missionary, or be it a Scripture reader, is worth all its cost, even if it consist only of going from house to house, and from garret to cellar; for there is no other way in which the maze of metropolitan misery is threaded through, and by which workshops and foundries, and even public-houses, are entered with the words, spoken and printed, of purity and light. The intimate knowledge which such agent has of every family within his district is worth a king's ransom; and the recognition that he receives when passing along the street from the poor and disconsolate are the gilding of his threadbare attire. In and out continually, and round and round, he becomes a household person, and the words which he conveys become sometimes household words. Every special case receives special attention; thanks where no temporal benefit is conferred are frequently tendered; and, could a daily Christian visitor collect the tears that his sympathy evokes, they would in time fill a "bottle." If that passage in the first charge of the Great Bishop of souls—"He that receiveth you receiveth Me"—be not taken in a very restricted sense the appreciable results of such continual love-labour are amply encouraging, at least to the consciousness of the labourer in this field of Christian usefulness.

Far greater advantage would be taken of the position of the lay agent among the poor, if in many, not to say all, of the districts there were houses that, with the exception of strong drinks, might be called Public-houses. Warmth, light, comfort, cheap and wholesome refreshment, amusement, lectures, classes, clubs, preaching—all carried on upon the same premises—would add, each to each, attractions and ties that would go far to change the habits, while at the same time instruction is changing the sentiments of the people. We act not towards those whom we seek to elevate as we act towards our own children. Towards these we rely not entirely upon advice, instruction, and counsel, but also, and as much, upon the formation of habits, upon a favourable and protected position, and upon social intercourse. Such an institution, with its lecture-hall and meetings attached, would be far better for a very thick stratum of population than a "Ragged Church" or Mission Hall, which comprehends worship, or preaching, alone. And who could better be the "angel" of such an institution than the Scripture reader, or City missionary of the locality? He might have his suite of rooms in the upper part of the building, as is
done in one of the best "Halls" in the kingdom, I mean the Mission Hall and Refreshment Rooms at Aldershot camp, where the lady, who has contributed largely to the erection of the building, resides herself over the bar. He would thus have a general oversight of the proceedings, be on the spot for calls and intercourse, and take the moral support and management of the house. In the basement and refreshment-room would be also an intelligent Christian man and his wife, to "serve tables," and to exercise that sympathy

"—— which droppeth as the gentle dew
Upon the herb beneath."

Other Christian and social persons might and would, through their acquaintance with the "Missionary," take up different departments of the current work, and, by that which every joint supplieth, make increase of the body in love. Such institutions would be less costly than School-churches, as they might be made largely, if not entirely self-supporting, when once erected; and, if successful, might repay the interest upon the outlay. The moral enterprise pursued in these hostelries it would be impracticable even to attempt in the "licensed victualler's" house; for, in the presence of the constantly-running tap, virtue is absorbed, and vice is clad in armour. Surely there are charms in all creation; surely there is a power in redemption; and surely there are devices in the heart to effect a constitutional work where simple and separate operations have accomplished but solitary instances of good. The difficulties of finding suitable stewards, the best plans of management, the most suitable refreshments, and the means of rendering the houses self-supporting, would, by degrees, be overcome if a simple Association were formed for collecting information, and for the general promotion of the object.

The new institution, the Shaftesbury Hall, in the Princes Road, Notting Hill, comprises at present (October, 1868):—A Missionary’s Meeting, a Missionary’s Bible Class, Mother's Meeting, Weekly Temperance Meeting, Musical Entertainments, Sons of Temperance Club, Sons of Phoenix Club, Discussion Class, Friends of Labour Society, Art Union Drawing Class, Public Dining-room and Parlour, Steam Victualling Bar, Residence for Missionary of the District, Co-operative Stores, Application for Odd Fellows' Club; and is in a self-supporting and progressive condition.

(To be continued.)
As the days of our visit passed by, I became more and more the object of Arthur’s attentions, which were now unmistakable. My mother, seeing me very much excited, placed me on the couch in our bed-room, and, seating herself by my side, spoke to me in loving, serious terms. She warned me against encouraging any feeling of affection for Arthur, told me how much there was in him she admired, and how truly she should have rejoiced to have had him for her son-in-law, had she not seen, with deep regret, that he was not only a lover of wine, but that he knew nothing of real heart-stirring piety. “He pays,” said she, “an outward homage to religion; but it is not an inward principle, influencing each word, thought, and act of his life. I have studied his character attentively (I had so much interest in doing so), and now I tell you solemnly, my Helen, I would rather follow you to the grave than see you the wife of Arthur Vernon!”

For the first time in my life, I thought my mother’s judgment harsh, and wanting in Christian charity. I went the next day to the yeomanry review with an aching head, and, as I then fancied, a breaking heart; but I strove to keep up appearances, and chat gaily with the many friends who surrounded our carriage. I had never seen Arthur look so handsome; his uniform suited him admirably, and I could not help thinking his love for me might eventually cure him of the faults my mother so bitterly lamented, and make him all we could desire.

Several young men accompanied us home to dinner; but Arthur stayed to attend the officers’ mess. He returned, however, earlier than we expected, just as the gentlemen joined us in the drawing-room. I was seated on a low chair, close to the open window, lost in deep and sad thought. He immediately came to my side, and I was shocked to perceive that he had decidedly had too much to drink. He was not exactly intoxicated; but his imperfect utterance, vacant look, and unmeaning laugh showed me Arthur Vernon in a new and most unpleasing light.

It was not, therefore, so difficult for me to tell him the following evening, when he pleaded his cause in eloquent and touching words, that I could never be more to him than a sincere friend and well-wisher.

There is no need to dwell longer on this painful subject; even now I cannot write of it with anything like composure of mind.

Arthur left Alderwood on the afternoon of the day which terminated our brief romance; and of course, under existing circumstances, we thought it better to hasten our return home. We parted from our kind, charming friends with mutual regret. Grace used her utmost endeavours to make me change
my mind; she considered me harsh, and was sure Arthur would be everything I could wish; I made no allowance for the temptations incident to an annual meeting with young companions.

It was evident she considered his errors of a very venial nature; and, although she expressed a hope that this unfortunate occurrence might not interrupt our newly-formed friendship, for some time a coolness existed between our two families.

The year after our visit to Alderwood I heard that Arthur was engaged to a very pretty girl, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman. He was far from steady; but her father entertained the old and fallacious idea that "a reformed rake makes the best husband," and Ethel was so completely captivated by her lover’s handsome exterior and winning qualities, that she could not see any of his defects.

It was her birthday, and several friends were invited to dine and celebrate the event. Arthur promised to go early and take his little offering with him (it was a miniature of himself set round with pearls); so Ethel, attired in white, with a single rose in her fair hair, sat waiting impatiently for him in the drawing-room.

In vain! Time passed on; the other guests began to arrive, and still Arthur did not appear. Ethel’s heart sank within her. Mrs. Vernon must be ill (her health was always delicate); surely nothing else could have kept him away on that evening.

Just as dinner, which had been delayed an hour, was announced, Ethel’s father was summoned from the room, and remained long absent. The young girl’s cheek grew livid; her heart almost ceased to beat; she felt that some great misfortune was hanging over her.

It was even so. When within a mile of the rectory, and galloping at full speed, Arthur was thrown from his horse, and killed on the spot. The miniature, the reverse of which contained a lock of dark glossy hair, was found in his waistcoat pocket.

It transpired on the inquest that in passing through a small town on the road between Alderwood and the rectory he met some young men he knew, and was tempted to take a friendly glass with them. When he bade them farewell he was in a state of intoxication.

From that day the fair Ethel drooped, and ere the last leaves of autumn had fallen from the trees, she slept peacefully in the village churchyard, the treasured miniature resting on her breast.

Poor Mr. Vernon never recovered from the shock occasioned by the sudden death of his first-born, a son of whom he was so justly proud, and who, but for the fatal vice which proved his destruction, might have lived to be the stay and ornament of his family, and a blessing to the surrounding country. His father’s vigorous constitution sank beneath the blow, and Mrs. Vernon did not long survive her husband.

About two years after these events Grace wrote to beg I would be one of her bridesmaids at her approaching marriage, which was to take place in the course of a month.

Most gladly did I accept the invitation, as I was very anxious to renew my acquaintance with my lovely friend.
Must I confess that when I saw her (although she was perhaps handsomer than ever), I was conscious of a feeling of deep disappointment. A nameless charm had disappeared; and I could now plainly perceive the defect in the mouth of which my mother had spoken; altogether, Grace looked as if she were by no means indifferent to the creature comforts of life.

Captain Leslie, the gentleman she was on the eve of marrying, was not the beau-ideal I had fixed upon for the heroine of my girlish days. He was an ordinary common-place young man, fond of hunting, fishing, and shooting, but without any intellectual tastes whatever. I was so glad Grace did not ask me what I thought of him, when we indulged in the half-hour's chat in my sleeping-room just before separating for the night—a time generally favourable to feminine confessions and confidences—for I clearly foresaw she would sink to his level, he would not rise to hers.

During the fortnight which intervened before the celebration of the marriage, I remarked Grace's great anxiety on Darcy's account. He was now the master of Alderwood Grange, drank freely, and frequently stayed out till a late, or rather an early morning hour. I could then hear Grace steal quietly from her room, (how fond she was of all her brothers,) assist him to walk upstairs, and return for his candle after he was in bed. I am sure the idea of leaving him was a great trouble to her.

One night she and I sat up chatting longer than usual; and we were all at once startled by hearing a loud noise, as if some one had fallen heavily in the hall. Grace turned pale, she knew the servants were gone to bed, and rightly conjectured it was her poor unhappy brother.

"I will go alone," said she, laying her hand on my arm, as I attempted to follow her. "I will call you if I need assistance."

I listened, and soon heard the summons. I found Darcy stretched on the ground at the foot of the staircase, in a hopeless state of intoxication; it was in vain his sister tried to drag him upstairs, she could not move him a step.

Never shall I forget the scene, Darcy's usually handsome face wore the most sottish expression; his eyes were bloodshot, his hair ruffled and untidy, and his clothes bore traces of mud as if he had fallen down. He kept muttering some indistinct words which we could not understand. Oh! what a loathsome wreck he looked!

"Helen, dear, you had better call Price," said Grace.

"Not if we can by any means get him upstairs ourselves. Don't let us expose him to the servants," was my reply.

My friend sighed. I afterwards fancied she was thinking they were only too well aware of their master's sinful propensity. Grace took one arm, I the other; and, after great toil and exertion, we at last succeeded in dragging the degraded being to his room. There I left him, glad enough to escape from the most painful task I had ever undertaken.

(To be continued.)
THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

HELPING MOTHER.

(Continued from page 12.)

MARGARET had often tried, during her husband’s lifetime, to get work, so that she might have a better home; but had seldom succeeded. Now, however, she felt that she must “try again.” She did try, but found that she could not get any employment except by going out all day, and then what was to become of the children while she was away?

“Mother,” said George, when he heard this, “don’t you go out to work at all. I’m old enough now; let me go. I know I should soon earn a lot of money for you. Besides, Ralph will help; won’t you, Ralph?” he said, turning to his brother with a winning smile.

“I suppose I shall be expected to give up some of my money to keep you brats, as usual,” he answered, sulkily. His mother sighed. What a trial Ralph’s selfish conduct was; but ah! what a blessing and comfort was little George’s anxiety to work for her, and to help her. She could not of course consent to this arrangement; but she told him that in future she must leave his little sisters and the baby in his care, while she went out washing and cleaning. To this plan George consented, overjoyed to be able to help his mother in any way. Day after day he rose early to get her breakfast before she went out; and swept the room and laid the tea things before she returned in the evening.

Never had children a kinder nurse than Maggie and Alice and baby found in brother George. I wish I could persuade all children to be kind and gentle to each other, especially to the little ones. It is such a pleasure to see children agreeable and kind; and I am sure that home can never be a happy one where its inmates quarrel and disagree, forgetting the Saviour’s command “to love each other as He has loved us.”

Of this latter class was Ralph Hunt, who, leaving his mother to work and struggle as she best could, went on his old selfish way, never giving her more than half his money, and expecting part of that in food for himself; while the sum he kept back was spent in playing “pitch and toss” in the streets on Sundays, or in frequenting public-houses and other low places of amusement with other youths as
wicked and unmanageable as himself. In vain did his mother and George try to persuade him to give up his sinful habits and companions, and make their poor home as comfortable and pleasant as they could to induce him to stay in it when working hours were over. He would not listen to them; swearing, drinking, gambling continued to be his chief amusements. He grew hardened and reckless; and it was not long before his sins against God's laws caused him to break those of his country, so as to bring upon him disgrace and misery.

But we will return to George. You remember I told you he attended the Sunday-school. One Sunday his teacher gave him a ticket, which he said was for his mother, that she might go to a tea-meeting at the school. Delighted at this unexpected pleasure for his beloved mother, George hurried home; but his pleasure was changed to sorrow when she told him she could not go; her dress was too old and shabby, and she could not get another one, at least for some time. In vain George urged that it did not matter how old her dress was; the teachers would be glad to see her. Mrs. Hunt had not always been poor; and, when her husband was sober and steady years before, she had always been neatly and comfortably dressed; and now she could not bear to think of going out to tea in the old dress she often felt ashamed to go to work in on bright summer days. Poor George! how disappointed he was!

(To be continued.)

LIFE SKETCHES.

(From London Refuges and Reformatories.)

II.—EMMA MORRISON.

"Drinking habits bring many educated women gladly to receive the dry crust and hard bed provided by the Refuge," says the secretary of Field Lane, speaking of that part of the institution which is used as a shelter for Homeless Women. It is surely bad enough when a man gives way to this destructive influence; and, careless of home and friends, and the good opinion of those around him, or rather without energy enough to shake off the tempter which causes him the loss of these blessings, sinks into the lowest depth of poverty and wretchedness; but when a woman sinks
into this deep woe, who can fully tell the tale of sorrow?—she who, whether as sister, daughter, or wife, ought to be as a guardian angel in her home, watching ever, with a careful eye, lest the sweet flowers of peace and love and happiness should fade and die through any “root of bitterness springing up in the midst!” that she should allow the best and dearest of earthly blessings to be trampled carelessly beneath her feet, as she goes on her mad course—this, indeed, is more than can be borne! And when we remember that there are thousands of our own sex who do thus lose all claim even to the name of woman, it is time for us to be “up and doing,” however small the effort, to diminish the evil of this great sin. That it is not confined to the poor and lowly the following short story will help to prove—:

Emma Morrison was the daughter of very respectable parents, residing in a suburb in the south of London. Deprived of a mother’s care while still a child, indulged by her father (she was an only child) in every whim, she grew up without the watchful training so necessary to form right principles for future life in a child’s mind, and early displayed a love for fine dress and frivolous amusements, which, unchecked, was the first step in the wrong path. The next was in frequenting places of amusement, theatres, music-halls, etc., without her father’s knowledge. Then she fell easily into the snares which drink spreads for the unwary. It was not long before this last evil habit came to be noticed in her home, the comfort and pleasure of which had long since ceased to occupy any place in her thoughts. Her father remonstrated with her; she refused to obey his commands, which required her to give up her evil companions; and, as her father insisted, she set him at defiance, secretly left her home, and, while still a young girl, thus breaking the nearest tie of relationship, she cast herself, homeless and friendless, upon the world, for those whom she called friends were in reality her worst enemies. How she lived during the next few years she herself best knows. The next we hear of her is that, in a state of intoxication, she ran against a waggon, was thrown down, and carried to the London Hospital with her arm broken. She was there for four months; and during that time her past life rose up in her mind day after day, until she was terrified at the thought of her sin, and eagerly sought for mercy. A Bible-woman visited her, and faithfully pointed out the Saviour as the only way of escape—the true refuge for the sinful and the weary. Humbly and thankfully she received the truth, her earnest desire now to earn her living respectably proving the sincerity of her reformation.
She was directed to the Refuge, and came to Field Lane humble and repentant. A situation was found for her, where she stayed some time, giving great satisfaction by her quiet manners and good behaviour.

After a time, her father was apprised of her present abode and altered conduct; and the matron and other friends were rejoiced soon by seeing her return home to her father's house, where, at twenty-two years of age, she is trying in some measure to atone for the grief and pain she had caused him in by-gone days. She is, indeed, "a brand plucked from the burning," and we hope, will one day be

"Another gem in the Saviour's crown,  
Another soul in Heaven!"  

E. A. W.

**BEERSHOP ACT REPEAL MOVEMENT.**

On Wednesday, December 2, the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society convened a conference in the Langham Hotel, with the view of discussing the propriety of agitating for a repeal of the Beer Act of 1830. The attendance was both large and influential, and represented all shades of temperance opinion relative to legislation on the liquor traffic, and there was a fair representative muster of the non-abstaining portion of the community. The chair was occupied by Deputy-Assistant Judge Payne. After a discussion favourable to the measure, in which Archdeacon Sandford, the Revs. Stenton Eardley, Clutterbuck, and W. Allan, Mr. Williams, Mr. Taylor, and others took part, the following resolution was moved by the Rev. H. J. Ellison, and seconded by Captain Cooper Gardiner:

"That a National Association be formed for the purpose of bringing legislative action to bear on the existing facilities and means of intemperance,—in the first place, by preventing the issue of any new licences under the Beershop Act of 1830; subsequently, by promoting a general revision of the laws affecting public-houses and other places of public entertainment."

It was carried unanimously. A Provisional Committee was then appointed to carry out the objects embodied in the resolution.

We are glad to state that the honorary secretaries, Rev. Thomas Rooke and H. C. Greenwood, Esq., are busily engaged in bringing the subject under the notice of members of both Houses, and preparing for further action in the matter.
THE VOW OF THE NAZARITES.

By the Rev. William Caine, M.A., Manchester.

“And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them: When either man or woman shall separate themselves to vow a vow of a Nazarite, to separate themselves unto the Lord: He shall separate himself from wine [yayin] and strong drink [shekar], and shall drink no vinegar [chometz] of wine, or vinegar of strong drink, neither shall he drink any liquor of grapes, nor eat moist grapes, or dried. All the days of his separation shall he eat nothing that is made of the vine tree, from the kernels even to the husk.”—Numb. vi. 1—4.

My “Note” in the November number of our Magazine closed with the remark from the article on the Nazarite in Smith’s “Dictionary of the Bible,” that “Ewald supposes that Nazarites for life were numerous in very early times, and that they multiplied in periods of great political and religious excitement.” The Nazarites in the time of Amos suffered from the persecution and contempt of the ungodly. Total abstinence even from everything connected with the vine, and not merely from intoxicating drinks was enjoined by God; and, if I may use the expression, Bands of Hope were formed amongst the Jews at the command of God Himself. This is clearly intimated in the second chapter of the prophet Amos, verses 11 and 12, “And I raised up of your sons for prophets, and of your young men for Nazarites. Is it not even thus, O ye children of Israel! saith the Lord. But ye gave the Nazarites wine to drink; and commanded the prophets, saying, Prophesy not.”

In the time of Judas Maccabæus we find the devout Jews when they were bringing their gifts to the priests, stirring up the Nazarites of Days who had completed the time of their consecration, to make the accustomed offerings (1 Macc. iii. 49). “From this incident, in connection with what has been related of the liberality of Alexander Jannæus and Herod Agrippa, we may infer,” says Mr. Clark, “that the number of Nazarites must have been very considerable during the two centuries and a half which preceded the destruction of Jerusalem. The instance of St. John the Baptist and that of St. James the Just (if we accept the traditional account), show that the Nazarite for life retained his original character till later times; and the act of St. Paul, in joining himself with the four Nazarites at Jerusalem, seems to prove that the vow of the Nazarite of Days was as little altered in its essential features.

There is a very curious discussion amongst learned men as to the meaning of the Hebrew word nesir, a Nazarite, when it is used of Joseph in Gen. xlix. 26, and Deut. xxxiii. 16, and by Jeremiah in Lam. iv. 7, 8, when he is mourning over the departed prosperity and beauty of Sion. Some think that it means “one separated from others as a prince.” In Gen. xlix. 26, Jacob says of Joseph, “The blessings of thy father shall be on the head of Joseph, and on
the crown of the head of him that was separate [nezir, a Nazarite] from his brethren.” The Vulgate translates the last clause of this verse, “in vertice Nazareci inter fratres suos.” The Douay Version follows the Vulgate, “upon the crown of the Nazarite among his brethren.” There is no reason to believe that there were no Nazarites before the laws and regulations respecting them were laid down in Num. vi. Just as the Sabbath was observed before the giving of the law on Mount Sinai, so vows against the use of everything connected with the vine were doubtless taken by pious persons from the very earliest ages. Jacob appears to have consecrated the first child of his beloved Rachel, and to have set him apart for the special service of God. Mr. Blunt expressed a similar opinion, on other grounds, in his “Undesigned Coincidences,” but he overlooked the use of the word Nazarite applied to Joseph. What beautiful lessons the youthful members of our Bands of Hope may learn from the life of Joseph, the first Nazarite mentioned in the Bible; though I doubt not there were very many before him. May all young teetotalers say like Joseph, when tempted to commit any sin, “How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?”

In Deut. xxxiii. 16, the same word is applied to Joseph, and it is translated there also “Nazarite,” in the Vulgate.

In the Lamentations of Jeremiah, chap. iv. vers., 7, 8, we find that the total abstinence from wine was productive of bodily health to the Nazarites: “Her Nazarites were purer than snow, they were whiter than milk, they were more ruddy in body than rubies, their polishing was of sapphire.” The Septuagint and the Vulgate and nearly all the Versions are in favour of the application of this passage to the Nazarites.

Mr. Clark remarks respecting the Nazarite for life, that “he must have been, with his flowing hair and persistent refusal of strong drink [more correctly, his persistent refusal of strong drink, and of everything made of the vine-tree], a marked man. Whether in any other particular his daily life was peculiar is uncertain. He may have had some privileges (as we have seen), which gave him something of a priestly character, and, as it has been conjectured, he may have given up much of his time to sacred studies. Though not necessarily cut off from social life, when the turn of his mind was devotional, consciousness of his peculiar dedication must have influenced his habits and manners, and in some cases probably led him to retire from the world. But without our resting on anything that may be called in question, he must have been a public witness for the idea of legal strictness, and of whatever else Nazaritism was intended to express; and as the vow of the Nazarite for life was taken by his parents before he was conscious of it, his observance of it was a sign of filial obedience, like the peculiarities of the Rechabites.”

At the close of his interesting article on the Nazarites, Mr. Clark appears to have fallen into a little mistake. I hope to correct it, God willing, at some future time.
MONTHLY LETTER.
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

I AM glad to be able to report among other things for this month, a very favourable reception of the first number of the Magazine, and I think I may prophecy a very extended circulation for it. Various other testimonies prove the increasing influence of our movement. In the Sister Isle, the Rector of Armagh has become one of us, and has established a Society in his parish which may already be styled flourishing. This has been through the influence of an earnest and old Irish friend of the cause. A clergyman whom I asked occasionally to send a paperto our Magazine, says, "I am really doing more for you in this way (example) than I could by an article in your publication, for wherever I go my example tells, and being, thank God, in perfect health, people feel rebuked in their drinking customs. Why, last night the lady of the house in which I was staying, from my example and advice, proposed to her husband and children that they should all be abstainers."—

The following extract is from a speech of Rev. W. Kirby, of the Church Missionary Society:—"Most heartily, most gladly, can I bear my solemn testimony to the value of total abstinence. I have been in those regions where the thermometer goes twenty, thirty, forty, and fifty degrees below zero, and yet I have never drank anything but water for the last fifteen years, and I thank God I am as strong now as the day I left England. I have been sixteen years in the arctic regions. It is five weeks since I landed in England; in a month or two more I hope to go back again."

The New Association for dealing with the Liquor Traffic has been occupying much time and labour on the part of Rev. T. Rooke and Mr. Greenwood, who have been acting as honorary secretaries. Arrangements are being made for a public meeting in London at the opening of Parliament.

Mr. Rooke attended and spoke at a meeting of the Rev. Stenton Eardley's Society at Streatham, in company with Mr. Smithies, on Tuesday, Jan. 5. He preached at Evercreech Church on Sunday the 10th, and attended two meetings on the 11th and 12th: one at Evercreech and one at Shepton Mallett, under the presidency of the Hon. and Rev. E. P. A. Talbot, vicar of Evercreech, who is an old and staunch friend and supporter. There were collections after the sermon and meeting at Evercreech.

I would remind our friends of our Reference Library, to which some further additions are reported. I am also anxious to stir up friends who have taken Collecting Cards that they may make the most of the two months that still remain before the conclusion of our Society's year. We shall be glad to receive increased collections, and also the names of new subscribers to our Magazine.

The usual Committee meetings, and monthly conference of Scripture Readers, have been held at the office.

Our Manchester and Chester Branch
reports a very successful tea-meeting, and that 90 Branch Societies have been established in one year. 2,000 Meetings, in all parts, have already been held; 174 Speakers (consisting of 80 clergyman and 94 layman) voluntarily give their services to address meetings; 20,000 Persons have signed the pledge during the year in the two dioceses; 101 Societies, with over 31,000 members, are in union with this Society, and hold weekly, fortnightly, or monthly meetings.

The following extract will no doubt please some of our friends among the moderate drinkers. Goethe, in his journal, says: "The Bishop of Mayence once delivered a sermon against drunkenness; and, after painting in the strongest colours the evils of over-indulgence, concluded as follows:—'But the abuse of wine does not exclude its use, for it is written that wine rejoices the heart of man. Probably there is no one in my congregation who cannot drink four bottles of wine without feeling any disturbance of his senses; but if any man at the seventh or eighth bottle so forgets himself as to abuse and strike his wife and children, and treat his best friends as enemies, let him look into his conscience, and in future always stop at the sixth bottle. Yet, if after drinking eight, or ten or twelve bottles, he can still take his Christian neighbour lovingly by the hand, and obey the orders of his spiritual and temporal superiors, let him thankfully drink his modest (sic) draught. He must be careful, however, as to taking any more, for it is seldom that Providence gives any one the special grace to drink sixteen bottles at a sitting, as it has enabled me, its unworthy servant, to do without either neglecting my duties or losing my temper.'"

On Friday evening, Nov. 27th, the Christian Temperance Society celebrated its seventh anniversary at Mill Hill. A capital hot supper was given by the president, Rev. B. Nicols, the Vicar, in the National School-room, which was as usual decorated with appropriate devices. There were present eighty-three firm abstainers of at least one year's standing, most of them having been so from the establishment of this Society. No members of less than twelve months standing as abstainers are invited to the anniversary supper. After supper, short addresses were given by the President and Captain Bayly. Some ladies and gentlemen of the parish assisted by taking care that the guests were well supplied with the good things provided for them. Music and songs were introduced at intervals, and a unanimous conviction prevailed that teetotallers can be jovial and happy.

On Friday evening, Jan. 15, the Rev. R. Maguire, as deputation from the Society, attended a meeting at Aldershot, for the purpose of aiding in the establishment of a Parochial Temperance Association. The chair was occupied by the Rev. S. Christopher Morgan, vicar of Aldershot, who has for some time past been an abstainer. The meeting was largely attended by the parishioners of all classes, and by many soldiers from the Camp. Encouraged by the good leadership of their Vicar, many of the audience gave in their adhesion to the proposal; and we look with much hopeful assistance to the establishment of this parochial agency in this important centre of influence.
OUR SCHOOL TEACHERS.

T is an eminent brewer who says that "the struggle of the School, and the Library, and the Church, all united against the Beerhouse and Gin-palace, is but one development of the war between Heaven and Hell." Is this true, or is it false? We suppose there is not any one within the four seas who would venture to contradict it.

It is to be observed that Mr. Buxton places "the School" in the forefront, as referring to the earliest period at which, ordinarily speaking, this dread struggle commences. The School (Daily or Sunday) is, or ought to be, the power antagonistic to the too common and almost overwhelming influence of vice at home; and if it be admitted, as on all hands it is, that drunkenness is the vice of the country, then surely the earnest, prayerful influence of School-teachers and School managers, ought to be all the more vigorously thrown into the opposite scale. Few are, perhaps, acquainted with the terrible facts which statistics bring out, relative to the most hopeful class of our Scholars—we mean those in our Sunday Schools. If the account of these is saddening and depressing, what shall we say of the large mass who attend only Daily or Evening Schools?

Mr. Coster, of Hull, has brought together some startling statements on the subject; we submit a few: "The Rev. J. Paull, chaplain of Huntingdon Gaol, says, 'I had under my care for 1867, 202 prisoners; of these, 143 had been Sunday Scholars.' The Rev. W. Wright, chaplain of Colchester Gaol, says that two-thirds of the prisoners in his care had been Sunday-school Scholars. The Rev. Frederick Howse, chaplain of Taunton Gaol, reports for Somerset, 100 prisoners; of whom 60 had been Sunday-school Scholars. Rev. B. L. Watson, chaplain of Dorchester Gaol, reports 70 per cent of Sunday Scholars. The Rev. J. P. Johnson, chaplain of Louth prison, reports 91 per cent
as Sunday Scholars. The Rev. James Selkirk, chaplain of Hull Gaol, writes, that in his experience ‘the exception was that a young criminal had not attended a Sunday-school.’ Testimonies like these may be almost indefinitely multiplied.

It is natural that those in earnest in the cause of God should look around them,—should be on the watch for anything that would strengthen their Scholars, Sunday or Day, against that which brings such a per centage of them to ruin. Have we any testimony as to the bearing of the Temperance Reformation, and the practice of Total Abstinence, on the matter? Is there anything to lead us to look to some benefit from this movement? Are there any statistics to guide us in this case?

From the nature of the case, it being a kind of negative proof that is required, it is not very easy to advance it; but if, on inquiry, we find that any special class is “conspicuous by its absence” from the list of delinquents and criminals, it surely must arrest attention, and be suggestive of a remedy for the evil deplored. If in the midst of some raging pestilence persons of any special habit of mind or body were observed to be altogether safe from the attack, how earnestly would the inhabitants of the neighbourhood seek to learn, and quickly adopt the habit that seemed to guarantee safety from the plague!

In glancing, then, at the foregoing terrible statistics, is there any class who are not involved in the widespread evil? There is. The Rev. Thomas Hutton stated at a meeting of our Church Temperance Society in Manchester, that “during the ten years he was chaplain of Northampton Gaol, he never saw a teetotal prisoner there.” The Governor of Canterbury Gaol says, that the number of prisoners that have been committed to prison under his charge for fifteen years, amount to 22,000; but he adds, “I never met with a prisoner being a teetotaler.” The governor of Carlisle Gaol makes a similar statement, on experience of some twenty years.

If this be so, is there not a cause why we should ask our Teachers, in Sunday and Daily Schools, who, we doubt not, value the temporal and eternal interests of their Scholars, to consider the question of Total Abstinence from this stand-point? However others may in wantonness or carelessness ask, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” they at least cannot do so; and when in face of a confessed evil, of admitted backsliding to
so great an extent on the part of our Scholars, we ask them to try, by a fair and honest trial, the remedy we suggest, having shown proof of its efficacy so far, surely we are not unreasonable or fanatics? In short, we would that to all their other valuable and careful instruction, intellectual, moral, religious, our teachers would add lessons, by precept and example, on Abstinence from all intoxicating drinks as beverages. We wish that they would add this practical explanation to the petition of the Lord’s Prayer which says, “Lead us not into temptation.” We want them to give a distinctness to prayer against that besetting temptation of our scholars, by leading them, through personal example, to the practice of Total Abstinence. We want them to forestall the Gin-palace, the Public-house, the Beer-shop; to counteract all the sad influence of so many wretched homes; and to make the grand experiment, of whose assured success few can have any doubt, that, since the drink has swept such a per centage of our most promising youth of both sexes into the gulf of ruin, abstinence from it may save those who have not yet been swallowed up.

At a Lecture in Worcester, Mr. Coles said, that if the drinking usage of society continued for the next fifteen years, as they had done for the past fifteen years, one out of every group of eight boys would go to a drunkard’s grave! O would it not be worth a life’s self-denial, if on their death-beds our Teachers might be enabled to remember that by their example of Abstinence they had saved even one from each such group of those they have gathered round them in school?

The habits of the Teachers may be perfectly temperate; but little children cannot draw the fine line of distinction as to quantity, while all the disadvantages of quality in the drink are against them. Will our Teachers add to the stumbling-blocks of the wretched homes of so many of their Scholars? or remembering the utterance of Him who said, “Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he had been drowned in the depths of the sea,” will they not henceforth put away from them that which we have seen is such an offence and stumbling-block to these little ones?

THOMAS ROOKE, M.A.
LIFE SKETCHES.

(Gleaned from London Refuges and Reformatories.)

III.—RICHARD LINDSAY.

The subject of this sketch was the son of parents who moved in a highly-respectable station in society, and who sought to train their children in such paths as should fit them, not only for the duties of this life, but for the higher duty of preparation for a better and holier one hereafter. While carefully attending to their worldly condition and prosperity, they did not neglect the one thing needful to train them in “the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”

Being thus blessed by Christian parents, and having been carefully educated, Richard Lindsay grew up a sensible steady young man, free from the vices and follies of most young men; and, by close and diligent application to his studies while a student, he became a clever and skilful physician, this being his own choice of a profession.

For several years he held a situation in the Naval service, at a good salary; and, at the death of his father, he became the chief support and comfort of his widowed mother. He was universally beloved and respected, for he was as generous and kind-hearted as he was upright and conscientious. But a shadow fell upon his fair fame, and soon its deepening gloom encircled the home he had once helped to make so happy. He fell into the snare which blights and destroys so many noble lives,—he became the victim of intemperance.

Deprived of his situation through his intemperate habits, he soon plunged his widowed mother into dire distress. He sold his valuables, his clothes, books, and everything that could be turned into money; and at last hungry, naked, and dirty, he arrived in London, and for seven long nights his only bed was the wooden benches in St. James’s Park, his only covering the branches that overhung them. Too proud to beg, too spiritless to seek for employment, he at last entered Field Lane Refuge; but dissipation had well nigh completed its dreadful work. Every means was tried to save him, but his physical strength sunk beneath the burden his own folly and self-indulgence had laid upon him.

It was found necessary to remove him to the parish infirmary; and there without a mother’s care, without a friend, save those whose self-
THE BEER-SHOP EVIL.

We have pleasure in announcing the successful Meeting held by “The National Association for promoting Amendment in the Laws relating to the Liquor Traffic” on Wednesday evening, Feb. 17. The chair was occupied by his Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, who, in his opening address, most ably showed the need for, and the advantage of, such an Association, and the reasonable nature of the objects it had in view. Letters were received from the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Bishops of London, Oxford, Hereford, Peterborough, and Lichfield; the Deans of Westminster, Canterbury, Chichester, Ely, Lichfield, and Carlisle; Mr. Thomas Hughes; Rev. C. Kingsley; Sir William Denison; Sir Hope Grant, G.C.B.; Rev. Samuel Romilly Hall; Rev. Dr. Raleigh; Sir J. H. Davis, &c.

The resolutions, which were all ably spoken to and unanimously carried, were supported by Rev. H. J. Ellison; Lord Denman; J. Abel Smith, Esq.; Rev. Newman Hall; Sir George Bowyer; Mr. G. Potter; Sir Francis Crossley, M.P.; and the Very Rev. Dr. Vaughan. The Earl of Lichfield and Mr. T. Hughes, M.P., who were to have spoken, were prevented attending.

A fund of £10,000 is being raised for the purposes of the Association. The Honorary Secretaries are Rev. Thomas Rooke, H. C. Greenwood, Esq., and Rev. Edward White, who will gladly communicate with persons wishing for information, and will receive donations and subscriptions. The offices are at 6, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.
ALDERWOOD GRANGE.

(Continued from page 34.)

No allusion was made the following morning to the catastrophe of the previous night. But fervent were the thanksgivings poured forth in the solitude of my own room for having been preserved from the sad fate which would have been mine, had I married Arthur Vernon! Who can wonder when women are liable to scenes such as these, if they become irritable, reckless, and lost to all sense of self-respect?

Henry, who was now enjoying the amily living, came to officiate at his sister's wedding. My favourite George also joined the domestic circle the evening before the important event took place. I thought him very much improved, and was gratified to observe that he was most moderate both in eating and drinking.

The newly-married pair spent some weeks on the Continent, and on their return paid us a short visit. My mother formed the same opinion I had done of Captain Leslie, and we regretted our fascinating friend had not been blessed with a partner of superior intellect and solid piety, who might have raised her views, and induced her to live for something far more noble than to charm her fellow-creatures and gratify herself. She and her husband left us for Alderwood Grange, and shortly afterwards took a house in that neighbourhood.

The following year I visited Grace, just after the birth of her little Arthur; and was grieved to find that both Captain Leslie and the nurse encouraged her to take an unnecessary quantity of wine, porter, and spirits, on pretence that her health required these stimulants. I trembled for my friend, and shed many tears in secret over what I foresaw would be her sad fate.

The Captain's hospitality was unbounded; every one who went to the house must take something to drink, and even the servants, I found, were allowed beer ad libitum.

Darcy and Henry Vernon were also constant visitors, and I seldom saw them perfectly sober. The latter had been suspended for three years, having attended a funeral when intoxicated. My position as guest in such a family was intolerable, so I resolved to curtail my visit as much as possible.

I could not, however, quit my once-admired and still beloved friend without a few words of solemn warning. I spoke to her of the temptations by which she was surrounded, of her responsibility as the mistress of a family, and of the account she would have to give not only of her own wasted talents, but of the little soul God had just committed to her keeping. How could he grow up amid scenes such as I daily witnessed, and escape the soul contagion? Earnestly I implored her to pause at the edge of the precipice, before health, happiness, and her eternal welfare were destroyed in the downward plunge. Grace listened quietly, tried to laugh and assure me I was taking too gloomy a view of the matter, but she ended by bursting
into a flood of tears. I hoped I had made some impression.

Before leaving I also hinted to Rosinet, the pretty, genteel-looking lady's maid, that I thought she was in danger, and begged her to watch and pray, lest she should fall into bad habits. I felt sure I had on more than one occasion seen Rosinet in unnaturally elevated spirits; and, as I had known her ever since my first visit to Alderwood, I ventured to give her a friendly word of advice.

The following winter I was later than usual one morning in making my appearance at the breakfast table, and found my dear mother shedding tears over a country newspaper.

"Oh, Helen, those poor unhappy Vernons!" she exclaimed. "Here is another hurried prematurely to the grave by the enemy he put into his mouth."

It was too true. Henry and a party of friends, who had been dining together, were upset while boating on the Alder. Though he was always remarkable for his dexterity in swimming, his state at the time was such, that he could do nothing to help himself; and all efforts to aid him were useless. Out of a party of six, only two were rescued.

I wrote a letter of condolence to my poor friend, and trusted this tragic event might work a reformation in her, for I had of late heard sad accounts of the doings at Hurst Lodge, her pretty but unhappy home. Nothing, however, save the grace of God can effectually cure the lover of intoxicating liquors. A temporary amendment may sometimes take place from motives of terror or worldly policy, but He alone can heal the sufferer from the dreadful disease of intemperance.

Grace sent me a most touching reply; and, although she did not allude to Henry's failing (she would not have called it by any harsher term), she expressed a wish that her own son should become a water-drinker.

A year and a half passed without my hearing anything of Grace or her belongings. Then I received a letter from Captain Leslie, in which he begged I would go and stay with his wife, who, he said, was much out of health, and also very depressed in spirits.

I lost no time in complying with his request, and soon discovered the cause of Grace's anxiety. Darcy, to whom she was most affectionately attached, was daily sinking lower and lower. I was quite startled when I saw him, he was so changed. Although only twenty-eight years of age, his figure had become stout and unwieldy, his face bloated, his well-formed nose had lost its shape, and was covered with pimples, and his hair was slightly tinged with grey. In his dress he was untidy and slovenly, and his manners had contracted a coarseness very unlike their original polish.

His sister perceived how much I was shocked, and a shade came over her expressive countenance. That night she opened her mind fully to me, and confessed she was most uneasy about Darcy's health; he had already had two apoplectic fits.

"Oh, that he would take the pledge!" said I, bursting into tears; "I believe it is, under God, the only thing that can save him."

"We will drive over to Alder-
wood to-morrow after lunch, and try to persuade him," was Grace's reply.

"Better still earlier in the day; and you must set him the example, my dear friend. You will also find the benefit of total abstinence, but for him it is an absolute necessity. I fear, however, it will be a difficult task to induce him to give up drink of every description; and unless you are prepared to do so yourself, I dare not attempt it, your example will have so much weight. You may think now, that in resolving to take nothing stronger than tea or coffee, you are making a sacrifice, but you will find a rich reward in your own improved health and spirits, and in the approval of your conscience. As to your brother——"

"I would make any sacrifice for dear Darcy," exclaimed Grace with enthusiasm. She clasped her hands, tears filled her large dark eyes, and as she glanced upwards, (I trusted to implore help from above,) I thought I never saw her look more lovely.

It was arranged we should go to Alderwood directly after breakfast the next morning; and I retired to rest with the prayerful hope that I might be the humble means of rescuing my friends from their peril.

What a beautiful drive we had in the fresh morning air. It was the first week in June, and the country looked in perfection. The graceful laburnum still overhung the delicate lilac, stooping as if to whisper sweet words in her ear; the yellow broom, the white and pink may, the charming hedge-roses, and last, not least, the magnificent chesnuts in flower contributed their beauty to the scene, and made me regret it was not of a more enduring nature. Nor must I omit to notice the rich blossoms which almost made the orchards we passed look like a gay garden, and gave promise of tempting autumnal treasures.

But how sad I felt when we entered the park of Alderwood Grange; and as I saw the desolate and neglected appearance of everything around, I could not help contrasting it with the aspect it wore on the evening of my first arrival, when it was evident the owner was a man of taste and property. I am sure Grace noticed my disappointment, for she sighed deeply, but made no remark. The old respected man-servant who appeared at the door, told us his master was far from well, and was now walking in the grounds, so we went through the drawing-room and conservatory, into the garden, to seek for him.

"He must be in the yew-tree walk," said Grace, leading the way. I stopped several times to admire the lovely views, seen through an opening in the trees; and was thoroughly enjoying the varied prospect of distant mountains, nearer fells, peaceful valleys, and winding rivers, when I was startled by a loud scream which proceeded from the rustic summerhouse at the end of the walk. I flew rather than ran thither, and found the distracted sister on her knees by the side of poor Darcy, who was lying on the ground apparently in a fit.

"Run for assistance—quick—dear Helen, or he'll die!" cried she in trembling accents.
JERUSALEM TO JERICHO.
BY S. J. STONE, B.A., AUTHOR OF "LYRA FIDELIUM."

"JERUSALEM to Jericho,"
Such a journey thousands go
In this land of ours, I know:

To the Valley from the Hill,¹
Such a gait go thousands still,—
From the good unto the ill.

Down to the accursed Place²
From the Home of Peace and Grace,³
Willingly they turn their face.

See them, hear them, day by day
Hurrying on the evil way,
One great Robber’s easy prey.

Call him by his title fell,
Drink-Fiend—known and honoured well
By the Robber-chief of Hell.⁴

Or in force or subtlety,
Pitilessly strong is he,
God’s and man’s sworn enemy.

¹ "Down from Jerusalem to Jericho." It is significant that the journey was downwards. Jericho lay nearly 600 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.
² Jericho was the profane city—under a curse (Joshua vi. 26; 1 Kings xvi. 34).
³ Jerusalem means "the Vision of Peace."
⁴ St. John viii. 44.
Plundered, wounded, stripped, are they
Who, at first with faces gay,
Meet him on the Bloody Way.⁵

Helpless, senseless, soon they lie:
But their silence hath a cry—
Who will help them ere they die?

Or in indolence or pride
See how many turn aside!
Word and deed of love denied.

O thou good Samaritan,
By thy love for God and man
Come and do what mercy can!

They are dying, dying there:
Succour them with loving care,
Let thy strength their weakness bear!

In their spirit-wounds be poured
That best balm the heavens afford,
Precious Blood of Christ the Lord.⁶

Then for rest upon the road
Now in hope to be retrod,
Take them to the Church of God.⁷

In Jerusalem one day
Shall you meet again: and they
That sweet debt of love shall pay!

⁵ St. Jerome relates that a part of the road between the two cities bore this title.
⁶ The interpretation of St. Chrysostom.
⁷ Πανδοξίου ἐκκλησία (Theophylact); Stabulum est Ecclesia (St. Augustine). “See in the Inn the figure of the Church” (Trench).
THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
ON TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

We feel assured that the publication of the subjoined correspondence will be acceptable to our readers, and edifying to the Church generally. The letters were written, as the signature will show, during the period of the late Archbishop's occupancy of the See of York. The late venerated Primate had during a long life and ministry proved his earnestness of purpose in promoting every good and useful movement. That he was not unmindful of the Drink-curse, or insensible to the remedies suggested, will evidently appear in the annexed letters, in which he exhibits such anxious concern for one who had been caught up in the vortex of drink, and was being whirled onward to ruin. The late Archbishop lays proper stress, too, on the external cause of the temptation, and strongly urges total Abstinence from the drink, as an imperative necessity of the case. And to show how strong is the link of connection between the Abstinence of the sober man, as proof of sympathy, with the Abstinence of the drunkard, as a matter of necessity, we may observe that the late Primate had been for many years himself an Abstainer—we believe for part of the time he presided as Bishop over the diocese of Ripon.

We are thankful to be enabled, through the kindness of a friend, to publish the following suggestive documents. They were addressed by the late Archbishop to a person in whose welfare he seems to have been much and deeply interested. He reasons and argues and pleads with his friend, commends him to the power of prayer, and furnishes a very beautiful form of prayer, to offer at the Throne of grace. He watches his case, sees and deplores a downfall, and then lifts him up again with the power of a loving sympathy. There are many of us who seem as though we were reading somewhat similar to many cases we have ourselves met with in our own experience—souls with which we have "travailed in pain" until they were "begotten again" and delivered from their bondage, and led to higher, holier, and better things. The Archbishop, however, proceeds:—

"August 5th, 1860.

"I send you a prayer, which I have prepared on purpose for you and I pray God that you may so use it, from the heart, and not with
the lips only, that it may be a prevailing prayer, and be the means of delivering you from your bondage to sin.

"I well know that there must be a hard struggle before you are quite free, but freedom, and peace with God and with yourself, are worth struggling for; are they not, my good friend? Then think what a struggle your blessed Lord and Saviour went through for your sake! What suffering He bore on the Cross, as well as before the Cross, that you might be saved, and will you not consent to suffer something for Him, the Friend of sinners? Take courage, be of good heart, it won't last long—every day you resist, resistance will become easier to you.

"But, remember, God can hardly be expected to deliver us from evil, if we lead ourselves into temptation. You must determine, then, never again to go into a public-house. You must give up all business, if you have any such, which draws you towards the public-house; you must set your face like a flint against it. 'Watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation.' Let this be your watchword. My prayers will be offered daily for you; and I believe that God would not have put it into my heart to visit you, had He not meant to show you mercy. I know your weakness, and how you yielded after I was gone, but you have bitterly repented as I hope, and are again turning to the God of your help. Seek Him in private prayer, seek Him in church, and He will not turn from you or forsake you.

"Your friend and well-wisher,

C. T. EBOR.

"Almighty and most merciful Father, Creator of all things, Judge of all men, I, thine unworthy servant, desire to acknowledge and bewail my great and manifold sins, by which I have justly provoked Thy wrath and indignation against me; the remembrance of them is grievous unto me, the burden is intolerable: for I have sinned against light, I have sinned against knowledge, I have sinned against the warnings of friends from without, and the cry of conscience from within; but Thou art a God of mercy, and of great loving-kindness, full of compassion, long-suffering, and of great pity. Thou wilt not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax; desiring to spare when we deserve punishment. To me, then, who with penitent and contrite heart confess my sins unto Thee, do Thou of Thy great goodness, and for Thy dear Son's sake, grant Thy pardon, and that peace which the world cannot give. Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb which cleanseth from all sin. Blot out my misdeeds, and give me the comfort of Thy help again.

"Bring back Thy wandering sheep to the fold of Christ. Turn me, and I
shall be turned from my evil ways. Grant me strength to keep firm and stedfast in my good resolutions; to resist all temptations, and to set my face as a flint against my besetting sin. Give me courage to fight against my spiritual enemy; and at last to beat him down under my feet. Give me grace to be watchful and circumspect, so that my footsteps slip not. Do Thou uphold my goings, and I shall be safe; so shall I praise Thy name, and give thanks to Thee evermore, when Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

"Hear me, O Father! in the name and through the mediation of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.


"I received and read your letter of the 15th. inst., with feelings of great thankfulness to Almighty God for His great mercy to you in giving you grace and strength to stand firm in your purposes of giving up your habit of drinking to intoxication.

"You see how your dear mother's prayers are now answered, as well as the many other prayers that have been offered by yourself and others, that you might be able to beat down Satan under your feet.

"It is well that you have throughly felt your own weakness, and have been convinced that you can do nothing in your own strength. This will give fresh fervour to your prayers for grace, knowing as you now do that Christ is all in all, and that without Him you can do nothing. So true is it, that when we are weak then we are the strongest; for when humbled and abased by our own infirmity, we fly to Him who is the strength of all them who put their trust in Him, and then we are safe.

"May it please God, through Christ, to give you the grace of perseverance, which I firmly believe He will do, and enable you to live to His glory, as a monument of His great mercy and goodness.

"I am, your sincere friend,

C. T. EBOR.

"Bishopthorpe, York, Jan. 13th, 1861.

"I am much afraid from my not having heard from you lately that you have not been able to give me so good an account of yourself as you did in your first letter, and my fears have been confirmed by what I have lately heard through Mrs. R—.

"This is a great grief and sorrow to me; and I know that you must yourself have had feelings of great compunction and misery after a relapse into your former evil practice.
“Now, I see plainly that in your case you cannot be safe unless you resolve to give up tasting any fermented liquor; and binding yourself never to taste it.

“Let me, then, most strongly advise you to take the pledge, and to do so at once. No doubt it is God’s grace alone which can give you strength to resist temptation, but at the same time you should neglect no human means which may help you; and I consider that, in your case, taking the pledge may be a real help. Prayer is indeed most powerful, but prayer alone will not, as I have told you, keep you from sin, unless you take every means of watching also against your besetting sin. The pledge is a part of watchfulness; and if you are truly purposed to give up your ruinous course, you will gladly and thankfully use this help in conquering your evil propensity. That God may give you grace in answer to your prayers, and may you be firm in your determination to set your face as a flint against sin, and to cut off the right hand rather than perish in your sin,

“I am your sincere friend and well-wisher,

C. T. EBOR.

“Bishopthorpe, Yorkshire, Aug. 8th, 1861.

“I have been deeply distressed to hear of your fall. You must remember, as I have ever told you, that if we will lead ourselves into temptation we cannot expect that God will deliver us from evil. You do lead yourself into temptation, as it is now quite evident, by taking any fermented liquor at all; it is quite certain, then, that your great safety, next to God’s help, is in taking the pledge, and making a solemn covenant that you will never taste fermented liquors, or spirits of any kind,—otherwise you will be constantly leading yourself into temptation, and as constantly falling. For God does not help those who do not help themselves, nor can all our prayers help you, unless you will try to help yourself. You have been humbled very much in the sight of man, by this your fall; humble yourself also in your own sight, and in the sight of God. Confess your sin and your weakness, resolve never to taste fermented liquors again, and pray God continually to give you His grace that you may keep the pledge you have taken, and then I shall have good hope that all will be well.

“I am your friend and well-wisher.

C. T. EBOR.”
THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

HELPING MOTHER.

(Continued from page 36.)

GERGE laid awake long after he went to bed that night, thinking about the tea-meeting, and wishing he was as old as Ralph, that he might earn money, and buy his mother a new dress; and when, at last, he went to sleep, the subject still haunted his dreams.

Now I must tell you that Mrs. Saunders, the person in whose house the Hunts lived, was a very kind-hearted woman, and a faithful friend to Mrs. Hunt. Many were the little acts of kindness the poor widow’s children had to thank her for. During their father’s lifetime she had often given them food when they were hungry; and now, knowing they were alone all day, she went up once or twice to see they were all right, and to speak a word of kind encouragement to little George.

On the morning after the conversation about the ticket, when she went up, she was surprised to find George in tears. She soon heard the cause,—George ending with his oft-repeated wish that he was old enough to earn money. Mrs. Saunders could scarcely help smiling at him, but he was so in earnest, that checking her amazement, she said, kindly, “Never mind, Georgie; cheer up, my boy;—and if you really wish to buy your mother a new dress, and would not mind working for it, I think I can help you to do that now, without waiting till you are much older.”

“Oh, can you, ma’am?” said George eagerly, his eyes glistening with pleasure. “Only tell me the way, and I don’t care how hard I work.”

“Well, in the house where my sister is servant, they want a little boy like you for a few hours every morning, to clean the knives and boots, and run on errands. You would earn two shillings a week; and you can save it until you have enough to buy your mother a dress, and I will make it for you.”

“Oh! thank you, Mrs. Saunders; I will go willingly. But can I get it in time for the tea-meeting?” said George.

“How long is it before then?” asked Mrs. Saunders.
“Not till Thursday week,” replied George; “but oh! I forgot; I can’t go, Mrs. Saunders, for who would mind the children while I am away? Mother leaves them with me, you know.”

“Yes, but I think I can mind them for you,—I haven’t much work just now. They would play about with mine; and it will not be all day long you will be away. I daresay they will be good; at all events we can try, if your mother does not mind. I will get the dress for you, and you can finish paying me for it afterwards.”

George felt sure the children would be good; so it was arranged that he should go, if the lady would take him.

In the evening he asked his mother’s consent, which she gave, though she wondered very much what he could wish to do with the money, that he should desire to keep it all himself for the first few weeks, after which he said he would give it to her. However, she gave him leave to do so; and next morning George presented himself before the lady, who feared he would not be old enough, but agreed to try him and see what he could do.

George determined he would be so quick and obedient that they should be satisfied with his service, though he was so small. And he kept to his determination and succeeded. He tried so hard to please them, that at the end of the first week, they were quite willing he should stay; and he ran home to Mrs. Saunders with this good news. His two shillings seemed to him quite a wonderful sum—he had never had so much money of his own before—and very proud and pleased he was with it!

Meanwhile, Mrs. Saunders had kept her word, and bought and made a new dress, which George thought the most wonderful dress he had ever seen. Again and again he thanked Mrs. Saunders for her kindness; and she, good woman, felt repaid by his joy and gratitude. Ah! the sweetest pleasure this world affords comes from helping others; the seeds of kindness scattered in the paths of others are sure to bring forth flowers of joy in our own! Try it, dear reader, and you will reap the benefit of every act of kindness, however small, which you may perform for others.

(To be continued.)
“THE FRIEND IN NEED PAPERS.”

HERE is, perhaps, scarcely any *desideratum* more strongly felt in our Temperance Associations than that of a good and trustworthy supply of cheap tracts and papers for general and special distribution. A large number of publications are, it is true, continually issuing from the Temperance press, but their quality is by no means in proportion with their quantity. They are well-intentioned and zealous, and some of them are forcible enough; but, over and over again, there are offences against literary propriety and general good taste that very considerably curtail their influence, and produce disappointment among friends, and give occasion to enemies for ridicule and reproach. All this is especially true of the greater part of the Verse literature of the Temperance movement; but it has a wide, if a less extended, application to the prose writing. In the knowledge of this state of things we all the more heartily welcome the issue of a Series of Papers bearing the title which stands at the head of this notice. We observe that they are to appear monthly; and, although only the first three have at present come under our observation, they promise so excellently that, although we prudently refuse to commit ourselves to an approval of those which we have not as yet seen, yet we can sincerely say thus much, that if they fulfil the anticipations which these three justify, they will form a very valuable addition to the Tract literature of the movement. We heartily recommend them to Clergymen and members of Committees for wide and regular distribution. We are disposed to consider it an excellent characteristic of these papers, as far as they have gone, that, while their influence and object are all in harmony with our Total Abstinence principles (and they are virtually Temperance publications), yet there is so little of a forced or narrow spirit about them that we believe even a non-abstaining Clergyman would be inclined to make use of them amongst his people. “*Getting the Better of It*” is the title of the first Tract, “*A Sad Story*” of the second, and “*The Broken Pledge*” of the third. In the first, the interest and the pathos of the story is of the kind that has brought tears into so many eyes in the Parable of the Prodigal Son. The second is throughout what its title implies; too much so, if it were not so true, and so often true, and if there were not so real a necessity that such truth should be made known. The third is the least original of the three, but it is interesting, and well written. They each make eight pages, and the print is clear and upon good paper, and the price is a halfpenny. We have read them with pleasure, and hope the following numbers of the Series will be worthy companions of their predecessors. If so, we are quite sure, in respect of what we have said at the beginning of this notice, that the motto of the papers will be justified also in another sense, “A friend in need is a friend indeed.”
SUNDAY SCHOLARS IN PRISON.

To the Editor of the "Church of England Temperance Magazine."

You will allow me to thank you, dear Mr. Editor, for your kind remarks on my poor labours as Chaplain of the County Gaol here. I wish to correct a slight mistake in your leading article of last month respecting the number of Sunday scholars in the prison. In my Report I said that I had carefully inquired into the antecedents of 1,500 prisoners; but that I would lay before the magistrates an analysis of the previous lives of 1,000 out of the 1,500.

As to the denominations to which they professed to belong—502 were members of the United Church of England and Ireland; 347 Roman Catholics; 100 Methodists; 34 Independents; 5 Presbyterians; 2 Swedenborgians; 1 a Jew; 1 a German Lutheran; 1 a black man of the Episcopal Church in America; 4 Unitarians; and 3 of no religion whatever.

Of the Roman Catholics very few ever attended Sunday-school—only 117 out of the 347—and these for very short periods. I now come to the most startling statement in my report, viz., that, out of 649 Protestant prisoners, 593 had attended Sunday-schools, between six and seven years each on an average! This fact ought to be pondered and meditated on by every Sunday-school teacher in the kingdom; and it ought at once to make them total abstainers, for drink is the chief obstacle to the success of their labours.

In my Report there was another startling statement to which you have not referred, namely, that out of 649 Protestant prisoners, 30 had been teachers in Sunday-schools!

As to the number of prisoners committed directly for drunkenness during the year, there were 1,647; viz., 1,123 males, and 524 females. But I said in my Report, "To this fearfully large number we must make a great addition, because there have been committed for assaults, and for want of sureties to keep the peace, 876, viz., 715 males, and 161 females. A very large number of these cases have certainly sprung from drink, directly or indirectly."

Manchester, Feb. 2, 1869.

William Caine, M.A.

"A Lancashire Clergyman, the Rev. W. Bradbury, Vicar of Skerton, in the course of his sermon on Sunday, made the following proposal to his congregation:—'If fifty of you men are willing to sign the pledge after this service, I am willing, if you wish it, to do the same. It is a simple pledge:' 'I promise, by Divine assistance, to abstain from all intoxicating drinks as a beverage.' And if fifty of you women agree to do so, my wife and my brother minister (the curate) will do the same.' Nearly fifty persons took the required pledge that night."—Pall Mall Gazette.
MONTHLY LETTER.
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

On Monday, January 18, the committee entertained at a social meeting in the Lecture-hall, 337, Strand (kindly granted by the Temperance League), about fifty Scripture Readers and Home Missionaries and their wives. Several ladies were present, and presided at the tea-tables. The object of the Conference was to impress upon those present the importance of the Scripture Readers and Missionaries incorporating the advocacy of Temperance with their other Christian labours. After tea, a meeting was held, when the Rev. C. Skrine first (as he was obliged to leave) addressed an earnest speech to those assembled. Major-General Eardley Wilmot, Vice-president, who presided, delivered a telling speech, in the course of which he stated that until he became a total abstainer he believed he had never influenced a single person to leave off drink. He earnestly wished that not only would non-abstaining missionaries, but their wives also become abstainers. After a few words from Lieut.-Colonel Sandwith, Mr. J. Bennett Anderson, who represented the Home missionaries, gave a number of interesting passages from his own experience of teetotalism. Mr. Williams (Editor of the Church Standard) said, he had much mental work to perform, but felt quite sure that he was far better without intoxicating drinks. His medical attendant had recommended him brandy, but he had learned to know that sleep was the only true restorative. After a few impressive remarks from Mr. Wm. Spriggs, the Rev. W. Nightingale, of Sherborne, Dorset, referred to the growing importance of the Society convening the meeting. Mr. Bartle, Scripture-reader, delivered an amusing and instructive address. Mr. Charles Drake, who represented the Scripture-readers, spoke very earnestly. Other speeches were delivered by Wm. Tweedie, Esq.; Mr. Winton, City Missionary; and Rev. Thos. Rooke, who pleaded earnestly in favour of personal abstinence.

On Sunday afternoon, Jan. 24, Mr. Rooke preached in the parish church, Aldershot; and in the evening in the Bishop's School-room, Hale, near Farnham, on the principles of the Church of England Temperance Reformation. On the following evening Mr. Rooke addressed a large meeting in the same place (Hale). The Rev. J. C. Morgan, Vicar of Aldershot, was also present, and spoke. The chair was filled by the Vicar of Hale, the Rev. G. E. Fox, who, at the close of the meeting expressed his satisfaction at what he had heard, and set the example by himself signing the Society's declaration of abstinence, an example followed by sixty-four persons in the meeting.

On Friday, January 29, Mr. Rooke attended and spoke at the Ryecour-Harbour Association. It was the New Year's Meeting of the Associa-
tion, and was preceded by a substantial tea, under the auspices of the beloved president, Mrs. Lucas-Shadwell. The room was quite filled at the meeting, at which Mr. Lucas-Shadwell presided. Captain Stileman was also present; and after an agreeable and it is hoped profitable evening, the gathering dispersed about 10 o'clock.

The Scripture Readers' Monthly Conference was held on February 1st. The Tract Committee are continuing their work, and hope to be able to issue a classified list in our next number. The Monthly Committee was held on the 4th ult. The New Association for dealing with the Laws of the Liquor traffic has occupied much attention from our Committee this month.

On Tuesday, February 2nd, Mr. Rooke attended a meeting convened to establish a Parochial Association in St. Matthias's district, Islington. The Rev. H. J. Berguer, Incumbent of the District, presided. We hope to see soon a flourishing association under his earnest auspices.

A correspondent writes: — "We have bona fide commenced a Society, and are advancing steadily. A Committee has been formed of the Abstainers, and we are holding meetings once a fortnight in the school-room. We are simply a parochial society, and at present have not attached ourselves formally to any larger organization. All members of the Society, over fourteen years of age, pay threepence entrance fee, and a penny per fortnight afterwards, though larger subscriptions are not refused. Our meetings are well attended, at which we have recitations and melodies to relieve the speeches.

On Tuesday evening, January 26th, a Temperance meeting was held at Iver, Bucks, in connection with the Iver Branch of our Society. There was an excellent attendance. The Rev. H. E. Windle presided, and, after singing and prayer, spoke of the importance of the Temperance movement. Mr. Miller, a working man, followed. Several Temperance glees etc. were sung at intervals, in excellent style by friends from the adjoining village of Colnbrook, under the leadership of Mr. C. Roberts (Mr. J. C. Wade presiding at the harmonium); and thus contributing not a little to the enjoyment of the evening. We wish the young Society much success.

On Wednesday evening, Feb. 3, a Temperance Meeting was held for the first time in the village of Stanford Dingley, near Reading, in the newly-erected National School-room. An address was delivered by the Rev. Charles Ough, Curate of St. James', Clerkenwell. Considering the size of the village, the attendance was very encouraging. As the rector, the Rev. A. B. Valpy, who takes a deep interest in the welfare of his parish, highly approves of our movement, there is good reason to hope that a Society will be formed there.

The Rev. R. Maguire, accompanied by Mr. George Cruikshank, visited Leicester, and lectured there, on Feb. 4; and on the 5th addressed the Parochial Temperance Association at Enderby, in the parish school-room, the vicar, Rev. C. Edwards, presiding.

I must, in conclusion, remind our Collectors and Subscribers that our year ends on March 31st, and that all Subscriptions and Collections should be paid in before that date.
ON INTEMPERANCE:
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF CONVOCATION.

E hail the appearance of this Report with feelings of the deepest interest. When the Committee was appointed we certainly felt thankful, and hoped that good would come out of the fact that the attention of such men, dignitaries of our Church, as those named in the Committee was about to be directed to the most important social, if, indeed, we are not justified in using the word religious, question of the day; but though we had reason to know something of the nature of the inquiries set on foot, and the earnestness with which they were unceasingly pursued by the Venerable Chairman since the Committee was appointed, we were hardly prepared for a Report of a character so thorough in the information the Committee has evidently had before it, and so practical in the remedies suggested to meet the evils it so boldly and unhesitatingly brings to light.

The Report, it is true, has not yet been discussed by either House of Convocation; but the importance of a document of such a nature, representing the opinion of such men as Dean Alford, Dean Hook, Dean Champneys, Dean Stanley,—six of the best-known archdeacons,—seven of our distinguished canons,—and an eastern and western prebendary of our metropolis, cannot easily be overstated, and we must most sincerely congratulate the Venerable Chairman on the work he and his Committee have so far achieved.


We must quote in full the statement of the Report under the first
division, that our readers may be satisfied as to the extensive premises from which the conclusions are deduced.

"(1.) The Method and Range of the Inquiry.—That, as it appears to your Committee, the subject of this inquiry intimately and vitally affects the social condition and spiritual life of our people, they have sought to deal with it in a manner and on a scale commensurate with its importance. With this view they have felt it their duty to communicate not merely with the parochial clergy of the dioceses in the province of Canterbury, and through them, as far as possible, with the medical and other authorities of their respective parishes, but also with those persons throughout the whole country whose position or practical experience might enable them to afford information and counsel upon a subject of such national importance. Forms of inquiry have, therefore, been transmitted by their Chairman to the governors and chaplains of prisons, and heads of the constabulary throughout Great Britain; to the superintendents of lunatic asylums in England and Wales; to the judges, the recorders, the coroners, and the masters of workhouses throughout England. The Committee have also invited the counsel of proprietors in various parts of the country, who are known to have taken an enlightened and benevolent interest in the question under consideration, and to have aimed at the discouragement and repression of intemperance on their estates and in their respective localities.

"Their Report must, therefore, be understood generally to express not merely the judgment of the parochial clergy of the province of Canterbury, but of persons of intelligence and experience throughout the realm, whose acquaintance with the domestic and social condition of our people, and whose interest in their welfare, qualify them to speak on this subject with authority. To all their informants the Committee feel deeply indebted, and desire to return their cordial acknowledgments for the assistance afforded them in their arduous and painful inquiry. Every care was taken to supply the clergy with the necessary forms, and notices soliciting their attention have, from time to time, been inserted in the newspapers. The Committee have felt that the clergy, being an order to whom the spiritual charge of the people is committed, and who must be, more or less, cognizant of the ruin, to both soul and body, which this terrible vice is working in their midst, above all others, are required to contend with an evil of such gigantic dimensions and disastrous results as intemperance."

On the extent of the Evil and the causes of it, direct and indirect, the readers of our pages are very fully informed. The Beer-house system is arraigned as chiefest of the causes, and the multiplication of
facilities for intemperance, while all restricting laws are set at nought, is shown to be the measure, we had almost said, for the crime and pauperism of the country. But to show how thoroughly the Committee have sifted this question, we extract the following from under the head of Indirect Causes: Holding meetings of benefit societies in public-houses,—conducting bargains,—making payments in public-houses,—part payment of wages in drink,—giving gratuities in drink,—drinking at auction sales,—drinking bouts at marriages, christenings, and funerals,—mop fairs,—village wakes,—tithe dinners,—and in addition to these, the Committee deprecates the introduction of drink on any pretence whatever into the belfries of our churches,—drinking habits of commercial travellers,—billeting soldiers and militia at public-houses. These are among the indirect causes.

As to the National Results the Report speaks in a tone of unmistakeable emphasis:

"The results of intemperance, as pourtrayed in the evidence before your Committee, are of the most appalling description. To this cause may be traced many of the crimes and miseries which disturb the peace of States, and poison the happiness of families: while it depraves the character, impairs the strength, shatters the health and nerves, and brings thousands to an early death. It is found to fill our prisons, our workhouses, our lunatic asylums, and penitentiaries, and, more than any other cause or complication of causes, to frustrate the efforts and baffle the hopes of all who have at heart the elevation and welfare of our people."

It proceeds to show the results in individuals, on the family, on society, on our National expenditure. It shows that the destitution of the country, which is so largely caused by intemperance, involves about one twentieth of the population of England and Wales, about that proportion being in receipt of parochial relief,—that to this same cause may be traced the loss of at least one day in six of productive labour in almost every department of trade throughout the kingdom, besides the derangement of many industrial operations, and the imperfection of work even when done. It states that if three-fourths of the sum now annually spent by the British nation in their drinks were capitalised for seven years it would sweep off the National Debt. It states that the quantity of grain used (abused) to produce these drinks would be fully sufficient to furnish daily food to millions; and it
SHOULD LADIES TAKE THE PLEDGE?

BY A LADY.

Totalers when speaking of the pledge to women, particularly to those moving in the higher ranks of society, are often dismissed with the reply, "Oh, that is all very well for drunkards, and such like; but as we of course, from our education and position, are quite safe, there is no reason why we should deny ourselves one innocent luxury." And if reminded of the apostle's warning to those who think they stand, the allusion is probably (may we not almost say, certainly) regarded as an insult.

But, alas! the records of some of our leading journals give no reason for such security. On the contrary they speak of drunkenness as being sadly on the increase among women even of the upper classes, and suggests that much of the blame rests on the almost unlimited use of stimulants so often prescribed by medical men. Even in the writer's own circle of acquaintance have been those suffering from drunken mothers and wives; a fact of course concealed as much as possible from the world around. These ladies had enjoyed every advantage of position, education, and in one case at least of wealth; some had attentive loving husbands, and young families, for whose sake it might have been imagined that they would have thrown off so degrading a habit. With regard to the lower classes, all District-Visitors will acknowledge the terrible prevalence of drinking among the women, and how very much more difficult it is to reform them, than the men.

The very height that woman is by public opinion raised above this sad vice, seems to render her fall only the deeper when it comes. The temptations which beset a woman are of a very different class to
those which surround her husband, brothers, and sons. A respectable woman would feel it a disgrace to be seen sitting in a public-house: a lady is excluded from a wine-party; and the drawing-room retirement, after dessert, shields her from what is a time of temptation to at least some men at a large dinner-party. But, perhaps, in the middle of the day she feels faint and weak; yet she must see after her house, her children, her visitors. A glass of wine removes all unpleasant feelings, and gives her a momentary strength. After a time the remedy fails of its wonted success; a second glass is required, followed possibly by a little weak brandy and water; and so the foundation is laid of the fatal habit, which is thus contracted so secretly and subtilly that the poor slave is as ignorant as her friends of the chains she is weaving for herself till the iron enters into her soul and theirs too.

A medical man told a friend of the writer, that many ladies when seriously ill, and during convalescence, were ordered by their doctors large quantities of beer, wine, or spirits, which on their recovery they had not strength of mind to leave off. Again, during the pressure of sorrow, recourse is sometimes had by women as well as men to stimulants, and with the same sad results in both cases. Of course, it does not follow that everyone who takes a glass of wine, now and then, will necessarily become a drunkard, any more than that everyone who incautiously approaches the edge of a precipice will certainly fall over; but who, in the latter case, would wish to risk his life on such a chance? And it is a sad fact, that love of drink may be inherited as surely as consumption or gout. A large handsome country house, well-known to the writer, was successively tenanted by three generations, all of whom were victims to this terrible habit. Should not the bare idea of transmitting so fearful a curse to her offspring, make any mother stop and reflect?

But, apart from any moral danger to ourselves, there is a physical one to be apprehended from a careless use of stimulants, even where nothing approaching inebriety ever appears. Not merely may many diseases be thus produced or increased, such as gout; but in cases of serious illness, where stimulants would be a valuable medicine, their power is gone, except in such large quantities as to be in danger of producing an over-dose. A sister of the writer’s, when dangerously ill, was kept alive by wine every seven minutes; and the doctor stated that the fact of her being a teetotaller was much in her favour, increasing the effect of the stimulant. Had she been in the habit of taking
several glasses of wine, as well perhaps as beer, every day, as so many do, how difficult it would have been to get anything strong enough to cause a rally, particularly as just then her throat would hardly have permitted her to swallow anything very fiery.

If, after duly pondering the above, any woman should still deliberately come to the conclusion that she is not and cannot be in any danger herself, can she say the same of those around her? To say nothing of other individuals of her own sex, are there, as previously hinted, no temptations surrounding her husband, brothers, sons? Are there no times, when she would feel glad to hear them say, "No!" to those who press them to drink? Would not the sting of the sneer be removed if they could point to the mother, wife, or sister, delicate, refined, and lady-like, and yet quite contented to abstain?

Probably no lady, until she becomes a teetotaller, will quite know the difficulties and trials of so doing. No habit is easily broken, and day after day to persist in a course of unobtrusive self-denial, particularly if laughed at, is not pleasant at the time, however rich may be the subsequent reward. But those who know and love our gracious Saviour will bear glad testimony to the abundant strength He can afford in every time of need, whether great or small, long or short; and, if this self-denial be entered upon with a single eye to His glory, we may be assured that it will not be unnoticed or forgotten.

S. H.

THE BEER-SHOP MOVEMENT.—An influential meeting of the National Association for the Amendment of the Liquor Laws was held in St. James’s Hall on Feb. 17, under the presidency of his Grace the Archbishop of York. The Deputation appointed at it waited on Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bruce on March 4 relative to the Beer-shops, seeking to prevent the issue of any new licenses to fresh applicants under the Act of 1830. The deputation was headed by His Grace the Archbishop of York, and the Bishop of Peterborough was also present. The latter, with the Bishops of Hereford and Lichfield, are Vice-presidents of the new Association. It is very cheering to see our bishops thus at length coming to the front in this part of the war between heaven and hell. Would that they could see their way to join our own Church of England Temperance Reformation Society! How much of new impulse would they give it! How much of influence among the masses would they thus gain! Though we have not as yet our natural leaders as a Church Society, we are endeavouring to wage the war, and we cannot but feel that God is blessing our feeble efforts.
ALDERWOOD GRANGE.

(Continued from page 48.)

In an incredibly short time I returned with the terrified servants, but we were too late. The vital spark had fled, I suspect, ere Grace entered the summer-house. Thus all the fair hopes were blighted which we had formed the previous evening. The last opportunity had passed away, the soul had gone to its solemn account, and our anxiety and loving plans for its welfare were of no avail.

My poor friend remained in the house of mourning. I returned to Hurst Lodge to communicate the sad intelligence to Captain Leslie. He and Rosinet accompanied me back to Alderwood, where we found the bereaved sister in a terrible state of distress and wretchedness.

The hope of Darcy's reformation, with which my proposal had inspired her, only rendered her present despair the greater. She reproached herself for having encouraged rather than checked her brother's evil propensities, and she knew she had even by her own examples sanctioned his excesses. How tenderly George and I, (for the sole remaining son of the house, of course, attended the funeral), endeavoured, while trying to console the heart-broken mourner, to lead her to repentance and amendment of life. Alas! our efforts were useless; and I cannot describe the hopelessness I felt, when I found she sought to drown her misery in the exhilarating draughts of the wine-cup. She said she could not bear her own reflections, that there was a curse upon the family, and they should soon all be swept away. I pointed out to her what that curse was, and besought her with tears to break off her evil habit before it was too late. But she had no strength of her own to enable her to do so, and I fear she did not seek help from Him who can alone “deliver us from temptation.”

Arthur had grown a very fine boy, and his little sister, now six months old, was a sweet pet. I offered up many fervent prayers that both these children might be preserved from the fatal sin.

Captain Leslie was one of those unrefined unintellectual kind of men, who find their greatest enjoyment in the pleasures of the table. He denied himself no indulgence, and to say the truth he was equally generous to others; indeed, he and his wife were so liberal and kind-hearted, that they were universal favourites with all their neighbours, gentle and simple.

The Captain seldom went to bed quite sober, and he strove hard to induce me to give up my temperance principles. Nothing surely could have tended more to confirm them, than the example I now saw daily before me; and as I found I could no longer do any good, I was not sorry to receive a summons home from my beloved mother.

Before I leave this part of my subject, I must mention that Darcy's affairs were in such a state, that it was thought advisable to let Alderwood Grange, and George was to be called to the bar, as was originally intended.
My own marriage took place the following year; and as I passed within twenty miles of Hurst Lodge on my wedding trip, I made up my mind to go and see my once dear friend, in the hope that my husband, an earnest advocate of total abstinence, might influence her for good.

We were received with the greatest kindness, and were most hospitably treated; but nothing we could say or do produced the slightest effect on our entertainers. They seemed bent on destruction; and on more than one occasion I had the bitter trial of seeing Grace in a state my feelings will not allow me to describe. "Like mistress like maid;" the pretty and pleasing Rosinet had also changed for the worse; she was untidy in person, and awkward in manner, and the soft gentle tones of her voice had become loud and discordant. The love of drink is a moral disease more infectious and more to be dreaded than the most malignant fever; and when the heads of a household are attacked by it, woe to their children and servants.

Happily the little Leslies were still too young to be injured by bad examples; and I am thankful to say their mother did not sin, as some foolish parents do, by giving them sips of wine from their earliest years.

We left our friends with sad forebodings and heavy hearts; and after this visit I ceased altogether to correspond with Grace. Our views were so dissimilar, our walks in life so different, that we had no interests in common; but I begged she would always consider me a true friend, and would apply to me, if I could at any time be of service to her. I subsequently heard that she and her husband spent the next two years either at Hurst Lodge, or at a shooting-box they had in Scotland. Matters grew worse and worse. The same change took place in Grace's appearance, that I had noticed with such regret in Darcy's; and the once admired Mrs. Leslie was seen even by those who were not of her own household in a state of degradation shameful to behold.

Owing to my husband's delicate health, we spent those two years abroad; but shortly after our return, we attended a Temperance fête held at Richmond, in the beautiful grounds of a gentleman, whose exertions in the cause are beyond all praise. A group on the lawn, consisting of a remarkably handsome lady and gentleman, and a fine boy, apparently about six years of age, soon attracted my attention. To my surprise, the gentleman advanced to meet me with great eagerness and evident pleasure. For a moment I was at a loss to imagine who it could be; but then I recognised the open countenance and manly bearing of George Vernon! The first greetings over, I naturally asked, "What news of dear Grace and her husband? I hope they are well."

A cloud instantly came over the bright face; he seemed overcome by his feelings, and leant on the back of a garden chair for support. I then noticed that he was in deep mourning, and I also became quite agitated. The story he had to relate was indeed a sad one, but his emotion would not allow him to give me any particulars: those I learnt afterwards from another source. He merely told me that Grace had had a severe illness, but
was recovering, when unfortunately she took an over dose of laudanum, instead of the medicine which had been prescribed. With her latest breath she implored her little son never to taste any intoxicating liquor; and begged that he might be placed under the charge of his uncle George.

Poor Captain Leslie’s grief was intense, but it did not lead to a change in his habits or way of life. At the funeral he was in the deepest affliction; and on their return home George took occasion to speak most seriously and affectionately to him. Judge, then, of his consternation when later on in the day he found the unfortunate man stretched helplessly on the floor, unable to move or utter a word. An attack of delirium tremens was the consequence; and at the time I met my old friend, the poor Captain was living with a maiden sister in the west of Scotland; his evil habits were fast hurrying him to the drunkard’s grave.

“Alderwood Grange is still let,” continued George; “but I hope in a few years to be able to take it into my own hands, and live there occasionally, for I would not on any account give up my profession. Until that time, I shall pay an annual visit to the dear old Church, and to that sacred spot in the churchyard which contains so many dear to me. In eight short years, six members of our once happy family (besides Grace’s little girl,) have been laid there; and oh!” he burst forth with bitter anguish, “in all probability most of them would be now alive, and ornaments to society, were it not for that fatal drink! Can you wonder that I am a sincere advocate of the temperance movement; and that I never take anything stronger than tea or coffee?”

He paused for a short time to allow me to recover myself, for I was weeping bitterly, and then said, “I must now introduce you to my dear wife and to Arthur Leslie, who is with her. You know them both, for the former is no other than Ethel’s sister May, the youngest bridesmaid at dear Grace’s wedding; and your little godson often talks of you, and rides on the beautiful rocking-horse you gave him.”

I was very much pleased with the youthful Mrs. Vernon, and that meeting led to a real friendship between us. Arthur was strikingly like the uncle after whom he was named, but there was frequently a shade of sadness on his handsome face. He had a suspicion of the melancholy truth; for, poor boy, he had unfortunately seen both parents unduly excited by drink, and though endeavours were made to mislead him as to the cause, like most children, he was too acute to be entirely deceived. I soon became deeply attached to the dear little fellow, and rejoiced to see how strictly he observed his mother’s dying injunction.

The description I had afterwards, of the closing scenes of her life was most distressing. She had for some time been very irritable and desponding; her health too had completely given way. One thing alone could have saved her—total abstinence;—but this was the remedy no power on earth could have induced her to adopt. On the contrary, she increased her potations, and became seriously ill. Her medical attendant of course forbade all stimulants, so she was nursed
and watched, and was progressing towards recovery, when the experienced nurse was allowed to depart; and Grace had, alas! no difficulty in persuading Rosinet to let her have the beverage for which she thirsted. The dose of laudanum was the sad consequence of this indulgence.

When the poor victim found there was no hope, her despair was fearful to behold; she called wildly on the Saviour she had so long neglected, and joined fervently in the prayers offered up for her by the excellent clergyman who hastened to her bedside. Then the thought of her darling Arthur almost drove her mad with grief. As George told me, she requested that he might have the charge of her precious son, and then begged she might see the child quite alone. What took place when he and his dying mother were together for the last time, with no earthly eye to mark them, none can tell; but when the room was re-entered, poor Arthur was sobbing bitterly on the loving heart which soon would cease to beat, and she was lying back exhausted on her pillow, one white cold hand half hidden amid the rich curls of his dark brown hair.

Grace died truly penitent; may we not hope that like the pardoned thief, her sins were forgiven at the eleventh hour, for her Redeemer's sake?

At the inquest, which of course it was necessary to hold, there were several persons present, who in spite of the verdict "Accidental death," firmly believed that poor Mrs. Leslie had taken the laudanum designedly.

Thus perished, in the prime of her age, one who possessed all the qualities which adorn society, captivate the affections of others, and render a woman the attractive centre of the sphere she occupies in life. A single fatal vice hurried her to an early grave, pitied and regretted it is true, but no less blamed by all who knew her.

A short time since, I was passing with my husband down a narrow street in Westminster, when we saw a poor miserable wretch come staggering out of a magnificent gin-palace. She had a puny sickly-looking infant in her arms, and in spite of her degraded appearance, there was something about her which awakened my interest, and spoke of better days. As we met, I gazed at her attentively and uttered the name "Rosinet!"—She turned, regarded me with a half tipsy unconscious look, then hid her face in her tattered shawl, and burst into a flood of tears. It was indeed the once trim gentle lady's maid, another victim to the sin of drunkenness.

I have forgotten to mention that on the morning of the inquest at Hurst Lodge, when Rosinet was called on to give her evidence she was found fast asleep on the sofa in the housekeeper's room; and on being roused, it was discovered that she was quite tipsy. She had been watched during the early part of the morning, but unhappily was afterwards left alone for half an hour; that time she employed in seeking consolation from the poisonous source, which had already in a great measure destroyed her physical and moral well-being. This disgraceful conduct prevented Rosinet obtaining a situation as soon as she expected, but at last she procured one in a clergyman's family. She was then living with sincere Christians,
who pardoned her first offence against sobriety, gave her much excellent advice, and begged she would take the pledge. This, however, she always resolutely refused to do; and when she fell a second time, her kind employers were obliged to part with her.

Instead of taking another situation, she married a journeyman bricklayer, also addicted to intemperance; and after living together for a few months very unhappily, he fell from a high ladder, and was killed on the spot. He left Rosinet in a sad state of destitution, and her unfortunate child was born in a miserable cellar, in the midst of poverty and wretchedness.

I am happy to say our efforts to rescue Rosinet from degradation have so far been successful. She has at last taken the pledge; and is making a livelihood by needlework, at which she is very expert. Already the hues of health mantle the cheek of her little Grace; and I hope the child will have cause to bless the day when her unfortunate mother met with an old friend.

Captain Leslie is still living; his vigorous constitution has enabled him to survive many attacks of delirium tremens from which he has suffered; but he has been so violent of late, that it is feared it will be necessary to place him in an asylum. May God avert this misfortune for Arthur’s sake.

Last year accompanied by my husband and mother I paid a visit to Alderwood Grange. George Vernon had greatly improved the dear old place; while, at the same time he has altered nothing endeared to him by loving associations. He and his sweet wife fitly adorn their station in life, and are looked up to with affection by all their neighbours, rich and poor. George still pursues his profession, and is already a barrister of note. Arthur Leslie is at one of the public schools; but he was passing the long vacation at Alderwood. Neither he nor any of the family ever taste wine, beer, or spirituous liquors. I forgot to mention that Mr. and Mrs. Vernon have four dear little children, the joy and light of the old home.

My feelings on revisiting the place were of a mixed nature, pleasurable and thankful when I looked on the living, deeply painful when I thought of the dead. I shed bitter tears of regret by the lovely garden-like enclosure, which contains the remains of my early friends, and lifted up my heart in silent prayer that the enemy of which it may be said, “War has slain thousands, but Drink its tens of thousands,” may ere long be vanquished, and lose all power over the bodies and souls of men.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BY "WILL-O'-THE-WISP."

II.—WHICH IS THE MORE PAINFUL TO CONTEMPLATE?

REMEMBER, Mr. Editor, when I was a school-boy I used to take a great delight, with certain of my schoolmates, in puzzling or being puzzled by questions containing impossible conditions, such as, "If an irresistible force strike an immovable body, what will be the result? or, If spirits take up no room in space, how many can walk arm-in-arm through the eye of a needle?" The habit has not altogether deserted me; and I beg to lay the following one before you, with the request that you will give it your best consideration:—Which object is the more painful for the moralist to contemplate, the man brought up as a gentleman and a Christian, but who loses his hold of both characters, and dies prematurely from drink; or the man who, in early life, never had a good precept or example, who has grown up a two-legged brute, and continues the slave of drink to the end of the chapter?

Let me illustrate the question by the following examples:—

An inquest was held two or three weeks ago, at Poplar, on the body of one of those "able and experienced surgeons," of whom we read in the advertisements of our great passenger ships. Well brought up, the subject of an expensive education, sufficiently attentive, at the least, to pass his examinations and obtain his certificates, we find him the trusted medical officer of a large steamship running between Bremen, New York, and London. For a time all went on well; but a power was at work, of whose ultimate effects no one at that time dreamed, least of all the subject of it; the general verdict from all who knew him being that the surgeon was a fine fellow, a clever fellow, only a little too fond of his glass. The ship's captain, who was the principal witness at the inquest, deposed that on the first of the last three voyages they made, the surgeon was several times intoxicated; on the second, the evil had increased so much that he had to interpose his authority, and use threats; but on the last, the drunkenness broke all bounds; and, having sternly interdicted the unhappy man the use of all stimulants, and confined him to his cabin, he sought in his medicine chest, and drank all tinctures and medicines prepared with spirits. These consumed, he applied to the chloroform, procuring
intervals of insensibility and unwonted madness from the drug. Again the captain interfered, dosing his patient with emetics; but in vain. The day the ship made her port the surgeon died.

Shall I pause here a moment, to look in upon this miserable man during the last week of his life? What a picture he presents! Locked in his cabin; disgraced in the eyes and a by word in the mouth of the lowest stoker in the vessel; thoughts busy with the quiet scenes of home, with the school scenes of boyhood, with the hours of study by which he mastered his profession, with the first steps of folly and sin—miscalled enjoyment—which have culminated in the wretched present; tormented by the greedy devil which has possessed him, looking round in vain for means to gratify his unnatural thirst, and venting horrible curses on those who have deprived him; conscious of the fearful future which awaits him, conscious that a few days or hours will usher him to the dark realities of the drunkard’s eternal doom, yet finding a savage gratification in his recklessness in the matter; then, devil-driven, kneeling before his chest of drugs, and emptying bottle after bottle down his burning throat, though well knowing the nature of the poisons dissolved in the spirit. Enough.

Here is the other. An uncared-for city Arab drags up from childhood to adolescence, with the necessary ignorance of all good, and the equally necessary familiarity with every form of coarse evil, which are the inevitable adjuncts of such a life. He becomes a costermonger; rises to the dignity of a barrow, and twenty shillings stock of onions or red herrings. He marries, and becomes the father of three children. The wedded life from year to year is an unvaried scene of drunken brutality, drunken outrage, and drunken reconciliation. The wife, constantly engaged in the Sisyphian task of making the best of a bad bargain, attends to the barrow while her husband is in the skittleground, does an occasional day’s washing, mends her own and her children’s rags, replaces as best she can the broken crockery, and drives nails into the shattered furniture. She never sinks to her husband’s level; but their frequent quarrels—and not unfrequent fights—are sometimes intensified by the effects of the glass which she has taken to cheer her under her miseries. On several occasions she has had, with her children, to vacate their one room, driven out with blows and curses, to make place for the abandoned drab whom her husband has brought home. At length this state of wretchedness reached its climax. She left him; and, with her children, hired a room in a court at some distance. He found her out, and, in a state
of gin-made madness, beat her severely, tore her clothes, broke the scanty furniture, and then, worn out with his efforts, sunk into sleep amidst the wreck he had made. From this stupor he was roused by feeling a knife drawn across his throat. The woman, stung to madness akin to his own, had tried to kill him. The police were called, the woman taken away with the gravest charge of civil violence resting upon her; she is imprisoned, tried, found guilty of the attempt to murder; but such is the dire nature of the provocation received, that the stern judge cannot find in himself the power to inflict a punishment. He would not send her back to the untied devil who had cursed her with his name; and remanded her to the safe-keeping of the prison, while he took counsel to secure the remainder of her life from being so much like that of the eternally lost.

Here, then, is my question. Can you answer it? I have been trying to do so, but cannot. And out of it rises another, for the thoughtful consideration of the advocates of the drink traffic. In the words of Scott—

“How like ye the fire which my coals set alight?”

A Bread-and-Treacle Testimony!—A short time ago, a little distance from my house, I met a little boy about seven years old. He had just left his home; his face was covered with gladness; in his hand a large slice of bread covered with treacle. Holding it up, as much as to say, Rejoice with me; this is something new; look at this! I could not help being struck with the object before me, and thus said, “Well, my boy, what’s up?” With a knowing look on his pinched face, he cried out, “My father’s joined teetotal,” and was about to run away, no doubt to find fresh friends to share his joy, when I said, “Hold, my little man! So your father’s a teetotaler, is he? and you have that large slice of bread and treacle. I am glad of it; and now, because you look so glad, here is a penny. I could not possibly describe the look he gave me, nor the position he was in—a penny in one hand and his bread in the other, first looking in his hands, then on the ground, with intent to place his treasure there; then up went the treacle and bread to his face, and, with a shout of joy, down the green he went, and I also shouted, “There are two glad hearts in Swinton this night, at any rate! God bless the little ones!” We feel our responsibility in the Temperance cause. Our kind vicar is our president; our curate, the Rev. S. F. Green, our treasurer and vice-president, with something over six hundred members in society. I am hoping great things for Swinton; therefore I say, Go on and prosper.—B.
THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

HELPING MOTHER.

(Continued from page 56.)

The clock had just struck seven when Mrs. Hunt came in, looking very worn and tired. George was trembling with excitement, for the new dress lay neatly folded in paper on the table; and when his mother asked him what the parcel contained, he could at first scarcely answer her. But taking the parcel up, he put it in her lap, saying hurriedly, “It is something for you, mother.”

How surprised his mother was at its contents; how she thanked her good little son; and how George himself was dancing about the room, and rushing down to Mrs. Saunders that she might share in the general pleasure she had so largely helped to impart, I leave you to imagine;—only this I will say, that Margaret Hunt would not have parted with that common brown dress for one three times its value, for no other would have caused her half the joy and thankfulness she felt with this one. It was an incident which had good cause to be remembered by both mother and son; for, simple as it was, it was the foundation of all their future happiness and prosperity.

Of course, Mrs. Hunt went to the tea-meeting in her new dress, and on the following Sunday to church also. George continued at his work; and when he had paid Mrs. Saunders, he gave all his money to his mother, that she might buy clothes and shoes for them all.

In this way they went on for some months, the kind landlady still taking care of the little ones while George went to his work. He had been there nearly twelve months, when one morning his mistress told him that her brother, who was in business at Portsmouth, was in want of an errand-boy whom he could trust, and would take him if he liked, and could arrange to leave home all day. George lost no time in asking his mother’s advice about it; and when Mrs. Hunt found how very anxious he was to go, she gave her consent, as Maggie was now able, with Mrs. Saunders’ kind help, to take care of the other two.

On the following Monday morning George Hunt, very tidily dressed, and looking quite smart with his clean white collar and apron, and
well-polished boots, made his appearance at Mr. Beddingsfield’s warehouse, and was duly installed as errand-boy.

Here he tried still to be diligent and obedient, as he had been at his other home, as he loved to call his first situation; and truly the mistress there had been so kind to him, often giving him food and clothes for his brothers and sisters as well as his wages, that he might well look back upon it with feelings of gratitude, and resolve, as he remembered that his present master was the brother of that kind friend, to prove himself worthy of the kindness he had received. Besides this, and the wish to be still “helping mother” by his work, there was another motive, better than either of these, why George strove to do his duty well and faithfully. He knew God’s eye was upon him; and though he had many a battle to fight, and many an enemy to conquer, in his daily path of life, yet, strengthened by the thought of his kind and gracious heavenly Father, ever watching over him, he went on steadily, and “prospered in all his works;” for acting on this principle he gained the good opinion of his master, who himself loved and served God.

But what was most helpful to George was the friendship of his master’s son. Harry was about two years his senior; and, after consulting his father, he offered to teach George writing and arithmetic; so that, as he grew older, he might be taken into the warehouse as an apprentice, or into the counting-house as clerk. You may imagine how glad our hero was to avail himself of this opportunity for self-improvement; and his attention and perseverance gave Mr. Beddingsfield a most favourable opinion of him. Thus two years passed away, and then George became an apprentice. His master, knowing how poor his widowed mother was, allowed him liberal wages; so Margaret and her children were able to move into a better street; and, instead of washing and charing, which sorely tried her strength, she was able to obtain needlework from Mrs. Beddingsfield and other ladies, and the little ones were sent to school.

(To be continued.)
THE MAN POSSESSED WITH THE LEGION OF DEVILS.

By the REV. WILLIAM CAINE, M.A., Manchester.

And they came out unto the other side of the sea, into the country of the Gadarenes. And when He was come out of the ship immediately there met Him out of the tombs a man with an unclean spirit, who had his dwelling among the tombs; and no man could bind him, no, not with chains; because that he had been often bound with fetters and chains, and the chains had been plucked asunder by him, and the fetters broken in pieces: neither could any man tame him. And always night and day, he was in the mountains, and in the tombs, crying and cutting himself with stones.—Mark v. 1-5.

Often during the last fifteen months have I been reminded of this mournful description of the poor maniac possessed with devils and of Solomon’s words, “Who hath wounds without cause?” when I have seen Sunday-school scholars, and even Sunday-school teachers, in the hospital of the prison, fastened down to their beds by chains, after they had cut themselves with knives, and dashed their heads against the walls, in a state of frenzy and madness caused by that horrid, loathsome, poisoning drink. Often have I shuddered when I have seen the victims of the publicans, in delirium tremens, struggling against the fetters with which they were bound; with eyes rolling, and limbs quivering, and bodies writhing, crying out, “Look at that fire!” “See those devils before me!” and I have thought how heartless and inhuman must those moderate drinkers be, who for their own paltry gratification will keep in existence the traffic in a poison which reduces their brothers and sisters to such condition of misery and ruin as this!

It would, indeed, be well if all drunkards were at once confined in prison, and the alcohol kept from them; for in a few days even the very worst victims of delirium tremens begin to amend, owing to their enforced abstinence from drink. They become gentle and mild, and often do I see them lamenting the sad necessity there is that they must leave the shelter which the gaol affords them from their enemies outside, who place so many temptations in their way. Their enemies outside, alas! are the moderate-drinking Christians who attend Church and Chapel, and who constantly pray with their lips “Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,” while they foster and encourage the most seductive external temptation that Satan ever invented to ruin the bodies and souls of men.

Archbishop Trench has some remarks in his “Note” on the mira-
culous cure of the demoniacs in the country of the Gadarenes, which may be applied to drunkards, and may therefore be interesting to the readers of our TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE. He says:

"Yet while thus 'men possessed with devils' is not at all an equivalent expression for surpassingly wicked men, born of the serpent seed, of the devil's regeneration, and so become his children,—seeing that in such there is no cry for redemption, no desire after deliverance, yet should it, on the other hand, not be lost sight of, that lavish sin, and especially indulgence in sensual lusts, superinducing, as it often would, a weakness of the nervous system, wherein is the special band between body and soul, may have laid open these unhappy ones to the fearful incursion of the powers of darkness. They were greatly guilty, though not the guiltiest of all men. And this they felt, that by their own act they had given themselves over to the tyranny of the devil, a tyranny from which, as far as their horizon reached, they could see no hope of deliverance,—that it was to themselves they owed that this hellish might was no longer without them, no longer something against which they could shut the door, which, being resisted, would flee from them; but a power which now they could not resist, and which would not flee."

The Archbishop refers to the effects of delirium tremens:

"The phenomena which the demoniacs of Scripture, especially those now before us, exhibit, entirely justify this view of the real presence of another will upon the will of the sufferer. They are not merely influences, which little by little have moulded and modified his will and brought it into subjection; but a power is there, which he, even at the very moment that he is succumbing to it, feels to be the contradiction of his truest being; but which yet has forced itself upon him, and possessed him, that he must needs speak and act as its organ; however, presently his personal consciousness may reassert itself for a moment. How remarkable, in accesses of delirium tremens, which is the scourge of lavish indulgence in intoxicating drinks, to find something analogous to this double consciousness. A late work, describing the victim of this, expresses itself thus: 'In his most tranquil and collected moments he is not to be trusted; for the transition from that state to the greatest violence is instantaneous; he is often recalled by a word to an apparent state of reason, but as quickly his false impressions return: there is sometimes evidence, at the time, of a state of double consciousness, a condition of mind which is sometimes remembered by the patient when the paroxysm is over.' (Bright and Addison, 'On the Practice of Medicine,' vol. i. p. 262.)"

What the Archbishop says of "the possessed with the devils" is true of many of the victims of delirium tremens whom I have seen: "There is on his part an occasional reluctance against this usurpation by another of his spirit's throne—a protest which, for the present, indeed, does but aggravate the confusion of his life—which yet contains in it the pledge of a possible freedom and order, which at a future
time may become his own once more.” All that is wanted to give the poor drunken maniac “freedom and order” is to remove the drink out of his way, and to suppress the traffic in the poison which has bereft him of his reason. Often, very often, may we see even now poor reclaimed drunkards “sitting clothed and in their right mind at the feet of Jesus.” But it will, indeed, be “life from the dead” to hundreds of thousands of lost ones when the poison alcohol will be banished from the house of every Christian in our land, and the sale of it prohibited by our rulers in Church and State. Then we may expect to see the remarkable prophecy of Habakkuk fulfilled: “The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. Woe to him that giveth his neighbour drink, that pourest out thy poison to him.” Thus is it in the original (Habakkuk ii. 14, 15).

MONTHLY LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

On Sunday, Feb. 21, Mr. Rooke preached in the Church of Idle, Bingley, and Holy Trinity, Bingley, on behalf of your Society. There was however, a collection only at the last, in the evening. It amounted to £4 4s. 8d.

On Monday, the 22nd, Mr. Rooke attended and spoke at a meeting at St. Luke’s, Bradford, where Mr. Muller, the curate, is earnestly prosecuting the great Temperance work. The chairman was the esteemed vicar of the parish, the Rev. T. H. Flynn; Rev. H. Harrison, of Idle; Rev. G. M. Webb, of Great Horton; Rev. J. Edwards, of Bradford; and Rev. J. Muller, were present. The meeting was a large and successful one. The next day there was a Conference of the clergy in and about Bradford for the purpose of establishing a Diocesan Committee, and going to work more vigorously in the Diocese of Ripon. Rev. G. M. Webb presided, and there were also present Rev. A. Irwine, Hon. Diocesan Sec., Rev. G. Bayldon, Rev. A. Hudson, Rev. J. Muller, Rev. — Mitchell, Rev. S. W. D. Fox, Rev. W. Laycock, Rev. A. B. Marriner, and some earnest laymen. Mr. Rooke was also present, as representing the Parent Society; and Mr. James Taylor, as representing the Manchester and Chester Diocesan Association. It was an interesting meeting, and Mr. Webb consented to be associated in the Secretary’s office with Mr. Irwine, and Mr. Hudson to be temporary Treasurer. One clergyman present offered a contribution of £100, provided a similar sum be raised by July 1, to engage a local lay-secretary for the diocese. Upwards of £40 was guaranteed in the room.
On Sunday evening, Feb. 28, Mr. Rooke preached in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Leamington, and alluded to the work of the Society; and on Monday evening addressed a meeting in the public rooms of the same town, at which the Rev. R. C. Browne, Chaplain to the Forces, presided. Our good friend Mr. Collier has been most active in promoting this opportunity, the first in Leamington, of bringing forward the cause of our Society.

On Saturday, March 6, Mr. Rooke visited Gosforth, Cumberland. In the afternoon he addressed the members of the Band of Hope in the schoolroom; and in the evening lectured in the Reading-room to the members of the adult society. Both of these Associations are under the kind and fostering auspices of Mrs. Barker of Ellerslie. On Sunday Mr. Rooke preached twice on behalf of the Society in the church of Ironton, by kind permission of the rector, the Rev. R. Colingwood. The collection amounted to £4 10s.

On Monday Mr. Rooke attended a very good meeting at Holme Eden, Carlisle, where a new Association has recently been started, under the management of some earnest Christian ladies. The meeting was presided over by the Rev. J. Valentine, the newly appointed vicar, who has recently joined our Abstaining ranks. On Tuesday there was a very good meeting at Holme Cultram, Abbey Town, under the presidency of the rector, Rev. A. Ashworth, an old and staunch friend of our Society. Mr. Rooke also attended and spoke. I may mention here that the Rev. W. M. Shepperd, vicar of Newton Aslsholt, has consented to become Hon. Diocesan Secretary, instead of the Rev. F. J. Allnatt, resigned.

On March 5, the second annual meeting of the St. Catharine’s branch of the Manchester and Chester Diocesan Temperance Society, was held in the schoolroom, Newtown, Manchester. Over 600 persons sat down to a substantial tea; and during the evening were regaled with oranges, apples, etc. An efficient choir effectively promoted the harmony of the meeting. Among those present on the platform we noticed the Rev. A. Haworth, rector of St. Catharine’s, Rev. W. R. Keeling, B. A., rector of Blackley, Rev. John Watson, rector of St. Jude’s, and Messrs W. Touchstone, R. Shuttleworth, and J. Taylor, who successively addressed the meeting, which passed off most successfully.

I understand Dean Hook is likely to preach the annual sermon for the Society. The Annual Meeting will be held the first week in May. Arrangements have been made for meetings at Endersby Aldershott, Southborough, Bristol, Clifton, and Worcester, in the course of next month.

On the subject of the circulation of our Magazine a friend writes:—“It occurs to me that, with very little trouble, the circulation of the Magazine may be much increased, if only the desire to do so were present in the hearts of its friends. I can state my own case as an example. I live in a country district; but, notwithstanding, I have been enabled to obtain about fifty regular subscribers in my neighbourhood; and many of them have already manifested a great interest, which is kept up by the prospect of reading from month to month the continuous tale in your pages.”
ON INTEMPERANCE:
REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF CONVOCATION.
(Continued from page 64.)

The health question and the influence of alcoholic drinks upon it, has not escaped the notice of the Convocation Committee. It is true the Committee does not enter upon any medical disquisition, nor does it appeal to the experience of the millions of Total Abstainers who are doing their daily work and earning their daily bread without the use of alcohol; but it refers to the facts before it, "that the governors of prisons and the masters of workhouses throughout the country testify, almost without exception, to the great and remarkable improvement in health in the case of those under their care who are necessarily debarred from drink."

Having glanced at the world-wide evil of our national vice in "the lowering of the national reputation,"—"the outrages inflicted on other peoples, often in mere wantonness, by British subjects,"—"the obstacles interposed in the way of commerce and civilization,"—and above all "the obstruction of the message of the Gospel itself,"—this Report proceeds to consider the remedies for the evil. The Committee classes these under two heads: I. Non-legislative; II. Legislative. Under the former, it suggests (1) The removal of Benefit Clubs from public-houses; (2) The discontinuance of the practice of paying wages or concluding bargains in public-houses, and the payment of wages earlier in the week than Saturday; (3) The providing of good tea and coffee at refreshment-rooms for the working-classes at a cheap rate; (4) The encouragement of cottage allotments, night-schools for adults, parochial libraries, workmen's clubs, and social gatherings, in which friendly intercourse between the different classes of society may be promoted. (5) Improved dwellings; and (6) Education in the best and widest sense. There is so much misconception abroad as to the supposed
influence of mere education to stay this evil, that we must give this paragraph of the Report in full.

"6. Above all, there must be education in its widest sense and practical bearings, and based on Divine revelation; which will implant principles and impart tastes that may serve to counteract and supersede the animal indulgence by which many are enslaved; and which ought to be supplemented, as far as possible, by special instruction on subjects bearing on domestic comfort and economy; on which points, it must be admitted, that hitherto our national system of education has been both inadequate and defective. What is required is an education, as described by one of our coroners, 'of a far more universal, more common-place, common-sense character than anything this country has yet seen.' One of the most thoughtful and sober writers of our day speaks scornfully of mere teaching as 'an empirical remedy' for intemperance. Another states, as a result of his pastoral experience, that 'some of the best educated are the most drunken.' Even in highly civilised communities intemperance has been found commensurate with temptations to drink.

"The only education that can cope with these is one that shall cultivate not only the mind but the heart, which 'shall embrace the encouragement by every proper means of a love of home and home enjoyments—as the natural and proper counteraction of the seductions of the public-house—and the general dissemination among the people of sound information as to the actual effects of our drinking habits upon their moral, social, and physical condition.'

"It may be hoped that, in proportion as such an education is brought more within the reach of our people—as its lessons are more adapted to their daily needs and daily duties—as it affords training in the principles of health and of social and domestic economy—those enjoyments may be found at home which are at present sought by so many in low haunts of dissipation. It is the testimony of one who has had ample means of judging, that 'not one female in twenty, of our humbler classes, is instructed in the ordinary duties of either a wife or a mother.'

"In connection with such special teaching on the evils of intemperance—which your Committee are of opinion ought to form a branch of education in all our Schools—Temperance Societies, Bands of Hope, and Young Men's Associations are recommended by many of the clergy as having proved, in their experience, of signal benefit; while it is the almost universal testimony of those connected with our criminal jurisprudence and the control of workhouses—and, indeed, of all who have looked deeply into the subject—that in the case of persons addicted to intemperance, total abstinence from intoxicating drinks is, under God, the only effectual remedy."
In this last sentence we have most important testimony to the practice so often recommended and urged in our pages. It was not immediately before the Committee to consider how this Total Abstinence on the part of the poor inebriate was to be brought about; we have often said the best and simplest mode is by the loving and Christian sympathy of those who are willing to deny themselves for their weak brother's sake, and who thus make an appeal direct to the heart of the weak one.

The suggestions made under the head of "Legislative" are valuable, commencing with one the need of which our columns have often advocated, and in which the "Church of England Temperance Reformation Society" has been working, and which is now taken up by the new "National Association for Amending the Laws relating to the Liquor Traffic,"—we mean the suppression of Beershops and the repeal of the Act of 1830. (2) The closing of public-houses on the Lord's Day, except for the accommodation of bona fide travellers; (3) Earlier closing of public-houses on week days; (4) Reduction in the number of public-houses; (5) One Licensing authority; (6) Enforcement of penalties on drunkards and publicans; (7) No Music or Dancing licence to be held with a liquor licence; (8) Public-houses not to be held as Committee rooms, and to be closed on days of Nomination and Election; (9) Special Inspectors of public-houses and detection of Adulterations; (10) Repeal of duties on Tea, etc.; (11) Popular restraint on the issue of Licences.

Our space prevents our dwelling longer on this Report. These vast legislative suggestions present a noble programme of work for a lifetime. Would that some Wilberforce were raised up to seek the emancipation of his countrymen from their present debasing slavery, to consecrate his energies and his influence to this cause, and to hand down his name to latest posterity as the one whom God raised up to assail and overthrow the mightiest fortress for evil, physical, social, moral, and spiritual, that the prince of darkness ever raised and garrisoned to maintain his sway even in so-called Christian Britain.
MERCY RATHER THAN SACRIFICE.

By the REV. WILLIAM CAINE, M.A., Manchester.

"But if ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy, and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless."—Matt. xii. 7.

HERE is, I have long thought, a very powerful argument for our principle of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks in these words of the self-denying Saviour. The opponents of teetotalism, very often tell us that by abstaining altogether from what they call God's good creatures in the form of intoxicating, that is poisoning drinks, as ordinary beverages, we are resisting His will and disobeying His wise ordinances. Our Lord in this passage supplies us with an answer to this objection.

God commanded the Jews to keep the Sabbath day holy, and to refrain on that day from all kind of work. Our Lord's disciples were walking through a corn-field on the Sabbath day; and, being hungry, they plucked some ears of corn, and did eat. The Pharisees accused them to their Master: "Behold, Thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do upon the Sabbath day." That portion of His reply in which He justifies their conduct by the example of David eating the shewbread, "which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them which were with him, but only for the priests," I pass over, and also His answer from the priests apparently violating the fourth commandment by preparing the sacrifices, and offering them on the Sabbath day, and yet being blameless. I would now quote some interesting remarks by Archbishop Trench in his "Note" on the miracle of the "restoration of the man with the withered hand." The Archbishop says: "But it is not enough to absolve His disciples from any fault in this matter [namely, in plucking the ears of corn on the Sabbath day]; the malignant accusation must not pass without rebuke; these 'judges of evil thoughts' shall be themselves judged. Therefore He continues: 'But if ye had known what that meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless.' If with all their searching into the Scripture, all their busy scrutiny of its letter, they had ever so entered into the spirit of that law, whereof they professed to be the jealous guardians and faithful interpreters, as to understand that Scripture, they would not have blamed them in whom no true blame can be found. The citation is from Hosea vi. 6, and leaves some ambiguity on the mind of an English reader, which would have been avoided by some such translation as this, 'I desire mercy and not sacrifice.' The words are most memorable; they contain one of those prophetic glimpses of the Gospel, one of those slight cast upon the Law even during the time when the law was in force, an example of that 'finding fault'
on God's part with that very thing which He had Himself established. . . .
The Prophet of the Old Covenant is here anticipating the Apostle of the New,
and saying in other words, but with as distinct a voice: 'Though I speak with
the tongues of men and of angels, and though I bestow all my goods to feed
the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity [that
is, love], it profiteth me nothing.' He is declaring, that which God longs for
on the part of men is not the outward observance, the sacrifice in the letter,
but the inward outpouring of love, that which the 'sacrifice' symbolized, the
giving up of self in the self-devotion of love (Heb. x. 5—10). This must
underlie every outward sacrifice and service which is to have any value in His
sight; and when the question arises between the form and the spirit, so that the
one can only be preserved at the loss of the other, then the form must yield to the
life, as the manner to the more precious.'

The Archbishop gives an instance of good men who acted up to this precept.
He says: "Exactly in obedience to this precept, 'I will have mercy and
not sacrifice,' and with a true insight into the law of love, as the highest law
of all, those holy men have acted, that in great needs have sold the most
sacred vessels of the Church for the redemption of captives, or for the saving
in some great famine lives which otherwise would have perished."

Further on the Archbishop makes a most important and a most pregnant
remark: "The Pharisees ask Him, 'Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day?'
He answers this question by another question: 'I will ask you one thing.
Is it lawful on the Sabbath days to do good or to do evil? to save life or
destroy it?' With the same infinite wisdom which we admire in His
answer to the lawyer's question, 'Who is my neighbour?' (Luke x. 29).
He shifts the whole argument, lifts it up altogether into a higher region,
where at once it is seen on which side is the right and the truth. They had
put the alternative of doing or not doing; here there might be a question.
But He shows that the alternative is, doing good or failing to do good;—which
last He puts as identical with doing evil, the neglecting to save
as equivalent with destroying (Prov. xxiv. 11, 12). Here there could
be no question; this under no circumstances could be right; it could never
be good to sin. Therefore it is not merely allowable, but a duty, to do
some things on the Sabbath."

And our Saviour adds that the Pharisees themselves would violate the
strict letter of the fourth commandment in order to save the life of even a
sheep, which is of far less value than that of a man.

The application of all this to our Total Abstinence from intoxicating drinks
is self-evident. If God Himself on Mount Sinai had commanded us to drink
these poisoning liquors as ordinary beverages, as the majority of professing
Christians do, and with the same solemnity with which He commanded the
Jews to observe the Sabbath day, even then in certain circumstances it would
be our bounden duty to abstain from them, if by doing so we could save the
lives of our fellow creatures; and we should be acting in strict obedience to the precept, "I will have mercy and not sacrifice." Never did I feel such an earnest desire as I did last Monday morning to destroy the liquor traffic, and all the horrors resulting from it. At eight o'clock on that morning I was one of the few present when a young man on his twentieth birthday was executed for a murder committed when in a state of frenzy caused by the use of this horrid drink! I felt ashamed when I thought that Christians keep in existence a traffic that produced such an awful spectacle which still haunts me even in my dreams!

April 5, 1869.

HOW I BECAME AN ABSTAINER.

By a Curate.

"You are doing the devil's work," said a college friend who came to visit me, and found me a wine-drinker still. This did not convince me, nor did it convince my brother curate who was with us. On the contrary, we laughed a great deal. But I have realised since some of the truth of the remark. However, I should like to tell others a little of what things have convinced me. For those things which have proved their convincing power on one, may do the same for others. And I wish that all men, specially all clergymen, were what God's Spirit has led and enabled about seven hundred clergy to become, abstainers from these hurtful and costly intoxicants. I noticed two persons whose opinion I regarded, spoke respectfully of total abstinence; and this led me to think the better of it. But I was a good deal vexed by what seemed to me the presumption and obstinacy of a poor man whose aged grandmother I was visiting, and who spoke to me very confidently about the meaning of Scripture words and the nature of Scripture wines.

After a time I heard Dr. Gale preach, and I was deeply impressed with his earnestness. An unexpected calamity hindered me from attending a meeting which was held that evening. I gradually became more and more conscious of the ill effect of even a glass or two of wine on the energy and temper and tongue. I reflected with shame on the secret of a friend's engagement divulged after a second glass of wine taken against resolutions, and on an unloving sharpness of tone which must have marred a sermon preached after, I think, a single glass.
Just after this, and rather more than a year from the time of the conversation mentioned at the beginning of this paper, I spent a week with a friend in narrow circumstances who did not keep wine; and as I did not drink beer, I was obliged to be without any other alcoholic liquor than a very little cider. And I could not but perceive how uncommonly well I was on this abstaining regimen. For it was only a very few wine glasses of cider which I took in the time. Moreover, my friend, though no abstainer, was then very warm in his condemnations of drunkenness. As I did not then fully realise how exceeding sinful it is as a root of other sins, I did not enter into his just warmth. But I was so far struck with an extract from a speech which the Bishop of New Zealand had just made at a missionary meeting, which my friend read to me, that I copied it into my pocket-book; and I copy it out now, hoping it may forcibly strike others. It would be an appropriate and practical suggestion to lay before a Missionary meeting. It was to this effect, a glass of wine a day represents a larger sum than many of us give in the year to the great Church societies. Would I had the money squandered in wines at Oxford to lay at my Saviour's feet!

I now gave up taking a glass of wine in the middle of the day on Sundays, because of the quickened and impatient temper which would follow it at the afternoon school. In the pages of a country paper I was struck with the wise exhortation of a quaker, that every one should consider the responsibility of example and influence on this momentous subject, and prayerfully seek to know what is their individual duty in relation to it. And now I reach the blessed time of decision. I was at a dinner party. I will not undertake to say there was a lowered tone of conversation generally. But this I clearly remembered: at the wine after dinner, one of the party spoke lightly of the sin of vainglory. Whatever so puts men off their guard as to speak lightly of any sin must be evil. The next morning, after prayer, I saw clearly it was my duty to abstain. Alcohol was bad for me, and to him that esteemeth anything to be unclean, to him it is unclean. In the three or four weeks next following, I on a few occasions took a little wine—one was at a christening. But now for nine months I have entirely abstained, and wish earnestly that my brethren may find the same benefits to body, mind, and spirit which I have found from the abstinence which the grace of God has led and alone enabled me to practise.

H. J.
LIFE SKETCHES.

(Gleaned from London Refuges and Reformatories)

IV.—MARTHA WILSON.

It was past ten o'clock on a bitterly cold night, in the depth of winter, when a poor, neglected, wretched-looking girl was brought to the door of Field Lane Refuge by three other young people, who said they were her cousins, and had found her wandering alone in the streets, which it seemed she had been doing for three weeks, homeless, hungry, and uncared for.

She was at once admitted; and, after being supplied with food, her matted hair was cut off, her miserable, ragged garments burned. Soap and water and clean clothes soon altered her appearance. Then her story was told—a sad one enough; but alas! so oft repeated as to sound familiar to the ears of those who are accustomed to listen to such tales of sorrow and trial.

She had a father and stepmother living, but they cared nothing for her; she did not even know their present abode. She was driven from her home at an early age, and went to service; and her last situation was as servant of all work in a public-house. Being obliged to leave suddenly, and having no home, she was thus thrown upon the streets of London without a shelter, and she had sometimes slept in a casual ward.

Every inquiry was made, and her story was found to be true, and her character good. Her former Sunday-school teacher spoke warmly in her favour, and greatly cheered poor Martha with her kind help and sympathy.

She was placed in the Servants' Home connected with the Institution, and soon after went to live with a kind, Christian family at Brixton, who have proved good friends to her, and give her a very excellent character. She would not now be recognised as the poor outcast who was brought to the Refuge on that bitter December night. She is a bright healthy-looking girl, with a face beaming with happiness, and a heart full of gratitude to the friends who have rescued her from the depths of poverty and misery, and from dangers which she scarcely understood, to a life of respectability and usefulness.

Writing of Martha, the excellent secretary of Field Lane, Mr.
THE DEAD HUSBAND.

Samuel Tawell, says:—“We earnestly hope that the good seed sown in her heart may bring forth fruit, and that the renovation in her outward circumstances may be but the type of a new heart and right spirit within, so that she may be able to say in a double sense, ‘Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.’”

E. A. W.

THE DEAD HUSBAND AND THE DRUNKEN WIFE.

What means that maniac laugh I hear
In the house where the dead lies on the bier?
Has the blow that has taken the husband’s life
Deprived of reason the stricken wife?
See how she riots in reckless glee
With the frightened children around her knee,
Then flings herself on the corpse to weep
As they ask: “How long will father sleep?”
Alas! all her madness comes from drink,—
She has swallowed because she dare not think!
She dare not recall the fearful past,—
The home which her sin had with gloom o’ercast.

Once she was fair and young and bright,
And basked in the rays of affection’s light;
A cherished daughter; a much-loved bride,
Of that cottage home the joy and pride.
But in evil hour her rosy lip
From the poison’d chalice learnt to sip.
Little and little soon grew to more,
Till she daily drank from a hidden store.
And the poison circled her veins within:
More than husband or child she lov'd her sin;
For the demon of drink had bound her soul,
And she gave herself up to its fierce control.

For years her poor husband strove in vain
To bring her back to herself again.
And in silence he bore his own sad fate;
His cheerless home, his fireless grate.
While the money saved for food or rent,
By his wretched wife on drink was spent.
But it was sad for a man to bear,
Alone in his sorrow, such weight of care:
And he sickened, pined, and wore away
'Neath consumption's slow but sure decay.
And now he has drawn the parting breath,
And sleeps the dreamless sleep of death.

Will she take that lesson to her heart?
Will it teach her from drink, sad drink, to part?
No! in her wild despair and grief,
'Tis to drink she flies to find relief;
To drown the sorrow she cannot face;
To forget awhile her own disgrace:
With the fumes of strong drink in her brain
To dull the smart of this aching pain!
Oh! lost to every sense of shame,
Unworthy of gentle woman's name,
Is she who lets drink enchain her soul,
And gives herself up to its fierce control.

J. N.
PILGRIMS AT VANITY FAIR
SINCE THE DAYS OF JOHN BUNYAN.

"Moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen, juggling, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of every kind. Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, adulteries, false swearers, and that of a blood red colour."

Pilgrim's Progress.

Now there was in the midst of the town of Vanity, a strong castle belonging to a mighty many-handed giant, named "Intemperance," who ruled with great power over the inhabitants of the place, inasmuch that there could be no meetings for business at the fair, without his presence. At the sale of "houses, lands, trades, places, honours, preferments, titles," his voice was always attended to; and many of the people blindly bowed down before him, and were indeed his slaves, unable to resist his will.

Now, as it has been said, "the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept," and all pilgrims must needs pass through it. About the middle of the fair, two pilgrims were seen coming up into the Market-place, and one met them with a pleasant countenance, saying, "Sirs, I perceive that you have come a long journey, and must needs be weary. My master has heard of your intention of going to the Celestial City, and he desires you to partake of this cordial to help you on your way; and lest you should have doubts as to its good effects, my master bids me say, that one of the great officers of your Prince, in passing through this town, strongly recommended it to his young companion, who was like to faint with the toils of the journey. The Prince himself, also, provided a wonderful supply of this cordial at a marriage-feast which took place during His stay here, so you need have no hesitation in tasting of this cup."

Hearing these words, and seeing that the cordial looked inviting, and moreover gave forth a pleasant smell, one of the pilgrims put out his hand for the cup, and was about to raise it to his lips, when his companion (who was named Watchful) said, "Hold! dost thou not remember an old command issued by our Prince long before He came to visit this place? '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.' The times have also much changed since our Prince and His first followers passed through this town, for then the great Giant Intemperance had not set up so many snares for poor pilgrims. He certainly has always lived in the place ever since the days of Noah; and in an old book containing the history of many ancient pilgrims, we read that on one occasion thirty three kings fell into his hands (1 Kings xx. 16). Some of the immediate followers of the Prince, too, were in great danger, so that the brave officer of whom this young man speaks, caused fresh warnings to be set up, lest any hereafter should be deceived (1 Cor. vi. 9, 10; v. 11; Rom. xiv. 21).”

The other pilgrim, whose name was Good Intent, replied, “These warnings were not meant for such as we are. Our Prince never intended that we should altogether refuse any of the good things provided in this town for pilgrims, if they do not cause us to sit down contentedly, and give up our journey to the Celestial City. For my part, I am hot and weary, and I will take a little of this cordial so kindly offered!”

Thus saying he raised the cup, and took a long draught of the sparkling drink. His companion in the meantime turned aside to where a clear water burst from a rock, and there quenching his thirst, the two pilgrims again joined to proceed on their journey.

But soon Good Intent complained of the great heat and the dustiness of the streets, and that he was more thirsty than before, and that he longed for another taste of the cordial that had been for a little while so refreshing. As he murmured of this to his companion, there appeared in a window of one of the houses, a young woman, who smiled upon the pilgrims and beckoned for them to enter.

“Come and refresh yourselves,” she said; “this is a house of entertainment for pilgrims. If you will stay here until the evening, you will then be able to pursue your journey without fatigue, and will reach the City before night.”

“No,” replied Watchful, “we must not sit down in this place, for our Prince has left us this word of counsel, ‘Pray that ye enter not into temptation;’ and well I know that thou art a servant of the great Giant that rules in this town, and thou wouldest fain have us to become his slaves.”

To this Good Intent made answer, “Why, friend Watchful, art thou so suspicious of the young woman? Her invitation is kind, the sun is very hot, and I am inclined to rest awhile. If thou wilt not do
so, I will in the cool of the evening quickly overtake thee: there can be no danger in entering this house of refreshment, for have not some of the best and bravest of our Prince's followers sanctioned such places by their presence, and have then safely pursued their journey?"

"Because some have escaped the danger, all may not be so fortunate," said Watchful; "I have heard that the Giant has invented new ways of entrapping pilgrims. He does not shew himself in all his terrible deformity to poor travellers at once. He sends out his messengers with pleasant words of invitation to partake of his cordial for pilgrims. He sets up houses of entertainment with smiling maidens for waiters; and by the bright cheerful look of the well-lighted open door, he draws in the unwary, who too often find within, snares, pitfalls, and iron chains, that bind them as his slaves for ever."

"Oh talk not so gloomily. I hear the sounds of music and dancing," replied Good Intent; "and I know I shall take no harm by going in for a short time. I tell you I do not mean to stay long, or to get entrapped by this terrible Giant you are so afraid of. Only cowards tremble at an unseen foe; brave men will dare to enter his grounds, and show that they can fight and conquer, as Greatheart did when he went up to Doubting Castle, and slew Giant Despair. We are soldiers as well as pilgrims; and it is but a faint-hearted soldier who will altogether keep out of the sight of his enemy, and thus never have a chance of winning the victory."

"Beware! friend Good Intent; again I say, Beware! The many arguments thou dost put forth, thy unwillingness to pass by this house, shows there is danger for thee within. Dost thou not remember the charge given, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall (1 Cor. x. 12), and 'Be not high-minded, but fear!' (Rom. xi. 20.) True soldiers of the Prince fight when enemies come upon them unawares, as they journey towards the City, or when like Greatheart they draw the sword on behalf of the weak and helpless; for then He always enables them to conquer; but He has made no promise to assist those who, confident in their own strength, wilfully enter into dangerous paths. The day wears away, and I must proceed; will you not come along with me?"

"I know you mean kindly," said Good Intent; "but as many pilgrims have refreshed themselves at this house, I will do the same. So for the present, farewell. We shall soon meet again."

Then came the young woman forward; and taking Good Intent by
the hand, she led him into a large room where many lights were burning, and where there was a great number of men and women, and little children dancing, singing, talking, laughing, drinking.

As Good Intent entered the room, he was surprised to see that many of these people appeared to be pilgrims, for they had the Prince's mark upon their foreheads, disfigured and defaced, indeed, by other marks of the Great Enemy; and their robes were all soiled and stained, and they had laid aside the sword provided for all who would fight against the Prince's foes, and reach the Celestial City. As he gazed upon the company, he perceived that almost all had chains upon their necks of different thicknesses. Some were very light and slender, scarcely visible; others were heavier, and some appeared to be strong iron chains, which hindered the wearers from moving steadily in the dance; and what was very remarkable, the light silvery-looking chains increased in size and strength as they who wore them continued to drink and join the whirling throng. Even a few of the children had chains upon their necks, and these seemed to belong to men and women whose chains had become very heavy. One with an iron chain seemed unable to bear the weight upon his neck, and he made an effort to loose it; but as he did so, there rose through the floor a loud mocking laugh. "Alas, thou art mine, no escape for thee now!" and a door in the farthest corner of the room opened, and an unseen arm dragged the poor wretch into darkness, his cry of horror dying away in the distance.

Good Intent trembled at this, but was amazed to find that it made no impression upon the rest of the company. The little boy who had held by the unhappy slave, thus terribly removed from sight, wept for a short time, but soon he joined his young companions in their boisterous play, and his own chain grew heavier. The pilgrim now began to wish he had kept on his way with Watchful; but he had taken more than one cup of cordial, and drowsiness crept over him which he could not shake off. Putting his hand up, he was startled to feel that a chain was on his neck, and he sprung to his feet, crying, "I must be going on my journey!" but immediately the young woman who had enticed him and others of the company came around, joining their hands together to hinder his departure. Now Good Intent remembered his boasting words to Watchful. He tried to use his sword, but his arm had lost its strength, and he was about to fall upon the ground, when a sweet song of childish voices was heard, "Brother, we will help thee now," and the door of the room was burst open by a band of young
pilgrims, who laid hold of poor Good Intent, and brought him forth to the clear cool air. Their little hands had a wonderful power in helping to break the chain off his neck; but he knew it was the Prince who had sent them to his aid, just as he was falling a miserable victim to the great Giant’s power.

When he had somewhat recovered from the struggle, he felt a great yearning over the poor pilgrims whom he had left enchained. He pitied the little ones, whose sad countenances were so different to those of the brave young soldiers who had rescued him from the miserable fate of the Giant’s slaves; and before he could proceed on his journey, he begged that they would try to save others still bound with the terrible chains. He then observed that with these children there were many kind grave-looking pilgrims, whose office it seemed to keep pointing the way to the Celestial City, and they gazed upon the house of entertainment with much anxiety, as if planning some method of attack, for they well knew it was one of the outworks of the Giant’s Castle, looking so fair to the eye, but having underground passages to his dismal dungeons, where the poor lost slaves were fast bound in iron fetters. These grave men looked very hopefully upon the increasing band of young pilgrims, as though by their means the Giant’s castle would after awhile be demolished.

Small parties of them were set to watch here and there in the town, to lay hold of any who might not be too far drawn into the enemy’s power. Their clear young voices had a wonderful effect on those who had been beguiled; and it was a great cause for rejoicing amongst all the band and their leaders, when first one and then another were brought forth triumphantly, their chains broken off, and they were helped along the true and narrow way. A few of the grave-looking pilgrims told how they had formerly cared little about those who went into dangerous places. Nay, they had even sometimes gone in themselves, but seeing the misery of their poor fellow-pilgrims who had become the Giant’s slaves, they had resolved never to pass by any who had fallen into his hands, without trying to release them. It was pleasing to notice how the freed prisoners listened to the kind instructions of their deliverers, and walked steadily onwards to the city.

Thus did Good Intent journey on; and he was joined by a fair companion named Great Grace, who as he drew nigh any place of danger, gently laid her hand upon him lest he should again turn aside. He did not overtake Watchful; for they who have once felt the Giant’s chain walk with faltering steps and slow, until by Great
Grace's tender care, they become stronger. He did, however, reach the Celestial City, and fell down before the Prince (who opened for him the gate), saying, "Thou hast redeemed me; to Thee be all honour and glory for ever."

WESLEY AND HIS PREACHERS.

He prescribed the minutest rules of life for them, even such as concerned their physical habits. He found that some became "nervous" more probably by too much work than by too little, though he thought otherwise. He gave them advice on the subject. "Touch no drink, tobacco, or snuff. Eat very light, if any, supper. Breakfast on nettle or orange-peel tea. Lie down before ten; rise before five. Every day use as much exercise as you can bear; or murder yourself by inches." "These rules," he adds, "are as necessary for the people as the preachers." He allowed his itinerants, however, to drink a glass of ale at night after preaching. He interrogated them closely in his printed Minutes about their habits. "Do you," he asked, "deny yourselves every useless pleasure of sense, imagination, honour? Are you temperate in all things?—to take one for instance, in food? Do you use only that kind, and that degree, which is best both for body and soul? Do you see the necessity of this? Do you eat no flesh suppers? no late suppers? These naturally tend to destroy bodily health. Do you eat only three meals a day? If four, are you not an excellent pattern to the flock? Do you take no more food than is necessary at each meal? You may know, if you do, by a load at your stomach, by drowsiness or heaviness, and, in a while, by weak or bad nerves. Do you use only that kind and that degree of drink which is best both for your body and soul? Do you drink water? Why not? Did you ever? Why did you leave it off, if not for health? When will you begin again? To-day? How often do you drink wine or ale? Every day? Do you want or waste it?"

When seventy-three years old he writes that he is far able to preach than he was at three-and-twenty. What natural means has God used to produce so wonderful an effect, he asks? The same causes as before are enumerated, but with more particularity: 1. Continual exercise and change of air, by travelling above four thousand miles in a year; 2. Constant rising at four; 3. The ability to sleep immediately, when he needed it; 4. The never losing a night's sleep in his life; 5. Two violent fevers, and two "deep consumptions; these it is true," he adds, "were rough medicines; but they were of admirable service, causing my flesh to come again, as the flesh of a little child." Lastly he mentions evenness of temper. "I feel and grieve," he says; "but by the grace of God, I fret at nothing."—Dr. Stevens's "History of Methodism."
THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

HELPING MOTHER.

(Continued from page 76.)

S George continued to grow up steady and industrious, he grew to be still more valuable to his employer, who declared he was a treasure to him. At the age of twenty-five, he became chief manager of the Portsmouth branch of his master’s trade,—his friend Harry holding the same position in London, in the business his father had lately established there, as his connections were greatly extended.

Oh, how glad and happy Margaret was when she thought of what they had been, and of what they were! And, as I said before, George owed his success to that first wish to gain for his mother a small pleasure she could not otherwise have enjoyed. But there was one bitter drop in Margaret’s cup of pleasure,—there is no earthly happiness without a drawback somewhere. All this time we have not thought of Ralph, whose after-life we must just glance at for a moment. He went on from bad to worse, until one day, having wasted all his money in a gambling match, his mother refused to allow him any more from his brother’s earnings for such a purpose, and he stole some from his master, and was discovered. He was brought before the magistrate, who sent him to prison to take his trial at the next assizes held in the neighbourhood. With the aid of some of his bad companions, he managed to escape, and made his way to Portsmouth Harbour. There having imposed upon the Captain a pitiful tale about his being a poor orphan, and having travelled all the way from London on foot to come to an uncle in Portsmouth, whom he found to be dead on his arrival, he managed to procure for himself a situation as cabin-boy on board the Gipsy Queen, a vessel bound for the West Indies.

John Berry, as the new cabin-boy called himself, did not grow into favour during the voyage; he displayed a sullen, revengeful temper, and as one by one his bad habits were known, the men disliked and avoided him, and threw the blame of every wrong act upon him, whether he deserved it or not. Then he repented of his evil conduct, and heartily wished himself at home again. But still he did not
amend his ways. Repentance without amendment is of no avail; nor did it prove so in his case. At the first opportunity he deserted from his ship, and from that time for many years he roamed about from place to place, like a second Ishmael, “his hand against every man, and every man’s hand against him.”

Nearly ten years afterwards, as the “Gipsy Queen” was sailing up the Mediterranean, the captain descried two sailors clinging helplessly to the wreck of a ship which had struck on the rocks. They were rescued from their perilous position and taken on board, where every care and attention was bestowed upon them. The elder man soon showed signs of mending, but the younger one had become so weak and exhausted from thirst and want of food that it was feared he would die. Everything that could be thought of was done for him, but all in vain; it soon became evident that he was too far gone ever to rally again.

It was a sweet calm summer evening; the captain was walking upon the deck, thinking about the dying man, and wondering where he had seen his face before, it seemed so familiar to him, when a message was brought that the man wished to see him. He found him lying in his hammock, and the first glance at his sunken ghastly face assured him he would not live long. He tried to rise as the captain approached him, but sank back directly. “Captain,” he said faintly, “I want to talk to you, if you please. But, first, do you remember me?”

“I fancy I do,” replied the captain; “but not enough to tell your name, or where I have known you.”

“Don’t you remember a poor boy, John Berry, whom you took on board at Portsmouth, ten years ago?”

“Yes,” said the captain, “I remember now. We left you at Jamaica. What have you been doing since?”

Then in broken sentences and stopping often to recover his breath, the sailor told the whole story of his sinful life, from the time of his leaving his home and escaping from prison—for as I daresay you have already guessed, children, John Berry was no other than Ralph Hunt,—until he was picked up from the wreck. It was a sad story, just such a story as might be expected from one who all his life had set at defiance the laws of God and man. The punishment of sin had now fallen upon him, for his companion, who had endured the same hardships, recovered in a few days; while Ralph, having wasted his constitution by his sinful life, was dying. And now that it was too
late, thoughts of his mother and friends at home, made his misery almost greater than he could bear. "If I could only see them once before I die!" was now his earnest wish, and the captain sympathising with the sinful, suffering man, inspired him with a hope that this wish might even now be granted, that they might reach England before he died.

(To be continued.)

MONTHLY LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

The Committee of the Skipton Temperance Society gave an entertainment, consisting of readings, interspersed with music, in the Town Hall on Saturday evening, March 13, J. R. Wilkinson, Esq., in the chair. The Hall, which seats about 800, was crowded, and the pieces were very creditably rendered and encouragingly received. A number of the choristers from the Parish Church gave two glee, with credit both to themselves and their teacher.

On Thursday evening, March 18, the Anniversary of the Iver Parochial Temperance Society was celebrated by a Tea Meeting in the School-room, which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was well attended. The children of the Band of Hope (twenty-two in number) were regaled with tea, cake, etc., at five o'clock; after which (at 6.30) the adults partook of the bounty provided. Grace after meat having been sung, and the meeting constituted by devotional exercises, the Rev. H. E. Windle having read the Report for the year, made a few opening remarks, and then called upon the Rev. T. Rooke to address the company, which that gentleman did in an eloquent and forcible speech, in which he appealed to his hearers to disown the drinking customs of the day, and to be willing to sacrifice something for the good of their weaker brethren. Very hearty appreciation of the rev. gentleman's speech was evinced during its delivery. The choir sang some pieces and glee in excellent style during the evening, under the leadership of Mr. Charles Roberts.

The Windsor Association held their Anniversary Meeting on Easter Monday. After tea the chair was taken by the Rev. H. J. Ellison, president, who was supported by the Rev. S. J. Stone and the Rev. T. Rooke, vice-presidents. The Annual Report was read by Mr. O. Lambert, and the statement of account by Mr. C. Howell. The platform was then
abandoned to the Poland Street Bell-ringers, under the leadership of Mr. Duncan Miller. This attractive and skilful entertainment was most successfully given. The way in which the whole was made to subserve the advancement of the Temperance question was admirable, both in Mr. Miller's short speeches and in the recitations of the other members, as well as in the songs. I can heartily recommend this band to those heads of Societies who wish to give an interesting and instructive evening to their members. The Poland Street Bell-ringers will be welcomed in Windsor again.

On Easter Tuesday the Rev. T. Rooke addressed an interesting Meeting of the Aldershot Parochial Association, under the presidency of the vicar of the parish, the Rev. C. Morgan. There was an excellent tea, followed by a very well-attended meeting, at which much interest was manifested.

On March 31 there was a large Meeting in Brightbridge, Southboro'. The veteran abstainer, the Rev. S. Langston, vicar of the parish, presided; the Rev. J. Watney, curate of the parish, was also present, and took part in the proceedings. The Rev. Thomas Rooke attended, and in a speech of considerable length dealt with the important question of the Temperance Reformation in its various aspects. The audience followed the rev. speaker through the whole of his address with unflaging attention, and several joined the association at the close of the meeting.

On April 7th was held the large Half-yearly Gathering of the Mayfield Total Abstinence Association, Worcester. It was most interesting to see the distribution of medals, cards, family cards, and books, according to the standing of each member, and the terms of Christian sympathy and earnest co-operation of all the members with their beloved president, Miss Breay, were plainly manifest. The chair was occupied by Mr. S. Witherington, late churchwarden of St. Nicolas parish, who was the first decorated with a medal. The prizes, etc., were distributed by the Rev. H. T. Breay, of St. Matthias, Birmingham. The Rev. Thomas Rooke gave the address, which was attentively listened to; and he was followed by some stirring words from the Rev. H. T. Breay. The meeting assembled in the Guildhall, Worcester. The Rev. — Wright was present for a short time.

I must notice here a new and improved edition of Hoyle's Hymns and Songs for Temperance Societies and Bands of Hope, which is cheaply and very well got up; and also an admirable and telling little brochure, entitled "Your Country and Your Saviour's Call," by the Rev. Stenton Eardley. We heartily recommend the perusal of this to those who in this important question of Total Abstinence are "halting between two opinions." No. 4 of the Friend in Need Papers, "A Contrast for Wives," deserves to be brought under the notice of your readers.

Our Annual Meeting is fixed for May 7th, at 7.30 p.m., in Willis's Rooms; Major-Gen. Eardley-Wilmot in the chair. Several speakers of influence and eloquence will address the meeting. Tickets to be had on application at the office.
RELIBOS S ANNIVERSARIES.

The past month, the merry month of May, has been for many years associated with the religious activities of our Church and our country. May is the Anniversary month of the Christian Church in these lands. Many thousands of persons throng the large Halls of the Metropolis, to hear the report of progress, and to listen to the sentiments uttered by the speakers. The whole cycle of subjects and reports seems to be like a great protest against the darkness and wickedness of the world. The tide of prevailing iniquity is taken in detail, and each mode of operation is honoured and magnified as it appears on its own platform, and is set forth by its own advocates. We unfeignedly rejoice in all these efforts; we are called upon to take our own part in many of them; but yet, withal, we have an idea that something else must be attempted ere the Christian Church can expect the answer to its oft-repeated prayer—"Thy Kingdom come!"

Among the many existing evils that darken the face of the world, there is one which, next to the carnal and corrupt nature of man, is the most formidable of them all; we mean the curse of strong drink. And yet this is seldom or never hinted at or spoken of on the platform of our religious Societies. It seems to be excluded by common consent from all consideration at these meetings; it is not considered proper, or correct, or at all "polite" to express one's self on this topic. And yet most men must surely know that every Christian effort for the good of mankind is seriously hindered and impeded by drink; that both Home and Foreign Mission operations would be so much more easily and successfully accomplished, if only this stumbling-block and cause of offence were removed. Now, can this be called, in the strict sense of the term, a true economy of Christian advocacy? We assemble, and meet, and pray, and speak, and profess to fight a good warfare, and then disband and separate, without having taken any
serious counsel, if any counsel at all, respecting one of the most tangible and real antagonists of all that terrible phalanx with which we have to contend. This, surely, does not look like a real, earnest council of war, where every circumstance, great and small, of hindrance or of help, is taken into careful consideration in the interest of the success of the campaign. It looks rather like an attempt to ignore an unwelcome fact, to silence a truthful tongue, and to hide one of the main reasons for the miscarriage of so much Christian effort and enterprize.

Now, this is not as it ought to be. It is all very well for us to come together, and to hear that there are missions to the heathen, and missions to London, and distribution of Bibles and Prayer-books and tracts, and the institution of Sunday Schools and Ragged Schools, and a hundred other schemes for making this bad world better than it is: but is it well that we thus seal up all allusion to that universal curse which constitutes the chief hindrance to the success of all these pious efforts, both at home and abroad—the strong drink which England manufactures, and exports, and spreads, and circulates, and encourages more than any other nation on the face of the earth? With the heart we wish success to Christian enterprize, and with the hand we help to spread a mischief that neutralizes every effort for good! And do we not know that when the deeds of the hand are against the wishes of the heart, the hand is sure to win the day? for of what avail are wishes without works to correspond, and to give effect to the desires of the heart? Christian men have not yet learned to call that an egregious folly and sin, to encourage that which tends to undo the good which has been done, and to prevent the good that might be. We marvel at the indifference of Christian men who foster and encourage in their own homes, and families, and persons, that which they know to be one of Satan’s most ingenious, subtle, and successful instruments for defeating the efforts of the Church in all lands.

The Church complains of want of means—the great demand is for money; and after all has been gathered, it is but little; so that we wonderfully inquire—“What is this among so many?” Two million of money would more than cover the receipt of all Societies for a single year for home and foreign purposes; and even this is hardly gathered,
by a marvellous expenditure of time, and patience, and exhortation, and eloquence, and absolute hard-begging. And Christian men lament that it is so small in proportion to the existent need; and yet seventy million—yes, seventy—of English money are annually spent in drink! What proportion of this is expended on the part of those who are interested in the cause of true religion? We hope we do no wrong—we mean only to do good—by what next follows—We have dined with "friends and patrons," where the wine has passed freely round on easy castors, and has cost no end of money, and yet the burden of complaint (for the charity) has been the lack of funds!

We have dined with a score of men warmly interested in the success of some particular school; and after they have duly deplored the fact of a diminished income, a bill has been brought in at the rate of ten shillings ahead for wine alone! And these men would be the first to confess that they did not need it, are not the better for it; yea would have been better without it. Alas! the drink is everywhere; the wine-cup seems to be in all Societies indispensable—

Yea, when Charity deviseth
Means to give the weary rest—
Homes for orphans and the outcast—
There am I a chosen guest.
Tears to dry, and wounds for healing,
Broken hearts all filled with woe;
Breaking first, then ask'd to bind them;
Can I wound and heal them too?

Alas, the fact is undeniable, that England—Christian England—is like some drunken household, one pocket paying for the outgoings of the other,—misery created, poverty promoted, widows and orphans left in penury, and the whole land mourning—for the drink and the drunkenness thereof. The many see this, and know this; but it is only the few that rise to their duty, and "haste to the rescue."

To the friends of Societies—Missionary Societies, Tract Societies, Midnight Meetings, Penitentiaries, Reformatories, and such like, we would say—Varied as are your philanthropic efforts, and in many respects unlike as are your spheres of labour, your works all partake of the effect of the common enemy, drink; and but for this foe, light and easy would be your task, and reproductive your everyday labour.
Your parishes, your districts, your sectional spheres, would all lift up their heads, if this weighty incubus were but removed. And there is not one of you but can help to remove, or at least to mitigate, the mischief. The hopeful work you have done to-day is marred to-night by drink; the rising hope of the cottage on that prayerful eventide is quenched in dark despair before the morning sunrise. Your parochial and domestic annals tell the sad tale of what drink has done, is doing, and, if not checked, will continue to do to the end of the chapter. Wouldst thou desire to see the seed take root and become prolific of fruit unto perfection? then take away the stones, eradicate the thorns, give the seed deepness of earth, pluck the gnawing worm from the root, gather out every thing that offends; and then go thou into thy closet, and commend thy work to the Great Master of the vineyard, and believe that inasmuch as thou hast done thy part, He will assuredly do His; and thy work shall not be in vain in the Lord!

ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.

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OUR ANNUAL MEETING.

The Seventh Anniversary of our Society was held on Friday, May 7, in Willis's Rooms, under the chairmanship of our esteemed Vice-President, Major-General F. Eardley Wilmot. The attendance was not by any means as good as we could have wished; but perhaps, there having been the large National League and Alliance Meetings in the early part of the week, may account partly at least for the small attendance, and may, perhaps, also make it worth while for the Committee to consider whether it might not be well either to have this Anniversary before, or at a date considerably subsequent to these large gatherings on the Temperance Question. There was, however, much earnestness and life in the speakers and the audience; and several of the neat white and gold collecting boxes were carried off at the close of the meeting.

As the Report will soon be published, we need not allude to it further than to say that it shows a considerable increase of work done and of
interest awakened by the Society; though we must regret a falling off in the funds, the balance-sheet showing a deficit. We believe that the most the Committee seek for is an income of £1000 per annum. Now surely this is not much for a Church Society to ask for the prosecution of the great work of the Temperance Reformation, and we are confident that if the friends of the cause would make an effort this sum might be realized. Our clergy might give more sermons for this Church Society. Our laity might collect in boxes or on cards, as well as subscribe themselves. Ladies Associations, like that in Clifton and Bristol, might be organised; and all those who are anxious to help forward this movement will have every assistance in the way of sermons, attendance at meetings and drawing-room conferences, from Rev. Thomas Rooke, who is so thoroughly acquainted with all the branches of the question, and is so sound and judicious in his advocacy of it.

The circulation of our Magazine is a matter of great importance. The Report states, “We should have a circulation of 20,000;—we have not a circulation of more than 5000.” Now this is a branch of the work in which our Abstaining Clerical brethren could do much by taking a certain number for circulation in their parishes—by getting their parishioners to subscribe; and by interesting the local booksellers in the circulation. Agents of Temperance Societies are liberally dealt with, if they undertake the sale among the members of their Societies. If our 700 Abstaining Clergy would undertake to dispose of twenty-four copies per month, that alone would realize a circulation of 16,800 copies; and surely those who have flourishing Societies could even exceed the number we have named. Let there, then, be a great effort made on this, the seventh year of our Society’s operations, that a great advance in every branch may be made.

The resolutions passed will appear of course with the Report. They were spoken to and supported by the Rev. Canon Jenkins, Rev. W. Caine, Rev. Dr. Colles (Cork) Rev. J. N. Worsfold, W. Touchstone, Esq., (Manchester); and, on the motion of Rev. R. Maguire, a warm vote of thanks was presented to the Chairman, when, after the benediction, the meeting separated.

Besides those above named, we noticed the Rev. H. J. Ellison, Rev. C. Skrine, Rev. J. Nightingale, Rev. T. Rooke, Rev. B. Nicol, B. Nichol, Esq., Mr. R. Rae, Mr. W. Tweedie, W. St. Quintin, Esq., Mr. J. Hudson, Rev. C. Ough, H. C. Greenwood, Esq., Mr. D. Miller. etc.
TEETOTALISM ABROAD.

THESE are restless days. Every one, figuratively speaking, now thinks he must have change, either for the health of the body or the mind. The excursion train carries alike the rich and the poor, for short distances and for long ones, and thus an education won by travel is largely spread among all classes. The most popular of journeying is surely the journey abroad.

Now all parts of Europe are familiar to us islanders, and we justly estimate the benefit of a continental tour at a very high price. The thorough novelty of the scenes; in many parts their exceeding beauty; the facilities afforded by railway travelling; the easy arrangements of foreign hotels, which allow travellers to choose their accommodation, and arrange the terms to suit their means, in a way unknown in our first-class English Inns; the shaking off some of our national reserve through the table d'hote system, all combine to render a few weeks among the Swiss mountains, or the German cities, in Italy or Palestine, a treat of no ordinary character;—a stimulus, if stimulants be needed, which should be enough for the most languid or depressed patient, and has often been found so.

These thoughts arise from the frequency with which we hear of persons who profess to be good teetotalers at home, laying aside their principles, and taking wine when they go abroad; and speaking of this change of habit in some instances as a necessity, in others as a matter of no importance, asserting that intemperance does not prevail on the Continent as in England.

Now, is there truth in either of these views? If persons wish to drop their Teetotalism, they surely can at any time; but there is no need to do so because they are going abroad;—at least, such has been our experience. We have yet to learn, in our own country, the general use of delicious ice and iced water as both are used in foreign places; excellent tea and coffee are now everywhere to be had, and chocolate where that is the general beverage. Water in southern climates is the drink of the people; the picturesque dresses of the men and girls who carry it about, and their constant curious cries, are familiar to all who have travelled in Italy or Spain; and the many
shops and stalls for the supply of the quickly-made lemonade will be fresh in the mind of many a thirsty tourist.

We have travelled a little, but have never found the slightest need to change our usual habits; nor have we ever desired to do so. On the contrary, we have rejoiced to hear even a quiet testimony to the value of abstinence at all times and in all places, and we rejoice to know many have done more than this. A lady, an abstainer from the rise of the Society, told us on her return to England, a year or two ago, that the Rev. H. J. Ellison, while staying at Chateau d'Oey in Switzerland, with some other like-minded gentlemen, held a Teetotal meeting in the large hall of the "pension," and gladdened the heart of our aged friend by their faithful speaking. Again, did not one of our very best advocates, the Rev. Stenton Eardley, pick up his abstinence principles in Switzerland, through the testimony his guide bore to the importance of drinking water only during Alpine climbing. I might quote many examples of well-known travellers, to prove that stimulants are not necessary either for tropical or arctic climates; but as I am only writing for the ordinary pleasure tourist, I will leave this part of the subject, and turn to the fact that drinking under various forms is a crying evil abroad, as well as at home; and that we may truly say, on behalf of our beloved Britain, she is not the only country where Intemperance mars the power of national character.

In the southernmost parts of Europe, light wine, lemonade, and iced water are the prevailing drinks. But as the traveller turns his face northward the scene changes:—the wine-house and the beer-house are frequent: "Tea and rum" are announced on many a sign.

Some four or five years ago, we had travelled pleasantly through Italy, and we found ourselves, one lovely evening in early summer, at our hotel in Venice. Our rooms were high up, but to the front; and we amused ourselves by leaning over our balcony, watching the novel scene,—the islands in the distance; the blue sea around; the grand canal flowing past us; the marble steps leading to our entrance-door beneath; the many gondolas moored to them, against which the clear blue water was constantly breaking with a sweet soft ripple. The sunset shed a splendid hue over land and sea; the atmosphere was describably soft, bright, and yet mazy. We were delighted,—the scene struck us as one of the loveliest we had ever beheld. Suddenly we heard a cry—a cry of distress,—a cry not in unison with the rest and quietness around. We looked—there, in one of the gondolas moored below our window, was a man, tossing about in agony, dashing
himself against the boat's side, screaming, moaning, struggling. We thought he was passing through a succession of fits; we were alarmed as well as shocked. His companions tried for a time to lull and soothe him; then they put him inside his gondola, and left him alone in his anguish. We called the waiter,—with a shrug he said, "The man has delirium tremens." Poor fellow! he had come in from a distant island in the morning, had been tempted by the drinking-houses,—alas! almost as common in queenly Venice as here; and this was the result,—alcohol, even a greater enemy to man in that hot climate than in ours, the cause!!

Again, some of our party were strolling about dusk through Munich. They came to a large barn-like building in a side street, and they turned in. Hundreds of men were there, drinking and smoking, a heavy quiet crowd, all looking stupid amid the fumes of beer and tobacco. To prove how widely-spread is this crying sin, examples from other countries could easily be multiplied; but I will only add, in conclusion, a quotation from a little work by Ruskin: "Time and Tide by Weare and Tyne," which if accepted as evidence will go far to prove that the example of Total Abstinence is needed abroad as well as in England:

"I happened to pass the autumn of 1863 in one of the great vine districts of Switzerland, under the slopes of the outlying branch of the Jura, which limits the arable plain of the Canton Zurich, some fifteen miles north of Zurich itself. . . . I was anxious to see what species of thanksgiving or exultation would be expressed at their vintage, by the peasantry in the neighbourhood of this much-enlightened evangelical and commercial society. It consisted in two ceremonies only. During the day, the servants of the farms where the grapes had been gathered, collected in knots about the vineyards, and slowly fired horse pistols from morning to evening. At night they got drunk, and staggered up and down the hill paths, uttering at short intervals yells and shrieks, differing only from the howling of wild animals by a certain intended and insolent discordance, only attainable by debased human creatures. * * * A year before, in 1862, I had formed the intention of living some years in the neighbourhood of Geneva, and had established myself, experimentally, on the eastern slope of Mount Salior; but I was forced to abandon my purpose at last, because I could not endure the rabid howling on Sunday evenings of the holiday makers, who came out from Geneva to get drunk in the mountain village. . . ."

M. T.
THE ANSWER OF FAITH.
BY F. HARRISON.

"I can do all things."—PHIL. iv. 13.

"Say, dost thou love Me, child of Mine,
With simple love entire and true?
And dost thou offer at My shrine
The whole heart offering which is due?"

O LORD, I do.

"And hast thou faith in all I did
Between the cradle and the grave?
And in My Deity, though hid,
And My Almighty power to save?"

O LORD, I have.

"And wouldst thou choose to follow Me
In bearing ill and doing good;
Through pain, and loss, and infamy,
Temptations suffered and withstood?"

O LORD, I would.

"And canst thou give thy life to Me,
As I gave up My life for man?
And canst thou suffer cheerfully
The world's contempt and cruel ban?"

O LORD, I can.

"And wilt thou practise abstinence
From all that is, or leads to, ill;
And keep with soberness thy sense,
With holy temperance thy will?"

O LORD, I will.

"Fair hast thou promised, child of Mine,
Respect thy vows and keep them all,
Till, vigils over, thou shalt shine
At My eternal Festival."

O LORD, I shall!
IS POVERTY AN ORDINANCE OF GOD,  
OR THE EFFECT OF MAN’S SIN?  

By the REV. WILLIAM CAINE, M.A., Manchester.

― Save when there shall be no more poor among you; for the Lord shall greatly bless thee in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee for an inheritance to possess it:  
― Only if thou carefully hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all these commandments which I command thee this day."—Deuteronomy xv. 4, 5.

HAVE very often heard persons who are hostile to our Temperance movement say that we teetotallers are going in direct opposition to God’s institutions and ordinances. When we say that the destruction of the liquor traffic would to a great extent remove poverty and pauperism, they argue that God desires and purposes that poverty should extensively prevail on His earth, and they quote the words in Deuteronomy xv. 11, “For the poor shall never cease out of the land;” and our Lord’s words in St. Mark xiv. 7, “For ye have the poor with you always.” But they appear never to have read or heard the remarkable passage which I have placed at the head of this little paper.

In the margin of our Bibles there is another translation of the first clause of Deuteronomy xv. 4, namely, “To the end that there be no poor among you;” and this is the correct rendering according to some Hebrew scholars. The Septuagint renders the clause, “For there shall be no poor person among you;” and thus also the Vulgate, and the Douay Version of course follows the Vulgate, “And there shall be no poor nor beggar among you.” Time would fail me if I attempted to quote all the passages in God’s Word in which temporal blessings are promised to the righteous. To this general rule there may be exceptions now and then; but I believe that the experience of most men is the same as that of David, who says in Psalm xxxvii. 25: “I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.” But every day we see, and none more than the chaplains of gaols, instances of persons once wealthy and prosperous reduced to the lowest degradation and pauperism and wretchedness in consequence of their sins and vices and crimes, and dragging down with them their innocent offspring. Poverty is often the result of idleness, which is one of the greatest of sins, and also the parent of other sins. In this rich country poverty is generally produced by intemperance, and waste of hard-earned wages on intoxicating drinks. I have seen families in the most abject pauperism, although they were in the receipt of £6 or £7 a week when they were willing to work. They spent nearly all they earned in drink.
It is always thought and believed that Ireland is a poor country; yet, according to the Rev. Dr. Morgan, in an article in the "Irish Temperance League Journal" for January of this year, "poor" Ireland spends on intoxicating drinks during the year the enormous sum of £8,102,757, being at the rate of £1 9s. for each individual, or nearly £7 10s. for each family in the country!

This sum is more by £2,043,477 than the value of the entire imports into Ireland, that being, in 1865, £6,059,280.

It is more by £1,318,247 than the total revenue of Ireland, that being, in 1865, £6,784,540.

It is nearly five times as much as the total receipts of the railways in Ireland, that being, in 1865, £1,737,601.

Dr. Morgan calculates that the Irish Presbyterians spend on intoxicating drinks not less than £600,000 a year. To be within bounds, he says half a million, £500,000. At this time of proposed disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church it will be interesting to see what might be done with the small sum of half a million of money, less than a sixteenth part of what the Irish people waste on ruinous drinks. It would pay annually

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£500,000

In the State of Massachusetts the prohibition of the liquor traffic almost abolished pauperism at the same time. Such is the testimony given by men of high social position in an address issued last year: "While the Maine Law was assailed by interested enemies, it was carrying blessings throughout all the commonwealth. Three-fourths of our towns, including nearly every small village, and most of our large towns, were without any public bars. Almost a generation has grown up in these places without beholding the open sale of intoxicating drinks. As a consequence of this law, pauperism and crime had greatly decreased in all localities where it was observed. In not a few of even our largest towns the almshouses [for paupers] had become an obsolete institution."

May the time soon come when the same testimony may be given of the happy effects produced by the adoption of the Permissive Bill in the towns and cities of England.
THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

HELPING MOTHER.
(Continued from page 99.)

S soon as they arrived at Portsmouth, the captain sent a messenger to the address Ralph had given, but the answer was that Mrs. Hunt had been dead, they knew, for five years, but where any of her children lived no one could tell. The surgeon, who was a good man, had read and prayed with Ralph, who however was sinking so fast as to be almost unconscious; and when the terrible news was gently broken to him the shock was too much, and before the day was ended, the disobedient son, without one word of repentance towards the God he had offended, had gone where no voice of mercy could ever reach him and where repentance would be of no avail.

But what of George, you will ask. Ah! that is the bright side of this dark picture. Some time after Ralph’s death, the captain saw an advertisement for him in one of the papers, entrating him if still alive, to write to Ralph’s brothers and sisters. The captain wrote in answer to it, and received an invitation to go and see Mr. George Hunt. He went, and found that Rose Cottage, as the place was called, was a pretty house and grounds in one of the prettiest villages in the South of England.

“Can the owner of this lovely place be the brother of the poor drunkard who died in my ship?” he thought. He soon found it was the case, and when Mr. Hunt heard of his brother’s death, and the captain’s kindness, he thanked him earnestly, and they became quite friendly. George told him all his own history, which you know already, dear reader; and also that his mother had never recovered the grief Ralph’s conduct caused her. She had gone to the master, and by her entreaties had gained from him a promise that he would forgive him, and not send him to trial. But when she found he was gone none knew whither, her sorrow and anguish overcame her, and after five years of pain and grief, she died, leaving her blessing and forgiveness for him should he ever return.

And as for George himself, he has a happy home; and in all the country round no one is more beloved and respected than the once poor errand-boy, who dates all his success from the time when he first commenced work in the hope that by so doing he might be “Helping Mother.”

E. A. W.
A CHAIRMAN’S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

BY A MEMBER OF A LONDON TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The story of every soldier who fought in a battle would not form the history of a war, nor be a guide to future campaigns. Examples might be largely increased. The self-told tales of twenty men might be given, who related their conquest over the common enemy at one meeting, each one occupying the platform for five minutes. At another time the speeches of nine young men who had got the best of the fight were reported and printed, a journeyman butcher being in the chair. This kind of meeting called an “experience meeting,” was always most crowded; and in the case of the full score, it was very difficult for the orators who came late to make their way up the stone stairs into the lecture-room. The secretary, being regularly at his post, easily obtained the names of the speakers, and posted up the list for several days before the speeches came off, and thus the interest spread in the neighbourhood.

Some of the instances, however, were generic, and illustrated great principles that concern the whole field of operations. Of this kind was the chairman on the occasion of the twenty: a man who has risen from being a navvy to be a working-man’s bookseller, with a successful trade. His opening address was brief, not exceeding his five minutes, and consisted of little more than saying that the company must prepare for operations, for he had to-night a barber who was going to shave them, a tailor who was going to dress them, a butcher who would wait upon them, and a coachman who could drive them out. He had tradesmen who could excavate, and make bricks, and build houses, and paper and paint them, and lay down carpets, and make tables and chairs; and he would be happy to supply them with books; so they must all behave well, and they would get something to-night.

But the Chairman’s history would be more interesting than his speech, and this was taken down by the writer in phonography just as he rehearsed it, and will serve, e.g., for the whole nine-and-twenty.

“I was born at ——, in Northamptonshire. My father worked on the same farm for thirty years. Both my parents bore a good character, and attended the chapel in the village. I don’t suppose that my father spent £3 in drink during the whole thirty years. He took his daily allowance of beer because it was thought necessary to help him to do his work. During harvest-time more was allowed than usual; and I well remember the impression that was made upon my mind the first time I saw my father so much the worse for liquor that he was fairly drunk. I was then about nine years of age. I could scarcely believe that man was my father. He sat one side the table, and I the other. His
countenance was so much altered that he looked to me like a churchyard deserter, or like a ghost from the lower regions. I could not understand how he was bereft of his senses. With his head rolling from one side to the other he sang, ‘Aye, my Billy; aye, my Billy,’ till I began mocking him. Then he tried to run after me, but I was too quick for him, and the beer had made him so weak that he was not able to follow me. It made my blood tingle to my fingers’ ends to see my father in that condition; and I thought I never would be a drunkard as long as I lived, and my three sisters stood and looked horror-struck at the sight.

“My father’s wages were nine or ten shillings a week, according to the time of the year; so that as soon as I was considered able to frighten the crows, I was sent into the fields to bird-starving, which I followed for three or four years at eighteen pence or two shillings a week, till I began to think it was time for a change. All this while I went to a Sunday-school, and once a Sunday with my father to chapel. I had some serious thoughts at times about my soul, and I cannot remember the time when I had not some desire to be better. I used to think it a sin to be idle, and I thought that this was one of my besetting sins. I was sometimes guilty of getting into orchards and pilfering apples, but beyond this I had no crimes belonging to me. At about fourteen I went to work on a railroad that was being made in the neighbourhood, and I well recollect how happy I felt when I could take home two bright half-crowns to my mother, and have a shilling to spend. I now began to be acquainted with the habits of working men. We lads were often allowed three halfpints of beer a day each at our work, but we did not think that sufficient. When I was with the brick-makers the moulders would have a ‘randy’ once or twice a week; that is, they would knock off and spend the whole day in drinking, and sometimes two days; and we boys must enjoy ourselves on a smaller scale, so we clubbed together, and had several quarts of beer. At these times I often got so much that I dare not show it at home, and I was obliged to be very crafty to hide it. This lasted about eighteen months, and by this time I had contracted a great love for drink.

“One of my sisters was now married, and I went with her husband to Aylesbury, and worked with him one summer. My brother-in-law had no desire to see me better than himself, and that was a drunkard. Beer was plentifully supplied in the field, both to men and boys; my liking for it returned, and I sometimes went to drinking with my master for two days together, when we could afford it. As I had a tolerably good talent for singing, it was no trouble for me to get treated with liquor; and, as a lad, I thought it raised me in the good opinion of my companions. When it came winter I returned home again; but, as I had brought nothing home from all my summer’s work, I had to be nearly kept that winter by my parents.

“Before the time arrived for going off to work again, I was led with several of my former companions to attend a place of worship, and there my past
convictions of sin returned, which I had felt but little of whilst I was among
the drinking. I went back to the Sunday-school, where I was taught by a
good woman—Mrs. ——, a railway contractor's wife. There were ten or
twelve of us in that class; and from the earnest manner in which she set the
truth before us, eight or ten of us were seriously impressed, and we had a
meeting for prayer to ourselves, and gave our hearts to God. Out of the
number I know four or five who have, like myself, afterwards been led astray
by drinking, and are now on the downward road to destruction. A local
preacher then formed us into a week-evening class. It is with great pain I
say that the leader of this class of lads, and a local preacher, has since then
fallen a victim to strong drink, so that he is now one of the most fearful
drunkards in the neighbourhood, and his poor wife, who was a good Christian
woman, has died of a broken heart. During this winter I was so anxious for
my own soul that I was concerned for the conversion of my parents, and
started praying for them. I got my mother to give her consent to have a
prayer-meeting at our house; and I have heard my mother say, that when she
heard me praying, 'Lord, save my mother,' for the first time, she then began to
pray for herself as a guilty sinner. After some days of mental agony she found
the Saviour; and mother and son could then sing together, 'The Lord is my
Shepherd.'

'Spring time had now returned, and, there being no work in the neighbour-
hood, I had to leave home, to the great sorrow of my parents, and to me it was
a struggle too great to tell. When I returned to my old associates in sin, it
went through me to think what I had done when I was with them before. I
knew they would expect me to do as they did, and so I up and told them at
once that I meant to live for heaven. When I told them this, their sneering
looks and language almost broke me down; and I am sure had it not been for
the grace of God I should have been overcome, and gone back into my former
sins. During the summer I was the means of getting several of my companions
to go with me to church, and they seemed to wish to serve God; but there was
always one thing that threw them out, and that was drink. I lived with my
sister and brother-in-law as before. None but myself could describe the per-
secution that I suffered from them that were old enough to be my father, because
I would not be so much with them in drinking as I formerly was. But I had
many an aching heart that summer, through getting too much. I thought a
little was as necessary as victuals, and that little was continually dragging me
down to more. At that time I had never heard of such a thing as living, and
much less working, without strong beer; and I knew more about the signs of
public-houses than I did about the nature of what was sold in them.

(To be continued.)
"HE HAD ONLY BEEN TASTING."

F all the many distressing and terrible sights one meets with in this world, so full of sin, is there a more revolting or disgusting one than a drunken man; or, still worse, a drunken woman!—or even a man who, though not quite drunk, has taken enough to make himself silly and disagreeable.

It would be well if all such people were obliged to wear a mirror hung round their necks, that they might see themselves as other people see them, and be utterly ashamed. I once saw a man, a military man and an officer, intoxicated,—he entered a drawing-room where were ladies, walked up to a mirror, and on seeing himself, seemingly horror-struck, shrieked dreadfully, and threw himself upon the floor.

But usually drunkards gradually lose all sense of shame, nay, they glory in their wickedness. Every time this vile habit of drinking is indulged in, it becomes more ensnaring, and those who give way to it may, while under its influence, do things so terrible that they may have to bear the consequences all the days of their lives. Many a murder, many a robbery, has been perpetrated under the maddening influence of drink. It is a deep disgrace to our country that drunkenness should be so rampant everywhere. Go where you will, you find this insidious snake coiled round its victims.

I remember well that, when a child going to school, I used to hear with the greatest terror the shouting and raving of a drunken man. How I used to run! He was a noted character, noted for drunkenness. I even remember his name, as he used to shout it out himself. How strange, how passing strange, that any one can like to be a terror to a child! How very low down such an one must have come, and every downward step leads on and on to perdition.

It has been said, that "a penny is the seed of a pound"—that "small sands make the mountain," and "moments make the year;" and in like manner it may be said, that small tastes of drink, especially of spirit, in time, make that horrible monster, a drunkard!—make a man to be a blot and a stain upon our common humanity!

How much of disgrace and of misery, both for this world and the next, is comprehended in that one word, drunkard! The bodily health ruined! Respectability, gone! Money squandered and lost!
Precious time wasted! Temper totally ruined! Wife and children neglected, and in rags, half-starved, and oftentimes beaten; unable to make a respectable appearance, because the husband pours down his greedy throat the poison which is his ruin. Shall not the cries and tears of these poor suffering ones come up before God? No doubt they do, they will have to be answered for in the great day of account, from which none can escape.

One would think that the miserable headache, etc. of the next day, might act as some restraint, but it does not do so. The infatuated man hovers about his glass as a moth does about a candle, and the end of both is to be burned; only with this difference, that the moth dies at once, and there is an end of it; but the drunkard who dies impenitent goes to everlasting burnings, to the flames that never shall be quenched, where, tormented by intolerable thirst, he shall not have so much as a drop of cold water to cool his tongue. Oh! that they would consider their ways, and turn from the evil that is in them before it is too late, for the Bible expressly says, that “drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God.” As the tree falls, so it must lie.

With regard to drinking, it is the little drop—the tasting—that is the origin of all the mischief. An Edinburgh doctor was called for in great haste to see a man. He found that he had fallen down stairs and broken his neck—he was dead; and yet his miserable companions, one of whom was drunk, said, “He had only been tasting!”

*Taste not:* beware of the beginning. Every time you taste drink you will like it better, until at length it will become a cruel master over you. It will bind you hand and foot, and cast you down a fearful precipice. *But “why will ye die?”* Even yet, while you have time, turn from the evil of your ways. Confess your sins to God, to Him who is so merciful that He will cast none out, not even a drunkard, if truly sorry he comes to ask for help and pardon in the name of His beloved Son. Come, I beseech you, come, while there is yet time. You may die suddenly; you may fall down stairs in some drunken fit, and be taken up dead;—but whether you do or not, one thing is certain, you must die at last. With the deepest earnestness I would implore you to flee from the wrath to come—“Let the wicked forsake his ways, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have many upon him, and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon. Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?”

S. B.
AN APPEAL TO THE CLERGY.

BY A VOICE FROM WITHIN.

DEEPLY impressed with the misery arising from our drinking customs, I wish to satisfy my own mind, by pleading earnestly on behalf of the unhappy drunkard, and his wretched wife and family.

Shepherds of your respective flocks—ambassadors of Christ—how will you answer to Him at the day judgment if you have not done all in your power to stem the torrent of our great national sin? A miserable fellow-creature is said to enter a drunkard’s eternity every ten minutes! what an awful and heartrending consideration! Can you know it, and yet remain unconcerned spectators?

All look to their spiritual pastor for advice and example. Immortal souls are committed to your charge, of whom another day you must give account. Is it enough to address your people from the pulpit, pointing out their duty to God and their neighbour, and telling them of the great salvation wrought for them? Alas, those who most need admonition, and are sinking fast into perdition, are sleeping heavily in their miserable homes after a night of intemperance, or are anxiously awaiting the reopening of the public-house, to spend the remainder of the Lord’s day in blaspheming His holy name. How many of Christ’s ministers ever enter these dens of Satan to seek out their lost sheep? Can you not go and tell them, that for their sake you cheerfully relinquish your daily glass, and no longer partake of that which proves so dire a snare to them? Can you not, for their sake, summon courage to set the customs of society at defiance, and make this small sacrifice from love to Him whose whole life on earth was a crucifying of the flesh and who has told us to follow Him in taking up our cross daily?

In the Ordination Service you are exhorted to bear in remembrance that you are to be the “messengers, watchmen and stewards of the Lord, to seek for Christ’s sheep that they may be saved for ever.” Think of the “great excellency” of your sacred office, and that you promise, “the Lord being your Helper,” to make both yourselves and families “as much as in you lieth wholesome examples and patterns to the flock of Christ.”

If the life of the body is so precious that the physician spares no pains, and brings the whole power of his knowledge, skill, and attention
to bear on each case, what should be the anxiety of the pastor to whom God has committed precious souls! An earnest and Christian-minded tradesman, whose whole heart was in the glorious cause of teetotalism, when speaking to me of a most influential clergyman, said, "But what answer can he make to Christ, when asked why he did not exercise the great influence he possessed in trying to save the drunkard?"—This was said soon after a large temperance meeting, when the Incumbent took the chair; Mr. Gough gave one of his thrilling orations; all hearts were stirred, and it was said that at least a hundred of the audience would have signed the pledge had their pastor set them the example! I am confident that no one has an idea of the satisfaction it is to the mind to be able to say, "I will never participate in that which causes so much misery to my fellow creatures."

I long to see the time when our clergy will come forward boldly, and fill our abstaining lists, putting their shoulder to remove the heavy stone of intemperance, which so checks the course of Christ's kingdom in our land. As yet, while drinking in moderation, they sanction the baneful customs of society, set an example which the drunkard cannot follow, and cast a stumbling-block in the way of their weaker brethren.

MONTHLY LETTER.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Our Annual Meeting, of which a fuller account is given elsewhere, came off on May 7. I was sorry not to see a larger gathering. Surely the total Abstainers of our Church should muster more strongly for our own Anniversary. We were all glad to welcome the Rev. Dr. Colles, of Cork, as representative of the Irish Church. Very neat boxes have been prepared for our Society. They are white and gold; and, as Mr. Rooke said in announcing that they were ready at the Annual Meeting, I hope that the outside will prove emblematic and prophetic of the inside, and that their lining, when they are returned, will match the wrapper in its silver and gold.

The Rev. William Caine, M.A., delivered a lecture on the 12th ult. in the Christchurch School, Denshaw, near Manchester. The lecturer, in an earnest address, dwelt particularly on the pleasing fact that a document has just been drawn up by the Convocation of Canterbury, recommending to Government the reconsideration of the laws respecting beer-houses, and, in effect, asking for the Permissive Bill. The Rev. G. W. Petherick, B.A., vicar of Denshaw, occu-
plied the chair; and, at the close of the meeting, twenty-five persons signed the pledge.

The First Anniversary of the Band of Hope and Temperance Society was held in the Church School-room, at Blakley, last week. Tea was provided, and the room was full. In the absence of the rector, Mr. Dale, the vice-president, presided. The evening’s entertainment included appropriate speeches by the Rev. A. Howarth, rector of St. Catharine’s; the Rev. John Watson, rector of St. Jude’s; the Rev. C. N. Keeling, curate of St. Saviour’s; and Mr. Touchstone. The great feature of the evening was the presentation by a lady of stars and ribbons to two Band of Hope boys, who, though respectively only eleven and twelve years of age, obtained during the past year five hundred and thirty temperance pledges; the younger three hundred and seventy-five, the elder one hundred and fifty-five! The Committee carefully analyzed the pledge-books, and found that, with few exceptions, all who signed had so far kept true. The energy and perseverance displayed by these boys is well worthy of imitation.

I am glad to say our new association at Hale seems to be going on very successfully. A correspondent writes:—

"We held our closing general Meeting last night. Mr. Astbury, military school-master, from Aldershot, very kindly gave us a short lecture on natural history, illustrated by magic lantern. The proceedings closed with some electrical experiments by J. H. Knight, Esq., with which the audience was highly delighted. Notwithstanding the heavy rain the attendance was very good. The chair was occupied by the Rev. G. E. Fox.

On Monday evening, the 10th ult., the Rev. Thomas Rook addressed a meeting at Warmley, Bristol, under the presidency of the vicar, and with the view of forming a Parochial Association. There was a good attendance; and the Revs. J. Duncan, G. Alford, and J. H. Howard, as well the chairman, also spoke.

On Tuesday evening, the 11th, Mr. Rook attended a meeting at Moorfields, Lower Easton. The Rev. J. Griffiths, curate of the district, presided. The Rev. N. Heywood, vicar of the parish, was also present.

On Thursday evening, the 13th, Mr. Rook attended a Meeting in Shirehampton School-room, which was very well attended, not only by the villagers, but also by the navvies who are employed on the works of the new docks that are being constructed. The Rev. W. Mansfield presided, and the Meeting was addressed by him, by Mr. Rook, by Mr. C. Nash, vice-chairman of the docks, and by Mr. Jones, missionary for the navvies. Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Knox, contractor and manager, were also present.

On Friday afternoon, the 4th, Mr. Rook attended a Drawing-room Conference in Bath, at the house of an earnest friend of the cause. It is hoped this may result in the formation of an Association similar to that of Clifton and Bristol. On the evening of the same day Mr. Rook spoke at a meeting in Downend, near Bristol. The vicar, the Rev. A. Peach, occupied the chair. The Rev. G. Alford, curate of the parish, and the Rev. T. H. Howard, vicar of Warmley, also addressed the meeting.
NOTWITHSTANDING the absorbing interest attached to the debate in the House of Lords on the Irish Church Bill, a debate in “another place” has arrested our attention. By “another place” we do not mean that which is understood when this phrase is used in either House of Parliament; but we mean the Lower House of Convocation of the province of Canterbury.

On the 17th ult. the Ven. Archdeacon Sandford moved the following resolutions:—

"1. That the Report be conveyed by the Prolocutor to His Grace the President, and that His Grace and their Lordships the Bishops be respectfully requested to approach Her Majesty with an Address from this Convocation, deplored the many evils connected with Intemperance, which are set forth in the Report, and confirmed by the information collected by the Committee and appended to their Report, and praying Her Majesty to direct the attention of both Houses of Parliament to the same, with a view to the enactment of measures which may remedy or prevent those evils, and thereby promote the happiness and welfare of Her Majesty’s subjects.

"2. That this House respectfully requests their Lordships the Bishops to support in their places in Parliament, and elsewhere, all measures which are calculated to remedy and prevent the said evils, which this House most deeply deplores."

In his speech the Archdeacon dwelt most fully on the nature and importance of the inquiry that had been introduced to the Committee. He referred to the wide field from which the information in the Report and its Appendix was compiled, and he dwelt most strongly on the necessity for the Clergy of the Church taking up this the great social question of the day, bearing directly as it does on the religious habits of the people also. "If," said the Archdeacon, "the English Church would reclaim her erring members, and discharge her position aright by properly using the influence with which her Clergy in this country
were invested by God and man, she must advance to the front in such a movement as this." In another passage he endeavours to excite our Clergy by the example of Archbishop Manning and other Nonconformists. "My Lord Bishop," was the language he tells us he used to the present Primate, "My Lord Bishop, I saw the Archbishop of Westminster, so called, receive the enthusiastic plaudits of 6000 Protestant men because he put himself forward in the cause of temperance;" and he next mentioned the words of an eminent Wesleyan minister, who said that "if the Clergy of the Church of England would only put themselves at the head of the movement there was not a minister of the communion to which he belonged who would not be glad to follow in doing his Master's work."

The Dean of Westminster, Archdeacon Denison, the Dean of Canterbury, Canon Selwyn, and several others followed, and spoke in favour of the Report. We were surprised to see that Dr. Fraser revived the obsolete charge that we Teetotallers put total abstinence in the place of religion, and also charged us with wishing for the administration of water instead of wine in the Holy Communion. If either charges are true at all, they apply only to those holders of extreme opinions which are to be found in every movement, and which certainly should never be brought as a charge against the whole body.

Dr. Fraser, however, suggested the formation of a Society in the Church which might contain two orders—"one for those who, having fallen into drunkenness, had found no remedy possible but total abstinence; and another, consisting of those who, having not so fallen, might be content to use the gifts of God in strict moderation, and under certain strict rules prescribed by the Society and their own conscience, and without a rigid fanatical adherence to what were called Teetotal principles." This experiment has been tried in our Church, and it was found unable to effect what Dr. Fraser evidently hoped from such a movement. The Rev. M. Gibbs, proctor for the diocese of London, alluded to a Society established by Bishop Blomfield, but which had failed, though it had effected much good. And here we cannot help expressing our surprise that neither in his opening speech nor in his reply, the Ven. the Chairman of Committee never once alluded to the CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY, or to the work in which it has been engaged.
for some seven or eight years. He lauded Archbishop Manning
and the Nonconformists; but never once referred to the fact that
upwards of 700 Clergy of the Church were giving proof of the earnest-
ness of their convictions as to the evil of intemperance by working the
Temperance cause parochially, and in conformity with their obligations
as clergymen of the Church of England! And this is the more
remarkable as the Archdeacon is himself a vice-president of our
Church Society, has attended its councils and other meetings, and
has expressed himself strongly as to the importance and value of the
work it is carrying on. We are sorry that the Archdeacon, however
small our work may be compared with the field that lies before us,
allowed judgment to go against us by default, as though the Church
had done nothing, while Dissenters and Romanists had done much.

Our Church Society is virtually composed of the two classes sug-
gested by Dr. Fraser, though both practising abstinence from intoxi-
cating liquors. The first class is of those who, in consequence of
previous habits of intemperance or their being exposed to peculiar
temptations, “find no remedy possible but Total Abstinence;” and
the second is of those who, “not having so fallen, might be content to
use the gifts of God in strict moderation,” but who, for their weaker
brethren’s sake are willing to deny themselves, and act on the Aposto-
tolic advice that “it is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor
anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offendeth, or is made
weak.” How forcibly might the only Church Society engaged in this
work have been recommended to the notice of the Clergy by the
Archdeacon in the manifest want of any other or better plan, as con-
fessed by the other speakers!

But we feel it almost ungracious to find fault with one who has
rendered the whole cause such signal service by the preparation and
presentation of such a Report and Appendix as that now received by
both Houses of Convocation. The attention of the whole body of the
Bishops and Clergy must now be arrested, as it has never been before, by
the question of Intemperance; and we congratulate the Archdeacon on
the manner in which he and his Committee have accomplished their
work, and the success he has met with in carrying his Report in Con-
vocation.
WHEN an Austrian goes out of doors in the winter, he swathes himself from head to foot in fur, and walks with great deliberation, either to his place of business, or else to one of the innumerable cafés or beer-houses with which this city abounds. He leaves a bad atmosphere at home to sit in one which, if possible, is ten times worse. There is not, so far as I have seen, a café or a beerhouse in Vienna where the least attention is paid to ventilation. There is a large café at the corner of every street. There are said to be between 700 and 800 of these houses in the city, and they all seem to be full at all hours of the day. Here the people sit and smoke, or read the papers, or else play at billiards, and here they remain for hours at a time in a state of placid contentment. Every device is put in action to vitiate the air of these apartments, which are for the most part low and vaulted, but no attempt is made to purify it. To go into one of these cafés from the open air is an awful transition. The windows are covered with streams of moisture, and the air is opaque with tobacco smoke. The temperature is that of a Turkish bath. The Austrian diet is not what I should call a good one. It consists chiefly of third-rate tobacco-smoke. I believe an Austrian would go without bread rather than tobacco. He is literally never without a cigar or pipe in his mouth from the time he is ten or twelve years old till he pays the debt of nature at fifty, or in rare cases sixty. Old people are very rare here, and one never sees a very old man—women seem to live longer. This constant habit of smoking provokes an intolerable amount of expectoration. I believe, in this respect, Austria is far ahead of America. The spittoon is an indispensable article of household furniture. It is placed everywhere—in sitting-rooms and bed-rooms, in the coffee-rooms of hotels, in passages, in the pews at church; everywhere, in fact, where they can possibly be required. They eat nothing to speak of till twelve or one o'clock in the day, when the principal meal is taken. They then fall into a state of torpor till three in the afternoon, when they are again fit for pleasure or business, as the case may be. Another heavy meal is taken at eight or nine in the evening before going to bed. There is very little drunkenness here. I have scarcely seen a tipsy man since I have been in Vienna. Intemperance is, however, quite as common as in much-maligned England—that is, people take far more than they require or is good for them. Five or six pints of Vienna beer is no uncommon allowance for one man at a sitting. The nature of the liquor is such that he does not become tipsy, but surely the evil effect upon his digestive organs can hardly be less than in the case of stronger beverages. I have a strong suspicion that the "national custom" of eating no breakfast may arise from a "national" want of appetite so early in the morning. — Correspondent of the Medical Times and Gazette.
HOW I CONTINUED AN ABSTAINER.

BY A CURATE.

It may be in the reader's recollection that I lately gave an account of my becoming an abstainer. Let me now tell a little of my thoughts and experiences as an abstainer. It is a tale of deepened conviction. I pray God my words may lead some brother curates to be in this thing as I am, for their souls' sake and their Master's sake.

Much has been written and much done about bettering the position of curates. I have great reason to be thankful for my present position; and, moreover, it is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth! But if our position needs to be bettered, why not take the matter into our own hands? Why not cut off the worse than vain expense of keeping intoxicating drinks for ourselves or for hospitality? None forbids us a pre-eminence in self-restraint and self-denial. No man forbids us this forwardness to reach out this helping hand of joint action for good to the drink-stricken poor, and to set this clear light before the eyes of the drink-stricken rich, that both may be profited, and their souls saved in the day of the Lord Jesus.

About two months after I became, through grace, an abstainer I wished to preach about drinking. One morning, while I was praying for guidance in the treatment of this weighty subject, the bell began to toll for a death. It at once struck me as the key-note—the end of those things is death—death to body, mind, spirit. Of this truth I have been seeing continual evidence more and more since my attention has been turned to the matter. For instance, there is the well-known statement of Lord Shaftesbury, speaking from twenty years' experience as a lunacy commissioner, "Fully six-tenths of all the cases of insanity to be found in these realms and in America arise from no other cause than from the habits of intemperance in which the people have indulged." And the experience of each one's own circle and neighbourhood, and the examination of the newspaper records of misery and crime, ring unceasingly in our ears with a thousand tongues, that the end of these things is death. But we are told our Saviour "came drinking." Surely this has been rightly answered as follows: "What and how? Foods and drinks unquestionably that were good and
wholesome for both body and spirit; and these in the proportions which His divine wisdom would dictate." And doubtless the grape is one of God's good creatures. "Thou didst drink the pure blood of the grape" is part of the blessing on Israel. But it is a perversion to claim our spotless Saviour's example for the inflaming and maddening drinks which bear among us the name of wine. It is monstrous that the pure Jesus should thus be made a plea for the beer-house and the gin-palace. He has Himself, by His omniscient Spirit, guarded His word from being thus abused in the account of the last supper. For the beverage there used is nowhere in Scripture called wine, but "the fruit of the vine." The All-knowing knew what things men would call wine. "Names," it is well said, "alter not the character and properties of things." And so it must be the duty of every Christian to abstain from that which is harmful, whatever name it may bear, though good be put for evil and bitter for sweet. Now, the tree is known by its fruits; and none who will honestly attend to the evidence which continually meets them can avoid seeing that alcoholic drinks are the most fruitful cause of the manifold forms of sin and consequent misery. From this mocker of men come our abounding pauperism, crime, idiocy, insanity, and disease. And further, if a man who knows the Bible standard of Christian life and feeling, and seeks to follow it, will deal fairly with himself and his fellows, he will easily discern that the lesser quantities of alcoholic drinks which godly people take are a main cause of their falls from the ways of perfection. Hence come the levities, the boastings, the vainglories, the scorn, the bitterness, which mar their example and influence for good, and wound their own souls. It is not a question that concerns only the drunkard, the lunatic, and the criminal. "How is the gold become dim! how is the most fine gold changed! The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers!

"We can prove with mathematical certainty, that as much flour or meal as can lie on the point of a table-knife is more nutritious than five measures (about eight or ten quarts?) of the best Bavarian beer; that a person who is able daily to consume that amount of beer, obtains from it, in a whole year, in the most favourable case, exactly the amount of nutritive constituents which is contained in a five pounds loaf of bread, or in three pounds of flesh."—Liebig's Letters on Chemistry (Letter 23).
THE NAME OF JESUS.
(Sung in Clerkenwell Parish Church at the Children’s Special Service, Whit Sunday, 1869.)
BY REV. ROBERT MAGUIRE, M.A.

Air: Miriam. (Bristol Tune Book.)

Jesus, Immanuel,
Here in Thy House to-day
With us be pleased to dwell,—
We humbly pray.

Jesus, Omnipotent,
Thron’d in Eternity,
Lord God, Omniscient,
    Our Leader be!

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Altar and victim Thou;
* In Thee the Law hath ceased,
    ’Tis finished now.

Jesus, Deliverer,
Mighty, All-mighty One,
Thou, the prayer-Answerer,
    God’s own dear Son!

Thou for our sakes wast born,
Thou for our sakes didst die;
Thou all our sins hast borne,
    Gone up on high!

Now, Lord, Thy Spirit send,
Down from Thy throne above;
O Jesu, condescend
    With Thy dear love.

Father, to Thee we raise,
    And, Jesus, unto Thee,
And to the Spirit, praise,
    All-Holy Three!

Amen.
§ H
TEMPERANCE DINING HALLS.

A MEETING which took place a few evenings ago, under the presidency of the Earl of Shaftesbury, will give a great impetus in the metropolis to the movement which has for its object the establishment of places of refreshment for the working classes, with all the advantages and none of the evils incidental to public-houses. For some years past, in various parts of the country, a trial of such places has been made, and wonderful unanimity prevails as to the success of the experiments.

In Shrewsbury, for example, a building was erected at a cost of £4,000, containing dining, recreation, and reading-rooms. An additional sum of £200 was spent in enlarging the premises, which was recouped in the course of two years and a half from the profits of the undertaking. No less a number than 2,000 meals, of an unexceptional kind, are provided at a reasonable rate each week; and so eagerly do the workpeople in the town, as well as the agriculturists who visit it on market-day, avail themselves of the advantages thus offered, that arrangements are about to be made to increase the size of the building. In the course of five years 1,000 persons using the refreshment-room have entered their names in a temperance pledge-book kept on the premises.

A kindred institution is that known as the Westminster Club. It differs, however, in this respect, that none but members who pay 4d. per week can participate in its benefits. The present number of members is 27,478, and the library contains between 200 and 300 volumes. At Aldershot a club-house was erected in 1863, involving an outlay of £6,000. Within the walls of the building are coffee, smoking, and reading-rooms, and a lecture-hall capable of seating 700 persons. The little town of Market Lavington, with a population of 1,500, is in happy possession of one the most successful of these working-men’s clubs. The structure in which its operations are carried on is admirably planned, containing within its area a coffee-room—which the report of last year states, was so well patronised that it would not have been too large if it had been three times its present size—lecture, smoking, reading, and recreation rooms. Every department of the institution pays its own way. At Tunbridge Wells the refreshment department was originally in the hands of a committee; but at the end of four years it was made over to a manager, who can now boast that the receipts for the provisions supplied have risen from £500 to £1,200 per annum. The Eastbourne Institution, which at the outset cost £3,000, and has lately been much enlarged, is in advance of most of the others in this respect—that it has dormitories attached to it.

Shaftesbury Hall, Princes-road, Notting-hill, London, has been opened
about two years, its promoters being anxious to give to the working classes a public-house, minus intoxicating drinks. They have, therefore, so arranged it, that, in addition to the bar, where artisans can obtain all they may require in the way of refreshment, they can carry on the various organizations which are inseparably connected with their position and pursuits. Thus loan societies, benefit societies, and discussion classes are held on the premises, being managed by the working men themselves. Lectures and entertainments are also provided, and opportunities afforded for moral and religious instruction. When first the public-house was opened, the supply of refreshments was limited to tea and coffee; but at the present time anything that is requisite for the working man in the way of food, and drinks not intoxicating, may be obtained between five in the morning and eleven at night. The catering department is under the direction of an efficient manager, who undertakes it on his own responsibility, paying a certain weekly sum for the premises. About £22 per week are received from the sale of refreshments.

It was at Shaftesbury Hall that the meeting lately took place, and the proceedings were rendered specially interesting by the presence and speech of Mr. Corbett, whose efforts in Glasgow in providing cheap refreshment-rooms have acquired wide and deserved reputation. Mr. Corbett stated that he was led to engage in the enterprise from the conviction that, except in places where they were exposed to the temptations incidental to drink, there were no convenient and comfortable houses of resort where the working classes could obtain cheap and wholesome food. Looking carefully at the question of provisions, he came to the conclusion that the real cost of a cup of tea, a bowl of soup, or an egg was about 2d. each, and thereupon determined to establish the principle of penny rations. Having taken a suitable hall in Glasgow, he fitted it up in a way that would render it attractive. No sooner was the hall thrown open than it was found that the public would eagerly avail themselves of the advantages which it offered, and, in the course of a very short experience it proved to be entirely self-supporting. He was desirous that it should be understood that while he had gone into the matter from philanthropic motives, he determined to carry it out upon strictly self-supporting principles. He had looked at it from first to last in a commercial light. When the working men and others entered the rooms for refreshment, they did not feel that they were the subjects of patronage, but were perfectly independent. The first hall he had opened having proved so successful the plan was extended, and at the present time there were twenty-five of these places in full working order in the city of Glasgow.

What he had done was this. Taking a map of the city he had fixed upon the spot where he thought such establishments were most required, and then he had opened them, and the result had been that a gross profit of £10,000 or £11,000 had been obtained. The expenses of the refreshment halls were about £8,000, which gave a net profit of about £2,000 per annum, a profit as net
as any obtained from any of the business transactions in which commercial men were engaged. As to the provisions supplied at the refreshment-rooms, they were of the best quality though they were simply cooked. This latter plan was adopted, as it was thought that if the food was disguised by the artifices of cookery it might be regarded with a suspicious eye by the working classes. From a paper containing some statistics, he found that 44,800 bowls of porridge, 58,352 cups of coffee, 75,000 cups of tea, 21,594 slices of bread and butter, 27,600 eggs, 148,016 plates of beef, 225,344 plates of potatoes, 99,344 basins of soup, and 135,000 plum puddings were consumed in the course of a month. The reasons why Halls such as he had established in Glasgow were not sometimes successful were, that they placed in the wrong localities or were built in the wrong way. His own idea had always been to have comfortable, well-lighted and well-ventilated rooms, about 100 feet long by 40 feet wide, lighted from the roof, and some 30 feet in height. He thought he might say of the rooms in Glasgow that they were as well lighted, as well warmed, and as airy as any of those in which gentlemen were in the habit of taking their dinners. Referring again to the secret of the non-success of similar rooms elsewhere, Mr. Corbett expressed the belief that it arose from the want of unity of management. In order to carry out the principle properly there should be one directing head. Where that was obtainable they would be sure to answer commercially. In his own case he had been repaid the whole of the capital he had laid out, with the exception of investments in the buildings, and had made a profit of about £7,000, which in accordance with a resolution he had formed, he had handed over to various charitable purposes. Without entering into details, he might say that the kitchen of his establishment covered an area of a quarter of an acre in extent, and that the milk of 120 cows daily was taken for their use. There need be no doubt whatever that in London such rooms would prove eminently successful. The metropolis was specially fitted for such an undertaking, but it ought to be carried out in some other way than through the medium of committees, which, as a rule, were weak and not adapted for work. As the great difficulty in London in the way of establishing the refreshment places would be obtaining suitable halls, he would suggest that a committee should be got together for the purpose of providing these. Let the committee provide the buildings, but let them place the refreshment department in the hands of energetic and competent managers, who would have it under their own control, and would find it to their advantage to conduct it efficiently. He specially commended this view to the attention of the Earl of Shaftesbury, and would be delighted to find that his lordship took it up.

At the conclusion of Mr. Corbett’s speech a committee such as he had suggested was appointed, the Earl of Shaftesbury expressing his full concurrence in the movement which had been the subject of consideration.
LIFE SKETCHES.

(Gleaned from London Refuges and Reformatories)

V.—HENRY MILLER.

E often hear it urged as a reason for drunkenness and dissipation that people are not educated sufficiently; that their mental and moral training having been neglected, their minds are left unstored with the intellectual power necessary for the right use and employment of their leisure hours; and that, therefore, they imbibe a taste for merely sensual pleasures, and readily fall into the sin of drunkenness. This may be true in some cases; but that it is not in all, will be seen in the following sketch.

Henry Miller, a young man of handsome appearance, good education, and easy address, was the son of a local preacher, possessed of some property, an honourable name, and unblemished character. Unhappily, in spite of good training and an excellent example, neither of the two last-named advantages were possessed by his son; for Henry was almost from childhood wild and reckless in disposition, and impatient of control, from which he took the earliest opportunity to escape. While a mere boy, he ran away from home, and enlisted as a soldier; but soon tiring of this life, and professing penitence was bought out by his father. Next he joined the police force; but this restraint soon disgusted him, especially as his father allowed him a good income. After this, a change seemed to have taken place in him for the better. He became acquainted with a respectable young woman, whom he soon after married; and his father and friends rejoiced to think that he was at last a changed character, likely to walk in the right path, and to forsake his old evil habits and companions.

But, alas! these hopes were but short-lived. Drink and dissipation once more gained the victory. Three months after his marriage he deserted his wife, and plunged again into the depths of vice and wickedness. His father, now thoroughly exasperated, cast him off entirely, as too bad to be any longer owned or cared for.

His supplies thus cut off, he soon began, like the prodigal, to be in want, and, like him, to repent of the folly and sin which had caused him to forsake all his friends. But he was ashamed to go back when he thought of his past career; and he, therefore, determined to seek
his living in London. Arrived in the great city, hungry and penniless, he found he must either sleep in the street, or in the casual ward of a workhouse. He chose the latter; and in the morning received his 2lb. of oakum to pick; but as his fingers were not accustomed to such work, he could not perform his task, and he was taken before a magistrate, and sent to prison for fourteen days!

At the end of this time, disgraced and miserable, he made his way to Field-Lane Refuge. His repentance and reformation being really sincere, after a time a situation was procured for him, where he is now doing well. He is in communication with his friends, and is also reconciled to his deserted ill-used wife. Trusting as he does now, to a higher power than his own for aid to fight against the temptation that well-nigh wrecked his life, and all that makes it worth living for, we will leave him, hoping that his besetting sin will no longer gain the victory over his better nature.

E. A. W.

Alcohol in Fever.—“I have myself been repeatedly subject to adverse personal criticism, professional and non-professional, because I have steadily refrained from giving wine in fevers even where persons of influence about the sick were in favour of giving large quantities, but where the result has shown that everything was going on perfectly well. I have no doubt whatever that practitioners throughout the country in many cases succumb to this kind of social pressure; and as long as the authorities appear to be all on one side, they will be constrained to stimulate, with or without a reason. This may appear to be an unwarranted statement, but it is not so. I have had the confession made to me in confidence by a most excellent and conscientious practitioner that he hardly dared to abstain from giving stimulants in scarlet fever, because the whole of his neighbourhood had been led to think that such cases could not possibly go on well without plenty of wine or whisky. I have had most ample evidence before me, in consultations, that much injury—often, I believe, fatal injury—has resulted from the inordinate administration of stimulants in acute diseases, especially to the young; and, therefore, it has been not from any love of innovation or of paradox, but rather from a deep sense of personal responsibility, and under a most serious conviction of the importance of the subject, that I have been led gradually to the conclusions adopted in this paper.”—Dr. Gairdner.
A CHAIRMAN’S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

BY A MEMBER OF A LONDON TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 115.)

WHETHER my religion was sincere and genuine at the age of sixteen there may be different opinions, but when, at that period, I began to pray in my own mother’s house, and when eleven or twelve of us belonging to a youths’ class, had a prayer-meeting to ourselves and gave our hearts to God, I believe we meant it. I said that, when a boy, I was not aware of having any crimes beyond getting into orchards and pilfering apples, and that I thought it a sin to be idle; so that I do not see, with the good start I had in religion, and with a liking for work, how I could have afterwards sunk into the condition that I did, except for strong drink. I could battle every other temptation, and overcome it; but this continually beat me.

After following navvy work, at different places, I got up to Coventry, where I had two uncles. At every fresh place I went to I made a fresh start in religion. At Coventry I found out a place of worship that I thought suited me, so I went there a few times. My two uncles were infidels, and more than that, they were drunkards; and they did not like me to be different to themselves. I could not be baffled out of my profession by their scoffs and jeers, but I did not stand long from their endeavours to get me to drinking. At first I was cautious; but gradually the drink got the upper hand of me, till, one day, in their presence, I was the worse for liquor. Then they had the advantage of me, for they told me I could not be a religious man, for I got drunk. I had to sleep with one of them; and after I had been intoxicated a time or two, I had not the face to go on my knees before him, and so I neglected prayer. I went on for a little time to go to my chapel; but when the drink got me over the mark on Saturday night, I had no heart to go to the house of God on Sunday, and my own conscience, and the jeers of my uncles, made me drop it altogether. Now I got into bad company, as well as drinking. I spent my money faster than I earned it. I got out of work. I was ill, and sold and pawned my clothes. So I wrote to my mother, and asked her to fetch me home. The good old woman scraped a few shillings together and came up to Coventry, but when she saw me she said, “Is this my Billy?” I was so altered.

When I got home, like a prodigal son, they got some decent things for me, and I began to look out for work. I also attended with my parents the place of worship as before, and the very sounds of the hymns and the texts of Scripture brought back all my former joy and delight in the service of God. This continued for some time; but the work failed, and I was compelled again to seek employment among gangs of men. I now got among the brickmakers
round London. Here drinking, and all its bad consequences, were the
order of the day. I told the men at once that I meant to go for heaven.
There was another man besides myself that professed to be religious, and the
life that we led was like being among savages. Of course I had my beer two or
three times a day, for I should as soon have thought that I could do my work
without bread and meat as without beer. I managed by great caution pretty
well for a few weeks. But once or twice the drink got the better of me, and my
companions found it out; and once, when a man offered to fight me, I swore
and striped to fight him. After this I could not hold up my head with
religion. One man said to me, "Bill, thee had better give in; religion will
never do for the likes of us as have got to work hard." It was not by his per-
suasions, but I did give in. After I had disgraced myself two or three times
through the drink, I could not carry on the two things together. I got
ashamed to own that I was a Christian, and gave up making any pretensions
to it. At the same time, I fell oftener into being drunk, and then I could swear
and sing a low song with the worst of them.

Winter came on again; and, as I had spent all my money, and the work
was stopped, I had to go home to my parents, who had to keep me out of
their little earnings. This time I did not make any show of religion, but went
on in my own village as ungodly as any of the young men of the place. In
this respect I was like several more of the class of lads who started well in
religion, but fell back through the drink; and the local preacher as well, that
was the leader of the class. One night I stayed out all night, and my father
came and found me out, and told me that, if I went on in that way, I should
take myself off. I went home before mother was up in the morning, and hal-
loaing at the bottom of the stairs, I said, "Mother, don't the Bible tell us to
obey our parents? Father tells me to take my hook, and so I means to. Get
up, and let me have my things, and I shall start." She called out, "Oh, my
Billy, thee wou'll come to ruin." I got my things, and off I started, and got
work among the navvies in making the railway at the Hampstead Junction.

About this time I thought I would take to myself a wife, thinking that it
would tame me, and help me to be sober. But the day we were married I got
so drunk that I upset the party; and my wife has since told me that she wished
she had never seen me, for she could see that there was nothing before her but
a life of hardships. My wife's brother was married too; and, as we worked
together, we built a turf cabin, with a partition in the middle, by the side of
the cutting; and there we lived. We earned good wages, but never saved a
penny; and, to make shift, we sometimes burned up things we had no business
to. One Saturday, when we got our money, we went on the spree, and got
so far in the drink that we fought, and both of us were locked up by the police.
When we came out we got to drinking again, and were very nigh being locked
up a second time for fighting. I have sometimes come home at night so furious
with drink, that if my wife said a word I would as lieu knock her through into
the next cabin as not. The craving for drink was sometimes so strong that I have pawned my shirt to get it.

In working the incline, our lives were continually in one another’s hands. We acted with the greatest caution; but when we went beyond a certain point in drinking, we would fight as if we had been the worst of foes. There is always a certain pleasure in taking strong drink, and this pleasure becomes a craving too strong to stand against.

We went on in this way without any check but the want of money and being obliged to work. One day, while the lot of us were sitting down to our meals, there came two ladies across the fields and up to the bank. At first we were all joking, and they were very shy. But they spoke to us very kindly, and said they had brought us a few books. Then one of them asked if she should read to us a few minutes; and when she had done, she talked to us about the love of Jesus. The very mention of the name of Jesus seemed to put a new life into me, and all the thoughts of my former happiness came back to me. There was no chaffing after that, and I had very little rest the next night. In a few days they came again; and this time I went up and shook hands with the lady. They came into my cabin; and by their persuasion I went to a meeting for prayer. When I came back, my wife was in bed; but I went down on my knees, and poured out my soul to God, so that she thought I was mad. It soon got about that I had turned Methodist, and a pretty life I had to lead; but my soul would sometimes be so full of joy that I would burst out in the digging, and sing some of the dear old hymns of my youth.

Soon after the work there was finished. It was a long time before I got other employment. One of my children died, and I was nearly destitute, all through my past follies. I was led now to Notting Dale; and there I found another deliverance for my soul. I was told that there was going to be a great meeting of working-men for the opening of the Workman’s Hall, and that the Bishop of London was going to speak. There were about 400 of us. Among the rest of it, the bishop said a man should have three things: first, a good conscience; second, good health; and, third, be out of debt. I said to myself, “The drink has robbed me of them three things all my life;” and I made up my mind I would join this new set—the teetotallers. I found that I could work as well, and sing a good deal more. Every night I looked in the glass to see if my hair grew. This was a grand thing for me; for I got rid of the worst enemy I ever had. After a few months my mother came up to see me. She said, “Bill, thee won’t kill thee self going without the beer; thee knawest thee beest not a big man, and thee hast got a little family, and thy work is hard, and thee wouln’t die.” I laughed at her, and said, “Mother, I can lick the lot on ’em.” I then attended the meetings at the Workman’s Hall, for there I found many men, like myself, who had got rid of the drink, and were singing their way to heaven.

(To be continued.)
VOICES FROM A PRISON
TO THE CHRISTIANS OF ENGLAND.

By the Rev. William Caine, M.A., Manchester.

FORD PALMERSTON, in 1853, made a remark in the House of Commons which ought to have roused England from its lethargy. He said, "Profligacy, vice, and immorality are not thundering at our gates, like a besieging army, but they are undermining the very ground on which we stand." I do not think that England is much improved since 1853; but there is, I must admit, a great improvement in the feelings and sentiments of the clergy with regard to the necessity of doing something to elevate the masses of the people from their degradation. As a proof of this, I may quote some wise and true words of the Archbishop of York at the late Church Conference at Sheffield. "I strongly believe," said the Archbishop, "that unless greater union be promoted amongst the clergy,—a union which is procured not by enforcements of law, but by a unanimity of sentiment, and a determination to carry on the Church as we find it, and not to make a new Church which we think better than our own—the working classes will remain where they are. And where are they? I need only repeat one statement which I have made before, that in a parish in this town, which may be taken as a specimen of many other parishes, half the people profess to attach themselves to no religious body at all! Well, I say that this appalling fact teaches to you and me the need of union. . . . Surely, dear friends, this awful state of things also teaches us the danger of sloth, and I pray to God that it may teach that lesson to me. . . . It is not as if the phrase which we all use, "a Christian land," were a true phrase; it is a false phrase. We are a land with much Christian feeling and a great zeal and activity; we are a land with many Christian men in it, and that is the very salt of society which prevents it festering, and corrupting, and disappearing for ever. But there is around it such a mass of evil to cure that the man who lies down on his pillow night after night unable to say he has made the slightest attempt to cure it, is one who cannot appear before God with confidence to render an account of his stewardship."

I ask all the readers of our Temperance Magazine to meditate on
the weighty and solemn words of the Archbishop of York in the last sentence I have quoted.

I now proceed to mention some cases of crime and vice deserving special consideration, which have come under my notice within the last few days, when discharging my painful duties in a place which ought not to exist in a land in which the Gospel of the loving and self-denying Jesus has been preached so many centuries, and which, I firmly believe, would not be needed if only the ministers of Christ protested as they ought to do against the hideous and gigantic evil which has grown up before their eyes without any earnest denunciation by them against it. The evil I refer to is the traffic in intoxicating, that is, poisoning, drinks, and the place is a horrid prison! If that traffic were suppressed, one prison would suffice where now we have twenty; and the other nineteen could easily be transformed into colleges for the instruction of those who are ignorant, of both sexes and of every age.

Napoleon said that the great want of France was "good mothers." England is suffering from the same want. What possibility is there that girls can become good wives and good mothers when in our large towns young girls, from the age of thirteen and upwards, meet seven or eight or more together in public-houses and beer-houses at night, after their work in the factories, and drink beer and stronger liquors for hours at a time, exactly like brutalized drunken men! And often the girls get drunk, and are carried home to their parents in that beastly condition! Recently several young girls of this class have come into our County Gaol. One of them, aged sixteen, told me that she has spent as much as two shillings on beer in one night! And some of these wretched creatures have been at Sunday-schools four and five years! And on Sunday nights, Sunday-school scholars are lured into the public-houses, and they sing there the hymns and psalms which they have learned in their Sunday-schools! From being singers of hymns in public-houses they are soon changed into drinkers and drunkards!

Education does not prevent this intoxicating or poisoning drink from injuring and destroying, and transforming into criminals, well-educated persons who use it! Several mournful instances of this kind have ately filled me with sorrow. A young man of very gentlemanly appearance, and who received an excellent education at one of our training colleges, committed a theft, and was sentenced to six months imprisonment. At the time he was a schoolmaster, with eighty pupils
under his care, in one of the southern counties. He had a very nice income. During a short vacation at Whitsuntide he came home to see his parents and friends in a parish a few miles from Manchester. He met some old acquaintances, who induced him to go with them into a public-house. The poisonous drink affected his brain, and deprived him of his ordinary powers of mind. Unconscious of what he was doing, he took some money which did not belong to him. He had no intention to steal. He did not want money. It was the demon drink in him that committed the theft. But he is now lying a degraded, ruined man, in prison, with all his prospects in life blighted! This young man was connected with a Sunday-school sixteen years, and during seven of these he was a Sunday-school teacher! I often receive letters in which doubts are expressed as to the accuracy of my statements in my Prison Report for last year. The fact is, my statements are below the truth. No human tongue can describe the horrors and the ravages of the traffic in these poisoning drinks amongst all classes of society. Drink is no respecter of persons. This young man was never warned against drink by the clergyman in whose school he was so many years a scholar and a teacher. The reason why Sunday-schools fail in so many instances is simply because so many clergymen and Sunday-school teachers are not earnest teetotallers and haters of the liquor traffic. There are several schoolmasters in our County Gaol at present.

Nothing is more amazing than the utter carelessness and indifference which some licensing magistrates display with regard to the moral character of the persons to whom they grant licences to keep public-houses. I have seen licences given to drunkards and to men of notoriously bad character. A great many of our prisoners have been children of publicans. A short time ago I met one who has been in prison more than twenty times, although he is not yet thirty years of age; and his brother has been in prison six times before the age of twenty! None suffer more through drink than the publicans themselves and their families. For many years I have attended at the Court on the day when the magistrates grant licenses, and I have seen even the magistrates themselves astonished when they heard the names of clergymen who have actually signed petitions in favour of the applications of members of their churches to obtain a publican's license! Blind leaders of the blind are they, and both fall into the ditch! It is such clergymen as these who fill our prisons with their parishioners, and who consign their Sunday scholars to ruin here and
hereafter by actually themselves placing temptations in their way! How solemn and how awful are our Saviour’s words in St. Luke, xvii. 1, 2, “Woe unto him through whom stumbling-blocks come! It were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he cast into the sea, than that he should cause one of these little ones to stumble!” The same warning is applicable to all professing Christians who encourage and help to keep in existence the liquor traffic.

MONTHLY LETTER.
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

On Whit Monday there was a large gathering in the new Temperance Hall in St. James’s, Clerkenwell. After a substantial tea, a meeting was held under the presidency of the Rev. Robert Maguire. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, the Rev. Thomas Rooke, and Mr. W. Tweedie. At intervals, during the proceedings, some kind ladies of the parish favoured the audience with music, both vocal and instrumental.

On Wednesday, May 26, there was a very well-attended meeting held in the Town Hall, Bampton, Oxon, under the auspices of the Rev. Dacres Adams, vicar of the parish and rural dean. The meeting was the first of the kind held in Bampton, and was convened by some earnest friends of the cause. The Chairman, though not himself a total abstainer, stated that he would give any help in his power to the Association about to be formed, by attending their meetings, and in other ways; and he earnestly called on all to whom alcoholic liquors were a source of temptation to come and join. The Rev. Thomas Rooke then addressed the meeting, and was listened to with earnest attention. The Rev. J. Simcox, curate of the parish, was also present.

On Friday, May 28, the Lilleshall Association held their Anniversary Festival. The proceedings commenced with Divine service in the parish church at two o’clock, at which the present vicar, the Rev. W. Bradburne; the late vicar, the Rev. G. De Bunsen; and the late curate, Rev. — Andrews, officiated. The Rev. Thomas Rooke preached the sermon. After the service there was a double tea, to meet the requirements of the members who attended; and there were one or two out-door meetings held. In the evening there was a very crowded meeting held, at which the vicar presided, when the Rev. C. Skrine, the Rev. Thomas Rooke, and others, addressed the audience, congratulating the Lilleshall Society on their progress, and encouraging them to persevere. Hearty votes of thanks were passed to the chairman,
the speakers, and, above all, to the kind president of the Society, Miss E. Harford Battersby. The Rev. G. De Bunsen, the Rev. Thomas Lapp Butler, and Mr. J. Hedges (of Birmingham), were amongst those whom I noticed at the meeting.

On the 31st the Rev. Thomas Rooke addressed a Meeting of the Dorset County Association, at Sturminster Marshall. It was the quarterly meeting of the Association, and the proceedings were opened by service in the church, followed by an admirable sermon by the vicar, the Rev. C. Kegan Paul.

On Thursday evening, June 10, the Rev. Thomas Rooke attended and lectured at a meeting in Pet, Sussex, convened and presided over by W. D. Lucas-Shadwell, Esq., of Fairlight. And on Monday, June 14, Mr. Rooke also lectured at Hartland, Devon, at a meeting held under the chairmanship of the vicar, the Rev. J. H. Chope, who has for some time been a member of our Society, and is now organizing a Parochial Association.

I must not omit to mention the remarkable and successful Conference held by the National Association, in the Rooms of the Society of Arts, on the 7th and 8th ult. The Archbishop of York presided at the opening, and the subsequent chairmen were Lord Lyttleton, Viscount Sidmouth, J. Abel Smith, Esq., Sir Harcourt Johnson, M.P. The proceedings were opened by an address by Rev. H. J. Ellison, and was kept up during the two days with much spirit and interest. Those in attendance comprised men of all shades of religious and political opinions; and by their unanimity on the leading points of the Conference showed how ripe the country is becoming for sound legislation on the Liquor Traffic. Surely our Church Society has done good service by starting such an Association.

I have to congratulate the country on the passing of Sir H. J. Selwin-Ibbetson's bill, and hope it may be safe through the Lords before these lines are in print.

The Appendix to the Report of Convocation has been issued, and is a most valuable book of reference on the Temperance Question. The Report was presented and forwarded to the Upper House of Convocation by a unanimous vote of the Lower House, moved by Archdeacon Sandford, and seconded by the Dean of Westminster, after an important rider had been moved by Archdeacon Denison, seconded by Archdeacon Sandford, and was carried unanimously. The more I peruse the report of the discussion in Convocation on this subject, the more am I persuaded that no other stand-point for practical action can be devised than that of personal abstinence, as tending to liberate one's hands altogether of all and any complicity with the cause of this mischief. It is plain that the wise heads of our representatives in Convocation had nothing better to propose, although they spoke rather disparagingly of the system we have adopted. Meanwhile, they are doing nothing—having no plan of action; and we are doing all that is being done in this weighty and anxious matter. The Report only, price 3d., and the Report and Appendix, price 3s., can be had on application to our Society's office, 6, Adam Street, Adelphi.
THE NEW ACT.

We have to congratulate the country on the fact that Sir H. J. Selwyn-Ibbetson's Bill has received the Royal assent, and came into force on July 15. The measure, as it originally stood, merely transferring the licensing power from the Excise to the Magistrates, did not, we confess, meet our views. The plan suggested by the "Beershop Act Repeal Committee" of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND IRELAND TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY, simply to repeal or modify the Act of 1830, so as to prevent the issue of any new licences under its provisions, would have been a more easy and successful way of dealing with the question, and would have left it unembarrassed by any pronouncement of the legislature as to the future and ultimate licensing power. But notwithstanding this, it is a matter of congratulation to all Temperance reformers that Parliament has at length ventured to deal with the question, and that the Government, while assenting to Sir H. J. Selwyn-Ibbetson's measure, have done so on the express condition that they are not to be regarded as endorsing the opinion that the licensing power should remain with the Magistracy, and that the Act should be only one of a temporary character, pending the introduction of a measure on the whole licensing system, which they promised for next session.

With these reservations and conditions, Sir H. J. Selwyn-Ibbetson's Act is, in effect, that which, some three years ago, was proposed by the Committee of the Church Temperance Society above alluded to, and which was first submitted to public opinion by meetings and conferences and publications, and through the pages of THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE by them.

The National Association for Promoting Amendment in the Laws relating to the Liquor Traffic has succeeded (on an enlarged basis, and embracing an union of men of all shades of opinion on religion
and politics who are alive to the evils of the liquor traffic) to the Beershop Act Repeal Committee of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society, and most heartily do we wish it success. The programme it has proposed for itself is almost identical with the suggestions contained in the Report of the Committee of Convocation on Intemperance, and thus naturally becomes even more interesting to churchmen, who cannot but feel thankful that, notwithstanding all that has been said (and much with truth) of the present constitution and want of power of Convocation, the Church, in its representative capacity, has thus come forward even in advance of Parliament, to deal with the greatest and most important religious, social, physical, and moral evil of the day. We hope that with the year 1869 is expiring the terrible forty years of England's temptation in the wilderness of unsound legislation since the Act of 1830, and that a new and happier era is opening, in which at least our country will no longer be a proverb and a byword among the peoples of the earth because of her national intemperance.

By the provisions of the new Act it is enacted that, after July 15, no licence, or renewal of licence, for the sale by retail of beer, cider, or wine, or any such articles, under the provisions of any of the Acts previously recited, shall be granted except upon the production of a certificate from the Magistrates. These certificates are to be granted at the ordinary Brewster Sessions. These licences, or licences for the sale of table beer, may be procured at the Special Sessions for transfer of licences as well as at the Annual Special Licensing Sessions. All persons in possession of a licence on the 1st of May in this year will be entitled to receive their certificate without demur. Those who have commenced business since the 1st of May will be considered in the light of new beginners, and will come under the discretion of the Magistrates as to the necessity for them, as well as to the character of the applicant and his house. The "reserved rights" of the 40,000 or 50,000 beerhouses in existence will be acted upon very materially by the provision that their claims will be forfeited if the applicant has failed to produce satisfactory evidence of good character, or if the house or shop be in any way disorderly, or if the applicant, having previously had a licence, has forfeited it by his misconduct. This provision will be a most useful one when and where the police authority
or magistrates are anxious for the weeding out of the disreputable houses; while another very important one is that no length of time, as heretofore, is necessary to intervene to constitute a second or third offence. The Act also provides for more facile conviction by destroying the necessity for the proof of passing of money, and rendering it unnecessary to give evidence of ownership or occupancy of neighbouring property used for consumption of liquors.

Armed by the powers granted by this Act, we hope that the Magistrates and police will abate these nuisances, and that all our Temperance friends and allies will in every way endeavour to co-operate, so as to make the influence of the law felt even during this interval of suspensory and (shall we say?) experimental legislation. We confess to a feeling of some little pride, or at least thankfulness, when we consider the part we were enabled to take in the early inception of the question as touching the beer-houses. Almost ever since the formation of our Society we have gone upon the principle of "progressive legislation," taking the great question in detail, and thankful if any mitigation of the great drink-woe is secured. It is some reward for past labour to find at least one demand so far satisfied; and one main limb of the foe crippled for life. Any abatement of the enemy's force is gain to our good and noble cause, rendering them weaker, and making us stronger, for further effort.

The main result, however, of the passing of this Act, is to set us a hope for the future. Our anticipations are very largely whetted by the promise that the Government will in the course of a year or two take the whole question into its consideration, and remodel the whole code of legislation on the subject. Nothing is more needed to be done; and nothing can be more worthy as a subject for Cabinet Council than this. Here the social good, the moral advancement, the educational progress, and the religious welfare of the people all meet—to a large extent concentrated in this huge question. We earnestly desire to see the Government of the country, in a truly patriotic and paternal spirit, using its power to restrain this potent evil, and by the mere restraint upon its force, to release every good thing that is now hindered by it. There is no other public cause half so urgent as this, if the good of the commonweal is regarded as the first care of an
administration. We know of no other subject, however large the agitation may be about it, but might safely be postponed to this; and any government that, leaving mere political and party questions to bide their time, will devote its attention to this topic, will earn to itself the lasting remembrance of all who wish well to their fatherland.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BY WILL-O' THE WISP.

II.—UP WITH THE MUSE.

"Sam Spritsail's a lad you'll delight in,
   For friendship he's always agog;
Loves his ship, loves his girl, and loves fighting,
   And loves—to be sure he does—Grog.

"Let Grog take the charge of the helm,
   We perceive not the dangers of sea;
Though billows the vessel o'erwhelm,
   Yet Grog is the pilot for me," &c., &c., &c.

Here, Mr. Editor, is a specimen of one of the songs which, according to the authority of Beranger, are far more influential on the manners and morals of a nation than the formal laws which constitute its government. And I think that a little reflection will bring us all round to the French philosopher's opinion in regard to lyric poetry. A past ministry gave a pension of £200 a year to the lyricist Dibdin. I am sure the rum dealers ought to have erected a statue to his memory.

Now, sir, I want to ask you a question. If it can be proved that there is in our midst a power equally potent for good or evil, and if this power has hitherto been principally used for purposes of evil, are not we, as opponents of that evil, something more than merely unwise, if we neglect to avail ourselves of this power? For centuries the Bacchanalian muse has had pretty much her own way, with what effect we all know; and a huge amount of verse of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent, has been strung together in praise of drunkenness,—the hymnology of the gin-shop is far more copious and varied than that of
the Church;—and writers of every degree of mental calibre have thought it honourable to sacrifice their powers to the god of their idolatry, from the unknown author of the ploughman’s ditty—

“And it’s O, Brown Beer, thou art my da—a—ar—r—ling,”

to the polished Moore, who thought it no disgrace to sing—

“Bear my heart to my mistress dear,
Tell her it lived upon smiles and wine.”

And we, Temperance advocates, what have we been doing in this matter all this while? Why scarcely anything.

There is no use in denying the fact that our Bacchanalian poetry and music have generally a lively, jolly, rollicking, taking character about them, which harmonizes well with a cheerful disposition and merry mood of mind. The rapid tripping of semiquavers up and down the scale has a charm in itself, which it transfers to the words and sentiments with which the notes are allied. And in many cases a simple admiration of the tune, leading to a familiarity with the words, has led still further to an adoption of the sentiment, and a carrying of it out in the life. It would not be easy to find the exact percentage of drunkards who have been made so from this cause; but that this is an element of mischief is past all controversy. Many a youth who, learning to sing

“Jolly mortals, fill your glasses, noble deeds are done by wine,”

and being anxious to share in the jollity of glass-filling (and emptying), has found himself, before he was twenty, the performer of the noble deeds which wine (or gin and water, rather) inspires; regarding the policeman as his natural enemy, senseless mischief as the “finest thing out,” and a wholesale drunkery, misnamed a music-hall, as a very Elysium. And, steadily passing from bad to worse, in a few years the “jolly mortal” slips unregretted from time into eternity, through one of the thousand drink-made doors, ever open, where he is able to give a flat contradiction to another of his favourite ditties, and does not

“Live as he ought to live, and die a happy fellow.”

Now, how have we used this power ourselves? Why, about as badly as we could. The drunkards have and have had the advantage of us in every way in this matter. They have the best words and the best music. Our Temperance lyrics, with a very few exceptions, are
simply contemptible. I speak, of course, of the popular and best
known ones—compositions generally of the Richard Weaver school,
with endless repetitions, little rhyme, and less reason; sung frequently
to the poorest tunes to be found in the "Union Tune Book," a collec-
tion of which it is no libel to say that it contains more unmusical
rubbish in less space than any other volume of sacred music extant.
Or, if this Scylla be avoided, the vocalists are tolerably certain to fall
into the Charybdis of an explosion of noise and rant, which sets one
wondering how by what chance such an agglomeration of crotchets
and quavers could ever have been brought together.

We wish to make Temperance attractive. Many of her admirers,
in their faith in her beauty, have considered her attractions so powerful
that she might be safely draped in dirty rags, and they have so draped
her. That this is a mistake, and a great one, has only been too amply
proved by the bad success and ultimate collapse of scores of Tem-
perance Societies in all parts of the kingdom. We cannot make our
fair benefactress too attractive. We cannot ornament her too much.
Let learning and wit, let art and science, let poetry and music, let
architecture and painting, do for her some little of what they have done
for the evil principle she opposes. Surely it is not going too far to say
that—considering her god-like character—some part of the glowing
prophecies of the second half of the forty-fifth psalm are hers of right.
Why, in her behalf, should not "the daughter of Tyre be there with a
gift?" Why should not "the rich among the people intreat her favour?"
And while waiting the advent of advances such as these, do let us see
if our lyrical poetry cannot get beyond such compositions as

"Tiddleywink shall fall for ever at Teetotal's powerful call."

A HINT FOR MR. GLADSTONE.—Habitual drunkards in Illinois, by a recent
Act of the Legislature, are hereafter to be subjected to a very stringent course
of treatment. They are classified with indigent, idiotic, and insane persons,
and are to be placed under the care of guardians or of the overseers of the
poor. A similar provision exists in Pennsylvania; but the regulations are more
strict in Illinois, since in the latter state when a person has once been declared
an habitual drunkard, the guardianship over him must continue for an entire
year.
AST June, when reading “Woman’s Work” (Wm. Tweedie, London), I longed to send to one of the writers, Mrs. Nash, several facts from the daily experience of poor hard-working women, laundresses, and others, living in very poor close homes.

Mrs. W. for nineteen years, Mrs. C. for twenty-six years, hard-working laundresses, tell me they would not do their work upon beer,—their substitute is fresh water and tea. No time for mid-day rests: they have each large families; Mrs. W. a drunken husband, who squanders most of her hard earnings.

Mrs. P., washerwoman, with four children. Cocoa, made in the simplest, quickest way, is her only stimulant, generally part of her mid-day meal. Eight years ago she took porter at dinner, and “a long rest over her mid-day meal.” She had then only one child. Seeing the curse drink was to her neighbours,—the great incentive to crime, chief cause of so much poverty, misery, and soul ruination,—with earnest prayer for a blessing, she joined our Temperance ranks. Ever since God has blessed her with better health, three more children, and no wish “for a mid-day rest.” Her husband is a hard-working sawyer, and has not tasted beer or spirits for eight years, cocoa or oatmeal and water being his only stimulants. He maintains two other children, orphan nephews. During the hop season Mrs. P. took her six children to the hop-fields; a bottle of milk and water with dry bread was their only nourishment for fifteen days. Returning home, cocoa was made directly. Three nights during that time kind-hearted Mrs. P. sat up all night with a friend who was dangerously ill. Urged to accept porter, she steadily refused, taking tea during the night, but requesting cocoa for early breakfast, as she found that necessary for nourishing her baby, then eight months old. She took her cocoa then home for her six children, and off to the hop-picking, three miles from her house. Mrs. P. in appearance is by no means robust-looking. Before giving up porter she suffered much from headache; now quite free, and able for more work than formerly. Her children are fresh and rosy, though living in a very small, close, confined part of the town. They belong to our Band of Hope, and do not know the taste of intoxicating drink.

J. S., a hard-working cobler, having been a tectotaller for ten years, was ordered by the doctors to take a half-pint of beer each night for supper, instead of which he took a little gruel, prepared in this way: Three spoonsful of oatmeal (Scotch, if he could get it); mix a little with cold water, then add one pint of water; let it boil for ten minutes. If he could procure a little milk still better. On this the pain in his chest vanished, and he could sleep soundly. He continued this nightly for more than three years.

Many other living witnesses could be mentioned in response to Mrs. Nash’s
application for "practical advice," knowing many poor hard-working women earning their daily bread without intoxicating stimulants, preferring nourishing cocoa, strengthening coffee, stimulating tea, refreshing and sustaining milk. Milk, I had often been told by doctors, "was too heavy for grown up people's constitutions." For ten years I acquiesced, feeling often sorely perplexed what to take "when worn out in mind and body, young ones thronging round me for care and help," unable to procure "the quiet half-hour's rest" which is often such a boon to the weared heart and overtaxed brain. Last spring, after a weary day of railway travelling and shopping in London, feeling faint and wearied, I called on a friend, who introduced me to a lady whose lovely, clear complexion at once rivetted my admiration, greatly surprised to hear she was the mother of six strong, blooming children, resident in smoky London! They were all in the habit of breakfasting on milk, daily taking several pints. The lady reared her six children with no other stimulant. A tumbler of milk was offered to me, which I took slowly with a tiny biscuit. Speedily my whole frame was invigorated and strengthened. My destination led me to another railway journey. During the transit I drank two other tumblers of milk, which stimulated and refreshed my mind and body so entirely that my friends, observing no appearance of exhaustion, laughingly declared, "You must have taken wine all this day."

In autumn I was unexpectedly called to attend the death-bed of a near and dear relative. His complaint was very painful, requiring constant attendance and hourly lifting for nearly seven weeks. It is not suitable to state more particulars than that I was his constant attendant and nurse by day and night, only resting from six to eight A.M.; too sad to eat, day and night living and resting on milk, with or without bread. I generally took five or six pints of milk in the twenty-four hours.

After my dear relative had passed away to his loved Saviour, circumstances prevented my having any change of air, while an increased number of young people required constant attendance. "With strain on mind and body," I can well understand the "weary feelings of ladies" with their "families looking to them for aid." Let them ask our Lord to bless a trial of small quantities of milk every half hour till rested. Tea prevents many from sleeping; but milk has a soothing, quieting tendency, which greatly aids sleep. Dr. Edmunds often recommends a little warm water and sugar in the milk. Many feel milk to be one of their greatest earthly blessings.

May the Holy Spirit stimulate all ranks in self-denial for their own and others' welfare—physically, morally, and socially.

"Lord! whose love, in power excelling,  
Wash'd the leper's stain away;  
Jesus! from Thy heavenly dwelling,  
Hear us, help us when we pray!"  

JANE V. H.
SUNSHINE AND SHADE.

"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses. He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder."

Psalm cvii. 13, 14.

The morn is bright, and clear the sky,
And radiance all around;
Fair sights of beauty meet the eye,
The ear drinks in each sound.

But there are some who cannot see
That bright sun's morning ray;
And dim and dark their path must be
Amid the light of day.

Jesus who once didst speak the word
To heal the deaf and blind;
Though now in heav'n, Thy love's the same
To all of human kind.

Look down on those in darkness here,
Oh speak the word of might;
Thou who didst cause the blind to see,
Lord say, "Let there be light!"

To each and all of us be giv'n
That clear unearthly sight;
That faith which points the soul to heav'n—
The heav'n where all is light.

M. A. E. L.
THE PRICE OF AN ACRE OF LAND.

By F. Harrison.

CHAPTER I.
MARKET-DAY AT WOODERTON.

There was one baker's shop in the little village of Woodford; it was kept by a very respectable man named Willis. He and his wife and all his children were noted for being extremely clean, honest, sober, and civil; and in consequence they had a very good business. The shop had a large window in the High Street, and behind the shop was a bright little parlour. At the back of the house was a nice square garden kept in capital order by Thomas Willis and his sons.

In the little parlour, Mrs. Willis and her eldest daughter, Emily, usually sat at their work. They made all the clothes worn by themselves, and also the linen worn by Mr. Willis and the boys. The younger girls went to a day-school, and were too young to do much needle-work; and as Mrs. Willis did a good deal of the baking, the greater part of the needlework fell to the lot of Emily. She was very clever at her needle, and could make gowns and bonnets just as well as shirts and plain work. She was also able to make excellent bread; and some of the nicest biscuits in the shop were those made by her.

Emily was very clever; she was very pretty and very good tempered. There was not a nicer girl in Woodford than Emily Willis. The young men of the village all admired her very much; but they said she was too proud. The fact was that she did not think it right or nice to walk and joke with any young man whom she might chance to meet. She thought it very likely that some day she should meet with some one whom she would really like, and then she would walk with him sometimes of an evening. But she would not waste her time with people for whom she did not care. And now she was twenty years of age, and had not yet come across any one for whom she did care.

About three miles from Woodford was a large town called Wooderton, where assizes were held and where the shops were as good, people said, as the shops in London. As the one draper's shop in Woodford was certainly not at all like a London shop, the women of the village often walked over to the town to buy their new clothes. On market-day the town was always full of people, and cows, and sheep, and pigs. Emily Willis, who was used to the pleasant clean trade of a baker, did not like Wooderton on market-day, when the dirty fat pigs were to be found lying about in the market-place. But it happened sometimes that she was obliged to go to Wooderton on a cattle day; and so it happened on the day on which this story begins.
"I am going to Wooderton, today," said Mr. Willis at breakfast; 
"so if you want any new things for the spring, you had better come there with me."

"I can't well go to-day," said Mrs. Willis, "because I am going to iron the clothes we washed yesterday; but Emily can go and buy what we want."

"Oh, mother," said Emily, "this is market-day!"

"That is the reason I am going to-day," replied her father, "I am going to buy flour."

"You'd better go, Emily," said Mrs. Willis. "I want print dresses for Ann and Sarah, and a coburg for myself; and you may have any kind of gown you like to choose, and a straw bonnet and some blue ribbon to trim it with."

"Very well," said Emily, "then I will go. But I can't bear the town when it's full of animals."

"The animals won't hurt you," cried her brother Tom, as he went off to his work.

So Emily took a large basket and some money in her purse, and set off with her father to walk to Wooderton. They found the town in a great bustle as it always was on market-day; indeed it was in more than its usual bustle, for the assizes were to be held next day, and the judge and the barristers were now arriving.

"You must go to your favourite shops," Mr. Willis said to Emily, as soon as they were in the town, "and I must go and find the millers whom I usually deal with. When you are ready to go home you had better go to the church; and if you walk up and down there I will join you as soon as I have made my bargain for the flour."

"Very well, father," was Emily's reply as they parted.

She had to choose four dresses, and a bonnet and several ribbons and sundry little articles, and it was a long time before her basket was full and her business all settled. But at length she had finished all that she had to do, and then she walked down to the church. Her father was not yet there, so she paced up and down waiting for him.

Just opposite the church was a large public-house called the Red Lion. It was so large that it called itself an hotel; and the lawyers who came down to the trials, from London, often stopped at the Lion, which contained bedrooms, sitting-rooms, and a billiard-room. In front of the Lion several men were smoking and talking this afternoon. Among them was a young man from Woodford, who knew Emily. He nodded and smiled at her, and she nodded and smiled a little in return. Then John Sims crossed the road and spoke to her.

John Sims had nothing particular to say to Emily, but she was glad that his companions should see him talking to such a pretty girl. He only asked after her mother, and all her family, and then he returned to the group in front of the Lion. Emily was very glad when he left her, for his presence brought such an odour of spirits and tobacco that it was quite unpleasant to have to talk to him.

"I say, Sims," said one of his companions, "who's that pretty girl?"

"That's Emily Willis, down at Woodford. Isn't she a beauty?"

"That she is, sure enough."
"There's never a girl in Woodford or Wooderton either, that can hold a candle to her. But she's as proud as proud."

"I don't like proud girls," said the other young man, whose name was Henry Price; "I like girls that talk quite free and easy like."

"Emily's not one of that kind," said Sims.

"She'll talk to me if I try, I'll be bound," said Price, and he began to smile and take off his hat to Emily, who did not see him at first.

"Don't be such a donkey, Price," exclaimed Sims, "I can't let you insult Miss Willis."

"I'm not going going to insult her," cried Price; "I am taking off my hat in the most respectful way; and I'm sure it won't hurt Miss Willis to be spoken to by the Earl's second gardener!"

By this time Emily saw that Price was trying to draw her attention, and that Sims was angry with him for what he was doing. She began to feel frightened, and to wish that her father would come. And when she saw Price coming across the road to her, and Sims trying to pull him back, she was in such terror lest they should begin to quarrel that she ran up a little alley beside the church, to get out of their sight.

As she ran up the alley she heard a sound of music, and seeing that a small door was ajar, she pushed it open and found herself in the church. It seemed half dark at first, and there was no one in it except a man who was playing softly on the organ. It was so delicious inside, so cool and sweet and quiet, and so different to the noisy, dusty street, that she longed to remain there. She walked quietly up to the chancel, and a feeling came over her that a beautiful church must be the next thing to Heaven; and then at that thought she knelt down for a few minutes and heard the organ mixing with her thoughts. As she finished her thoughts with an "Amen" the organist suddenly began to play the grand old Easter Hymn; and when he had finished that joyful tune she went out again into the street, and saw her father just coming in sight. She was glad to see him, and told him how the men at the Lion had frightened her.

"I suppose they had been drinking," said Willis; "on market-day most of the men finish their bargains at the public-house, and manage by so doing to turn a good bargain into a bad one. I have made my bargains without the help of a public-house, but I confess I am very thirsty."

"So am I," said Emily, "for it is hot to-day."

"We will have a glass of something," said her father, looking into the window of a small greengrocer's shop. "I often get a glass of lemonade from old Mrs. Rogers."

They went into the little shop, which smelt sweetly of wallflowers and mignonette. Old Mrs. Rogers, a very clean old lady, came to serve them. They had each a glass of fresh, cool lemonade. While they were still talking to Mrs. Rogers, a dog-cart drove past, containing two gentlemen, both young.

"Who may they be?" asked Willis.

"Don't you know?" said Mrs. Rogers. "Why the fair one is Mr. William Sinclair, the eldest son of Squire Sinclair up at the Hall; and
the dark one is Mr. Lovell, the gentleman that is going to marry sweet Miss Mary Sinclair. They're going to the Hall now, I dare say. Mr. Lovell is a lawyer, making thousands and thousands a year; and when he comes down for the assizes he stays at the Hall, which is quite natural."

"To be sure," said Emily; "and when will they be married?"

"I'm sure I don't know about when; but they'll be a handsome couple surely, and I hope they'll be a happy couple too."

As Willis and Emily came out of Mrs. Rogers's shop they saw that the dog-cart had stopped at the Lion, and the two gentlemen had each a glass of ale. Then Mr. Sinclair whipped up the horse, and they set off at a tremendous pace toward the Hall.

"What a business those inns and hotels do!" said Willis, "and what a deal of harm they do! What can Mr. Lovell want with beer when he's only got to drive two miles from the station to the Hall?"

"It's only a habit," said Emily.

"Ay, and a bad habit."

Then they stepped out briskly along the Woodford Road, and Emily thought more about the beautiful Miss Sinclair and her future husband than she did about John Sims and Henry Price. She did not know how soon she was to see Henry Price again.

CHAPTER II.

THE WALK AND TALK.

On the following Sunday, as the Willis's came out of church after morning service, they found John Sims waiting in the churchyard, and with him the young man whose conduct had annoyed Emily the day she was at Wooderton.

"How do you do?" said John Sims; "this is a friend of mine, Henry Price."

Price shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Willis, and then offered to do the same with Emily. She had coloured when she saw him, for she still felt rather angry with him; but he thought that her change of colour was from pleasure at seeing him again. Emily could not refuse to shake hands with him. As they all began to move through the churchyard towards the gate, Price stayed beside Emily, and began to talk to her.

"I hope you're not angry with me," he began, "for what I did the other day in Wooderton? The fact was that as soon as I saw you, I thought I should like to know you and talk to you; and some girls don't mind a fellow putting himself forward to make friends. And so, if I did make a fool of myself, you must please forgive me."

Oh, yes," replied Emily, "I forgive you. But I did not like it."

"I won't do it again," said Henry Price; and then he began to talk about something else.

John Sims was talking to Mrs. Willis. "Henry Price is a great friend of mine," said he, "and he's a capital good fellow."

"He looks very clean and nice," said Mrs. Willis,

"Yes, and he's a steady chap too, and has a good place with the Earl."

"What is his place?"

"He's second gardener, which is a
great thing for a man only twenty-eight years of age."

"It is indeed," said Mrs. Willis.

"He understands his work, and he's got good wages, and he's laid by a nice little sum of money. And his lordship says that some day Henry Price will be head gardener."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Willis.

"And do you know," Sims went on in a lower tone, "he saw Miss Emily the other day at Wooderton, and he admired her so much that he said he must be made acquainted with her. So he came to-day to dine with me, and asked me to say a good word for him, because perhaps you will allow him to keep company with your daughter."

"I'm sure I've no objection," said Mrs. Willis, greatly pleased that the Earl's second gardener should think of her daughter, "and if he's as good as you say, I dare say Emily will like him. But she must please herself."

"To be sure, Mrs. Willis, to be sure," said Sims.

They had now come to the door of their house in High Street. "Will you come in?" said Mrs. Willis.

"No, thank you," answered Sims, "Price is coming home to dinner with me."

"Then you'd better come to tea at five o'clock," said Mr. Willis, "both of you."

"All right," said John Sims. "Thank you, I will," said Henry Price.

Mrs. Willis did not say a word to Emily of what Sims had told her about Henry Price; she did not wish to influence her daughter in any way, or to mention his position and good prospects as an inducement to Emily to think well of him. Yet still Mrs. Willis could not help thinking that it would be very nice if Emily could like a young man who was so well to do in the world. Nor did Emily say anything about him; he evidently admired her, and a girl is always induced to feel kindly to a man who admires her; and now that he was respectful and quiet in his manner she saw that he was a tall, straight, good-looking man whom it would be possible to like very much indeed.

The two friends took tea with the Willis's; and after tea they all went to Evening Service. As they came out from Service, Henry Price said to Emily, "As it is such a fine evening, and quite light, I think we might take a short walk somewhere, if you have no objection."

Emily coloured a little and replied, "Well, I don't mind, if my mother has no objection."

Mrs. Willis only smiled, "Don't stay out long, for it will soon get dark and cold, and we have supper at nine o'clock."

As soon as Henry and Emily were alone he said, "I am afraid you thought me very rude the other day."

"The day at Wooderton? Yes, I did think so."

"I am very sorry now for what I did. But you see on market-day one can't help oneself."

"How do you mean?" said Emily, "I don't understand."

"Why, you know, one meets men who ask one to take a glass of ale; and another says, 'Have a glass of spirits?' and though I don't take much, still at such times one gets a little excited."

Emily did not like this confession
at all. "Do you get excited every market-day?" she asked.

"No, no, it was only just once. There is not a soberer man than me in the county,—you just ask Sims. But one can't refuse a glass from a friend now and then."

"You ought to refuse it if it makes you excited."

"Come now!" cried Henry, "I'll refuse every drop of everything if you wish it, and if you'll promise not to look so solemn!"

Emily smiled. "You must be good for your own sake, and because it is right, and not merely to please me."

"So I will!" said Henry warmly; "for all three." And he pulled some primroses out of the hedge, and gave them to Emily, and you may guess that they talked no more upon any unpleasant subject.

(To be continued.)

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DISCUSSION ON INTEMPERANCE
IN THE LOWER HOUSE OF CONVOCATION.

By the Rev. William Caine, M.A., Manchester.

"It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink:

"Lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted.

"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.

"Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

Proverbs xxxi. 4—7.

On that memorable day, June 14, when in the Lower House of the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury, the subject of drunkenness, and the remedies for it, were so earnestly discussed, one of the speakers, Dr. Fraser, is reported to have said:—

"As clergymen they were bound by the spirit and teaching of the Catholic Church from the beginning, and by the spirit and teaching of the Bible, to lead people to the belief that every creature of God was good when used with moderation; that there was no special sin in drinking wine, 'which maketh glad the heart of man,' and seeing also that the Bible said, 'Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine to him that is sad of heart,' they could not erect total abstinence into religion in the face of such declarations of Scripture, and in the face of the example of our blessed Saviour Himself. Therefore, it
seemed to him that their duty was to inculcate temperance strictly so called, and not total abstinence. But how was this to be done? It might be possible for the Church of England to form a Temperance Society of her own, not necessarily to adopt the rigid rules of other Temperance Societies, not necessarily to be a Society specially for reclaiming drunkards, but for training up the young men of England in habits of sobriety and temperance, so that they should never fall into those degrading depths which required the strong remedy of Total Abstinence Societies. In these days of guilds and brotherhoods and associations, he thought that some guild might be formed, of which the principle should be sobriety in the use of God's creatures, especially fermented liquors, with a stricter devotion to the Church of England. There might be two orders in such an association—one for those who, having fallen into drunkenness, had found no remedy possible but Total Abstinence; and another consisting of those who, not having so fallen, might be content to use the gifts of God in strict moderation, and under certain strict rules prescribed by the Society and their own conscience, without any abhorrence of wine or other fermented liquors as such, and without a rigid, devoted, fanatical adherence to what were called Teetotal principles. By such a method as that they might further their own influence as clergymen, and promote Church of England principles; whilst at the same time they were promoting temperance and sobriety, without which no real morality, no true religion could exist among the people.” (Applause.)

Dr. Fraser also said:—“The mistake of many Teetotallers was, that they put Total Abstinence in the place of religion, and made the Temperance cause a substitute for all religious feeling and emotion whatever. In fact, some of them had gone so far, that they had revived among themselves the heresy of the Encratites and Tatian, and required that the Blessed Sacrament should be administered to them in water.”

I read the remarks of Archdeacon Sandford, and some of the other speakers, with very great pleasure; but the speech of Dr. Fraser, the greater portion of which I have given, filled me with intense pain. I could not help regretting that there is not in Convocation a clergyman who has studied the Temperance question in its biblical aspect, and who could at once have removed Dr. Fraser's misapprehensions regarding the meaning of the passages of God's Holy Word which he quoted in support of the use of intoxicating, that is, poisoning drinks. I had not intended to quote so much of Dr. Fraser's speech; but I
think I shall be pardoned for doing so, as his misapprehensions are not confined to him, but are shared in by thousands of good moderate-drinking Christians, who are as ignorant of the real facts of the Total Abstinence movement as Dr. Fraser himself. I have been a teetotaller thirty-four years; and I have travelled, and lectured, and preached in all parts of this kingdom, and I know thousands of teetotallers in all classes of society; and I can say with perfect truth that I never met one teetotaller who “put Total Abstinence in the place of religion, and made the Temperance cause a substitute for all religious feeling and emotion whatever.” This charge by Dr. Fraser against many Teetotallers is, I believe, utterly groundless. There may be a few Teetotallers—although I never saw any—who use water in the Lord’s Supper, because they cannot procure the pure juice of the grape—“the fruit of the vine,” as the Saviour calls the wine used by Him at the institution of the sacrament. But as our Lord’s body saw no corruption, it is surely not so very culpable to avoid using at the Lord’s Supper a poisoning, intoxicating drink, the product of fermentation, which is the very symbol of corruption. For the prohibition of the use of anything fermented during the time of the Passover, when the Lord’s Supper was instituted, see Exodus xii. 19, and many other passages.

The existence of the Encratites proved that there was a protest even in the earliest times against the use of poisoning intoxicating wine in the Holy Sacrament. They lived in the second century of the Christian era. And Bingham, in his learned work, vol. v. p. 216, tells us that, in Cyprian’s time, “Some used no other wine but what they pressed out of the clusters of grapes that were then presented at the Lord’s table.” Cyprian was born about the beginning of the third century. Eusebius quotes Hegesippus as saying that James and Symeon, our Lord’s brothers, were Nazarites from their birth. We cannot imagine them using intoxicating wine at the Lord’s Supper, when they would not eat even a grape or a raisin. See Numb. vi. 3, 4, and Dean Alford’s Greek Testament, vol. iv., Prolegomena, p. 95.

If Dr. Fraser would read our CHURCH TEMPERANCE MAGAZINE for the last five years he would not in his next speech on intemperance and Teetotalism fall into so many errors as he did on last June 14 in the Lower House of Convocation.

I must defer my explanation of Prov. xxxi. 4, 7, till next month, God willing.
THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

THE EMIGRANT’S CHILDREN.

Chapter I.

"Come, children, it is time you were all in bed, I'm sure; so gather up your books and toys very quietly, and let me take you upstairs," said Jessie Harris to her younger brothers and sisters, who were clustering round the fire one very cold New Year’s Eve, talking in a low tone, that they might not disturb their sick mother, who lay sleeping on a bed in one corner of the room.

"Oh, not just yet, Jessie dear," pleaded Alfred. "Do let us stay a little longer," and the others joined in his request. After a little coaxing, they yielded to her wishes, and before long were all asleep.

Jessie sat down by the fire, and began her needlework, first carefully shading the light from the face of her sleeping mother. And while Jessie sits stitching and waiting for her elder brother, who has not yet come home from work, we will tell you something of her history.

Two years before, when their father held a good situation, they had a nice home. They were well off in every respect, for their parents loved and served God, and strove to bring their children up to walk in the same paths. On Sunday evening, when the pleasant duties of the day were over, Mr. Harris would gather them all round him, and ask them about the lessons they had learned at the Sunday School, or join with them in singing their hymns, or in reading God’s holy Word.

Happy days were those for both parents and children; but, alas! they passed away all too quickly, and days of trial and sorrow came instead. Through the death of his master, Mr. Harris lost his situation, and, trade being bad, could not get another.

About six months before this New Year’s Eve, when my story commences, Mr. Harris heard that he could earn plenty of money if he went to Canada, which, you may know, is a country in North America. The climate is very cold, and there are seven or eight months of winter weather every year. But a great many English people go over there, because it is a large country, and there is plenty of work for all who need it. So Mr. Harris went. It was a great trial to part with his wife and children, but he comforted them and himself by promising to send for them as soon as possible.

E. A. W.

(To be continued.)
MONTHLY LETTER.
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE season is becoming too far advanced to have much to record in the way of meetings of a public character. One or two of a more private nature, in the shape of Clerical Conferences, have been attended by the Rev. T. Rooke, and, it is hoped, impression has been made upon some. I must press upon our clerical friends the necessity of our having sermons in aid of our funds, which are now very low in consequence of our new arrangement of monthly payment for our Magazine.

The Rev. R. W. Vanderkiste, of Sidney, writes:—“Our Episcopalian brethren have just terminated their Synod of this diocese. I have read the daily reports in the Sydney Morning Herald with much interest. The Committee of an Association just formed, having for its object the enrolling of the 50,000 Sabbath scholars of Sidney into Bands of Hope, and also those of country schools, submitted a memorial to the Synod, requesting its cooperation, which was very graciously received. The good bishop, Dr. Barker, who takes a real interest in every movement of practical benevolence, spoke warmly in favour of the Association, as also did the Rev. A. H. Stephen, a son of our Chief Justice, also Mr. G. H. Wise, brother to one of our judges, now deceased. The memorial received much favour from both clerical and lay members of the Synod, and the Hon. Secretary was requested to prepare an encouraging reply to it. Our Annual Conference, and the Congregational Union, have both received this Association’s overtures in a similar spirit, and I heartily pray that its excellent design may be speedily accomplished.”

The following anecdote is worth mentioning. A lady writes:—“That last summer was a very trying one for labouring men. A man whom I know well used to drink freely, but not to very great excess. One night he lost his watch when intoxicated, and felt so angry with himself that he signed the pledge the next day, and has kept it twelve months. He is fifty-six years of age; worked last summer in harvest and hay-fields from from four o’clock A.M. to eight P.M., and never did it more comfortably; and he only drank cocoa. This seems to me so clearly to contradict the assertion that the man who works hard must drink. Now he goes to church every Sunday morning. Before he rarely did so. A clergyman said to me, Teetotallers put their cause in the place of religion. I told him it was only those who would advocate any cause badly; and it only made the need more urgent that such as he should join. I asked the poor man if he thought it made him a Christian. ‘Oh, no!’ he replied, ‘leaving off drink and being a Christian are two things; but I feel more in the way to be one than when I drank hard, used bad words,’ &c.”

Our friends in Manningham, Bradford, are doing well. Their Annual
Report shows an increase of 91 adult and 137 juvenile members.

The Report of our friends at Mill Hill is also satisfactory. One sentence of it conveys much—"The Temperance cause prospers here," and no wonder that it should under such a president as the Rev. B. Nicols.

A suggestion has been made by an earnest friend that our Magazine should be arranged for localizing, as the "Parish Magazine" is. I think it would be well if those who think this would be a means of extending our circulation would communicate with our Editor on the subject.

Sir H. J. Selwyn-Ibbetson's Bill has received the Royal assent; and we may say the power of the Excise to grant licences has departed, never to return. It must be a matter of satisfaction to the Committee and members of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society to feel that they were the first who practically commenced dealing with this, the most salient point of the citadel of the Drink Fortress, and that the measures they long since recommended have, by the action of the Government on Sir H. J. Selwyn-Ibbetson's Bill been virtually carried out by the Legislature.

I understand a memorial to the two Archbishops has been adopted by the Committee on the subject of the Sunday Closing of Public-houses.

"Minnie's Mission" is a new Temperance tale well deserving consideration among our Temperance folk. "Poor Harry" is a capital short tract. The Rev. C. Kegan Paul's Sermon has also been received. It puts the whole question most clearly and forcibly, and vindicates a special promise as a means of dealing with a special evil and temptation.

On Monday, June 28, an inaugural Meeting was held at Whitton, near Hounslow, under the presidency of the vicar, the Rev. W. G. Hawtayne, who stated that he had been led to join the Temperance cause for four reasons. 1st. The extent to which drunkenness prevailed amongst his parishioners in general; 2nd. His position as Chaplain to Kneller Hall; 3rd. The awful state of the country and the world at large in consequence of drink; and last, not least, that he had recently been invited by a lady then present to attend the Medical Conference at the Cannon Street Hotel, held under the auspices of the National Temperance League, which had convinced him on scientific grounds that alcoholic drinks were quite unnecessary for people in general, and only to be taken under certain conditions, in the same way as a black draught. He concluded by saying that he was prepared to pledge himself to Total Abstinence henceforth, and hoped that those before him would do the same. Mr. W. Tweedie attended as a deputation from the National Temperance League, and in a long and forcible address touched upon the various aspects of the Temperance question, and particularly explained the philosophy of drinking and drunkenness by means of an imaginary thermometer. He was listened to throughout with deep attention. He has forwarded his name for insertion on our list of Abstaining Clergy.

P.S.—We would feel much obliged if all holders of collecting cards would forward them, with the amounts, to the office, 6, Adam Street, Adelphi.
CONVOCATION.

[We feel it right to give a prominent place to the following "Memorandum," just issued by our Committee, and sent to all the members of both Houses of Convocation. Comments are needless, it speaks for itself.]

At the present juncture in the history of the Temperance Reformation movement, when it has attracted so increased a measure of attention both in and out of Parliament, and when so valuable and remarkable a document as the Report of the Committee of the Convocation of Canterbury on Intemperance has been laid before both Houses of Convocation, the Committee of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society feel it due to themselves and the members and supporters of the Society at large, as well as the Christian public generally, to bring forward the objects, operations, and claims of the only Church Society that has been and is engaged in the work of the Temperance Reformation.

The Report of Convocation, and the debate thereon in the Lower House, with which, as Churchmen, we have most to do, has, in a measure, rendered this imperative. That Report is remarkable for what it contains and what it omits.

1. For what it contains:

It embodies unqualified declarations as to "the appalling extent of the national intemperance," and as to the evils inflicted by it on society and the nation at large, characterising them as "so many and widespread, as almost to defy computation;" tracing to this source "the filling of our prisons, our workhouses, our lunatic asylums and penitentiaries;" asserting that "no evil more nearly affects our national life and character," "none more injuriously counteracts the spiritual work of the Church," and that therefore "no question more immediately demands the zeal of our clergy, the attention of our statesmen, the action of our Legislature, and the thoughtful aid of our philanthropists," and affirming that, "unless remedies be speedily and effectively supplied, consequences the most disastrous to us as a people cannot be long averted."

It indicates remedies of different kinds, both "non-legislative and
legislative.” Foremost among the latter it suggests the repeal of the Beershop Act of 1839, and subsequently the entire revision of the Licensing system. Among the former it places the dissemination among the people of sound information as to the actual effects of our “drinking habits upon their moral, social, and physical condition.” It alludes to Temperance Societies, Bands of Hope, and Young Men’s Associations, recommended by many of the Clergy as having proved, in their experience, of signal benefit; while it sets forth the almost universal testimony of those connected with our Criminal jurisprudence and the control of Workhouses—and, indeed, of all who have looked deeply into the subject—that “in the case of persons addicted to intemperance, total abstinence from intoxicating drinks is, under God, the only effectual remedy.” And, lastly, it enforces these positions by documentary evidence, selected from returns made by Clergymen, Recorders, Coroners, Chaplains and Governors of Prisons, Superintendents of Police, and Masters of Workhouses.

II. For what it omits:—

While urging, as has been seen, the speedy application of remedies; while quoting returns which specify the need of societies “placed on such a footing that Churchmen may be able easily to join them” (No. 1548), and lamenting “the absence of any efforts worthy of the name by the Church of England or Scotland” (No. 1624), it does not give a passing allusion, either in the body of the Report, or in the selected returns, to the fact that a Society, in strict connexion with the Church of England, and on principles in many respects widely different from those which had preceded it, has been for seven years labouring in the field. Thus Return

No. 1530.—“Bands of Hope are often the means not only of keeping lads from frequenting Public-houses, and so forming drinking habits, but they interest the parents, and not unfrequently reclaim them. Temperance Meetings would be far more useful if the Clergy took part in them.”

No. 1553.—“The work of Temperance Societies, especially where under the guidance of the Clergy, and persons of good position, has been effectual, I believe, in a very considerable degree, in reforming drunkards and raising the tone of moral feeling.”

No. 1557.—“Total Abstinence Society; this should be a Church movement in every parish.”

No. 1578.—“The example of the Clergy most needful; their keeping aloof from the Temperance movement has been one of the most powerful obstacles to its progress.”
Nor is the omission supplied in the reported speech of the Chairman of the Committee of Convocation. There is, indeed, marked allusion in this speech to the labours of Temperance Reformers, but in a context which would refer them to Nonconformists, both Protestant and Romanist.

In the debate the Venerable the Chairman of the Committee said:—

"There was no single work in which the Clergy could engage which would so advance the moral, spiritual, and physical benefit of their people as this work. The other day at a meeting of 4,000 working men, a Nonconformist Minister said: 'If the Clergy would only place themselves at the head of the Temperance movement, what golden opinions they would win; what blessings would they impart!'... And (added the Archdeacon) when I looked round on that vast assembly [we believe a meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance, advocating the Permissive Bill] and found that, with the exception of myself and a gaol chaplain, there was not a single clergyman present, I felt a blush of shame upon my cheek."

It need not be a matter of surprise that, after this, succeeding speakers should have complained of the want of some "practical method of the Church dealing with the question," and that Dean Stanley should have said that there was a needs-be "to rescue this country from this great stain, and the Clergy of the National Church from what must be considered a reproach to their order."

It is at once to vindicate the character of the Church of England under these unqualified imputations of backwardness, and to do justice to the labours of those who, for the last seven years, through good and ill report, have been engaged in the work of Temperance Reformation, that the Committee deem it but right to call attention to the existence and principles of the Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society.

The Society was founded in the year 1862, under the name of "The Church of England and Ireland Total Abstinence Society." It was soon found that the title presented an incomplete view of the intended field of operation, and it was changed the next year to that which it now holds.

Its leading principles were, shortly, these—that the mission of the Church extended to all classes, and therefore to the intemperate; that where an evil had become special in its character and proportions, a special mission would be needed for the work of reformation.
It assumed that, in reforming the individual drunkard, "total abstinence" would be an essential condition. It did not lay this down as a law for all. It insisted on the expediency of abstinence for the intemperate, and for those who, under the pressure of the extraordinary temptations of the drinking customs of our day, were in danger of becoming such. It claimed the liberty of abstinence for those who for the sake of their weak brethren, desired, by the influence of example, to take a stumbling-block out of their path. For the preservation from the sin and the victory over it, it recognised but one ultimate remedy—the power of the grace of God brought to bear on the special form of evil (in the case of those under their charge), through the ministration of the parochial clergy.

On these principles, parochial societies were organised, whose object was to give to the members the support of the power of association—to "disseminate information" on the whole subject of the drink and its evils—to train up the young in their natural antipathy to intoxicating drinks; and in which the parochial clergyman took his place either as President, if himself an abstainer, or, where this was impracticable, as the recognised religious teacher of those who were presented to him through the labours of the members.

In support of these principles, the Committee, in 1862, undertook the publication of a "Church of England Temperance Magazine," which was continued at 3d. per month until the beginning of the present year, when a new series, published at 1d., was commenced.

The progress of the Society has been uniform. Numbering originally 200 Clergymen and a proportionate number of the laity, it has increased till it now has on its books the names of 700 Abstaining Clergymen, with lay members to be reckoned by tens of thousands. Sermons have been preached in very many churches, and public meetings and private conferences held.

In one diocesan branch, comprising the two dioceses of Manchester and Chester, during the past year, over 2,000 meetings have been held, at which upwards of 20,000 became abstainers. Ninety branch Societies have been formed; and there are now 101 Societies, having 31,000 names on their books.

Similar Societies are to be found in the other dioceses, some conducted by ladies who have devoted themselves to this branch of Christian labour, and who—as at Worcester, Pavenham, Bristol and Clifton, Fairlight, Lilleshall, Barton, Monkwearmouth, Keswick, and other places—working under the auspices of the parochial clergy, have seen
their labours signally blessed by God. In all these cases evidences have accumulated to show that not only have men been rescued from intemperance by the means used, but that they have been led back to the fold of the Church, and have been thoroughly, and in the higher sense of the word, reformed; while the improvement which has taken place in their families and homes must be seen to be appreciated.

Nor have the direct results of the Society’s labours been the only ones. It was impossible to be actively engaged in the work of Temperance Reformation, and not have the attention called to the causes of the evil. Foremost among these, the Beershops, and the Act of Parliament which originated them, presented themselves. In 1866, this branch of the subject was brought under public notice by the Society, for the first time in the history of the question. Conferences of abstainers and others were convened, papers drawn up setting forth the history of the Act and its results, which were largely circulated among the Bishops, Clergy, Members of Parliament, and others. Deputations waited upon the late Archbishop of Canterbury and the late Home Secretary, urging that whatever larger measures of reform might be contemplated, no time should be lost in checking this prolific source of evil at the fountain-head, by withdrawing the power of licensing from the Excise. This agitation was continued as circumstances permitted, until in the end of last year, a desire having been widely expressed by Nonconformists and others for a movement in which all could combine for promoting legislative action, “The National Association for Promoting Amendment in the Laws Relating to the Liquor Traffic” was formed, the action of our Church Society’s “Beershop Committee” being accepted as the basis on which united efforts should be founded, first, for the repeal of the Excise licensing power; and, secondly, for the entire reform of the Liquor Traffic Laws.

The large meeting held in St. James’s Hall, under the presidency of the Archbishop of York (with which the Association, having among its Vice-Presidents the Bishops of Peterborough, Hereford, and Lichfield, and Deans Alford, Stanley, Close, Hook, Ely, and Champneys, was inaugurated); and subsequently the Conference at the Rooms of the Society of Arts (at the opening of which the Archbishop of York again presided, being succeeded by Lords Lyttelton and Sidmouth, Sir Harcourt Johnstone, and Mr. J. Abel Smith)—are too recent to require notice. It must be sufficient to say that an Act of Parliament has been passed, taking away the licensing power from the Excise;
and though transferring it to the magistrates, yet only as a suspensory measure till the whole question is dealt with, which the Home Secretary promises shall be the case in the next session of Parliament; while, on the other hand, the discussions alluded to have been the means of eliciting an amount of concurrent opinion among Temperance Reformers as to the leading principles of Legislative Reform, which, if followed up by similar discussions throughout the country, cannot fail to excise a very important influence on the Government measure promised to be introduced in the next session of Parliament.

Such are the results, direct and indirect, of the operation of our Church Society. It will be for the members of the Church to say whether it presents an organization worthy to receive at their hands the support which shall enable it to go forward to occupy more widely the great field of usefulness which lies before it, or whether other, and more practical methods can be devised for coping with the tremendous evils which in the words of the Report of Convocation, can be shown, "by accumulated and undeniable evidence, to be sapping the foundation of our prosperity, blighting the future, and lowering the reputation of our country—destroying at once its physical strength and its moral and religious life," and obstructing "the message of reconciliation and peace through heathen lands and Christendom itself, of which this nation might be otherwise be the honoured emissary and agent."

**Lord Napier on Drink in the Army.**—The *Irish Times* India correspondent, writing May 6th, says:—"Drink is the cause of all crime, almost all mortality and all sickness amongst the men of European regiments in this country. When last Monday morning Lord Napier of Magdala was inspecting the gallant old 59th Regiment, he gave the men some useful advice on this head as a friendly warning to them on coming to India. 'Colonel Bushe and 59th Regiment,' said he, 'I am glad to see you so steady under arms. I am told in official reports that since your arrival your conduct has been exemplary. As a friend I would advise all of you, especially the young soldiers, to avoid the temptations that beset soldiers in this country, chiefly the temptation of strong drink. If you do this, there is no country in the world where you are more likely to live long than in this. Continue as you have commenced, and I shall always be most happy to give the regiment any encouragement in my power.'"
THE HARVEST OF SOULS.

BY REV. S. J. STONE, B.A.

GATHER the Harvest in:
The fields are white, and long ago ye heard
Ringing across the world the Master's word—
Leave not such fruitage to the Lord of Sin,
Gather the Harvest in.

Gather the Harvest in:
Souls dying and yet deathless, o'er the lands,
East, West, North, South, lie ready to your hands;
Long since that other did his work begin;
Gather the Harvest in.

Gather the Harvest in:
Rise early and reap late. Is this a time
For ease? Shall he, by every curse and crime,
Out of your grasp the golden treasure win?
Gather the Harvest in.

Gather the Harvest in:
Ye know ye live not to yourselves, nor die,
Then let not this bright hour of work go by:
To all who know, and do not, there is sin:
Gather the Harvest in.

Gather the Harvest in:
Soon shall the mighty Master summon home
For feast His reapers. Think ye they shall come
Whose sickles gleam not, and whose sheaves are thin?
Gather the Harvest in!
T was about this time last year that the golden harvest was to be gathered in, in the pretty village of T——; and amidst the many who were preparing to toil hard for the bread that perisheth, there were a few working patiently and lovingly in the golden harvest-field of the God of love, and the dew of His grace descended on them and blessed their work.

Drunkenness was the ruling crime in this village; and against this drunkenness, and the deadness and "gospel hardened" state it produced, these labourers had to work. A few poor men signed the pledge, and this brought happiness to their homes: we all know the change Total Abstinence brings to a man's home! But to sign the pledge is one thing, to keep it is another; and hard-hearted indeed are those who bid the poor man sign in his own strength, and leave him with that pledge for his only weapon in the thick of the fight,—in his old haunts, with his old friends, with the new temptations to meet and the new taunts to bear. This our labourers did not do, the total abstainer's friend was often at his door, a weekly meeting for prayer was held, and there they prayed together for help, and "Bible readings" and night-schools made them "no think lang" many a winter night. Part of one evening was devoted to discussing the question of Total Abstinence, reading papers, solving knotty points, and in fact getting up the subject. This was very pleasant and profitable;—it was an opportunity to tell to sympathising ears the trials met with and the victories gained, and bound the small band more closely together in brotherly love.

Two amusing accounts I remember. "William—— said one night, 'To-day a man came up and said, 'So you've turned teetotaller, that's only to get the right side of the parson.' 'You're just wrong,' said I; 'but suppose you're right; I'd rather be on the right side of the parson than on either side of old Mr.—'" (the publican).

"Joseph—— said, 'To-night the collector for rents came, and he called across the road, 'Now, Joe, out with your rent.' 'Sir,' said I, 'if you want the rent, if you please come to my door and ask for it,—I dare say your master thought any hole would do for a beast to live in; but I'm a man now, and mean to be. So tell your master, if he
wants the rent he must make the house more respectable.' Strange to say, the next morning landlord and workmen came, and the house was set to rights, and made quite spic and span. Landlord and tenant were placed on a friendly footing."

This man had spent his five and twenty shillings a week on drink. He was often urged to sign the pledge, and always found some excuse. At last he said, "I will, if the parson does." He went to the parson greatly doubting, and found a ready agreement.

The happy winter evenings came to an end, and the long hot days came,—days when the parched and weary earth seemed merely a mirror to reflect the summer sun. I should fancy that no one has forgotten last summer! Now a question was mooted abroad, "What will the Teetotallers do in the field? They must drink." "You'll be obliged to break the pledge now," said the wife to the husband. "I'll be a pound you'll never keep it," said the friend to his neighbour. "I intend to work on tea," said the Teetotaller. "Tea, that's old grannies' drink; and you expect your wife to trudge after you three times with hot tea?" "No, I shall take it with me, and drink it cold." "Cold tea! ugh! nice support that to a hardworked man!"

When the abstainers next met, one could not but observe a dawning dread, a martyr-like air on the countenance, combined with their manly determination to sacrifice even health to principle. The poor are so grounded in the belief of the great nourishment contained in beer, by long custom and tradition, that it requires much time and experience to remove it. The total abstainers' friends felt that now was the time for much faith and prayer.

Amidst all this apprehension, consternation, and speculation, it struck us that we might set up a little business on our own account; (us and we are two or three nonentities of which the village folks would say, "You don't know nothing.") This little business was to be set up in opposition to a large and flourishing trade carried on by the nine publicans who supplied the vast population of eight hundred souls with the necessary support in their toils. There certainly was an opening for our business, for there existed in the village those who preferred different nourishment to that supplied by the publicans, and this nourishment we resolved to supply; viz. To sell Tea and Coffee at cost price in the hay and harvest field.

Accordingly, we put our heads together, and came to the conclusion that to obtain money was the first great step to take. A letter was written and printed, and sent to all the good kind people we had heard
of or known, stating our project, and modestly asking for twelve stamps. If it was "rare fun," as a young friend said, to post so many letters, it was still more delightful to receive the answers. Numerous were the "twelve stamps" enclosed; in one letter were these words, "We wish you God speed, in the name of Jesus." Sometimes more than the twelve stamps came; and one noble lady with many kind wishes sent a piece of paper worth a hundred twelve stamps! So fast did this precious paper money arrive that in less than a week after the "happy thought" had struck us, we had bought cans, provided sugar, tea, and coffee, hired a donkey-cart, woman and boy, and taken possession of a fire-place to boil the water. Our first expedition was a sorry one! ("A bad beginning makes a good ending."’) Fragrant coffee and delicious tea was made, and placed in the cart, and woman and boy drove off to make a round of the fields. After a long time, the woman returned with a long face, and the boy with a sulky one. The donkey wouldn’t go; the cart shook so, that the coffee and tea was spilt; and it took so long to get from one field to another, that they arrived too late to supply the labourers who rest at stated times; and worse than all in one field they were hooted at, because the "beer folks" were there.

We were disappointed, but not disheartened; and we put our heads once more together, to adopt a better plan; and it was decided that four women should be hired, and each have a certain number of fields to supply, at certain hours, and that each woman should have a yoke. This plan answered beautifully. The coffee and tea rapidly increased in favour: even those that mocked and jeered most, gradually adopted it as their beverage. One farmer who was no friend to total abstinence, called for the tea and coffee, tasted it, and said he would gladly supply all the men with it, adding "That’s the stuff to work on!" One evening William (an abstainer) and two other men were working on the rick. The two men were angry and quarrelsome, while William was cool and active. "Now you two be off!" said the farmer; "give me the Teetotaller for work." Of course for some few days this coffee and tea affair was the subject of conversation. "Well," said one, "this shows them Teetotallers do care for us, to sell tea and coffee at that price. It’s more than talk, that’s deeds I can tell you."

Thus, with much encouragement and small opposition, our project was carried out, all through the harvest; and I think I may truly say, God blessed our little effort. With very few exceptions, all the labourers received benefit from it. In the fields around where beer was given,
several men died from sunstroke, and many drank till they *vomited*, but in the tea and coffee fields not one suffered.

I here give a few of the regulations experience taught us:—

1. Never boil the tea-leaves up again, or use soda. "The boiled wash" gives pain to many, and is distasteful to all.

2. The women employed should, if possible, be abstainers; if their *heart* is not in the work, they give great trouble.

3. It is a good thing to provide the women with one pair of strong boots each, and a *clean* apron, which should be kept clean.

4. The tea should be measured before taken out by the woman, and the pints accounted for on her return.

5. The woman ought to have a book and a pencil to make memorandum of debts. Some of the men cannot pay till Saturday night; if they neglect to pay then, the rule never to be deviated from is—no trust next week.

6. It is a good thing to meet your women on Monday morning, and Saturday night, to kneel down with them, and ask a blessing from God on the week's work—which ought to be, even to them, a labour of love.

7. We paid the women one shilling a day. Coffee sold at one penny per quart; tea, one penny per pint.

I shall, indeed, feel happy if this short account will lead any of the kind readers of this Magazine to adopt this, or any other more successful plan, to supply nourishing and refreshing drink to our thirsty labourers during the Harvest; and if so, I can say fervently, in the words that so cheered us, "I wish you God speed in the name of Jesus."

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**WITH BEER AND WITHOUT BEER.**—"The contrast is very remarkable in the country between those places where abstinence is the rule at the Harvest Homes and those places where only intoxicating liquor is provided;—these, so innocently happy; those, so overclouded with evil,—with disgraceful scenes and language,—with sin and remorse. And is it not so in everything? Look at the home of the teetotaller, and then turn to that of the drunkard; usually, is there any comparison between them? Great is the responsibility and the sin of those who place in their brother's way an occasion of falling! How will those who do so wish they had acted otherwise when the day of that Great Harvest shall come, where angels shall be the reapers!"—*Two Harvest Homes.*
THE PRICE OF AN ACRE OF LAND.

BY F. HARRISON.

(Continued from page 155.)

CHAPTER III.

"DRINKING HEALTHS."

On several successive Sundays Henry Price spent the day with the Willises. He walked over from the Earl's place, near Wooderton, went to church with Emily, dined and drank tea in Mrs. Willis's parlour, and then walked back to his lodgings at Wooderton. All the neighbours at Woodford knew that he was courting the baker's pretty daughter, and the old gossips of the village used to smile and say what a nice pair they would make.

Price knew a great deal about botany and gardening. He often surprised Emily by telling her curious things about plants, and showing her where certain flowers grew, and why they grew just in those places; and so their walks on Sunday evenings, when the days were long and warm, became extremely pleasant. And they often talked of more serious things than plants and flowers; of the service, of the day, and of the vicar's sermon, and how good and holy a life the vicar led, and how blessed a thing it must be to lead a holy life. And when Henry talked so nicely about these serious things, Emily liked him more and more, and felt sure that she should be happy if she were the wife of such a man.

The day came at length when he asked her to be his wife, and she promised that she would be. Her father and mother were greatly pleased, and the neighbours told her that she was a very lucky girl. Indeed, she thought herself so.

"The Earl told me some time ago," said Price, "that if I got married he would give me one of his lodges to live in. There's a little white one by the fir plantation which I have set my heart on; and, if the old woman who now lives in it goes into the almshouses, as I expect she will, then, I believe, I can have it. How shall you like that?" he added, turning to Emily.

"I shall like it very much."

This was a very happy evening, the first on which Emily was engaged. But the next morning was not so happy. Mrs. Willis went out a little way, and when she came in she said to Emily, "My child, I have something to tell which you will not like to hear."

Emily turned pale. "Oh, mother, what is it?"

"I have just met old Mrs. Smith, and she told me something about Henry Price."

Emily trembled.

"She told me," Mrs. Willis went on, "that last night, when Henry left us, he and John Sims went to the Bell, and got drinking healths until they were neither of them sober, and Henry was not in a fit state to walk home."

Emily burst into tears. "How
could he, how could he? And to go straight from me to the public-house! Oh, mother, I can never speak to him again!"

"My dear child," said Mrs. Willis, "I don’t think you need be quite so hard on him as all that. Let us see how he goes on, and if he ever does such a thing again."

"Very well, mother; and we shall hear what excuse he has to make for himself."

The excuse which Henry made the next time he saw Emily was just the simple truth,—that John Sims had said, "Let us drink the health of your future wife," and then one health followed another until he had taken so much that he hardly knew how to get home.

"One cannot be unsociable, and refuse to drink when a friend asks one," said Price.

"It is better to be unsociable than to risk your own soul," Emily answered.

"Oh, come!" said Price, "there is no question of one’s soul in the matter."

"Ah, but there is; you know that a drunkard cannot enter into heaven."

"Taking a little too much just for once does not make a drunkard."

"It is the beginning of a habit; and then, you know, what dreadful things are done by people when they are tipsy. When men are not sober they sometimes commit murder."

Henry laughed. "Emily, dear, you must not make me out to be a murderer as well as a drunkard, for I am not going to be either. I promise you I won’t be seen the least bit excited between this and my wedding-day. Will that satisfy you?"

"I suppose it must," said Emily, with a smile "And now can you tell me when is Miss Sinclair’s wedding to be?"

"I did hear," answered Price, "that it is to be in about a month’s time."

"Is she very pretty?"

"People say so; but I don’t see it. She’s quite pale and white, with a sort of yellow hair; and, altogether, she looks like some one out of a picture."

"Then she must be lovely," said Emily.

"Very likely; but I admire a different style;" for Emily had a bright pink colour in her cheeks, and lots of shiny dark hair.

"And what is Mr. Lovell like—I mean to talk to?"

"Oh! he’s a fine hand at talking. They say he can do anything he likes with the judge and jury. They will be a nice couple. But we won’t talk any more about them. I want you to tell me what sort of a carpet you would like in our sitting-room. The old woman is going into the almshouses, and the dear little lodge will be ready for us in a very short time."

Emily had now quite forgiven him for his misconduct, and was ready to discuss with him the arrangements of their future home.

CHAPTER IV.
A SAD SCENE.

EMILY WILLIS had fixed her wedding-day; it was to be in the first week in June.

On the Thursday in the last week in May, Emily and her mother were in Wooderton making some pur-
chases for the cottage which Emily was soon to rule over. It was seven o'clock before they began to think of returning homewards.

"The days are so long now," said Mrs. Willis, "that we need not hurry."

As they walked down the street past the Red Lion they heard a noise of voices, and before they were quite beyond the door three or four gentlemen came out with lighted cigars in their mouths. One of these Emily knew to be Mr. Lovell. He was rather red in the face, and was talking and laughing; he did not walk quite steadily; and it was easy to see that he was not sober.

Emily glanced back after she had passed, and saw a waiter bring out a tumbler of brandy and water, which Mr. Lovell took and began to sip.

"Mother," said Emily, in a low voice, "I am afraid Mr. Lovell is not a sober man. How dreadful it will be if Miss Sinclair marries him and then finds out that he drinks!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Willis, "it would be dreadful. I would not have married your father unless I had been sure that he was a sober man."

"I would not marry a man who drank," Emily said. She felt sure that Henry Price would keep the promise he had made her.

But they had not gone many steps further when they came to an inn which had a garden into which anyone in the road could look. The garden had a low hedge, and looking over the hedge Emily saw a table all wet with spilt beer and spirits, and on which stood jugs and glasses. And seated at the table were several men; and among them was Henry Price. A faint feeling came over poor Emily; she could not walk on; she stood fixed to the spot. While she stood there Price rose from his seat and began to sing a low comic song. He had the vacant idiotic look of a man getting drunk, and could not remember the words of his song; so when he forgot the words he gave a stupid laugh.

Mrs. Willis had walked on, but now turned to look at Emily; and seeing what a horrible scene was going on just inside the low hedge, she came back to her daughter and led her away. They could neither of them speak; and were silent all the way home. But when they got into the house Emily dropped into a chair and burst into heavy sobs. Mrs. Willis did not know how to comfort her; there was no comfort she could give just at first. She helped the poor girl to bed, and giving her a kiss and a fervent prayer, she left her for the night.

The next day Emily was as white as ashes, and went about her work most sadly. Her mother said to her—

"My darling child, it is better you should find it out now than by and bye."

Emily could not make any reply. She attended to all her duties with a heavy heart; and at night when she shut herself up in her own little room, she sobbed and cried as if she could never stop. No one could describe the misery she suffered; no one can imagine what it was, except those who know by bitter experience what it is to discover that their lover is not worthy of their love.

(To be continued.)
DISCUSSION ON INTEMPERANCE
IN THE LOWER HOUSE OF CONVOCATION.

By the Rev. William Caine, M.A., Manchester.

(Continued from page 157.)

"It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink:
"Lest they drink, and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted.
"Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts.
"Let him drink, and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

Proverbs xxxi. 4—7.

In his speech in the Lower House of Covocation last June 14, the Rev. Dr. Fraser referred to the passage at the head of this little paper as an argument against the formation of Total Abstinence Societies for the benefit of those who drank intoxicating, that is, poisoning liquors in what is called moderation, and who have not yet become degraded drunkards.

With respect to the 6th verse which he quotes, "Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts," it would be a sufficient answer to reply that in obedience to the mere letter of the precept here only "those that are ready to perish" ought to drink strong drink, and only "those that are of heavy hearts" ought to drink wine. The words of the Apostle in Rom xiv. 21, "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak," are an all-sufficient argument in favour of the Christian's total abstinence from even the good wine which our Saviour Himself made, if His wine would cause a brother to stumble. I say this in reply to Dr. Fraser's allusion "to the example of our blessed Saviour." God's Holy Word is consistent, and can never contradict itself. Having said thus much of Dr. Fraser's use of Proverbs xxxi. 6, I now proceed to consider the whole passage simply as a matter of Bible criticism.

The second clause of verse 4, rendered in our version, "Nor for princes strong drink," may also be translated, "And the desire of strong drink (does not become) princes;" and by the change of a little letter it may be also interpreted, "It is not for princes (to say) where is strong drink?" The Vulgate, has, Nobi regibus, O Lamuel, nobi regibus dare vinum: quia nullum secretum est ubi regnat ebrietas. The Douay follows the Vulgate, "Give not to kings, O Lamuel, give
not wine to kings; because there is no secret where drunkenness reigneth."

I have often thought it would be well if the clergy of our Church would preach the Homilies to their congregations, when they have not time to write sermons of their own, and sometimes even when they have. In the Homily against Gluttony and Drunkenness there is an interesting reference made to Proverbs xxxi. 4, 5. "In magistrates," it says, "drunkenness causeth cruelty instead of justice, as that wise philosopher Plato perceived right well, when he affirmed that a drunken man hath a tyrannous heart, and therefore will rule at his pleasure, contrary to right and reason. And certainly drunkenness maketh men forget both law and equity, which causeth King Solomon so straitly to charge that no wine should be given unto rulers, lest peradventure by drinking they forget what the law appointeth them, and so change the judgment of all the children of the poor." I would here ask Dr. Fraser, and those who like him quote this passage against teetotalism the solemn question, Ought not all professing Christians, and especially the ministers of religion, to be as careful and anxious not to forget law and equity and the distinction between right and wrong, between holiness and unholiness (see Leviticus x. 10), as kings and rulers to whom, as the Homily truly says, Solomon straitly charged that no wine should be given?

Of verse 6 various interpretations have been suggested. Bishop Patrick says: "There are those that by men ready to perish, have understood such as were condemned to die, and going to execution. Unto whom it was the custom to give a draught of wine to support their spirits; and in the degenerate ages of the Jewish commonwealth they put something into it to intoxicate the poor wretches, so that they might be insensible of pain. And some imagine this custom took its original from this place in the Proverbs." Dr. Adam Clarke, I believe, gives this interpretation of the passage. I have not his commentary. In Japan and other Eastern countries it is still the custom to give a stupefying draught to those about to be executed. The Japan Herald some time ago gave an account of the execution of one of the murderers of Major Baldwin and Lieutenant Bird, and it mentioned the fact that "the poor boy— for he was little more—had been drugged, and was quite, or apparently unconscious. He was laid upon the ground, his legs covered with a mat, and his body supported in a half-sitting, half-recumbent position, by two jailors, who between them held an umbrella over him to keep off the rain. Only twice did he open his eyes and
raise his head, and then only to stare vacantly, and immediately to relapse into unconsciousness. When at length all the officials arrived, and the time had come for his execution, he was aroused sufficiently to walk, with support, to the spot where he was to kneel for decapitation, but he was too unconscious to know how or where to place himself. And when he was blindfolded, which in his case was left undone until he had been put in position, three men were obliged to support his body to prevent its falling, and one to hold his head until the very moment before the blow was struck. The work was done by the old and well-known executioner, who walked about whilst the criminal was being prepared, laughing and appearing to exult over his work. His manner, and the unconscious helplessness of the victim, gave to this execution a repulsiveness far greater than that of Shimidzu—although the executioner on that occasion had to strike three times before the head fell, and this was severed in an instant. Immediately on the head falling it was seized, put into a mat, and carried, accompanied by a mounted Yakonin, to the place on this side of Yoshida Bashi, where it is to be exhibited for three days. A board is in front of it with his crimes and sentence written upon it.”

The unchangeableness of Eastern habits and customs renders it probable that those about to be executed were drugged and rendered unconscious and insensible to pain in the time of Solomon just as they are now in the East. Before our Lord was crucified, we are told in St. Matthew xxvii. 34, that “they gave Him vinegar to drink mingled with gall: and when He had tasted He would not drink.” On this verse Dean Alford remarks, “It was customary to give a stupefying drink to criminals on their way to execution: of which the Lord would not partake, having by tasting it ascertained its purpose.” We cannot imagine that Solomon under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost would really command that criminals should be launched into eternity in a condition of unconscious drunkenness, and we find that our Saviour would not allow Himself to be stupefied.

Again, it is utterly inconsistent with the character of God, and the purity and the holiness of His teaching in His Holy Word, to bid those who are in trouble and sorrow to resort to such unhallowed means of comfort and consolation. They would rather be invited to seek solace for their misery where alone happiness can be found. “Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever” (Psalm lxxiii. 25, 26). The
meaning of the precept of Lemuel’s mother—would that all mothers were as wise as she—evidently is this: “It is not for kings and princes to drink wine which is a mocker, and strong drink which is raging; but if such things are to be used give them to criminals before their execution (if there be reference to the custom of stupefying them), or to the sad and the sorrowful that they may forget their poverty and remember their misery no more.” I believe that Lemuel’s wise mother speaks with irony and sarcasm, and that her words imply the very reverse of what they are commonly understood to mean by Dr. Fraser, and those who quote them as he did against the Total Abstinence movement.

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THE CHILDREN’S CORNER.

THE EMIGRANT’S CHILDREN.

CHAPTER II.

IRE! fire! A house on fire! were the first sounds which broke the stillness of the early morning on New Year’s Day. The cry rang out startlingly through the quiet street; and in a few moments heads were out of the windows, and half-dressed people rushed out of the houses, looking scared and frightened, as they well might be,—for the street was narrow, and the burning house was throwing out flames and sparks which might easily reach the others.

“Whose house is it?” asked one neighbour of another, as they watched the firemen and the engines hard at work.

“Why that old drunken Mr. Parkins is the landlord,” was the answer. “I should not wonder if he has set it on fire himself, in one of his drunken fits. What a shame if he has! Poor Mrs. Harris and her children live there—don’t they?”

“Yes. They say the people are all out safe; but they can’t have saved any of their goods, I’m sure.”

“Poor things! what will they do, I wonder? We haven’t much room; but I think I’ll offer them shelter for to-night at least.”

The kindhearted man was as good as his word. Making his way through the crowd, he approached the spot where the poor children stood sobbing round their mother, who lay insensible on the ground. The four elder children were unhurt, though terribly frightened; but
little Nellie the youngest, her father's pet and darling, was so badly
burnt that she was carried at once to the hospital.

"Oh! Mr. Wilson, our mother's dead," sobbed Jessie as the good
man approached them.

"No, she's not, my good girl; she is only in a fainting fit. We will
soon have her all right again. Come with me, there's good children.
Help me, neighbours, carry this poor woman into my house."

Half a dozen pairs of hands were ready to help in this kind deed;
and in less time than I can write it, poor Mrs. Harris and her terrified
children were in a warm room, and Mrs. Wilson was trying her best
to revive her and comfort them. For a long time her efforts were
unsuccessful; but at last her eyes slowly opened, to gaze widely from
one to another. She did not know them at all; and when Mrs. Wilson
gently asked her whether she was better, she shrieked out that the
room was full of smoke, and begged them to save her poor little
children, who she was sure would be burnt to death. She did not
know they were standing near her in an agony of grief lest she should
die without even speaking to them again.

The doctor soon came; but he only shook his head gravely, saying
he could do nothing for her. Her illness had left her too weak to bear
the shock; and though she might perhaps linger a day or two, he
feared she would never get better.

Kind Mrs. Wilson broke this sad news to the sorrowing children as
gently as she could. She had had little ones of her own, but they
were all in Heaven; and she could feel for those who would soon be
homeless and motherless, their father thousands of miles away, not
even aware of the trouble which had come so suddenly upon them.

And so the New Year's morning dawned for them in bitter sorrow;
while thousands of happy children awoke to hail the day with joy and
gladness, and to hear all around them kind voices wishing them a
"Happy New Year," the emigrant's children were homeless and
friendless except for the kind charity of these good neighbours. And
whose fault was it, do you ask? Why, the landlord came home tipsy,
and upset the lamp his wife had left burning for him. He tumbled
sleepily into bed, not seeing that the carpet was catching fire; and
before anyone knew it, the house was so much on fire that it was a
wonder many lives were not lost. As it was, all their furniture and
clothes were destroyed; and before that unhappy New Year's Day had
ended, a message was brought that little Nellie had died in the hospital.

(To be continued.)
MONTHLY LETTER.
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

It is with much regret that I record two deaths among our friends during the past month—one in the Clerical and the other in the lay rank of the supporters of our great Temperance movement: I refer to the Rev. W. Keeling, rector of Blackley, Manchester, and Mr. William Spriggs. By the death of the former our Manchester and Chester Diocesan Association has lost one of its leading supporters and most active friends, and his own parish and neighbourhood an earnest loving pastor and a valued and true friend. Mr. Spriggs will long be missed by those who have known in how truly Christian and earnest a spirit he pleaded the Temperance cause, and how entirely he put the question of Abstinence from intoxicating drinks in its right place. He was suddenly though not prematurely cut off by an attack of diarrhoea at Stanley Green, near Guilford.

The following extract, condensed from the Burton Herald, will be read with much interest:—"The marriage of Miss Margaret Mary Deacon, third daughter of the late Edward Erastus Deacon, Esq., of the Inner Temple, barrister-at-law, and the Rev. Robert Maguire, M.A., vicar of Clerkenwell, took place at St. James’s Church, Barton-under-Needwood, on Thursday, August 5th. The church was thronged. The service was read by the Very Rev. W. Champneys, D.D., Dean of Lichfield, assisted by the Rev. Edward Maguire, brother of the bridegroom. A large party of friends afterwards partook of breakfast at the residence of the bride’s sister; and early in the afternoon the happy pair drove off, amid a shower of old slippers, to the railway station, en route for the Continent. The children of the parish and members and friends of the Temperance Society partook of tea under a tent erected in front of the house, and a meeting concluded the day’s rejoicings. The bride is held in high estimation by the people of Barton, who regret the removal of one who has done so much to improve their social, moral, and spiritual condition.

The Reports of the Weston-super-Mare and the Lilleshall Temperance Association have come to hand, and both give cheering accounts. They both mention the services received from the Rev. Thomas Rooke.

Mrs. Lucas-Shadwell’s "Bible Readings" has also been received, and it is with no ordinary recommendation I would press this little work on the notice of your readers. The lectures are full of interesting matter, valuable and instructive, condensed in such a way as to be easily mastered by those who are engaged in works similar to that for which Mrs. Lucas-Shadwell originally prepared them. Teachers of senior classes in Sunday-schools will find them most useful. We hope they will be widely circulated.

The large type issue of the "Friend in Need Papers" contains a number most suitable for the present season entitled "Two Harvest Homes." The new Paper for the present month is "The Young Recruit;" and may also be had in large and smaller type.
"EXTREME RITUALISM."

Our attention was some time since directed to an address on "Extreme Ritualism," delivered at the Islington Clerical Meeting by the Rev. Edward Garbett, of Surbiton. He is very earnestly pleading and arguing against the ceremonies and rites condemned in the preface to the Prayer Book; and, having quoted part of that preface, he proceeds:—"Popish rites, even when good in intent and purpose, had been made the instruments of superstition. The experience of the past teaches that the misuse was no mere temporary accident, but a tendency deeply seated in human nature. Such superstitions are displeasing to God, and ruinous to men's souls. In the face of such a tremendous alternative as this, it would be wicked to try over again so perilous an experiment. Therefore it was right to reject the rites which had given occasion to evil. Observe, not to reject the abuse; but to reject the things themselves that had been abused" (p. 23). Further on (p. 25), he says: "Ritualism became the occasion of superstition. I do not say its cause, simply because it is not necessary for my argument. The outward rites of Romish worship were associated, to the eyes of the Reformers, with Romish superstitions—the power of the Priesthood, the sacrifice of the Mass, priestly Absolution, the Confessional and Purgatory, and the other superstitions of the Romish apostacy. They, therefore, have utterly rejected the rites from the Church of England. Were they right in doing so? Let us turn to our Bibles, and see what God Himself teaches."

Having referred to some matters forbidden by the Mosaic law because of their association with idolatry, Mr. Garbett passes on: "In the same spirit it is recorded that Hezekiah destroyed the brazen serpent, calling it Nehestan; simply because, deeply interesting as it was in itself, and must have been to that godly monarch, it had become the occasion of superstition, and the souls of men were so
infinitely precious that every other consideration should give way to their welfare. St. Paul distinctly enunciates the same principle; for he forbids the eating of idol sacrifices, on the ground that to partake in any way of the ceremony was to partake of the worship. This is the more striking, because associated with the declaration that the idol is nothing and the sacrifice is nothing: "I say that the thing which the Gentiles sacrifice they sacrifice to devils, and not to God; and I would not that ye should have fellowship with devils" (1 Cor. x. 20).

"A principle yet more closely apposite, if possible, is asserted in the whole argument of the fourteenth chapter of the Romans. What of ceremonial restrictions in regard to meats and drink? There are two parties to the question. One is strong, and thinks that all these ceremonial regulations are done away; and so the Apostle expressly declares. Another is weak, and unable to rise above life-long prejudices and habits; he therefore thinks it wrong to eat. Who is to give way? Are the strong to govern the weak, or the weak to limit the strong? The answer of the Apostle is very memorable. He asserts the perfect liberty of the strong to act upon his own conscience, and not on the conscience of another; and yet, for the sake of the weaker brother, he requires him to restrain his own liberty. "If thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably. Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died."

In his next paragraph Mr. Garbett asks, "Is not this the very principle on which the fathers of the English Reformation acted, and on which God’s ministers are bound to act at the present day in regard to things indifferent?"

Now, our readers must not expect from us any comments or arguments in reference to the first part of this just-quoted question. It is beside the purposes of our pages to deal with liturgical or ritualistic controversy; but in the second part of Mr. Garbett’s question he generalizes the rule he has deduced from the example of King Hezekiah, and the arguments and decisions of the Apostle Paul, and states that it is that "on which God’s ministers are bound to act at the present day in regard to things indifferent." Why, mutato nomine, this argument of Mr. Garbett’s will carry us further than even our own pages have taken us as to the duty of Total Abstinence from intoxicating drinks.
In the paper on Convocation given in our last number, at page 164 it is said that, at starting, The Church of England and Ireland Temperance Reformation Society assumed that, in reforming the individual drunkard, "Total Abstinence" would be an essential condition. It did not lay this down as a law for all. It insisted on the expediency of abstinence for the intemperate, and for those who, under the pressure of the extraordinary temptations of the drinking customs of our day, were in danger of becoming such. It claimed the liberty of abstinence for those who, for the sake of their weak brethren, desired, by the influence of example, to take a stumbling-block out of their path. But Mr. Garbett's argument goes further than this (not that we are much disposed to quarrel with it on that account). For how stands the matter? First, as to Nehustan. The arguments that might be pleaded against its total destruction are very similar to those we have in favour of the use of intoxicating drinks now-a-days. It was specially given by God to rescue Israel from a plague, and was found so efficacious that "every one bitten by the serpent who looked on it lived." It had gathered round it all the venerable traditions of lengthened custom. It, if anything could be, was a sacred relic which to many a pious Israelite it would seem nothing short of grievous sacrilege to destroy; but despite its being given by God, despite the efficacy that belonged to it, despite the traditions that surrounded it, despite the seeming sacrilege, Hezekiah destroyed it because it had become the occasion of sin. And Mr. Garbett maintains that Hezekiah was right, but does not his argument apply to a modern Nehustan?

For argument's sake, suppose that wine and other manufactured drinks were given as "good creatures" by God to man. So was Nehustan. Suppose that these drinks have had a certain efficacy in certain cases of disease and pain. So had Nehustan. Venerable and long-established traditions have become associated with our drinking usages at the social board—in the loyal toast—at the marriage feast—in the baptismal gathering. Similar all these to the memories circling round Nehustan. Yet Nehustan was destroyed. How can Mr. Garbett escape the conclusion that even extreme Teetotallers would draw, that wine and other intoxicating drinks should be destroyed also? Yet Nehustan was, as Mr. Garbett says, only "the occasion" of sin; while
intoxicants are the well-known causes of sin. If Hezekiah was right in destroying the one, why should the other be spared?

We have not room to conclude our remarks in this number; but we have shown, we think satisfactorily, how much further Mr. Garbett's arguments go than we have ever gone. Is he prepared to follow them?

DISCUSSION ON INTEMPERANCE
IN THE LOWER HOUSE OF CONVOCATION.

By the Rev. William Caine, M.A., Manchester.

(Continued from page 178.)

"And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

Judges ix. 13.

"And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart."

Psalm civ. 15.

Before proceeding to give what I consider to be the correct explanation of these two verses, which were quoted as an argument against total abstinence from intoxicating drinks by the Rev. Dr. Fraser in the Lower House of Convocation on June 14, I wish to correct a slight mistake with regard to a statement in Archdeacon Sandford's speech on that occasion. The mistake to which I refer is made in the memorandum sent by our Committee to the members of both Houses of Convocation. The Archdeacon spoke of a meeting of 4,000 working people at which he was present, and said he felt a blush of shame on his cheek, because, "with the exception of himself and a gaol chaplain, there was not a single clergyman present." Our Committee say they believe it was a meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance advocating the Permissive Bill. I think I am the gaol chaplain to whom the Archdeacon referred, and the meeting was connected with the Lancashire and Cheshire Band of Hope Union, and it was held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Saturday Evening, March 13 of this year. Archdeacon Sandford was chairman. The absence of clergymen did not arise from any lack of interest in the Total Abstinence movement amongst the clergy in Manchester, but partly, perhaps, because the meeting was held on
Saturday evening. A large number of the clergy here are earnest Teetotalers. I wish the clergy in other parts of England were equally earnest. I have just returned from the cathedral city of Exeter, after attending the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. In Exeter, though it has a cathedral, and I cannot tell how many churches, there is, alas! only one clergyman who dis- countenances by personal example the prison-filling traffic in intoxicating, poisoning drinks. When in Exeter I heard Canon Cook’s sermon in the cathedral to the members of the British Association. His text was a very solemn one, “God requireth that which is past” (Ecclesiastes iii. 15). He said that “the germs of future wretchedness ought to be prevented by earnest care and forethought.” I had an opportunity of speaking to him the next day in the reception-room of the Association; and of course I thanked him for his good Teetotal sermon. The Canon looked astonished at my mention of the word “Teetotal” in connection with his sermon, and he repudiated the idea of not using intoxicating drinks, although they are admitted by all to be the chief germ of the wretchedness of England! The worthy Canon is exactly like 19,000 other clergymen in our Church. They lay down general principles with regard to evil without the slightest idea of applying them to particular evils, such as drunkenness and its cause, alcohol.

When speaking of the British Association, I may say that Canon Girdlestone denounced the use of cider in any quantity, as it led to a desire for more, and often to drunkenness. “It would be better,” he said, “to give the labourer money to purchase meat, to get sinew and muscle.”

There are many signs of progress in the North of England, but I came home from the South of England in a very desponding frame of mind, as, in the space of a fortnight in Exeter, Plymouth, and Torquay, I met only one Teetotal clergyman. I think I never saw more drinking in what are called the higher classes. The ladies drank wine, not in wine glasses, but in tumblers. They reminded me most forcibly of the words of the Prophet Amos, chapter vi., verse 6, “Woe unto them that drink wine in bowls, but they are not grieved for the affliction of Joseph.” These very ladies expressed approval of the efforts made by others to suppress drunkenness, and sighed over the misery caused by it, but would not deny themselves one drop of wine in order to lessen it. They belong to that class described by Coleridge—
DISCUSSION ON INTEMPERANCE.

"The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe,
Who sigh for wretchedness, but shun the wretched;
Nursing, in some delicious solitude,
Their slothful lives and dainty sympathies."

I find that I have wandered far away from Dr. Fraser and his sad misuse of the words of Joatham and David, and I have left no room for their interpretation this month. I must, therefore, return to them, God willing, in my next paper.

When reading over again the report of the discussion in Convocation on June 14, I have been much grieved to see the remarks made by Deans Stanley and Alford. The former speaks of the Teetotalers, "who have hitherto endeavoured to do their best to control the evil," as having "employed or advocated remedies that, in the eyes of sensible and educated [?] men, appear fantastic, extravagant, or exaggerated." He calls the opponents of Teetotalism "reasonable and calm-judging persons," who make no efforts to suppress or lessen drunkenness because Teetotalers speak of "the abstract evil of drink, and recommend Total Abstinence from the drink as the only universal remedy for the vice of drunkenness." Dean Alford said, "he felt that many unwise propositions had been laid before the public with regard to intoxicating drinks. It was almost impossible for any one who regarded the functions of the Christian conscience to adopt these propositions, or avoid exposing them, for no doubt they intended to deprive individuals of the opportunities of self-government, and had the effect of removing people from the evils of one system of intemperance to the evils of another, under which they relinquished the government of themselves." Dean Alford is especially inconsistent in these objections to Teetotalism, as I hope to show at some future time from his own comments on the Lord's Prayer and his notes on other passages in the New Testament. Dean Stanley's remarks, also, are very easily answered; but for this there is no space at present.

THE MEDICAL TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.—Just as we are going to press, we have received a copy of the first number of the Medical Temperance Journal (W. Tweedie, 337, Strand). We have time now merely to express our obligation to the promoters of so important an addition to the Temperance literature of the day.
H. A LAYMAN'S PROTEST.

I have heard a good many sermons in my time, in a good many places—from a cathedral to the parlour of a four-roomed house in a court in Shoreditch; and by all sorts of preachers—from an archbishop to a lay exhorter, ignorant of mood and tense, number and gender, who sniffed, and kept a pepper-box full of h's, with which he dusted his address ad libitum. But a sermon I heard a few Sunday evenings ago was, in its way, as remarkable as any to which I have listened for the last half century; and the Temperance advocate will have his uphill path made much steeper, should such pulpit addresses become any way common.

It is bad enough to be left alone, cold-shouldered, ignored in our efforts to overcome the master vice of the land. It is not pleasant to be called "amiable enthusiasts," "crotchety benefactors," to be condemned with faint praise. It is not peculiarly gratifying, when this form of opposition is manifested by those who may be supposed to have no peculiar interest in being fellow-workers with us, but who, at any rate, might wish us well. But when these buckets of cold water—with a few sharp-cornered stones in addition—are emptied upon us from the pulpit—when the hands that endeavour to paralyse our efforts are the hands of men whom we might imagine would be the first to hail us, to welcome us, to assist us, in some, if not in all, ways—why it has a tendency to wake up the old Adam, and occasion hard thoughts, even though hard words do not escape from the lips.

A few Sundays since, then, I found myself in an East-end church,—one of those red-brick monstrosities which, in the last thirty years, have become so familiar to us; where the architect has successfully solved the problem how to squeeze the greatest amount of ugliness into the smallest space. It squatted at the junction of two streets, where the houses and the people testified to as large an amount of dirt and misery and self-neglect, and the inevitable profligacy which always attends these, as could be found in any other spot between Stratford and Hammersmith. Twice during the service the churchwarden caught up his hat and hurried out,—the first time to stop a shower of stones which rattled on the roofing slates; the second, to remove a party of drunkards who were quarrelling, in no choice language, just outside the door.

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But I must hasten to the sermon, that is, to the part of it worth remembering. The text was Paul's often-quoted words in 1 Cor. x. 31. The preacher dealt with the two specified acts of eating and drinking first, and then expanded the "whatsoever" to daily labour, recreation, and coming to Church. Eating was summarily dismissed, with a recommendation not to have "grace before" and "after meat" forgotten; but the second point was more fully treated, in this fashion:

It was notorious to all present that drunkenness was the sin of the parish (the preacher never ventured beyond his own parochial district), it was the sin of some of the congregation (the number present was about one hundred and fifty). Excess in drinking was not drinking to the Divine glory. It was temperance only which drank to the glory of Deity. "By temperance I do not mean the wild and foolish and fanatical restraints which some men would put upon drinking; but true temperance, which is drinking of the good things which are sent us, as much as is proper for us and no more. Those who tell us that we ought not to drink at all, forget that they tell us to break St. Paul's command; for if we do not drink at all, how can we drink to the Divine glory?"

Such was the teaching to which I listened, on a summer's Sunday evening, in the church of—well, St. Squalid, Rackety Road. I ventured to hint a little disapprobation to the churchwarden as to the effect of such teaching on the degraded population round the church; but the worthy man shrugged his shoulders, and apologetically said that Mr. Tanglethought was educated for a lawyer, and came into the Church without a special training for it. It struck me that no special training was needed to see the distinction between the comprehensive use of the verb in the text, and the technical one put upon it in the pulpit.

In all seriousness, it is not a healthy state of things when the taught may fairly turn round to teach their teachers. It is not healthy to have a higher morality in the pew than in the pulpit; to have the sacred word perverted to excuse tampering with the most destructive vice. As a simple layman I must offer my feeble protest against such a state. Surely if a minister cannot see his way to join the temperance cause himself, he may at least refrain from attacking those who can. What has Mr. Tanglethought done more than the editor of a semi-infidel daily newspaper, who in a recent issue, after a masterly denunciation of the evils of drunkenness, quite as strongly denounced all attempts to mitigate them, whether by legislative interference, magisterial restrictions, or the Total Abstinence pledge. S. G.
THE PRICE OF AN ACRE OF LAND.
BY F. HARRISON.

(Continued from page 155.)

CHAPTER V.
BROKEN OFF.

Her mother came upstairs, and said—
"Henry Price is here."
"I cannot see him," said Emily.
"Tell him that I cannot see him, and tell him the reason why."
Mrs. Willis went and told him this, and then came back to Emily.
"He says he will not go away until he has seen you. I think you must come down."

Emily went down very unwillingly. Henry seized her hand, saying—
"I am very sorry to hear that you are angry. Tell me why it is?"
"You know why it is," faltered Emily. "Thursday evening."
"You saw me then? Well, it was nothing very bad."
"It was most horrible!"
"I was only noisy, I believe."
"It's no use to talk about it," said Emily. "I can never see you again."
"Do you mean that you would cast me off for one fault?"
"It is not the first."
"You are unreasonable!" cried Henry, getting angry. "I do no more than other men. If every girl was so silly there would be no marriages at all. Do you mean that you want to break off our engagement, and not be my wife?"
"I cannot be your wife!" And Emily shuddered.
"You will give me up, with my good wages and my capital prospects, and the little home, and everything?"

He was rather rough in his manner, and Emily felt herself grow stronger as she talked to him.
"I cannot marry a man whom I have seen tipsy."
"Not even if you love him?"
"Not even if I loved him; for I can no longer love a man whom I have seen tipsy."
"Then pray don't. I'm sure I don't want to marry you against your will. I'll go and marry some one else; and I'll get really tipsy to-night, see if I don't."

He was in a great rage, and rushed out of the house like a madman; and next day Emily heard that he was so tipsy on that lovely Sunday night that he was put into the lock-up at Wooderton, and next day the Earl discharged him from his situation.

Poor Emily was very unhappy.

For some weeks after his discharge from his good situation, Henry Price was not seen by any one in Woodford or Wooderton. Whether he was hiding because he was ashamed of himself, or had gone to some other place where he might indulge in his horrible vice unseen by his friends, no one knew. During this time Emily thought of him very often and very sadly; and she began to think that it would have been wiser of her to try to cure him of his bad inclina-
tion than to refuse to marry him, and send him away to do as much wrong as he liked. However she could never think of marrying a man who drank. So she felt that she could hardly have done otherwise than as she did.

But she was very unhappy. She went about the house looking so sad that Mrs. Willis said to her husband, "This really won't do; Emily must not go on like this."

"She is a goose," answered Willis, "to grieve after a drunkard."

"Ah! she's not grieving after him; she's grieving for him, and thinking what a wretched life he will lead, and how awful it will be for him to die, and go into the next world with that fearful sin clinging to him."

"Yes," said Willis, gravely, "it's a bad look out for him."

Mrs. Willis felt anxious about her daughter; and was wishing that she could send her away for change of air.

One market-day, being at Woderton, Mrs. Willis called on old Mrs. Rogers. They first spoke about Emily and her broken engagement, and Mrs. Rogers shook her head at the mention of Henry Price.

"I've seen him," said the old woman. "I've seen him several times. Ah! ah!"

They then begun to talk about Miss Sinclair and her wedding, which was now very near.

"I did hear," said Mrs. Rogers, "that Miss Mary wants somebody to help make up the wedding clothes. Why don't you send up your Emily; she's handy with her needle?"

"That she is," said Mrs. Willis, "as handy as can be. Do you think Miss Sinclair would have her?"

"Yes, I'm sure she would. Send your girl up to the Hall to-morrow, and if they don't want her no harm's done."

"I really think I will," Mrs. Willis replied, taking up her bundles; "it would do Emily a world of good to go into a new place."

Emily did not seem pleased when her mother told her to go up to the Hall. She did not like the idea of going among a lot of strangers; she felt shy and nervous. But as her father and mother wished it she had to go.

It was about four miles to the Hall; and as the day was very hot Emily was tired before she got there. She went up the avenue of elms, and then took a path which branched off through a plantation, and led to the back of the old red brick house. The coachman and groom were washing a dog cart and a pony carriage. They looked at Emily, but did not say anything. She rang the door bell, and a young girl came out.

"I want to see the lady's maid, if you please," said Emily.

"Come in then," said the girl, who was a kitchenmaid, "I'll call her. Mrs. Bates!" she called at the stairs.

The lady's maid came down; a quiet, neat, middle-aged woman. "What do you want?" she asked.

"If you please I'm Emily Willis from Woodford, and Mrs. Rogers said you wanted some needle-work done, and mother thought that maybe I could help with it."

"Well, perhaps, I don't know. Are you the daughter of Willis the baker, of Woodford?"

"Yes," said Emily, "I am."

"Just so. I understand." And
Emily knew that Mrs. Bates meant that she had heard all about Henry Price. "I'll ask Miss Mary what she thinks."

As Emily stood waiting in the passage she heard Bates open the drawing-room door, and then there came out the sound of two voices, a man's and a woman's. Bates went into the drawing-room, and presently returned to Emily. "You are to go in and be spoken to."

So Emily was shewn into the room, where she found Miss Sinclair and Mr. Lovell. She saw that Miss Sinclair was fair and pale, and had a sweet quiet face like a picture of an angel, and she had a soft gentle voice. Mr. Lovell was a bright, clever, laughing young man.

"Would you like to come and help with the work?" asked Mary Sinclair; "there is plenty of plain work to do."

"Yes, if you please, ma'am," answered Emily.

"Can you come at once—to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, ma'am."

"And do you think you could bring your clothes, and sleep here, so as not to have to go backwards and forwards every day."

"Yes, ma'am, I can do that," said Emily, rather pleased at the thought of living in this beautiful great house, and under the orders of sweet Miss Mary.

"Very well," said Miss Sinclair, "that is settled. You will come here to-morrow, and stay as long as I want you." And Mary smiled and nodded, and Emily went away quite happy.

"I like that girl," said Mary to Mr. Lovell. "If I find her as nice as she looks, I will ask her to be my maid, and come with me to the Isle of Wight."

"Who is the girl?" asked Mr. Lovell.

"Her father is a baker at Woodford, and this girl was engaged to Henry Price, the Earl's gardener, who was discharged the other day for getting tipsy; and of course Emily Willis would not marry a man who drank."

"He was a fool to let it be seen," muttered Mr. Lovell. Then he added aloud, "Come, let us have a duet;" and playing and singing they thought no more about Emily Willis, who walked quickly home, proud and pleased at being employed at the Hall.

CHAPTER VII.

AT THE HALL.

EMILY liked her new employment; she sat in the work-room the greater part of the day; she went with the other servants to dinner in the great servant's hall; she took tea in the little, cheerful housekeeper's room; and in the evening she walked about the grounds, for Mary Sinclair said that Emily must have air and exercise, and must not work after seven o'clock.

This life had gone on for four days. Mr. Lovell was staying at the Hall, and Emily often saw him. Once or twice he and Mr. William Sinclair sat up later than the rest of the family, and Emily heard his footsteps going along the passage very unsteadily. The fourth evening the ladies were tired, and went up early to their rooms. Emily had some work in the housekeeper's room which she very much wanted to finish. She sat on and on,
and just as the hall-clock struck twelve she put the last stitch. She took her candle, and began to creep upstairs. At the same moment the door of the dining-room opened, and Mr. Lovell came out.

He was carrying a candle all on one side; his hair was rough, his face was red. He looked very much as Henry Price had looked that day in the garden of the inn. Emily began to run upstairs; and when Mr. Lovel caught sight of her, he said, or rather tried to say, “Stop a minute, don’t be in such a hurry.”

But Emily hurried on, full of horror. She heard Mr. Lovell muttering, “Come now, just be civil. I don’t know who you are, just let a fellow see what you’re like.”

Emily ran faster still, and soon stood inside her own little bedroom. She heard Mr. Lovell muttering and stumbling up the stairs. He was quite unable to speak distinctly, or to walk steadily; but he was only so far gone as to be aware of his own state, and he was rather ashamed of himself, and tried to move quietly. Emily heard him stagger into his room and close the door. She was most thankful that Miss Sinclair had not come out on the stairs and seen her future husband in this dreadful state. It filled Emily with pity for the sweet girl who loved this unhappy man. “She must not marry him,” said Emily to herself. “Oh! she must not marry him! She must do as I did to poor Henry, she must send him away!” And then she cried bitterly, for the thought of the trouble coming on Miss Mary renewed the miserable grief of her own wounded heart.

(To be continued.)

GRAHAM’S TEMPERANCE GUIDE FOR 1870.

In calling the attention of our readers to this important work we are pleased to notice that the publisher has yielded to the solicitations of many subscribers to issue it on December 1st, with a special edition bound in cloth. One attractive feature will be a full-page portrait of General Neal Dow. The body of contents will also be enlarged and enriched with an alphabetical list of all the prohibitory parishes in the Province of Canterbury, with the population.

The earlier day of issue renders it necessary that information should reach the publisher by the 10th instant. Secretaries who may not have received a Form for giving the returns, can have one on application to our Office or to the Publisher, G. H. Graham, 35 Kingsley Road, Maidstone. And as the whole of the information is inserted free of charge, and the expense of producing this useful manual great, we hope our readers will do whatever they can to secure for the Guide the national circulation it deserves.
DRESS AND DRINK.

By F. Harrison.

DRESS for the women and drink for the men!
Build a great sign-post and buy a great pen,
And write up those words in blood-red ink,
On the women’s side, Dress; on the men’s side, Drink!

This is the road to sin and shame,
To ruin and everlasting flame;
Bodies and souls are bartered here
For a little red rose, or a pint of beer.

The pretty young girl wants feathers and lace,
And false hair and flowers to spoil her fair face;
And the Tempter whispers, “The wages of sin
Will make you smarter than ever you’ve been!”

The young man thinks it fine to go
Where other men drink for an hour or so;
And the Tempter whispers, “The wages of sin
Is the pleasure that lurks in a bottle of gin!”

If they marry, the wife has her lace and her flowers,
While the husband in rags may be seen at all hours;
Or the man sits drinking and muddling his head,
While the wife has no money for tea or for bread.

And soon they quarrel and fight, and at times
They are hurried on to more fearful crimes;
A hatchet is lifted, a knife is flung,—
And one is murdered, and one is hung!

There’s a Pit we know of, and souls therein
Are punished for ever because of sin;
And men and women fall over the brink,—
Women in finery, men in drink.

My brothers so strong, and my sisters fair,
Think what a perilous fate they dare!
Where our fellow-creatures thus fall and sink,
The women through Dress, and the men through Drink.
THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE EMIGRANT'S CHILDREN.

(Continued from page 179.)

CHAPTER III.

It was a bitterly cold day when Mrs. Harris and little Nellie were buried side by side. The cemetery was deeply covered with the pure white snow, which fell thick and fast as the sorrowing children returned from the grave to their kind friend's home. God had been very good to them in sending this shelter in their time of need. Mr. Wilson did all in his power to help them. He wrote to their father, asking him to come or send for them directly, and then collected money from the neighbours to provide them with clothes, before deciding in what other way to assist them.

He and Mrs. Wilson would have liked to keep all the children until their father's answer came; but they were too poor to think of it, so they settled to keep little Mary, who was like their own dear one whom they had lost some years before. A lady who had given Mrs. Harris a great deal of work, took Jessie into her own house as nursemaid; and Johnny and Alfred went to live with an uncle, whose house was not far from London. So before the first month of the New Year had passed away the little family circle was broken up and scattered, never again to be united upon earth; for though the children who were living might all meet their father under the same roof, the dead could not be with them.

It would take me too long to follow the children step by step, through every day of their lives. I must just tell you the principal events, and leave you to imagine the rest. Spring, summer, and autumn came and passed, and winter again found them in just the same places where we left them. Nearly a year had gone by, and not one word or message of any kind had been received from their father. They were alarmed at this silence. "He must surely be dead, or something dreadful has happened to him, and we shall never see our father again," Johnny said, despairingly. But Jessie did not so soon grow hopeless. She remembered that in the very last conversation she had held with her dear mother, she had tried to impress this great
truth upon her mind, that God never forsakes those who trust in Him, but will always help and guide them in His own good and wise way.

It needed all Jessie’s faith and patience to believe that the dark path they were treading was the best; but she strove to trust in God, and to teach her little brothers and sister the same lesson. Mary still lived with Mrs. Wilson, who had grown to love her so dearly that she could not bear to think of parting. So both the girls were blessed with good homes; but it was not so with Johnny and Alfred. They were very unhappy. Their uncle was a rough, unkind, selfish man. He very often came home tipsy, and then he would quarrel with his two daughters—who kept his home, and attended to his business,—and ill-treat the poor little boys, who soon learned to tremble at the sound of his voice. Their cousins were not kind either, but made them work hard, and only half fed them. Johnny did not mind the work; he was used to a busy bustling life, and was strong and able to bear it. But it often made his heart ache to see his poor little brother taxed beyond his strength, until his head was giddy and his weary limbs ached so that he could not sleep, but lay tossing and moaning restlessly until forced to rise to another day of toil.

But if these hard weekdays were bad, the miserable Sundays were a great deal worse to endure. No one thought of going to Church. Their uncle lay in bed all the morning, and drank beer and smoked his pipe all the afternoon; and their cousins read some foolish book, or lounged on the sofa, or went out visiting.

One cold dreary Sunday, Alfred, who had been wandering about the house alone for some time, found Johnny sitting by himself in their little bedroom, sobbing bitterly.

“Oh! Johnny, I’ve been looking for you so long. What is the matter? Are you ill?” he asked, for he looked upon his brother as a model of strength and manliness, and was quite frightened to see him cry.

“Oh Alfie,!” answered the poor boy, “I do hope father will soon come for us. I shall go mad if we have to stay here. This afternoon I went and asked uncle if we might go to Church, as he did not want us. He looked so angry at me, and said he would not have canting hypocrites in his house. All I had to do was to attend to my work. He didn’t go to Church, no more should we. He hated such rubbish, he said. Isn’t dreadful? Oh, if father would only come!”

(To be continued.)
III.—DRINK AND OUR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

A rule, Mr. Editor, the reports of Education Societies have very little interest for those outside the circle of schoolmasters and managers; and speeches based upon them must be very cleverly put together, if they are found to minister to the desire for raciness and sensationalism, which just now is in the ascendant. Hence it was with a feeling of surprise that in the proceedings of the last annual meeting of the Church of England Education Society, I found some very telling arguments in favour of Total Abstinence, where I was only looking for an advocacy of the “Three R’s.”

The speaker was John Martin, Esq., a name by no means new to the public. He joined in the general chorus of lamentation of the popular ignorance, both in town and country; but he strongly combated the notion that this ignorance is the result of a want of schools, and pointed to cases where the most wretched mental degradation was found in close proximity to schools perfectly capable of removing it. “The apathy and indifference of parents,” said he, “is the cause in the vast majority of instances, arising in most cases from an addiction to drink.” But then he went on to say that statements of this kind are not believed in those quarters where a belief in them would be most valuable. “Our public men ignore this fact, and refuse to take any active measures to abate this evil, trusting to the wonderful educational plans to be carried out by a Reformed Parliament.” He then proceeded to narrate an instance which had come under his own notice, illustrating this gin-made apathy, a specimen of thousands, as you and I know well enough. “I visited a man who was in a dying state, for the purpose of giving him some temporary relief. That man had been in a respectable warehouse for twenty-four years. His son, eighteen years of age, who was standing by his bed-side, was employed in the same warehouse, and he stated that when he was apprenticed he could neither read nor write. He had a brother fourteen years of age, and a sister eleven. The brother was an errand-boy in the warehouse where his father was employed; and neither he nor the girl had received any education but that which they obtained at a ragged school in the neighbourhood. The man was carried to the workhouse by his wife.
and eldest son, both of whom were drunk; and the man himself had
gin poured down his throat to enable him to bear the removal, and
died in their presence. That man spent so much in drink, and was so
indifferent as to the education of his family, that he would not send his
children to any school but a ragged one."

You will observe, sir, that this gloomy story was not told at a Temperance meeting; it was not put forward as a persuasive to any in
the auditory to come and "sign the pledge." It was only used as a
sort of moral file to sharpen the point of something else. It was one
circumstance, amongst a million others, showing how in every direction
our drinking habits work mischief. And I was by no means surprised
to find that the chairman of the Education Society's meeting, J. C.
Colquhoun, Esq., as well as the Rev. Uriah Davies of St. Matthew's,
Islington, and other speakers, should also have expressed modified
views of the ragged-school movement. As I read their remarks,
an anecdote recurred to my mind, which is perhaps worth telling.
A milkman—a rigid Baptist—on his morning round, had his attention
drawn to the announcement of a ragged-school anniversary,
posted on the door of the little chapel he attended. "Ah," he
growled, as I passed him, "I hear some people say, Didn't ought
to be no ragged-schools, for so sure as you teaches them ragged
rascals for nothin', so sure their parients will spend the thruppences in
beer." And there was a great deal more truth in his words than elegance
in his west-country dialect. Ragged-schools have doubtless done
much good; but there is not one which has not intensified the evil which
first caused its existence; and thousands of parents have salved their
shreds of consciences by persuading themselves they have given their
children the best education they could, when they sent them—to go
or stay, pretty much as they liked—to a ragged-school, instead of ex-
ercising self-denial to the amount of two three halfpenny worths of gin
a week, that the poor bairns might have the advantage of the superior
teaching and discipline of a British or National School. Does not
the gross and mischievous ignorance everywhere so painfully prevalent
—an ignorance not owing to the paucity of schools, but to carelessness
regarding them—utter a loud call to the Temperance reformer to
labour still more strenuously, to be more "instant in season and out of
season" to abate this monster evil, from which in some form, direct
or indirect, every individual in the land is suffering.
CONFEERENCE of the Abstaining Clergy and laity of the three dioceses of Manchester, Chester, and Ripon was held in the Mayor’s Parlour, Town Hall, Manchester, on August 18th. There was a good attendance, and Mr. ROBERT WHITWORTH, treasurer, presided.

Mr. JAMES TAYLOR, Secretary, read letters of apology from the President, Mr. William Romaine Callender, jun.; the Chairman, Mr. Thomas Dale; Mr. Hugh Birley, M.P., and others.

The CHAIRMAN hoped they would unanimously adopt a memorial to the magistrates at the Annual Licensing Sessions, and also expressed a wish that their friends from Ripon would exert themselves as far as possible to induce the magistrates in the different districts in which they were resident to withhold all the licences they possibly could. (Hear, hear.) There was a matter of very great regret to come before them, in a vote of condolence to the widow of their worthy and late coadjutor, the Rev. W. R. Keeling. Mr. Keeling had been associated with them for a long time, and they now most deeply regretted his loss from among their midst. Nevertheless, they had a good representative in his son, who, they hoped, would be enabled to follow in the footsteps of his father in the great movement.

Mr. JAMES TAYLOR, Secretary of the Society, gave a brief report of its past work and present position.

The Rev. A. HUDSON moved the first resolution, as follows:—

“ That, in accordance with the wish of the Ripon Diocesan Church Temperance Association, that Association be united with the Manchester and Chester Diocesan Temperance Reformation Society, in order to extend and strengthen the movement. They had recently endeavoured to form a society at Ripon, but they had not been numerous enough, and being unable to obtain the necessary funds, were obliged to throw themselves upon the sympathy of the Manchester and Chester Diocesan Society. He believed Lancashire was at the head of the movement, and that it was the wish of the people of Lancashire to spread the movement to every county in England.” (Applause.)

The Rev. JOHN GARRETT, D.D., seconded the resolution.
Mr. W. Touchstone moved the adoption of a memorial, to be signed by the Chairman, and presented to the magistrates at the Licensing Sessions next ensuing.

The Rev. S. F. Green seconded the resolution, expressing a doubt, with respect to the amalgamation of Ripon diocese, that unless some more certain means were set about with regard to their funds, they might find themselves, at the end of next year, more in debt than they were at present.

The Rev. A. Haworth moved the third resolution:—

"That the best thanks of the Conference be tendered to Sir H. Selwyn-Ibbetson, M.P., and Col. E. Akroyd, M.P., for the expeditious manner in which they have carried the Wine and Beerhouses, Act, 1869, into law."

The Rev. Thos. Whitney Marsden seconded the resolution.

The Rev. E. Hewlett moved the following:—

"That this Conference testifies its deep sorrow at the loss of the Rev. W. R. Keeling, B.A., the late respected rector of Blackley and vice-president of this Society, who so long and earnestly and faithfully laboured on behalf of the cause of temperance. That this Conference further records its high appreciation of his past life of unswerving consistency and Christian piety, and sincerely conveys its heartfelt feelings of deep sympathy and condolence with Mrs. Keeling and family, and humbly prays that God may give them strength and patience in their great bereavement."

The Rev. J. Edwards, in seconding, and Mr. W. D. B. Antrobus in supporting the resolution, with the mover, bore testimony to the ardent and earnest support given to the Temperance cause by the deceased gentleman.

The Rev. Thomas Snow moved, and the Rev. A. B. Clarke seconded the following, which was agreed to:—

"That the best thanks of this Conference be tendered to the president of this Society, W. Romaine Callender, Jun., Esq., for generously advancing £200 to pay off this Society's liabilities; and that this Conference pledges itself to do its best in collecting the money necessary to recoup him, and put the Society on a satisfactory financial basis."

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MONTHLY LETTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Tuesday evening, September 7th, the first of a projected series of meetings to be addressed by representatives of the leading religious denominations—one meeting to be devoted to each—was held, under the auspices of the Haverstock Temperance Society, in Albert Temperance Hall, Bassett-street. It having been determined that the Church of England should be invited to lead off, the old and ever-active friend of temperance, Judge Payne, very kindly consented to preside, and Rev. Thomas Rooke, secretary of the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society, readily agreed to lecture on the very important attitude occupied by the Church of England in regard to Teetotalism. The hall was crowded with an attentive and appreciative audience.

The Rev. T. Rooke attended and addressed a meeting of the Surbiton Band of Hope and Temperance Association, on occasion of their Annual Exhibition of wild-flower bouquets. This is a very novel and interesting thing. The children are to gather wild-flowers only, and form them into bouquets according to their own unassisted taste, and prizes of cultivated flowers are given to those who are adjudged them. The arrangements are carried out by Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood, aided by their temperance friends. Mr. Cavell presided. I think a hint of value to country Associations may be taken.

The Rev. T. Rooke preached on Sunday Evening, the 12th Sept., in St. Matthias’ Church, Caledonian Road, on the Temperance Reformation Movement. The Rev. H. Berguer the Incumbent, was unfortunately obliged to be absent; but I am pleased to be able to state that this Association, founded by help of Mr. Rooke some months back, is going on most favourably, and has been much blessed in reclaiming the lost in the best and highest sense of the word.

On the 20th of August the members of the Coniston “Band of Hope” had a delightful excursion down the beautiful Lake. The greater number of them went in a large boat, which was lent for the occasion; and several smaller boats conveyed others to the place of meeting, which was a field on the bank of the Lake. Tea, etc., were provided, suitable speeches were made by a Clergyman and other friends of “The Band of Hope.”

The Working Men’s Perseverance Temperance Society (St. Simon’s District, Sheffield), has been in existence about two years and a half. It consists of working-men only, many of whom have by the help of God been raised from the lowest state of degradation to a respectable position in life, and one of whom is now labouring well for the good of others. There is also a Band of Hope in connection with the above, numbering about two hundred children, who held their Anniversary on the 22nd and 23rd of August.

I hope our friends are working verybusily to enable the Committee to secure the promised donation announced on cover of Magazine.
“EXTREME RITUALISM.”

(Continued from page 184.)

Our space last month prevented our concluding the observation we wished to make on and the arguments we wish to draw from Mr. Garbett’s address, designated as above. In the Old Testament, Mr. Garbett finds in Hezekiah’s treatment of the venerable relic of the Brazen Serpent a justification for the total destruction of whatever is an occasion of sin. Our very simple deduction was that the intoxicating drinks of the present day are not only the occasion but the cause of fearful sins and crimes; ought they not, therefore, on Mr. Garbett’s own showing, to be as utterly destroyed as Nehushtan, and how far is Mr. Garbett consistent in remaining in the ranks of those who still patronize and use not abuse them?

In the New Testament, Mr. Garbett finds that “a principle yet more closely opposite is asserted in the whole argument of the Epistle to the Romans;” and he adds, “What of ceremonial restrictions in regard to meats and drink? There are two parties to the question. One is strong, and thinks that all these ceremonial regulations are done away; and so the Apostle expressly declares. Another is weak, and unable to rise above life-long prejudices and habits; he therefore thinks it wrong to eat. Who is to give way? Are the strong to govern the weak, or the weak to limit the strong? The answer of the Apostle is very memorable. He asserts the perfect liberty of the strong to act upon his own conscience, and not on the conscience of another; and yet, for the sake of the weaker brother, he requires him to restrain his own liberty. “If thy brother be grieved with thy meat, now walkest thou not charitably. Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died.”

In his next paragraph Mr. Garbett asks, “Is not this the very principle on which the Fathers of the English Reformation acted, and on which God’s ministers are bound to act at the present day in regard to things indifferent?”
Now, if Mr. Garbett's way of putting the question relative to Nehushtan has not, by a parity of reasoning, removed the drink question out of the category of "things indifferent" altogether, we cannot conceive how he can escape the application of his own argument here. In the question of abstinence from intoxicating drinks we assert "the perfect liberty of the strong to act upon his own conscience, and not on the conscience of another;" and yet, for the sake of those weak and easily overcome and perishing brethren of ours, we do not, as we are not apostles, "require," but we venture to ask our fellow-churchmen who seek to be followers of St. Paul, as he was a follower of Christ, as he exhorts the Corinthians to be in this very matter (see 1 Cor. x. 29, 33, and xi. 1),—we venture to ask such to "restrain their own liberty," and not to destroy with their drink those for whom Christ died. There is, we think, no escaping the force of this argument. It rests not on the disputed character of wine ancient and eastern, as contrasted with wine modern and western. It requires no accurate investigation as to the various Hebrew words translated by our common word "wine." It parleys not with any distinction between using these drinks in moderation or excess. If Mr. Garbett's application of St. Paul's argument have any force at all against "Extreme Ritualism," it has tenfold force in our application of it against strong drinks; nay, ours is, if anything, the stronger, for it is actually of meats and drinks that the Apostle is speaking. We may in a manner, say that, in a further sense, our view comes more completely under Mr. Garbett's Nehushtan argument; for while St. Paul was speaking of meats and drinks offered to idols, we are dealing with at least drinks that have become idols themselves, and therefore, on Mr. Garbett's line of argument, should be dealt with as Nehushtan, and be utterly not only abstained from, but actually destroyed.

We cannot conclude better than by quoting at length the following important sentence, and then leave Mr. Garbett, with those who think with him, to weigh his own arguments. He is speaking of the ceremonies he condemns:—"The influence may be slow and imperceptible—'a creeping and encroaching evil,' as Hooker strikingly calls it—but it is the more dangerous for this, as it lays to sleep the sensitive alarm of conscience (supplies the outward semblance of
piety to the feelings), destroys the soul's healthy love for truth, vitiates its spiritual palate, and places the feet on the side of a smooth and slippery precipice on which nothing but the grace of God can arrest the downward course. This was manifestly the conviction of the Reformers. . . . If their views were wise and true, is it possible for those who love God's truth to keep too far from such a system, or shrink too sensitively from the slightest risk of producing, either in themselves or others, an aesthetic tendency pregnant with such possibilities, or which may lead one solitary soul of those committed to their charge to so fatal a catastrophe?"

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AN ANCIENT PLEDGE;
OR, TEETOTALISM 230 YEARS AGO.

In the blank leaf of an old English Bible, which has been handed down from parent to child through successive generations, and appears at the time to have been the property of Robert Bolton, Bachelor of Divinity, and preacher of God's Word at Broughton, in Northamptonshire, is written the following pledge:

"From this daye fforwarde to the ende of my life I will never pledge anye health, nor drink a whole carouse in a glass, cupp, bowle, or other drinking instrument whatever, wheresoeuer it be, ffrom whomsoever it come, except the necessity of nature do require it. Not my own gracious king, * nor any the greatest monarch or tyrant on earth, not my dearest fffriende, nor all the goulde in the worlde, shall ever enforce me or allure me. Not an angel ffrom heaven (who I know will not attempt it) shall persuade me. Not Satan, with all his subtelties, nor all the powers of hell itselfe, shall ever betray me! By this very sinne (ffor a sin it is, and not a little one), I doe plainly finde that I have more offended and dishonoured my great and glorious Maker and most merciful Saviour, than by all other sinnes that I am subject untoe; and for this very sinne it is that my God hath often been strange untoe me; and for that cause, and no other respect, I have thus vowed, and I heartily, by my good Father in heaven, of His great goodness and infinite mercy in Jesus Christ, ask Him to assist me in the same, and to be ffullaourable untoe me ffor what is past. Amen.—ROBERT BOLTON, Broughton, April 10, 1637."

* It was the custom in those days to drink the king's health immediately after the dinner cloth was removed.
DISCUSSION ON INTEMPERANCE

IN THE LOWER HOUSE OF CONVOCATION.

By the REV. WILLIAM CAINE, M.A., Manchester.

(Continued from page 186.)

"And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine [tirotch] which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees?"

"And wine [wayin] that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart."

LADY, who was an earnest teetotaller, married a moderate drinker. He often pressed her to drink wine with him, and when she refused, he used to quote the words of the Psalm, "wine that maketh glad the heart of man," as a most convincing argument in favour of her drinking the poisoned juice of the grape. One day after hearing the usual quotation she left the room, and after a little time she returned to her husband with oil streaming down her cheeks. He thought his wife had become deranged, and he eagerly inquired why she had so disfigured herself. She quietly answered that she had only acted according to the words of the verse in the Psalm which he was so fond of repeating—"wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine." It is evident that the good lady had as strong an argument for her use of oil as her husband had for the use of his wine. It is marvellous what foolish so-called arguments men in other respects very intelligent, like Dr. Fraser and Deans Alford and Stanley, will give utterance to when they wish to support preconceived opinions, and to defend habits and customs which they are not willing to give up. Hugh Farmer, in the preface to his interesting "Dissertation on Miracles," remarks very truly respecting the reception of a truth which may be new to some: "Notwithstanding many recommendations of this principle, I am sensible it must meet with opposition from the prejudices of mankind, which insensibly bias even upright inquirers after truth. Many are ready to acknowledge that an opinion is not therefore false, because it contradicts received opinions; and yet but few are duly sensible, how exceeding difficult it is to get rid of false opinions early entertained, constantly inculcated, and stamped with the authority of those who are most respected for their learning and abilities. HABITS HAVE AS
DISCUSSION ON INTEMPERANCE.

GREAT AN INFLUENCE OVER THE JUDGMENTS AS OVER THE ACTIONS OF MANKIND.”

Dr. Fraser, in the Lower House of Convocation, on June 14, referred to the two verses at the head of this little paper in support of the continued existence of the traffic in a poison which is filling his country with misery and crime, hurling tens of thousands every year into felons’ cells, and consigning its victims to premature graves, and what is worse than all sending them into the lowest abyss of hell. Little did Jotham and David imagine that the words expressing their gratitude for God’s good gifts would ever be used by any of His ministers for such an unhallowed purpose!

It will be observed that Jotham and David use two different Hebrew words, and that both are translated by the one word “wine” in our Authorised Version. The context in Jotham’s parable clearly shows that he speaks of the fruits of the trees in their natural condition. The word he uses for the fruit of the vine is tirosh, and this is the very word in Isaiah lv. 8, where God says, “As the new wine [tirosh] is found in the cluster (that is, in the bunch of grapes), and one saith Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it.” Here Isaiah evidently speaks of the unfermented fruit of the vine, and in all the 38 places in which the word tirosh occurs in the Old Testament, I have no hesitation in saying that it means the juice of the grape without any fermentation. I hope shortly to place all these passages before the readers of our Church Temperance Magazine in regular succession, and they will then be able to judge for themselves as to the correctness of the opinion I have now stated.

As to the wine “cheering God and man,” Kitto remarks that it is so said “because it was used in the sacrifices and offerings made to Him. In the same way we must explain verse 9, where God is said to be honoured by olive oil,—it being used in sacrifices, and for other purposes connected with His service.” Dr. Waterland says, “The words in the original may be rendered in the plural, gods and men;” according to which we must suppose that Jotham speaks of “gods,” because he was addressing himself to the idolatrous Shechemites, and adapted his discourse to their notions.” The words may also mean “kings and men of inferior quality,” “high and low,” “prince and peasant.” See D’Oyly and Mant’s Notes on the Bible. I prefer the ordinary interpretation as given by Dr. Kitto in his note quoted above.

Now we come to the yayin in Psalm civ. 15, for which David expresses his gratitude to its Creator. This word is used in the
Hebrew Old Testament for the fruit of the vine fermented and unfermented. For its use in the sense of unfermented grapes, we may turn to Jeremiah, chapter xl., verses 10 and 12. "As for me, behold, I will dwell at Mizpah, to serve the Chaldeans, which will come to us: but ye, gather ye wine [yayin], and summer fruits and oil, and put them in your vessels, and dwell in your cities that ye have taken. . . . Even all the Jews returned out of all places whither they were driven, and came to the land of Judah, to Gedaliah, unto Mizpah, and gathered wine [yayin] and summer fruits very much." In these two verses it is clear that yayin means grapes in their natural condition. The Septuagint has ὠνωκ in both verses; but the Vulgate has vendemiam, that is, a gathering of grapes, in verse 10, and vinum in verse 12. This passage may satisfy all the readers of our Magazine that the Hebrew word yayin and the Greek word ὠνωκ were applied to the fruit of the vine before it underwent any change by fermentation. We may also believe that the Psalmist, in Psalm civ. 15, uses yayin of grapes in their natural, innocent, and happiness-producing state, as our kind and loving Father in Heaven gives them to us. I would ask my readers to turn to my paper on "The Products of the Vineyard in Palestine, and the manner in which they are used by its Inhabitants," in the number of our Magazine for August 1865. There they will see the value of grapes, and how the use of them cheers men's hearts.

A Sign of the Times.—In the parish of St. Peter, Plymouth, the vicar has just established a guild for the benefit of very poor girls as a bond of union for them after they go out into the world, many of them being employed in selling goods in the streets. It is styled the Guild of St. Agnes; and, among other excellent rules to which, on admission, obedience is promised, is the following:—"To drink no spirit, wine, beer, or intoxicating drinks, unless ordered to do so by a doctor."
CHURCH CONGRESS ON TEMPERANCE.

TIS Grace the Archbishop of York presided the other day over a Church Conference. In the course of the proceedings there was a discussion on drunkenness.

Rev. R. PROWDE deduced the importance of this question from the statistics of the crime, pauperism, sin, and misery of the nation. Taking everything into account, the annual cost of the drinking system of the country could not be less than £150,000,000, some say £200,000,000. But there was the further cost of the system in the sin it caused, which was the question more directly for the consideration of a Church Congress. It could not be computed in figures, however fabulous. It competed with them in every turn; and but for their faith in the ultimate victory of good, they would be tempted to give up in despair. Now the Church of England was called upon to give up the apathetic policy of the past, and use her splendid resources in the effort to suppress drunkenness, and the eyes of all were turned to her. Special efforts, vigorous and united, should be put forward by her. She must no longer remain neutral with regard to Temperance societies. All the reformation so far effected had been effected by teetotallers. Their Bands of Hope were specially interesting. The Church could not afford to neglect such men, enthusiasts though some might call them, without alienating them for ever. The Nonconformists were calling to her for help, and in no way could she better use her influence than in supporting the Temperance movement, and he was glad to see that many of the clergy then present foremost among them were moving in this direction. He advocated Temperance societies more elastic than those based on total abstinence. They might have two grades—of total abstainers, and those pledged merely to temperance and self-restraint; because the rigid rule of total abstinence, while a safeguard to some, repelled others. He thought that such societies might be made popular in their parishes. Legislative action did not come within his scope then, but that and temperance principles should go hand in hand; and if ever the day came when the people claimed the control of the liquor traffic, in whatever way, such societies would be of use in guiding popular opinion. They must, indeed, try to press on legislative action, but they must not wait for it, as whilst statesmen were hesitating souls were perishing. Let the whole Church rise for their rescue.

Rev. W. KANE (Whitby) would not dwell on the statistics of crime, which were well known and acknowledged. He referred with satisfaction to the improvement in the habits of the upper classes, but of the lower classes the same could not be said, as witness the enormous number of public houses. He congratulated the Congress on the change lately made in shutting up a large number of beerhouses, which he hoped was only the first step in the right
direction, and he denounced the system of liquor-selling to women at grocer’s shops. He advocated the devotion of the whole machinery of every parish towards the spread of Temperance, and particularly by the formation of Temperance societies among the children of their National and Sunday schools. The work of Temperance in years gone by had been mainly carried on by dissenting laymen, who were neglected equally by their own ministers and by the clergy, and the consequence had been that Temperance had been elevated into a sort of religion of itself. But such a state of things must be no longer permitted. They must take part in the work. The Church of England Temperance Society, already in flourishing work, must be supported and extended. He was glad to see such leaders in the Church as their president coming forward in the way he had done at Liverpool, and on Monday evening, at a crowded meeting in that room, he (Mr. Kane) had the pleasure of being requested to convey to his Grace the hearty thanks of the meeting, carried by acclamation, for his manly utterance.

Lord Teignmouth, as a magistrate, stated his experience of the disastrous effect of the beerhouse system just abolished, and warmly advocated the abolition of appeals from petty sessions to quarter sessions for the procuring of licences. That done, the magistrates would be brought face to face with public opinion. His lordship deprecated the influence of the Alliance movement for the suppression of the sale of drink, in seriously hindering the progress of true temperance (!). He warmly eulogised the dissenting bodies for their help in the movements for the abolition of slavery and the improvement of prisons, and he had a right to infer that they would help the Church of England in the crusade against drunkenness; and he called upon all laymen and clergy alike to remember that in this, as in everything else, England expected every man to do his duty.

Mr. J. S. Penneyman (Ormesby) advocated the provision of suitable amusements and recreation for the working classes. He deprecated the harm done by extreme teetotallers, who often cast stones at those who were only temperate (!). He would remind those present that as members of the Church they had pledged themselves against intemperance of all kinds. The vows taken at baptism and renewed at confirmation against intemperance, were and ought to be held equally binding with any special temperance pledge, and he urged that the direct teaching of the Church on the subject should be more distinctly brought out.

Mr. M. Cockburn (Upleatham) advocated the closing of public-houses on Sundays. As an employer of labour, superintending some 3,000 workmen, he knew the evils of Sunday drinking, and though not a Teetotaller nor Permissive Bill man, he would gladly accept such a measure as an instalment. He found that at least six per cent. of his workmen were kept from work early in the week through Sunday drinking. Sunday closing would be a great boon also to the publicans themselves.
"TAKE YE AWAY THE STONE."

ST. JOHN xi. 39.

DARK is the grave, dreary the sepulchre,
Where, buried out of reach of mortal aid,
Beyond the sound of Heaven's reclaiming call,
Dead, cold, and deaf, e'en to the voice of God,
Lie the immortal souls, and brave, high hearts
Of our lost brothers. Number, if thou canst,
The desperate crowd who to its fatal brink
Bear their fond hopes, their goodly purposes,
And cast them all therein, and roll the stone
To the dark prison door, and thence depart.

The stone, once firmly fixed, who hath the power
To roll away—who can that bar remove,
Which e'en the gracious Saviour's voice can stay
From piercing to the grave of their lost souls?
Hear what that voice demands, e'er it will reach
The dead within that prison of despair—
"Take ye away the stone!" Mine is the power
Which must to these dead souls new life impart;
Thine is the strength, the love, the influence,
The brave example and the kindly word
That will avail to "roll away the stone."

Oh ye our brethren! come, behold the place,
The dreary sepulchre of ruined souls,
Closed o'er by that great stone—our country's curse—
The deadening weight of foul Intemperance!
Blinding the eye to Him our dark world's Light,
Stopping the ear to all His gracious words,
Crushing both soul and body 'neath its load.
Then, that the light may shine upon those eyes,
Sweet words of life and hope strike those deaf ears,
And quickening grace revive the cold dead hearts
Waiting to "see the glory of your God,"
From that dark grave "take ye away the stone."

W. B. BROWN.
CHAPTER VII.
A TALK AT BREAKFAST.

In the morning when Emily joined the servants at breakfast they remarked that she looked very grave. She told them that she had sat up late and was tired.

"Somebody else sat up late," said John, the footman.

"Who was that?" asked the housemaid.

"Why, that precious Mr. Lovell. He sits up after every one else has gone upstairs, and he did not sit up alone."

The women looked curious at this information. They could not imagine who had been Mr. Lovell's companion.

"Was it Mr. William?" said one of them.

"No," replied John, "he went up quite early."

"Who was it, then?"

"If you must know, it was the brandy-bottle!"

"Oh!" said they all, and then were silent.

"Yes," John went on, "he and the brandy-bottle sat up together. When I gave him out that bottle he said he wanted just a spoonful, and the bottle was about half full, and when I came down this morning and went into the dining-room there was the bottle quite empty."

"I hope Miss Mary will not marry him," said Emily.

"She does not know anything about this," said the housemaid.

Emily said, "I think we ought to tell her."

"Oh, no," answered the housemaid, "it's not our place to tell her."

"But it will be so awful if she marries a drunkard!"

"That's true," remarked John; "I only hope she will find it out before the wedding-day."

This incident weighed on Emily's mind. She longed to be able to warn Miss Sinclair of her danger, but she did not know how to do it. She felt afraid to go to her with such an unpleasant message. She kept on thinking about it all day; and at length, while they were drinking tea the housekeeper said, "You seem very serious."

"Yes," said Emily, "I am."

After a few words more, Emily told Mrs. Bates all that she had seen and heard.

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Bates, sadly; "I was afraid of this. I'm sure I wish we could stop the marriage. What can we do?"

"Shall we go and tell her?"

"I don't quite like to do that," answered Mrs. Bates. "I think we will wait a day or two. The wedding is to be next Tuesday; and if we see anything of the kind again before that day, I will manage to bring Miss Mary out, so that she may see it with her own eyes."
"It is so sad!" said Emily, "and he is such a clever, handsome gentleman; I don’t wonder Miss Mary is fond of him."

"And he is very rich," added the housekeeper. "He has a good deal of money of his own, and he is making thousands at the law; but you know what it will be. He’ll go from bad to worse, and he’ll lose all his business, and he’ll lose all his good looks, and his friends, and his money; and then he’ll have that dreadful madness which comes upon drunkards. And then before he’s fifty he’ll die a horrible death, and no one will be sorry when he’s gone. That’s the fate of a drunkard!"

Emily was crying bitterly; she was thinking of Henry Price and his probable fate.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DISCOVERY.

MARY SINCLAIR’s wedding was to take place on the next Tuesday. On the Sunday evening every one went upstairs early, including Mr. Lovell. Emily was much pleased at this. She hoped that he was conquering his vice; and, as he had been at church twice that day, she thought he could not be altogether bad. And, in truth, was not all bad. As long as he was sober, he was very good and very nice; kind, and gentle, and generous. So on this Sunday evening they all went quietly to their rooms, and the house was noiseless and dark. Emily went to sleep very soon; but Mary, who felt what a serious, solemn thing she was going to do on the Tuesday, sat up a long time reading and praying. Just as she began to undress she thought she heard a noise on the stairs. She opened her door softly, and looked out. There was a light in the hall. She crept down the stairs half way, and then saw that the dining-room door was open. The light she saw came from that room. Mary was a brave girl, and not much afraid of robbers. She made another step, so that she could look into the dining-room, and there she saw Mr. Lovell leaning against the sideboard with a tumbler of something in his hand.

He heard her step, and looked down with a vacant stare. She saw that he was tipsy. She flew into the room. "What is this?" she cried.

"Oh, Mary," he began, in a thick voice, "what have you come down stairs for?"

"You are here all alone drinking."
She could hardly speak with horror.

"Have a glass yourself!" said he, as he again filled his tumbler from a bottle on the sideboard.

"Come up to your room," said Mary, "and make as little noise as you can."

"All right!" and he tried to sing a song, and then put the tumbler to his mouth, and gulped down half of its contents. At this Mary could endure no more. She raised her hand and dashed the tumbler away.

He shouted some horrid oaths, and, full of fury, he struck out at Mary with both his fists, and knocked her down heavily against the corner of the sideboard.

When he saw her lying motionless on the floor, with a stream of blood pouring from a gash on her forehead, he began to understand what he had done. But he was too drunk to be
able to lift her up. He stood staring at her.

And now the house was roused by the noise of Mary's fall, and Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair rushed down stairs into the room. What a sight met their eyes! Their fair, sweet daughter lying unconscious, her face covered with blood, and her lover standing beside her too tipsy to give her any help. The room was now full of people. They did not talk much; they raised Mary up, and found that she was quite stunned. They carried her to her own room, and laid her on her bed. They tried to bring her round with various things, but she remained unconscious; and they could not stop the bleeding of the wound on her temple.

"Send for a doctor," said Mrs. Sinclair, who was sobbing over her unhappy daughter.

"John has gone, ma'am," said Mrs. Bates.

Then they tried some more remedies, and stopped the bleeding after a while. The time seemed long until the doctor came. At last he came in. He looked grave; and after binding up the wound he tried to restore Mary to herself. But it was a long time before she moved or seemed conscious. At last she sighed and opened her eyes.

"Mother!" she said, "pity me!"

She seemed to have a dim sort of knowledge of what had happened, for she sighed again. Her mother stooped and kissed her.

The doctor now prepared a little draught of some medicine which would make her sleep, and he made her drink this. In a few minutes she fell asleep.

"She will do well now," said he; "she has had a shock to both mind and body. I will come again the first thing after breakfast. It is now nearly three o'clock. Keep her cool for fear of fever."

He went out of the room, followed by Mrs. Sinclair. There he found Mr. Sinclair, with his other daughters and his son.

"She is all right now," he said, shaking Mr. Sinclair's hand; "don't be frightened. But tell me, how did this occur?"

Mr. Sinclair turned away. "Don't ask me!"

William Sinclair ground his teeth.

The doctor went away, and William entered the dining-room. There he found Mr. Lovell sitting in an armchair, with a haggard face of mingled terror and shame. The candle was just burning out.

William opened the shutters. The blue pale light of early day came in, and made Lovell shiver. William then opened the window; it was a French casement, and opened on the lawn.

"I—I—" stammered Lovell.

But William took no heed of what he said. He laid his hand on the wretched man's shoulder, and pushed him to the window.

"Don't, don't push me!" said Lovell, whimpering; and William, without one word, forced him along to the open window and pressed him down the step, until he was on the dewy lawn, and the morning breeze blew coldly on his hot face, and a lark began to sing, as if in mockery.

William left him standing there; the window was closed on him, and he was left alone outside the house,
where lay the girl he loved, and had nearly killed. "There's an end of it," he muttered. "I shall never enter that house again. I may as well go and hang myself at once!"

CHAPTER IX.
CONSEQUENCES.

MR. LOVELL did not hang himself, but he killed himself another way. He was extremely grieved at what he had done to the girl whom he really loved, and he was very angry with William Sinclair for turning him out of the house. He wrote a pitiable letter to Mary, asking her to forgive him; he knew she would never marry him now, but he hoped she would forgive him. This letter arrived at the Hall while Mary was still very ill; and her father, knowing the handwriting, sent it back to Mr. Lovell without opening it. Then Mr. Lovell went to London, and gave way to his vice; he was continually drunk. His friends first reasoned with him, but when they found that their reasoning had no effect, they gave up talking to him, and were obliged to let him go his own way. He had that dreadful feeling that he must have drink; he never was satisfied.

He gave up his work as a lawyer, his head was not clear enough for work. About three months after he had a frightful illness; he believed that most horrible creatures, dogs, rats, and such things, in dreadful shapes and colours, were always biting and gnawing him. His doctor would only let him have one glass of spirits each day. After a time he recovered; but as soon as he was well, and out of the doctor's hands, he took to his drinking once more. Then he had another illness worse than the first; his fancies were more horrible than ever, and paralysis came on, so that one hand and foot were powerless, and one side of his face was drawn. His mind, too, was so affected that he was put by his friends under the care of a medical man, and was treated like a madman.

For indeed he was mad. He was mad when he first took to drinking; and if he had been in his senses he would have cured himself by abstaining entirely from drink. And now he was quite out of his mind, and was watched for fear he should hurt himself, or anyone else. At length he died; and his brother followed him to the grave, thinking how he had ruined his life; and how fearful a thing it is for a drunkard to fall into the hands of the living God.

One cannot be sorry that such a man as Mr. Lovell should suffer for his own sin; but one is sad at thinking that a sweet innocent girl like Mary Sinclair should also suffer so severely. On the morning after that dreadful night she woke up late, and came to herself. She remembered what had happened, and lay with most sorrowful thoughts in her mind. Her mother came to her bedside. Mary raised herself to kiss her mother, and fell back again with a shriek.

"What is it?" cried Mrs. Sinclair.
"My arm," said Mary, "my left arm!"
"Does it hurt you?" asked her mother.
"Yes, there is a dreadful pain in it, and I cannot move it. It has no power."
"What can it be? The doctor
will be here very soon, he will tell us what it is."

When the doctor came he found that the arm was broken; when Mary fell her arm was broken against the corner of the sideboard; as long as she was unconscious no one knew about it, and now it was discovered many hours after the accident had happened. The time that had passed since the arm was injured made it more difficult to set, and more painful in the setting. She suffered great pain, and had to be kept very quiet for a long time. This was such a sad time; she had bodily pain, and great grief to endure, and when she heard of the awful life that Mr. Lovell was leading she was still more unhappy.

Emily Willis remained a long time at the Hall; she was kept there as a sort of nurse and maid to Miss Sinclair. She was glad to stay there, having plenty to do, and being some comfort to the unhappy young lady. And she was earning good wages, which was pleasant.

As Mary's arm began to grow well, she came downstairs as she used to do; but it was evident that she was not well. She was pale and languid, and took no interest in anything. She had a constant headache, and sometimes a cough. The doctor said she must have change of air.

"Then we will go abroad," said Mr. Sinclair, "as we have often talked of doing."

"Shall we go to Italy?" said Mrs. Sinclair, "that is the best place to go for the winter." It was the beginning of October.

They settled to go to Italy, and Mary seemed pleased. "You will like that," she said to Emily.

"Oh, yes, ma'am, I shall like to go to Italy." Emily was enchanted with the prospect. She wrote to her mother to tell her the new plan; and next day Mrs. Willis came to the Hall to see her daughter.

"Is it not fine?" said Emily. "Just think of me going to all those beautiful places!"

"My dear," said her mother, "I don't want you to go at all."

"Not go? Oh, mother!" cried she. "I dare say you will think us silly, my child; but your father and I don't like the idea of your going to foreign parts. There's no knowing what diseases you might catch, or what things might happen to you. We should never feel happy if you went away. I dare say we are very foolish, but we don't like to think of your going so far away from us."

Emily did think them very foolish, and was sadly disappointed; but, as they objected so strongly to her leaving England, she kissed her mother, and said, with a short sigh, "Very well, dear mother, I will stay at home, as you wish it."

"That's right, Emily; your father and I are so nervous, we should never know a happy moment if you went away."

So Emily honoured her parents by yielding to their wishes; and afterwards she found that a great happiness came to her, and it seemed that it came as a reward for her dutiful conduct.

(To be continued.)
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

BY WILL-O'-THE-WISP.

V.—“LEX TALIONIS.”

It is probable, Mr. Editor, that many of your readers, as well as myself, have been somewhat amused by seeing a correspondence between a Mr. Darrah and the Home Secretary in relation to a poor wretch, who, for some years, appears to have passed his time between getting into a state of delirium tremens at home, and being got out of it again in a lunatic asylum. As might be expected, Mr. Darrah’s letters to the Home office elicited the usual stereotyped reply—“bears to acknowledge the receipt of his communication,” etc., and nothing else; but he has done good service, nevertheless, by publishing the whole in the daily papers. And though he has failed with one member of the Government, yet I fancy he has good ground for anticipating success with another, when we call to mind the strong admiration for all American institutions which that other one is somewhat remarkable for displaying, and which admiration might be reduced to practice in a certain direction, without risk of calling into existence a host of fears and heart-burnings by any sweeping measures of dis-establishment and dis-endowment.

A site of fifteen acres has, it appears, been set apart in a pleasant spot near New York, for the erection of an Inebriates’ Home: an institution which seems to combine the features of a hospital, a prison, and a training school. The State having made a grant of a sufficient number of dollars to establish the Home in the first instance, throws the future annual expenses on the fund formed by the excise revenue and the fines levied for infractions of the excise laws. The inmates are intended to be those inveterate drunkards who cannot be trusted within a mile of a grog-shop, or who, like an acquaintance of my own, would drink half-a-pint of French polish for the sake of the spirit in which the gums are dissolved.

Now here is the pattern which our statesman with American proclivities might follow, with the certainty of obtaining a larger share of support from the virtue and intelligence of the community, than he
is likely to get for other plans which he is suspected of favouring. An Inebriates’ Home planted in the vicinity of all our large towns—a score round the Metropolis—or if preferred, attached to all our Union workhouses—is a want, and a great one, of our age. Here under stern medical, moral, and physical discipline, should be sent the poor wretches who before magistrates seek to excuse their mischief, brutality, and folly, by pleading “a little drop too much”—“a little too much wine;” for no distinction should be made in social position: as the evil brings all its victims to the same level, the level should be preserved in the remedy. Here, too, under proper certificates, should be sent those curses to their families—rich or poor—who are the continual causes of expense, trouble, and disgrace. The profligate father, who lives but to train his children to be servants of the devil; the drunken abandoned mother, whose offspring ignore her name and features; the worthless son, an old man at twenty-one, who hangs, a dead weight, on the labour of his parents, and curses them when they refuse to supply his vicious wants. Here, too, should come the victim of excessive sensibility of nerve—the martyr to ultra delicacy of feeling—who stands in hourly need of the cordial poured from bottles which bear the labels of a fashionable apothecary. And here, for a time, should be the enforced residence of fast young fools, not far down the fatal sliding scale to the drunkard’s grave, who make night hideous, as with their painted tempters of the pavement, they reel, and shout, and quarrel, on the way from music hall or theatre, or law-defying night-house.

And whence should come the funds? There is a fitness in the American mode, but our burly English statesman might improve upon it. Could not the sources of the evil be made to supply the expenses of the remedy? Huge fortunes are made by our brewers and distillers. Why should not a special tax be laid upon them, to minify, in some degree, the mischief they create? Or why not a “Home” attached to each of these giant establishments, the expense of which should be defrayed out of the ill-gotten profits of the fons et origo malorum? and then the proprietors could see for themselves the results of their pernicious industry. Nor should the humbler causes of mischief be overlooked. The publican or beerseller is not generally a very thriving man, vide the bankruptcy lists and registers of bills of sale; but, thriving or not, an adequate contribution towards the Inebriates’ Homes should be compulsory upon every renewal of his license.
Don't you think, Mr. Editor, that an agitation on this matter fairly promises to be successful? Drink-makers and dealers are everywhere lauded for their generosity—perhaps they might render a compulsory measure needless. We have "a friend at court," who sees nothing good in England, and nothing bad in America, and who will be only too glad to import an American notion; and then we have the distinct promise given to one deputation after another by members of the Government, that in the next session of Parliament they really mean to "do something." What?

THE FRIEND IN NEED PAPERS.

A FEW months ago we inserted a notice of this series of papers, of which only three or four had been issued. In making a sincere and hearty commendation of those which had then appeared, we expressed a hope that those which were advertised to follow might be up to the mark of their predecessors. We have just received and read the ninth of the series, and are much pleased to be able to say of this and of the rest that they fulfil our hope. We do not hesitate to say, in the interest of general morality, and of the special point of Temperance, as also of true religion, that Tract literature has received an important accession in this series of papers. They are written with a clearness and simplicity of style which will commend them to any intelligence, and yet they are not superficial or common.

They are interesting without being sensational, and show an originality without diverging from the track of everyday scenes and experiences. We are glad, too, to see that the somewhat bigoted spirit, which has done no little harm in Temperance publications to the real interests of the movement, is not a characteristic of these papers. Each number is sold at a halfpenny; but we observe with pleasure that, in concession to the wishes of many subscribers, a largetype edition has been recently issued at the price of a penny. This will make the papers still more useful, as there are many readers who require large print not only on account of feeble eyesight, but of an indifferent reading education. But the smaller and cheaper type can still be obtained by those who prefer it.
THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE EMIGRANT'S CHILDREN.

(Continued from page 195.)

CHAPTER V.

What's the matter now, pray? Why don't you hold up your head, and eat your dinner properly? I suppose you are in a sulky fit," said Alfred's eldest cousin, as she noticed his pale face and drooping head one morning in December.

"No, Cousin Flora, indeed I'm not sulky; but my head aches badly, and I'm so hot."

"Oh, nonsense! You want to be idle, I suppose; but there's too much work to be done here, I can tell you. You must work hard; that's the best way to do when you don't feel quite right."

Whether this advice was good or not, Alfred tried to follow it, but he could not; and before the day was over, it was evident that he was seriously ill. It was a bad case of fever the doctor said; and in great alarm the two cousins declared they were too frightened to nurse him, and so he was sent to the hospital.

Johnny had been out on some business for his uncle, and did not return till the evening. When he heard about his brother, he was too overcome with grief and terror even to speak; but, rushing upstairs to his own room, he threw himself on the ground in hopeless misery.

"I shall lose Alfie now! Oh, why does God let us be so miserable?" was his first rebellious thought. Poor boy! the dark path had grown darker at every step he took. Only a few days before, in speaking of his father, his uncle had said roughly,

"You need not think your father will ever trouble you to take a journey to Canada or anywhere else: he is only too glad to get rid of you. So you had better make up your mind to stay where you are, and be thankful any one will take care of you."

This taunt about his father was hard enough to bear, for Johnny knew his father's love too well to believe he had forsaken them.

Christmas Day passed; and on the last but one of the year Johnny crept stealthily out of the house, intending to visit his little brother, which his uncle had forbidden him to do, lest he should catch the fever. This act of disobedience he had cause to regret bitterly.

(To be continued.)
MONTHLY LETTER.
(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

On Sept. 27th the Rev. Thomas Roeke attended and addressed a meeting of the St. Margaret's Westminster Total Abstinence Association; Mr Lucas was in the chair. Indeed, our Westminster friends have been very busy during the past month in the good cause. They have established a new Association, "The Westminster Christian Abstainers' Union," and have had several successful meetings, at one of which the Rev. T. Roeke presided, and which was addressed by Mr. Joseph Bormond, Mr. R. Baxter, and the Bishop of Victoria.

The St. Margaret's Association have been celebrating their anniversary. The Ven. Archdeacon Sandford had kindly promised to preach their sermon in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster; but, I regret to say, was unable in consequence of illness to do so. The energetic secretary, Mr. A. Sargent, telegraphed to Mr. Roeke, who was attending the Social Science Congress at Bristol about the licensing question, and he came up at considerable personal inconvenience, and preached the sermon from Jer. viii. 21, 22, and ix. 1. The Rev. Lord Wriothesly Russell, president of St. Margaret's Association, read prayers. There was a good congregation. The Annual meeting was held on Monday, Oct. 11, the president in the chair, when the Report was read, and addresses delivered by the Rev. C. Skrine, Judge Payne, Captain Phipps, R.N., W. Robson, Esq., and others.

As I have referred to the Social Science Congress, I may mention that the Temperance cause was well kept before the notice of the Congress by the National Temperance League and the Alliance, and several valuable papers read, among them one by Mr. Roeke, on "The Licensing System."

On Wednesday, Oct. 13, Mr. Roeke addressed a very well-attended meeting in the Bank Buildings, Chepstow, under the presidency of the Rev. A. Arnold, curate of the parish, who is an earnest abstainer, the rector, the Rev. — Morgan, fully sanctioning the work; and we wish it much success in that important parish.

At the recent Conference at Middlesborough, under the presidency of the Archbishop of York, I am glad to say that the Church's duty relative to the prevailing intemperance was one of the three subjects for discussion. I hope I may be able to give a fuller account of the discussion.

It is but right to state that several efforts were made to have the subject of Intemperance brought forward at the recent Church Congress, but the Committee on papers refused to admit it on the plea of subjects of more importance demanding the time. How the ruins of Sinai and Palestine are of more importance than the ruin of hundreds of thousands of souls in England I am, I confess, at a loss to conceive; and yet the former subject was, in the judgment of the Congress Committee, preferred to the latter. Well might the Archbishop of York, in his admirable speech, lament the
want of clerical sympathy with the Temperance movement.

A Drawing-room Meeting was held at Torquay, at the end of September, at the house of Dr. Bernard, Ashbury Dale. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. H. J. Ellison, and resulted in the formation of a Ladies' Association, of which Miss Bernard is the secretary. Three gentlemen gave their names as annual subscribers of £1 is. Several ladies took collecting-cards (on one of which, in the short space of a month, as we have since heard, £8 has been collected), and one of the clergy present offered his pulpit to Mr. Ellison as soon as the winter season, and with it the usual influx of visitors, should have fairly commenced.

On Sunday, Oct. 17, the Rev. H. J. Ellison preached on behalf of our Society at Immanuel Church, Streatham (Rev. Stenton Eardley's), before a large and influential congregation, on which occasion a collection of £40 was made for the Society.

I am glad to say that the Clerkenwell Parochial Temperance Association makes progress. On Monday, August 31st, the Teetotal Coal-porters paid a second visit, and gave great satisfaction, especially by the deep piety pervading their addresses. The new hall erected by Mr. Maguire is fulfilling the purpose for which it was built, more especially in its Temperance operations and Bible classes.

The following paragraph has appeared in the papers, and will gratify all those of our readers who are acquainted with Mr. Scheltema and his labours in Amsterdam:—"Our readers will be gratified to learn that the Rev. Mr. Scheltema, of Amsterdam, has re-

ceived a first-class medal, awarded to him by the jury in connection with the Dutch International Exhibition for the working-classes, in consideration of his noble exertions to promote the moral elevation of the said classes in the erection of the King William House, and all the temperance, missionary, and other benevolent efforts, of which that erection is the centre."

Why should not similar presentations be awarded by our Social Science Congresses, and British Associations, and such like, to those who have established similar institutions in England. The Humane Society would reward even a dog with a medal for saving a life from drowning; and how much more important is the recognition of services rendered by practical workers in the present day for saving men's fortunes and lives and souls from the consequences of drink?

The Rev. Canon Kingsley has been taking part in the recent meetings of the Social Science Congress; and in an address on the subject of Education he remarked as follows—"Remember that there are now one million two hundred and eighty thousand children in these realms who ought to be at school and who are not." In another part of his address the rev. gentleman observed that these were not generally the children of poor parents, but of those who earned good wages, and spent a large proportion of them in the public-house, and who considered the clergyman under an obligation if they allowed their children to attend his school. This is what temperance reformers have long been pointing out; and we seek for the practical co-operation of such men as Canon Kingsley to help us to the solution of the difficulty.
PROGRESS.

T is impossible to look back on the already past months of the closing year, and not to perceive the great advance the question of Temperance Reformation has made. "The leaven," which has been "hidden" long since in faith and hope, is now beginning to show signs of "leavening the whole lump." Not only have old and long-established movements been quickened into greater activity, but various new ones have sprung up or been matured. Not only have the accustomed places of Temperance advocacy been echoing with the arguments and exhortations of the supporters of the cause; not only have platforms marshalled speakers of all ranks, of all standings, of all creeds; but measures have been carried in Parliament which are but earnest of further and more comprehensive legislation,—and the more solemn and sacred atmosphere of Convocation itself has been thrown into agitation by a most interesting discussion on the Report of the Committee on Intemperance. The great circulation of this report has called the attention of the Clergy to the question; and in our own Society, as well as elsewhere, we observe inquiries are being made which show how the question is taking hold of men's minds in all its bearings.

Under these circumstances, it cannot be much wondered at that the CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY is most anxious that the Church should not be lagging behind in organization or earnestness when there is such work for all. That Society is anxious that the Church should carry on this work in her own way; that the basis of it should be the parochial system; that by the Clergy-men of each parish putting himself at the head of the movement, and giving a religious tone to it, he can, by God's help, thus consecrate it into a most effectual means of saving souls. But we feel the Society has hardly met with the support it ought to have met with from even our abstaining Clergy. Surely everyone of them ought to
be on our list of subscribers. Ten shillings per annum from each would (leaving out those on the Foreign and Colonial list) give £300. And then our abstaining Laity, they surely could help us much by collecting from that daily-increasing body who are convinced of the need of our organization to check the prevailing intemperance, but who do not see their way to personal abstinence. We want help from all. We want more pulpits, by means of which we can bring our cause before larger numbers, and explain for ourselves our much-misunderstood and misrepresented design, and our mode of carrying it out.

We want a wider circulation of our Magazine, and arrangements are on foot for effecting some changes that will, we hope, render it more generally useful as a Penny Magazine; and also our thoughts have been tending towards the establishment of a Quarterly, which will take the place so long, and, to a great extent, successfully occupied by our former threepenny monthly.

We must not yet put off our armour. All that has yet been done is, we are convinced, only as the preliminary skirmishes of the mighty conflict which is still before us; and any success which God has vouchsafed must be looked upon as encouragement for the coming struggle, not any reason for relaxing our efforts, or supposing "we have done all."

We, therefore, call our friends to renewed and redoubled exertions; and may they be enabled to see their duty in this deeply important crisis of their country's history.
THE SPECIAL FUND.

WITH the help of Sermons at Immanuel Church, Streatham, and at Windsor, producing £40 5s. 8d and £10 4s. 9d respectively, the sum of £112 has been raised; but we have reason to believe that the Clergyman who made the offer of £25 is disappointed to find that these Sermon collections have been included, as he "did not intend to match his small individual offer against congregational collections, but only against individual." However, as he did not say so distinctly, he feels his challenge has been met, and will contribute his promised donation. We hope much our friends will still continue their efforts, that the whole sum may be raised according to the intention of our benefactor.

The present crisis in the Temperance Movement is a most important one, and our Church Society should stand well to the front in this question of the day. Collecting Cards, Papers, and Boxes, can be had on application at the office, 6, Adam Street, Adelphi, Strand, London.

The Annual Report (1868—69), will soon be issued to the Subscribers. We would earnestly call on all the clergy of the Church, whether themselves Abstainers or not, to help the great work of the Church in this movement, by opening their pulpits for Sermons, to be followed by collections, in aid of our Society.

BAND OF HOPE FOR LIVERPOOL.—We are glad to find that the aged and much-respected Augustus Campbell, M.A., Rector of Liverpool, has granted the pulpit of St. Peter's parish Church to the "LIVERPOOL AND BIRKENHEAD CHURCH OF ENGLAND BAND OF HOPE AND TEMPERANCE REFORMATION SOCIETY," for the purpose of having Six Special Sermons, on the Temperance movement, during the season of Advent, addressed to the people of Liverpool. We perceive that the series of Sermons, will be opened by the Rev. W. M. Falloon, M.A., vicar of St. Bride's, on the first Sunday evening in Advent, and closed by the Rev. Dr. Taylor, vicar of Silas', on the last Sunday evening of this year. The other four sermons will be preached on the four successive Wednesday Evenings in Advent. 1st, by the Rev. W. Lefroy, M.A., vicar of St. Andrews; 2nd, Rev. W. J. Turner, B. A., vicar of St. Philip's Litherland; 3rd, by the Rev. Dyson Rycroft, Clerical Superintendent of the Liverpool Scripture Readers' Society; the 4th, by the Rev. Dr. Lowe, vicar of St. Jude's. Each preacher will take up different phases of the subject.
THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

THE EMIGRANT'S CHILDREN.
(Continued from page 218.)

CHAPTER VI.

I WILL never go back again. Uncle don’t care for me. I will walk to London, and ask Mr. Ward to take me back again, that’s what I’ll do;” and getting up from the doorstep upon which he had been sitting, Johnny set off in the direction in which London lay.

The reason which induced him to form this sudden resolve was, that he had not been able to see his brother. The porter at the gate had told him he could only see him on the proper visiting days; and fearful lest his uncle should discover his disobedience, and perhaps punish him, he now determined not to return. Away he went through the roads and lanes, walking as quickly as possible to keep himself warm, for the sharp winter wind was very keen, and he had not very thick clothing to keep it out.

We have not time to follow him in his wanderings. We must leave him and return to little Alfie. When he awoke from a long sleep, after the delirium of his fever had subsided, he thought that the past year had been a dream; for at his bedside sat his father, watching him with a face full of anxious love. He started up, bewildered and wondering. He would have fallen back exhausted, but his father’s arm supported him; and after a few wondering questions, Alfie lay still, listening eagerly while his father told him all he wished to know.

“I had gone away a long distance across the country, Alfie,” he said; “but the letter I wrote to tell you so never reached you,—neither did your letters reach me. But though anxious, I was not greatly alarmed, until I heard of the fire, and of poor mother’s and Nellie’s death, quite accidentally. You may be sure I hastened home then. I found Mary and Jessie, and then hurried here to fetch you from your uncle. I found you here, and heard that Johnny had gone none knew whither. Thank God he is found now; and I trust in His mercy, dear Alfie, that you will be restored to us also.”
“Johnny found it” repeated Alfie. “How came he to be lost? Was he ill, father?”

“No, Alfie; but the poor boy had not patience to wait God’s time, and he ran away from his uncle. He would have died in a dreadful snowstorm, as he was walking to London, had not some kind people found him, and took him in. He is in London now. I hope I shall soon be back with you all in Canada, where I have a good home prepared for you. I little dreamed that two of my dear ones would not need it, but God’s will be done,” and Mr. Harris wiped the tears from his eyes, and felt in his heart grateful for those of his children yet spared to him. He knew his wife and child were safe in heaven, though he had lost them for ever on earth.

I have not much more to tell you, except that they went to Canada, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson going with them; for they loved little Mary, and had no friends or children for whom to stay in England. Mr. Harris often talked to his children about their mother and little Nellie, and strove to impress upon them these two lessons, to shun the drink which had caused their loss, and which causes so much misery in the world, and to trust in God always, who has promised never to forsake those who put their trust in Him.

E. A. W.

WHERE ARE THE SACHAMS?

ONE who has a large collection of old books, and also a deep persuasion that drinking is our country’s great evil, gave to me lately a little book on Intemperance, dated 1756. It is by the then Bishop of London, Edmund Gibson, and is entitled, “An Earnest Dissuasive from Intemperance in Meats and Drinks.” There is an appendix consisting of documents to illustrate and enforce his statements on the mischief of spirituous liquors. The first two of these documents describe earlier steps of one of the evil works of English alcohol which has since made rapid and terrible strides of destroying success. We often hear of the natives of countries colonized by our countrymen disappearing before the Anglo-Saxon race. But why do they disappear? Is there anything in the bodily presence, the voice, or the breath of an Englishman to strike an Indian with death? No. There must be some definite deadly cause capable of producing this deathful effect. And that point is well illustrated by these papers which Bishop Gibson had collected, and to which we hope to refer on a future occasion.
MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE, MOTHER DEAR:  
' TWILL WIN HIM BACK AGAIN.

(By permission, from the "Merry Temperance Songster.")

Air—"Jeanette and Jeanette."

You are weeping, mother dear, and, altho' you will not tell
The cause of all your sadness, I can understand it well:
Father's seldom now with us, the evening hours to share,
Though his chair stands by the fire, he is not sitting there:

But, dear mother, weep no more, 'tis unwise to sit and mourn,
For night remember 's always darkest just before the dawn;
Let us try to love him more, then perhaps he will abstain,
Make home attractive, mother dear, 'twill win him back again.

When his daily toil is o'er, greet him with a smiling face,
And put his chair and slippers in their old accustomed place,
When he's seated, talk to him of baby's pretty ways,
They may awaken in his mind the thoughts of other days:

Let him see, though he is cold, and sometimes, alas! unkind,
That you love him much too well to bear such things in mind:
Let us try to love him more, then perhaps he will abstain.
Be patient, kind, and loving still, 'twill win him back again.

When he comes home late at night, offer a silent prayer
To Him above, to give you strength your cross in life to bear;
And, when angry feelings rise, oh! strive to keep them down,
For a smile may melt his heart, when he expects a frown.

Naught of anger, or reproach, in your features let him trace,
Let pitying love and tenderness beam forth upon your face;
Let us try to love him more, then perhaps he will abstain,
Make home attractive, mother dear, 'twill win him back again.

T. H. EVANS.
THE PRICE OF AN ACRE OF LAND.
BY F. HARRISON.
(Continued from page 214.)

CHAPTER X.
THE TEMPERANCE MEETING.

The Hall was let for a year, and Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair and their family went to Italy. Mary wrote twice to Emily; the first time from Naples, saying how much stronger she was, and how she had a good appetite, and could walk about and enjoy the beautiful country she was living in. The second letter was dated from Rome; it was a very cheerful letter, and said that there were many nice English people spending the winter and spring at Rome. Then the housekeeper had a letter from Mrs. Bates, who said that Miss Mary had refused to marry a gentleman who was at Rome, a very kind, good man. But Miss Mary said she would never marry anyone. At the end of a year the family came back to the Hall, and the usual things went on again. Miss Sinclair has kept her word, and has never married.

During this year some events took place at Woodford. The vicar of Woodford was a young man, full of life and energy, always among his people, and always trying by every means to help them both in their worldly affairs and in the more important matters relating to the welfare of their souls. He was very glad when anyone gave him a hint which he could make use of in his parish. Such a hint was given him this autumn. The rector of the next parish was working very hard to keep his people from the public-houses. He saw so many men, and women too, ruining their souls, and losing their health, their time, their money, their good name, and all for the sake of drink, that he resolved, with God’s help, to do something to cure this horrid vice. So he tried to set up a branch of a Temperance society; and he soon succeeded. The vicar of Woodford, seeing the good work his neighbour was doing, wished to join it; and he, with a few of his people went to the meeting in the next parish, and pledged themselves to total abstinence.

The next step was to hold meetings at Woodford. At the first meeting there were very few people. But at the second there were a good many more.

On the morning after the second meeting the vicar was sitting in his study working at papers and accounts, when he was told that a young man wished to see him.

“Shew him in,” said the vicar; and a very shabby young man came into the study.

“Sit down,” said the vicar, “and tell me what you have come for.”

The man twisted his hat about, and said at last, “I was at your meeting last night.”

“Ah! and what did you think of it?”

“I have been thinking a good deal about it, sir?”
"And are you going to join us?"
"The young man did not reply.
"You must not join without plenty of consideration," said the vicar; "because, you know, a promise is a serious thing, and to break a promise is a very serious sin."
"It must be very hard," said the man.
"It is hard, at first; but most good things are hard when we begin them."
"One can't get on without a glass now and then."
"You are wrong there," replied the vicar; "a good many of us get on without a glass now and then."
"Don't you ever take a glass, sir?" asked the man.
"Never."
"Did you always do like this?"
"Oh, no! I used to take a glass of beer like most other people, and a glass of wine when I could get it. But not now."
"Are you any the worse for giving it up?"
"No; I am rather the better. It was an effort at first, but now it is easy."
"I wish I could do it," said the visitor.
"Tell me something about yourself," said the vicar; "if you don't mind, I should like to know who you are."
"I used to live at Wooderton, sir; I was the Earl's second gardener, and a capital place I had. I should be there now only I got in with fellows who used to go to the publics, and I could not be unsociable, and refuse to take a glass. And so sometimes I took too much. And then I was engaged to be married to such a nice girl, the nicest girl in Woodford; and just before the day, she saw me drinking,—well, perhaps I was drunk, or nearly,—and then she would have no more to say to me, and I went from bad to worse, and the Earl discharged me—" The young man stopped short, and rubbed his hand across his eyes.

The vicar felt very sorry for him.
"I think your name is Henry Price," said he.
"Yes, sir; but please don't tell any one that I'm in Woodford. I've come sneaking over here because I want to see the place where Emily lives; but I should be ashamed for her to know that I was here."
"Have you any work?"
"Yes, sir; I work three times a week in a garden seven miles away from here. I'm not what I used to be."
"I hope," said the vicar, cheerily, "that we shall soon make you a better man than ever you used to be."

Henry Price shook his head. "I don't much hope it: I can't give up now."
"I think you will give it up after a time. Try if you can do without drink for a day."
"It is so hard."
"I know it is hard; but if others can do it, you can."
"I'll try tomorrow. And please, sir, may I come to your meeting next week?"
"I shall be delighted to see you."
"I don't think they'll know me," said Price; "I have grown this rough beard, and I am not so smart and tidy as I used to be; and I keep my hat over my eyes. I don't think even Emily would know me."
"I don't think she would," said the vicar. "So now I hope you will try
to do without drink all day to-morrow, and come to the next meeting, and after the meeting you shall come back here and take tea with me."

Then Price said "Good morning," and left the vicarage.

CHAPTER XI.

AT THE VICARAGE.

When the vicar took the chair at the next Temperance meeting, he saw Henry Price sitting in a corner, with his hat over his eyes. It was very sad that any man should be so ashamed of himself as to sit almost out of sight, and pull his hat over his eyes; but still, if a man has done that which is shameful, it is well that he should feel his shame, for then there is hope of his amending.

After the meeting Price stood just outside the door, waiting for the vicar, who soon came out and walked to the vicarage with him.

"Well, Price," said he, "how are you getting on?"

"Pretty well, sir; I kept that day."

"And the next day?"

"The next day—I—I broke down."

"I am sorry for that."

"I had no work to do, and some men got hold of me and laughed at me, and so I went with them, and spent all my money, and got as mad as mad could be."

The vicar looked very grave. "You must try and do better, my friend."

"I did do better after that," said Henry, eagerly, "I went two days without a drop of beer or spirits."

"Oh, come, that was good. And then?"

"Then I had a bad fit; not so bad as the other."

"And then?"

"Since then I have been myself."

They had now come to the vicarage, and went into the hall, which was lighted.

The vicar spoke to a servant. "Tell your mistress that I have a friend with me, and I want her to send in tea for both of us."

He and Price then went into the study, and presently the maid-servant brought a tray with tea and slices of bread and butter. Price felt rather awkward at sitting down to tea with a gentleman like this good vicar; but still it was an honour, and very pleasant.

"Do you know, Price," said the vicar, "that it has been calculated that the price of a pint of beer and of a square yard of freehold land is the same! Say that you spend threepence on every pint of beer; if you saved your threepence you might buy a square yard of land with it."

Price looked as if he could hardly believe this. The vicar went on: "You must take the usual price of arable land in England; there are 4,920 square yards in an acre; and if you allow threepence for every square yard, you will find that one acre of land will cost £60 10s. The same amount would buy 605 gallons of beer at two shillings the gallon. A man who puts by all the money which he might spend in drink, would, in time, be able to buy quite an estate."

"It would be a long time," said Henry Price.

"Yes, it would be a long time; but would be a grand thing when done. And you know if you can do without drink for two days, you might do without it for ten days, and then
for ten weeks, and so on; and if you put away the money you save, you may soon have quite an estate in your strong box."

Price smiled. "There is something I should care for more than an estate."

"And what is that?"

"Do you think, sir, that if I were to become quite steady, I should have any chance with Emily Willis?"

"I can hardly give you any opinion," answered the vicar, "but I think it quite possible."

"I wish I could find out."

"I will tell you what I will do," said the vicar; "if you have the resolution to join our society, and keep the pledge for a month, I will then call on Mrs. Willis, and talk to her privately, and see if there is any chance for you."

Henry Price thought about this for a few minutes, and then said he would try. "I will think about buying the estate, and about winning Emily back again."

"And," added the vicar, "about saving your own soul from the bondage of sin. And you shall have my prayers every day."

Thus it came to pass that the following week Henry Price took the pledge, and kept it for a month. He found it hard work, and his mates laughed at him; but when he told them about the pints of beer and the square yards of land, they were surprised; and after a time one of them joined Price, and also abstained from drink.

Then the vicar, when the end of the month came, went to see Mrs. Willis. He told her that he had come to ask her, in confidence, if she thought her daughter still cared at all for Henry Price.

"She could not care for a drunkard," said Mrs. Willis.

"But if he were cured, and became quite steady?"

"If you please, sir, we will wait till he is."

"I don't think you will have to wait very long," said the vicar, very cheerfully; "and if your daughter has any remains of liking for him, I should be glad to know it, that I may urge him on, and help him in his efforts."

"Emily did care for him very much indeed," said Mrs. Willis; "but drinking is an awful thing. There was that clever Mr. Lovell who got tipsy, and nearly killed Miss Sinclair; and now they say he's gone out of his mind. But I suppose sometimes people are cured."

"To be sure they are," said the vicar; "and I trust that Henry Price will be cured before long."

"I don't mind, sir, telling you, between you and me, that I believe if he gets cured of his bad ways, and comes back to Emily, steady and tidy and well-to-do, she will have him without any more words."

"All right, Mrs. Willis; that is just what I wanted to know."

And this much he said to Henry Price when next they met, "You need not despair."

CHAPTER XII.

THE ACRE OF LAND.

Time went on. Henry Price found abstinence growing easier every day; and, moreover, he found a little hoard in a wooden box growing heavier every day. And now he was not so much ashamed of himself; he cut off
his beard, he wore his hat off his eyes, and he walked with a firm step, and now and then he walked past the baker's shop, hoping that Emily would see him. And she did see him, and thought that he looked like his old self, bright and smart. About this time a second gardener was wanted at the Hall, and Henry applied for the place. “Price, Price,” said the head-gardener, trying to remember; “I think I heard that you were not a steady man.”

“I am steady now, sir,” said Henry; “ask the vicar.”

The head gardener did ask the vicar, and then engaged Henry Price.

When Price went to thank the vicar for all he had done to help him, he said, “I am beginning to lay up money for the estate I am going to buy. I find it a great help to have some object for my savings. When my mates want me to drink with them, I tell them that about the square yard of land; and when they don’t believe me I put it down on paper, and then they see that there’s something in it.”

Soon after this Henry paid a visit to Mrs. Willis. At first she seemed surprised that he should venture to call on her; but after he had talked to her a little, she began to see that it was possible for a man to overcome his bad propensities. When he told her that the vicar had given him a character for steadiness which had enabled him to obtain a good situation, Mrs. Willis began to think that his reformation must be real. She promised to speak to her daughter, and told Henry to call again in a few days. But Emily was fearful. She thought he was only refraining for a little while, and that he would not continue steady. She said he must remain perfectly sober for one whole month more, and then he might come to see her.

Henry thought Emily very unkind, and certainly she was cautious, and very rightly so. When the month passed, and he was still strictly and totally an abstainer, she consented to see him when he called.

He came into the shop where her father was sitting behind the counter, and asked if he could see Emily.

“You will find Emily in the parlour,” he replied.

Henry walked through the shop into the parlour, where Emily sat with some work in her hand, but not sewing. She was very pale, and he grew very red. “You are very good to consent to see me. I am sure I don’t deserve it.”

Emily did not answer for a moment: then she said, “We wont talk about the past, we will talk about the future.”

The result of talking about the future was this: Emily promised to marry Henry Price at the end of one year’s time, if during all that year he remained steady and kept his pledge.

A year is a long time when we look forward to it, and this year looked very long to Henry; but he had no choice, he was obliged to promise, and then he had to keep his promise. And he did keep it carefully.

Through the whole year he kept the pledge, and he put by all the money he might have spent in drink. He felt, even now, the ill effects of his wrong doings, for the pretty white lodge on the Earl’s property, could never now be his. But the good
effects of his good conduct made him very happy; his money was increasing, and the girl he loved was willing to be his wife as soon as he had proved himself worthy of her.

And now there is not much more to tell. As soon as a year had passed Henry Price and Emily Willis became man and wife, and the marriage service was performed by the vicar of Woodford. For now there could be no doubt that Price was perfectly sober; and his friend who had helped him by advice and example was very glad to have a share in making him happy. After the marriage Emily said to her husband, “Last year I was quite sure I should never be your wife.”

“Why did you think that?” asked Henry.

“I saw all that dreadful affair of Miss Sinclair and Mr. Lovell, and when the thought came to me that you were like him I felt that I never, never could become the wife of a man given to drink.”

“But you see I got cured.”

“Yes, by the help which comes from Heaven. Had you not become a different man you might have gone on to a dreadful end, like poor Mr. Lovell.”

“He is dead, I believe,” said Price.

“Yes, he went mad and died.”

Then Henry Price thanked God in his heart for the grace and happiness given to him.

When the wedding-day came round in the next year, Price went to call on the vicar, who was in his garden helping his wife to sow some seeds. Price asked him to be so good as to walk a little way with him. They went to an open field on the outskirts of the town of Wooderton, and saw that a square piece of land was marked out by posts and ropes.

“This is a square acre of freehold land,” said Price, rather proudly, “and this land I have bought with money I have saved. And here I am going to build, as soon as I have saved some more money, a good solid little house in which I and my wife may spend all our days. The garden I shall keep well stocked with vegetables and fruits for the London market. I shall work here after my regular hours at Mr. Sinclair’s, and this will add a good deal to my earnings. When I have money enough I shall buy some more land, and I hope to go on until I have quite an estate. And all this will be by savings which might have gone in beer and spirits. But the fact is, I would rather any day have a square yard of land than a pint of beer; and the price is the same.”
DEAN MCNEILE ON LEPROSY,
AND DEAN ALFORD ON PUBLIC-HOUSES AND
INTOXICATING DRINKS.

By the Rev. William Caine, M.A., Manchester.

Our Temperance Magazine takes no part in controversies respecting religion. The so-called High and Low and Broad Churchmen all stand together on the same platform fighting against their common foe—intoxicating, that is, poisoning drink. I am not going to violate the neutrality of our Total Abstinence Association, although I am about to quote an interesting passage in a letter written by Dr. McNeile concerning the recent appointment of Dr. Temple to the bishopric of Exeter.

Dr. McNeile is speaking of what he considers to be the errors of Dr. Pusey and Dr. Temple; and, when so doing, he uses a remarkable illustration, which may also, I think, be used with irresistible force in support of the principle which we earnestly advocate, namely, that every moderate drinking Christian is in danger of spreading evil amongst those with whom he comes in contact.

Dr. McNeile says: "I see what I consider two poisoned cups. The one is labelled poison, the other syrup. The one loudly proclaims its warnings. To drink of it is wilfully suicidal. The other dishonestly conceals its deadly drug, enticing the unwary by a honeyed edge. Moses wrote, 'If a leprosy break out abroad in the skin, and the leprosy cover all the skin of him that hath the plague from his head even to his foot, wheresoever the priest looketh; then the priest shall consider; and behold, if the leprosy have covered all his flesh, he shall pronounce him clean' (Leviticus xiii. 12, 13). Clean, not personally, for the plague is manifestly upon him from his head even to his foot; but relatively, and as to risk of infection to others, he is clean. He carries his own warning upon him that no one will touch him. But when the symptoms were doubtful, requiring discrimination, the leper was to be pronounced unclean. Not personally more unclean than the other, he was less so; but relatively more dangerous because less evident."

Dr. McNeile here accurately and graphically describes the difference between the drunkard and the so-called moderate drinker of intosti-
cating, poisoning liquors. The drunkard “carries his own warning upon him, so that no one will touch him.” The leprosy covers all his flesh, and therefore, “as to risk of infection,” and of giving example to others, he is clean. But the so-called moderate drinker is more dangerous because his leprosy is less evident, and therefore he is more likely to spread the infection than the wretched drunkard, who repels everyone from him. The moderate drinker gives a dangerous example, the drunkard a salutary warning. Any further comment on Dr. McNeile’s words would be superfluous. I hope he himself will see that it is his duty to be wholly free from the worse than ancient leprosy which is raging as an epidemic throughout this kingdom,—I mean the use of intoxicating liquors.

I now come to another dean, Dean Alford of Canterbury. He has been, and I suppose still is, hostile to Teetotalism. Some of his notes in his edition of the Greek Testament, alas! show this. But I do not despair of seeing Dean Alford an earnest member of our Church Temperance Reformation Society. In Good Words for this month of November there is a paper by him on “Things which need to be Reformed.” I am glad to see that he thinks reformation needed in “public-houses.” He says:

“‘Publicans’—‘beersellers.’ This leads us on to another ‘grave-amen’: these public-houses. On what imaginable principle is it, that we keep up so many direct incentives to vice, and instruments of the brutalization of our people? Is it (I am afraid it is) the old story of Demetrius and his craftsmen? and are they too powerful for all the rest of us? Every —th house in a certain portion of a certain town is a beershop. How can anybody justify this? There is an admirable simplicity about some of their names. I notice one called ‘The Brewers’ Delight.’ And no doubt this is the key to the puzzle of their existence. But, was there ever a greater reformandum? Then as to the inside of these same ‘Brewers’ Delights.’ What sort of stuff is drawn out there to the customers? And at what price? Is it possible that the report can be true which reaches us, that the beer in some of them is little better than poison, inducing rapid intoxication by reason of the liquor itself being largely ‘intoxicated?’ And, moreover, that there is no inspection—no punishment for brewers who manufacture beer ‘unfit for human consumption?’ Truly there seems to be some ‘culture’ needed here, not only in the direction of ‘sweetness and light,’ but in that of pruning, and as we say, IMPROVING OFF THE FACE OF THE EARTH.”
Dean Alford will, when he reflects for a moment, discover that the intoxicating liquor in his own cellar is also intoxicated and intoxicating, poisoned and poisoning. The time is coming, I believe, when, in a new edition of his Greek Testament he will rewrite his Notes on the Marriage in Cana of Galilee, and tell his readers that he cannot imagine the loving Saviour making “poisoned and poisoning” juice of the grape.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of “The Church of England Temperance Magazine.”

Sir,—May I request you to insert this in your valuable Magazine? The Total Abstinence cause is being made known in Jersey; and, just as we have entered upon the meetings which are being held during the winter season, I think it my duty, as vice-president of the Society, to make an appeal to the public generally, and also to subscribers of your Magazine, to the help of the Jersey Church of England Total Abstinence Society, by sending us money and Temperance tracts and papers to distribute at our weekly meetings, which are held in the St. Paul’s School-room, Union Street, St. Helier’s, Jersey.

Let us remember, without help any good work (it signifies not what it is), flags for want of means to pursue the onward course. Consider, on looking around us, how sin and misery and crime abounds. Ought we not to do all we can to put down that monster drink, which is ruining thousands and tens of thousands, and alas! sending them to a premature grave. Oh, may the noble and the good hearts of England hold out the right hand of fellowship to their brethren in Jersey, and do all they can to enable us “to do good while we have the opportunity!” There is ample room in St. Helier’s for several Temperance Missionaries. Could not some well-wishers to the Temperance cause collect money for that purpose, to enable us to work diligently among the masses in our large town, and also among our fellow-creatures who are perishing on all sides, and who have precious souls to save, which must be either eternally happy or miserable when this life is over? Oh, may God Almighty open the hearts of those who peruse this epistle to help us on in the good work for which we plead most earnestly.

Allow me, in conclusion, to mention that meetings are held every Monday evening at 7.45, in the School to which I have already alluded; also, a Temperance Prayer Meeting is held the first Monday in each month. May the work prosper even amidst difficulties, and may help be found for the general work of the Society. I am, Mr. Editor, yours truly,

E. G. NICOLLE.
MONTHLY LETTER.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

It ought to have been stated last month that the Rev. Thomas Rooke preached for the Society at Immanuel Church on the Evening of the Sunday. Rev. H. J. Ellison preached, and that the Evening collection was included in the £40 collected.

The Very Rev. Dr. Hook, Dean of Chichester, preached on Sunday, Oct. 31, at the Parish Church of St. John's, Windsor, urging the necessity of abstinence from alcoholic drinks, and dwelling upon intemperance as the very stronghold of Satan.

On Monday the quarterly meeting of the Working Men's Temperance Association was held. About 160 people sat down to tea. The public meeting (about 300 present) was opened by the president, the Vicar of Windsor, who, in a very pithy and forcible speech, laid before the audience the claims of the temperance enterprise, urging upon all abstainers present renewed efforts in the good cause which they had at heart. The Vicar's address was followed by a stirring address from Mr. Howlett, of the National Temperance League. Twelve pledges were taken.

The Liverpool and Birkenhead Church of England Band of Hope and Temperance Reformation Society is carrying on its work earnestly and judiciously in the town of Liverpool and suburban parishes. During the month of October, it has rendered assistance in the formation of six new Bands of Hope.

On the 20th October, Mr. Rooke delivered a lecture before the St. Michael's Literary Institute, Islington, on the subject of the Temperance Reformation. The Rev. R. B. Sealey, vicar of the parish, presided.

On Oct. 25, Mr. Rooke lectured at Tipton, Staffordshire, on the Sunday Closing Movement and the Temperance movement generally. Mr. Alfred Roberts, Mr. William Roberts, and others also spoke.

On Oct. 26, Mr. Rooke lectured at Barton-under-Needwood. This was the opening lecture of the Barton Association, established and so successfully carried on by Mrs. Maguire, when Miss Deacon. Her sisters, the Misses Deacon, are determined her work shall not be given up, and I hope all their friends will rally round them. The meeting on the 26th was presided over by Rev. — Arden, Curate of the Parish, Rev. — Fisher, Rector of Walton and Rural Dean, and Rev. — Bradley, vicar of a neighbouring parish, were present.

On Nov. 3, a meeting was held in the Schoolroom of Holy Trinity, Vauxhall, under presidency of Rev. W. R. Cosens, vicar of the parish, with a view to establish a Parochial Temperance Society in connexion with the Church of England Temperance Reformation Society. The Rev. T. Rooke and Messrs. A. Sargeant and J. B. Anderson spoke, and much interest was awakened.

The usual Monthly Committee of the Society was held on Oct. 21st. and a Council was held on Wednesday Nov. 3. At the latter Major-General Eardley Wilmott presided.